

WINDOWS

A DOHNAVUR BOOK



WINDOWS

By

AMY CARMICHAEL

DOHNAVUR FELLOWSHIP

*Our Sovereign Leader and beloved Lord,
Make strong the threads of this Thy golden cord,
Make fast the knot that binds us one in Thee
In loyalty.*

*Let holy fealty be our bond sincere,
Let us be each to other crystal-clear,
Clear as the jasper in Thy City wall,
So keep us all.*

*O keep us facing toward Jerusalem ;
Steep are the hills, let us not turn from them.
Let us go forward as one company,
Rejoicingly.*

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TO
THE FRIENDS OF THE FELLOWSHIP,
AND ESPECIALLY TO THOSE OF THE HOUSEHOLD OF GOD WHO ARE
HELPING US TO BRING THE CHILDREN HOME.

“The history is not that of an outward
incident, but of a spiritual situation.”

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THE PHOTOGRAPHS

Reproduced by our friends Messrs. Vandyck, London.

All that belong to our family and country-side were taken by members of the Fellowship (Mabel and Frances Beath, Muriel Bowes, Murray Webb-Peploe, Philippe Berthoud).

The spider's web came from Herr Groh of Munich. The window opened in heaven, moonlight on water, flowers among the rocks and the old timber and fresh growth, from Dr. Hans aus der Fünfte, Düsseldorf. The lovely young hornbeam leaves will be recognised by some who watch for her delicate work year by year, as Miss Grace D'Arcy's of Queensferry Road, Edinburgh.

I hesitated about using these, for many see nothing in metaphor, and some see only prettiness. But you cannot live longer in the East than in the West without becoming a little Easternised, and the East thinks in parable still, just as it used to do. So will the very Western forgive? Perhaps some will find refreshment by the way, in these figures of the true.

OFFICE NOTE ABOUT EXCHANGE

Throughout this book, for converting Indian currency into English, and vice versa, the standard rate of 1s. 6d. per rupee (Rs. 13-5-4 to the £) has been adopted for convenience, though the rate fluctuates slightly.

Before the war the rate was 1s. 4d. (Rs. 15 to the £). At the end of the War, as *Nor Scrip* tells, there were great fluctuations. At present we receive about Rs. 13-3-0 for £1.

N.B.—To avoid confusion, quotations from Dohnavur Fellowship songs are in italics; all others are in ordinary type.

There is nothing in this book that might not happen anywhere, and has not happened over and over again in the lives of other children of our Father's house. But there are many depressing influences in the world, and faith is often sorely tried, and sometimes the living God seems so distant (though the heart that loves Him knows Him to be near) that even the least to whom He is a very Present Help cannot withhold their witness. And as we have been heartened by the stories of others, we take courage to ask that our story in its turn may hearten our comrades on their battle-fields.

Like the previous books of the series, *Windows* has to do with pounds, shillings and pence—just plain accounts. But even accounts can be transparent; looking through, one sees what lies beyond them, “O world invisible, we view thee, O world intangible, we touch thee.”

1. OUT OF THE MOUNTAIN MIST

IF you have ever written a book, even quite an unimportant one like this, you know that the hardest thing of all is to begin. I found my beginning unexpectedly as I turned over the leaves of an old copy of the Apocrypha. "To stand upon every point, and go over things at large, and to be curious in particulars, belongeth to the first author of the story. But to use brevity and avoid much labouring of the work, is to be granted to him that will make an abridgement."

The workers in our office and our Auditor stand upon every point and go over things at large, and they are exceedingly curious in particulars, as the smallest of coins discovers if it has the temerity to wander; so the first sentence describes them. My business is to follow the rules that pertain to what the writer of 2 Maccabees later on calls this painful labour of abridging.

And yet it is happy labour, for it is full of all sorts of pleasant things, like this letter written among the Blue Mountains of Australia. Our doctor, Murray Webb-Peploe, and his wife, Oda, were living there then, and he wrote:

"One of our latest joys was on Sunday. On Saturday I had one of those half-formed thoughts, you know them, 'Will the Lord always go on supplying the needs of the work?'

"On Sunday a girl appeared out of the mountain mist at the verandah door. She had in one hand a large red rose, and in the other a folded envelope. She said, 'Are you Dr. Webb-Peploe?'

“ ‘ Yes.’

“ ‘ Will you please take this?’ she said, holding out the envelope.

“ She had reached the garden gate before I had opened it; it contained a £1 note. So I called :

“ ‘ Who is it from?’

“ She replied, ‘ It doesn’t matter.’

“ I asked ‘ What am I to use it for?’

“ ‘ Use it as you are guided,’ she said as she disappeared into the mist.

“ ‘ It is going to the children, of course,’ I called out after her.

“ Was it not just like our Father? We do not know who she can be; I should like her to know how much it meant. How can one ever begin to allow the shadow of a doubt when He does such things? ”

The story of the years is just that multiplied. Continually the tempter comes with his, “ *Will the Lord always go on supplying the needs of the work?* ” and we turn from him to our God: “ My soul hangeth upon Thee, Thy right hand upholdeth me; ” and then someone appears out of the mist with a large red rose (some special love-token) and a “ folded envelope.” The only explanation is that above the mist of the mountains a window is opened in heaven.

Our story will tell of the opening of the window since 1928, where the last of this series, *Meal in a Barrel*, ends.



2. VARIOUS WEATHER. 1929

PERHAPS a few words are needed to draw a new friend who may chance upon this book into deeper friendship. Our old friends who understand us, will pardon a moment's pause.

We are a family of nearly seven hundred, and we live in a remote country village in Southern India. We have many young children, many growing up, and some who are our fellow-workers. Our chief business is to save little girls from dedication to temple service, and little boys from adoption by the Dramatic Societies of the South. Other work flows from this, and in 1929 we began to build a hospital. An Indian friend gave it a name which sounds curious to the Western ear but not so to the Eastern—Parama Suha Salai, Place of Other-world (or heavenly) Healing. During the years which this book covers, medical work went on in makeshift buildings, and some of our older children were trained to serve those who came to us in need. The Place of Healing belongs to the family—even the little children take a keen interest in all that pertains to it—and so it happens that the story of the hospital is interwoven with our main story, like a gold thread running through the web on the loom.

