UNTIL THE SHADOWS FLEE AWAY.

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THE STORY OF C.E.Z.M.S. WORK IN INDIA AND CEYLON.

By A. D.

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FOREWORD.

THERE is no place in a book of this kind for an adequate description of India, its peoples, languages and religions, its conditions and customs, but it is necessary to give some clue to the vast subject; otherwise a story about the women of India cannot be written. The first part, a series of outlines and impressions, contains this clue. The outlines of facts are gathered from books; the impressions are for the most part from personal observation. The arrangement and compilation of Chapter VI. in its early stages were the work of Miss Wauton. The second and principal part of the book is the story of the mission stations in India of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society. As the interest of these sketches lies not only in the characteristics of place and people, but in the workers, the story is told, whenever it is possible, in their own words.

The first glance is as through a glass darkly. Such a small measure of truth can be held in an outline, how vaguely can it be hinted at in an impression—that least dependable of mediums! Impressions are the outcome of many circumstances, for, while they give colour, they also borrow it from the "weather of the soul," and their shape is determined by a point of view. Outlines, although branches from a beautiful forest, can never be anything else but dry sticks.

As in a glass darkly we see India, mountain, plain and mighty river, and that other stream which overflows all boundaries, the stream of humanity. We see the whole, but the vastness of the panorama blinds us, and the vision fades and recedes, back to the shadows once more. But look again, lower and closer still, let us focus the glass to a space that the eye can hold—a sunlit court, the shadow of leaves, a transformed face. It is better so. Seen thus, the Part is greater than the Whole, and truth is justified.

A.D.

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PART I.

OUTLINES AND IMPRESSIONS.

CHAPTER 1.

INDIA AND ITS PEOPLES.

THE Indian Empire includes countries and districts beyond its natural limits, but India itself is a "well-defined geographical whole." It is unique in entity and position. "No other country of equal extent, not being an island, is so completely isolated as India, or forms so true a geographical unity. This fact more than any other single cause has moulded its destiny and guided the development of its people." * The southern half, which is called Peninsular India, is cut off from the rest of the world by the sea. Continental India is walled in on the north by an almost impregnable fortress of rock and snow.

India is unique in its baffling inconsistencies. In no country is there such variety of climate, scenery, people and language, yet its vastness precludes any sensation of change, each detail being great enough to be complete in itself. A country of nations, it is yet a land of solitudes, for there is always room enough and to spare. It has one of the most magnificent canal systems in the world, but the great rivers flow over miles of wilderness. The vast coast-line is for hundreds of miles "an unbroken stretch of inhospitable surf-beaten sands," where no vessel can find shelter; so, although India rests on the floods, she cannot rule them. No Indian vessel of any magnitude has ever sailed the seas, or folded its wings in her harbours. Her ports receive the ships of other nations.

Such an impression of India's size and position may be seen from a map, but in order to see the land and its inhabitants we must climb to the Roof of the World and then look over. It is from a lake beyond the Bám-i-Jahán, the highest inhabited plateau in the world, that three great rivers of India, the Indus, the Ganges and the Brahmaputra, have their source, and it was through the clefts of the great roof's

* The quotations, as well as all the geographical information in the book, are taken from *A Geography of India*, by George Patterson (C.L.S.)

battlements that the various conquering tribes poured down into the plains. The religious beliefs of India owe much of their colour to the heights, for they are believed to be the home of the gods, from which rise the sacred waters of the rivers which the people worship. Countless pilgrims visit these mountain shrines. Many of them die among the snow, but they are glad to die on holy ground.

The Himalayas are girt with the zones of all climates, from the frozen summit to the luxurious foliage at the base. From ice to juniper, from cedar to pine and rhododendron, and further down to pipal tree and palm, in a few hours the traveller may pass through the various climates of the world. And at last he descends into India, the land of divers countries and peoples—the land of plain and hill, of heat and dust and desert, of gardens and cornfields, of droughts and floods, of famine and plenty, incomprehensible because of its vastness and its variety. To understand India even a little, each of her countries or provinces must be described in detail and one at a time.

But the first glance must be at India as a whole. As an angel might see it flying swiftly downwards, we would see the great land stretched out beneath us, mountain, plain and plateau, two thousand miles south to Cape Comorin and about a thousand miles between the seas—its shape something like a pear, its colour an ever changing, rainbow-tinted cloud of opal. From the silver heights which curve round the north it stretches down to the gold of desert and plain, tableland and mountain, to the sapphire hills of the south and to the "wonderful garden" by the cliff that ends the land; while out on the sea is the beautiful island of Ceylon.

A nearer view will show the plains strewn with villages, here and there a city, and round the vast coast-line the few ports. Closer still, and we can see the palms and wheat and flowers, and hear the boom of the Coromandel surf and the roar of surging life, the cry of the multitude, which in number is three hundred and fifteen million of human beings. This mass is made up of races differing widely from each other, a northern Panjabi, for instance, being as different from a Canarese as an Englishman is from a Neapolitan. There is the Indo-Aryan type, the Râjputs and the Jâts, the Aryo-Dravidian of the Upper Ganges area, the United Provinces and Oudh, the Turco-Iranian of the North-West Frontier, the Mongolian of the East, and the Dravidian of the South.

Added to the separation of race are the dividing forces of

antagonistic religions. Could we see them pass, and hear, as they passed, the diversities of tongues, it would be in a measure as in the Prophetic Vision, "a great multitude . . . of all nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and tongues."

India's divisions are the milestones of her history, for her history is the story of conquest and defeat. It is a red drama of successive invasions, each leaving its mark on race, language and religion. The two last and greatest are the Mohammedan invasion and British influence, while, through it all, slowly, surely, has penetrated the Glory of the Coming Conqueror, Jesus Christ, the King of the world.

Chapter 2.

INDIA PAST AND PRESENT.

To understand or realize the story of Old London we must look on a picture of the time. Here it is—ladies in sedan chairs, gentlemen, wigged and ruffled, riding on horseback, flaming torches, old-world houses—and, without any feeling of shock, we may lay it side by side with the newest photograph of the London of to-day, counting the years of transition that bridge the gulf of separation. Can you imagine what it would be like if there had been no dividing years, or if they were so few in number that the new scenes mingling with the old appeared in one picture? It would surprise us very much if a motor car in Fleet Street were suddenly blocked by a sedan chair, or if a lady like Queen Elizabeth, in ruff and farthingale, should ride a bicycle!

Such incidents continually occur in the East, but they do not take us by surprise, simply because nothing in the East surprises us. In a street of any one of the great cities of India we see past and present at the same time, but, although mingling together, their contrasts are as sharply cut off as the edge of that shadow palm leaf on the wall—no grading or softening down. Walk through the street slowly, and you will see—what will you not see? Anvils of the time of Tubal Cain, and workers thereat of the type of primal man, dim recesses where precious stones are hidden, the seller who sits in the doorway looking as that other merchant might have looked, who sought for goodly pearls. Next to this are shops full of English ware—an Eurasian with a battered English hat looks over some of the things, the shopkeeper smokes his long pipe, he doesn't seem to care if anyone buys or not. A noisy hawker of soda water passes, a silent *faqir* with ropes of jasmine round his neck, a barber, that person of influence! He would be like an Eliezer of Damascus, but *he rides a bicycle*. Each passes in turn. These silent, wondering people, who follow next, are villagers from the jungle; they will fall down and worship that bicycle, recognizing it as Power in visible form. Here is a student in English dress, there is a

string of camels; surely these must be Ishmaelites leading them. And these groups of Border tribesmen with Jewish features, are they not Joseph and his brethren? The crowd thickens, then opens up to let a cavalcade of donkeys pass; bending under heavy loads of bricks, they bear with the awful patience of dumb things their little life of toil and hunger and blows. The houses overhang the street and almost touch each other. They are as houses used to be a thousand years ago, and of ancient times are these four-sided cupolas of temples, which for want of a better word we call "domes." All is of the past, but round an angle we get a glimpse of the English clock-tower. A ledge projects at the turning of the street; it is a shop, and on the ledge is a tray full of cheap soaps and scents. Beneath it attar of roses is slowly distilling in a vessel placed over an unclean drain.

Crowds, noise, evil odours, heat, intolerable glare, and then—the flutter of leaves, the falling of pink petals, the scent of a rose. For the next narrow lane opens out into a gleam of water, a sacred tree, and the dome of a temple, white and still.

Past and present at the same time! He who runs may read, on the forms and faces that pass, the story of a thousand years ago. The present is in cipher. The meeting of the two defies any sort of mental adjustment. One cannot place it. It can only be imperfectly described, for, although it is an epoch of history, it stands on the edge of a dream.

It is as if in a great temple, silent with age, dark with mystery, a door were to burst open, and sunlight, noise and strange faces were to dominate the darkness. For India, old with an ageless youth, dark with mystery, is changing. A door has opened, and for weal or woe her courts are invaded by the conflicting forces of the spirit of the age. It is the invasion of these forces that marks the decisive hour, for it is that force only which makes for righteousness that can prevail over evil. The power that can control these conflicting forces is the power of God. The knowledge of that power, which has been ignorantly worshipped and so falsely represented, belongs to India by right. We count the years by centuries during which India has been defrauded of that right, and by decades back to the date when the Good News was first sent. Why is it that a story of past years seems so long? It is only too short, but it is well worth the telling, so that we may think of the years that are behind and the hour that comes after—lest we forget.

Chapter 3.

RELIGIONS OF INDIA.

* The student of Eastern religions will find the study of a lifetime in the religious history of India. India has been called the "Mother of Religions." It has produced Brahmanism, and one of the three great missionary religions of the world, Buddhism. It has given an asylum to Zoroastrianism, Mohammedanism and Judaism. Christianity also has lived practically unmolested in this great land almost from apostolic days.†

Hinduism.—Hinduism claims two-thirds of the population of India. Its sway extends over the whole of India, but its throne is in the southern part. It has but little power in Ceylon. The symbol of Hinduism is the Trident; this represents the three original deities—Brahm, Vishnu and Siva.

Hinduism is a mixture of Brahmanism, Buddhism and devil-worship, for it has been the custom of Brahmanism not directly to oppose and destroy the old religions but rather to annex them. It absorbed Buddhism, and Buddha became one of the incarnations of Vishnu. Later on, as a modified Buddhism, Brahmanism moved south, and, finding the primitive cult of the land to be devil-worship, it absorbed that also. The method was simple: the leading demons were married to their chief gods, and the temples were thrown open to all the demons and their worshippers. Hinduism cannot therefore be uniform in character. Different beliefs and institutions exist in different places. It cannot be spoken of as one faith, for it is a vast amalgam of conflicting creeds. It is a mass of mutually inconsistent beliefs, practices and ceremonies. It has mutually antagonistic philosophies, three different ways of salvation, three hundred and thirty million gods, and still more coming. It has many laws and customs, which, though binding as the laws of the Medes and Persians. are nevertheless absolutely wanting in consistency, unity and purpose of teaching.

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* Most of the information contained in this chapter, as well as many of the expressions themselves, are taken from *The Great Religions of India*, by Dr. Murray Mitchell, and *India's Problem*, by Dr. Jones.

† *India's Problem.*

The one distinctive mark of Hinduism is caste. This is an all-pervading characteristic. The highest class, the Brahman, is supposed to be inherently holy; the lowest, or rather the outcaste, to be inherently polluted, their very touch bringing pollution.

But in the beginning it was not so. When the Aryans crossed the Northern Passes, they brought with them a simple faith and the fundamental teachings of Vedantism. These teachings not only underlie all the superadded structures of idolatrous Hinduism, but their spirit pervades its precincts and animates the prayers of its worshippers. In some portions of the Vedantic writings there is "profound thought and deep spiritual yearning."* A knowledge of this is the point of contact in all spiritual dealings with the Hindu mind. It bridges the gulf. The presentation of it as a preliminary makes further instruction possible, for it is the returning to its owner a lost heritage, which recalls to his soul a long-lost vision and a lost desire.

It is painful to describe how the pure water from the ice-fields became the turbid river of the plain. The change was a gradual one. At first, the Aryan worship was one of great simplicity. There were no temples, and few rites; there was prayer and praise. It would seem that every chief had a *purohita*, not so much a family priest as a domestic chaplain. "But rites increased until the ritual became the most elaborate that ever existed." Prayer became the prerogative of the priest, and then finally sank into a magic spell. Transmigration followed: the weary wandering of the soul by successive births into every conceivable shape of bird and beast and reptile, until it knows itself to be one with the god. This belief invests everything in nature with life and personality, for "even stones have souls."† Everything is worshipped, and so, although shrines and temples were built until they are now numberless, there is only One unto Whom no temple is dedicated, and that is because the Supreme Divine Being is present everywhere. The worship of goddesses was next instituted. Pilgrimages became inculcated, and are now an important feature of Hinduism. These are too many to enumerate. From the ice cave of Amarnáth in Kashmir to the infamous temple of Jagannáth there are countless places of varying degrees of sanctity and repute. Philosophy enters deeply into Hinduism, but, as it is spoken of as a system

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* *India's Problem.*

† *The Great Religions of India.*

which, "even if it be perfectly comprehensible, cannot be represented by language,"* it is impossible to give any idea of it; so it had better be left just so—unexpressed.

Lastly, comes mysticism. This includes all phases of thought, from true religious asceticism down to the influence which enters largely into modern occultism, that grave danger of the present day. It includes among its followers a long list of men, and some women, belonging to different religious sects and castes, widely differing in character and moral status. These are the Yogis, mystics, ascetics and saints of India. More than a passing glance should be given to them, for, although there is a large percentage of impostors and many whose immoral lives have made the name of *Sádh* (i.e., saint) a by-word, there are also earnest souls whose one desire is to find God. Surely that wild figure in the flame-coloured garment who gave the wonderful message at the Asrapur Mêla was one; surely he was one of these true seekers. It is such as he who represent the true spiritual genius of India, and if such a one should end his weary search in the arms of Jesus Christ, he would become the type of missionary that India desires.†

This in outline is the story of Hinduism. It is in its growth that Hinduism differs from other religions. It has grown with and from the infancy of a great people. It has aged with the nation, increased with its population, and enlarged itself by the absorption of other creeds. The other religions of India, including also the reformed sects, owe their existence to a leader, around whose personality recruits have gathered, and whose compelling influence enrolled them as missionaries. Christianity, although not included as a comparative religion, is a Person and not a Creed. Hinduism, the many-sided, multiform and chameleon-coloured, is not so. It owes its existence to no leader, nor even to many leaders. It is the outcome of climate and race, of hill and river, the colossal growth of a mighty land.

If told as a tale merely, the story of Hinduism might end just here, but what of its millions of followers? What has Hinduism done for the Hindu? Setting aside all social and economic questions, such as the degradation of women and the paralyzing effects of caste, let us enquire into one aspect only, the moral effect of the religion on the worshipper. This can be answered in a very few words and by an inference.

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* Quoted in *The Great Religions of India.*

† See page 22.

Hinduism is a religion which protects and fosters sin. An Indian writer says that one of the forms of Krishna worship is a standing menace to morality in India.

What is the inference? It is not to be thought of, it is too awful to say. That there are ignorant worshippers it is only just to admit, but what a verdict upon Hinduism to say that the less one knows and understands of it the better! Amongst these ignorant followers it would be only charitable to include the small band of renegades from the Christian faith, who imagine that they have become recognized Hindus. It is amazing that even in ignorance anyone should choose Krishna instead of Christ.

Krishna or Christ! That such an alternative could be possible recalls the days of the Passion and the fateful choice, "Not this Man, but Barabbas. Now Barabbas was a robber."

What has Hinduism done for India? It has robbed India of progress and peace. Not a day passes in which it does not defraud some of her sons of their birthright; and yet, this wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land, for the people love to have it so.

Buddhism.—Buddhism became the state religion of India during the time of our Lord. It gives some idea of the age and scope of the whole great subject, if we think of the beginnings of Hinduism as belonging to the patriarchal age, and of Buddha as coming in the time of the Minor Prophets, about 560 B.C. Buddha was a Hindu prince, but he was also a seeker after truth, and he fled from wife and child and home to find it. He remained under the Brahman priests for six years, but was dissatisfied. Then followed successive phases of asceticism, pantheism, polytheism, and lastly atheism.

From the beginning Buddhism was a missionary system, for when Buddha formulated his creed he went forth to preach it, and soon sixty followers joined him. His followers were monks, not priests. There was no trace of sacerdotalism in his system. The monks were not clergy, they exercised no spiritual superintendence over the community; their duty was to meditate. Every morning they went forth, always clad in yellow garments, with their alms-bowls, to receive whatever alms might be given. The prominent idea in Buddhism is merit, and the chief merit is alms-giving to monks. Not at first, but after a considerable time, an order of nuns was also instituted. "It is clear that Buddha hesitated about this step. But considering the position held by women in India (though it was then by no means so

low as it afterwards became), the institution of the sisterhood of nuns was, on the whole, beneficial. . . . At the same time, the nuns were kept in strict subjection to the monks; there were no lady-abbesses permitted."*

Buddha has been described as the most pathetic figure in Indian history. It was his own personality, his tender heart and sympathy, that attracted followers, and his memory continued to draw disciples after his death. The attraction was the man himself. Otherwise one cannot account for any converts to a religion "with no God . . . no Comforter . . . no pardon, no prayer, no blessed eternal Home."† It is a religion of utter hopelessness. No wonder that the Buddhist favourite saying is, "In everything there is sorrow," and that their faces are intensely sad! It is surprising that a creed of negation ending in nothing should have any rules at all. To enlarge upon Ten Fetters which prevent emancipation, and to insist upon the noble Eightfold Path to travel along which enables the soul to break these fetters—when at the end of it all there is nothing—seems strange and needless. But it is the acceptance of life as a period of unmitigated sorrow, for which the only cure is to escape from it, that forms the *raison d'être* of the rules. The intense, prolonged sorrow is the delay of transmigration, when the soul must pass through dreary centuries of births, before at last it may fold its wings and die. To shorten this is the Buddhist aim. The sign of Buddhism is the lotus. It is an apt symbol, for the lotus flower has no fulfilment of fruit, it becomes just a blossom, which casts a rose-red gleam on the water and passes away. Buddhism promised much. Buddha, its founder, was good, earnest and true. Rising above the corruptions of Hinduism, rejecting its laws, and laying the plan of a purer morality, a greater humanity, a wider brotherhood, a plan which ignored caste and which for a while transformed Hinduism, he promised much. But, although he left a light on the waters, he passed away without achievement, without hope, and without God.

The influence of Buddhism. What influence did Buddhism exert? For a while it transformed Hinduism. "The land had been swimming in blood—the blood of sacrificed animals—but wherever Buddhism was powerful these sacrifices ceased. No doubt they continued in many places—both as a part of accredited Hinduism and as a remnant of the aboriginal

* *The Great Religions of India.*

† E. S. Karney.

worship. Another great change was the cessation of the Sóma offering. The intoxicating draught was no longer offered to the gods, nor was it drunk by the priests. . . . Intoxication now came to be regarded as a heinous sin." It did all this, and then it died, not in name or form, but in heart and life.

"Why did it pass away?" "One cause of this was the intellectual superiority of its opponents. Culture was with the Brahmans. The Buddhists were generally ignorant men; and in the frequent discussions which arose, they were doubtless almost always beaten in argument." Brahman influence crept in; to exert it the Brahmans first assimilated, then absorbed. They "recast their system, indeed, they could not help recasting it. Hinduism assumed a form very different from its earlier one." Then they met the Buddhists on their own ground. "As a set-off against Buddha's tender humanity, which was so attractive," they introduced the qualities of their several incarnations, and "soon the moral Buddha was displaced by the immoral Krishna," and one of the incarnations was Buddha. "Vishnu had descended from heaven and become Buddha; but for what purpose? . . . The god had descended to teach men error, and so lead them to destruction! . . . It is the most dreadful thing that I know even in Hinduism."*

Thus was the Lotus dragged into the mire.

Modern Buddhism in India is removed many degrees from the religion of its founder. Its fatal contact with Hinduism and aboriginal cults has resulted in an amalgam of devil-worship, animism and Buddhist ceremonies. The influx of Western civilization, modern thought and Christianity has also made its impress. The Buddhists of Ceylon imitate Christian customs. They have established Sunday Schools, they even keep Christmas, but it is in commemoration of Buddha's birthday. Cards with "A happy Wesák" on them are sent round to friends. Western civilization has affected large numbers, and the old simple rules of living are discarded by people and priest alike. It is partly because of this, but chiefly because of their low standard of morality, that the priests as a whole have lost all influence with the people. There are noble exceptions, but these belong too much to the contemplative order to be of any practical help, and so most of the people who escape from superstition fall an easy prey to Western atheism. A Buddhist cannot become an atheist,

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* *The Great Religions of India.*

being one already, but he becomes irreligious. This does not include the women, who, like the great majority of the women of India, are the zealous upholders of religion.

In spite of all this, it would be wrong to say that the Buddhist has no aspiration. The Lotus, symbol of a pure morality, although defaced, is not destroyed. There is, through all the confusion of sin and unbelief, a yearning towards a Coming One, who is Wisdom and Righteousness and Love. It is doubtless feeble and ineffectual, being for the most part merely a desire apart from moral effort, but it shows that the ideal is not lost. Is it too much to hope that, while the worshipper looks at the pure petals of her offering of flowers, her longing may be not altogether earthly, when she prays that one day she may become beautiful as they ?

Jainism.—The Jains are closely allied to the Buddhists ; they " perhaps represent that element among the followers of the Buddha who declined to be absorbed into the revised and transformed Brahmanic faith " ; yet they have Brahman priests in their temples and Hindu idols close to their shrines. They have a high moral standard. Their worship consists in a " mythology of saints rather than gods." These saints are called Jaina, or the victorious ones, those who have attained perfection through self-victory and discipline. The Jaina are worshipped, and furnish inspiration to all the devotees of that faith. The most distinctive tenet of the Jains is reverence for life. They will on no account put to death any living thing, including plants which are supposed to have life. This is observed to absurd lengths, by wearing a cloth on the mouth, so that no insect shall be swallowed, and by avoiding agriculture, because of the danger of digging worms to death ; and they will never have a light in the house after dark, for fear of burning insects, as the silly things flock round the flames. It has, nevertheless, an attractive side, in the thoughtful care for suffering animals, for whom hospitals are provided, where the worn-out cows and horses may end their days in peace. The Jains have been great temple builders. Not only in town and village, but on the summits of some of the western hills, they have built shrines which are the most beautiful in India. Pilgrimages to these places form a prominent feature of their religion. The most sacred place of pilgrimage is the hill, Shatrunjâya, in the state of Palitana ; it is to the Jain what Mecca is to the Mohammedan.

Jains are to be found in many Indian towns, especially in the Panjab, Rajputana, Gujerat and Kanara. Jainism

invites all men, even the lowest. It was at first intended for ascetics only, monks and nuns, but it was decided that every man could listen to the doctrine and to some extent obey it.* It is an interesting, old-world religion, and its followers, about one and a quarter million, are of a high morality, and of literary and scientific activity. To these also comes the spirit of the age, the result being the earnest desire for the reform of various social customs, such as child marriage, the purchase of wives, extravagant expenditure, and inexpedient customs at the ceremonies of weddings, deaths and burials.

Sikhism.—Sikhism has been termed a Revolt, a Compromise and a Reformation. It may be to some extent considered as all three. Guru Nának, the founder, born in 1469, was an admirer of Kabír, who established a sect holding a creed which was a compromise between Hinduism and Mohammedanism. He was deeply impressed by Mohammedanism. He had also true religious instincts, which, independently of outside influences, led him to revolt against idolatry and to aim at the reformation of Hinduism. He "taught the unity of the Godhead, abolished caste, and enforced a high type of morality." "Nának was a mystic quietist, and the religion at first spread peacefully." But his successors took part in political movements, became warriors, and were henceforth called Singhs, or Lions. The Lion Race made the Panjab a kingdom, and many of its sons now rank amongst the bravest soldiers of the British crown. Guru Nának rejected the Hindu Shastras and the Koran, and produced a new Scripture of his own, called the Granth. This book was written in what was then the language of the people; but it is now difficult to understand, and, as far as the common people are concerned, the letter only is revered. The reverence with which the Granth is regarded exacts a homage like that given by a Hindu devotee to one of his idols. The original copy of the book is in Amritsar. It is carried daily from the Deathless Tower through the Gate of Vision with great ceremony into the Golden Temple, and is there read by the priests, while there passes a stream of worshippers, who fall down before it, presenting offerings, thus worshipping the book that condemns idolatry. But this is not all. The evil spirit of Hinduism, although cast out, still lurks at the threshold, for, side by side with the Gate of Vision, is enshrined a hideous figure of one of the gods, and many followers of

* *The Great Religions of India.*

the reformed creed bow to this idol in passing. During the Hindu saturnalia, called the "Holi," the Hindus and Sikhs alike pollute the outer courts of the temple with some of the detestable practices of the festival. The Revolt is apparently seeking a truce. A Compromise is perhaps its most exact term, for a complete Reformation, surely, it is not.

Zoroastrianism.—Zoroastrianism is the religion of the ancient Persians and the modern Parsis.

The Persians and the Hindu or Aryan races once lived in close proximity to each other in Central Asia, and worshipped the same gods. But it is remarkable that, as time went on, the Indian deity sank in character and power, while the Persian never did so. The Persian never fell into either gross polytheism or pantheism: if not pure monotheism, the religion generally comes very near it. The marked contrast is Dualism versus Pantheism. The dividing line was no doubt drawn before they separated, the one to the west, the other to the plains of India.

The Parsis are Persian refugees who took shelter in India, when, after the death of Mohammed, Islam overwhelmed the Persian monarchy, and the people were made Mohammedans at the edge of the sword. A small portion resisted and fled to India. The Parsis are generally merchants, enterprising, and as a rule prosperous. They have been called the "Anglo-Saxons of the East." Not a few of the leading men have become distinguished for philanthropy, and two of them have been members of the British Parliament. Considering the smallness of the community, the influence it exerts is remarkable.

The religion of the Parsis can be traced back in its leading features to a very early time, at least to the time of Darius Hystaspes, and some parts of it still further back. Zoroaster, the founder, had become a mythical personage before the Christian era. The Avesta, their sacred book, as we possess it, can be traced back at least to the sixth century after Christ. The canon of the Avesta was fixed about the year 350 A.D. The Zoroastrians believe in a great contest between good and evil, between Ahuramazda the good and Ahriman the evil. There is a continual war between the two powers. Although the omnipotence of the good power is never denied, the two sides are so nearly matched that we have at times almost a doctrine of dualism rather than monotheism. But the Zoroastrians are commanded to take an active share in support of the good, for they believe that the good will finally triumph.

One sees many Parsis, but the religious side is seldom evident; perhaps it is the least tangible system of religion in India. The worshipper may be seen praying, with his face towards the sea, and the Towers of Silence, their unique method of burying the dead. They reverence fire and light, as being the purest symbols of the unseen Deity, but they resent being called fire-worshippers. The Zoroastrian faith is the purest of all the religions of the Gentiles; it has a high standard of morality and philanthropy, and of all scriptures the Zend-Avesta of the Parsis is the only one in which woman is given a position of absolute equality with man. That position has never been lost.

"The leading points on which the Zoroastrian faith decidedly takes precedence of Gentile systems generally:—

1. It ascribes no immoral attributes to the object of worship.
2. It sanctions no immoral acts as a part of worship.
3. None of the prescribed forms of worship is marked by cruelty.
4. In the great contest between good and evil the Zoroastrian is commanded to take an active share in support of the good.
5. There is no image-worship.
6. Polygamy is forbidden, and a position of respect is given to women.
7. Very great importance is attached to good thoughts, words and deeds.
8. The Avesta never despairs of the future. Good will finally triumph." *

Very little is known about Zoroaster. He "was probably born in the west of Iran, in Media Atropatene, between 660 and 533 B.C. . . . Allusions in the Classics imply that his early youth was much given to quiet meditation." The truths which he afterwards preached were revealed to him in a state of ecstatic trance, in which he was led into the immediate presence of God and the archangels. For ten years he preached before he had one convert. Two famous Hindu sages, Sankaracharya and Vyása, were supposed to be converts. Then came wars with the unbelievers, lasting for years, until the storming of Balkh, when Zoroaster was slain—a lurid history of fiends and fire-temples, saints, angels and marvels, the wonderful promegranate, Mági and dreams. It is as ubject which justifies the imagery of the Sháh Námeh, and it is with the eye of the Persian poet that it should be read, for

* *The Great Religions of India.*

mythical history must tell the truth after its own manner and in its own language. The words of that language are symbols, and every evil thing has shape. The saint who resists wrong is a very strong man: St. George can fight with nothing less than a dragon of fire. As such let the ancient story of Zoroaster express itself, and to the lovers of legend be the interpretation thereof.

Judaism.—Indian Judaism is distinct, compact and conservative. It is said that the Jews in India are more conservative than those in any other country, and that the worship in their synagogues is more like that of the Jews of twenty centuries ago than of other representatives of that race to-day. Some think that they fled to India during the Jewish exile.

Mohammedanism.—Islam owes its distinctive features to Mohammed's personality. The land of his birth is the cradle and throne of Islam; Mecca is its holy city, and the Kāāba its temple. At first the Prophet of Arabia, stirred to revolt against idolatry, preached the unity of God and the vanity of idols. He would have been a power for righteousness, if only the Christian Church had not left him in ignorance of the Bible. He had the greatest reverence for our Lord, and he called Him "'the Sinless Prophet,' a high distinction which he never claimed for himself."* How was it that there was no one to give him the Gospel in its purity? He received only a corrupt version of it, so he fell back upon himself, claimed a unique apostleship, and rapidly deteriorated. At first he preached under great discouragement, but, on the acquisition of power, he propagated his creed by the sword. One-eighth of the whole human race is now under its sway. There are two sects of Mohammedanism, Shias and Sunnis, and there are the Sufis or Mystics. The Sufi holds that the great duty of the human soul is to go in quest of God. Thus the mystics of all religions have much in common, as their object is to become the friends of God. But if among the Hindu Mystics it is only the few who are sincere, it is certainly so in Sufiism. As a whole, it has degenerated into a system which is futile, inert, and sometimes worse than that; but many are true to their quest, and for them the soul must go out in prayer, as the heart in sympathy, that God will reveal Himself in the way He knows best to their longing eyes.

The Koran is the sacred book of the Mohammedans, but it is not the only rule of faith. There are four "pillars" of Islam: (1) the Koran; (2) the Hadis, that is the traditions

* *The Great Religions of India.*

regarding the sayings and doings of Mohammed; (3) the unanimous consent of the learned doctors; and (4) the analogical reasoning of the learned as to the precepts and practice of the Prophet.

Both by Mohammed and his followers the Koran has always been regarded as a standing miracle. The orthodox belief is that it is eternal, uncreated, inscribed along with all the Divine Decrees on a preserved tablet. A copy of this original was, on the Night of Power, sent down to the lowest heaven, and this the angel is said to have brought part by part to Mohammed during twenty-three years. Mohammed wrote down what the angel recited to him, and then dictated it to amanuenses. This was his creed: "There is no god but Allah, and Mohammed is the Messenger of Allah."

The Mohammedan doctors divide religion into two parts, the dogmatic and the practical. Under the former comes what must be believed concerning God, angels, sacred oracles, the Prophets, the Resurrection, the Judgment and predestination—six articles in all. The practical part consists of five pillars, or foundations, namely (1) the recital of the Kalima or Creed; (2) five times of daily prayer, before sunrise, at noon, before sunset, after sunset, and when night sets in, all the prayers being recited in fixed forms of Arabic words; (3) thirty days' fast during the month of Ramazán; (4) almsgiving; (5) pilgrimage to Mecca.

"The first requirement of correct prayer is that it must be in the right direction, namely, toward the Kāāba at Mecca. Because of this, most houses and all mosques throughout the Moslem world are built toward the meridian line of Mecca. To pray with one's back to the holy city would be unpardonable. Moslems who travel often carry a pocket-compass on their journeys (which they call a Mecca-pointer), to avoid any error in the direction of prayer."*

Mohammedanism in India.—Islam came to India with the sword in 711 A.D., put down idolatry, and condemned women to perpetual imprisonment within the zenana. To-day one-fifth of the land is Mohammedan.

Effect of Mohammedanism.—The effect of the repressive measures of Islam on India has been of a blighting nature; it destroyed idols, but it did "little to improve the material, moral or religious condition of the people." It did much to degrade womanhood. Nearly every regulation regarding women is objectionable, but that is to be expected, for the ideal of woman, as presented in the Koran, is a low one indeed.

* The Rev. S. M. Zwemer, D.D., in *India's Women*, May, 1912.

Modern Mohammedanism in India.—The Mohammedan of to-day in India cannot escape from the spirit of the age. A desire for education is beginning to affect the mass, and an effort is being made by some of the more advanced and liberal-minded to effect social reform, especially with regard to the education and position of women. This, however, cannot be called a reformation of Mohammedanism, for its code of laws is set in rigid lines, which admit of no reformation or development. These Mohammedan reformers are, therefore, unorthodox, and in those matters in which they follow their best instincts they cease to be Mohammedans. Indian Mohammedanism is propagandist, as it has ever been in all parts of the Moslem world, but its mode of working is now according to the times.* At a meeting of the Lahore Mohammedans lately held, it was resolved to send Moslem missionaries to Mohammedanize Japan.

Reformed Sects.—(1) THE BRAHMO SOMAJ, or Eclectic Theists. The inspirer of the Brahmo Somaj was a Bengali Brahman, Ràm Mohan Roy, who wrote "The Precepts of Jesus, the Guide to Peace and Happiness," and its leader at one time was Keshub Chandar Sen. That good and truly great man went as far into the knowledge of the Christian faith as it is possible to go without becoming a Christian. But he stopped short. The creed of this sect is of the eclectic type, the book of the Brahmos being a collection of morality from all sources, including the Sermon on the Mount. (2) THE PRARTHNA SOMAJ, or Prayer Society. The Prarthna Somaj has its headquarters in Bombay, and is more under Brahman leaders and less in sympathy with Christianity than the Brahmo Somaj. (3) THE ARYA SOMAJ, or Vedic Theists. The Arya Somaj was founded by a Gujerati Brahman about thirty-three years ago. He rejected all Hindu Shastras, except the Vedas, asserting that the Vedas teach strict monotheism, and abolish idol worship. The Aryas are in favour of social reform, but are opposed to Christianity.

These are healthy and progressive movements. The Arya Somaj is anti-Christian and has the aspect of a sect of Hinduism, yet "some of its fundamental contentions are so directly antagonistic to most cherished institutions of Hinduism, that it is a mighty disintegrator of that religion in the land."†

Religion of the Wilder Races—Hill and Forest Tribes. These are the Lepchas in the Himalayas, Khasias in Assam,

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* Cf. *The Moslem World*, July, 1912, p. 311.

† *India's Problem.*

Santals, Kols, Gonds, Bhils, in Central India, the Todas in the Nilgiris, and the Veddhas in Ceylon. Their religion is very largely animism, or spirit worship, spirits being generally supposed to preside over nature, though they are malevolent demons rather than angels. Their worship is little more than a deprecation of their wrath. These races number about 10,000,000. Those who are by birth derived from aboriginal races may be reckoned as about 16,000,000, but many, perhaps 7,000,000, have gradually accepted Mohammedanism or Christianity, or have been absorbed among the lowest Hindu castes. Until lately, a hundred and fifty human sacrifices were offered yearly, not as an atonement for sin, but to appease the malignant spirits. Brighter days, however, are at hand for the poor ghost-haunted and goblin-fearing people. Later on in the book it will be seen what is happening among the Todas. It is delightful to note that the incorrigible marauders, the Santals and Bhils, who were at one time treated like wild beasts, have enjoyed for nearly a hundred years a wise Government rule, which has directed their energies into the safer channels of agriculture and military service. A Bhil corps was organized by Sir James Outram in 1825.

Points of Contact among the Religions of India.—The religions of India meet in the spirit of their architecture. Temples and mosques of every grade, although these last must be taken in a different sense, are shrines rather than places of public worship. These limit or localize the deity, or the creed and posture of the worshipper. The converging lines enclose, confine, exclude. There is never the aspiration of curve which leads the worshipper towards the Unseen, Who dwells in a temple not made with hands. Each religion has its separate call, the voice from the minaret, the scream of the conch shell, the clang of the bell at Kalighat, but in all their callings there is not one single note of appeal. It is weird, terrible and sad.

Another link of union amongst all the creeds of India is the belief in Kismat, or Fate. Whatever happens can be explained away by "It was written so." The mysterious and fateful words which determine action or destiny are supposed to be written on the forehead. The evil effects of this cannot be over-estimated. The cult of the wilderness is the primal, and, in a greater or lesser degree, the underlying element in the beliefs of all nations, Christianity in its fulness alone excepted, Although driven back by civilization to the furthest recesses of the distant hills, to the superstí-

tious mind ghosts, goblins, witches and fairies lurk in the shadows, and haunt every dim wood. Civilization, even at its zenith, penetrates no further than the sun; old King Sol comes out at mid-day with a golden broom to sweep the shadows away, but there are always some left, for he never sweeps the corners clean.

The Mystics—Hindu, Sikh, Mohammedan. This is not a plea for Mysticism. There is sufficient evidence elsewhere of the degradation of Mysticism in India. It is the thankful recognition of the measure of truth and beauty contained in it. The examples given may represent the type, the thoughts expressed are those of the soul that thinks rightly, and is truly seeking for the way that leads to God.

It was at the Prem Sangat Mêla at Asrapur, where followers of all religions meet, not for controversy, but to discuss religious questions. The subject for discussion on that day was "Finding God." A big Panjabi rose to address the assembly. He was wrapped up in a brown blanket with dashes of yellow in it—that sunset orange of the lands of the sun. He was a *Sádhu*, a seeker after God, and this was how he illustrated his quest. He told of a great round tower, with only one small doorway, and a blind man feeling his way round the tower, trying to find the door. Just as he reached it, he lifted his hand to brush away a fly and without knowing it passed the door, and had to begin his weary circuit over again.

"Among the saints and mystics of Islam there have been many who have shaken themselves loose from the trammels of ritual, and, throwing off the yoke of formal worship, have sought communion with God in a more personal way. One of the mystics, Al Hallaj, said, 'Whoso worships God by the light of ordinary religion is as he who seeks the sun by the light of the stars.' The Sufi poets have always endeavoured to spiritualize the barren and formal ritual of Islam. Jalál-ud-Dín wrote that worship should be directed to God and not to the Kāāba.

> 'Beats there a heart within that breast of thine,
> Then compass reverently its sacred shrine;
> For the essential Kāāba is the heart,
> And no proud pile of perishable art.'

And if we needed other proof that among Moslems there are those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, and whose prayer is a cry in the dark of a home-sick child, we can read it in the life of Rabíla, the Saint of Busrah, who lived in the

early days of Islam. She used to say, when holding converse with God, 'Consume with fire, O Lord, a presumptuous heart which loveth Thee.' . . . The day when she was making the pilgrimage to Mecca, she halted in the desert, and exclaimed, 'My God, my heart is a prey to perplexity in the midst of this solitude. I am a stone and so is the Kāāba. What can it do for me? That which I need is to contemplate Thy face.'" *

Extracts.—Lines on a Mohammedan Saint: "This prayer is not his own. God himself is speaking.

"See, God prays in him, and he stands in deep contemplation.

"God has given him both the contemplation and the answer."

"From the unreal lead me to the Real; from the darkness lead me to the Light; from death lead me to Immortality."

"O Lord, pardon my three sins. I have in contemplation clothed Thee in form Who art formless; I have in praise described Thee Who art ineffable; and in visiting shrines I have ignored Thine omnipresence." †

Nearly five million ascetics live on the alms of the people, and pilgrims flock in thousands to ask a boon at their shrines. Men like Tulsi Dás and Kabír Dás have given great spiritual messages to India, almost in the words of St. Augustine, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, the soul can find no rest till it finds its rest in Thee."

Christianity in India.—From the Statistical Sheet* it will be seen that Christianity ranks numerically the fourth among the eight great religions of India, among which the Reformed Sects are not included. The number is comparatively insignificant, being only three million, against the tens and hundreds of millions of those preceding it on the list, but on taking into account the difficulties which it had to encounter at first, and on comparing the dates of the advent of each of these first four religions into India, the rate of progress of Christianity will appear wonderful.

It goes without saying that the inclusion of Christianity among the religions of India is not for comparison, with respect to its supremacy, in any other aspect than that of its numerical rate of progress. Nor is it necessary to give it any place for historical description, the reasons being obvious. But it will not be out of place to note some of the methods used for its propagation, which may be classified as follows:

* The Rev. S. M. Zwemer, D.D., in *India's Women*, May, 1912.
† Quoted in the *C.M. Review*, September, 1911, p. 527.
* See Appendix.

(1) educational; (2) medical; (3) evangelistic in village and town; (4) industrial. It is impossible to state the relative value of these means, because they are as different members of one body, but their intrinsic value can be described.

(1) *Educational Work.* There is "complete unanimity of opinion as regards the value of educational work. When Christianity will prevail in India is the absorbing topic of speculation among the educated youth of our Presidency towns. (2) *Medical Missions,* as a means of commending Christianity to the people of India, rank high and have an important influence on the cause of Christianity in India. (3) *Village Evangelization.* History seems to show that the greatest movements towards the Christian faith in national life are those that rise from the lower ranks to the higher, and in this view the gathering in of the outcast poor, who probably constitute 90 per cent. of the Indian Christians, is full of encouragement."* At the close of an appreciative letter from the Rev. E. Guilford, C.M.S., with regard to the work of the ladies in one of the C.E.Z.M.S. village stations in the Panjab, he says: "The finger of God, at this time, is pointing us to the villages more clearly than at any time in the past, and it is in the villages where He is giving His richest blessing." *Town Evangelization.* In the towns zenana work is the method by which Christianity is brought within reach of the captives. The Divine approval of this means is sufficient comment (Isaiah lxi. 1). (4) *Industrial Work,* as a method, is admirable, being in obedience to the command to feed the hungry. By practical help in time of need, Christianity presents the loving thoughtfulness of the Great Master, Who had ever compassion on the multitude. The other branch of industrial work, which deals with the shepherding of the flock, does not belong to this subject, which has to do with the propagandist side only.

Such are the visible methods. The unseen force of influence belongs to the character of the great religion of the Lord Jesus Christ; it has no place in statistics, and cannot be expressed in words. Its result is sometimes seen in the sudden arrest of such a one as Saul of Tarsus, won at the point of the Sword of God. Here and there and at different times may be seen the Mohammedan Doctor of Divinity, the Brahman *Pandit,* the Buddhist Priest, instructed in all matters of the law and blameless, casting away their pride, and laying down their dead glory at the foot of the Cross.

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* Sir Mackworth Young in *In the Land of the Five Rivers.*

"So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are under the Sun: and beheld the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of the oppressors there was power. . . ."

CHAPTER 4.

CONDITION OF INDIA AND ITS WOMEN.

THE condition of India is the outcome of many conditions. A few of the most important may be noted, such as the economic, the social and educational, and the political conditions, and some of the circumstances which affect the position of women.

Economic Condition.—What strikes one most is India's wealth and poverty : the great wealth of the very few, the extreme poverty of the mass. Much is being done to alleviate this condition, and with some success, for the state of things is better now than it was ; yet poverty is one of the most marked characteristics of India. It is " a well-known fact that one fifth of the population, say sixty millions, are insufficiently fed even in ordinary years of prosperity." * This is owing to causes that no administration can remove ; " most of this evil is self-imposed." (a) *Improvidence,* leading to debt ; (b) *The borrowing of money* from money-lenders at excessive rate of interest, leading to the loss of all property ; (*c*) *Extravagant expenses at marriages and funerals* : it is not unusual for a man to spend a whole year's income at one feast ; (*d*) *Litigation* : it is probable that no other people, in proportion to their means, spend more on legal processes than the Indian peoples ; (*e*) *Love of Jewellery* : there are more jewellers than blacksmiths in India ; (*f*) *Idleness* : " There are few countries in the world where there are so many public holidays as there are in India."† The religion of the people calls for so many observances, which have to be performed on particular days, that scarcely a month passes without there having to be a practically complete cessation of business for one, two or more days. In one year for instance, there were no less than forty-three public holidays marked on the calendar, the great majority of which were either Hindu or Mohammedan

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* Jones, *India's Problem.* Most of the information contained in this chapter is taken from this book.

† *The Statesman.*

festivals. Custom, not common sense or expediency, rules all matters of expenditure, as well as everything else.

Another drain on the strength of the land is the tribe of beggars; there are five and a half million of these men, for the most part too lazy to work, who not only beg but demand their daily bread from the hard-working poor, as well as from the rich. As religion reckons the feeding of such as a merit, their demands are never refused. Moreover, as they would give a curse instead of a blessing, should there be no response, the people dare not refuse them. It is not feeding the hungry, in many cases it is the reverse. I once heard a beggar asking for some pickles to give him the necessary appetite for his piece of bread, not dry bread either, for it was bread and butter.

When, added to these daily causes, there comes famine, what can be done? Irrigation has helped much to reduce the area of famine, and railroads bring relief quickly to the famine-stricken places, but this cannot cure or avert the evil. The people who are mostly affected belong to the poor and to those who have all their lives lived on the verge of hunger, and are therefore not able to withstand the terrible result. Help, even when it comes in time, cannot save many, and even careful feeding and attention, such as they receive in mission hospitals, cannot save all. The poor, tired, famine-stricken patients respond wonderfully to treatment and rally for a while, but many of them die of consumption later on.

Social Condition.—India is conservative, and especially so in social life. There the good or the claim of the individual must give way to the claim of society. The rules or customs which were enforced thousands of years ago are still enforced, but changeless in a sense they are not, because the multiplicity and the rigour of them have in great measure increased, as time has gone on. In no place does one see the inevitable rigour of custom so clearly as in family life. There in the patriarchal system, where several families live together, the tenacity of form in detail shows itself in the recognized characters of mother-in-law, mother, eldest sister, and last of all the wife, for, so long as child-marriage is continued, the poor little girl-wife can seldom find her place or personality, until she in turn becomes a mother-in-law.

In social life, no one can fail to see the national effect of caste and child-marriage. Caste is the division of the nation into sects. These may not intermarry, nor even eat together. Caste is the enemy of progress. It has cursed the people with physical degeneracy and a narrow sympathy, has

fostered pride on the one hand, and destroyed hope and aspiration on the other. For the man of high caste can never do wrong, and the man of low caste can never do right.*

In spite of what Government and mission schools are doing, and including the more recent efforts of the Indian people themselves, such as Islámia, Sikh and Hindu schools, the percentage of educated people is still small.

Political Situation.—The condition of India under British rule is better than ever it was before. A student of history cannot fail to see this. What a sad story it is! Invasion after invasion from without, incessant wars within, heavy taxation grinding down the poor, great famines, fearful pestilences, and now the Pax Britannica and a just government by the grace of God. That it is perfect no one would claim, that there is unrest no one would deny, but every effort is being made to redress wrong, and those of the agitators who are patriots will be used by God for righteousness. The political situation is not at rest, but someone has said a few suggestive words about this: "Apart from the perilous elements of the position there are possibilities of a hopeful result, for movement means life not death, and it is for us to aid with all the wise furtherance possible this new life into good channels."

The Women of India.—"The condition of its women is the truest test of a people's civilization. Her status is her country's barometer." What is the condition of the hundred million women in India to-day? Between the aboriginal tribes, who treat woman as a beast of burden, and the Parsis, who treat her with the highest consideration, giving her an equal position with man, a liberal education and large opportunity, there are many degrees.† Eliminating these, we have the Hindu woman, who represents four-fifths of the total number of women in India, and her condition is fairly uniform everywhere. When we glance at the past, the past of legend and story, we see her in a position of honour and power, exercising great influence. But we are not living in the past, and it is with the millions of India's women of to-day, and their present condition, that we have to deal. On the threshold of this subject we meet with a paradox, but that is to be expected. In no country is woman more despised than in India, and in no country are there so many goddesses. They are malignant goddesses, for the most part, such as the

* Cf. *India's Problem*, p. 26.
† *India's Problem*, p. 143.

cruel mother of small-pox, and the mother of cholera. Even mother Ganges is not to be depended upon ; sometimes she gets annoyed and must be appeased. In no country has woman more power, and yet she has no recognized place in society. Religion gives her no position, yet she is the upholder of religion. The chains that have bound her have become dear to her, and so she, who would gain most by social reform, is the most opposed to it. And love has done it all. Knowing nothing better, she magnifies her office, and makes of her house of bondage a home of rest—when she can. Surely never was love so little valued and so grievously misunderstood ! Not always, be it noted, for it is not as individuals, although there are many of these too, but as a nation that India has wronged its women. It is one of the strange inconsistencies of India that one reads in the same epoch of instances typifying the faithful devotion of woman, and proverbs which point out her perfidy and deceit, and these not as regarding different types of womanhood, but as a fact regarding all. Read the story of Savitri and her passionate appeal to the King of Death for the life of her husband, and, with her tragic face before you, read : *" He is a fool who considers his wife as his friend."* Surely the poignant grief of Sita, Savitri and others should have vindicated wifely devotion for all time—if times had not changed, and fetters had not been forged, and wrongs had not been inflicted, as the years went by, until now it is quite true that woman is no longer the helpmeet of man. She has sunk too low to help him. She drags him down, and herein is India's undoing. A proverb has it that a cart cannot run on a big wheel and a little one. No more can it, and if man is the big wheel and woman the little, nay, more often the broken wheel, he cannot pursue his course in safety.

Very briefly let us note the causes which have brought about this condition, the condition of the " submerged half " of India. One cause is ignorance, due to that fatal policy of withholding knowledge from women, the result being that only one in one hundred and fifty-one can read or write. It was thought safer so, and woman has been kept ignorant. How far the result has justified the means, it is not necessary to state. Child-marriage is another cause, and one of the great wrongs, for it affects the nation. This has been slightly alleviated, but not enough. A law has been passed, raising the limit of age from ten to twelve years. One of the evils of child-marriage is that, as in India betrothal is as binding as marriage, if there be infant betrothals, there must be

infant widows. There are over 26,000,000 widows in India to-day. When these are not objects of compassion, but are considered accursed, what a weight of woe is on the land! A widow's life is one of great hardship, for, even if it be mitigated, as it sometimes is, by family affection, she must submit to many restrictions and privations. Her head is shaven, all her pretty clothes and jewellery are taken away, and she must observe many rigorous fasts. Another evil which, although not so great, being personal rather than national, is one that closely affects the child-wife. At an age when she needs, more than ever before, her own mother's forbearance and loving patience, she is taken from her, and put under the stern surveillance of a strange mother-in-law. One of the most haunting pictures of the whole sorrowful scene is not by any means the most painful. It is only the face of a little child. The story is simple. It is just about what might happen any day, it need not be told at length, a word here and there is enough. "A missionary, while passing through one of the lanes of the city, heard a cry . . . it was only the cry of a little wife just arrived . . . they had beaten her because . . . '*because I cried for my mother*,' and the poor little face quivered afresh with the recollection of lost love and care."

"It is only now and then just a cry in the night." Someone was telling of what she had seen and then stopped; it did not seem possible to go on. A friend who knew and understood something of grief and wrong said, "*Say no more.*"

It would not be possible to exaggerate the evil of this most painful subject, for the hands of those who write are bound with a chain. Each word must be weighed, restrained and, if need be, suppressed. May the few words that can be written reach someone who knows and understands!

One more cruel injustice is done to India's women. Thousands of infants are handed over and set apart for a life of sin, before they know the right hand from the left. This needs no comment. It cannot bear comment.

To sum up, these evils mentioned are the several parts which compose woman's handicap. "Was there ever such a monstrous handicap invented to keep back the weak!" Is it any wonder that in the old days there were infanticide and *sati*, and that now, even now, there is suicide. And when custom imposes large expense for the girl's parents at the time of her wedding—and there must be a wedding—it is not surprising that she is not a welcome addition to her family.

She may win her way, in most cases she does win her way, but at first she is unwelcome. The strange, unknown, wailing infant is named "Bitter," "Not Wanted," "The Undesired," and, as infanticide is forbidden, in some cases she is allowed to die. This is quite an easy matter, just to let the creature alone ; Nature, illness, something or other, will do the rest. Someone remonstrated with the mother of a poor, miserable baby ; "It doesn't in the least matter what happens," she said, "it is a girl." How bitterly she smiled ! There was some tragedy behind, there always is, when a woman smiles like that.

A Prayer.

(*The utterance of a young Hindu pupil in a mission school.*)

"O Lord, hear my prayer ! No one has turned an eye on the oppression that we poor women suffer . . . We have searched above and below, but Thou art the only one Who will hear our complaint. Thou knowest our impotence, our degradation, our dishonour. O Lord, enquire into our case. For ages dark ignorance has brooded over our minds and spirits. Like a cloud it rises and wraps us round. We are like prisoners in an old and mouldering house, choked and buried in the dust of custom, and we have no strength to get out. Bruised and beaten we are like the dry husks of the sugar-cane, when the sweet juice has been extracted. All-knowing God, hear our prayer, forgive our sins, and give us power to escape, that we may see something of Thy world. O Father, when shall we be free from this gaol ? For what sin have we been born to live in this prison. . . . O Thou hearer of prayer, if we have sinned against Thee, forgive. . . O great Lord, our name is written with drunkards, with lunatics, with imbeciles, with the very animals . . . Criminals in gaols are happier than we, for they know something of Thy world. They were not born in prison, but we have not for one day, not even in dreams, seen Thy world. . . . To us it is nothing but a name, and, not having seen Thy world, we cannot know Thee its Maker . . . we only see the four walls of the house. Shall we call them the world or India ? We have been born in this gaol, we have died here and are dying. O Father of the world, hast Thou not created us ? Or has some other God made us ? Dost Thou care only for men ? Hast thou no thought for us women ? . . . The cry of the oppressed is heard even in the world. Canst Thou look upon our victim hosts, and shut Thy doors of justice ? O God, Almighty and Unapproachable, think

upon Thy mercy, which is like a vast sea, and remember us. Have our sighs exhausted the sea of Thy mercy? Or has it been dried up by the fire of fierce oppression, with which the Hindu men have scorched us? Have they drunk up by someone's mistake that portion of the water of immortality which should refresh our weary spirits? O Lord, save us, for we cannot bear our lot. Many of us have killed ourselves, and we are still killing ourselves. O God of mercies, our prayer to Thee is this, that the curse shall be removed from the women of India. Create in the hearts of men some compassion, that our lives may no longer be passed in vain longing, that saved by Thy mercy we may taste something of the joys of life."

"*Watchman! what of the night?*" There is a darkness that can be felt, but day is breaking.

