MORE JUNGLE TALES

Adventures in India

BY

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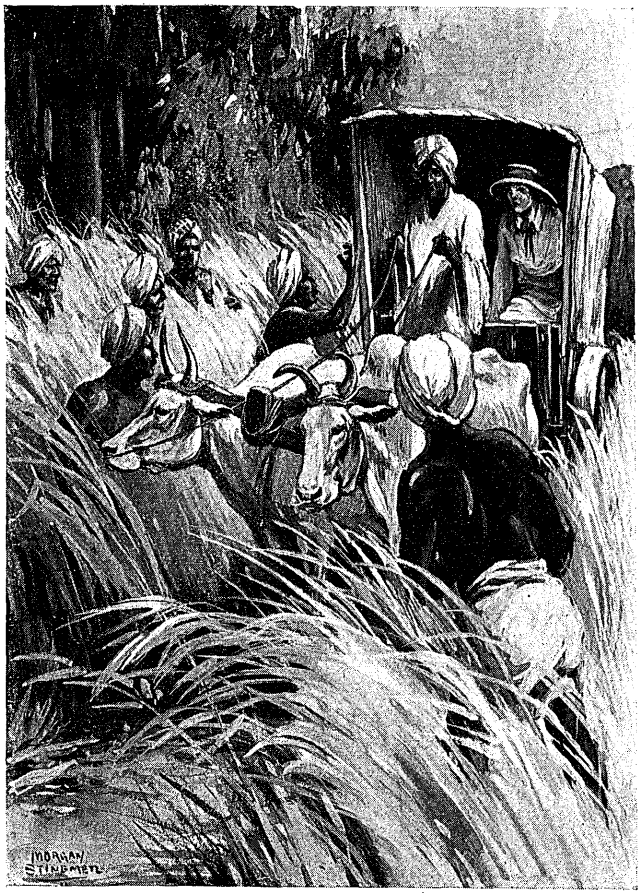
Illustrated from Photographs and with Drawings by

MORGAN STINEMETZ

NEW YORK

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY



ROVING BANDS OF GYPSIES OFTEN STOP TRAVELLERS ON INDIAN JUNGLE ROADS AND SOMETIMES ROB THEM OF THEIR FOOD AND SUPPLIES.

MORE JUNGLE TALES. II

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

This second book of tales I dedicate to the woman to whom I owe everything

MY WIFE

She led me to the Lord, helped me through school, was with me in perils, tasks, sorrows, and joys and made me what I am.

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

The Call of the Jungle

I HAVE heard it call in startling views of tawny beasts with stripes and spots, who gazed from out the yellow grass on roadsides as we went; and call in stalking leopard following the carts all day because he heard the baby's cry and tasted in his thoughts an easy meal. I've heard it call in wolf pack lingering in the offing in hopes of quaffing blood from some stray ox who broke his leash and wandered off. I've heard it call when in the dusty road I saw the mark of sinewy serpent which had crossed to find the nearby swamp and catch a thoughtless fawn strayed from its mother's side.

It called when pug marks following peafowl tracks in sandy gully told of other hunting than our own and warned us off the trail lest we be hunted too.

It called when bear caves full of bears and bones and smell of beast had told us to beware.

I heard it call when kills half eaten in the jungle lay awaiting the return of tiger or its kind or frightened village called aloud for help from yellow bandit bold who took his toll of hu-

man folk each day. But it did not always call with accents wild or in alarm. Sometimes it called in gentle note, as when the high-up dove-cote nature built was filled with pigeons green and parrots wild which flew and screamed and woke the echoes of the forest with their cries; or when the tiny mouse deer one foot tall, a little model deer, so dainty and so shy, nibbled at the fresh-grown bamboo shoots; or herds of nimble black buck grazing in a grassy glade with up-raised heads await their full-horned master's orders as he stands on guard. Sometimes at night when all is still and tired cattle tied between the carts in circle round the fire lie down to rest, then suddenly a fierce rush and oxen gored and carts overturned and firebrands scattered round as herd of bison wild go through the camp like cyclones of the West leaving a startled group of campers in their wake.

And oft it calls with music soft and sweet at night when all is still and in the distance can be heard the tiger's call, then from its mate full-throated comes the answering roar mellowed by distance to a note full sweet.

Or the whimper of the monkeys in the Neem tree as the leopard climbs to kill, for the monkey cannot run and climb at night, so human like is he.

Or baying of the wild-dogs running down the

deer in relays in the night so wisely planned and deadly in effect until the pack is filled and bloody jaws and paunches tight tell of their sure success.

Anon it calls with accents full of gold and glimmering lights and lovely tones as when a golden pheasant flashes through the green or fan-tailed peacock spreads abroad his rainbow followed close by harem gray of half a dozen dainty hens.

Or great trees towering to the skies with limbs of deadwood decked with orchids painted red and blue and pink, and ferns and moss and lichens clinging to their trunks give proof that He who made the jungle was an artist to His finger tips.

Or when the monsoon breaks and clouds are emptied on the trees and gullies dry become a roaring flood and dryness disappears and tanks are formed and banks overflow and all the forest puts on clothes of green; 'tis then the Jungle Calls to me in strident tones and I go in to see the things of beauty spread on every side.

Piled up fountains tier on tier of fern-rimmed, moss-lipped pools each fed from fountains higher up, the topmost catching moss-brinked falls in splash of spray—nature's pure water troughs for forest folk to quench their thirst when in the chase or fleeing from their foes.

Again it loudly calls when Jungle folk I see
—the gentle souls the Master died to save—who
know Him not as Brother or as Friend till death
overtakes them at their task.

Perhaps a sweet-faced Koi maid like one I saw
beneath a feathery fall with waterpot in hand
who woke my slumbering muse until I sang this
song ("Shanti, the Little Koi Maid"):

"The mango trees like mounds of green throw
on the ground their shadows deep,
The Jungle lime-tree freighted bows its head;
The tapering bamboo creaks and sways aloft in
stately sweep,
While a grassy mantle at its feet is spread.

"By noisy flowing stream full ferned, near shal-
low fording place,
'Mid rocks while at her feet the eddies whirl,
With her dark hair loose and wind-whipped,
there stands in stately grace,
With downcast eyes, a sweet-faced Koi girl.

"Pranhitas waters long have flowed unhindered
on their way,
Its muddy torrents dyed the ocean wave;
The Jungle folk have died in sin! What will
the Master say?
For none have told His mighty power to save.

"The little Koi-Shanti, with her waterpot in hand,
Is a type of waiting millions sad dismayed,
Yet He who came and lived and died in this same sin-cursed land,
Has bought with precious Blood the little maid.

"Too soon the girlish freshness gives place to blighting care,
The flashing eyes grow sullen, and gone their beauty rare.
For sin with biting bitter breath will touch the heart now pure,
And behold 'a sinful woman in jungly Gangalur.'"

Sometimes with voice all full of pain it calls when near the camping place the sick have come,
And waited weary days the coming one when out the dust should come the doctor kind,
With balm for wounds and bandages and quieting drugs for pain,
And little suffering babes could go to sleep in mothers' arms who cried and cried all night before he came.

But whether ragged hill or bamboo brake, or vine-tied trees or lordly palm, or monkey roads

in tops of trees, or cry of beasts or flight of fowl, or torrents rush, it CALLS!

Its sin-filled towns, its thin-sown fields, its toddy palms with climbers thin, its bony cattle toiling on its stony unkept roads, its whack and blow on toiler's back, its pain-filled wastes, its sad-eyed little boys and girls, its grinding thin-lipped widowhood at work ere daylight comes, its temple girlhood dedicated to a life of shame, its woe, its anguish and its idols grim invite you in!

The Jungle Calls come in:

You splendid youth with sinews strong and brain alert!
You daughter true with loving heart and welcome warm!
I need your aid where sickness comes and plagues abound and torments keep the death-toll large.
Come with your Gospel so complete, which promises so much to sinful men,
Come with your healing art to soothe our pain,
Come with your schools and books and wisdom deep,
Come with your social uplift needed sore,
The Jungle Calls to-day—Oh, won't you come?

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I

Shadrach—The Dinner That Four Jungle Dogs Didn't Eat

I WAS traveling by cart on a tour which took me far from civilization and was walking along the road behind my cart for a change when I felt an impression to hurry up, so I called to the driver, almost asleep on the tongue of the cart, "Lowkar Jao!" (hurry up!) He, thinking something was pursuing us, said, "Why, Sahib," but proceeded to twist the bullocks' tails the way we crank our Jungle Ford—it's a self-starter, if you go out in front you will get hooked, so we stay behind and crank it up. Away we crashed through the forest at the rate of five miles an hour and came to our camping place—the rendezvous of the night—under a magnificent tree with a shade breadth of a hundred feet; a well close by and a village across the road completed the picture—save that an ash pile was at one side and on it sat four mangy, hungry-looking

village dogs, large but thin; they were eyeing something within the circle. I, supposing it was a cat they were tormenting, walked over to the pile and kicked at the grewsome quartet and they skulked off with white fangs showing, and I was horrified to see that the object of their interest was a little skeleton of a boy almost dead. They told me that his mother, tired of his crying all the time with swollen spleen, took him to the priest and said, "What is the matter with my boy, he cries all the time?" The rough priest seeing the boy was almost dead said, "Expose him, the devil is in his stomach." The poor mother took him out on the ash-pile and left him there to be the dinner of four dogs when he fell over exhausted with his fast. He was just a little chap: hunger and pain had done their work until he was a mere skeleton as he sat with closed eyes barely keeping upright. His head and shoulders were covered with flies and they were crawling in and out of his nostrils leaving flyblows within. On his forehead was a huge sore and his tangled hair was alive with lice. His body was like the ashes he sat on and his arms, the size of the handle of a child's broom, ended in fingers the size of slate-pencils.

His swollen spleen showed even more large owing to the skeleton body. I hurriedly gave him a stimulant, ordered the cartman-cook to

prepare some broth while I took out the flyblows and tended his sores and sheared him. Then I gave him a hot oil massage for his poor little body and spleen and laid him in the cart on some straw, finding only a faint pulse giving us the sign that he was still alive.

Two days of care repaid us for our effort when he opened up a pair of big eyes and gazed at us with terror and interest; I hadn't seen such eyes since I fell out of Grandpa's hayloft when I saw an owl on a rafter solemnly taking me in. I smiled at him, at the little fellow who had never smiled in his life—if you smile at folks they will smile back and if you growl at them they will growl back. I was in a street car one day and accidentally stepped on the foot of a man who growled, "Say, get off me foot." I said, "Pardon me, I thought it was a suitcase." The little fellow watched me smile a moment, then tried to answer with a wan pitiful imitation of a smile. We named him later an appropriate name for one who had been through the fire and was sitting on the ashes—SHADRACH.

He was taken to the school, became a student, was converted during a revival that swept the school, he became a boy exhorter—became one of the brightest evangelists I ever saw. He was literally hungry for souls. One evening when all the men had cooked and eaten their dinner

but Shadrach, he was sitting beside a native cartman—one we had picked up on the way—Shadrach was showing him with open Bible all about the story of the Master's life, and after awhile I walked over to them and said to Shadrach, "Look here, Shadrach, aren't you going to eat to-night?" He looked at me with his great lustrous eyes and said, "Sir, this is my food." I could not help but feel that Shadrach was being taught some of the Master's secrets as he was toiling for Him, and my memory went back to the beautiful story at the well when the disciples went into the village for food and came out and found Him at work with a soul and said, "Master, eat." He said, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of; my meat is to do the will of my Father."

Shadrach has hundreds of converts all through the jungles. I met a man by the roadside one day who seemed very affable and bowed profusely to me. I stopped and asked him what caste he was. He said, "I am a Christian." I was very surprised and showed it and he said, "Oh, sir, there are forty Christians in this village." I asked my native worker if he knew this village and he said the man must be mistaken as he knew of no Christians in all that section. We investigated and found a little group of Christians who had given up idolatry and

were believers from the work of the lone man who had found Jesus with the help of Shadrach as he walked along a road some time before. SHADRACH GOT BEAUTY FOR ASHES.

II

Meshach—or Fortunes in Kali Putr (Manganese)

A POOR little, hungry, naked boy six years old was walking down a road—well, what of it? That is nothing uncommon in the land of famine and hunger! It all depends on what he is walking towards and it don't matter what he is walking away from. He was walking away from many beatings and day-long jawings and from a wicked hateful uncle who had made slaves of his two little sisters and abused them till their cries rang out and the other folk begged him to stop. Away from it all this waif ran one day and hid in a pile of cotton, in the holes the pair of bullocks had eaten out as they traveled slowly to the government cotton gin on the railway. He had crawled up out of the way of the bullocks' faces and half smothered came to within five miles of the mission station, and then while the oxen were away getting a drink in the "talao," or tank, he had crawled out and run for a half mile fearing a beating and then slowed down to a walk and hours later came in sight of the big mission buildings of the girls' school,

and hanging around was driven away by the "Chowkidar," or watchman, for a prowler and found himself presently down the road another half mile in front of the boys' school. At the big gate sat an old watchman half asleep and he stared and growled at the boy for scaring him as he came up suddenly from the side. The boy then said, "Maja Bhau pahije"—I want my brother. The watchman in a kindly voice said, "Chota konkera kidder busti se ayah"—little lamb, what village did you come from? He answered, "Naya busti se ayah bapa"—I came from new village, father. Then the old man said, "Baitho," sit down, and with that he hobbled into the compound and up to the headmaster's room, and looking over the books soon found that the only boy from that village was "Shadrach," the ash baby whom we have met before, the boy saved from four hungry dogs as he sat on the ashpile under the big tree across from the village.

In a few moments Shadrach was out to the gate and had his little hungry brother in his arms, the two of them crying and kissing each other. After inquiries the little waif was brought in and the hungry little stomach soon had some "rotis" bread in it, and after a good bath he put on his uniform such as all the boys had and broke his caste by eating Christian food

and having his lock of hair cut off—this is the first step toward being a Christian, the rest is a matter of careful instruction in the school.

Shadrach, his brother, had a friend in America who supplied the money to give him an education—twenty-five dollars a year came regularly and this paid all the bills—food, clothes, and schooling.

I wrote to this friend across the seas saying, "Shadrach's little brother is now in the school and I thought maybe you could find some of your friends who would like to give him his chance too." I did not know who the good lady was who was Shadrach's patron saint, but one day a letter came along written in a cramped studied hand and the end of the letter was something like this: "I will take that other little boy too. Name him Meshach and tell him he is my other little boy. I am a widow, a washerwoman, and have two little girls. I have found a place where I can wash some floors at night and I want to give Meshach a chance too." While this poor woman washed clothes all day and scrubbed floors at night to give a poor little brown waif a chance, I think close by her as she rubbed and scrubbed walked the Elder Brother and in His heart the thought, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto ME."

One day an Englishman with a hobby for mineralogy came to Mansur and he walked out early in the mornings while others were sleeping late, and with a little hammer he broke rocks and took them home and tested them with acids and he hoped some day to get rich with a find. He climbed the big hill a mile from the mission station—a square-topped hill rising perpendicularly from the field with jutting rocks near by, and when he sat down he casually knocked off a bit of the rock and when he picked it up he knew it at once—porous like coke and heavy, LEAD MANGANESE, the mineral that makes armor plate possible. Melted in the molten steel it gives impenetrability. He gasped as he realized what he had discovered and quickly knocking off other pieces from sides and bottom of the big rock hill he found it was a solid hill of manganese ore worth five million dollars. He hurriedly took the specimens home and tested them out. Very pure he found the ore and capable of being shoveled off in layers with little refuse and no dirt or rock to handle.

The next step was to take out a prospector's license, then mineral rights, then mining rights and license and then home to England on the first boat. He sold the find to a big syndicate for five million dollars—a million pounds. The manganese mines of Russia had been closed

down as the Jap War was on and the steel mills were running low and they paid a guinea a ton for the stuff where it lay on the ground dug.

Why did not the good God let me discover the hill within sight of our mission and from its contents run the mission for a hundred years?

There is one big reason—he didn't want to deprive the patron of Shadrach and Meshach from the sacrificial giving that was building up her character.

Meshach is a fine young preacher and with his young wife, a Bible woman, works at the town near the big manganese mines. The gifts from America have stopped as the tired, weary patron died of pneumonia one winter night in a hospital and the little sisters of Shadrach and Meshach are being well cared for by an uncle of their mother. Some might say this was reckless giving but I say no, and the great God understands.

Kali Putr, as the manganese is called—it means black rock—is the biggest find in the Provinces, though Wolframite and a few other "Ites" have made the finders rich, but the finest "dark stuff" that I know about in the Central Provinces is the little brown boys we found and made into splendid specimens of young manhood.

III

Giving the Untainted Leper Child His Chance

PAULUS, THE UNTAINTED LEPER-BOY

HEALTH means everything to a boy. To run and play and jump and yell is second nature and whether he lives in Sandwich Islands or whether he eats a chunk of blubber in Iceland for his breakfast food, health is the best gift of the gods to him.

It is hard to keep healthy in heathen lands. Every time you get a scratch or cut, you open the door to a thousand little wicked "bugs" whose business it is to put you "down and out" and rob you of your health. In this nice country when a boy gets hurt he has a doctor to go to or a big bottle of "pain killer" or "anti"—this or that to kill every little dangerous germ, but the little Hottentot or the little jungle "Ghond" must grin and bear it; he hasn't any court plaster, or tweezers to pull out thorns; he has no shoes on, so his feet get sore; he gets stung by the big hornets as big as small aëroplanes zooming around. Their "leather," as they call their

skin, is all the time scratched and cut and punctured.

If ever there was a land where doctors can be a blessing the heathen lands are the place. The people are so patient and you seldom hear a cry or a groan or a moan of pain. Even the babies are almost silent. I have seen the most horrid sores on boys' heads; little girls limping along with awful cuts on their feet and with never a cry or complaint.

A boy has as much right to be happy and healthy in Asia as in America, and one of the duties of our religion is to give them that chance.

Most every child is healthy when it is born, so far as disease is concerned, and to keep him clean from unhealthy surroundings and germs in air and ground is the big job. On every little twig, each stone by the roadside, flying on the wings of the wind, in the dust, lodged on the skins of dog and cat or fruit, swimming in the blood of insects, are his enemies. In the Far East the worst of all these little germs is that of leprosy. Once it gets into the blood nothing has been found to remove it and the end is a slow death of wasting.

England has established a number of leper asylums in India, but the native won't go to them on account of his caste as he would have to be waited on by a low caste man.

Can the leopard change his spots? asks the Bible and the answer is No. Neither can the leper change his skin but he can change his spots, for he can leave one spot and go to another. This fact is all that saved Gohli, the little untainted leper baby, from a horrible death among the lepers.

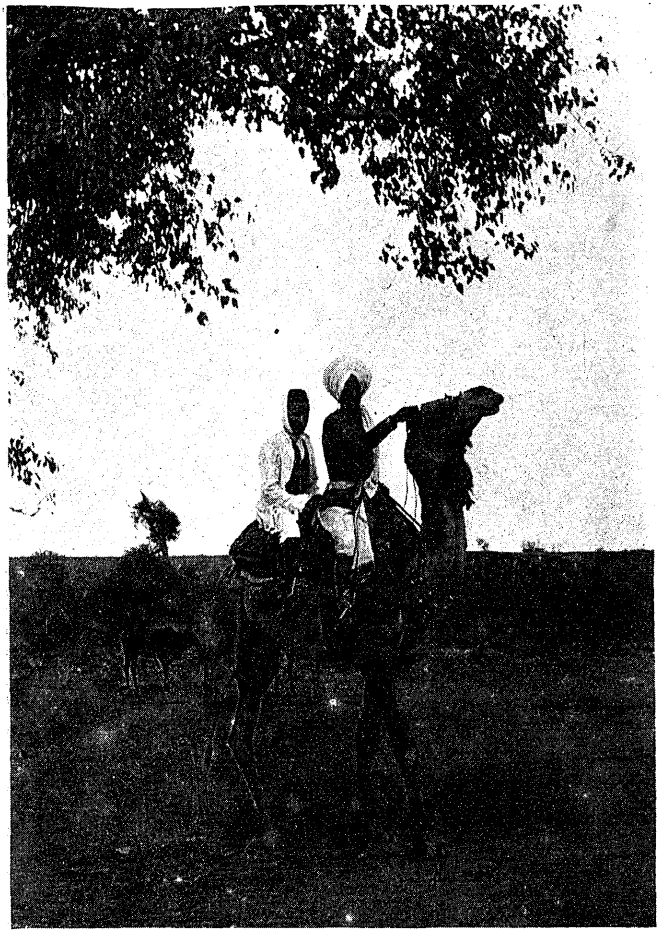
Every Sunday morning one of these groups came and sat on my front steps—twelve lepers, all of them horribly off—and I organized them into a Sunday school and read to them and we sang, and I gave them some parched corn to eat on their way home. One day after they had gone and Anton had poured some disinfectant on the steps and swept them off, he brought to me an object between two sticks that made my blood stand still and the chills run down my back —a leper's finger rotted off at the joint and dropped on the ground as he went away. I had the awful trophy buried in my rose-garden but always shunned the spot afterward where Anton buried it. To drop to pieces and still be alive until a time when the heart is affected or some vital organ is reached and to know that nothing on earth could be done for you is enough to set one crazy or at least fill you with melancholy, and the lepers are a most desolate, sad-hearted lot as they go about begging, for no one would buy anything they made.

No one is born a leper. It must be taken into the blood through contagion or a cut or sore exposed to the leprosy virus which exhudes from the sores. Lepers are allowed to run at large through the East and are a menace to all who live there, but the laws are so lax and to force them to obey is a hard job for who wants to arrest a leper and carry him off to jail. Let him alone, "let a sleeping dog lie," is the motto out there, and hoary evils go unchallenged because of that attitude—don't stir up trouble!

As I was leaving Godarwara Central Provinces one day, my worker, Dahli Das, said to me, "Sahib, come with me and I will show you my new school." I said, "All right, I will go, but must hurry as I have a long march ahead to reach home by night."

We went to the outskirts of the town and came to an old deserted garden which once was the abode of beauty and had cost a half million dollars to build long ago. Now it was deserted and only touches of beauty here and there yet visible gave token of what it had once been in pre-Moghul days when labor cost little and gold flowed free.