The years have been full of the unexpected and the unexplained, and a strange diversity of weather. But the dominant note is, I think, a note of happiness. Because of this I have set this leafy loveliness at the beginning. It has a voice not "without signification." Wind and

rain and sunshine went to the making of those young leaves; but here the sunshine holds the eye, and so it is with us. Looking back to-day over the years, we forget the rain and the wind in the shining of the sun.

And yet some of us cannot quite forget the wind and rain of 1929. There was grave illness of several without whom it seemed impossible to carry on, and long anxiety about them. There were other anxieties, the "care that cometh daily." And for a while not much money came in. All round us we heard the word, Retrench. So we spread the work as a whole before our Father, asking for His light on our path. Had we in anything mistaken His wishes? In the midst of the busy life of the day we found we had to make many spaces for prayer apart from our usual time together in the evening; and peace came and guidance to go on.

Once in the moonlight at Pavilions, with the wide silence of that place of rocks and mountains about us, three of us who were greatly burdened knelt on the rough grass ("We kneel, how weak! we rise, how full of power!"); and we returned home renewed in tranquillity of mind. And again four of us met in a cave in the Forest. There were various winds beating on us that day, and one was the shortness of supplies. As we rose from our knees in that green and quiet place and listened to the sound of flowing water and the call of the birds, a coolie came up with letters. One of these was from China; enclosed was a cheque for Rs. 50 (£3 15s.).

It was the gift of Release (like the ring of another story); the windows were opened, as our year's summary shows:—

Gifts earmarked for future purposes	Rs. 31,262	3	10	(£2,345)
(Hospital, X-rays and Electric Light)				
Other gifts and incomings	Rs. 138,613	8	10	(£10,396)
Expenditure	Rs. 116,137	6	3	(£8,710)
Difference, apart from earmarked money	Rs. 22,476	2	7	(£1,686)

This £1,686 was enough for ten weeks of life as expenses

were then. And we lived again through the old story : the children of Israel brought in abundantly and laid their gifts by heaps, and when Hezekiah and the princes came and saw the heaps, they blessed the Lord and His people Israel. And the chief priest said, Since the people began to bring the offerings into the house of the Lord, we have had enough to eat, and have left plenty : for the Lord hath blessed His people ; and that which is left is this great store.

But the year had brought private anxieties which threatened again and again to pierce the shield of peace. " Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you "— we should never know the meaning of those words if all were as we wish it were. Often, close upon a day of secret refreshings that repair the strength, new trouble seemed to spring upon us. But we found light on the next page of Hezekiah's story :

" After these things, and the establishment thereof," (things that must have been kindling to his spirit) " Sennacherib king of Assyria came, and entered into Judah." And a note-book of the year tells what we learned from this : " After receiving a quickening word from the Lord, a sense of sweetness is sure to fill the heart. Awe and wonder and tenderness, too, are ours. We are very near to eternal things. They seem more real than the material things that we can touch and handle.

" Immediately and fiercely we are again assaulted by the powers of darkness, appearing perhaps in their most subtle disguise as angels of light. But there is nothing to fear : O Lord, by these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit. So wilt Thou recover me and make me to live. For Thou, Lord, hast never failed them that seek Thee." There is nothing to fear from Sennacherib.

For he belongs to our varied weather, and that weather

is under the command of a Greater than he. Stormy wind fulfils His word, sharp rain, too; all weathers are working together for good. And just as there is a lovely sense of Spring and sunlight in our picture of the young hornbeam—even the fluffy fringe that edges some of the leaves is alight—so I think there is a perpetual sense of Spring with us, and of sunlight on our ways. The children of the Father are children of the Spring. Our Summer lies before us. Thou hast made Summer and Winter, and after Winter Spring, and then Summer again.

3. ELECTRIC LIGHT AND X-RAYS

1929 taught us to be grateful when a giver wrote, "Use this for whatever is your need," for that year had been difficult, because of large earmarked gifts (for electric light and X-ray installation) which could not be used at the moment, and yet there were present needs. "But, Lord, the children cannot live upon moonlight," had been a word long before, on a night when the pressure of things had been heavy; the moonlit peace of the garden had seemed to reproach the burdened heart, and yet it was burdened. "Yes, I know," had been the loving answer of the unrebuking Lord, and very quickly help had come. Very quickly help came now, for our kind Lord knew that the children could not live upon electric light or X-rays; and, as I have told, the year left us looking in wonder at the "heaps." We have sometimes had to repeat the prayer of 1929: *for the outflowing of blessing to others depends on the quality of the work done within the family*; so the trust first committed to us must come first.

Electricity seems to devour money, but it saves immensely in the end. Bills for lamp-oil, lamps, lanterns, chimneys run up unexpectedly. Snakes abound, so it is not safe to be casual about lights. "What a place! all snakes and lanterns!" said a harassed visitor once. It is not quite as bad as that, though once thirteen cobras were caught in an afternoon, and in a single bathroom over a hundred rats within a few weeks; after that we stopped counting.

There was a time when a friend looking round the widely scattered colony said, "One day you will have electric light." And we answered in the words of the unbelieving courtier (but we did not feel condemned, for we had no promise for it), "If the Lord would make windows in heaven, might this thing be?"

Many of the nurseries and rooms are still using lamps and lanterns, for most of the current must be saved for the new hospital, but we have enough to be a great help. The gift of light began in June 1929 with £100 from an invalid friend in Australia. After this we began to pray about it.

We had already had encouragement to pray. One mail day in October, 1928, had brought us a surprising letter. It told us that £50 had been given towards X-ray installation for the new hospital. This £50 reached us in November of that year, and in March 1929 a guinea had come earmarked for X-rays.

Delitzsch translates Psalm 1. 3, "Whatsoever he doeth he carrieth through"; "he" there is the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord, but we often think of the words when He who was daily the Delight of the Father begins to do something for us. Whatsoever He doeth, He carrieth through; so we watched to see what He would do. By the end of February 1930 sixteen sums of money running from ten shillings to £500, earmarked for those two "doings," had been sent to us. In all £1,309 8s. 6d.

Once we had a cable: "£400 for electric light coming joyfully. Psalm 136. 4, 7." Our Australian Secretary had written that cable, and though Scripture references sometimes become confused in transit, that one did not.