"A little white bird," she told him once, looking at him gravely, "a bird which he must carry in his bosom across a crowded public place—his own soul was like that! Would it reach the hand of his Good Genius at the opposite side, unruffled and unsoiled!"—MARIUS THE EPICUREAN.

CHAPTER 5.

INDIA'S WOMEN AT THE CROSSING OF THE WAY

DAWN is at hand. That any law at all, however inadequate, should be passed for the improvement of the condition of women is a sign. That social reformers, Indian gentlemen, are coming forward to plead their cause is a sign, and a sure one, that the night has gone. A few of these may be gathered together, and entitled *Signs of the Times*. News of the changing years reaches us from all quarters.

Mrs. Chatterjee, of Hoshiarpur, writes: "Work among women is the great need of the country just now, when the people of the country have begun to appreciate it and are pushing it on by their own efforts everywhere. When we first began working in Hoshiarpur forty-three years ago, there was not a single girls' school in the district. Now there is a school belonging to the Hindus, another to the Mohammedans, and a third to the Sikhs. In the town of Huriana, nine miles from here, there is a flourishing school for girls belonging to the Arya Somaj. Girls' schools are springing up everywhere. There is an earnest desire on the part of the men to educate and enlighten the women. The great need in connection with this work is the want of competent teachers. When there is such an opening, missions ought to emphasize this branch of their work, especially in raising a body of Indian Christian teachers."

Miss Tuting, from Amritsar, writes: "Here is another sign of the times. The Amritsar Arya Somaj is starting a competition in the Middle Department for Hindu girls to write every three months an essay on some social or other question. The first is to be on the advantages of cleanliness, and how it is to be attained. They have sent us a notice of it."

At an anniversary of the Arya Somaj twelve years ago, an Indian lady delivered an address on "The Emancipation of Women," her husband sitting in the audience and showing unmistakably his pride in her attainments.*

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* *Letters from India*, compiled by A. B. Stratton.

*"A little time ago there was a conference held in Allahabad, which was quite unique, I think, in the history of India. It was a 'Women's Conference,' and was attended by Hindu, Mohammedan, and Christian ladies, to the number of about five thousand, some of the leading Ránis and Princesses being among those present. "Social and marriage reforms, the education of women, the necessity of a special curriculum and books for girls' schools, different from that for boys' schools (a very sensible and necessary thing for India) and other questions were discussed and papers read on the subjects. The prime movers in the whole thing were our friend Kashmíri Devi and one or two friends of hers. Kashmíri told me that there are a few women in India who, like herself, do occasionally go to a meeting where both men and women assemble, but she said: 'Those are the people who do know and think about these things; what we want is to get the thousands of ignorant women to know and think about them, and the only way for that was to have a conference for *pardah* ladies.' Every paper was submitted beforehand to a committee, and nothing passed that could hurt or wound any section of the varied assembly, 'so that all might be done with peace and love,' as Kashmíri Devi said to me."

Dr. Amy Lillingston, of Bangalore, mentions an incident as a significant sign of change in social customs. It is in connection with a patient who had been sent to a *moulvie* for advice. The *moulvie* said that she was suffering, not from a devil, nor from a ghost, but from an illness. It is encouraging to remember this, while reading the list of charms in the next chapter.

†"It is a matter for thankfulness that the Government is giving attention to the dedication of little girls to idols in India. Concerning this system the *Hindu* has declared that 'so long as we allow it to be associated with our temples and places of worship we offend and degrade our religion and morality,' while an Indian has characterized it as 'most pernicious.' . . . About a couple of years ago the Mysore Government, after careful enquiry, issued an order excluding Devadásis (female servants of the god) from 'every kind of service in sacred institutions like temples,' on the ground that the high ideals entertained in ancient days for these women had degenerated, and they had become notoriously of loose morals." The Secretary of State for India addressed

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* *Church Missionary Gleaner*, July, 1911.

† *Church Missionary Review*, September, 1911.

a Despatch to the Government of India in which he states that his attention in Council has been called to this evil, and that he observes with satisfaction that an increasing section of Hindu society regards it with strong disapproval. He desires to be informed of the probable extent of the evil, and how far the provisions of the Penal Code are in themselves sufficient to deal with it effectually, or whether adequate steps are being taken to enforce the law, as it at present stands, or whether any, or if so what, amendments of the law are required to give reasonable encouragement and support to those who are endeavouring to suppress the grave abuse. He says: "The matter is one in which the weight of public authority may well be lent to the furtherance of reforms, advocated by the enlightened leaders of the communities to which the children belong whom the law was intended to protect."

"The difficulty in dealing with the question is enhanced, the *Bombay Guardian* points out, by the secrecy of the dedication and the cunning and skill of the temple women who adopt the children. These women in British India sometimes evade the Penal Code, which forbids the marriage of children to gods, by providing a nominal bridegroom, in certain cases another girl dressed like a boy. . . . But an effort is being made to deal with the question."

One of the causes which has brought about these reforms is the influence of women in India, from Victoria the Good to the youngest of Britain's daughters, working in hospitals, schools and zenanas. There is a mighty tide of good influence pouring into India with the Christian women of the West, representatives of many missionary societies. And there is a return wave, for, last but not least, there is a noble band of Indian lady pioneers, who are surely the means in God's hand to raise their wronged sisters. Something of this will be evident in this story of the work amongst the women of India.

The night watchman goes off duty when the first red streaks appear in the east, and a day watcher takes his place.

"Watchman! what of the night?"

"Deeds of darkness, and a long death roll."

"Watchman, what of the day and the morning?"

He has little to tell, but he is prepared for rough weather.

Of the signs of the times there is not much more to say. It is enough that the decisive hour has struck, and that India's women are on the point of gaining their lost freedom.

Herein is the opportunity, but herein also lies the danger. Is the newly-found freedom to be the perfect freedom of service to God and man, to be used for God or—*for what?*

The stroke of the hour is a call to the women of England and of the Christian world. If India's women needed you, women of Christendom, in the past to help them to free themselves, they need you more than ever now. To be brought out suddenly from seclusion into the busy world would in itself be terrifying to most, and a source of great danger to some. Imagine a lady of long ago at a London crossing! She could never reach the other side alone. Think of her brought suddenly to the front of a great emergency, some Great Crossing of the World! It cannot be done.

India has come to the dividing of the ways, and there is a perilous crossing in front of her. "She is like a little lost child . . . *but God has put her hand in yours.*"*

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* Lucy Guinness, *New Year's Eve.*

Chapter 6.

FOLK-LORE.

Superstitions—Manners and Customs—Omens and Portents —Lucky and Unlucky Things—Charms—Recipes— Snake Lore.

Similarity of the Folk Lore of the World and of its manners and customs.—In India and Northern Nigeria there is a widespread belief in the magic of names. A wife must never mention the name of her husband. The name of a child is the outcome of some family circumstance, if not decided by the horoscope. The Secret Societies of Africa, Melanesia, and the Hinterlands of America are strangely alike in their functions. Customs that obtain in the Highlands of Scotland are found in the Northern Highlands of India, and those of the country districts in Ireland have their counterpart in South India. Salt, as morally significant, is widely manifest in ceremonial. The horseshoe hangs over the door of the world as an emblem of good-luck; "iron is master of man all." The *Gharl Pankh*, half man and half bird, stands on a pedestal facing the largest temple in Chamba; some weird relations of his guard the clocks on the tower of St. Lawrence at Rotterdam. A mystical figure of the same type may be found graven on Babylonian bricks, and on Egyptian gems and amulets.

Eastern music is southern also; the monotonous ebb and flow of an Indian air has its echo in Africa, and the drum, pitched to the first and the ominous fourth, throbs for all time with the heart of primal nations.

These are a few of many instances, some of them quoted from travellers who are specialists on the subject.

This similarity in the folk-lore and customs, apart from geological history, points to a common starting-point of mind. Professor Hutton Webster, with reference to the similarity of the Secret Societies, draws the picture of a great continent, stretching across the base of the world, peopled with primitive men, who tried to evolve from primeval chaos some sort of settled law and government. If we could accept such a

hypothesis, we could then understand how manners, customs, superstitions and musical method would spread through the forests and be whispered from heart to heart, until they covered the aboriginal world.

At least we know that at one time the Arabian Sea did not exist, and the Western Himalayas were being slowly formed under the sea. The Indian peninsula was joined to South Africa by a broad stretch of land, and the Aravali peaks, forming its south-western boundary, looked out over a vast north-western sea.* But in later ages slow upheavals raised the mighty Western Himalayas from their ocean bed, while somewhat similar subsidiaries further south submerged the land, and left India and Africa separate, as we know them to-day. These changes walled India on the north and north-west with mountains, and hemmed her in on the west and south by the sea. It might seem as if all identity of mind with mind would have been swept away, when lands were lost and gained from the deep, and a great gulf was fixed between the nations. But the heart of the aboriginal world still kept the secret which no dividing sea could ever wash away. And now, when knowledge is increased and space is conquered and men go to and fro, the secret of earth's severed children is whispered back to their hearts again.

It is this, the ancient lineage of folk-lore, that fixes the value of the manners and customs of the simple peoples of the countryside, and makes the subject one of a world-wide interest. To the lover of humanity folk-lore has another aspect, a more intimate and personal one, for it reveals more clearly than anything else the temperament of a people. In itself, it is futile as the dust placed in the doorway to trace the footsteps of the dead, but as a quality it is precious even as dust. And, "as the dust of the rose-petal belongs to the heart of the perfume seller,"† such dust is dear to the student of humanity. For it is just that golden dust, which, thrown into the eyes of "Little Kings," shuts out the common day and enables them to see visions and to dream dreams.

Superstitions.—Religion and superstition, perhaps more particularly among the villagers, are closely allied. These superstitions might be described as occult rather than supernatural. It is not always easy to distinguish the difference between benign and malign influences or spirits, because both

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* *A Geography of India* (C.L.S.)

† From an inscription by Abul Fazl, quoted in *The Moslem World*, April, 1911.

are worshipped. The good are not above playing malicious tricks on their devotees, nor are the bad altogether bad. Both good and bad spirits can be deceived, and their plans circumvented, by forethought and ingenuity.

The Angel of Death, whether the Yám Dût of the Hindus or Asrafel of the Mohammedans, is supposed to be accessible to entreaty or fraud. There is a Mohammedan village in the plain near Ajnala, new and unattractive when I saw it, and without a tree or even a plant to relieve the dreary monotony of the brown huts on the brown plain. I had visited it before, and that day went straight to the gateway. The path was blocked by a freshly-made mud wall; a child told me to go round to the other side, and there I saw a new door. The Angel of Death had come so often, and knew the way so well, that they had tried by this means to block his path. In another village I saw a little Hindu girl, as I supposed. He was a boy, but named and dressed as a girl. The poor mother had done this to cheat Death, for of course he would not think it worth while to carry away a girl.

The Spirit of Fever must be easily hoodwinked! It will come up to the bed and lay its hand on the figure huddled up under the quilt, and *never know* that it was only a spinning wheel cunningly placed there! "*I* put it there, my husband has had so much fever." One could not help wishing that the devoted little wife's plan might be successful.

"How is the fever of your enemy?" The spirit of fever, who is never very far off, hears this and, supposing that he must have made a mistake, departs. How prudent it was to ask after your health in this way! Had the enquiry been made about *you*, it would have suggested the thing to the fiend, and he would at once have thought of you and attacked you.

The Evil Eye.—Who or what is the Evil Eye? It may act through the medium of a person, or it may be simply an evil influence. It is unaccountable, but greatly feared. It attacks persons, animals, houses and things. It seems to be jealousy personified, for to appease it, or rather reassure it, some flaw must be added to what is supposed to be perfection. A piece of embroidery must have some pattern or colour out of keeping in a corner of it, otherwise some accident would surely happen to it. A newly-built house must have an ugly face looking out from one of the windows. The face consists of an earthen pot, round and flat, painted to represent a face, and a piece of stick protrudes from a hole; this is the tongue

hanging out of the mouth. The evil eye thinks that this is one of the inhabitants ; presumably they are all ugly and so is the house, and not worth looking at, and off he goes. The same precaution is taken to protect a new field ; the black pot is hung over a bamboo stick in the earth. As for people, there is no end to the harm that the Evil Eye can do to them ; so the precautions are endless. In some cases the Evil Eye is supposed to look out from the eye of a visitor. In fact, the fear of this is so great that most people must be guarded against it—*in case*. Further on are a few hints about how to avert it.

The worship of plants and tools and implements of trade may be entered here as belonging to the borderland between superstition and religion. Plants are worshipped, partly because gods, demons, men and animals may transmigrate into them. The wood apple, the pipal tree, the kusha grass and the tulsi plant are the most revered. The tulsi, or sweet basil, is especially the Hindu woman's divinity. All the religion of many of the women consists in walking round the tulsi plant, in saying prayers to it, and in placing offerings before it. Worship is offered to tools, or implements of trade. At the Tool Feast the soldier worships his gun, the carpenter his saw, the blacksmith his anvil, the bricklayer his trowel, the barber his razor, the tailor his needle and thimble, the shopkeeper his scale, the schoolboy his books and slates.

The sea, rivers, fountains and springs are all objects of worship. It would be easier to point out what is not worshipped in India than the countless things that are considered sacred.

A woman in Bengal was seen pouring water on the earth just outside the entrance to her house ; this was because a little while before a dead man had been carried along that road, and the bearers had carelessly let the body fall to the ground. Every householder, therefore, quickly fetched water to pour out at her doorway to cool (appease) the spirit of the dead man, who might otherwise avenge himself for the indignity by bringing evil on the quarter of the village in which it happened.

In Karachi, part of the religious rites which the youngest Hindu child is taught to perform is that of making a hole in the ground, in which she lays an offering of flowers, and then curses the woman who shall be second wife to her husband, she herself not being yet married. One mite of six years old excused her late appearance at school on this account. It is the custom amongst heathen girls in the month of June

to sow corn in small earthen pots and, when the blade is well grown, to keep a fast, sing round it, worship it, and finally throw it into a tank. This is done to ensure themselves against want, when they go to their husband's home.

The Sun. — In the golden age the sun used to rise in the north. The north is, therefore, the best part of the compass. The more important ceremonies connected with the sun take place during eclipse. The face of the Hindu dead, before burning, is turned towards the sun. To the Parsis the sun is the chief light, and is an emblem of the unseen Deity. In Ceylon the sun is considered to be a god.*

The Moon.—That vast face, full of vague benevolence, so familiar to us all! For all countries the same, and yet a separate and distinct moon for each, a white lady of influences! As the clean-cut sickle, it is the sign of Islam. It marks the time and duration of fasts and festivals, its supposed absence, the dark of the moon, being an auspicious time for bathing. Then there is the hot full moon, when its rays may smite the sleeper, and the cold full moon of November, when winter begins. At all seasons its full-orbed light, which dims the stars, is as a mother's love that covers the faults of her children. "The moon has risen" expresses the pleasure derived from the face of a friend on first appearance. The Moon-Face daughter is so called because of her beauty; the Lady of the Moon, the Princess of the Moon are favoured names amongst Hindus, Sikhs and Mohammedans. A name means much in India, for it is not merely a name, it becomes part of the person. In the Panjab the moon is worshipped in Mágh, Ganesh Chauth, Krishna's birthday, and in Shivrakhea in memory of Siva. The dark of the moon is kept in memory of the dead. It is supposed to be behind a mountain when invisible, and is not worshipped. The full moon is kept as a fast. In Ceylon the moon is not worshipped, but is looked upon as an omen of good or evil. On the days when the moon changes Buddhists go to their temple to worship. The full moon is regarded as especially sacred, for Buddha was born on a day of the full moon.

Stars and Planets.—Stars and planets are ominous and fateful. A horoscope is written from the stars, and the dates of marriages and journeys are decided by the ascendency of particular stars. A mark in the least way resembling a star on any animal is supposed to be unlucky, so it is called a moon for this reason. The constellations are symbols of legend and story traced in stars.

* Cf. *Indian Folk Tales*, by E. M. Gordon.

The Gharl Pankh is a curious gilt figure, half man and half bird. It has hands, the nose is hooked into a beak, and the figure has wings and a fan-shaped tail.*

Springs.—Springs of water are nearly always associated with Nàg, or snake worship. In Kashmir Nàg means a spring. The Nàg Devi and Deota cults are the oldest, and probably of aboriginal origin.

Manners and Customs among the Hindus.—*Betrothal and Marriage.*†—From five to eleven years was formerly the usual period for marriage among the Brahmans all over India; the limit of age has now been raised from ten to twelve years. They must be married within their own caste. As girls in their infancy cannot be allowed to choose their future husbands, this is done for them. In the northern part of the country the family barber, like Eliezer of Damascus, is the go-between. The marriage negotiations are opened in this way: the father of the bride sends a barber to a Brahman family to look out for a suitable husband. If a good report is brought, the father goes to the house of the bridegroom and performs the ceremony of "seeing the bridegroom." In the case of approval, he presents him with a gold *Mohar;* then a date is fixed for "tilak," the mark which Hindus make on their foreheads with coloured earths, and after that the day is fixed for marriage. In other parts of the country it is always the mother of the bridegroom who opens negotiations. A public announcement is sufficient to constitute an engagement, but the betrothal is irrevocable. Between the young people themselves at this juncture no ceremony takes place. The marriage is concluded without the consent of either party; the bride is not allowed to be acquainted with her husband until after the second ceremony. They thus remain almost strangers to one another.

At the wedding ceremony itself, after the priest has tied the hands of the bride and bridegroom together, and fastened her *sari* and his coat together, the bride is placed by her female relations and friends beside the bridegroom on a seat, a magenta silk *sari* is thrown as a canopy over both, small oil lamps are held aloft, so as to throw only a subdued light upon the scene, and then the fateful moment arrives when the two, who have been bound together for life, see one another for the first time.

* Information taken from *The Civil and Military Gazette*, Lahore.

† A large proportion of the information about Hindu and Mohammedan betrothal, marriage and death ceremonies is taken from *Behind the Pardah.*

One of the duties of the priest during the ceremony is to repeat from memory the pedigrees of the family. At the wedding of high caste, wealthy people two priests are present to officiate, one for the bride's and the other for the bridegroom's family. During the marriage ceremony invocations are made to each god worshipped in the family, to the eight cardinal points of the compass, to the fourteen worlds, to the year, month, day and minute, each under their special names. Two bamboo baskets are then placed close together; the bridegroom stands upright in one, and the bride in the other. He pours the contents of a small basket of ground rice on her head. She does the same to him. At one stage of the ceremony the bride and bridegroom, for the first and last time, eat together from the same dish. Pictures of some of the gods are drawn with flour and red paint on the floor and worshipped. Flour is sprinkled on a stone and some mystic lines drawn across it, which the bride must rub out with her foot. All the time a priest is reading, or rather chanting, from their sacred book. Some rupees are offered to him in a basin of water, and the bridegroom and his bride sprinkle each other with water, for every detail of the ceremony must be performed in the presence of three witnesses, fire, earth and water. The father then takes the hand of his daughter and puts it into the hand of the youth, pouring water over them in honour of Vishnu. This is the "giving away" of the bride. A saffron-coloured thread necklace is fastened on the girl's neck by the bridegroom, but the equivalent of the English wedding-ring is an iron bracelet, which the bride henceforth wears. Even a widow does not discard this wedding token, for she looks upon herself as always the wife of her husband, and according to Manu's laws the widow is never allowed to mention the name of any other man. Neither a wife nor a widow is allowed to mention the name of her husband. If she meets with it in reading, she must leave it out; this happens sometimes during lessons in school.

The vermilion mark on the parting of a girl's hair, an outward and visible sign of marriage throughout India, is made by the bridegroom with his own hands, but the concluding and most binding part of the whole complicated ceremony is walking round the fire. The bridegroom's relations, having cast upon the sacred fire, which has been kept burning all the time, offerings of incense, grain and clarified butter, the bride and bridegroom, hand in hand, the corners of their *chaddars* tied together, walk three times round the blazing sacrifice. Fire, in Hindu eyes, is the most pure of

deities, and a mutual engagement transacted over this element is the most solemn of oaths.

This is a representative wedding ceremony. Details vary according to caste and locality, but the main features remain the same.

Nose-rings are a sign of marriage amongst Hindus. The nose-ring, which married women wear, is called "Nath," because now they have a lord, who is called "Náth." They also wear a golden head-ornament, called "Shauk," to show that they have an over-lord. When they become widows, they are called "a-Náth," that is without lord and ornament. Both the ornaments are taken away, and they are called "bare-headed." Apparently the nose-ring includes the idea of being bridled or controlled like a camel. The Amils, that is the educated classes belonging to Hyderabad, Khataris by caste, wear a small nose-ring, with a pear-shaped ruby in it. Other castes wear very large round ones, filled up with stones and pearls, worth hundreds of rupees. In the country a thief will go to a man's house when he is out. The wife opens the door cautiously about an inch to listen to the message which she is to give to her husband, and the thief snatches the ring, leaving her dazed with pain, and is gone before anyone can hear her cry. This has been done even in Karachi streets, but the thief was caught. Children wear a knot of blue cotton in the left nostril to keep open a hole for this ring, which is very thick and in some cases as large all round as a saucer, sometimes about the size of the top of a teacup. In lower Sindh these rings are so big and heavy that they are supported by a chain of gold or thread, which is hooked on to the hair, and carried over the nose and head.

Death, Burial and Memorial.—As soon as a Hindu is thought to be dying, his friends lay him on the ground, on which they spread sand brought from the Ganges, and over this kusha grass. At his feet a hole is dug and filled with Ganges water, so that he may die with his feet in the holy river. If by accident a Hindu be allowed to die on a bedstead, or in a room upstairs, it is believed that he has committed a great sin, and his relations spend large sums of money to obtain forgiveness. Meantime, the Brahmans are sent for, that is the caste of Brahmans who have to do with the laying out of the dead. It is at the time of death only that this caste may enter a house, and it is the only time when Hindus have any dealings with them. An offering of money and clothes is given to the Brahmans, and, if possible, a cow. The dying one holds the tail of the cow, or touches the bread and grain which is

to be given. A Brahman reads some ceremonial words and sprinkles Ganges water about. Two small lamps, made of dough, are put in the palms of both hands, to light the soul through the valley of the Shadow of Death.

The bier is made of thin stakes, lightly put together like a ladder ; for the young and unmarried the pieces of wood are short, to signify that life has been cut off prematurely. While the body is being carried to the burning ground, the Brahmans say, "Har kâ nâm sat hai," and the mourners say, "Bolo Râm" ; this means : "The name of God is true," and "Say the name of God." The sentence and response are spoken at regular intervals. This is the one impressive feature of the painful ceremony. At the time of the funeral procession, the Brahmans make four separate offerings to the gods. On arrival at the burning place, the friends uncover the face of the dead and turn it towards the sun. The body is then covered with wood, except the head, which is broken with a club in order to free the spirit, which is supposed to live in the brain. A quantity of clarified butter is poured over the wood to make it burn quickly. The mourners throw sandal wood on the pile, as a token of love and respect. The remainder of the wood is then piled on and set on fire by the son, brother, or nearest relative. After this they make three little tents of three small sticks, four or five inches high, and fix them in the ground near the pyre. A small earthen pot of water is put by the tents, and some grain, in case the spirit should hover about hungry and thirsty. Before leaving, the mourners bathe in a tank, and then go home. On the third day the nails and the bones, which never burn, are picked up and sent to be thrown into the Ganges at Hardwar ; the ashes are thrown into a tank or canal. For thirteen days the son or nearest relative must do *Kirya*, that is, he must eat one meal a day and do *puja* morning and evening for the salvation of the soul of the dead. This is why it is so necessary to have a son, for who else would perform all these tedious ceremonies ? The word for son is *putr*, which means one who saves from hell. For many days the relatives must observe a strict fast. On the thirteenth day there is a great feast, when clothes, bed, bedding, utensils and jewels are given to the Brahmans. It is believed that it takes three hundred and sixty days, or a Hindu year, for a soul to reach God ; hence the long duration and rigour of the ceremonies for the dead. These ceremonies are known as *Sarádhs*, and are so costly that they are one of the chief causes of the poverty of the people.

When a rich man dies, a monument is raised over the spot where the body was burned. When the old die, the bier is gaily decorated, and is carried with singing and music to the burning, for it is a cause for rejoicing that they have fulfilled their life, have seen children and grandchildren, and have not been cut off in their youth. I once saw the funeral of an old woman passing through the streets of Amritsar on its way to the burning place. The coffin, or catafalque, was covered with red silk, and in shape it looked like a little ship. It was raised, on a trestle, shoulder high above a festive multitude, the mourners singing joyful songs and throwing rice about amongst the crowd. The bearers carried the bier jauntily and unsteadily. It was a weird and awful sight, far more terrible than the funeral wails and mourning. I watched the coffin swaying above the noisy, restless sea of people, until it turned a corner of the street; the sounds of merriment slowly died away, and thus the poor red ship sailed out to the port of fire.

The death of a young mother at the birth of her child is considered by the Hindus to be the worst of deaths, and the one most to be dreaded. To prevent the spirit haunting the old house and home, the body is nailed to a bedstead, the eyes are blinded with red pepper, and all the way to the burning place coriander seed is strewn, with the idea that before the poor ghost can return, it must pick up every seed, and being blind it will find it hard to know the way, and being bound down by nails to the bed will find it hard to rise and come.

Over the grave of a little girl the women say, or rather chant—for it is a death song:—

"Gur kháwin ..... Eat sugar,
"Pat katin ..... Spin silk,
"Phir na áwin ..... Don't come back again."

Red seems to be the colour for both weddings and funerals. The bride is dressed in red. The Angel of Death, robed in red, wears a crown of rubies. A married woman, whose husband is living, is shrouded entirely in red after death and must wear three jewels, but a widow or an unmarried woman is dressed in white and wears no jewels. The ghost of a mother who has died when her child was born appears in a red garment.

In speaking of the dead, and more especially of the aged dead, the Hindus say *Púra ho gaya*, that is "He has been completed," or "His years are fulfilled." Of the death of a prince they say, *Swarg básh*, "He is in heaven." *Kalwás*

is also used, which means "to come under the power of the lesser light," *Joti jot samáe*, "to be absorbed in the greater light."

"Good works done in memory of the dead secure merit for them."* That the work is "in memoriam" is indicated by the inscription, or by carving a foot-mark on the rock. Bridges and fountains are sometimes built in memory of the dead.

Manners and Customs among the Mohammedans.—*Betrothal and Marriage.*—The Mohammedan ceremonial is less complicated than the Hindu, and the limit of age is higher. As amongst the Hindus, the betrothal is a family arrangement, the young people themselves having little to do with it. The wedding is arranged, and takes place when the bride is about fourteen. For four days before the wedding the poor bride is kept sitting in a corner in a starving condition. It is thought improper for a bride to look happy, so after four days of this treatment she looks, no doubt exactly what she feels, tired, bored, hungry and most unhappy.

The wedding takes place at night. About three hours before the ceremony begins, the bride is dressed in her wedding garments, gold and red, and covered with a spangled veil, the gift of the bridegroom. The bride and bridegroom present each other with a costly and complete trousseau. If by midnight the bridegroom does not appear, the whole wedding party, bride and female relations, stretch themselves out on the ground, just as they are, and sleep, but music never ceases at all during the night. About three o'clock in the morning, there is the sound of the bridegroom's procession, but it goes off again and makes a round of the city. Morning dawns, and it arrives. The bridegroom is in front on a charger, the local brass band playing a choice selection of English airs suited to the occasion, such as "Just before the battle, mother," or "Bonnie Dundee"! Someone knocks at the door. A sheet is held to protect the ladies from view, and four men appear. They ask if the bride is willing. As she says nothing, her mother speaks for her, and they disappear. In the meanwhile, the bridegroom is transacting legal matters, in connection with the marriage, with the male relations and lawyers; all the while the priest is reading to him out of the Koran. At last, about seven o'clock in the morning, a whisper goes round the circle, "The bridegroom comes!" Some of the younger women disappear, others draw their veils over their faces; the older ladies follow the mother

* *The Civil and Military Gazette*, Lahore.

to the head of the staircase, where she goes to meet him. The bridegroom, gaily adorned with flowers and with long garlands of jasmine streaming from his head, reaches the top of the stairs. He bends down and eats some sugar and rice out of the hands of his mother-in-law and, followed by his sister, is led into a large room where a carpet is spread for him. A pestle and mortar are placed in front of him, his right hand is bound, and he must pound spices to the satisfaction of the bystanders, who, of course, chaff him for his clumsy attempts. This, they say, is a test of the kind of manager he will be in his household. The mother disappears, and in a few minutes returns, carrying in her arms the bride—so entirely wrapped up in her red garments that she is hidden from view. The bride is set down next to her husband, whom up to that moment she has never seen. An old woman, acting as priestess, puts into each of their hands a looking-glass in which, after a cloth is thrown over both, they behold one another's faces for the first time. While they remain concealed in this fashion, the old priestess repeats over them various passages from the Koran, and then, with many congratulations, good wishes, prophecies and exclamations, and a shower of sweetmeats thrown over them, the veil is lifted. After this the little bride is led away in her glittering garments, and, as a survival of old ideas of marriage by capture, the bridegroom lifts her into the palanquin in which she is to be taken to his house.

As with Hindu, so with Mohammedan wedding customs, there is great variety in the manner in which they are carried out. In South India, for example, the bride, enveloped in red muslin, is carried by her male relations to a large wooden bedstead in the courtyard, roofed in for the occasion, on which she is set down opposite the bridegroom, and continues moaning and wailing during the ceremony. A hired professional singing woman guides the bride's hand in throwing sugar-candy and flower petals over the bridegroom from behind a barrier of red muslin held between them. Presently the bride, guided by the singer, holds a piece of sugar-candy to his mouth, and after a little hesitation he bends his head and takes it with his lips. He then returns the compliment by touching the heap of red muslin before him with some more sweetmeats. When their eyes meet for the first time in the looking glass, the singer asks if the girl has a nice jewel on her nose. He answers that she has ; if, however, he should reply in the negative, a very rare occurrence, the marriage would not be completed. The power of veto is not extended

to the bride. Two uncles, paternal and maternal, of the bride join the hands of the wedded couple and, when the bride has no father, give her into the bridegroom's charge.

Amongst the aboriginal tribes a wedding is a comparatively simple affair. An interchange of presents, a feast, and the bride and bridegroom walk home together.

Death and Burial.—The Mohammedans have no brighter, and hardly less superstitious rites connected with death than the Hindus, although they differ in many respects, and notably in that the corpse is not burned but buried. The grave is dug with an excavation on one side of it, long enough for the body to lie in, and deep enough for it to sit up in. It is supposed that, while the funeral service is being read, the soul finally departs from the brain, and when the obsequies are over, it is believed that the angel Gabriel comes into the grave, tells the dead man to sit up and questions him, "Whose servant art thou?" The Mohammedans say that in their graveyards screams and groans may be heard, as Gabriel administers chastisement to refractory followers of the Prophet. Hence the custom, as soon as the lamps are lighted in the evening, for all devout Mohammedans to repeat some portion of the Koran and to pray.

At length an ant, which happens to be in the grave, goes into the dead man's ear and tells him to say: "I am the servant of God and follower of Mohammed; God is the only Lord and Mohammed is the true prophet of God." After this the Angel leaves off beating the dead and goes away, saying, "Rest in peace until the judgment day." This is why as a rule the Mohammedans, in speaking of the dead, say "marhúm," which means one who has received mercy. Other words for death are the following: to pass away, to sleep, change, finished, the stopping of breath, to join the forefathers, earth to earth.

In the Central Provinces the dead are buried with the head towards the north, because the sun in the Golden Age used to rise in the north. The River of Death runs to the south, so the feet are placed in that direction.*

Mourning.—A picture of mourners at the house of the dead is as the shadow of death itself. How clearly defined are the white light and the dark pool of shade by the wall! How closely the figures press in! Every inch of dark is precious at noon, for it is to them as to the hireling who earnestly desires the shadow. The mourners go about the streets, and the shadow of death falls silently as they, softly and oh! so

* E. M. Gordon, *Indian Folk Tales.*

swiftly. It seems so sudden in India, for at the moment of death the wail rings out, sometimes at midnight when the darkness lies on the city, or at noon when the blot of shade is wiped back to within a few feet of the wall. But at all times the mourners are ready to wail, and this is their cry: it is a chant or song of the beauty and grace of the dead. Never another can be as they, for the pitcher is broken at the well, and, although there may be many others made after its pattern, they can never be as the one that is gone. The Mohammedan funeral song, which is sung at the anniversary ceremony, in connection with the death of Hassan and Hussain, is called the *Marsiya*. These were the grandsons of Mohammed, and are believed to have given their lives as a ransom for all his followers.

Home Life.—It would be more correct to say "life in an Indian household," for the word "home" cannot be applied to the majority of abodes. The household is arranged after the patriarchal system. As each son marries, he brings his bride home. If the house is a large one, a separate quarter of it is allotted to each new family. The average house, however, does not admit of this, so the hidden inmates of the zenana, mothers-in-law, aunts, child-mothers and widowed girls live in a crowd together. The latest child-bride, therefore, does not enter her father-in-law's household to be the head of her new home, but comes rather to take the lowest and humblest position in the family.

The Mother-in-Law.—There are, of course, exceptions, but the mother-in-law, be she Hindu or Mohammedan, is not generally an attractive personage. Mothers-in-law employ their daughters in all kinds of domestic duties. These children of nine or ten years of age find it irksome to work hard all day long without a word of praise, and possibly for some slight unintentional fault to receive a torrent of abuse. As a rule these women have been themselves the victims of merciless treatment in their childhood, and so have become hardened, and are ready to beat and slander the young girls on the slightest provocation.

Birth.—As soon as a child is born, an astrologer notes the hour and makes a horoscope; this is examined whenever the child is ill. Rupees are put into the mother's hand and into the infant's. In Bangalore there are quaint customs connected with the giving of the name to the child. In a Brahman house, when a child is about three weeks old, women friends and relations come, and amongst them one takes the baby on the floor, where there are some lighted candles and

little heaps of saffron and rice and cocoanut. She bathes the baby and dresses it in entirely new clothes, and whilst doing so whispers its name into its ear. Then she puts it into its cradle for the first time ; till then it had slept anywhere.

Social Customs.—The giving of a few cardomums in greeting seems to be a universal practice. If a Panjabi village woman gives a little offering to a friend, she says :

" Sajan dewe kakh .... If a friend gives a straw,
" Ohnun samjhen lakh.. It is worth a hundred thousand.

Should you wish to enquire after a gentleman's wife, you must say : " How is your house ? " The people speak of drinking tobacco and of eating the air. If a man takes his turban off before his wife, and she still refuses to do what he wishes, it is tantamount to a divorce. There was a patient at St. Catherine's Hospital, Amritsar, who had been very ill, but was getting well. Her husband wished to take her out. She sent word that she wished to stay in, as she was getting on so well and was very happy. He begged to see her, and, as she was in a private ward, he was allowed to go in, with the hope that, seeing her so well, he would be content to let her stay, but he instantly came forward and took off his turban. That was final. She immediately turned to her nurse and said, " Please give me my clothes," and walked home with her husband.

Proverbs.—The daughter who is wiser than her mother adds water to the cooked pulse. A fine house but tasteless food, or show without comfort. Having stolen the anvil, the thief makes a present of a needle. Unknown and uninvited, yet she is the bridegroom's aunt. A boat of straw and monkeys for sailors. The scalded child dreads cold milk. A bald head must have two pairs of combs. There will always be a black seed in the grain. The five fingers are not all alike.

A few Personal Descriptions.—An unfavourable one might be like this : long and lanky as a ladder, a mouth like the snout of a camel, a face that the hens had pecked, or as black and flat as the bottom of a pot. A beautiful person would be like a flower, or stately as a cedar, with fingers like flakes of cotton wool ; her gait would be that of an elephant, or she might be strong and handsome as a buffalo.

Omens and Portents.—It seems impossible to weave into one subject omens, portents, and the fears and phantoms of fortune, for, fleeting, impalpable and numberless, they float and pass, defying order or classification. Thus the few that

may be arrested must fall as they will, like shadows, upon the page—unrelated and apart, but each one in itself the spirit of a strange, sad story.

If the handle of a millstone breaks while grinding, guests are sure to arrive. If there is a snake on a tree, lightning is sure to follow. When there is plague in a place, the crows leave it. If a sparrow throws up dust, rain is sure to come. If five Sundays come in a month, an earthquake may happen. It is a good omen to see a blue jay on the Dasehra festival. Before starting on a journey, it is a good omen to see a sweeper, but if a dog moves its ears, or if one sees a Brahman, it is a bad omen. The howling of dogs at night means approaching death, because they howl at the sight of the angel of death. If a cat enters a sick room, or if a crow caws repeatedly on the house-top, it is a bad omen. A comet is an evil omen for the king and his subjects. A falling star portends the death of some great personage.

Lucky and Unlucky Things.—An uncle and nephew should not be together during a thunderstorm. If the upper teeth of a child come first, it is most unfortunate for the maternal uncle and his family. If a boy be born after three daughters, he is sure to kill his father or mother or himself, or do some other mischief. Torn turbans should not be sewn or mended. New clothes should be put on on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and new jewels should be worn first on Sundays. On Sundays and Fridays Hindus must not go to the west, on Tuesdays and Wednesdays to the north, on Mondays and Thursdays to the east. A man must not take off his turban when he is near a place where he is going to live. The main door of a house must not be towards the south, except where there is a main door of another house opposite. No one should go to see the burning of the dead at night. Brooms, or half-burnt wood, should not be left standing upside down. It is unlucky for bareheaded men to go where corn is being threshed, to trample on a broomstick, to find iron on Tuesdays, to drink water at sunset, or milk at night, if there is death near, to wear a turban at night, or to kill a rat, for it may be your maternal uncle! It is unlucky if one is born in October, if a horse or mare has a white spot on its forehead, and if two cats fight in a house. In Bengal, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday are considered lucky days. When a full moon falls on a Saturday, it is most unlucky. It is thought unlucky in the Central Provinces to meet a one-eyed man in the early morning, to sweep out a granary, to spill salt and to kill a cat. "For he who kills a cat, will

be responsible for all the sins committed by that animal."* And the sins of puss are numerous, because of the many lives of birds and rats she has destroyed! The place where four roads meet is fateful, and offerings are laid there. The ber tree is supposed to be the abode of witches, elves and invisible beings. A woman with a crooked nose is suspected of being a *pretin;* a *pret* is a spirit of the dead, a goblin spirit. It is unwise to discuss a matter during a meeting of the leading men of a village, if anyone present is twirling a spindle. It is said that, as the spindle keeps revolving, so will the discussion move in a circle and fail to come to a point. Owls are known as the priests of the witches. In Ceylon it is considered unlucky for a visitor to praise the beauty of the baby; the praise might make malignant spirits blight the baby's beauty. The Buddhists believe that evil spirits will come to him, and that he will become ill and possibly die, and this is also a prevalent superstition all over India.

Charms and Talismans.—There are charms and talismans, quaint, hideous, beautiful, grotesque, all sorts, from the beautiful, translucent agate, graven in Arabic or Sanskrit, and set in gold, to the machine-cut glass talisman made in Austria, and there are lower grades down to the old shoe worn round the neck of a cow, but all are worn with one object, and that is to keep off the evil eye. Some are called the "heart of fear." The *Saunkhan Mori* is what a Hindu lady wears, if she becomes a second wife. It may be in some cases a costly, if not a beautiful, thing, a round or square piece of lapis lazuli set in gold, or it may simply be a round unset piece of thin silver, but the superscription is the same; on it is engraven the name and figure of her dead predecessor. The new bride wears it round her neck like a locket, so that when the ghost haunts the house she may recognize her portrait and know that she is not forgotten, seeing that her successor wears it on her heart. A glance at the speaking likeness on the ornament will convince us that ghosts cannot be accused of vanity! Iron charms away evil spirits, and a horse-shoe is nailed on the doors; in the Central Provinces it is believed to keep off cholera, and during an epidemic people go about with axes and sickles in their hands. A sickle in the bed is useful to keep off the evil eye. In Sindh swords and knives, put in different holes and corners of the house during a wedding ceremony, shield the bridegroom from evil spirits. Anything made of iron is a protection, so Sikhs wear an iron bracelet, knife, comb, chain and ring. Each

* E. M. Gordon, *Indian Folk Tales.*

of these words in Panjabi begins with the letter "k." The bracelet which the bride wears is made of iron. A piece of iron heated on the fire and dipped in milk makes the milk excellent for an infant.

The following are some of the talismans most generally used :—A small piece of the flesh of the snake-eating goat, enclosed in silver, to keep off snakes. A verse of the Koran, written on paper and enclosed in gold. An old shoe. A tiger's claw set in silver. A black thread or a seven-coloured silk thread worn round the neck. The alphabet written on paper and fastened on the arm. There are the *Japji* Sikh prayer book, written small and encased in gold, the "Guru Nának Rakhia," which is "May Guru Nának keep you," written small and put in a gold locket, and the *Pandriah*, which means the magical fifteen. In this last the figures, eight and seven, are written on the upper and outside row of nine squares, three rows of three squares forming a square. In Ceylon charms are used for protection against harm and sickness, and for cure in cases of illness. They are of cardboard, or tin, made in the form of a case, with string at both ends to tie on. Inside there is put a piece of paper with writing on it, or medicine. Rich people sometimes have a stone charmed and wear it as a ring. Charms are worn on the neck, or on the arm, or round the waist; they are often put on little children for protection against harm and sickness, and some kind of ceremony is performed while the charm is tied on. Every year each person's horoscope is examined. If it is found to be an unlucky time, he is told to fasten a charm round his waist.

Recipes and Prescriptions to Ward off Sickness or the Evil Eye.—A cure for tertian fever is to wind an untwisted thread round an acacia tree on a Sunday, or to build the tomb of a chief of a village. For intermittent fever, the patient must clasp the Bael and Sirus trees three times, and on the day when the fever comes he must fall down before seven water spouts at dawn, or as another remedy a brick is placed with the patient in bed at night, while he is sleeping, and thrown into the well early in the morning. The skin of a snake bound on the eyes is a remedy for sore eyes. To frighten away cats, first catch the cat, then, after blacking its face, show it to the cat in a looking glass. It will never come back. To keep off misfortune, weigh a child against his weight in corn, pulse, gold and copper, and give this to *faqirs*. Bricklayers and brick-kiln men, who do not wish rain at a certain time, must get the hoofs of asses and bury them. To keep off the

evil eye from children, red pepper or kneaded flour should be put in the oven. Charcoal is put in milk, when heating it, for the same reason. If a child's hair or dress be cut at the time of the Feast of Lanterns, it is unlucky. Women often do it to divert the evil eye from their own children to others. To prevent evil spirits from entering in while yawning, make a noise by striking two fingers together. If attending a dispensary, wear a dispensary ticket round the neck as a charm, eat the ointment or liniment, and rub the cough mixture outside; if the medicine is dry like dust, then eat the paper and throw the dust away. In Travancore, the dry powdered liver of a black cat is a specific for some complaints. Musk rats and other vermin are often used in the pharmacopœia.

Evil Spirits, Illness and Devil Dancing in Ceylon.—Illness is supposed to be caused by the entering in of evil spirits, the gaze of the nine planets, or the eye of the devil. Treatment is prescribed accordingly. If the illness is caused by evil spirits, several methods are used to drive them away. Sometimes an elaborate ceremony is performed in the patient's room: on a table, covered with a white cloth, is arranged a pot of rice, a glass of water, young areca palms and cocoanuts. The patient is dressed in white, and a white cloth is spread on the ceiling just above where the table is placed. This ceremony, which is performed by the Buddhist priest, lasts for twenty-four hours. Sometimes large figures are made of some of the gods and put astride on something near the house. Another means used is the shedding of blood. The blood of a living creature, usually a pigeon, is offered to the evil spirit, and the creature is bound to the neck, arm, or waist of the sick person with a yellow thread. While the thread is being prepared, charms are muttered by the "servant of the devil," who promises to untie the cord within a given time. If the time is exceeded, they think the sickness will return. Great care is taken not to break it before the appointed time, and the patient is not allowed to be alone even for a minute for the first day while the thread is bound on. If during the time of the binding of the thread a member of the family has even a headache, the servant of the devil is sent for, as well as someone who understands charms, to mutter an incantation over oil. This oil, which is considered to be very valuable, is rubbed on the head. Charmed food is given to children who are suffering from the gaze of an evil spirit. When the sick become delirious, the astrologer consults the horoscope, and devil dancing is prescribed. This is an expensive proceeding. Poor people sell all that they

possess in order to have this ceremony performed. A separate room is cleaned and decorated, and no animal is allowed to enter it. Then the devil dancers assemble and begin to dance and sing, and the patient takes a torch and dances too. This horrible spectacle lasts all night. After the dance, the devil dancers, muttering charms all the while, ask for how long " he," that is the evil spirit, is going away ; should the patient say for five or six years, they ask what he wants. If he says a cock or a goat, they bring it to the patient and kill it, and put the blood in a vessel among the decorations for the evil spirit to drink. This ends the ceremony.

Devil Dancers.—When a devil-dancer is sent for, he comes smeared with ashes, and wearing a special dress worked all over with devils, and a crown and mask. He dances until he falls down exhausted. During the dance he drinks some intoxicating spirit at intervals, and sometimes the blood of a sacrificial animal, till he becomes almost mad. While in this state, he answers questions, makes promises, and demands gifts. His dancing is accompanied by the beating of drums and wild chanting and singing and shouting, which are supposed to frighten away the evil spirit who is causing the illness.

If the sickness is caused by the gaze of the nine planets, some propitiation must be offered to the planet that is doing the injury.

Snake Lore.—In folk lore as well as snake lore the serpent figures largely, but he is innoxious as a rule, for " snake people" do not willingly harm anyone, and sometimes they can be quite genial ! In actual life, however, the serpent is feared by all, and offerings are made to propitiate him. Fear is probably the underlying element in snake worship. It is hardly credible that anyone should allow the creature to bite, without attempting to kill it. A child was asked what sin is, and the first instance she gave was to kill a snake. There is a strange belief in the Panjab that if a particular snake once bites a woman, she must be bitten again at certain intervals by the same snake. A woman living in a village near Majitha was bitten in this way several times. A few years ago she became an enquirer, and was given work to do at the mission house. After a few months she said she must return to her village, because there was the scent of melons in the air, and this was a sign that the time had come for the snake to bite her. She showed several marks on her arm where the snake had formerly bitten her, and she said that the same snake always returned to bite her again. So she went to her village. She had been bitten several times by what was supposed to be the same

snake, and no attempt was ever made to kill it. "In the Central Provinces traders in cattle keep a piece of the tail of a certain kind of snake by them; they say that a refractory animal will become submissive, if a piece of it is pushed up its nostril."* A woman told me that she forgot to put her talisman, containing a piece of the flesh of the snake-eating goat, on once, and that day a snake coiled itself round her millstone! There is a kind of stone which, held in the hand of one bitten by a snake, is said to absorb the poison. The two-headed snake, so called because the head and tail are about the same size and shape, is found in the Panjab and the Central Provinces.

It is commonly believed that there is a certain snake that lives to a great age, about a thousand years or so, and that the venerable creature guards buried treasure. It gives point to the Persian proverb which, speaking of it from another point of view, says: "Where the treasure is there is the snake," explaining that there is no rose without a thorn. The mark on the cobra's head is said to be the footprint of God, when He put His foot on its head.

The snake charmer exerts a wonderful influence over his strange brood. It is not merely the skilful handling of the reptile, after the poison fang has been extracted, but the power with which he appeals to the something which might be called its intelligence. With a few soft, long-drawn notes from his flute, he can call the creature from its hole; a lively air played on it will make it dance with joy. The flute is a double one, and in form like the pair of reeds which Pan used. Perhaps herein lies the charm.

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* E. M. Gordon, *Indian Folk Tales.*

"Our first and last coincide, though on different grounds. It is the middle stage which is furthest from the truth. Childhood often holds a truth with its feeble fingers, which the grasp of manhood cannot retain, which it is the pride of utmost age to recover."—RUSKIN.

CHAPTER 7.

"LITTLE KINGS."

THERE is an attractive story of a little child who tapped a cobra on the head, because it was a bad cobra. The cobra took the punishment meekly, for it was administered by a child, and because a child is a little king. He is King Baby, who rules over grown-ups, men people, lady people, dog people, duck people and snake people, and who is always obeyed.

There are many stories about a king, who was so good and wise that his heart became as simple as that of a little child. When he did some grand, simple deed, his people would smile and say, "It is the simple one! The great king with the heart of a child!"

The great king lays down his crown, and the little child wears it, for "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Folk-lore is made up of the stories which the king told the child in his playful moods, and of what the little king told to the great child-hearted one of what he saw when he ran after the moon one night and caught it. Yes, he got it, the whole silver moon all to himself, and he held it in his arms. The moon laughs every time when he tells the story, but she never laughs at the dream stories about the *Gharl Pankh, Princess Pomegranate,* or the *Snake Charmers and the Twenty Pots.* There were others as well, wide-awake stories that one tells in the sunlight, ever so many, such as the *Golden Broom, The Court,* and *The Wise Man of the West,* but there is no time left to tell them all.

The Wise Man of the West.—A story from the Great Northern Plain.—This is a story about Hira and his wife, the Lamp of Ladies, and of their poverty and what came of it. They were very poor, and one day it happened that all that was left in the house was flour for one cake only. Said Hira, "I must find out the reason of this—why some people are poor and some rich. The Wise Man on whom the sun sets will tell me. I go to ask him. Eat thou the cake." "Nay, but we will share it," said the Lady of the Lamp. So they sat down and had their last meal together.

The sun had risen as much as the length of a bullock's halter, as Hira left the hut; it marked the length of his journey, for at the point where the sun touches the west the wise man lives. The white light poured down on the plain, and a quivering glare rose up from the sand; there were miles and miles of sand and scorched grass and sand again, and sometimes a clump of trees, with dry leaves hanging stiff and still. There was not a breath of air to ruffle them, for the spring time was over, and the first hot months had come. Hira trudged on. He took off his shoes to save them, and hung them over his shoulder. His stick and his steady footfall left little dents in the sand; the dry fields became hotter and the sand became heavier, for a river was near, one of the great, lazy, flat rivers of the Panjab. The snow was melting on the hills far away, and the water swung down, yellow and turbid, but Hira thought nothing of the flood on the way, for his thoughts were fixed on the end of the journey and the Wise Man of the sunset. He reached the edge of the river. There was no ferry boat, but there was a fish lying quietly under the water, with its nose very near the surface, for it was looking out to see what was happening in the world of hot sand. The fish saw Hira and asked him where he was going.

"To the other side of the river, Brother Fish."

"Wherefore?"

"To see the Wise Man of the West, who will explain a riddle to me."

"And what of the flood between the banks, Brother?"

"I know not," said Hira.

"I will carry you across on my back," said the fish, "if you will do me a kindness."

"With all my heart, Brother Fish."

"Jump on then," said the fish.

Hira jumped on the fish's back. It was rather slippery, but he held on by a fin, and, as they swam across the river, the fish made his request.

"Find out for me, Brother, how it is that I who live in the cool waters should have a burning heart."

Hira promised to find out the reason and departed.

By this time the sun was overhead, and Hira's shadow had shortened, till it was as a little blot on the ground; the rays of fire struck him fiercely, so he looked out for shade. Near by was a wild plum tree with half a shadow, for only one half of its branches had leaves. "Rest thee, Brother," said the tree, "I am maimed, as you see, but I will spread over thee all the shade that I can." Hira rested for a while,

until the tree bent down and whispered in his ear, asking why he had come, and where he was going When she found out that he was going to the Wise Man, she had a petition of her own. "Ask him why one side of me is withered; the dew lies all night on my branches, and yet—ah, look at my withered leaves! Ask him the reason, Brother, in memory of the shade of my green leaves at noon." "I will indeed ask him, Sister."

Hira then rose up and walked on towards the west. The worst of the heat was over, but he was feeling tired, and yet he did not think of this, his mind being set on the end of the way. Presently he reached a hedge of thorns and cactus, and saw looking at him a pair of soft brown eyes. It was a horse. "Do you wish a lift, Brother?" "I do indeed." The horse stood still, Hira mounted, and was carried, as on soft pinions, to another hedge. "Here I must stop," said the horse, "it is the end of my ground, the Garden of the Desert." "It is not far now," said Hira, "my shadow will soon meet the dark and be blotted out, and then I shall reach him who will solve my doubts." The horse asked him all about the journey and the quest, and when Hira told him, he said: "Would you ask him a question from me?" Hira said he would, and the horse told him to ask why he was always blind until noon, he who could fly as the winds and had the Garden of the Desert to live in. "I will find out," said Hira, and he travelled on until the sun reached the west and his shadow met the dark and melted into the gloom of the world, and there under a tree lay the Wise Man asleep. Hira crept quietly near him and began to press his feet, as a disciple does, to rest and soothe the Master when he is weary. The moon rose, and the Master opened his eyes.

"What wilt thou, my son?"

"The solving of riddles, Master, the doubts of three people who are sad at heart," and he told his tale. The Wise Man said: "The horse must search in the field, and he will find buried far down in the sand a golden saddle and a turquoise-studded rein. Let him wear them, and he will find perfect liberty, and no beauty will be hid from him. At the root of the tree is treasure; when that is dug out, all her branches will be green once more. Tell the fish that he must give away the ruby that is in his heart."

The horse became harnessed and regained his freedom. Hira dug away from the roots of the tree tons of emeralds, pearls and sapphires. He could not carry much away, but what he

did take was worth a king's ransom, and the people who lived in a village near the tree rejoiced in plenty for many years. The fish gave his ruby to Hira as a parting gift. No king ever received such a gift, for the ruby shone like a star at night; but the fish had now a heart at rest, and light or darkness was alike to him.

When the shadows of the second day had touched east and west, Hira came home. The Lady of the Lamp was so happy counting her pearls that two days passed before she remembered to ask her husband about the Wise Man. "Ah! tell me, what did the Wise Man say about poverty? Why are some people rich and some poor?" "That I cannot tell," said Hira. The Lady of the Lamp looked surprised, "Did he not know?" "Doubtless," said Hira, "but I forgot to ask him."

Chapter 8.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND ZENANA MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The aim of the Society is to send the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ to the women and girls of India, China, Ceylon and Singapore, for many millions of women both in India and China have not once heard of the Saviour of the World, and a large proportion of these can be reached only by women. The Society has over two hundred missionaries, about eighty assistant missionaries, and nine hundred Biblewomen and teachers. The branches of the work of the Society are evangelization, education, work in orphanages, medical missions, industrial work in converts' homes, and classes for widows and destitute women.

This chapter contains the history of the home and foreign organization of the C.E.Z.M.S. from the beginning until now. It is written briefly and in outline, so that the reader may see at a glance how the Society has prospered during the years that are gone. The period of time covered has been divided into decades, in order to facilitate enquiry and, if desired, for reference. The detailed account of the work in the foreign field will be found in Part II.