In the center of the garden grew a double row of long-leafed palm-trees which crossed at the center, and in the square thus formed was a wonderful well a hundred feet deep with stone steps



IN INDIA YOU TRAVEL IN BULLOCK CARTS OR BEHIND HORSES OR EVEN ON CAMELS.

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that went clear to the bottom. It was full of water and lotus blossoms floated on the water. From this well in each direction reservoirs went out filled with water plants of many kinds growing in two feet of water. Gold fish were also in the ponds thus formed.

Occasionally small mounds of rubbish told of where arbors and baths and shrines and tombs once bedecked the garden.

I closed my eyes as we walked through and tried to see the pageant of past, when ladies and children and slaves and pet animals filled the garden and sweet music filled the air as dark-faced singers and players performed on lute and sitar.

In the far end of the garden stood three old temples, the top of one had fallen in; the other two were no longer the "place of the gods." They had been abandoned long ago and the idols removed for some reason now unknown. As we walked toward these temples Dahli Das said, "Sir, please remain here." I stopped and he walking farther called in a loud voice, "Koi Hai, who is there?" The answer was an immediate appearance of a number of people from one of the old temples. A score or more came out and hobbled toward the spot where Dahli Das was. I noticed with horror that they were all lepers. I said, "Where did these folks come

from and who are they?" He answered, "They are Christians now and I gathered them from all around and the Government helps me to feed them here. They are my leper Sunday school." I soon was talking with them and found that though they were in the clutches of that awful living death they were Christians. Their answers were pathetic, as with maimed lips and dry tongues and roughened voices they answered my questions as to their faith in Jesus Christ. As we talked it over the conversation was interrupted by the cry of a little child in the temple, and soon he came out crying with fear as he had wakened and found the old temple empty. He came running toward one of the men who quieted him, and I saw he was an untainted child of three years of age round as a ball and pretty as a picture. They said his name was Gohli—the little ball. I asked about his parents and they said they were both dead. I pondered on my own dear baby boy, and wondered if I could not give that tiny bit of derelict humanity a chance. I said to one of the men, "How would you like little Gohli to look some day—like this leper man with face all rough and ears gone or like this worker so nice and clean and strong?" They all said, "Oh, sir, like Dahli Das, master!" I then told them that if the boy stayed with them he would soon be like them, and if he

went away with me he would be clean and well and some day would come back to them and live in the town and be their helper. After a long parley and much weeping they agreed and I took him with me. If ever a boy got a bath in his life that boy got one. I cleaned him inside and out. I cut his hair, his nails, his eyebrows, and scrubbed him with "lysol" and tar soap and "Gold Dust from Sears & Roebuck, U. S. A."

We took him home and gave him his chance. He never showed any traces of the disease of his father and mother. He took on Christianity, and when he learned from what he had been saved his love was extremely touching. His devotion to God was perfect. One day, when he had reached the age of twelve years, he was selling Bibles on the roadway and was talking to a little group, when a Brahmin teacher came along and after listening to the lad's eloquence awhile he stopped him and said, "Boy, come with me and I will show you the Way to God:" He had in mind the training of this boy whose parents were high caste farmers, into a fiery speaker for Brahminism. Paulus, attracted by his manner, followed him home and stayed around his compound for several days—each day the Brahmin called him to his veranda and told him wonderful things about his father's religion—quoted poetry and Sanscrit slokas or

verses from the sacred books to him and thrilled him with things he had never heard before. Then when he thought he had him fast he said, "Now, lad, you are on the true way to find God. Do not talk any more about that which you were telling the people at the well when I first saw you for that is foolishness." The boy looked quickly into his face—the Brahmin resumed, "Those books you brought with you, throw them away, for they too are worthless." Paulus seemed for a little while to be in a trance or stupor, then he said, "Oh, sir, I am so glad you spoke those words to me as I was like a bird caught in a snare with your wonderful words about my father's gods. The God I have found is greater than all of them and Jesu Masih has given me peace and joy that you do not have at all in your religion." Then he began to pour into the Brahmin's ears the story of his being saved from the leper life. At first the Brahmin listened with a sneer, then that gave way to a sober face, then interest followed in what the boy was saying—soon he took him roughly by the shoulder and said, "Boy, are you telling me the truth?" The lad was frightened at first but perceiving the man's earnestness he said, "Oh, yes, how could I tell you a lie, sir, about the things of God?" The Brahmin then asked him to tell it over and as the boy, helped by the Almighty, told the

simple story, the Brahmin began to weep and said, "Boy! Boy! you HAVE found the true way to God. Teach me that way." Paulus lingered several more days at the Brahmin's home and convinced him of the Truth and took him to the missionary's home where he later publicly called in all the Brahmins of the city and renounced his religion.

The boy became a fine young preacher and one day came into the mission station and said, "Sir, I would like to go back to Godarwada and work with Dahli Das." The missionary said, "Dahli Das is no longer there, Paulus. One day they buried him in the little Government graveyard near the Railroad. He had been out and drank some unboiled water and that night he died of cholera. There is no one in that village since a year ago last conference." The boy said, "Oh, sir, who is caring for the poor lepers then?" The missionary said, "I do not know." Then the boy began to weep and said, "Oh, sir, let me go there." In vain the missionary spoke of other work more hopeful and pleasant and other villages of more importance. The boy insisted on going back to his leper friends. Today, four years since then, he is still at work among them and a little Sunday school is established there in one of the old temples and a leper teaches the lepers how to read God's Word, their

only comfort, for they cannot associate with others and there is no help for them and no occupation they can engage in, for who would buy anything made by a leper?

The love of the folks for Paulus is touching. Many of those who were there when they knew him as Gholi, the little ball, have passed away and many others have come in since, for lepers abound in India, and as the disease is contagious many more are in the making. He lives in the town and goes out regularly and preaches, and his little wife, Pulmonibai (which sounds like a "consumptive" name, but isn't), also goes with him to teach the women in the old temples, and with happy hearts they tell the Story and in the words of Ruth to Naomi long ago they have resolved that "thy people shall be my people and thy God my God."

IV

Krishmarao, Who Fought the Disease Devil Out of Manglewari

THERE is no sanitation in any land until the Gospel reaches that land. This is true of India to a very large degree. Millions die off every year of the bubonic plague and cholera, while smallpox is a "custom" not a disease, and a visit from Muttu, the smallpox goddess, is a treat to which all the folks are especially invited and a pockmarked face is a badge of honor, for has not the goddess visited him?

To go into that sort of atmosphere and clean it up is part of the work of the missionary. With this in mind I resolved one day to inspect a certain part of the city of Nagpur, near the burning ghat, the place where the dead were burned—for Hindus worship Mother Earth and to pollute her by burying a dead body in her would be a sacrilege. I crossed an open sewer on the rocks and passed into the Tuesday bazaar, or Manglewari —for sections of the city often receive their name from the bazaar day in that section. Dirt and filth met me on every hand; funeral processions

passed me at frequent intervals; the weird cries of the mourners to "Ram," the great god, made my blood curdle as well as the knowledge that plague had appeared in some parts of the city. I came at last to the outskirts of the mahulla, or section. An old man was sitting on a rock gazing out toward the smoke pillar rising from a funeral pyre thinking, no doubt, that soon he, too, would have to go that way. As I drew near him he looked at me with wonder, for few British officers visit sections of the city (this is left for under-officers and I was white). I said to him, "Salaam, Bapa" (peace to you, father). He bowed low and returned my greeting, "Salaam, Sahib" (peace to you, master). I then asked him if they had any schools in that section and he answered, "Only for the twice-born"—that is the Brahmins. Then I said, "Is there any empty house for a school," and he said, "None are empty now"—which was not true. I thanked him and went my way down a little dirty alley that smelt to heaven. In the middle of a lot perhaps one hundred feet square stood an old house with door locked and windows fastened up with sticks and wire. I looked all around for some one to ask about the house and finally saw a boy carrying a basket of native fuel—dried cowdung filled with sticks and leaves and made into large flat cakes and dried in the sun on edge.

I called to him and he came falteringly, ready to bolt at a moment's warning. I said to him, "Bheu nucko chota sassu" (don't be afraid, little rabbit), smiling as I spoke. He then drew near and I said, "Who owns this house?" He answered fearfully, "Shaitan" (the devil), and ran like one possessed to his home and dodged in the door. I followed, and from his father learned that what the boy said was the accepted truth in "that neck of the woods," as it had been abandoned by the people after repeated deaths of every one living in it. First, a family of six had all died in a week of cholera; then it lay idle for a year and the man's relations moved in to the tune of five and they all died of plague. Then it lay for three years and a family moved in and the cholera came and they all died—six of them—then they fastened it up and called it "Shaitan-ki-bungalow" (the house of the devil). It had been empty seven years and was in bad order of course by this time as it was built of mud walls and cheap tile roof, and the white ants (the "termite") had carried off most of the woodwork.

I found out that the building was unclaimed, and secured it from the city council through one of my English friends, a member of the council, for fifty rupees, or seventeen dollars, a nominal sum to make it a transaction. One of my boys

named Ram Krishna I had found down in the bazaar begging by the wayside all doubled up with rheumatism—a pitiful sight—and I had cured the lad with careful treatment and tender care until he could walk, and he was so grateful that he soon became a Christian and went to school and learned very fast, and by and by I found a nice Christian wife for him and they were living in my compound. I took him with me and we began the work of casting out the devil from the devil house. Everything that is against God and His Kingdom and happiness and health is devilish, and casting out devils today is reversing all devilish processes and conditions that the Kingdom may come in hearts and homes and towns and cities and nations.

We first tore off the roof and piled the tiles into a big heap, covered them with old straw and set the pile on fire. That killed all the germs in the roof. Then we took off the doors and windows and gave them a dose of creosoted tar and that fixed the "woodbugs." We tore down the first layer of mud on the inside and outside and mixed it up again with water and strong disinfectant in a pond we built temporarily; and native coolies trampled it with their feet into the consistency of soft mud. We then plastered this on inside and out, thus sealing in with disinfected mud all the "wall bugs." We then dug

up the floor and carried out six inches of the dirt and threw it into the water nearby and floated off most of the "floor bugs." Then we carried in with baskets a section of a mound nearby, after seeing that it was not a rubbish heap and only Mother Earth. This was thoroughly disinfected before being trampled down and hammered solid with a brick. We then whitewashed the walls inside and out and put back the burnt tiles after tarring the bamboos and replacing all the rotten ones with new wood. A new door and some glass for the windows completed the job and Ram Krishna and his little family moved in! All the mahulla turned out to see the latest victims of the devil for the last time for, of course, they too would all die, for was it not the devil's house that had been rudely disturbed and turned inside out by the strangers? One day went by and many folks came and peeked in the window to see how many were dead. "NONE," they whispered to those awaiting the result of the inspection of the bolder. Again another day went by and they peeked in again, and again the answer was "NONE ARE DEAD." Weeks came and went and all seemed happy and hearty and healthy. THE FOLKS THEN SAID THE DEVIL HOUSE IS SAFE; THESE FOLKS HAVE DRIVEN HIM AWAY. Ram Krishna became the wonder of the town and soon he had a good hearing for his songs

and testimony, and soon his little wife, a trained Bible reader, was gladly welcomed into many a place of seclusion behind the "purdha," or curtain, which shut off the women from the men's house.

Two years went by and Ram Krishna's victory was won. I then began to reconnoiter to find out what the chances were to start a school. I called out the head men of the town to talk it over and told them that while in all parts of the mahulla boys and girls were dying of this, that we had NO DEATHS IN THE CHRISTI HOUSE—for such they had named it. I said to them, "The safest place for your boys and girls is at the Christi house." They saw the truth of it and I soon had a large school of each sex in the old house. Mrs. Musser, of course, managed the girls' school, for it was the rule of the East that "NO MAN MAY SPEAK TO A WOMAN WHO IS NOT OF HIS HOUSEHOLD."

One day when all was going well there rushed into the school the father of one of the boys with a horrified look on his face as he said to Ram Krishna, "I found a plague rat dead in my room this morning"—the appearance of the bubonic plague—the scourge of Asia—is the appearance of dead rats in houses, killed by the bite of the PLAGUE FLEA. Then when the rat dies the plague flea hops off into the dust and

awaits a human prey, and soon the whole mahulla is in terror and dismay and the bodies are carried out daily to the ghat for burning.

This man seized his boy by the arm and hurried him away—the family were terrified and were fleeing away to a son's home in another part of the town. This was repeated many times in the next few weeks and soon the authorities took charge, and the whole section of the city was ordered out into temporary houses in the fields surrounding where they were provided with sheet-iron houses and blankets and medical care by the kindly government authorities. RAM KRISHNA DIDN'T MOVE OUT. I secured permission from the Government for him to stay, as our house was IMMUNE, we took every precaution—phenyl baths—carefully boiled water—disinfectants—cleanliness. The word went out that we were not moving out and every day the question was asked, "HAS THE PLAGUE DEVIL come to the CHRISTI HOUSE?" and the answer would be "No." This was a wonder to all and gave us a standing beyond words to describe. We had not only driven the devil out of his house but he dared not come in, though he could go everywhere else in the town. News of this spread to all parts of the scattered crowd and the Christi House was a seven-day wonder. After the plague had worn itself out and every

home had given its toll to the grim reaper EXCEPT THE CHRISTI HOUSE, suddenly it ceased and the people moved in in a night and the lighthouse—the refuge—was the home of Ram Krishna, THE CHRISTIAN.

To-day a beautiful brick two-story building has taken the place of the old mud house—a present from a Presbyterian in Los Angeles. Ram Krishna still works on in safety and his school is the powerhouse from which goes out the great Evangel, and many Christian families are now in Nagpur and they have been taught the secret of EXORCISING devils with cleanliness and medicine and many a lad and lass has gone out to build up a clean home in which dwelleth righteousness.

V

Gangaram the Mahar and His Son Monkeyface

HAHNUMAN is a god of the Hindus. Their sacred books tell the story of how he came to be a god. He was at one time a fabled monkey-man who, when walking through a forest, heard Rama, the great god—the god of creation—crying aloud in deep sorrow. The monkey-man stopped and asked him the cause of his tears and was told that Sita, the beloved wife of Rama, had been carried off in his absence and he was grief-stricken. Hahnuman called the monkeys with whom he was on speaking terms to him and bade them go and search for any news of Sita. They searched all over the land and discovered that Rawan, the demon god, had stolen her and carried her off to Ceylon. They reported the fact to Hahnuman who asked them to each bring a rock from the Himalayas and throw it into the ocean and make a bridge. They did this and every monkey did his part, and a huge bridge was formed over which Rama took his army and rescued Sita. The bridge is there

yet—the giant causeway between Ceylon and India—and the odd piles of rock left by glaciers long ago are pointed to to-day by orthodox Hindus as remnants of the rocks left over when not needed for the bridge and dropped "en route to Ceylon."

When Sita was recovered Rama gave a great feast and called in Hahnuman and made him a god to be worshiped forever and because the monkeys helped they were made sacred by divine fiat, and if you want to get up a row in India to this day "just monkey with a monkey."

To be named for a god is a high honor and the lad of this story was named Hahnuman-ki-mou —the face of Hahnuman.

When he became a Christian after six months in our school I baptized him and when I said, "What shall I name you?" he thought for a moment, then with modest mien and quiet voice he gave me a CLASSIC ANSWER THAT CAN'T BE BEATEN. He said, "Sir, I come like a beggar. Call me LAZARUS." The story of how we got hold of this lad with the "monkeyshine" name is really the story of his father Gangaram, the Mahar, and how he left his job of caste leader of 2,000 people and became a preacher of the Way.

Long, long ago the Mahars were the carrion eaters—that which died was their portion, and as

many of the folk were cattle owners their food was not so scarce after all and the skins went to the chamars—leather workers—who sold them tanned to the "moochees"—the shoemakers.

After the British occupancy of the peninsula the custom of eating dead things was frowned upon and the Mahar became the servant because he still handled "unclean things" such as Christian food.

Gangaram was a servant and when not cooking and serving he was a contractor and builder for the white folks.

In season and out of season my wife and I besieged Gangaram to become a Christian but he always shook his head "no" and walked away.

I went to the jungles for a three months' trip, and on my return the first one to meet me at the station was Gangaram with a smile from ear to ear. I said, "Hanstaki mutlub Khai?" (What's the meaning of the smile?) He answered, "Sir, I have become a Christian." I expressed my gratitude at the news and said, "When shall I remove your chutia?" This is the lock which is left on the crown of every caste Hindu's head, to signify that he is a caste man. He answered, "To-morrow."

The next day I went over to the old church building made out of an old lawn-tennis court—a real orthodox church, for the Bible says, "Come

into thy courts with praise." I took a Discipline and a pair of scissors and when I entered the door of the building and walked down the center to the front I saw with pleasure Gangaram seated on the floor with a strong Maratha man on either side of him, while in the rear of the room sat more than twenty men on the stone floor. After talking a little about being a Christian, I said to Gangaram, "Ickerdi ye" (come here). He started to rise when one man on each side took him by the arm and said, "Mut Jao" (don't go). I couldn't believe my ears. I thought the meeting was a friendly one and that Gangaram was bringing his interested friends—men who shortly would also come with him. I saw that this crowd was there to prevent the ceremony.

Two things a missionary should never do: change his mind or show the white feather. This rule takes him into the jaws of death sometimes, but go he must, for he is a goner if he flinches for a moment.

I walked quietly over to where the men sat holding Gangaram and looked them steadily in the eyes one at a time until they looked away. Then I knew they feared me and I need not fear them. I took hold of their detaining hands and roughly jerked them loose, saying as I did so, "Do not touch him again." They obeyed open-mouthed and I led Gangaram forward to the

table where I wished him to kneel. I read a few words more and taking up my scissors, began slowly to snip off the hair. This was the signal for the whole crowd in the rear to rise and start toward me to stop the act, for this would be the separating thing, this loss of the chutia which marked him as a Hindu. What God needed at that time in that place was not a singer nor a runner but an ex-football player to make that crowd behave, and one was there on the job. Before they realized what was happening I ran toward them with head bowed and shoulders bent and arms outstretched and struck that crowd like a battering ram and gathering in the nearest two, one in each arm, I threw them backward onto the others, who in the meantime had stumbled and fallen over those coming on behind, and walking right up on the pile I dropped my men and backing off I said, "Stop where you are, you are lawbreakers disturbing this meeting in a temple—don't get up, stay where you are." They obeyed, not knowing just what had happened to them. I turned and left them sitting on the floor and walking back to Gangaram, I cut off his hair. With that I completed the ceremony, dismissed the meeting and walked out through the crowd with Gangaram. Outside we found the whole mahulla crowding into the big compound gate with shouts

and staves and lathis and cries of anger. Some of them said, "Gangaram, we will kill you to-night." I said to him, "Gangaram, you had better stay with me to-night. I'll take care of you." He looked at me straight and said, "Sir, Jesus will take care of me." I said, "Yes, indeed, He will, Gangaram; you need not fear."

I then put the crowd out of the yard and closed the big gate. They stood for a while and yelled their threats but soon went home. Gangaram, in the meantime, went home by another road and was unmolested until night. Then the crowd grew bolder in the dark and a mob gathered and were inflamed by some speeches and they formed a mob of one hundred men and with torches to burn his house, a plow and bullock to plow across the ruins, and with lathis to beat out Gangaram's brains they came to his house and shouted for him to come out. He came out and with a wave of his hand asked them to be silent for a moment. They listened while he talked, and if ever God gave a poor illiterate man a message from Him, Gangaram delivered that message and the crowd melted away before his words. Those who had firebrands put them out and slipped away, and those who brought the plow unfastened the bullock and drove him home as they put the plow up against the house and slipped off too. Then when nearly all had gone

Gangaram said, "Now, brothers, let us talk to the great God." And the mob turned into a prayer meeting as they knelt in the street in the dust while he poured out his heart in his first public prayer. The Lord *had* taken care of him.

Gangaram brought scores of others to the church where they now have a strong self-supporting church and a big Sunday school of two hundred boys and girls. One of those brought very soon was "Hahnuman-ki-mou," the face of Hahnuman, and Margaret, his sister, who gave her life to save a little mother in the big epidemic in Jabalpur.

VI

Nandhi, the Ghond Boy, Sees Civilization

WHEN NANDHI, THE GHOND, FIRST CAME TO THE CITY

A LONG, long time ago India was peopled by a coal-black-hued people. They lived in the jungles and not in cities; they were remnants of ancient India which had vanished completely away before the invading Aryan who came with a civilization very great from the heart of northern Asia. The Aryan brown drove the Hindoo black to the hills and keeps him there to this day and these strange jungle folk think they are wiser than other folk because they "toil not," neither do they work. They live on things they never planted and eat the "bread of idleness," while the folk in the plains work for what they get. Nandhi was a Ghond and lived up in the Seoni hills with his parents. He climbed the trees for the mango, or dug tubers that taste like a sweet potato well cooked, or chased away the Bandhars (monkeys) from the wood-apple trees and "jamind" orchard. His days were filled with toil as he brought in wood

for the fires and carried water for the cooking. Often he stood and looked away down into the valley and wondered what the streak of smoke meant which every day came up the valley and disappeared. He asked some one and they said, "It is the ag-ghari" (fire wagon), but this meant nothing to him. One day a messenger came to the village from the Tahsildar, the native ruler of a county or township, and the message said that twenty-five people of that village were to go out on the "ag-ghari" to the Nagpur Industrial Fair one hundred miles away, and their expenses were to be paid by the Government. Nandhi's eyes bulged out and the longing look in his big black eyes caught the attention of the messenger who also was to pick out the twenty-five who were to go. He looked at the boy and said, "Say, you boy, have you ever seen an 'ag-ghari ari-railroad'?" The boy shook his head no; then he added, "Oh, sir, I would like to go down to the big 'Busti'" (town).

The man said, "All right, you shall go," and he quickly pointed out the lucky ones who immediately struck out for their huts with the great news.