We read the first seven verses of that Psalm of thanksgiving, on the evening the first sod was cut in the ground where the engine-house was to be built. And as we read

the words, "To Him who alone doeth great wonders; for His mercy endureth for ever : To Him that made great lights : for His mercy endureth for ever," the sun set behind the mountains, and the afterglow took the form known as Buddha's Rays, a pure and golden glory.

The first time the electric light was used in our surgery was for an emergency operation. Only one who has worked with a lamp, or with an electric torch held by some one perhaps for hours on end, can imagine what it meant that evening to touch a switch and have light.

4. BROKEN BREAD

ONE of the first questions about the new hospital which had to be decided was, How shall we build? In mud and thatch or in brick with tiled roofs?

We used to build with sun-dried bricks in mud; but white ants and bandicoots (huge, fierce creatures like rats seen in a nightmare) which burrow through mud-brick, make that kind of building expensive in the end. Thatched roofs are cool and look simple, and simplicity is alluring; but in a country where the easiest way to retaliate when a convert confesses Christ is to fire the thatch, they may lead to trouble. Our last thatched building had been burned down in this way.

One evening early in June 1929, Murray was driving me home from Pavilions when he suddenly said, "Brick in lime, or mud and thatch? which should it be?" The only word that came in answer appeared too great for the occasion, "*The house that is to be builded for the Lord must be exceeding magnifical*"; and yet it seemed in accord with the mountains we were passing, and the stars above us, and the spacious plains.

More than once during the days of thought about this question, that same word reappeared in the ordinary reading of the day. Too much may be made of such coincidences, but they can carry a little private light in their heart for one who has a share in the spiritual responsibility of decision. "Magnifical" we took to mean not magnificent, but comely and suitable for its purpose, and no one who has nursed a very ill patient in a mud hut

under a thatched roof (in this part of India, at least, where small life abounds), would feel it permanently suitable. As for operations under thatch, in rooms which can never be surgically clean—for a permanence, they were undesirable.

But the decision affected the well-being of the whole work, and we may not bind (or pledge) the counsels of the Lord—an illuminating word from the book of Judith which has often held us steady when tempted to hurry into action of this kind. So toward the end of the month we met to ask to be given the knowledge of His will.

*Think through me, Thoughts of God,
And let my own thoughts be
Lost like the sand-pools on the shore
Of the eternal sea.*

On August 15th, having, as we believed, received guidance, we met again to ask for and to receive in faith the sum which at that time seemed to be enough to build what was required in brick and lime. The log-book note for that day says, "Asked for and received according to 1 John 5. 14, 15 £10,000 for the Place of Healing." With thanksgiving we received this large sum, and with some awe too, for it did seem very large; and as those who have followed our story so far will understand, to pray like this meant a fresh act of faith—faith to believe that the children, our first charge, should not lack because of this new call on our funds.

This united action has been our happy way from the beginning. When the Fellowship was first formed many called it Utopian to expect that as more joined us we could ever continue to be of one mind in an house. And yet we saw vital unity in our God's pattern for a fellowship of Christians. Would He have set an impossible pattern? The wise citizen of the world recognises that

“there are times when to be effective a whole council must have but a single thought, a single spirit informing it—must not only speak and act, but must feel like one man, and from instinct and nature rather than from reason. *Even one discordant individual would be enough to break the mysterious charm through which a true personality is produced out of a group.*” How much more, then, should we who are citizens of heaven recognise this truth. So we met smile with smile; but behind our smile was a prayer: “Not Utopia the place that is not, but Eutopia the Happy Place—make us that and at all costs keep us that, O Lord.”

The first sum earmarked for the hospital after the “receiving” of August 15th was £100 which came on the last day of the month. But before it came, as if gently to tell us that the Father of the children was remembering them, August 9th had brought us a slip of typescript: “For the children. Freely ye have received, freely give. From two who have received freely in April and May.” With the note came Rs. 2000 (£150).

This slip of paper, pasted opposite its date in the log-book, refreshes us now as we turn over the pages.

The story of the coming of the Sign for the Beginning has been told in *Gold Cord*, but it belongs to *Windows*, so must be told in part again.

On September 2nd, 1929, Murray in prayer alone asked for £1000 “in a single gift.” Only one or two of us knew of this prayer. On December 15th, 1929, we had a cable telling us that £1,000 had been given, and the coming of the cable was so timed that the spiritual value of that “single gift” was magnified exceedingly.

It became the Sign for the new enterprise. The friend who sent it wrote that the word came to her with such clearness and urgency that she knew it must be sent at once. She is not rich; her home was a little thatched

cottage in the country; but by drawing on her capital she had that sum at her disposal. She sent it, and the tidings of it came in the midst of a birthday feast.

But there was more to hear. On January 25th, 1932, Agnes Naish of our Fellowship, wrote from Egypt, where she was on furlough :

“ Mr. Upson told us a story which you must know, but which I do not remember hearing, about that thousand pounds that came on your birthday, the sign that Murray asked for.” (She had not heard the story because we did not know it.) “ A nurse in a small village in Lancashire was moved to pray at the time that Murray was praying, that the Lord would send you a thousand pounds. ‘ O Lord, I do love X,’ she said, ‘ do send her a thousand pounds.’ She heard in a meeting taken by Irene that her prayer had been answered on your birthday.”

In such ways our kind Lord sometimes draws back the curtain a little and we see parts of His ways. What will it be when the curtain is drawn quite back?

The £10,000 for which we asked on August 15th, 1929, came chiefly in little sums. (“ I hardly like to send so little,” a friend sometimes writes, forgetting that it is the many littles that make much.) By December, 1935, we had received it in full.

Our children’s offerings were included in the £10,000. The produce of their fruit and vegetable gardens and the money made by the sale of fine raffia baskets (the older girls’ work) have for many years been set aside for the help of little children and the poor and ill.

For the designing of the operating-theatre and other buildings, which passed the skill of amateurs, we were given in 1931 an engineer, and for the nursing work we were given nurses. Very gratefully then we opened

dispensaries in the villages, and much happy preparatory work was done for the hospital that was to be.

And then, just when all seemed peaceful and promising, one of those obscure germs which work secretly at first, but surely, attacked the doctor who had been received with such thanksgiving.