That either record represents the labour of the years at home and abroad cannot be claimed, but, as the force of the visible lies in things unseen, they will convince the reader that the half has not been told. May the days unnumbered and the tales not told enrich what is revealed, so that the Society's aim and needs, its work and workers, and what God has wrought through its means may be better known to the praise of the glory of His grace.

The time during which the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society has occupied the field, since its separation from the Indian Female Normal School and Instruction Society, covers a period of thirty years. As we make a brief review of each of these three decades, we may head them severally with the words, Establishment, Enlargement, and Encouragement.

First Decade—1881-1890.
Establishment.

"Establish Thou the work of our hands upon us, yea the work of our hands establish Thou it."

This period saw the establishment under new auspices of many organizations taken over, at the time of the separation, from the original society, and the beginning of many fresh ones, both at home and in the foreign field. We begin with the Home Base, forming, as it does, the roots of the tree, whose branches were to supply fruits of nourishment and healing for the women of India and China. The first Committee of Management was composed of the following ladies :—

Mrs. Arbuthnot.	Mrs. Hasell.
,, Bruce-Boswell.	,, R. Maclagan.
,, J. H. Fergusson.	,, D. J. McNeile.
,, Forbes.	,, Maltby.
,, William Gray.	,, Sandys.
,, Skipwith.	,, R. Trotter.
,, Eugene Stock.	,, Weitbrecht.
,, Stuart.	,, F. E. Wigram.

The Secretaries were General Sir William Hill and Mr. James Stuart.

Miss Cockle was the Organizing Secretary, and Miss Lloyd the Editorial Secretary. The Treasurer was George Arbuthnot, Esq., the Sub-Treasurer Mrs. Stuart, and the Candidates' Secretary Mrs. Sandys.

These honoured names were in themselves a guarantee that the work would be established on the right lines. The Rev. Canon Hoare, Major-General Hutchinson, the Rev. John Barton, and P. V. Smith, Esq., formed the Council of Reference. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York and several Bishops gave their names as patrons ; a large number of the clergy became supporters of the cause and allowed it to be pleaded for in their pulpits. A Clerical Secretary became necessary for this part of the work. In 1882 the Rev. G. Karney was appointed to this post, and he was succeeded in 1889 by the Rev. George Tonge. In 1882 the post of Deputation Secretary was also formed, and Miss Mulvany was appointed ; she had been for several years Association Secretary for the nine southern counties.

In the country 287 Associations of the old Society joined the C.E.Z.M.S., together with twelve Association Secretaries. So rapidly did the interest spread that by the end of the decade the number of Associations had increased to 884, with 43 Secretaries. Working parties were opened in fresh

centres, and in 1885 no less a sum than £6,600 was realized simply by sales of needlework.

The Daybreak Workers' Union, formerly known as the "Girls' Union," made a fresh start under its new name in 1888, and two years later 77 branches were in existence.

This growing interest was not confined to England alone. In 1883 we find a contribution of £97 sent in from a Canadian Association, and a few years later £568 was added to the General Funds from the same source. In 1887 Mrs. Greaves had a most encouraging visit, and Miss Ling's deputation tour in 1890 was the means of awakening still further interest in that country. The Australian Colonies also took up the work with great zest; a committee was formed, and the Bishop-Elect of Sydney, the Rev. Dr. Saumarez Smith, was put on the list of Patrons.

Enlarged operations needed larger headquarters for the temporary reception of deputations and missionaries on furlough, and also for the gathering in of work for the furnishing of sales at home and abroad, as well as for the prizes and various supplies to be shipped to the foreign stations. The Home had been moved in 1883 to Maresfield Gardens, but five years later still larger accommodation was needed, and this was finally secured at the Manor House, Highbury, N. As interest spread throughout the United Kingdom and the Colonies, there came a steady corresponding rise in the funds placed at the Society's disposal. Beginning with £13,639, the income grew at the rate of one or two hundred pounds a year, till at the end of the decade we find it nearly doubled. A Capital Fund was instituted to meet fluctuations.

Offers of service were received in increasing numbers year by year, and arrangements were made for the training of candidates at Mildmay, under the wise supervision of Mrs. Pennefather.

Let us now glance at the foreign part of the field. There, quite as much as at home, it was a time of *establishment*. The Society in 1880 began with seventeen stations, staffed by 38 European missionaries, 23 assistants and 96 Indian workers. In the first five years 20 more stations were opened, and the united band of European and Indian workers had increased to 416, and in another five years it had again increased to 577.

At the beginning of the decade, teaching in zenanas and day-schools formed the principal sphere of the mission operations. Trevandrum, Palamcottah, Masulipatam and Madras in

South India, Calcutta with surrounding stations, Mirat, Jabalpur and Amritsar in North India, were the chief centres of this educational activity. In 1885, 2,600 pupils were under instruction in zenanas, 4,000 in day schools, and 129 in boarding-schools. The Society gave the help of ladies to work in the Sarah Tucker College at Palamcottah, the Calcutta Normal School, and the Alexandra School in Amritsar; and the training classes of other boarding-schools and orphanages became more and more efficient sources of supply to meet the need, felt all over the country, of competent female teachers.

Zenana missions began to be recognized by Government authorities as being the most effective agencies at work for the education of the women of India. On the other hand, the Indian Association, a secular agency, had also entered the field, and it became more than ever important to preoccupy the ground in the name of Christ.

We turn next to the medical work of the Society, and notice with thankfulness how many hospitals and dispensaries were established at this period. The one hospital taken over by the C.E.Z.M.S., St. Catherine's at Amritsar, under Miss Hewlett's care, continued to extend its wide and beneficent sphere in that city. In 1885 it registered 93 in-patients and 11,000 out-patients, and, as time went on, it also became a centre for preparing many excellent Indian medical helpers, who were sent forth to other stations.

Dr. Fanny Butler carried on labours of love and healing, first in Bhagalpur and afterwards in Kashmir, till 1890, when she was called to her rest. A dispensary was opened by Miss Coleman at Trichur, and in 1889 by Dr. Ella Mitcheson in Peshawar, which afterwards developed into the Duchess of Connaught Hospital. Medical work was also set on foot at Batala, Narowal and Tarn Taran. Later on we find hospitals at each of these three Panjab stations.

Another new departure dates from this decade, the establishment of village missions. Miss Clay was the pioneer of this enterprise in the Panjab. In 1882 a house was built at Jandiala; Ajnala soon followed, and later on Narowal and Tarn Taran were added to the list, till by the end of the decade we see a circle of mission stations, each supplied with a band of workers daily going forth to sow the seed of the Word in hundreds of villages.

As in the Panjab, so in other parts of India the evangelization of the rural population became the earnest concern of the missionaries, who had hitherto chiefly confined their labours to the cities and towns. In 1885 the Nadiya Village

Mission was begun. Evangelistic work became one of the principal features of the Tinnevelly and other South India missions; and, amongst many of the depressed classes, the poor, ignorant Todas, through Miss Ling's efforts, came within hearing of the joyful sound.

An industrial class, to alleviate the poverty of Hindu widows and bring them under Christian teaching, was opened in Amritsar in 1883 by the late Miss Emily Wauton, and was followed by similar efforts in other places. Also through her initiation, an Indian Widows' Union was formed in England, and, after being worked for a few years on an independent basis, was brought into close co-operation with the C.E.Z.M.S. It has been the means of raising and distributing in grants about £100 every year to between twelve and fifteen centres of widows' industries in India. No one can measure the amount of light and joy which have been brought into countless numbers of sad hearts through this agency.

Those who are too far removed to hear in other ways can often be reached by the printed page. During these ten years the late Miss Tucker (A.L.O.E.), was busily employed in her home at Batala in preparing a number of choice booklets, written in oriental style, which, translated into many languages, found their way and carried a message to hundreds of Christian and non-Christian homes. The Urdu and Gurmukhi editions were the work of Miss Wauton.

In the meantime an urgent call to "come over and help us" had been received from the Fuh-Kien province of China. A special fund having been put into the Society's hands for this new field, it was decided to take it up. In 1883 Miss Gough was sent out, and Foochow was added to the list of C.E.Z.M.S. stations.

At the request of the C.M.S., one lady was sent out in 1886 to Nagasaki in Japan, and three years later two others, Miss Julius and Miss Bassöe, were sent to Osaka, but the rapid development of female agency in the C.M.S. made further operations in this direction unnecessary.

As we close this short record of our first decade, we are constrained to say, "What hath God wrought!" He has indeed heard the prayers of His servants and established the work of their hands.

Second Decade—1890-1900.

Enlargement.

"O, that Thou would'st enlarge my coast."
"I will enlarge thy borders."

Passing on to our second decade, and beginning as before at the Home Base, we notice first that the name of a Royal Princess, H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught, stands at the head of the Society's patrons. After the Duchess of Connaught's visit to the hospital at Peshawar, and her conversation with Dr. Ella Mitcheson, who was in charge, her name was given to the hospital. There are frequent changes amongst the band of the Society's officers. Some very old and faithful friends pass out of sight, and new names appear on the list. Colonel Lowis and Mr. R. G. Macdonald, assisted by Mr. H. L. Hebbert, take up the increasingly heavy burden of the financial department, and the chair of committee is filled successively by two retired Indian civilians, Sir Charles Aitchison and the Rev. H. E. Perkins. Special committees are instituted for the administration of funds and home organization, and the Rev. R. M. Hawkins is appointed as the first Home Organization Clerical Secretary, under the name of Clerical Deputation. Rapid enlargement in the work requires larger offices, and in 1899 the smaller quarters in Salisbury Square are exchanged for the more commodious accommodation of 27, Chancery Lane.

Associations grew and strengthened. The Hibernian Auxiliary was more fully organized, and undertook the support of missionaries in three provinces in China. The Australian Branch, united with the C.M.S. Victoria Association, began to find and send forth its own candidates, though its missionaries looked to the London headquarters for support and guidance. The Winter Extension Scheme of 1897 aroused and stimulated interest in new and hitherto unreached parishes in England, and the Œcumenical Missionary Conference held in New York in 1890, to which C.E.Z.M.S. delegates were sent, awakened sympathy in yet more extended, even in world-wide, circles. The Daybreak Workers' Union went forward by leaps and bounds. In the early part of the decade 115 branches had been formed, and not many years later we find that there were 162 branches. The holding of missionary exhibitions took its rise about this time, and contributed greatly to the spread of missionary knowledge and interest amongst the public generally. Another sign of progress was visible in the larger circulation of the Society's publications, including the magazine, with its additional title of "China's Daughters," as well as "India's Women." A publications department was called for, and the production of the literature was put under the care of an Editorial Superintendent. The first one to occupy this post, as re-organized,

was the late Miss Dona Woolmer, succeeded by Miss Irene Barnes, and later by Miss Jameson and Miss Cave. The fruit of all these efforts was seen in the number of candidates who offered for the foreign service. Almost every year saw at least twenty recruits, equipped by careful training, going forth to join the missionary ranks in India and China. The high-water mark of this tide was reached in 1897, when no less than twenty-seven fresh names were added to the list of missionaries in home connexion.

The advance in the Society's income was also a cause of thankfulness. As in the former decade, so also in this it had doubled in the ten years, and the year 1899-1900 shows the highest point ever reached, £67,669. This was due to a special appeal which was made to adjust the financial position.

"Enlarge the place of thy tent . . . lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes."

The workers abroad, supported by these enlargements at home, were diligently seeking to fulfil this command. With a staff increasing gradually from 125 to 231 European missionaries, together with an ever growing band of Indian helpers, they broke forth "on the right hand and on the left." At "the right hand," in China, the lengthening of the cords was seen in the opening of eight new stations in the course of seven years. At "the left," in India, fifteen fresh places or new branches of work were taken up, and, midway between the two, Singapore, with its Chinese Girls' Boarding School, was transferred in 1900 to the C.E.Z.M.S. from the hands of the Female Education Society.

The history of the China missions during this period is a thrilling one. The years 1891 to 1894 had seen the work opening in all directions. Everywhere the missionaries' hearts had been cheered by the response of the women to the Message brought to them, but still more precious seed had to be sown before a full harvest could be reaped. In 1895 the martyrs' lives laid down provided that seed, and consecrated those Chinese fields as the ground where many of God's chosen ones were to be gathered in. Further troubles came when in 1897 two of the missionary band lost their lives in the wreck of the "Aden" off Socotra, and in 1900 serious outbreaks in Kien-Ning caused a temporary suspension of work. Yet, in spite of these interruptions and difficulties, the missionaries were soon again quietly occupying their different posts and taking up new branches of work, opening up a hospital and boarding-schools in Foochow, and reaping the

first-fruits of the harvest which these well-sown and well-watered fields have so abundantly yielded.

We now take a survey of India and still see signs of progress. The Gampola Village Mission was begun in Ceylon, and the three stations of Mysore City, Mavelikara and Olesha in Travancore were opened. In Bengal, we see in Baranagar the beginning of what has since become an important centre of industrial work for converts. The late Mrs. Bradburn, as Miss Edith Highton, was the first to occupy this station. In 1895 Mankar became the headquarters of the evangelizing activity for an immense number of villages in the district of Burdwan. In Behar, Bhagalpur has reached out to Jamalpur, and Jabalpur, in the Central Provinces, to Katni-Marwara, where a famine orphanage was commenced, which has done a useful work in training Christian teachers for other stations. We pass Mirat by, as in 1893 it was handed over to the C.M.S., and we need not stop at Jalandhar, now transferred to the American Presbyterian Mission, though we recall with thankfulness the number of pupils in schools and zenanas who have been under teaching in both these stations since the C.E.Z.M.S. first occupied them in the early part of the last decade. In the centre of the Panjab many new buildings were springing up. 1893 saw the foundation stone laid of the "Star Zenana Hospital" at Batala, to which a Hindu gentleman and many other residents of the town had liberally contributed. Amritsar had added to its large educational work a Training Home for Assistant Missionaries, and the village missions around were breaking up fresh ground on every side. Dwelling-houses for resident missionaries were erected and taken possession of at Majitha and Khutrain; dispensaries were opened, and the surrounding villages frequently visited by itinerations from each of the rural mission stations. The women's work at Bahrwal, now known as Asrapur, was in 1899 placed under the care of Miss Kheroth Bose. The Rev. H. E. and Mrs. Perkins had inaugurated the whole work at Asrapur in 1888-89. Miss Bose describes the beautiful story of this mission in her book about the "Village of Hope."

On the North-West Frontier, the medical missions of Peshawar and Dera Ismail Khan occupied new and larger quarters. In 1893 the Frontier was crossed, and Quetta appeared as a C.E.Z.M.S. station, with its medical work under the care of Dr. Charlotte Wheeler. Kashmir was occupied by Miss Hull and her fellow-workers. Srinagar had seen the erection of the "John Bishop Memorial Hospital," but it had only been standing a short time, when the devastating floods of

1892 washed it away, and it was decided that, instead of replacing it, the C.E.Z.M.S. should give the service of one of its trained nurses to the C.M.S. hospital. We must not omit to mention that in 1896 Miss Amy Wilson Carmichael went to the Tinnevelly district and began her work there, which has been so fruitful in blessing to the rescued little ones, in the Temple Children's Home at Dohnavur ; and in 1900, at Palamcottah, Miss Swainson began to gather in from all parts of India her little family of the deaf and dumb. In 1899 the "Home for Homeless Women" in Calcutta first opened its doors to the weary and shelterless wanderers. Though supported and administered by a local interdenominational committee, it has always remained in close connection with the C.E.Z.M.S., which lent Miss Editha Mulvany to found this institution, in order to meet the felt need of the child widows and others. To her watchful care and diligent effort it owes, with God's blessing, its present success.

Six of the missionaries were called from the lower to the higher service during this decade : Miss Emily Hunt in 1889, Miss K. Brandon in 1892, Miss Tucker (A.L.O.E.) in 1894, Miss M. Davies Colley and Miss Turner in 1896, and Miss Catchpool in 1897. The Society also suffered the loss by retirement in 1900 of the services of the Rev. R. Clark, who, as Corresponding Secretary for the Panjab and Sindh, had unweariedly watched over the Society's interests in those provinces from the very beginning of its operations.

The section of time under review closes with 105 European missionaries on the staff, assisted by about 480 Indian fellow-helpers ; 6,300 zenanas were opened for teaching, while 9,000 scholars were entered on the rolls of 211 schools. The last year's returns of the medical work registered 983 in-patients and 177,000 out-patients, who had been under treatment in the various hospitals and dispensaries.

The Lord has indeed been true to his promise. He has enlarged our borders.

Third Decade—1900-1910.

Encouragement.

"He thanked God and took courage."

And we may well do so too, as we look back on this third decade of the Society's operations, noticing not only its far-reaching influences, but also what is perhaps the principal feature of this period, the deepening of the spiritual side of its work, and the fruit gathered in. Larger numbers on the

official staff at home make more frequent records of change. Great was the regret caused by three retirements, that of the Rev. G. Tonge in 1908, of the Rev. R. M. Hawkins in 1909, and of Miss Mulvany in 1910. These posts were respectively filled by the Rev. C. H. Stileman, the Rev. J. C. Duncan and Miss Nash. In 1901 the Rev. R. M. Hawkins had resigned his post, on his appointment to a living in Devonshire, but in 1905 he returned and resumed his old work, and the late Rev. Canon Ball became joint Clerical Organizing Secretary with him in 1906. From 1901-1905, this post was held by the Rev. H. D. Williamson. On Mr. Braddon's retirement in 1905, Mr. H. L. Hebbert took up the full duties of the Lay Secretariat. In 1903 Sir William Mackworth Young became chairman of the Society, Chancellor P. V. Smith continuing his services as Vice-Chairman.

Friends and supporters, too numerous to mention by name, still helped to bear up the standard and to rally others around them. Fresh efforts were made to interest the young. The Girls' Missionary Conference was first held in 1901, and has now become an annual institution. Many younger children, not yet old enough to become Daybreak Workers, joined the ranks of the Torchbearers, organized by Mrs. Tonge in 1902. Nor were older ones forgotten. The "Mothers' Own Missionary Scheme," initiated by Miss Whitehead, proved a useful channel for awakening and directing zeal in parochial gatherings. Their contributions are now looked to for the support of three missionaries.

Neither would we leave out of sight the development of organized help for the disposal of work prepared in the industrial branches of our foreign mission stations. In a few of these centres the work is entirely or to a certain extent self-supporting, but in many of the stations it is impossible to find a sufficient number of purchasers to cover the expense of produce. A market has, therefore, to be sought in England. For several years Miss Sandys received the goods sent home, and undertook the disposal of them by means of sales and local depôts. The work prospered in her hands, and the industrial centres abroad received much substantial help through her skilful and unwearied labours on their behalf. This was the first stage of the Indian Widows' Union, started during the first decade. Its further development will be seen later.

It is now, however, thought better to have one central depôt at the Manor House, Leigh Road, Highbury, N., where the articles sent home can always be on view. Do the friends

of industrial missions wish to furnish a stall at some approaching bazaar, or to lay in a supply of birthday, Christmas, or New Year's gifts? How can they do it better than by paying a visit to this tempting mission depôt? Wending our way thither, what do we see? Here are exquisitely wrought pieces of embroidery in gold thread, silk and coloured cottons, worked on a variety of fabrics in the wonderfully artistic designs of the East. Here are Oriental rugs and mats, dainty articles for table and toilet in hand-made lace, and infants' and children's clothing in drawn-thread work on soft Indian muslins. In harder materials we see brass goods and other wares, wrought into cunning shapes and patterns by skilful Indian hands, and last, but perhaps not least, we see bottles of delicious chutney, curry powder, and jam, made in the Baranagar Converts' Home, with which the housekeeper can replenish her store-cupboard.

The display is a fascinating one to those who admire the art manufactures of the East, and no one, we are sure, will ever regret the time spent in making acquaintance with it, either by personal inspection, or by correspondence. Purchasers who lay down their money have the double satisfaction of knowing that they have not only received good value for their outlay, but that they have also contributed to the support of these useful industrial institutions, where Indian widows, orphans and converts are learning to earn an honest livelihood, while enjoying opportunities for receiving evangelistic teaching and Christian training.

But a visit to the Manor House would not be complete without an inspection of the rooms where the needlework, sent up from Associations, and curios for Exhibitions are stored. The Lady Superintendent and her helpers would have many interesting things to show and to tell, which would throw a new light upon the extent and value of home work. Full light, however, can never be obtained without a glimpse of the Manor House during the summer, when the rooms are filled with cases and parcels being packed for transmission abroad. It may be well to mention that as during that season 'the only unoccupied place is the ceiling,' visitors must be prepared for a lack of standing room! Let the prohibitory circumstance explain—what words cannot do—something of the heroism of the unseen work at home, without which work abroad would be hard indeed.

It is one of the failings of a sketch, and the most regrettable one, that so much of importance must be left out. An effect must indicate a long line of laborious years, and a department

must represent a long list of honoured names, many of which cannot be mentioned for want of space. There is in the Society's history a noble succession of workers, both men and women, in the parishes and homes of England, and members of the staff at the Manor House and in the office at Chancery Lane, who serve the Master as He looks to the foundations of the house, and who watch with Him in prayer, while He chooses and sends forth whom He will to regions beyond. Some of them may never be known by name until the "well done," and the entering into the joy of the Lord.

This decade has been a time of great missionary assemblies. Foreign as well as home missions were frequently and fully discussed at the Pan-Anglican Congress of 1908, and the World Missionary Conference, two years later at Edinburgh, has undoubtedly drawn the attention of many to our Lord's last command, and to His Church's hitherto very inadequate fulfilment of it. It is singular that the year of the Congress saw only three new missionaries sent out to reinforce the missionary ranks abroad, and that a large number about this time were obliged from different causes to retire from active service in the field. We must not, however, fix our attention too much on one point of time only. The fact that seventeen candidates were in training at the end of the decade makes us realize that the call "Who will go?" *is* being heard and responded to, and we may be fully assured that it will be increasingly so, when the influence of the great World Conference has had time to make itself felt amongst all classes.*

The greatest causes for encouragement, however, meet us as we turn to the foreign field. Here we see all down the ten years many open and opening doors, though it is true that there have been also "many adversaries." The Boxer outbreak in China in 1902 caused a temporary suspension of work in the disturbed districts, but the anti-foreign feeling soon passed away, and work was resumed and carried on with even greater success and blessing than before. Medical work was begun by Miss Pantin at Dong-Kau. In 1906 a large number of baptisms was recorded at Foochow, and a new Women's Hospital was erected on the site which was given by the Rev. F. and Mrs. Paynter. In the same year a Heathen Girls' Boarding School was opened on Nantai Island. Reports tell of idolatry rapidly breaking down, and of many being received into the Church of Christ, and showing their zeal and love to Him by earnest efforts for the evangelization of their countrywomen.

* Thirteen new missionaries were sent out in 1911.

In Ceylon the same spirit manifested itself, in the formation of a Christian Endeavour Society amongst the Sinhalese women of Gampola. The boarding-school in Kandy for the daughters of chiefs and high class Kandyans saw an ingathering of seven of its pupils into the Christian fold in a single year.

In South India there were tokens of blessing amongst the depressed classes and the pagan tribes. In 1908 five Toda girls were baptized, and the mass movement of Sudras around Khammamett brought more work to the missionaries than they could possibly overtake. In one year, 1910, four hundred and fifty baptisms are recorded as having taken place in that district.

In Bengal the growth of the Christians in the Baranagar Converts' Home was a cause of thankfulness. Some volunteered to divide amongst them the care and support of sixteen orphans. A C.M.S. building at Agarpara, handed over to the C.E.Z.M.S., provided accommodation for a large number of orphans, whom the terrible famine of 1902-3 had thrown upon the missions. In the Nadiya Village Mission fruit continued to be gathered in. Sixteen baptisms are mentioned as having taken place at Ratnapur in one year. In 1908 the Normal School was moved from Calcutta to Krishnagar, and the C.M.S. Boarding School at that station was placed in the hands of the C.E.Z.M.S. This concentration of Christian education into one centre tended greatly to power and efficiency.

The Panjab and Sindh Mission reports speak of a large number of famine widows and orphans, sheltered in the various mission institutions. In 1904 the C.E.Z.M.S. transferred the responsibility of supplying the ladies at the head of the Alexandra School to the C.M.S. In 1909 St. Catherine's Hospital in Amritsar was removed to the City Mission House, where new wards had been built for the accommodation of the patients. The Dera Ismail Khan Hospital has also been greatly enlarged and improved. Dera Ghazi Khan disappears from the list of the Society's stations, having been swallowed up by the river, which for many years had been gradually encroaching upon it.

It is during this decade that the various branches of philanthropic missionary work are recognized by Government as important factors in the well-being of the nation. Amongst the list of those who received the Kaisar-i-Hind Medal we find the names of several who are or have been our missionaries: Miss Askwith, Miss Branch, Miss

Dawe, Miss Hewlett, Miss Swainson.* The death roll of the Society's missionaries during this decade was a long one. No less than ten were removed from their work to their rest and reward: Miss Blandford, of Trevandrum, after forty years' service, Miss Good, of Barrackpur, after thirty-one years' service, Miss Buchanan, Miss Rainsford-Hannay, Miss Freeman and Miss F. Brown in Bengal and Central India, and Miss Coleman, after twenty-eight years of unremitting labour in Trichur. The Panjab lost Miss Dickson, of Narowal, and Miss Capes and Miss Annie Sharp from the Amritsar medical mission, the latter having just moved with her blind women to Rajpur, where the institution, now superintended by Miss F. Sharp, still remains in affiliation with the C.E.Z.M.S. Peshawar mourned the loss of Dr. Katharine Gregg, soon after her removal from Tarn Taran to the Duchess of Connaught Hospital. The Panjab lost its friend of forty years when Miss Wauton passed away while at home.

These bereavements, together with a large number of retirements from the field, have left the missions apparently weakened all round, and this just at the time when opportunities for going forward are multiplying on every hand. The barriers of Hindu and Mohammedan prejudice are rapidly breaking down in every city and town, and the zenana visitor is eagerly asked for. Amidst trials and apparent hindrances one thing stands out clearly, that God is with us over-ruling the opposing forces of Nature in flood, famine and pestilence, and of human nature in sedition and unrest, to work out His purposes and further the establishment of His Kingdom, and He is calling us still to go forward.

The diminished number of European labourers seems to be preparing the way for our Eastern sisters to take a larger and more responsible share in the work. † A table of statistics, showing how the work stood at the beginning, in the middle, and at the end of the whole period under review, will give us, as we compare the figures, much reason for encouragement. They show us, together with this short sketch, how our little bark has been safely steered through many rough seas during these thirty years. And it is still pursuing its onward way. With our Master at the helm and His servants ready to do His bidding, we need have no fear for its future. We praise our God for the *Establishment, Enlargement and Encouragement* of the past, and trust Him for all that is yet to come.

* Since the above was written the Medal has also been awarded to Miss Phailbus and Miss Evans, and a Gold Medal of the First Class has been awarded to Miss Ling.

† See Appendix.

PART II.

THE STORY OF THIRTY YEARS IN INDIA.

" Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbour, and Me."

CHAPTER 1.

THE BORDER-LAND AND OVER.

THE first scene of the story lies in the north-west corner of India, in that border-land of hot sand at the foot of the Sulaiman Range, and over—over the hills and far away into Kashmir at one end, into Baluchistan at the other, and midway Peshawar, by the ominous Khyber into Afghanistan. It is the north-western arc of the great curve of northern India. The frontier missions of England and Scotland crest the curve and are outposts of the Church Militant on the red line of Empire, over which tribes pass and repass for merchandise or raids. "With very few exceptions, there are absolutely no Christian Missions beyond. . . . We may travel eastward, northward, and westward—to the confines of China, to almost the Arctic regions, or to Palestine and Constantinople, without meeting (with the exception of the Moravian Mission in Lahoul, and a few scattered missionaries in Persia and Armenia), as far as we know, with any living Christianity at all. It is from the Panjab frontier line, and with it as our basis of operations, that Christianity must advance onwards to countries where it is yet unknown." "We doubt whether one out of a hundred of the Society's best friends, either at home or in India, even yet knows what he himself is doing, or understands clearly what our missionary position now is, along the whole length of the great frontier border. When we begin to consider it, we cannot resist the conviction that, as far as we know, it is *unique*. We believe that it has been so ordered by God Himself, and that it has been so for a great end."*

The hospitals of the C.M.S. and C.E.Z. missionary outposts along the Frontier belong to the "Sappers and Miners' Corps"

* Most of the missionary information in this chapter is quoted from the Rev. R. Clark, *C.M.S. and C.E.Z.M.S. Missions in Panjab and Sindh*. All the geographical information is taken from *A Geography of India*, C.L.S.

of the pioneer force, and they are a symbol of Christianity—the symbol of love expressed in the language of signs, which precedes the written word. In the hospital wards and dispensaries sufferers from over the Border are soothed, comforted, and for the most part cured, and are kept long enough for them to know something of Him by Whose command His children serve. "We know why you take so much care of us and are so kind, it is because the Lord Jesus Christ has given you the order to do so in His Book."

It is thus that their anxious and suspicious hearts are set at rest, and they go back over the Passes into the regions beyond with the strange news. They tell the fighting, independent clans, as well as "the newly caught, frightened, fluttered peoples," that there is a divine motive through all this strange philanthropy. It is not the greed of money, for the doctors take none, nor the desire to make prisoners, *as folks had said*, for have they not all come out safely? It is none of these terrible things that rumour hinted, but just kindness, "wonderful, wonderful kindness." In fact the strange tale is only partly believed in, but it encourages others to come in time of need to see for themselves. A poor woman has had a new nose put on by the ladies—why it was cut off belongs to another story—and that fierce fighter has had his wounds healed by the doctor Sahib, so they become staunch friends henceforth of these sons and daughters of Empire. It has been said of one of the C.M.S. Hospitals that it is as good as two regiments as a means of keeping peace, and this is true of all our frontier hospitals. It might also be said that from a missionary point of view the borderland is the strategic position for hospitals, and that they should be founded and maintained there at all costs. This last is a word to be noted, for mission work, and more especially medical mission work, costs a great deal. It is the custom at present to shrink from what costs much; nevertheless it must be borne in mind that hospitals do not cost little, they cost a great deal. *They are as costly as that thin line on the edge of Empire which was cut deep by sacrifice and dyed red in the blood of Britain's sons.* They cost the price of a mother's heart, and that means pain; they cost the life laid down, if need be, and that means consecration; they cost silver and gold, and that means sacrifice—all of these, "without prescribing how much." We cannot count the cost, because we may never know the cost of Calvary.

There should be a long, strong line of these outposts or watch-towers, not only to promote peace on the border,

but for the sake of the Unknown Land Beyond and the Lost Things which stray over. The mountains cannot as yet be touched by the "beautiful feet," and in many dark valleys no light has penetrated. The Great Shepherd knows all about the Unknown Land, and He is out searching for the lost sheep on the dark mountains, but someone must be on the watch to receive what He brings back. The watchers are there, but they are few and far apart, as you will see, for we shall count them as well as the watch-towers presently. It is significant that one of these is called the Hospital of the Epiphany, and another the Hospital of the Good Shepherd—the rising of the Star of Peace, and the sheltering presence of the Saviour of Lost Things.

Over the Hills and far away.—The "hills" are to the Indian of the north the Himalayas, but the Himalayas are only the southern wall of a great mountain system, of which the area is nearly half a million square miles. There is no other mountain mass in the whole world at all to compare with it. The Alps of Central Europe do not cover one-thirtieth part of its area, and are greatly inferior in average height. Its importance to India can hardly be over-estimated. It forms a northern rampart, which no enemy has ever scaled, and, with its great southern buttress, the Himalayas exert an influence upon the climate and rainfall of India, which has done much to determine the character of the country and the development of the people. In the centre of this mass is the Pamir Plateau—the roof of the world. On all sides of it branch off range upon range of mountains, the nearest to India being the Zanskar Himalayas, which separate it from the Plateau of Thibet; as the Himalayas separate India from Thibet, so on the north-west lower and more irregular ranges separate it from the great Plateau of Iran. The Iranian Plateau, which includes the whole of Afghanistan, Baluchistan and Persia, is of inferior height to the Plateau of Thibet. Its average height is from about 3,000 to 5,000 feet. These ranges are the Hindu Kush, a flat-backed ridge, the Safed Koh, south of the Kabul River, the Sulaiman mountains running north and south, of lower elevation, but culminating in the north in the lofty peak of the Takht-i-Sulaiman, 11,000 feet. Towards the south the folds of the Sulaiman open out, and in steadily decreasing altitudes bend round to the west. Further to the south again and further west are a number of still lower ranges running in almost parallel ridges, at first in a south-westerly direction, and then, like the Sulaimans, bending gradually round to the

west. The most easterly of these is the Kirthar Range, which maintains its southerly direction almost to the sea.

These various mountain ranges form the natural north-west frontier of India proper. The frontier line, as in old Sikh days, is the extreme limit of cultivation on the eastern slope; theoretically this is still the boundary of British India. But partly for frontier defence, and partly to bring under effective control turbulent mountain tribes, which were a continual menace to the frontier provinces or the frontier trade, British influence has been steadily pushed beyond the frontier even to within the borders of Baluchistan.

Passes.—Across this frontier, which extends for nearly eight hundred and fifty miles, unnumbered passes provide gateways between India and Afghanistan and Baluchistan. The passes across the Himalayas into Thibet are of comparatively little moment, being only laborious routes for a small and uncertain trade. Very different is it with the passes across the North-Western Frontier. Every invading host that has ever penetrated India by land has forced its way through one or other of these North-Western Passes. Through one or other of them also each of the successive swarms of immigrants who have helped to people India have found their way into the Northern Plains. As trade routes, the North-Western Passes are greatly more valuable than those of the Himalayas, but their chief importance lies in the fact that most of them are possible military roads (or might easily be made such), through which an invading foe might without difficulty force its way. The safety of India on the north-west is only secured by the strength with which these passes are held.

Passes north of the Kabul river are the Malakand, east of Chitral, Barogil and Derah, over the Hindu Kush. These last are important, because they are within a hundred miles of the nearest Russian outposts. Passes south of the Kabul river are the Khyber, Kuram, Tochi, Gomal and Bolan. The Khyber Pass is over a spur of the Safed Koh, twenty-five miles west of Peshawar. It is by far the most important between India and Afghanistan, being the direct road to Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan. The Kuram Pass is on spurs of the Safed Koh, 12,000 feet, the Tochi Pass, 11,500 feet, is on the road from Bannu to Ghazni, the ancient capital of Afghanistan. The Gomal Pass is the oldest of all the passes. It has been for many centuries the route by which the caravan trade from Persia through the valley of Helmand has reached India. It marks the boundary line between Afghanistan and

Baluchistan. The Bolan Pass is now traversed by a railway to the frontier of Afghanistan.

The North-East Frontier is of little importance, compared with the Northern. Although the Burmese have occasionally raided parts of Assam, no great conquering host has ever penetrated India on this side. The north and the north-west is the line of strategy. The first outpost to visit is Srinagar in the Kingdom of Kashmir.

KASHMIR.—* Kashmir includes the valley of Kashmir, the mountainous regions of Baltistan, Ladakh, Gilgit, Hunza Chitral and Jammu, in the plains at the foot of the hills. It is a protected state, but the greater part of Chitral is now under direct British administration. It has an area of about eighty thousand square miles and a population of over three million; about three-fourths are Mohammedans and one-fifth Hindu, the remainder being Sikhs and others.

Kashmir was a powerful kingdom long before the earliest Mohammedan invasions, and it was formerly a centre for Buddhism. The fourth Buddhist Council, marking the point of separation between northern and southern Buddhism, was held in Kashmir under the patronage of the great King Kaniskha in the century before our era. At one time five hundred Buddhists were sent forth to convert Thibet. From Kashmir Buddhism penetrated to Kandahar and Kabul, and thence to Bacia. There are extensive Buddhist ruins in several places, the ruined temple of Martand being one of the most beautiful. The valley stands 5,250 feet above sea level. It is remarkably fitted by its geographical position and good climate, and by its beauty and fertility, to become a great missionary centre for the vast countries that lie around it.

"In the summer of the year 1854 . . . Colonel Martin and the Rev. R. Clark made an exploratory tour through Kashmir. . . . They were received with much kindness by the Maharajah Gulâb Singh, the Chief of those countries, who gave his willing consent that missionary work should be carried on in his dominions. The Kashmiris, he said, were so bad that he was quite sure the Padris could do them no harm. He was curious to see if they could do them any good. . . . One of the results of this first journey to Kashmir was the establishment of the Moravian Mission at Lahoul in Thibet, through the influence and pecuniary assistance of Colonel Martin. The mission has been carried on, and has prospered,

* Cf. *A Geography of India*. C.L.S.

ever since. . . . The Rev. W. Smith, of Benares, and the Rev. R. Clark, of Peshawar, were deputed to Kashmir in 1863, and in 1864 the mission was established permanently. . . . A hospital was established by Mrs. Clark in the city, which was often attended by a hundred patients a day. This was the commencement of the present Kashmir Medical Mission. . . . In 1865 Dr. Elmslie was appointed to the Kashmir medical mission, which soon, through his kindness and skill, won a reputation throughout the Valley."

It was through troublous times of persecution and sorrow that the work proceeded, but each step, although slow, was a forward one. The Central High School for boys in the city of Srinagar, the Christian Church, the evangelistic effort in the districts around, and the work amongst women have all grown from these first days of toil. The crowning signs of it are two of the missionary buildings in Kashmir. One is the imposing C.M.S. Hospital built on the rock outside the city, and the other is the little C.E.Z.M.S. Hospital at Ranawari in one of the suburbs. Both are high above flood level, on sites granted by the Maharajah, an evidence of the esteem in which Christian medical missions are held in the land.

Srinagar, the chief town of Kashmir, is surrounded by one of the most magnificent groups of peaks in the world. The highest is 28,278 feet in height, the loveliest is Nanga Parbat, whose vast, white cone dominates Kashmir and crowns the capital. Srinagar is one of the Eastern cities of charm and story, but it is not only a beautiful town, it is an important junction of trade routes, and a railway is in process of construction which will unite it with the North Western Railway at Rawal Pindi. At present the road is traversed by hill cart, but the journey on horseback of thirty years ago was the most interesting ; at the end was a view of the Kashmir valley, which cannot be seen now as then. Coming from the hot plains of the Panjab, and after travelling for days along the bridle path of the ravine of the Jhelam, there was a beautiful monotony of pines and rocks and rushing water, until one day the pony climbed the last ascent, and you looked over. There lay the valley, soft and low, fields of green, lines of poplar, a quiet lake, the winding river, great mountains on either side, and, if it was in the month of May, there would be lying at your feet fields of iris blue as heaven. Spring is the time to see the valley at its radiant best. The apple trees and quince and plum are all in blossom, roses dip into the stream among the willows. Even the roofs are ablaze with colour, for they are flat and

overgrown with grass, and where grass can grow so can the iris and other flowers. The river waters the valley as it winds from Islamabad at the further end through the town of Srinagar, and then, forming the beautiful Wular lake, it dashes through the rockbound end at Baramulah and escapes to the Panjab, the Indus and the sea. But the Jhelam is not always peaceful. It is called the sleeping lion, for it is roused at times into flood, and Srinagar has frequently been inundated. Engineering skill has done much to avoid this calamity.

Srinagar is called the Venice of the East. The balconied houses stand at the water's edge, and branching canals form streets, so a great deal of the transit is done in boats. Could there be a more beautiful vision in Venice than that of the Apple Tree Canal in morning sunlight! Carved balconies, in every stage of picturesque dilapidation, lean against each other and over the water. On the waterway are splashes of shadowed colours, green leaves, broken reflections of roofs and gables, and the crimson and gold of a handsome Brahman woman, who has come, clothed in her red *perran*, with a brass vessel in her hand, down to the edge for water. The effect of the town seen from a distance is striking—the mountain mass of Hari Parbat, the silver gleam of a Hindu temple—even the knowledge that the roof is plated with oil tins detracts nothing from its fitness. Poised in the right place and facing the ugly Palace of the Rajahs on the opposite side of the river, it is one of the brilliant side-lights of the scene. The Palace too has its fitness, as everything has in the East, for, although there may be objects grotesque or even hideous, they are never common or out of place. A conical hill arrests the eye. It is the Takht-i-Sulaiman, a shrine of the successive religions of the country, Buddhist, Hindu, Mohammedan; and lastly it has been recovered for Hinduism. A small proportion of the inhabitants are Hindus; these are Brahmans of the highest class, and are called Pandits. The people are handsome and of a cheerful disposition, but years of oppression, which affects the Mohammedans now chiefly, as they are under the Hindu Government, has rendered them cowardly and untruthful. The Mohammedan men were condemned by their conquerors to wear a long coat-like garment, called a *perran*, with long sleeves, so long that they must be doubled up to let the hands free. The women wear a garment of the same shape; it is never clean, so the prevailing colour is drab, but the *perran* which the Brahman ladies wear is crimson and fair to see.

It is strange that this brilliant Venice of India should be linked to Amsterdam, grave and beautiful on the northern seas, but sisters they are, for Venice of Italy claims them both. They are akin, but each is unique and without a rival, alike only in this that they rule the waters. But Srinagar, the beautiful, the city of roses, is also one of the dirtiest towns of India. Everything is thrown into the river, and as the people drink the water, it is not wonderful that cholera and fever carry off their thousands. So the lovely valley, that might be so healthful, is the abode of dirt and disease, because of the ignorance and superstition of the people; and this is why the land must be taken possession of for our Lord Jesus Christ by preaching the Gospel and healing the sick.

In 1888 Dr. Fanny Butler re-opened the medical work, which had lapsed for twenty-four years, and Miss Hull began zenana work in Kashmir. They opened a small hospital and dispensary in the city of Srinagar. Miss Rainsford and Miss Newman joined them later. The Maharajah gave a site for a hospital, and Mrs. Bishop, who was travelling in Kashmir at the time, gave the money for a women's hospital, to be called the John Bishop Memorial Hospital. Dr. Fanny Butler had the joy of seeing the foundations laid, but her eyes were not to see the walls rise, for by that time her strenuous day of labour for the Master had rounded down to evening, and she fell asleep. Nor was the hospital to be more than a beginning.

In 1891 a flood swept it away, and the medical mission was to consist for a time in dispensary work, and in providing a nurse for the women's ward in the C.M.S. hospital. This disaster, however, has proved to be one of the leadings of the Guide, for the confidence of the people having been gained, the main force of the C.E.Z.M.S. could be directed to evangelistic and educational work, until the threads of the medical mission could be picked up again. Miss Newman superintended the work of the women's ward in Dr. Neve's hospital, and a medical assistant took charge of the dispensary, Miss Hull being head of the mission. At the present time Miss Newman is carrying on medical mission work at Ranawari, a suburb of Srinagar. The small hospital and dispensary is built almost in the centre, where stood successively a Hindu temple and a Mohammedan mosque. The site is far above flood level and very healthy; the old well has been re-dug, and there is a pretty garden and dwelling house. A school for girls is held in the same building. There

is a school for Kashmiri and Panjabi children at Srinagar. As is frequently the case with all effective work, there has been opposition. A Hindu school was opened near by, with the express purpose of wiling away the Panjabi pupils, and yet the school prospers. What a wealth of interest and incident clusters round the little boat that has weathered the storm of opposition, with its brave captain and its crew of merry children, and the hospital in the town, where the kind sister heals so many wounds not only of the body, but also of the heart and mind. Each should have a story all to itself, but, as the aim of the physician and the educationalist alike is to open a way for the Gospel through closed doors, the chief object of interest is the woman at home. The woman at home! The interpretation of the term is a tragedy. In English it means all that should be bright and restful, in Kashmiri it means something different. A few scenes from one of Miss Hull's vivid sketches of Kashmiri life bring before us the woman and the home.

"Is it a house or a prison? For doors and windows are alike protected by strong iron bars. . . . Upstairs, a woman, with the neglected attire of one who has long ceased to care to please, comes and sits opposite me." "What strange histories lie concealed behind the heavy swinging doors of some of these Kashmiri homes! An aged man asked me one day to come and teach his little granddaughter who was growing up . . . in lamentable ignorance."

The family were seated in the upper room. "This room bore, as did its inmates, every mark of extreme poverty; and yet there was a certain dignity of demeanour in the old man and woman which seemed to tell of better days. A beautiful young woman was nursing a baby boy. With a cluster of black curls resting on either side of her forehead . . . with soft, plaintive eyes and fair complexion, she looked as though she had walked out of an old picture. Her little daughter, who had not inherited her mother's beauty, sat beside her. A few sympathetic words elicited their story, which was told me interspersed with many tears and sobs. They had, they said, some years before migrated to Kabul. There the eldest son had occupied a good position and they had all lived in the greatest comfort. But comfort and prosperity are of uncertain tenure under Mohammedan rule, and the son had fallen under the suspicion of the late Amir. He was accused of being a spy and of holding secret communication with the English Government, and was put to death. The beautiful young woman was his

widow. A younger brother had been imprisoned, but as nothing could be proved against him, he had been released after a year; and then in the depths of a Kabuli winter, he, with the aged parents and the young widow and child, was conducted on foot through the snow, by a mounted escort, to the English frontier, and bidden to go to 'the English whom they liked so well.' And so, with all their possessions forfeited, with scant clothing and broken hearts, they reached Peshawar, and finally found their way to their native country of Kashmir.

"The young widow, in Mohammedan fashion, had been re-married to her husband's younger brother, as a means of protection and support. . . . Sorrow and hunger had dulled the faculties of the old man, but the beautiful daughter-in-law listened eagerly to the Gospel Story, saying that, when listening to the words of that Book, 'her heart seemed to blossom like a garden.'"

"Near the Kabuli family lived the Qázi Pír. Qázi means a judge, but I could never find that the Pír had acted in that capacity. So I imagine the title was purely honorary. He was a fine, courteous old gentleman, above the usual height, with a long, flowing beard. He had once been prosperous, before the art of printing had been introduced into Kashmir and had rendered the services of the Persian writer superfluous. Now, like many another sufferer who had little to gain and all to lose from the inroads of a foreign civilization, he and his family eked out a meagre subsistence by the gradual sale of their few worldly possessions. . . .

"They, too, had their tale of woe to tell me, in the loss of their only son, a mission school boy, who had died of cholera. . . . Sorrow of heart, over whose darkness the light of immortality had cast no gleam, and constant weeping for her boy, had induced paralysis in one of the mother's eyes. It had closed, she feared, for ever.

"The beautiful young daughter sat in her crimson embroidered *perran*. Poor as they were, she wore her all in the sparkling jewels, which are indispensable to the Indian or Kashmiri woman. She was her father's pride and joy, and he had taught her to read Persian, the language of the cultivated native Mohammedan. She was eager to learn Urdu and knitting, and proved an apt scholar.

"Upstairs, solitary and hidden away from sight, sat an unmarried daughter, nearly blind from neglected disease in her eyes. It was a disgrace not to be married, and so she

must not be seen ; and yet who would marry a blind girl ? So the case seemed hopeless. . . .

" Another handsome girl was pounding rice for the daily rations of the family in the yard below. Kashmiris buy their rice in the husk ; it is their staple food, and enough for the day's consumption is daily pounded out with a huge wooden pestle and mortar. The only servants the family could afford were two orphan girls, who probably got a meal of rice for going errands. Someone must do the work, so the daughter in the yard below had to be left in ignorance while the younger girl had her lessons in the reception room upstairs. . . .

" Things took a happier turn after our coming. The mother's eye opened again under the careful treatment of the lady doctor, and after much continued persuasion, the poor girl upstairs was also allowed to be brought by her mother, in a boat, to the C.M.S. Hospital, where a small operation, followed by careful nursing in her own home, ended years of suffering and partial blindness, and the once banished daughter again took her place in the family circle, without any sense of the injustice that had deprived her of it for so long, through no fault of her own. The venerable father took a keen interest in the Bible readings. He would hasten upstairs when he heard of my coming, listen somewhat impatiently to the daughter's reading lesson, and, sometimes, bring it to an abrupt conclusion by saying : ' That will do now, we are waiting for the preaching.' Neighbours were invited in to listen, and fractious arguers were checked with the words : ' The lady is our friend, and if you wish to ask any questions for the sake of understanding better, well and good, but we will have no captious objections raised here.' . . . I never had a more courteous or satisfactory listener. The women on these occasions are of course silent ; they never make any remarks in the presence of the men. . . .

" The Qázi Pír was a poet, and when I gave him some Kashmiri hymns to copy for me in his fine copper-plate, the writing was beautifully done, of his own accord, in red and black ink, like an old illumination, our Lord's name being invariably rendered in red ink, the only word in that colour ; and with the little book of hymns came a short Persian poem, written by himself. It was a confession of ignorance and unworthiness, and a prayer that Christ would give him light ; and, surely, no such prayer is ever offered in vain. . . .

" The Qázi Pír has passed away beyond our ken, though the aged wife still survives—as she believes, in answer to

the lady missionary's prayer—and listens with ever-increasing interest to 'the wonderful words of life.'"

At the present moment there are only two missionaries left for distinctly evangelistic work—preaching the Gospel in the homes of the people. Miss Hull, now in England, quotes from the letter of a former pupil: "I am quite sure that I am a Christian; if the Lord Jesus Christ will help me, I wish to become one of His servants. . . . I am no more Mohammedan, and I am reading Holy Bible according to your card (Scripture Union) which you have sent to me. I am no more Mohammedan, and I do not like this religion and I am reading the books with dictionary." This is in her own simple words. The letter comes straight from the heart of a woman to women, and the quaint phrasing strengthens the very strong appeal—the cry of a hungry soul for the Bread of God.

. . . .

The Northern Passes are traversable only during the summer months. In winter they are fast-shut doors of ice, but, when the sun melts, they open wide, and troops of flowers arise and take possession of the way. Blue battalions of forget-me-not, multitudes of edelweiss and gentian, with stars and spears and blades of shining grass, and fearless bells of bloom press up to the edge of the glacier.

There was a time when Kashmir seemed to be one of the hardest and most difficult places to reach. The land was snow-bound, and the door was shut. But the policy of God's workers is to go straight forward without waiting for the line to clear, and so it sometimes happens that the door is reached—shut fast—and then, as with the Angel of the Lord and Peter, there was a light, and " . . . they came unto the iron gate . . . which opened to them of its own accord."

THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER PROVINCE.—The North-West Frontier Province is an oblong territory which stretches for four hundred miles from north-east to south-west, mainly on the west side of the Indus. It is bounded by the Panjab, Baluchistan and Afghanistan. A narrow strip of the province runs along the northern frontier of Kashmir. Next to this is a slip of Afghan territory, which meets the southern boundary of Russian Turkestan. At one point British territory approaches to within thirty miles of the Russian outposts; this part of the frontier is therefore of great importance.*

* Cf. *A Geography of India.*

AFGHANISTAN.—Perhaps no country could be so near and yet so unknown to another as the wild highlands of Afghanistan are to India. The clans are familiar visitants, but there must be no return visit paid to the land beyond. It is unapproachable and unknown—but not altogether, for rumours are whispered through the passes, and the few travellers who come and go bring reports that throw a searchlight on darkest Afghanistan. In a book called "Under the Absolute Amir" there is an account of the common practice of blinding people who try to escape from prison or from the country, that is painful, well-nigh unbearable, reading. And this is not a pathetic page of fiction founded on fact, "it is the testimony of a man who went there as an engineer. And he tells of more dreadful things than that."*

But the door may soon open. "A correspondent to the Calcutta *Englishman*, from the frontier, says that 300,000 wooden sleepers have been ordered by the Amir for a small railway which will be constructed in Afghanistan. This will be the first railway in this great closed land. The Amir's son, at Kabul, is constructing a telephone between Kabul and Panjsher, and there are other improvements in progress, especially the building of roads for automobile traffic."†

Peshawar.—The city stands just within the north-west door of India, which opens out into Afghanistan and Central Asia. Its *bazars* are thronged with caravans and strings of the long-haired, shaggy camels of the Khyber and the North, for merchants of every nationality from over the border pass through Peshawar on their way to and from the Plains and the South. The languages spoken are many—Persian, Pashtu, Urdu and Panjabi, with their various dialects; and the people vary accordingly. There are fair Persians and people from Kafiristan, Mongolian types from Thibet, and other kindred races. There are also many of the darker races of the South. Veiled Pathan ladies, brightly dressed Hindus, and village women may be seen amongst the crowd.

Mission work in Peshawar, although at first opposed from "political reasons," was founded by the faithful prayers and courage of English officers. They recognized that Peshawar, being surrounded by Mohammedan countries of peculiar bigotry, and being in itself the home of the most turbulent, fanatical and bigoted people of all under the British rule in India, might be a place of danger, but that, as it was England's

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* Cf. *C.M.S. Review*, October, 1911.

† *The Moslem World*, July, 1912.

duty to give Peshawar the Gospel, they considered that they were much safer in performing that duty than in neglecting it. So the mission was founded by the C.M.S. in 1853.

The town with its *bazars*—stored with silks and scents from Samarkand, carpets from Persia, and furs from the Steppes of Russia—and the Christian Church, all are notable, but history circles round the Gur Khatri. Baber visited it on his way towards India, and thus describes it:—"I was desirous to see the Gur Khatri, . . . but our guide was afraid to enter the gloomy caverns and dangerous recesses. There are nowhere else in the whole world such narrow and dark hermits' cells as at this place. After entering the doorway, and descending one or two stairs, you must lie down, and proceed crawling along stretched at full length."* These excavations were very ancient and were of Buddhist origin. The Gur Khatri then became a royal *serai*, built on the top of a hill in the city. During the time of Ranjit Singh, the cruel general lived in it who broke the spirit of the Pathan tribes. Then came the English rule, bringing justice and humanity. The missionary followed, and brought the knowledge of the love of Christ. It became a C.M.S. House in 1866, and was inhabited by the C.E.Z.M.S. ladies in 1882. Annie Norman lived her short missionary life there, and in later years Katharine Gregg. Both are laid to rest in Peshawar. The Zenana Medical Mission began in December, 1883. The following March a small dispensary was opened in a secluded part of the city, and in 1888 the Duchess of Connaught graciously allowed the tiny hospital to be named after her. This has been replaced by a large building, which stands near the Gur Khatri in the heart of the city. The patients visiting this medical mission are chiefly from the city and district, although a number come from countries beyond the frontier as far as Dir, Kamer Khel, and Swat. Great interest centres round these strangers who have drifted in from so far away. In 1884 one who lived in Khorasan travelled for seven days to see Dr. Ella Mitcheson, and while she stayed in hospital she heard every day of the Lord Jesus. When she returned to her own country cured, she sent many of her countrywomen to the hospital. Later, in 1906, Miss Newton mentions the caravans that come to and fro from that country, which is closed to the Gospel and to missionaries, and shows how the Gospel is stealing through by their means. "These people, journeying back into Afghanistan, tell their friends of the new religion and of the love of God. Truly these also are

* *Missions in the Panjab and Sindh.*

His 'other sheep'; and we are doing what we can to gather them in." "Once we had two women in from Russian Turkestan. We have also had Chinese women in hospital. One of these had just returned from a pilgrimage to Mecca, and the hardships of travelling had almost killed her. . . . After some weeks of careful treatment, she left us looking well and strong. As she was bidding us farewell, she pointed to the sky and touched us; then, before we could prevent her, she prostrated herself at our feet." "In 1910 the in-patients included some very interesting people from many distant places. Amongst others we had three women from far away beyond the border, who were returning home, after having made their pilgrimage to Mecca. They were brought in very ill, and from the first we gave no hope, and all we could do was to make them as comfortable as possible, even though we could not speak a word to them. None of them recovered, and it was very striking that after their long pilgrimage they should die among Christians."