Then came the day. They walked in a big crowd down the hill toward the valley and soon the other villagers left them and went back to their homes and the twenty-five were off on

their first great adventure—a ride on a railway train. At twilight they came to the station, and Nandhi walked over and felt the big iron rails with his hands and wondered what they were for. Then they all stood looking in at the window while their leader, the "Patel" of the village, bought the tickets or "chittis." Then far up the valley they heard a roar and Nandhi looked with big eyes at his companions who listened again and took to their heels and ran like mad for the jungle. The train came in and it was fortunate that there was a lot of bamboo to load and some orders to be waited for, and by and by they were all rounded up and stealthily they entered the little door at the side of the car and all sat down on the floor. The train started and they were filled with terror. One of them rose up and with another holding his legs he looked out of the window and just then they crossed a gulley, and as he looked out and down he saw nothing below. With a cry of fear and horror he said, "We are flying through the air." They all grasped the seats and held on for dear life, and by and by with hearts beating rapidly they came to Nagpur and hurried out of the car onto the stone floor of the station and began their one-mile walk to the bungalow. They came direct to the mission bungalow at the corner of the maidan and were warmly welcomed by the

Christian workers there. A feast was prepared for them and for once in their lives they had all they could eat. Out in the compound was the water tap, and growing thirsty they watched the servant turn on the water and then, getting his pot full, turn it off. They thought that trick was easy; they tried it; they shook the pipe; they spoke to it; they waved their hands over it like Anton seemed to do but no water came. After a while Anton saw them there and went out and with a flourish of his arm turned on the faucet and walked off leaving them to drink all they wanted. Water in India is always valuable and especially in a village where it is often carried for miles in a pot on a woman's head and it must never be wasted. So when they had enough they still drank on so as not to waste any, while they tried in vain to turn off the tap. Anton saw them fill up and still drinking, so after having a quiet chuckle he had mercy upon them and went out and looked off into space and waved his hands mysteriously over the tap and turned it off, much to their relief. Then they all lay down for a sleep and, lest as at home, the dogs come and steal what was left in their vessels, each chap placed his lota on the ground and carefully covering the rice and dhal-bhat with leaves he laid his head upon the leaves and partly in the pot and went to sleep.

We took them down to the garden where the big zoo was and showed them the tigers and monkeys and bears. Nandhi got quite close to the tiger's cage and spat in the face of the big cat and shook his fist at him saying, "Wah wah, dushman" (ha, ha, old enemy). In the morning we took them all down to the big Industrial Exposition, and you should have seen them stare at the wonders there. They hung round the Ghond section where two thousand products of the jungle were on display, fastened to the walls with a card under each article whether root or tuber or bark. They recognized the traps and snares of woodcraft, and the mounted specimens of deer and boar and tiger and bear and leopard and bison all brought forth "wah wahs" (a sign of wonder).

In silence they stood and watched the plow and seed fan and other implements being tried, and when the nice deep furrow rolled out behind the plow they said, "Why are they digging up the ground like that? What's the use? Who are we to do different from our fathers? We throw the seed on the ground and scratch a little dirt over it and the harvest comes by and by whatever the gods send us. Why all this extra work?" They watched a pump sending a thick stream of water out of a well and said, "We have women who can carry all the water we need

on their heads. Why should we get that?" What is the use of changing seemed to be the popular thought as the dusky-faced men looked the things of civilization over once and walked quietly away.

The India merry-go-round, about ten feet tall, holding three on a seat and with six seats and run by coolies turning a big crank, was a great treat, and they yelled with joy as they whirled around calling out to the ones below in high glee.

I got a bit of ice from the Bombay mail train at the station near by which an ice vender sold to Europeans to cool off their drinks en route to Calcutta—this is the only chance for ice outside the few great cities where it is manufactured for Europeans. I took a small piece over to where the Ghonds were waiting and told Nandhi to hold his hand out straight. He did so and I laid the bit of ice on his palm. It began to hurt and he started to drop it but I said, "Don't drop it!" He held it and raised one foot up high and letting it down raised the other, all the time gazing at the disappearing ice and hoarsely whispered, "It is burning my hand." Then when it disappeared, leaving no burn and only a little water, they all said, "Wah, wah, what was that?" Each one felt his hand and asked him if it hurt and he said, "No, not now." Then I told them it was "burfi" (ice) and had to explain to them

that water could get hard, but they shook their heads and said, "Whoever heard of hard water? We never saw any in the hills," and I failed to make them believe that you could walk on ice.

After three wonder days they went back to the hills, and when they were met at the station by their friends and were asked what was the greatest experience of all they all agreed that the biggest thing was to have your stomach full —all you could eat at one sitting and some left over!

Nandhi told them of the water they didn't have to carry; of the tiger he wasn't afraid of, and showed them how he walked right up to him and snapped his finger in his face and the tiger didn't even growl—he didn't mention that it was caged!

Two years later Anton came home from the bazaar and told me he had seen Nandhi down in the bazaar working for a Parsee baker—a Persian fireworshiper—and that he looked miserable and sad. I went right down to see the boy and found he had walked from his hill home after his father had died and had been found in the city by the Parsee who coaxed him home, and then shrewdly lending him small sums had gotten him in debt to him and then with the debt, fifty rupees, an immense sum for the boy, hung over him as a threat he had compelled him to slave

for him—sleeping out doors at night with a sort of handcuff on his foot fastened to a post lest he run off.

I paid off his debt for him and took him home with me and sent him to school, and he repaid me with study and good behavior until he finished his course and became a young preacher, and I sent him back up into Ghondland to preach the gospel to his own people. They called him Waghmarhi, the tiger hunter, because of his boyish exploit; and now married to a nice little Ghond girl he lives in a house they both built out of bamboos carried down the hillside from the big jungle away up on the hilltop. Nandhi Waghmarhi has learned that tigers are not the worst things to meet in the jungles but that sin is the worst enemy to fight, and like a tiger which cannot be destroyed by going up to it with a piece of liver and saying, "Pussy, pussy," so you cannot trifle with sin. IT MUST BE DESTROYED before peace and happiness can come.

VII

Nattu, the Bengali Boy, Who Used to Fight for Goat-heads in Kali's Temple

FOREMOST for brains of all the sons of India is the Bengali. This is true because he has had the first and best chance. The Bengali was the first college-bred man in India. He goes around without a puggaree—signifying that he is a teacher and not a toiler. His coat of arms is BRAINS. At once a braggart and a coward and a mischief maker. So faithfully has he toiled to embroil Britain in an insurrection that Britain had to move India's capital from Calcutta up-country to get National politics out of the influence of local Bengal politics and away from the "Bengali baboo"—a synonym for treachery and boastful braggadocio.

The most famous temple in India is at Calcutta. Its name is Kali-ghat or the bathing place of Kali. The temple is a pile of buildings sheltering a great many priests and mendicants and fakirs, and most important is the building which holds the image of Kali, the black goddess. From her the city gets its name—"Kal-cuttah."

She is the goddess of murder, lust, revenge, and hate. When a man wishes to kill his enemy he goes first and worships Kali and devotes his enemy's blood to Kali, then goes out and kills. When Britain took over complete control of India after the mutiny of the "eighteen fifties," she found that "THUGGERY" was practiced everywhere and no traveler was safe anywhere. The "Thugs," with their rendezvous just in the outskirts of Narsingpur, went out all over Hindustan joining themselves to traveling groups and killing their marked victims by strangling, all in the name of Kali. Britain hunted down the leaders, broke up their den and put an absolute stop to it until to-day you can go anywhere at night in perfect safety.

Kali is a black image, taller than a man, with a long protruding tongue, red as blood. She has four arms and hands; in three of them she holds daggers, while in the fourth she holds by the hair the head of her husband upon whose headless body she is trampling.

Blood she must have—she is insatiable for it. They say that in the first one-eighth of an inch of refuse and scum on the floor—never removed—is the blood of some of the best old families in Calcutta in the days when Kali demanded human blood and got it.

Recently a demand was made by people living

in Kali-ghat neighborhood that Kali's temple be cleansed because of the awful smell in the whole community arising from centuries of undisturbed filth. The city council ordered the temple authorities to clean up. The temple authorities put it up to the Brahmins who said, "If a high caste man should do such work it would break his caste; a low caste man can't enter the temple. If you want Kali's temple cleaned, clean it yourselves." The temple is still uncleaned.

A forked stick and a ring in the floor is the apparatus for the killing, while a huge Bengali with a big knife strikes off the beast's head with one stroke, and when the head falls it is thrown out on the pavement where a score of boys fight for it to take it and sell it in the market for four cents. Nattu was one of those boys, naked to the waist. His father was an office clerk in a near-by Government office at a low wage, and Nattu and his two brothers went to school in the Government school near Kali-ghat but after school hours they hung around the big old temple. One day after coming home all bloody because of his struggle on the bloody pavement for a goat-head his father chided him for tearing his "dhoti." The boy answered, "Father, but I got the head and sold it for five annas and here is the money." The father stroked the boy's head and said, "That will be the last time you will

THE BARBERS OF INDIA SET UP SHOP ALONG THE ROADSIDE AS WELL AS IN THE BAZAARS AND THIS BARBER IS NOW SHAVING A CUSTOMER.

fight, for we are off to-morrow night for Nagpur where the Railway offices have been moved and I am transferred there." Nattu's face fell for a moment but boyish curiosity soon brought back joy and he talked over where they were to live and what Nagpur was like for a long time. Early in the morning they were off to the big station and soon were sitting in a third-class coach on the Bengal-Nagpur railway bound for Nagpur, a city of 125,000 people—quite different from Calcutta, the Queen city of India, with more than a million souls.

One afternoon, as I sat in the Bazaar with four native Christian men holding a meeting, there stood under a tree a Bengali baboo with coal-black eyes. He listened eagerly to all that was said, and when the meeting was over and I said, "Jao sahkti ho" (you may go now), and all had gone their way, this man stood still with a wistful look upon his face. I had spoken of heaven and immortal life just beyond the grave and that we would know each other in heaven. He said, "Oh, sir, my beloved wife, the mother of my three boys died three years ago and I loved her so," and he began to cry. "I shall never see her again. She was a sinless one who lived a sweet, beautiful, clean, helpful life." I said, "Brother, if you will put your trust in Jesus Christ and become a Christian, God will

let you live with her again and you will never be separated any more." He said, "Sir, how can this be?" I said, "Brother, Death has been destroyed by the Son of God who came and died once for all so that we need never die but after this life live on and on forever in a new world, and if your wife lived clean and pure and true to all she knew, God will be just and kind to her and maybe if you become a Christian, in some bright happy place He will let you be her teacher by and by." He said, "Sir, I will come and talk with you again." He came many times and one day he said, "Sir, I want to be a Christian, I and my boys." He brought them to see me and soon we had them in the mission compound living there with our Christians. The boys played on the sitar and the father sang, and he was soon the class leader and held twilight services every night and had charge of my nineteen theological boys as a sort of house father. Nattu was sent to the high school where he carried off honors, and one day I gave him an exhorter's license and started him on the road toward the ministry. Now, instead of struggling in the bloody court of Kali for bloody goat-heads, he is struggling for souls trying to snatch them from sin.

VIII

Gopal Singh, the Brahmin Convert, Whose Parents Killed Him

GOPAL SINGH means lion-hearted one, and as the old adage goes, "Better be a live dog than a dead lion." But this time the lion-hearted one died for his faith.

Most of the converts in India are from the low caste. They have the farthest to go in one way, and they are the ones who have to give up the least from the other way of looking at it.

However, we get converts from all the castes. Most of the high caste ones are hand-picked fruit and "come through great tribulation." The high caste men are those who do the work that has been of some particular blessing to the gods as narrated in their sacred books. Mother Earth is sacred and therefore the farmer who digs and delves is in a sacred calling. Water is a sacred thing, for is not "Mother Ganga," the Ganges, water and does not water turn the desert place into a garden? And so the "bhisti" is so called from the word which means "heavenly," for he handles that which first comes down from the heavens to bless.

Oil is used in the temple lamps and is also a part of the Brahmin's food. Therefore oil is sacred and the "Tali," or oilman, is an honorable man as well as the "Chandi-walla," silversmith, and the "Sona-walla," the goldsmith.

But highest of all are the Brahmins. They are the teachers and look down on the man who works. Work means coolie and muscle means coolie and exercise makes muscle and therefore makes you more "coolie." So work is "taboo," and the native looks with disdain at the toiling, sweating, running, exercising TENNIS-PLAYER and wonders why they don't get a coolie to do all that sweating for them. This is the reason the missionaries must have servants. They are supposed to come as teachers and if they work then they are not teachers and "why should they be listened to?" Because of caste each worker has his own work to do and can do no other kind of work under severe penalty and so the missionary seems to have a "host of servants," but all of them together only cost about thirty dollars a month and they feed and clothe and house themselves.

The Brahmins are the hardest ones to convince in all of India. This is true because Christianity strikes at the very heart of their authority. They claim that when God made man he made the Brahmin from his head, the Kshattriyas from his

shoulders, the Vaissiyas from his loins, and the Sudras from his feet. They are thus forever separate and made from different stuff and can never come together either in this world or in the world to come.

This is the base of caste and thirty different castes divide up the folk with walls unscalable.

To become a Christian a Brahmin must encounter the hate of all upholders of caste and the Brahmin religion. He is a renegade, a deserter, a traitor, an enemy to be hushed and hunted.

Gopal Singh was Brahmin born. When he was twelve years old they took him to the temple, and there he took a vow to be true to "Brahm" and always stand for the religion of his fathers. Then they put on him the sacred thread and he was invested with power and authority and knowledge and the favor of the gods; thereafter he must be obeyed and honored and saluted and given the right of way wherever he went.

I saw Gopal Singh one day standing watching my band of young preachers hold a "Kirthan," or religious drama, of the Prodigal Son, in the bazaar. One of them was the prodigal, another the father. They had a band of four instruments to accompany the singers and a large crowd was listening. Gopal Singh, then a lad of sixteen, was deeply interested, though he would not let on that he was. He drew close by and took in

every word of the song. When the father cried out his command, "Bring out the robe and put it on him, bring out the robe and put it on him," and suiting the action to the word one of the singers rose and placed on the shoulders of the prodigal a velvet robe I had gotten them. The Brahmin was visibly moved and I was watching him carefully from the side where he could not see me. When the song was ended the lad came near me and I saluting him said, "Friend, that was a sweet song." "Yes," he answered, "who are these people?" He took me from my Chaplain khaki uniform to be a military man from the Fort on the Hill. I said, "These are Christians from the mission and they have the same religion as the Chief Commissioner Sahib and the King." He answered, "You speak English different from the others. Who are you?" I said, "I am an American missionary, Sahib, and these lads I have trained to work and sing." He became very friendly and I invited him to come to my veranda and I loaned him scores of books from my library and often we sat in my rose garden and talked about the Christian religion. One afternoon as we sat and talked I urged upon him the claims of Christ and he broke down and wept and then said, "Sir, you are right and I cannot hold out any longer. I, too, will be a Christ man." I could scarcely believe my ears.

I told him all it meant and he said, "Sir, I, too, have counted what it will cost me." He went to his home and I didn't hear from him for a week. One day he came to my house and as I looked at him I saw he had been abused. Spit was on his clothes; dirt and filth was smeared in his hair; his eyes had a hunted look and he had been weeping. I knew he had been through terrible things and I simply put my arm about his shoulders and said, "Gopal Singh, the Lord Jesus was also abused and spit on and hated and the servant is not greater than his Lord." He said, "Oh, sir, hurry up and baptize me before they take my life, too." I called in a few of my best workers and in the little church we baptized him and I commended him to the One who understands.

He stayed with us for two weeks and the wild look had left his eyes and his quiet manner charmed all hearts. He had in him the making of a splendid teacher for my boys and I was in high glee over my find. One day there came a messenger from his home to him saying that his family had relented and wanted to talk with him about the Christian Way. He came to me and asked my advice. I said, "Go, they may be seekers, and if not God will care for you." He went out home with the messenger. Days went by and we heard nothing. Weeks went by and no word. I sent a policeman over to ask

about him and he came back saying, "They say he never came from the Sahib's house." Then I began to suspect treachery and took the matter up with a Government official and a search was instituted and no trace of him could be found. He had dropped out of sight. A month went by and one evening one of my workers told me he had heard two coolies talking about a barrel down at the railroad station that had a dead man in it. I went down and there in a corner of an old goods shed among some uncalled-for stuff was a big barrel returned unclaimed from Bombay to which place it had been shipped, and when we examined it carefully we found the body of Gopal Singh with most of his flesh eaten off by quick lime and rats, and on his head we found no chutia, the lock of hair, and we knew it was our convert. His folks would rather see him dead than a Christian. We held a coroner's inquest over him but nothing could be done against his folks who stuck to it that it was not their son and his face had been eaten off by the lime completely. We had a quiet funeral from the little church and in the graveyard where the white folks too are buried, Gopal Singh awaits the resurrection. He was faithful unto death.

IX

Metapordu, the Telegu Priest, and His Heroic Death

AMONG the ancient people, the people of South India trace their ancestry. The Tamil, Singhalese, Telegu and Madrasi are all Dravidians, not Aryans. Coal-black most of them, thin-faced, inky black-haired, very striking looking, they are distinct from those of all the other groups.

Metapordu was a young priest by heredity in charge of a temple deep in the jungles of the northern part of the Nizam's Dominion, a Mohammedan state in the heart of India independent from the British Raj.

Together with his older brother and their families they owned large estates of land and several houses, as well as all the revenue from the temple. Their wives had upon them thick rings of gold and much treasure of gold was in the temple strong box.

Traveling one day from a Hindu festival or mela he saw lying on the road a small paper Gospel of Matthew printed on the mission press

of the mission at Lucknow in the Telegu language. He stopped and picked it up and went his way down to his temple which he reached late at night. Not being sleepy he took the little book out of his pocket and scanned its pages, and as he read on he became deeply interested in the story of the life of "Jesu Masih," the hero of it. He awoke his brother from his sleep and read portions of it to him and especially the last chapters of it captured them completely. They called in the family in the early morning and read the story to them of the last few chapters. All were charmed and fascinated by the narrative. The next day instead of going about with his paraphernalia of priestcraft and marking up the foreheads of the people in town after town in his district he took the book along, and when the folk came out he sat and read it to them until all were charmed with its sweet message. This went on for a couple of weeks until people began to ask about the book. They came in to the temple town and a large crowd met under the big tree and asked for "the book."

The young man brought out the book and read awhile and then in the silence that followed he said, "Does any one know anything about this book or this religion?" A man arose and said, "Sahib, I have heard that across the jungles eighty miles is a place where they teach about

that book." A group were sent to see, and one day they came into the Mission compound at Sironcha, our mission station deep down in the jungles, six days from the railroad end and 250 miles to the nearest white man's home. They found there Benjamin Luke, the native man in charge of the mission, and the lady missionary of the W.F.M.S. and had a wonderful visit. He told them they had found the Lord and to put their trust in Him and come back at District Conference time, one month later. I was there holding the District Conference, and while examinations were going on and the twenty young men were scratching their heads for more reasons than one and trying hard to get the answers, into the back door walked a group of twenty-three finely dressed clean-looking men and women. They sat down and looked up at me earnestly. Then Luke saw them and excitedly said, "Oh, sir, there are the Metapalli folks." I closed the exams. at once and began to talk to the newcomers about the "Cross and its Burden." They listened very intently and when I said, "Does any one want to become a Christian? Come right up here," all came at once and kneeling down put their faces on the floor. I was surprised and said to Luke, "Have these folks come up here because a white man has asked them to?" He said, "Oh, no, sir,

they have found Jesu Masih and want to be baptized by you." I asked them some questions and found they were really in earnest and wanted to be Christians. So I baptized them there and cut off the caste locks from their heads. After staying around a day or two under instruction they started home, but a bearer of evil tidings hearing of their baptism ran to their village, and when they returned they found a new priest in the temple and all their fields and treasure confiscated by Hindus. They were told to go and never touch the public well and to live, if they stayed outside the village, in the tumble-down low caste houses there.

They "took the despoiling of their goods joyfully," and built up the old houses and went everywhere telling the story of their conversion, until one day a Brahmin judge sent for them and accused them of working against the Nizam's interests teaching a new religion. False witnesses were hired to tell of abominable things they were doing and the trial was set for the following week. They hurried back through the tiger jungle to see Luke and he strengthened their heart and sent them back. The trial came off and the little court room was crowded with their enemies and friends while the two men sat on the ground with eyes closed praying for deliverance. As the trial progressed and the false

witnesses told their lying story the Judge arose and gazing at them tried to browbeat them but their eyes were closed. They were talking to "their Friend." At last the Judge was about to pronounce a severe sentence upon them when the sound of horses running could be heard, and soon into the room stalked a Mohammedan police superintendent, a superior of the Judge. The Brahmin stopped, and after seeing him carefully cared for, he returned to his charge and was about to speak when the Mohammedan said, "What case are you trying?" The Brahmin said, "Your honor, the case of these two wretched men who have been teaching a new religion about here." The Mohammedan said, "What religion?" He answered, "The Christian religion, sir." Then the Mohammedan arose and scowled and said, "What do you mean by disturbing these men? They have the religion of the great King and millions of people are Christians. Let these men go, and if I ever hear of you or anybody about here disturbing the Christians I will have them severely punished. This court is dismissed." The men hurried out and thanked God for their deliverance. When Luke told me of this I sent him word to spare no pains to find out why the Mohammedan let the men go free. He searched into the matter thoroughly and wrote, "Sir, I can't find out why." I know why.

"More things are wrought through prayer than this old world dreams of."

They went around all the more telling the story and many believed them, and it was not long till they had a test of their religion. Cholera broke out in a group of villages seventeen miles away and all the heathen people fled for their lives scattering the germs everywhere. The Christians as soon as they heard about it moved their families up into the cholera neighborhood to help. They took care of the sick and nursed them to health. They burned their dead and carried away the children to the orphanage. They taught them their new-found faith. After two weeks they were gathered into an old hut where the young priest brother who first found the Book lay dying in the arms of one of his converts. He said, "I am so glad we could come to help you," and then as if he saw some one through the old hut roof he stretched out his arms skyward and cried, "Jesu, Jesu," and died. They buried him by the side of the old hut and I carried a big stone there to mark the spot, for a hero lies there. I would rather come forth like that lad from a jungle tomb with my arms laden with sheaves that I gathered in a cholera epidemic where I didn't have to go than to come out of a tomb in Westminster Abbey in the last

day, never having grasped the hand of a man I had helped toward God.

