DR. WASHBURN OF MADURA

An Appreciation

A MISSIONARY BIOGRAPHY

BY

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American College

MADURA

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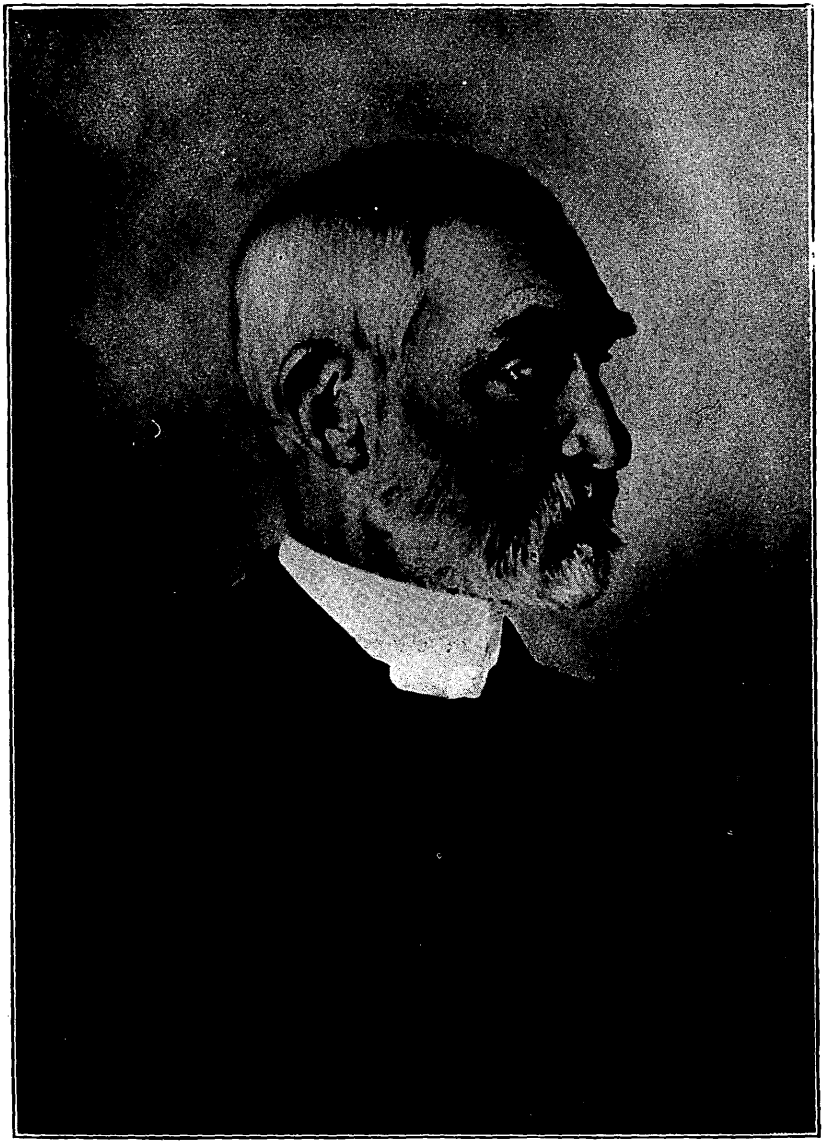


REV. G. T. WASHBURN
FIRST PRINCIPAL OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE

"I am here in Meriden in body, but with you in spirit commemorating my ninety-fifth (95th) birthday. In taking leave of you I will use the phrase of the Roman Gladiator addressing the Caesar, but with no tint of sadness in it but rather of assured triumph. For as in imagination I journey out from Pasumalai among the towns, villages, and hamlets of the district and note what the men trained in Pasumalai have done and are doing, I say: "Surely Pasumalai and its workers have made the 'Madura Country' a better country to live in than I saw it sixty-six years ago in 1860." And when I return to Pasumalai and inspect these rising structures and observe the forward looking attitude of all who are directing and employed here, I say to myself again: "The Madura Country is going to be a far better country in the years to come because of Pasumalai and of what Pasumalai is yet going to do."

(From a letter written July 30, 1926.)

"In looking back over these long past years I cannot say that my administration of the Pasumalai Institutions was as successful as I could desire.

If with my experience gathered and the observations I have made in these many years I could return to those old days and their old surroundings and live them over again I think I could do much better, and as I thoroughly enjoyed my work in those old times I believe I should thoroughly enjoy it again if I could renew it in its old environment."

(From a letter written March 8, 1927.)

PREFACE

As a glorious sunset is reflected over the sky in India after the sun has gone, so the memory of a godly life, made effective through faithful service, lives and is reflected in the lives of others. Dr. Washburn, who had ever lived close to his Master, and had obeyed each call when it came, was ready when he received the last call. He died as he had lived, without fear, confident in his Lord, and happy in the rich memories of a long life full of adventure, service, and consecration to his Lord and Master Jesus Christ.

The main outlines of his long life are soon told: George T. Washburn was born in Lenox, Massachusetts, September 5, 1832. He was educated at Lenox Academy, entered Williams College in 1851, and graduated from Andover Seminary in 1858. George T. joined the Lenox Congregational Church in 1847 when seventeen years of age, and continued his membership until 1915, when he transferred to the First Congregational Church in Meriden, Conn., the city in which he lived in retirement on his return from India from August, 1900, to March, 1927.

While at Williams College George Washburn became a member of what proved to be a notable class, including three missionaries—Scudder, Washburn, and Woodin, who achieved great things in the foreign field. Young Washburn was a member of the Mills Theological Society (the Haystack Mills), and was chosen as one of the Commencement speakers; the subject treated was, "American Literature, its Characteristics and Causes". After graduating from Williams he studied in Andover Theological Seminary graduating from there in 1858. He also studied medicine in New York City; was Pastor for a few months in Vermont; was ordained in the home church at Lenox, on March 24, 1859, being then under appointment of the American Board for Foreign Missions of Boston; married Eliza E. Case of Gloversville, New York on September 1, 1859. They left for Boston January 1 to sail the next day, January 2, 1860, for India, and reached Madras in the following April after a voyage of one hundred days.

The next forty years were spent as an educational missionary of the American Madura Mission. In 1900 he retired to Meriden

and died in 1927, aged 95½ years. He says of his married life, "It was a companionship of more than 50 years of devotion, sympathy, consecration and mutual helpfulness—in which we were rarely separated until Mrs. Washburn's death, July 23, 1914". After her death he said, "Her spirit lingers in these rooms with me, and her ministering presence does not leave me".

Dr. Washburn was a true missionary; he did not regard himself as a hero in any sense of the word; he was simply one who regarded himself as the servant of others; he went about the ordinary routine work with thoroughness, and his conscientiousness made a profound impression on his boys. He sought strength and found refreshment in the hidden springs of life; he was a devout Christian, but did not make a parade of his religion. He loved his work in India, and believed he had a great task to do; it was that sense of being called to an important work which brought out of the man the highest ideals and best service of which he was capable. Very often it is the occasion and the environment which make the man, and that was largely true in Washburn's case.

It was at his special request that the writer has undertaken this work of love, and this biography has been considerably enriched by the file of interesting letters, notes and material left by the Doctor. Mention should also be made of the valuable help given by Dr. Washburn's niece Mrs. H. J. Washburn of Washington, D.C. It was Dr. Washburn's wish that this little book should be printed at the Madura Mission Lenox Press, Pasumalai, which the Doctor founded, and in which he took so much delight. The purpose of this short biography is expressed by Dr. Washburn in his last letter to India written only a few days before he passed away: "The volume would be designed especially for my family, my old friends in India, and a few surviving friends in the States, for I have outlived most of those I have worked with". It is with the prayer that, though having finished his course here below, and having passed on, Dr. Washburn may yet speak through the pages of this little book to his many friends at home and in India, that the author now sends it on its way.

American College, Madura. A. J. S.
March 20, 1928.

FOREWORD

George T. Washburn. George T. Washburn, missionary, educator, administrator. George T. Washburn, friend of the orphan, relief of the famine-stricken, father of multitudes ; strict in discipline, yet loving in counsel; scholar but also friend; above all else a prophet of the future and an architect and builder of institutions for that future; living to be ninety-five years old but ever looking forward for greater and better things, "he, being dead, yet speaketh".

My first meeting with George T. Washburn was in Hartford, Connecticut at the Annual Meeting of the American Board in 1901. Mrs. Banninga and I having received appointment from the American Board for work in Madura, came to the Annual Meeting on our way out to India and there we met both Dr. and Mrs. Washburn and saw them not only at the meetings, but visited them in their home at Meriden, Conn. I well recall our meeting with them, even our first glimpse of them. There are two things which Dr. Washburn said at that time that have always remained in my memory. He had the year before closed a career of 40 years of service in South India. I was just about to begin my work in the same Mission. He said to me "Do not express any opinion about things Indian until after you have been there at least one year," and "Do not express any opinion concerning any person Indian or American until you have been in India at least five years". I have since then repeated this advice to many a young missionary, for I have found it absolutely sound. No one can know things Indian within even one year; no one can know persons here on the field within a period of less than five years; and any opinion expressed on an experience of shorter duration than these periods is likely to be biassed or incomplete.

We came in due season to Madura and to Pasumalai. At Pasumalai I found a College, a Normal Training School, a High School and a Theological Seminary besides a Printing Press and other forms of practical work. All of these, except perhaps the Seminary, had been started by Dr. Washburn. The Seminary ante-dated his coming to Pasumalai, for it had been started in 1842 by Dr. William Tracy in Tirumangalam and had been moved

to Pasumalai as early as 1845. The story of the growth of these institutions is told elsewhere in this volume and so I need not tell it here. But I do want to say that in the 25 years that I have known Pasumalai, since Dr. Washburn has left that place, nothing has been done except in fulfilling the plans that Dr. Washburn had in mind before he left. There has been great growth. There have been additions. But these all have been in the line of his plans and upon the foundations that he laid which shows what a prophet and a builder he really was.

In those early days it was also my privilege to meet several of the men whom he had rescued in the great famine of 1877. Several of them were named "George". Not a few of them had been ordained to the Christian Ministry, and were doing fine service in the Church. Others were teachers or business men. But all showed clearly in their character and work the influence of Dr. and Mrs. Washburn, and they always were glad to bear testimony to the strength of character, the love of heart; and the consistency of life of these two devoted workers.

While in charge of the Printing Press in Pasumalai during the years 1909 and following, Dr. Washburn asked me to print the genealogy of his family at this Press which he had established, and which he had named "Lenox Press" in memory of his birth-place in America. It was no easy task to print so difficult a book with its demand for accuracy in names and dates at a distance of ten thousand miles from the author. But the fact that we did print it to his satisfaction shows how well he had built up that institution, and with what love he was still following its course.

I also met Dr. Washburn on each of my furloughs. In 1907 and 1908 he was still comparatively strong and well, and even in 1916 and 1917 I could notice no very great change. In 1925, however, I could see that Dr. Washburn had aged considerably, His eye-sight had lessened though his mental faculties were wonderfully clear. Sometimes his memory failed him, but that was usually with reference to matters that had happened in the last 25 years. It seemed as though everything connected with his career in Pasumalai still stood out with wonderful sharpness and clearness. When, for instance, he wished to have a new roof put on Washburn Hall in Pasumalai, he remembered not only the general structure

of the old roof but also the dimensions of the room and the size of the timbers used, and gave clear instructions as to just what should be done. He provided the money for the raising of the roof and its further improvement, so as to make it more nearly weather proof, and in this way as well as in many others showed his continued interest in the details of our work as well as in its general principles.

In the beginning of 1927 it became evident that Dr. Washburn's health was failing. The death of his son a couple of months before and other matters had caused him sorrow and worry, and these began to show their effect upon his health. He was now 95 years old, and had lived far beyond the usual length of life. He had kept up with the thought of the day. He was not continually living in the past, but was reading and thinking along the lines of the best in the literature, religion, and politics of the day in which he was living. He did not see many people, yet almost to the very end of his life he went regularly to the Sunday morning service of his church, and Dr. Lord, the pastor of that Church, gladly testified to the loyalty and devotion to the interests of the Church which Dr. Washburn always showed.

But at last the end came. A telegram received from Dr. Lord informed us that Dr. Washburn had passed away. The Rev. and Mrs. C. Stanley Vaughan happened to be with us in Hartford at that time, and they together with Mrs. Banninga and myself motored to Meriden for the funeral services which were conducted by his Pastor. In speaking at that time of Dr. Washburn and his work I called attention to what I considered to be his three outstanding characteristics.

The first of these concerned his intellectual life. I believe this was his strongest characteristic. He looked on everything from an intellectual standpoint. He reasoned himself into and out of various positions. He was not controlled by his emotions so much as by his intellect. He was in no sense an actor, but was a scholar. Shortly before he died he gave me the manuscript copy of a commentary in Tamil on St. Mark's Gospel that he had written many years ago and had hoped to complete in America. He was prevented from doing this, but it showed where his deepest interests

lay. On the Mission field he had been lavish in his contributions to the current press.

A second characteristic was his strong faith in God. I do not think that Dr. Washburn was a mystic. I was never able to see any of the qualities of mysticism or of the emotional life that so many Christians live. The evidence was all the other way. His faith in God and his hope for the life to come were based upon a reasonable faith and the revelation of God. That he knew God and had fellowship with Him, I believe to be a fact and a controlling influence in his life. But it was, if one may say so, an intellectual and reasonable fellowship rather than mystical or emotional. Dr. Washburn was musical. He helped to compile one of the first hymn books for the Tamil Church, and music certainly has to do with the heart rather than with the mind. Yet I do not think that that was the controlling factor in his religious life. But his faith in God was genuine and strong.

A third characteristic was his progressiveness. He has shown this especially in a couple of letters that he wrote tracing the progress made in the arts and sciences and religion during his life-time. Dr. Washburn was not a Fundamentalist, if by that we mean a man who has a static religion. He was a Modernist, if by that we mean a man who has a dynamic, progressive religion which accepts Jesus Christ as a living reality, continuously and progressively guiding His Church into all truth. Hence he kept abreast of the best in every department of life and would therefore have continued to be a leader for students, even until the day of his death, had his physical strength permitted him to remain in India.

The many friends that were present at his funeral in Meriden, Conn., testified to the fact that his influence was felt there also. Could his funeral have been held here in South India there would have been scores for each individual in Meriden, for though a great many of his companions and fellow workers had passed away to their reward the present generation of students in Pasumalai and the workers in the towns and villages of our whole Mission area realise that in Dr. Washburn they had a present as well as a past friend, and not only the work that he did while in India but the work that he did after leaving India made a deep impression upon everyone who came to this centre for study or training, and it will

be many years before that influence ceases. May God raise up in his place both Indian and American workers with his mind, with his devotion, and with his vision so that the Kingdom may come in power.

Pasumalai, S. India, JOHN J. BANNINGA.

Feb. 14, 1928.

I. THE WASHBURN FAMILY.

"Let us now praise famous men—
Men of little showing—
For their work continueth,
And their work continueth,
Greater than their knowing."

"Give thanks for heroes that have stirred
Earth with the wonders of a word.
But all thanksgiving for the breed
Who have bent destiny with deed—
Souls of the high, heroic birth,
Souls sent to poise the shaken earth,
And then called back to God again
To make Heaven possible for men."

—EDWIN MARKHAM.

"I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled."

—JANE TAYLOR.

THE WASHBURN ANCESTRAL HOME

WASHBURN

THE WASHBURN ARMS

A. Ancestry.

"A well-ordered mind is early trained."

—MARCUS AURELIUS.

"The power of spiritual forces in the universe—How active it is everywhere: Invisible to the eyes and impalpable to the senses, it is inherent in all things, and nothing can escape its operation. Like the rush of mighty waters, the presence of unseen powers is felt, sometimes above us, sometimes around us."

—CONFUCIUS.

The first great asset to any man is to be well-born; George T. Washburn thanked God all through his life for this inestimable boon. He took a pride in his name; he gloried in his ancestry, and the history of that family justified such an attitude. In 1913 Dr. Washburn published a book full of history and interest Ebenezer Washburn, His Ancestors and Descendants with some connected families, a family story of 700 years. In that remarkable record was written this fine sentiment:—

I have thus by numerous examples of our ancestors and kinsmen, both from the Old Country and New World endeavored roughly to illustrate the characteristics and trend of the Washburn family for near 700 years. The process has disclosed the integral unity existing between the ancient stock and the transplanted and flourishing American branch. The broader reaches and fresh soil of the Western Republic have offered wider scope and stimulated a more expansive growth: but the fiber and animating spirit have remained the same. The same distaste for military life and glory; the same preference of civil life and service; the same high-level mediocrity sometimes even reaching superlative excellence or highest office; the same sturdy patriotism and loyalty, and the temper to fight, if need be, when the hour came; the same ecclesiastical and teaching bent, if education be included; the same patient industry and business talent in both. In all, the American family is a true child, a worthy offspring and continuation of the very ancient and honorable House of Sir Roger de Wasseburn of Little Washbourne, Cumberton and Stamford.

With the physical and moral entail from the old English Stamford, Wichenford, and Bengeworth family for a basis, with the blood of undistinguished and distinquished Leyden Pilgrims—of John Robinson, Wm. Brewster, John Winslow and others in their veins, with an unmixed Pilgrim and Puritan ancestry for generations behind them, with a great heritage of patriotism from the Revolution and Colonial and later wars handed down to them, with a great company of illustrious ancestors and kinsmen of their name looking down upon the arena where they are playing, or to play their part and do their work, what other than lofty ideals and worthy plans of life, of religious devotion, of high citizenship and of personal and social responsibility and service should fill the minds and fire the enthusiasm of the present and coming generations who bear so worthy a pedigree-themselves to add something to the luster and to transmit it untarnished a still more illustrious inheritance to their descendants. That so it may be hopes and prays the writer of these pages.

Bearing the family name, we honor the men and women whose works and fame we have just recounted. But there still remains a great multitude

unmentioned but not unvalued or forgotten,—God-fearing, law-abiding, self-respecting, intelligent, laborious, thrifty and, for the most part, prosperous men of our name and clan who have equally well filled their places and done their duty with those already mentioned—the desirable citizens of any state and most of all of a republic. Let this mention stand for them.

The Washburn family is a very ancient family. Burke in his Commoners III, pp. 621-22 says (1): "The Washbournes or Washbornes were generation after generation of knightly degree previous to the time of Edward I. [1274—1307] and ranked in point of descent with the most ancient families of the kingdom". The Book of Family Crests, 1. 54, speaks of the Washbournes as "a name of Norman descent, the founder having been knighted on the field of battle by the Conqueror and endowed by him with the lands and manors of Great and Little Washbourne" Dr. A. B. Grosart goes back further and speaks of the family as reaching back into the Saxon period in Edward the Confessor's time before the Conquest. Perhaps there is not so much contradiction in this as appears. At any rate, it would seem as if the Domesday Book should throw some light on such a question. But whether a family of Knights Washbourne can or cannot be found in the Domesday Book [1085–1087] existent in Saxon times, it appears certain, from the antiquary Sir Thomas Habingdon's quotation from the Bishop of Worcester's Domesday Book [1108–1118], that there were Washbournes or Wassebornes holding land in one of these villages as early as when its statistics were gathered, which, as we shall see, was very early. The quotation is as follows [Survey of Worcestershire c. 1640],—"where the Bishop of Worcester's Domesday Book beginneth '*Quatuor decem hides, ex hiis tenet Willielmus fillius Sampson in Wasseborne 3 hides g.* There are 14 hydes [in] that guild, of which William the sonne of Sampson holdeth 3 hydes in Washborne and Gildeth; Wm. Beauchamp holds 3 hydes in Washbourne, and Sampson of him'. Whether the ancient family of Washborne is descended from this Sampson or not, I am uncertaine; for fewe of the englishe at thys tyme had surnames". And again: "You may read before in Bredon [*i.e.*, in the Bishop's Domesday Book's account of Bredon, an adjoining parish], that William the sonne of Sampson was lord of thys Washborne in the raygne of Henry the second; but knowing not how to unyte them, [*i.e.*, Sampson and William] to these [the later family of knights, Sir Roger and Sons] I omit them heere", [in the account of Sir Roger's family].

A little more than a century later (2) the fog blows away considerably and we see another individual. Documents ranging from 1132 to 1197 mention him and his wife several times. He is named as Sir Roger, Knight of Stamford Washburn and holding land in several parishes of Worcestershire. In 1197 it ceases to mention him and reports the transfer of his estate to Sir John who had possessions in Little Washburn and several other parishes of Worcestershire.

Roger is regarded as the head of the Washburn family as known to us, because he and his wife and his son are known, and a continuous history of the eighteenth generation until Ernle Washburn, the bachelor, brought the male line of the family to

1. Ebenezer Washburn—By T. Washburn, Pasumalai, Lenox Press, 1913.

2. From an account of the history of the family written by Dr. Washburn and sent to the writer early in 1927.

its close. The seat of the family when first known to us was Stamford Washburn and there the family remained for about 200 years.

Early in 1400 it migrated to Wichenford the family estate of Lady Washburn. It was a grange or mansion with a moat, a defending ditch which might be flooded from an adjacent stream, a draw bridge and contained everything necessary to the maintenance of a family besieged. Wichenford continued to be the residence of the main branch of the family for about three hundred years when fines and sequestrations had so reduced the possessions of the owner as to oblige him to sell out and remove to Picheley, a valuable property in North Hamptonshire.

After it was purchased by Admiral Bing at least half the mansion was torn down and the remainder despoiled of its oaken carving, but it still remains to this day a large house in good condition and apparently inhabited. This house has been inhabited for six hundred years and apparently could be inhabited for hundreds more. What say you to this, you builders of wooden baloon-framed buildings with paper roof and shingled sides?

The Washburns were knights but they were essentially a civilian family. They held seats in Parliament, offices in the west of England, and petty offices in Worcester county. They never violated their civilian traditions but once. That was in the case of John Washburn who was a loyal supporter of King Charles in the Commonwealth Revolution and when the Parliament forces approached Worcester he mounted his charger and joined the army of defense. From that expedition he never returned. He perished either in the battle or the skirmishing that followed and Parliament practically destroyed the estate by its heavy fines and sequestrations. The pathos of the story is that a nephew of John of the London branch of the family was a colonel in the Parliamentary Army and led a part of the force in the capture of Worcester. It is to be hoped that uncle and nephew never met on the Battle field.

Early in the fifteen hundreds a younger scion of the main line (John by name) left the paternal home at Wichenford and established a new home in Benquith, a parish of Essam. He seems to have prospered and to have built up a family. James the second

made his son John a burgess of Essam and John, the grand-son of the burgess, was warden of the parish church of Benquith about the time of his immigration to America. When John, the emigrant, sailed for America is not known. Some people suppose that he is the John Washburn who was secretary of the Boston Colony. If this was so, he doubtless sailed in May, 1628, when a ship containing the charter of the Massachusetts Colony and a number of emigrants quietly left its dock in London and proceeded to sea. Otherwise we have no account of his departure from England. King Charles II, who had become suspicious of his colonists and wished to keep doubtful emigrants within his reach, ordered about 1631 or 1632 that all further emigrants should receive certificates from the ministers of their parish approving them as colonists. There is still in existence a certificate from the parish minister of Benquith stating that Marjorie, wife of John Washburn and her two sons, John and Philip, were suitable persons to go abroad, dated 1635.

B. Emigration to America.

"My country: 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring."

—S. F. SMITH.

"Thank God for the Christ,
Thank God for America,
Thank God for humanity."

—S. A. STEINER.

The Washburn family emigrated to the Plymouth Colony in that year when John, the husband, had already purchased a palasaded farmstead in South Duxebury about six miles north of Plymouth. There the family went to reside and apparently Marjorie died in Duxebury and was buried there. The son John was a much more active man than his father. He went a-soldiering under Miles Standish of Bridgewater to push back the Indians threatening Plymouth Colony, and when the town of Bridgewater was constituted he moved there and according to his will owned a considerable part of that great township. His house was a little south of the church and he reserved a lot for his father adjoining his own in South Bridgewater.

His father never built there but lived with his son after his wife's death and died and was buried in the only cemetery of the town at that time in West Bridgewater. John had several sons of whom Joseph was one. He married Hannah Latham, granddaughter of Mary Chilton and Governor John Winslow of the Boston Colony.

Miles Standish, Junior, was her uncle and this fact introduced the name of Miles many times into nearly every generation of Washburns since his time. A son of Joseph, named Ebenezer, received his patrimony in Poor Meadows and sold it in 1720 and trecked across the country to the very western border of Connecticut where he located, set up his blacksmith shop and married Patience Miles. The greater part of his life was lived however

in the town of Kent adjoining. He had a large family one or two of his sons being somewhat distinguised. David was a loyalist in the Revolution, twice imprisoned and escaped into British lines. Jonathan, another son, is identified by Mr. L. P. Goodell as the father of the noted Washburn, banker in Carmel, Putnam Country, New York. A third son, Miles emigrated to Norwich, Massachusetts, lost his property, sold and lost nearly the entire value price in floods of paper, continental money, issued just after the sale. He immigrated into New York and died at Exeter, not quite a hundred years ago. His son, Jacob, established himself in Lenox, Massachusetts. He had a family of eight children of whom Miles, the youngest, with his mother occupied the old homestead after the death of his father. The homestead was willed to the various members of the family. It was the business of Miles for the next ten years to purchase it. He was indefatigably industrious and could turn his hand to any work making every thing contribute toward the payment on the place and after that to improvements, such as draining, removing surface and undersurface, boulders, so as to make it workable by modern machinery.

The substantial houses built about 1800 were designed to accommodate large families. That was the case of our house and in my time it did not want occupants. My grandmother Washburn, her daughter Laura and a motherless niece Mary Ann kept house by themselves while my grandmother Northup (my mother's mother), my father and mother, myself and brother and three orphans of my mother's brother, William, Emily and Charles Hatch completed the list. You may be sure we were a busy wide-awake lot.

My father, wrote Dr. Washburn, lived between the old and the new. I have seen in his wagon shed wooden plows shod with iron, iron hoes with eyes for handles, and flax-working apparatus, mowing machines, raking and harrowing tools and such like modern implements. He was a sincerely devout religious man. He said grace at all meals, observed family worship morning and evening, was a generous supporter of the church and at the same time liberal towards other denominations. We were all quite ready in summer time, after attending two services at church and Sunday

School, to attend a Methodist service conducted by a local preacher at the "brick school house," and I have accompanied him on Good Friday to the Episcopal service when no service was held in our church.

He was a thoroughly domestic man. In winter evenings I remember him sitting on one side of a stand before the Franklin stove with two tallow dips and reading aloud to the family while my mother sat on the other side knitting or mending. I remember his reading to us the History of the United States in a couple of large volumes, the History of the European reformation in quite a number of volumes, and Roland's Ancient History with occasional Biographies, and I remember covering my head in bed to keep out the stories of Christian encounters with the giants for the giants got into the back of my head and made me much trouble in the night in dreams and some trouble in the daytime.

He took a little wider look on things than his neighbors as seen in the fact that of the dozen of well-to-do farmers' sons, who were my school mates at the brick school house, only myself went to college.

People of these times can little realize the position children occupied in the early part of the eighteen hundreds. In farming communities the old domestic customs brought over from England were still followed. Children occupied a very small consideration after they had been provided with food, clothing, shelter, and education. In every household they took up as rapidly as they were able, the little duties which a child can perform, but this varied greatly in the households.

In some, large space was given to leisure and play; in others the child had little opportunity for amusements or recreation. My brother and I were rather generously dealt with in our earlier years. We had plenty of play time and with our neighbor Sedgwick, were much together, especially on the brook that formed the boundary between the two estates. (I never remember a quarrel separating us and the Sedgwicks for over a day.) There we built dams, made a swimming and boating pool and a raft to navigate it.

My father kept in his carriage house a carpenter's bench well stocked with wood-working and other tools and my brother and I were allowed free use of them so long as we did not plain off nails' heads and saw off nails and left the tools in good condition when our work was ended. I doubt but when it came to the joys of Christmas they were mostly unknown to most farmers' families. I doubt if my brother and I received in all our boyhood as much as three dollars' worth of Christmas presents. Occasionally we got a children's book and a little candy, but things that cost money were not among our presents.

In winter evenings the Sedgwicks and we would meet in the kitchen to make molasses candy and have a good time with checkers and Dr. Buzzby.

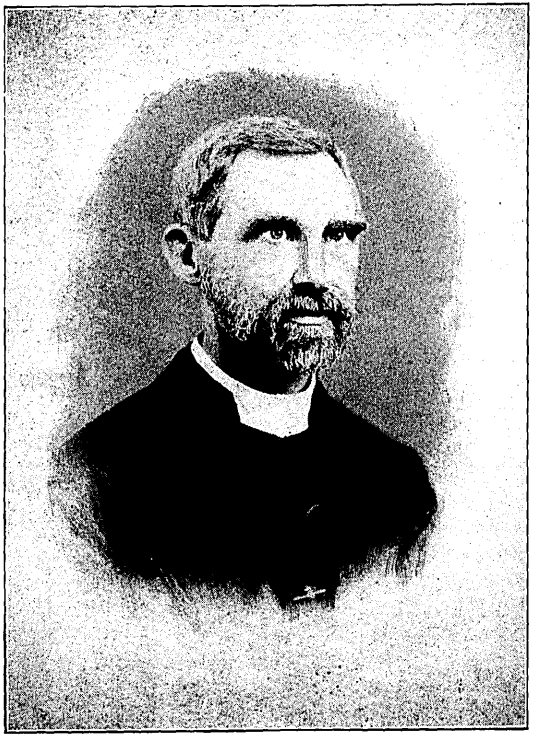
In spring time the maple sugar season was the joy of our life. A camp in the woods and a little roughing it were the height of a boy's pleasures, and in summer going to the brook and river or to Scott's pond for bathing and swimming were among our amusements. All together we and the Sedgwicks, at least, had a rather pleasant though restrictive time in our boyhood. We were much better off than the children on the other side of us who seemed to have little time for play or amusements of any kind.

But after all, those early years in the thirties and forties of the last century were rather hard years. It was the time of hard work of all sorts. My mother spun and wove woolen cloth and some flax, had the woolen cloth dressed and fulled at the factory and colored for making men's dress suits and linen cloth for best bed sheets and even shoes were manufactured in the home by itinerant shoemakers, and the meat and vegetables were raised and prepared for use by the male members of the family.

Very little of coin was to be had. I never saw a gold coin till after the California Gold Discoveries. Mexican dollars, English six pences were among the coins most common, and paper money from State Banks only current at a discount a hundred or two hundred miles from the Bank were a medium of trade when barter could not be used.

II. FORMATIVE INFLUENCES.

"We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
Life is but a means to an end—that end
Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God."



DR. WASHBURN AND MRS. WASHBURN

A. Early Education.

"Be inspired with the belief
that life is a great and noble
calling, not a mean and
grovelling thing that we are
to shuffle through as we can,
but a lofty and elevated destiny."

—W. E. GLADSTONE.

"I will study and get ready, and may be my chance will come."

From about the time I was twelve, writes Dr. Washburn, things educational were rather shifty with me for about two or three years. I did not know what was before me and my father and mother had not decided anything, so I worked on the farm and went to school rather aimlessly and irregularly.

Mr. Hyde who kept a private boy's school in Lee was pressing my father to send me to his school. My relatives in Kingsboro, New York were urging him to send me out to live with my uncle and attend the academy under Mr. Sprague, an eminent fitter of boys for college.

He finally decided to do neither. I attended for the first time the summer term of the Lenox Academy in 1847 and received my first instruction in Latin from that prince of classical teachers, Mr. John Hotchkins. Would that I could have fitted for College under him, but even then it was not decided that I should go to College.

The Academy went into the hands of other people in the autumn, and I then became a student fitting for College in a class of one, a most pernicious situation. A class not big enough to interest or command the time of a teacher of forty other pupils and with no spur of competition with fellow students to make work exhilarating or interesting.

I doubt whether ever a boy went to Williams with as poor and uneven preparation as I did, and I don't blame myself altogether for the situation. After finishing the Latin reader I went into Virgils and Aeneads. I translated the portion assigned from twenty to fifty lines in a perfunctory way and as I liked the story

I finished the Aenead and read perhaps in the same style an oration of Cicero and a smattering in Salutus Jugerthan War, but I never received the slightest grounding or drill in either Latin or Greek grammar, never learned to scan the verse, I never wrote a line of either Latin or Greek composition and I never was shown the beauty of a first class translation. I picked up the most of my algebra by myself. I liked geometry better and did the work in it better and the first two books of Euclid.

I read little more than the Greek reader. I had no college acquaintance or friend to give me pointers or talk over matters with me. All I knew about Williams College was what I read in an annual catalogue.

My conviction had been that I did not get the "Square Deal" from my teachers the last two or three years in the academy. They ought to have talked over College matters fully with me. But the last teacher was planning to get married and quit soon, and so he did.

How I ever passed an entrance examination into College I *cannot* imagine but I was taken in. I had to dig hard the first year to keep up with the class, and I made matters worse by staying out six weeks of the winter term to complete a term of teaching in a district school—a custom somewhat in vogue in those days.

The sophomore year was easier and was made notable by the first introduction of written examinations into our class. They had been introduced into Yale College two years before and our class continued the practice in the Junior year.

That year, also, was an easier one for me and the Senior year with its studies was a simple delight. I enjoyed Dr. Hopkins instruction greatly.

The Senior examinations again were oral ones. How I ever passed them is a mystery to me, but at the close I heard my name read out as one of the passed candidates.

Commencement followed in about four weeks. I was given a place on the Commencement stage—not a great matter—and I chose for my subject, "American Literature." It was an absurd subject for me. I had probably read as much literature or more than any man in the class, but it had not been of the sort that would

count in a College examination where literature in its lighter form is given a considerable place.

My reading had been chiefly of English Works with a few American Novels. I presented my theme, it was accepted. I pronounced it on the stage, received my diploma and left Williamstown not to return for twenty years.

B. Religious Impressions.

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

—TENNYSON.

"Jesus came, not to shut us up in a book, but to open the universe as our school of spiritual education."

—CANNING.

In such a religious family as ours and in a period when far more time was given to religious thinking than at present it is not surprising that religion should occupy the thoughts of young folk from their early years. In my case two incidents emphasized such kinds of thinking.—The death of my playmate, Mary, a couple years older than I was, when she was seven or eight years old and the death of a schoolmate on which occasion I with others was asked to act as pall-bearer in the funeral emphasized these occasions.

The burial was to take place in Richmond about seven miles distance and six of us boys were the passengers in one conveyance which carried us to the grave. It was not so staid and decorous a load of boys as might have been. There was considerable laughing, joking and witticism punctuating the journey. My own conscience upbraided me for the improprieties which were yet not unnatural in six twelve year old boys. But it gave me occasion to think not only on the journey but for months after. Where was our young friend gone? What if I, not he had been the victim of the destroyer? I thought many unreligious things in all these years from seven to seventeen years. Attempts at revivals, the Sunday services, and occasionally sickness and death in the neighbourhood were constant reminders that we even as children should prepare ourselves for a future world. But I did not like to think on religious matters.

I do not think that people of the present day can understand the religious situation of young people ninety years ago without a few explanations.

Our forefathers left behind them in Europe the offensive Sunday sports and game proposals of King James and all the holidays of Church and State. They came to a new world and only work

awaited them there. They looked askance at almost every recreation. Indeed, there were no outdoor organized recreations. Those have come within fifty years.

The Methodist revival of the following century was even more pronounced against sports and games and the vain spending of time than our forefathers. There were no outdoor recreations, sports and games were indoors. There was the theatre and plays in the towns, balls, dancing, card playing, and later pool and billiards and dice and dominoes. These things were all inventions of the devil to lead young folks away from serious things.

On the other hand religion was presented in an equally pernicious way. It was represented to consist in the saving of the soul. That was its fundamental purpose and in the eyes of young folks and of old folks, also, (for this was the way the loud talkers presented it) you can renounce all these vain sports and vanities and join the church and save your soul or you can keep these vanities and lose your soul.

I believe that this was a generally accepted idea among the rural people about me. Under such circumstances is it a wonder young people did not want to think of religious matters? The church was too drab. It looked askance at hilarity, exuberance, jollity and what was characteristically youthful.

Is it strange young people were not religiously inclined?

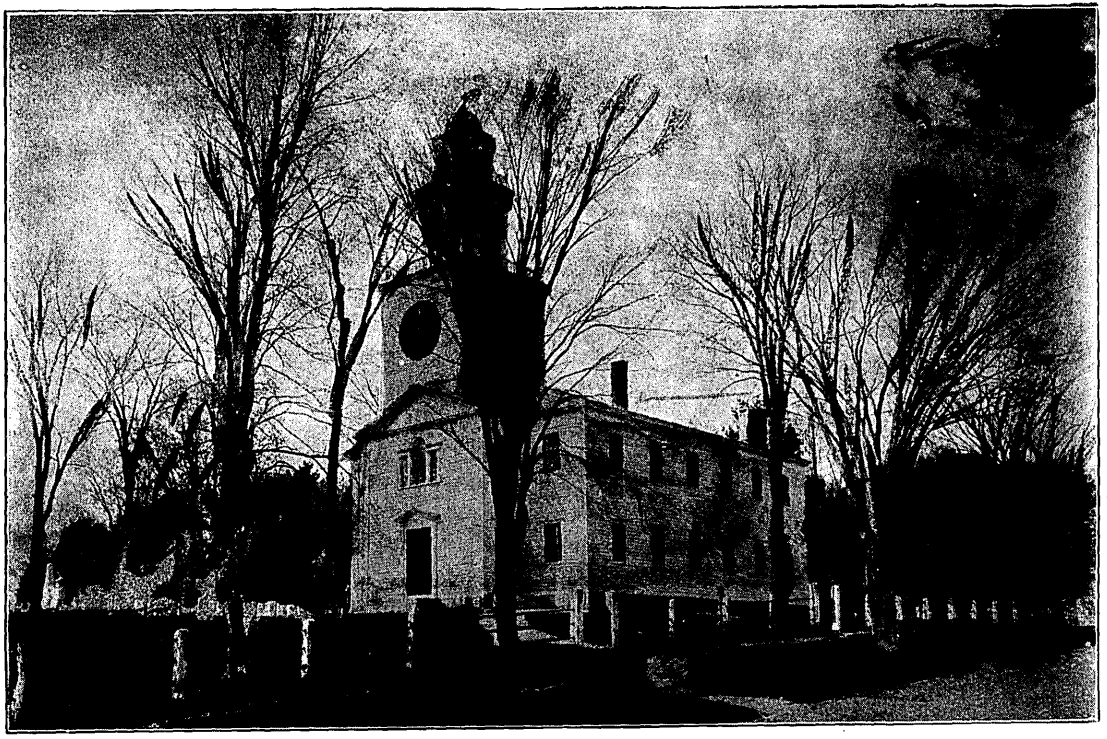
One spring afternoon when I was about seventeen years old my teacher took me for a walk and a talk. He put things in quite another light. He did most of the talking for I was conscious that I was on the wrong side. At the end of the talk I accepted his way of looking at things and came over into the other side, but the bargain business of saving one's soul by giving up youthful pleasures troubled me for some time.

Nobody apparently had thought of the expulsive power of a new idea and purpose. A young fellow runs by our house, rain or shine, every day until snow comes, on a five miles bout. Who is he? He is the Featherweight Boxing Champion of America. He knows that if he would keep his honors against any challenge he must keep himself fit every day, and he is happy in his running and all the exercises he goes through for that purpose.

Why should not a boy be taught to think that God is his very friend, that He wants to work with him in making the boy as perfect as he is designed to be, perfect in body, strong, muscular, able to do anything he likes and courageous to attempt the best possible in mind knowing all the things the boys like to know and how to do them. The best in mind with a kindly disposition towards people about him and a wish to help those who in any way need help-little or much, to be a friend to the friendless boy, to be a help to the discouraged and homeless boy, to make the neighborhood around him a good and happy neighborhood, to make the world as far as he can a better world—all this with the help of the Heavenly Father.

Would that some modern idea had prevailed seventy-five years ago. Would that we could have had the Y.P.S.C.E. with its sociability and mingling of boys and girls. But above all would that we could have had the Boy Scouts with all their outdoor work and play and good practices. They are surely leading the boys into the lobby of the Churches and inside the Church itself, so stands Christ in the person of big brothers ready to meet each boy and give him his job.

But I did have one thing that was very precious to me in those years and ripened into a friendship which lasted till death severed it nearly eighty years after I mentioned previously that as young boys we played and worked harmoniously with the Sedgwicks with never a quarrel. Later as we ripened into older boyhood (Henry and I) and our lives religiously drew together, that boyish friendship became a more substantial thing. I remember that on summer evenings we used to meet once a week on the road between the two houses and sitting on a log or on a top rail of the fence where we could see the day slip into the night and enjoy its beauty, we used to talk over religious matters together and when the deeper shades approached we sought out some retired place to pray together and then go home. This continued for a number of seasons till my senior year in College when I did not attend.