No one knew that he was ill. A crowded furlough when rest was his need ended in his return far more tired than when he left us. At last the condition was diagnosed. A period of ten years—at first entire, and later partial—rest is (humanly speaking) required to clear that foe off the ground. Could there be a more trying battle-wound for a soldier to whom the fight for souls is the very wine of life? “He took and blessed, *and brake*, and gave,” the words rise unbidden and often, as we think of His servant.

We prayed then, earnestly, for a colleague for Murray to carry on the men’s work which he had begun. Broken hopes met us there. And two English nurses proved unequal for the Tropics, and two Indian nurses were not strong enough for life in the villages.

So all seemed indeed broken—plans, hopes, everything. And yet all the time an adapted Indian house did duty as a little hospital, and many had found the Healer there. And all the time, too, gifts were quietly coming for the larger hospital, and buildings were slowly going up.

There were days when our faith was tried: the delays and disappointments were so many. The return of our doctor and his wife was held up again and again. It is never easy to be bread that is broken, and if this book is to be true, it must tell, not of an unassaulted faith, but of a faithful Father, the Father of whom it is written, “Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.”

* * * * *

But it is not the way of our Father to lead us into an experience which will test patience and fortitude without some preparation which strengthens us to go on in peace "even unto the end."

The one for whom the burdens on the medical side of the work would be heaviest for a stretch of four or five years was May Powell, and during a time of rest in the Forest before we knew of the "breaking" that was so soon to be, our Lord had drawn near to her and opened His thoughts about brokenness, and she wrote from that place of vision and told us about it: "I had been saying to Him, just as the disciples did, Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat? Whence shall we have so many people, the many who will be needed, doctors, English nurses, Indian nurses? And I had forgotten that what is given to Him to be blessed *and ready to be broken* is enough for anything." This word was with her and with us all through the years.

He took the seven loaves and the fishes and gave thanks, and *brake them*—that is the story of the medical work throughout the first seven years. We have the same words again and again in the Gospels: *He took and blessed, and brake, and gave. He was known to them in the breaking of bread.* Broken plans, broken health—but He brake and gave. There is a fellowship in brokenness: "*My body which is broken.*"

5. UNWANTED ?

WE have found these words about being broken meet us also in the work for the children, for they constantly throw light upon baffling situations.

No one on whose heart the Lord has laid the burden of the children in danger could cease to pray for their salvation. The answer to that prayer is that many are saved. As quickly as the sons and daughters of the family grow up, some of the most reliable become our fellow-workers. We could not continue to save the little ones if it were not for the loving, loyal co-operation of the older ones.

But we have never had enough workers in any part of the work for all that should be done, if it is to be done well. We have never had enough to allow one who is in a responsible position willingly to take a long rest, for we have no duplicates anywhere; and in a close-knit family the incalculable quality of love must be taken into account in making arrangements for the help of any one. "You have not had a good holiday for a long time," one of us said to an Indian brother lately. "You must take at least a whole month now." "How can I?" was the answer, and he named one and another of his foreign brothers, "they have too much to do as it is. How can I go away and leave them more work? Please do not ask me to do that!" and he was so distressed that for the moment the plan had to be dropped.

So (in parenthesis, as it were) I would ask the reader to give the kind of remembrance that turns to prayer for our Indian fellow-workers, many of whom are helping with



the children and boys and girls. There is nothing so demanding as the spiritual training of the young. It asks for everything we have to give, and for everything always. There is not the relaxation that work which can be closed down at times can offer.

This means pressure. And there is no way to avoid it except by refusing to save a child, which is something that we have never yet contemplated.

Who could? Here is a story from 1929 :—

A nurse in a Government Hospital in Southern India had a friend in Dohnavur. She wrote to her friend telling her of a baby girl who was wanted by many, and Frances Beath set off at once. But the doctor had already put the child's matter into the hands of a lawyer, and nothing had been settled. So F. B. had to return without the little one, who was, she knew, in great danger, for temple-women came every day to see her and try to take her away.

In the same town there was a missionary who knew something of the peril that was so near to the little child, and he promised to do anything he could. A fortnight later he wired to F. B. to come; and this time the journey was not in vain. "But you are very lucky," said the doctor as he gave the child to F. B., and he told her that as the lawyer would not undertake to decide who should have this much-wanted baby girl, he had cast lots, and the lot had fallen on Dohnavur.

"These are unwanted children I suppose?" even now, after all we have tried to tell clearly, many a visitor asks. Perhaps this story will help to answer that question. And perhaps, if the reader pauses long enough to think *who wanted the children most*, something of the meaning of things will break upon the heart.

There have been times when we have looked at the crowds of Christians who seem to care so little that young children are defiled that they will not even take the trouble

to listen carefully to what can be told of them, or to gather to pray for them; and we have been discouraged. And then, adapting ancient words a little, we have said, "I will not make mention of them or speak any more of them. But their need was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay."

Thank God, some do care, or this book would not be written. There would have been nothing to write about.



6. THE ANGELS' FINANCE MEETING AND A SPIDER'S BRIDGE

ONCE a week those who are responsible for the use of the money sent to us, gather for the angels' finance meeting (as we call it), 'angels' because we believe that they have an interest in our accounts, and let no one think this is too small a matter to interest them.

Seven hundred years ago somebody asked if the angels who serve us and protect us are as happy as the angels in heaven, and Meister Eckhart had no doubt about it. He said that if God told an angel to go to a tree and pluck caterpillars off it, the angel would be quite ready to do so; it would be his happiness if it were the will of God. And we agree with Eckhart.

So those fifteen or twenty minutes—for the meeting is never long—are given to the angels' finance. We pray then for supplies and for direction about the spending of what is entrusted to us; and we pray for the givers, and also for any who have been givers and are now in need themselves. We pray that they having watered others may themselves be watered.

Do you, our friends, we wonder, ever find yourselves unaccountably refreshed at about half-past seven on Friday morning in England, and at whatever time in other parts of the world 1 p.m. in India is? This meeting usually ends in the singing of the words, "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus. Now unto God and our Father be glory for ever and ever. Amen." Sometimes there are things

for which we do not pray, and yet our God takes note of them just as an earthly father notices, and (if he can) meets the need of his child, even though the child did not ask for that special help.