The hospital is the sign of the latest conquest. Built over the place of gloomy caverns and dangerous recesses, filled with memories of war and death, to the warlike clans may it ever be a symbol of the conquering love of Christ, and a place of peace!

There are three schools belonging to the C.E.Z.M.S. in Peshawar, with about two hundred and fifty children. It is interesting to read of a step in advance, when some little children were allowed to leave their seclusion and come out to receive their prizes on Dr. Lankester's lawn. This is a result of a friendly intercourse maintained amongst the homes of the city, Hindu, Sikh and Mohammedan zenanas having been visited by the ladies of the C.E.Z.M.S. ever since the beginning of the mission in 1882.

The Hazara district may be considered the field of operations for the village mission of Peshawar. The C.E.Z.M.S. has sent missionaries from time to time to work amongst the Hazari women. Miss Werthmüller, and at a later date Dr. Ella Mitcheson and Dr. Charlotte Wheeler, have done so much to relieve the sick that the reputation of the "doctor lady" has spread far and wide. The base is at Abbottabad, a quiet little town which lies in a dip of the low hills. For miles upwards towards the frontier line and downwards towards the plain there are hundreds of villages, inhabited by the northern clans.

BALUCHISTAN.—Though outside the boundaries of India proper, a great part of Baluchistan is now a province of the

Indian Empire. It is the lowest and most southerly portion of the Iranian plateau, bounded by the Panjab and Sindh on the east, Persia on the west, on the north Afghanistan, and on the south the Arabian Sea. Of its total area of 132,000 square miles, nearly 46,000 is now British territory. The native territory is occupied by various tribes, most of whom owe allegiance to the Khán of Khelat. This ancient khanate has successively been under the protection of the Moghul Empire, Afghanistan and Britain. The Khán belongs to a Brahui family, and Khelat, his capital, is a small town on the hills south of Quetta, at a height of 6,000 feet.

Las Bela is a small state in the south-east corner. The Jám is of Arab descent.

Baluchistan is a wild hill-country, dry and parched, for the rainfall is scanty everywhere. The extremes of temperature are great, intensely hot in summer and very cold in winter, even in the low plains. Cultivation is impossible in most parts, and there are few trees except the juniper, but in the valleys round Quetta, where there is a heavier rainfall, there are strips of green, and willows by the water.

Nearly half of the people are Brahuis, an ancient nomadic race who live in tribes under chiefs. They speak a Dravidian tongue, and are apparently a Dravidian race. The remainder are mostly Turco-Iranians, wild Baluchis, with long, black curls, Afghans, handsome and cruel-looking. The dress of the men is a long serge coat, with false sleeves hanging down uselessly. The women wear long, dark blue gowns, embroidered with red ; the poor are bundles of rags.

All the animals are wild, even the sheep ! Wolves, hyenas and jackals abound, and small game. A very horrible thing happens. The hyenas dig up the dead, and, as the people believe that this ends all hope of a resurrection, they take vengeance on the animals in a very cruel way. Men go during the day to the hyena's cave with a lamp ; as they go in, they say, " There is no hyena here," thinking in this way to delude the creatures. Daylight and the lamp frighten them, and they are easily caught ; then the men put a stick in their mouths and lead them away to be worried by dogs.

British Baluchistan includes Quetta and the Bholan Pass. The Sindh-Pishín Railway unites Quetta with India and runs north-west to Chaman and south-west to Nushki, both on the frontier of Afghanistan.

Quetta.—The town of Quetta stands on the further side of the western door of India, which opens out through the Bholan Pass into Baluchistan and on through the vast plain

which stretches along the breadth of Asia, "the by-way or broad horse path of restless populations seeking a home." The valley of Quetta lies on the frontier route to Kandahar. The town stands 5,900 feet above the sea level. The languages spoken are Persian, Pashtu, Urdu, Panjabi and Brahui. British occupation began in 1876, the C.M.S. took possession in 1885, and the C.E.Z.M.S. in 1895. The value of its position from a missionary point of view is great; as Peshawar holds the key of the north-west, Quetta holds the key of the west. Medical work was opened by Dr. Charlotte Wheeler in a three-roomed cottage. Afterwards a little temporary hospital was acquired, but only as a stepping-stone to something better. It was opened with prayer. The Chief Commissioner of Baluchistan, who was present, expressed his conviction of the great benefit which medical missions confer, in establishing friendly relations with our frontier tribes. In the first year's work there were between six and seven thousand out-patient attendances, and more than a thousand patients were visited in the villages. Later on a good site for a permanent hospital was secured on the verge of the town, with nothing on the east between it and the mountains but the open country. This building was named the Good Shepherd's Hospital, and was dedicated on July 9th, 1898. The sign is a red flag with a white cross on it, surmounted by a golden crown. A flag fifty feet high, waving in the air, is as a beacon light which shines to a far distance. We read of many coming from all directions, from Kandahar and beyond, as well as the Brahuis, who are always moving onwards, and who excel all other tribes in "dirt and determination." They come with great readiness to the hospital, and leave it with equal readiness, not apparently with reference to fitness, but directly their nomadic instinct asserts itself. But they listen attentively to Bible teaching. "None of the other races listen as do the Brahuis, and they also have a great sense of sin." Once when Miss White was talking of sin, a Brahui woman held out both hands and said her sins were like that—handsful. Some of them live in villages all the year round, but numbers more live in encampments, pitching their little camel-hair tents on open spaces of ground on the Quetta plain during the hot weather, and migrating, with their camels and other possessions, to the plains of India for the winter. In religion they are Mohammedans and orthodox Sunnis, but they are a peaceful, easy-going people, unlike the bigoted, hot-headed Pathans.

Zenana work was commenced in 1898, when Miss Warren

began teaching in zenanas and schools. Later on a boarding-school for Christian girls was established. There is now a normal class in connection with it.

Dr. Helen Moore, from Bangalore, draws a vivid picture of the town : " My first impressions of Quetta were thick, white dust, yellow leaves on the trees, and a pale blue wintry sky, and it was very cold. Here in Quetta the dust and continual dust storms make it difficult to keep the patients clean, and in the winter-time washing is not in favour on account of the cold. Just after I arrived, six women rode in on camels from Kandahar, sixty miles distant. They were very fair, like a great many Afghans, with ruddy cheeks and grey or blue eyes, and they wore black outer garments. They only came to the hospital twice, once in the afternoon, when they were most particular that Miss Allinson should feel the pulse of all, and again to the dispensary in the morning, when they were equally anxious that I should perform that mystic act. None of them had very severe ailments, but for what they had it was quite impossible that one day's visit and one bottle of medicine would do much good, yet they absolutely refused to stay as in-patients." This is perhaps an exception, for as a rule patients enjoy being in hospital. Miss Stuart writes of one who came from Kandahar, sixty miles by camel and then sixty miles by train from the border town of Chaman, while her husband was away on a merchandise expedition in Seistân. " She had been ill three years, but was in a great hurry to be cured quickly. A remedy was found that apparently cured her. Meanwhile her husband came home, and was very angry to find her away. He came to Chaman, but dared not come further, as he feared some enemies who lived in Quetta. So he sent word to his wife that she must join him at once, or he would divorce her. She was just well enough to travel, and I sent her off with enough medicine for a month. Before long I had a message saying that she had borne the long, trying journey well, and was feeling better. I hope to hear frequently about her progress, as her friends are constant in their attendance at hospital and are great friends of ours ; they are very nice Persian women."

Miss Moore writes : " Quetta itself is not an interesting place, but there is an ancient fort which looks from a distance like a heap of mud, with a flag-staff planted on the top ; in the mound coins of the time of Alexander the Great have been found. In the country round there are many villages ; here the houses are protected by high mud-built walls, and to walk through the streets is like walking through a maze,

nothing to be seen except the path and the high walls, and a few curious people peering round the corners. It is the variety of tribes, races and tongues to be met with in the Quetta streets and in mission hospitals which makes work here so fascinating, even when one does not know the language, and it must be much more so for those who do. Just think of the task, before a Quetta missionary can begin to get in touch with the people! Urdu, Panjabi, Persian, Pashtu, Baluchi, Brahui and Sindhi are frequently met with, and strange thoughts, strange customs, strange histories must gradually be learnt along with the languages, although the frontier tribes are superficially welded into a whole, as regards religion, by Mohammedanism. Fortunately the medical missionary is able, with a very little knowledge of the language and some help from interpretation, to do practical work from the first.

On reading over the accounts of interesting cases, the difficulty is to know what to leave out, there is so much to say and so little time to tell it in. But we must not leave the subject without speaking of signs of blessing; some having heard have believed. One passed through a year of trial, resulting from the confession of her faith in Christ to her husband and father. On one occasion, when both were standing by, her father put an iron into the fire and then pressed it upon her foot, saying, "Repeat the Kalima." She said, "I cannot." "You will not," he replied. Then he put the iron into the fire again and placed it on the other foot saying, "Now you will." "No," she said, "I cannot, for I am a Christian."

How greatly unbaptized believers, still living in their own homes, need our prayers! This one instance must suffice, for the blessing is not always evident. The steady work of the day going on in the Christian boarding-school, the teaching in zenanas and schools, through difficulty and opposition, are blessings in themselves. Owing to the number of non-Christian schools open for Hindu girls in the town, the difficulty and opposition is great, but God's work must conquer, for who can hinder it?

From Quetta visits can be paid to the villages around, and on to the boundary line. Miss Stuart writes of what she saw of the land beyond during a few days' visit to Chaman, our frontier post ninety miles from Quetta. "For the first time I have seen Afghanistan, and was able to ride for a few yards over the boundary on to the Amir's territory. A row of posts on the wide plain marks the dividing line, and on the other side the Gospel cannot be preached, for Afghanistan is one of

the few remaining countries where a missionary may not enter. On the road, just by the boundary, is the spot where one of our Pathan Christians was murdered last summer by his nephew, because he would not give up his faith and recite the Kalima. It is a stirring thought that Afghanistan is so close, and yet we may not enter."

It is also a stirring thought that up to the limit of possibility, and close on the thin red line, the advance guard is stationed. It is for Britain to see to it that the post is maintained at all costs, until God says, "Go forward." The bugle call sounds the "Reveillé," and sometimes "Last Post," but at any moment it may be "Charge."

Sentinels in the Dera-Ját.—The Dera-Ját is the long range of the Panjab Frontier lying between the right bank of the Indus and the eastern slopes of the great Sulaiman Range, which separates British India from Afghanistan. "It extends from the Salt Range, which is the southern limit of the Peshawar Division, to the north-eastern frontier of the province of Sindh, and may be more than three hundred miles long by fifty or sixty broad. Dera Ghazi Khan and Dera Ismail Khan . . . stand opposite mountain passes on the border, through which the products of Central Asia are poured down into the Panjab and Hindustan, and the products of Hindustan and England are pushed up into Central Asia. The carriers of this trade . . . are the Lohani merchants of Afghanistan. For several months these enterprising merchant tribes, to the number of perhaps two thousand, are every year encamped in the Dera-Ját, and brought within our influence for good or evil; they leave, and carry their experience of Christians into the district strongholds of Islam—Kabul, Ghazni, Kandahar, Herat, Balkh, Bokhara, Khiva and Kokan. The settled tribes who inhabit the Dera-Ját have still stronger claims on us . . . for in two great struggles the people of the Dera-Ját have come to our assistance and fought nobly on our side."*

Dera Ismail Khan is at the northern end of the Dera-Ját. In religion the people are Sikhs, Hindus and Mohammedans. The first missionaries were Bishop French and the Rev. R. Bruce, who went there in 1862. Mrs. Thwaites began work amongst the women in Dera, and, when it was established, asked Miss Johnson to join her. After Mrs. Thwaites' death, Miss Johnson carried on the work, and friends subscribed funds sufficient to begin a zenana mission, as a memorial to Mrs. Thwaites. Miss Johnson worked alone for a year,

* *Missions of the C.M.S. and C.E.Z.M.S. in the Panjab and Sindh.*

having as many as sixty or seventy patients a day, some of them coming from villages twenty and thirty miles distant, on camels, bullocks and ponies, and she was frequently called to villages. In 1885 a small house, consisting of three rooms, was given to the C.E.Z.M.S., in which to start a tiny hospital outside the city for the women who came to the dispensary from long distances. Many of these patients were the wives of Povindah merchants and of Waziris. In a letter, written by Mr. Thwaites at the time, we note that this work of hers among the women enabled him to have much more friendly intercourse with the men. Miss Werthmüller arrived in 1887. In 1899 this house was sold to the C.M.S., and the bulk of the money was used for the purchase of the present C.E.Z.M.S. dispensary inside the city, it being understood that, when sufficient money was collected, this Society would start a new hospital. The foundation stone of the dispensary was laid in 1894 by the Rev. R. Clark. As an example of the sympathetic interest of the people towards the mission, it should be mentioned that the Indian gentlemen present on the occasion contributed Rs.800. The Hospital of the Epiphany was opened on the 16th of January, 1909. "It had been growing so long and so quietly that its completeness, order and finish in every detail came upon everyone as a surprise. How can we thank God for all? In Him has been begun, continued and ended this work which promises so much comfort and healing to the women of Dera." By a few strokes a complete building may be portrayed from foundation stone to coping, but the hours of labour which produced it cannot be counted. The hours of the hot day and the dark night spent by the side of the sick and dying in times of distress and fear are the unseen factors of the visible crowning touch to Miss Werthmüller's work. Could we see the line of sufferers pass before us all through the long years, it would be as a dark cloud through which a few impressive faces would hold us. "Can you see a fairly tall woman trying to get along with the help of a stick, because one leg is fixed in a bent position? She has come many miles, in the belief that cure must be certain in the new hospital she has heard about. . . . She is wonderfully patient, as, after an operation, she lies week after week till her leg is strong. Her joy is great when she departs. Certainly, she uses a crutch and a leather knee gaiter, but she returns home on both legs. Some three months later she brings her son for medicine, but surely this second visit is partly for the pleasure of showing how nicely she can walk without a crutch.

"Now it is winter, when merchants and travellers from Kabul and far beyond the border cross into India. Amongst one such group is an Afghan woman with a charming, refined face, a widow, bringing her almost equally pretty daughter, who has been practically blind for two years. After some days of visiting the dispensary, and getting to know the hospital, they are persuaded to stay in, and two or three months later, with sight restored, and very grateful, they return home. Outwardly they seem little impressed with the teaching they have received, but the mother is always eager to explain to less intelligent listeners, and takes a Gospel in her own language for her son to read at home. And so they come and go."

It is well for them that Miss Werthmüller or others are always ready to receive them, as they come to the Hospital of the Epiphany. The medical work deals very largely with the floating population, but there are stay-at-homes who require care and teaching and the light of guidance. The little school for Christian girls, mothered by Miss Johnson, the Christian Church, and the C.M.S. school for boys form a steady light. May it be as a home light, such as a wanderer sees from without and from afar, which draws him nearer still to the Shelter of a Face—the fire-lit hearth—and Bread.

Dera Ghazi Khan lies about a hundred miles due south of Dera Ismail Khan. The inhabitants of the town and district are for the most part Baluchis and Mohammedans. They are described as ignorant, bigoted and brave, knowing little or nothing about their own religion, but becoming foes to anyone who changes it for Christianity. In 1879 three missionaries, the Rev. George Maxwell Gordon, the Rev. Arthur Lewis and Dr. Andrew Jukes pitched their tent in a pomegranate garden without the city wall. In 1882 a school was opened, and the work has been carried on amid sorrows and special difficulties, its continuance depending chiefly on the medical work. A small but hopeful work was carried on there by the C.E.Z.M.S. from 1885 until 1909. But all the while the Indus was encroaching on that part of the town which was occupied by the Mission, and in 1909 it was overwhelmed. In her account of the ending of the work at Ghazi, Miss Saunders wrote :—" The last year, from the spring of 1907, seemed to us a bright, happy, helpful year of work, and both men and women in the city were more eager to learn than ever before. But the floods have stopped the work "—*for a time*. Whenever it is possible to read a sequel, we see that when bread is cast on the waters it is found again . . . after many days.

CHAPTER 2.

THROUGH SINDH TO THE SEA.

*THE Indus rises near the Lake Manasarowar in Thibet, at an elevation of over 16,000 feet. Flowing west, it rounds the great peak of Nanga Parbat, turns sharply to the south-west, breaking through a magnificent gorge, the walls of which are 14,000 feet on either side, a swift and mighty current almost to the level of the plain. There its flow is low and soft over the flat sands, its course getting slower still until it finds the sea. In the winter time it shrinks down to a narrow stream, but during the melting of the snows it spreads over the land in flood. Following its course, there are at long intervals missionary centres, from the Moravian settlement on the heights of Ladakh to the schools and hospitals by the hot banks at Dera, and to the port of Karachi where the sea begins.

SINDH is the land of the Indus. The Indus does for Sindh precisely what the Nile does for Egypt, watering and fertilizing the land for many miles on both sides. All along the course of the river are inundation canals, which carry the flood waters for many miles. Wherever the land can be thus watered, it is found exceedingly productive. Anyone travelling from Karachi up the right bank of the river would exclaim at the beauty of the country, which is known as the Garden of Sindh. But the greater part of Sindh is too far from the river to be reached by irrigation, and is therefore barren. This part is the district of Thar and Parkar, lying north of the Great Salt Swamp, called the Rann of Katch, and forms the southern portion of the Indian Desert.

At Sukkur, about three hundred miles from the mouth, the river narrows into a rocky channel, and is spanned by a great railway bridge. Two hundred miles further south the Delta begins, and the river pours its waters into the Arabian sea by many ever-shifting tributaries. But the

* The geographical information, as well as some of the expressions, in this chapter is taken from *A Geography of India*, C.L.S.

benefactor of the land is also its danger. The silt, which is being constantly washed down with the stream, makes the bed higher than the surrounding country ; hence the inundation, which, when carried off by canals irrigates the fields, but which, when too great for these canals, results in a flood, destructive to property and life. Another result of the flood is that the river changes its course, and this gives a touch of uncertainty to a river boundary line.

To the west lies the borderland of hills. It is the river, however, that marks the course of mission stations in Sindh, and these are the last links of our chain of frontier stations, Hyderabad, Sukkur and Karachi.

The first to be opened, in 1880, was Karachi, the most westerly port in India and the nearest to England. Next to be possessed, in 1885, was Hyderabad, the ancient capital of Sindh. The last and youngest station is Sukkur, opened in 1888.

The villages of Sindh are mainly peopled by Mohammedans. In addition to Sindhis, people from other parts have congregated in Sindh. Some have fled from famine in Rajputana and Katch, and others have come for the sake of trade. The province as a whole is thinly populated, because it is comparatively barren.

Hyderabad.—In the time of the Amirs, until the conquest of the province by Sir Charles Napier, Hyderabad was the capital of Sindh. Few people seem to realize the interest and importance of it, and yet it has been called the " Cairo of India." The town is situated on a limestone ridge, about three miles from the Indus ; two-thirds of the population are Hindus, and one-third Mohammedans. The C.M.S. began operations in 1856, and in 1885 the C.E.Z.M.S. followed. Medical work was established, and schools planted in the town and villages. There are now two out-stations, Mirpur Khas and Tando Mohammed Khan. Miss Piggott gives an account of both branches of the work in her sketch of the changes that the years have wrought in and around Hyderabad.

" How the years go by ! In twelve years what changes take place ! When I first came to Hyderabad, there was a large medical work, but no schools. Now there are six schools in the town, one at a village three miles off, and two others in small towns, one of them twenty-one miles away, the other forty miles distant. You cannot go anywhere in the town without coming across a girls' or boys' school. One of the first remarks a stranger generally makes is ' What a place for schools ! '

"The people have undergone a change, they realize the importance of education; only two classes are recognized by them—the educated and uneducated. This refers more particularly to the Hindus, but the Mohammedans also are beginning to wake up. . . .

"In nearly every street you find a doctor. . . . Many have lost faith in the old medicine men, but the Brahmans have still great power over the women. Many believe that a child is ill because someone has cast an evil eye on the mother.

"The people say that there is no room for religion now—no time for it—but the country folk are different; they still have time to think, and are willing to hear when we go to them. Yet we can seldom reach them, for the work in the town cannot be left. We have just been able to send a Christian medical worker to Tando, twenty-one miles off. The girls there appreciate the school; they have gone to the dispensary every day during the Christmas holidays to ask when school will re-open."

A few extracts from Miss Piggott's note-book will give us a dispensary scene. "In the verandah is a group of women sitting on straw mats, listening to what the Biblewoman reads or sings. A woman takes the book out of the Bible-woman's hands, and reads it with such earnestness that there is a dead silence while the women listen. The group is composed of many different conditions of Indian womanhood. There is the rich old lady, who sits with her party a little away from the others; another is the mother of an only daughter, who is quite blind after small-pox. The women enquire if the daughter is married, and are surprised when the mother says, 'Yes,' for a large dowry must have been paid to get a blind girl married. Then there is the woman who objects to being kept waiting; she pretends that her baby is at home crying, so that she may come at once and have her medicine out of her turn. Presently an anxious group appears, with a baby wrapped up in various coverings. It is a precious only boy, so they are anxious to know if he is very ill, and if there is hope of recovery. What trouble will be taken for a boy, and often what very little trouble is taken for a girl! This is not so much from want of affection, but because, if she lives, there will be the great expense of her marriage. A boy is a source of wealth, for his wife must bring him a dowry and many gifts. Another patient is a small boy who has the name of God written all over his chest.

"The women come from great distances to get medicine for their children; the richer ones come on camels, and the poor tramp the weary miles. A poor dying woman is brought from a village in a bullock cart over a very rough road. What a painful journey it must have been! Her relations crowd round, and say 'You must do something for her, others cannot, but you are people of prayer, and so must be able to save her.' So many ask us to pray for them. They say, 'You have a clean heart, and God will hear your prayers.' They will not believe us when we tell them that it is only the blood of Jesus that can make our hearts clean. They think we are made differently, and that it is quite easy for us to be good. This is why Indian Christians have such an influence over their own people. They see what the power of Christ can do for one of themselves.

"The conversation of the varied crowd of patients is amusing. One woman cheerfully passes a remark about the lady doctors, forgetting that they know the language. 'These people do not understand anything,' she says to the group in general. An old friend standing near will say, 'Of course they do. Are they not speaking to us in our own language?' She looks at us, reflects a while, and says, 'So they are.' Another says, 'These poor things are worthy of their work, because they listen to us so patiently.'

"The dispensary is a meeting-place for friends who could not otherwise meet. They often appoint the dispensary as the one place in which they may come to tell us of their troubles and difficulties. Many of the girls who attend the dispensary are so grateful for their treatment that they come to our schools afterwards. Sometimes a mother will say, 'Cure this girl, and she shall come to your school.'"

"The schools on the whole are well attended, and the children often help us by singing in the dispensary the hymns which they have been taught at school. We have begun an industrial class, which has been self-supporting during the short time that it has been open. We hope this may be a means of helping poor widows, so that they may earn a living and not be obliged to live on charity, which is often so grudgingly given. When possible, we give work in the home to those who cannot come to the class. It is impossible for an Englishwoman to realize how helpless some of these women are. Imagine that you have to stop a piece of work for the want of a little more cotton, and that you cannot possibly finish it until one of the men folk, or an obliging child, will go out and buy a reel for you! An Indian woman in strict *pardah* cannot stir out

of the house, no matter how urgent her need may be. This shows the need of a teacher who can enter the closed doors." Miss Alice Ward writes that some of the zenana pupils took their lessons to heart so much that their relations became alarmed, and for several months a whole quarter of the city was closed to the workers, but later on they were entreated to resume their visits.

It is sometimes asked which is the most important work, educational, medical, zenana, evangelistic, or *bazar* preaching. It is not possible to say, for all are equally important, and each one helps the other. Perhaps the time when one realizes most the importance of any single branch is when there is a possibility of its being closed.

Sukkur is situated on the river Indus, and is half way between Karachi and Quetta. It became a station of the C.M.S. in 1885, and the C.E.Z.M.S. began work there in 1888. The mission has three out-stations, Rohri with a population of 10,000, Shikarpur with a population of 60,000, and, adjoining Sukkur, Larkana. The district of Larkana is the most populous in the whole of Sindh. During the first camping days the people were not sure of the ladies. Why had they come? Had the Government sent them? "They hesitated through fear," writes one of our missionaries, "but when they discovered that we had medicines with us, they warmed towards us. We were promptly led to a court-yard, and made to sit down on the best cot with the most gorgeous coloured rug they possessed. The women gathered round from everywhere, and tried by all manner of means to show us that we were all they wanted, and that God had truly sent us. There was now no need for fear!"

Speaking of zenana work, Miss Barton says that "at times it seems a slow way of reaching a wide circle of the people. A month's visit of the C.M.S. Quetta doctors to Shikarpur formed a great contrast. There were hundreds of out-patients daily, and sixty Gospels were sold, which will find their way into many a village where Christ has no other witness. The visit was a great and immediate help to our work, making us known as friends and helpers; for Sukkur workers were pressed into the service, because of their knowledge of the language. Yet on the whole I am more than ever satisfied with the slow and regular work of zenana visiting."

The medical work has its permanent base in the newly opened hospital at Larkana. What a boon it is to the people can be seen from the numbers who come, having heard of its

reputation from afar. "We are frequently reminded, by the people who bring their friends from great distances to the hospital for treatment, of the men who brought their friend to Jesus to be cured. A woman, who had twice been an in-patient, came in one day carrying a friend who was too ill to walk; they had come from a village about ten miles away. Some of the patients come from places at a distance of twenty miles, or even further away. If they come to stay and have little children at home, they say that they must get well soon, as they have 'thrown their children away' in order to come. This is their way of expressing that they have left their children behind! All around us are scores of villages, to most of which the fame of the hospital has penetrated."

Miss Rhiem has encouraging experiences among her pupils. The whole aspect is one of encouragement; the sowing time may seem long, but it is in God's Garden, and the desert shall indeed blossom wherever the River comes.

* **Karachi** is about twelve miles west of the most westerly outlet of the Indus. Its excellent harbour is a natural bay, formed by a projecting ridge of rock, and greatly improved by an extensive breakwater. It is a rapidly growing port. One hundred and twenty miles south-east of Karachi extends the delta of the river Indus, the shifting channels of which, only navigable by small craft, extend to the Rann of Katch. The Ranns are shown as arms of the sea on all maps, but they are no more than great salt marshes, covered with shallow water in the wet season, and in the dry months for the most part baked hard. They are the haunts of wild asses, which wander about in herds of fifty or sixty, and are so timid and fleet that they can seldom be caught. The Ranns are sea swamps in process of reclamation.

Sand and sea! Salt marshes and green stretches of mangroves! This is the outlook from Karachi. There are fine public buildings and beautiful dwelling-houses in the suburbs, but the C.E.Z. ladies live in the native part of the town, where are the usual flat-roofed houses, and narrow, dirty streets. They work also among the Makranis, a low-caste tribe living in straw huts on the sand. Camping is done in the villages. It is difficult ground to work on, opposition from Mohammedans and Hindus being very strong, yet there are nine schools with over six hundred pupils. A school has been built in the Liari quarter of Karachi for Makrani

* Cf. *A Geography of India.* C.L.S.

girls. There is a picture which shows some of them doing their drill, a line of merry maidens with pots on their heads. We can see how they move by the angle of the pots on their heads, and by the pressure of their feet on the soft sand, but all the while they are singing a boat song in Makrani, which we cannot hear.

Jhirak, now an out-station of the Society, is seventy miles from Karachi, and is reached by means of train and camel.

The work amongst women and children in Karachi was begun in 1880; five years afterwards Miss Brenton Carey came, and she has worked there for over a quarter of a century The story of these years must come from her pen. "Would you like to leap back twenty-five years, and take a peep into the first girls' mission school in Karachi? Its name is Salt Gate School, as it is the quarter of Karachi nearest to the sea. Come then up this dirty little lane in the heart of the city. . . . Pushing open an old, creaky door, you find yourself in a room of perhaps twelve or sixteen feet, with a large hole in the roof to let in air and sun. A space of about four feet is taken up with water pots, and is hardly a part of the school, except that the blackboard and mat may find a place there. The children's forms are arranged round a raised part of twelve foot square, and at a table in front of them sits a tall old man, wearing the distinctive Sindhi hat, which reminds us of an English top hat turned upside down; it is red at the top, and there are stripes of red and green down the sides. He has loose trousers, with a white muslin skirt worn outside them, and a coat of striped cotton. About ten children are seated round him, and he explains that there are fifteen on the roll, but that one stays away to help her mother, another is ill, another is going to be married, the grandmother of one has just died, so she must be away for some days, and another has had a quarrel with one of her school-fellows and will not come.

"When you watch the teaching, your only surprise is that any children are found willing to come to school. There are no games, no needlework, nothing to make grammar, geography, or sums pleasant, and the little girls bend over lists of names of places and shout them out, waving backwards and forwards as they commit them to memory. As soon as you are gone, the old master takes off his hat, that he may feel the heat less, rests his weary legs on the table, and has a refreshing nap. . . . Are you surprised if a groan escapes from the new missionary, when she comes in unexpectedly and finds this cheerful state of things? Oh.

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for a refined, educated Christian woman to step in and take this place! 'But that will never be! What can be done with no Christian fellow workers?' is the despairing cry of the elder missionary. 'But words of faith and hope soon follow, for she is assured of this: 'If God intends us to do the work, He will send the workers.' And so the experienced missionary and the one new to India find alike that their only help and strength is in prayer and that 'never' and 'cannot be' are words that none of God's children may use.

"The answer soon came. May, 1886, saw a Gujerati school opened with a Christian teacher; an assistant missionary was in charge, who also began the successful work which she has carried on ever since among the mothers of Ranchor Lines and Ram Swami Gari Khata. In 1888 a second Gujerati school and also a Marathi school were opened, both with Christian teachers. Still the old Hindu teacher taught in the Sindhi school. But at the same time the Gospel story was told, and, although the master kept up a steady opposition, some of the children's hearts opened in response to the message of Salvation. The school increased, and in 1887 we saw thirty-five pupils, who represented as many houses where the missionary was always welcome.

"In the meanwhile prayer was being made continually for the much needed Christian teacher, who should be always with the pupils, daily influencing them. In 1889 a song of praise went up from the Salt Gate School, when a Christian Indian lady of high education and attainments, who felt the call of God to lay all on His altar, took her place among the girls, after learning Sindhi for only three months. Fear, which first of all filled the minds of parents and children at this innovation, quickly gave place to trust and love. Infants were soon jumping gaily as they sang 'Round and round the Mulberry Bush,' with very unmusical voices but happy faces, or they were trying to bring out the notes of 'Jesus loves me, this I know,' as they listened to the daily told story of a Saviour's love.

"Now in 1911, if you could only take another peep into Salt Gate School, you would find three fair-sized rooms, filled with nearly one hundred children, taught by five Christian teachers. These teachers have been trained and taught by the one who first gave herself to this work, and now she is able to spend much time in helping and cheering her old girls who have married into new homes.

"A third school for Gujeratis was opened in 1892 in the Sudder Bazar, where another assistant missionary, who had

mastered the language with untiring perseverance, overlooked the Christian teacher, and visited from house to house. It was not until 1895 that a new Sindhi school was opened, with a young Bengali Christian teacher in charge, who also had first to learn the language. . . . In 1900 a Sindhi school for Mohammedans was begun in the Trans-Liari quarter, and a small Marathi school for low caste children in a room kindly lent for it in the C.M.S. compound. A school for girls who wished to learn English was opened in 1905. This brought up the number to nine schools, with six hundred and fifty children on the rolls. All the schools have Christian head teachers, and these are assisted in some cases by under teachers who are non-Christians in name only, and who thus have an opportunity of hearing the Gospel message with the elder girls. Párvati, one such teacher in the oldest Gujerati school, refused a place where she could have got much higher pay, saying, 'I shall not hear the Word of God in that school, I will stay here; never mind about the pay, I must hear God's words.' The plague has carried her off this year, but need we sorrow for her as those who have no hope?

"This is something of the story of twenty-five years' work in Karachi city. Work has also been carried on in the outlying villages from time to time during the short cold weather months. As we look back, we have to thank our Heavenly Father for mercies all along the way, and for His faithfulness in answering prayer."

The results of the last thirty years are solid and far-reaching. It cannot be shown by a long list of those who professed their belief publicly; such are at present few in Sindh. There is one indeed in Karachi, who was once a pupil and is now the Christian teacher of one of the schools. But the number of secret believers is great; some of these have passed away confessing Christ, and others are living and confessing Him among their friends. There is also a great loosening of the bonds of superstition; some have ceased to worship the sea, and one woman disapproves when she sees an old Brahman woman putting red Hindu marks on her forehead. There is even a movement towards the right giving of charity, help to be given to the poor and not to the rich Brahmans.

The ground has been prepared, the seed has been sown. What more is needed? Surely the shower of blessing. A stream! A flood! Waters to swim in, as the river that could not be passed over—the River Glorious and the Sea.

Chapter 3.

THE LAND OF THE FIVE RIVERS.

The Land of the Five Rivers is the most northerly corner of the great northern plain. To the north-east it stretches into the Himalayas. The north-west corner is a low plateau of about 2,000 feet; the Salt Range cuts this off from the plain, which slopes gradually down to the great Indian desert. *The five rivers name it Panjab, and they bring the water which, branching off into canals, makes in the sandy plain bright fields of cultivation. But the great space is the wilderness still, because of its vastness. The cities and villages are but incidents, for the line of departure is clean cut. "The desert creeps close" up to the city walls, and the green grass grows only so far as the water comes. From a house-top the traveller looks out to the horizon, sweeping the whole round of the visible earth without obstruction, as from a ship to the wide sea, and the vastness and the spell of it claims him and keeps him enthralled. The great, silent wilderness holds its own. The villages, although there are thousands of them, exact nothing from its "spacious completeness," nor does the cry of them do more than accentuate its stillness. The faint, blue mass on the horizon line, that mound of huts in the middle distance, the mud walls and the well just across the field are but as little islands on the sea, for if you travel for days, you will find it just so—fields and sand and villages, and beyond to the south-west a land not inhabited.

The desert is the furnace of Northern India. By days and months of fire from heaven the plain is burned, until every blade of coarse grass and scrub and sand-laden leaf of the wilderness shrinks, and all the wild creatures cry out for thirst. Then comes a time when Nature stops to listen: the wind slows down and dies, the children of the desert cease to cry. They wait. Suddenly a darkness, a breath of fire, a whirling tempest of sand, and the silent waste becomes

* Cf. *A Geography of India.* C.L.S.

a temple of the winds. The fiery wind and tempest sweep over the Panjab and Sindh, converting for a time what might otherwise be a temperate climate into one of the hottest in the world.

The inhabitants, that is the Jats or Cultivators, ought to be as Damascus blades, tempered by extremes of ice and fire. They are indeed strong and austere in body and mind, as compared with the people of the more temperate south, and the strong land keeps them true to the north, for, migrate as they will, their hearts turn back again. But the spell of the plains is not only upon her own children, it grips the stranger within her gates. Scourged by fever heat, chilled with ague, exile in heart, though greatly loved, misunderstood and yet trusted all the time of his sojourn, nevertheless, when he goes away, the plains of the East will recall him from the ends of the earth. Of all the paradoxes of India this is the strangest, that the British exile finds the home of his heart in her deserts, as he finds a resting-place in the memory of her sons.

The Panjab is the wheat field of India, for the silent plain is a part of the great land of villages. "Of the twenty-six million inhabitants more than nineteen million live in villages containing less than two thousand people. The great cities of India are few in number. Romance, history, impressions of passing events cast their shadows on the great cities, but the real life of the people is to be seen in the myriads of hamlets and villages that dot the plains. There in those quiet secluded communities, consisting of a few score or at most a few hundred families, is found the essence of India." *

A mud village in the Panjab! There is the acacia tree in the yard, and the mud steps going up on to the roof, and Chand Kor, and some others looking over the wall! A village to the life, all but the colour. The huts, a part of the great plain, are of its uniform tawny shade, the sky blue as the turquoise. The acacia branches cast sharp little shadow leaves on the white light lying on the ground. To the left is the full foliage of the pipal tree. Eastern light has magic in it, and can lend to this mud heap phases of beauty—the brilliant noon, the crimson sunset and the night. It may be the "milk-white" night of the moon in November, that beautiful month of the "rose-cold" season—that exquisite time before the cold begins, when the nights are cool as the chill of a rose on a hot cheek. Or it may

* Lechmere Taylor, *The Land of the Five Rivers.*

be a starlight night, when the heavens are blue as the second stone of the foundation of the Holy City. And betweenwhiles the gloaming of the north is in the east, a few elusive incomparable minutes of change. The time between is short, and one is sometimes startled to find that swiftly, imperceptibly the day has been cut off, that the shadows flow in an opposite direction, and that the shimmer on the waves of wheat is of the moon now brightening, for the sun has gone. The silver tide of light is setting in from the east.

But the village is a mass of dwellings, not a vision, and the people are men and women, vivid personalities for the most part, who are earning their bread by the sweat of their brow. The man is strong, independent, rough and honest. His daily life from seed-time to harvest is a life of toil. The woman has quite as much to do in her own way. At early dawn she grinds the corn, brings water from the well, cooks the food, and carries it out to the labourers in the field. She is not shut up in the zenana like her richer Mohammedan sisters, but she pays the full price of her freedom in toil. The Panjabi agriculturist is second to none among the races of India. Plain and rough, speaking a language the accent of which can only be produced by a throat of iron, he can hold his own wherever he goes. He has also some imagination, for, although, practical to the extreme, he makes syrup of the white water-lily leaf, he will wear a bit of cauliflower for a buttonhole. The buttonhole is worn in the earring, if by a lady; a gentleman will stick it in his turban.

We have been thinking of the silence of the plains, but that silence is made up of a multitude of voices. As a volume of sound how inarticulate, but, should a cry from one heart reach us, how intense, how poignant! The account of work as a whole, how wonderfully little it touches us, but, if from among the crowd we see a face, the mass of humanity melts away. So thus it is that the history of a mission may sometimes circle round the life-story of a little child.

Missions were first founded in the Panjab in 1857. There are now many missionary agencies there; England, Scotland, Ireland and America are coming nobly to the front. The Gospel is preached in most of the large towns and in thousands of the villages, but, as this story is about the work of the C.E.Z.M.S., the scenes will appear in Amritsar, with its surrounding villages, and the village centres in the district, Majitha, Doburji, Jandiala, Asrapur, Batala, Khutrain and Narowal. Although the latter belongs to the Sialkot district, it is included here for the sake of convenience.

In a garden in Amritsar there is a banyan tree, with many branches that have drooped downwards until they have taken root, and which now surround the parent stem as the pillars of a church. When the first slender stem floated down, Miss Tucker (A.L.O.E.) noted it, and named it Batala. Since then more stems have rooted, and more pillars have formed, and have received a name, for, as each one grew, a little mission home rose up in the jungle. Amritsar is the banyan tree, so the first description will be of the parent stem.

Amritsar.—Lahore is the Government capital of the Panjab, Amritsar is its religious centre, or, more strictly speaking, it is the religious centre of the Sikhs. The town owes its name and existence to the sacred tank called A-mritsar, or "the fountain of immortality," which surrounds the Golden Temple. The temple is the shrine of the Sikh nation, and the hearth of its patriotism. Built of marbles, taken as spoils of war from the Mohammedans at Delhi, and covered with gold, each layer being added to as wealth increased, it is the golden casket of the sacred Book of the Sikhs. The Golden Temple is small, and cannot be compared either in beauty or magnitude with the Táj at Agra, or the Temple of Siva at Madura, nor has it the grace of the quiet dome by some tank in the city. It bears no impress of time, or storm, or stress of history, and the gold, which at first covered the summit only, has crept down over the white marble, and has blotted out its simplicity. But it has a barbaric distinction of its own. It should be seen at sunset, when the day gives gold for gold, for all is light and life and colour, and the temple is as a part of the golden city. Shirázi pigeons fly in and out without fear, their green and purple feathers shining as the gems of the shrine. The Darshni Darwáza is the only gate of entrance to the temple. The words mean the "Gate of Vision." Thousands of worshippers pass through it every day before the dawn, when it is still too dark to see a face, and till night. A great tamarind tree shades the outer enclosure, and a stair leads one round a quiet nook into the town. The marble pavement is inlaid with onyx, malachite and cornelian. Here and there are scented heaps of marigolds and roses, ready for offering.

As far as architectural unity is concerned, there is a harsh note of discord struck by the English clock tower. It stands on the outside plinth of the whole enclosure, and faces the street in straightforward ugliness. It is higher than the other buildings, and it was said that the people who should build

a tower higher than any of those near the temple would rule the country. From the top of one of the towers can be seen the Government buildings, Hindu temples, Mohammedan mosques and the Christian church. At the outskirts, near where the Máha Singh gate once stood, are the C.M.S. Hospital, or the Flag for Christ, and the massive building known for all time as the City Mission House, now the C.E.Z.M.S. Hospital. Still further away, and out of the city, is the Alexandra High School for Girls; near it are clumps of trees, amongst which are the mission bungalows.

The zenana work proper cannot be seen from without. The greater part of it takes place in the houses and schools among the streets and lanes of the city. The Central School is carried on in that large building, the turrets of which are visible among the sea of roofs. It has spacious courts and a massive door, coarsely carved, but rich and effective; hosts of pigeons nest in every available cranny and ledge, and fly upwards at the sound of approach, with a clatter of wings. This wide sea of houses is the city of Amritsar. It is winter, and above is a brilliant blue sky. It is not possible, because of the glare, to see anything at midday in the hot weather, so it happens that, when writing of the day's work, the memory conjures up one of these radiant days in the cold weather. The history of the C.E.Z.M.S. work, from its beginning until now, has been brought before us in a series of snapshots, taken by one who knew all about it.

Amritsar and Neighbourhood as seen in early days.—The mission staff consists of two English ladies, new and inexperienced, and one Biblewoman. In the city there are about half a dozen primary day schools for Hindu and Mohammedan girls, taught by men, with the exception of one school; all the teachers are unqualified and untrained.

The following is a snapshot of one school:—A room, its space eighteen by fifteen feet, is enclosed by rough brick walls, with no roof. The ground is covered by the thirty scholars, sitting promiscuously on the floor, without any arrangement of classes. The teacher is an old *bhai*, or instructor of the Sikh religion, held in much respect among Sikhs and Hindus. In his hand is a cane, from which the reed pens are cut, when needed. He sweeps this long sceptre over his little kingdom of subjects, but fails to awe them into silence. A perpetual chatter is kept up all school time, especially when the missionary's footsteps are heard outside, noise being supposed to show that business is going on. At the entrance is piled up a collection of heel-less shoes belonging to the scholars. In

a recess at the further end of the room, there are three earthenware jars filled with water. An old woman sits by, pouring water into the thirsty children's hands, or washing slates or writing-boards. More than half of the water is spilt in the operation, and the mud floor underneath is broken up into lakes and rivulets. The scholars, brought in by an old woman, who has escorted them from their homes, keep arriving during the whole three hours of school time. Names are called over at the close, not at the commencement of school, the object being not to ensure punctuality, but to show as many attendance marks as possible. The reading lesson begins. The girls hold books, or the survivors of what have once been books, in their hands. Words are repeated more from memory than sight; they are often difficult, and the meaning is not understood. Comprehending the sense of what is read belongs to a more advanced stage of learning, not required from primary scholars. When it is time for the writing lesson, each child holds a small blackboard; in her hand is a reed pen, and by her side is a small earthenware pot, filled, if the contents are not already spilt on the floor or her dress, with white mud. The teacher snatches up the board. With a piece of smooth stone he scratches on it the whole alphabet of thirty-five letters, combined with vowels or short words, which the pupil afterwards traces over with pen and mud. The scrawl is scarcely legible when the operation is completed, but no correction is considered necessary. It is sufficient that the board is filled, and it will then be washed in readiness for next day. Next comes the arithmetic lesson. The children hold in their hands odds and ends of slates, from a whole one to the smallest fragment. The teacher either writes on these himself, or dictates to the children a certain number of figures, to which one or other of the four simple rules are to be applied. The result may possibly be corrected, if time allows. An old woman in one corner, with a dozen or so children round her, is supposed to be teaching needlework, the children with many coloured threads tracing indistinguishable pieces of embroidery on bits of red cotton cloth. School over, the scholars run out with a rush, tumbling over one another in the doorway.

The houses of the poor are accessible, but there is not one of the homes of the secluded in which visits are paid, or teaching given. There is not one convert from Amritsar or the neighbourhood who is the fruit of zenana or school work, though two or three wives of C.M.S. converts have been baptized with their husbands.

In these early years medical mission work did not exist. There was no doctor, no hospital, no dispensary.

Village Missions thirty-seven years ago.—At Batala there was no church, or congregation of Christians. In the town lived a catechist. The Amritsar zenana missionaries made a short stay in 1873, and opened the first girls' school ever known there. Much anxiety was expressed lest children should be kidnapped by the ladies, but gradually fears subsided, and before long five schools were started. They were superintended from Amritsar. There was no medical work of any kind. Tarn Taran had one girls' school for Mazhabi Sikhs. These originally belonged to the sweeper class, but were admitted to the Sikh community, on account of service rendered to one of the *Gurus*. Ladies from Amritsar visited this school from time to time, but on account of other work could not do more. No work of any kind was carried on amongst women in Jandiala. Ajnala at that time was unknown. Narowal was a blank, as far as work among women was concerned, and Asrapur-Atari and Khutrain were also unknown. In Majitha, a town of eight thousand inhabitants, there was no work amongst women. There is a circle of eighty villages within six miles of Amritsar, but at that time these were unvisited, and their names were scarcely known.

Amritsar and Neighbourhood as seen in 1910.—The mission staff consists of three English ladies, five Indian lady assistants, and three Biblewomen. More than five hundred girls are under instruction in the city schools, chiefly gathered in a large, central building, lent for the purpose for many years rent free by a wealthy Hindu lady. There is a band of female teachers, all of whom have passed some school standard, and some with teachers' certificates, engaged with their classes in different rooms of the building. School opens with prayer by the Christian head teacher. Bible lessons are given by her, or by one of the missionaries, to younger children from coloured pictures, while the older ones read from a child's Bible or Gospel in simple, everyday language. Reading is taught in a graduated course, from interesting and instructive books suitable for each standard, the pupils being carefully questioned on the meaning of what they read. Infants write letters on boards strewn with sand. In the higher classes they write on boards, with the upper line written by the teacher for a copy, while the older ones show copy-books written with pen and ink. In arithmetic, notation is carefully taught. Miscellaneous questions, involving the use of more than one rule, are written on the blackboard, and the pupils copy and

work these out, and the result is shown up by each child in turn. Plain sewing is taught, graduated according to classes, from simple hemming to the cutting out and making up of garments such as are worn by themselves. In the upper department on inspection day each child presents a pair of socks, and often a piece of embroidery. When school is over, the scholars again assemble in one room for prayer, and names being once more called over, the pupils are dismissed in order.

Hundreds of pupils have now been under instruction in zenanas. More houses are open than can be entered by the small staff of teachers available, and there is a cry on all sides for English teaching. There is also a demand for literature, and educated Indian ladies begin to take in papers and periodicals. There is a great need for more publications of this kind on Christian lines, as an evangelizing agency. The first converts from zenanas and zenana mission schools were baptized in 1875 and 1876. Since that time many others have been brought out from among Mohammedans, Hindus and Sikhs, through God's grace, by means of these educational agencies. These have been sheltered in the converts' home, and after training there have become Bible-women, Christian teachers in schools, helpers in hospitals and in other posts of mission work. Two have been wives of Indian pastors. Several have been Christian mothers, bringing up their children in the faith of Christ, and dedicating them to His service. Some have fallen asleep, rejoicing in the blessed hope of eternal life which they had received through the Gospel.

St. Catherine's Hospital was opened in 1883 in a rented house in the city, and re-opened in 1910 in the premises of the City Mission House, with new wards built in the compound, and two qualified English medical women, Indian assistant doctors and a nursing staff. There are three dispensaries in the city.

Village Missions as seen in 1910.—At Batala there is a bungalow for lady missionaries, in which Miss Tucker (A.L.O.E.) spent many years of her life, teaching in the zenanas of the town. Though it is a very bigoted place, many houses are open for regular teaching, and fruit has been gathered in. There is a zenana hospital and dispensary.

Tarn Taran is one of the circle of village mission stations taken up by Miss Clay in 1888. Three hundred villages in the district are visited by zenana missionaries. The Zenana Mission compound contains a convenient house for the staff

of St. Mary's Hospital. In the town and in some villages are schools for Hindu and Mohammedan girls. In 1876 a girls' school was opened at Jandiala, in charge of the schoolmaster's wife, and in 1882 it was taken over by the village mission. The mission premises were enlarged for the use of the English ladies. There is a C.E.Z. hospital, built in memory of the Rev. Henry Wright, and the villages around are regularly visited. Work was begun at Ajnala in 1884, and it is one of the most important centres of village work. The mission compound in itself is like a Christian village, containing a church, a hospital for women, and dwelling-houses for English and Indian workers. There is a large number of low caste Christians in the district, who are shepherded by an Indian pastor, assisted by zenana workers. Work at Narowal was begun in 1885. A convenient bungalow was built for the missionaries, as well as a hospital, and a boarding-school for Christian girls. The village Christian women are watched over and taught, and it has become a centre for itinerations over a large district. The work at Asrapur-Atari dates from 1890. There is a church, a women's hospital, a bungalow for the lady missionary and her fellow workers, and these and the schools are all in charge of Indian ladies. There is a school at Majitha for Hindu and Sikh girls, begun by the village mission. In 1883 it was handed over to the care of the Amritsar zenana mission, and in 1899 a bungalow, with a dispensary adjoining, was built for a resident zenana missionary and her assistant. The houses in the town are visited, and itineration is carried on in the district.

The work at Khutrain was begun in 1898. There is a large and commodious house for the missionaries, besides dwellings for Biblewomen and Indian helpers, a church and a dispensary. Missionaries have been resident there for some years, and it is connected at the present time with the Majitha district work.

In the circle of eighty villages within six miles of Amritsar the first itineration was made in 1883. A rest house was built at Doburji about ten years later, and is frequently occupied for the sake of visiting the twenty villages around. Tent itinerations enable workers to reach villages in other parts.

There is no picture extant of the old fort of Máha Singh, but there is a mound and a tree, and near them a small house, probably older, which belonged to Ladha Singh. The size can be judged by the extent of the site, and the materials and the ordering of the rooms from those of the Ladha Singh. This last is a haunted house, so an old lady said, and she

was convinced that it must be true, for she had seen a ghost, but, as it is now the abode of Christians, it is all right. The present form of the old fort is well known to us all, for the site and the materials were handed over by the municipality to the mission. A mission house was built, and it was made double-storied and large, in order that the upper rooms might be above the surrounding houses, and open to the air from the country. An Indian parsonage was also erected, on one side of which was built the Indian Christian *serai* for the entertainment of strangers, and on the other a house for meetings amongst the people. It now forms the central ward of the C.M.S. hospital. An old Christian man left the money to build it, with the request that it should be called "A Flag for Christ." Between the years 1866 and 1881 everything went on well and prospered as regards the City Mission House. The C.M.S. occupied it. Two, three and even four missionaries had at different times lived together in the city amongst the people. No death had occurred amongst the missionaries in the city, although there had been more than one death amongst those who were living in the civil stations. But in 1881 came the pestilence. The city was decimated. In the following year five English missionaries were again living together at their post in the City Mission House, but it was no longer safe to remain there, and of necessity they retired to the civil lines to await the carrying out of the new system of drainage, and the introduction of pure water into the city by the Government.

In October, 1883, the Fort was again occupied, this time by Miss Wauton and the ladies of the C.E.Z.M.S. For twenty-five years it has been a centre of light for the women of the city, and now, as St. Catherine's Hospital, it is a haven of rest for sufferers.

The story of old St. Catherine's Hospital is a noble record of devotion. It is the mother of medical work in the Panjab, and in its new surroundings will continue to be the base of medical operations for the district. In 1908 the Zenana Mission was removed to a bungalow, and the old fort became the new St. Catherine's Hospital. A ward, as the first beginning of the new hospital, has been built in the garden, and the beds can be taken outside and put under the trees, or, if it is during the cold weather, those who are able to do so will sit out in the sunshine, just as they used to do in the courtyard of old St. Catherine's. It seems so natural to think of some of them being there still. There was old mother Jugnu, her smiling face looking out from a group

of patients and nurses, all of them well-known and dear, and here in the new ward amongst many others was a striking face. It looked sad ; that is how it was then, but Mālan has been comforted long ago. Of all the dream faces these two are the most distinct. It is strange that Mālan's face should appear so clearly, for she was not known to me until her doctor wrote down her story.

Jugnu was a gay old lady, and must have been very handsome in her youth. Neither age nor illness could quench her brightness, and she entirely lived up to her name, which means "fire-fly." At first an in-patient of the hospital, she finally became a Christian inmate of the institution. The change came naturally, like the unfolding of a flower, and as its closing for the night was her last sleep in Jesus.