LENOX CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

C. Missionary Motives.

"Luther and Bacon, and Newton and Carey, and Samuel F. Mills set fires, and he that does that, does something for the race, even though that which kindled the blaze was but a spark and was lost in the brightness and glow of the succeeding conflagration."

—MARK HOPKINS.

"But so far as my own researches have gone, the first Personal Consecrations to the work of effecting missions among foreign heathen nations were here. (Williams College.) Here the Holy Ghost made the first visible separation of men in this country for the foreign work whereto he had called them. The first observable rill of the stream of American missionaries which have gone on swelling until now, issued just on this spot."

—RUFUS ANDERSON.

Dr. Barton has recently given a little account of his adventures in getting into the ranks of missionaries. He seems to have had surprises, jolts, and obstructions along his road.

My experience was just the opposite. I traveled a smooth road through a pleasant country and arrived at a very satisfactory station at the end. My grandmother, Northup, when I was about twelve or thirteen years old, received a pension from the United States Government for her husband, Harry Hatch's services in the Revolutionary war.

He was taken prisoner in the battle of Brooklyn and New York and was incarcerated in the old sugar house where he nearly died of ill treatment and prisoner's food.

She called Dr. Worthington and divided a good part of it among five missionary and benevolent societies—Foreign, Domestic and the Bible Tract and Sailors' society. The consequence was that the Missionary and benevolent periodicals began to come regularly into our family.

I soon learned to pick out interesting stories from the Missionary Herald and the Sailors' magazine, and in course of time got pretty familiar with the Missionaries in the Nearer East and in the Hawiian Islands and the Pacific. I don't remember a thing about India or China.

My great uncle, Dr. Elisah Yale was a great missionary man. He attended regularly the annual meeting of the Board and the week of Benevolent anniversaries in New York. He was the sort of a man who when Congregational elders called on him and proposed to increase his salary by some hundred dollars, replied, "I don't need any more salary, but if our Church will increase its contributions to the missionary and other societies I shall be much pleased".

The elders sensed the spirit of their pastor and in the same spirit they went to work in the Church and nearly or quite doubled its former benevolences so that his Church became the Banner Rural Church in its gifts to the American Board and the Bible Society.

Uncle Yale invariably visited us and his old home every two years, and he shed a strong missionary inspiration wherever he went. He did not make me a foreign missionary, but he inspired me with noble ideas of their work.

When I went to College I had no idea to what my College Course would lead, and so things continued through the first two years of my residence at Williams. I became a member of the Mills Society of Inquiry, not because I expected to be a missionary, but because it was the only religious society among the students. I also became a member of the Logian Debating Society, the Gymnasium, and the Delta Upsilian Fraternity.

At the beginning of my Junior year I was dissatisfied with the room I drew for the coming year; so was my classmate, Augustus Chandler, dissatisfied with his drawing, so we concluded to club together and have a room in town. We did so.

It was a small house looking south at the end of Spring Street while the next house, a large one, was occupied by young Garfield, later to become president of the United States, and his chum. Our windows faced one another and we could easily talk back and forth across the narrow space dividing the two houses. We had a very jolly summer term and I was gradually settling down into the idea of either studying for the ministry or going into some medical school.

Only four men, however, in our class were definitely decided upon becoming doctors, while more than a dozen were headed for the Theological Seminary and among them my best and very warmest friend. My chum, Chandler, was a brother of Rev. John E. Chandler, missionary in Madura, and we few fellows who were interested in geology, persuaded him to write to his brother and get some account of the missions of Mr. Muzzy, its eminent mineralogist, and to procure of him Indian specimens for our respective cabinets.

Mr. Chandler later sent his brother a fine box of small specimens which were distributed among us and being wholly from the primary rocks were of special interest to us.

My chum and his missionary brother thus became a new influence toward the missionary field with me. This was especially the case because in my freshman year I became very well acquainted with David C. Scudder of our class.

He was already in spirit an enthusiastic Madura missionary and even then studying the Tamil language under Mr. Hoisington, a former Ceylon missionary, who then held the pulpit in Williamstown, and reading Indian philosophy and history.

When the senior year came Chandler and I selected our room in the south entry East College building, third story, right hand. Scudder selected the room adjoining ours for his rooms contained the Mills Society Library opening into his room.

We were thus close together and in constant communication with one another, and thus the missionary question stood when our good-bye class-dinner was held.

David Scudder was toasted as our Indian Missionary and a dozen or more of us were toasted as "Coming Parsons".

We graduated in August and towards the end of the following September I went down to Andover Theological Seminary at Andover. There I found Scudder had also entered as a student. We boarded at different clubs and my chum was a Williams' classmate from Chicago with the burden of the Great West resting on him. He was in poor health and did not return. He died soon after. So we saw less of one another except as we occasionally took long

walks out of town in which missionary matters were much "talked over". Scudder, also, was interested in anthropology and after exhausting the one or two English books on the subject he took to the French which, was better supplied and gave me accounts of his readings and occasionally translated some for me.

The next year he left Andover Seminary alleging as a reason that he felt himself too young to go on with his theological course, but he was intent on following certain ideas and plans of a missionary sort in his mind and this was doubtless a prominent reason for his leaving.

In the meantime I had been "picking up" friends from other Colleges; James Clark at Amherst and Miriam of Harvard both of whom were definitely slated for the Bulgarian Mission.

I did not enjoy the first year in the Seminary much because it was a language year. But the middle year of the Assembly I hugely enjoyed.

Dr. Park's lectures were a constant source of inspiration and I enjoyed the better acquaintance with my classmates. Sometime towards the middle of the year I became acquainted with Mr. William Capron of the senior class.

He was already under appointment to the Madura Mission and besides being a senior he was one of those far-sighted men who make provisions for coming events. He had booked himself up not only on Mission matters in Madura, but the physical detail of getting there, a thing which required considerable forethought.

He urged me to join the Indian delegation of himself and Scudder, and after some consideration I decided to do so and offered my service to Dr. Anderson, Secretary of the American Board, giving as my references President Hopkins and his brother Prof. Albert and my Lenox pastor. My application was very cordially accepted by Dr. Anderson, more so than I expected.

I joined the Brethren society in the Seminary. There were a number of seniors going out to Turkey and to Western India. Altogether I should say there were near a dozen of us and our gatherings were most helpful and delightful.

Dear Capron! I can never be too grateful to him for his kindness not only in the Seminary but after we reached Madura. Both he and Mrs. Capron were my dearest friends.

He had been the Principal of the Hartford High School and Mrs. Capron had been a faithful pupil of Mr. Mann, the great Massachusetts educationalist, living with him and working in the normal school. They were sent out to Madura with a view to opening normal classes at Pasumalai, but the mission was very much behind date in its school arrangements. They did not appreciate the need of normal training and the then Pasumalai Principal did not desire to have the school changed. Hence, their valuable aid was lost and they were sent to build up an outstation at Manamadura. In 1870 when it was decided to make radical changes at Pasumalai Mr. and Mrs. Capron were the logical successors of the old Principal. They should have taken up the Pasumalai work. For some reason which I cannot explain I was selected to take up the newly arranged work at our educational center.

Mr. Capron not only cordially kept himself in the background while he encouraged my transference to that center but in subsequent years acted most cordially with me in the plans and efforts I was making to build up the new school. A more unselfish, generous couple of missionaries I have never known. They were my dear friends, both of them, to their dying day.

I was not ready to go to India immediately on graduation for I was unmarried. My aunt, Mrs. Blossom, had a young friend in Gloversville, who held a diploma and some distinction from the Gloversville Academy then standing high as an educational institution, and had taught in one or two young ladies' private schools. She introduced me to Miss Eliza Case, and I called a number of times on her and later saw her in other situations and circumstances. Nothing definite was decided on then. I was about to become the temporary pastor of the Little Church in East Gilford, the town on the south adjoining Brattleboro.

It was difficult for me after taking up the pastorate to get away to Gloversville more than once or twice, and our courtship and its conclusion was completed in correspondence. Miss Case was present

at my ordination in Lenox some time in March, 1859, but returned immediately to Gloversville. In September of the same year we were married and on January 1, 1860 we sailed from Boston in the good ship "Goddess" bound for India in company with Dr. and Mrs. Chamberlain. Our ship carried a cargo of Wenham ice for Madras; it took one hundred days around the cape to make the voyage, and a further journey of ten days in a Dak brought us to Madura.

As missionary education went in those days George Washburn was well-equipped for his work. He came under the influence of two of the foremost teachers of his time; Dr. Mark Hopkins of Williams, whose bust now adorns the Hall of Fame at New York University as the representative of American educators and Rev. Edwards Park, professor of Theology at Andover; one of the acutest analytical minds of his or any time. It goes without saying that Mr. Washburn enjoyed to the full extent and also profited by the two years he spent under them.

During the second year he was in the Seminary he decided to offer his services to the American Board of Foreign Missions and was informally accepted, for the Madura Mission, India, by the secretary. Four in his class had determined to enter the foreign field, and there were perhaps a dozen altogether in the Seminary preparing for similar service. Among them was his old college close friend, David C. Scudder and Mr. William B. Capron, already designated to the Madura Mission to which Mr. Washburn's name was also added.

On accepting foreign service Mr. Washburn was taken into the secret society of the Brethren; a society which Mills and Gordon Hall and others brought with them from Williams College when they entered Andover Seminary. The only secret in the society appeared to be kept unknown to the body of students while each member worked for the promotion of the foreign service among their fellow students. The weekly meetings of the society were most delightful occasions in which each brought his quota concerning his own work among the students and the churches and the news from foreign fields which he had received or gathered. It was a great pleasure also to be associated with the members of the

higher classes and to listen to their maturer opinions. Such old members as Dr. Bliss of Bayroot and others were occasionally with us.

Mr. Washburn graduated from the Seminary in August, 1858. At the banquet after the Commencement exercises the first and last telegram over the just completed Atlantic cable arrived and was announced to the audience. "What hath God wrought?", the first cable having spoken once and once only never conveyed another message.

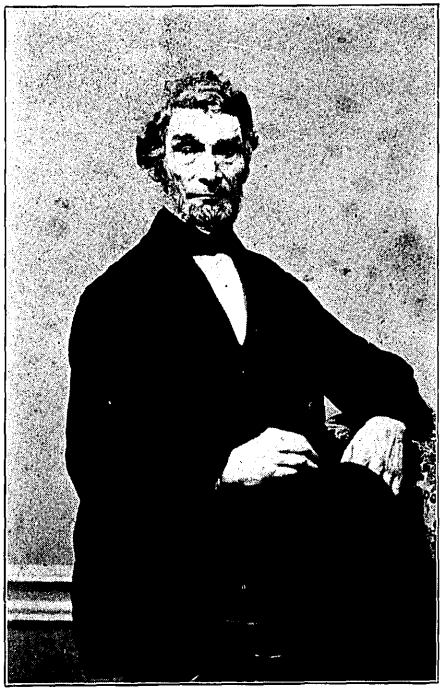
III. AT WORK IN BATTALAGUNDU.

"One of the thrilling privileges of the Christian life is found in the spiritual fellowship felt by each follower of our Lord with those heroic souls who carry the gospel to the far frontiers of the world. These missionaries of the cross are the forerunners of salvation; they clear the way for the kingdom of God; they plant the seeds of hope and faith amid the thick weeds of savagery and the unfruitful growths of heathen cults; and they open the way for realizing at last the spiritual unity of the whole human family. We should know their names, share their burdens, uphold their hands with our own sacrifices, and bear them up continually to God in our prayers."

THE DAILY ALTER.

"O Missionaries of the Blood; Ambassadors of God;
Our souls flame in us when we see where ye have fearless trod
At break of day; your dauntless faith our slackened valor, shames,
And every eve our joyful prayers are jeweled with your names."

—ROBERT MCINTYRE.



MILES W. AND EMILY HATCH WASHBURN
Father and Mother of Dr. Washburn

A. The field.

" The world is my parish."
—JOHN WESLEY.

" So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low: Thou must,
The youth replies I can."
—EMERSON.

Battalagundu is one of the oldest out-stations in the Madura Mission; it is 35 miles north-west from Madura on the main road leading to Periyakulam and the Cumbam Valley. It has been the field of service of several of the well-known missionaries of the Madura country. Revs. J. E. and J. S. Chandler spent a number of fruitful years in that field; and in later years Rev. B. V. Mathews was the missionary in charge. At one time Dr. G. S. Eddy served in that station. After spending a few months at Pasumalai Mr. and Mrs. Washburn in 1860 were appointed to Battalagundu to succeed Rev. and Mrs. John E. Chandler proceeding on their first furlough to America.

It was the aftermath of the Indian mutiny, and these were the conditions in general which Mr. Washburn found on beginning his work.

For twenty years a revolution was passing over the land powerfully affecting every relation of the people, civil, social, intellectual, and religious. The Sepoy Rebellion swept over the country, and, as one, but only one, of its results, transferred the government of two hundred and twenty millions of people from a trading company to the British Crown. The celebrated educational minute of 1854, the Magna Charta of Indian education, had been put in operation. Railways, the telegraph and the public mails had grown from isolated lines into systems and net-works, knitting the whole country together. The people were rousing from the sleep of centuries. Ancient usage—the higher law of the Hindu—received such a shock as not even eight centuries of Mohammedan conquerors had inflicted on it.

B. Nature of the Work.

"A man he was to all the country dear."

—GOLDSMITH.

"To believe in a living God; to preach
His Holy Writ without fear of favour;
To sacrifice self that others may find Eternal life;
This is true happiness."

One of the chief activities of a station missionary is touring among the village congregations and preaching to the people. George Washburn threw himself into this work in his early days in Battalagundu. Here is a report for the year 1863; Washburn himself was the historian for that year. (1)

Bro. Webb first entered upon the work with some assistance from Brethren Burnell, White and Chester. Their field of labour was west and north of Dindigul. Operations were continued along the banks of the Vaigai, west of Battalagundu by Brethren Noyes and Washburn. Subsequently Brethren Rendall and Burnell itinerated for three weeks along the eastern base of the Sirumalais, as far north as the village of Nattam. Finally Brethren Taylor and Chester occupied the tent for about one and a half weeks in a region along the road from Madura to Mandapasalai. Between the first of June and the end of August 134 days of missionary work was done, 19 encampments made, 336 villages visited, and 20,017 people addressed.

From that time on until 1869 the committee faithfully made arrangements, for work from January to May, and again from June to September each year. But work was increasing on all sides, and the freshness of the plan wore off, and a tendency appeared to allow more individual freedom of action.

In 1864, the second year of these organised itineracies, Washburn wrote from Battalagundu:

It is pleasant to record, as a part of our labour this year, that all the people of the station have had, within the past twelve months, the Christian religion made known and offered to them in the streets of their own villages. An itineracy of more than two months by the missionary with from four to six catechists was required to accomplish this work.

Again in 1868 he wrote, "I have spent nearly three months touring among the congregations and heathen."

Another interest which early showed itself in the young missionary's work was medical service. While in the Theological Seminary Mr. Washburn had learned that in and about his prospective field there was a region as large as Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut in which there was no European physician except the government officer appointed to the city of Madura. The native population and even the missionaries in the district were left to their own resources or the services of the

1—Mission Work in Madura—John S. Chandler, pp. 170—1.

medicine men of the country. Accordingly, he decided to obtain some knowledge of the practice of medicine while continuing his Theological course.

Perhaps Mr. and Mrs. Washburn's greatest work and success at Battalagundu was in connection with the movement for reestablishing station boarding schools. Mr. Washburn in reporting this phase of his work has left this note : (1)

In the rural district untainted with the least English they were to rough it and gain first hand acquaintance with the native tongue and people while they looked after eight congregations of nominal Christians and half a dozen petty village schools. Here at Battalagundu the missionaries spent ten years and to the routine work of language study and caring for the Christian people, Mr. Washburn added the building of a couple of churches and the compiling and editing of a couple of books of Tamil Lyrics for church services. He also provided himself with tents and endeavored with partial success to conduct a three months itineracy yearly. In addition to this the mission laid upon him the business of pressing home upon the secretary Dr. Anderson and the committee the need of establishing the station boarding schools which had been discontinued by the deputation in 1855. In this he was successful and the day the permission was received he began erecting a school house for his school and in the meantime started the school upon his veranda.

It was apparently the marked success of this large double school which five years later led to his being put in charge of the higher education of the young men of the mission at Pasumalai.

But the work was difficult as this description of the Battalagundu problem from Washburn's racy pen shows : (2)

We have had schools in 8 villages a part of the year. When harvest season comes it is of little use to attempt to keep them up in the agricultural villages. It is of the first importance to the people to secure their crops; and the school melts away, leaving only the teacher and two or three ABC Dearions to signify that a

1—From files written by Dr. Washburn, p. 2 ff.

2—Mission Work in Madura—John S. Chandler, pp. 236—7.

school once was, and that the teacher wishes to draw his pay at the end of the month.

All my schools are in small agricultural villages and hamlets, and it is vain to attempt an efficient school the year round. The strain and pressure required to effect it diminishes the influence of the teacher's efforts to get in scholars when the true time comes. The question with me is how to employ the teacher at useful work during the busy season and let him teach during the seasons of slack work. Such a method I am quite sure is the only one which will work in an agricultural district. The number in the different schools has varied from 30 to 2 or 3. But the average of each school is not far from 12 scholars.

They are a great improvement on the indigenous village schools, whose relative place and functions they fulfil. But the children are usually too small (in country villages) to hope to make the schools of much use. People are generally satisfied if their boys, along with the most meagre ability to read, commit to memory a few arithmetical tables such as those of weights and measures, tables of multiplication including also the multiplication of a few fractions, and a rough table for finding the areas of land. A few ornamental acquisitions, consisting of memoriter lessons of poetry which neither the child nor his parent understands, and a string of the names of their favourite god complete the boy's education. No more is desired; no more can they afford.

We aim to make the scholars in our schools intelligent readers, and along with Christian instruction to give them a useful knowledge of arithmetic and geography. The larger boys usually attain these acquirements; but the great herd of scholars do not approach this. With all our efforts we have constantly to regret that so little value is attached by our Christian people to what, next to religion and health, is one of God's chief blessings. We have begun to charge a small fee in the schools, and I have no doubt it will improve them. Another experimental step just taken in one school is to pay the teacher according to the results of the examination; and in this instance I have found it quite satisfactory.

The last year before going to India, I took the opportunity (1) of

1—From files written by Dr. Washburn pp. 3—6

looking up on the best practice of the leading normal schools in New York and Massachusetts. I expected to have immediate use for this in the schools of India. When I arrived in this country we had the Seminary working at Pasumalai, and only the most primitive primary village schools in operation with no connecting school link.

Our village schools were simply Christian copies of the native Pial school. These Pial Schools were schools for the memory and for little else. The child began by committing to memory the 210 characters of the Tamil alphabet and proceeded to memorize the three arithmetical tables for multiplication and division of whole numbers up to twenty, and the two tables for the multiplication and division of two fractions, the one half and the one fifth.

The Tamil, not the decimal notation of figures, was universally in use in the bazaars, the village accountants and the writer. The books were of palm leaves written with a style, paper being almost unknown or if used a heavy hand made Indian paper. No printed books were used.

After finishing the arithmetical table the memorizing work was continued by committing the two moral Hindu poems followed by a string or a list of the different names of the favorite Gods, Siva or Vishnu; this completed the school course.

The missionaries had modified this course for their schools by introducing printed books consisting of Scripture portions, and the revised printed copies of the two Hindu moral poems.

Our schools rarely went beyond this curriculum, but teachers and catechists who had boys whom they wished to send to Pasumalai had the school-master instruct them privately in geography and a little decimal notation. The same thing only a little more extensively was also done in the school at the station center.

But they continued to use the native arithmetic and Tamil notation with the palm leaf books, and writing with style were retained because so generally in use.

Our new Boarding Schools opened in 1865, stood midway between the old regime of the country, well represented by the pial schools, and the administration of the Mohammedan law in the courts, and the new regime of the empire represented by western

criminal and civil codes of law, by the decimal systems in figures, and paper books in place of the palm leaves.

They thus stood on the progressive side of the dividing line, between the two areas. The boarding school was opened by the use of all these modern things, slates, paper, pencils, pen and ink. The boarding school was also decidedly attractive to lads above the age of the regular pupils, and a number of such Hindus and Christians were usually in my school.

Boys were received of about eight years or more or who were already familiar enough with the old style of accounts to meet village requirements, while they were set free to take an advanced course in decimal arithmetic with the use of slate and papers, the study of geography, and a small history of the Madura District in the vernacular and to begin the study of English along with Bible studies. The result was that before the new middle and high schools at Pasumalai were determined upon, the pupils of the boarding school had made a fair advance in what would be equal to the primary school course in America, and a fair number of boys selected from the three or four boarding schools of the mission were ready to make a good Grammar school class when the Pasumalai school opened.

I thus had some opportunity to put in practice what little I knew by experience and reading of the teaching art, for I had taught in a district school a winter while in college.

While at the Seminary a practicing physician, Dr. Tracy, who had formerly served in Siam and returned on the giving up of that mission was at hand to afford him assistance. Dr. Tracy had retired and was eminently fitted to direct him in the study of the more common diseases of the tropics. Mr. Washburn accordingly read medicine as it was called in those days under him while at Andover using his old library. But he very early fitted himself out with an up to date medical library as good as most young doctors enter their practice with and on the first opportunity he went to New York to take lectures in the College of Physicians and Surgeons which allowed missionary students access to its lecture hall without fees.

This plan proved unsatisfactory but there Mr. Washburn became acquainted with Dr. Chamberlain who had completed his

medical course and was going out to the neigboring Arcot Mission in South India. Dr. Chamberlain was of great service to him in the country and on the voyage out.

When Mr. Washburn arrived in Battalagundu he was confronted at once by a most pitiful case arising out of the absence of a competent physician.

Water in India is raised for gardening and other cultivation by the old fashion well sweep. One man managing the iron bucket and the second man walking up and down on the opposite arm of the sweep. The gardener thus employed had fallen from the bungalow garden well-sweep and fractured his leg. His relations immediately removed him to their home in the town and undertook the care of him. The wound got wholly beyond their control and they decided to amputate his leg. For this purpose they had only native knives and an ordinary native saw. They sliced the flesh from the limb without taking up flaps and was sawing off the bone when the man died of a shock and loss of blood.

A middle aged man who had lost a molar tooth came one day to the bungalow. He asked him how he had lost the tooth as there was no dentist or proper dental work performed in South India. He replied, " I had an ulcer on my tooth and endured it as long as I could, then I went to a blacksmith. He, with a cold chisel and hammer, knocked the tooth into my mouth but it didn't relieve me much." Probably the jaw was fractured or the tooth broken off. Mr. Washburn took out with him a set of dental forcepts and occasionally extracted a tooth for such as sought that service.

The family which preceded us, continues Dr. Washburn, had been accustomed to treat their school children and others for sore eyes or ophthalmia as it was then called.

We continued the practice and gradually patients with other diseases came along to be treated. In the morning about sunrise quite a little gathering of these might be seen by the side of our veranda. Cases of malaria fever, indigestion, in fact diseases of the whole digestive track. Rheumatism, anemia, skin diseases of all sorts and ulcers occasionally a leper and even a woman supposed to be possessed of a demon accompanied by her friends. I saw

very few cases of trouble with the respiratory organs as I did not visit the patients at their homes, treating only those who were strong enough to come to me.

Cases of ulcers were very numerous and as the people do not use soap they were always in a very bad condition. It was a surprise to the people to see how much value there was in a lump of soap and a dish of warm water. One day after dressing the leg of an old Mohammedan he said to me, "Sir you have done for me what my own son would not do."

I told him that Jesus Christ looked after the sick, and had shown us how to do it, and he should thank Him not me for the favour.

One Sunday morning as we were coming out of church an ox bandy containing a man who had dislocated his jaw drove up to the bungalow. He had come that morning thirty miles to get relief. He and his friends were all amazed when in half a minute the jaw was snapped back into place and a bandage slipped on to relieve him on his journey home again.

Years later a pastor said to me: "I came a little boy to your boarding school. I used to see you in the morning helping the sick people who came and bandaging their sores. Then again I saw you gather a number of preachers, and go off to visit the people in the villages and preach to them. Then you came back and taught us in the Sunday school and the church. I used to think that you were Jesus Christ for you were doing just the things that we were studying in the Gospel in our Bible lessons about Him in school."

Indeed we were following the methods which Christ followed when on earth and with something of His spirit. This whole medical work was slowly making friends for us, and for our mission all through that region, and we had proof of it as we itinerated among the villages. But it yielded its fruit chiefly to those who followed us.

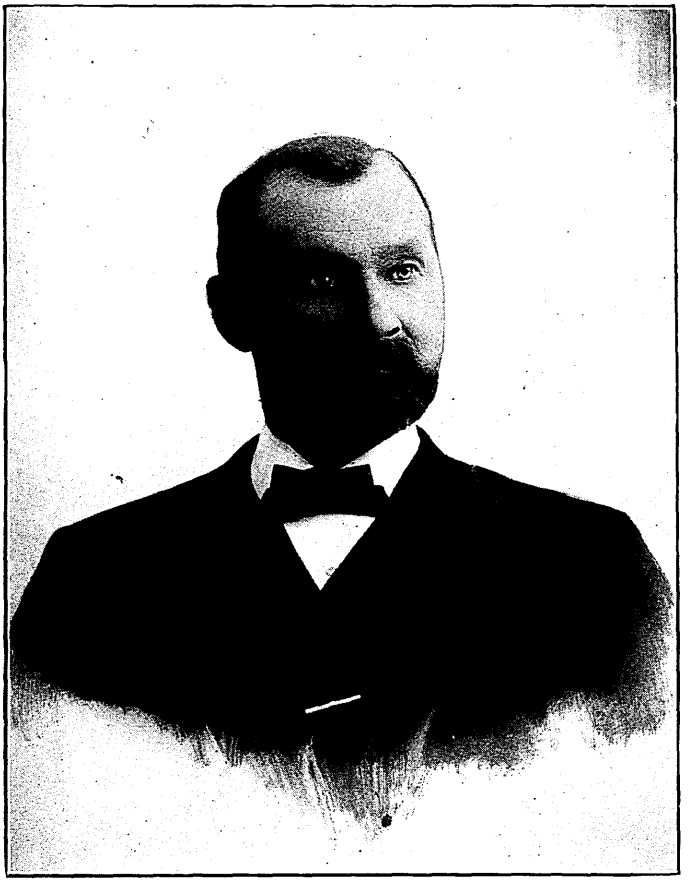
I will close this first period of Mr. Washburn's work in India with this reminiscence from Dr. J. S. Chandler.

In 1860, the very year of his arrival in the Madura District Washburn was called to take over charge from J. E. Chandler of the Battalagundu Station. He set about his work in a most thorough

fashion. Fourteen years after, when I had returned from America as a missionary and had been appointed to the same station, I found station maps on a large scale with every village and hamlet indicated on them, so that every place visited could be checked, in pursuance of the plan to preach the Gospel in every village at least once every year.

In 1875 Washburn started the High School at Pasumalai that afterward grew into the College, and it was a pleasure to take in from Battalagundu a goodly number of boys for the first class.

He followed these boys, as he did all his boys, from the day of their entrance into school until his last days on earth in all their progress in their studies and subsequent experiences in life. He never forgot them, and never ceased to love them.



EDWIN M. WASHBURN
Only Brother of Dr. Washburn

IV. AT WORK IN PASUMALAI.

"Simple service, done in His sight,
Grows every day in length and breadth and height."

"Our influence depends not so much on what
We know, or even upon what we do,
As upon what we are."
"Go put your creed into your deed."

—EMERSON.

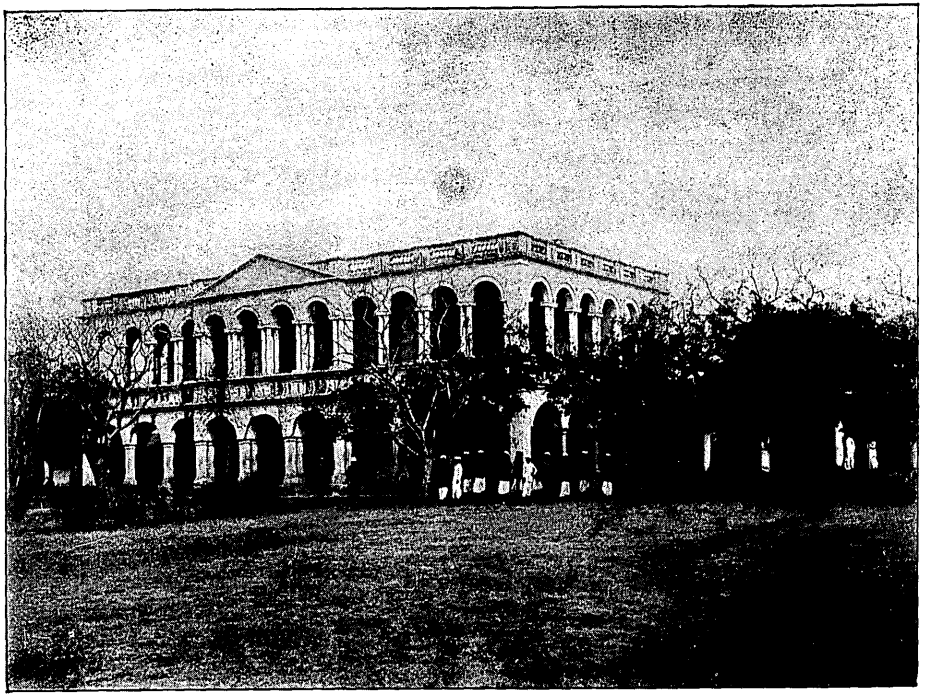
THE PASUMALAI BUNGALOW

A. An Educational Centre.

" Hail Pasumalai ; Thy good name
Thro' all this land doth ring
With grateful thoughts of blessed work
Our praises do we sing."

—PASUMALAI SCHOOL SONG.

The American Madura Mission was founded in 1834 by missionaries from the Jaffna Mission in Northern Ceylon. In 1845 the mission secured from the Government a grant of some 40 acres of land, about three miles to the south-west of the town of Madura for the purpose of establishing there its educational institutions. The place was called Pasumalai, which means " cow-hill," and for some seventy years Pasumalai was the educational centre of the Madura Mission. It was to direct the educational work of the mission that Dr. and Mrs. Washburn were appointed to work in Pasumalai in 1870, and for thirty years they laboured there, carrying tremendous responsibilities, and building up a plant and varied work which is the glory of the mission.



WASHBURN HALL, PASUMALAI

B. The Pasumalai Institutions.

"Our praise we sing to friends from far
Who laid foundations sure;
We pledge to them their loving task
Shall evermore endure.
Devoted, loyal, faithful sons
Wherever we may live,
We'll join our hearts in praise to God
Who doth all blessings give."

—PASUMALAI SCHOOL SONG.

The Hindu method of trying to retard Christian advance is curious as this incident will show pertaining to the early days of the Pasumalai work.

While the buildings (1) at Pasumalai were in process of erection such excitement showed itself. Early in 1846 Tracy dug up some cists in his compound. At the same time a "missionary" of a Madras society for the propagation of Hinduism spent two months in Madura, circulating tracts published by his society and preaching twice every Sabbath in the great temple, sometimes to large audiences. His sermons consisted largely of ridicule of Christianity and Christians, especially missionaries, and of deistical objections to the Bible gathered from Thomas Paine. Forthwith a report was spread that the missionaries at the Seminary in Pasumalai had secretly caught and sacrificed thirteen men for the purpose of finding buried treasure, and that with four more victims they would succeed.

The missionaries wondered, not at the invention of such a report, but at the rapidity with which it spread, and at the credulity of the people both in the city and country. Far and near it seemed to be the subject of general conversation, and even travel ceased in that direction, until Collector Blackburne, alarmed at its prevalence, made public proclamation that any one found guilty of uttering such things against the missionaries without proving their truth should be called to account and punished. This excitement lasted for months, for in September the Collector wrote to Cherry:

You cannot, I suppose, be ignorant of the atrocious falsehoods debited against your people, and silly as atrocious, the most impossible of which is that seven or eight of your people stand at the gate of the new building at Pasumalai, and question all passengers. This has been a subject of anxiety to me four or five days.

The only way that occurs to me, to restore confidence and to relieve your Mission from the present odious stories that are spreading and gaining strength, is to put one of my peons on guard at the gate for a time; but it is a measure I cannot think of without Mr. Tracy's full consent. I prefer sending this through you, as he may not have heard the rumours so rife here, and may be in astonishment at my communication.

Yokan Lodge, a home for college students, was opened in 1895. It cost Rupees 4,000. The name Yokan was used by Dr. Washburn,

1—Mission work in Madura, p. 17—18.

as that was the ancient name of his old family seat, now called Lenox. This was purposely designed to be a hostel for the older and more advanced Christian students of the institution. As it is the last completed before the retirement of the Washburns, so it is architecturally the most attractive building up to that time in Pasumalai, being a beautiful structure of the Saracenic style, and able to accommodate twenty students. Under the leadership of Dr. Miller, of the Madras Christian College, the mind of the educators of this Presidency was turned to the need of hostels for students, and in this respect Pasumalai began to move early.

In December 1888 there was formally opened the new College Hall. It cost Rupees 12,650; of which amount the American Board contributed Rs. 4,578, while the remainder Rs. 8,072 were raised from other sources. Later the name was changed to Washburn Hall, in memory of the Washburn family, members of which had helped to meet the expenses in connection with enlarging the hall.

In January 1870, after ten years' apprenticeship in general station work and the management of a boarding school for five years it was decided that the Washburns be transferred to Pasumalai to take charge of a new Theological Seminary to be opened there.

Washburn was a happy man in June 1875, when he saw a group of candidates from the boys boarding schools of Battalagundu, Dindigul, Mandapasalai, Tirumangalam and Tirupuvanam standing on his veranda at the west bungalow in Pasumalai before the mission committee and was able to take 21 as the first class in the new move in education. He knew that the time had come for a long pull and a strong pull that should give the Mission and the community a constant supply of well-trained Christian youth, and other youth with Christian ideals, and he saw that the movement then set on foot was fraught with great results. But even he could not have foreseen that its growth would be so rapid and continuous, even to the giving off of its two highest schools to become separate departments.

In the little book which recounts the Jubilee Celebrations at Pasumalai in September 1892, (1) this reference is made to Dr. and Mrs. Washburn, which helps us to see the wonderful growth of the work there in twenty-five years.

It should be remembered that, during this quarter of a century, the institution has entered upon a new era which means a complete transformation and a practical new birth. Formerly the school was merely a humble training insti-

1—Pasumalai, A Half-Century Record. Madura: Lenox Press 1895 pp. 9—11.

tution for mission catechists and teachers. Now it has entered upon the broader sphere of general education, inviting all to come and enjoy its blessings, but still retaining its important function as the training school and nursery of mission agents. At the beginning of this twenty-five years the Seminary was a very simple affair, unconnected with the educational department, and furnishing to its graduates none but the Principal's certificate. To-day it is a congeries of schools and departments, each one either helping toward furnishing a higher education, or qualifying men for special departments of work as Christian preachers and as teachers. The teaching staff has been enlarged many fold, and the students are ten times as many as they were 25 years ago.

Looking at the plant of the institution we see an equally remarkable growth and transformation. Old buildings have been remodelled and greatly enlarged, and new ones of architectural grace and beauty have been erected, so as to meet the rapidly growing needs of the institution. Nearly all of these changes have sprung from the fertile brain and determined heart of the present Principal. And his own private purse has been extensively drawn upon to meet the clamoring needs of the school, and to erect the substantial edifices which adorn the compound of the New Pasumalai.

It would certainly be both ungracious and unjust not to mention the quiet but most necessary and efficient assistance which MRS. WASHBURN has rendered to Dr. Washburn and the unremitting labors which she has bestowed upon the institution during this quarter of a century. The feeding of more than 200 youth is, in itself, a task whose many cares and disagreeable burdens must be borne in order to be appreciated. Add to this the ministering to the sick ones and the many labors connected with the press, and one begins to realize the varied and exacting duties which this missionary lady has regularly performed; and that those who have known Mrs. Washburn most intimately during these years have rarely heard her mention these abundant labors only attests the efficiency with which she has performed them. Certainly many students have had abundant occasion to experience her loving service and constant motherly care.

C. On Active Service.

"I believe in my fellowmen, Judging them not by their appearance; in serving with a true will—not as if bound, unwilling—for 'tis working with heart and soul that makes our duty a pleasure; 'Tis with heart and soul I shall anchor upon my duty and not allow myself to 'drift' upon the ocean of life."

—A TEACHER'S CREED.

"To breed thinkers; not to stuff a man with knowledge, but to teach him to use knowledge. To teach him to do things with his own head and hands instead of travelling on reports and being lectured to all day."

—WASHBURN'S MOTTO.

One of the first enterprises that Mr. Washburn undertook at Pasumalai was to get out a Hoe printing press from America and start a newspaper in a district as large and as populous as Massachusetts in which no public newspaper had ever been published to disturb or waken the profound oriental repose of the people. The judicial department of the State Government at once adopted the press for its order of publication and for 55 years has uninterruptedly patronized it. The press soon grew into a newspaper printing, publishing and binding establishment and recently has been adopted by the educational department of the Presidency as one unit in teaching, printing and binding in a large trade school.

The following is a summary of the work done by the Lenox Press (1).

The press established by Washburn in 1871 has quietly and effectively continued its work through this period. Its first and only continuous work throughout the period has been the publishing of the "True News." But from time to time many tracts and booklets have been issued from it. In 1875 an edition of 3,000 copies of "A Jewel for Children," a tract prepared by Miss Taylor, was published. Miss Taylor had already prepared some tracts for women.

By 1884 the "True News" had been made into a semi-monthly, and had reached a circulation of 750 copies. Jones and others felt the need of a very

1—Mission work in Madura. pp. 424—26.

low-priced monthly that would give exclusively news of missionary and other evangelical work for wide distribution among the churches. It appeared in November of that year under the name "Glad Tidings." Both these periodicals continued until the end of the period, when they were absorbed in the paper of the South India United Church.

The wooden press of 1871 was replaced in 1872 by a Hoe printing press. and the latter has been used ever since for the two papers. In 1897 Mrs. Mary Ives of New Haven, Connecticut, on her trip around the world visited Madura and Pasumalai, and showed her interest in the press by a donation of Rs. 1,000 for a new press. Two years later Mrs. Ives duplicated her generous gift, and in addition to a second press gave a paper cutting machine. A bindery was also opened in 1899.

For 25 years Washburn carried on the press for the benefit of the Mission at his own expense. Then in 1896 he offered it to the Mission, and it was gratefully accepted with the Mission's cordial thanks, not only for the generous gift, but also for the service rendered to the Mission by the press during its existence.

In 1895 the Mission had already taken the "True News," off of Washburn's hands. Elaborate plans for its enlargement to a weekly were prepared, but never carried out.

When the new church was finished in Pasumalai in 1904 the old one on the hill side, flanked by the grave of the revered William Tracy, was transformed into a printing establishment for the housing of the Lenox Press Its square New England tower still stands forth as a landmark for all who approach from Madura. The spiritual appeals and expositions of God's truth that were sounded forth from its pulpit for sixty years are no longer listened to by audiences within its walls, but they still go forth from its presses to larger numbers without its walls.

What with handbills, tracts, booklets and periodicals the number of pages printed in Tamil and English each year was creditably large. In 1898 the number was 500,000. A Tamil almanac was started this year and continued subsequently. In 1899 the Tamil pages printed numbered 686,588, and the English pages 204,322. In this year a Devotional Booklet Series was commenced, the first two being translations of Phelps's "Still Hour," and Murray's "Pray without Ceasing." In addition to the work of the Lenox Press this year, Elwood printed and distributed a temperance tract for Sunday School use.

By 1909 the number of annual pages printed had reached 3,000,000, and more than twenty booklets had been produced in the Booklet Series.

The worst famine of which Madura has any record was that of 1876—78, "the great famine of the year Thathu." The awful nature of it is indicated in a passage from Digby's book (1).

'Here's the north-east monsoon at last,' said the Hon. Robert Ellis, C.B., junior member of the Governor's Council, Madras, as a heavy shower of rain fell at Coonoor, on a day towards the end of October 1876, when the members of the Madras Government were returning from their sojourn on the hills.

'I am afraid that is not the monsoon,' said the gentleman to whom the remark was made.

'Not the monsoon?' rejoined Mr. Ellis. 'Good God!' It must be the monsoon. If it is not, and if the monsoon does not come, there will be an awful famine.