Once when Mabel Wade, comrade of nearly thirty years, was going up to the Forest, the river rose in flood. There had been rain, but not enough, we thought, to make the river dangerous, and so early one morning she set off with three coolies. We pictured her a couple of hours later in the restful coolness where the jungle of scrub ends and the forest begins.

But she was not there. She was searching with one of the coolies for the body of another among the rocks in the river. For just after she had crossed the lower of the two fords of that mountain stream, and while the coolies were crossing, suddenly the flood came down from the heights three thousand feet above, and swept two of them away. One was battered to death on the boulders; the other caught a branch that hung over the water and was pulled out half-drowned.

"If only there had been a bridge!" that was our thought then; but there was much to do at the time, and bridge-building in a forest belonging to Government hardly seemed to be within our province; so, beyond wishing for a bridge, we did nothing.

One day, as two of us sat by the pool near our Forest House, we watched a spider bridge the waterfall. If only we could turn spider and do that! And then money was given us to "help to make our Forest houses more useful." Nothing would help towards that so much as a bridge over the lower ford, so we made one, and hoped for the best. But we had not the spider's secret knowledge of the laws of force and stress, and a flood swept our bridge away. Then a friendly engineer gave us a better plan, and that second bridge stood.

There remained only the upper ford. The river was much more difficult to span there, for it had no natural abutments ; but the place was dangerous, so after a while a bridge which seemed strong enough for safety was built across that ford. The river rose soon afterwards ; we were not there to see what happened ; we only knew that the flood laughed at our poor bridge. We retrieved a few jagged ends of timber in pockets among the boulders far down the stream ; and that was the end of that.

Again some of us studied with wonder the spider's matchless bridge. The thread swung in the wind, and sometimes the spray struck it sharply, but from a single, slender line hung an almost perfect circle of web, so contrived that it gave at every point, yet kept its shape. Its resilience was a continual amazement. A little miracle of expert engineering it seemed to us. And Fabre, to whom we turned for light on this marvel, deepened our wonder tenfold. "Those threads, on the borderland between the visible and the invisible, are very closely twisted twine, similar to the gold cord of our officers' sword-knots. Moreover, they are hollow. The infinitely slender is a tube, a channel full of a viscous moisture resembling a strong solution of gum arabic. When over-taut, they loosen without breaking and resume their original form. They lengthen by unrolling their twist, they shorten by rolling it again. In short, the spiral thread is a capillary tube finer than any that our physics will ever know. It is rolled into a twist so as to possess an elasticity that allows it, without breaking, to yield. It is simply marvellous." *

Year by year when food was going up and the coolies who carried it had to cross the swollen river, or when parties of women and girls were coming down in rainy weather, our brothers used to go to the ford across which

* For further spider-facts see p. 240 note 1.

a rope was slung, and, standing in the swirling water, they helped the coolies over, or if there were women and children coming down they saw them safely across. We had no accident there. But the constant vigilance required was expensive in time and strength, and we were never at ease about our people when they were in the forest in rain, for, as we knew now, a wall of water against which no man could stand might be upon them without a moment's warning; the roar of wind and rushing river in the ravine would drown any warning sound.

If wishes could have turned us to effective spiders, we might have done something. But we remained ineffective humans, and did nothing. And, as before, there was so much that touched us still more nearly, about which we were constantly in prayer, that the matter of a bridge for the upper ford was never once mentioned in any meeting.

And then two things happened almost simultaneously : our engineer brother joined us, and money was given to build a bridge for the upper ford.

It was built. Short of an unprecedented flood sweeping down boulders as big as cottages, or forest trees like church towers, nothing is likely to shatter it. It has been such a saving of anxiety, such a help to the coolies who carry up our food, and such a comfort to us as a family that we hardly know how to be thankful enough to Him who does not only hear our prayers, but our very desires.

But these were not the only bridges for which we did not ask but which were often desired by some of us who had the care of the family and its food supply. Running round the western side of our Dohnavur land is a shallow stream, dry most of the year, but subject to sudden flooding when first the monsoon breaks.

Much of the milk for the family is brought by people who live in the villages farther west, and often when the

stream was in flood we have had to wade out to help the women across. In one of these floods a child was swept away and drowned. There was always that danger when the mountain rivers suddenly flooded the little streams on the Plains.

Then £50 came from a dear old friend for just such a use as a bridge over that water. And that bridge was built. It connects the land on the west, where the Place of Healing is growing towards completion, with our home-land on the eastern side of the stream; and the village people use it when the river is in flood.

7. VINTHA

AMONG the sub-divisions of the heading, "General Expenses," might be one called "Expenses towards recovery of children," if it were not that this item does not recur often enough to require a column in the accounts. We have only once had a long and expensive law-suit. We lost it in the courts of earth, but won it in the Courts of Heaven (*Gold Cord*, ch. 14, tells something of that). And only once was a child decoyed away, to recover whom we called the police. And that ended in failure so far as their part in the matter was concerned.

This was, I need hardly say, no fault of their English chief, who would have done anything he could to help us. But not even he could have unravelled that tangle of chicanery and bribery and a clever alibi, an alibi which produced the name of the child's abductor signed in the Police register of the Village of the Herons at the exact time he was standing behind our wall watching for the little girl. Compelled by a Power he could not resist, that man confessed to the fraud a year afterwards.

The child he enticed away was beautiful with a flowery beauty; her name, Vintha, means Lotus. She was just at the dangerous age—between twelve and thirteen—when the heart that has not yielded to the Saviour is open to every seductive voice. She was restless, a terribly easy prey to the destroyer.

He came in sheep's clothing, as wolves often do. The bells in the House of Prayer were ringing our curfew when he came. Note by note as they were beaten out on the

bells, the child heard the words, "*Abide with me, fast falls the eventide.*" She stood by the gate listening. She told us afterwards how they fell slowly one by one on her ear. "*The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide*"—she did not listen after that. She shook herself free from the influence of the bells and of their words, and slipped off with the wolf.

By the mercy of God we recovered her, but she was a far more anxious care to us now than ever she had been before. There was a hard look on that young, flower-like face. Her mind was set one way, and nothing could turn her from that way; for nearly two years she was like this—a constant anxiety.

There was much prayer for Vintha, and yet nothing seemed to touch her; loving words fell upon her like drops of water on the lotus leaf, to use a Tamil simile, drops that lie so lightly on the leaf that a touch scatters them.