Mālan had to bear the yoke in her youth. While still a young woman, she was brought to the hospital in great suffering. Her case was hopeless, but her husband would not allow her to end her days quietly there, and after a while took her home again. In her own house she had no care or nursing, but while she had been in hospital, she had met the Lord Jesus, and He had given her peace. Her doctor and nurse came as often as they could to see her, and, although she was in constant pain, she always greeted them with a bright smile. Miss Vines saw her a few hours before the end. Her voice had become faint, and it was hardly possible to hear what she said, but her last action was more eloquent than words. Taking Miss Vines' hand, she laid it on her heart, and with a bright smile pointed upwards.*

Shamaun's Flag flies over the C.M.S. Hospital. The outer edge of the old fort is still used as a Christian *serai*, and it is in this way that the old fort of Ranjit is garrisoned and held, but the garrison is never complete. There is the ever-recurring gap in the ranks, that mark of active service which calls for reinforcement. Recruits were never more urgently needed, for, although ultimate victory is certain, the opposing force is very great. This deadly array of spiritual wickedness is greater than we can ever know or understand. The heart would fail before it, if we did not believe that from the very midst of it souls are called out and made white, and that of such there is a multitude that no man can number on its way to God. The Good Shepherd meets each one unawares, in the hospital ward, in the class at school, in the crowded streets, and His face is so fair that they follow Him. Príti,

* Cf. *Indian Medical Sketches.* Dr. C. S. Vines.

the beloved, learned about Jesus in school, and was baptized with the full consent of her Hindu father. Her life was short, but much was revealed through it. The night before her death she had a dream—a vision of angels, and Jesus Himself in the midst, and He took her up in His arms.

Sometimes He calls a whole family, each member apart and in different ways. The mother hears first of all, when a little child. Someone is teaching the older ones in the zenana; later on she learns more at school, and years afterwards, a widow with three sons, she becomes a teacher in one of the Majitha schools, because she wishes to learn still more. Her sons in the meanwhile are being taught in the C.M.S. school. At last they are all united in the Household of God. This is a special joy, for baptism too often involves the severance of the closest family ties.

Nowadays the people, especially the Mohammedans, are calling out for the education of their wives and daughters, but the more thoughtful of the men require something even better than this. A Mohammedan father brought his daughter to the Central School. He told one of the missionaries that neighbours and friends had been urging him to have her married, but that he had said: "No, not yet. What I desire most of all is that my child shall become good; there is much wickedness abroad in these days."

Much wickedness! The whole city is lying in wickedness, but it is met and conquered, and, thank God, at the request of the people themselves.

There is an Industrial Home for the Christian Blind at Rajpur, which is on the low hills near Dehra Dun, in the United Provinces. The Home is in two pretty bungalows among the trees. The Institution for the Blind in Amritsar was founded in 1887-1888, in connection with St. Catherine's Hospital. It was removed to Rajpur in 1903, so that the inmates might have more room, and live in the better surroundings of country life. Miss Annie Sharp had the joy of founding the work and of seeing her people comfortably settled in their new quarters. Shortly afterwards the call came; it came suddenly in the midst of her work, but she arose quickly and came unto Him. Miss Frances Sharp and her sister then took over the charge of the family of fifty. Forty of these are women and girls. Two former pupils are still working as Biblewomen, one at Fatehpur and the other at Indore. Another girl has gone to help at the Dera Ismail Khan hospital. All the inmates are expected to help themselves as much as possible, and are thus kept occupied and happy.

The Braille system is used in teaching the blind, and much blessing has resulted from the earnest work done among them. The industries taught are mat-making, spinning, weaving and knitting. The boys make cane chairs, stools and baskets. Blind people work slowly, however, and the Home cannot be self-supporting. A Christian *munshi* acts as the house-father, conducts service on Sunday, and does some evangelistic work.

The little mission at Rajpur calls to mind green pastures and quiet resting-places, the house in the wood, the house father and the children going to church in the bright sunlight. Surely no last resting-place could be more peaceful. Annie Sharp is at rest, and the little flock, which she guarded and for which she toiled, are all around her. The quiet grave is our precious possession, and with God is its victory.

Off-shoots of the Banyan Tree.—Girls' schools planted out in Batala, Tarn Taran, Jandiala, and later on in Majitha and other villages near Amritsar, were the first thread-like roots from the banyan tree that touched the ground, claiming it as a field of operation. It was not, however, until Miss Tucker made her home in Batala, and Miss Clay built the mission house at Jandiala, that the Panjab Village Mission can be said to have been founded.

While the Jandiala home was being built, Miss Clay began the then "new experiment in the Panjab of itinerating among the villages. . . . It was about two o'clock on Tuesday, January 18th, 1881, when I at last got off," and she writes of the seventeen miles drive over the rough country road, the entering of the village when the sun was low, the wondering eyes of the people, the almost empty rest-house, and next day the telling of the "old old story" with the Biblewoman in the village. The scene bears the great interest of the beginning of a story. Many chapters of it have been written since then, and to-day we read of a large company of village missionaries, numbers of village mission houses and centres of work, churches, Christian congregations, dispensaries, hospitals and schools. But a peculiar and singular interest rests on the first page. It gives the picture of two Christian women, alone and without any settled dwelling-place, taking the Message for the first time. It is like the tiny source of a broadening stream, to which it is well to make a pilgrimage, if only to see what God has wrought.

Jandiala is eleven miles from Amritsar. It is a large

village, almost a town. Many of the houses are built in the same way as the mud huts of the smaller villages, but there are more of them, and several larger ones, called "Hawélís," are built of brick. The distinctive feature of Jandiala is the colony of Jains. It is a small, but a zealous community. A Jain temple stands at one end of the town, which was thirty years in building, because the Jains strained all the water that was used, to ensure the safety of insect life; niches are built into the walls to shelter the birds. While one of the houses in the mission compound was being built, a Jain builder begged to have a brick left out in the wall, to make a hole for some birds to live in. One of the missionaries was once turned out of a house, because she happened to tread on an ant. Jain nuns have been seen in the town, dressed in white and with a small bundle of books slung over their shoulders; but it seemed an uncommon sight, for so many people were watching them.

In the middle of the town there is a Sikh temple, built by a *Guru*, and near the edge of it is the little church and the school. The pretty mission bungalow is outside, in a garden of fruit trees.

My first impression of Jandiala was on a hot morning in the early summer of 1882. The house had not been enlarged as it is now, but was just that for which Miss Clay had pleaded, "half a bungalow." The trees had not grown, there were no Christians in the district, and the people were suspicious of strangers. Miss Catchpool was learning the language, and I knew next to nothing of it. A very patient Biblewoman divined the meaning of our incoherent utterances, and translated them into simple sentences. How easy it seemed when she said them! It was Sunday morning. There was no church, so a few of us, about twelve in all, met in the verandah; Padre Sadiq preached, and we tried to follow from afar his vigorous sermon in Panjabi. On Monday we went to a village. I can remember nothing else but the dusty road, the dusty village, and the noisy people; they would have none of us, and we left the place under a shower of stones. It had never happened thus before; Miss Catchpool had found a friendly if not an understanding crowd everywhere else, but the exception was what I saw, and it is to me the Jandiala of thirty years ago.

The Jandiala of to-day is otherwise. The opposition in the villages is breaking down, and many are turning to Christ. There are schools for Mohammedan, Hindu and Sikh girls, and about a hundred pupils learn in these schools. There is

a hospital, with twelve beds, a ward for consumptives, and two dispensaries. A congregation of about thirty meet in the little Christian church. The district round Jandiala is exceedingly hard, but the medical work is the power which breaks up the ground. It is not possible to measure the direct evangelistic work which results from the medical work, but when we hear of a former patient teaching her friends and neighbours what she has learnt in hospital, we thank God and take courage. No hopeless cases are refused, and many weary ones come to rest, and some to die, finding not only the quiet night, but the perfect end. One of the inmates at present is a little cripple. Eight years ago she was brought in insensible. It had been supposed that she was in the possession of an evil spirit, and her back was covered with scars, where she had been branded with a hot iron, one of the drastic means used to exorcise a demon. She was sent home relieved. Not long ago someone found her under a tree near the hospital, left there—her relations having no further use for her—a waif, God's waif, for His children to find and care for. She is now a Christian.

Medical work not only disarms prejudice, but it is an "open sesame" to all doors. We have seen how one of the missionaries was once turned out of a Jain house, because she trod on an ant on her way in, but she was promptly sent for in time of illness.

Jandiala, the hard and difficult, is now a centre of hopeful Christian work, its light spreading in all directions to the villages around, and this has all come about since that hot morning in 1882.

Batala. — Picturesque Batala! Tanks, temples, lanes between cactus hedges, the boys' school in a palace, bungalows among the banyan trees! The last of the line is the C.E.Z.M.S. bungalow, with the part where A.L.O.E. lived, which she called the setting sun, and further on is the Christian cemetery, where she is laid to rest. In the town is a hospital, which is called the Star.

The town itself is a notable cluster of high roofs and towers amongst the ordinary low mud huts and houses, and is surrounded by a wall with twelve gates; this, with its population of about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, removes it many degrees from the usual Panjabi village. It is a village mission centre notwithstanding, and was one of the first columns to descend from the parent tree. Schools had been begun in 1873, and were superintended from Amritsar until zenana work became established, when Miss Tucker

took up her abode there about the year 1876. Her work was for the most part amongst the zenanas in the town. Her pupils were Hindus, Mohammedans and Sikhs, and also some of a bigoted sect of Mohammedans, called Kakáyis, who live in one part of the town. The district of the village mission extends thirty-five miles in a north-easterly direction towards the Himalayas, and measures some twelve miles across at its widest part. It includes four towns, Batala, Sri Govindpur, Dera Nának and Fathgarh, and about five hundred villages.

Many of the zenana ladies visited are in strict *pardah*. As being secluded is a sign of distinction, they are proud of it in some cases. A few, in spite of the increase of knowledge everywhere, are bigoted idolaters. It is difficult to realize that women who are in some measure linked with the civilized world can still at this present day be snake worshippers. A woman told Miss Clarke that, whatever other idol worship she would give up, she would never give up worshipping the snake. A week or so before, a snake had appeared in her house. She immediately sent to the *bazar* for fresh milk to put in front of the hole, and then waited to see the snake come out and drink and retire. He gets very different treatment elsewhere—instead of milk and adoration, plenty of stick and a hole in the garden!

Bigotry and prejudice, however, are becoming more and more a vanishing quantity. The wave of advance which is passing over the land will wash the shores of the remote places also. May it bring with it the truth of God! Not very long ago a woman asked Miss Cresswell whether what the Mohammedans said was true, that Christ was coming again to reign. They cannot know what the Coming means, but they know that the Lord Jesus is a Sinless Prophet, and that He is ever merciful. A Mohammedan pedlar was once telling of one of his journeys in the Central Himalayas. It is some years ago, and the lines of the story have become indistinct, but it was something like this. He told how the people put stones, as they passed a certain place, as a memorial not of the dead, but of themselves. They were stones of memory for each one, which the Coming One would see, and then He would think of them and call them. When asked if he believed that the Lord would come, he said "Yes, we all believe that." It seemed strange that, with such a belief, he could still be a Mohammedan, and so I asked what would happen if the Lord Jesus came to call His own—what of those who do not belong to Him?

"Ah! I will go to Him, and He cannot refuse me, for He is so kind."

"You will go to Him then? Why not now?"

Ah, why indeed! This is a question which may be asked of thousands to-day in the zenanas and villages of India.

The compound of the Star Hospital is just within the city, and the garden wall is continuous with one of the twelve gates. Looking out on one side is the country, fields and trees stretching out into the distance; and on the other side are the houses and temples and mosques of the town, with trees between, for there are gardens everywhere. Beyond and far away towards the north are the Himalayas.

From the roof can be seen the daily life of the people, for the flat Eastern roof is an uncovered room, visible from all the higher surrounding houses. At sunrise, during the hot weather, there is a scene of early risers beginning their morning duties—beds put up on end against the walls, spinning wheels drawn up, perhaps a *samawar* for an early cup of tea.

Lower down there is a Mohammedan place of prayer, a wall facing towards Mecca, with a raised platform for kneeling. Worshippers are there, standing, kneeling, prostrating themselves before God, as their law requires. At noon they will come again, and at sunset.

Outside the town there is a Hindu temple, where groups of women and girls dressed in many colours go, carrying offerings.

But an ever recurring sight is the last journey of the dead, for there is both a burial and a burning ground near by. There is the hurried tramp of feet, the swell of voices, the priestly invocation, the muffled response, the swift passing of the bier, the wail of the women mourners, and the Hindu funeral is over—passed and gone out of the town. The Mohammedan funeral has the greater pathos of restraint. There is silence, and fewer mourners, for Mohammedan women never follow the bier.

Life and death jostle each other in an Eastern crowd; the wail for the dead mingles with the rejoicing for the bridegroom and bride. There are wedding processions, funerals, and the sound of every possible handicraft and labour, for there is nothing hidden from the light of the sun.

A whole little world in itself can be seen from the hospital roof, and also the inmates, for on the other side lies the courtyard, and in the hot weather, as all the patients sleep outside, it becomes a hospital ward. Like the scene without,

so familiar and ever changing, the ward never alters, yet it is never for many days at a time the same. Patients come and go as the passers by, but with this difference, that they stay where they are for a while! Sometimes they stay altogether, and the ward becomes the resting-place before the last journey. But if she is there even for only a short stay, a patient gets to know something of her kind friends, and she leaves a memory behind. Such memories float and fix, until they are as a long line of pictures, a gallery of portraits. Here is one of Indri, a Brahmani. At first she came as an out-patient, because her relations insisted that she must return to cook their food. Food comes first; it must be prepared at all costs. Even if it means death, what of that? The date of death is fixed, nothing can alter it, and it is always best to die at home. But pain is worse than death, and at last the pain became so great that Indri was sent to hospital as an inmate.

Oh, the rest of having time to be ill! The quiet, the comfortable bed, the skilful doctor, the kind nurse, nothing to do or to think of, but just to lie still, while the terrible cloud of pain slowly melts away. Then some morning, when the pain has gone and life seems good and all around so bright, a new interest dawns on the mind.

Indri looks up—someone is singing in the ward. The tune is familiar; she has heard it often, but the words—they are familiar too, but there is a difference.

"There's the Ganges and the Jamna and the Cave, Indri,
And the shrine where the pilgrim hastes to pray,
But Christ is the Lord of the Flood, Indri,
And safe o'er its waters He will bear you away."

She never wearies of the words, they comfort her, and she often thinks of them as she lies in bed. She is heard explaining their meaning to a new patient who has come in. Indri will not be forgotten. Her real name is something else, but it is well to call her by a typical or descriptive word. Reasons being obvious, nothing more need be said; in telling a story, the names are usually changed.

Next to Indri is Moon-Face, another Hindu girl, who loves Indian hymns. She cannot have enough, and she quickly learns them and understands their meaning. Two Mohammedan girls are further down in the row of beds. One of them, the Little Lady of Mercy, arrived in a very miserable condition, but she improved quickly after an operation. Does it not add to the interest to know that Katharine Gregg

helped Dr. Gertrude Stuart to perform the operation ? May it not be a crown of rejoicing to her now in that Land where there is no pain to think that some of the great suffering of the world was removed by a skilful touch? Mercy's grandmother told her not to learn hymns, but all the same she listens, remembers and understands. When the ear is deaf to all else, the music of the Gospel wins its way.

And what is to be said about the doll that makes Mercy so happy ? It is just as well that dolly cannot hear all the nice things that are said about her, for she might become a very conceited doll, but it will please her friends who dressed her and sent her out to India to know that she, as well as all her companions, do a good work there both in and out of hospital.

A group of patients comes next. There is an old Hindu woman, who is looked after by her daughter-in-law ; another is a cheerful old lady, although she has been paralysed for two years. The first night she came she was so glad to hear the name of God sung in praise. When she had heard it a few times more, she said she would sing too.

Lastly come the babies, the delight of the hospital. The nurses will be loth to let them go. It is so hard to part with a small thing ! But two are left, one of which is a baby girl, who was given to Miss English because her mother had died of plague. This is how it so often happens that a nursery must be added to a hospital ward.

A name, a face, here and there recalled from the crowd, show what can be seen from the roof of the hospital compound. This by no means represents what steady work means, year in and year out ; it is only a glimpse, and that for a few minutes only Later on, after the early morning duties, a glance into another court will find a group of out-patients listening to the Bible reading and address. These are the maimed, the sick and the blind gathered together. A typical group of India and the East, and of all time, for the centuries have left the scene intact—a few sick folk in the court and the blue sky, the Saviour unseen but very near. The heavens were blue, and the sun-scorched roofs looked just as these do, and the sick pressed near and told their sorrows to Jesus, very much in the same way as these poor women do, and He, seeing, had compassion, for they were as sheep having no shepherd.

Tarn Taran.—The word means " the saviour of the saved." It is a place of pilgrimage, because of the tank which is supposed to cure leprosy, and is in its own way a religious centre

of the Sikhs, second only to Amritsar. There is a golden temple by the tank, and Hindus and Sikhs from all parts flock there to bathe during every dark of the moon. I saw Tarn Taran about thirty years ago, when the only missionary agency was a little school for girls. There was the group of children with their Christian teacher, the village and the temple, but it is a dim memory. What remains as a clear impression is the green stretch of field upon field of springing wheat and mustard plants, the fragrant, golden fields of early spring, with never a house or wall anywhere near; it is an impression of an untouched land. It has been touched since then.

In 1883 medical work was begun. Miss Hewlett opened a dispensary, and later on more permanent possession was taken. Miss Kheroth Bose lived there with Mrs. Reardon, and worked bravely, until failing health compelled her to leave. It was feared that the work might collapse, but just then Miss Hanbury and Miss Grimwood, now Mrs. Guilford, were ready to step in. The medical work was carried on with the help of Miss Abdullah and Miss Phailbus, and it was the means of winning the confidence of the district, for it became widely known. Then came another forward step. It became impossible to carry on dispensary work, without some shelter in which to house patients who wished to stay until they were cured. At one time many were lying in the verandah, determined not to leave before they got well. So an old Government stable was bought for a nominal sum and made into a hospital ward. This was the foundation of St. Mary's Hospital.

The work grew amazingly round this centre. In Tarn Taran zenanas were opened, and in place of the original school, which had to be given up, two more were started for Mohammedans and Hindus. The hospital grew, its fame spread, and more buildings were added. Converts were gathered in, mostly from hospital in-patients. Then followed a new departure. Several children, left orphans by women dying in hospital, or found by the police and brought to the ladies, had to be provided for, and it became imperative to make some definite arrangement for their care and up-bringing. These children became the nucleus of the orphanage, which has now been handed over to the zenana worker's care. There are great possibilities in these little ones, who have been brought up as Christians all their lives. Those who have already launched forth into homes of their own are doing well, and are an encouragement for the future.

The untainted children of lepers are also admitted to this institution. The giving up of the children, although it is to save them, costs a great deal. Miss Strickland describes a scene that occurred lately. The leper father is left with his tiny children; the mother is dead, and he has come weary miles to give up the little daughter, that she may be saved from the terrible curse. But the parting is hard, for he must never see her again. When the little one is dressed in new clothes, and brought in amongst the children, she is told to go to the school-mother for a cup of milk. She looks up with wondering eyes, and says, "But will she touch me? I am the daughter of a leper." So tiny, and yet she knows what it all means!

As we look at St. Mary's Hospital from the outside, we see the verandahs, the tree for shade, nurses, patients, beds and sunshine! Was there ever such sunshine? See how it pushes the shadow away from under the bed!

The patients love the sunshine in the cold weather; it is ever so much better than a fire, for there is room in it for everybody. It cures so many ailments too; ointment is more effective when rubbed on in the sunshine.

But what of the other sunshine that cheers the heart? It has reached many. Miss Cox knows of more than one who believes on Christ with a saving faith, of one especially, the first in-patient after the wards were re-opened in October. "I was struck at once by her expression, so different from most of the Mohammedans, and I asked if she were not a Christian, but was told that she was a Mohammedan. She was suffering from an incurable disease, for which she had had two operations, and now nothing more could be done to give her relief from her pain. I asked one of the village Biblewomen, whose face just shines with the joy of Christ, a convert of Miss Wauton's, to go and talk to her, and after her first conversation she told me that the woman was a true Christian; she had believed since she first heard the Gospel in hospital more than a year ago. By her patience and thoughtfulness for others, she shows the reality of her Christianity, and when at last her old father came to take her away to the village, she took my hand in both hers and said very solemnly, 'I do believe in Jesus Christ, my faith is real.'"

Schools in the villages have not proved altogether satisfactory and have been discontinued, but from them came a convert from Brahmanism. We may call her "Pearl," a name which expresses her personality.

Pearl, being a Brahmani, was of course brought up as a strict Hindu. Idol worship was carried on in her home, and she had formerly taken part in it, but the teaching given in the school convinced her of the mistake, and she resolved one day to test the matter. With some fear and trembling, she knocked down one of the images, and waited to see what would happen. As no evil befell her, she grew bolder. She entirely gave up idolatry, and continued to learn from the Bible teaching at school. Finally she made up her mind to become a Christian.

The story of how Pearl made a brave confession to her people amid a tumult of Hindus, and how to save her life a fearless English sister took her away, is like a page taken from the book of the martyrs.

At midnight Pearl was wrapped in a blanket, put in the bottom of a cart, and driven to Amritsar. One of the sentries, placed on guard at the gates, afterwards told a missionary that, hearing the sound of wheels, he got up to stop the vehicle, but something hindered him, and he sat down again, allowing it to pass unchallenged.

For some time the Brahmans gave trouble, but after a while Pearl reached calmer waters. She worked steadily and happily for some years, until she got a home of her own. It was a pleasure to visit her, and find the happy Christian influence radiating from her peaceful home.

The oldest of the band of workers at Tarn Taran comes last, because she is first. She is the Biblewoman whose face shines with the joy of Christ. The meaning of her name is "My Lady of Life." Thirty years ago she was working in the villages, as she does now. It was my privilege to be with her during my first days as a village missionary. Raw, untried, knowing nothing of the language, the babel of tongues was a meaningless sound to me. Ear and tongue being useless, I used all that was left me, which was my eyes; and I saw the multitude of ignorant, weary faces brighten in the sunshine of her smile. The Lady of Life seemed to me beautiful, for never had I seen such radiance of heavenly joy.

Ten years before that she was a bigoted Mohammedan in an Amritsar zenana. How the door of her zenana opened and the messenger of God came in, bringing light and love, is a story in itself. This is just a closing word about sunshine as seen reflected in the face of a friend. Tarn Taran is blessed by her presence. The sad and dark-hearted women in the villages can see for themselves what the Sun of Righteousness

can do, for was she not at one time one of themselves—just such a one as they?

The picture shows what Tarn Taran is now, and what has taken place since the day of small things. The green fields were touched, the old order is changing, changing quickly into the new, touched by the finger of God.

Ajnala.—It is a strange sensation for the visitor who drives over the Sialkot road from Amritsar for the first time to find, after sixteen miles of fields and villages and desert land, on turning the last bend of the road, a little Christian church. To the left is the Padre's house, then a well, a garden, another house belonging to a Christian *pandit*, again a garden and trees, the Zenana Mission House, a compound for Christian workers, a hospital and a dispensary. It is a Christian hamlet in the wilderness. In the bright winter weather there are oranges in the garden, and violet-scented, yellow balls on the acacias which grow by the wayside. On the opposite side of the road, and about half a mile from the village of Ajnala, is God's Acre, where some of His children sleep. Gertrude Elliott was laid to rest there after four years of devoted service. The cemetery is a little bit of the wilderness, shut in by low walls, a few trees and coarse grass burnt dry by the heat of the sun. The graves are green only when the rain falls. There are many mounds, and there is a cross, so arresting and strange in its white aloofness from the dust and the glare that passers by sometimes stop to look. To those who can read, it bears the whole Gospel Messsage, "Peace, through the Blood of His Cross." Gertrude Elliott being dead yet speaketh.

A great movement has been taking place among the low-caste people in the villages, many of whom are anxious to learn. Some hive off to farm grants of land on the Jhang Bar, but fresh converts are always coming in. There have been two hundred baptisms during the year. The ladies are laying great stress on the women and children learning to read, as well as the men. It is encouraging to find how much they know, and to see their anxiety to learn. An old woman who had been ill said, "Don't think I can't learn, I can learn like the others." There are about fifty children in the village schools, and there is a Christian girls' boarding-school in the compound, where there are twenty-nine pupils. The district around consists of a hundred and seventy-six villages, where the Gospel is preached.

Ajnala is a delightful half-way house for Narowal, but

before going on, we may take the advantage of a path across the wilderness to Asrapur.

Asrapur is another surprise, for the church, the hospital, the Padre's house and the Zenana house are tucked away among green trees near the canal. It is a little village in itself, and near enough to the other villages to be one of them. But it is a very clean village, and its name, Asrapur, means the Place of Hope.

I remember, when it was in building, what a pleasure it was to share a little mud room with Mrs. Perkins. It was the first to be built of a line of little houses near the bungalow, and was a cool retreat from the hot mid-day sun of March, for mud walls keep out the heat better than brick.

Later on I saw Asrapur when a hospital ward was opened. Many friends came from all quarters to be present, Christians, Indian and British, from Lahore and Amritsar, as well as Hindu, Sikh and Mohammedan friends from the villages, and many were the gifts brought for presentation to the new building, both in money and kind. The most notable of all was a cock. I made the acquaintance of the struggling bird, which was tied by the leg to a bed; Miss Bose presented me also to the smiling old lady who had brought it. The pair formed a striking contrast—the cheerful giver and the most unwilling gift! The gift, however, joined in the singing later on.

The twenty-first anniversary of the beginning of the mission was celebrated by a large gathering of scattered Christians, and workers once connected with it, and a happy and helpful time was spent together.

The distinction of this mission is the yearly festival, or convention, which is called the Prem Sangat Mêla. About fifteen hundred non-Christians assembled at Asrapur in 1910, as well as a great many Christians. A special feature of that gathering was the attendance of about three hundred women, many of them of high caste, who came from great distances to hear the Good News. No controversy is allowed, for the name of the festival is the Assembly of Love. Men of different religions may give their experience upon a prescribed religious subject, and Christians have then the opportunity to preach the Gospel.

The school has grown, many enquirers have been prepared for baptism, and the camping season bears encouraging results. It is to be expected that there should be opposition. The school at Atari had to be closed on account of the determined opposition of some of the leading men. How could it be

otherwise? But it is only for a while, and cannot affect the springing flowers in the garden of the Place of Hope.

Narowal at the back of beyond! Many a journey has been taken to and fro in the old days, when the whole way from Amritsar to the river, and then on to Narowal, was rough as a ploughed field. Now the road has been made hard and good up to a little stream beyond Ajnala, and the drive between the acacia trees to the bridge is a pleasure, unless it is too hot. It is usual, however, to start early and, if there are not many obstructions, the journey may be accomplished comparatively quickly. A large, heavy wooden cart, drawn by oxen, may get in the way. Sometimes the driver goes to sleep while it zigzags across the road, and the oxen, soon becoming aware of this, go to sleep likewise, but first they take the precaution of drawing their necks out from under the yoke, and the cart remains a fixture.

"Hi! Hullo! Wake up Lazy Bones! Did your grandfather buy the ground, that you have taken root in it?"

Lazy Bones wakes up, and so do the oxen; the cart is dragged out of the way, and the driver, without saying a word, carefully steers the trap through the narrow space left between the cart and the ditch. When safely passed, however, he looks back and sends a parting shot straight to the mark. It may be a scoffing remark about the oxen, or the driver. How swiftly they run! Surely they are bears! But what wonder, with such a Jehu behind them!

Presently the sands begin; a mile or two of this, and then the river Ravi is reached. During the cold weather it is an easily forded stream, but in the summer time it is a flood, and then the cart and horse, as well as the traveller, must cross in a boat. On the other side there is a mile or so of open country, and then a winding way between trees to Narowal. At last we come to a bungalow on the right hand, which belongs to Mr. Chatterjee; near it is the Christian girls' boarding-school, and further on is the C.M.S. house. A few more turns, and the cart swings along into a shady garden, in which is the C.E.Z.M.S. house and hospital.

The town of Narowal is unique in this way, that in it there are Christians living in their own homes. These homes are exactly like any others in the place, but with an unmistakable difference in the atmosphere. The boys' school is built on the highest part of the town, and outside is the church, in which hundreds of Christians gather together on Sundays from the villages.

It is no wonder that the workers lose their hearts to Naro-

wal. Some have desired never to leave it. To one the wish was granted, for Mary Dickson was laid to rest there. Fanny Catchpool, who had given her life for the people, died in Amritsar, so her wish could not be gratified, but the people have her memory with them, a possession for ever. It so happened that the last year of her life was one of marked visible blessing in her work, and of restfulness in her own soul. Something had happened and, although she was always the same, there was a change. One of the Christian women said to me after her death that it was as if she herself had gone away somewhere, and that it was her angel that walked with them.

The work has greatly increased since its beginning. Miss Reuther can look back upon the day when she saw her patients in a small pantry in the mission house; after that there was a room rented for the purpose in the town, and now there is the hospital in the garden. Besides the medical woman in charge, there are three hospital helpers and one Biblewoman; there are also two C.E.Z.M.S. ladies for the general superintendence of the work, as well as the educational and evangelistic work in the town and district. The Christian girls' boarding-school is superintended by Mrs. Chatterjee. It is hoped that a larger house will be built soon, sufficient to meet the needs of the ever increasing family. The need for such village boarding-schools is great. As Christians are gathered in from the villages, suitable training and teaching must be provided for their children, and it is advisable that this training should be given where they may continue to live in their accustomed simple way and surroundings.

A visit to Narowal lasts longer than to any of the other stations, because so much time is spent on the road! But the time spent in Narowal itself does not seem long—the group of palms, the acacia trees, the home-like mission houses, the picturesque town, and the Christian church, visible and invisible, are a green place in the wilderness, as they are a bright memory in the heart.

Within easy distance of Amritsar are two tiny shoots of the banyan tree, Majitha and Doburji, but they possess rest houses, and Miss Tuting's residence at Majitha during troublous times of plague and famine has given it a name and a place in missionary history. Several generations of Hindu and Mohammedan girls have passed through the Majitha mission school. One of the pupils, a Hindu girl, whom we shall call "Peace," became a Christian convert. Peace is now a Biblewoman. The wave of enquiry which is

passing over the villages has touched this district also, and there are now a hundred and twenty Christians. Special meetings for prayer and Bible study have been held in Majitha, to which the village Christians around were invited.

A peculiar interest attaches itself to this little centre of light, not only because of the surrounding darkness, but also because it has been one of the danger zones of plague. During these dark years there was mourning everywhere over desolated homes. In one house a whole family might be swept away ; an old mother would see her son go forth to his work, tall and brawny as a banyan, and by night he would be dead. The destruction was terrible because of its swiftness, and awful because there was no hope beyond death. One of the villagers said, " We are dying, and our friends are dying, and we do not know where we are going." But through all the gloom and fear we hear of some for whom death had lost its terrors. One was a high-caste Hindu girl of fifteen, whose story was told by her mother. When she was dying, she thought she saw a palanquin, which had been sent to take her home. Her mother said, " Home ! What do you mean ? This is your home." But she replied, " No, I am going to my true home." It seemed strange, for no Hindu ever thinks of death as going home. Then the mother explained that a Christian woman had taught the girl for a little while. This Christian woman was the wife of a catechist, and the work she did in the village was entirely voluntary. She and her husband had lived there for three or four months only, when the summons came to them both within a day of each other, but they have left a fragrant memory, which will not be forgotten.

Doburji is a good centre for itineration, and many villages can be reached from it The Christian caretaker of the little rest house is also an evangelist, and visits in the surrounding villages.

A banyan tree grows and takes deep root, until it fills the land, but in a book it must only fill a few pages. On the first page of a story, at the beginnings of things, before the shoots had reached the ground, there was much to say about opposition, ignorance, and the early struggles of the workers against stress of weather, rain and storm and heat, of hardships and weariness, and the difficulties of the language. There is still a great deal to say about all these, but, as there is more to say about Faith's Vision, Hope's Fruition and Love's Conquest, the little space available has been used for telling of the bright realities which crown the work as it is to-day.

CHAPTER 4.

THE PLAIN OF THE GANGES.

*BENGAL occupies the south-eastern portion of the great Northern Plain. It is the land of the Ganges and its worship, but the Mahnadi is the great river of Orissa. The province is flat, but slightly rising towards Orissa, Chhota Nagpur and South Behar. We may think of the Panjab as the wheat field of India, and we may picture Bengal as a vast prairie of rice. In the winter it is clothed in a garment of divers colours, orange, yellow and blue, because of the mustard, flax, jute, cotton, peas and oil plants in the fields. During the rains the brilliant green shoots of rice spring up above the waste of waters. There is no hot wind of the desert to dry up the land as in the North-West. The damp wind off the Bay of Bengal gives the moist, hot and peculiarly trying and enervating climate, but it keeps the fields green. There are miles of fields, dotted over with clumps of trees, within which villages are hidden away. The fact of their being hidden gives the impression of solitude, but Bengal is one of the most thickly populated provinces in India. The rural population of the Howrah district and the twenty-four Pergunahs is the most dense in the world ; it is greater even than the rural population of China of the same area.

Bengal is a great green land ; there are fields and trees, then fields and trees again, until the green melts into blue and slips over the horizon line. It has its own spell. The wide stretches of colour, always varying but never changing, gives the effect of permanency, just as if the green prairie would never end. Travelling on foot as a pilgrim, there would be the same vision, and the journey would seem a long, green day of fields and trees, while after the night would come another green day, and to-morrow would be the same.

The people may be described as Aryo-Dravidian, and towards the east Mongolo-Dravidian. Bengal is a half-way house between Aryan India in the north and Dravidian India in the south, and its chief town is the heart of the Indian

* Cf. *A Geography of India.* C.L.S.

Empire. Calcutta is not only the principal town of Bengal, but has been since the British occupation the capital of India and the headquarters of the supreme Government. The transfer of the capital from Calcutta to Delhi was proclaimed by the King-Emperor at the Durbar held in 1911. Although Bombay is the first manufacturing city of India, Calcutta is the premier port. Its population is now one and a quarter million, and it is the second city in the British Empire, exceeded only by London.

But Calcutta is only the modern rendering of the old name, Kalighat ; and the new name, which is the synonym for commerce, a seat of Government, wealth and progress, does not supersede the old. It is the outside husk only, for by the Ganges stands the temple of Kali, and Kali means the cult of Hinduism in cruelty and vice. " Kali may be said to be the goddess of Bengal. Every year when North India celebrates the deeds of the Ramayana, Bengal gives itself up to the ghastly ritual of Kali worship." A few extracts taken from an article in the " Statesman " are suggestive.

" Among the pilgrims at Kalighat. . . . Yesterday the Hindu Dasahera festival was the occasion of a public holiday. All the courts, public offices, exchanges and commercial markets were closed, the ostensible purpose of the holiday being to give the Hindus an opportunity to wash away, by bathing in the Ganges, ten different varieties of sin. Strangely enough, however, the crowds at the bathing *ghats* were largely composed of women and children, the men who had been given a holiday because of the festival being conspicuous by their absence.

" Many thousands of pilgrims came into . . . Calcutta to visit the temple and to wash away their sins by bathing in the stream which they call Mother Ganga. . . . They came mostly from the small towns and villages of Eastern Bengal, being conveyed at exceptionally cheap fares in waggons by the E.B.S. Railway.

" Many of the women had probably never visited a town before and, when they were piloted out of Sealdah station by their guide, they gazed with bewilderment at the busy streets and the tramcars. The man in charge of one party of about fifty women and children . . . had taken the precaution to tie them together by the ends of their *sáris* before leaving the station, and when the tramcar on which they were to travel to the Esplanade arrived, he was observed busily counting his flock before he would let them get into the car. For some hours all the cars were crowded, and the conductors

had great difficulty in collecting the fares, particularly as many of the pilgrims, to whom in their villages fixed prices are quite unknown, wished to make a bargain and get a reduction on a number of tickets." A villager will make an empty carriage the plea for a reduction of fare. Before paying his money, he will say, "Few are going to-day, won't you take me for less?" A firm but polite refusal does not convince him that the case is hopeless, and as time is no object he will sit down and wait for the next train, hoping that by that time the booking clerk will give in! Such travellers, however, are now becoming rare.

"It is impossible to say how many pilgrims came into Calcutta for the festival, but judging by the crowds who thronged the temple, and the adjacent bathing *ghat* from early morning . . . there must have been many thousands. At eleven o'clock in the morning the temple, the compounds and the walks leading down to the *ghat* were one seething mass of pilgrims, priests and sellers of flowers, sweets and other necessary concomitants of the *Puja*. The pilgrims simply swarmed round the temple doors. . . . Pilgrims are allowed to pass through the temple and pay homage to the goddess Kali on payment of a *pice*, but on big days . . . they are hustled in at one door and out at the other before they have time even to have a look at the goddess.

"The feature of . . . this festival is the bathing in the river. Custom demands that the pilgrims shall go to the river . . . dip in it three times and . . . then purchase a plate, containing ten different kinds of flowers or ten different kinds of fruits or both, there being ten different kinds of sin to be washed away. These flowers and fruits are sold at large prices by certain privileged vendors, and the buyers subsequently take them to the temple where the priest sanctifies them—at a charge of four *annas* per plate. The flowers and fruits are then reverently carried home and shared with those who have not been able to make the pilgrimage.

"Those pilgrims who can afford it have what may be called a 'sanctified meal' in the afternoon of the *Puja* day. Offerings of rice, fish and the flesh of goats are made to the priests, and these after being sanctified are cooked by women under the supervision of the priest and are sold to the pilgrims at fancy prices, which they cheerfully pay—if they have any money left, after having gone through the various observances and run the gauntlet of the hundreds of beggars who congregate at every festival.

"The din in the temple grounds . . . was deafening. Every two or three minutes the clanging of a big bell announced that the doors of the temple were open and there was the chattering of the pilgrims, the cries of the priests and the moans of the beggars, mingled with almost human screams of the goats about to be sacrificed.

"Many hundreds of goats must have been sacrificed. . . . Pilgrims who have left sick relations at home offer up a goat to Kali in the hope that the relative may recover; or they sacrifice one in thankfulness for the recovery . . . from illness or for some other piece of good fortune. Before the goat is sacrificed, it has to be sanctified, and before performing this ceremony the priest receives four *annas* and one *pice*. After the decapitation, the body of the goat is given to the person who offered it as a sacrifice, and the head becomes the property of the slaughterer."

In a recent book there are descriptions of the beauties of Hinduism, its simplicity and its visions of truth. One can only say, "Where is the beauty and the dream?" For surely the beauty is not, and the dream faded thousands of years ago, when India was young.

The occupation of Bengal in part may be dated from the battle of Plassey in 1757. Its missionary history begins about the time of Carey. The light began to spread when Dr. Duff's converts carried the Gospel with them wherever they went in the province and beyond it. Christianity in India is increasing faster than the population, and missionary agencies are at work on every hand. In Bengal, compared with the early days, the mission stations have greatly increased, but by no means in proportion to the opportunity, for the extension of work in Bengal is only limited by want of funds and workers.*

A Tour round our Mission Stations in Calcutta and the Nadiya Districts, taken in part from a missionary's notebook.—The voyage from England is over, and the ship reaches the mouth of the Hoogli. It is evening, about six o'clock, so we must anchor for the night. It is good to be still at last, and we may look out on the sun sinking in a glorious mass of colour. About six o'clock next morning we are slowly moving. We pass the flat, marshy land, which is called the Sunder Bunds. Diamond Harbour is the first place of excitement; several steam launches are coming towards us, bringing friends from Calcutta eager to welcome the new arrivals.

As we steam along, we pass the C.E.Z.M.S. station of Andul.

* Cf. Census sheet, 1911, in the Appendix.

Andul.—There are clusters of palm trees and other foliage, and mud cottages with thatched roofs peeping through. Nothing more can be seen as the ship passes along the bank. A visit later on will show us a large village, where zenana and school work had been carried on for several years from Calcutta, seven miles off, until it was occupied as a separate station in 1896. The missionaries speak of the eagerness of many of the women and girls in Andul and the neighbouring villages for Bible teaching. The school, in which are about a hundred pupils, is especially interesting. One of the teachers, who has since left to be married, used to invite the girls of her Bible class to join her in prayer, and to offer petitions themselves, if they desired to do so. On several occasions Miss Gore was present, and was much struck with the clearness and simplicity of their little prayers. The ladies of the Rajah's household receive the missionaries and listen attentively to the Gospel message. In the villages two women asked Miss Homfray and the Biblewoman to remember them in prayer. It is by such incidents, and the simple remarks that one and another make, that the missionaries can gather that the women are feeling after Someone Who can satisfy their hearts, and give them peace. A woman said, "If Jesus is the Saviour, I will believe on Him." Another seemed touched when listening to the Bible words, and sat down on the same mat as the Biblewoman, and when she had finished reading took our hymn book and put it between the folds of her own soft clothes. She wished to have it for a possession. Many of the women say, " Yours is the true religion."

A passing glance cannot comprehend the small station among the palm trees, for Andul, with its countless outlying villages, takes one's breath away ; but it is little more than a glimpse that one sees of work, even when several days can be spent at a station, and this is but a peep, for the ship sails on.

Howrah.—Suppose we land here, instead of going on to the Calcutta docks. We can rest for the night with Miss Cowley, and next day visit the five day-schools and see the four hundred children. So few well-trained teachers are available that often during the year zenana visiting has to be curtailed, in order to supply the needs of the schools. But the head teacher and some of the other Bengali Christians are beginning to see that the responsibility of evangelizing the women of the land rests with them, and they are gladly rising to it. After the visit to Howrah is over, and we begin our drive to

Calcutta, we must look at the fine railway station, from which the Bombay and Panjab mails start; then we cross Howrah bridge. How it teems with life! Bullock carts, palanquins, horse *garis*, which are "boxes on wheels, driven by a bundle of fluttering rags and a huge turban," a motor car, foot passengers! The transit seems almost impossible, but the carriage squeezes through somehow, and we then make a *détour* of the great city.

Calcutta.—The streets are narrow and thronged with people, so the carriage moves slowly; much can be seen from the windows as it passes. To the north-east and south lie the native parts of the town, with large brick houses for the rich, and wretched mud hovels for the poor. Narrow, winding lanes run off the straight main streets, in which are shops that hardly look like shops; the shopkeeper squats behind his goods, and bargains with his customers, for there is no fixed price. A few men pass by, carrying glass lamp-shades and crowns of tinsel on long poles. A wedding must be taking place somewhere; the procession will pass at nightfall. Shabby hired vehicles, smart carriages, carts drawn by oxen, a palanquin, bearing some timid child-wife on a visit to her father's house, jostle each other and pass. Bare-headed Bengali men from many parts of India, men from the north wearing caps or turbans, crowds of them pass by, but there are very few women, for only those of low caste may walk about the city. Here and there are a few elderly women in dripping garments, hurrying along from their bathe in the Ganges; it must be a full moon, or some holy day. The maimed, the halt and the blind mingle with the crowd, or sit, like Lazarus, at the doors of the rich.

What a medley of sight and sound! The great Jain temple, the largest of all the shrines of the city, stands out clearly, and above all the sounds swells the clamour of a bell, for down by that lane is the turning to Kalighat. And all this represents the inner life of Calcutta, the commercial capital of India, the second city in the British Empire.

We now reach Cornwallis Square. There are flower gardens and a tank in the middle of the square, and on one side is No. 1, where the Normal School used to be. An account of this, the oldest of all our missionary agencies, will find a place in the description of Krishnagar, for the house is now the centre of the C.E.Z.M.S. work in Calcutta. There are three hundred Hindu zenanas under visitation, with sixty regular pupils, and the schools have a roll-call of a hundred and twenty girls.

One of the zenana pupils has suffered much for Christ's sake, but there is joy also, for a precious soul has been won for Christ, and through her example her brother has become a Christian too. In how few words can many sorrowful days be expressed! The zenana worker must pass through grievous times both for and with her people, before there can be such a sorrow or such a joy.

The C.E.Z.M.S. is the only Society working among Mohammedan and Hindi-speaking women and girls in Calcutta. In the zenanas there are a hundred and sixty-one pupils receiving regular instruction. In addition to the small day-schools for Mohammedan girls, a Hindi school has been opened for high-caste Hindu children. On leaving the school, most of the girls receive Bibles, and are encouraged to go on reading them in their own homes, by having Urdu lists of the Scripture Union portions given to them. In many instances the Word of God is taking root in the homes of those who have left school.

There is an interesting story of Kallo, who died lately, told by two of her teachers. Cured of plague at the Matya Burj dispensary, the dear child was able to continue at school for two more years, but she was always weakly, and constantly suffered from malarial fever. To the last she loved her school and companions, and begged to be carried there, when too weak to leave her bed.

"One day we went to her house, not knowing that Kallo had died. A sad sight met our eyes. Her mother, sister and six other women, seated on the damp mud floor, were choosing the white jasmine flowers, which it is their custom to send to the grave on the third day of mourning. Being only ordinary folk, and not direct descendants of the Prophet, the flowers had to be picked up with the thumb and little finger of the left hand, instead of with the thumb and forefinger of the right. The mother, as chief mourner, chose first, and then the others according to the nearness of their relationship. Some sweetmeats were then eaten, a share being sent to the grave. How the old mother cried on seeing us, though she quickly controlled herself, until the flowers had been carried away by the men! After they had gone, she burst forth afresh with the words, 'My heart is broken, Kallo is not.' She had lost many children, and Kallo, the youngest, was as the apple of her eye. We comforted her as best we could with some of the beautiful Gospel words about the Resurrection, and Miss Martin prayed with her. One of Kallo's favourite

hymns had been 'What a Friend we have in Jesus!' May we not trust that she is now with Him?"

The wild, unkempt children of Kooly Bazar, Hastings, who were taught once a week by Miss Grenon, instead of having a daily school, are being won to some knowledge of the Bible by means of the attractive roll of pictures which are explained to them. It was surprising to find how much they remembered of the parable of the Good Samaritan, even without the picture.

At Bowanipur, too, the teacher has been very successful in the way she has taught Bible stories to her wild little flock of sixteen. Rumour has it that this used to be a difficult flock to keep in order and to keep from always running out of school! It is said that the Government Inspectress could not give a good report of them! But a few years have passed since then, and no doubt the little wild hearts are quieter now, for the passing of a year or two is a wonderfully taming process to an Indian girl. But the Great Shepherd can do more, and it is good to know that during their earliest years they learned of Him.

It must be noted, however, that Indian school children are a wonderfully well-ordered flock, and that on the whole they learn their lessons, and do not always play truant from school. Only one instance out of many can be given, and it is about an examination of one of the schools by Miss Hensley. The result must have been satisfactory, for Miss Hensley was pleased, and prizes followed—a sure sign of success.

"Bibles and Testaments were given as prizes to those who had tried hard to win them. These, I know, are being read in their homes by the little ones. A mother said to me: 'What have you done to my child? She never likes to keep away from school, and she always folds her hands and says her school prayers.'"

"What have you done to my child?" "Jesus called a little child." In the press of other work let us think of this.

Matya Burj is some distance from Cornwallis Square, but the school and dispensary are well worth a visit. Miss von Himpé writes that more than a thousand patients come during the year.

A word of appreciation must be added about the Home for Homeless Women in Calcutta, founded in 1889. The Committee lent their honoured missionary, Miss Editha Mulvany, for this work. Surely no service was more needful than this, and in giving of their best the Committee was helping the saddest and most sorrowful of all Lost Things—the waifs

and wanderers of a great city. Amongst the many gracious acts of Her Majesty the Queen-Empress, there is none that can be mentioned with more gratitude than her kind interest in, and her generosity to, the Home during her visit to Calcutta at the time of the Durbar.

Baranagar, about six miles from Calcutta, comes next in the notebook. An electric car takes us to Shamnagar, and there we get into that box on wheels, a horse *gari*. A drive of twenty minutes brings us to Baranagar and to the C.E.Z. mission compound. It seems quite a little village. In front is the mission bungalow, to the left the little church. On one side of the church is a large tank, fringed with cocoa-nut palms. It is used for baptisms and for this purpose only. To the right is the carpet-weaving room and the shed where jams and chutneys are made, and there is also a large two-storied house, where school is held. Further on we come to the mud cottages where the converts live, and beyond this is the bathing tank. Outside is the Boys' Industrial School. It was begun about four years ago by Amrito Mullick for convert widows' sons. In this school they learn both to read and write, and to do engraving and moulding in brass. At one time Amrito was very anxious about his school. Money was low, and the orders which came in were not sufficient to keep the boys busy. Now, however, in answer to prayer, the work is almost more than they can overtake, and Amrito has had several encouragements in the form of high praise for his conscientious work.

The school in the women's compound is of special interest, for it is for grown-up children, and only for those who are really keen to learn, the attendance being optional. It is made as interesting as possible, and prizes are offered at the end of the year. Very amusing it is to see the women running in all directions when the bell rings, so as not to be late, and already there is much improvement in some of them. One woman was so elated at losing no marks one day that she stayed awake all the next night saying over the new lesson, with the disastrous result that she could not remember a word of it the next day.

After lessons come industries of various kinds. Some do embroidery, others weave carpets, but what they enjoy most of all is making jams and chutney. It is such a pleasure that they do not know how to stop, and once upon a time they made three hundred pounds of guava jelly in six days. Lady Hardinge was so pleased with the carpets that she ordered some rugs for the camp at the Delhi Durbar.

Eighty-eight carpets of various sizes were made during that year.

The industrial department is a successful one; there is, however, the usual residue of old and blind, or feeble-minded, who cannot do efficient work like the others, and for whom it is difficult to find work. The only thing they can do is to grind spices for curry powder, and they grind with a will! But the demand does not as yet equal the supply. Will England see to it that more curry is used?

A growing mission has constantly recurring needs and anxieties, but it has pleasures too. It is a joy to watch the growth of grace in the hearts of those who come, many of them so ailing in body, and dark and ignorant in mind and soul that they seem almost like animals. And there is another joy, a very great one, when one after another is baptized in the tank among the palms.

The family has grown to about a hundred. This, indeed, means many needs and anxieties, and calls for constant watching and prayer.

A drive of four miles brings us to Agarpara. Passing through the narrow streets of Baranagar, we enter the Grand Trunk road, and then we turn down a narrow lane in the jungle. In the lane are mud cottages and a few houses built of brick; on the left is the little school, and on the right are two temples. Behind are large houses, from which many children come to the little school. At the end of the lane is the C.E.Z. mission house, which stands on the bank of the river. It was formerly a silk factory, and then it came into the possession of the C.M.S., and was used for a large orphanage under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Sandys. It is now a centre for zenana and industrial work, carried on by Miss Ashwin and her helpers.

Barrackpur is our next place of call. It is possible to go there by train from Agarpara station, but it is more interesting to travel by road. A bullock cart, going at the rate of four miles an hour, will take us quite comfortably, and give us leisure to look at the country as we pass. On either side are rice fields, plantations of sugar cane, and the gardens in which the pàn vines grow. The walls and roof are made of thin sticks to protect the vines from sun and jackals. From these vines are got the dark green leaves in which the Bengalis wrap spices with a dash of quicklime. They chew this morsel after meals. Between these gardens is jungle, a tangle of greenery, stems of trees festooned with creepers, and ruined walls. The villages, especially those along the banks

of the Ganges, seem full of ruins; most of the houses of the upper classes are allowed to fall to pieces. The brothers or cousins who have a share in them may have quarrelled as to who should pay for the repairs, or perhaps the family has left and gone to a town, or up-country, where the *babu* has his Government appointment. There is only a poor widow, a dependent on his charity, or a gardener or caretaker left in the deserted tumble-down dwelling.

A little off the road is a clump of trees. Let us stop the journey for a while and look in, for a clump of trees means a village; a nearer peep shows pretty little thatched cottages, and here we are in a Bengali village, which is divided into *paras* belonging to the different castes—the washerman's, the milkman's, the Brahman's, the *para* where the potter sits turning his wheel; the part where the Mohammedans live one knows by the cocks and hens which run about the courtyard. These are an abomination to the Hindus, so their presence proclaims the religion of the householder at once. Without is the *para* of the outcastes.

Passing down the main street of the village, we see a few shops with grain and brass utensils, fruit and sweetmeats. The shopkeepers are asleep on the floor! You must call out, if you care to buy anything. Bullocks and goats wander about, picking up a livelihood from the roadside, or from the goods of the sleeping shopkeepers.

In the Brahman *para* the roads are not so select as in South India, nor the temples so large, but almost every house has its temple or shrine. Little children, fair-skinned because belonging to a high caste, peep out through the wooden-barred windows, while their mothers look down from the flat housetops. A few old men are sitting on the verandah; they are known to be Brahmans by the sacred thread, which is worn over the shoulder. There are twelve temples in a row here, and at the end of the street is a sacred pipal tree; on the brick platform, built round its stem, are stones of worship and offerings of flowers.

At the other end of the village we come to the tank; a flight of brick steps from a pillared porch leads down to the water, where the lotus floats amongst its cool, green leaves. The water is only used for drinking, and is very clear.

In the meanwhile, the light has changed, there is a strange gleam on the waters, the jackals begin their dismal howl, for the sun has set, and the stars are coming out one by one; it is high time for us to be indoors. It is indeed time to go home!

But, as we have spent such a long time on the way, we had better leave the slow cart and finish the journey by train ; the station is not far off.

Barrackpur, on the bank of the Hoogli, being a sanatorium of Calcutta, is quite an important place. Opposite the C.E.Z.M.S. house is a Hindu temple, and a very noisy place it is on *puja* nights. The mission house has been a centre of activity for thirty years, and it is sacred to the memory of Miss Good, who worked and lived and died among the people she loved. Here stood the old converts' home, which was closed in December, 1904, Miss Evans' industrial home at Agarpara having been opened to receive the inmates. The work among schools and zenanas in Barrackpur and the out-station of Naihati is carried on by Miss Pantin, who began work in 1881. There are at present four hundred and eight children on the school registers. Miss Pantin writes of the great pleasure of receiving back two converts, who were trained as teachers at Krishnagar. The zenana pupils number over a hundred, and the number could be increased, if there were more workers. A former pupil of the Bible-woman at Naihati was baptized before Christmas, 1910.

We will peep in on the Bengali workers at Naihati. There is no lady missionary in charge there now, so the brave Indian workers will welcome a visit, as they will value the prayers of those far away. The influence of our Indian sisters is great amongst the people. Pray for them. "It is the Indian Church which supplies the great majority of the workers engaged in evangelizing India ; and it is from the members of that church that Hindus and Mohammedans of this land get their impression of what Christianity really is."*

Mankar.—This village and medical mission, now so well established, with its hospital, dispensary and converts' home, was opened in 1895. For the first few years it was a pioneer mission and, like all pioneering work, it had its disappointments and encouragements, but the workers went on steadily, "the Lord working with them." In 1898 Miss Harding wrote that a village mission is not complete without a medical mission attached to it, as they go hand in hand. This was at the time of the opening of the new dispensary, and after the arrival of Miss James, who had been trained at St. Catherine's Hospital in Amritsar. Before this Miss Harding had provided herself with a small stock of medicines in camp, and great was her success. News spread of relief given, and people from some distance came to her for treat-

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ment. The latest news is that fifty-seven in-patients were received in the hospital during the year.