1—Mission work in Madura, p. 378.

The next day, when the party had arrived on the plains, it was found that the heavy rain of the previous day was not a presage of the north-east monsoon; it was merely a local downpour, and, instead of the country-side being refreshed with fallen rain, all was withered and bare and desolate. A dire famine had settled upon the Presidency of Madras, but the fact was not yet realised by the Government, nor was it apprehended for some time after.

During those early months of prolonged drought the village missionary would see in some little hamlet tiny children seated on the ground sucking leeks and other roots to satisfy the cravings of hunger. As the distress became acute he would return to his home with experiences that would cause him to toss on his bed at night with nightmare, in which there seemed to be a row of famine victims seated on the floor by his bed.

Relief work was undertaken by several of the Madura missionaries. Mr. and Mrs. Washburn collected some 1,500 children into a temporary hospital where they were lodged, fed, instructed and variously employed until the famine subsided. Then when a great portion of the children were able to find their parents or relatives again who would care for them they provided an orphanage for the unclaimed ones and continued it for 19 years. From the sweepings of the street during that famine came under their care two trained doctors in government employ, four pastors for churches, one of them a pastor of a Metropolitan church who took the place of the missionary in charge of a district, when he was drafted for service in the World War, and served in it till his return. Another for 25 years was pastor of one of the largest self-supporting churches in the Madura Mission and other pastors of churches in other missions. In the second generation there were several university graduates, a large number of trained certified masters and mistresses, and a still larger number of unordained preachers, printers, and farmers.

Dr Washburn's great services at Pasumalai were chiefly educational. He writes:

As soon as arrangements between mission and Government could be effected, I opened a high school, training for university examinations, aided, inspected and examined by the educational department and the university. The university certificate admitted students to the freshman class in any college in the Presidency. This school flourished from the beginning and has now grown to be one of the prominent high schools of South India in charge of the educational department, training pupils to use their hands in handicrafts and agriculture. Somewhat recently a trade school has been organized under government auspices in which six or eight trades

are taught. This department is in the charge of an American civil engineer who at the same time looks after the electric lighting and water plant of the institutions and buildings of the mission. The agricultural department has a farm of 50 acres dry and wet land for dry crops and rice and wet cultivation. The farm is under the care of an Indian graduate from the Madras Agricultural College. The government is deeply interested in all these departments and the school enjoys a unique place in the educational departments of the high school program.

Later the mission required trained teachers for its village and higher schools. The government heartily entered into an arrangement for a training institution for teachers providing certification and examination for the pupils. More than 1,000 have been trained and so certified, and put to work wholly changing the old style of education in Madura district. The school is also operating with the police department in a reformation of the criminal classes especially the robber caste which forms a considerable per cent of the population of the Presidency. Repression and force after thirty years trial prove very ineffectual. The Government finally determined to try education and kinder measures. They are meeting with a wonderful success. The superintendent of the training institution spends all of his leisure time in the villages among these people. He had made himself solid with them in their amusement, work and homes. In their admiration they almost worship him and he is making a success of the plan.

In 1881 the Madras University on the recommendation of the Director of Public Instruction and with approval of its Fellows made Pasumalai College, now Madura College, a secondary college, that is an institution in which the two lower classes of the University curriculum were taught, the college yearly inspected and students examined and certified to higher classes by the University. The idea of a Christian college had been before the Christian community for the Madura Mission, for some years had been put aside as beyond the ability of the mission, the idea however, awaited the initiative and approval of Dr. Washburn to undertake the burden and establishment and conduct of such an institution. Owing to its location and the heavy expense in carrying it out it did not so speedily become a success as the high school and training institution.

But by degrees it made its necessity and value apparent to the Indian people and the Government of the Presidency and to friends in America. As soon as modest funds were obtained it started out on a vigorous growth; was raised to a first grade or a B.A. College.

Madura is a town of the population of New Haven the capital of the state of the same name and at present very prosperous. The college at present owns a campus of 40 acres in the choicest part of the city, adjoining the State buildings, public park and the clubs. It has a baker's dozen of buildings erected or in process of building, a large and able staff of professors and teachers and a student body limited only by the seating capacity of its class rooms where many are refused entrance every year. Last year there were 80 applicants for the 20 chemical benches for the junior and senior classes at college. The above mentioned three institutions are thoroughly Christian in their character. Religion is taught between 2 to 3 hours a week and the attendants include nearly the whole student body.

We now come to the institution established by Dr. Washburn almost among the first in Pasumalai. The Theological Seminary, designed to train pastors and preachers for the Indian Church. It began with a two year course, but extended it to the usual three years. Next it became a Union Missionary Training Institution, and has recently been raised to the rank of a Theological College affiliated with Serampore College, the only institution in India authorized by law to confer Christian Theological degrees. All these institutions established by Dr. Washburn were successful under his management, but they have attained extraordinary success, under the very able educational and financial leadership of three or four men who successfully took them up as they were laid down by Dr. Washburn.

In 1892 was celebrated the Jubilee of the Pasumalai Institutions. On that occasion Dr. Washburn delivered a great address reviewing especially the educational work of the mission in which he himself had taken such a large part. In conclusion he said: (1)

1—Pasumalai: A Half-Century Record. pp. 77—80.

In making our final summary of the Seminary as it was till 1870 we find 386 names on its registers, of whom 111 passed through its regular five years course. Since that date 153 have entered the theological department. The nominal registers of the various schools show that 715 have entered the middle school, 599 the high school, 219 the college, 153 the normal school and 153 its primary practising branch, making altogether 2,540. Of course, many of these names are repeated; some of them several times, as the pupil passed from school to school; so that probably the total number of separate individuals indicated does not exceed 1,500, if it even reaches that number.

The cost of the school, which in this case includes instruction, apparatus, books and also to a large extent maintenance has amounted to Rs. 123,000 exclusive of the salary of the Principal, which has amounted to 97,000 rupees more. This last sum, however, should only in part be debited to the school, since for 32 of these 50 years, the missionary at the head of the institution has had a mission district in charge, and somtimes two districts. Fees began to be levied twenty-four years ago of the pupils receiving a general or non-professional education. In the college and lower institutions not far from 40,000 rupees have been paid in; and the Government has made grants amounting to about Rs 15,000; so that the school and the people of the district are largely indebted, for the education here offered, to the benefactions of the Christian people of America.

In 1879 the effort for an endowment was begun in a humble way by a gift of 1,000 rupees. Other gifts followed; and in 1884 the Jubilee year of the mission, the matter was taken up energetically and over Rs. 5,000 were raised. These sums have been added to, little by little, till the funds now on deposit amount to between 14,000 and 15,000 rupees.

Three voluntary societies have flourished in the institution, which, both by their spirit and works have honoured their members. The first was the Native Provident Society. It raised its funds by the money contribution, of its members, and from savings effected by the abstinence of its members from one meal a week. The funds, so collected, amounted to a considerable sum in the aggregate which was expended in tract distribution, on the distressed and worthy poor, on maintaining for many years a free primary school at Pasumalai, and finally in the erection, in part, of a dispensary building in Pasumalai

The second society was the Native Improvement Society, mainly supported by the masters and old students of the school in mission employ, who feeling the need of more books than they could individually own, organized themselves into a Library and Improvement Society. They got together a good sized library suited to their wants, and used it for many years. It has now fallen into disuse, but a part of it is still here and available.

The third was the Prayer Union, a society of very much the same character as the Native Provident Society. It started in 1875 and in course of time was changed into the Pasumalai Young Men's Christian Association. The peculiar work of these associations is familiar to most of you, and also the special work of the Pasumalai Association, in the line of rural evangelism.

It would be too long a task to speak of individual men educated here, whose lives are worthy of mention. The majority of them are still living and may well wait to have their lives and deeds recorded by the future historian.

In conclusion, this cluster of institutions at Pasumalai can lay claim to occupy only a humble place, and to have concerned itself chiefly with the instruction of a very small and humble community. But the smallness and weakness of that community is the smallness and weakness of vigorous growing in fancy, not that of decaying age. The questions these institutions, on this 50th anniversary of their founding, are bound to answer are such as these :—Have they done their work in that community, and through it for the

district, with a measurable degree of success? Have they faithfully borne witness to that light which dawned far back in the old centuries, but which through following centuries has been steadily ascending towards a perfect day? Have they held up ideals fit to inspire a worthy following—above self, above mammon? And have they made the country, or any so small part of it, better by the teachings and lives of their men? If they can answer these questions to the satisfaction of reasonable men, they have a just and reasonable claim on the future.

Of course many stories are still current of Dr. Washburn. On one occasion the school boys were dissatisfied with the rice they were receiving. They held an indignation meeting, and resolved to send a deputation to lay their complaint before the doctor. They marched up to the bungalow in the evening and came rather nervously to where Dr. Washburn was seated on the front veranda. Looking up from his reading he said: "Well, boys, what do you want?" "Please, Sir," replied the spokesman, "the rice is not good." "What is the matter with the rice?" asked the Principal. "It is not cooked right", ventured the boy. But just then the worthy deputation noticed the doctor put his hand down, take a slipper from his foot, and with the other hand reach towards the leader of the boys. That was enough for the boys, with a bound they were off the veranda, and on their way back to their rooms in a hurry. Nothing more was heard from the honourable deputation.

D. Summary.

" To see a thing and tell it in
plain words is the greatest thing
a soul can do."

—JOHN RUSKIN.

In summarising his own work in Pasumalai Dr. Washburn has left this interesting statement written only a short time before his death :

It would be most unfair to all concerned if I did not acknowledge with deep gratitude the attitude of the mission towards me through my whole Pasumalai administration. The mission stated to me definitely what it wished to do, and left me to form a plan of organization which it approved. It visited Pasumalai by committees yearly to inspect our work and make suggestions, but it gave me a free hand and never meddled. Four times I returned to the United States on furloughs during the 30 years of my employment there and every time the mission returned me to my old job, and in one case preceding my return by the urgent request of members of the mission to hasten my return as much as possible. It was a great, a very great favor to me thus to allow me years to carry out my own plans in regard to the Pasumalai institutions. I also was on most friendly terms with Mr. Grigg, the director of public instruction, for most of my thirty years' work, at Pasumalai, and with Dr. David Duncan who followed him. They most generously accepted my proposals and helped in carrying them out both with regard to the High School, Training Institution, and the College, and did us the honor of giving our institution a personal visit. It is certain that without their friendly co-operation our plans could have never materialized.

The foreign secretary of the Board at that time was especially interested in the higher educational work among the Americans in Turkey. A number of colleges were getting underway and the work seemed extremely prosperous. It was rather difficult to get his attention to our modest beginnings at Pasumalai. Dr. Clark was in the habit of calling our second grade college an institute ; a term which I decidedly resented for it was doing as fair College work as the two lower classes of our American Colleges.

When I was at home in 1884 I had printed, at my own expense, a pamphlet giving an account of Pasumalai, its work, and its needs. The first time I went down to Boston I took the pamphlet, and asked the endorsement of the Board to my personal effort to increase our financial supply. This was at a time when the Board has still a non-denominated institution, and when there was considerable doctrinal discussion afloat, some of it concerning certain missionaries. Apparently the Board wished at that time, to strengthen its relations as a corporation with the churches, and to discourage individual applications for assistance. So they told me they would provide, but did not wish to have me solicit for Pasumalai privately. They did turn some smaller donations toward Pasumalai, but the amount was insignificant and entirely unreliable for paying salaries that must be met at regular intervals.

Dr. Barton a missionary from the Turkish Mission was somewhere about that time entering the service of the Board with a view to taking Dr. Clark's place. Only a few years before this Dr. Mullins, a London Missionary in Calcutta, was called home to take the secretaryship of the London Mission Society. The Travancore and missionaries of other London Missions in South India were anticipating a decided improvement in their finances from this appointment but the opposite turned out to be the case, as Dr. Mullins was very much interested in the Calcutta, Benares and other London Missions in Bengal.

In my letter of congratulation to Dr. Barton on taking the foreign secretaryship I mentioned this Indian situation, and let the matter rest there without further comment. I have good reason to believe that Dr. Barton took my letter in a sensible way for he has always been one of my warmest friends, and when opportunity occurred he gave to Madura College a third of the $100,000 which Mr. Rockefeller contributed for educational purposes to the Board.

This generous contribution was due to the efforts of Dr. Barton in his campaign to provide installments for the Board's higher education. When a number of fanatics learned that a part of the tainted Rockefeller's millions were to support the work of the Board they were furious and made such an uproar at the annual meeting that Dr. Barton seriously considered the question of resigning his

foreign secretaryship. I happened to meet him when this question was under his consideration, and he gave me some account of the whole transaction.

The uproar raised over the donation forever cut off the Board from receiving any further help from Mr. Rockefeller and we and the Board's other colleges were the losers, but what was our loss was China's gain in the splendid institution Mr. Rockefeller there founded.

I have always felt an added weight of gratitude to Dr. Barton for what he suffered on account of the portion of Mr. Rockefeller's gift we received.

Mr. Rockefeller's contribution with other contributions soon following put the college in a position to show that our claims, that our educational developments awaited only funds, were proved to be abundantly true. The college then shot forward into the splendid prosperity which it is now enjoying. It would have done the same things years before, if anything like adequate provisions had been made to meet its need.

In 1885 and 1886 the Supreme Government had decided to unburden itself of the immediate supervision of its higher education. It decided to throw the immediate care and responsibilities of college and high school upon its communities which benefited by them and directed that these communities provide committees to take the care of these institutions off the Government's hands. When this order was sent down from Madras to Madura the community immediately interested in the Madura College, were quite unwilling to enter into the plan of taking the burden which the Government had carried at its own expense and the responsibility and the caring for the college. They did nothing about it for some time and the Madura College gradually lost most of its students to Pasumalai College and some of the high school students. Our class rooms were filled until a number of men from Madura, finding that something must be done undertook the oversight of their college, and by degrees restored it to its former standing. Our Pasumalai College continued for a few years to profit by this episode in the Madura Institution, but gradually this was followed by decided rivalry not to say hostility and our college lost students. In 1898-99 the enrollment

as I remember it in our college was thirty. We left the district at the end of March 1900. The consequence was that the work of two American instructors and the supervision of the High School, College and Normal School were thrown upon one American in place of two, a burden which he was quite unable successfully to carry, and when the next term opened in June there was still no American provided to take our place. The consequence was that the College and school lost both in outside reputation and students.

Mr. Zumbro hoped to remedy this by transferring the College to Madura. It was transferred in 1904 but this proved another staggering blow while not only did the college thus lose a good habitation of its own to become a mere tenant of a High School, but Mr. Zumbro residing in Pasumalai had to divide his time between Pasumalai schools and the Madura Mission College, and his two professors and two pundits had to do the same. Both Mr. Zumbro and Mr. Wallace fought most courageously and heroically in what was now the life struggle of the College until it received the aid of the Rockefeller contribution. Then things began to mend.

I opposed the removal of the College to Madura until the Mission vote was taken. After the matter was decided the only thing I could do was to co-operate heartily with every effort for its establishment in Madura, for the College was more to me than the locality it occupied. When Mr. Zumbro was to appear before the secretary to plead his request for 100,000 for the College, I went down to Boston to the conference to support his request for it.

I do not lay any claim to be an educator. I simply did what the situation manifestly required to be done. I was no more far-sighted than my neighbors. I simply *did* the things. I was rash enough to undertake some things which others would not do. I always held that the money allowed me and schedule of the Board's operations was not the limit of my obligations as a missionary. If I could raise other funds I felt under obligation to do so, for I was not the Board's workman simply, but the intelligent and responsible agent of the constituents of the Board. None of these statements are novel to the present generation of missionaries, but they were somewhat novel to missionaries under the Anderson regime and still later. I was careful in the first selection of my agents and if undiscovered

faults revealed themselves in them, I preferred to continue their services hoping to eliminate the defect rather than to change them for other teachers who in turn might develop other defects. It thus happened that a dozen years after I left this country half my staff of old teachers; some of them having reached their 20 years of service were still employed in our college and Pasumalai schools and a number of them, 5 or 6, are still employed after my 26 years of absence.

My work all along has been more indebted to my helpers than to me. This was strikingly illustrated in the case of our famine camp and orphanage. I found a teacher and manager, a genius, wonderfully suited to the situation. No German Froebel or Italian Montessori could have managed the herd in the camp or the orphanage that remained in their work, schools, or play more admirably than he. Week after week the camp and orphanage went on without the least complaint or trouble, and the results in all lines were most satisfactory. His mind moved along in the indistinct line which separates genius from insanity.

One morning he was absent without any hint or explanation left with the orphanage or his employer. We sought him in his old home, but he was not there. We searched for him, we tried to trace him, but all in vain. Much later we heard that he had died in Travancore, insane.

I made the schools my business. I was rarely absent a day from Pasumalai in term time. I tried to make it understood with the boys that I was there to help them when they were really in need at any time of the day or night.

I made frequent visits to the classrooms to see how the boys and the teachers were getting on, and I was often on the gymnastic grounds to witness the drill and the feats of the performers and to commend their efforts in these lines. The boys evidently appreciated this. On one occasion the head-master of the Madura College, and two or three of his masters came out to call upon me on school business. It was a little after school closed. The boys were about me at the time and the Madura teachers remarked at their friendly, familiarity with me and noticed the difference as contrasted with their students who were kept at an official distance

from the teaching staff. When a few years after the college was opened it seemed to me and the matriculate class to meet situations which would certainly come to them in social relations with missionaries and Europeans; for I had had experience both in Battalagundu and Pasumalai with the embarrassment Hindus experienced with sitting at the table with people of western habits. I accordingly fitted up a dining room with tables and benches for about 15 students and invited the Christian young men in the higher classes to dine by themselves at table in Western fashion. Occasionally I dined with them myself to help on the scheme. I continued this for about six months. It succeeded moderately, but I found it impossible to be with the boys at their meals as frequently as was necessary, on account of newer complications at the bungalow and the schools. So I reluctantly gave it up.

It is the custom in Indian schools to send pupils that need serious discipline or punishment to the Principal to be dealt with. As often as possible I had heart to heart talks with the pupils in the Middle School who were invariably the offenders. It was not by any means always possible to bring home to them their errors and their consequences. Sometimes an old stager turned up and sometimes I put the ruler into the boy's hand and made him punish me instead of my punishing him. How much this affected the culprit I do not know, but I am sure that when he related the affair at the bungalow to the teachers before the class it made the class understand that wrong doing in the class was more painful to me than the punishment I ordinarily inflicted on wrong doers.

I learned in long editing the English page of our little paper that if I wished to be understood by my readers I must write in a simple forward manner. That did not mean that I should use anglo-saxon terms especially to students who learned English almost exclusively from books. Classical words are better understood than colloquial or preposition extended verb.

When I came to teach classes in English I found the same thing was also true.

It was my custom to spend more than double the time in the immediate preparation for my classes than I spent over the lesson

in the class room. That of course does not include the general preparation necessary in handling any book or subject.

Living as we did in the same compound with a large company of boarding students and in very friendly association with them it was a good thing to know what to see and what not to see in our daily life together. When to put the telescope to the blind eye and when to the usable one.

I never could quite account for the loyalty of my schools to me and to my memory for many years after I left. I think my boys were thoroughly satisfied that my services and resources were sincerely devoted to the institution and their welfare.

For the last ten or twelve years I was attached to the school and college, I taught in the daily Bible period, the non-Christian students in the college, and those in the matriculate class in the school. My object in this hour was to try to make them good men. The name was of secondary importance. I wished to make them lovers of righteousness and haters of iniquity. Men who would take as their law the Golden Rule and the Square Deal, who would follow in their dealings with others the pattern of the good Samaritan, and would take the self—sacrificing spirit of Jesus Christ as the spirit controlling their lives.

As man is universally and irrevocably a social being it seemed to me that the great problem of humanity is men learning to live together in helpful amity in their homes, between their castes and in the world at large. And as Jesus Christ was far and away the foremost teacher of such living and a practical example of it, I sought to bring my class into closest contact with Him throughout the course, for He not only taught them by His acts and spirit but He showed the way to the Heavenly Father and to communion with Him. I generally preferred the gospel of St. Mark as my textbook as I wished to avoid side issues, and come into immediate contact with the living, working Christ. I hoped that this continued contact would breed a friendship with Him, and a desire to take Him as their master. In this I was not altogether disappointed and though the outward results were not conspicuous there was evidence that this daily association with Christ was having the effect I desired.

In looking back over these long past years I cannot say that my administration of Pasumalai Institutions was as successful as I could desire.

If with my experience gathered and the observations I have made in these many years I could return to those old days and their old surroundings and live them over again I think I could do much better, and as I thoroughly enjoyed my work in those old times I believe I should thoroughly enjoy it again if I could renew it in its old environment.

V. ADVENTURES AND ESCAPES.

"For always wandering with a hungry heart,
Much have I seen and known, cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments."

This record of adventures and escapes is from the pen of Dr. Washburn himself, and I am sure will be read with much pleasure and interest, especially by old friends and colleagues in India.

Adventures and Escapes.

It was the custom for us three boys in summer time to go down to the river at Judd's brook for bathing and swimming. The brook had washed down quite a spit of sand which spread into the river to the south and terminated in deep water quite abruptly. I was not able to swim at the time but was venturing about on the shallow, when suddenly I found myself in deep water. With one lunge I seized the end of a stick of timber that was floating and managed to get astride of it. The river was running pretty full, and there was a dam three hundred yards below whose roar I could hear. It behooved me to get my steed out of the current of the river into the shallower shore current and to look for a suitable landing place along the bank. In the course of the voyage down the river I succeeded in accomplishing both these results before reaching the bank and leaving my charger to take care of himself I ran back and dressed, for I had had enough of a swim for that day. But it was not long before I was able to take care of myself in deep water.

We embarked for India on the "Goddess" on a cold January day, out of the harbor we turned directly south and after a few days, which proved to be extremely stormy, we had crossed the gulf stream and were in mild, bright, sunny weather.

The tempest had ceased for some time but the sea was still much agitated. I was standing on the main deck near the door of the officers' quarters. The captain was just inside looking out on the sea as I was doing. Rather suddenly there rose before us in a most unaccountable way one of those big unusual waves which seemed to have no cause at all and came aboard the ship near the forecastle in a prodigious height filling the deck to the gunwale and spilling over it on the lea side. It came running back towards the after deck, picked me up like a chip and would have spilled me over the gunwale, but for the fact that it had spent its force in the one hundred feet or more of its progress down the deck. I was scarcely off my feet before the captain rushed out and as I was about to land in the scupper, he seized me by the collar and dragged me out, adding in rather forcible terms some excellent advice on standing out on the main deck. At the dinner table we talked over the escape and I told the table that I was confident I was not born to

be drowned for this was the fourth time I had been dragged out of the water or escaped going over a dam, but during the rest of the voyage we passengers kept off the main deck and took our exercise and out-door life on the after deck.

We were at one time spending our vacation at Kodai. It was necessary for me to go down to Pasumalai to superintend building work going on there. As you know, portions of the ascent to Kodai are extremely precipitous and a mere terrace sufficient for foot passengers, horses, and donkeys carrying the plain products to the people on the hills, and the products of the hills to the plains has been cut, miles of it in zigzag around the outside of the projecting cliffs, or shooting across the gorges with their cascades in rainy weather on the gorges between the cliffs for more favorable ascent. The terrace is sometimes built up from below with mud and stone. I was coming down one of these zigzags with my Australian horse, when I met a troop of little loaded donkeys coming up the pass. The donkeys are trained when meeting animals or passengers going the other way to turn and put their heads into the bank leaving part of the road open. My horse was not fond of donkeys, and he avoided them by stepping a little far towards the edge of the embankment supporting the terrace. He had taken but a few steps when I felt the terrace under me begin to settle, and as the horse descended I stepped on to the firm bank and threw the reins over his head. It was a descent approaching the perpendicular. Down he went when the hard earth beneath him gave way he began to whirl over and over and over again and down, down, down, down till he came to the next zigzag when he crossed it with a bound and disappeared in the thicket below. I and my horsekeeper raced down the zigzag to see what had become of him. Standing on the edge where he had gone over we saw him perhaps a hundred feet below lodged between two saplings, his feet in the air and his neck stretched out along the ground. We were quite sure he was dead, but descending into the thicket I put my hand upon the big artery in his neck and I found his heart was beating strongly, but all his senses had been beaten out of him in the fall and he lay there perfectly unconscious. I examined his legs and found them much lacerated as well as other parts of his body,

but I did not find the bones broken. I thought his back might be broken but ultimately it turned out that his back also protected by the big soft—saddle on which I was riding nad escaped fracture. All we could do was to wait for the horse to come to. A person who was ascending the ghat had heard of the accident and offered me his pistol. He said shoot the horse at once for it was surely disabled. I told him I would wait a little and see so declined the pistol. Clearing away one of the saplings we made it possible after a while to roll the horse over on to his limbs and the horse gradually recovered his senses. After a long wait we got him on to his feet. Neither his ribs nor legs appeared to be fractured. It was plainly the earth and mold along the top of the ground that had protected him from far greater injuries which he might have sustained. In the course of the day we were able by slow degrees to get the horse down to the public bungalow and in course of time five miles farther on to the Mission station. Here he rested for a week and under the careful care of the horsekeeper and some medication of his lacerations, neck, head and limbs was brought on to Pasumalai.

At the close of one of our six weeks vacation Mrs. Washburn and I had packed up and were descending the hills on the way to Pasumalai. Mrs. Washburn was riding our pony and I was following some distance behind on the Indian apology for a horse called a tatt.

It was late in the afternoon. I had urged my tatt into the semblance of a trot. We were descending a somewhat deep section of the terrace. My tatt-pony suddenly stumbled and came completely down on his knees; I was bowled over his head several feet down the pass and landed on my shoulder, forehead and nose which stunned me. After picking myself up and investigating I found that my shoulder was not broken, that my forehead and nose were severely cut and scraped on the gravel of the pass, and the wounds were covering my face with blood. I was troubled about our slow progress and held my watch in my hand at the time of the accident. It flew out of my hand several feet beyond me down the pass. The works came out of the case and rolled still further in the dirt. I feared the watch was done for, but a visit to the watch makers put it right in due time.

I decided it was best to hasten along afoot for the remainder of the descent. Mrs. Washburn was shocked at the accident when I overtook her, but things went all right for the rest of our journey.

I was one day touring in an unfrequented part of my station when it was necessary for me to cross the Vaigai River. The ford was an unfamiliar one, the river was not in flood for then it is quite impossible to ford anywhere but it was running full. People upon the bank said that it was fordable and my bandy man decided to try it. We proceeded satisfactorily some distance when we reached the central current, there the ford descended considerably and the oxen lost their footing. The pins which served to hold the oxen to the Indian yoke floated out of their sockets and the oxen thus released swam down stream with the current towards the bank. Indian bandys are mounted on five foot wheels with springs or timber to raise the bodies six or eight inches more and have a short axle tree. The bandy was therefore in eminent danger of being overturned and pushed down the river into deeper water. The bandy-men and servants did their best to keep things steady while they called to some people on the shore for help. They, very willingly, entered the river and coming to our assistance worked the bandy across the current of the river into shoal water, then the bandy man ran down the bank to retreive his bullocks and attach to the yoke. Everything in the bandy was thoroughly soaked with water—boxes, mattress and straw but we got to Madura all right, dried our belongings, did our business and returned home by a more frequented ford without further trouble.

One day in September I was in Madura attending the gathering of the agents of the Mission for educational purposes—a goodly number of them.

I was called out of the meeting by a student in the Theological Seminary at Pasumalai who begged me either to have the doctor come and see his child or myself return with him and look at it.

I was reluctant to call the doctor away from the hospital, and decided to run over to Pasumalai and look at the child. The family were living separate from the other students and their room was deeply shaded. Their child was lying on a mat on the floor. I got down on my hands and knees to look at it while they brought a

lamp to give more light. I was horrified at the sight. The child was covered with pustules of small-pox so close that they seemed to cover the body completely. I never saw such a sight. I quickly arose and went outdoors. There I met the father and mother and told them the child was suffering from a very bad attack of small-pox, that he was already beyond the help of any doctor and that he could not long survive. I then hastened home, bathed and changed my clothes and got back to Madura.

The Government has charge of vaccination and as the people greatly object to vaccine from other people and as there is a great likelihood of conveying other diseases with the vaccine they constantly keep a calf in condition to afford vaccine matter. From such a sacred bovine everybody is quite willing to receive vaccine matter. I inquired at the hospital for the vaccinator and his calf. The calf was in good condition and with the vaccinator, who was touring his division, but nobody knew where. It was useless to seek him in a two or three thousand square mile section of country. But there was another vaccinator in Dindigul forty miles away. Was his calf in proper condition to furnish vaccine and was the vaccinator within reach? The telephone answered both of my inquiries favorably and accordingly I took the evening train for Dindigul. How long ago I had been vaccinated I could not certainly decide, but I was vaccinated and quite ill when in Battalagundu. Probably, I had no successful vaccination subsequently. In the meantime, as we sped along, I had this to think about. One of our board missionaries in another district had been visited, unknown to him, by a Hindu suffering from small-pox. He took the disease and in due time came down with the worst kind of confluent small-pox and died of it.

I was more fortunate in being apprised at once of my danger. On reaching Dindigul I was met by the vaccinator and his calf at the Mission station, and promptly attended to, returning in the morning to Pasumalai.

In the interval the little child had died within four hours of my seeing it, and was buried that night by torch light.

The parents neither of them took the disease or suffered in any way from it. Their house was about a quarter of a mile from

the Theological student settlement and it was vacation time. To these facts we probably owed our escapes from an epidemic of small-pox among the student population of several hundred. The vaccination worked like a charm and produced two plump and laudible pustules as evidence of its vigor, and so I was saved from a most loathesome disease.

I will write no more of this sort of adventures, but no India missionary could close his list without at least one or two snake stories.

And now I return to the hills. The Government was for twenty years off and on at work in constructing a twenty mile road from near Battalagundu to Kodaikanal. It was designed for a cart or carriage road and is now freely traversed by autos. Much of the way it is stretched into the side of the hills sufficiently deep to make it entirely safe. One afternoon I was going down this road towards a lower settlement. I was passing at the time, a place where the terrace bank rose about six feet. It was covered with thick grass above and on the other side was a ravine filled with a thicket and a water course. At this point I suddenly heard a thud as if a cartload of potatoes had been dumped upon the roadway and looking ahead of me, not more than twenty-five feet I saw a great rock snake lying in the middle of the road facing me. It had doubled itself up and thrown itself off the bank into the middle of the road. I was petrified at the sight. In a second the snake raised its head pointing directly at me. It looked about for a second or two and then slowly slid over the bank into the thicket below. I had a good chance to estimate its length as it moved along over the road and bank and I am quite sure it was at least twelve feet long and about the size of a five inch stove pipe, of a mottled gray and yellow color. This is by no means as big as these rock snakes grow, but it was quite big enough to satisfy my desire for observation of that sort of snake. I have seen the stuffed skin of one of these in the Madura Musem at least twenty feet long, and far bigger than the one I encountered. I was of course in no danger from the snake, but I think anybody would have been brought to a halt by such a sudden introduction to such a snake.

Snake stories are our common talk in India, and generally the Cobra is the subject. As a family we met with a good many encounters with the reptile and its congeners.

When our oldest boy was a day or two old the nurse who slept on a mat by Mrs. Washburn's bed one day had rolled up her mat and set it in the corner by the door in her room. In the evening when she picked it up and unrolled it a Cobra dropped out of the mat, scuttled away out on the veranda and made its escape. It was not a pleasant surprise to Mrs. Washburn or the nurse.

On another occasion Mrs. Washburn was preparing to go into Madura for some evening function. She went to the dressing room and took down a gown which was not frequently in use. Fortunately she gave it a rough shake and to her horror a viper dropped out of it. It also made its escape I believe. Viper poison is even more deadly than that of the Cobra, for it kills within a couple of hours.

Our bungalows in India are usually raised two or three feet from the ground to avoid the entrance on the veranda of reptiles and vermin, but cobras, centipedes and other unwelcome guests used to visit us about at the rate of one or two a year. Fortunately they were invariably discovered about the premises before they had inflicted any injury.

I remember but one instance in which a large centipede stung a native traveler who had come to our veranda for shelter during the night.

Some friends were stopping with us. The occasion was the meeting of the Mission. Usually the house servant saw that water was filtered and provided in cooling goblets, and placed on the dining table before he left the house for the night. On this evening our lady guest was about retiring, and went to the dining table to help herself to a drink of water.

She uncovered the goblet and tipping it a little, the head and neck of a snake appeared just above her hand. She gave a little scream, and a servant was called who took charge of the goblet and the snake and our friend returned to the sitting room to recover from this sudden fright.

Not far from our bungalow in Pasumalai there stands a brick and adobe dove—cote. It has a door beneath, and a number of nesting places for doves six or eight feet up. Our boys were very fond of the doves, and some mishap had occurred in the dove—cote the day before. Before we were up they were out to see if things were right with their feathered charge. One or both the boys had entered the cote and were looking around for the doves when they heard a sudden threatening hiss, looking on the ground they saw a big Cobra which had entered the cote and seized and swallowed a young dove lying between them and the door. They made an outcry and a servant close by ran to look after the trouble. He managed to get the snake out of the way or pin it down while the boys escaped from the interior, and of course dispatched the snake.

The Hindus regard the Cobra with great respect if not veneration. It is called Nalla Pambu or the good snake and a Hindu, I believe, will not kill one or if he does he will propitiate the snake's spirit.

One day we called our gardeners, but they were not to be found. They proved to be in the garden making a sacrifice for the spirit of a Cobra which they had killed, and which they wished to propitiate. Their offering consisted of milk and sugar and the ceremonies—well, I cannot describe the ceremonies that accompanied the offering.

How They Make Gods in India.

We arrived in India in the midst of the hot season in a stagnant atmosphere of about 100. It is impossible to do work either indoors or out. The missionaries, therefore, have taken this opportunity to visit the hills for a vacation and hold their annual spring Mission meeting. Kodaikanal is about 7,000 feet above sea level and is comfortably cool during the hot season on the plains.

The Mission meeting was about to occur and my companion and I started from Madura in a cart to go to the foot of the hills, whence we were expecting to ascend on the partially completed terrace on foot. The trunk lines of roads in South India are bordered on each side much of the way by Banyan trees. A tornado had swept across the road that we were traveling over, and though it had dropped comparatively little rain it had upset a number of Banyan trees bordering the road. In one case a tree with a trunk

as large as my body and a great spread of branches had been overturned, so that it lay supported partly by these large branches some six or eight feet from the ground with the roots on one side bent over like springs. The Banyan has no taproot and depends on a spread of roots near the surface of the ground co-extensive with its top. In this case the rain had moistened the soil so little that when the tree was upset the roots carried all the upper soil along with them into the air, and so the tree remained after the storm had passed. Many people passed along the road and noticed the unusual position of the tree and its appearance When we returned from the meeting the tree was still in the same position and the earth clinging to its roots. In the course of two or three weeks the foliage of the tree was thoroughly dried out and some of the sap in the leaves. Strange to say the top of the tree gradually rose from the position in which it was, and in the course of ten days the tree assumed its old position just as if nothing unusual had happened. The travelers along the road were greatly astonished at this. It was an unheard of thing, and in the course of a few months that followed they came to the conclusion that there must be a powerful spirit of the tree, or it never could have accomplished this feat.

A few of the very religious ones talked the matter over and decided that the tree should be marked off as the residence of a deity, and they raised money to build a platform of brick and adobe about two and a half feet high extending toward the road-from the tree. Then it was necessary to discover what spirit or deity was residing in the tree. A Brahman priest was consulted who for the modest consideration of five rupees took the matter into consideration, and finally named the Deity. Then the next move was to build a cubical shrine about seven or eight feet high and the same in other dimensions with a two by three foot door opening in front. A stone image chiseled to represent the Deity and the Brahman and the neighboring Devotees assembled to induct the spirit of the tree into the image, to consecrate it and render the initial worship and start a festival. All this was regularly done and the priest received a suit of clothes to reward him for his offices. The stone image was bathed and then drenched in melted butter and garlands placed upon it and a quantity of camphor and other incense burned before it. This

constituted the dedication ceremony. Whether this or any road side shrine will succeed is a mere matter of chance. If somebody happens to come along and make a vow at this shrine for some desirable thing which turns out successfully he will certainly return to fulfill his vows and do worship at the shrine, for the Hindus are terribly afraid of the vengeance of a spirit if a vow is not scrupulously fulfilled.

During my stay in Battlagundu I know of two other shrines that came into popular recognition. I used to pass on the highway a Banyan tree with a little earth thrown up against the trunk and a billet of stone about eighteen inches long lying on the heap of earth against the tree. Some person or other had met with some success or had had a favorable dream under that tree, and had fulfilled his vow by placing this earth and stone against the tree. But there the matter remained for years. No other person seemed to have had any good luck at that tree. But one day as I passed I saw a platform had been extended out from the tree like the one before mentioned, and before it another billet of stone with the top hallowed out to receive oil or for use of a lamp had been placed in the middle of the platform and in due course of time a shrine similar to the one I have described grew up at this tree. Someone had had a favorable dream, had sought a child from his wife, had been relieved from some disease, or had met with some other good fortune after making some vow at this shrine and pouring some oil over the stone had now returned and completed the platform with a dwelling place for the Deity like the one I have described. I know nothing further of the shrine. I frequently passed it but it did not seem to have drawn the attention of any successful votaries. It was therefore in a rather neglected condition and if not more popular would fall into decay in course of time, for no one will repair a shrine of that sort, because the merit of such repairs would not be credited to the maker, but to the originator of the shrine.

I was informed that a third shrine had come into existence in the remote part of my station district a little before I left it. I had no opportunity to investigate it, but I have every reason to believe that such a shrine was created a year or so before my removal to Pasumalai.

There are other reasons for the creation of the new deities or demons as the case may be, for the people make little distinction between a God and a demon.

In the early days of the Madura Mission a shortage of workers occurred which was remedied by the transfer temporarily of one of the Jaffna family to Madura. When this shortage was remedied the family and servants started on their return to Jaffna. It is perhaps a hundred miles or more from Madura to Jaffna, including a short sea voyage. The journey by land was in those days performed in ox-carts made as comfortable as circumstances allowed.

As the family had reached a somewhat desolate part of the Ramnad Zemindary it became apparent that the lady had been attacked by cholera. It was impossible to turn back or go forward from the point to which they had arrived. The patient had to be treated then and there. The disease was violent, and in the course of twenty-four hours death came to relieve the sufferer. The husband had been the physician and nurse with the assistance of some of his servants. The servants dug a grave in the sandy soil and the husband who had been the physician now became the clergyman, the chief mourner and the principal of the audience that performed the last rites. It was impossible to remain where they were, and the cavalcade soon started for the port of embarkation and the voyage to the island.

The natives curious but awe struck at the situation gathered about or gave some assistance to the unhappy party. Most of them had never seen a white family before. That one should be stricken with cholera in such circumstances was a sad event. They came to the conclusion that the spirit of the deceased would surely abide in the vicinity of her grave, and would wreak terrible vengeance on the people residing in the neighborhood. They accordingly hastened to erect a shrine and perform ceremonies at her grave, and to make offerings to placate her vengeance. A shrine thus at once sprung up and offerings annually were made and ceremonies performed calculated to allay the wrath of the supposed incensed spirit.

A large proportion of the people in India while they are known as practising the Brahminical religion, that is, worshipping in the great temples and holding to the philosophical ideas of the

Brahmans are also animists or believers in spirits. The spirits of the dead and other spirits fill the air about them. And as I said before they make little distinction between demons and deities for the model for both is the human spirit with all its passions, faults and virtues. Thus a deity is an exaggerated human ruler with his faults and all his excellences. a demon is an evil disposed human being or some supernatural spirit of the same sort. Funeral rites among the Hindus, generally, are for the purpose of putting to rest the spirit of the dead. Where these are not properly performed they haunt the place of their death. The only way to free the house and the family of their unpleasant presence is by a multitude of ceremonies performed as funeral rites, and later repeated month after month for a year or two and later continued in annual ceremonies.

The spirits of the dead so treated subside gradually into peaceful innocuousness. If a person has met with a distressingly tragic death or a want of burial or incineration they remain haunting the place of their death, and generally annoying the people anyway connected with their demise. As I said before the air is full of spirits good or bad, human or super-human, which the people take cognizance of. Such spirits congregate in the night time, in dark and sheltered places along the highway, and especially at cross roads. There was a cross road between our home at Battlagundu and the village. We learned one day that it was impossible for any of our female servants, or their families to go from our bungalow into the village after night-fall, because the spirits which congregate there would fall upon these women, and would either take possession of them as demons or inflict some bodily injury upon them or their offspring.