The others have gone on with the work until to-day on the mass movement map you can see a big spot down in the corner of the Nizam's Dominion, and they say a mass movement is going on there unabated to-day. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

X

Baji, the Epileptic Woman's Son

THE EPILEPTIC WOMAN'S BOY, AT THE GREAT MAGH MELA

I NEVER expected this side of resurrection day to see two million people all at once in one place, but one day at the junction of the two rivers which form the Ganges more than two million people from all over Hindustan had come to observe the thirty-year festival, and our party stood on the old fort walls and looked down on the wonderful multitude reaching as far as the eye could see in every direction—clouds of dust, cries of defiance from a group of marching priests, people trampled flat by the score and dragged out into a ghastly pile and left alone to die in the awful heat, color, and noise, and frenzied cries and crowds of bathers and marching, swaying throngs.

At night we went out to see the camp when they had quieted down. All day they had crowded here and there, first to bathe in the sacred river, then down to see the bleeding tree, an old tree trunk under ground in a gallery of

the fort with red paint plastered on it at night by the wily priest, paint which oozed and dripped during the day while the thousands gazed at it awe-struck and left their money offering on the altar around it, as they were hurried on by the helpers of the priests who soon would carry off to be counted and banked, the huge piles of "pice" money. Then after the evening meal, weary and hot, they would lie down on the sand and fall asleep, lulled into slumber by weird cries and groans and the fanatical songs of half-crazed fakirs or a baby's intermittent cry.

The hazy moon threw its beams upon the camp and it seemed like a battle ground after the conflict with the dead and dying all about, and we were all speechless as we stood and listened and with sad hearts shook our heads and turned toward the impatient Gariwalla (cart driver) who wanted to be off to his home.

India is a land of Melas or festivals. They occur scores of times. Every one is in duty bound to attend each one upon pain of insulting and "getting in bad" with the gods.

Two great rivers are especially sacred to the Hindu, "Mother Ganga"—the Ganges and the Nerbudda in Central India.

Sometimes hundreds of thousands of pilgrims go to these festivals and bathe in the river and carry home jugs and bottles full of the sacred

water to the less fortunate who must remain at home.

We went one day with a group of my workers to a great mela on the Nerbudda, and our tent was down by the throngs near the river. Here was a row of fakirs, some of them sitting between four fires feeding them continually while the sun poured down its horrid heat, some were buried in the sand with one arm extended like a bone, with face all hidden; one made sure there was a straw out to the open from his mouth somewhere near by. Some stood on one leg and held a beggar bowl and some sat looking cross-eyed at their nose lost in meditation, I suppose, who "nose." Around them swarmed the faithful, dropping coins on their old dirty cloth lying near, muttering requests to the gods as they did so. Groups of women and children inside a human circle of men holding hands, the men of their household, walked into the water so the women could also bathe in the river. Crys of "Rama ki Jai" (victory to Ram) rent the air or a weird shriek of a half-crazed opium-smoking fakir. All was confusion and turmoil and in the midst of it we walked distributing Gospel portions to those who said they could read. As we passed near a group a lot of people began running toward the water, and wondering what had happened, we followed

and came near to the water's edge and just by the edge of the river stood an old gray-haired woman with a rope about eight feet long around her breasts and back. A lad held the end of the rope and in his hand was a piece of bamboo six feet long. Every once in a while he gave the old woman a prod in the breasts and back with the stick while he jerked the rope continually. After a few minutes she began to tremble and froth at the mouth and fell over into a fit, shrieking and tearing her hair and rolling her eyes and stretching out her tongue. Then the crowd would come close and into it went a man with a beggar's bowl, one of the party of three, the woman's husband, while he who prodded her on was the poor epileptic's son.

I found out where they belonged and went and found the Tahsildar, and the inhuman scene forbidden, sullenly the group went home under police escort.

I went to the village sometime after and hunted up the boy. "The old woman died a few weeks later," he said, and after a long time I persuaded him to come and work for me. He became my house boy, washing dishes, running errands, and we taught him to wait on the table and take care of the house, etc. Every morning after breakfast and every night as we retired we called in any natives who might be in the com-

pound and read the Bible and prayed with them. In the morning little John always prayed and at night Baby Katherine, and whenever the children named over the native servants in their baby-prayers the men always cried softly. It seemed to reach away down into their hearts' depths and strike a responsive chord there. One night after baby had said in her prayer, "Baji ko asherwad de" (Bless Baji), and we had all arisen Baji came to me and said, "Sahib, I want to know Jesu Masih. The Baba log's God. I want to know all about Him." I took him into my study and kneeling by the desk he was converted and became a Christian; and he who once used to prod his own sick mother with a stick for gain became a true-hearted child of God. One day during a plague epidemic in our city we missed Baji from among the servants, and asking after him we learned that he had waited on us in the morning with plague fever on him; had then washed the dishes and gone home; laid down in his house and died faithful to his tasks even to the end, a poor simple child of the low caste.

XI

The Untouchable Boy Who Reached the Heights

THE UNTOUCHABLE WHO ROSE FROM THE DEPTHS

HOW would you like to be forbidden to walk on the streets and have to walk in the alleys only?

How would you like to have folks say that your shadow falling on them made them DIRTY?

How would you like to have the priests tell you that you had no soul, and were like a dog when you died, that was all?

How would you like to be doomed to always do the vilest, nastiest work in the world—the work your father and his father and his father did and the same work which your children and children's children must do—CLEAN CESSPOOLS and sweep up offal and bury carcasses?

This is the doom of millions of people who are Aryans—that is, their fathers and yours were brothers long ago up in Asia. A living death is theirs, yet they cling pathetically to the fringes of the garments of Hinduism which itself dooms them to everlasting misery and disgrace.

The sacred cow must not be killed or eaten, but leather that has come from the skin of the cow forms the most of the shoes of India, and to be kicked or beaten with a shoe is a disgrace which can scarcely be erased, and the man who skins the dead animal and tans the leather and makes the shoe is an outcaste and untouchable, and it is among this class, one of the most numerous of India, that our greatest number of converts have come.

Caste forbids their rise and no matter how much they know they cannot rise into caste or change their occupation.

To lift one of these men out of the depths and educate him and make him an honor to his country is a greater work than raising Lazarus from his tomb.

An Asia breeze blew down a hot street in a town north of Lucknow. At the end of the street was a big mango tree and under it on a mud platform sat a Hindu priest on an old spotted deerskin worn into holes and filthy as could be. His hair was done up in filth and two big peacock feathers were stuck into it jauntily. A string of dried berries from a sacred tree of the jungle hung around his neck; his body was the color of ashes; he was smoking a native drug and seemed to be oblivious of all around.

He was a priest of Shiv as the "Hoof" shaped

marks on his forehead indicated—Shiv, the destroyer, one of the Hindu Triad of great gods.

Presently a sweeper boy about fourteen years old, employed as a scavenger by the town authorities to sweep the streets and clean out the cesspools at night, came along furtively watching the priest. We don't know that he was longing for anything the priest could give him, but this we know that he was an "untouchable"—an outcast who had no soul and was not made out of "Godstuff," and had therefore nothing to hope for after he died.

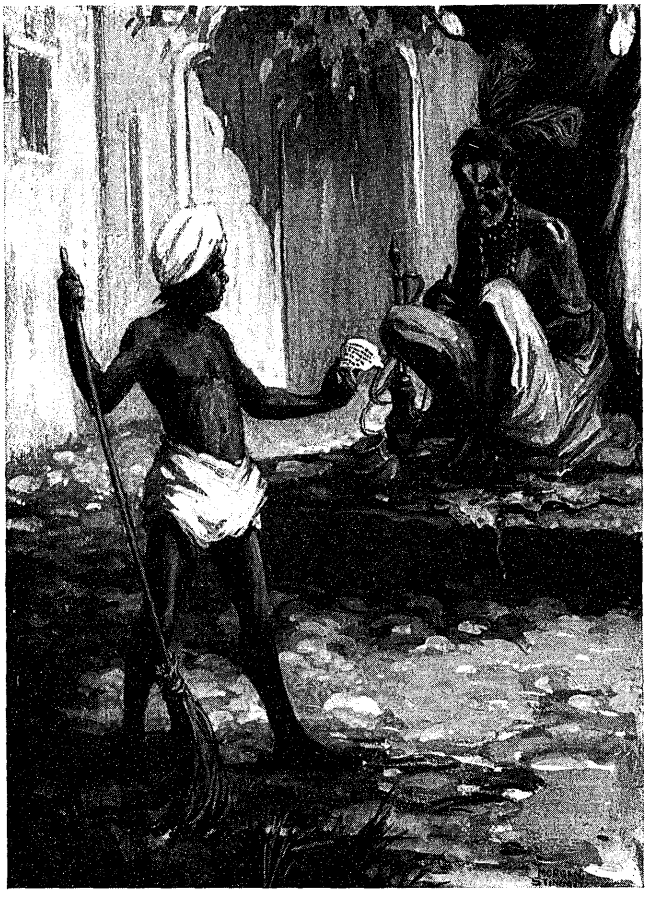
Lowest of the low whose shadow polluted all it touched and whose work especially at night on the old cart was so revolting that he had to tie an old rag around his own nose and mouth in order to keep at his work.

As he swept near the temple wall the breeze blew again and fluttered a three-cornered piece of paper toward him. All Hindus and Mohammedans have a superstitious fear of any printed thing lest it might have the name of a god, or in the case of the Mohammedan Jehovah's name, on it. He picked up the paper and as it was a little wet he slapped it up against the mud wall of the temple to dry it and continued his work with one hand behind his back.

Presently the paper again fluttered down and he picked it up and turning it round and round

wondered what was on it. He was ignorant and knew no book learning at all, so he walked over toward the old priest and said, "Bapa, Bapa" (father, father). The old priest gazed at him and roughly addressed him as a dog, "Hut Cutra" (get out, dog).

The lad was used to being snubbed and spoken to roughly, so he persisted in his plea, "Please, father, what is on this paper?" Again he was ordered roughly away but as he spoke gently again and no one was near to see or hear, the old priest said, "Throw it down near me." He did so and the priest picked it up and looked at it. It was a three-cornered piece of a page out of John's Gospel telling the story of Jesus at the wedding feast in Cana. He read it out loud and then threw it on the ground and resumed his "hookah," or pipe. The lad listened and then picking up the paper carefully he said, "Where is Cana?" Thinking it was a little town in India and that Jesu Masih of whom the story spoke was a Hindu priest like the one under the tree, only different for he was kind-hearted according to the story, the priest said roughly, "Malum ne" (I don't know), "Jao" (get out). The boy wistfully walked away thinking if I only could find that man of that story I would stay near him all the time. He went about asking people wherever he met them, "Do you know



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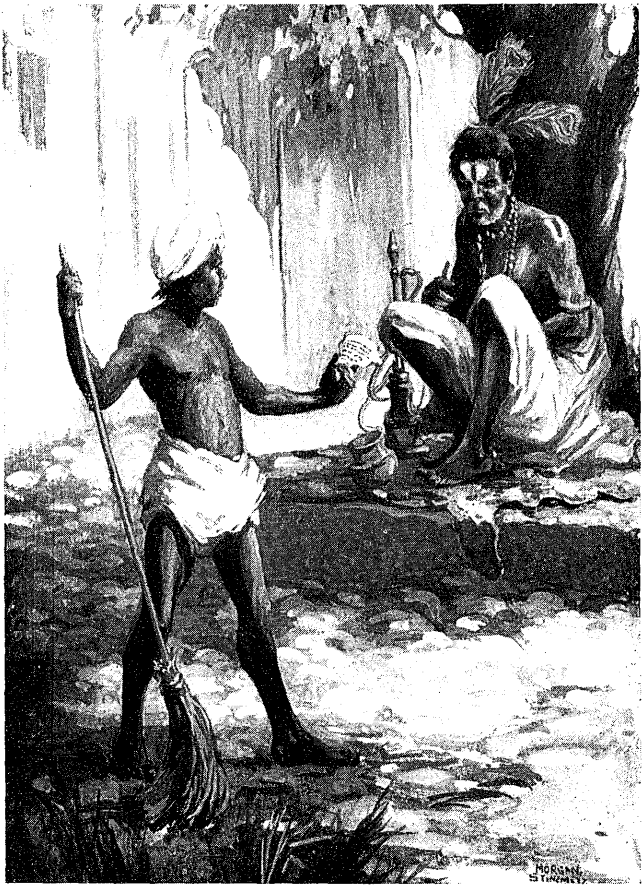

PLEASE, FATHER WHAT IS ON THIS PAPER.

where Cana is?" But none seemed to know and if they had ever heard they wouldn't be seen talking to a dirty ill-smelling sweeper.

At last a wag said, "Oh, yes, Cana is up near Lucknow," and the boy started toward the place at once wearily trudging the dusty road to find the wonderful man of Cana. He spent several days searching, all unmindful of his job which remained undone as he searched in vain for Cana. Tired of his quest he started back to his town wondering what he was going to say to the man he worked for to account for his absence. He went down to the big railway station determined to get a ticket as far as his money would buy one and then hurry on home. He bought his ticket and was impatiently waiting for the coming train when he heard it coming and hovering on the edge of the crowd, for a sweeper don't dare push in and touch perhaps a caste man and pollute him. He was about to get in when a Bible seller from the mission, an old man retired from active service and with his little wooden platform tied about his waist and with straps from his neck, came along crying, "Jesu Masih Ki Pani Hai" (here is the water that Jesus has to give you, the water of life). The boy heard the words Jesu Masih. He started from his seat and as the words were repeated he said, "This is the man I am looking for." The

train had started and the door was locked but he started to climb out of the window but some one pushed him back and said, "Sit down, you child of an owl." He arose again and clambered through pushing aside those who would restrain him, and following the old bookseller he again heard him say the words Jesu Masih. The train rolled away and the crowd melted away and the old bookseller started back toward the city when the boy came up to him eagerly and said, "Do you know Jesu Masih?" Gladly the old man answered, "Yes, I do." Then the boy said, "Mulla sang Kothe ahet?" (tell me where he is). The old man sat down and bade the boy sit near while he told him the wonderful story of love. The boy was entranced with it and when he was told that Jesus loved him he began to cry saying, "Can it be that he loves a dirty sweeper boy?" The man said, "Yes, he loves every one." The man took him up to see the Bishop and he talked to him a long time, and finally told him he wanted him to stay with him and go to school and work as a watchman at the gate. Years sped by and the lad had a keen brain and he studied hard and God helped him and he took prize after prize, until with his Master's degree he stood one day and they made him head master of a great boys' school, and on the Sabbath he preaches to a vast congregation

in which many white faces are seen and at a recent general conference a few years ago, if you had been to that "Mecca of the preachers," you would have seen a fine-looking, dark-faced India gentleman with a gold and red turban sitting as a delegate from Asia—and he was the former cesspool cleaner from Lucknow lifted from the depths and risen to the heights—saved by one-half of one page out of the book your mother read—The Bible.

XII

Dennis Clancy's Mud Trial, or How to Lose Your Temper

IT is a poor rule that doesn't work both ways—that is, it is a fine thing to lose your temper "providing you don't find it again."

"He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city," the Good Book says. That means that the lad who keeps his temper under control may be greater and braver than any soldier who gave his life in the Argonne forest or the siege of Verdun. So here is a chance for bravery of the finest sort and RELIGION is the thing that keeps you in the midst of the test and brings you off victor in the fight.

Three young men enter into this story, one a young missionary just sent out from America, an athlete, a runner, a football player; the biggest cut-up that was in our college.

The next was a young Brahmin, high-born, haughty, educated, on the job.

The third was a poor untouchable sweeper, low-born, disreputable, ill-smelling, ready to do

anything he was told for a few pice or coins. These three represent truly the thoroughly civilized and Christianized youth, the educated but unchristianized youth and the ignorant roughneck, showing that ignorance and low breeding is not much more dangerous than educated wickedness and that the only safety lies in putting on the cap-sheaf of Christianity.

It looks like only one of these young men was tested, but the fact is that they were all tested and one failed utterly; the second failed but recovered; the third passed one hundred per cent and enabled the second one to get up to the heights where he was, in safety.

Testing is going on all the time and we are all being weighed in scales even when we little think it, and our hardest trial comes often ALL AT ONCE. Happy are we if it finds us BRACED FOR IT!

THE MUD BATH OF THE MISSIONARY OR MOHAN-LAL'S TEST

How would you like to have a peck of mud thrown all over you when you weren't looking? What would you have done to the thrower when you caught up to him? In other words, How is your temper?

One moment of anger will ruin five years of

influence in India if the missionary shows that anger and loses his temper.

Poise, judgment and self-control are demanded of the missionary leader and to change your mind is a sign of weakness.

One day Dennis Clancy stood on the curbstone of a narrow street in Brindaban, one of the wickedest cities in the world with its thousands of heathen temples so vile that you could be arrested for telling how vile they are either in public or in a book. So the folks at home have no idea at all of the wretchedness and pollution of heathenism as it really is in Asia. A heathen mela or festival was on and 200,000 people had come walking, most of them from afar, some to pay a vow, some because they had to, some because it was custom. Anyhow, they swarmed and crowded and churned the dirt of the tiny streets into mud one-half foot deep as they bathed and came with dripping bodies up the streets to worship in the temple of the special god whose votaries they were.

As he stood with his Bible in his hand crying aloud to the passers-by, Mohan-Lal, a young Brahmin priest, saw him and calling two other priests told them to help him, and mingling in the crowd they bade the people not to listen to the white man but hurry on and worship the gods. All unheeding, the crowd surged by only

giving an occasional glance at the sturdy man in the white duck clothes sweating and shouting in the hot sun.

As the sun began to go down and become harmless the young priest called a sweeper to him and bade him go get a basket of the soft mud and carry it up the outside stair to the top of the little building under whose eaves the missionary stood, and when he gave him the nod he was to pour it down on the man's head.

The moment approached and the sweeper was tickled to death to think that a Brahmin had taken notice of him, so he waited eagerly with dripping basket for the signal, an uplifted hand. Slowly the sun went down and, relieved, Clancy took off his big sun-helmet and wiped the sweat from his forehead, breathing a big sigh of relief as he did so. Then the priest cried out to the crowd, "Nuzdik raha" (stay near here), "Paha" (look), and lifted his hand and the peck of oozy mud came pouring down on the missionary's head, while the crowd surged near gazing at the man to see him get angry. Then he didn't get angry at all and the crowd changed from a mocking one to an interested one, and then as they saw him quietly take the mud off his face without any sign of anger they sympathized with him and a low murmur of anger arose as they looked up at the startled sweeper who waited the

applause of the people for his act. Poise is one of the attributes that Hindustan worships and here is a man possessing it superbly—self-control is another. Here is a man who didn't get angry when every one else would have raved. They stood spellbound, gazing at him as he quietly cleaned off the mud, then began to talk calmly of the Gospel of the Son of God. How eagerly they and Mohan-Lal listened. Then when he turned and looked up at the sweeper and said, "Brother, I forgive you for doing that," they marveled. Even the priest stood open-mouthed looking at him. Hinduism had no such spectacle to offer its believers as that. For two hours Clancy told them the wonderful story and then went to his tent to clean up and have his supper. After his evening meal he came out of the tent and stood for a moment outside when a man approached and bowed low. It was the priest lad, Mohan-Lal, and he said, "Sir, I have come to talk with you." Clancy bade him be seated and Mohan-Lal said, "Sir, tell me your secret. What you have all India is looking for."

Clancy smiled a moment, then said, "Jesus said, 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock, and if any man open the door I will come in.' And when he comes in you can act like that." The Brahmin said, "Oh, sir, we who saw you to-day know that the gods are with you but will

they come to us, too?" Then Clancy said, "Jesus said also, 'He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' That means you, brother." The Brahmin bowed his head and said, "Oh, sir, that I, too, might find Him." Clancy said, "We will talk to Him now," and bowing in prayer the missionary, with the mud marks yet upon his clothes, and the proud young Brahmin knelt in the dust by the tent and Clancy asked God to manifest himself to the seeking youth. And He did and with a joyous cry he threw his arms about Clancy's neck and said, "Oh, sir, forgive me for this day's work," and together they cried with joy.

The next day the Brahmin went boldly out into the square in the middle of the town where he lived, about twenty miles away from where he had found Salvation, and standing on his bed, which he had a coolie carry there for him, cried out loud, "Let all the Brahmins and others who know me come here." A great crowd gathered and as he was a young man of great influence they gave him a good hearing and then when he took off his puggree, or headdress, and showed them the chutia and said, "I will be baptized by the missionary to-morrow and will let him cut off this lock of hair for I know now that the gods of the Hindus are not the true God whom I have found." And with thrilling words he told

the story of what he had experienced the day before and then he asked how many of his Brahmin friends would take the same step with him, and a large number of them did so, saying, "We know about this Way, that it is good." And a whole section of country felt the impulse toward Christianity. Mohan-Lal had made good and Dennis Clancy had not stood the test in vain.

XIII

A Jungle Good Samaritan Parable That Anton Understood

THE Indian, being disarmed for state reasons, and the jungle teeming with all sorts of wild beasts, including tiger, bear, leopard, panther, wild boar, wild dog, wolf, and an occasional bison, is it any wonder that the Indian man when traveling with his family sends word out to find if perchance an European traveler is coming that way soon and going on to the place he desires to reach? He then courteously asks if he may accompany the white man and his gun through the jungle for safety's sake. The man generally assents to the plea and frequently he has met with a dozen carts waiting at various corners of the road for his appearing. The caravan proceeds slowly, the Sahib usually at the end of the procession.

On account of the dangerous roads and the scarcity of water, they always ask the English officer, through whose territory they are to travel, to please send a guide or "peon" to accompany them. This man walks ahead all the way with his lantern, makes all the arrange-

ments for food supplies along the road, gets fresh oxen for the carts and makes himself useful. He is a low caste man generally.

The Sahib was traveling one night with a long string of carts in the procession, and the guide was walking barefoot with his lantern, smoking, his dog slinking along at his heels, when suddenly the carts all stopped and the guide was heard to cry out with intense pain, "Arre babpre amhi marga" (oh! my father, I am dead). He then fell down in the road trembling and groaning and shivering, holding his foot in his hand and gazing at it. A huge black scorpion, nine inches long, had stung him on the top of his instep, the terrible pain was traveling up his leg and would result fatally if not stopped.