In one of the beds in the ward was an old woman suffering from erysipelas of the face and eye ; her daughter came with her, and they were a delightful pair. It was pathetic to watch the daughter's grief for her mother's pain. She would sit with her arm round her, calling on God to make her well. After some days' treatment the old lady could open the eye, and was often heard saying, " Jesus has cured me." Both mother and daughter listened very earnestly, and promised to tell others of their good news, on returning to their distant village.

With regard to the out-patient work in the dispensary, there is good cause for hope that the seed sown in weakness day by day will bring forth fruit unto life eternal. Some patients in a distant village express a desire to follow Christ ; one, having heard the Gospel many years ago, now desires baptism, and wishes that his wife should be taught by the Zenana missionaries.

How greatly do these enquirers need the earnest intercession of the Christian Church !

Burdwan, a district larger than Lancashire, and with a population of more than 1,500,000, is temporarily closed as a mission centre. It is now worked as an out-station. A Biblewoman visits in the homes, while the school is taught by a Christian teacher and superintended from Mankar. There are about seventy-eight pupils on the school register.

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The Nadiya district is bounded on the north-east by the river Ganges, and has four divisions, Ranaghat, Krishnagar, Meherpur and Kushtia. Although it forms only a small part of Bengal, it is about half the size of Wales and contains some two millions of people, the majority of whom are cultivators. The C.E.Z.M.S. has two stations in the Nadiya District, Krishnagar and Ratnapur, and five out-stations.

Krishnagar is a citadel of Hinduism, as the name implies ; the meaning of the word is " The town of Krishna." In spite of the scarcity of workers, all means are being used, with every possible agency, educational, medical, evangelistic, to win Krishnagar for Christ. About seven miles away, on the banks of the Ganges, is the out-station, Nadiya, or as it should be called, Nobodeep. It is a bigoted Hindu town, as well as a place of pilgrimage and a seat of Hindu learning. All the most learned *pandits* come from that town. One of our missionaries says of Nobodeep, " Here sin is rife. Night and day there are sights and sounds which bring sadness to

our hearts, and make us realize the hideousness and awfulness of the Indian religion."

Who is sufficient for these things?

The home of the zenana and medical workers is called the Ásha Bári, or the "house of hope." Not far from it is the Ráj Bári, or the Palace, and it is surrounded more or less by *bazars*. There is a small hospital and dispensary in the compound. A little beyond is the dispensary for Hindu and Mohammedan patients, which is open daily. Driving through the town, we pass the Government hospital, the C.M.S. schools and church, a large Government college, and then the old C.E.Z. boarding-school. Leaving the town behind, we come quite into the country, and there is the Normal School by the riverside, near which the new boarding-school is being built.

Before introducing the Normal School in its new surroundings, it is necessary to give a brief outline of its history from the beginning. It is a record solely of facts and dates, but it is history, and in history each date is an epoch, and deeds are seeds. Apart from this, it claims a special place in missionary interest, as it has been called, and rightly so, the cradle of the C.E.Z.M.S.

Its beginning was exactly one hundred years ago.

"The first school for girls in Calcutta was opened in 1811 by William Carey. In 1820 Miss Cooke, afterwards Mrs. Wilson (C.M.S.), was sent out by the British and Foreign School Society for this work, and soon she had ten schools with two hundred and seventy-seven pupils. In 1823, when the Central School was opened, there were twenty-two girls' schools with four hundred pupils. The Normal School for training teachers was opened at Lally Ganje in 1852, and in 1885 it was removed to Cornwallis Square and joined with the Central School. In the same year the first zenana work was carried on, with the Normal School as its centre. From 1863 to 1869 the two branches of the work were separate, and then they were once more reunited under one superintendent."

When the C.E.Z.M.S. was founded in 1880, it took over the Normal School, including the normal class for assistant missionaries, the training class, and the Central School, and the Bengali zenana work, which continued under separate superintendence. In 1893, when arrangements were made for the ladies in charge of the zenana work to live at centres in the suburbs, the city Bengali work was placed under the care of Miss Hunt at the Normal School. In 1894 the normal class was transferred to the training home for assistant

missionaries at Baranagar. Work among Mohammedan women began in 1881. In 1907 the Normal School was removed to Krishnagar, and the house in Cornwallis Square became the headquarters both of the Bengali and the Mohammedan work. The transfer of the C.M.S. girls' boarding-school at Krishnagar to the C.E.Z.M.S. supplied the practising school for the Normal School students.

The old Normal School in its new surroundings is as the blossoming of the aloe once in a century—the old root hidden away, the new shoot rising up straight as a dart, and crowned with white flowers.

The new surroundings are a large house in the open country, about a mile from the town, spacious grounds sloping down to the river, fresh air and quiet.

The object of the Normal School is to provide trained teachers and superintendents for our mission schools in North India. There are fifty such schools, with a hundred and twenty-two teachers. In these schools there must be some two thousand scholars, and the teachers have abundant opportunity for evangelistic effort, as well as for imparting an elementary education to India's women of the future, who, without these schools, might have no opportunity of receiving any education whatever. Many of the converts who have come out from Hinduism owe their first impressions to the teaching given in these schools.

Trained teachers for this work are becoming more and more a necessity. Until a few years ago the average number in the Normal School was about thirty, but lately it has risen to over forty. Here, with ample space, there is room for development to almost any extent; the lovely garden and quiet roads give opportunity for nature-study, a part of the curriculum which was difficult to arrange in Calcutta. Fresh air and walks are available and much appreciated.

Four years after the school was moved Miss H. Owles gave the following account of the dormitory: "To its breezy spaciousness we attribute the abundant measure of good health during the year, which has helped the girls to persevere in regular, steady work. There were two cases of serious illness, but both girls were restored to health. As a school and as fellow-workers, we heartily thank our good friend and doctor, Miss Phailbus, for her ever ready help and sympathy, but it is our sincere desire to give her as little trouble as possible."

A new class has been started to meet a recognized need.

There are several converts, who, though not capable of taking the fuller training demanded by Government, may yet be fitted to become useful elementary teachers, especially for village schools, and this class is for them.

Miss Sampson's testimony to the helpfulness of our Indian sisters points to the crown of buds on the aloe—that surprise in white after a hundred years! Visible result has been abundantly evident in the steady upward growth, but the year which dates missionary effort amongst converts is surely the crowning blessing. She says that no one could wish for more loyal, faithful and earnest fellow-workers than those Bengali teachers, whom God has sent to share the labour and responsibility of the work in the Normal School.

The official account of a school can never do justice to the solid work of teachers and scholars, for the few sentences, telling of the examinations passed at the end of the year, could not be written, if it were not for long years of patient labour lying behind. The report of the girls' boarding school is all that could be desired, and the account of the prize-giving, which was a red-letter day to the little people, gives a cheerful note of colour. To sum up in a few words, the report is this: a full school, good health, and excellent examination results. Could anything be better? One thing, however, is necessary, and that is a larger building, for the present accommodation is not nearly sufficient for the big flock of eighty little girls.

Miss Boileau and Mrs. Chatterjee superintend the school and zenana work of the town, while Miss Sharpe and her Biblewoman work amongst the villages. Miss Sharpe describes a ten days' campaign during the rains. It is only those who have been in India during that season who can understand that plentiful rain in the country districts means a flood, which turns fields into lakes, and even parts of the village itself into pools of water.

The floods were out; nevertheless, Miss Sharpe and her Biblewoman went to Panighata. Several of the more distant villages, which had not been reached before, were inaccessible by land, so a small fishing-boat was chartered, with a man and a boy for crew. The boy bailed out the water, and the man assured them that there was no danger. The little boat pursued its course safely but slowly through beds of water-lilies and fields of rice. The journey was long, and the sun was hot before they landed on the other side. Sometimes, as the water recedes, there is a stretch of mud between the shore and the dry land; but a missionary who can sail in a tub can also wade! A voyage such as this deserves a welcome at the

end ; many of the women had never heard the Gospel before, but they received the messengers joyfully. Panighata did not fail in its welcome either, although some years ago, when Miss Collison camped there, the people tried to drive her away, and tore up the books and tracts. They listen attentively now to the Word of God, and many desire further teaching. A torn tract may have been the means of this. A Mohammedan tore up a Gospel once, but he afterwards became an evangelist ; the torn leaf of a Bible brought comfort to a prisoner in Mecca. There are many such instances, for these scattered leaves fly far, and not one of them falls to the ground without our Father's appointment. One brought a message of peace to a Hindu *Sádhu.* For six years he had been visiting all the holy places of the Hindus, as is the wont of the Indian "saints." At last he came to the great Hindu festival of Nobodeep. A band of Christian workers had also come to speak to the pilgrims. He took a tract from one of the Biblewomen ; then he bought a Gospel, and went to the catechist for instruction. The simple message of love had touched him. He took off his Hindu charms, broke his caste by eating with the Christians, and took up his abode with them, in order to learn and study God's Word. When asked what drew him to Christ, he said : "Our gods show kindness to the saints, but the Lord Jesus is kind to sinners, and I am a sinner." Surely it is a miraculous power that can show a saint, real or false, that he is a sinful man.

It is a matter for great thankfulness that the school in Nobodeep, that stronghold of Hinduism, is increasing in numbers, and that several of the pupils confess the Lord Jesus to be the only Saviour.

In answer to questions about the medical work in Krishnagar, my friend, Miss Phailbus, wrote me a full account of it : "The medical work was opened in Krishnagar in the early spring of 1890. The missionaries had been feeling the hardness of the field, having worked for so many years with no fruit. They thought that, if a medical mission were opened, it might prepare the ground. So it did, for at the end of eight months we had the joy of welcoming our first convert, and since then we have had the joy of receiving some almost every year, for in these twenty-one years we have had about thirty converts.

"But at first there were difficulties. After the coming out of the first convert, our work was completely closed. We were turned out of that part of the town, and were called 'women stealers.' Now at the end of twenty-one years

they come and tell us all their joys and sorrows, and trust us as few are trusted. Some of the mothers come to ask us if they should marry their daughters or their sons to such and such persons. After the marriage, they bring their daughters and daughters-in-law with a little offering, and make them fold their hands and *salaam* us, and ask us to bless them. One young mother brought her ten-year-old daughter, who was just married, and asked me to bless her, so that she might grow up as I was!

"I was attending, in a village five miles off, a patient who was very ill. I told them to come for medicine in the afternoon, but no one came for twenty-four hours. On enquiry, they said that a bat had flown across the room and, as the flight of a bat precedes death, they thought there was no good in trotting five miles for medicine, when the patient was going to die; but next morning, to their surprise, she was more cheerful than otherwise, so they came for medicine!

"We have a dispensary right in the middle of the town, which is open five times a week. The rich and the poor alike come to it. There is another one in the compound, as well as a small hospital with seven cots. We used to have one with fourteen beds, but we had to give up that building, and here we cannot get a larger one."

The busy worker must stop in speaking of her work, but that work goes on; the sick are being healed, and souls are being saved, won from Krishna for Christ.

Ratnapur is in the Nadiya District, north of Calcutta, and was first occupied in 1890. The work is both evangelistic and medical; it is full of hope, but it is strange, as Miss Dawe writes, "that, when efforts to reach all classes should be greater than ever, the workers are saddened by a constantly decreasing staff." May the India staff increase in proportion! The band of earnest Biblewomen is one of God's good gifts to Ratnapur. Whether it be in speaking of the way of Salvation to crowds of women at the dispensaries, or pleading with them in their homes, or trudging over weary miles in the burning sun to reach distant villages, they are one and all untiring, prayerful and zealous in their work, ready for everything.

There is the hospital Biblewoman, who day by day teaches the in-patients, and prays with and for them. Another is the matron in charge of the converts. She watches over them with a mother's wisdom, and the women respond to her loving care by their good conduct, and by the interest they take in their work. The making of lace has been intro-

duced as the chief industry for the converts. It has proved entirely satisfactory, and the lace finds a ready sale.

Other Biblewomen live out in the district; there are twelve centres, each consisting of a group of villages, where Biblewomen undertake the women's work.

Preaching the Gospel, watching over the converts, and tending the sick, our Indian sisters find a noble outlet for their excellent graces of mind and heart. The English staff is not a strong one in any mission station, because of the unlimited extent of the fields of possibility, but if, through its means, a band of converts is trained and equipped for service, out of apparent weakness we find strength.

The medical work has been the means of relieving much suffering. During the year about eighteen hundred patients have attended the dispensary, and have gone away much the better both in body and mind for their visit, and some have expressed their trust in the Lord Jesus. The patients in hospital, being in closer touch with Christian life, cannot fail to carry away with them a large measure of the truth. They often ask to be remembered in prayer. Can anything be more reassuring? When it is God Himself Who puts the desire for this request into their hearts, He grants its fulfilment in a blessing greater than our weak faith can grasp.

A tour in the district must include a visit to each village where there are Christians, for the work consists in building up, as well as laying the foundation stones. This part of the work has its own peculiar difficulties, as well as its joys, and demands, as do also the other branches, the co-operation of friends at home in constant help and earnest prayer.

BEHAR is the south-eastern corner of the low hill-country that rises from the western plains of Bengal. Although included in the province, there are distinct lines of difference in people, language and geographical formation, which cut it off from Bengal. The inhabitants, numbering about twenty-one and a half million, are for the most part Behari cultivators, living in villages. There are also Jains, Rajputs, Bengalis and Marwaris, and trades and professions are largely represented from amongst the first three. The chief language is Hindi. In all these things Behar differs from Bengal, but the Ganges is the mother of them both; the great river unites hill and plain, and its branches wash the low valleys between the ridges. The little hills on every side are a very beautiful feature of Behar. They are clothed from head to foot in a tangle of trees and shrubs and creeping plants. There is the pink flowering acacia, and the sweet scented kind with the

yellow balls of down, and for a few weeks during the year the bridal creeper throws a white veil over the branches. Strangers from the West love the jungle, and so do the tigers!

As yet there is but little missionary work carried on in this part of the Bengal Presidency. Three years ago there were only fifty missionaries, including all denominations, and the number has not materially altered since then. The work of the C.E.Z.M.S. has been limited to Bhagalpur and Jamalpur and the district round them. The centres for district work are Colgong and Dumrama, which are the out-stations of Bhagalpur, and Jamui, the out-station of Jamalpur.

Some of these mission stations have their share in the geographical and mythological interests which distinguish Behar. Bhagalpur has a large Jain temple, and is therefore a place of pilgrimage. From Jamui can be seen the hill, said to be the snake-bound churn-stick with which one of the gods churned the sea of buttermilk. Perhaps it is in memory of this that the cult of the snake obtains so largely in that district. At certain times of the year people bring images of snakes and cast them into the river; but this is only one of the multiform observances of snake worship. Another place of interest in Jamui is an old bed of the shifting Ganges. Many of the stones lying along the course are carved, and some of them are piled up in a heap, on which a *Sádhu's* house is built.

Bhagalpur.—The work was begun in 1882. Miss Haitz, who has taught three generations in the town and knows it intimately, gives a peep into the lives of the Mohammedan women and the work amongst them, with all its hopes and discouragements.

At first there was the discouragement of opposition, when there was little or no desire for knowledge, but now times have changed. The Mohammedans of Bhagalpur are waking up to the fact that, unless they bestir themselves, they will be left behind in the race for education. Thus on all sides they are anxious that girls' schools should be opened, and that the women should be taught. Their very earnest request is responded to as far as possible; four hundred and ninety pupils are under instruction in schools and zenanas, and Government is helping them, by giving large grants to their girls' schools. But there are hundreds more who would gladly learn, if a teacher could be sent.

There are about thirty thousand Moslems in Bhagalpur, and only one Christian teacher for their women and girls. But one lamp can light a thousand! Many of the Moham-

medan pupils know the Gospel well, and ask to be remembered in prayer during times of sickness and trouble. One of these is an old lady, who is very rich, but has had sorrow for many long years ; cloud after cloud of sadness has passed over her, until her days have become dark indeed, but she is not desolate. When Miss Haitz comes to teach in her house, they kneel down together and lay the sorrowful burden at the feet of God.

The work in the district is full of encouragement. The Marwaris, near Colgong, are very friendly, and many listen earnestly to the Gospel. The school has done a great work in winning the affection of the children, and this means that many homes are brought into close touch with the love of Christ. How much the teacher's faithful work was appreciated became evident during an illness. Miss Shawe, who was nursing her, received many visits of kind enquiry from the children and their mothers. The Bengali doctor did everything he could to help, and would accept no remuneration. He said : " She has taught all my children, she has been kind to all my family, and now I am trying to repay in little grains of sand the mountain of my obligation to her."

Thus through discouragement hope shines the brightest, and joy. There has been the joy of converts gathered in, and the greater joy of sending them forth as workers for God. Two of them were sent as school teachers to Jamalpur and Jamui, taking to others, as one of them expressed it, the Light which they had received.

Jamalpur.—The missionary history here dates from 1894. The result of the planting of schools, and the steady opening of shut doors, is that there are two hundred school children and one hundred and sixteen zenana pupils under instruction. Delightful character sketches can be gleaned from the schools. Miss Harrison and Miss Shawe speak of the earnest faith of some of the children. It is wonderful, when one thinks of the awful heathen surroundings amongst which they have been brought up, that the few hours of school should make so deep an impress on their lives. It would be an impossibility but for the mighty power of God. A girl of ten is led to see something of the beauty of holiness, and begins to long for it. Poor child ! she finds the path steep and hard to climb. " My heart must be very wicked ; when I am at school I want to be good, but at home I am naughty. . . . Sometimes I remember . . . and ask the Lord Jesus to stop me and not to let me do wrong."

A glance at the little flock at Maharganj would single out Star. The distinction would be just, for she is far and away the cleverest pupil, and full of character, but she is defrauded of her best by a grave fault. Star knows and remembers more of the Bible than many Sunday school children in England, but pride of race as yet effectually bars the way to her knowing anything of the love of Christ. There she is, talking to another girl. Her air and personality would lead one to suppose that she is speaking of something worth while, but this is all: "Other girls may be richer, others prettier, but none in all the three schools are of as good caste as I am." Near by is her great friend, Desired, who possesses little, but who believes in Jesus. She bears witness to Him amongst her relations, and has several times refused to join them in their worship of idols.

There is at present nothing remarkable amongst the poor and low caste children in the Massowri school, unless it be the irregularity of their attendance. As the young people are swineherds, and as a rule absent on duty, their explanation of absence is always ready to hand. If Light, or Laughter, or Merit, or Spring be missing, it is "because she has gone to the pigs!"

The women both in towns and villages, who a few years ago were suspicious and frightened, are now glad to receive visits. As yet there are not many who care to read, because of the widespread belief that any woman who reads will become a widow. The Biblewoman in Jamui has won the hearts of all her zenana pupils, and has a great influence for good over them. In all but two houses, the whole family gathers round her when she gives the Bible lesson.

All over India there are in such homes many secret believers. Some are known to God's people, and are upheld by their prayers; others may remain unknown, until that Day reveals them. It is painful to think of them, bound in darkness when they might be free, but let no one judge them, for we cannot order our speech by reason of darkness.

Looking back after a visit to Bengal, there is an oppression of great darkness, an overwhelming sense of the multitude of people, left without any light to guide them, for whom we must give an account to God. But we must not forget that here and there through the great province there are the green oases of Christian homes and centres of Christian work, and that the Light of the Gospel is shining and increasing more and more unto the Perfect Day.

CHAPTER 5.

THE CENTRAL PROVINCES.

*LEAVING the great Indo-Gangetic plain, we enter another river system, and see new ranges of hills and other races of people. The hills are lower, and none of them are snow-capped like the Himalayas, but they are, nevertheless, older. The entire range of the Himalayas is young in comparison with the Aravallis, both of which are of geological antiquity. There is no doubt about it that the line has been crossed, and continental India, with its snow-fed torrents, keen air, and lore and legend, is far away. The dream of romance and mystery rests on the midland hill and river, as it does in the north, but it is different, and the difference is at once perceptible, when the dividing ridges are crossed, and the traveller is in sight of a new land, and face to face with a new people, the Dravidian races of peninsular India.

The central highlands of India broaden out on near approach into a land with an area of 137,000 square miles. The ranges divide into the Vindhyas and Satpuras, and spread into the broad tableland at Jabalpur. What in the distance seemed like silver threads are the Narbada and the Godaveri.

The Narbada, like the Ganges, is a sacred river of the Hindus. †It rises in a desolate land in the heart of the Vindhya hills. Slipping softly over the brim, it wanders slowly through green pastures, till it reaches the edge of the plateau and falls in glittering torrents to the plain. Lower down, imperious and irresistible, it forces its way through the rock near the city of Jabalpur. The marble walls shut in the waters on either side, curb them, and mould them in depth and stillness to a river of glass, which flows calmly onwards, bearing on its surface a dream gorge of gleaming marble, drenched and purified in the flood. The Narbada would be an emblem of purity and peace, if it were not a god and a place of worship. But there is the bathing *ghat*, the temple, and the image, too loathsome to describe, before which an adoring multitude of men and thousands of women and children

* Cf. *A Geography of India.* C.L.S.
† Cf. *The Desire of India.* S. K. Datta.

pass and bow down. It is thus that the beautiful river flows through the midland hills and peoples, till it reaches the Arabian Sea.

Jabalpur is situated almost in the centre of India. It was originally occupied by the C.M.S. as a mission station in order to reach the Gonds, the wild aboriginal people of the hills. It became a centre of zenana missionary effort when Miss Branch began work there in 1875. There is now a band of twenty-two, four English and eighteen Indian workers. The out-stations are Sihora and Penagar, where the net of medical work, schools and evangelistic teaching is thrown out into the deep. At Katni-Marwara, sixty miles away, Miss Bardsley and her fellow-workers undertake the care of the orphanage, boarding school and converts' home, and how all these various methods of working meet in the bringing in and teaching of converts can be seen from the story of the "Victorious One."

Victory had been married in childhood, but left her husband, when about fourteen years of age, because of his cruelty. She came to Barela, which was then an out-station of Jabalpur, in search of employment. A Brahman family received the poor vagrant very kindly, and gave her a little room to sleep in. During the day she ground corn for the neighbours, and earned enough to support herself. Now it so happened that Mrs. Chakkarbatti went every week to teach in the Brahman zenana. Victory saw her, drew near and listened. After some weeks, she finally expressed a wish to become a Christian, and came to the ladies at Jabalpur. After a short testing time, she was sent to Katni-Marwara, where she was prepared for baptism. It was wonderful to see how this village girl conformed to rules and customs, all strange to her, and how readily and eagerly she learned the truths of Christianity. The babies were given to her care, and she became as a mother to them. At last the happy time came when she was baptized. A few days after her baptism she went to Barela, as her relations and friends were anxious to see her. A large number of them collected when they heard of her arrival, and all were astonished at the change in her appearance. Some of them had been opposed to her becoming a Christian, but they joined with the rest in admiration of the wonderful change. Mrs. Chakkarbatti was surprised to hear her brave and clear testimony to the Lord Jesus.

Barela, which is now closed, is a village, ten miles from the town of Jabalpur, and separated from it by a swift river. It is the headquarters of a district of sixty-three scattered

hamlets, inhabited by Hindus and aboriginal tribes, the Gonds and Kols. The Society had for some years a flourishing girls' school in Barela, which gained a comparatively large Government grant, and received from the Bishop of Nagpur a good report, when he examined the pupils in Scripture.

The people in Penagar appreciate the remedies given at the dispensary, although some still believe that sickness is the result of devil-possession, their cure for which is the beat of the drum, the exorcist, and the gathering of a noisy crowd. It sometimes happens that they will send for the lady doctor, and at the same time call a priest to mutter incantations, just as a prudent protection against mistakes. One or other, or both means cannot fail to be successful! This, however, must be counted an exception, for a good report of the healing art of the medical missionary has spread round the villages, and there is never any lack of patients. Sometimes the overwhelming number of them taxes the doctor's strength to the utmost. It is especially so in the outlying districts, where she is often single-handed. The responsibility cannot be over-estimated, for, added to the usual cases of illness, the medical missionary has to face the seasons of epidemic and pestilence. There are the times when the "Great Mother" of small-pox comes. Her visit is considered an honour, and when the patient's face is covered with the well-known symptoms, people will bow down before her and pay great respect to the family on her account. No attempt is made to isolate the sick. The people just go in and out of their neighbours' houses, carrying the infection wherever they go. There are the set times for infectious diseases, and there are the seasons of plague, during which little can be done to help the stricken, for death comes with tragic suddenness. There have been many sad cases at Penagar: a mother, the only support of the family, was struck down, a little child in the school, a breadwinner, a son about eighteen years of age, leaving an old father and mother; these are but a few out of many cases which are all sad.

Besides the medical and school work, and the teaching in zenanas, there are endless opportunities for evangelistic work amongst the pilgrims who flock to Jabalpur. On the first cold moon of the year, which begins the winter, hundreds of women come to bathe in the Narbada, hoping by this means to obtain forgiveness of sin. They set up little huts to live in during the few days they spend at the river. The

ladies come to see them in their temporary homes, and tell them of the Saviour and of that other Fountain open for sin. Tracts are given away to the crowd outside.

Katni-Marwara. — Although zenana work had been carried on for years in the town, Katni was not occupied as a station until 1898. The need for a teacher was great in that district, thirteen thousand people living in the town itself, and many villages being also within easy reach ; but a more urgent need arose during the famine of 1896. During that time of want, homes were broken up by sickness and death, and crowds of helpless women and children were found dying by the wayside, or wandering about the country in search of food. In July, 1896, the first famine family came to the missionaries at Penagar. In August an appeal came from Barela. The Hindu head master of the town asked Miss Branch to look at the starving children in the *bazar*. There was a hungry multitude of about two hundred people crying for something to eat. About twelve little girls were taken from amongst them and sent to the C.M.S. at Jabalpur. From that time Miss Branch never went to an out-station without bringing home some famine children. Many came of their own accord to the mission house from all parts of the district. These were arranged for, until at last the C.M.S. institutions were full. But still the famine continued, and still the people came. An old building, adjoining the school, was bought as a temporary shelter for the women and children. In the meanwhile, a home was being prepared at Katni-Marwara. A house next to the C.M.S. premises was bought for the residence of the missionaries, and some buildings opposite, which had been used as a famine centre, were purchased too. The large family of nearly two hundred women and children was sent to take possession —a home and a family ready at the same time !

Six years afterwards it would have been difficult to recognize the place or the people. The improved buildings, the school, and the bright, happy, clean, well-fed girls ! Could they indeed be the miserable, starving little ones who had been rescued from death ?

The rescue work still goes on, for there is always danger in some form, it may be famine, plague, poverty, or temptation and sin, so there are always little straying lambs, whom the Good Shepherd brings to the open door. None are refused ; they enter in and stay till they grow beyond all recognition, for they become a new creation

Here are a few of some of the latest arrivals. First of all

comes Flower, that bright, happy girl who runs to welcome you. Can she be the careworn, frightened creature whom the police brought one day? And Light, what of her? She is thin and delicate, and rarely smiles, but when she came her face was lined like an old woman's, and her arms and legs were like sticks. She had been taught to beg, and droned beggar's songs. How unkindly she had been treated was only too evident, and she was but six years old. Surely Someone guided the little footsteps to the open door. Little Crown was brought when only two weeks old; her mother was slowly killing her with opium. Wealth was a little bundle of skin and bones, only six months old. She was brought by her father; her mother had run away, leaving her to starve. Mercy was rescued from a life of great temptation, and came crippled in mind and body by an attack of plague. Silk was alone in the world, the last living member left from a plague-stricken house. What would have become of her, if the door had been shut?

It is open still—and children are always coming to swell the numbers of the large family.

In the meanwhile, what is to be done with the family? There is the school, with a training class for teachers, where the best and most intelligent girls are qualified for the Government teachers' certificate examination. They have no difficulty in obtaining good situations. One of them, for example, is the Christian teacher in the evangelistic school for Hindu girls. There is also industrial work. Cooking, washing, and grinding wheat provide occupation for many women and girls in the institution, but there are many girls, enquirers and converts, who are not fitted to spend all their time in school, and it is necessary to find some employment for them. The chief industries are the making and repairing of the clothes of the household, lace and drawn-thread work. It is hoped that this branch will be developed, so as to enable those who are not qualified for other work to earn their own living.

Not only the general need of the work, but some cases of special urgency necessitate the addition of a converts' home to all such missionary establishments. Among the members of the home is one, who, having been first a pupil and afterwards a teacher in one of the mission schools, came to the missionaries, bringing her little boy. She was afterwards followed by her sister.

The Anglo-Vernacular boarding school for girls was opened in 1910. It is a fine building, with room and air in

abundance for the students. There are about ninety boarders, daughters of the Indian Christians. It has, like the Alexandra school at Amritsar, and the Queen Victoria school at Agra, unique possibilities before it as a centre of influence, which will reach the nation through the life of the home. It has the grand opportunity of preparing Christian wives and mothers, and of training teachers who will fill positions of trust.

A full description of the missionary work of a group of stations is impossible. All that can be done is to collect a few pictures which give just a peep in at the window and make us wish to see more, but a solid impression must remain. It is an impression of great need, great opportunities and loving service. But, even if it were possible that the eye could reach the green highlands of Central India, with its mystic river desecrated by a sensual worship, and see its millions of sons and daughters, and the wild tribes of its hills, little more could be known. It takes years to know even a small corner of India, as it takes a life-time to see, even as through a glass darkly, the heart of a friend.

CHAPTER 6.

IN THE TELUGU COUNTRY.

THE Highlands, Lowlands and Tablelands of South India have been until lately lands of mystery. But now, just as the lands beyond the border are brought within reach, so the inner strongholds are opening out one by one. The story of the work at Masulipatam begins this section. It is the first possession of the group of stations in the Telugu district, and it is only natural that the traveller should first land at the port, cast anchor, and then explore onwards and upwards to Bezwada and Ellore among the rice fields, and then to Khammamett and Dummagudem among the hills. The system of canals, uniting the streams of the Godaveri, has made the Telugu country one of the most fertile districts of India. It suggests to some an impression of Holland—the flat, green fields, the gleam of straight water-courses, the barges drifting on the face of the waters, and the wide, clear sky. But during summer the great heat scorches the green fields, and makes them dreary stretches of parched, brown land.

Masulipatam, often called the *bunder,* or harbour, is situated on the south-east coast, three hundred miles north of Madras, between the deltas of the Godaveri and the Kistna; it faces on one side the level distances of the sea and the sands, and on the other for miles inland flats and broads of rice fields, canals and ponds. The town of Masulipatam has at last been brought within easy reach of the outer world by the opening of a railway, which connects it with Bezwada, and thence to Bombay and Madras, and this is typical of the growth and development of the work among the women of the town. It is interesting to trace the beginning of this growth. About forty years ago a retired Indian civilian offered to subscribe three pounds monthly for the education of high-caste girls in Masulipatam. "I don't know if anything has yet been undertaken for upper-caste girls, and it is for the purpose of making a commencement in this respect that I have sent this money." The beginning was made on August 17th of the same year, 1870, when fourteen closely-veiled little

damsels, whose parents did not object to their being taught, emerged from their palanquins at the door of the new school. Please to note the words "did not object," together with the date 1870, and over against them the following extract from the letter of an Indian lady, dated 1911. "Work among women is the great need of the country just now, when the people of the country have begun to appreciate it, and are pushing it on with their own efforts everywhere."

The Misses Brandon had been working among the women of Masulipatam both in schools and zenanas since 1875. On turning over old reports, many bright faces of long ago smile from the dusty pages. It is not difficult to conjure up the figure, for dress, surroundings, manners, customs and names are as they were then. In this respect time has not materially touched the changing East. In 1881 Miss Brandon wrote: "Some years ago there were no schools for girls, their fathers would not allow them to be taught. Now we have seven schools, and more than four hundred girls receiving religious instruction every day." She mentions the request that a Mohammedan branch should be added to the Royapetta school, and the wonderful anxiety of some of the parents for the education of their girls.

The first school, with its fourteen scholars, was the foundation of the ten schools, instructing eight hundred and thirty girls at the present time. Miss Bassöe says with reference to the influence of these schools, "We must not let the schools go. Thanks to them, the young women in this town are becoming imbued with Christian thought and belief in a way that is simply wonderful to us. It is directly due to their early training, for very few of them read, or get any spiritual impulses from without."

In 1887 Miss Bassöe wrote of ninety-six zenanas open for visits, and there are now seven hundred pupils in three hundred and twenty-three zenanas visited by our missionaries and Biblewomen. There is a forward movement in the zenanas. Miss Lacey found many earnest seekers, and a widespread belief in the power of prayer in the name of Jesus. Even the Mohammedans now show real interest, and always expect the Biblewoman to begin and end with prayer. These workers are often called into homes where there are sick ones, and are asked to pray with them.

From the converts' home several former inmates are scattered over the district as teachers and Biblewomen, or as wives of pastors and evangelists.

The first mention of Gudivada as a centre for village

work and a possible field of operation was in 1897. It is now an out-station, where there are three Christian workers. Even in the early days of the missionary history of Masulipatam, villages were visited, and work begun amongst them. Each country has its characteristic mode of travelling. The Telugu village mission has a way of its own. Coming from the north or west, it is natural to think of riding or driving to villages. In Masulipatam the ladies live in a boat on the canal, walking to the villages near at hand, and travelling to those at a distance in a bandy. Now a bandy is the southern brother of the northern *ekka*, which is a vehicle without springs or seat. The passenger fixes herself firmly inside, while the stiff-jointed, rheumatic bandy bumps and jumps over water-courses and ridges, which divide the rice fields. When the village is reached, work is begun by asking some woman, standing on the verandah, if she would like to listen to a hymn or a story. Sometimes she assents willingly; mats are spread for the missionaries to sit on, and neighbours are called in to listen. In another house the mat is considered to be too much of a compromise, still the visitors are received. Elsewhere it is too risky even to ask the ladies in, so they find the shade of a tree or a wall, and talk to all who will listen of the Saviour and the way of Salvation. The words used must be simple, very clear and very plain, for it is difficult for these village women to grasp or retain any new thought.

One day an old woman listened eagerly, and learnt a short prayer for forgiveness of sin. After Miss Bassöe and the Biblewoman had gone, she came running after them to be taught the prayer over again. She repeated the words, until she was sure that she would not forget them, but in the evening she came to the boat to be told once again, for the good words had gone. She did so wish to remember them.

It is good to meet former pupils from the schools and zenanas, for they always give a warm welcome. There was one who had been a pupil in the mission school at Ellore; although quite old, she remembered much of what she had learnt, and in a quavering voice sang the first verse of a hymn. She said that during all the years she had lived in the village, although no one had ever come to teach her, she had always prayed to the Lord Jesus, and had never worshipped idols.

During a visit of Miss Bassöe and her workers in Anguluru, a large village, the people were intensely interested, and even

bought a number of books. A very old woman, bent double with rheumatism, wished to hear, so she was hoisted up on a verandah close to the ladies. She listened eagerly, and wished particularly to know how to be free from sin. She was told to ask God for forgiveness. "But I do not know how to ask Him; please to teach me," she urged. The Biblewoman tried to teach her the short prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner." She repeated the words many times, and forgot them as quickly as she said them. At last she said with tears: "Even if I do remember it now, I am sure to forget it to-morrow, and I do so want to pray." The other women very kindly and compassionately promised to teach her the prayer every day. If she had learned the words as a little child, neither age, nor sorrow, nor rheumatism could have made her forget them. And yet it is never too late, for no one is too old to come to Jesus.

Too old! Amayama is well over seventy years old, and her hair is quite white, but she had no trouble whatever about her age, whether she was too old or too young. She just took the Lord Jesus at His Word and came to Him. Her baptism was beautiful. After she had received it in the presence of the congregation, five of the little girls from the home were baptized, and the contrast was a striking and touching one: the little lives just beginning, the old life drawing near its end, and all of them devoted to the service of Christ. The photograph shows her with her daughter, a convert of four years' standing. The little one at their feet is Siti, one of the babies. She was put there as a contrast, to show the oldest and youngest members of the home.

The industrial school, the converts' home and the orphanage are all parts of the great whole, but the beginning of all things is the patient daily teaching of the little child. One of the converts, now a Biblewoman, received her first impressions of Christianity as a child in one of the schools. So we must ever look upon the schools, those uninteresting schools, as the seed plot of the garden. Uninteresting? Not to those who know something of them, and certainly not to the stranger who peeps in on the bright groups, clothed as the flowers of the field, some of them called by names that belong to roses, or jasmine, or pomegranate buds. There is no monotony either. A casual glance at the school photographs will find a group of brides. During a propitious time among the Hindus for weddings, no less than a hundred and three of the girls were married. Poor little brides! The youngest of them was five years old, the eldest eleven. Not very many school

days are left for some of them. A mother will look in one day to see if her child is learning useful things, for "she will be going to her mother-in-law very soon, who will expect her to be useful." Someone aptly described the course of action with regard to education in Hindu primary schools as "to begin as soon as possible and to work as quickly as possible."

To bring before the dawning intelligence visions of the best, things pure and lovely and of good report, before the evil days come—and the night—is to give childhood its rights and no more.

Bezwada.—In 1891 Miss Brandon wrote of some interesting out-stations. "In visiting Khammamett from time to time, we are always obliged to pass through Bezwada. How good it is that there was a 'must needs be'! Mr. Harrison of the C.M.S. opened a school in Bezwada almost as soon as, if not sooner than, the first school opened in Masulipatam. This school now belongs to the C.E.Z.M.S. Indian Christian ladies have now and again visited a few houses, but, with this exception, no regular zenana work has been carried on. Zenana teaching should go hand in hand with school work; grown-up children who leave school should be visited and taught. Bezwada has again been very forcibly brought before us as a place where we ought to begin work, for many of our old pupils have gone to live there. A strong wish has been expressed that we should go on teaching them in their new home." At that time there was a scarcity of workers and funds, but work was begun in a small way by the missionaries from Masulipatam. In those days the distance was a journey of twenty-four hours by canal boat. The railway, as aforesaid, has linked Masulipatam to Bezwada, so that the journey can now be accomplished in two hours. Two ladies and their helpers are stationed there. There are nine schools, and a hundred and eighty-five zenanas are open to instruction. The Government school for Mohammedan girls has been handed over to the C.E.Z.M.S.

There is an annual festival, called the Push Karam, which is held at the banks of some sacred river. It is celebrated with great force at Bezwada and lasts for twelve days. The belief is that after bathing not only are all sins washed away, but that much merit is gained. Whenever there is an opportunity, the missionaries speak to the pilgrims of the one and only Sacrifice for sin, and distribute Gospels and tracts. The impression at such a time is one of the impossibility of human effort to reach the thousands and thousands of men and women who are altogether given up to believe a lie. But with God

all things are possible, for here and there from the crowd a soul is called, and comes.

A Telugu woman said that she had a dream; it was all dark, too dark for the cocks to be crowing, and suddenly appeared a light. "Christ was coming . . . and I was not ready, I was still in my sins. I wept when I awoke and asked for forgiveness. How shall I have the assurance of sins forgiven?" Her life is a difficult one in a heathen home. She is jeered at for praying, but in spite of it all she prays, and her tiny daughter puts her hands to her face and kneels down beside her.

In connection with the staff there are six Biblewomen and seven Christian school teachers. A testimony to their faithful work will close this short account of Bezwada. "One thing particularly cheered and encouraged me in examining our zenana pupils, both Telugu and Mohammedan: the plan of Salvation was so fully known. The Biblewomen had faithfully lifted up the Cross. Christ's death, Resurrection, Ascension and Coming again were told in detail by almost every pupil."

It adds to the dignity of the testimony that no names are given, for it links the unnamed workers with the noble band of women who served with St. Paul and with other of his fellow-labourers, whose names are in the Book of Life.

Ellore, or Veluru, is a town of forty thousand inhabitants, situated about forty miles north of Masulipatam. The great majority of the people are Hindus, about a fourth are Mohammedans, and now there is a small but steadily increasing number of Christians.

"Nature has denied to Ellore either hills, stones, or pebbles." The flat surface is relieved from utter dulness by a winding canal, green fields, and the gleam of domes and minarets. There is also the incomparable sunset during the rains. From March to June the canal is closed. On the day when the water comes down again, the people go to the banks to give it a welcome. It is touching to see how they rejoice at the sight of the muddy, sluggish waters, just because they come from the sacred Kistna; but they rejoice also because the waters bring the grain. The village women work in the rice fields, bending down all day under the blazing sun. Everyone is busy, more or less, but the sacred bull does nothing. He wanders along the lanes, and strolls down the streets of the town, eating all he can lay his nose upon, with an air of confidence which is not misplaced, for the Brahmani bull may do what he likes.

Work was begun by the C.E.Z.M.S. in Ellore in 1881, as an out-station of Masulipatam. Now it is a centre of work and prayer and praise. It is remarkable what a long line of encouragements confront us when reading the story of this station ; they far exceed its difficulties and discouragements. From the record of causes for thankfulness two incidents may be noted, as showing the value of school and zenana work. Thanks are offered for the baptism of a former Mohammedan schoolgirl and zenana pupil on her death-bed. The doctor of the hospital where she lay dying wrote to the missionary to make enquiries about the husband and child of this woman. She said : " I believe she is a Christian at heart ; she reads the Bible in Telugu and Hindustani." Later on came the news of her baptism.

The other instance gives us a glimpse into a school on a rainy day. It was so wet that hardly anyone could venture out, but a few children met in Powar Petta school. The teacher had not come, but the children did not think of going away. A little Brahmani girl opened school with prayer in English ; she said : " Lord keep me and take care of me, for Jesus' sake." She began the Lord's prayer in Telugu, in which the other children joined, and ended with the Benediction.

The memories of these children are being stored with Scripture truths and texts, and, as our God is faithful, we expect to see many of them become His children.

A sentence from Miss Digby's translation of the letter of one of the Biblewomen, supported by the Bible Society, shows how the work is increasing. " A year ago I had to search out pupils ; now, whatever street I enter, they call me to come and teach them."

Ellore has a story worth reading ; this excerpt is little more than its introduction and an echo, but, if it be an echo of the call of the people to come and help them, it will fulfil its end.

" HYDERABAD is the premier state among those ruled by Indian feudatories of the Empire, while as a Mohammedan the Nizam holds a position scarcely inferior to that of the Khedive of Egypt. Hyderabad to-day has an area of some eighty thousand square miles, with a population of about twelve million." *

It is thickly covered with villages and towns. The latest missionary map shows twenty-three of these towns underlined with red. These red lines represent the work of all societies,

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* *The Standard*, August 20th, 1911.

and two of them belong to the C.E.Z.M.S., Khammamett and Dummagudem.

Khammamett is a large town in the Nizam's territory. The railway from Bezwada to Hyderabad passes through Khammamett, and it is on that account becoming more important. Many merchants are coming to live near, and land is becoming more valuable. The climate is different from that of Masulipatam. Khammamett is much higher and, being so far from the sea, it is dry, except during the rainy season, so that it is a comparatively healthy station. In 1895 Khammamett was attached as an out-station, and in 1899 it became a distinct station. In 1896 the new C.E.Z.M.S. bungalow was built, within sight of the picturesque old fort on the rock in the middle of the town.

Two missionaries took possession of the new fort, and held it very bravely in that lonely place, not only teaching the women and children and preaching the Gospel, but healing the sick as they were able. During a terrible time of cholera, when the Hindus were offering their cruel sacrifice of live animals to the goddess, as the only remedy available, we heard the pleading for a lady doctor, and surely none too soon! In 1901 they were joyfully looking forward to Dr. Mary Longmire's arrival; meanwhile the faithful friends of the sick were doing what they could. The confidence of the people, and the relief afforded, justified their efforts.

"As having nothing and yet possessing all things." Truly it is wonderful what cures are wrought and what deeds are done.

To go among the villages, one must first of all get there, and it is necessary to start early. At five o'clock in the morning the camp procession sets off. The river has been in flood for several days, and it is doubtful whether the bullocks can drag the bandy across. They go half way, then stop, but after more coaxing and poking from the driver, they decide that mid-stream is not a place to lie down in, so they make a mighty effort and land their passengers safely at the other side. After eight miles of straight road, between groves of gum trees and great rocks here and there, the camping ground is reached.

Next day the sick come to the tent for medicine. Many get what they desire, but one is suffering from an illness that is beyond treatment, so nothing can be done, and she retraces her steps along the weary miles, unrelieved. If only there had been a hospital!

It was not long before the wish was granted. Now in the

Prayer Cycle we see the names of the staff and helpers, with the different branches of work and missionary institutions; the last word is "hospital." What this word means in all its bearings can best be described in Dr. Mary Longmire's own words.

"Medical work was begun at Khammamett nine years ago, and it was hoped it might be the means of gaining the confidence of the people, and of obtaining opportunities for Christian teaching in zenanas. Before that time the work had been discouraging, owing to the ignorance and prejudice of the people. Khammamett being in a native state, the people did not come much in contact with Europeans. The women were so afraid of European women that when they saw one of the missionaries in the street, they rushed inside with their children, lest the 'evil eye' of the white woman should fall on the child and do it harm.

"The results of the medical work have been even greater than we had hoped for, and the attitude of the people towards the work both in the towns and villages round has completely changed. The C.M.S. missionaries tell us that, when they were itinerating in distant villages about thirty miles away, they felt the results of the work in the friendliness of the people, who in the old days would have opposed them. Our difficulty now is to find Biblewomen to teach the many women and girls in the zenanas who are asking to be taught. The medical work has each year steadily increased, and it only needs more workers and more money for still greater extension. The people have now unbounded confidence in us, and whereas, in the beginning of the work, I had to be most careful about doing the slightest operation, now they will allow us to do whatever we think is necessary. During the last year we had to attend to over twelve thousand dispensary patients, and private patients in over four hundred houses, besides visiting distant villages and caring for the in-patients in the hospital. It has been a very great advantage having the women as in-patients, for we get into such close contact with them. It is pleasant to see that, however frightened a woman may be when she comes, she is very happy and friendly before she leaves.

"There is a meeting each afternoon in the ward for the in-patients and their relations. Some Bible story is taught for a week, additional teaching on the story being given each day, a hymn is sung, or a verse of Scripture memorized. Very few of the women who come have heard the name of Christ. The Christian ideas of God's holiness, of sin, of God's love for the

individual soul, and of immortality, are so utterly foreign to the minds of most of the women that they must be repeated again and again to make an impression. A great object lesson of Christianity to the women is the loving care which is given to them by our Indian helpers. These are earnest Christian women with a real missionary spirit, and the patients often speak of the kindness they have received from them. It is a matter of great surprise to them that no bribes are received. Our night nurse is an elderly Christian woman, who was a convert from another hospital. She is a marvel and almost a reproach to some of us for her great faith and earnestness. Though she had not been educated, so anxious was she to read her Bible that, although well over fifty years old, she got one of the nurses in her spare time to teach her to read. The patients respect her very much, and speak to us of the kindness and attention they receive from her at night.

"In Khammamett we are in the midst of a large mass-movement towards Christianity. It has been going on amongst non-caste people for some time, but during the last four years it has influenced some of the inferior Sudra castes, which makes it an important thing socially and politically, as well as from a Christian standpoint. No doubt many of them come from mixed motives, not for material gain, however, as the majority of them are in comfortable circumstances; but, whatever their motives, most of them have stood firm through very real persecution. There have been over three thousand baptized, and there are more than two thousand enquirers. The greatness of our opportunity lies in these large numbers of people putting themselves voluntarily under Christian teaching and discipline. The gravity of it is in this, that it is difficult to supply enough earnest Christian teachers to place one in each of their villages; and, if these ignorant people are not now taught clear Christian truth, it is likely that many of them will become merely nominal Christians and be a drag on the Christian Church, or else will lapse into heathenism.

"The work in Khammamett is full of hope and opportunity. An old man was suffering great persecution from the heathen in his village, but, when he was being persuaded by one of our workers to leave his home, he said to her: 'The Christian religion is going to triumph here and, if we hold on, it will be easier for those who follow us.'

"Although the work is often difficult and trying, Christ's Kingdom is triumphing; but Satan is not going to yield

without a fight." And we must not yield either, but hold on.

Dummagudem stands on the Gond mountains, about a hundred miles up the Godaveri river. The nearest railway station is Rajmundri. After that the journey is one of from seven to fifteen days in a house-boat, according to the amount of water and the direction of the wind, up the river and through the magnificent Godaveri gorge to Dummagudem.

The neighbouring highlands are still a refuge for the wild Kois, a branch of the Gond nation. The tribe found a friend and advocate in Sir Arthur Cotton, who in 1860 was engaged in engineering in the neighbourhood. The irrigation works, which he designed and executed, turned the furious streams of the Godaveri into canals, and converted the arid lowlands into the greatest grain-producing country in India. The timid Kois were thus brought into contact with the outer world, and Sir Arthur pleaded that they might have Christianity presented to them, before they became acquainted with Hinduism. He did not plead in vain, for, although it was some time before Dummagudem became a permanent station, the foundation of a mission was laid.

Mission work in Dummagudem was started in the sixties by the late General Haig, and carried on fitfully by the engineers and the C.M.S. missionaries, who were sent at their earnest request. The work among women and children was not begun until the arrival of Mrs. Cain (C.M.S.) in 1882. The people around soon learned to come to the mission compound for medical help, and this, with the boarding and day-schools, took up so much of her time that she was unable to itinerate in the Koi villages, as General Haig had so much hoped she would do. He was at that time on the Committee of the C.E.Z.M.S., and he made every effort to find a helper for her. He went to Edinburgh to speak for the Society, and there God had been preparing a worker. The night before the meeting an earnest Christian nurse had spent some hours reading a tract, called " Why should I not be a missionary ? " There was no reason why she should not be, except that she loved her work and had been used of God in it. She went to the meeting and, after it was over, went to General Haig and offered to go out to Dummagudem, " if she could be of any use." She was accepted, and went to Mildmay for further training. At that time there was a lady who very much wished to give her life to mission work, but could not do so because of family claims. As she could not go herself, she set to work and learned book-keeping, and earned enough to

support a substitute for five years. That substitute was Miss Graham, the nurse from Edinburgh. The account of her ministering visits among the tribes is delightful. The wild hearts responded to her care, and she was adopted as mother, and invested with a mother's privilege of being called up at all hours of the night to attend to her sick children. The spiritual response came also when a poor woman, dying in suffering and weakness, said, "I have taken hold of Jesus." The medical work greatly increased under Miss Graham's devoted care, until the attendances at the dispensary grew to nearly six hundred in a month. During the fever season as many as a thousand patients would come. But the work became too much for one, so Mrs. Cain applied to the C.E.Z.M.S. for another helper. A worker was sent from Masulipatam, but she had to leave soon, because of pressure of work in Ellore. Australia then came to the rescue and sent a helper who worked with Mrs. Cain and Miss Graham for fourteen years. At present the C.E.Z.M.S. is represented by two workers from Melbourne, Miss Dines, a trained nurse, and Miss Wallen, who help Mrs. Cain in the various branches of the work.

Miss Dines looks after the dispensary. Friends in England and Australia, as well as the patients themselves, help the dispensary funds so generously that no extra grant is required. A few months ago the grateful husband of a patient sent a gift of Rs.100, and a merchant has several times given the same amount as a New Year's gift to the dispensary.

Medical help is greatly needed for these poor, ignorant people. A merchant's wife was suffering agonies, and her people sent to the dispensary for medicine, but at the same time they allowed her to undergo native treatment, because they thought that she was not suffering from an illness, but was possessed by an evil spirit. What was this treatment? To exorcise the demon, they pinched her flesh with hot irons, and poured boiling oil on her head.

A cholera patient was not allowed to send to the dispensary for medicine, or even to drink any water, for in this case they depended upon Indian methods only, the cholera cure consisting of a scapegoat. A black goat was tied to the patient's bedside, so that the spirit of cholera might leave the man and go into the animal.

It is a great cause for thankfulness when so much relief is received from the dispensary remedies, because it encourages the people to come for advice and medicine.

Miss Wallen helps in the work among the women and chil-

dren, for whom there are schools and industrial work. The women, who have learned to do darned net lace work very well, work in their own homes, and are paid by the piece. In this way home life does not suffer, the wife and mother being at home to prepare the husband's meals, or to pull the baby out of the fire, if it falls in ! Most of the workers are Christians, but there are Malas, Panchammas, Kois and Madayas, as well as a few caste women, Kamasis, and Komatis. Many of the Christians who do lace making teach the women of their villages Christian truths. The lace industry has been the means of bringing many within the sound of the Gospel, and some who have heard have been brought into the fold.

All the girls in the boarding-school belong to the Panchamma caste. Most of them come from Christian homes, but there are a few non-Christians. It would be more correct to say that they are the children of non-Christian parents, for the girls, as they learn day by day of Christ and His love, gradually yield themselves to Him, and are baptized. Never in any way is pressure brought to bear upon them ; on the contrary they are kept back from baptism longer than they like. It is wonderful and most encouraging to see how the girls develop, and to watch the real change that comes over them. There are many for whom we thank God.

" When Kanta was about six years old, Mrs. Cain had the trying task of breaking her of the opium habit ; the drug had been given to her regularly by her mother from the time she was a baby. Afterwards she was taken into the boarding-school, and for a time Kanta went on very well, until she had a long holiday in her distant village home. On her return she was dull and heavy, and seemed to have lost all that she had gained, but slowly a great change came over her. She seemed to be roused ; she became so useful and quick to know what was wanted of her, and her face was radiant. It was, we knew, the work of the Holy Spirit, and we praised God. Everyone was sorry when the time came for her to marry and go away to her own home. The village was about eight days' journey away in the jungle, and she was the only Christian woman there who could read. But we rejoiced when we heard of her gathering the women and children together to listen to the Bible, and teaching them to sing hymns. A few months afterwards she died. Later on, news came from some of the village people about Kanta's Home-going. They said it was not like death. She knew she was dying, and called her mother to her and told her not to grieve for her, as she was going to the place that Jesus had prepared for her. ' I am going to see Jesus. Look !

He has sent His angels for me.' And with a bright smile she went to be with Him.

"Sundri was taken into the boarding-school when quite a small child. She was lanky and untidy, and an unsatisfactory girl. She never seemed to think of doing anything to help others. 'How the change came we cannot tell, but, when she left to be married, it seemed to us that we had lost our right hand; she was so bright and helpful, so good to the little ones, and she was beloved by all.' Sundri has now three little ones of her own, and she is bringing them up very nicely. Her husband is the schoolmaster in a little village, about fifty miles off from Dummagudem, on the other side of the river. Sundri is his helpmeet in all his work. There is only a small band of Christians in the village. Formerly all the caste people were bitterly opposed to Christianity and oppressed the Christians in every possible way. None was more bitter then the headman of the village, a Brahman. The Christians were not allowed to come near him, or his house and people. A letter from Sundri tells of how he has changed, and how happy and rejoiced they all were over it. They had been asked to go to this headman's house, and were admitted into the courtyard, and were then asked to preach and to sing Christian hymns. Some twenty people were gathered together and listened most attentively. A week later they were asked to go again, and they found a congregation of over thirty people.