But at last there came a time when that hard little heart melted. She came to the Lord in great simplicity that day. It was a Sunday; on Monday morning she woke with a high temperature. She had long enough—about three weeks—to show that she was indeed a changed child. Then there was a mastoid operation. The beautiful little face became unrecognisable, but her spirit was beautiful now. Very soon she was out of reach of soiling things for ever.

8. WE WOULD BE THAT VOICE. 1930

It was April 1930 that brought a letter about the surgical instruments required for our hospital, then ten shillings came from a poor working woman, and we heard of a child who wanted to have a Lotus Bud doll and call it Chellalu, but decided to send the money as her "dolly gift" to help to find more Lotus Buds. We delight in these big things and little, so happily intermingled; and we are sure our Lord Jesus does.

That year saw Pavilions opened for children's work. It had been used for older boys before, and Koruth, our Syrian Christian brother, who was then in charge, had evangelised all the villages within walking distance (it is often the villages nearest a centre of light that are left in the most dense darkness), and the houses had been used for quiet gatherings for Christians who were seeking fuller life. Now we built a kindergarten school, and dedicated it for the use of our delicate and backward children; and set apart one of the other houses to be a Place of Repair for tired Indian fellow-workers who could not stand the greater cold of the high forest.

Once more the year closed in peace and with abundance :

Gifts and Incomings	Rs. 173,758	2	0	(£13,032)
Expenditure of all kinds	Rs. 141,575	2	9	(£10,618)

Excess of Income over Expenditure . .	Rs. 32,182	15	3	(£2,414)
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including £1,000 Sign-gift for the hospital and other earmarked gifts.

Between fifty and sixty were added to our family during the year, and converts were baptized, of whom one was

the young wife of a convert. Four years afterwards she died. The story of how her husband was comforted is very Eastern in feeling. The day she lay dying, as he was walking up and down in great distress, the wind blew a piece of paper across his shoulder. He was about to throw it away when he saw printing on it. He read the words :

*I have finished my race,
I sought to be a faithful wife,
I have received the cooling of my weariness.* (Tamil
for consolation.)

It was enough. Fortified and comforted, he went back to the dying mother and three little children. "How could I fear when God had sent the wind to blow His comfort to me?"

Early in 1930 three of us went to a famous sea-temple, over a thousand miles north of Dohnavur, to see what could be done to save the children there. Some were saved, but soon the awful powers of evil conquered, or seemed to conquer. The only one whom we met in that distant place who had the necessary knowledge of the language, a heart to care for the children and faith to attempt their salvation, was attacked. First she was threatened, then her dog was poisoned. Other troubles followed. The local Rajahs offered money to any who would intercept her, "Bring the child to one of us and you shall have a hundred rupees." But she held on bravely, till suddenly her husband, who had helped her in this difficult work, died. She was very ill after that, and had to leave the town. No one has been found to save the little children there.

Later that same year we spent some time at one of our Southern sea-temples. The people of such temple towns are far from being the simple folk sometimes pictured in

missionary stories. "They search out iniquities; they accomplish a diligent search : both the inward thought of every one of them, and the heart, is deep." On a dark night, standing under the temple wall mute witness to an all-but-omnipotent power, the messenger of the Lord of hosts finds great solace in the stars. For all the gods of the nations are idols : but the Lord made the heavens.

There are many temple-towns planted along the sea-shore of India, there are many scattered throughout her vast inland spaces. Some are accounted specially holy. That invariably means so full of pollution that no young woman could live and work there, and for such work the strength of youth is required. Sometimes the whole prospect looks so hopeless that no light appears anywhere, but as the last paragraph in a recent life of Lord Shaftesbury says, "The devil, with sad and sober sense on his grey face, tells the rulers of the world that the misery which disfigures the life of great societies is beyond the reach of human remedy. A voice is raised from time to time in answer : a challenge in the name of the mercy of God."

God helping us, we would be that voice.

9. GENTIANES

AT rare intervals the Blue Mountains of Southern India are blue with strobilanthes—but only at rare intervals. And so people go to feast their eyes on that blue glory, and they marvel at the wealth of flowers, for they may gather armfuls, and it makes no difference to those blue, blue hillsides. But it is the little blue gentians that are with us not only occasionally but so kindly every year, that come to mind when we think of those hills, for most of us have never once seen strobilanthes.

And it is not the great gifts, the infrequent strobilanthes, that will fill this chapter, but the little perpetual gentian gifts—the gifts I used to call daisies, and which often reach us under that name. They come from friends and fellow-workers all over the great field that is the world.

The fragments from letters that help to show our gentians are gathered from the second of our informal office note-books. It was originally an old letter-copying book; better ways have been devised for copying letters, and the old book was given to us. We found it friendly to letters. They could be fastened in with little clips, or pasted on the tissue-paper pages, which are transparent enough to allow one to read the back of the letter. The book is fat and clumsy now, but who minds? To turn over its flimsy pages is to be far away from the hard, cold, critical world which one knows is still somewhere: it is to be in a sunny, warm, friendly world which could not be cold if it tried. The fat book fairly bursts with

loving-kindness. It must be good for the soul to steep itself in kindness, and it is very good to be able to show something of this overflow of love. The private books of the big missions must be full of the same riches. It is only because we are so small that we can share ours like this.

Our book reminds us of how the hands of children draw the years together, for towards the end of the year when the story of *Meal in a Barrel* closed we had a gift from a company of children in Chefoo in Northern China. It reached us when we had need of help, as the office note-book says. The friend who wrote for the children was surprised that he had so much to send; and we, knowing that children have not much to give, were surprised too. And we thought, as we often do, of the unseen, unselfish, little choices that were folded up in that cheque; and were glad that, like the sparrows, they were all remembered: "not one of them is forgotten before God."

Many of our dearest gifts came from children, and from lovers of some child on this side the garden wall, or on the other side,

For is it not as though the rose
That climbed my garden wall
Had blossomed on the other side?

The child who was the rose of the heart has blossomed on the other side; and the one who loves that blossoming rose thinks of these other children. If no one cares for them they will not be like the rose on the wall, but like a rose torn down when it would climb, torn down and stamped into the mire.