On another occasion when in a Bible class I doubted the existence of these spirits, the whole class of Hindus spoke out in amazed disapproval saying that they had seen a shadowed place on the highway near to our bungalow filled with these beings, several of them insisted that they individually had seen these spirits in that place. I told them that I had passed the place hundreds of times at night, and it yet remained for me to discover such inhabitants of that thicket.

Though we knew very little Tamil, and no one in town except Munshi knew a word of English, and though we were thirty miles from our nearest white neighbors and rarely saw a white face during some parts of the year yet our early life at Battlagundu was far from uninteresting and dull, for every day brought some new or novel thing to interest us, though it were but a string of words picked up in the village and penciled on my shirt cuff to bring home to talk over with my teacher, or a visit from a crowd of quality women from the town who wanted to see what the white people were like, and to look over the bungalow, for the Indian people were quite as much interested in the dwelling of a European and its arrangement and furnishing as we were in the arrangement and furnishings of a large Indian house. Undoubtedly the premier object in our house was the bureau and mirror in our sleeping room; the drawers and their contents, but above all the mirror in which each could have a full view of herself was a thing not to be forgotten. Probably none of them had had a really good look at themselves in a mirror, and again and again they would pass before it to see and to catch every attitude and expression of their faces. The dining room and its furnishings also were interesting to them and the sitting room held a fine Estey organ, which they could not but notice but Hindu music is only one part music with perhaps an accompaniment on the virna, a rude metal string guitar. It however makes pleasanter music than you would suppose, but Hindus care very little for harmony. Melody satisfies them.

Of course we could not offer our friends any refreshments. Refreshments might contain a philter which might against their will turn them into Christians, nor could we offer them any tokens to remind them of their visit, for these might lie in the house, might work deadly mischief to the household's harmony. So we bade them customary " Go and come again "—the Tamil good-bye.

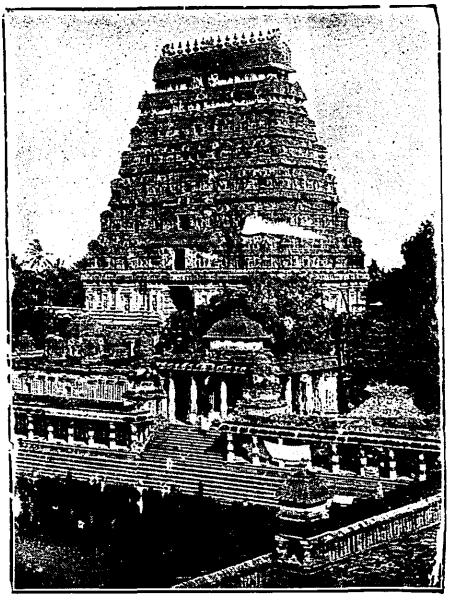
But I have strayed away. Another day we might find a specimen of their gem of all the palm species of tree—the Areka palm. Perfectly erect absolutely symmetrical in its stalk and bearing a faultless crown of fronds. The tree grows to a height of about twenty feet and is of rare occurrence. Or we might discover on the highway a luxuriant Banian tree with a great branch as big in diameter as a child's body extending out full fifty feet and more

Another day a native doctor visited my study. He said that he had come to be taught European medicine. I replied that that was admirable, but I did not see how I could quite manage it, and going to my large book cases I opened the door and showed him a shelf full of medical books containing thousands of pages, and told him he was at liberty to look over these books if he desired.

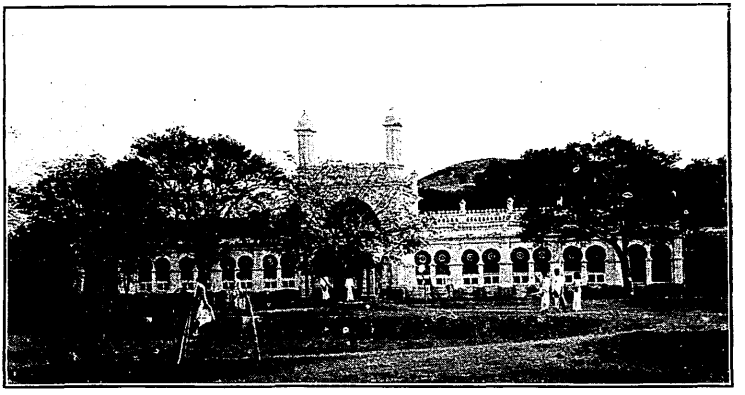
The sight of the medical books, however, seemed to make him sick at heart for Indian medical treatises are written on palm leaves about a finger in length with an inch and a half page and from fifty leaves to a single page. They are chiefly prescriptions and methods of preparing drugs. And so new things were keeping us interested every day while we were learning little by little more and more about the people and the country we lived in.

The mission bungalow at Battalagundu is situated a little out of the town on slightly rising ground. A fine prospect on every side can be seen from the verandas, but the terraced roof offers a complete sky line and a fine view of the country. Fine—I should say magnificent. At the northwest of the lower Palanis averaging 4,000 feet in height; the place was gardens, coffee plantations and innumerable species of rare plants, but deadly to man and so very slightly inhabited. Looking directly west the eyes look upon the upper Palanis 8,000 feet high, twenty miles away, their lower flanks well timbered. Their sides almost perpendicular eclipse their tops, bald except covered with grass, and in the dry season when fires rage like nature's great altars sending up their sacrifices and offerings to heaven. The range continues in diminishing height to the southwest for fifty miles where it abuts on the Travancore Mountains, a range of barren rocky hills twenty or twenty-five miles to the southwest, parallels the Palani Range in the middle of which the Vaigai river flows, receiving numerous tributaries from the Palanis, a magnificent fertile valley. A few miles below Battalagundu the river stops short in its course, and flows southwest along a low range of hills into the great Madura plain and onward into the Bay of Bengal leaving a wide opening for the river valley. A mountain chain called the Little Mountains about 3,000 feet high continues well on beyond Dindigul into the great Cauvery Valley. This whole landscape of mountains and valleys is spread out in its

details before the bungalow observer, and has a new changing aspect for every season, and every one who has a southwest view from his home knows how fascinating such a view is. In the cool weather after the rains the intensely blue and clear sky makes every object a thing distinct to be examined. As the hot weather comes on a purple haze seems to fill the air and makes the view something most enchanting, and as monsoon season takes its place the sky is covered with the thinnest film of vapor blown over the mountains from the west, while in the rainy season the deep clouds and the afternoon showers and the tropical rains make the whole surface of the earth into a new panorama of greenness and beauty.



THE LILY TANK, MADURA TEMPLE



YOKAN LODGE

VI. THE MERIDEN RETREAT.

" Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land;
Whose heart has ne'er within him burn'd
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand;

—SIR WALTER-SCOTT.

A. Farewell to India.

"Count me O'er earth's chosen heroes,
They were souls that stood alone."—LOWELL.
"The man of wisdom is the man of years."—YOUNG.

In March 1900, Dr. and Mrs. Washburn retired to Meriden, Conn., U. S. A. They had spent forty years in the Madura Mission; at sixty-eight years of age Dr. Washburn thought that his work in India was done, and that he ought to make way for younger men. In the Mission report that year his successor, Rev. W. M. Zumbro, wrote:

"By the final return to America of Dr. and Mrs. Washburn, the Pasumalai College and Training institution lost from its active staff those who had been its guiding and inspiring geniuses for over thirty years. It could not but have been a source of gratitude to these faithful servants of Christ to see before they left the mission an institution so well provided with teachers, with buildings and with general equipment as this is. It could hardly have been less gratifying to have received the numerous expressions of heartfelt gratitude and appreciation which came to them from every quarter before their departure. Orphans who had been saved from starvation during the dreadful famine of 1877-78; Hindus who had had the privilege of sharing in the instruction and association at Pasumalai; Christians who had been helped by them, helped in material ways in times of need, helped to a higher life by words of counsel and direction and by the example of a consecrated life; teachers who had had the privilege of being associated with them in the school life and work, all joined in expressions of thanksgiving for their long life and service in India, and of sorrow as they remembered that they should see their faces no more. Though absent from the College and from the mission the hearts of Dr. and Mrs. Washburn turn often and prayerfully to India and the mission and the College which they so long served. Another European Missionary is urgently needed to share in this large work, and it is hoped that during the year 1901 sufficient re-enforcements may be sent to the mission to allow of another man being appointed to this work".

George Washburn was a practical man; accordingly at his retirement and in accordance with his wishes memorials took the form of scholarships to aid poor and deserving students. In September 1900, the College invited its old students and friends to meet at Pasumalai for a College day. An interesting incident of the day is thus recorded by Mr. Zumbro:

One practical outcome of this day was the inauguration of a scholarship fund to be known as the Washburn Memorial Fund, in commemoration of the long period of service which Dr. Washburn gave to the College. The inauguration of this scheme is due entirely to the teachers of the College, and is an expression of their appreciation of his life and work in India.

It was first deposited in 1903 when it amounted to Rs. 111-2. By 1909 it had increased to Rs. 135-3.

On March 26, 1904 Dr. Washburn wrote from his home in Meriden, America, to the Treasurer of the Mission, passing over to him Rs. 1000, as a scholarship fund under the following conditions:

First: I desire to reserve to myself the disposal of the income of the fund during my life time.

Second: As at present informed, and if not superseded by subsequent instruction from, in continuation of the efforts towards Collegiate education begun at Pasumalai by me, I desire after my decease that the income of the above-mentioned fund be used for the assistance and encouragement of young men, residents of the District of Madura, and students who have completed the F.A. course in the Pasumalai College, or in case that College ceases to exist or ceases to be affiliated with the University, then for the assistance of students in the Pasumalai High School pursuing the B.A., in distinction from the F.A. portion of the University undergraduate course.

So far as I am at present informed, quite too few of the young men of the A. M. Mission in the Madura District have completed or even attempted the B.A. course. At the same time, I think that at the present and in the immediate future we shall continue to need Christian men from our Mission in all the professions to which the Bachelor of Arts course leads.

Yet while I write this as to our own Christian men, I do not desire that the bestowal of this bounty be necessarily restricted to nominal or professed Christian students. On the contrary, if in the judgment of those appointed to dispense this bounty, the cause for which the Madura Mission is in India, and which they have most at heart can be best served by bestowing it on other special cases, that action would meet the donor's hearty approval.

I further desire that no bond or written obligation of service to the Mission be executed by the beneficiary on account of receiving the bounty. But I should think an undoubted purpose to serve his generation in a most efficient Christian way might be one essential condition of receiving the gratuity.

I further desire that the head of the College or the High School, if a missionary, and the treasurer of the Mission have charge of the distribution of the income of this fund.

"The Christian Patriot," Madras, of May 25th, 1900, contained this leading article on The Retirement of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Washburn of Pasumalai:

AFTER a distinguished and devoted service of 40 years in the Missionary cause the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. WASHBURN of Pasumalai have resigned their work to proceed to America, their own native land, there to spend the evening of their lives in retirement. The work that these revered servants of God have accomplished in this land has been greatly blessed, and many are the channels of elevating influences that have flown from their quiet, faithful labours, during the long period of time they have spent in this land. Always of a retiring disposition, with pronounced views on many things of his own, DR. WASHBURN and his partner have been toiling away at Pasumalai, not caring in the least for any human recognition or courting public notice. And what a splendid, many sided work they have accomplished to be sure! In a touching address presented by the teachers and students of the Pasumalai College and others allusion is made to some of the fruits of their labours. DR. WASHBURN, in all his labours, never forgot that he was first and foremost a missionary He mastered the Tamil language and its subtleties and some of his writings in Tamil are to be met with in every Indian Christian home. Here is a touching bit from the address :—"As a missionary you have followed the Master in serving others, not desiring to be served We remember instances in which you have ministered to the sick personally and humbly. You have been a living example of the Apostle's definition of "pure religion and undefiled '—to visit the father-less and the widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world" We can merely allude to the orphans whom you have saved from the terrible famine of 1876 and 1877, whom you have judiciously trained and who are now occupying positions of usefulness and trust in this mission and elsewhere." Dr. Washburn besides spending his strength on the mission has chosen to spend his riches also. The Southfold Hostel, the spacious Washburn Hall, the Laura Blossom Library, the Lenox Science Room, the Case Dining Hall, and the Yokau Lodge are all lasting monuments of his princely munificence.

From the very commencement Dr. Washburn has been a true friend of education and his efforts in the direction of educating the Native Christians of his Mission have been highly beneficial. The benefits of the Pasumalai Training College are not confined to the American Madura Mission alone, they have extended to the surrounding districts as well. Even the Government of Madras recognized the services that Dr. Washburn had rendered to the cause of higher education by honoring him with a Fellowship in the University.

Above everything else the memory of these devoted workers will be enshrined in the hearts of hundreds of Christian men and women, whose lives have been elevated and refined by the influences brought to bear upon them by these revered servants of God. For generations to come the stream of elevating Christian influences they have set going will go on fertilising the Indian Church and helping to bring forth much fruit. We have often in our columns referred to the indebtedness of India to America, and here we have yet another instance of the strong link forged between these two countries. The prayers and blessings of many hundreds of Indian Christians follow Dr. and Mrs. Washburn in their retirement, after their noble and many sided work for their Lord and Master in this land.

May 5, 1900.

B. Letters to Madura Friends.

"Dr. Washburn lived in India in
heart and mind to his last
conscious moment."

Letter from his niece.

"To live in hearts we leave behind
is not to die."

For twenty-six years of his retirement at Meriden Dr. Washburn's interest in South India never diminished; his general knowledge about the college and the mission was remarkable; he was an interesting letter-writer, and the many letters to Madura friends which he wrote from Meriden are treasured by those who received them. I will produce a number of them here; they will serve to show the varied interests and the Indian longing which occupied the old missionary during the evening time of his life in quiet Meriden.

The following letter in which young Washburn offered himself for foreign service under the American Board is truly characteristic, and gives a good insight into motives for missionary work. The high regard in which George Washburn was held by his teachers is shown in the accompanying testimonials.

Andover Seminary,
March 8, 1858.

To the Secretaries of the A.B.C.F.M.

Having for some time considered the subject of personal devotion to the work of Foreign Missions, the examination of the subject has led me to believe that it might be my duty and privilege to engage in the promotion of Christ's cause in some unevangelized portion of the world. In accordance with this I desire to lay my services before the Board and to submit some account of my life, religious experience and views, which shall assist you in deciding on the offer of services which is here made.

My early life was spent under the care of my pious, judicious and faithful parents who were careful to render my education, so far as they were able, what it should be. The occupation of my

father was that of a farmer, and my leisure time and vacations from school were more or less spent in labor on the farm. My education in the school was conducted in rather a desultory way, till I was about fourteen years old, when being disposed to continue my studies I commenced the ordinary preparation for college at the Academy in the town where I resided (Lenox, Berkshire County, Mass.), and continued them with considerable interruption from a variety of causes, till the Autumn I was eighteen years old, when I entered college.

Until this time I had always resided at home and was passionately attached to it. In that way I was shut out from many of the temptations, and bad habits, which frequently beset boys while fitting for college away from home. My parents always sought to promote our religious education, not particularly by presenting and urging the subject of religion upon us, but by indirectly presenting it in such a way as that in them it always appeared attractive and noble; and I grew up with a regard for religion and a reverence for the ministry.

When I was about thirteen years old the community where I lived was agitated by a very powerful revival of religion. My own feelings were excited, and for a time I felt the danger of my condition; but I neither knew nor appreciated the greatness of the change which it was necessary should take place in me. With the decline of the revival my feelings subsided, to leave me much worse than I was before, forgetful of God, and of all the personal demands and duties of religion, and totally given up to heedlessness and amusements. In this state I continued for two or three years, till occurrences connected with the death of a former schoolmate and friend suddenly awoke me to the position of danger and guilt I was in. For a year or more I remained in a disquieted state of mind sometimes agitated with fear, but more often looking after and longing for an excellence and perfection which I could not help desire, though I knew earthly things could not furnish them to me. Under these circumstances a sermon by my pastor and some conversations with my father and teacher were the means of leading me to see my mistake in waiting to prepare myself to be saved, and brought me to determine, as I hope, to reach Christ at once. For some cause, I know

not why, I delayed uniting with the Church for somewhat more than a year. In the meantime a revival occurred; in which my spiritual life was much invigorated. Not long after this I became connected with the Congregational Church of my native place, and entered into the duties which fell to my lot, as one among a few Christian young men. From this point I began to look forward to the ministry as my calling for life, though I could not feel that I was in a fit position to decide that question till much after this period of preparatory study. A year after the circumstances mentioned above, I entered Williams College. Here I found many of the influences favourable to religious improvement, but the first two years were disturbed by inward struggle and rendered dark by low spirits, the result partly I suppose of a want of good health. During my course I was engaged in Sabbath Schools &c. I spent two vacations and a part of two terms in teaching—one in my freshman year and one in my senior year. Besides this I have had little experience in teaching. Immediately on graduating I came to Andover Seminary, where I have pursued my studies up to this time, and hope to continue them during the coming summer.

Missionary subjects were very early brought within the range of my attention by conversations which I used to have with my uncle Rev. Dr. Yale, and by my mother's custom of reading to my brother and myself the story of some missionary life and accounts of missionary labor, and books of like nature. I however never thought much of becoming a missionary myself till towards the close of my college course, when it occupied my attention somewhat though not very seriously.

On coming to the seminary the decision of the question as to willingness to be a missionary seemed to be something which must be made before entering upon ministerial work at all. I dared not spend, or attempt to spend my life as a minister and servant of Christ where he did not choose I should be, and where he could not consistently bless my labors. After several months examination of the question it seemed to me that perhaps it might be my duty to become a missionary and I inwardly consented to go to a foreign field should that still appear to be my sphere of labor. A secret unwillingness to leave this country, a reluctance to abandon friends,

to whom I was more than ordinarily attached, a doubtfulness as to my power of acquiring a foreign language readily, and the fact that I do not form acquaintances rapidly, these were some of the hindrances which occupied my attention and prevented me from coming at once to a decision of the question as to what my duty was.

On some of these topics I do not yet feel all the assurance which I could desire. But I think I have come to feel a willingness, sometimes a satisfaction in the hope of preaching the Gospel in the unevangelized portions of the world. I have been accustomed to look at missions as the advancement of Christ's cause in the world, and to anticipate labor in them as a proclamation and exhibition of the unsearchable riches of Christ which his followers are called upon to make wherever there is anyone who is capable of appreciating them. To me therefore the work of a missionary seems both the greatest of duties and the greatest of privileges—a duty and a privilege which I am quite conscious of my inability adequately to meet.

My present age is twenty-five years. My habits are sedentary. My life has comparatively little of it been spent in busines. I am inclined to be reserved and sometimes, though to no great degree, am low spirited. My health is good though not strong owing to a severe sickness in childhood. I am not in debt.

Regarding a field of labor, I desire to express no wish which would be of any great weight in deciding my designation; I may say however that I have looked with some preferences on the Western Asia and Southern Asia fields, and more particularly my feelings have rather directed me towards Southern India, partly on account of friends in that mission. I am not able to say whether the climate or the language might be an obstacle to my being designated to that field. I would only say that experience has shown me that a warmer rather than a more changeable and colder climate than our own would be the better of the two for me to labor in. But I should by no means wish my feelings to interfere with what may appear to be for the best interest of the various fields of labor or the indications of Providence. I am happy to leave this offer

of service in your hands trusting that Providence will direct in regard to the decision you may make respecting all parts of it.

Respectfully yours,
GEO. T. WASHBURN.

Williams College,
March 3, 1858.

Rev. Dr. Pomroy,
Dear Sir,

Mr. Geo. T. Washburn of the Andover Theological Seminary desires a testimonial from me as he proposes to offer himself to the Board to go as a missionary.

Mr. Washburn graduated in '55, was respectable as a scholar, and remarkable rather for evenness and balance of character, and good sense than for anything striking or brilliant. He was consistent as a Christian, was not lacking in efficiency, and I should think would work uncommonly well with others. I have no hesitation in recommending him as a suitable person to be employed by the Board as one of their missionaries.

Most truly yours,
MARK HOPKINS.

This is to certify that Mr. Geo. T. Washburn is, in my esteem a more than ordinary scholar. He is one of the best theologians in his class. He has a strong mind; good, sterling sense; is a patient thinker; cautious, cool, discriminating. He will wear well. He is well fitted for his work. We have very few students on whose judgment, scholarship, power of endurance, I should rely more than on his. He is honest, a lover of truth, a sincere seeker for it.

I have also a very high opinion of his religious character. I have always regarded him as a conscientious, humble, Christian. If he were to remain in this country I should predict for him a course of eminent usefulness.

He is not particularly prepossessing in his manners. He is not brilliant or particularly versatile in his powers. He is neither an eagle, nor a reindeer, but an ox. He is fitted to be the strong man in a field where the hardest work is demanded.

EDWARDS A. PARK.

Andover Seminary,
March 5, 1858.

My estimate of Mr. Washburn has been formed from his appearance in the lecture room, and from the general acquaintance which a teacher makes with his pupils. The result is more than ordinary respect for his mind and acquisitions, and confidence in his Christian integrity and fidelity.

As a scholar there is no one in his class who more uniformly evinces a careful examination of the particular topics under investigation, and yet his answers indicate the habits of an independent student who does not confine himself to the mere routine manual and the lecture..... I have great confidence in his Christian character. He is not inclined, I should judge, to put himself forward, and I should call him somewhat self-distrustful. But when the path of duty has been made plain I believe he will always exhibit that union of firmness with prudence which renders its possessor a leading and influential man anywhere.....

W. G. T. SHEED.

Andover, Mar. 3, 1858.

The first place rightly belongs to the following remarkable letters which strike a contrast between things as they were when Washburn was a boy, and what they became eighty-five years later. It is the story of wonderful development in the life-time of one man.

MERIDEN, CONN., U.S.A.
July 9, 1922.

MY DEAR BANNINGA:—

I am beginning this letter to you, quite uncertain whether I shall ever finish it or you will ever receive it. I am approaching my 90th birthday anniversary; and as I look back over this period of well on towards a hundred years I am startled with the impression that the period of my life covers, perhaps, indeed probably, the most eventful, the most revolutionary period in the history of the human race since its appearance upon the globe—certainly if you except the era when human beings really began to use language, that in which they learned how to make and use a fire, and that of the first Christian century. It has been the fruitful spring and summer time of the human intellect and energy as applied to the problems of the physical world. It has been the period when experimental philosophy and inductive reasoning have been applied in our dealings with nature and mind. Hence all the modern sciences have come into working efficiency with all their amazing results during these years. The bounds of human knowledge have been immeasurably extended in almost every direction.

When I was born steam-power had been discovered, but its use had been developed only in the slightest degree. If I am right, there were but two Railways in the country of any account, and they the merest apologies for our present railways. The population of the country was almost wholly rural. The industries now carried on by aggregations of people were then all rural industries supplemented by water-power in small factories. The first result of the use of steam-power has been an incalculable increase in products and transportation: the next, the accumulation of more than half the population of the nation in cities and large towns. In my youth, except on the sea shore and on water routes, cities could not be large for want of transportation to feed them, to supply raw materials, and distribute the products of manufacture. All these effects and tendencies have been much increased by harnessing electricity to distant water-powers and making it convey the energy generated by falling water to supplement the steam-power already employed. For example; as a consequence of such concentrations of power the city of New York now contains nearly double the population of the 13 original States as shown in the first census, that of 1790. And now, all over the world wherever steam-power is introduced, the same changes are taking place.

When I was born, the swiftest way of communicating intelligence to a considerable distance was by a messenger on horse-back. Marine people sometimes used flags, and others semaphores on hill tops, but these were not for common folks. When I was about 10 years old I witnessed for the first time the working of the Morse Electric Telegraph; that was about two years after its first public demonstration. This was the first really practical telegraph, and soon superseded all others. That was the beginning of all the telegraphic, telephonic, aerial and radio transmission of messages that now encircles the globe, and it has all come about in my life-time. Only the other day, I listened to aerial music and addresses from some unknown source. On occasions, it is said the air is full of music messages and instruction for those who have ears to hear.

It was when I was a very little boy that friction matches first came into use. There was still resting on the kitchen shelf the flint and steel machine previously used to kindle a fire and the phosphor bottle into which, if a certain match stick was thrust and then exposed to the air, it would break into flames. I think the phosphor bottle may be fairly taken as an example of the progress applied chemistry had made in the early thirties. To-day the automobile maker tells me that a modern auto could not have been built 40 years ago, because the materials from which they are now made were not then in existence, or because the tools with which they are made had not been discovered, nor the different sorts of steel suited exactly to resist every wear and strain; and he will throw in gratis a 6 or 8 cylinder explosion engine and a 3 year working battery, all the work of the chemist. The battle ship designer and the never-break watchspring maker will repeat the auto builder's statement. The optical instrument maker and the cook each will tell you,—one that he can now obtain the exact sort of glass he requires for the exquisitely delicate instruments he makes; the other that her glass ware is well suited for her cooking work. Still we are seeing the chemists work real wonder. And what shall I say of his work in coal-tar?—of the endless dyes, scents, flavors, medicines, poison gases and explosives that he is constantly evolving, and of the synthetic products of living organisms that he is building up—of synthetic indigo which has ruined the Bengal ryot, and of quinine and rubber now the product of the laboratory only?

When I was 8 years old, my cousin and daily playmate on one summer day became ill of what we now call appendicitis and died within a few days. The doctors stood by knowing themselves to be helpless, though they pretended to help. The next year my aunt contracted typhoid fever from a neighbor friend with whom she watched a night. The doctor bled her and "cupped her" and salivated her with doses of mercury; but in spite of fever and doctor she

recovered; but she lost her teeth and her hair. 17 years later I heard a medical professor say in his lecture room that of the 4 cases on record of the opening of the abdominal cavity for a certain surgical operation, only one case survived and medical men regarded the operations as too dangerous to perform. These instances reveal the state of medicine and surgery in my boyhood. Neither one was a science. Neither surgeon or doctor knew what the causes of disease were or what the appropriate remedies were; both were merely guess and try games. It could not be otherwise. The needed knowledge could not be gained without experiments on living subjects and these experiments could not be made without anesthetics and antiseptics. Ether had been discovered, but I remember distinctly the announcement that Lister in London was successfully performing surgical operations without failure by the aid of antiseptics and sterilization. From that day medicine and surgery could become sciences. The study of yeast-like fermenting bacteria has now shown that very large proportions of diseases are caused by germs setting up poisonous fermentation in the system. And with the new array of medicines, some of which poison the most deadly microbes, while they are harmless to the patient, we have modern medicine and surgery. What a contrast with 90 years ago!

Mental science formerly known in colleges as mental philosophy and now as psychology has not, I think, made as much progress as the physical sciences, and this among others for three causes: the mental philosphers ignored half their subject, they were shy of any taint of materialism, and had no use for experiment and laboratory research. In my college days hypnotism, or mesmerism as it was then called, was beneath the notice of the college professor. The whole world of the sub-conscious mind was an undiscovered world to them. Psychopathic states and conditions growing out of disordered nerves, bodily affections &c., were ignored and laboratory experimentation neglected, because all these linked the study of the mind too much with a materialistic philosophy. I refer in what I have said especially to America. Psychologists on the Continent of Europe were at no time so timid. But after all psychology now, here in America, is vastly ahead of the mental science of 1855. And if our psychologists will welcome the help which the laboratories of the biologist, the anatomist, the physician and even the electrician can furnish them, we may in time know something even about telepathy worth knowing. I look for great things not far ahead.

Recalling, (I cannot read) what I have written, and comparing the situation in 1832, with the situation in 1922, I say again that the 90 years' interval between these two dates includes the period of greatest mental activity the human race has produced; the period of greatest achievement; the period of greatest revolution. 90 years ago we knew nothing about Central Africa, or Asia, or Australia, or South America, or the greater part of our own continent or the Polar regions. Today we not only know about them, but what is going on in them. I sit at my desk and may at once communicate with you in Madura or with almost any country on the globe. What a revolution!

Now, why have I written all this to you? I have written it to recall to your mind more or less vividly the contrast of the past with the present and especially to impress you with the spirit and mental activity of the age of whose theological and religious changes I am proposing to write. I have been painting the background for my picture. What I shall be able to do with the foreground remains to be seen.

Sincerely Yours,

GEO. T. WASHBURN.

MERIDEN, CONN.,
July 15, 1922.

DEAR BANNINGA,

I am going to try to note down for you some of the Theological and Religious changes that have come within the circle of my observation in the last 75 years of my life, that being about the period of my theological consciousness; the view-point being from New England in early life and from a post of wider observation later.

I was born in a devout Christian family about 90 years ago. My father, mother, two grandmothers and aunt were members of the Congregational Church. We observed family prayers morning and evening, the Bible was a book for daily reading, and the Assembly's Catechism was repeated every Sunday morning.

Bushnel's Christian Nurture had not been published. The ideas at the base of it were almost inconceivable. Every child as well as every grown up was considered a sinner by nature, totally depraved, a child of the devil from birth, and incapable of becoming a child of God save by some change amounting to a moral convulsion Consequently, there was but one door into the Church; that was by what was called "Experiencing Religion". That consisted of an awakened attention to one's soul's salvation, an increased sense of guiltiness of sin, fear of God. fear of punishment. unwillingness to bargain away present freedom and pleasures for a future heaven, and the restricted and prosy– not to say unjoyous—life a church member was expected to lead, more or less rebellion against God and distress of mind, and finally submission and a degree of peace or even comfort. Absolute submission of one's will to God was reckoned a great point by some—a willingness to be damned for the glory of God being the supreme test. I remember in my time a high Calvinist, who professed that doctrine, asking old Dr. Bacon, then Prof. in Yale, if he was willing to be damned for the glory of God? "No, I'm not," replied the Doctor, "but I am willing you should be". This was a common question asked the candidate at ordinations. Some sort of a definite experience was regarded as necessary to join the church, and godly people without it did not feel justified in seeking admission. Some were persuaded towards the close of life to join. When I was about 14, I remember hearing a most exemplary old man (not, I think a church member) lamenting in a little cottage prayer meeting that he had never had the clear experiences which others had had, but he had often wished for them. My great uncle was one of this class, a man whom everybody in town honored and esteemed for upright, blameless Christian life; he did not join the church till a little before his death. He was a devoutly religious man, had a little oratory in his house which he daily frequented at a fixed hour for prayer and to read his great Scot's Bible; his wife too, followed her husband's practice. He could be heard on a Sunday evening crooning to himself:—"Show mercy Lord, O Lord forgive, Let a repenting rebel live," and such like hymns. Who was to blame for the situation? I cannot say. He married his minister's daughter. Was his pastor negligent, or did he hold high views?

During my childhood and youth the Church was ministered to by a genial Yale, D.D. who took the pastorate in 1795. No one questioned his Orthodoxy; but the doted Unitarian, Dr. Channing preached his last sermon from Dr. Sheprid's pulpit. During Dr. S's long pastorate Unitarianism rent the Eastern Massachusett's Churches, but Orthodoxy remained undivided west of the Green Mountains. Orthodoxy, of course, meant they believed pretty much as the Westminster Assembly believed 200 years before, and what Calvin had believed a hundred years earlier, and Augustine way back in the 5th century. But the Methodists were abroad in the land, and they believed what Wesley believed and he believed what Arminius believed. He did not believe a lot which Calvin and Augustine believed. Whether he had overheard the angels,

whom Milton says in his time were sitting on the heavenly hills discussing "Fate, free will, for knowledge absolute", I cannot say; but any way, he began a controversy on these and the kindred subjects of decrees of election, reprobation and the state of infants which several generations had talked themselves to death in, and now the subject itself was all but talked to death; so now we heard little of it save when religious folks got stirred up. The field therefore was open to something new. Finny and a prior Revivalist (I forget his name) were preaching and calling men to repentance and conversion in the Calvinistic Churches. These were "New Measures", and said to be unsound in doctrine; for did not the Scripture say "The Spirit bloweth where it listeth", and the New Birth was plainly the work of God's spirit. The right way was to preach, wait for the coming of the Spirit to convict, convert and renew the sinner. The churches south of New Jersey generally accepted this theory and not a few Northern churches at first. In course of time the matter worked clear and revivalists preached everywhere.

I joined the church (at that time under a younger pastor) when I was 18 without any striking experience, as might have been expected from my home and bringing up, but after a good deal of thought on my part. Let me stop here as I approach the middle of the century and before I begin to talk of Biblical matters to appraise the knowledge then existing of the sort we now think necessary to a right understanding and interpretation of the Bible. The Egyptian papyri and hieroglyphics were being slowly read, but not a scintilla illuminating any Bible matter had been discovered. Nothing whatever in regard to the peoples inhabiting the Palestine region beyond that told in the Bible was known. Little was known of the Geography of that area or of Arabia. Robinson was slowly publishing the results of his famous expedition and research. Besides the Bible, Heroditus was the only authority on Assyria Babylonia. Lepsius had spelled out a few Cuneform words. Rawlinson had not copied and read the Bihistan Tablets which unlocked the Cuneform writing. Nothing, also, was known of the Turanian race that preceded the Sumerians in the lower Euphrates valley, or its greatest Monarch Hamurabi, whose law code had much to do with our Mosaic Code. What a great store of data and illustrative information has been accumulated in these last 60 years to aid the Bible interpreter and critic. In 1850 they were situated like the surgeon and doctor without anesthetics and disinfectants. With their new knowledge they were equipped for work which could not have been done in any of the previous 17 centuries. But to return to about 1850.

The position of the Bible then among the rank and file of the Churches was substantially this:—The Bible is a Divine Revelation delivered to inspired Penmen who spoke and wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. It was equally inspired from cover to cover, equally authoritative and without taint of any error. The older and conservative Clergy all held this view more or less strictly. The younger Clergy were more liberal, and Northern Professors in Theological Seminaries, would not accept the above statement. Generally those who held the strictest views of inspiration held also to literal interpretation. It is true the Unitarians were publishing some books of German criticism; but none of the orthodox except Seminary Professors and a few others cared to consult such unholy books.

Still, the Bible did not go unattacked. Geology had made great advances in Europe. A dozen years before, the State of Massachusetts had provided for the Geological Survey of the State. New York had followed conducting similar surveys. The supposed great bird tracks in the Connecticut river sand-stone and the fossils from the New York Trenton lime-stone excited much popular interest. Geology was being taught in all Colleges. Physical evidences did not agree with any of the early chapters of Genesis. Pres. Hitchcock of Amherst, the foremost Geologist of the country, attempted in a book to reconcile Genesis to Geology—not a hopeless task considering the knowledge of the audience he addressed. There were also powerful British attacks made in

such brilliant books as " The Vestiges of Creation ", replied to by Hugh Miller in " The Old Red Sand-stone ", and by others. These were all slowly educating intelligent people into new ways of looking at the Bible. Then came Bp. Colenso's attack on the arithmetic of the Pentateuch—the cruelest and hardest of all considering its source, and that it seemed to deal its heavy blows on real history.

Still, there continued to be Bibliolaters who swore by the Bible from cover to cover; and there were on the other side those who accepted the findings of Science and were doubtful about the prophetic quality of prophetic books and sections and of many O.T. miracles. Among them were men who voiced their contention in statements like these :—" It is impossible that a Book produced by the people of one civilization, country and period of time, best suited to be their guide-book in religion, should be the best guide-book for every one in every stage of civilization in every country of the world through all periods of time." " A Book Religion, that is, a religion prescribed and directed by book cannot be a true religion, for mankind." Further, " A Book cannot be the ultimate appeal in matters of religion." These propositions show how much a certain attitude towards the Bible and its interpretation together with old and supposed essential forms and ceremonies befogged religious people. A volume, *The Eclipse of Faith*, following, ably replied to this contention, but it did not settle the last one On the other hand there arose a sort of popular resentment over the scientists' smashing the only ancient historic waymark they had—Ushers Chronology. It had been printed in some Bibles for 150 years and was almost as sacred, as the text itself. And did it not say the world was created 6,000 years ago, and give the exact dates for all the ancient happenings for thousands of years ? What modern should know better than these ancients who lived when things happened. So they complained and stood pat.

James Martineau published his book which conclusively showed that not a book, but the human reason must be the final appeal in religion The Hymn, " Break thou the bread of life, O Lord to me " seems to be the echo of this same controversy.

Not to interrupt the continuity of the foregoing topics, I have omitted to mention a controversy, between Dr Hodge of Princeton and Prof. Park of Andover about 1852 which ran on a year or two. It concerned the subjects of Original Sin, total Depravity, and the inherited moral character of Infants, and served to define more clearly the stand of Modern Theology, and score deeper the lines between the Old and New Schools of Calvinists. Princeton held to a very high Calvinism. It claimed that human nature was totally sinful, having been present in Adam when he sinned and therefore participating with him in his deed. Consequently, also, infants were culpable because they possessed this sinful nature before doing any act. Others might be content with saying that Adam's sin was imputed to the race. Not so Princeton ; and it quoted David as saying " Behold, I was shapen in iniquity and in sin did my mother conceive me ", and " Levi, so to speak, paid tithes in Abraham, he being present in Abraham's loins when Melchisadeck met him ". Prof. Park replied that David's exclamation was not an Euclidian proposition, but a verse of poetry and the second a bit of fanciful reasoning and confused personalities and wills. Sin consisted in a voluntary evil choice. Adam sinned when he chose to eat the apple. His desire to eat before he willed to eat was not sin. Human desires and human nature as a whole may be disordered tending to induce evil choices, but therefore are not sinful. So matters were left and so, I suppose, matters still stand. A theory was about to be propounded which snowed under the Adamic theories so deep that intelligent people have not troubled to dig them out.

In what I have thus far said I have tried to sketch the situation in the closing years of the last great epoch of Theological history, an epoch to be followed by one in which Science and Research had more to do in shaping religious beliefs.

In 1857 Charles Darwin published the first of that series of volumes endeavouring to explain and establish the theory of evolution. There had been evolutionists before Darwin; but no one nor all of them, had ever assaulted the reading world with such a series of volumes, and those weighted down with prodigious loads of facts substantiating the theory. The theory demanded a revision of men's method of thinking in a large number of sciences and in theology. It took a quarter of a century for intelligent people to digest the facts and form their opinions. Even Agassiz never accepted it, and the theologians were too busy with it to discuss much else.

But in the meantime, Bible Scholars had been busy in Germany, Great Britain and America (the last two especially) in applying the knowledge which had been accumulating, to a careful revision of the Old Testament text, endeavouring to separate the contribution of each original author from the writings of the several editors and compilers through whose hands the volume had passed. The result was the rainbow Bible, published I think in the Eighties. Later Prof. Kent published *The Students Old Testament*, after still further work in the same line, accompanied by a great abundance of explanatory and historical notes—a valuable aid to Bible study.

It seems to me that intelligent people are disposed to think the Doctrine of the Atonement has been abundantly discussed, and to allow every one to hold whatever theory of it he can justify to himself But two controversies have arisen in this last period. One in regard to the state of the Dead out of Christ in the life to come, and the other, the controversy in regard to the Virgin Birth. Both of these have occurred in your time and you are as familiar with them as I. These have been followed by two or three unhappy set backs; one, the attempted trial of a Union Seminary professor for Heresy, another. the Vote of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church endorsing the Inerrancy of the Bible, and finally a genuine case of Theological Atavism, of a development backwards into primary forms. I refer to the case of the Fundamentalists.

Speaking generally, I think intelligent people are coming to understand what the Bible really is, and this itself will help to clear up many questions of interpretation and doctrine. While the Bible is the Light of the World, it has given occasion for some of the most bitter and hateful controversies and some of the most wicked deeds that have disgraced Christianity. Real knowledge, all about the Bible and of the Bible, is the only remedy for such things, and for the Churches to attempt to block scientific investigation because unbiblical would be as harmful as it would be to block such research in the case of astronomy, geology, and chemistry. This wrong spirit is well illustrated just now in Kentucky, where the Fundamentalists, almost successfully, instigated the legislature to prohibit by law the teaching of the subject of Evolution in the schools and colleges of the state

The look for a long way ahead for the settlement of strictly Theological or theistic problems does not seem to me so bright. None of these questions have reached solution, though people have been talking about them since Old Testament times. People have stopped talking, and laid them on the shelf as insoluble. The fact is, the God of the Theologian and Preacher is not the God who is managing this world and the folks on it. Hence, things are all the time occurring which the theologian and the preacher and all the rest find inscrutable mysteries Ask a man:—"Did God have anything to do with the late World War?" and he will reply—"Not a thing. It was all a piece of human devilishness". Ask a preacher and he will tell you,—"Yes, it was all in God's plan" "What, all the bloodshed, murders and unmentionable crimes, all the want, misery and distress, all that reaching of war's clawy hand into every continent dragging out millions of the choicest and best to toil, misery and death while each left trails of worry and grief behind, and all this aftermath of misery and chaos?" "Yes, and its all a mystery, an inscrutable mystery" Ask another man and he will tell you 'I dont know;' may be," I dont know". And the trouble is that the same sort of things are happening every day to

good and bad, as any pastor will tell you. How can and will this be cleared up? Yes, I believe it can and will. And it will be when the God who is managing this world and the folks in it becomes the pastors' and theologians' God.