It came to pass that when the carts stopped and the men knew something had gone wrong, a man got down from the first cart slowly, put on his shoes, tied up his puggree carefully, and walking slowly up to the poor trembling one, took up the lantern that was sitting on the ground, held it near the face of the sufferer a moment, until he saw who he was, set it down, turned away and went back to his cart, removed his shoes, laid off his puggree, climbed into his cart, and went back to sleep, for he had seen that the sufferer was a low caste man, and he was a Brahmin.

And it came to pass that the man in the second cart became aroused from his slumber by the voices and he put on his shoes, threw his scarf over his head, and came where the suffering man was, and when he looked and saw he was a low caste Hindu, he went around on the other side of him, then went back to his cart and fell asleep for he was a Mohammedan. It came to pass that the man in the last cart also was aroused from his sleep. He asked his servant what was the matter and he having told him, he hurriedly got out his little medicine box and some brandy, and hurried to the place where he lay groaning. He saw where the cruel stinger had entered. He cut the place open with his little lancet, rubbed it until it bled profusely, then put his lips to the wound and sucked out the poison, then rubbed in permanganate of potash, then dressed the wound and lifting the man in his arms he carried him with his servant's help back to his own cart and laid him in it and walked by the side of that cart ministering to that man until he came to the camp, and behold, that man was a missionary!

And it came to pass that in the evening when the servants were gathered around the fire that they talked one to the other, and behold the servants of the Brahmin and the Mohammedan said to the servants of the missionary, "How is

this? This great Sahib put his lips to the foot of that low caste man whom our masters wouldn't even touch, and he sucked the blood and poison out of his foot." And the servants of that missionary answered the servants of the other two men who had refused to help, "Yih ghost piyare se" (this thing is on account of LOVE).

XIV

Some Monkey Shines in the Jungle

IF there is anything that a panther or leopard likes more than a fat dog it is a monkey. When the monkeys come around the villages and sit in the trees and whine pitifully the native says, "Sunnha ak beebut nasdik ahe" (listen, a panther is near by). One of the interesting sights of the forest is the capers of the monkey or "bandhar." In fact to watch THE MONKEY SHINES GOING ON IN THE JUNGLE whiles away many a tedious march and brightens up what would otherwise be a dull camping place.

No native will allow a monkey to be harmed without putting up a very vigorous protest, and for this reason: Their legends tell them that long ago when Hahnuman was king of the monkeys of Hindustan, Rama and Sita, his wife, were living on the Earth and Rawan was the Monster King of Ceylon; that Rawan stole Sita from Rama and took her quietly away to Ceylon as a captive. Rama was weeping bitterly and the King of the Monkeys heard him and went to him

and inquired why he wept. Upon being told the cause he sent for the monkeys and ordered a diligent search to be made all over India and at length one reported that she was a captive in Ceylon. Then Hahnuman ordered the Indian monkeys to bring the Himalaya Mountains on their backs and drop them into the sea between India and Ceylon, thus forming a bridge over which Rama sent his army and recovered his wife, Sita. Because of his effort in the recovery, Rama called Hahnuman, the king of the monkeys, to him and made him a god and ordered that from henceforth all monkeys were sacred animals because of their aid in the recovery of Sita, the queen. As the monkeys were carrying the rocks down to the end of the peninsula many of them fell to the ground, and wherever in India there can be seen rocks jutting from the ground in a ragged way the native will point to them and tell this story. Many places called "Ram Tek," or Rama's resting place, are especially sacred, for it is here that Rama and his bride on their way back home to North India stopped to rest en route. These places abound with fakirs and priests and temples and filth and beggars, and as pilgrims from all over India come yearly to go the round of these places the "leeches" find abundant human material to work upon.

HAHNUMAN'S REVENGE

It doesn't do to get too funny even with an old stone idol!

A missionary in India one day went to a village where the monkey god was a favorite and its image was in the open space in the center of the village near the old temple. He stood near the idol and began to sing. Soon the people attracted by his song came out to listen. He sang on and his words were that the idol has no power. He drew near the idol as he sang and finally rested his hand upon it. The people were alarmed and watched to see some harm come to him. At last the priest admonished him not to do it for fear of Hahnuman's anger but the missionary scoffed at it and said, "The idol is nothing but a stone." The priest answered back and they had quite an argument about it, the priest growing violently angry. He turned away muttering curses on the man. The missionary was happy that he had driven off the old priest and in his glee went too far and pushed the idol over and it being only stuck in the ground fell over on its face. The people fell back in great alarm, but the missionary stepped up on the stone and stood there singing of Jesus's power. He then talked awhile to the people and got on his pony and rode off. He had hardly gotten around the

corner when a dog jumped out of the bushes and frightened his horse and it shied and threw him violently to the ground and broke his neck. That section of the country is to this day closed to the Gospel on account of what the natives still call "Hahnuman's revenge."

There is always a chance to raise a row in India if you "monkey" with the monkey. They live in great droves in the trees in almost every part of India; the long-tailed, black-faced ones are the sacred sort but the red monkey of the hills is highly esteemed also. In North India there is a monkey temple in which hundreds of monkeys are kept and fed and worshiped. The place is filthy beyond description and it is dangerous to go into it without an attendant. The dirtier a temple or holy man in India is the more holy he is esteemed by the people, and because the only ones who could clean out the filth from a temple are so low caste that their presence would pollute the place forever, therefore the places go without any cleaning.

The missionary was out black buck shooting in a large field with a friend, and had had poor luck, and thoroughly tired out he went over to a big mango tope, or orchard, that was in the middle of the field and made a most tempting shade. As he approached, out from the trees came about fifty of the largest monkeys he had ever seen

outside a cage. They barked a hoarse angry sort of bark, and with huge leaps began to run around him in a circle showing their teeth and moving the skin on their black foreheads angrily. He called to his friend who was about to shoot one that came close to him not to do it for his life's sake, as such a move would bring the whole pack down on them in a moment and they would be chewed and torn to pieces. They then began to back away, threatening them with their guns used as clubs, and when they got the circle broken they took to their heels and ran for their lives. It was a monkey temple in the grove, an old abandoned temple in which they had taken up their residence, and they had disturbed them at their feast upon the mangoes in the trees. The bite of a monkey is very poisonous and makes a terrible sore.

The missionary lived in a city in India where the monkeys had their own way on its streets. Hundreds of them swarmed everywhere, running on the tops of the houses, peering into the upper windows of the court house at the trials, for all the world as if they were interested in the proceedings.

They would run right into a native house and take whatever they wanted. All the shops were open to them and few ever molested them at their stealing. They are the terror of the old

women as they destroy more than they eat and break the fragile earthen pots. They had several Indian fruit trees in their front yard with "Jamins" and Wood apples just getting ripe, and it was a favorite place for them to congregate. They would run up the huge "peeple" tree that overshadowed the bungalow and run out on a long limb that hung over the roof and was fifteen feet above the roof of tiles. Then they would leap from the limb to the roof and smash a half dozen tiles every time a big fellow would make the jump. He had the limb cut off and then they would swarm up the roof and throw the tiles at each other like school boys. He chased them a time or two and they began to get ugly and showed their teeth and ran at him from the trees until he feared some one was going to be hurt. He went to the Deputy Commissioner's home and borrowed his gun and some fine shot. He pointed the gun up in the tree and pulled the trigger and down fell a huge big mother monkey with her little baby at her breast, the mother as dead as a door nail. The little fellow ran around his mother squealing like mad and that set the whole crowd off and you never heard such a noise. It was his first year in India and he had a lot to learn. Soon the Hindus began to gather and a crowd of a hundred demanded that he come out. He sent for the Deputy Commis-

sioner, who quieted the crowd by telling them it was an accidental shot—so it was. He had the mother monkey buried and the little one ran with the herd. All he had to do after that when he wished to get rid of that crowd of monkeys was to get the hoe and point it at them and say "boom," and away they would go pell-mell down the road with great leaps, looking back over their shoulders as they went. They would watch their chance when the door was open and a dozen would rush right through the house, looking right and left as they went through on the run. He usually got a crack at one of them as they went through and then they would all go out and sit in the big tree and surround the hit one who would rub the spot for all the world like a spanked baby, while they would help rub it, too, as they scolded "like sixty."

The missionary sat in his tent writing letters for the "home mail," and watched a wee monkey as big as an average "organ grinder's monkey" tease his cook by letting its long tail down through a hole in the tent near the pole and dangling it before the cook's face daring him to catch it, and jerking it up always just in time to get away, then running across the ridge pole two or three times as if in great glee. He has seen them sitting on the corners of a house and running from one corner as soon as the other

one left that corner, a sort of "monkey wants a corner" game. If a luckless one gets near the edge, the nearest one to him will slyly give him a shove off the roof. Then all will run and look down at the chap that got pushed off, just like kids!

The native will tell you that the reason a monkey don't talk is because if he did THE ENGLISH WOULD PUT HIM TO WORK.

I once had a monkey-business-college for twenty minutes. I was sitting on a box in the heart of the jungle, using the back of a tonga for a desk and a Blickensderfer typewriter was busily tapping away a letter to a man in New York, who was supporting some orphans. I finished the letter, laid it on a box nearby, when I happened to hear a rustling in the trees over my head. Looking up in the trees, there sat a couple of dozen huge monkeys about ten feet over my head, watching me intently and saying to each other, "I wonder what he is writing?" They looked very much as if they wanted to learn the trade.

As I got up to get some paper for a new letter, down, out of the tree, flashed one of these long-tailed Hahnuman apes, who grabbed my letter and away the whole band went in the tops of the trees, as fast as they could go, carrying

it. Every once in a while, they would stop and tear it open as if they would read.

I followed on foot, throwing stones and sticks, trying to make them drop the letter, but it was of no avail. They swung from the tree tops as only monkeys can do. I ran for two blocks and then came back and finished my letter and told the old man, to whom I was writing, that the first letter had been stolen, describing the incident. This old man was a duck, goose, egg peddler, and as he would take this letter around with him to the women on the farms he would ask if they had ever seen a "monkey" letter. They would take the letter, adjust their spectacles, have a good smile and then hand him some money and say, "Send this out to that fellow; he seems to be doing some good." Eighty dollars came to me through that letter.

It is an ill monkey that blows no good.

XV

Wagh, the Tiger

IN India, night-time marches are necessary on account of the heat of the day. So we shoulder our guns and usually walk a block ahead of the carts for a chance shot at a wild animal before it is disturbed by the noise of the carts, and some of my choicest deer-horn trophies were thus secured. But sometimes when we reach a smooth piece of road we lie down for a nap if it is intensely dark. I was lying down sound asleep in my cart with my cook and the guide ahead with their lantern and big cudgels, and it certainly was dark; the trees overhung the road; the grass was seven feet high and came right up to the hubs of the cart wheels; we were miles from a village. I felt a hand stealthily lift up the canvas at the back of my cart and then my leg was pulled—this was not the first time my cook had pulled my leg—but he awoke me and I sitting up quickly said, "Kya ahe?" (What is it?) He answered, "Dekho, Sahib, ekmoti wagh nasdik ahe—dus foot lamba" (master, a big tiger ten feet long is nearby). I looked to my gun carefully and then crawled out into the road.

Anton went ahead and showed me a big hole in the grass down low to the ground and pointing to it said, "He went in there, sir." I said, "When did you first see him?" He said, "Sir, we were walking along half asleep when we came right on it lying there in the road. The Hindu guide said to it, 'Sir, get out of our way,' but it only made teeth at us. Then we threw stones at it and soon it got up and made more teeth at us and went in there." I had not yet shot my tiger and was most eager to do so. So I said rather testily to Anton, "Why didn't you call me at once? Don't you know that a tiger skin is worth as much in America as you get for a year's work? Don't you know a man-eating tiger killed will bring in much money for the mission? Why did you let it get away without a word to me?" He said, "Sir, I'll tell you to-morrow morning." I took the lantern from the shaking guide and crawled into the hole in the grass and walked about fifty feet into the jungle trying to get a glimpse of the beast but silence was everywhere, so I soon realized I was doing a foolhardy thing and went back to the cart and lay down again, after cautioning them both to always call me at once if they saw any wild beast in the road.

All night long we crawled slowly along and by daylight had come to the regular camping

place. As we sat around waiting for the tea and chupatties to be made ready a "dudh walla," or milkman, came past. I called to him and when he came up timidly, thinking he was going to be held up as so many of the native officials do, I told him not to fear but come close as I would not harm him. He finally came up and set down his two brass pots of milk and I asked him if there were any wild animals around. He shrugged his shoulders and said, "Sir, last evening time in our village, back off the road a few miles, there was a happy family in their hut and the father was playing with his little son, but he will never do so any more. He went out into the jungle to cut wood and a great tiger seized him and we followed him to his lair but could only hear the tiger eating him. The little boy is crying for his 'Bapa,' but he will never come back to play with him." This then was the beast we had encountered. Gorged with the body of the man, he chose a quiet spot where no beast could surprise him easily. He lay down to digest his first meal and would go back for another feed soon. I went back to the place the next day and hunted carefully about but no trace of the man-eater was to be found; he was evidently miles away by that time. The Government gives a large reward for proof that a man-eater has been killed, and the best proof is

the stomach and contents presented for examination at the office of the Deputy Commissioner.

On my return to the camp I called Anton to me and said, "Now, Anton, give me your reason for not calling me to shoot the tiger last night." He stood on one leg and then on the other and scratched the ground with his big toe and finally said, "Sir, when we left the bungalow, when I looked back I saw the Mem-sahib beckoning to me and I ran back and she said to me, 'Anton, the Sahib is very fearless and will get into very great danger. Will you promise me faithfully that you will try to keep him out of all the danger you can?' I answered her, 'I promise to do it, Mem-sahib.' Now, sir, if you had been seized by that tiger last night and badly hurt or killed, how could I ever have faced the Mem-sahib on my return?" I turned away to smile and said, "All right, Anton, you did right. You may go; we are friends again."

A celebrated man-eater had killed and eaten fourteen men, women and children, and all the country within a radius of fifty miles was terrorized by him; he would disappear after eating part of a body and then suddenly appear ten miles away with another "kill."

The British authorities were finally notified of the facts and a Deputy Commissioner, an English gentleman, hurried to the scene of the last

five killings, all at the same spot. It seems that the mail was carried to an inland post office on the back of a runner and at a certain spot where the runner leaped across a small streamlet, thus causing the little bell on the end of his staff to tinkle, a tiger would spring out of the tall grass and always strike the same spot and seize the poor man and with one great leap disappear into the deep grass. The runners were all Mohammedans and believed in "Kismet," or fate, or in the expressive Urdu, "Jo ho so hoga, jo ho so hai" (whatever is to be will be). They made no effort to escape the fate of the former runner. The Englishman dressed in native clothes, took his express rifle for his staff to hang the mail sack on, came trotting down the road until he came to the spot where the killing had always occurred. Then he jingled the little bell and instead of leaping across the stream he brought his gun to his shoulder quickly, and the great striped beast leaped on the same spot and a bullet pierced his heart, and the King's mail is no longer disturbed on that little route.

XVI

Esther, the Madman's Unwilling Bride

WHAT would you have done if you had been Esther? Tell it or keep it quiet? We never know what is coming down the road of life to meet us—what emergency, what terrific experience, what weird adventure. It is a kindly Providence who doesn't let us see what is coming.

In a little village at the foot of the Chanda Hills, made famous by the jungle stories of Rudyard Kipling, lived a family of Ghonds; dark of face, lithe-bodied, well knowing the lore of the jungle; they knew where the berries and fruit grew; they could trap the tiny jungle fowl. Eggs of wild birds are not easily found but they knew where they laid them and hid them deep in fen and brake.

Their home was a mud house built with bamboo and plastered inside and out with clay. Its roof was grass two feet long, jungle grass tawny as a tiger, turning the water like a duck's back. A goat, a dog, a mongoose, and a pair of pigeons were the pets of the boy and girl, Bapu and Tola.

The boy helped his father who was a wood chopper for the Tahsildar and was waited on by his mother and sister with the greatest diligence and they were proud of him, for was he not a son and some day he would light the funeral pyre of his father and thus assist him on his long road to "Nirvana"—the Hindus' Heaven.

One day a tiger was eating a cow that it had killed near the village and Bapu called his father and with their tiny axes they drove the tiger into a low tree, and then ten men with their axes cut him to pieces and received a present of ten rupees from the Tahsildar—and was not a bit of the skin even now on the floor? And his father pointed to it with pride when a stranger came to their home. Bapu had a right to walk proudly and order around the diminutive sister, who was also very proud of her tiger-killing brother only twelve years of age.

Tola, eight years of age, promised to a lad of ten and engaged to him in a regular ceremony and feast, was playing about the door of her jungle home. She had no dolls or playthings, but she played hopscotch like any American child and ran and laughed and jumped and danced in glee.

In the bushes near her home crouched a man of thirty years of age. His hair was long; his face inky black for he too was a Ghond of the

hills. They called him "pagle" (mad) and he was a madman feared by all. He lived in a cave far up the mountain side and no one dared go near it. In his besotted mind was a desire to have some one for a companion, and he resolved to go down into the valley and steal a girl, and he lurked near the village. He heard the laughter and girlish cries and crept through the bushes to watch her playing about. After awhile she came near to the grass where he was hiding and with a bound he was at her side, and covering her mouth with his big hand he carried her away up the hills to his cave. Months went by and lengthened into years and no one knew where she had gone, and anyhow what is one girl? She came a curse into the world and the world is no worse off if she goes out of it. The father was blamed at first by the father of the boy she was engaged to. Then the matter was dropped and she was considered as carried off by a tiger and dead. Five years went by and the wild man never let her out of his sight. She cooked his food and he was comparatively kind to her and though she was a captive he roughly caressed her and made her life bearable. She grew strong and good-looking in the mountain air life. Together they gathered the fruits of the forest, its nuts and roots and barks and together they brought in the wood for cooking and snared birds for food.

One day he lay long on his bed in the morning and when she tried to awaken him he muttered and lay still, and when she felt his head it was hot and she knew she was freed from his watchful eye. At first she resolved to fly for her life to her home in the valley, but she knew that when the fever was gone he would most surely hunt her up and steal her away and beat her perhaps for running off. Then she thought she would strike him a heavy blow on his head while he slept, but she knew his enormous strength and feared he would not die but might awaken and fight back. Then she thought of the fishberry root that grew in the forest, and that the natives took and made into a liquid and poured into a tank or water hole and killed all the fish. She resolved that she would poison him while he was in a delirium. So she went out to the jungle and found the root and brought it in and bruised it between two stones and poured the dark juice into his water vessel and gave him repeated drinks as he called out, "Pani, pani" (water, water). He was soon in a state of stupor, and soon after he died and his cold body lay in the grass bed in the cave. She dug a shallow grave, pulled him into it and covered it up, then fled for her life to the mission, and came rushing in at the door one day talking incoherently about a wild man and a dead man in a cave, crying and

laughing alternately. They quieted her after a while and took her into the orphanage and named her Esther. For many a night her sleep was broken with hideous dreams of the cave life and more than once she was startled by shadows, until she remembered the cold form picked clean by this time no doubt by jackals and carrion birds in the grave far up the mountain, and she often would stand and look up the mountain side and fancy she could again make out the cave and old familiar spots of those awful years.

She studied hard and became eventually an efficient teacher in the school. When she was nineteen years old her missionary teacher went to Conference and left the girls' school in the hands of a half caste woman. She had peculiar ideas of Christianity and told them to the girls and resolved she would have a revival meeting after her sort. One of the tenets of her religion was that God would not pardon sin unless it was openly confessed before men. She held a meeting and the girls got up one by one and told of their past, and one day Esther stood up and all eyes were upon her as she began to talk with tears running down her cheeks. Brahmins were there to hear what they could to get something to tell on the Christians to hurt the mission. They listened to the story of her captivity with little interest until she came to the last and then

she told of the fixing up of the poison and the death of the man. Then they hurried out and got out a warrant for her arrest for murder, and soon police came to the orphanage and she was taken to the old dirty prison down in the native town. The missionary soon returned and when she found what had happened she at once took steps to have the girl released on bail, and she promised to take her to Ramabai's school for girls near Bombay. This we did and the girl has become one of the most valued and trusted teachers in that great widows' home, where thousands of rescued girls are cared for by one of India's own rescued ones. Oft in the evenings Esther looks east toward the Pranhita hills and pours out her heart in thankfulness to God for her great deliverance.

XVII

Mungli, the Girl Who Prayed the Idol Out of the Village

"OUT of the mouth of babes hast thou ordained strength," is an old verse that my mother taught me when I stood at her knee. He takes the weak things and uses them to throw down the mighty! One day there came a poor mother with a crying babe in her arms along an Indian road; hunger had written all over their faces its terrible mark and the sad-hearted mother, tired of the moaning of her baby, was fastening it in a rag hammock tied between two trees. She had put an opium pill under the baby's tongue and hoped the stupefaction would still be on when the jackal pack came that night and tore down the little bundle and ate it up.

The W.F.M.S. is built up on wreckage and castaways—almost all their material is the cast-offs of wicked men. That very day the mission cart was coming along the big road and the lady saw the tiny burden swinging between the trees. She stopped the cart and took down the hammock and soon had the tiny skeleton in her arms—gave an antidote for the opium and hurried home

to her bungalow where tender care and medical aid soon brought back laughter and sunshine and life to the little child. They called her Mungli, the SUNSHINE, and under gentle care and happy surroundings she became everybody's lover. Oh, how she loved the Saviour and believed in Him! She read her Bible with a fervent belief in it and one day came across the verse, "If ye shall ask anything in my name I will do it." She took this beautiful dynamic verse as her motto and became a power in prayer.

There came into the compound gate one day a silent group of men bearing on a native bed a body wrapped in bloody rags. One of the carriers was also bleeding from many wounds and was bruised and lame. They set down the charpoy, or bed, near the door and asked for the lady doctor. A few words informed the folk that it was just another case of bitter persecution in the mass movement area and the village this time was Tulsi, twenty-seven miles to the northwest.

Tulsi village had 5,000 people in it; 2,000 of them were Christians and 3,000 of them were bigoted heathens led by their chaudri, a bitter hater of the Christians. He owned the idol which was in the center of the town under the big sacred tree—an idol feared by all for many miles around.