Our tissue-paper book is full of letters like this:—

"This morning one of my patients gave me ten shillings

in memory of her little Betty's birthday. Betty died when she was two years old. Her mother said she would much rather send it than spend it on flowers, though her friends think she is callous. But He knows, and that is enough."

"Two years to-morrow our Father called my little girl to be with Him in the heavenly nursery, and this is just a little memorial." We have built nurseries with such gifts.

"Is there anything at all that could be a thank-offering for a darling nephew of mine who went Home after only seven years here?—a wonderful little fellow whom I dare to hope will meet me with the cheery smile with which he left for school and returned in his pony-cart." Does he know of what he is doing in India? Who can say he does not? We are not told all the happy secrets of heaven.

And so it goes on through the years, and seeds of light are being sown to-day as by the hands of children who are in the Land of Light.

And the little ones in the nurseries of earth are often unconscious givers. "From Audrey, our wee baby daughter, for the babies at Dohnavur," and so little Audrey sent her gifts. "As a thankoffering for our little Rosemary Joy." May that flower grow up to be as sweet as her name.

The loving ways by which children are taught to help are many. In an English village some one made a camel of wood, with a box for the hump. On the box was written "Please load me with farthings." We don't want anyone to ask for money for us, but though this small notice sails near the wind, we could hardly say anything about it when we heard that it was meant for village children under five, who would not have understood without some such device.

And this comes from an American city :—

“ We told them something of the work on one of our missionary Sundays, and gave them barrels to hold their savings for this work. We impressed it upon them that the gifts for the barrel were not to be asked from their parents, but were to be their own money which they chose to give to the Lord rather than to use for themselves. We were much touched with the thought of our little Jane, a child who has had few well days in her eight years. She was given five cents for an Easter egg, but took it to her mother with the question, ‘ Mother, do I have to spend this for an Easter egg? ’ ‘ Why no, dear; what would you rather spend it on? ’ ‘ Well, mother, I would much rather give it to the Lord Jesus so that He can have another baby.’ ”

There is always more in a gift than just itself. Out of an envelope with the Belgian Congo stamp fell two ten-shilling notes. The sender of these notes had found something in one of our stories that appealed to the soldier in her, and she wanted to send a thank-offering, but had no English money, so “ I asked my Father to give me the gift in English money, a seemingly impossible thing, because I never, never, in any mail, have English money sent. By this, I said, I would know the gift was for Dohnavur.

“ Before I called, a ten-shilling note was on its way, the first I have had since leaving England. However, when I received it I said to my Father, ‘ This gift is only a little one; please can I have something more? ’ Then I waited, and in a few days’ time one of my fellow-workers came to my house and said, ‘ I have had a ten-shilling note sent from home; can you help me out by giving me francs for it? ’ ”

Then she speaks of the darkness of the dark land of the

Congo. Like all of us in every land, she finds the reality very different from what she had expected :—

“Often I have heard people say it is the devil’s den, but I never realised what the devil’s den could be like until I came into it. Sometimes heaven has seemed like a bankrupt shop, and it is as if the devil were on the throne instead of God, but reading about Raj has revealed to me in a new way that no matter how busy the devil is, God hears and answers prayer.” *

There are entries in our record books which make us grateful that so few things go astray. A cable recently had to be sent to Kenton, Middlesex. Our telegraph office is a couple of hours cycle ride from Dohnavur. The coolie sent returned with this interesting note :—

“You have written in the message, Kenton, Harrow, Middlesex. We find both Kenton and Harrow are telegraph offices. But there are two telegraph offices named Kenton in Great Britain, one in Devonshire and the other in Northumberland. Because you have given Middlesex, the message was despatched to Kenton in Devonshire.”

Once a very thin envelope came split open on both sides. There were two bank-notes for £10 each in it; we looked at those notes in some wonder, for they could so very easily have slipped out, or been taken out. But to send bank-notes unregistered in fragile envelopes seems hardly fair on the angels.

An envelope addressed simply *Dohnavur, India*, happens to be preserved. It bears thirteen post-marks, besides various legends in black ink, and red, four green seals, three purple “Registereds” and one “Retour.” Our

* For our Lord Jesus Christ is Prince, the devil is only prince. See Campbell Morgan’s *The Teaching of Christ*, p. 104, on *archon* and Archegos.

postman brings our letters in a sack, he unties its mouth, spills the contents on the floor, shakes it vigorously to make sure it has disgorged all it has swallowed, throws it over his shoulder and departs, leaving the patient person appointed to that duty to sit down on the floor beside the heap and "sort" it. That particular letter, being (fortunately) registered, had a more dignified arrival, but it was handled with some perplexity. The Post Office knew it must be for us, for no one else in the village of Dohnavur had letters from China; but we could not keep it, because it was not addressed to the Fellowship or to any of us. So it departed, to return eventually, looking rather tired, but with its gift safe inside.

There are some whose names we do not know; we can only send our thanks to them by the wind, as our children say; perhaps some kind wind will blow *Windows* to them and let it be our thanks. We think of the medical student who sent £25 "in gratitude for the gift of twenty-five birthdays," and of the many who give under initials, or a word or two from the Psalms or Gospels, or call themselves "Anon." Our hearts go out gratefully to them and to all the friends whom we shall never see till we travel through the land where the shining ones commonly walk and meet and enjoy the personal sight and visions of the Holy One. We think of the strobilanthes that paint the mountains blue, and of the faithful gentians that grow among the grass; and we thank the Creator of the flowers.



10. FUNGUS

ONE day our Forest men brought down a log of rotten wood. It was not covered with the fairy cups and saucers of golden-brown satin so often found on such wood; it was a mass of fungi, like little arum lilies, and our doctor photographed it before the lilies faded. From many a place of pain to-day beautiful things are growing like this lily-fungus on the log.

There is a hospital for young children in Tennessee, where the poorest of children suffering from bone disease are gathered. One who loves and serves them wrote very tenderly of the prayer-life of these children who have been led to our Lord Jesus, for there is "none of the stony ground of criticism and doubt to hold back the harvest.

"We do not have an operating-theatre in connection with our hospital, and our children have this dreadful bone surgery done in one of our larger hospitals. They have to go through these ordeals before we get them, absolutely alone, homesick and in suffering; so will your children remember them in prayer? They all come from country districts, and few have ever heard His name. Out of a group like this we have seen such wonderful living epistles that the ages to come can only truly reveal."