Now if I do not mistake a mirage for a reality, I believe I see the faintest gleams of the Day Star of a new day resting on the horizon. But the new day is far, far below the verge But sometime, sometime a man or a band of men of superb leadership and genius will change this old Ptolomaic system of Theology into a Copernican system with God in the center, and an orderly Universe physical and human about him. But the world is not ready for that yet.

But let us come back to present sublunary things. The present generation has gone one better than its grandfathers in ceasing to stress creeds and doctrines. With all the help they could get from Jesus Christ of God's good Spirit they have goue out individually and in thousands of organizations, in Missions, in Charities, in Philanthropies, in Churches and "Y's" and "CE's" and social service of all kinds to try to make the world a little better. And they have succeeded. There are more real Christians, now in our country and in the world than ever before, and I think Christianity is working now fairly well. A religion should do two things. It should point out the way to right and righteous living, and present a convincing motive for such living. People are more and more comprehending and appreciating and yielding to the motive and that is my present hope and expectation as I leave the stage of current affairs.

Yours sincerely,

GEO. T. WASHBURN.

From among many letters written during the first years of retirement at Home I reproduce the following three to the Rev. W. M. Zumbro, his successor at Pasumalai:

MERIDEN, CONN., Nov. 7th, 1901.

MY DEAR MR. ZUMBRO,

My last letter to you was written and despatched to you a little before I received your account of the mission meeting and of your paper, and of the summing up of the Deputation at the close of their visit. It contained just the things I wanted to know and I am very grateful to you for it.

It is a curious and interesting thing that this deputation approve of and recommend several important matters in the practice of the mission that the lastdeputation, in some cases with and in some cases without, the acquiescence of the missionaries, disapproved of and disallowed. For example, Mr. Webb had an industrial school on a small scale at Dindigul. The deputation ordered its discontinuance on principles that generally would prohibit them in the mission. The present deputation countenances industrial schools. The former deputation disapproved and abolished English Schools for Hindus and Christians alike. The present deputation approves of both The former deputation disapproved of higher education and would reduce Pasumalai to a low grade Catechist-training school. The present deputation would gladly promote its endowments as a college and an institution of general learning. The former deputation would make the mission a mission of vernacular preachers. The present deputation would turn the energy of the mission in the direction of training its Christian people. The former deputation advised the scattering of the Missionaries and the disposal or removal of one of the two houses at Dindigul, Madura, and Tirumangalam and the Mission heartily approved of

the moving of the Missionaries out to Batlagundu, and other places; I will not say how much it seems to me that changes on the mission field have justified these changes in mission policy; but I believe that causes at work at home and outside the Mission have much—too much—to do with the committee's recommendation in both cases. These causes I think are the popular trend towards industrial training at home, and Dr. Barton's experience in the Turkey Mission. I think therefore the Mission should hasten very slowly, indeed should take a backward course if it proposes to divert any of its energy from evangelism to training of converts. Train converts by all means, in all the virtues from thrift in wordly matters to that supreme virtue of living not to be served but to serve, and do it through making our people your agents in a more consecrated evangelism. If Dr. Barton had known that 3 or 4 years ago the mission struck from the annual statistics the column in the itineracy department this code headed "Days of missionary labor in itineracy because it showed up so badly," I think he would have been made cautions in his advice. Said one of the corporate members as he came out of one of the great meetings at Hartford, how is it you don't have conversions in your mission? A very proper question; for the business on which Christ sent his followers in his last message was to disciple all nations. And that is what missions are for.

All letters from the mission received in this country seem to agree in the fact that you all had an enjoyable and profitable time in the visit of the deputation. I do not learn from any letters that they visited Pasumalai a second time to inspect the Seminary—I looked over the printed programmes of the Sept. meeting with some surprise at the place given your work in them—one school boy, if I recollect, only. What is the matter?—There are advantages and disadvantages in having all of Pasumalai under one head. I see no reason for a change at present; and it was thought 10 years ago that the different works were sufficiently distinct and important as to require experienced and responsible men at the head of such. I see no good reason for changing the name of the press at the time of its transfer and regretted it a bit; but now that the change has been made perhaps it might as well remain as it is. Much of the present is to efface the past, faster in some places, slower in others. But naturally, after men get to be 70 they would be glad to return to it and preserve it.

We have had a wonderful sunny and bright autumn, and yet we can hardly say it has been dry. In October we had 25 sunny days and now it is 9th of November and we have had 8 more with one day slightly cloudy with a few drops of rain. It has not, however, been warm like last year; and this second cold season with us, we have found ourselves not very readily adapting ourselves to the growing cold.

I went down for one day to the Yale centennial and witnessed the pageant. It was on so huge a scale that none but the elect few could hear much. There were said to be 700 graduates present and these with about 3000 under-graduates filled every place. The weather was perfect, and the town made holiday as well. It was said at the R. R. Station here at Meriden that 6000 tickets to New Haven were sold at this office one day of the celebration, part of them return tickets; so you can imagine the crowd. The processions were certainly very showy and interesting. I had a good situation to see them, but I did not go to the ball game or the musical festival. The new buildings, the administration hall and the dining room and assembly hall are in the line of the Theological buildings, north of them, I think: The assembly hall is only begun yet, but the other two, the dining hall and the administration building are splendid edifices and in entire keeping with the general architectural mix-up of the university.

Now that the fall meetings are over and gone we are all rejoicing in the grand success of the fusion ticket in the New York City elections. The majorities for it were something astonishing. We did not know much about Justice Jerome

till this campaign began. He is a young man, officially, but he is a splendid recruit to the Low and Roosevelt school of politicians and encourages one to believe that righteousness and good-citizenship is not failing from the earth. I send a slip that shows what the man is. The Republicans are taking great encouragement from the fall elections to continue on selecting reciprocity treaties and any dealing with the customs duties, that notoriously far exceed the needs for revenue and enable manufacturers to offer their products in foreign markets much lower than here at home. I much fear we are nursing trouble for ourselves both at home and abroad. I am told that here at the east there was never a time of such business activity, when every shop was so full of orders as at present. The times are said to be phenomenal. That was one thing that so disheartened Pres. Capen at the meeting of the Board till the last evening. Even he was not in the scheme to lift the Board's debt then and there.

Did I write you that Dr. Jones stopped with us on his way from the council in Portland to New-Haven where he addressed a Y. P. S. C. E.? His subject—assigned—was perils of missions. The only real peril it seems to me, looking at the subject from the home side, is in the Christian Church in Christian lands forgetting the Lord's last command and neglecting its duty. Dr. Jones seems to be unfortunate in his reporters. I should be sorry to be represented as deploring "evangelism of the witness bearing type" as the report makes him. There was one who said every way Christ is preached and therein do I rejoice; yea and will rejoice and so no doubt does Dr. Jones.

My nephew whom I met in Naples last year has been in Chicago University mortally ill of typhoid; he barely survived and is slowly recovering, my brother's family and we have been in great anxiety for days for him.

Have you any Christian student in your F.A. that you recommend going on to the B.A. in case he passes? I think I would give a little help to such an one if it is needed and best. Let me know sometime—I have just received your packages of Pasumalai Reports— Monday Nov. 11th, I shall be glad to make use of them, I wish I knew whether you had supplied Williams College: but I fancy you have. I shall distribute these in Lenox, Gloversville and Meriden, and a few other places. We are to speak next Friday evening in Mr. Grant's church. Wallace will know who he is. Please remember us to all the friends at Pasumalai, and Madura as you happen to see them.

Yesterday was our first really wintry day, and to-day a few flakes of snow have fallen.

With warmest wishes, yours sincerely,

GEORGE T. WASHBURN.

I send you Perkin's letter about his return to California, you will be interested in it.

MERIDEN, CONN., Sept. 5th, 1902.

MY DEAR MR. ZUMBRO,

To-day marks the 70th mile stone in my life journey. I remember distinctly thinking over the matter, as we were making our oxcart journey down from Madras in May 1860 and concluding that to all appearances it was hardly probable that I should see the year 1900 as a missionary, much less that I should be alive to keep my 70th birthday. The hot, dry, Indian plains, the burning sun and the scorching winds of an Indian May did not suggest a long or active life in Madura. But May did not truly fore-tell the year, or the years that were to follow; and in numberless cases my experiences have been that Providence has evolved the events, far more favorably than my forecast had promised. I write this to you because you are in the place that

I occupied for 30 years; and I think the fact that we were able to fill out a fair period of service, and found our way, safely through so many dark places and so many difficulties, and had much of the divine protection and something of the divine blessing may well bring some hope and courage to you as you look forward into the coming years.

And just at this time, a time of year when I was almost always anxious about funds, I want to congratulate you on again receiving the Williams College donation. I confess that I was a bit anxious about it; but it appears that they are going to continue right on as if there had been no change on the officering of the college. Thank the Lord for that. Their contribution will do something to help you through this year.

I am carrying on a rather slow correspondence with Mr Marlott, preparatory to handing every thing over to the secretaries; but I want to get your answers to my letter first. He is a graduate of Kansas Agricultural College and is at present at the head of an iron foundery—claims to have a thorough practical education.

And by the way, this reminds me of what seems to me should prove the solution of the utilization of the great water power of the Periyar. You know that Americans have discovered a practical method of separating nitrogen from the atmosphere and fixing it in nitrate of potash and soda, thus providing the most necessary materials of plant growth. Apparatus is already being installed at Niagra to use the water power of the falls to produce the Electric current necessary to do this. I send you a clipping from the N. Y. Tribune on this subject which will interest you. But it would seem that with the crying demand of India for a vastly larger production of food products, the possibility of manufacturing from the air the plant food needed all over South India; and on the other hand, the difficulty of utilizing the Periyar water power for other purposes, such for example as iron smelting or aluminium manufacture on account of the remoteness of the falls from raw materials and from market, I say, it seems as if a solution of their practical use for the good of the people was approaching. I send you this cue for an article for the S.V.

And this reminds me of an another thing. You know I sent you some Pyrethrum Roseum—insect powder-plant seed, last year. Well I planted some of the same lot; and not a seed germinated. This year I got some more seed from the famous Vicks Co., and planted it with the same results. I then wrote to them stating my difficulty and asked for directions as to sowing and caring for it. I again sowed the seed, following the directions given by them with no better success than before. I hope you have begun a Kerosene campaign against Pasumalai mosquitoes; I believe that in ordinary years they may be almost exterminated, and the skill and practice gained at Pasumalai by your "*petroleurs*" might make them of use also where indeed might lay the foundation of a profession of mosquitoes exterminators and so add a new need and industry for the educated unemployed of the country. Whether I shall ever acquire the art of raising Pyrthrum to stupify the flies and mosquitoes of Pasumalai remains shrouded in the depths of the mysteries that the future must reveal; but I have still some hope. It however occurred to me the other day as I sat at the communion table and "*the fruit of the vine*" was being served to the communicants possibly how useful it might be if some of our people should start small vineyards on the hills and produce the grape juice that now-a-days is so generally taking the place of fermented wine at the Lord's supper.

And so I come along to Narayanasami as you tell about him in your letter. How much I have thought of him in the last month; how much I prayed for him. I confess that he was the last man I was looking for to show any movings towards Christianity. He was in my class the two years of his college course, and was in an indifferent, inattentive if not hostile attitude most of the time. There are other men whose conversion I have greatly longed for

and hoped for and prayed for. I refer to Settha Row and our own Master Mr. Mahadevan Settha Row was rooming in the Y.M.C.A. building, Madras while at college—of course of choice; and Mahadevan has shown a loyalty to Pasumalai which I could not help feeling meant some sympathy with its ideals. Both have seemed to me like conscientious, fair-minded men, much of the sort of the young man whom Jesus loved, and who he said was not far from the kingdom of heaven, I have sent Mahadevan articles in periodicals which I thought presented Christianity in an aspect which would appeal to him; and some time ago I bought a little "marked New Testament thinking" to send it to him: but on looking it over I did not feel as though it was marked in a way I would mark a N.T. for him and I began marking it myself in order to even up and broaden the subjects of attention. I thought of sending it to you with a view to your using your judgment about giving it to him. I do not wish to shut off religious communication with him, nor interfere with any natural tendency of his own mind towards Christianity in a quiet way, nor do I wish to represent to him that we are all the while seeking a proselyte. I long and daily pray that he may become a Christian in the very source of his being and in time avow it. For I think that Christianity has aspects that appeal to him.

As to Narayanasami, I cannot help feeling that this case was not dealt with in the wisest way. In this case the young man was subject to his father, and would naturally be till he was through his studies and went into business for himself. It is a pity he was not a little more quiet till then. He had zealous, but I fear not the best, advisers. There is a time when a man must begin to be responsible himself. That time comes earlier in America. In India it hardly came at all under the old regime, but by western custom it now comes if at all when a man enters on separate family life and an independent work for himself, and then it seems to me is the most natural time for the more dependent and weaker-willed, to make their religious change. It is quite true that I have proceeded in an exactly opposite way in many cases; but then, the position of the young men and the relation which I could assume to them and their future was very different from those in this case I do not give up Narayanasami, but I feel that he has made a sad fizzle and done a great deal of damage to the cause among young men. If Narayanasami was allowed to go about freely I should think he would have found a very sympathetic if not judicious friend in the Pasumalai pastor. But any way, don't let us give up Narayanasami; he may in coming years be a different man for all he has gone through. I hear there is another Brahmin convert in Madura. Who is he?

Miss Mary Noyes is with us on a very short visit. She seems pretty well but far from strong and did not feel like staying over a day to address the ladies' missionary society. She mentions that Dr. Parker is very much confined at home by the almost critical condition of her father, who suffers from cough and dispnea. She also says that Miss Parker's mother's condition is still such that she talks of going out next year. We may go to spend a night with the Elwoods next week. They are about 60 miles from Meriden.

The chief thing about here of interest has been the President's visit. He was driven through the principal streets of the town and made a brief speech. There was great preparation for his reception, and I was interested to notice the contrasts between the arrangements and decorations here and in India when a Governor or a Viceroy makes a visit. In decoration no arches, mottoes or any thing of that kind: only the national colors and those in extravagant profusion and exhibiting very little of the taste we saw displayed once in Marseilles, where we were when Pres. Faure of France was about to visit the place. Excellent arrangements were made to keep his route clear and to give the people a chance to see him, but I did not see a single man raise his hat or show special respect to him. Later his life was greatly in danger in a bad accident at Pittsfield near my old home. The motor man

in a most rash way dashed into the President's carriage killing his secret service guard. When the President rebuked the motor man for his rashness he shouted out to the President—"Any way your driver had a right to get out of the way." This is a side of America I more and more dislike. And in the laboring classes this spirit seems to me to be steadily growing.

September 9th Schools have now begun after vacations of at least 10 weeks. There is nothing which people have no appreciation of its value and are ready to squander so readily as children's time. And then at 21 and 22 they complain that college work must be cut down to 3 years for want of time. Half the children of this city have been running in the streets for the last 10 weeks.

Yours as ever sincerely,

GEORGE T. WASHBURN.

MERIDEN, CONN.,

May 26th, 1903.

MY DEAR MR. ZUMBRO,

This letter will doubtless find you back in Pasumalai again, if, according to the S.V. you are to open on the morning of June 18th. I hope you go down both refreshed and renewed for the long term before you and the hard and trying work till the end of the year. This, too, is perhaps your last sight of Kodai for 2 or 3 years. You must have said goodby to it with more than usual interest. And what about these 2 months that have past and gone? We have seen a letter from Miss Bessie and so have a little picture of Kodai as it is this year; but nothing of the "*doings.*"

I am very much pleased with your report for last year and have sent off all the copies I had except those I must keep. The full report reads much better than the abstract in the Annual Report of the Mission. It seems to me a sane and rational appeal to anybody who can understand the situation for help to build up a sort of education that really educates and launches young men into the work of life with some suitable preparation of spirit and hands as well as of intellect. When your last letter came I sent it to Dr. Barton for the sake of the last page, and wrote him about your report and suggested that he give Mr. Rockefeller's elbow a jog in behalf of Pasumalai.

And this reminds me of your Pasumalai booklet to be published. I send this morning in the Scientific American a little magazine which shows what American half tone engravers can do with Indian photos. Don't get many pictures made in India unless you are sure of the photo itself. It must be snappy, as the American say, or plucky, as the English say, to make a good picture. In this country you can get a photo negative touched up before you have it engraved.

I have read with much interest the article in the Harvest Field about Industrial Education. It is curious to see in this as well as in the report of the industrial committee at the Decennial the English *caste* notion come out, the notion that a man who works with his hands has learned enough when he has learned the 3 Rs. (though the 20th century has added drawing to the list for mechanics)—as if a laborer ought not to know any thing of the geography of the country and world he lives in, or the history of his native land. If 2 hands and 2 eyes are trained of the nerve ganglia that control them that seems to be enough for an Englishman.

I read the Madras Mail with interest; but I think that now that Dr. Jones must take the paper for the use of the S.V. and you can hardly take another copy for yourself; and you can hardly make it convenient to send away the one copy you take, so I think you had better not try to send it to me any more. Very likely I may take some weekly paper. Has any more newsy paper than the Christian Patriot been started in Madras or S. India since we left?

June 1st I had got this letter under way when we received a letter from the Sedgwicks saying that they were coming to us for a visit He was the nearest neighbor of all my early years till I left for College and a friend of 70 years standing; (think of that) with whom I have kept up correspondence and who gave me $100 for the Sedgwick Scholarship in the school. He and his wife are excellent people, with 2 sons in the ministry another just out of College and a 4th in business. We have had a delightful time, talked Pasumalai to him a great deal, read lots of letters and posted him up on our mission work and needs. He has had the mission reports before. And I have learned more about my dear old home of Lenox as it is now-a-days than I have known for a long time. I was sorry not to finish this letter for this mail; but I probably shall not do it now as we have suddenly decided to take the Missionary Convention at Clifton Springs into our biennial visit to friends in central New York; but I have an hour this after-noon while Mrs. Washburn is down town picking up things for the journey and will at least write a page or two. I have been reading our Mission Reports for the last 40 or 50 years with reference to an article in mission studies on the later years of our mission. I cannot say that I have read them any thing like thoroughly; but I have read them with a growing interest and a growing sense of the materials for a study of mission methods in the tropics and for a popular history of the Madura Mission. In the hands of a literary person of the right sort and who knows, and would consent to interest the public as Tracy or Mrs. Capron might, an admirable volume might be added to the growing library of Missionary Literature.

We are suffering from an extraordinary spring drought; for 6 weeks in the last of April and all through May no rain has fallen. On the 28th of May we had slight showers! but not to break the drought and things are going on in a very bad way. The grass crop is dried up and ruined and much of the planting and sowing which should have been done is not done because the ground is baked too hard to plow The heat during the early part of May was like that of August, up in the nineties: Later the wind shifted to the N.E. and we have had April weather in May. All this is hard; but it is probably for the best The country has been too prosperous for its real good Extravagance, self-indulgence, and stinginess towards religious charities on the part of the wealthy, self-indulgence, greediness, discontent, lawlessness and strikes on the part of wage-earners is the prevailing condition among a great mass of the people today. Wage earners in N.Y city and thereabouts have lost $15,000,000 by strikes and shut-downs in the last 6 weeks. Things are getting to be very bad; so bad that owners of business must combine, if they would carry it on, and fight the laborers with their own weapons. Prosperity seems likely in the end to work its own downfall: and if only in the mean-time it will soften men's hearts and teach many needed lessons it will be a good thing for the nation.

While writing this last page I have received Dr. Barton's reply to my letter You have doubtless heard from him the result of the deliberation at Boston—that in the absence of the needed means the committee cannot recommend the raising the College to the first grade or its removal to Madura. As I said, I suggested to Dr. Barton that he apply to Mr. Rockerfeller for aid to the College. He had already approached him on the subject, I think, and had received a reply from Mr. R. that he did not propose to make any contribution to the American Board at present. That settles the matter; for without his aid or the aid of some such donation nothing can be done towards a First Grade College. Perhaps now is the time to pray for such funds.

I am glad to know you are planning for a College Day. Please let me know the date so that I can keep it with you in spirit if not otherwise and if you can do so, the programme.

Yours as ever,

GEORGE T. WASHBURN

MERIDEN, CONN.,

August 14th, 1905.

MISS E. M. SWIFT.

MY DEAR MISS SWIFT,

You do not know under how much obligation you placed me to you by sending me that package of reports, obligations for many reasons of personal enjoyment, obligation for material in talking up *the cause* with others, and obligation of more earnest prayer for the workers in those ripening harvest fields, and for that precious living harvest of believing souls, old friends or acquaintances, possibly, kind hearted Tamil people, certainly whom I still rejoice to think of as friends gathered into the great garner of the Master's kingdom ; and obligation no less to those still without.

Well, I have tried to scatter the reports among those who will pray for the Madura and other missionary work and I hope will incite some to give—to some of those women that labour much in the Lord for foreign missions, to some ministers who ought to labour more for the cause, to some men and women who ought to give more to it, to some ex-missionaries and friends of missionaries to whom missions are still dear as the apple of their eye, and to some personal friends whom I want to think better of missions than they do, and think your report an excellent means to that end. I am confident it will be read and will interest. And so I thank you and congratulate you upon its production and get up. The cuts add much to the value of the account. Indeed it is hardly worthwhile printing anything of this kind if you expect it to be generally read without illustrations.

It is vacation time, now, you know, in all this part of the world, and things are about as dull as they are at our Madura Mission Centers in April and May. Our Church is not closed, but about 700 out of the 850 members need a vacation from their arduous church-going the remainder of the year; and so the one preaching service is not thronged. Last Sunday we had a sermon (not from our assistant pastor, but from his brother on a *Worldly Christianity* from the text). "The son of man came eating and drinking." Suppose you try this line to make Christianity more attractive. Did you ever think of it ? But this is a great age for new things, "proportion of doctrine," "religious emphasis," etc. But the sermon was a good one, though it might have been better.

There is a surprising amount of effort made now-a-days to make Christianity pleasant, not only by vacation Christian conventions, but in simpler and more homely ways For instance, our assistant pastor is this week taking a party of boys to a camp on the sea-shore. Next week he will take another; and usually the girls have had their turn at the shore. And these camps have often led to the starting of the boys in a new life. A few years ago the assistant told me that all the boys who were with him at a previous encampment had united with the church. Then, there are picnics, trolley rides and outings for Sunday School scholars, and such a lot of other things organized at the Church which keep so much of the children's life moving within the sphere of its influence as to keep out other worse things to a considerable extent. But not by any means wholly; for there is a tremendous bid for young patronage by every-body who can invent any amusement, however questionable, to make money out of them. It is a feverish state of things to live in ; and I am old, and used to the slower going East. Do you wonder I sometimes wish for some of its quiet ?

We took a delightful outing for about a week to Williamstown to attend the 50th anniversary of my class graduation. There are 20 out of 55 living ; and 14 present at our class meeting and banquet. Half these are still in professional or official service at present though Dr. Ostler would have had us all chloroformed from 10 to 20 years ago.

We, at home, are very much as you saw us when you were here. We have secured the putting in of gas mains, and are to have the house piped for lighting and cooking. We frequently hear from Mrs. Capron and saw the Herricks at Williamstown. Mr. Herrick very much browned by his long fishing campaign in Canada and Mrs. Herrick enjoying the Willimstown trip thoroughly. They were to spend last week at Northfield. Dr. Devins urging us to come up for this week or two, but thought best to content ourselves with the outing we have had. Neither shall we go to Seattle to the meeting of the Board. I fear it will be only an opportunity for contention; and besides, the Board and the missionaries need our money more than our presence at the meeting, this year. These yearly deficits while all the time the country is growing richer and spending more and more on itself are a painful part of present day Christianity. But let us hope for the best. I have just been reading the life of Geo. Armstrong of Hampton. I wish I had his hope and courage.

Sincerely,

GEO. T. WASHBURN

MERIDEN, CONN.,

August 16th, 1905.

MY DEAR MISS SWIFT,

I fear you long ago gave up all expectation of again hearing from me and if so my writing now is a proof that the unexpected sometimes happens. Yours and several other good Madura letters have long been waiting the more convenient season for an answer which the longer delayed is less likely to come, but I hope as in this instance will come.

I see, Mr. Washburn has written you about the annual reports, so I will only say that it has given us much pleasure to read and circulate them as best we could. They are to us exceedingly interesting reading. May they prove so to all who receive them.

We have had some very hot weather five weeks together in the latter part of June and July without rain—and up to yesterday no rainfall worth mentioning. This is the second day of continuous rain. The weather has changed to cold and damp indoors and very disagreeable outdoors. The summer has half gone and the time for gathering in the year's fruitage is well begun. I dislike to see the days shorten and the cold strengthen—and I often think lovingly of India—the land of desire—the land dear to us in so many ways—the land of more equal days and nights and the more uniform temperature, trying as it sometimes is—the land where we spent so many years in work among and for the people whose memory we cherish more and more as the years go by. But there is no denying that this colder climate does much for us in health and strength and endurance, and that we are physically far better off here than we could hope to be there We have not changed very much since you saw us here—and things move along the usual way.

It was a great pleasure to have a visit though a very brief one from Mr. Zumbro and to hear all about Madura again. We hope when he comes East for the winter that he will now and then come to see us.

Three or four weeks ago we called at Mr. Hazen's—(he is our assistant pastor and a brother of Mr. Hazen of the Mahratti Mission)—we found there a Mrs. Cole—a sister of Mrs. Hazen. Her husband has been asked to go to the Arcot Mission as an assistant in the Vellore College, and of course she had many questions to ask about India. They were then undecided, were considering the matter. They have been married some time, and have a little boy

three or four years old. She is a pleasing, interesting woman and seemed to be practical and sensible. Mr. Conklin found him at the Springfield training school and urged his going to take up this work. We know nothing more about him than what we gathered in conversation that afternoon—but we suppose Mr. Conklin regarded him as well fitted and the one he wanted. Mrs. Cole knows some of the younger Scudders. They are Congregationalists.

It is time this letter must be mailed—and I must not keep it to write more.

I hope to hear from you when you can conveniently find time to write.

With love to all our missionaries, and remembrances to our native friends.

Lovingly yours as ever,

MRS. E. C. WASHBURN.

On their Golden Wedding Day, 1st September 1909, their "Old Boys" and admirers did a very gracious thing in sending all the way to America and presenting the aged couple with this address:

ADDRESS

TO

REV. DR. AND MRS. WASHBURN,

on the occasion of

Their Golden Wedding Day, 1st Sept , 1909.

REVERED SIR AND BELOVED MADAM,

The 1st day of September has come again. It carries you back to the memorable day half a century ago when you both as young people were united in holy wedlock. Not many days after that you left your home, your dear ones and friends and started in a sailing vessel. Rounding the Cape of Good Hope you landed in Madras after a voyage of one hundred days. It took you then ten days to drive in a bullock cart from Madras to Madura. There you met Father and Mother Chandler. Then you were both busy in learning Tamil. The ten years in Battalagundu were busy years. The aged among us still remember with pleasure the itineracies you undertook in preaching the Gospel of the Love of God as manifested in His Son. You built here and there schools and prayer houses.

Then comes 1870. In January the Madura Mission met at Battalagundu and determined on the reconstruction of the Seminary and you were put in charge. In the May meeting at Kodaikanal the action of the January meeting was confirmed and on June 15th you arrived at Pasumalai and took charge of the work there.

We try to picture Pasumalai as it was in June 1870 and exclaim "Certainly Darwin's doctrine of Evolution must be true! Why should we not believe that a man has evolved from *Amoeba*, when we see what Pasumalai was and what it is now! How much of this growth external and internal has been due to the unselfish, untiring, and zealous activity of Dr. and Mrs. Washburn!"

It is psychologically impossible for us to think of Pasumalai without thinking of you, or to think of you without thinking of Pasumalai.

We cannot now enumerate all that we and the district of Madura and South India have received through your ministrations. We will not attempt

to do the impossible. But we beg permission to express to you both once more how grateful we all are for what you have been to us. Kindness such as yours cannot be repaid. But we pray that God may bless you in the evening of your life, giving you in your declining years the peace that passeth all understanding, and keep you safely in His loving care, till it pleaseth the Good Shepherd to translate you to his eternal Home and then we.

"Know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit other where."

It is needless for us to say that we will remember you both with reverence, gratitude, and love and will not cease to pray for you.

We thank and praise God for all His goodness to you during the past fifty years of your wedded life and for all that he has accomplished through you, and for keeping you in sound health and enabling you to celebrate your golden wedding.

We request you to accept this small present from us as we cannot let go an occasion like this without some manifestation, however humble, of our love and regard to you.

We are,

Revered Sir and Beloved Madam,

Your "Old Boys" and Admirers

Mrs. Eliza Case Washburn.

In 1914 Dr. Washburn was called upon to say farewell to his wife, who had shared his joys and sorrows for fifty-five years. She left her husband and two sons—David and Edwin to mourn her loss. Mrs. Eliza Case Washburn was born, Gloversville, New York, September 27, 1833; died at Meriden, Conn., July 23, 1914. With her husband she arrived at Madura, India, May 4, 1860; from 1860 to 1870 they were at work at the Battalagundu Station; from 1870 to 1900 they were working at Pasumalai engaged in educational work. From 1866 to 1877 she had charge of the reopened boarding schools; from the great famine of 1877 to 1896 she had the oversight and care of an orphanage. And in addition was the "Mother" to the large and growing family of boys who gathered year after year in the Pasumalai School.

In the Madura Mission Report of 1914 there appears this beautiful tribute to Mrs. Washburn:

Mrs. Eliza Case Washburn was one of the quiet, untiring, unobtrusive workers upon whom the world depends so much. She did pioneer work in Battalagundu in establishing the first school for Hindu girls in 1865, as well as in working for Hindu women. Her knowledge of Tamil was good and gave her access to the people.

During the long period in which Dr. and Mrs. Washburn were in Pasumalai, she was a true helpmate to him in many lines. The boarding department of the school was entirely in her care and the sick boys were her special charge.

In the famine of 1876--77, 1,055 orphans were received into the Pasumalai orphanage. Many of these orphans are now respected members of our Christian Community. The success of this undertaking was largely due to Mrs. Washburn's patient, loving care for the children who found a home in the orphanage.

Dr. Washburn could hardly have edited the Sathiavarthamani for so many years without her efficient help in collecting news paragraphs and in correcting proofs.

She also did much in developing English part-singing in the school. Her ability to read music at sight helped much in this direction. When she first came from America she did not know how to play the organ, but with quiet persistence she practised until she could accompany the boys in their singing. The singing of an anthem with four parts in those days was considered quite an achievement. It was Dr. and Mrs. Washburn who laid the foundations of Pasumalai's efficiency in music.

Notwithstanding the many heavy demands on her time, she was always ready to take her turn in conducting women's classes in the September meetings—this too in spite of a very real shrinking from doing anything of a public nature.

As a genial hostess she can never be forgotten by those who had the privilege of being entertained by her. She exercised hospitality with a quiet graciousness that made one feel at home.

Since the retirement of Dr. and Mrs. Washburn, many of us have visited them in their own home and have found Mrs. Washburn the same true friend, devoted to India and the Madura Mission. Her letters too have breathed the same spirit and have showed her continued interest in individuals as well as institutions. Many times her kind heart has responded to cases of need among her Indian friends.

May we not feel that now from the Home above she still continues her ministry of friendship and prayer and kindness to those she so dearly loved in India.

Of their married life Dr. Washburn said :—

"It was a companionship of more than fifty years of devotion, sympathy, consecration, and mutual helpfulness—in which we were rarely separated until Mrs. Washburn's death, July 23, 1914." After her death, he said : "Her spirit lingers in these rooms with me, and her ministering presence does not leave me."

On the eighth anniversary of Mrs. Washburn's death Dr. Washburn, then ninety years of age—feeling sad and lonely, penned these verses in loving memory of her who had stood with him through a long and active life :

VERSES

In Old Ballad Style.

I sought me a maiden fair, And she trothed her troth to me—Ruth's steadfast troth, her loving troth, To beloved Na-o-mi.

And we sailed the seven seas, And we met Old Neptune's Man, And we voyaged beneath the Southern Cross and the Clouds of Mag-el-lan.

And we sailed, and sailed, and sailed; Far into the Eastern Seas, And we came to a Land of Million Gods, And of strange philosophies.

We have felt the Monsoon's breath, And the scorch of the vertical sun, And we know the rage of the will Typhoon, And the Wreckage it has done.

We have sat at the Nabobs' feast, And walked the great among, And lived with a Race that tilled its plains, In the days when the World was young.

We know the Brahmen's Prayer, And the Ryots sacrifice, Of cocks and rams and buffalo. And the Devil-dancers wild cries.

And the women devil-possessed, And the cruel penance of men: And it irked us sore that so few before, Had brought Christ's help to them.

So we wrought our work and said our say, And set a torch alight, That is burning today and will burn for aye, Till Heaven's own Day is bright.

I know thee, "Land of Desire," Where it *was* "Always After-noon". Where the Kaiser would fain have sat in the Sun, And enjoyed his World-War Boon.

I know thee, thine ills and woes, And the great things thou hast done, And the greater things awaiting thee, When thy soul's freedom thou hast won.

But now I sit afar, And watch what the years will bring; And pray that the Christ who loved this World,—Will guide thy developing.

But, my mate, she has sailed and alone: Sailed into the Sunset West, Far beyond the range of my straining eyes—Far beyond my utmost quest.

Now, by her couch I sit me down, As each year brings round this day, And listen for greeting, or whisper, or sound Of aught she fain would say.

And wait and listen and wait, If still it may possibly be, She is with me here in that silent room, Keeping me company.

In the grey of yester-morn Came a clear call to me, The same old voice with its cheery tone, As clear as clear could be.

Was it echo from out the subconscious past, Or a real Call?—We shall see.

Meriden, Sunday, July 23, 1922.

The next three letters are interesting, because they were written and sent to a Hindu, former student and colleague of Dr. Washburn. Mr. Mahadeva Iyer has remained an honoured member of the staff of the American College ever since Washburn day.

MERIDEN, CONN., *Jan. 17th, 1912.*

MR. S. MAHADEVA IYER, B.A., L.T.

My dear Mahadevan,

I received in due time your much esteemed and newsy letter. You cannot know with what feelings of pleasure I received from the hands of the postman these friendly greetings from old friends with whom I worked so long It is pleasant to be remembered after one has finished his useful days and is out of the fight and among the spectators. But you may be sure no on-looker at a football game is more interested in the result, than I am in the work and struggle that you and Mr. Zumbro and Wallace are carrying on month after month in your places in Madura. How could it be otherwise? 10,000 miles of separating sea has only altered my geography not myself. I hope you are going to win. The gift for buildings ought to help toward that result.

The city of Meriden has outgrown its high school building erected about 1878 and is now about to build a new structure to accommodate 1,200 pupils with a gym, baths, and closet conveniences within the building and a large assembly hall. It is to be 3 stories high 180 x 140 ft. all enclosed, the assembly hall in the center lighted from the roof and ventilated with fans, the gymnasium beneath the hall. With the land it is to cost Rs. 600,000. But if taking into consideration the exigencies of our climate which must be provided for, and the inferior purchasing power of money here, I doubt whether it would furnish us a more satisfactory building than one lac would furnish to the college in Madura. The money will be raised by a tax on the town spread over several years. The school is to be equipped for manual training, and science work, both of which are very much needed here.

You have little idea of the exigencies of our climate while sometimes we have weather as your warmest, we also have weather colder than you can imagine. This morning the mercury in the thermometer stood at 0. Three days ago it stood at 7. That is more than 100° below the normal temperature of the body. Houses, schools and churches have to be built to meet both extremes. Water-pipes have to be buried 3 or 4 feet in the earth to keep from freezing and inside buildings great care needs to be used to prevent freezing. Ours froze last night and three nights ago, but not so as to burst. When a fierce wind blows it is hard to keep a house warm with the best heating apparatus. A great business block burned down last week in New York in the midst of the cold spell. I send you in this letter a cut of how the ruins appeared coated with ice after the fire was extinguished.

Princeton University has chosen a new president in place of Woodrow Wilson, now Governor of New Jersey. There was much opposition to Mr. Wilson on account of his very democratic ideas. Outsiders generally agree with him, and I think the new president will carry out his ideas; at least to some extent.

Mrs. Washburn and I are occupying our old quarters—not quite as strong, not quite as able to work as in former years. Mrs. Washburn was quite poorly in health in the autumn but is better now. She gets out only a little. But we both find something to do and are happy in doing it.

Yours with our warmest regards, and please remember us to old friends in Madura.

GEO. T. WASHBURN.

Meriden, Conn., U.S.A., June 1, 1916.

Mr. S. Mahadeva Iyer, B.A., L.T.

My dear Mahadeva Iyer,

Two mails ago I had the great pleasure of receiving your letter of April 7th. It seems very good to get a word from old comrades of Pasumalai days and work. The backward look on them from the retirement of my quiet American home is very pleasant. I dare say they have not left the same strong impression on you in the stress of still more active daily work as upon me in the quiet of old age. But I shall never cease to be grateful to you for standing by the College when it was little.

First, I want to thank you for the trouble you took in executing my commission about the prints I sent you. Many or those Indian friends have been much in the thoughts of Mrs. Washburn and myself since we left India. Also I want to congratulate you and all the old stand-bys of the College on its remarkably successful development in these later years, and in the prospects of still further improvements; for Mr. Zumbro told me that he had secured funds for another dormitory and other necessary things. It is a great pleasure to me to see the College taking on new life in this way. And I hope you and your family are enjoying good health, and that you are happy in your work, and in your comrades of the staff.

I have just been down to New Haven, where I frequently go to consult the University library and for other business. The war has illustrated how easily great armies can quickly be transported great distances across the ocean, so that now neither the Atlantic nor the Pacific are a protecting barrier to the United States, but a great highway to the hostile maritime power proposing to make war upon us. In consequence of this, and of the uselessness of treaties as a protection, and of the suddenness with which modern wars arise there has been a great uprising in the nation in favour of national defence, particularly among business men and college men (under-graduates). Two years ago the Federal Government established a half dozen training camps of a month's duration in the summer vacation season to give opportunity for military training to any men fit for military service. One such camp is already at work at Platsburg, about 150 miles north of here And although the cost of each volunteer is from 120 to 180 rupees over 10,000 young men are booked for this one camp this season. Yale University is furnishing a large contingent. My old College, Williams is sending 150 out of about 500. The training is very rigorous, and the results of the last year's camps were specially satisfactory to our military men. The quality of the volunteers made possible unusual results.

I and thousands of others in America have been filled with gratitude and admiration at the splendid exhibition of loyalty and sacrifice of the Princes and people of India in this time of stress to the whole Empire. India will yet do still more. And the world is going to be delivered from the horrors of an unrestrained military despotism. I think you are right in valuing the British Raj. I have lived two score years under it, and a little more than two score years under the American Government; and I can honestly say that so far as personal freedom, fair dealing, justice and taxation are concerned I should have no choice, whether to live in America or on India.

Dr. Jones lives in Hartford, only 20 miles from me by rail. I met him twice last week. He is not as strong or as well as he was a year ago; but he has light and pleasant work in the School of Missions, Hartford Theological Seminary. I have not seen any of the missionaries who have recently come home on furlough. I frequently hear from S. J. Theodore and from A. David Masillamoni. A letter from him today says he leaves Chicago on the 18th and SanFrancisco on the 23rd on his return via China. Theodore has been doing very well; and A. David's teachers report him to have been an

exceptionally industrious and successful student. I think both men have profited by their trip to America. I have never ceased to regret that you could not have had a couple of years in some of our American Universities at the beginning of this century. But times 16 years ago were not what they are today. The Dean of Johns Hopkins Dr. Griffin was a Williams College man, and so was the President Dr. Remson. I tried to get a scholarship for you at that University from Dr. Griffin : but the University a little before that time had lost the greater part of its endowment by the failure of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway in which its funds were invested, and for years it could make no concessions to any-body.

I am living just as I have been for the last 10 years except that Mrs. Washburn is no longer here, and life is lonely without her. I can still read books in good type and more or less in the news-papers. I find more than enough to keep me busy considering that I have a good many days when I am off work. I get about town afoot a little and to New Haven and Hartford occasionally. I have not lost my hearing, but it has failed somewhat : and so far as I can judge my mental faculties remain in good use. And last of all my interest in the scenes of my former life and work remains untouched.

I have not written so long a letter to any-body for many-a-day. Accept it with my best wishes, and kindly remember me to my old friends whom you may see.