As Mungli, wide-eyed, came near the bed of the suffering man tears filled her eyes as she heard him telling the lady missionary about the bitter persecution through which they were passing, and how not one of the 2,000 had put his thumb mark on the paper to avoid the suffering. Into the girl's heart came a great desire to go to the sufferers and comfort them. She asked to go but they said to her, "It is dangerous and you will only get into trouble and be beaten yourself," but she persisted and at last they said, "All right, if you must you must." She came to the village and was soon busy in the zenanas. One day she heard a little child say a very vile thing and when she asked her where she had heard such a thing she answered, "In front of the idol they said it yesterday." Then she knew that the cancer spot of the village was the idol, and she began to pray to God to take the idol away. She prayed in her room for two whole days, then on the third day she began to be personal in her prayer and prayed, "Oh, Lord Jesus, let me take the big idol away from Tulsi village." As she prayed a change came over her spirit and she realized that her prayer was answered—she could pray no longer. Her burden was gone and she began to rejoice and praise God. Others came to her and said, "What is the matter? Why are you laughing and saying,

'Praise the Lord'?" She answered, "Oh, Jesus said I could take away the idol from Tulsi village—the big idol that is spoiling the children." They said, "Girl, you are pagle (crazy); the idol is built into stone work; it weighs 200 pounds; it belongs to Lachman, the chaudri, who hates the Christians. The British law says, 'Don't lay a hand on an idol.' How are you going to take away this idol? Do not talk such foolishness." She answered, "Oh, but Jesus said I could do it and I am going out to-morrow to take it away." She asked the men to go with her but they at first said, "No, it will be dangerous; we will be beaten up." Then they said, "We will go to try and protect you." They reached the village about noon and the men took the cart and went to the Christian quarter with it and watched results. Mungli went out in front of the idol, threw her mantle over her face and began to pray. She did not pray for the idol for she claimed that by faith it was hers to be taken away presently. She prayed for the people of the village that they might have their hearts touched by the Spirit into repentance and a love for Jesus. As she prayed the people began to come out and sit down near her on their heels. Then a wave of sorrow and trouble seemed to sweep over them and they prostrated themselves upon the ground and cried out,

"Arre bap re" (Oh, father), the cry of despair of the Hindu. The girl prayed on and soon Lachman, the chaudri, came out with a huge lathi or bamboo stick on his shoulder. He came near to see why his people were crying and he saw the girl in prayer. His face was contorted in anger. He clutched his big stick when the crying of the people ceased at sight of him, and Mungli looked up into his ugly face but showed no fear but closed her eyes and prayed for him. She prayed until his big stick dropped at his feet and he shook like an aspen leaf in the wind. She prayed until he began to weep, and then facing him she cried out, "Lachman, what is your answer to Jesus to-day about this idol?" He said, "Oh, bai, take it away. It is all wrong. Take it away!" (The Galilean had conquered.) She called to the Christian workers hidden under a house nearby to come out and bring the cart. They came and with others of the Christians who now took courage they tore down the big idol and threw it into the cart and carried it away to the river where the lair of the crocodiles was, and when they threw it into the depths they stood on the shore and sang, "Jai prabhu Jesu" (victory to Jesus). Three days of prayer in the Spirit had overcome centuries of heathenism. I went to Tulsi village later. I saw there all the people Christians. I saw

Lachman, now a local preacher of the Methodist Church, and the whole village is now a Christian mass movement village, all because the W.F. M.S. lady was there to find a dying baby girl and give Jesus a chance to save Tulsi.

XVIII

Snakes and Snakes and Then Still More Snakes!

THE missionary had been traveling all day long and was tired and dusty and hungry and home looked good to him, though the family were several thousand miles away across the sea. After supper he walked about the compound talking to the men and boys who lived there and finally came in, and taking up his Bible to read he turned to the 91st psalm and read, "There shall no evil befall thee." As he closed the beautiful psalm he started to kneel down by the chair when he felt a chill come over him and straightening up he thought at first of cholera, for the first sign of cholera is a chill. He thought over the likely places where he might have gotten hold of a germ and there were several such places, for he had eaten in several natives' huts that day in order to make friends with the people there and in each of them you may get the deadly cholera microbe. He walked about a little, thinking of home and dear ones and came finally back to the chair and

stood thinking, and finally again he started to kneel down by the chair when again chill after chill swept over him. He was startled and went at once to the medicine chest and took a big drink of chlorodyne—the remedy for cholera. As he again came to the chair he happened to look down at it and there, wrapped around one of the rungs on the back, with his deadly head level with one's forehead as he would kneel, was a KAREIT, the second deadliest snake in the world, just waiting until he knelt to give him the blow in the head that would mean sure death in half an hour. The missionary despatched him with his cane and thanked the God who had warned His tired servant just in time!

No India missionary has ever been known to have been killed by a snake, while every one has a snake story to tell—snakes in one's bed—snakes in your boots, real ones I mean—snakes in the roof—crawling over the floors at night while you are tucked tight in behind the strong mosquito net as thick as a curtain, big snakes—bigger snakes, everywhere.

Twenty thousand natives die every year in India from the bites of snakes. The deadliest of them all is the King Cobra, the "hooded death"; while next in line is the little Kareit twice as long as a lead pencil and about as big.

His favorite place is the lantern handle where he coils and stings when the lantern is picked up. The cobra seeks his prey and strikes with a swish and sound of escaping air as his hood distends.

The missionary sat down at his dinner table one evening alone, during the rainy season when the snake-holes are flooded and the scorpion and centipede seek dry places and the cobra comes indoors for warmth. His thoughts were far away in America where wife and baby boy were visiting for a year. He stretched out his legs under the table when he heard a swish like a sky-rocket on the night of July 4th. He knew the sound, the cobra's warning before he strikes, and knew he had disturbed the "king of death" as he lay coiled under the big table on the base of the center wooden leg. He kicked out with both feet like a flash and felt the snake's body give before the blow. Then throwing himself backwards he fell full length, and scrambling to his feet ran for the snake stick, a stout piece of rattan from Singapore, thick as your thumb and five feet long, kept for the purpose in most homes. The missionary raised the tablecloth carefully and there with distended hood stood the big fellow, and lashing around with the rattan, he soon laid him out with a

broken back. The cobra measured five feet and was as thick as a ball-bat. And so he became acquainted with the little fox-like face and wee bead-eyes of Nag the cobra so he would recognize it anywhere.

'Twas in the village of Sonapet the missionary was looking for boys for his school and his search took him into the high caste part of the village where the weavers were. Out in the alley way they had their long hand loom stretched and the whole family were engaged in the process of running the shuttles back and forth, while a lad of ten with a brush the size of a whitewash brush was putting the color and sizing on the cloth as they wove.

He walked over toward one of the homes and crawled through the very low doorway and sat down just inside, facing two old dogs who growled and retreated to the back of the room. As he became accustomed to the semi-darkness of the room he saw in the corner a lot of rags and some one lay sleeping among them. A half pumpkin full of water lay near the rags and one of the dogs walked over to the pumpkin and drank, showing his white teeth as he returned to his place by the other dog. Then a bony arm was stretched out from the rag-pile and a crooked finger pulled the water over to the rag-pile, while at the same time an old woman sat

slowly up and tried to take a drink out of the same thing the dogs drank out of. That was the mother in the home, a consumptive dying by inches.

In a few moments the boy came stealthily to the door and gazed in to see what the missionary was doing, and immediately his father appeared and boxed his ears saying, "Get back to your work, boy!" The missionary said to the father, "Let me have your boy for my new school. I'll teach him some head knowledge." The father answered, "Kuch faida ne hai" (no profit in that for me). He tried to start a conversation and said, looking at a hole in the wall, "Kuch chuua tumhari gher me hai?" (Any rats in your house?) He said, "Ne, Sahib, Nag rahet" (No, sir, Nag, the cobra, stays here). Then the missionary saw the beady eyes of Nag in the hole and moved away from the door. He reached for his revolver thinking he would shoot it if it came out. The man saw his motion and yelled, "Kubhi ne" (do not do so). The missionary put the revolver back and watched the hole, and soon the snake stuck out his head and made his tongue go like lightning. The man went to the corner where he had some goats' milk, and pouring some out in a little red clay dish he pushed it toward the hole in the wall where the cobra was, and when he came out and drank the man closed his eyes

and prayed to the deadly thing while it drank the milk. The missionary sat stupefied by the sight and longed to shoot, but he knew that he must not do so or his work in that whole mahulla would be spoiled. The snake finished and vanished while the man went out the door and straightened up his back and walked toward his loom. The missionary followed and asked him how long the snake had been there. He answered, "Very many months." "Did it ever hurt any one?" asked the missionary. "Yes, my niece lay sleeping one night last year on the floor and when we awoke she lay dead on the floor, bitten on the wrist in the night." "Why do you keep it here?" The man replied, "Sir, perhaps this is my father living another life and has come back to his own house to live; perhaps for my niece's sins he was ordered by the gods to bite her. Who am I to fight against the gods? Let the snake alone." And looking for a moment toward the hut he hurriedly began to work at the loom. The missionary thought of the lad so bright and strong living in the cobra's den and wondered how he could get him away. In another part of the district some Christian weaver work had been established and the missionary needed help to start it, so he found out that a boy could be secured to help the father for six rupees per month. He said to the father, "I'll

give you eight rupees a month if you will let your boy come with me and teach weaving at one of my villages." At first he demurred, but seeing that the missionary was not going to raise the amount any higher he finally let him go and the missionary took the boy whom he called Nagu. From that time on Nagu became a Christian under the influence of the workers with whom he labored, and with the consent of his father he was baptized and later saw his whole family come into the Kingdom, and Nag slain by Nagu's father. The missionaries do not try to make all their converts teachers and preachers as part of their work is to create Christian toilers who will help leaven the mass, and among them, stalwart, clean and fine, stands Nagu, the weaver, high caste born who lived for years in a cobra's den.

XIX

How Titus, the Tiger-killer, Was Tamed

WE had camped for the night with our big fire roaring and crackling to keep away the wild beasts and make the lonesome forest a little home-like and the men were lying around in more ways than one, when suddenly two men appeared dragging a lad of about fifteen years between them and I saw quickly that he had been hurt. I asked them what they wanted. They said, "Dawai paije" (we want medicine). Then they told me how a tiger had attacked a cow, and the lad single-handed had gone after him with a small hand ax and hacked him so viciously that the tiger fled to a low tree and scrambled up into a fork about four feet from the ground, and even then the boy chopped at his legs and called for help until the villagers came and soon despatched him with their axes. In the fight the tiger had reached out and mauled the boy's arm from wrist to elbow; it was in tatters and bleeding profusely. I knew that if the tiger had been eating carrion recently its claws were deadly poison and blood poisoning would soon set in, so I tied up his arm above the elbow

with a tight bandage and a twist with a stick and began to wash out the terrible gashes. Luckily no blood vessel had been severed and I soon had him comfortable. The boy never once winced under the treatment even when I knew it was torture to him.

After he had been all fixed up I sat down and talked to him. He was a brave boy and didn't seem to fear anything. He told me of hair-raising encounters he had had with snakes and wild beasts, and all told with such ease and sang-froid as if it were a day's passing experience.

I told him about our schools and how we made teachers and smart men out of dull boys, and finally I told him I wanted him to go with me and be a man worth something. He agreed to go and bade good-by to his jungle home with the same disregard for sentiment that had characterized his former talk.

All went well with the lad whom I had named Titus until he sassed the school principal and was made to do extra kitchen duty. He rebelled, was deprived of his supper and ran away that night for his jungle home.

We brought him back and he ran away five times; each time we threatened him with punishment. At last he hired out to a wicked Mohammedan in the city for his board only and I re-

solved to try something dire and energetic. I went to the police department and asked them to go and get the boy, take him to the station house and whip him and then deliver him in chains at the door of the orphanage. It worked like a charm; also it gave a wholesome lesson to all the other boys and no more runaways were reported for that year from our orphanage. Titus became a convert during the revival that followed and is to-day one of the strongest from among the younger preachers. His circuit is up in the hills where he played as a boy and killed the big tiger, and he is known for his fearless preaching of the old time Gospel.

Thus, from the rough fearless folk who beard a tiger in his lair and cut him in pieces with a small ax hand to hand, we get our splendid types of native preachers who fear neither men nor fiends nor things present nor things to come.

XX

Out of the Jaws of a Black Man-eating Panther

THE old nursery rime used to run something like this: "FEE FIE FO FUM, I smell the blood of an Englishman." So did the black panther one night. Talk about being lonely, you ought to go out to the jungle, travel all day and come to a big empty rest-house the British build every 50 or 100 miles to accommodate their Civil Service men. Inside is furniture and dishes, and everything but folks and food —you are supposed to bring them with you. We unloaded the carts and "consommé." The cook gathered the material for supper—a pair of green pigeons and a jungle cock were to make a nice stew, and he had plucked and cleaned them as he walked behind the carts slowly—about four miles an hour. All was ready for the fire and the cart-man was building that just outside the door under the tree. The carts were placed with their stolid-looking bullocks in the stockade protected by a pile of thorns in the doorway from prowling beasts, and thieves with only "front legs."

I was traveling in company with a Civil Service chap, a Scotchman in charge of the Agricultural Department of the district—a breezy Scot—quite a hunter too, and he loved to josh me about America. Dinner over we were sitting on the veranda which, with floor two feet from the ground, extended all around the house, and then forty or fifty feet all around the house was sand and pebbles reaching out to the trees, and then off fifty miles to the nearest village and the camp of the Civil Surgeon with whom we had been traveling for two days and whom we had just left the night before.

My talk had been occasionally punctuated with the cries of a pack of jackals and the incessant bark of a Sambhar deer in the forest nearby, and at last Charlie said, "They tell me there are panthers and tigers in this jungle ahead of us. Say, wouldn't I love to shoot a black panther—one of those beasts with yellow eyes, don't you know?" I said, "Yes, you would get a reward too; enough to pay for all your ammunition for a year and that wouldn't be bad." "Yes," he said, "and the skin would make a fine rug for the lady's floor. Eh, what?" and we both laughed.

I told him how I almost lost our baby girl one night in the Pachmarhi hills where the family had gone for the hot season. One night they

were asleep outdoors under the heavy mosquito net about 50 feet from the house and a deep gully with a dry river bed was just 100 yards away. In the middle of a hazy moonlight night the mother was awakened by something and sat up in bed. Within ten feet of her, and smelling the baby's foot through the canopy, was a huge panther larger than a big dog. Mother jumped toward the beast to shield the baby and clapping her hands almost in its face yelled, "Jao Jao Gogo." The beast snarled and slowly backed off and disappeared while mother gathered her baby to her breast. One moment more and our little fat girlie would have been carried off to the jungle a mile away. The Scotchman said, "I say, that was a close shave, eh?" We talked of some of his hunting trips, and I asked him about some scars he had on his hands and showed him some that a wild boy had made on mine, and we talked of blood poison and how the claws and teeth of carrion-eating animals were most deadly, and of a narrow escape he had from the bite of a monkey which has teeth that cross and tear the flesh and then he said, "I say, what would you take for your good right hand?"

I looked down at my hand and thoughts about it filled my mind, and when I realized what it meant to educate a hand to write and play and

draw and shoot and do a thousand things unconsciously I had a new reverence for it and a new estimate of its value came to me and I said, "I wouldn't sell one hand for all the money in India." "Eh," said he, "that's a big lot of it." "Yes," I said, "but you couldn't stay in India if you lost your trigger finger," and I wiggled it as I spoke. Then he worked his too and said, "I say, I would rather be dead than lose my arm or hand."

Then he looked at the gun rack just inside the door where our three big guns stood loaded and at the path of light the lamp made six feet wide across the yard to the trees, and we listened again to the cries of the night and I said, "I am glad I am not camping outside to-night." Soon after I asked him a question and receiving no answer I knew he was asleep, so I rose and went indoors for the night. After an hour I noticed he hadn't come in and went out to waken him and the chair was empty. I was about to call out to the cart-men when I heard a low growl off in the dark about twenty feet out from the veranda and then a scuffling, and I knew that some man-eating beast had my friend and was dragging him off to the forest. The beast was a black panther, the largest variety, the kind with big yellow eyes. It had slipped up on him as he slept and leaping onto

the veranda had grabbed his hand in its mouth and jerked him off onto the ground. The beast knew it was black and couldn't be seen in the dark, and so its game was to keep out of the path of light. The man knew that if he uttered the slightest sound the panther would drop his hand and take him by the throat as he lay on the ground. The struggle was on in the dark and Charlie was trying to pull himself into the light while the panther was braced and jerking him with slow and powerful jerks toward the edge of the yard. I called out to Charlie to work over into the light and the panther answered with a low growl made with closed teeth. Then slowly over into the path of light came Charlie's feet with his toes digging into the ground and one hand clutching the sand as he slowly pulled the big beast at arm's length toward him. Then I said, "Just a foot more, old chap, and I'll give him a shot in the head as soon as I can see to miss your hand." Again the brute growled a menacing growl and began to pull back. But slowly again my friend pulled the big black muzzle until the light fell on his elbow, and I took one short look down the rifle barrel and moved it slowly back of where the hand was and fired. The beast rolled over without a sound and I jumped toward him and gave him the other barrel in the shoulder to smash his heart,

and then grabbed up Charlie, who had fainted from loss of blood, as his hand was badly chewed and the ground was bloody all around where they had struggled before I had come out. I called to the men and we got out the pony cart, and lifting the unconscious man into it I gave him the permanganate of potash treatment and made a tourniquet of a rag and twisting it tightly around his wrist washed the wound carefully and tied it up as best I could. And we lashed the ponies into a gallop as we madly raced with death to get him to the camp of the Civil Surgeon fifty miles away. A relay of ponies was found and a new pair again raced out into the night. We arrived at the camp, found the Civil Surgeon, and it was only the work of a short time until the hand was cared for skillfully. All the fingers came off with the palm of the hand but his trigger finger was saved together with his thumb. Charlie lay on the cot and looking at his hand said gamely, "Well, Chaplain Sahib, I am mighty glad I didn't lose my trigger finger. Eh, what?"

The death of a big kidnaper with black spots and yellow skin that followed the carts for two miles one afternoon, put a thrill into several mothers' hearts as they thought of the night coming on and the cunning beast sneaking up in

THE DRIVER SUDDENLY PULLED HIS PONIES AND SAID "DEKHO, SAHIB, BEEBUT-MARRO" (LOOK SIR, KILL THAT PANTHER).

the dark to steal a crying babe from its mother's arms.

It was a motley procession that passed through the woods that day, for the jungle was dangerous with wild life and native travelers were all disarmed by the "Arms" act and had to depend on the guns of the white man for protection from blood-thirsty beasts, hungry and fearless. The Padre had gathered up several cart loads of such travelers and they were all walking behind the carts chatting on many topics, when they came to a bend in the road and what was so natural as to look back along the road. Several were looking casually back when suddenly from the lips of a tawny lithe woman with her babe at her breast came a cry of fear, "Dekho, Sahib, ak moti beebut hai" (there, master, is a great leopard).

He looked back and saw the splendid beauty, as he stood in the road a couple of blocks off with his head raised listening to the cry of a baby. . . . A Mohammedan said, "Sir, he has been following us all afternoon. I meant to tell you of it."

The Padre told the men to go on ahead and he would stop and hide in the grass and when the beast passed by he would kill him. They made a big fuss and begged him not to do so, but he insisted and they went on. He hid under

a bush about twenty feet from the road and counted slowly the number of feet. He thought the beast was back and figured that he would walk on slowly as he had been walking, waiting for the night-time and a camping place where he could easily slip up and carry off something toothsome. Sure enough, just when the Padre figured that he ought to be somewhere near and quietly raised his head to look, there he was slowly walking past, a little ahead of the spot where he was hidden. A true shot right into its shoulder and all was over as the big, flat, soft lead bullet, "mushroomed out," and smashing the blade, pierced the heart and killed at once.

At the report they came rushing back, and forming a ring around the beautiful beast they leaped and danced and shouted, "Aré dushman margiya" (oh, the enemy is dead)! They kicked it and pulled its tail, spit in its face and would have pulled out its whiskers but the Padre demurred and saved it that indignity. Soon with deft fingers the fine pelt was off and stretched on the ground at the next camp, and as they lay around the fire several mothers fondly kissed their babes in happiness and thanked the Padre in their simple hearts for his protection. The skin is one of the Padre's most prized trophies as it lies on his floor.

As they lay down to sleep with the carts in a circle and the bulls tied between them for protection and a great fire burning in the midst and the men lying all around it, one place had been left open until all was fixed. Then it was filled up with thorns. The yellow dog belonging to the man who was piloting them was dreaming in his sleep of the last hare he chased and was barking quietly, when suddenly over the thorn hedge as quick as a cat leaped a lithe yellow body and one yelp told the group that the dog had disappeared—a panther likes a nice fat dog about as well as a leopard likes a fat Hindu baby.

The missionary was showing some lantern scenes to a group of natives near a small jungle village one day, and the sheet was fastened between two trees right next to the open jungle. The people were seated about twenty-five feet away on the grass and with many "aré bapres" (oh, my father), they were certainly enjoying themselves. He had shown all his American views. He had a few animal pictures and threw them on one after another. He had come to the spotted leopard and there it was on the sheet while the whole crowd yelled, "Dekho beebut hai" (see, it is a leopard). He left it on a few minutes as they seemed to enjoy it, when right

around the corner of the sheet from the woods walked a fine big leopard and stood and gazed at the picture a full minute while no one moved. Then with a mighty yell the men fell over each other to get away, while the beast as much surprised as they slunk off into the woods. He had seen the picture in the darkness shining through on the woods side and thought it was one of his kind and so came to investigate.

Traveling up to a hill station the missionary was moving along slowly up the steep grade when the driver suddenly pulled up his ponies and said, "Dekho, Sahib, beebut marro" (look, sir, kill that panther). He looked where he pointed and there sitting on a pile of crushed rock only fifteen feet away was a big old panther with his teeth showing, crouched for a spring. He only had a little deer rifle with him so he thumped the driver in the back and yelled, "Louker jao" (get out of here quickly), and as he started up the panther ran on ahead of him in the road gamboling from one side to the other with tail in air for all the world like a big house cat. Then with a sudden fierce dart it disappeared into the depths and he breathed freely.