"The change did not come all at once. The people gradually became more friendly and treated the Christians better, but it is a wonderful change, nevertheless, for what seemed an impossibility has come to pass, that Brahmans should thus ask Panchamma Christians to come and preach to them. May we not believe that, under God, Sundri's life has been the means of the change in that village?"

This is the latest news from the front, from a solitary advance guard far up the river among the southern Indian hills. Humanly speaking, there would have been no news to tell, but for the prayers and faith and labour of love of a brave British officer more than fifty years ago.

Chapter 7.

MADRAS AND THE PLATEAU OF MYSORE.

On first crossing the line into peninsular India there is the unmistakable sensation of a new country; but this country, new and strange as it is, does not reveal in its fulness Dravidian India. The fastest travelling, perhaps more than the slower modes, makes one realize that India is a land of far distances. A journey in the Southern Express Mail gives a true impression of the country's magnitude, for, although miles of country fly past with great speed, the outlook changes very slowly. It seems to glide by, and yet to remain the same. Looking out from the carriage window, as the train rushes southwards, ever southwards for three days, countries as scenes pass before the eye, but each picture lasts for about a day. First there are the old, familiar scenes of the north. Next day the grouping of the villages seems different, and the lie of the land, the faces and the crowds at the wayside stations, the names on the platforms, the character of the languages—there are always three languages *en evidence*—all is new and strange. Then ranges of red hills appear, the colour of the earth is different, green rice fields, broad rivers, date palms swim by and melt into a region of plain and sand—miles of it, hours of it—till at last there is a strange salt taste in the warm, moist wind. Soon a few suburbs appear and pass, the beginning of a great town. The train rushes into a crowded terminus. It is Madras, the chief town of the oldest presidency.*

† The presidency of Madras covers the southern portion of peninsular India, and includes the entire coast southwards to Cape Comorin. Its area, including native states, is 151,700 square miles, the population is 42,500,000. Its surface is composed of hill and plateau and plain. The Ghats and the Blue Mountains, running in ridges to east and west, descend southwards to form the last point of India. It is a land of mighty rivers; the Godaveri and the Kistna pass

* This was suggested by the description of Madras in *The Cat's Paw*, by B. M. Croker.

† Cf. *A Geography of India.* C.L.S.

through the presidency for the last few miles of their way, and the Cauvery runs the greater part of its course in it. The Ghats intercept the south-western monsoon, and the great heat involves constant need of irrigation. This is achieved by the canal system and by artificial tanks for storing rain. Rice, pulse, millet and cotton grow plentifully on the plains, and coffee and tea plantations are to be seen on the higher elevations. The trees are chiefly palms. The people are almost entirely Dravidian, and the principal languages are Telugu and Tamil, also Kanarese and Malayalim. There are about 2,750,000 Mohammedans, and 2,000,000 Christians, but the great majority are Hindus.

The stronghold of Hinduism is South India, and there it exists in its most degraded form, because of its assimilation of the original demon worship of the country. As Dravidian India gradually unfolds itself to the traveller, so does the cult of the South. It is as if on a dark evening the wayfarer watched the clouds gather and mass, till they blotted out the stars, and the darkness covered all the land—and it was night.

The temple of Siva at Madura may be taken as a type of the Brahmanic cult in South India. All the varied aspects of Hinduism, vastness, mystery, beauty, hideousness and sin, are found in its precincts, or are graven on its stones.

Its magnitude, as well as its beauty, is best appreciated at a distance. The recession of the lines and curves of its carving and sculptures into brilliance of colour, or rich gloom of shade, and the massing together of dome and battlement present a beautiful and colossal unity. But it is a greatness without power, and the beauty fades on drawing near. Seen closer, the exquisite carving resolves itself into details repellent because of their grossness, and the colouring, "purged from the spell" of blue distance, is crude and harsh.

Within there is the same great beauty of carving, the same degradation of detail, but in a greater degree—and it is dark. Hideous forms of gods and demons haunt the dim recesses, weird shadows, flappings of wings and cries and strange callings from thousands of bats that infest the place make the gloom terrible. Further in—for the space is vast—the distant passages, revealed here and there by a flickering lamp, end in thick darkness.

The temple is a type of Hinduism in principle and detail. There is the æsthetic aspect, which attracts many a wanderer from the far distance, because of the haze between, there is the nearer and more repellent view, which meets all who

have more intimate dealings with it, and there is the final darkness, which we dare not penetrate, about which it is unlawful to speak.

A temple fair and exceeding great! Passing fair in the light that has magic in it, but degraded, abandoned, the hold of every foul spirit, the nest of many a hateful bird, it is passing sad, and as for a lost soul is the grieving thereof. Did the Angel of the Apocalypse see this also, another mart of wealth and wickedness, a Babylon of gold, silver, precious stones, brass, marble, odours and ointments, oil and wine, chariots and slaves—*and souls of men?*

Nevertheless, this den of iniquity is to countless multitudes a holy place, a place where blessing and happiness may be sought and—oh, the irony of it!—a place where the soul may receive cleansing from sin.

. . . . . .

The friend who gives the following account of her visit to this temple said that the dimness, the imagery, the incense, the great darkness and the sin recalled to her the vision of Ezekiel. "Every form of creeping things, abominable beasts and all the idols of the house of Israel, portrayed upon the wall round about . . . and . . . in the dark every man in the chamber of his imagery."

"The temple of Siva at Madura is one of the largest in India. It is a magnificent place, as far as the carving and building goes, but awful and horrible in other ways. We entered through a long avenue of pillars, carved with figures, and through various archways along the places where there sat the money changers and those who bought and sold, as in the temple courts. Elephants tramped about amongst them. On we went, passing various carved figures of idols—the elephant god chiefly—to the sacred tank, called the Golden Lily, which is said to contain water from the Ganges. Old frescoes giving the history of Madura are on the walls of the fine cloisters round the tank. We passed the shrine of the goddess Manàchi, but were not allowed to go in—a sacred cow wandered past us all by herself. Then we went down a dark hall—I cannot give you any idea of the vastness of the place—then down another hall. Further on we came to a little enclosure with nine gods in it; they are the representatives of the planets. A tiny lamp is kept burning there, and it is considered a great act of merit to come and fill the lamp with oil. A woman was going round and round it, worshipping each time she passed the entrance. To go round nine times is supposed to bring health, happiness and blessing. This

woman looked miserable. She was old and grey, but was still called a dancing girl, for she belonged to the temple.

"Further on were two immense images of Kali and of Siva. On the breast of Kali lay red ochre and an offering of *ghi*. The figures were so large that there was a ladder to a platform two-thirds up, so that the offerings might be put in the right place. All the figures in the temple that are for worship are black and sticky-looking, from the quantities of oil poured on them. The guide evidently was ashamed to show us a tank there. It is just behind the shrine of the god, and into it from the shrine flow oil, *ghi* and other disgusting ingredients, which, on payment to the priests, the worshippers are allowed to drink. It is called *the sin destroyer*. Can anything be more loathsome!

"The noise made by the bats is almost incredible, the place swarms with them, and indeed no heathen temple is without them. It reminds one of casting the idols to the moles and to the bats.

"As we were leaving the temple, we turned aside into the Court of the Thousand Pillars, a wonderful building, of which I could not see the whole. When we got near the entrance, there was a loud beating of drums, and we saw a procession which is to be seen very rarely. Priests were going in front, with staves of silver and various emblems, and following, borne aloft, was the goddess Manachi, who was being taken to reside for a while in another hall in the town. The figure, which looked about three feet in height, was dressed in fine clothes and jewels. It was under a tinsel canopy and was being fanned by priests. Behind was carried a smaller shrine, said to contain the image of her son.

"Leaving the temple, we passed a large hall, which is usually full of *bazars*, but when the goddess comes there, which she does once a year for a week or ten days, the *bazars* have to turn out and go where they can. We went in as far as we were allowed, and saw the goddess enthroned. She was having her hair done, and was being fanned vigorously and having tea offered her. Numerous priests and dancing girls surrounded her, and there was an admiring crowd of people below. Forty priests are kept for the purpose of calling, dressing, feeding and washing the god and goddess, and putting them to bed, for in all this farce their religion consists.

"I am told that in the inner shrines and dark places of the temple great evil is perpetrated in the name of religion.

"The story of the goddess of the temple is that she was

the wife of one of the kings of Madura, and was such a good woman that she was deified after her death, and was supposed to have been the incarnation of Siva's wife." The fact, however, is otherwise. "The goddess Manachi is the old and the principal demoness of the primitive cult of that region. She was married to the great god Siva, and became the presiding goddess of the Hindu temple of Madura."

It was thus, as already stated, that Brahmanism approached demonolatry. "In the Madura district . . . the Brahmans, upon their first arrival, found all the people given to the worship of their village demons. They said to them, practically, 'We do not wish to deprive you of your devil shrines and images and worship. We will take the leading demons which you worship and marry them to our great gods and then give to them a place in our pantheon and a part in our worship. Come ye also with them, and we will welcome you into our temples and faith.'" *

A visit to a temple such as this during the full tide of its ritual would dispel for ever all lenient thoughts regarding idolatry. It is well to go—*just once.*

"The Spirit of God commanded Ezekiel to look . . . at what they do in the dark"—and when the grievous vision was passed, he said: "Is it a light thing . . . ?"

. . . . . .

Madras, the chief town and capital of the province, rises up from a long stretch of surf-beaten shore. It has no natural beauty, nor does its position give it any command of trade, but its fine buildings, set in wide, green spaces, give it the colour and space of a continental city, unlike Calcutta and Bombay, the crowded ports of commerce. And Madras has a history. It was the scene of struggles against Portuguese, Dutch and English, of warfare and siege.

But this story is of another warfare and of another siege, the war against the rulers of the darkness of this world.

The first pioneer of the conquering forces of the Prince of Peace was an Indian lady. Work was begun in a small way by Mrs. Satthianadhan among Hindu girls in 1864, and the Misses Oxley laboured for many years among Hindu and Mohammedan women. In the out-station, Chintadrepettah, the daughters of Mrs. Satthianadhan superintend the work in schools and zenanas. Miss Grover is in charge of the Hindu work, with its far-reaching influence, and Miss Grove of the Mohammedan work in the city of Madras. A training

* Jones, *India's Problem.*

home for assistant missionaries, superintended by Miss Ewart, was opened in 1902.

Although each branch of the work represents a large subject, no subject can be fully described in a short sketch. The part that deals with Hinduism cannot reveal its many aspects, but, as it represents what is seen by the zenana missionary, it may comprehend much. She has opportunities of seeing the home and the wayside and the everyday life, which few possess. Her labour being chiefly confined to the ignorant and unthinking mass, and those who are out of the way, there is not much to tell of the brighter side of the picture. That there should be those who think, and those who strive towards a purer faith, is a cause for thankfulness, but those who remain are the multitudes who do not think, and it is upon the multitude of sheep without a shepherd that the Saviour looks with pity and love.

Looking back on a scene such as this, described by Miss Grover, will help us to realize what evangelistic work means. There was a great crowd that day, for it was a Hindu festival. The missionaries were standing by the roadside, while the people passed to and from the temple, and they spoke to those who would listen, and sold Gospels. How few understood what they had come to see at the temple! A man had journeyed from a distant village to worship the "*Sixty Three.*" Who were the sixty-three? Were they gods or devils? He did not seem to know. And who is God? He thought for a while, and said, "Is it he that comes in the morning?" He could not grasp that the sun was only a created light of God. But he had bought a Gospel, which someone at home would read to him.

An educated Hindu passed. He smiled and spoke of casting pearls before swine.

A former pupil came up and bought a booklet. A woman who had learned it all in school bought a Gospel. Another wished that the temple would fall down in ruins, so that she need no longer worship there.

All the Brahmans are not hostile: there is a widow who often comes into the school for a talk; she is very friendly and affectionate. One day she brought a Bible, given her in 1894 by a Christian friend in Palamcottah. The missionary looked at the date and said: "The seed sown has been long in springing up." After a moment's thought, she said: "If the rain fall, it will spring up." The Brahman loves a ready answer. At present she finds it hard to give up the old customs. The missionary asked her if she had gone to

the temple lately: "Somebody told me you were going to Triplicane to see the god." "Oh, yes, why not? I walked round like everybody else."

Another asks if it is not enough to have faith, without confession of it. There is a young girl who would gladly be baptized, if she were old enough to take the step. She said to a relative of hers, a widow who is halting between two opinions: "I would be baptised at once, if I were in your position." But now her marriage is arranged.

"Has not everyone in Madras heard the Gospel?" Someone asked that question after the missionary had come home from her day's work. That very day she had been speaking to a group of women, and one at least had not heard the Gospel before.

Miss Grove's little school for Mohammedan girls at Parsawalkan is a place where happiness and peace reign. Most of the children come from homes where there is very little joy and comfort. In school they are cared for and are happy, and lessons become a pleasure. The Scripture lesson time is a delight to some, and the babies love to sing hymns and repeat texts; it is a pleasure to teach them. The school at Triplicane shares in pleasure too, and prize-giving day is looked forward to in both schools as a festive occasion.

The Training Home for Assistant Missionaries, now closed, cannot have full justice done to it, because of the nature of the work. "The routine of a training home does not lend itself to graphic touches of description." Between the lines can be read a whole story of arduous work, a work which is its own reward. When one sees faithful and well equipped Indian workers doing valuable work in many parts of the Presidency, one realizes the worth and power of this special branch of service.

MYSORE is an ancient Hindu kingdom. It lies in the south-western corner of the great Deccan Plateau. Next to Hyderabad, it is the most populous native state in India. Of its population of about 5,500,000, 5,000,000 are Hindus, over 250,000 are Mohammedans, the rest are Christians, Animists and Jains. Bangalore is the chief town of the state, and the cantonment is British territory, whilst Mysore is the principal residence of the Maharajah. Seen from some height of the Nilgiris, which stand sheer up from the plain, the plateau of Mysore is a vision of colour—the varied tints of fields and palms melting into wondrous shades of blue, while the clouds sailing by trail their purple shadow garments on the ground.

The work of the C.E.Z.M.S. in Mysore is a mission to the Moslems, for, with the exception of the hospital, which opens its doors to all, every institution is devoted to the Mohammedans.

Although numerically small as compared with the Hindus of that province, the Mohammedans bulk largely as an important, compact and exceedingly bigoted portion of the Moslem world in India. It is an anomaly to find an advance guard of Islam within the very stronghold of Hinduism. It is not strange that it should be bitterly opposed to Christianity. The missionary has to face descendants of Haider Ali, Shias from Persia, proselytes, the most hostile of all, *moulvies*, pilgrims from Mecca sure of salvation, the mass as well as the individual of the straitest sect of Islam and opponents of evangelistic methods. It is not wonderful that there were mighty barriers, neither is it wonderful that these barriers are, like the walls of Jericho, falling down before the prayer of faith.

Bangalore stands on a high plateau of granite, the ridges of which stand out like bones near the surface.

Four miles off is the cave of the temples of the sun. The temples are said to be cut out of the rock, and are very ancient. The native part of the town of Bangalore is very picturesque, with its fort and streets and palm trees. The Hindu women go about unveiled, but the Mohammedan women are strictly secluded.

There are more Mohammedans in Bangalore than in any other town in the province. The work of the C.E.Z.M.S. amongst Mohammedan women was begun in 1887 by Miss Thom, assisted by Miss A. M. L. Smith, in consequence of an appeal by Miss Edith Goldsmith, who felt deeply for the Mohammedan women in their seclusion, unreached by any missionaries labouring in Mysore. The first attempts to enter the zenanas failed over and over again, so strong was the prejudice against Christianity. In 1888 Miss Thom speaks of the great need of Indian Christian helpers, filled with the Spirit of God, and she tells of an Indian Mohammedan lady, a widow from Panruti, who after her baptism was a brave witness for her Saviour and a worker for Him. Circumstances compelled her to leave her own part of the country, and she came to Bangalore with her child and grandchild. The work there exactly suited her case. Many who knew the hatred felt by Mohammedans to a convert from their faith feared serious opposition, but God gave her great favour. Her firmness, her gentleness and her strong faith, as well as her medical skill, opened the way for her into the zenanas. Many

Mohammedan women would visit her in her little house. When afterwards Qadir Bi was recalled to Panruti, many a Mohammedan house mourned the loss of a warm friend, and more than one soul thanked God for the Message of Salvation heard from her lips. It is interesting to track a river from its source, hidden away in the soft folds of the hills. The mission, as it is now, with its well-equipped and well-staffed Gosha hospital, the orphanage and the band of Christian ladies, whose unseen influence penetrates into the Mohammedan zenanas, and the hospital at Channapatna, is as a place of broad streams, and a power to be reckoned with. So also is the secret spring—the hidden love of God which found its place in one heart and overflowed.

A few extracts from the farewell address of the Bangalore Christians to Miss A. M. L. Smith, gives the history of the mission from a singularly interesting point of view. "It is now more than twenty years since, by the providence of God, you with one or two assistants were permitted to start the work of the mission in Bangalore. When it is universally recognized that this section of missionary work is the most difficult and most beset with danger, and when we review the development of the work as it is maintained now, we cannot but feel with joy and thankfulness that the guiding hand of God has been with you throughout your long missionary career. In the very first year the mission was able to open three schools, with an average attendance of eighty Mussulman girls and children, and to find admission into many Moslem homes. At present the message of the Gospel is proclaimed by means of many attractive and highly appreciated methods. There are four schools, where many girls and children hear of the love of God through the books they are taught. In two hospitals in Bangalore and Channapatna, the numerous in and out-patients that daily resort there for the relief of their bodily ailments hear of the Divine Physician Who heals both body and soul. In the industrial schools in Bangalore and Mysore the girls and women that come to earn a means of livelihood learn that Jesus is the Bread of Life. Many a fast-closed Moslem door opens readily, when the inmates know that it is the zenana missionary that knocks. In the orphanage a much-needed noble work is carried on.

"It is but natural that all these developments pointed to the necessity of missionaries for men, and the guiding hand of God is no less remarkable here. . . . As one fruit of all these labours we have had within the past few years eight men and women as converts from Islam to the fold of

Christ. . . . These results might appear to be insignificant in the face of 80,000,000 Moslem souls in India; but we know and feel and rejoice that God Almighty in His own good time will swell this small beginning into a mighty river overflowing all the land. . . ."

Doctor Amy Lillingston is able in a recent report to speak of very happy and successful work in the Gosha hospital. There was no lack of ward work, with more than eight hundred in-patients; of these Miss Lillingston gives a peep into the heart of one. "The Mohammedans are our special work, but we never have them in hospital in larger proportion than one-fourth of the whole number of in-patients. Just now we have over fifty in the wards, and of these eight or ten are Mohammedans. Yesterday the father of one, who has been A.D.C. to several Viceroys, came to tell me, after weeks of delay, that we might operate on his daughter. He said quite contentedly that she had lately been to Mysore, and a *moulvie* there had told them, 'No, it is not a devil, nor a ghost, but an illness.' So we may now go forward! The girl herself is very sweet and attractive, and at heart a Christian, we believe."

Dispensary work was comparatively small. There were 2,200 new patients and 6,324 total attendances during the year, also twenty-nine major and a hundred and seventy-four minor operations. What these figures represent in time and labour is shown in an extract from a sketch of Closepet by one of the missionaries. "The weekly visit to Closepet is one of the very best of the joys of Bangalore. . . . When we have deposited our things at the little bungalow, we take a bundle of pictures and go along the streets. This house-to-house visitation gets more and more encouraging each time we go. The people just pop out from every other door and ask us to go in. Some want us to see relations and friends who are sick, and some just ask us to talk to them. It is good to see the keen interest with which the people listen. We go from house to house, as they call us, till it begins to get dark; then we go back to our bungalow. Next morning we begin dispensary work at eight o'clock. Sometimes the catechist's wife comes in to speak and teach for a part of the time. Our Indian helpers sing some of the Hindustani hymns. The people love to listen, and they are always attentive, and even the children are quiet. We give medicine till noon, when we begin to pack up and lock our medicine box, which we leave in the dispensary from week to week. Of course, at the end some patient always comes—a

Mohammedan, carrying his own and a neighbour's baby with sore eyes, or a big brother bringing a tiny one. I think that is one of the very nice things about the men here, they are always so kind to the little ones. At last we really finish, and go off to the bungalow before starting for Bangalore. We do not get there till 6 p.m., for the train goes very slowly over the distance of thirty miles, but, were it just as slow again, it could not spoil the joy of the visit to Closepet. The joy gets deeper and deeper each time we go. Always we find the dark-eyed women peeping round corners to see when we are coming, and they are so ready to listen and ask questions about what must be so puzzling to them, until God gives them light.

"We persuaded one of them, who needed more treatment than could be given in the dispensary, to come back with us to hospital, but it was not an easy matter to persuade her husband to let her come. It took five different arguments to get him to see that her illness was of more importance than the cooking of his food. His answer to the argument which I thought would be final was that, if she died, he could quickly get another wife. He gave in quite nicely, however, when we got his mind away from his food, but oh, what hard work it was! We went to his house to see her first at his invitation. We sat on their best grass mat on the floor for nearly half an hour, trying to persuade him. One morning he brought her and took her away twice, then finally, just when we had given her up and had gone to the station, he brought her with his mother and the baby, and they all came with us. He stayed behind, and I suppose he went to find a cook. She is much better, and has got one of her friends to come for treatment."

Facts are eloquent; it needs but to tell what is being done to show what awaits the doing.

The orphanage family numbers forty-six, including eight tiny children and a baby in arms. Miss Haydon writes that one of their biggest blessings is the steadfast Christian character and prayerful influence of the young matron. The Pettah school for Mohammedan girls is carried on under difficulties, as the parents soon remove their daughters, if they become interested in the Gospel. In the industrial school the poor Mohammedan women have daily Scripture teaching, and learn a verse of the Bible by heart. One of these women has confessed her faith in the Lord Jesus and her desire to follow Him.

Work among the villages in South India might be expressed

more truly as "work among the distances." Miss Potter tells of an interesting visit paid to a Jain Jatri in a village about eighty miles away. This village is a place of Jain temples, and has the image of a saint on the top of a hill. A large festival is held there, to which thousands of Jains come from all parts of India. There was great opposition to the selling of Gospels and the distribution of tracts, but between two of the temples was a quiet spot, where the missionaries could offer Gospels for sale. The retreat was not discovered by the opposition party until two days before the missionaries left. Amongst the crowd were some Hindi ladies from Meerut, who had been visited by missionaries in the north, and they asked for a hymn. Indians love travelling, and they travel far. In this way the Good News spreads far and wide.

An important medical work, superintended by Dr. Dora Lockwood, is going on at Channapatna. It began as a dispensary, visited weekly from Bangalore, but at the request of the people a small hospital was built, which has proved a great help and blessing to the Mohammedans in the town and district.*

Mysore City stands on a lower shelf of the plateau than Bangalore. The high, rocky hill of the "sacred bull" rises up above the town, and beyond are the falls of the Cauvery. Ten miles away to the north, on an island in the Cauvery, is the fort and town of Seringapatam, once the capital of the Haider family. Mysore is a centre of civilization and education. It is a remarkable fact that the regency of the last Maharajah consisted of five, two Mohammedans, two Hindus and one Christian. There are about 40,000 Mohammedans in the city of Mysore. The work among Mohammedan women and girls was begun by occasional visits paid from Bangalore, and Miss Lee took up her residence there in 1892. A large house, formerly a palace, was given her for a school. One or two women formed the nucleus, and by the end of the month there were forty-one on the roll. Zenana doors opened of their own accord, but opposition arose, the parents complaining that the children were being saturated with Christian teaching. One little girl had quite forgotten the Prophet, and was always saying, "Jesus said, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me.'" The Kazi's little son repeated it one day, and his mother said,

* A vivid impression of the interesting town, its inhabitants and the hospital patients is given in Miss Haworth's charming book, "Aloes and Palms."

"The schoolgirls come here to play, and he has picked it up from them." Storms of opposition rose and fell again and again, but the schools held their own, until they had to be closed on account of plague in 1899.

Miss Moore and others carried on the work, and they opened an industrial class for some of the poorer mothers and women, which has been a great help to those who attend it. The quality of their work has improved, and they now do the gold embroidery on cloth and satin extremely well.

Let us visit a zenana belonging to a rich landowner. We enter through a large gateway into a small courtyard. On the left two cows and calves are tied up, and beyond this is another little courtyard, in which two or three small trees and a few plants are growing. The rooms around it belong to the women of the household. Under a low verandah the lady of the house is waiting to lead us into a large room, with small windows and several doors opening into small, dark inner rooms. The eldest daughter comes forward with smiles and *salaams*. Miss Moore examines their needlework, and shows them how to go on. A neighbour and some children come in, and then the Word of God is read. During the last two weeks the lesson has been from the Gospel of St. John. A year ago this lady opposed all teaching, especially the doctrine of the Divinity of our Lord. It is marvellous that she can now listen quietly to her daughter reading such a portion as this fifth chapter, and that she will allow the missionary to say all she can to press the truth home, and yet make no protest.

The year 1907 is marked as a year of progress, chiefly through the labours of Miss Graham, an Indian lady from the north. Two pupils from the day-school successfully passed the Lower Secondary Examination. There was only one other successful girl candidate in the whole province. How much remains to be done for Mohammedan female education in Mysore! The opening of the Wesleyan Zenana Hospital has enabled our missionaries to reach a larger number of women, as they have been asked to teach the patients in the waiting-room.

But "it is the doing that grows out of praying that is mightiest in touching human hearts." Miss Moore reveals the foundations of service and conquest in quoting this as the heading of a report of the work, on returning after furlough. She finds the ranks of fellow-workers thinned by illness, and once more takes up the responsibility in dependence upon

the prayer-answering God. The school is doing well, the attendance is good, and the girls are keen about their studies. Miss Moore notes the high tone of the school, and the reverence which the daughters of Islam show during the Bible lesson. " What shall I say about the zenanas, I receive such welcomes everywhere ! I find some hearts softening to the message of the Gospel. There is more earnestness over the Bible reading, and there are signs that the Holy Spirit is working. We need your prayers, that we may live so close to the Master that He may be seen in all we do."

" It is the doing that grows out of praying that is mightiest in touching human hearts."

Among the several positions of Eastern prayer, there is one that is noteworthy—it is the hands spread open, ready to receive. There are the folded hands of petition, and the prone hands of adoration, and the hands open wide for reception. " Fill your hands " is the command in Exodus xxxii. 29. But first you must open them wide. The last word from Mysore is a request for prayer—the folding of the hands. The prayer will be abundantly answered, so the return word to Mysore will be, " Open them wide."

CHAPTER 8.

THE BLUE MOUNTAINS AND THE LORDS OF THE HILLS.

THE Nilgiris are clothed from head to foot in a veil, blue and wonderful as the depths of a sapphire. The colour cannot be accounted for by the eucalyptus trees which grow there, nor by the little blue flower which covers the slopes, for it is rarely seen. It can only be because of the brilliant atmosphere and the damp climate, which give to all distances the translucency of precious stones. The highest point of the Nilgiris divides the monsoons, sending the north-eastern monsoon to Coonoor, and the south-western to Ootacamund. Both of these are well known sanatoriums, as well as missionary centres.

***Coonoor** clings to the side of the hills, and looks down through masses of tree fern and purple flowers into deep valleys, and outwards to the beautiful plateau of Mysore. The native part of the town is a picturesque cluster of streets, the houses of which stand in terraces one above the other. Between the houses are courtyards, winding lanes, steep flights of steps, and covered passages. It is in these strange, untidy houses that most of the zenana pupils live, and from them come the greater number of the school children.

Miss von Engelhardt began work in Coonoor in 1899, and the quiet and steady progress can be seen by a look backwards. At first there were three Biblewomen visiting in the homes of the people, and there was only one school. Now there are five Biblewomen and five schools. At that time only the women and children in Coonoor itself and in one village were reached; now the Gospel is brought to the people in several of the villages, as well as in the town. During the past years some of the pupils have openly confessed their faith in Christ. The Biblewomen are much encouraged by the friendly way in which they are welcomed by the people, and by the interest which many of the women show in their Bible lessons. A glance at the things behind brings encouragement; let there be also a looking forward, for there is no limit to what God can

* Cf. *The Cat's Paw.* B. M. Croker.

do by means of the small band of converts and workers in Coonoor.

Ootacamund is the resort of the Madras Government for six months in the year. Work has been carried on by the C.E.Z.M.S. both among Tamils and Hindustani-speaking women and girls since 1885, also among the remnants of the Toda races. The work includes day-school and zenana visiting, but the centre of it all is the boarding-school and converts' home, which is now at Dunmere. The comfortable home, with its large garden, has been secured through the prayers and gifts of many friends both in England and India.

The boarding-school is the only secondary school for girls anywhere on the Nilgiris, or in the Wynaad, which is an unhealthy district lying on the lower slopes towards Mysore. It supplies the need of the Indian Christian community of the district, provides teachers for the day school, and is also a converts' home, where those who have to leave their homes for Christ's sake are received and taught, and trained for lives of future usefulness.

The girls are trained as teachers and Biblewomen, and are also fitted for home life. A few are the children of Christian parents, who pay for their education and are responsible for their future, but the greater number are orphans, mostly brought from the Wynaad. There are also some to whom one of themselves has given the name of "the ones who came running," those who have left home and friends, and have fled for refuge where they may be able to learn of Jesus and to confess Him. The homes they have left behind are hidden away among the slopes of the Blue Mountains, and their people are the Todas, or the lords of the hills.

The Lords of the Hills.—The missionaries used to visit the homes of the lords of the hills, and this is how they went. "Away and away over the hills, keeping closely to the path evidently worn by the Todas, we slid over the burning grass, and at last came to grey stone walls. We squeezed through the entrance, and there down in the hollow lay five huts."

What sort of huts? And who are the Todas?

*"The Todas are a small aboriginal tribe, found only on the Nilgiri hills, in South India. Their own account of themselves, if questioned as to their origin or where they came from, is, 'We came from nowhere; we have always lived here.'

"Physically they are a fine race, taller and fairer than the people of the plain. . . . The huts of the Todas are quite

* Cf. *Dawn in Toda Land*, by C. F. Ling.

unique. They are arched in shape, rather like a large half barrel standing on the flat side. The thatched roof extends to the ground on either side, and the two ends are boarded. In the front there is a small aperture, three feet square, which serves for door, window and chimney, and the only means of entering is by going down on hands and knees, and crawling in. Three or four of these huts, each enclosed with a rough stone wall, constitute a *mund*, or village.

"Attached to every *mund* is a hut generally identical in shape with the others, but it is the temple or dairy—in Toda phraseology the terms are synonymous—for here is stored the milk of the sacred herd. Besides these dairy temples, there are others far removed from all human habitations, where a large brass bell, which is supposed to have come down from heaven on the neck of the first buffalo, is jealously guarded. The priests who have charge of it lead the life of recluses; they have their wants supplied by the other members of the tribe, but never come out themselves. When the bell is moved from one temple to another, it is carried with the utmost care and secrecy.

"The position of women amongst the Todas, as amongst all Oriental races, is one of great inferiority to the men. A woman is never allowed inside a temple enclosure, nor permitted to join in any religious ceremonies, and her manner of greeting her lord and master is to stoop down on the ground and press his feet, first one and then the other, to her forehead. . . . The Todas are entirely a pastoral people; they live by keeping large herds of buffaloes. . . . This source of income is supplemented by the taxes paid them by the Badagas, another tribe, who thus witness to the fact, proudly asserted by the Todas, that they are the lords of the hills."

Christian work among the Todas was begun at their own request. One of them, who believed that he had been healed through the prayers and medicines of a Christian, came on two successive Sundays to the Tamil church in Ootacamund, and afterwards visited the mission house to ask for teaching for his people. Miss Ling granted his request. The first step was to learn the language. Toda was an unwritten language, so the study of it involved labour. There was the collecting of words, the gleaning of information on grammatical points, and finally the translation of St. Mark's Gospel in Tamil characters. They have now the Gospel of St. John and a small book containing the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, two choruses and a hymn, all published by the British

and Foreign Bible Society. But this is anticipating, for the next step of starting a school was taken not long after the first. The school was opened in Pykara, a good centre, eleven miles from Ootacamund. A Tamil Christian evangelist was put in charge, with the combined offices of schoolmaster and catechist. "School keeping amongst the Todas presents many difficulties. In the first place the people have not yet realized the benefits of education; they are scattered one from another and have no idea of punctuality. Moreover, at a certain season of the year, there is a general migration to other *munds* on another part of the hills, for the sake of fresh pasture for their buffaloes." So it was felt necessary to have a second school, otherwise little impression could be effected on the migratory pupil. Later on a third school was added, which flourished for a while. It was taught by a schoolmaster who walked over daily and taught the children under a tree. The evangelists are supported by the C.M.S. Missionary Association of the Tinnevelly Church, which has adopted them as its "Own Missionaries," so the work among the lords of the hills has a very real place in the prayers of the Tinnevelly Church.

Signs of a gracious answer to many prayers are seen in the spirit of enquiry amongst the people, and in the influence of the children in their homes. It is very sweet to hear the little ones repeat texts of Scripture and Bible stories, and to see them kneel in prayer. Some of the people have proved the power of prayer offered in Christ's Name, and it is no uncommon sight to see a Toda man or woman at the Tamil service on Sunday morning. Others have given up drink. A new conscience seems to be created in the *munds* from which the children come to school.

There is at the same time opposition, but this shows that real work is going on. At one time it may be a devil-dancer preaching against Christianity, again it may be the Badagas who stir up the Todas to refuse the Message. There are many earnest members of the church of Christ amongst the Badagas, and this is why the others are so opposed to it. They know better than the Todas do what the preaching of the Gospel will end in—the forsaking of old gods, old customs, old sins, and they are not prepared for this, so some of them "kick against the pricks," until the Great Light shines in, and Someone calls them by name. How suddenly and strangely the call comes! It came to Panz one night in a dream. He saw heaven opened, and every tribe and race of whom he had ever heard passing through the gate, but he saw none of his own people. He

woke up crying, because he thought there would be no Todas in heaven. God sent the first part of the vision to make him cry for help. "They cried out . . . and immediately Jesus came."

Nothing is so moving as the appeal on the face of a helpless child, for it is unconscious. Valli may be happy enough, living her wild life, wrapped up in a coarse blanket, and with her black hair in a tangle hanging around her face, but the subconscious soul cries out from her eyes. The picture of Valli placed beside that of a group of converts makes a striking contrast. The wistful face confronts five bright young people. The eyes are just the same, and yet how different. Can it be one of these in the afterward?

On October 6th, 1907, these five girls made confession of their faith by baptism in the little Tamil church. They were of those who "came running" to the Christian home in Ootacamund.* Two years previously two sisters, Sathamuth and Sinthamel, pupils of one of the Toda schools, suddenly appeared at the mission house in Ootacamund and said they had come to stay. But the next day their mother arrived and demanded that the girls should return with her. As the mother was poor, the missionaries begged her to let her daughters remain in school, promising to care for them and let her see them when she liked. Nothing would move her, so at last, on her promising to bring them back and then let them stay, they consented to go, and went back with their mother to all that life in a Toda *mund* means. During the two years that followed the mother often renewed her promise to bring her daughters and allow them to be brought up as Christians. Her own influence and example did not tend to help them to lead a good life, and when she died one could not but feel that it was a blessing for them. Sathamuth immediately sent word that she would come as soon as the second funeral was over. When a Toda dies, the corpse is burnt, and a finger nail, a piece of the scalp, and a lock of hair are wrapped between pieces of bark and kept for several months, after which they are burned with great ceremony. During the interval the "little corpse," as this is called, must be watched over by the nearest female relative, who must only taste food once a day, and that of the coarsest kind. This duty devolved upon Sathamuth, and it was impossible for her to come until it was accomplished. Oh, how long the months of waiting seemed! Todas are never in a hurry, and, as the desire of the girls was not a secret to their relations, they wished to

* Cf. *Five Toda Treasures.* Clara Elwin.

postpone rather than hasten its fulfilment. Sathamuth grew thin and fragile, but the waiting time was not spent in vain. She had the little Gospel of St. John in the Toda language, which she was able to read, and with all her power she tried to teach those around her of Christ.

One morning two weary little people arrived at the door. They had slipped away and walked for many long miles, hiding when they saw anyone coming. The night was cold, for it was in January, and there are wild beasts on the hills, but they prayed all the way, and God kept them. A fortnight afterwards another girl came. Her sole motive in coming was her friendship for Sathamuth, but she found at last the friendship of the Lord Jesus. A few months later Thuskis came. Her people had cast her out. The fifth arrived on a pouring wet day in June. Kamir had nothing to say for herself or her faith. She had heard the preaching at the *mund* once, that was all, but she was sure that God had told her to come.

Could the two messengers have seen the vision of the five that day, when, after treading the grassy slope, they squeezed through the wall, and the women came out of their huts to welcome them, would not every wistful face around have seemed to be lit by the sunshine of God? Perhaps they saw even greater things than these. The dawn was breaking on the grey hills, and they knew that soon there would be wave upon wave of gold on the Blue Mountains—a glorious morning and the Perfect Day.

Chapter 9.

THE SACRED HEDGE.

Tinnevelly, or Tiruneveli, means the Sacred Hedge. It is a fiery red, sandy plain stretching out to the horizon. Towards the north-west there is a line of distant hills. Here and there are groups of palmyras and green fields, and all around sand, until the great plain ends in the point of rock that pierces the sea. But this great plain of desolating distances is a part of the densely populated land of Dravidian India, for each clump of trees usually indicates the existence of a village, and the clumps are not far apart, "so thick do the towns stand in heathendom." The South is the stronghold of Brahmanism, priest-ridden and fast bound in the chains of the world, the flesh and the devil. It is also the cradle of the Christianity of those parts. "The movement towards Christianity began in the days of Schwartz, whose helper, Satthianadhan, visited Tinnevelly and instructed a large number of people . . . 4,465 being baptized during the next twenty years." It is true that there have been lapses back to heathenism, and that there exist at the present time much weakness and error, but the Golden Candlestick is still in its place, even where Satan's seat is.

In the Church there are warrior saints, who go into the enemy's camp and rescue the lost even from the gates of hell. Others receive the maimed and wounded and all the "lost things," as the Good Shepherd brings them home. And so the ground is gained inch by inch. It is won in another way also. It is won each time that the precious dust of God's beloved is buried there. Minnie Turner was laid to rest at the Town of Witness, her sister Clara sleeps at Palamcottah, sixty miles away, and there are many more, for God's Acre is thickly sown in Tinnevelly. What the effect of a holy life is can best be known—if indeed it can ever be known—by the power of personality that remains behind as a palpable influence among the people. Near Sachiapuram, in the large town of Sivakasi, Ragland is buried. He is still known amongst the people as "the saint." The place where his grave is was formerly a spot where many

evil deeds were committed, and none would go near it after sunset, but during the riots in North Tinnevelly it became the place where people sought refuge; and there they would stay all night, satisfied that they had found a place of safety.

There is much land to be possessed; the band of workers, including the agents of various missionary societies, is a small one, but unitedly striving with them in prayer the Church, as one, can put a thousand to flight. Let each be remembered, for each one, however weak, can do great things; as the Tamil proverb says, "With the Mighty One a blade of grass is as a weapon."

Sachiapuram, the Town of Witness, is a little Christian village in the sandy plain of North Tinnevelly. There are about fifteen mud houses, two schools for Christian boys and girls belonging to the C.M.S., and near by the C.E.Z.M.S. bungalow and a training home for Biblewomen. This is the headquarters from which to visit the towns and villages. Mrs. Kearns and Miss Rose began the work in 1881, and Mrs. Finnimore carried it on. When Mrs. Finnimore left, the work among women and girls had been practically closed, but when the Misses Turner came in 1891 they found a few schools and several Biblewomen. New schools were opened in different places, and there are now eleven for girls in the principal towns of the place, and seventeen Biblewomen visit in towns and villages around, chiefly amongst high caste women. Many of their pupils have given up the worship of idols and are praying to the true God. In Sivakasi, which is near Sachiapuram, there are four Biblewomen and one school. The school building was bequeathed to the Society by an Indian Christian woman, who was anxious for the salvation of her Hindu sisters. A blessing has rested on her gift. Some little girls who were taught in that school have become earnest Christians, and are spending their lives in God's service, seeking to win others to Him. Some have been baptized and are still living in their homes.

There are about 1,400 villages in the district of North Tinnevelly. The ladies travel about, mostly driving in bullock bandies, or riding, and usually have a welcome and a good hearing. This is all the more remarkable when we take into account the character of the inhabitants of the land. Of these Miss Elwin remarks: "Our nearest neighbours are the robbers." Most of the surrounding villages are robber villages, and they are very proud of their caste. Their objection to Christianity is chiefly that Christians mix with the low caste people. But, besides the robbers, there are

also rich merchants and people from the Telugu country, of whom many have become Christians. Amongst these varied castes and tribes the missionary is welcome. A Hindu farmer sold the land for the mission house for a wonderfully small sum, saying how glad he was that missionaries would live there, and the robbers begged them to build the mission house in their village.

"I have set before thee an open door and no man can shut it." It opens out wide into the villages and the regions beyond, but there are other pressing claims in the town and schools. In South Tinnevelly the need is great in both places, as Miss Morris shows in her account of itinerating work round Palamcottah.

Palamcottah is three miles from Tinnevelly town, and is the centre of the C.E.Z.M.S. work in South Tinnevelly. Here are the Deaf and Dumb Industrial Schools and the Sarah Tucker institution, which belongs to the C.M.S., and is now entirely undertaken by that Society, though it was worked for several years by the C.E.Z.M.S. ladies. Work amongst women was begun by Mrs. Lewis in 1874. The town with its schools, zenana visiting, converts' home and district work, has now a staff of four ladies and forty-four Biblewomen.

The buildings of the Deaf and Dumb Industrial School were completed in 1906, but the first beginning, the gathering together of the stones and the causes that led to the gathering of them, cannot be dated. A few gleanings from Miss Swainson's account of the work give us the following facts about the deaf and dumb, and how the institution came into being.

There are about two hundred thousand deaf-mutes scattered throughout India, but the idea of teaching and educating them seems hardly to have entered into the minds of their fellow-countrymen, who usually look upon this affliction either as a species of possession, or as a punishment from some angry god.

Three of these children were brought to the industrial school in connection with the Sarah Tucker Institution, where Miss Swainson was then working, and she was so much impressed with their intelligent faces and quickness in picking up signs that she felt they ought to be properly educated. She made enquiries as to a school for them, only to find that no such place existed in the Madras Presidency, and that in the whole of India there were but two small schools, where the fees were prohibitive. Feeling strongly that some effort should be made to meet the great need, Miss Swainson

and her fellow-workers decided to start a small class for deaf and dumb children. Their venture met with an immediate response. Not only girls but also boys were sent to them, and the coming of the latter necessitated the renting of a small house, where they could live with a teacher and his wife to look after them.

The English finger-language was adapted to Tamil, and the deaf-mutes learn almost everything that other children do, and prepare for the same examinations. The chief difference naturally is in the reading lessons, for which special books have been prepared. After the alphabet is mastered, about three hundred nouns are taught by means of pictures, then pronouns, and about two hundred verbs, in present, past and future tenses. Short sentences follow, daily increasing in difficulty. All these are to be spelt or signed. Object lessons are greatly appreciated and enjoyed. In addition to the ordinary school course, the boys are taught tailoring and carpentry ; the girls learn needlework in all its branches, so that, when they leave school, they may earn their own living.

As the work of the school became known, applications were received from all parts of India, showing that the need of such an institution was widely felt.

At first when the children came, they were very difficult to manage. They had never been controlled in their own homes, and were usually very suspicious, mischievous and quarrelsome. But the love and patience shown them by Miss Swainson and their teachers won their hearts, and they became tractable and affectionate.

To illustrate the real influence which Christian teaching has upon the lives of the little ones, the following instances may be quoted. A child, who was particularly naughty and tiresome when she first entered school, became quite changed in character after fifteen months. When her companions were behaving badly, she would say, "Don't do it, Jesus is looking and He will be so sorry ; and if you are good, He will be glad."

One of the little "dumbies" was successful in gaining the attention of a hitherto indifferent crowd of listeners in a heathen village, where an attempt was being made to preach the Gospel, by writing a text on the sand and signing its meaning. The astonishment of the people was very great on finding that, though she was deaf and dumb, she could both read and write.

In addition to the school for the deaf and dumb, there is a separate boarding-school for hearing and speaking girls.

Most of these are the daughters of poor Christians, and they stay till they marry. In the meantime they are able to earn their food and clothing by their needlework, for which they obtain orders from different parts of India, as well as from England.

Now over a hundred children are taught by our own trained Indian Christian girls, with the addition of one master.

The work of the Deaf and Dumb Industrial Schools is now well known not only to those interested in missionary effort; it holds an important position also in the estimation of Government. This appears in the appreciative letter of Sir Arthur Lawley, the Governor of Madras, on the occasion of his visit to the institution in 1908, and in the reports of the Government Inspectress, who notes the impressiveness of the whole atmosphere, and speaks of it as a noble work nobly done. The Indian Government in 1910 awarded the Kaisar-i-Hind medal to Miss Swainson, in grateful recognition of her untiring efforts on behalf of these afflicted children.

Gratifying as this is, we may be sure that Miss Swainson values more highly still the love and trust with which she is regarded by her large family.

Sentences taken here and there from a missionary's notebook bring the villages in the southern sands vividly before us: "When in Palamcottah, it seems as if there is so much to be done there and in the near neighbourhood that it is impossible to spare time to go further afield. Once out in the villages, there comes the feeling that one should be there and nowhere else, as the need is so very great! The last twelve days I have spent in the villages. Eighteen miles is a long journey in these parts, so that even with an early start it was well past noon before I reached my destination—a travellers' rest house. A mile further on is a large heathen town, with only one Christian family. Caste is strong, and the Biblewoman has to find a dwelling-place right away in a part where the inhabitants are, like herself, of lowly birth. . . . It is still the poor and the lowly who are most willing to receive the lowly Jesus. . . . The second halting place is a very important town. At the entrance stands a large heathen temple, guarding, as it were, the broad *bazar* street stretching northwards, with its stalls of merchandise on either side. Here and there are hideous idol figures, while half-way up stands, as if in contrast, the Christian native church."

The heathen temple and the Christian church, each has its claims. Village work includes both: there is the seeking

out of the stones, and there is the edifying of the Church of Christ. But means of transit are slow, and the distances are great; the bullock cart creaks and groans, as the patient bullocks plough through the shifting sands.

"All around stretches the red sand, the wind rushes through the palmyra leaves like the sound of the sea, but there is no sea, no water anywhere, for even the tank is dry." The cart wheels drag heavily, but at last the village is near. The white church stands out clear and distinct, and around it cluster the palmyra-thatched cottages of the Christians. Half the villagers come out to welcome their teachers.

"Away across the sandy plain lie other villages—large and small—but all shrouded in the darkness of heathenism. In one of these, only one small child is learning with the Bible-woman. We went to see her. . . . She sat down on the ground, and her old grandfather, his spectacles perched on his nose, seated himself, cross-legged, by her side, helping her to spell out her letters. He and other members of the household have become interested in the Bible stories, through hearing them told to this little one, and have even left off many of their heathen customs, convinced that they are wrong. So, though there is but one little girl willing to learn in all that village, the Biblewoman deems it quite worth while to walk a mile and a half thither twice a week, that more Light may enter these hearts open to receive it."

Looking over Miss Wilson Carmichael's exquisite sketches, we find all the light and all the darkness of village life. They are of thirteen years ago, but might have been written to-day. Scenes repeat themselves, but in this case with a difference, for some of the lost lambs have been found, and are safely sheltered in Dohnavur. The following was written from Pannevelei:

"Here we are out in the jungle—so to speak—with thorny scrub, and tall, straight palms, and wastes of sand all round us, and strewn about in casual fashion—villages! . . There is tremendous need all round us. First among the Christians; many a village fort, like the Shah Najaf of the mutiny days, has to be recaptured. For backsliders are everywhere to be found; whole hamletsful sometimes. . . . These souls must be re-won. Many were never converted at all, but 'came over' *en masse* in the old days; and their children are harder by far than those who have never heard. Then there are true Christians who need quickening. Here they are in the midst of dense darkness, and their light is burning dim. Only when they are on fire for God will the masses of heathen be reached.

"Our hope is to go, as the Lord may lead, to these few sheep in the wilderness, turning from place to place, and through them gaining the Hindus."

Among the Indian workers there were Leyal and Paramie, who worked in the adjoining village. "Quite lately, for the first time in the history of the place, the two-leaved gates were opened into that citadel within a citadel, the Brahman street, and we were allowed to stand within its jealously guarded precincts and tell out the good tidings of great joy. This will not sound much in free England. But in these old castle-fortresses of Tinnevelly the Brahman is lord of the land. Without his consent we may not even walk in his street, much less preach in it. Even now I was allowed no nearer than the lowest step of the outer verandah, and the women dare venture no nearer than the further end of the inner courtyard, hardly within earshot! Leyal and Paramie, being of a certain caste-origin to which admittance is given, were allowed a little nearer. . . . The people listened well, and one thanked God for such a chance; but the women are the neediest here, and we are trusting for a closer entrance to them. . . .

"Some weeks ago we went in force (though only a dozen to thousands!) to a Hindu festival, celebrated in a dried-up river bed before a demon temple. Thousands of goats were sacrificed. The people were much excited. But by the good hand of our God upon us, we had quiet groups, and a good chance to tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is God. We sold over a hundred Gospel portions, and we know these seeds must live."

The villages of the plain rise as visions before the mind.

"The village of the Tamarind Tree is near a lovely lagoon. We have to swim our bullocks across it just now, as the fording place is flooded. All round the village there are cocoanut palms and tamarind trees; the place is set deep in a grove. I never saw so many idols anywhere as there. At the entrance to some of the houses I saw the Hindu triad, and at almost every corner there was a heathen shrine."

The Village of the Red Lake is near by. Standing in one of its courtyards, we see the bold crags of the Western Ghats rising straight up behind.

And there is the Village of the Wind, and thousands more. Can't you see them? The distant clump of palms, then nearer—the temple—the Christian church may be—and the people. Again another village, and far away in the blue distance—another! They pass as dreams, and swiftly as

tales that are told—for this is but a vision in words, and the words must cease.

Dohnavur.—The story begins on March 6th, 1901, when the Good Shepherd brought a little lost lamb on his shoulder to a fold among the green trees at the foot of the Western Ghats. He had already gone before, and had prepared the place and the mother.

Long ago the mother heart had been singled out by the sword that pierces and separates, for it is in this way that God makes room for Lost Things. The story of many another Lost Thing has been told elsewhere; this is about babies and their home at Dohnavur.

Miss Wilson Carmichael gives the first words of the story: "We were in Pannevelei, on the eastern side of the district, when our first child came. We had been working for a year round Dohnavur on the west, and had just returned to our headquarters, when she escaped from the temple house and was brought to us. If we had been a few hours later, she would have been taken back to the temple house by the Christian woman who found her wandering about looking for me in our village. As we had arrived, she brought her to us. Wasn't that a blessed happening?"

"After a year or so we returned to Dohnavur, only intending to stay there for a short time, for we were itinerating all over the district, and never stayed long anywhere. But in 1904 the temple children's work began, and Dohnavur became our real home.

"All through the four years after Pearl-Eyes, as she was then called, came, I tried to save these little ones whenever I came across them, but always in vain. They were spirited away, or even killed, to prevent our getting them. Not one child was saved between March, 1901, and January, 1904.

"Looking back, I understand partly why this was allowed. If children had been saved then, who would have taken care of them? No one would have done this work for money, or, if they had, how different the spirit would have been! All through those years converts were being prepared, and fellow workers trained, till when at last the babies began to come, we had a little band of loving sister-women and girls ready to love them with that unselfish, patient love, without which this work could not possibly be done. So that really we are just a big family, with the family feeling running all through, and nothing of the 'institution' about us.

"There was nothing in the shape of a home ready when we began—we grew as we went on—losing, alas! many a

little one from over-crowded rooms, before we got our nurseries There was nothing really ready but hearts to love the little ones and hands to tend them, but that was something."

Dohnavur is nothing to look at, a mere huddle of mud huts, without a street worth calling a street in the whole place, but no safer and no healthier place could be found for the children. The last word moves the story on a few chapters, and tells how children were sent one after another to the nursery. The latest improvement is a big, delightful kindergarten, where the babies, when they grow big enough, may learn how to do all the good work which God has prepared for them. Surely God has redeemed these children for some great purpose of His own, and it is for this that we look forward. The rest of the story will be of the unfolding of His gracious purpose; this is but the opening chords. These are for the most part minor chords, and their poignant notes have not yet died away, but there are full, glorious notes as well, opening the hymn of praise.

Chapter 10.

THE LAND OF THE CONCH SHELL.*

At one side of the hot, sandy plains of Tinnevelly stand the Western Ghats; over them—over the wall as it were—lies the Garden of India. The damp atmosphere, like the mist of Eden, waters this garden, with its wealth of tropical trees and plants and gorgeous flowers. There is the glorious flame of the forest, the gracious cork tree with its white flowers, which falling off cover the ground with scented snow, the frangipane, the croton and all kinds of palms. Travancore is the "Wonderful Garden," and, if it were not for sin——somehow the light and all the beauty go out at the word, and it is a Garden of Sorrow henceforth, and there is the Flaming Sword. But at first, just at first, the going into Travancore and Cochin is like going into a lovely garden.

The states of Travancore and Cochin are semi-independent, and socially and politically separate from each other.

Travancore is called "the land where the Goddess of Prosperity lives," and it seems to deserve the name, for the soil is productive, and so far it has been exempt from the great scourges of plague and famine, and also from political unrest. The people of Travancore are a mild and law-abiding race. They speak the Malayalim language, and are ruled over by an educated and enlightened Maharajah. The Maharajah, although a Hindu, is tolerant and generous to those of other religions.

While Travancore is the land of the Malayalis, large numbers of Tamil Brahmans from the east coast are attracted to the place, probably by the help which they receive, and the positions of importance to which they attain in this "Land of Charity." The Tamils are a dark and stern people, and the women dress in coloured cloths of immense length, which they wind round and round the waist and over one shoulder, They wear quantities of jewellery. The Malayalis are a less

* The Conch Shell is the emblem of Travancore, and appears on all Government Buildings and Papers.

strong and a fairer race than the Tamils, and the women are in many cases very pretty and attractive. They dress in white and have an abundance of straight, black hair, which they tie in a peculiar knot at one side of the head.