Yours sincerely,

GEO. T. WASHBURN.

P.S. It is inexcusable for me to forget your artist who has made me live again in black and white among you (only I wish he had had power to do it in the flesh and not merely on paper) and to the friends who appreciate his effort. My good wishes to him. I have an admirable life-sized picture of Mrs. Washburn which I value very much.

G. T. W.

MERIDEN, CONN., *March 10, 1917.*

PROF. S. MAHADEVA IYER, B.A., L.T.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have not the least idea how or when this letter will reach you. Our present relations with Germany are such that we may find war going on at our very coast. War is already going on against our commerce and the lives of our citizens on the other side of the water at this time. President Wilson may any moment recognise the fact and arm our merchantmen for self-defence. Our shipping for Europe is mostly tied up at home and we depend on English and French mails for communication with Europe and the east. The Pacific is open and I can forward this letter to you via that route, the New York Postmaster tells me, if I so desire. We are afflicted by having chosen for our President a man who is a pacifist in principle, *i.e.*, a person who does not willingly resort to war in self-defence, and he has surrounded himself with a ministry of the same sort; so that now, in time of war, we are far from happily situated. Moreover, he is not a man of action : but of hesitation, a schoolmaster and little trained in state affairs. While his domestic administration has been beneficial to the country, his administration of our foreign affairs has been little less than a deplorable failure. What we shall do now in the immediate presence of war, nobody can tell.

The attitude of the great majority of the American people towards the war is singularly different from that of the high officials in Washington. Nevertheless, there is a large class who favour the Central Powers. About

20,000,000 of our population are Germans or of German descent. German immigration began early in the history of our colonies, and has continued to date. A great part of this immigration has become entirely homogeneous with the great body of the people. In fact this is pretty much true of all who immigrated till about 30 or 35 years ago, when German imperialism and Prussian militarism had got fairly under way Since then the men who have come over, have remained generally intensely German, becoming American citizens, not from sympathy with our principles of government—which they despised—but because citizenship would better promote their money-making, or whatever they came for, than to remain subjects of the German Emperor. They, a very small immigration, and their descendants are the people who are leaders in the mischief making, the mean and contemptible spying, the burning and blowing up of ships and factories, plotting strikes and treason which are occurring constantly. These people are a great contrast to the Germans who immigrated after the Revolution of 1848 and for the following 30 years, men who loved freedom, believed in free institutions and came over because the revolution in Germany had gone back on them. But strange as it may seem, the desire of peace and the desire to placate the considerable German vote has worked mischief with our administration. But popular indignation at Germany will not put up with this longer. We shall have a change at Washington.

As I said, the great bulk of our people sympathise with the allies; and if not doing all they can, are doing a great deal to help them. It is said by those who know that there are between 40,000 and 50,000 in the Allied armies and at work for them in the Red-Cross and in Hospitals. There are about 500 of our College men who are at work as auto-ambulance drivers. The number of American aeroplane men has just been brought up to 50. Hundreds of American auto-ambulances have been sent over. Within a fortnight our Meriden Home Club has raised Rs. 3,600 to fit out and keep an ambulance at the front for 6 months. Our neighbouring town of Waterbury has sent over 3 auto-ambulances, and I read in to-day's paper that two classes in Columbia University were each supporting an ambulance in France. There are 20 or more American Hospitals with full staffs at work in France and one that I know of in England; probably more. Our Y M.C.A. is working with the Allied armies and with the prisoners among all the combatants. My old college, Williams, contributed lately Rs. 27,000 to this work, and is enthusiastic in military training and in its loyalty to the State. And I may say that our Eastern Colleges and Universities, Harvard, Yale, Columbia and Johns Hopkins both in their student and teaching bodies are enthusiastic in their preparation to defend the country in case war should come—far more so than the Government which has shown itself very sluggish even in the presence of immediate danger. I do not speak of the Western institutions of learning, because I do not know about them. In the summers of the last two years camps of military volunteers for training purposes have been formed and taught by U S. Army Officers in which last summer some 10,000 patriotic men of all classes and great companies of students in the colleges spent two months in training. Among them was Mr. Mitchell, Mayor of N.Y. and Mr. Bacon, Assistant Secretary of State as well as Professors, students and clerks. All this goes to show how serious the people in these parts regard the present situation.

I began to tell you somewhat of what we are doing to help the distressed in the warring nations on the other side, but was shunted off on to another topic. It is impossible for me to say what has been contributed to relieve the suffering in France, Belgium, Poland. There are scores of different societies at work raising funds, collecting material and old garments, and making new ones all over the country, and there is a Red-Cross Society in nearly every town actively at work. At the end of 1915, when typhus raged so dreadfully in Serbia, two complete hospitals with staffs were fitted out to go over and exterminate the disease. The last member of the last one has just returned. They fought the disease and were successful in extirpating it. Our contributions to the Armenians and Syrians who have suffered fearfully

from the Turks has already reached a hundred lacs of rupees, and is still continuing. But whatever America has done it could and should have done more. She has been greatly enriched by the war through enormous sales of food-stuffs, horses, automobiles and machinery of all kinds. cotton and cotton goods, metals, petroleum and munitions of war. There is an arms factory in this town, a small one; but it turns out enough rifles every week to arm a regiment. The New Haven factories make three or four times as many; and the factories in Waterbury, 20 miles to the west, make a supply of enough ammunition for them. Labour is very scarce and wages are very high. Hence, I say, that we are not helping the distress as much as we ought to.

I have given a large space to the war. It is a subject of vast importance here, as well as in Europe and Asia. And I am sure it is of even greater concern to India. Two Bengalees Chuckerbutty and Goda, have just been arrested in New York for hostile plotting against a friendly Power. It has been a great pleasure to me to see how enthusiastically the Indian people have backed the Government by their army enlistments. by their public meetings and by their gifts, even by the gifts of the poor village women towards your hospital-ship. And what good work the Indian army has been doing in German East Africa, and the successes it has achieved against the Turks on the Tigris! India is contributing her "bit", and a good bit it is, towards shortening the war.

I have not kept track of our college so fully this year as I did last. Mr. Wallace, when he comes, will perhaps put me in touch with it and with you all. I read Mr. Zumbro's very thorough article on the last examination failures with much interest. A very thorough piece of work it was, seemingly leaving little to be said on the other side. A few of my old associates and students remain on the staff; and you may be sure I keep up a lively interest in them and their work. I shall be glad to know that you have at length got into your long-delayed science building. We do most things quicker. Our town High School building for 1,000 pupils, first proposed after the foundation stone of your Science Hall was laid has been in use two years. It has physical and chemical laboratories, lavatories, clothes lockers, workshops, assembly hall, gym, together with numberless class-rooms , all well lighted under one vast roof. It cost over 7 lacs of rupees, and is being paid for by longtime bonds. The same is true of our Water Works, which we doubled in output last year. Late in the year we raised over six lacs by voluntary contribution to build a new Y.M C.A. block. The Association has outgrown its old building, is doing a good work and so has the favour of the people generally. Just at the beginning of the new year a plan was started to reorganize the Chamber of Commerce for more efficient work. It was planned to secure 500 members, each pledged to pay a membership fee of Rs. 75 yearly for three successive years—the money to be spent in bringing new business to the town and improving and beautifying the town in ways not possible to reach by legal taxation. A campaign of about a fortnight secured the 500 members, the Chamber has been reorganized and 15 matters have been settled on to engage the consideration and work of the members. These men are called *City Boosters*, *i.e.*, men promoting the interests of Meriden. I speak of it as one phase of American activity which may not be familiar to you

I am now in my 85th year. I have lost a good deal of my old vigour, but I still depend on a walk—quite a short one now-a-days for what health and vigour I enjoy. Except my regular *constitutional* I don't get about much except in an auto or carriage. Business takes me down to New Haven once or twice a month; but I have had to discontinue my visits to the University Library, because my sight has so far failed that I find it impossible to read, unless the light is the best and its location just right. At home I am so situated that I can read well-printed books and the newspapers on sunny days fairly well; on cloudy days I find much difficulty in seeing. Lately I have been reading in the line of Science some books which you may ultimately see in India when freights are less costly:—The meaning of Evolution;

Evolution Old and New; A critique on the Theory of Evolution—an up-to-date book; The Organism as a Whole; and Men of the Stone Age. I tried when the war began to book myself thoroughly on its cause and origin. I have also been reading Prof. Kent's Students Old Testament, and am working on the Gospel of John. Among war books I am greatly enjoying—A Student in Arms, by Donald Hankey. Borrow and read it if you can. It will make you acquainted with Englishmen. I would send it to you, but my copy is a reprint..... I occasionally see S. J. Theodore at Yale. He is doing finely, a credit to our College.

Remember me, please, to old friends, and accept my sincere thanks for your kind services in forwarding to their destinations the prints I sent out.

Your old friend and fellow worker,

GEO. T. WASHBURN.

MERIDEN, CONN., *June 17, 1914.*

REV. J. J. BANNINGA,

My Dear Banninga,

I dare say most of you Pasumalai folks have this time finished your vacation on the hills, held your conferences and mission meeting and formed your plans for the next 7 months campaign. If things were now as they were 25 or 30 years ago, I involuntarily say I would like to be in them. But as things are to-day men and conditions and all, I don't know; I would think twice before saying yes. For I have a kind of feeling that all the mission's arrangements have not a trend to bring about what the Mission is in the Madura District primarily to do, or that they do what is to be done in the best way. Still I don't know; I am not sure. I may be wholly out of touch with the Madura and the India of to-day. But I am not out of touch with human nature and with the principle on which Christian work must go on every-where.

It has been a long time since I wrote you, 3½ months I think. In the meantime I have become indebted to you for one or two letters and two very interesting books Sadhana—is that the Sanskrit for our Tamil சத்தாரணம்?—and The Gardener both Rabindranath Tagore's books. There was quite a flurry in the literary world of the West when their author was announced as the Nobel literary prize man for the year. Large extracts appeared in the paper and he was lionized for a month or two; I am delighted to have a couple of specimens of his work. His lyrics—The Gardener have quite a new flavor, quite as oriental as "Mulligalawny" soup has to Western palates. They are as thoroughly Indian as Omar Khayyam is Persian and show remarkable mastery of expression in English, as well as beauty and simplicity of thought. But they will not enter into English permanent literature as Omar Khayyam has; Indeed that owes its place to Fitz Gerald's marvelous translation.

Sadhana I believe is supposed to be Philosophic Mysticism and to appeal to some Organ or faculty for its apprehension, which I have not. But Rabindranath's book is a book not chiefly of the dicta of mysticism but a book of reasoning. Of course I can't deal with his dicta of mysticism; but when it comes to argument every one of his paragraphs challenges me to ask him what he really means. And I find that many of his statements have a double meaning, one to the Hindu, and another to the Occidental. This is well illustrated in the first Essay—The Relation of the Individual to the Universe. He aims to show that the Hindu is more in sympathy, more one, and therefore more intimate with nature than the Westerner. He says—The ultimate truth about earth and water in our apprehending the *eternal will* that works in the forces which we realize under these *aspects*. Again, when he meets the *eternal spirit* in all objects, then he discovers the fullest significance of the world into which he is born.

Now what does R.T. mean by "*eternal* will" and "eternal spirit" and "these aspects"? R.T. is a devout Hindu. He is a fatalist. He believes himself not only physically but mentally and totally a part of nature. He finds much refreshment in meditating for the Gayatry—morning, noon and night. He says of his morning dip that the water not only cleanses his limbs but purifies his heart for it touches his soul. This brings the man and his belief to what, I say is that "eternal will", that "eternal spirit" or the apprehension of which is the comprehension of nature? To him R.T. it is Brahma. I quote in substance the Vedantist belief, for the book shows that he belongs to that school. Brahma exists truly; the world falsely. The soul is only Brahma. All the Universe is Brahma. From him it proceeds, into him it dissolves. Brahma is both creator and created, actor and act. He or it is without parts, unbounded by qualities (attributes), without action, without emotions, having no consciousness such as is counted by "I" or "thou" apprehending no person or thing, and not apprehended by any, unchangable, having neither beginning nor end, the only real existence. Now this is not what an Occidental would gather from R.T.'s "eternal will" and "eternal spirit". He would mean something quite different. He would not think of himself as only a part of that nature evolved out of Brahma, but as having a free will and a personality.

Again R.T. thinks Hindus more near to nature, because they don't eat meat. If he had said they did not eat meat because they believe in reincarnation, and that all the billions of human beings are now undergoing incarnation in bugs and birds and beasts and even in clods and rocks and that one might well fear he was eating a slice from his dead neighbor when he partook of a mutton chop or from his grandfather when he helped himself to a piece of steak, it would reveal on what different lines the thought of the Hindu and the thought of the Occidental who reads his book travel.

As to whether a false view of ourselves and nature helps men to a close intimacy and sympathy I will not say: but it seems to me that the Medical Scientific men of the West who are searching out most successfully and usefully the secrets of nature are more in sympathy with nature than the dreamy Hindu ascetic in the forest living on fruits and roots.

As for Indian mysticism in its scholastic or dogmatic form it is a monstrosity, and yet these monstrosities are at the bottom of Hindu worship. Take for example that queer mystical doctrine that sound is an entity existing eternally; that the vowels in the alphabet which represent sound and in combination are the vehicles of thought, have a mystical power and that a man who can pronounce a *muntra* rightly has power over gods, nature and men, here is the secret of the Brahmen's ablution and domestic worship—the repeating of the Gayatry and *Om Aum* scores of times at morning or noon and evening worship. It is the repetition of one of these at the morning bath that purifies the soul, I suppose.

And yet Rabindranath is a most fascinating and plausible writer. And if one will fall under his spell and read him in the somnolent heat of India without any interrogation points in his mind, R.T. will bamboozle him into innumerable absurdities. I do not wonder that he has captivated Europe.

You wrote in your last about the mishap to the knives sent out to you. Had I been aware of the danger to goods and in transhipment at Liverpool and Colombo and especially of the danger of lightering them 4 or 5 miles to shore at Tuticorin I would have had them tinned up. I deeply regret the wetting and the results. To show you that you are not alone in such mishaps I send you a clipping from the Scientific American with its explanation of the trouble. I have not written you in reply, because I wanted to see Mr. Burgess from whom I bought the goods first. He is a travelling man and has been in the far West till about a fortnight ago. On his enquiry, I mentioned the wetting and its consequences. He said at once that if you would return them—and the sooner the better by some returning family he would either have these replated or new ones substituted. You can then have them returned at your convenience.

You are by this time back in Pasumalai, in the new building, and in your work I hope and am sure you will enjoy it. The office of pastor, and to some extent that of catechist is much more responsible under the new regime than under the old. Hence both need a more thorough and careful training than they formerly had and a deeper devotion to their work. Witness the *vamosing* of pastor Samuel from Palani! Indeed, one of the most telling criticisms I have heard against the new system was that the pastors were not up to their position. The department needs the full work of a man. Dr. Jones, when I met him a while ago, said to me that he had done too much going about on miscellaneous things while at P., a matter in which I agreed with him. Our College and Seminary professors are conservative but good examples in their calling.

You will be interested in Dr. Jones's appointment to Hartford. He seemed better than I expected when I saw him, but had aged much.

We are about as usual, slowly trudging the down hill grade, but hopeful and comfortable.

With best wishes to yourself and Mrs. Banninga from us both.

Very truly,
GEO. T. WASHBURN.

Meriden, Conn., June 30, 1915.

REV. J. J. BANNINGA.

My Dear Banninga:—

After living 30 years chiefly among boys and young men, it was a real pleasure to me to get back again into the midst of the genuine article at Williams, last week and the week before. I went up with Dr. and Mrs. Jones, on Saturday the 19th and stayed over till Wednesday, so taking in the whole thing, or at least as much as I had physical strength for, except the Williams—Dartmouth ball game on Saturday, and the Commencement luncheon; and I tell you it was a rare gay time for me. You see, it was the 60th anniversary of our class graduation—1855. And we got together 6 out of 7 living members of the 57 graduates. The absentee is an invalid manufacturer living not 50 miles away. There was one man there that had not returned to Williamstown, even once, in all these 60 years. It was a great pleasure, not only to meet old classmates, but to note how time had mellowed the men, broadened their outlook, and had worked a religious development in all. I greatly enjoyed the gathering. To liven it up, we had the sons and grandsons of the class to dinner with us.

There was a good representation of the younger classes and the usual amount of tomfoolery, brass bands, and nocternal uproar of course. Dr. Jones was on hand to speak at the Haystack prayer-meeting. We were driven off the Haystack ground into the magnificent Grace Hall nearby, by a shower. Dr. Jones made a very fine speech, appropriate and eloquent, perhaps a little too general and optimistic; for one man speaking with me took it with a grain or two of salt, and asked me if I could vouch for it. Dr. J. happened to tell of himself and Mrs. J. being carried five miles up from Darjeeling by coolies to see the sun rise; and another seemed to remember this while he forgot the rest of the discourse. Both instances suggest hints worth remembering.

A letter is just in from Bro. Chandler. You know of the graduation of his two boys, one at Brown, and one at Yale within the last two weeks. Bro. C. and family are now marooned at Lithia, miles from nowhere, for the summer. But they are on a mountain top and can get plenty of fresh air as cheap as any where. Bro. Perkins has had a seize of Viruppachi jungle fever, setting in just as he arrived, and keeping him till now in Philadelphia. I had a

pleasant little visit with Mrs. Capron and her blind sister last week in Pittsfield, Mass. Mrs. C. gets about with a cane and usually accompanied by some one. Her eyes are fast failing, and she is weak on her feet. But she is as bright as ever, and her sister is charming. I am fairly well, but my strength is evaporating slowly. Summer heat is not good for me.

The country—particularly the West is very prosperous; this town is experiencing very hard times; an express man lately told David that he had moved 170 families out of town this season. They have mostly gone to Bridgeport, where articles of necessity are largely manufactured. The crop prospect is very good, and agricultural products are cheap.

I am deeply interested in your work in the Seminary and in its development in the new line. My notions about theological seminaries and what they should aim to accomplish have greatly changed in these late years. The Mission Report indicates that you had an exceptionally good year, last year. I hope it is to be the preparation for a very fruitful campaign this year. I shall want to hear about both in good season, the campaign and the Seminary.

Your mention of the activities of the hills takes me right back there. But your hills, now, are not the hills of my days. I *feel* it every way; I suppose they are much better, from the new operating room to the new inhabitants. But if I were coming back I would like for at least one day things just as they were 15 years ago. But I am not coming back, and things are going to keep going on improving. The lost of Duthie and Wyckoff and a score of others is very sad, but it is among the *must bes*, and there we leave it. I hope you had a good, refreshing time—not kept in by too much work—and are now down, keen for the season's new work.

With regards to yourself and Mrs. B. and old friends. I am sincerely yours,

GEO. T. WASHBURN.

Will you kindly hand the enclose letter from Perkins to Dr. Jones to Mrs. Lawson, and oblige me and Dr. J.

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS
FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS
CONGREGATIONAL HOUSE, 14 BEACON STREET,
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
June 26, 1917.

REV. GEORGE T. WASHBURN, D.D.,
MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT.

My Dear Dr. Washburn,

You have not only put me but every member of the Board of Trustees of Madura College, if not even a wider circle, under obligations to you through your comprehensive and scientific discussion of the subject of Christian instruction in educational institutions in India. I do not know when I have read a manuscript with keener interest—which was more than sustained to the end—than this document that came from you.

Now I want to tell you what ought to be done with this document, which seems to have been written for my own consumption but which is too valuable to be wasted on me alone. I want to put a copy into the hands of every member of our Board of Trustees in New York and also into the hands of the Sub

Committee of the Prudential Committee on India, and I want to give a copy to Dr. Strong, that he may make from it an article for the Missionary Herald. As the paper now stands it is too long, but by taking out some of the personal matters referring directly and only to the College in Madura, much of the discussion will be of value to every one who is considering the subject of Christian education in the mission colleges abroad. Much that you say applies to other countries than India, because you have discussed the question from the broadest possible standpoint. Of course Dr. Smith and Mr. Warner ought to see this paper, and I take it for granted that you expect them to do so, but so ought every other member of the Board.

I want to say for Mr. Warner, and the same is true of Dr. Smith, that neither one of them had seen Missions at all. Neither one has been connected with the Foreign Department of any Mission Board in any way; and so their preliminary knowledge of the subject discussed was practically nothing. Their consideration of the topic was purely academic, based on limited observation in a limited area. I am going to have copies made of your paper with the supposition that you are going to permit me to use it as seems to me best to help on the cause that you and I love and are attempting to serve. You have rendered it a large service by this most valuable paper. Reading the paper has given me a new point of view.

Most gratefully yours,

JAMES L. BARTON.

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS

FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS

CONGREGATIONAL HOUSE, 14 BEACON STREET,

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

April 6, 1918.

REV. GEORGE T. WASHBURN, D.D.,

MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT.

My Dear Dr. Washburn:—

I have your letter of April 3 and will ask the Prudential Committee at its next meeting to take the action you suggest authorizing you to pay one hundred dollars a year, etc., for these three students in the Madura Mission College. I have no doubt that the Committee will gladly take the action proposed. The only question in my mind is that if the wording of the resolution is strictly followed, I do not quite see how the payments for the five years would be made in case you should be taken away. As it reads now the vote you suggest is:

> "That Dr. Washburn be permitted to pay one hundred dollars a year for five years to the Principal towards the support of three students of his selection in the Madura Mission College in case he is able to take this amount from the unexpended income of the Edwin C. Washburn Fund."

Would it not be well to substitute in the first line the following:

"That Dr. George T. Washburn, and, in case of his death, the Treasurer of the American Board, be permitted," etc.

As I understand, this fund is in the hands of the Treasurer of the Board, and the income is paid to you direct during your life for the purpose named.

I want to tell you how I was thrilled by the story you give of that group of broken, shattered humanity that came to you in 1877 and their subsequent record. I would not have missed that story for anything and I am marking it for the Editor of the Missionary Herald, because I am sure in these days when the orphan question is so rapidly multiplying on our hands in connection with the Near East that the story will carry inspiration and, I think, help to thousands. It shows how God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform and I am not at all surprised that you feel drawn to see these three young men through their preparative work for a great life service in India, and I want to thank you for writing it. You have made another contribution to the cause of Missions and to the necessities of the hour by this story.

I am very glad to know that you are better. I had not heard that you were ill. Please let me do anything I can for you in any way.

This carries every personal and affectionate regard from us all.

Sincerely yours,

JAMES L. BARTON.

MERIDEN, CONN , Oct. 1, 1920.

REV. J. J. BANNINGA.

My Dear Banninga:—

It's a shame that before this, I have not got off a letter to you thanking you, at least, for the circular letters you have been so kind as to remember to post to me. I have indeed started twice on letters to you but they were abortive starts. The fact is, that the last of summer and autumn is always just a little more than I can get through comfortably, and this year I have had more days off from work than usual.

I not only appreciate the letters, but the very important work you have been called upon to do since your return. That awful war has left its tracks and its wreckage all over the world. Some of which you have been very conscious of, and had much to do with. Just recently our Meriden church has dedicated a bronze tablet to the memory of 102 men and 4 women who went from our church and parish to the war, some never to return, and some returning invalids or maimed. When will the World get back, or will it never get back to the peaceful ongoings of pre-war days? I seem to hear you in India say: No, Never. And about so it looks all over the world. The U.S. is, perhaps, the most settled and peaceful of all the nations. But the question of the League of Nations, has occupied the minds of our people, spoiled national legislation and hindered us from making needed adjustments and getting down to work and doing our duty to the rest of the world. That matter is being fought out now in wordy battles all over the country. Before this reaches you Mr. Wilson's "Great and solemn referendum" unless all signs fail will have consigned Mr. Wilson and the League to the Limbo of unbaptised infants and schemes and projects that have failed. I believe something better is coming in its place.

The old relation of labor to the Employer are much broken up. Wages are never high enough. Strikes are the device employed to get a rise—more than 350 already this year. Let me give you one instance. When meat went up, "Eat fish" was the cry sent out from the Food Bureau in Washington. The Tuna fish, abundant on the California coast in certain months of the year, became very popular. Last year at the beginning of the "Tuna Season" the

California fishermen struck for an advance of five times their former pay. Consequently no tuna fish were taken last year, and the whole surplus supply was soon exhausted at soaring prices. This year the fishermen at the opening of the season tried the old game, but finally compromised for 3½ times their former pay, and an advance of 85 per cent in the price of tuna. There is an evil spirit of suspicion, jealousy and hatred between employees and employers that is of recent origin in America. These are indeed bad times. "Woe," says St. John, "to the inhabitants of the Earth, because the Devil has come down with great wrath, because he knoweth that he is to continue but a little time" I am satisfied that means now-a-days; and that he has got here there is no reasonable doubt. Things generally seem to be out of joint. There is little relation between the cost of produce and what "the ultimate consumer" pays. Five great auto manufacturing firms, the Fords among them, have just cut the price of their entire product from 17 to 30 per cent: and yet, they expect to go on making automobiles and trucks at a *fair* profit.

The War has also worked its work on the churches. When our Boys went away, we wondered how army life and war was going to affect them. Their experience has unquestionably had a profound effect on them, physically, morally and spiritually, though they don't talk much about it. A young friend of ours left the High School the day he was 18 to volunteer. He came home with a medal and six clasps—six great battles, from Chateau Thierry through the Argone into Germany. For months after his return he was near a nervous wreck. Mentally he had gained a new impulse. He was going through college, he said, if he had to crawl through on his hands and knees. He came home from France clean and with a religious experience; but he don't talk much about it. He is typical of thousands of others. Last evening he telephoned us he had passed his Yale Examination.

When our 104 fellow parishioners went to the war, their going *thinned* out our Sunday audience and slowed down our church work, for one was assistant pastor and one principal of the High School and leader of the men's class, and others were S.S. teachers. Our Sunday audience did not improve through war time, and with our people all back it is still thinner. It is just so in the other churches as I myself have seen, and as the pastors complain. I am distressed, but I cannot help it. What is the matter? It seems to me that church neglect is a consequence and a symptom. There are much more than 100,000 auto vehicles owned and licenced in this state. That is more than one vehicle to every two families—much more than one to every two native American families: and "gas" is 35 cents a gallon. This is No. 1. No. 2 is that Sunday laws have been greatly relaxed in these recent years to give full licence to sports, recreation and some kinds of work. No. 3. The Bible is becoming a neglected book, its commands and instructions unknown. Hence, to mention these and no more, show the present state of things. I am not making church-going and Bible-reading synonymous with religion. Elemental religion is loving God, obeying his laws as written in the nature of things and in ourselves and communing with Him. Christianity is more; and not to mention other things, it is good for Christians to meet and assemble themselves together on the Lord's Day; good to, read the words of Christ and his chosen messengers and prophets.

I will not say that these modern neglecters of the means of grace have lost all their religion. Christ in his one great commandment united duties to man with duties to God in an indissoluble unity. People at the present day are paying almost exclusive attention to the last half of the command to the great neglect of the first half; I am amazed and thankful for what our people do in humanitarian lines. It sometimes seems as there were hereabouts no Jericho road with its wounded man and priests and levites going by on the other side. Be the wounded man "Dago" or Negro a public ambulence will take him to a hospital where his wounds will be dressed and he will be cared for. Or if he be suffering from the great white plague there is a hospital and care for him; or if a woman is awaiting motherhood there is a hospital for her; or if a

pauper be struck with deadly contagion there is a place and care for him. There is an old ladies' Home and a poorhouse for those in need. There is a great "Y" to look after and train young men, another great "Y" to watch over and care for young women, and this being not enough, there is a Boys' Club bigger than either presided over by a trained expert for a class of boys who would not go to the Y. I should have said above, that there are two City nurses, a City Mission and the Salvation Army to help such as need their services. And then, best of all, we have the Boy and Girl Scouts—a dozen bands of them, young folks being trained in unselfishness, helpfulness courtesy and service to the public. And what is worth noting is that all of these with the exception of the poor house in whole and the tuberculosis hospital in part are maintained by the voluntary gifts of our people.

I have not mentioned what our people are doing through the Red Cross to alleviate the misery of Europe and by gifts for Syria and Armenia, nor what the churches are doing for missions; but surely Christianity is patrolling that Jericho road, and the Christ spirit is here, though manifesting itself differently from what it did a hundred years ago.

Christ has bound duties to God and duties to man together in the Christian code. One may well ask whether either can thrive and flourish without the other. But I will stop. I have already written quite enough to exhaust your patience.

But sometime, if I can get up steam enough, I would like to write you another letter. I passed my 89th birthday last month; and for the last 75 years I have been an interested observer of the religious practices of the Christian religion and its theology. The changes that have taken place under both these heads are striking and are worth thinking about. If my enterprise and my eyes do not give out may be, I shall write you of them.

Thank you for your last circular letter. It came the day after I started my letter.

With best wishes for yourself and Mrs. Banninga and old friends.

Yours sincerely,

GEO. T. WASHBURN.

The year 1922 saw the 90th anniversary of Dr. Washburn's birth, and that event called forth numerous letters of congratulation to him and from him in appreciation that he had not been forgotten.

Dr. BARTON, A.B.C.F.M. 9—2—22.

I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without sending a word of profound congratulation, and deep appreciation of what your life has been to the work of the American Board in India and to India, and to the cause of the Kingdom there. You have yourself observed more than 60 years of the progress of the Kingdom in that great Empire of India; you have seen mighty changes take place in the attitude of the people toward Christianity, and you have had your full share in bringing these changes about. It must be of deepest interest to you to think over the situation of Christianity in India, when you first went to the field and compare it with that of today. It is only by taking such stretches that we can begin to realize how the great movement tends toward the coming of the Kingdom. It is well that it is not more rapid, I write not only for myself but for the American Board and all its officers and committees to let you know that you are warmly remembered and that the work which you have done during these decades is profoundly appreciated by all connected with the American Board.

Yours Sincerely,

J. L. BARTON

MERIDEN, CONN., Aug. 30, 1922.

REV. W. M. ZUMBRO.

My very dear friend,

On the 15th of this month I sent a shipment of goods to Boston, consisting of two cases of books and one of enlarged photos in frames. I did not hear that there was to be a shipment till very late, and then I made all the haste I could. The pictures and books were already packed, and the books listed for the customs, but there is now a general Railway strike on, and I do not know how expeditiously they would get to Boston and from there to New York to reach the Steam-ship that was to sail on the 20th, at least so advertised I have received the bill of charges and paid it today. That looks as if they might be on the way. There will be a further charge when they reach India, I supposed ; please send it to me for payment.

I have heard you are coming home early on forlough. It is through your agency that my shipment is going to the College. I greatly desire that you should have charge of the arrangements for disposing of it, and any satisfaction arising therefrom —if there is any. You once spoke of putting the books from my shelves into a separate case. If it will be just as convenient, so far as the library is concerned, it would be agreeable to me. I shall have a few more books to send you. Will you send me an estimate of the cost of such shelving for them. If I am living I shall try to provide it.

Of the three pictures I am sending, one of myself and Mrs. Washburn are at your disposal. The other photo of Mrs. Washburn is for Dr. Miller. I should be glad to know in what condition, good or bad, the shipment reaches you. I gave away twenty books that I would have liked to send to your library, because they were British reprints. I gave those to our assistant pastor. I have got twenty more of the same sort. I am longing to see you and to look over things with you.

The College cablegram by way of the rooms reached me in good time accompanied by the congratulation of the Secretaries at hand. I cannot tell you how deeply I appreciate this kindly remembrance of my friends in India, and their thoughtfulness for me just as my work is done and my sun is setting. I wish to thank you and them. But I will write them a letter to go with this, if I can.

The hot weather as you know, is hard on me, specially at the end of summer. We had some hot weather in June which upset me for some weeks, but an unusually cool season has given me a pass for this year. I hardly expect the same for next, even if I should reach it. Mrs. Washburn left us eight years ago. The anniversary this year was a dark, cold rainy day. My eyes were so bad that I did not look at a book or paper all day, and there was nobody to read to me. As I sat alone in the afternoon, I put together some verses telling our story. They were for family consumption. As you were one of our family in the pleasant days goneby and knew Mrs. Washburn, I send you a copy. They tell the story for her and for my ninetieth birthday.

With regards to Mrs. Zumbro and yourself,

I remain, Sincerely yours,

GEO. T. WASHBURN.

MERIDEN, CONN., September 5, 1922

To the Principal and Staff of the American College, Madura, My Old associates and friends of later time and the students.

Through the courtesy of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, I received, the other day, your cablegram extending to me your congratulations and good wishes on this, the 90th anniversary of my birthday.

I need not tell you that I was deeply moved by this exhibition of thoughtfulness for me on your part in these stirring times, and after so many years absence from you. To be thus recalled by you after near a quarter of a century to receive "Birthday Honours" at your hands, I look at, as a very unusual and distinguished honour. Certainly after being so long and so far away, to be so kindly thought of, and to be made aware of your thoughtfulness by cable is an honour—a very great honour

As to being called back, you doubtless did not have that in mind, but how could it be otherwise than that a Cablegram on this particular day from you should call me back among you—not indeed in body, but in thought, in imagination, in memory to walk and talk and live the busy life of former years with not a few of you, and to be one in your assemblies, such as this today and your College Day and Old Students gatherings. I thank you. I need not assure you, Dear Friends, of my abiding interest in whatever pertains to you and the College.

But now I sit afar, and watch what the Years will bring, and pray that the Christ who loves this World will guide your developing.

With all best wishes, I remain,

Your fellow worker and friend,

GEO. T. WASHBURN.

Here is a characteristic little bit from a letter dated June 12th 1923.

To

REV. J. J BANNINGA.

When the Son of Man shall come in his glory and all the angels with him, then shall he sit on the throne of his glory and before him shall be gathered all the nations, and he shall separate them one from the other as the shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats, and he shall set the sheep on his right hand and the goats on the left. Then shall the King say to them on the right hand, Do you unfeignedly believe the Bible to be the word of God and without error? Do you believe the account of the creation and that sin came into the world as described in the first chapters of the Bible? Do you believe that Jesus was born of a virgin? Do you believe that the books of Job, Esther, Jonah and Daniel are true histories? Do you accept the theology of Paul as set forth in his letter to the Romans?

Then shall they answer with one voice, "Yea Lord we believe all this and much more. Then he shall answer, Come ye blessed of my Father inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

Does Christ say this to them? Not a word of it. These things are not the fundamentals for entering the eternal and ever blessed kingdom. These people as a class are not invited. But what does Christ say to those on his right hand? Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world, FOR I was hungry and ye gave me to eat, thirsty and

ye gave me drink, I was a stranger and ye took me in, naked and ye clothed me, I was sick and ye visited me, I was in prison and ye came unto me. Verily I say unto you that inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me. And these shall go away into life eternal.

Now I suggest that Christ by selecting this list of fundamentals for entering the heavenly kingdom has provided himself with a pleasanter and more agreeable, more peaceable and friendly lot of citizens to live with forever and ever than by adopting the first list of fundamentals to pick his companions. And as he has as a matter of fact made these last the conditions of dwelling with him forever and ever, I suggest that here and now, while we are in this world we go into the practice of these things, so that if we are so happy as to be among the called at last, we shall be ready to enter into the joy of our Lord."

MERIDEN, CONN., July 10, 1923.

REV. W. W. WALLACE.

DEAR Wallace,

A year ago less a month I was starting forth on their voyage toward India two or three cases of books and a case of framed photos. I paid the charges so far as I could, and that is the last I have heard of the cargo. Whether they ever reached the College I have never learnt, or even whether they ever started out from Boston. I would rather like to know whether they ever reached you, and in what condition especially the photos; for they were most likely to suffer. I hope regard for my feelings will not stand in the way of giving me the facts, if they have reached you smashed or spoiled.

I understand perfectly well that the dropping out of Mr. Zumbro has greatly disturbed the regular ongoing of the College, and thrown extra work on all, and especially on you. But give me just a post card.

You are now down from the hills and well through the start-off of a new year. I trust you had good results in your last final, and that the new term opens favourably; and now you have a long stretch before you The American Commencement season is just over with an astonishing outturn from all the Universities and Colleges. Chandler was on hand at Yale and got his D.D. as expected, and a very nice notice in the news-papers as he deserved. I have not seen him yet. I hope Yale's triple victory at New London did not put you out of commission as College President for more than a day or two. It certainly was a great day for Yale. The Congregationalist for last week tells you a little about "The Last Unpleasantness at Amherst, but a mere thumb-nail record compared with the columns in all the papers in New York City." I doubt the trouble will injure Amherst seriously.

The General Association of Connecticut last month passes some resolutions on re-episcopal reordination of non-Episcopal ministers. I am much in sympathy with such reordination, at least in many cases: not that I attach any spiritual value to bishoply ordination, but because many others do; and I think it would so enlarge one's opportunity for service and might be a short step towards outward Christian unity. A large part of religion consists of sentiment. And it is not too much to say that the largest part of many people's organized religion is made up of sentiment. In such a case it is a small thing for me to yield an indifferent matter for the sake of being of service to others who make a cardinal thing out of their sentiment. I speak of this because it is likely to be of interest to your Missionaries. You will find the resolutions on page 2 of the Congregationalist of July 5, 1923.

You know that pretty much all the information that now comes to me has to come through a reader. I often wish I were near the College so that I could help some needy students as well as have the use of their eyes. But for the last seven months I have had an excellent reader (now on vacation), and I have thus kept up with the current news and have read a fair lot of longer articles in the magazines that come to the house. But we have not been able to get in a book for four months. The great trouble with this getting your information through other folks' eyes is that there are so many articles and parts of articles you would like to look over a second time. But your eyes are only with you for an hour and half a, day; you know what happens if you try looking up things through others eyes.

We are having a cool but most luxuriantly growing season. All perishable crops are about as cheap as before the war, and farmers and gardeners are in affliction while labour is receiving fabulous pay,—A master builder told me the other day that he was paying plasterers $2 an hour to finish a job. Brick-masons get regularly $16 a day in New York. A boy, a green hand just out of school or on vacation gets $4. Do you wonder that Europe is racing over here to get in and pick up the dollars? Well, that is what is happening now at New York and all our ports and our Canadian border. With best wishes,

G. T. W

MERIDEN, CONN., Sept. 5, '24.

MR. W. W. WALLACE

MADURA, SO. INDIA.

Dear Mr. Wallace,

In recognition of father's birthday we are sending out a bronze tablet to mark his connection with the College. We hope you will like it and give it a suitable place on the College walls. The top should stand six feet from the floor and, if possible, the chief light should fall from the right hand side.

You may prefer to support it on the wall with iron clips and not as arranged by the founders. We have paid the shipping charges to India and will pay the remainder. Inasmuch as the shipment is to the college and is to be used for the promotion of educational purposes we hope the Government will follow its usual custom and admit the shipment free of custom dues If duties are required please let us know the amount at once.

With best wishes for yourself and the college, we remain, respectfully

DAVID S. AND
EDWIN C. WASHBURN.

(Copied from the tablet in the College Assembly Hall.)

IN MEMORY OF
THE REV. GEORGE THOMAS WASHBURN D.D.
MISSIONARY OF THE A.B.C.F.M.
IN THIS DISTRICT FROM 1860 TO 1900
UNDER WHOM THROUGH THE ACTION
OF THE AMERICAN MADURA MISSION
AND THE PARENT BOARD THIS
COLLEGE HAD ITS ORIGIN IN
PASUMALAI IN 1881;
WHO FOR MANY YEARS WAS ITS
HONORED HEAD AND TOGETHER WITH
HIS WIFE ELIZA CASE WASHBURN,
ITS GENEROUS BENEFACTOR.
ERECTED BY HIS SONS—
DAVID S. AND EDWIN C. WASHBURN.

(Copied from the tablet in the Washburn Hall, Pasumalai.)

TO THE MEMORY OF THE
REV. GEORGE THOMAS WASHBURN D.D.
FOR FORTY YEARS A MISSIONARY IN THIS DISTRICT,
FIRST IN BATTALAGUNDU, LATER FOR 30 YEARS
IN PASUMALAI.
UNDER HIM THE PRINTING PRESS AND FAMINE
ORPHANAGE OF 1877 WERE ESTABLISHED, THE
PASUMALAI SECONDARY SCHOOLS, THE COLLEGE
AND TRAINING INSTITUTION WERE ORGANIZED
AND ADDED TO THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
AND THE ENTIRE SCHOOL WORK REHOUSED.
PLANNING, TOILING, SACRIFICING FOR THESE
INSTITUTIONS AND THOSE THEY SERVED HE
HAS LEFT IN THEM AND IN THE GRATEFUL
LOVE OF MANY A FIT MEMORIAL OF A LIFE OF
SERVICE GLADLY RENDERED TO THIS PEOPLE
AND TO THE MASTER.
AND TO THE MEMORY OF
ELIZA CASE WASHBURN HIS WIFE,
THE WISE, PRUDENT, SYMPATHETIC COPARTNER
OF ALL HIS WORK, WHILE UNFAILINGLY DILIGENT
IN HER OWN, BELOVED OF ALL.
THIS TABLET IS DEDICATED.