A few nights afterward his wife and babies were sleeping alone out in the yard under the strong nets, and in the middle of the night the

wife had a feeling of insecurity and sat up in bed, and there close by the babies' bed, next to her, sniffing the air stood a big leopard in the moonlight. She shouted and clapped her hands until the brute slipped away down the nearby ravine.

XXI

When West Goes East, or the Lady and the Tiger

DAINTY LADIES, TIGERS AND GYPSIES; ALSO A LIEUTENANT

NOWHERE in the world could such things mix in a story, except in India, the land of mysteries and adventure.

One of the wonderful things about this strange land is how gentle, home-bred, timid, college girls with the "rah-rah-rahs" still ringing in their ears are sent out by American ladies of the missionary societies into isolated places far from the haunts of men, miles from a railroad, in the very depths of the jungles.

It is no uncommon thing to meet white ladies along slave trails in Africa or jungle roads in India or crossing the high ranges of South America or going up the torrential rivers of Central Asia with human canal boat horses pulling them by a long rope. No mountain is too steep, no river too dangerous, no jungle too infested with wild animals to keep them out.

One day up on the top of the Himalaya mountains in a hill station there was a small

cantonment of British soldiers—largely invalids. A little lieutenant was in charge. It was July 4th and all the Americans were happy, even though they were far from home and in a foreign land. Preparations for a big American picnic were all complete and all Americans would be there. The children of the missionaries were to meet at the school and march in a body through the streets of the city carrying the American flag, a privilege given to them by the authorities.

All went well; the day was cloudless; the little pale-faced Americans, each with a tiny flag, were in their places. An American girl teacher was in charge of the school and was to head the procession through the streets. A bugle had been secured and "Marching Through Georgia" was chosen as the march song. The procession started and the long cue of boys and girls filed out into the road toward the picnic site. About the same time the lieutenant was preparing to take his convalescents out for a short march, and they stood at attention in front of the guard-house. Presently he stepped to the front and ordered double file, forward march, and away they marched down the road toward the same parade ground where the picnic was to be held. Tramp, tramp, tramp, they marched toward each other and just around a corner they met face to

face in the middle of the road, the little Yankee school marm with a big American flag and an important looking British lieutenant. The officer stopped, called out to the girl, "Get your children out of the way." He didn't speak very pleasantly and the little school marm got "peeved" and answered, "You don't need to be in such a rush," and stood still facing him. Then he noticed the American flag and said, "Stand to one side and see that you dip that flag as the King's troops go by." She answered, "I'll do no such thing; that flag was never lowered for a nation yet." The children were scared stiff and the Tommies snickered in their sleeves and soon the lieutenant saw he was up against it, and grinning to himself called out, "File, right march," and the soldiers of good King George gave the road to the brave little school marm and her American kids, and she held her big Stars and Stripes high until the last soldier passed and the soldiers all SALUTED THE FLAG AS THEY WENT BY! The next morning the little school marm was sent for by the officer in charge of the station and severely reprimanded for her action. Such is the stuff that dares a tiger in his lair or a lieutenant in his uniform.

Far away from the mountains in the valley of the Godavery river nestled a tiny village called

Sironcha, unknown, thinly populated, a fishing village. One day the British sent the Nizam of Hyderabad the bill for the British Resident's expenses at his court for a number of years past due, and the Nizam was not very pleased about it and wrote a curt note back and the British retaliated by starting at Sironcha a cantonment of British soldiers 500 strong to strike respect if not terror into the heart of any unfriendly Mohammedan ruler who thought he could bluff the British "Raj."

Years had gone by and the jungle military grew in unpopularity—too far off from civilization. One day the Viceroy went home and a new one came out—Lord Curzon by name—and his wife was an American, Miss Mary Leiter of Chicago. She tried to keep up with "her lord" in business affairs and was a good advisor; among other bits of advice she figured out that the debt the Nizam owed the British could never be collected in cold cash: she also figured out that the Berars—a section of land owned by the Nizam to the west of Central provinces, too far away from Hyderabad to be overseen properly—was worth a little more than said debt, and that with a little persuasion the Nizam might make a trade and at the same time get rid of the presence of the soldiers at Sironcha, so near his capital. She was right and the Nizam bit beautifully at the

bait and soon the British Tommies filed out of the little village forever and everybody breathed a sigh of relief especially the Tommy and the Nizam. Soon the telephone and telegraph poles in the jungles fell down and there was plenty of wire for the natives as long as it lasted, and once more the little fishing village settled down to its former quiet and the buildings were torn down piecemeal by the natives and carried off to burn and repair as the years went by.

One day a lady from America, the sister of the lady who wrote "The Bishop's Conversion," Miss Louise Blackmar, came riding through the little village. The site was so charming, nestled at the curve of the river in the beautiful valley, that she stopped and pitched her tent, and some one told her about the cantonment and she went over to view the ruins and the site. It was on a fine high part of the town, well drained and with a couple of big wells on it. She said nothing, but at the first opportunity she went to the British land commissioner and asked for the land for a mission station and secured it for a small sum. And so the mission station was opened up and a lady missionary was sent from America to run the station, six days' journey from the end of the railroad and 250 miles to the nearest white face.

Several ladies came and went until finally a

little lady from Texas became the lady missionary. She had gone out to a finance meeting at Raipur and on her return was held up by a roving band of Indian gypsies who were a terror to the government and to all travelers: they would not settle down and were highwaymen and cutthroats. They told her roughly to get down from the tonga and she tremblingly obeyed while her two cartmen ran for their lives. They took her nice bullocks and all her things and bade her "Jao" (go), which she was about to do when she thought that under the cushion of the tonga, or cart, was a .32 automatic revolver which her brother had given her and taught her to shoot. She sidled over toward it and getting it in her hands her courage returned, and she called out to the people to come near which they did. She then pointed up into a tree at a branch and shot four times and made a great white hole in the tree. They gasped at the noise and trembled at the hole made in the branch and fell down on their faces crying, "Oh, Mem-sahib, don't make a hole in us like that." She answered, "Bring back all of my things or I will." They hurriedly brought back everything and placed them in the cart; then brought the oxen and called to the men to come quickly and drive away the lady. They came and with much satisfaction to all they soon separated, and the

little Texas lady reached home in due time. After some time she began to think over the incident and decided she hadn't done anything very fine. She, armed, had frightened some unarmed men and women, that was all. The more she thought of it the less she thought of it until she finally decided she would go and make it right. She thought what sort of an impression do those people have of Christianity from my action? She took no revolver but her Testament and went back with two of her workers to the vicinity of the hold-up, and soon found where they were camped on the river and went up to the camp. They trembled when they saw her and again cried, "Oh, lady, do not harm us." She pitched her tent and stayed there while she taught them of the Master and never left them until many had given their hearts to God. And now they are changing the Government reports and are settling down to agricultural pursuits, and we have two schools among them for their boys and girls and a worker visits them often—the little Texas lady has proved to them that an "N. T." is mightier than "TNT."

Years passed by and the jungle fevers claimed their toll, and the little Texas lady was thin and pale and fever-stricken and her furlough was due. The arrangements had been made and she was ready to start but none of the

Christians believed that she would ever stand the trip out to the railroad through the deep jungle. The stalwart Indian Christian leader, Benjamin Luke, held a conference with his workers and decided to ask her if she objected to them holding her funeral service before she left as she was "sure to die on the way out." At first she was cross and refused to allow any such thing, but seeing the hurt look in their eyes she finally gave in and had the unique experience of being covered with flowers as she sat in her chair in the little church, and the folks filed past and instead of just looking at the corpse "shook hands with it."

Then the day she started Luke came in and said, "Mem-sahib, I have bought a very fine rosewood log and had it sawed up and have made you a coffin for you to be buried in when you die on the road, and I want you to take it along with you on a cart so you won't have to be buried in the jungle without any coffin." Again she demurred but at last gave in and finally on the day of her departure a strange procession filed out of the mission compound gate and the last cart contained a rosewood coffin nicely fixed up with white muslin and flowers "to be used if required."

Fortunately she didn't need it and she grew better as she realized she was getting toward

home and they sent back the coffin to the mission station, and it was later taken apart and built into the mission school as lumber while the lady from Texas grew well and strong in the good old U. S. A.

One day a reporter for a big western Chicago daily was "doing" the jungles for his paper, and in his mind was a question mark concerning the missionary tales he had heard and the adventures they told with such sang-froid. He determined to see for himself and so after taking in the mission he asked to be shown a tiger. The missionary lady said, "Oh, no, you don't want to go near a tiger." He said, "Yes, but I do. Lead me to one." Finally after some days she said, "Well, if you won't be satisfied I'll show you one but you'll be sorry you ever went." They backed out the Ford and with a native worker started into the jungle. They had hardly gone two miles when out of the grass sprang a huge tiger right on top of the Ford, and the traveler, quite a hunter, shot it in the brain and it fell near the machine dead. It measured ten feet from its nose to the tip of its tail. They were in the midst of their measuring and hauling it into the Ford when the tigress appeared and with a mighty roar charged them. It was the work of a moment for the lady to leap to the wheel and step on the gas and try and turn, but the "female

of the species is more deadly than the male," and their only hope was in full speed ahead. But the Ford wouldn't answer fast enough and the tigress was at their side when human nature wouldn't stand the test of a neck and neck race with a huge growling brute, and the lady took her eye off the road ahead and landed bottom side up down a sixteen-foot bank. The natives coming to their aid pulled up the Ford and it was all right but the traveler's leg was broken, and the tigress carried off the body of her mate and the little lady crawled out of the exhaust where she had been hiding, or somewhere close by, and after a long hard drive landed the injured man in the hands of a doctor. He had seen his tiger and shot his tiger but he didn't get his tiger. All he got was a broken knee and some experiences to tell, but he never doubts a missionary's story any more—he has been there himself.

XXII

Some Girls

THE STORY OF MUTTU, THE GIRL WHO WORSHIPED THE SMALLPOX GODDESS

THE story of how the heathen came to worship certain things as their god would be an interesting thing to read. Mingled reasons of fear, respect, hope, longing, each have their place in the narrative.

Smallpox is a goddess in India, for does she not leave her mark on the face when she comes to visit, is she not seen everywhere, does not every one in the home have the marks of her presence? No other disease has such an effect. When her presence is known in the house everybody around feels honored, and all the neighbors try to have her come to their home too—and she always comes.

The missionary was baptizing a baby one day in the church and the family were all there to see the rite. When the baby was kissed on the forehead he found its face hot and said to the mother, "Has the baby got fever?" The mother

coolly answered, "No, sir, it has smallpox"—curtain!

One day down in the bazaar of Kamptee, the place of the Government cantonment, Muttu, the smallpox goddess, came to a home in the row near the old Manglewari (Tuesday) bazaar. One little girl nine years old was the only child and she lay moaning on the floor with burning fever. Day after day she cried, "Pani, pani" (water, water), and they put a potful near her to help herself. One day they were going for a visit and the mother took the little girl up to the smallpox temple to worship while they were gone.

I was on my way out to the parade service in the cantonment where I was army chaplain, and 250 British Tommies, with a sergeant in charge, were already deploying out of their quarters toward the little chapel when I passed close by an old stone temple. I glanced toward the big archway entrance and saw a small object seated on the floor near the big red idol. At first I thought it was a village dog which had strayed out of the dew into the warm air of the temple. But it moved and I saw that it bore a resemblance to something human and I stopped my bicycle and jumping off went slowly nearer the huddled form. It was a little girl about nine years of age covered from head to feet with con-

fluent smallpox. A tiny loin cloth covered her waist and on her sat a thousand flies; the ceiling swarmed with them and the hum of their wings filled the air as they came in to rendezvous for the night out of the damp. It was Muttu, the child her mother had placed there to honor the goddess for coming upon her wee body.

All day long she lay there and folks came and went along the big road unheeding. A stray dog walked through the temple wagging his tail for some recognition from the little girl but she saw nothing, while the fever raged in her veins and delirium claimed her senses. Toward evening as I returned from the military evangelistic services I noticed a crowd around the temple, and driving close I had my driver go over and see what was the matter. He came back and said, "They are carrying away a little dead child to the burning ghat," and we drove on our way. I suppose it was little Muttu gone from sorrow and woe and disease to the children's friend, where God Himself will wipe away the tears from off all faces.

A LEPER GIRL CLEANSED

It had been a busy day in Sironcha, down on the Pranhita river in the great Godavery valley, South Central India. The Nizam of

Hyderabad, one of the lineal descendants of Mohammed, ruled many millions of Mohammedans in the Nizams' Dominions by the grace of the British because his father was loyal during the Sepoy Rebellion long ago in the eighteen fifties: he owed the British some thousands of pounds for maintenance of the British Resident who was placed there by the Government to "guide" him. One day Lord Curzon became Viceroy and decided that maintaining a garrison in Sironcha to watch the Nizam and enforce the payment of the debt didn't pay. He also figured that the Berars, a fine fertile province west of Central Provinces, was just about the worth of the long due debt, so he approached the Nizam with the proposition to give up the Berars in exchange for a receipt for the debt and the thing was done.

The British moved their troops out of Sironcha and the buildings began to decay until one day an itinerant Woman's Foreign Missionary Society lady of our church, on a trip down that way, came across the old cantonment and secured it for her society for a song. Thus Sironcha began its career as a mission station, and soon with buildings filled with girls and dispensary and widows' homes and missionary home it became a lighthouse for all that great section. The lady missionary, living six days' journey from

the end of the railway and 250 miles from the nearest white man, was busy at her desk one morning when into her room rushed a young woman about fourteen years of age. She lifted her up from the floor and calling some of her girls they carried the girl to a bedroom and brought her to herself with ammonia salts. After she had ceased her weeping she told her story: she was a widow in a village, and after the death of her husband had endured the accustomed cruelty in his parents' home, but one day she could stand it no longer and as she said, "Something pushed me here." They comforted her and gave her a room in the widows' quarters, and for some time she was happy and contented and became a great favorite among the group of sad-lived widows. One night the lady missionary heard a faint rap on her door and going to it found the little widow crying. She begged to be allowed to stay with her and the lady took her into her own bed and soon she was asleep in her Miss Sahib's arms. The next morning when she awoke and returned to her room she soon came hurrying back and holding out her hands in terror showed the lady missionary spots in her palms, the tell-tale leper marks. The vague fear and the restlessness of the night before had been caused by the approach of the scourge. At first the lady was horrified but she took every

precaution herself and arranged for the workers to come in for a season of prayer. The lady missionary had not been long enough in the country to speak the language as yet and was at a loss to know how she could help the leper girl so they all began to pray, the workers in Telegu and the American missionary in English, when she cried out to the girls, "Pray that God will let me this once pray in Telegu to help this poor girl's faith." They began this request, when suddenly in good Telegu the lady missionary began a rapturous prayer which seemed to lift the whole group to the very gates of heaven. The girl opened her eyes at the close of the prayer and said, "Missahib, I feel that I am going to get well." They arranged for her to go to a mission leper colony and to-day she is there WITH HER DISEASE STAYED, at work among the lepers as a beloved teacher. Was not this the PRAYER OF FAITH that James mentions in his epistle?

XXIII

Papia Waghmari, the Little Temple Marli

IN India a woman is like a chair or a table or a pot, simply something that belongs to the house and is owned by the man. She has no brains and no soul, so the men say.

When a little girl baby is born, and the word goes out to the father and to the neighbors, he scowls, wrinkles up his face and wonders whose sins caused that to happen to him. He is cursed by the gods. He wanders around with a long face snarling at everything and rather hoping to hear that the baby didn't live long after its birth; but she is strong and hearty and wants to live and so she gets fat, eats heartily and crows with delight into her mother's face, all unmindful of the looks of hate and anger all around.

She is named by her old grandmother "Papia" (the sinner), and takes her father's family name too: "Waghmari" (the tiger killer), for had not some grandfather a long time ago killed a tiger with a hatchet before he died, and had his side torn badly by the big tawny brute's teeth? And so Papia she was, poor little "sin-

ner," a curse in her birth, hated, beaten, a drudge.

Two other daughters had cursed this home and no son had come to carry his father's funeral fire before the corpse, and the home was a marked one. The father abused the frightened child-wife shamefully, cursed her roundly as one by one the little girl babies had been born, and he was arranging to bring in a strong big woman as his second wife, and the babies' mother was fearful of being sent away;—her only fault being—no boy babies born.

Nannu, the father, had all day long been bargaining with the money lenders and they had at last agreed, and the papers had been made out and signed, and a shrewd-eyed man with a red turban had been sitting in the little veranda all morning watching the girls hungrily. Bebe, the older, twelve years old, was carrying water from the well. On her head the big brass pots shone in the sun. On her tall, lithe, little body, straight as an arrow, rather plump, was her poor ragged sari, all she had, many times washed, torn and faded. As she returned for the fourth time from the distant village well, the lean man stepped up roughly, seized her by the arm, felt over her body, looked at her teeth, gazed into her eyes long and cruelly, and then walked into the house and said to the man with whom he had been bargaining, "She can come to-morrow."

The arrangement was completed, and Little Bebe was to join his household of four wives and children as his fifth wife,—and the father had bought a husband for her with the money he had been borrowing all week from the cunning money lenders.

If a child is not safely married and living with her husband before she is twelve years old, the family is as much disgraced as if in your home some one had gone wrong.

The second sister "Trasi" (trouble) was married to a poor old sore-eyed man of sixty-seven, with one foot in the grave already, and he received forty rupees from the father to marry her; and when in a short time he would die, poor little ten-year-old Trasi would indeed see "trouble," for she would be an accursed widow; she would have to put off all her ornaments—she had but a few and they were chiefly glass—but as a widow she would be obliged to wear an old white sari, have her head shaved, wash only once in a long time, eat one poor meal of left-overs after all are finished, and by herself in the dark corner. She would have to be the drudge in the home of the old man, rise before day and grind the flour on the old stone mill for the day's food, wash all the brass pots, sweep the hut, carry all the water, and be anybody's property in the home; abused, beaten, cursed and starved, until

PAPIA BECOMES A TEMPLE GIRL, AND IS TAUGHT
THE TEMPLE SERVICE BY THE OLD PRIEST.

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as a corpse she would be carried out in the night.

The third little girlie, "Papia," now eight years old; what shall be done with her before the wretched mother is sent away and the new wife comes in?

The father visits the barber, the man who arranges all the marriages, but no one wants a child like that. He then walks down to the temple and talks to the filthy, vile, evil-looking priests, and they look at one another, and one says: "Tulsi is too old, no one wants her any more, she must go out, why not let this one take her place in the corner of the temple." They then bargain with the man and take his ten rupees and he goes back home and tells Papia to come with him. She thinks she is going to the market or on a visit and dances along in front of him, but she is going to the Temple, never to leave its dark, damp, filthy room until she is too old and no one wants her and she is in the way and is told to go.

She comes to the temple. The older girl, Tulsi, has just been sent away, and sick and weak and wild-eyed she is looking right and left and don't know what to do. A Mohammedan man takes her by the arm and down the road to his home she goes,—to no one knows what. Who cares what is ahead for the discarded temple girl.

The priest takes Papia into the temple; the

passersby stop a moment to see what is going on. A rude uncouth ceremony takes place that I cannot describe to you, and we hear a muffled scream as the little one goes out of sight into the inner temple room with the priest and holds out her little arms imploringly to her father who has already turned his back on her and started home.

There little Papia will live and help in the upkeep of the temple, with her poor little body getting thinner and thinner, coughing herself away in the dampness until she, too, four or five years later, will also either be carried out in the night to the jungles or set adrift to drudge in some Mohammedan's harem like a beast.

There are twenty thousand little temple girls like Papia in India to-day. Their little pallid faces peer out from their jail-like temples all over India. In one of the famous Ram Teks, or mela places, there is a huge temple on the top of a high hill which can be seen for scores of miles away, and on the very edge of that hill is the tower of the murlis, and in it are a dozen little girls, slaves of lust, and there live in misery, while up and down the steps to that prison temple go hundreds of men and boys all unheeding of the awfulness of their condition.

The British Government is working slowly on a plan to do away with the practice of marrying these little girls to the sword and the sentiment

is slowly taking hold, and some day the practice will go the way of "Sutti"—the suicide of the widow, that used to be compulsory.

No later than three months ago the legislative council passed a law, the best the rescuers of these sad little ones could get through, it was—that the rescuer of the girl must be of the same religion as the girl herself,—which, of course, nullifies the law, as no Hindu would try to get a temple girl out of a Hindu temple; it would be sacrilegious.

XXIV

Blacking Atmaram's Face

HOW THE COOK GOT HIS FACE BLACKED. A CURE FOR LYING

ATMARAM (the soul of Rama) was my cook. He was a Mahar (low caste) and had cooked a little before he came to me. In the words of his chit (recommendation) he had been known to get up a fair meal. That was all it said, and I grinned and hired him. Humble, he certainly was; dirty, we quickly found him,—and he learned to lie very soon after he came to work. His eyes did not match, but that helped him out. He couldn't look you square in the eyes if he had to. He had a way of putting two spoons of sugar on the plate when he took the things for cooking from the Mem-sahib in the morning, and when she stopped to lock the dooly he took another spoonful of sugar and put it in his puggree (headdress). He sold her the eggs over again for a week, asking for three and using two, and reselling the one the next day to her until she learned the trick from a neighbor lady and marked them with a pencil and caught him

with six marked eggs in her possession on Saturday. He swore he had never done it and blames the hen to this day for somehow getting him into trouble.

He poached a little daily and tried the Mem-sahib's patience to the limit by petty larceny—very petty, pinches of tea, a turnip, two potatoes, a slice of bread gone off the plate, and he always turned up with an innocent expression and TEARS—why he could turn the faucet on in two seconds, and bedew his cheeks as he solemnly protested his innocence! He was an unending source of anxiety and smiles to the "Mem-sahib je," as he called her. Atmaram claimed to be about half a Christian; that is, he said he didn't do any poojha or worship at the village shrine;—but one day a storm came up and Atmaram was seen down in the cook house by the boys praying to his little idol like a good fellow.