It is among the women and children of these two classes of people that the C.E.Z.M.S. has worked for many years, and is still working. His Highness the Maharajah, like his predecessors for the last forty-five years, is a warm patron and supporter of the mission in Trevandrum. The large school of over three hundred children is held within the Fort, in an old palace lent by the Travancore Government, which also gives a substantial yearly grant towards its support. The unique position of this school is a source of wonder and pleasure to many, and those who love Travancore and its people pray that it may long continue to be, as it has been in the past, a light shining in a dark place.

The Society's work consists of educational, medical and evangelistic centres in Trevandrum, Mavelikara, Cottayam, and Olesha.

Trevandrum.—The history of mission work in Trevandrum is also the life-story of Augusta Blandford. It is from her book* and from her fellow-workers that facts have been gleaned, and we see the place as through her eyes. Miss Blandford came to Trevandrum in 1864. She was kindly received by the Maharajah, and his Prime Minister entered most warmly into her scheme for opening a school for high-caste girls. He gave her a palace in the Fort for this purpose. He said that the palace had been built for a former *Diwan*, but had never been inhabited, because it was thought to be haunted, adding, "But you as a Christian will not be afraid of ghosts." Miss Blandford assured the *Diwan* that she was not afraid, and took possession of the school.

Other houses in India have been given for mission purposes for the same reason. Ghosts are useful!

The school was opened in 1864. The first pupils were a daughter and niece of the *Diwan*, and some other high-caste girls. Miss Blandford was received in the palace, and several royal ladies became her pupils. The interesting story of the faithful wife, who was awarded an order of distinction by Queen Victoria, has been told elsewhere, but the story of the dying princess, Kalliani Ammachi, can well be told again. Before the end the princess begged to have her beloved teacher, Miss Blandford, sent for. It was late, the night was dark, and it was far to send, so they sent no messenger.

* *The Land of the Conch Shell.* A. Blandford.

After waiting and hoping in vain for her friend, the poor lady prayed to the Lord Jesus, and confessed to all around her that she was His disciple.

Before leaving Trevandrum for the last time, in 1906, Miss Blandford speaks sadly of the darkness and ignorance being much the same after forty-three years of labour. She would not think so, when she met Kalliani Ammachi safe with the Lord Jesus.

The work in the Fort school went on steadily, if slowly, until 1881, when there came a crisis. A new Prime Minister took office. He was a stranger from Madras, and a bigoted Hindu as well. It is not surprising that he was shocked to find a Christian school in the very midst of the sacred Fort, and that he at once gave orders for its removal. Miss Blandford, without a word to anyone but God, hired another house and prepared for the removal of the school. Before leaving the old schoolroom, the missionary and her pupils knelt down in prayer to seek blessing from Him Who had helped them all these seventeen years. Three months afterwards the Prime Minister wrote her a letter giving permission to go back, and sent the key. In the meanwhile, the people of the new quarter begged Miss Blandford to continue the school, and it was kept on for nineteen years. So the efforts of the enemy to injure one school resulted in the opening of another. The high standard of the Fort school has been maintained, and pupils have successfully passed the Matriculation from time to time. A third school was opened in 1885.

This, however, was only one branch of the work; there was also the preaching of the Gospel both in town and village, and the healing of the sick. In connection with the evangelistic work, Miss Blandford bears testimony to the faithfulness of her band of Biblewomen, whose visits in the homes of the people were welcome; wherever they went, the Bible was not only permitted, but gladly accepted. There were also some baptisms at that time. Lydia, one of the first converts, heard of Jesus while she was caretaker at the Tamil school. She went and told her husband, and he believed, and they were both baptized.

At this time the need of medical work became urgent and it was at once responded to. At first, a house of bamboo matting, thatched with palm leaves, was made by order of the Maharajah. In due time, however, a hospital was built from the contributions of friends and of the Maharajah and Indian gentry, and opened by the Maharajah in

1900. It is encouraging to hear of all this friendly aid in one of the hardest and most difficult centres of mission work.

The story seems to go quietly on, until there came a sad break. In 1906 the beloved founder of the mission had passed away. The work will go on, so the story is not done, but the present chapter of it seems to end with two letters, which represent and close this period. Miss Blandford's last words speak of discouragement, but, rightly understood, they are the utterance of a great heart which had planned great things, and therefore could never be satisfied with any result short of the greatest.

"In two days I am to leave this scene of my labours—the dear mission I had the privilege of beginning forty-two years ago. . . . To-day I have addressed our servants' meeting for the last time; I have taken my Christian women's Bible class for the last time also. This is the fifth time I have had to leave the mission, four times I have returned to it, but now——. The future is mercifully hidden from us, lest we should have to bear coming griefs as well as present ones.

"In the midst of my sadness my heart is overflowing with thankfulness that God has so graciously provided for the mission. Miss Cox, the senior missionary, who is in every way worthy of the charge, is to be assisted by an efficient staff of fellow-workers. The nurses and dispensers who have been with us in the past still remain. . . . There are eight beds in the hospital, the in-patients during the year numbered a hundred and eight, and there were 3,140 out-patients. . . . Of these in-patients ninety-four were Malayalim Sudras, and fourteen Christians. . . .

"I paid a farewell visit to my dear old friend, the widow of the late Maharajah, who received me, surrounded by her daughters and their children. She alluded touchingly to visits by me and lessons given when she was young, and especially to the hours I spent in her darkened chamber on the night her husband died.

"What scenes I have witnessed in the old Fort palaces—now closed because of the deaths of their late Highnesses, the Senior and Junior Rani, the younger Rajah and four of their children. All have been swept away. . . .

"My farewell to Travancore is a sad one. I came here as a bright young girl, full of hope that God would bless my work, and that much good would be the result; now, after forty-three and a half years of labour, the darkness and ignorance seem much the same. May the coming of Christ,

King of all the earth, bring speedily the dawning of a better day!"

Not many weeks passed before the King came, and Augusta Blandford passed into His immediate presence. He would show her many precious things, hidden away in the darkness that she had so grieved over—and the vision of the Dawn soon to break on the beautiful land she loved so well.

Her faithful fellow-worker, Miss Cox, mentions some of the results of that long, patient and grand service of forty-three years.

"When I read the farewell words, written by the head and foundress of this mission, my heart went out in deep sympathy to her.

"The Sunday of which she spoke was to us all a very sad and solemn one, but perhaps none of us quite knew what it was to her to leave all the work and the people whom she loved, and by whom she was so deeply reverenced. Notwithstanding the profound grief which she felt, she was so strong and brave that we tried to be so too, and thus help her to go through it all, and that Strong One, the God in Whom she had trusted for so long, stood by her and strengthened her. It was a sad parting, and perhaps to me her loss is greatest, for she then gave the superintendence of her work into my hands. We laboured together from the time I came to India in 1896, and her example, her experience, and her strong faith have helped me more than perhaps I know.

"When I read the closing words of Miss Blandford's letter, I felt that sorrow had dimmed her faith while she wrote. There is, as she says, darkness and ignorance all around us, but let me try to show you what is now going on, as the result of Miss Blandford's faithful service of forty-three years.

"The old palace, which was given to her for a school by the Maharajah who was reigning on her arrival in 1864, and in which she had less than half a dozen pupils for the first six months, is still used by us, but, instead of six pupils, we have now on the roll three hundred and nineteen!

"Every child learns portions of Scripture daily, and this, not by compulsion, as some have supposed. They buy the portions. . . . So we have every day nearly three hundred Hindu children reading and learning by heart portions of God's Word. Some of the Tamil Brahman children, who are considered too big to attend school the whole day, come in the afternoon for Scripture and sewing. Personally, one of the happiest half-hours in the day is spent with this little

Bible class; the children look so happy and are so receptive that it could only be a joy to teach them.

"There is one thing noticeable about the work begun by Miss Blandford—the absence of hostility and opposition. She was so kind and courteous to the people that they thought it an honour to receive a visit from her, and we and our Bible-women now have access to houses in and all around the Fort.

Surely these facts show that, though outward results tarry, yet 'our labour is not in vain in the Lord.'"

Sickness and death have reduced the staff of workers, and the work is just as great. The garden needs tending more than ever as the day wears on.

"About the eleventh hour He went out and found others . . . and He said . . . 'Why stand ye here . . . go ye also.'"

Olesha.—Work was begun in Olesha in 1895. It is now a mission centre, and Miss Baker is in charge, with her staff of helpers. Water communication in Travancore is by means of backwaters, connected by canals, and extends northwards from Trevandrum for over a hundred miles. The mode of transit for village work is for the most part by boat. One of the schools is built near the large bridge which crosses the Kallumudda river, and a little house for teachers has been built near by. Miss Baker writes that the school work continues to be most encouraging, and that there are two hundred and forty-six scholars on the roll. The children give ready answers to Scripture questions, and pay great attention to Bible lessons. The Biblewomen visit in most of the homes of the pupils past and present, and also in the neighbouring villages.

Cottayam.—The Nair and Chogan schools are flourishing, and filled to overflowing with pupils. There are over two hundred names on the rolls. Encouraging signs of blessing are evident in the baptism of a woman and four children. One of these was a former pupil in the school.

The State of COCHIN, above Travancore on the Malabar coast, is a strip of land between the Ghats and the Arabian Sea, and is topographically and socially a country apart within the great Indian peninsula. "It is watered by the innumerable streams, which rush down the slopes of the Ghats, and then flow sluggishly across the plains below, till they form a backwater or chain of lakes behind a stretch of land, varying from a few yards to ten miles in width, with only three outlets to the ocean. Thus watered and hedged in, Cochin has at least for four months in the year the most humid temperature perhaps to be found in the world. It

glories in the gorgeous vegetation, and suffers all the evil results to health that belong to such a climate.

The native State of Cochin is under British protection, and is a mighty stronghold of Brahmanism. Its most sacred city is Trichur, at the head of the great backwater; the name is a contraction of the word meaning "the country of holy Siva." On entering within the ramparts to the city which they enclose in an almost compact square, one realizes the presence of a great and time-honoured system of heathenism, to attack which is to attack the powers of darkness at headquarters. In the midst of the city, on high ground, stands the great temple of Siva; its four high towers stand in a square to the four points of the compass. Eight other temples are to be found in the city. The highest caste of the Brahmans, the Namburi, are the only priests permitted to perform the sacred rites of worship in these temples. This caste claims that its members were the original proprietors of the land, and that the present Rajahs have received the power from their hands. The next grade is the Pattara, or trading Brahmans. Another class peculiar, we believe, to this district is that of the Nairs. Many Nairs have a share in the temple offerings, on account of services rendered to the Rajahs. It will be seen how inextricably the material interests of the people, as well as their religious feelings, are interwoven with the maintenance of their creed."

Trichur.—Into this city Rebecca and Elise Coleman quietly entered on May 25th, 1881, bearing the Master's twofold commission to heal and to teach, Miss Coleman taking up the medical work, and her sister the zenana visitation. The C.M.S. had been at work for many years, and had gathered out a Church of five hundred converts, mostly of the lower castes and from among the very poor. The missionary, the Rev. J.H. Bishop, gladly hailed the advent of fellow-workers, as "he felt that the time had come to work amongst the women, on the principle that it takes two oars to pull a boat straight." And he hospitably received them till suitable quarters could be found.

For twenty-five years the two sisters worked together, and then one of them "fell asleep." Mr. Bishop's words most truly express what Trichur owes to their faithful labour of love.

"It was an evening in May, 1881, very late—I think about midnight—when Miss Coleman and her sister, Elise, arrived at Trichur in a country bullock cart. . . . The sisters were keen and enthusiastic, and set to work at once to study

the language. As Miss Coleman had some knowledge of medicine, a small dispensary was opened for her. Their first zenana girls' school was started the following year. The sisters lived in the C.M.S. house for about three years, but they naturally desired a mission house of their own in a more convenient quarter of the town, near to the houses occupied by the high castes. Much prayer was offered for a suitable house, and an agreement was made by letter to purchase a bungalow near the British Residency which was for sale, but the native Government offered a higher price, and the owner withdrew from his agreement. This was a sad disappointment. But it was found to be His appointment, for when the matter was referred to the British Resident, and the agreement shown him, he said that it was a clear sale and that the ladies had been unfairly treated, and a representation being made to the native Government, the "amende honorable" was made by a gift to the ladies of a valuable piece of Government land in the same neighbourhood, which, being just off the main public road, was much better suited for their purpose. Here a substantial two-story mission house, with appropriate outhouses, was erected, and the Zenana Mission was fairly established in Trichur.

"In addition to medical and school work and visiting, Miss Coleman at once started a converts' home, and received families who were willing to put themselves under instruction. . . . Many of the children of the converts have turned out useful workers, as well as earnest Christians.

"All this work went on steadily for some years. The ladies seldom left Trichur for a visit to the hills. In 1900 they were induced to leave Trichur for Australia, as both the sisters greatly needed change and rest. They returned in 1902, but their work was practically finished. . . . Miss Elise Coleman passed away on June 29th, 1907. . . . The elder sister lingered on in weakness, doing what she could till March 18th, 1909, when the Home-call came, and she, too, peacefully entered into rest.

"Miss Coleman loved her work, her workers and converts. She had a firm grip of Gospel truth, and was a woman not easily daunted by difficulties or delays. She persevered in prayer and faith, and was permitted to see much fruit from her labour of love. She made the widow's heart to rejoice; and it was an encouraging sight to see her converts from several castes, sitting together in the south aisle of the mission church every Sunday morning, and taking an intelligent part in Divine worship.

"But now the question is—Who will be, as it were, baptized for the dead? Who will consecrate themselves to the Lord and come forward and carry on the work? The need is great, the opportunity is unique, not only in Trichur, but also in Ernakulam, Cochin and Mavelikara. . . . There are also important new centres to be occupied. . . . Will no one hear the voice of the Lord and respond?"

Miss Chettle, who had in 1897 supervised the schools, and who was known and beloved, came forward. The missionaries speak of these schools having been the means of leading some women to the Saviour. They tell of encouragement and blessing in connection with the converts' home and industrial school. At the annual Exhibition of Agriculture and Industries held at Trichur, in 1910, the mission workers received a bronze medal for their grass mats and a prize for needlework. In April a girl from the industrial school was baptized; her name means Crown. In October a woman and her two children, and three boys were also baptized. There were branches of work at Cochin and Ernakulam, organized by two Indian ladies.

Such are some of the organized methods which are used by God for the furtherance of His kingdom, but let us not forget that in ways that we know not and through the prayers of many people He is working out His purpose. A remarkable instance of this is given in the early days of the work. One day a Hindu gentleman came to tell Miss Coleman of his deep interest in one of the Christian schools. What he said sums up in a beautiful way the story of the labour of faith and prayer in Cochin, and shall be given in his own words: "I have been praying to God for the success of this school, and God has heard my prayer, for it is a success, and I believe now, at last, light is about to dawn on poor India."

The prayer is answered, for the dawn has come.

Chapter 11.

THE SHINING LAND.

Of all its many names, "The Shining Land" is the most expressive. It is not inclusive, but that is not to be expected, for no single word could ever include the elusive lights of charm. To say that Ceylon is a pageant of colour is true, but it is more. It is colour, alive as the gleam of a gem, as flowers aflame in the sun—luminous from purple crest to brilliant hem of palms and surf and silver sand. But it is also as a precious stone in its finish and completeness of form and poise—a clean cut emerald set in a sapphire sea. That it should be a jewel in the regalia of Hindustan detracts nothing from its value or its pride; of all rich stones it is the brightest, and it is premier not only by force of beauty, but by right. Although politically separate, Ceylon belongs geographically to India, for under the shallow waters of the dividing strait India stretches an arm of rock, and unseen, but securely, clasps the beautiful island to her side.

Ceylon is nevertheless apart, as it is unique, in its beauty and its history.

Nearly three thousand years ago, in the "mists and sunrises of history," the Aryans from the north took possession of Ceylon. In 300 B.C. Buddhism was kindled by the missionary prince of Maghada. The state increased in power and wealth, and for fifteen hundred years Ceylon became the Treasure Island of the Indian Ocean. It requires a strong imagination "to picture the aspect of Ceylon at the height of the Sinhalese and Buddhist power. In some respects old Egypt had nothing to show comparable to the superb display of labour and art which glorified the land." It can be faintly seen in the ruined grandeur of Anuradhapura and Polonnarawa—a colossal wealth of monolith pillars, temples, altars, inlaid gems. "The place is a waste heap of sculptured stone and precious works of art."

The Tamils were the next invaders. After a thousand years' struggle they overcame, but "only to share the land with the Sinhalese from that day to this. . . . The Moormen, a small and interesting sect some 3,000 strong, dropped

here somehow, somewhere, no one precisely knows, from Egyptian or Arabian shores. . . . They are the only Mohammedans, if we except the Afghan traders and money-lenders."* Finally came the successive occupation of the Portuguese, the Dutch, and lastly the British—epochs which might be symbolized as the Lotus, the Trident, the Crescent—if it can be included—and the Cross, dates in a history that spans the age of the world.

The fascination of this singularly complex little state lies not merely in the beauty of its face, but also in its story. To understand rightly what the Shining Land is and has been, geographically and ethnologically, would involve the study of many books. In no wise can this short sketch be anything but a glimpse of the land, although it includes the impressions and notes of our missionaries who have lived there. It aims at nothing more, for its subject circles round one centre only, to wit the last symbol of Ceylon's religious history. It deals also with the darkness and dawn on either side of it—the grief and the glory of the Cross.

Impressions and Notes.—" Ceylon has been known by various names. It is the Taprobane of Milton, the Serindib of the Arabs, the Lanka of the Ramayana. It has been called the Emerald Isle of the East, the brightest jewel in the crown of Britain. It is the legendary seat of the Garden of Eden. Well does it deserve such epithets. A Garden of Eden it well might be, rich as it is in beautiful, sweet-scented blooms and fruit and magnificent trees of satin-wood and ebony, full of luxuriant vegetation, and so fertile that the sticks of the fences burst into leaf. Yes, and with the serpent of Eden too! Enveloped in a damp, soft, languorous atmosphere, with two wet seasons in the year, and having continual showers, no wonder that it is a land of perpetual verdure. There all seasons merge into one; there is no winter, and trees shed their leaves and put out fresh shoots at the same time. Well, too, may it be called the land of Lanka, the Shining Land, for a land of brilliance it certainly is. Overhead shines a tropical sun, a translucent atmosphere enhances every hue. Rice fields at certain seasons of the year are vividly green, yellow sunflowers, orange lantana, purple thunbergia and yellow alamanda glow by the wayside. Jasmine stars are in the hedges, scarlet and orange gloriosa superba climbs among the bushes of the jungle, the fronds of the cocoanut palms gleam metallic in the light,

* The above quotations, as well as the whole impression of Ceylon, are taken from " Isola Bella," by Linesman in *Blackwood*, July, 1911.

and the soft, pale green of the bamboo waves plume-like in the air. In the evening the afterglow of the sunset seems to bathe the whole landscape in molten gold. At night stars shed their soft radiance, fireflies glance and glimmer in the dusky gloom, till the moon's bright rays eclipse them and trace on the paths the shadows of the palms.

"Buried in the bosom of the island, in the rocky gneiss, or river gravel, are the lovely gems for which Ceylon is so famous—rubies, sapphires, white and blue topazes, beryls, tourmalines, and the opalescent moonstones, like morsels of the radiance above caught and crystallized into permanent form.

"But the damp air and constant showers, which are greatest in the southern and western coasts of Ceylon, are favourable not only to vegetation but to other forms of life. Ceylon is the happy hunting ground of the entomologist. There may be found curious imitative insects, mimicking with great fidelity sticks and leaves. Lizards of various sorts disport themselves in the sun, tree frogs drop from the trees, grasshoppers, several inches long, open and close their winged cases with a noise like the scroop of a slate pencil. Centipedes and scorpions may stray into the bungalow, venomous snakes, as the cobra and Russell's viper, are to be met with, leeches loop themselves along damp paths, seeking the blood of unwary passers-by. Among the rafters of the high-pitched roofs of the bungalows, rats, snakes and wild cats live and, alas, occasionally die! Jackals, cheetahs and various kinds of elk are found among the hills, herds of wild elephants rove among the jungles of the northern part of the island, and monkeys chatter overhead.

"To the traveller from the West, Colombo appears a veritable paradise. The cocoanut palms by the water's edge, the soft, red roads, the white bungalows set in bowers of green and covered with brilliant creepers, the gaily clad people, the soft-scented air, all combine to make a charming and ineffaceable impression. This impression is deepened, as the traveller journeys up-country by train. The railroad passes through a smiling country, cultivated chiefly with rice; then the track gradually climbs the mountains, twisting and turning among them, and the traveller looks out upon a magnificent panorama of rolling hills, thickly covered with vegetation, while here and there is an outcrop of bare, black rock.

"Kandy itself lies in a narrow valley among the mountains, bowered in verdure, with white houses, brown-tiled, at the

foot of the hillsides, or climbing their lower slopes. A tiny sheet of water, dignified by the name of the lake, and set about with palms and flowering trees, adds much to the beauty of the place. Kandy is surrounded on three sides by the Mahaweleganga, or Great Sand River, and on the same river are Peradeniya and Gampola. Leaving these places behind, the railroad climbs once more into the hills. Bare indeed do the hillsides look, cleared of all their tropical vegetation and planted with rows of monotonous tea bushes, but the bold peaks and bluffs of the mountains, with here and there a waterfall, the magnificent views, the cool, sweet air, faintly scented with the spicy smell of tea, reveal another facet in the gem-like beauty of the island.

"Further on grassy slopes are reached, mountains covered with grass, resembling to some extent the 'South Downs,' but on a far larger and grander scale.

"To the north of Kandy lies very different scenery. Between Kandy and Jaffna, in the northern peninsula, stretch miles of forest and jungle, sparsely peopled, where wild elephants roam, and in the depths of which are the 'buried cities' of Ceylon. Jaffna is unlike the rest of the island. It has a dry and very hot climate, and is inhabited chiefly by Tamils; in both these respects it resembles South India rather than Ceylon.

"Passing along the streets of Colombo and Kandy, people of different races may be seen. There is the Tamil, dark, sturdily built, who wears a turban and carries on the forehead the mark of the heathen god he worships, the Moorman, in high, conical, brimless silk hat, the Mohammedan, a descendant of early Arab settlers. The Burghers, in European dress, are of mixed European and Asiatic descent, but in some cases they are of pure Dutch descent. Lastly, there are the Sinhalese themselves; these, the true natives of the island, are a slightly built race, of a clear olive complexion, gentle and smiling, a people without very much stamina. Strangers often take Sinhalese men for women, as they wear their hair long and done in a knob at the back, and their heads are surmounted by a comb. They may wear a white coat of European cut, and a skirt made of one long strip of cotton material, wound round and round them and kept in place by a belt. The women wear a similar kind of skirt, without the belt, and a short, white muslin or cotton jacket, with low neck and long sleeves. The Sinhalese who live in the interior of the island among the mountains are called Kandyans. They are a somewhat sturdier and more inde-

pendent race than their brethren of the low country, and differ from them slightly in speech, customs and dress. The Kandyan men wear the same kind of skirt; their hair is parted and done in a knot, but they have no comb. The women arrange one end of the cloth or skirt in graceful folds over the white cotton jacket with its short puffed sleeves. The skirt itself may be of print, silk, or, if worn by the upper classes, of muslin worked in gold. The women have their hair parted and twisted into a knot; they never wear anything on their heads, hence the need for an umbrella, which is the badge of respectability." The official garb of a Kandyan chief consists of gold and white cloth, under which, wound around the waist, is possibly about a hundred and fifty yards of material, which gives them a very imposing appearance. This dress is only worn on special occasions; they are then adorned with jewellery, but wear no shoes nor stockings.

The three most venerated Buddhist relics in Ceylon, to which thousands annually repair, are the Footprint of Buddha on Adam's Peak, the Tooth of Buddha in Kandy, and the Bô Tree in Anuradhapura.

The rocky cone which forms the summit of Adam's Peak is climbed with the help of chains fastened in the rock. A ladder, forty feet high, lands the climber at the top, where is a small temple. Beneath a sheltered space at the side is the footprint, a natural indentation in the rock, artificially made to assume the shape of a man's left foot, five feet long by two and a half feet broad. The Hindu named it the footstep of Siva, the Buddhist that of Buddha, and later the Mohammedan called the footprint that of Adam.

From the fourteenth century onwards Kandy has been distinguished as the headquarters of Buddhism, its centre being the Dalada Maligawa, the shrine of Buddha's Tooth, round which the Buddhist hierarchy gathers. This, with the adjoining place, is the most interesting building in Ceylon. The sanctuary in which the tooth reposes is a small chamber, without a ray of light, in the inmost recesses of the temple. The frames of the door of this place are inlaid with carved ivory, and inside on a massive silver table, three feet six inches high, stands the bell-shaped shrine which contains the sacred relic. This shrine is jewelled and hung round with charms. It consists of six cases, the largest, five feet high, formed of silver gilt, and inlaid with rubies. Those inside are similarly wrought, but diminish in size gradually, till, on removing the innermost one, about one foot in height, a golden lotus flower is disclosed, on which lies the so called left eye-tooth of

Gautama Buddha. In front of the silver altar is a table, on which worshippers deposit their gifts.

The Bô Tree at Anuradhapura, the oldest historical tree in the world, blown down recently, was planted in 245 B.C. Mahinda, the son of the great Indian king Asoka, was sent as a missionary to Ceylon, and converted the Rajah and people of Anuradhapura to the tenets of Buddhism with miraculous rapidity. The Queen and thousands of her countrywomen begged to be allowed to take the vows of self-devotion. Mahinda was unable to administer vows to women, but sent for his sister, Sanghamitta, an abbess in India. She came and initiated the ladies of Ceylon, and brought a branch of the sacred Bô Tree, under which Gautama sat on the day when he attained to Buddhahood. A wall was built round it, with a flight of steps leading to the sacred enclosure.

The Shining Land and the Lotus—exquisite symbol of "a beautiful religion in a lovely land"! *For so it appears.* With the altar and temple by rock and cave, the cult of stillness, meditation, dreams, and worship of flowers, Buddhism appeals strongly to the longings for rest, and the love of the beautiful of restless souls, and perhaps more than to others to those of the West. It has been asked "Could not many . . . find some rest in this religion?" The answer is, No; it cannot be otherwise. No restless, seeking soul can find rest in a religion that practically denies the existence of God. And yet, there are many who seek for rest in Buddhism, and the Buddhists themselves, heart and conscience dead asleep, say they have need of nothing.

"Perhaps no phrase exhibits more clearly the attitude of the followers of Gautama Buddha to-day than the four words, 'What lack I yet?' Some say, 'Why not leave the Buddhists alone, they have a good enough religion as it is?' and others, 'It must be hard to go to the Buddhist, there is so much that is good in his religion,' and the Buddhists themselves proudly lift up their heads, saying, 'What lack I yet?'

"It would be impossible to paint Buddhism in the rosy hues in which it is now represented to the world, were it not that the eyes of Western races as a whole seem to be fixed so exclusively on 'our duty towards our neighbour' that the other duty, which Christ calls 'the first and great commandment,' has slipped into the background. The Gospel of Humanity is fervently preached, and the philanthropist and generous-hearted moral man is absolved by the world,

now sitting in the judgment seat, of any obligations to his God. Very different is the treatment meted out to the earnest and devout man who fails in any particular of his duty towards his neighbour. Is this fair? Surely not. Yet it is this one-sided attitude that has enabled the Buddhist to voice his defiant retort, 'What lack I yet?' . . . There is no room for God in Buddhism. . . . The guilt of sin is swept away if there is no lawgiver to whom we are responsible, and sin becomes simply that which produces disagreeable consequences and suffering. Pardon becomes impossible, and there is no place for prayer, for there is no one to bestow the blessed gift of forgiveness, or to listen to the prayer of faith. . . .

"Imagine a religion with no God, and, therefore, no Saviour, no Comforter, no Sanctifier, no Pardon, no Prayer, and no Blessed Eternal Heavenly Home.

"'The chief end of man' is to 'glorify God and to enjoy Him for ever.' Therefore it follows that if He Whom we seek to glorify does not exist, life is utterly objectless and barren. And so it proves. And as life is without aim, the wise man is earnest in his endeavours to be freed from the fetters of existence, for Buddhism teaches, 'Birth is suffering, decay is suffering, illness is suffering, death is suffering, association with objects we hate is suffering, separation from objects we love is suffering, not to obtain what we desire is suffering, clinging to the five elements of existence is suffering, complete cessation of thirst and desire is cessation of suffering. This is the noble truth of suffering.'

"And so the devout Buddhist meditates deeply on the impurities and impermanencies of the body, and repeats over and over to himself the words, 'Transience, sorrow, unreality,' and strives to follow the gloomy advice:

* 'Never associate with loved or with unloved objects;
'Not to see the loved and to see the unloved gives pain.
'Therefore hold nothing dear, for loss of the loved is evil:
'No bonds have they to whom nothing is loved or unloved.'

"For by ceasing from love and hatred all desire will cease, and the fuel which supports the flame of existence will burn out.

"And he is consistent with his creed. Without God existence is misery, so the sooner he ceases from the dreary round of births the better. 'In all joy there is sorrow,' so he is wise to abstain from joy.

* Transl. Rev. W. St. Clair Tisdall, D.D.

" But tell him of ' God our exceeding joy,' show him how ' we glory in tribulation also.' Point him to a glorious Home from which the inhabitant shall ' go no more out,' and to which we may attain through the merits of Him Who suffered the fruit of our demerit and Who is ever with us. Tell him to cease from the dreary task of trying to quench his desires, and instead, to set them on things above ' where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.' Yes, tell him all this and see the look of longing in his eyes ; but be patient if he sees the vision and does not follow it at once. Have we never seen a heavenly vision which our laggard steps have failed to follow ? And, remember, his spiritual sense has been blunted by an unspiritual religion ; his faithful heart clings to the religion of his fathers, and alas ! his doubts as to the truth of your message are deepened as he sees those who are Christians in name only, and who, because they have never known the Lord, are restless and would fain find out something new, coming from across the seas to yield allegiance to the Buddha and his cheerless creed.

" But tell him the good news with patient hope, knowing that the light will pierce through his darkened sight, and that the day is coming when his blind eyes shall see the ' Light of Life,' for the promise is secure, ' the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.' "*

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UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

Tell the good news with patient hope.

The beginning of Christianity in Ceylon dates from the Portuguese occupation. In 1656 came the Dutch, who may be said to have been the first Protestant missionaries, but their methods were drastic, and unsuccessful in spiritual results. The Church had many vicissitudes, and among the converts there were many relapses to heathenism. It was centuries later that Bishop Heber wrote the first great missionary hymn, and it was about that time that the responsibility of the heathen world began to press heavily on Christian hearts and consciences. The C.M.S. began work there in 1817, the C.E.Z.M.S. in 1887. There are now twenty-one different missionary societies at work in the island colony. " In 1844 Miss Giberne, who had been in Ceylon as an agent of the

* E. S. Karney.

F.E.S., joined the C.M.S. and began on a small scale the work among girls and women, which in later years has been carried on with such signal blessing by the ladies of the C.E.Z.M.S."

Kandy.—The first branch of work opened was the Clarence Memorial School, now known as the Hillwood School, for the daughters of the Kandyan chiefs and high-class Kandyans. There is the following entry in the Society's annual report for the year ending March 31st, 1890, bearing upon the subject: "For the first time Kandy may be reckoned among our stations. The Rev. J. G. Garrett . . . our Corresponding Secretary, has succeeded in obtaining a suitable house in which to begin the proposed girls' boarding-school. Miss Bellerby and Miss James . . . have now removed to Kandy. The Buddhists are awake to the danger to their religion of this new effort, and have opened an opposition school, and have made a clean sweep into it of all the Buddhist low-country girls who had been attending mission schools. Notwithstanding, a prospectus of our school has been issued, bearing the names of three Kandyan chiefs, and an encouraging beginning has been made. We commend this new work to the prayers of God's people." In the annual report of the following year we read: "Our ladies in Ceylon have at last made a good beginning with the boarding-school in Kandy, where twelve children of influential Kandyan gentlemen are under their care." The accounts received from Miss Lena Chapman, now in charge, are full of encouragement. Every branch of the school work has a good report. The number of pupils is steadily increasing, some of them being sent from Buddhist schools. The amount of fees received has also increased, so that the school, with regard to its local expenses, is almost self-supporting.

It will be necessary to go back to the beginning again to find out all we wish to know of these pupils—who they are, and what their homes are.

"It is less than a hundred years since the hill country of Ceylon was ruled over by a native king and his chiefs. In 1815 the last king of Kandy was deposed, and the kingdom formally ceded to the British by the Kandyan chiefs. These chiefs still hold, under the British Government, positions almost as important as in former times. Descendants of the old Kandyan kings, owners often of landed property, and having authority, under the Government agents, over considerable districts of country, they exercise great influence, and are the aristocracy of the Kandyan country. . . . The

homes of the Kandyan chiefs are scattered over the inland provinces, though they are mostly found in the mountainous districts of the centre and south. They are difficult of access, often hidden among trees away from the road, or perched on the top of some steep hill. The houses themselves are brick bungalows. . . . The front of the house presents a deserted appearance, for doors and windows are all closely shut, only to be opened on the arrival of a visitor or at family festivals. In such a house there are no separate apartments for the women. These are indeed carefully guarded, but *pardah* is unknown among them, and they meet their male relations with unveiled faces, although they do not as a rule sit at the table with their husbands, but take their meal afterwards. Caste, although a force in the land, is a social and not a religious system. Widows are able to marry again, and often may continue at the head of a household controlling all its affairs. Sometimes, too, escorted by husband or brothers, the ladies will pay a few days' visit to the house of a relative, or come into Kandy for medical advice or to worship in the temple. Thus in many ways these Kandyan ladies are far better off than their Indian sisters.

"Yet, in spite of their freer life, their lot must needs be monotonous, and is often full of suffering and sorrow. How could it be otherwise? Unable as a rule to read or write, with but few of the daily duties that devolve on women of a poorer class, what is there to fill the heavy hours? Married in early girlhood, and a mother maybe before she is fifteen, how can a Kandyan lady's life be anything but a suffering one? And though she may have the benefit of medical advice, yet nursing according to Western ideas is unknown in her home, and thus the good effected by the doctor is materially hindered. Permeating the whole of life is the dread of evil spirits, and to them, as to every Buddhist, the grave is but the entrance on another round of mortal suffering and weariness."*

The school is a building with large rooms above and behind for dormitories and class rooms, perched on a hillside overlooking the tiny lake of Kandy. Round the entrance and over the low, brown-tiled roof climb honeysuckle and other brilliant creepers. Ferns grow in the crevices of the walls, crotons, caladiums, alamandas and lilies are in the garden, and roses bloom all the year round. But there are also snakes, and these of the most deadly kind. Over the tops of the palm trees, down to the green waters of the lake,

*E. S. Karney.

and away to the east, can be seen, through a gap in the mountains, the valley of Dumbara.

The pupils are of all ages and sizes, from the merry black-eyed babies of four and five to the graceful maidens of fourteen or fifteen. In their general appearance they are like Indian ladies, but there are a few essential differences in dress. The head is never covered, whether indoors or out of doors, and in this respect the dress is different from that of most Oriental women. On great occasions rich silks or gold-embroidered muslins take the place of cotton clothes, and the solitary necklet is exchanged for gold chains and strings of coral and pearl with pendants set with rubies. An ornamental hairpin, probably the only one used, is stuck in the hair, and massive gold bracelets encircle the wrists.

One of the aims of the school is to give the girls such a training as will make them useful women in their own homes. Care is taken that their manner of life shall be thoroughly simple, and they learn needlework and other useful things.

The school is registered as an English High School, and takes an annual Government examination in all subjects. After passing the highest standard, some prepare for the Senior and Junior Cambridge Local Examinations.

But the foundation of all is Scripture teaching. The elder girls study the books of the Bible individually, while a great deal of Scripture is committed to memory by the whole school, and both the Scripture repetition and study are tested at an annual examination, kindly held by one of the C.M.S. clergy.

Four of the old girls, all Christians, are teaching in the school, and there is now an infant department.

Sundays are both busy and happy days—hymns, texts, Sunday school, church. Singing, study and church services fill up the day. In the evening there are hymns again, teaching, or a happy talk and prayer.

Something too of the power of prayer these children have learned, and to most of them the life of the world to come is a bright reality.

For many years the Kandyan chiefs had been entreating Miss Bellerby to take into her school their little sons, who were too young to go to the C.M.S. Trinity College. About four years ago the Middlewood school was opened for these little fellows in a bungalow below the main one, and connected with it by a covered way. They come at about five

years old, and go on to Trinity College when they are about eight or ten. The school is now overflowing, and many pupils are refused for want of room.

Although not referring in any way to the Boarding School, the following extract from a letter by a catechist in Ceylon, which was published in a report of the C.M.S., shows what standing schools have in the minds of the people as an evangelistic agency. "'Within one month,' said the Buddhists, 'we must drive away the catechist and close the school. For without doubt Christianity is like an epidemic, and it will spread among our children.' So they took away all the children from our school excepting ten, and to these they gave clothes, money, and lozenges; but they stayed. I was insulted and abused, and spat upon near my own threshold. Twice stones were thrown on the roof. On two other occasions I was waylaid and assaulted. In all these trials I raised up my voice and eyes to my Heavenly Father; He heard my prayers and wiped away my tears. The text, 'If God be for us, who can be against us,' is constantly present in my mind. The opponents said, 'Let us see who is more powerful—Buddha or Christ,' but now our school and services are improving."

Peradeniya is known to the world because of its Botanic Garden, where are found all the lovely wild growths of the island. For a short while it was occupied permanently by the Society. In 1910 Miss Lena Chapman opened a school at Peradeniya for high-class Buddhist girls. Although entirely successful, it had to be closed after a year for lack of funds, but the year's experiment was not in vain. The readiness of the people to send their girls to the school showed how great is the need, and opens the door for future effort in that direction. Indirectly it has also been the means of a new development of work. Miss Chapman was given the superintendence of the Hillwood School, and her sister, who had twice taken charge of the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Palamcottah, was sent to help her. It can be understood how Miss M. F. Chapman's sympathies were called out on behalf of the thousands of neglected deaf and dumb children in Ceylon.

"Friends were raised up in a marvellous way, and a Committee was formed to raise the sum of Rs.37,500 (£2,500) to start a school for the deaf and blind children in Ceylon. Missionaries of all societies came forward to help, and best of all the hearts of the Sinhalese Christians were touched, one gentleman giving Rs.2,500 (£166 13s. 4d.), others Rs.1,500

(£100), and so on, until in a few months nearly £1,000 was raised in Ceylon."

The generous response to special effort made in England shows that at no distant date the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Palamcottah will have its counterpart in the Shining Land.

Gampola Village Mission.—The work of the C.E.Z.M.S. village mission of Ceylon is carried on at present in the Kandyan district of the hill country. Gampola, its head-quarters, is thirteen miles from Kandy and about 1,500 feet above sea level. It became a centre for mission work in 1896.

A few leaves from Miss Karney's notebook will enable us to see a Ceylon village. "A walk along the rice-field ridges first—the endless terraces of glorious green are very slippery but very beautiful. There is the village. No, perhaps you don't see it, but the practised eye knows the look of the cocoanut trees. The up-country villages are always hidden away, and you do not know you have arrived at the place until you walk in at the door of the first house. Probably this seclusion is due to the constant wars with the Tamils in the early times. The women all come crowding to listen to the lady and the 'Bible Mother' who have come over the slippery ridges to teach them. After the greetings and the gift of cardomums, and the sight of the baby—the son of pure gold—a lyric is sung :—

'There is no merit in me,
'Jesus truly is my Saviour.'

"They listen. Music always ensures the listening ear, and after a while they understand a little of what sin is. Then comes another verse, telling of the remedy for sin.

'He suffered despising, sorrow and death,
'Jesus truly is my Saviour.'

"A glimmer of the goodness of the news shines in. It was all because of love—the news itself and the messenger—and they hope to hear more. Will the ladies come again? *Do* come again!"

Tell the good news with patient hope, in town and village, to old and young. Tell it by loving word and deed in home and school and dispensary, for it will spread over the island and round it, over the world and around like a sea of glory, and the words of Ceylon's hymn will have their Divine fulfil-ment—surely not long hence, for the tide is turning.

A few facts from the work are signs of the incoming flood. On October 4th, 1910, there were four baptisms, one of a

girl from the converts' home. The others came from a village about twenty-eight miles from Gampola, and were the fruit of the faithful work of the Biblewoman and the schoolmaster. Since the baptism of this family the Buddhists have been very active, and most of the children left school. The converts suffered much persecution, but, as a result of their steadfastness, there are many enquirers. A high-caste Kandyan girl came to the missionaries from a distant village, and there are many others who seem to be near the Kingdom.

The medical work, carried on so successfully by Miss Lambe and others, has opened a way to several new villages, where many of the people had not heard the Gospel before, and there were between two and three thousand attendances at the dispensary. More than six hundred women and girls were under instruction in schools and in their homes. Miss Johnson writes of increased missionary interest among the workers and the girls. They often meet at noon to pray for special cases or countries, and they collected nearly five pounds to send to Miss Wilson Carmichael for her nurseries.

Better than labour, mightier than conflict, is the lifting up of the hands in prayer. The smallest child in that noontide gathering holds in her baby fingers a power that moves the world; so with this best and greatest sacrifice of prayer ends the story of the work in Ceylon—and India. Could we realize that from its frozen frontier line to the southern sea a cloud of incense rises to heaven, that a great multitude which no man can number bends with folded hands before the Throne of God, there could not be a faltering of faith, or a ceasing of endeavour. May this account of what has been done in the great Eastern land help towards this realization! May it encourage a brighter faith and renewed effort in the lands of the West! May it also reveal the supreme want—the need of prayer.

Children of the Day! Let not your hands hang down. You have watched with India all the night, but sunrise brings no reprieve, for the lands of the dawning need you—until the shadows flee away.

AFTERWORD.

"The long bazaar may praise—but Thou,
Soul of my soul, have I done well?"

AS THE STARS.

THE little earthen lamps were lying in thousands under the acacia tree. The Potter was at his wheel, making others; a mass of soft clay was at his side. I took up a lamp and enquired the price.

"The price of one lamp?"

The Potter looked at me with a slow, questioning smile.

"Yes," I said, "what is the price of this beautiful lamp?"

"It has no price," he said, lifting up about five little lamps in his hand, "so many, all these, are sold for a farthing. Take it as a gift—and welcome."

I thanked him, and carried away the vessel of no value. It was worth nothing, but it was perfect of its kind. The Potter had taken pains about it, as he did in all his work; here was the mark of his finger, and there the wheel had flung the wet clay into that exquisite curve. It was clean and empty and ready for use, but I did not use it at first. I kept it by me just for the pleasure of looking at its attractive grace—and for its story.

* * * * * * *

The Feast of Lanterns had come, and cartloads of little lamps were brought into the city On the Golden Temple there were rows and rows of them, forming wonderful designs on ledges, pinnacles and doorways. There was not a house that had not the outlines of roof and window traced out in lamps. By the sides of the streets, under the sacred trees, by wells and shrines and graves, it was lamps, lamps everywhere. A wisp of twisted cottonwool was laid inside each lamp; they were filled with oil, and then were ready for the Feast. When the sun set they were lit, and when the darkness fell they were shining as the stars.

God's workers are earthen vessels of no value, but His hands took pains about each one, and He fills the earthen vessels with priceless treasure, and sends them into the darkness to shine as the stars.

We have read something about the lamps and the dark places in which they shine in this Record of Thirty Years. They are shining still; we need not stop to think how fearful

would be the darkness, if the "protecting circle of gold" were not there. Each one is in her place on earth—and in heaven are the Lights of God.

The children of God are lamps and stars also, for some of the lamps lit first, and some lit late, are now as the stars for ever. We gratefully remember them. Their names are on the Roll of Honour, their precious personalities are ever with us, for "long lost—late lost"—they are our possession always. And God may use them still even here, through their influence resting on others maybe, through their memory as the starlight from above; so that we who are left may find, here and there—now and then—'some note of music once their voice—some benediction, anciently their smile.'

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX A.

Church of England Zenana Missionary Society.

THE AIM.

To send the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ to the Women and Girls of India, China, Ceylon and Singapore.

THE NEED.

Many millions of Women, both in India and China, have not once heard of the Saviour of the World.

A large proportion of these can be reached only by Women. Many more workers are sorely needed.

THE WORK.

Evangelization. The Society's Missionaries itinerate in hundreds of Heathen and Mohammedan Villages.

Education, by means of:—

(*a*) Day and Boarding-Schools for Girls.
(*b*) Teaching Women in their homes.
(*c*) Station Classes for Chinese Women.
(*d*) Training Homes for Biblewomen and Indian and Chinese Workers.

Orphanages for Foundlings, Famine Orphans, the Blind, and the Deaf and Dumb.

Medical Missions. The Society has 21 Hospitals and 40 Dispensaries, and about 125,000 patients are treated annually.

Industrial Work in Converts' Homes and Classes for Widows and destitute Women.

THE WORKERS.

The Society has over two hundred Missionaries, about eighty Assistant Missionaries, and nine hundred Biblewomen and Indian and Chinese Teachers.

APPENDIX B.

POPULATION OF INDIA BY RELIGIONS. CENSUS OF 1901.

Religion.	No.
Hindu :	
(*a*) Brahmanic...	207,050,557
(*b*) Arya	92,419
(*c*) Brahmo	4,050
Sikh	2,195,339
Jain	1,334,148
Buddhist	9,476,759
Zoroastrian	94,190
Mohammedan	62,458,077
Christian	2,923,241
Jewish	18,228
Animistic	8,584,148
Minor or not returned	129,900
Total	294,361,056

Received from the India Office, August 29th, 1911.

APPENDIX C.

POPULATION OF INDIA BY RELIGIONS. CENSUS OF 1911.

(*a*) Hindu (Brahmanic)	217,337,902
(*b*) Hindu (Arya), Somaj, or Vedic Theists	243,514
(*c*) Hindu (Brahmo), Somaj, or Eclectic Theists ...	5,504
Sikh	3,014,466
Jain	1,248,182
Buddhist	10,721,449
Zoroastrian	100,100
Mohammedan...	66,623,412
Christian	3,876,196
Jewish	20,980
Animistic	10,295,168
Minor, or not returned	37,108
Total	313,523,981
Total Population of India... ...	315,132,537

Received from the India Office, December 5th, 1911.

APPENDIX D.

DISTRIBUTION OF POPULATION ACCORDING TO RELIGION AND EDUCATION, CENSUS OF 1901.

MALES.

Religion.	Total Population.	Illiterate.	Literate.
Hindu	105,163,432	95,241,156	9,922,276
Sikh...	1,241,543	1,120,023	121,520
Jain	691,787	366,489	325,298
Buddhist	4,680,384	2,800,505	1,879,879
Parsi	48,086	11,743	36,343
Mohammedan ...	31,843,565	29,916,414	1,927,151
Christian	1,508,372	1,068,759	439,613
Animistic	4,254,030	4,220,804	33,226
Minor and Unspecified ...	10,907	6,133	4,774
Total Males ...	149,442,106	134,752,026	14,690,080

FEMALES.

Hindu	101,945,436	101,468,049	477,387
Sikh	950,823	943,708	7,115
Jain	642,249	630,794	11,455
Buddhist	4,796,368	4,592,738	203,630
Parsi	45,883	21,214	24,669
Mohammedan ...	29,849,144	29,758,085	91,059
Christian	1,410,843	1,233,809	177,034
Animistic	4,321,926	4,319,958	1,968
Minor and Unspecified ...	10,128	8,104	2,024
Total Females..	143,972,800	142,976,459	996,341
Total Population	293,414,906	277,728,485	15,686,421

N.B.—Literacy was not recorded in the case of 946,150 persons (509,718 males and 436,432 females).

APPENDIX E.

DISTRIBUTION OF POPULATION ACCORDING TO RELIGION AND EDUCATION, CENSUS OF 1911.

MALES.

Religion.	Total Population.	Illiterate.	Literate.
Hindu (Brahmanic)	110,783,537	99,593,639	11,189,898
Arya	79,651	48,294	31,357
Brahmo	2,543	664	1,879
Sikh	1,734,773	1,550,610	184,163
Jain	643,553	324,968	318,585
Buddhist	5,286,142	3,151,761	2,134,381
Zoroastrian	51,123	11,128	39,995
Mohammedan ...	34,709,365	32,319,599	2,389,766
Christian	2,010,724	1,422,154	588,570
Animistic	5,088,241	5,034,408	53,833
Minor & Unspecified	28,818	22,430	6,388
All Religions	160,418,470	143,479,655	16,938,815

FEMALES.

Hindu (Brahmanic)	106,655,443	105,847,870	807,573
Arya	63,010	57,238	5,772
Brahmo	2,261	796	1,465
Sikh	1,279,667	1,262,387	17,280
Jain	604,629	580,509	24,120
Buddhist	5,435,086	5,117,748	317,338
Zoroastrian	48,973	17,755	31,218
Mohammedan ...	31,883,812	31,746,005	137,807
Christian	1,865,472	1,613,177	252,295
Animistic	5,129,303	5,126,316	2,987
Minor & Unspecified	29,263	26,355	2,908
All Religions	152,996,919	151,396,156	1,600,763

APPENDIX F.

C.E.Z.M.S. STATISTICS.

	Income.	Associations.	Mission Stations	Missionaries.	Assistants.	Bible women and Nurses.	Schools.	School Pupils.	Zenanas.	Zenana Pupils.	Hospitals.	Dispensaries.	In patients during year.	Out-patients during year.	Villages visited during year.
1880-1	£1,639	287	17	38	23	96	66	1,650	1,083	1,452	1	2	No statistics.		
1896	£39,323	770	57	183	96	420	217	9,211	6,307	5,311	10	20	983	177,109	2,470
1910-1	£55,331	2,159	65	211	75	413	229	11,966	12,030	5,980	21	38	5,480	113,782	1,970

APPENDIX G.

GOLDEN JEWEL.

IN the story of Golden Jewel and her children we shall see how some of the many lost jewels have been safely set in the Saviour's Crown.

"Golden Jewel lived at Kondusala, in Ceylon. She was a strict Buddhist, and had a most violent temper, which made her a terror to many around her. She had been left a widow with three daughters, about five or six years before we knew her. The way the Good Shepherd sought and found this family has been a great help to our faith.

"Her eldest daughter, Pearl Jewel, used to attend the mission school in that village, and also the Sunday school on Sunday. There she learned about the Lord Jesus and gave her heart to Him. The mother, of course, did not like this, and used to oppose her going to Sunday school. Sometimes she would refuse to give the child rice because she had been to school, and many a Sunday she had to go hungry.

"The missionaries from Kandy often visited in that village, and they heard from the teacher of the school about this little seeker, and began to look out for some way of helping her. They visited the mother and tried to win her, but met with only coldness and indifference. They begged to be allowed to take Pearl Jewel to their home for converts and enquirers in Kandy. After repeated visits and much earnest pleading, the mother at last consented, and with great joy the missionaries took the child back with them. The mother repented almost as soon as they had gone. She went to Kandy many times and, with threats and entreaties, did all she could to get the daughter to go home again, but Pearl Jewel remained firm. She sought most earnestly, by prayer and teaching, to bring her mother to the Saviour.

"After some time the mother was taken ill with fever. The missionary took Pearl Jewel out to see her one day, and

found her very ill and unconscious; knowing she would have very little chance of getting well there, they took her back to Kandy and left her in the hospital. They visited her day by day, and though they tried to speak to her, she was always too ill to attend; but all this time earnest prayer was being offered up for her. One night she had a dream. She seemed to hear God speaking to her, and He said: 'Golden Jewel, you have lived for yourself all your life; if I give you back your life you must give yourself to Me and live for Me.' When she woke up, she felt that God had really spoken to her, and she came to the Saviour for forgiveness and yielded herself to Him.

"She soon got well and was allowed to leave the hospital. The missionaries asked her to go and stay with them until she was quite strong. When she arrived at the home, someone said to her, 'God has been very good to you; what are you going to do? Will you not give yourself to Him?' She answered with a smile, 'I have already done so.' She stayed there for some months, and the marvellous change in her was true evidence to the work of grace in her heart. She had a true sense of sin. One day she told an untruth, and had no peace until she had confessed and been forgiven. She seemed to dread going back to her village, which meant heathenism, and would sometimes say, 'Oh, please do not send me back to my village; I am *so* weak.'

"Her youngest child, Little Jewel, had been taken into the home with her eldest sister when the mother went to hospital. But the second child, Isabel, had been given away to some people when quite young, because she had been born on an unlucky day. The mother was made to believe that she would die, if this child remained in the home, and, as Sinhalese people are always ready to adopt little girls to train up as servants, just giving them food and the necessary clothing, she easily found someone ready to relieve her of the child. When she came to Christ, her heart went out to her absent child, and she could not rest until she had her with her again. She longed for her to be brought to the Saviour too. About this time a cook was needed for the Biblewomen and teachers at Gampola; so Golden Jewel came to us to help to support herself in that way, and to be taught and prepared for baptism. She told us about this child, and we offered to help her to get her back. She found that the people who had originally taken her had handed her over to someone else, who was living in a village about four miles from Gampola. She went with the Biblewoman

to reclaim her, but the people refused to give her up. I went with her some days later, and we were very firm and insisted on having the child.

"She was about twelve years old then, but quite ignorant; she did not know her letters, and knew nothing whatever about the Lord Jesus. But she began to attend the school in our compound, and now she is getting on nicely. . . .

"The autumn before last a Sinhalese lady came to take a mission in Gampola. We took our girls to the meetings, and there was much blessing. Some of the younger ones, who were enquirers, decided for Christ at that time. At one of the meetings Isabel was sitting between two girls about her own age. At the end of the address those who wished to come to Christ were asked to stand up. The two sitting beside her stood up, but Isabel remained sitting.

"She was not indifferent, however, and the Holy Spirit was working in her heart. A night or so afterwards our Matron gathered the younger ones round her for a Bible lesson, and at the close she said, 'I fear there is one amongst us who has not come to Christ yet.' Isabel knew who was meant; she looked very shy and was silent for a minute, and then she lifted her head and, looking at the Matron, said, 'I came to Him last night.' This was a great joy to her mother, who said, 'God has brought me and my whole family to Himself.' Isabel has developed very much since, and has grown into a sweet, thoughtful girl. . . . Golden Jewel and two of her children have been baptized, and we hope that Isabel will be soon.

"A great change has come over Golden Jewel. Her heathen relations wonder at her now; she is subdued and gentle, whereas before she had the most violent temper. Satan has not willingly given her up, however, and she passes through times of fierce temptation; but she trusts in her Saviour, and often says, 'I *know* He will not let me go. He has brought me so far—He will never let me perish.'"