In 1924 Dr. Washburn, then in his 92nd year, wrote "It seems to me the work done steadily grows better and more effective and you do not know how it delights me to attribute it to three things. The better apprehension of the true function of Christian missions, 2. The improvement in the agency employed, 3. The more general response on the part of the people ministered to.

I have made the New Testament a book of almost daily study for the last fifty years, first as a book of theological teaching, second as a director for the conduct of life, and third as to its make up.

Looking back over the 92nd year to see what it has exacted of me; I find my power of endurance reduced, my hearing dulled and my sight more dim, but thank God, I keep my head and hope I shall to the end."

The next two letters are characteristic Washburn letters, so broad in their interests and modern in their outlook upon life for a nonagenarian.

MERIDEN, CONN.,
NOV. 12, 1925.

REV. V. SANTHIAGU,

Member of the American College Council.

My dear Santhiagu,

It was a great satisfaction to receive a letter from you about three weeks ago giving an account of the celebration of "College Day" and also some account of many of our old students. It brought to me your very full account of a considerable number of them three years ago—an account of which I am still extremely grateful. Your account this year of "College Day" was again especially interesting to me. I hope the statue is acceptable to the College officers and our old students. As the College was removed to Madura from Pasumalai it seemed to me very suitable that its Pasumalai origin and more than twenty years of service there should have a suitable recognition. Your account of the dedication of the tablet was very good. I handed your letter to Mr. Gudebrod the sculptor who produced the tablet. He was much pleased to know fully about the College and the work it was doing, and to read what you had to say of the tablet and its unveiling.

He said he never suspected that any of his work would ever find its way so far from Meriden and into such a fine building, and congratulated us all on the start the College had made. Mr. Gudebrod is a distinguished artist, a pupil of the late St. Gaudens, a medalist and the designer of new monuments scattered about in the United States. For quite a long time he was employed for two

days a week producing designs and overseeing their execution in the embellishment of the Harkness Memorial quadrangle in Yale University, perhaps one of the very finest productions of college architecture to be found anywhere in the world.

His letter also contained the warmest congratulations on the many friends that I still have in India and America. This last perhaps would be of interest to Mr. Wallace, an old Yale graduate, please let him see this letter.

I have lately received two or three letters from Mr. Wallace and the Madras Mail of the eighth of September giving an account of our College Day. I hope the heavy rain which marred the laying of the corner stone portion of the exercises may be a good omen of the fruitful contributions of the Indian people towards providing toward their own sons who may attend the college.

I am receiving on average a letter a month from old friends. They all speak of the great changes that are taking place in the minds and thoughts of the people of South India. But I think that anyone visiting the United States now after an absence of 25 years would see almost as great a change in the thoughts and life of the people of the United States as is going on in India. Many things have contributed towards this. The four years of the great World War, the great accumulation of wealth, the prodigious advances in the application of science and its discoveries to human life have produced a greater change among our people in the last 25 years than has ever occurred in the same length of time to an equal number of people It must be remembered that the United States is not only one of the great nations, but also one of the foremost in scientific research and invention and the application of science to practical life among all the nations of the world. We were all riding about in horse-drawn vehicles when we returned to America in 1900. In 1925 horses have almost disappeared and 10 automobiles and tractors have taken the place of every horse in considerable parts of the country. The aeroplane has had its entire development; what that means to the world nobody can yet tell, but they are already very numerous. We see them every day and a flock of five passed over us a few days ago.

The mails at present cross the country from New York to San Francisco, 3,000 miles, in 28 hours, Eastward bound, and 32 or 34 hours westward bound, all the great cities of the country are similarly connected by aeroplane service. The wireless telegraphy has had its chief development in these 25 years and the radio has been invented and put into operation to such an extent that almost every family, even the farmers in the remote west are connected with broadcasting stations which furnish excellent music every evening and addresses, and accounts of public matters going on everywhere in the country. The President speaking at Washington can be heard in every section of the United States, even the tones of his voice may be noted by his listeners. Yesterday was our Armistice Day. That event was generally celebrated in the big towns of the country by public meetings. I sat at our radio in the dining room and listened to addresses, prayers, music and singing in New York, Newark, N.J., Washington, Boston, Springfield, Hartford, and Cincinnatti. Could people have imagined such things 30 years ago.

A while ago I listened to a concert given in London and heard the bell—Big Ben—in the Parliament tower strike 12 o'clock, as our clock struck 7. You can imagine that all this has greatly changed methods of business, the style of recreation, and even the habits of thinking of our people.

If my father who died in 1879 should visit the world again he would find it a wholly different world from that he left, and the chief changes have taken place in the last 25 years.

But the changes have not been confined to material things, as I said the habits of thinking of the people have been changed.

This may be called the age of precision. The Radio operator does not tell you that it is 9-30 but he says, "It is now 9-30 minutes and a quarter eastern standard time." Yesterday's paper said that Professor Michaelson had measured the velocity of light per second to within 25 miles of accuracy. That is pretty good for a distance of 183,000 miles, and he expects to reduce this figure to a minimum discrepancy. A chemist will weigh you a molecule of matter, and he will tell you by calculation the weight of an atom. The Doctor is no longer satisfying in following Bruce and his seven observations of the spider. He follows his investigations out through a hundred or even a thousand experiments. A German Professor named a notorious remedy 666, because he had made over the medicine that number of times to perfect it. The archeologist no longer accepts the traditional 6,000 years as the limit of man's existence on the earth. They have extended that period back to at least 50,000 years, and at that point they find him a tool-maker and user.

The historians reinvestigate every ancient history and every topic in them. They cross-question both author and editor with merciless severity, call for his sources of information and pronounce upon their value. They dig up portions of Romulus and Remus. They uncover Pompeii and show you exactly how the people lived, and what they were doing on that fatal day in A.D. 79 when it was buried under 30 feet of volcanic ashes. Present day scholars can write the story of ancient Rome more nearly to the facts in the case than Livy and Pliny, and they can do the same to a less accurate degree in the case of the ancient history of Greece and Egypt and Palestine and Babylonia. The truth, the exact truth, is what they are seeking for, and that is true of all scholars and scientific men. So 50 years hence— and I hope you may live out the larger part of this period and enjoy the wonderful accumulations of new and exact knowledge which will then have been accumulated and the changes which they will necessitate. There will be no use in grumbling and kicking at the changes that will have to be made in one's physical habits, his way of thinking and believing, kicking against them will do no good. They will have come to stay till something more exact is found. The best way to meet the situation is to accept it, and adapt one's thinking and life to the new situation, endeavouring to help others to do the same.

I rather envy those, and you among them, who are going to see the developments of these coming years. May you be wise to meet those developments in the wisest way.

Please remember me to my old students, those you wrote about and any others, and give them my best wishes.

I sent a medallion relief to you in an October shipment of goods. I hope that it will reach you safely, and that you will like it.

Yours very sincerely,

for GEO. T. WASHBURN,

J. W.

MERIDEN, CONN., DECEMBER 24, 1926.

DEAR MR. AND MRS HERRICK,

Thank you sincerely for the little photo of the high court and municipal building in India. I can see just enough to make out the seven towers and the square body of the buildings. Judging from my knowledge of the Mogul architecture in Madras and its modern anglicised form I judge that they must represent a very worthy style of architecture, and I am delighted that our College with its handsome and large campus along with these and the club

and the park form so fine a portion of the city. Your photo helps me to get a little additional idea of our situation there. I hope you and your wife are well and enjoying your work which I suppose is about the same as a year past. I am now 93 years' young and you may therefore not be surprised to learn that I have become quite a baseball and football fan. I have this year attended the seven final games of the Washington and Pittsburg teams and about as many of the Yale-Harvard, Yale-Princeton, Yale-Army, Army and Navy, and other games as they have occurred, and have paid no eleven dollars for an uncomfortable seat on the bleachers nor got soaked with rain, for the baseball games were played in a very rainy week and most of the attendants got well soaked once or twice, nor have I caught cold nor experienced any of the least discomfort. I have sat in my easy chair pulled out the switch on the radio and simply listened. An announcer some 15 minutes before each game began visualizing the ball ground to us, introducing us to the players, their records and the audiences. From the first pitch of the ball and the first kick of the football through the following two hours of the game he hardly shut his mouth a minute describing every move of the players and the balls and adding interesting comments as he went along. This man (McNamee) and another man from Chicago appeared to be favourite announcers; for McNamee announced all the games I have mentioned and several others that I have listened to. His announcements along with much that we could hear from the bands, the bleachers, really made the game entirely understandable and interesting to radio listeners. Fortunately we had excellent radio weather, or perhaps I should say an excellent radio period in the day (2 to 4 o'clock), and I was able to hear clearly and without discomfort to myself everything going on.

This is one thing that has made the world in the United States a very different world from that you left in 1885. Can you remember so far back? It seems far, far away to me in the past. You remember that we have had a "Scope" trial here in Tennessee, the trial of a man for teaching in the schools that modern science contradicted the Bible in teaching that men were descended from apes and the animal creation, and not made out of the dust of the ground. When Mr. Bryan was put on the witness stand in this trial he was asked if he had read any scientific books on the subject. He replied, "No, I haven't read any, the Bible is good enough for me." The Bible is good enough for me too, in the department in which it is supposed to be a guide, namely, in directing how men should live with one another and their attitude towards God. As long as I have mount Hamiliton Observatory to read the sky for me, and the nautical almanac, and as long as I have a Johns Hopkins Medicine School, and a Rockfeller Institute to instruct me in medicine, and scientific men to study creation for me I don't propose to go back to Babylon or Babylonian astronomy, to Jewish first century medicine, or to Hebrew anthropology to interpret the world for me. As a reaction to this "Scope" trial I sent for Sir Arthur Keith's "Antiquities of Man" and Professor MacCurdy's (Yale) "Human Origins.". Sir Arthur Keith is beyond question the best and foremost craniologist and anthropologist now living. Mac Curdy's book is well described by its title. It gives us the story of the science of anthropology, beginning about 1865 with previous work in that direction. He tells us in some detail of the different cultures as he calls them, or as I should say waves of successive population. that inhabited Europe in the Old and New Stone Ages. In these early cultures the only human things discovered were the very rudest implements, every trace of the makers themselves have been ground to powder and washed away tens of thousands of years ago. In 1912 there was found in the South of England at Foxhill a few feet below the surface of the chalk deposit some rude instruments that were decided after very careful investigations to be human productions in the line of tools. Subsequently many other sites in which tools and workshop for producing these flint implements were discovered in the same strata in England and some in Belgium. Nobody believes that the makers of these implements existed in the cretaceous period. But it is believed that they existed in the Pliocene epoch long anterior to any previous indications of the human race on this planet now known to us.

A brief and very careful study of the four glaciations, the intervals of warmth between them and the changes produced by the successive Ice Ages on the (previous) moraines, etc., is very satisfying to one who would know exactly how the researches as to the separate cultures have been carried on.

Sir Arthur Keith tells us of a fine skeleton found embedded in the rocks at Capernaum, Palestine, with a skull cavity capable of containing a brain which he thinks adequate to the service of our most modern men of to-day. The period of this man's existence may be put as some score thousand years ago.

We have just partially read the books, and I look forward to some weeks of pleasant reading in them.

Anthropology as a science is scarcely 65 years old, but the enormous amount of work that has been done, and the great care both in search and research that has been exercised so far are both amazing and the assurance of solid foundations laid for the sciences. The surface of Europe and other parts of the world has as yet only been scratched; 50 or 100 years more of work will doubtless bring to light a wonderful amount of even more interesting materials than have so far been gathered.

Well, it is time for me to bring this letter to a close, but I am tempted to tell you that the time after you had retired from mission service may be turned into great usefulness to your fellow men and profit for yourself. Did you know that there were such creatures as woolly rabbits? Well, there are, and rabbits wool and the fabrics manufactured from it are so much in demand that the supply is totally inadequate. The wool of the rabbits is plucked four times a year. Think then of what wealth a retired missionary could amass on a five acre rabbit farm and how little outlay of capital. I commend it to your consideration. I am almost persuaded to go into the business myself.

I trust that your seminary work is getting on satisfactorily, and that you have a fair supply, in point of numbers, of students and of a desirable quality.

I wish I knew more definitely what the teaching of theological seminaries of to-day is. I am pretty sure, indeed I am certain, that the teaching of 20 years ago ought to be ripped up and another system put in place of it. The end of this letter is not the place to discuss this matter and so I will not go into the matter any further, but simply say that the world is moving forward in its knowledge in every line a thousand times faster than it did 75 years or 100 years ago, and it behooves theological seminaries to take note of that fact and revise their teaching.

With hearty good wishes to yourself and Mrs. Herrick and any old friends you may happen to know.

I am,

Yours sincerely.

G. T. Washburn.

P.S. If you want some good reading on anthropology you will find it in Prof. Osborn's "Men of the Old Stone Age," and the New Stone Age in Northern Europe by Prof. Tyler of Amherst published last year. I have sent these and several other scientific books to the College library in Madura.

G. T. W.

MERIDEN, CONN., DECEMBER 4, 1925.

REV W. W. WALLACE, M.A.

My dear Wallace,

I am finishing up a few last things; among them is a memorial that is to Mr. Zumbro, my associate, successor, and dear friend. I had fancied that a few friends would unite in putting a suitable memorial in the Chapel or the College Hall, but Mrs. Zumbro writes me that the Church in Binghampton which has supported Mr. Zumbro is proposing to do that itself. So I turn to something else.

A memorial Hostel is being planned or erected and I take for granted that it is around the quadrangle and that it is built in the modified Mogul style of architecture. It occurred to me that you would have a gateway in the centre of the front building and that a stone arch-way with or without iron gates would add to the beauty of the building and to the dignity of the college campus, and would be acceptable to you and the college authorities.

It seemed to me that a rough arch may be put up of this description. Mr. Gudebrod studied an arch from the Madura palace for an architectural setting of the bronze tablet in the College Hall. I like his study very much—much more than his lettering, and it has occurred to me that that style of arch might fit in with the architecture of your building and form a fine entrance to the College. The passage way should be broad enough to admit an automobile and the arch might be 12 to 15 feet high.

If you approve this idea I could furnish you $250 to carry it out provided your architect thinks it would meet the requirements of the case, and would come within that sum. I should like to have you pass upon this at once and ask your architect, if you approve, to send me modified plans of the arch so that I may see whether I will accept them or not.

I desire that this should be done immediately, because my life is very uncertain and I should not be able to carry out this plan if I died before receiving your answer to my letter. Please take it into consideration and let me know at the earliest possible day. I would like to see a rough drawing of what would be proposed.

Things are going on here in Meriden in about the usual way. My sight is growing more and more dim. My strength is gradually waning and I find it of considerable difficulty to get about the streets of Meriden.

I hope that you and Mrs. Wallace are in comfortable health and that you will accept my hearty wishes for a happy Christmas for both of you, your children, and the institution.

If the funds I propose can supply anything further to improve the entrance please add to it.

GEO. T. WASHBURN.

1926 was another red-letter year in the life-history of George T. Washburn for in it he entered upon the 95th year of his life.

MERIDEN, CONN., AUGUST 20, 1926.

MY DEAR MR. AND MRS. WALLACE,

My reader's throat is not in trim to do more reading; I, accordingly, take up correspondence for the remainder of the two hours. First I want to thank you for your letter of June written in the midst of your very busy time. I

appreciate the hour you gave to me. I am delighted to read all you write about the progress of the College and delighted to get a picture of the Zumbro Memorial, which you report was to be opened on the sixth of July. I congratulate you on speeding up your work beyond all old time procedure. I thank you for the little photo you sent. It shows an amazing amount of work for $13,000 or so. The building looks to me as if it would accommodate 50 or 60 students both for residence and board. I do not know how many you hope to put into it. The building too, is creditable in appearance. I am glad of that.

You also have the Poor Memorial Library under way. That, I take it, is to be a much more pretentious structure. I shall be heartily glad when you can move your growing library into it and free your College Hall for other uses especially for assemblage.

Whatever you can tell me about the College will be very much appreciated. I trust you have started off with large and satisfactory classes for 1925.

I am reminded as I write of the rapid strides our country is making in the line of aerial navigation. Indeed, I think it justly claims to hold the foremost place both in the number and length of its main and business routes. I am reminded of this by the daily flights almost directly over our house of the aeroplanes carrying the mail between New York and Boston and return. We used to hear flights of the liquor machine from Canada to Long Islands. But I have not noticed them recently.

Our mail routes at present connect most of the largest cities in the country, north to south, east and west. Mr. Ford is now building 100 planes to put in operation in carrying on his business and last week was with the President giving him the fullest information in regard to using planes in a business way. Mr. Coolidge is spending his summer in the Adirondacks and is using his vacation to become posted up on business matters of the country which may attract the attention of the next Congress. At present the political look is towards his being a candidate for the next Presidential term. His policies are certainly very popular and I agree in a qualified way with most of them. I trust he will not carry his economy scheme so far as to shut off projects which should be undertaken and deprive the country of natural resources which ought to become at once available. I refer to numerous water power projects.

I cannot say anything in favour of the administration's attitude toward the French, British and Italian debt settlements. I detest the whole methods of Mr. Millon's dealing with them ; a treatment treating them from a purely commercial view-point without considering the other points which a fair settlement would include. We cannot forget that France and England stood between us and war with Germany through nearly three years we were torpidly finding ourselves determining what we would do. We cannot forget that in May and June of 1918 we stood perilously near single-handed war with Germany with all Europe as her vassals and all Russia ready to supply men to fight us. When just as Charles Martel threw back the Sarcens at Rasscieville, so our splendid young soldiers at Chateau Thierry threw back the Germans and in effect said to them "so far you have come, but you shall go no further, except on the back track to Germany." These countries were our allies, and deserve more than commercial consideration in the settlements of their war debts.

I think I wrote to you that Dr. Potter soon after returning to the United States drove around to see me to bring me as he said the love of my old Indian friends. He talked for a half an hour without giving me a chance scarcely to say a word. I assure you, I appreciated his thoughtfulness in carrying the kindly remembrance of so many Indian friends after the elapse of a quarter of a century.

Dr. Strong also wrote me promising me a visit, but he says it will be long deferred ; for the doctor has on his arrival home ordered him to bed six hours

a day for six months. They gave permission for only two visits a week to the Mission Rooms. You or the Marathi Mission must have dealt pretty roughly with him, I should think, to use him up so thoroughly. He wrote me very pleasantly of his stay with you on the College campus. He must have learned much of the College from his location and seemed to appreciate it. But he told me very little of his impressions.

Both you and Dr. Miller write me you will take your furlough next year. If I am living then I shall be delighted to see you, but my work is really done, and I have nothing special to live for.

I heard some very pleasant things about your boys from somebody that has happened to stop with your sister last June. You are surely to be congratulated on what your boys have achieved.

With affectionate regards to yourself and Mrs. Wallace and kind remembrances to old friends with you,

I am yours sincerely,

GEO. T. WASHBURN.

On his birthday, Sunday, September 5th he attended the first Congregational Church in the morning and was congratulated by his many friends at the close of the service. He was enjoying good health and was still able to walk into the city from his home unassisted, a number of times each week.

C. Pasumalai Anniversary.

On September 5, 1926 there was held the "Washburn Memorial" Anniversary of the Pasumalai High and Training Schools.

PROGRAMME

1. Song ... By All
2. Prayer Dr. Eddy Asirvatham, B A., B.D., PH.D.
3. Speech—'Dr. Washburn as I knew him'—Rev. V. Santiago.
4. Tamil Song
5. Speech—'Our debt to Dr Washburn'—Mr Mahadeva Iyer, B.A., L.T
6. Unveiling of the Tablet and Portrait } Mrs. Chandler.
7. Letter from Dr Washburn—Mr. R. Michæl, B.A.
8. Song ... By Dr. Washburn's Boys—
   "We plough the fields, and scatter the good seed"
9. Pageant
10. Song ... Pasumalai Choir—"There's music in the air"
11. School Report ... Rev. G. P. James, B.A., L.T., B.D.
12. Prize Distribution ... Mrs. Chandler.
13. Chairman's Remarks
14. God Save the King.

The following is the inscription on the tablet.

(Copied from the tablet in the Washburn Hall, Pasumalai.)

TO THE MEMORY OF THE
REV. GEORGE THOMAS WASHBURN D.D.
FOR FORTY YEARS A MISSIONARY IN THIS DISTRICT,
FIRST IN BATTALAGUNDU, LATER FOR 30 YEARS
IN PASUMALAI.
UNDER HIM THE PRINTING PRESS AND FAMINE
ORPHANAGE OF 1877 WERE ESTABLISHED, THE
PASUMALAI SECONDARY SCHOOLS, THE COLLEGE
AND TRAINING INSTITUTION WERE ORGANIZED
AND ADDED TO THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
AND THE ENTIRE SCHOOL WORK REHOUSED.
PLANNING, TOILING, SACRIFICING FOR THESE
INSTITUTIONS AND THOSE THEY SERVED HE
HAS LEFT IN THEM AND IN THE GRATEFUL
LOVE OF MANY A FIT MEMORIAL OF A LIFE OF
SERVICE GLADLY RENDERED TO THIS PEOPLE
AND TO THE MASTER.

AND TO THE MEMORY OF
ELIZA CASE WASHBURN HIS WIFE,
THE WISE, PRUDENT, SYMPATHETIC COPARTNER
OF ALL HIS WORK, WHILE UNFAILINGLY DILIGENT
IN HER OWN, BELOVED OF ALL.
THIS TABLET IS DEDICATED.

Scenes in the pageant of Dr. Washburn were very well done; it included:

SCENES

IN THE

Pageant of Dr. Washburn.

1. Revision of 'Hymns and Lyrics' at Batlagundu.
2. Founding the Lenox Press, 1870.
3. Famine Orphanage, 1886.
4. Opening the Training School, 1886.
5. Washburn Hall (and other buildings), 1888.
6. Separation of the Seminary, 1892.
7. Building the Yokan Lodge, 1895.
8. Conversation with school boys.
9. Do. orphans.
10. Evangelistic work.
11. Farewell address.

The following is Dr. Washburn's letter which was read on the occasion:

A LETTER

FROM

DR. WASHBURN

MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT,
July 30, 1926.

DEAR FRIENDS, ASSOCIATES, STUDENTS, AND OTHERS OF FORMER YEARS AND LATER TIMES:

The incredible does not often happen but it does sometimes and perhaps it does in the present instance. In May, 1860, I was here at Pasumalai *studying* the Tamil language. In September, 1926, I am here again, not indeed in person but by letter, to take part in these unusual exercises.

In the interval of sixty-six years I spent thirty years in this place, Pasumalai, getting what may be called the Pasumalai institutions under way and superintending them for a number of years. Later I have sat after watching the marvelous development of these same institutions. Marvelous indeed it is! The times have been friendly and the situation has favored; but beyond all question the marvelous development of these institutions in the present century is due undoubtedly to the great ability of the men who have stood at the head and been directors of the work; men whom the government's

abundant testimony recognizes as great educators, men whom these buildings and equipments and campus show to be great executives and business men. For no others than great business men could have attained from a distant country and from the Government of this Presidency the great sums which have been and are being expended for the perfection of these institutions.

America has given you her best men of sterling ability and self-sacrifice who have renounced the fuller, the interesting, and the colorful life of America for the drabber, slower, and duller life of the East.

In grateful appreciation I would lay my wreath at the feet of Dr. Miller, Dr. Banninga, Mr. Lorbeer, M.A., and Engineer Dickson and others. Yes, and I would place another wreath on the tomb of one dearest to me among all my associate and successor, snatched away in mid-career from his abundant and unselfish labors—no longer present in body with us, but never forgotten.

It is not difficult for my imagination to see and single out a goodly number of men from this audience who grew up with me and served the interests of these institutions whole-heartedly and with all their ability as my associates and friends now many years ago,—men whom I love and honor and worked with in complete harmony, and the value of whose service to the work were beyond any estimate. Some of these are still occupying their old or similar positions, while others are serving in places of equal or greater importance. I see, too, a considerably larger number of men who grew up with us, and who have added lustre to the name of Pasumalai for their noble deeds and faithful works. I see too a large number who left us to go into the rough and tumble of the every day life of the citizens of this district. I salute them all as my personal friends and old boys. Then there is another class forming far larger than those I have been addressing, who entered and have left these institutions after 1900, and have gone out to do their work. My Junior boys at the heads of these institutions, will permit me so to call them—men whose welfare, usefulness, and success in life I am equally interested in as in those of my old boys, I extend to them my hearty greetings.

Then come the one thousand, more or less, who make up the students of the schools to-day. I congratulate you on being students in such a noble and admirable educational institution as this. I may say something to you before I finish which I hope you will remember.

Most people have their own ideas of what education consists in. Evidently the men who have planned this combination of different schools have their ideas of it, and perhaps you will permit me also to state my idea of what education is or should be.

In the first place it seems to me it is or should be the training of a man's higher nature and will to be the captain of the man. To train them so that at his command he shall be able to put every ounce of his ability and force into his undertaking as an athlete racing for a prize puts all his vitality into the race. It means that he should have his hands, his feet, his brain, his desires, his appetites, his affections under his complete and instant control, so that when his will says "Go", they shall start and when his will says "Halt", they shall stop short as a military company stops short when its captain shouts the word. You should begin to learn this when you are babies, you should keep on learning it till your last breath. But the hard work of this training should come before you reach middle-age.

In the next place, I think education consists in training all the man that is in you to fill the place and do the work which your natural ability and environment naturally demand of you. This is a large educational bill to fill. Evidently the men who plan the institutions assembled here have been developing somewhat this idea as the years have gone on, and have placed Pasumalai in the front rank of South India secondary schools.

There was a time when schools confined themselves to the three R's. You, yourselves, know what the old Pial School education consisted of. There was a time when the English Universities trained their students in a little more than the ability to read, write, and sing in Latin, to solve not too hard problems in arithmetic and geometry, to 'chop logic', and to read some of the old 'Church Fathers.'

The Indian Education Act of '54 started out with a very modest program. But we have learned a great deal in seventy-five years. People believe now that boys should be trained not only for the University but for every occupation and situation in which they are expected to function, and so we have these splendid establishments providing for the preacher, the teacher, the University student, the commercial man, the skilled printer and mechanic, the draftsman, and stenographer, the gardener and farmer, and outside of these some training in music, in gymnastics and athletics; in fact a little University of the practical sort.

In the third place I think, education should provide a man with sufficient information about the world he lives in, its people, and their location and conditions, the history of past times, some knowledge of his own physical structure and the care of it, the elements of physics and the things that shall make the world to him, intelligible and enjoyable. After training in these things there is still much more.

But more important than these is another thing. It is the start of each one of us in his life's journey, or perhaps career, you would say, a start in a career which is to last as long as the spirit, the chief thing in all of us, exists. It may drop our bodies by the way and continue on in its life. Most people think that it does so in a life indefinitely in society with others. Now if we are to live on in this way, a small part of it here and a large part of it beyond, and all of it in company with others, it is plain that we must know and live up to the principles which make social life possible. These are a few in number, but they are very essential. In the first place, we must be truthful in our dealings with others; that is, that we must be honest, free from deceit and all crooked ways In the second place, we must be just and fair in our dealings, giving and taking the square deal, which is another way of saying that we should do to others as we would others should do to us. The third, that we should be unselfish thinking of others as well as of ourselves in all our conduct. Seeking out to sympathize with and comfort our neighbours who are in sorrow and helping those in trouble—doing all these things not as a compulsion or a duty, but as the spontaneous outpouring of ourselves, doing these things because we want to.

Now I think you will agree such a man as this would make a good son, a good father, a good neighbor, and a good citizen. He would be a man good for this world and for any world, good for the present time and good for all time to come. And if I add that if he wishes to find out and do the will of his Heavenly Father, and live in fellowship with him you will have the person fit for all worlds and for all times.

Now it is because these institutions are trying, in a modest but earnest way, to start boys on such a career as the above and are daily holding up before them the most perfect one of all our race as a model for their imitation, a stimulant, and an inspiration to their endeavour. It is because of these that I greatly value these institutions. I acknowledge that beginners are bunglers in their efforts to be and do what I have sketched above. But so you all were bunglers when you began to learn the English language—very bad bunglers indeed. But you had determined to learn the language, and for years your teachers have been patiently helping you. So it will be with these principles and habits which I have pointed out. If you have made on honest start and continue you will meet the "well done" of the Judge at the greater Assize.

Some years ago the class of 1855 in Williams College held its fiftieth (50th) reunion and dinner after graduation. There were about 20 of us present; all old men between seventy and eighty years old who had finished their life's

work, and were now more or less at leisure. After dinner we sat around the table talking of our different experiences. One of us, Big Seymour, as we used to call him in distinction from Little Seymour, remarked that he would like to live on as if he were going to live on here forever. The remark waked us all up; one, at least, disapproved. The faces of many were a question mark. For myself I thought it a very suggestive remark, and I think you will too if you think it over for a minute. For if he was to live forever his neighbours about him were also to live on forever, and if he was a man whom they distrusted, whom they disliked, because of his sordid dealings, who was unsympathetic and hard in his dealings with them, they would form their own opinion of him. He would be sure to do more just such acts and live in the same way the next year and the next and the next for a thousand years. And long before that time his neighbours would have acquired such opinions of him, that before the thousand years were up he would beg the Almighty to cancel the rest of his span of existence and permit him to cease to be.

If, on the other hand, he was a man just and fair in his dealings, loving to do as he would be done by, sympathetic and helpful to his neighbours in trouble and sorrow, intent on promoting the welfare of the whole community, his neighbours would form their opinion of him, would honour and love him, and return his kindness, and when a thousand years were up they would wish to go on in companionship to the ten-thousand and the one-hundred-thousand of neighbourliness.

As a matter of fact Big Seymour was then planting fruit trees, the fruit of which he never expected to eat, making improvements which those who came after him would enjoy, improving the condition of the neighbourhood for the generation that was to live long after he was gone. He was indeed living in a sensible way as if he were to live on here forever.

Gentlemen of this audience and my young friends here, I commend for consideration Big Seymour's idea to you of living in this world as if you were to live in it forever.

A word to you, my youngest friends; I suppose if you were asked, you would say that you come to Pasumalai to be educated. That phrase is a little mistake in expression. The idea behind it is a *big* mistake. You came to educate yourself under the direction and with the help of all these teachers and this splendid equipment. Strange to say the Madras Government is so much interested in your making men of yourselves, and good citizens, that it has poured out money by the bagfuls in providing this great establishment and these teachers to help you. And stranger to say good people in America, who have never seen you and do not know you but wish you well, have contributed large sums to help you, and let me add that above all they wish you to make good men of yourselves—men who are going to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God. None of all of these establishments can educate you. It is your own job, and you must do it for yourselves. If you expect your car to run you must provide the electric starter and the petrol to run it and keep it going.

A boy should say to himself at least so softly that his brain could hear, "I am the master on this job. I shall carry away from Pasumalai as stock in trade for my life's work as much as I can put into my training with the help of teachers and everything else and no more." Please remember this as you begin to-morrow's work and as you begin every day's work while you are here.

I am here in Meriden in body, but with you in spirit commemorating my ninety-fifth (95th) birthday. In taking leave of you I will use the phrase of the Roman Gladiator addressing the Caesar but with no tint of sadness in it but rather of assured triumph. For as in imagination I journey out from Pasumalai among the towns, villages, and hamlets of the district and note what the men trained in Pasumalai have done and are doing; I say "Surely Pasumalai

and its workers have made the 'Madura Country' a better country to live in than I saw it sixty-six years ago in 1860. And when I return to Pasumalai and inspect these rising structures and observe the forward looking attitude of all who are directing and employed here, I say to myself again, 'The Madura Country is going to be a far better country in the years to come because of Pasumalai and of what Pasumalai is yet going to do' ''

Gentlemen and friends, young and old, I have finished. Thank you.

GEORGE T. WASHBURN.

A short letter from Dr. Barton congratulating the worthy doctor on his 95th birthday called forth from him a wonderful letter from one of his age.

OCTOBER 4, 1926.

REV. GEORGE T. WASHBURN, D.D.,

Meriden, Connecticut.

My dear Dr. Washburn:

It is pretty late for me to congratulate you on your triumphantly reaching your ninety-fifth birthday which you celebrated, so the Congregationalist says, by going to church. You have beaten President Eliot, and I am not at all sure whether he went to church regularly up to his ninety-second birthday. But I want to congratulate you upon such a ripe age.

I wonder how fully you have kept reminiscences during these later years. I hope you have written a great deal which will finally come to the library of the American Board. I have just received from a missionary who recently died in this country his journals, diaries and copies of his letters which we are putting into our library as a valuable part of the archives. As he was from the storm areas of Turkey there inevitably will be much of historic value in these documents.

I think of you every time I go through Meriden. Once I saw you on the platform of the station, probably waiting for somebody or seeing somebody off.

I rejoice in the work you have done and in the blessed memories which you must have in the work so well done, and in the assurance that the foundations which you have laid were permanently laid on the great principles of eternal truth.

Most faithfully yours,

JAMES L. BARTON.

MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT,
OCTOBER 21, 1926.

Dear Dr. Barton :

No letters, no congratulations, are late from dear friends, friends of auld lang syne ; and such I permit myself to think of you with great satisfaction.

Yes, I went to church on my ninety-fifth birthday, as I have uniformally done for about ninety years; my mother and father being church-going people, and not usually finding it convenient to leave me at home when a little boy. I remember being mewed up in a pew from which I could see out of neither front nor back because of the high enclosure.

The Turkish missionary who left his papers to the Board had something valuable to leave ; for they doubtless could throw very intimate light on several acts of one of the two most awful tragedies of the modern time,—the attempt of a fanatical and semi-barbarous people to exterminate a nation.

My situation in India was exactly opposite to that of your Turkish friend. I went to a land of piping peace. A few months after our arrival we were sent to take charge of a district destitute of the least trace of English, to learn the language and the people, and look after eight or ten Christian congregations and a half dozen village schools. It was also laid on me to press Dr. Anderson for the restoration of the Boarding School abolished by the Deputation. They were restored in '65 and I started the building of a school house the day the news was received. I suppose it was the exceptional success of our large double boarding school that sent me to Pasumalai instead of a better man, my friend Mr Capron. All through these years I was a pretty busy man, and also after I reached Pasumalai ; reading but little except what my work required and of matters pertaining to India

On returning to America, I have done a good deal of reading ; chief and foremost in which has been my desire to adjust my religious situation to the immense amount of scientific and sound critical knowledge which has accumulated since I was in college and seminary. I wish to know how to think of God under these new conditions, to really know something about man and to appropriate the result of American and English revision of the German criticisms of the Bible during the last 120 years. It seems to me that if we wish to know what sort of a person a man is we observe what he does when he is entirely free to do what he wishes and also to know how he does it. This seems to me a fair idea to carry into the realm of theology. Accordingly, I did not go to the canonical authorities on these subjects but to the foremost scientific men who know a little about what has been goingon in the infinite spaces of the sky during the untold eons of the past, and which are testified to by the millions of worlds created and set alight. Some almost burned out during the infinite period in which they have existed, and others fresh creations coming into observation. The scientists through their knowledge of light tell me that the universe is homogeneous, differing in no essential way from the substance of our earth. I wish to know of the physicist all he knows about the atom or the ninety-three different atoms and how they work ; I wish to know how the earth had cooled so far as to produce a crust, its strata and fossils who give their witness to its long existence and to the long existence of life upon it ; I wish to know the story of the coming and development of life upon our planet. I have already read in my college days much in geology. I have recently read pretty extensively in biology, confining myself to first-hand writers and experimenters. It seems very surprising that up to about 1865 there was no science of man. A good many individual items had been collected on the continent of Europe, but no orderly arrangement had been made of them before the date I mentioned. Up to that time in England and America the Bible statement of man's creation about 6,000 years ago was taken as authoritative and having no

further question. Since that time, an amazing amount of investigation and evidence has been made public proving the existence of men in Europe and in Asia and Africa for hundreds of thousands of years. I have read a good deal on this subject, and I have tried to find out also how man is developing physically, mentally and spiritually, and in all cases I have gone to first-hand authorities, and after a good many years of reading and considerable thinking I have reached some conclusions which I believe come near to meeting the facts in the case. I could write two or three books stating these conclusions and my reasons for them. But the members of our churches by large majorities are not ready for what I have to say, nor is our present social system, nor are our laws prepared for it. Sometime they will be. In the meantime, men who know a hundred times more than I, and can put their knowledge in a persuasive way will do so, and necessity, which has compelled most of the advances in our race, may also compel changes, legal, social and religious, to meet the facts.

Twenty thousand generations of human beings have arisen since Pithicanthropus visited the shores of Java Each one of these has sloughed off a little of the beast in us, and put on a little of the man in brain and intelligence. If one could put one of these primeval men with his flint pick and scraper beside the maker of one of our great steam or electric locomotives, we could hardly conceive that the latter man was a grandchild of the former. But so it has been ordained that by death and slow advances we have attained what we now enjoy. It has taken at least twenty thousand generations to accomplish this. I see no reason why our race should not continue for twenty thousand generations yet to come slowly advanciug. The heat of neither earth nor sun are likely to lose much heat in that short time (geologically). .Prejudice and natural inertia of body and mind have stood in the way of our advance so far. Alphabetic writing was discovered about 3,000 years ago. The India Vedas (rig) were composed in Persia and North India about 3,400 years ago. They were not committed to writing until about 200 years ago. The reason was religious prejudice. For five years we have been attempting to do away with the use of alcohol as a beverage. It now looks very discouraging. The reason is men's strong appetite for stimulus which they will not deny.

The causes of Zimotoc diseases have been known for seventy years and the precautions against contracting them, but most people pay no attention to what they know will protect their health until the government steps in and compels attention.

But notwithstanding all hiudrances, I believe the race is to go on and reach its ultimate goal of peaceful and happy social living. It must be remembered that three experiments in development of a social system have been going on from long before the human race started. These are the bees, the ants, and the wasps. If man has passed through twenty thousand generations, these insects have passed through many hundred thousand generations, and they have developed a method of living together in peace and mutual service, each one in its own line, which compels our admiration and wonder. Why should not a later experiment with the human race also succeed in time?

We are a part of a world now in the making, and the facts I have mentioned make us see how very little one of us individually or our generation can accomplish in forwarding the grand result. But small as it is, it is our part to do it and do it heartily.

If, in conclusion, you ask me what my position is, I think I can best illustrate it by my attempt in teaching at Pasumalai. It was my aim there to make good men out of the boys and young men I found there. Men who loved righteousness and hated iniquity. Men who would give and take the square deal. Men who not only loved mercy but loved their fellowmen and were true Samaritans, not living to be served, but to serve and sacrifice their life when the case required, and all the while walking humbly with God. Such men

would make the best of citizens for this world and would be acceptable citizen in any world where men would like to live. I still believe in doing just this.

Affectionately yours,

(Signed) GEORGE T. WASHBURN.

J. W.

NOVEMBER 2, 1926.

REV. GEORGE T. WASHBURN, D.D.,

Meriden, Connecticut.

My dear Dr. Washburn:

This letter will not require any answer, but I want to acknowledge your much appreciated and most comprehensive letter that you wrote on October 21. It is of such interest that I have bad copies made of it. One I am putting into the hands of Dr. Bell, the Editorial Secretary of the American Board. I am handing another copy to Dr. Patton, the Home Secretary.

You are a remarkable example of a man who refuses to go to seed, and we all honor you for it. The freshness of your mind as you study the great modern movements in science and philosophy and religion is refreshing to those of us who are still younger, and it is an example of the possibility of a mind keeping young and fresh as the body advances in years. You will never be old. I only wish your spirit could get more into the great body of religious leaders across the country. It would smash the Fundamentalists who believe that there has been no intellectual, moral, or religious advance in the last two thousand years.

I thank you for your letter and wish you Godspeed as you continue your studies.

Very faithfully yours,

JAMES L. BARTON.

The following two letters are perhaps the last which Dr. Washburn sent to India. The second was written only a few days before he died, and contained a number of personal matters and some details about the writing and publication of his biography.

MERIDEN, CONN., Dec. 29, 1926.

MY DEAR MR. SAUNDERS,

First of all I want to "thank you" for the admirable report you made of the memorial service at Pasumalai on September 13, 1926—so different from the professional reporters who catch a sentence here and there and in which they are interested, and leave the essential part of a meeting or a subject unreported at all. Your report was symmetrical and conveyed an excellent picture of the whole intellectual side of the gathering. I "thank you" heartily for it.