Now among other quaint ideas and expressions is one quite in vogue among the servants,—the idea of having one's face blacked, or in other words, losing one's reputation. The cook is the "big boss" of the rest of the servants and he rules over them with a hard hand for they think that he has the ear of the Sahib and Mem-sahib, and that they ask him every night how the servants did that day, and that he tells their faults and their good points every evening or morning. So

they are most careful to stand in with him under all circumstances. This is his "face" or reputation and he guards it with a jealous care, and anything that would injure his dignity or "stand in with the Sahib" in any way is a thing that "blacks his face."

Things went on in this way until one Spring the Mem-sahib went home to America. Now the Mem-sahib had been in the habit of giving him so much every night to buy the things for the next day at the early morning bazaar, and she took the account of it at ten A.M. regularly, except Sunday, when of course no buying was done. When she went away, the Sahib called Atmaram to him and said, "I do not wish to fool with accounts. I will give you a rupee a day and you feed me. I will buy all the groceries, milk and butter and bread and you get the rest with the rupee." (It was more than he got from the Mem-sahib for one person before.) He bowed low. Then the Sahib said, "Now I will say nothing if all goes well, but if you don't feed me on good stuff you will hear from me." Atmaram said, "Sir, your foot is on your humble slave's neck; I will be exceedingly kind to my beloved." He didn't say who his "beloved" was.

Things went on fairly well for a month or two, then the food began to get scarcer and scarcer. I called for a second helping of pudding and it

was all gone. I asked for more carrots and the plate was empty. I called for a piece of toast and the bread was all out. The sugar disappeared too fast, the eggs went like mad, the milk grew pale and "thin," in fact, I was being "done." Then my Scotch arose. In the evening the dinner bell rang at 8 P.M. and I sat down "a bit peeved." The dinner came on, first the soup; it was rather watery and smelt horribly (made of rotten soup meat), then the vegetables, two carrots, two small potatoes with skins on, two boiled onions (I had given him five potatoes and four onions in the morning), for I still dished out the vegetables and wood for the day. Then still hungry, I waited for the roast and it came on. Now meat is a scarce article in India; in most places it cannot be obtained except in the form of "goat" and as tough as rope. I looked at it, cut into it, turned it over, and discovered it was tied together, pinned together, and was simply "scraps." He was charging me for first class beef and was giving fifth class or, in fact, "outclassed" meat. I waited until he went down to the cook house for the pudding. Then I got up, whistled to the dog, laid the dish and all on the veranda, and went to work on it at once. I sat down, the cook came in, looked at the table and at me sitting there waiting, then looked out on the veranda, saw the dog and cried

out, "Sahib, why is the dog eating the roast?" I simply said, "Kutra ki ghost Kutra satin, Sahib ki ghost Sahib satin" (dog meat for a dog, Sahib meat for a Sahib), and went on eating the pudding. By that time the other servants and Christians had seen the dog eating the meat, for the boy who washed the dishes saw the whole thing and ran to tell it. They came in swarms and stood looking on. They heard my proverb, and then Atmaram looked around at their grinning faces and threw himself at my feet and said, "Oh, sir, you have blacked my face forever in this compound."

I most certainly had, for he had lost his reputation and his power as a boss from that time on was nil. An Englishman would have beaten him with a whip instead. I had no occasion to say a thing to Atmaram for ten months, when one day I had given him strict orders to boil the water carefully, call me when it came to a boil, when I would inspect it, for unboiled water in India is a deadly thing. He forgot to call me. Evening came; dinner hour arrived; I sat down and picked up my water glass, and before drinking it held it up to the light a moment idly, noticed something moving in it, looked closely and there was a "wiggle tail," the kind that lives in rain water. I waited until Atmaram came in and had set down the food. Then I called him

and said, "What is in that glass?" He came near and gazed at the water, I still holding on to the glass. Then he said, "Sir, I see nothing," though the worm was wiggling in front of his eyes plainly. Then I simply let him have the full glass right in his face and turned to my dinner. He went out wiping his face and with shamefacedness, for he knew that I knew that he had given me a glass of unboiled deadly water to drink. Water thrown on a Hindu is one of the most insulting and caste-breaking things that can be done to them. I never afterward had to watch the water or meat for Atmaram had learned his lesson well.

A more devoted man I never had around me—
THE MAN WHOSE FACE I BLACKED.

XXV

Toe-nail Sketches of India

TOES

ONE of the amusing sights in Asia is to watch the Hindu pick up things with his feet and hold cloth or leather with his toes as he sews or use his toes as a toast rack as he sits and toasts your Chota Hazri (little breakfast) for you. I presume that is the real origin of the word "toast." The Hindu carries everything possible on his head instead of in his hands. Little children can often be seen just learning to walk and on their little black heads a stick balanced, learning to "tote," as we say in the South, and the straight back and erect carriage of the average son and daughter of Hindustan is due to this habit.

THE BLEEDING TREE

You can fool some of the people all of the time in Hindustan! I was attending a religious festival of the Hindus at Allahabad at the junction of the two rivers, which, flowing together just above Allahabad, form the Ganges River. Two million people had gathered there to bathe,

and thither had thousands of fakirs and priests come to hoax and deceive the witless and credulous among the multitudes. We obtained permission to go down deep in the ancient fort overlooking the bank of the river which stretched its sandy waste for miles on both sides of the river, a fort now manned with British guns and "Tommies," with its high wall a sure defense from any onslaught and its big inner gate forbidden to all of Hindu or Mohammedan blood. Outside this gate a stairway led to a lower level, a sort of underground passage. We went down with the multitude, thousands upon thousands walking two by two and stretching in a long cue for a mile. We didn't await our turn—à la barber shop—but pushed unceremoniously in and were soon down in the semi-darkness. After walking for two hundred yards or more we heard low wails and then rough orders, and found out the cause in a moment when we saw a huge tree trunk a foot and a half through with its top stuck carefully into the roof and its base hidden in the earth of a rude altar two feet high. Everybody was dropping a coin as they passed hurriedly, urged on by a pair of ugly priests. Why had they come into the cavern temple with their offering? We stood to one side and watched them pass. What a procession it was! Old age, youth and the prime of life streamed

by, and as we gazed into their faces unobserved we saw a hungry look on every face. These people were being fooled at the very center of their being—their hearts. The old tree-trunk had been placed there many years ago and a deep cut in it had been filled with RED PAINT, and this had been regularly renewed and the old oil lamps near kept the paint warm enough to run just a little, and a cut in the dry surface allowed it to ooze through. It was called the BLEEDING TREE and was a miracle they claimed, and the huge bags of "pice" (money), being dragged off at regular intervals by the servants of the head priest, revealed the profits being made off the FAITHFUL, for more than a million people would visit that place and deposit their coin before the hoax tree ere they went back to their village homes somewhere in the big peninsula.

MASHED FLAT ON THE WAY TO CHURCH!

No, not hit with a motor truck nor run over by a steam roller but mashed flat with HUMAN FEET—feet of others going to the same church—perhaps one's own neighbors or kinsfolk.

As we stood on the parapet of the old fort and looked down on two million human beings surging and writhing like a great dragon in its death agony, we presently saw the great gate open

from the outside of the fort onto the bank of the river. All morning long the crowd had pressed against that gate from within trying to get to the river, and all day long the hoarse cries of the soldiers on guard had mingled with the fanatic yells within to open the gate. At last the time to do so came and the big gate swung on its huge rusty hinges and the human flood poured through—twenty feet wide and a mile long was the pent-up stream of humanity trying to quickly get through a twenty-foot gate all at once. As we looked upon the human sluiceway we noticed what looked like a crest of a wave turning over on a beach and soon saw it was literally true, for some one had fallen and tripped others who came to the spot and they formed a human ledge and every one coming to the spot fell forward and disappeared as the crowd, pushed from behind, came on. We stood spellbound as we saw a woman with her baby held high above her head come to the human cataract and plunge over, throwing her baby far ahead into the crowd. A wailing cry arose from those who went over and frantic efforts were made by those about to fall to hold back the crowd behind them. Then we saw a heroic deed done by three unknown "Tommies," or British soldiers, on horseback. They came out of the fort by another gate and forced their way through the crowd

which tore at them to pull them off and injure them, but foot by foot they clubbed their way through to the fatal spot and then forming a wedge they held the crowd for a moment and placed themselves over the death spot, forcing the multitude to split above it and go to each side while they dug out the dead and dying from the pile. I saw them take out a great pile of dead. Scores of men, women and children eager to reach the water and worship—in fact, ON THEIR WAY TO CHURCH—had been mashed flat and lay in the hot sun for hours just below us by the fort wall unclaimed, unrecognizable, with every vestige of evidence as to who they were gone—trampled out by their own people. And when the last one was removed the soldiers began to back away and soon the great surge poured through the gate unchecked for hours.

WHEN THE GODS GET THEIR BATH

All day long the crowds had been walking past the bungalow, shouting as they passed the name of the god they especially followed or favored. All night long the weird cry could be heard as they passed, "Rama-ki-jai" (victory to Ram, the god of creation, the head god of the Hindu triad).

We mingled with the crowd and asked them

where they were going and the answer was, "We are going to worship the gods."

Their Mecca was a hilltop miles away, and all work had stopped as the time for this festival approached and the little villages were all excitement. Pots were purchased to carry their food in, brass vessels for drinking and bathing; new dhotis for the men and boys and saris for the women and girls must be bought even if the money had to be borrowed from the bania or the price of the things go down to swell the already long list of debts on his books. Last year at this time the same preparations had been completed and the long journey taken, and now just as feverishly as the small boy awaits Fourth of July the little Hindu boy waited to start to the hilltop to worship the god the old priest dug out of its hiding-place and placed under the tree halfway up—and then to see them do the very same thing in the big temple which covered the top of the hill by the fountain that they had gazed upon last year.

We joined the throng and went to the hilltop. Halfway up we came to the big cave, and there at the entrance was the three-pronged short spear with a lemon stuck on each prong and a gaudily-decked mud idol a foot high made of mud—the figure of a man dancing with rude features and covered with the omnipresent red

paint with splotches of gilt and silver paint. This mud idol had been placed flat against a stone twenty inches square and leaned up against the trident, while at its feet were tiny red clay dishes for the offerings to the god—that soon would be eaten by the fat priest sitting near by under the shadow of the cave. Everybody put something by the idol's base except myself, and we walked into the cave which was twenty feet high and ran back for a hundred feet or more with ponds of dirty water back every twenty feet, three of them full of foul-smelling water which had trickled in during the rains months before. The walls of the cave were the favorite place for a million flies, and dirt and ashes and smells abounded. We passed on and soon came to a narrow defile where the folk must go slowly and pass one by one, as the precipice was sheer 500 feet down to the rocks below. They told me every year some old man or woman fell down there and was left for the buzzard and jackal to bury.

At last we came to the top of the hill, a long slope with a temple on the top. As we approached the crowd gave way and we walked near and looked into the temple proper through the big archway, while the crowd closed in around us wondering what we were there for. In the middle of the room was a huge idol ten

feet high with features so covered with the accumulated filth of years of worship and pouring on of oil and ghee and curds and gour, as to be unrecognizable. Two fat Brahmins were pouring water on this god and crying aloud to the people that they were washing off the god, and the water running on the floor and through the pipe was especially sacred and holy and bidding them hurry and drink it. The crowd rushed for their lotas, or drinking vessels, and as the water poured out the drain they greedily quaffed it and passed it to others to drink HOLY BATH WATER OF THE GODS, while native police with clubs beat back the crowds who were eager to get their share of the dirty black water.

A poor untouchable with his family stood outside and when the water from the dirty floor overflowed into the catch basin he carefully caught every drop and gave a drink to each of his children, then to his wife, and as the water continued to flow all muddy and sticky he took some of it and poured it on his boy and then upon himself, calling on the god to wash his sins away.

AN UNDERSTUDY OF SHIV

No one who has become acquainted with Kim will ever forget him. I was taking a short vaca-

tion trip into the heart of Pachmarhi hills—the summer resort of the Central Provinces. Up foothill after foothill we went in tongas drawn by rough little sore-backed ponies whipped unmercifully to their task by hard-hearted men who knew where they could get another if one died.

On the beautiful plateau where the settlement lay in comfortable bungalows one of the most conspicuous sights was the huge flat hill lying off a couple of miles to the west. It was called Duphgahr, the home of the sunshine, for on its top the sun first revealed itself and its last beams fell at eventide. Right on top of this mountain was a shrine and it was the end of the pilgrimage. Near the base of Duphgahr was the shrine to Shiv, the destroyer, just by a cave in the edge of the jungle. I walked over to this shrine one day and saw one of the most beautiful sights I ever looked upon; a huge rock a hundred feet high covered with maidenhair ferns and moss; ten feet from its base a fissure in the rock let loose a fountain twenty feet wide and an inch deep, and at the lip of this tiny cascade grew ferns—sword-ferns ten feet long, really the most beautiful thing I ever saw—under the trees, in the tropical forest sprinkled day and night by the water. Untouched by the hand of man the lovely floral waterfall grew unhindered and un-

marred by frost or heat. At one side was a cave, and a stream as broad as your hand far back in the cave poured out its waters on the head of an idol placed there by the priest. Outside the cave was the only thing to mar the beauty of the place. An old priest had come and built up a shed of hay and bamboo. The floor was a foot high and a fire burned nearby. A half dozen stone gods were stuck in the ground by the fire and on an old worm-eaten black buckskin sat an uncouth figure, SHIV'S PRIEST, naked—covered with ashes—a string of wild jungle berries dried—sacred berries—was round his neck; peacock feathers were stuck in his hair which was mixed with cowdung and dried, standing up on his head to a height of twenty inches or more. A noose of rough rope was round his neck, for was not Shiv the hunter? And the noose was his instrument for strangling. By the side of this queer-looking chap sat a small boy with big black eyes—Amba was his name. He was the priest's chula, or disciple, and waited on him hand and foot; handed him a coal to light his pipe; rang the temple bell to awaken the gods; took the coins to the village for safety which the worshipers left at the shrine when they worshiped.

Amba was naked and ash-covered and his long hair was unkempt and greasy; he would some day take the place of the priest if anything

happened to him, and he would inherit the shrine and the income "and everything."

As I approached to talk to the boy I heard a worshiper coming and withdrew to the shadow of a great tree. The man approached and in his hands were the offerings to the god he was to worship. In his right hand was a half cocoanut full of rice and in his left hand some coins. He drew near the gods and fixing his eyes on them chose one, and pouring out the rice in front of it and laying down the coins he closed his eyes and began a prayer in silence to the god. The prayer finished he looked up at the boy who said, "Jao" (go on), and proceeded to gather up the rice and coins. Then I stepped out and the boy walked back of the priest and stared at me from a safe place. The old priest answered my greeting with a grunt and the boy with a grin, and I sat down on a rock and, pointing to all the things in a sweep of my hand, said, "What are all of these things?" The old man said, "Moorkache ghost" (foolishness). I then pointed to the idols and said, "What are these?" He answered, "Puttr" (stones). I then took a rupee (thirty-three cents) from my pocket and throwing it down by the idol nearest me I pulled the stone out of the ground and put it in my pocket, saying as I did so, "I'll buy this stone for a rupee." The old man grunted and took the rupee—he

had sold me the god the man had just finished worshiping for thirty-three cents!

Then I said, "Why do you do all this?" He answered, slapping his naked "front," "For my belly's sake," and Amba, the boy, grinned and handed the old fox a live coal for his pipe as I turned and left them there "where every prospect pleases and only man is vile."

THE HERO OF NADIAD

"Opportunity is bald behind," and must be grabbed as she approaches or she is gone forever.

Howard Bishop was an athlete, an expert swimmer, a red-blooded man, genial, brave, gentle, gentlemanly always, generous to a fault.

The missionaries had all gone to the seashore for an outing in the fearful heat before the monsoon storm that brings in the annual rains.

The sea was not very rough and one could go a long way out without getting beyond his depth. A lady swimmer had waded out and was enjoying the swell when with a cry she suddenly sank and then coming up cried out for help as she seemed to be whirled round and round by an unusual disturbance of the sea.

Howard Bishop was up near the shore and heard the cry, and being a strong swimmer he plunged in and soon reached the spot where the

young woman had gone down. He dived and came up twice, thrice, again and again, but she had been taken under by the undertow and his strength failed him from his superhuman effort, and soon he too began to show signs of distress and waved his hand to the folk on the shore. They tried to reach him but he soon disappeared, and after a half hour the two bodies washed ashore within a few feet of each other and at the feet of his young wife. Howard had had his chance at heroism and did not fail, and side by side in the little English cemetery they lie to-day in a foreign land. But in one of those lonely graves lies a hero for the Bible says, "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends."

BLACKING VICTORIA'S STATUE AT NAGPUR

One morning I was awakened by a lot of shouting in the compound, and hurrying out I found my men talking excitedly together and the boys from the Bible school listening and looking anxiously at each other. I shouted to my cook to come and asked him what was the matter. He answered, "Oh, sir, some budmash (miserable fellow) has blackened the queen's statue down in Maharajbagh Garden, the fine big city garden a mile away."

I quickly dressed and hurried down and joined a crowd that was also gathering in the garden to see the statue and talk about the outrage. Sure enough, there stood the beautiful marble statue about twenty feet high—heroic size—and some miscreant had covered it with a coat of tar and broken off the scepter close to her hand. Already the authorities were building a scaffold about the defaced statue and covering it with a canvas.

I listened to the crowd and tried to get a clew but all were silent on the possible dastard.

A Government agricultural college was in the garden and in the storehouse of the college the paint or tar had been found and the lock on the door had been broken leaving no clew behind.

I at once returned and called in my whole Christian community and my teachers and told them what had happened—told them about the splendid queen and said, "This is not a simple act of vandalism but it is a sign or token of sedition or hatred of Government." One of the men said, "Oh, sir, who would do anything against the good British Raj that is so good to us?"

I answered, "This dirty piece of work was done to rally the forces of hatred together and it will have the opposite effect if I can carry out my plans." I then said, "How many of you would like to have a new statue of the good queen

in the garden?" They all said they desired it. I said, "How much will you give toward it?" They looked at one another, then one after another they said, "I will give this much"—indicating the amount. I got a paper and had them write it down and we went around and raised a hundred rupees—a large sum for poor people to give. I added another hundred to this myself and sent it at once with a letter of regret and sympathy and patriotic assurance to the Chief Commissioner with a statement saying, "We desire to be the first to show our abhorrence of the deed and the desire to see a new statue placed in the garden." The Chief replied with a fine letter and it was not many months until a new statue came from England and the old one was thrown out into the middle of the great reservoir which supplies the city—away from any further insult and placed where every one knew where it lay, all blackened by her miserable enemies.

Five thousand rupees reward was offered for the capture of the one who had done the deed but such is native treachery and fear that no one ever claimed the reward, and the mystery now eight years old is still a mystery but it gave the Christians a good chance to show their colors.

MARGARET, THE CARRION-EATER'S GRANDDAUGHTER

Many years ago, when India had few white men in it and they only traders, the people were oppressed in every way. One of the great sections of people were called carrion-eaters because all they received in return for their labor was the dead of the herds. They ate the carcass, tanned the skins, and to use the skins they made shoes. And thus the maker of shoes became a low caste or even an outcaste, for the cow is a sacred animal, and to make a lowly thing like a shoe from its hide after it is dead desecrates the holy animal and is outrageous, and to touch a dead thing renders the toucher unclean. Years passed by and with the coming of the English, leather became one of the sources of India's wealth, and great cities like Cawnpore were almost given up to the manufacture of leather articles, for the British and the lowly Mahar, or leather man, made money and rose from his degradation and became a somebody; and from carrion-eating this caste cleaned up and many became the servant class waiting on the white man's table. The father of the little girl of this story had taken this social step upward and was my efficient house servant, and only the memory of his father's lowly state remained.

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One day I was walking down through the native city of Nagpur Central Provinces, a city of twenty-five thousand people, nearly all native Mahrattas, when I came upon a little group of girls sitting under a tree in a vacant lot. In front of them stood a dainty young woman of twelve years; she looked like a Madonna with her coal-black eyes and oval face and tightly-drawn-down hair.

She was saying, "Bolo Yesu taranara ahet" (say Jesus is the Saviour), and the little girls were all saying it in unison. Then she struck herself softly on the breast and said, "Bolo Yesu Majataranara ahet" (Jesus is My Saviour), and all the little girls repeated the words. I stepped up to the little group and said, "Salaam, bai, tu kon ahes?" (peace be to you, sister, who are you?) She covered her face with her chuddar and softly said, "I am Tikoni, the daughter of Gangaram, the Mahar." Then I knew she was my servant's child. We had tried many times to get Gangaram to change his ways and become a Christian and had even held prayer-meetings in his home in the city with his consent but he had always said, "It is not for me." However, his child had received the good seed and here she was with a little group of girls all alone—unauthorized—down in the native quarter one Sabbath morning teaching a little

Sunday school class under the big tree. I talked to her a little but when I saw her little class gradually disappearing on the run I hastened away and left her to her beautiful task. As the days went by Gangaram finally gave in and became one of our faithful workers and we adopted the little madonna and renamed her Margaret. She became a bright interesting scholar and Sunday school worker, and one day brought to us a letter which said, "This is to certify that Margaret Gangaram is the first girl of Indian parentage who has ever won a two years' Government scholarship in a high school." Later Margaret was sent to the teachers' training school in Jabalpur and afterward became an efficient teacher of teachers there.

Margaret promised God that if he would give her a good brain and help her in her studies she would never get married but would always work for Him, and through the years many bright lads asked us for her but we shook our heads and told them of her vow. She never seemed to think of anything but her work, and many a soul she led to the Master's feet by her quiet faith and her happy joyous life.

The terrible "flu" epidemic took a dreadful toll of lives in India: the people are so frail and their habits and lack of food make them especially susceptible to lung diseases. One day in

the midst of the epidemic in Jabalpur word came to the school that a little family of Christians was stricken. The mission workers were already overworked and no one could be found to go and take care of the little mother and her babes. Margaret in the extremity volunteered to go, and taking some medicine and food she went on the beautiful errand. She helped and comforted them and saw them on the road to recovery but came down with it herself. She was never very strong and soon the hot fever burned out her wee life and she was gone. Shall we say it was a life thrown away? Oh, no. It was a life invested, for did not the Master say, "He that giveth his life for my sake shall find it." And somewhere in God's great realm little Margaret, our little brown girl, is working for God, teaching perhaps beneath some heavenly shade a little group of tiny brown girls, the joys of the Father's house.

THE END