I have circulated one or two copy slips sent me by Banninga and Dr. Miller among a few friends here who much appreciated the account and the whole affair. I got a bouquet of carnations as a Christmas present from one of these friends to whom I sent it.

You requested me to send some further account of my doings in order that you might write something about me (perhaps after I am gone). I have written something of such an account out of which I think you may pick materials for an article which you may wish to write. I have intended it in no way to be anything more than a source of supply, and you are quite at liberty to use it that way. Indeed you know what is better suited to an Indian audience than I do.

I have found it difficult to accomplish what I wanted in this direction, because of the pressure that is brought on my reader and writer on account of time she can give me. She is a student in the High School and she is occupied most of the day, and I have to be satisfied with whatever remnants of time she can spare. Now, again, at Christmas the stores have called in nearly everybody available to assist as clerks for longer or shorter periods each week. Thus curtailing my time considerably; it is under these difficulties that I am sending this manuscript to you, and I hope you will excuse much that you will obviously see that is deficient in it.

With hearty thanks and the warmest good wishes for your work, I am,

Yours sincerely,

GEO. T. WASHBURN.

J. W.

P.S. I have omitted to mention that I wrote and sent to Mr. Zumbro a long and detailed account of the origin and starting of our college at Pasumalai. This document, he wrote me, he had read and had filed in the college archives as important to its early history. If you care to look it up it may afford you some information.

I will also send you a copy of the report of Pasumalai for the year 1896-7 I think. It contains a brief account of my doings up to that time.

G. T. W.

J. M. W.

MERIDEN, CONN., March 8, 1927.

MY DEAR MR. SAUNDERS,

I am writing you this bit as it affords a little commentary on the work of the last century in theological and evangelistic matters. The South India Conference held its session, if I remember right, in Bangalore in 1876. I was invited on that occasion to furnish a paper on theological education. I had been for ten years a district missionary, fairly familiar with the people, and the class of agents then employed by missionaries. I had also charge for about six years of the theological school at Pasumalai.

I undertook to write a paper meeting both the wants of the district missionary and evangelist, and also looking forward to a class of better trained agents for the future. It was impossible for me to attend the Bangalore meeting. I therefore sent my paper up to it by Rev. Mr. J. S. Chandler then somewhat recently arrived in the mission who read the paper for me. I understood that the paper was regarded as a somewhat academic and impracticable presentation of the matter of theological schools by missionaries to the north of us.

However, the paper was printed in the report. I had put my best experience and observation into the paper, and had had somewhat diverse experiences with variety of grades of theological students from the almost recent convert of the lower classes to men pretty well educated for that time and of considerable Christian experience.

Notwithstanding the fact that the paper was regarded as utopian, before a dozen years had passed I had reached in our Pasumalai school my highest ideal of men fit to be trained as ministers, for I had in my class 2 First Arts men, and a would-be First Arts man and one or two matriculates. And in doing this I had not gone beyond our Pasumalai resources or preliminary training.

One of these men is now the foremost pastor in our mission and a former chairman of the United Church Council. Another is at present the chief teacher in our Pasumalai Training Institution; a third, a matriculate, was for 25 years pastor of a foremost self-supporting village church and now with the missionary at Tirumangalam. It has always seemed to me that some missionaries regard a theological school a mill into which recent converts, in fact almost any sort of men, can be "dumped in", and after a year or two manipulation should come out intelligent, competent, trustworthy agents to be put in charge of congregations or evangelistic work.

It is only tested material that is fit for a theological school. To adapt a very homely proverb, "You cannot make a whistle out of a pig's tail."

I am convinced that my ten years as a rural district missionary were of great service to me in my work at Pasumalai. In the Theological School I had under my care Christian men almost fresh from the villages who had little previous training as well as men of several years of careful instruction. In dealing with the first of these I found myself constantly reverting to my experience with the village people with whom I had come in contact both in tours, in itineracies, and at the bungalow. I had met them at home and in the field and knew something of their way of looking at things, and though the Indian teachers knew the people far better than I; I looking at them as a foreigner could direct the teaching much more satisfactorily than I otherwise would do. On the other hand the second or third generation of Christians knew less of Hinduism proper than I did. While they were fairly well acquainted with the local animism of the rural people I found myself able thus to throw some light on the combination of the two religions usually professed by very Hindu. When it came to the High School and College my knowledge of the rural Christian homes, the way they were conducted, the grinding economics that were necessary to provide for their children's education enabled me to sympathize with students and parents more fully than I otherwise could have done. Sixty years ago money was an extremely rare commodity with labourers and small land owners, and it was difficult for them to secure enough to pay their taxes, make purchases of clothes, etc., before coming to their children's school fees.

Yours sincerely,

GEO. T. WASHBURN.

VII. APPRECIATIONS.

George T. Washburn.

"Sympathetic, scholarly, discriminating, intellectual, independent in his thinking, devoted to his students, generous in his gifts to education, with a large grasp on all mission problems, and a comprehensive knowledge of the Tamil language and literature; in his retirement in Meriden, Conn. he maintains with undiminished ardor his interest in the Mission."

—John S. Chandler in 1909.

"Mrs. Eliza Case Washburn was one of the quiet, untiring, unobtrusive workers upon whom the world depends so much. She did pioneer work in Battlagundu in establishing the first school for Hindu girls in 1865, as well as in working for Hindu women. As a great hostess she can never be forgotten by those who had the privilege of being entertained by her. She exercised hospitality with a quiet graciousness that made one feel at home."

—L. C. Powers in 1915.

A. Death and Funeral.

Dr. George T. Washburn died at Meriden, Conn. on Sunday, March 20, 1927 in the 95th year of his age. He, who had ever lived close to his Master, and had obeyed each call when it came, was ready when he received the last call. He died as he had lived, without fear, confident in his Lord, and happy in his long life and service.

The lines of Whittier are well applied to the aged missionary:

"So when a good man dies,
For years beyond his ken,
The light he leaves behind him shines
Along the paths of men."

Dr. and Mrs. Banninga of Pasumalai, then on furlough in America, were present at the funeral, and in a letter to the Madura Mission told of the funeral services.

Dr. Washburn's funeral from a letter of Rev. J. J. Banninga from Hartford, Conn., March 28, 1927:

On Sunday afternoon, Dr. Lord, Washburn's pastor, called us up, and told us that he (Dr. Washburn) had died that morning at 9 o'clock (March 20). He had been taken to a hospital on Saturday, but they could do nothing much for him, and he passed away evidently without rallying again. There was no final message as far as I could learn.

The Vaughans (Rev. and Mrs. C. S. Vaughan, Madura, India, missionaries, then on furlough) were planning to leave here on Monday, while we were planning to go to Boston Tuesday afternoon, but we all changed our plans, and we drove down together for the funeral, which was held in an undertaker's establishment in Meriden, preparatory to taking the body down to Lenox, Mass. for burial. You all know, I think, that Lenox was his ancestral home.

The service was very simple. Dr. Lord opened the service with scripture verses, and then called on Mr. Vaughan to lead in prayer. Then Dr. Lord read the scripture lessons, and after prayer called on me to speak. I tried in about ten minutes to sum up the chief characteristics of Dr. Washburn's life and work,

stressing his great contribution to our work in his laying the foundations and building up practically all the departments in Pasumalai, including the college. Though these institutions have all grown beyond his accomplishments I doubt if any of them have grown beyond his vision. And this work will live on in the scholarships that he has established for the college and Pasumalai.

There were about 40 people at the funeral. Dr. Lord wanted to hold the funeral at the church, but David (the son) seemed to think that because his father had wanted a simple funeral, that the best place would be at the undertaker's establishment. The service was simple and dignified. As the body was to go to Lenox the next day, there was, of course, nothing beyond the short service I have described. I do not know what took place at Lenox. There were not many relatives present. A nephew from Washington was there and a few others, one woman being a niece of Mrs. Washburn. Both the Meriden and Hartford papers had short accounts of his death. I enclose that of the Hartford Times.

HARTFORD TIMES.

NOTED MISSIONARY DIES IN MERIDEN.

Rev. George Washburn Founded School System in India.

Meriden, March 21, 1927. The Rev. George T. Washburn, 95, a retired missionary who represented the American Board of Congregational Missions at Madura, Southern India, from 1860 to 1900, died at his home here yesterday of ailments incidental to old age.

Beginning in the seventies Mr. Washburn built up a system of higher education in Southern India, which came to include a high school, a college, a training school, and a theological seminary. The work which Mr. Washburn started in India has gone on, and for a number of years on each birthday, he has received greetings from hundreds of Indian Christians who held him in great reverence, and his birthday has been observed as a school festival each year in the Madura District.

The funeral service was held here in Meriden on Tuesday; the burial took place in the family plot on Wednesday at Lenox, Mass., where he was born on September 5, 1832.

The Madura Mission which was in session at Kodaikanal in May, 1927, on hearing the news passed the following resolution of sympathy :—

Resolution of Sympathy.

Death of Dr. G. T. Washburn. We mourn the loss by death of our senior member and beloved brother Dr. Washburn.

The thoroughness of his work as a young man in the Battalagundu Station ; the foresight and breadth of view with which he developed in Pasumalai the great work begun by Dr. William Tracy ; the constancy of his love and care for his students in the institution, and after they had entered into positions of influence ; his generosity in rendering financial help to Pasumalai and to the College that grew out of it ; his happy home life with Mrs. Washburn during the forty years of their work in India ; his absorbing interest in these higher institutions of learning during his long retirement of twenty-seven years in the United States, have excited our admiration and love.

We realise that the fruitful life unto the ripe old age of nearly ninety-five years is to us a God-given and precious heritage.

"The Madras Mail" gave prominence to the following appreciation of the life and work of Dr. Washburn.

GEORGE T. WASHBURN.

NOTED EDUCATIONALIST.

Alfred de Vigny writes somewhere—"What goes to make a fine life?" "A youthful dream realised in ripe old age." That sentiment can be applied in all its fullness to the veteran and well-known educationalist of South India—Rev. George Thomas Washburn, D.D., the news of whose death at the remarkable age of 95 at Meriden, Conn. the United States, has just reached us. A generation ago Dr. Washburn was known far and wide as one of the leading educationalists of Southern India, and at his passing his name and some of his achievements should be recalled "lest we forget." Since 1900 he has been living in retirement in Meriden, but for forty years before that he did a great work in connexion with the Pasumalai Institutions of the American Madura Mission, and his monument is the well established and growing American College, in whose success in his old age Dr. Washburn greatly rejoiced.

George Washburn was born in Lenox, Massachusetts, September 5, 1832, and was educated at Lenox Academy, Williams College, and Andover Seminary. Young Washburn was fortunate in the privilege of coming under the influence of the foremost teacher of his time—Dr. Mark Hopkins of Williams, whose bust now adorns the Hall of Fame at New York University as the representative of American educators. Mr. Washburn graduated from the Seminary in August, 1858 On the first day of January, 1860, when the dark clouds of the awful Civil War were gathering, Mr. and Mrs. Washburn set sail for India in company with Dr. and Mrs. Chamberlain in the Clipper ship, "Goddess" carrying a cargo of Wenham ice for Madras ; the journey took 100 days around the Cape to reach India, and ten more days on the top of that in a Dak to get to Madura.

The Washburns spent their first ten years of service in the Battalagundu station, where they made educational and medical interests a feature of their work. Mr. Washburn had taken some medical training for his work in India, and he found it of very great service. In these early days there was only one European doctor—the Government medical officer, for the whole of the large district, and he was in Madura Town.

In January, 1870, after ten years in general station work and the management of a boarding school for five years, it was decided that Mr. and Mrs Washburn should be transferred to Pasumalai to take charge of the new Theological Seminary which was being opened at that place, and to superintend the general educational work of the mission. For thirty years Dr. Washburn laboured in that centre, and the record of his work there is a remarkable story. One of the first enterprises that Mr. Washburn started at Pasumalai was the Lenox Press in which was installed a Hoe printing press imported from America, and which printed the first newspaper in the Madura District. For over fifty years that press has continued to print the proceedings of the local Law Courts, to do an extensive business in general job printing and binding, as well as all the printing work of a large mission. And more recently the Lenox Press has been adopted by the Educational Department of the Presidency of Madras as one of the units in teaching printing and binding in the large Trade School of the Mission.

In 1877 there spread over South India a terrible famine. Dr. and Mrs. Washburn collected about 1,500 famine and neglected children into a temporary hostel, where they were lodged, fed, and instructed until the famine ended. When the poor parents returned their children were given to them again having been fed and well-cared for in the meantime. Some parents, however, never returned, and for these orphaned children Dr. Washburn provided an orphanage which he continued for nineteen years. The future and accomplishments of some of those famine orphans is an encouraging record, showing what would have been lost if those children had been allowed to perish.

The Pasumalai High School is another of Dr. Washburn's institutions. This school flourished from its beginning and has now grown to be one of the most successful public schools of South India, giving boys not only a good literary and teacher-training education but training them in the use of their hands as well, for associated with the High School are allied departments, such as—agriculture and an experimental farm, manual training, a printing press, and the trade school.

In 1881 largely through the instrumentality of Dr. Washburn the college at Pasumalai was raised to a second-grade institution and affiliated to the University of Madras. Later the college was removed to Madura, and still later to its present splendid site on the north side of the river. In 1913 it became a first-grade college, and since that date has had a wonderful growth in numbers and expansion in buildings and equipment. From his quiet retreat in Meriden, Dr. Washburn watched with keen interest the growth of his college. and every success and phase of its development has given the veteran educator a sense of real joy and pleasure.

And now he has gone but his works still remain. In a recent letter to the present writer Dr. Washburn with his usual modesty closed with these words: "In looking back over these long past years I cannot say that my administration of the Pasumalai Institutions was as successful as I could desire. If with my experience gathered and the observations I have made in these many years I could return to those old days and their old surroundings and live them over again I think that I could do much better, and as I thoroughly enjoyed my work in those old times I believe I should thoroughly enjoy it again, if I could renew it in its old environment."

A. J. SAUNDERS.

B. Memorial Services.

Several impressive memorial services were held by the institutions associated with the name of Dr. Washburn. At one of the regular General Assembly periods of the American College in August, 1927, the hour was devoted to a Washburn Memorial Service. Three addresses were given: Mr. Peter Isaac and Mr. Mahadeva Iyer both old students and former colleagues of Dr. Washburn spoke of him as a man and as a teacher. Dr. Saunders dealt with his life of retirement at Meriden, and read selections from letters written to friends in India during that period.

On the 5th of September, 1927, the anniversary of Dr. Washburn's birth the Pasumalai Church held an impressive and largely attended memorial service. There were five addresses dealing with various phases of the doctor's life and work delivered by Revs. V. Santiago, J. S. Masillamoni, J. Athistam, P. Asirvatham, and M. S. Taylor. A beautiful tablet on the north end of the Church behind the pulpit was unveiled. The inscription reads as follows:

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
REV. GEORGE THOMAS WASHBURN, D.D.
BORN SEPT. 5, 1832—DIED MARCH 20, 1927.
FORTY YEARS A MISSIONARY IN THIS DISTRICT.
DURING HIS THIRTY YEARS AT PASUMALAI
HE ESTABLISHED THE PASUMALAI HIGH AND
TRAINING SCHOOLS,
THE COLLEGE AND THE LENOX PRESS.
DEVOUT, SYMPATHETIC, SCHOLARLY, GENEROUS
AND SELF-SACRIFICING;
HE TRAINED LEADERS FOR THE INDIAN CHURCH
AND HAS LEFT IN THEM AND IN THE GRATEFUL LOVE
OF MANY
A FIT MEMORIAL OF A LIFE OF CHRISTIAN SERVICE.

The annual convention of the Madura Church Council gave one period of its meeting on September 22, 1927, to a memorial service to Dr. Washburn. There was a large gathering assembled in the Main Hall of the American College. Three personal friends and former colleagues of the late missionary addressed the meeting—Mr. Peter Isaac, Dr. J. S. Chandler, and Rev. V. Santiago. Mr. Santiago summed up the proceedings well by saying that Dr. Washburn had a great mind and heart, and was a great Soul-Mahatma. "He was large in mind, but larger in heart."

C. Appreciations from Old Students and Friends.

The following appreciations are from old students and friends, who were glad to add their tributes of affection to a rare and noble soul.

Whenever we visited Dr and Mrs. Washburn they were always building up Pasumalai. He was a man of foresight, and institutions grew and multiplied under his fostering care. Unostentatiously he provided accommodation for housing each separate school as it took its place in the group and claimed ever increasing room. Economically he used the funds provided by the Mission, and judiciously he added to them private funds, so that Pasumalai always stood as a living institution with a growing equipment.

Washburn was well read in Tamil literature as well as in that of other languages. He felt the fascination of the Bhagavad Gita and once remarked to me that he did not wonder at the influence it had over the Hindu mind.

His insight into character was keen, and his facile pen was especially called upon to write memorial sketches and sermons on his fellow missionaries.

His loving spirit objected to putting into the catechism for children, entitled 'Spiritual Milk', the teaching that it was their duty to fear God. He would have them taught the duty of loving God.

His devotion to his work was absolute. He seldom was prepared to leave the District for conventions and conferences that would take him away from Pasumalai. He certainly never stood in the way of his younger brethren when there were calls to travel over the country to represent the Mission on special occasions.

Rooted and grounded in his special works as well as in love, he accomplished his work as a noble servant of God.

Woodstock, Kodaikanal,
20 June, 1927.

J. S. CHANDLER.

Reminiscences of Dr. Washburn.

I consider it a sacred duty and privilege to write these few lines in memory of Dr. Washburn. I had my whole education at Pasumalai up to F.A.—the present Intermediate—during the Principalship of Dr. Washburn. And after completing my B.A. from the Madras Christian College, I joined the staff of my old alma-mater and served as a humble colleague of Dr. Washburn for seven years till he retired in 1900.

I remember that he taught us English Poetry in the F.A. class. He had a high sense of duty and would not absent himself from his class work for a single period—not even during the mission meetings. He used to set home-tasks systematically, giving us daily a passage in Poetry to be paraphrased and brought next day. These exercises he would correct with scrupulous care and this proved a valuable training for us, as we thereby acquired a good command of the English language.

He was ever careful not to wound the feelings of others.. I have heard Mr. C. Ganapathi Aiyar of the Madura College (now retired) say that when he was a teacher at Pasumalai—this must have been about the year 1886 or 87—one morning when the school work was about to commence, many

of the masters had assembled in the Teachers' Room and had got so much absorbed in some interesting discussion that they even forgot to take note of the second bell and went on with it. Dr. Washburn happened to pass that way just then. He peeped in and simply said "Gentlemen, it is the second bell", and went away quietly to his bungalow. The masters hurried to their respective classes.

Again, if a master A was obsesrved to go late to his class Dr. Washburn would just go and hint to another master B "I am very sorrry Mr. A is not punctual in his attendance". But this served the purpose well, for B was sure to convey the fact to A and A would reform himself.

Coming from democratic America, he strongly held that college education should not be the monopoly of the rich and that ample opportunities must be given to the deserving among the poor also. He held the view that for a poor country like India the tuition fees, as it obtained even then were sufficiently high. Hence it was that he always gave liberal concessions to pupils in the matter of fees.

His work at Pasumalai was of the quiet, unobtrusive kind He never sought the lime light; he never courted fame. He could have easily secured an examinership in the University; but he never aspired to that honour. It was on this account that even a Fellowship at our University came to him tardily, on the eve of his retirement from service.

Dr. Washburn possessed rather stern features. But behind that rough exterior, there lay a warm generous soul which always melted on hearing a tale of woe or poverty. I have known him help many students with the whole or portion of their 'application fees' for the University Examinations.

His love for Pasumalai was that of a parent for his own dear child. He was ever ready to loosen his purse—strings and make large personal sacrifices on this account. He has erected so many buildings there from his private funds—such as the Washburn hall, and so forth.

Further, those were the early years of the Institution, things had not got settled down to routine form, and so, there was naturally more scope for the play of the *personal* element (of the Head) in all the details of administration. For instance, a list of recognized Hindu Holidays had not been then made up. I very well remember how when I was a student at Pasumalai, on every occasion when we wanted a holiday for a Hindu ceremony or festival, we students used to go in a body to Dr. Washburn's bungalow and besiege him as it were, for the purpose. And when we had got it, we would march back triumphantly to the school house. [But conditions have changed since. We now have highly developed and well organized systems both at Pasumalai and in our College here—the administration has grown to be rather *impersonal*, if I may so put it.]

One other noteworthy fact is that in him there was a rare combination of the intellectual and emotional elements.

For all these reasons, he soon developed a personal attachment, a parental affection for his men, especially his old boys. All his dealings with them proceeded from the *heart*, not merely from the *head*. He did not simply take the pure business point of view—that of master and servant; so much work, so much pay. He had real *sympathy*. And this was the reason why even after a quarter century since he left India, his attachment to Pasumalai and our attachment to him continued as strong as ever. Of him it may be truly said that though his body was there in far off Meriden (U.S.A.) his spirit was here with us in Pasumalai and Madura. His frequent letters to his friends and former pupils bore ample testimony to this. Again and again he wrote how he longed to return to the field of his early labours and live the old life over again! At the same time he would add "Alas! the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak."

It was very pathetic to hear from Mr. Nolting of our College who returned from furlo' about this time last year, how in spite of his failing eye-sight and extreme debility, Dr. Washburn was still so keenly interested in everything about Pasumalai and the College in Madura. Mr Nolting was asked, I am told, to draw up a rough plan of our college grounds on a big sheet of paper, and then with Mr. Nolting's help Dr. Washburn's fingers were passed over it, so that he might make himself fully acquainted with the exact location of every building that had been erected here.

It was always a source of great gratification for him to learn how the tender child he reared in his arms had since matured intc brilliant manhood under the able guidance of his worthy successors. This one thought sufficed to keep him up in good spirits in his old age.

He has departed this life; Our Almighty Father has been pleased to call him away for other fields of work in the life beyond. But his work here in the Madura Mission will live for ever. And if there was ever one whose life we might well set before ourselves for a model, surely it is Dr. Washburn's. I would urge especially on the present batch of students both at Pasumalai and Madura, to live up to this noble model and prove themselves in every way worthy of the rich heritage which it is their privilege to enjoy here. They may rest assured that every day there in his retirement in America,—so long as there was life in him—Dr. Washburn thought of them and prayed for them, no less than for his old boys, though he did not know any of them personally. Such was his attachment to Pasumalai and Madura. How then will they in their turn show their gratitude to him?

The greatest service a son can render to his father is to make the world say admiringly—what trouble, what special prayers, this father must have offered, what tapas (penance) he must have performed to beget such a worthy son!

I only wish and pray that the same can be said of every young man who goes out of our Institutions.

S. MAHADEVA AIYER.

District Work.

Battalagundu was the first station in which Dr. Washburn worked for the first 10 years. He built the present church and the Boarding School. He was always filled with evangelistic zeal and went round the villages camping about 20 days every month and preached the gospel of Jesus Christ He was in close touch with various men both among the Christians and non-Xtians and exerted his personal influence over them. His love and sympathy towards the people attracted them to Jesus Christ and won them to be His witnesses. A large number of people both the high and the low were brought into the fold of Jesus Christ during these 10 years.

He had also a good knowledge of medicine and went about doing good to the people. The people were greatly benefited by his medical service also.

During his time, the agents of the Battalagundu station were mere Bible readers and were practically illiterate. He taught them at every monthly meeting the Bible, Arithmetic, Geography, etc., and used them profitably for the propagation of the gospel.

Educational Work.

Dr. Washburn worked as an educational Missionary for 30 years at Pasumalai. He was one of the greatest of the Missionaries who worked in India.

He was very strong physically, mentally and spiritually and thus was a worthy model to be followed by his students in the Pasumalai Institutions. I was connected with him as a student and a fellow worker from 1882 to 1900. Dr. Washburn was an eminent teacher, an able principal and manager, a great organizer and a Missionary of self-sacrifice and love.

1. Teacher:—Dr. Washburn was a well-read and brilliant man. He possessed a bright intellect, and was a clear thinker. He prepared his lessons thoroughly every day. He knew well what he should teach and how he should impart it. The students were able to follow him closely and understand his thoughts fully. The students did creditably in all the lessons he taught them.

2. Principal and Manager:—Dr. Washburn was looked upon as a model Principal. He maintained good discipline and employed various ways and means to improve the students. He gave them adequate physical, intellectual and spiritual training. The relation between him and the students was that of a father and sons. The relation between him and the Indian teachers was always very happy and pleasant. He ruled by love. He often used to put his loving arms upon the shoulders of the students and embrace them like a father.

3. Organizer:—Dr. Washburn was a man of wide visions. He looked into the opportunities 20 years ahead of him and went on planning as years passed to do great things and achieve great results and adjusted himself to circumstances and conditions. He saw clearly the Missionary educational work as evangelistic as pure evangelism and proved conclusively that evangelistic and educational works were supplementary to each other. He made the Mission and the Board understand that higher education was very necessary to the Indian Christian workers to cope with the situation of India and that the Indian Church should have an educated ministry. He ably organized various departments and societies. He raised the Institution from the Middle school to the College.

He organized the College Y.M.C.A., Lyceum and various spiritual meetings, and made Pasumalai the centre of training for the Indian agency. He was also a great builder. Several huge buildings sprang up during his time as the product of his fertile brain. On the day previous to the day on which the Washburn Hall was dedicated, he expressed to me that he had planned 20 years previously to build such a hall.

4. Missionary of much self-sacrifice and love. Dr. Washburn came to India to spend and to be spent He was a most generous hearted Missionary. He used much of his own private money for the development of the Pasumalai Institutions and liberally supported a large number of boys, both Christians and non-Xtians. Large was his mind, but larger was his heart. Love was flowing from his heart. Dr. Washburn personally knew each and every student and was in close touch with him and tried to help him according to his needs. He sympathized with the students in their infirmities and tried to correct them by making them follow Jesus Christ. He cared very much for their future career. There are today hundreds of homes in South India which are gratefully remembering Dr. Washburn's generosity and loving kindnesses and where his name has become a house hold name. He is living in the lives of those whom he loved and taught.

Although Dr. Washburn was an educational Missionary, he was deeply interested in the Indian Church and all along felt that the College was intended for the development of the Church and for the extension of the kingdom of God. He was a practical Missionary and tried to solve the various problems of the Indian Church from time to time. His proposals and suggestions were very much appreciated by the Indian leaders.

Battalagundu,
July 16th, 1927.

V. SANTIAGO.

My earliest memories of him date from 1870 or thereabouts. Naturally they are chiefly associated with his two sons one of whom was of my own age and the other a couple of years older. They were lively boys and their father Dr. Washburn was evidently in sympathy with boyish aims and activities, and was willing to do what he could to satisfy them. I remember the boyish excitement and enjoyment that we had once at Pasumalai when he brought out a huge muzzle-loading army revolver, which he loaded and permitted us to fire at a piece of broken pottery propped against the side of the bungalow. I cannot say that we made a very high score in our shooting, but we certainly enjoyed the experience.

On another occasion during a visit to Pasumalai one of his sons showed me with great satisfaction a pocketful of old printers' type which his father had given him. It was about the time when the Lenox press was established. Evidently Dr. Washburn believed in the "Project System" of Education, though it had never been heard of by that name in those days.

My relations with Dr. Washburn as fellow-worker in Pasumalai were brought about by a visit from him while I was yet in Williams College. He visited me there and asked me if I would be willing to come to Pasumalai for a three year engagement under the American Board, to assist in teaching in the High School and College. This proposal attracted me, giving me as it did an opportunity for travel and a visit to my old home in India, together with the possibility of some useful work in teaching. I arrived in Pasumalai in October 1885 and after a few weeks in which to get accustomed to my new surroundings I began work in earnest at the beginning of the School Year in January 1886. Dr. Washburn impressed me at that time as one who was chiefly intent on the serious things of life. He was greatly absorbed in his work and not given to much physical exercise or recreation. Such exercise as he took was largely obtained by walking on the verandah. During the evenings he enjoyed listening to reading by Mrs. Washburn. One of the books I remember that he was interested in was a History of Cambridge University.

Although he could be stern and even severe with the pupils of the school, he was quick to see the humourous side of any situation, nor was he above perpetrating an occasional pun. At the breakfast table one day when the servant brought in a poached egg which happened to be very symmetrical in outline Dr. Washburn took up the plate, looked at the egg, and remarked "Eggzactly"!

Owing to urgent family affairs Dr. Washburn was obliged to visit America in 1890.

He was one who, as I saw him during my five years' association with him, commanded respect rather than affection though there was no doubt a deeply affectionate side to his nature.

United Theological College,

Bangalore. D. S. HERRICK.

I was a student of Pasumalai College for two years only when Dr. Washburn was the Principal. My impressions of him may be stated as follows:—

1. He was a *Father* to students, loving, sympathetic and pardoning. He was always mentioned as "Thatha" and never by his name. He helped the poor with free concession in fees.

2. He was a punctual master. *At 6 30 a.m.* he was punctual to come and see that the students were all reading their Bible. *At 8 a.m.* he was punctual to check the roll-call of students for morning prayer. At 4.30 P.M.

he was punctual at the play-ground to see whether all were having their physical exercise. He was always punctual in his class attendance, and would never brook late-coming of any teacher.

3. He was a strict disciplinarian. Students who failed to do their duties who broke the rules of the school, or who behaved disorderly in any way, were never spared.

4. He had as his main aim the training of the students for Christian service. He spared no pains for teaching hymns, lyrics and scriptures He conducted a special class for this purpose every Sunday afternoon.

5. He was no respecter of persons. He treated Hindus and Christians alike.

Aruppukottai, SAMUEL JOSEPH.
Ramnad District,
26—9—1927.

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1 I have known Dr. Washburn from 1879 for the last nearly 50 years from my boyhood. He was a well trained man to train young men and boys in right ways. Any fellow, even a rogue must subdue his ways and plans when he comes across Dr. Washburn.

2. He valued every soul as if it was a wealth that was of measureless value.

3. Even though he was very very kind, he was seldom opposed in ways and plans. His will or plans were carried out and they always proved good to all concerned.

4. Everything he began was considered as a trifling thing, but in time was broadened and expanded.

5 Although he loved all equally and treated all alike, he gave special attention to a few from whom he expected usefulness in service and life.

6. Every department of work he commenced is growing and growing year after year. Each department now requires several missionaries to carry it on. For instance, Theological Seminary, Training School, High School, Printing Press and Trade School and finally the College. You will see that all these five departments require several missionaries now to manage them. His strong Christian character, his strong love of souls, his earnestness in Christian work, the way he prepared young men, the departments he opened are all beyond any expression of mine.

Dr. Washburn although not a public man, he nevertheless cannot be forgotten, for his actions and works speak of him and through him. Dr Washburn although dead yet he speaks. Dr. Washburn has left behind him all the above to speak for him, to bring the results he expected to see in the Churches in the Madura District.

May the Lord of all richly bless His servants that are carrying out the work which he has left unfinished.

Dr. Washburn has died yet he speaks in many many ways through the souls he saved; through families he saved; through people in congregations;

through the churches he has founded; and through all his life and spirit and because he was really a father, much more than a father to me.

12—8—1927. REV. G. P. VETHANAYAGAM,
Tirumangalam.

N.B.—Pastor Vethanayagam was one of Dr Washburn's orphan boys rescued from the awful famine of 1877—8; he has become one of the most esteemed and successful pastors in the Madura Mission Churches.—*Ed.*

It was in the year 1891, I had the privilege and fortune of seeing in persou for the first time the late Rev. George T. Washburn of the Pasumalai fame. About the beginning of February of that year, six boys including myself came to Pasumalai from the Dindigul Station with a letter from the late Rev. Dr. Chester for admission in the High and Secondary School departments of the Pasumalai College. I was just then in the beginning of my teens. The first sight of Dr. Washburn whose face looked to be stern and serene made an impression in me that he would be a hard-hearted gentleman and that he was rightly called the Tiger of Pasumalai by the boys already in the institution. But as time rolled on this impression was totally erased from my mind.

2. Though he was said to be a scholar in Tamil having been a missionary in the tamil country for about 40 years his Tamil words were not clearly audible nor could I understand his expressions in English in the early stage of my school career in Pasumalai and therefore I avoided meeting him as far as possible lest I should be put to an uncomfortable position of answering his question. Thus several months passed on.

3. In the early days of my life in Pasumalai I preferred a swim bath in the Thengal tank at the west of Pasumalai to the gymnastic exercises in the play ground in the evenings. The jambulanam trees full of ripe fruit on our way to the tank used to attract our attention. One evening, myself and some other boys got up the trees and some of us were picking fruit from small branches. An old Indian woman who happened to pass by that side scolded us for having gone up so high in the branches and advised us not to do so as we were then in danger of falling down. But in our joyous feast on the 'naval' fruit we did not give heed to her word. Within about 50 or 60 yards from her we noticed a human figure in black suit with a hat on, lifting his eyes to see whom the woman was talking to in the trees. We had no difficulty in recognising the figure to be no other than the one whom we used to call the 'Tiger'. Some boys who were in trees at a distance came down in haste and ran away in spite of the peremptory order of the 'Tiger' to stop. But five of us who were on one and the same tree could not escape. Thus we were caught in the act. Dr. Washburn said in an angry tone with a fuming face, "Don't you know you will get fever if you eat these fruits". We kept quiet. He again questioned us as to why we did not go to the play ground. With our guilty conscience we gave no answer to him. Though we expected a summary punishment of a slap to each of us as with Indian fathers, he did not do anything to us, but directed us to go to him the following morning with the others who escaped that evening. About a dozen of us went to him at 9 A.M. the following day and stood in a row on his verandah. He came out and made a summary enquiry and convicted us on two counts, viz., (1) Absence from the play ground and (2) Eating 'naval' fruits which would bring on fever. He went inside and brought a bamboo split about a yard long. We were sure of about half a dozen stripes. In the row I was the last at the eastern end ready to bolt away to avoid the severe punishment. He took the first boy at the west and gave one light stroke on his calf muscle and looked at his face. He did not show any sign of having felt any pain He gave him another stroke on the same place. The boy began to cry. Apparently the

sympathetic nerves of the old father prevented raising his hand again against that boy. He the Judge and the executor of punishment came to the next boy perhaps to deal with him similarly. Just then Mrs. Washburn came out of her room. I took her to be our guardian angel at that time and appealed to her saying "Madam please tell master not to beat us, we will not do so again" to mean, kindly intercede on our behalf; we will not do so again. The other boys began to cry which perhaps touched the cord of sympathy of the tender-hearted mother. Her pitiful look towards us had the desired effect and we were all let off by the Reverend Father with a warning. This incident drew me closer to Mrs. and Dr. Washburn. I never afterwards disregarded or disobeyed the advice and orders of the kind old Dr. Washburn. I never absented myself from the playground thereafter.

I may say I became a good gymnast in a few years. I liked it so much that if I had not passed my Matriculation examination, I would now be a gymnastic instructor somewhere. Had Dr. Washburn executed the punishment on me that morning, I would not have continued in that institution in my boyish tendencies, and my life history would have a different story to tell.

4. Another act of kindness of Dr Washburn that drew me still closer to him was this. In the middle of 1893, when I was affected with small-pox, the rules and restrictions of the institution took me to the segregation camp to which no other student was allowed except a servant. Feeling lonely there, I wanted permission from Dr. Washburn to go home but he said that he would see to my comforts and conveniences and that I should not even mention about it to my parents lest they should get alarmed about it. I obeyed his orders while I was in the sick room. Not a day passed without his seeing me to watch my progress. He himself used to take fruits to me while Mrs. Washburn was very carefully attending to my diet. Thus I had a parental care during my illness for about a fortnight. Instances of this kind were very many, but I do not find it necessary to mention them all here. In the course of a few years, I became one of Dr. Washburn's "boys".

5. In those days Matriculation examination was stiff and passing that examination was considered to be a great achievement in a student's career. When I had the luck of getting through it in 1896, I thought it was not worth while wasting my time and money in taking the college course for another four years as mentioned by some of my friends and relations. But it was Dr. Washburn that advised me and insisted upon my taking up the college course and even offered me a scholarship for 2 years to complete my F.A. course as the B.A. class was not opened then at Pasumalai. But for this kind advice and help, I would not be what I am.

6. In 1900, when Dr. and Mrs. Washburn had to leave India for good owing to old age, I was in the Madras Christian College. He wrote to me and several of his boys at Madras then about his retirement and leaving for America. In that letter, he said, that he would go to Madras to see all his boys there for the last time. He came there accordingly. About 30 of us including some Ministers and Government Officers met him in the American Mission Bungalow at Royapurm and had a memorable dinner with him that night. Dr. and Mrs. Washburn were giving advice to us individually as to how we should conduct ourselves in our life career to be useful to ourselves and our fellowmen. His last words of advice were "My boys, wherever you are, whatever position you may occupy, be good Christians and be useful to yourself and others". These words are still ringing in my ears. When we were singing that night that parting hymn "God be with you till we meet again" the feeling with which we all sang would never be from my mind. When Dr. and Mrs. Washburn shook hands with us for the last time tears were rolling down their wrinkled cheeks. This showed how ardently they loved their Indian sons and how unwilling they were to part from them.

7. I was keeping correspondence with Dr. Washburn, even after he left our Indian shores. In several of his letters he was making kind enquires of

almost all my relations by naming them indvidually. He was ever anxious to know my prospects in Government service The fact that he was leading a secluded life while he was in Pasumalai without taking part in public meetings and political affairs but giving his time and spending his energy solely for the improvement of the institution he loved so much and for which he was the Principal for about 40 years, was evidenced in one of his letters to me from America. When I was appointed as a Deputy Collector in 1920 and posted to Tuticorin, I wrote to him about it and said that the training I had under him in Pasumalai and the moral and religious principles inculcated upon me then had much to do with my lift to the position of a Gazetted Officer. The return foreign mail carried a letter from him containing expressions full of joy at my lift. He congratulated me on rising to that position and added that he would be glad to hear from me of another lift to a Sub Magistrate's place soon ! From this it was evident that he was not aware of the fact that the Deputy Collector's place is two steps higher than a Sub Magistrate's place. When I wrote to him about it he regretted not having known the fact already.

8. I feel sorry that he is not present now in Pasumalai to see most of his Indian sons of whom I am one, occupying fairly high positions in life There are several Government Officers, both brahmins and non-brahmins, to join with me in this respect. Alas ! he is not now in the land of the living but has gone Home to enjoy rest for ever. May the good old soul have rest eternal.

D. MANICKAM.

DEPUTY COLLECTOR.

When I first knew Dr. Washburn thirty years ago, he seemed to me an old man. He was old in appearance and manners, but youthful in spirit, and full of the youthful outlook on life. He was keenly interested in new discoveries and new points of view. His mind was readily adaptable to the restatements of a new generation. He never became fixed and hardened in thought and in his sympathies. He had a capacity for real friendship with men of a younger generation than his own. In spite of certain severity of countenance, abruptness of speech, and caustic wit, there was something in him that won the confidence of younger men, and I think it was the way in which he treated them with a certain respect and equality, free from patronage and condescension. Even though he might differ from them in his judgments or opinions, he was never contemptuous or supercilious in his attitude He invited and sought friendship. His dignity never stood in the way of genuine personal intimacy. His wisdom and experience was not unduly inclined to become prophetic or premonitory. His puritanism did not dilute or diminish his sense of beauty, his love of the fine arts, or his genuine optimism.

To me there was always something helpful and inspiring in the friendship of this old man who refused to become aged ; one who was not unduly conservative, nor over-inclined to impose his own opinions or ways or traditions upon others ; who voluntarily retired from active service at the age of 68 to make room for younger men, though he was still keen on work. There was something fine and very characteristic of the man in the way in which he accommodated his mind, and became reconciled to the radical changes that took place in the policy of the Mission, and the institutions that he left at Pasumalai during the 27 years of his retirement, during which time he continued to take the most minute interest in the affiairs of the Mission and in every person connected with it.

There was no room for pessimism in his philosophy of life. He was like Browning, one who could say:

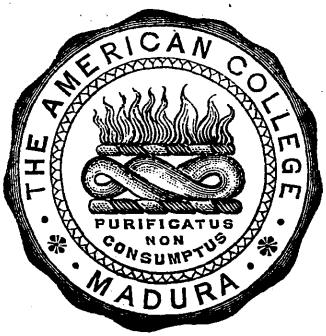
"Grow old along with me;
The best is yet to be."

W. W. WALLACE.

D. Conclusion.

I shall close this appreciation of a good and noble servant of Jesus Christ with a tribute from Mathew Arnold to his beloved father, which is not inappropriate to Dr. G. T. Washburn:

"O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force,
Surely, has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labor-house vast
Of being, is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm!



A. M. Lenox Press, Pasumalai—1928.