A year later a letter came telling us that one of the children is out of pain for ever: Jimmy, who was just ten years old, a patient since he was three or four, and a valiant young warrior. How glad his Captain must have

been when the time came for his release, and He could gather him—such a tired little boy then—into His arms.

“And so we send a thank-offering in his memory,” his friend writes, and she suggests that we should use it to help to make a swimming-pool for the younger children. “Jimmy never had one day of play nor was ever one day out of pain, and I know he would love to think of your dear boys having the things he was denied here through his illness.” And again, “So many of the pennies and nickels are sacrificial gifts, that might have purchased tiny, beloved things to while away tedious hours. If you could have heard the prayers going up, especially for the children in danger of being removed from Dohnavur fold, you would rejoice over these little prayer-helpers.”*

Then there are the suffering grown-up people. When Beatrice Taylor of our Fellowship was on furlough she went to the Putney Hospital for Incurables and saw our friends there. “They were so dear, and loved the children. Three of them are together in one room, and all of them prostrate on cushions and pillows and could hardly move, far less sit, or lean,” and yet they were thinking of our children. One who has been a friend for years was “specially joyful because all these weeks she’s been meaning to send her little gift, and hadn’t had the ability to get it out and write; and when she found she could give it straight into the hands of a real live person from Dohnavur, she was simply bubbling and effervescing with excitement.” This dear old friend kept a purse by her in which she put any money she had to spare, and she marked it for the children, so that if

* The swimming-pool which Jimmy’s gift began, is being built. The readers of *Lotus Buds and Teddy Bears* have made it possible to give our children this great joy.

she went Home suddenly it would come to them. "Another in the room had £2 10s.; she gave it with such joy. Such gifts are very sacred, aren't they?" writes Beatrice.

Indeed they are. The Lord who moved to love like this, help us to hold sacred and use holily every farthing given at such cost. Sometimes the gifts are made up literally of farthings: "She gives a farthing in every shilling of her possessions. She is sending six shillings and eleven-pence," was a note that came to the office one day.

Our old friend, so long incurable, is well now. From her has come the tiniest legacy that has ever reached us. It was left in that little purse—two three-penny bits.

In a later chapter, the one called "Candles," there will be something about new friendships, seed of a gift given for the use of the blind. These are all letter-friendships, and often the letters tell of the kind of lilies that spring from the old logs of most impossible-looking circumstances:—

"He is quite helpless with rheumatoid arthritis, has been on his back for twenty-two years, and has been blind for eighteen years, or so. No one has ever heard him grumble, or complain of his lot. What heroes there are in this world, and they are utterly unconscious of it." With the letter was a photograph of an old door opening into a sunny garden, and below, three lovely verses.

"I came across them in a book, author unknown, and they arrested me; partly, perhaps, because I lived in the atmosphere of an old-fashioned walled-in garden for the first twenty years of my life. The path leading to the garden was arched with yew trees, dark and cavernous. Then the door in the old wall, smothered in ivy, and always the thrill of opening it gently and being

almost blinded by the blaze of sunshine beyond—the stretch of smooth lawn, gay flower-beds, all bathed in sunshine.

“ Surely Paradise will be something like that ? ”

These are the verses :

Death is only an old door
Set in a garden wall ;
On quiet hinges it gives at dusk,
When the thrushes call.

Along the lintel are green leaves,
Beyond, the light lies still ;
Very weary and willing feet
Go over that sill.

There is nothing to trouble any heart,
Nothing to hurt at all.
Death is only an old door
In a garden wall.

11. SECRET INDIA. 1931

IN our log-book under a note about our outgoings being more than our incomings (always a call to prayer), there is a picture of a Gothic door set wide open. You look through the archway to still water with boats sailing on it and sunshine flooding it. It is a picture of vision. The great nail-studded door could so easily be shut, but it is open.

There are hymns that pray for an open door. I think we need much more to pray in these latter days that we may rise up and enter the doors that are already open, but which may soon be shut. There are places in India where public preaching has recently been forbidden. There are lands that were open yesterday which are closed to-day.

So, in a time which was one of shortness, we found ourselves forgetting that, and praying chiefly for our brothers who had entered into one of those open doors.

That door, like the Gothic archway, looked out upon blue water. A festival to which tens of thousands from all over India were gathering was being held in one of the sea-temples. Our Syrian brother Koruth, and John Risk were there. "And it was as though the flames of hell itself came up and scorched away the blinding daub of respectable missionary Christianity with which our eyes had been blinded and our comprehension dulled"—that was how they felt.

In a book meant to show the provision of munitions rather than the war itself, much must be omitted; but though the foreground of our story may be figures, the

background is always the double shadow of the temple and the drama. John Risk's letter shows that shadow.

"In a small hut by the side of the road which leads to the temple we spread our books and hung pictures and texts to attract the attention of passers-by. For some days there were none but local inhabitants (except for the pilgrim parties from North India with their unknown tongues), and this gave a chance for a deeper look into the life of the place. But how write what was heard and felt and seen? What words can describe the place where Satan dwells in unchallenged supremacy? It is true that in the neighbourhood of that temple there is a handful of men who bear the name of Christ, but their lives are a hindrance to the thoughtful Hindu. The whole town is dependent either directly or indirectly upon the temple and the pilgrims whom it attracts. This includes the Christians, who have been drawn into the whirlpool of the love of money and every kind of evil, which eddies and sucks all round in a way which can be felt." *

"In this atmosphere of wordly-mindedness, which, like a miasma, besets us on every side, the discovery of one seeking soul is like a cool draught to thirsty lips," wrote Paget Wilkes on board a Japanese ship. That cool draught was given to our brothers in the midst of the dust and the heat and the sin of those festival crowds. But the thought of young lives blighted could never be far from them. They found that there were many evil houses, there were children in those houses, "little children of four and five, but the bars were up, and we had no chance of finding out anything further about them beyond the fact that they existed."

* Not true everywhere, but true there. Let no one be deceived by the implications of a missionary map, nothing is more deceptive except it be missionary statistics. *Neither can show the spiritual, and nothing else counts.* But thank God for the true Christians of India. They are the salt of every community where they are found.

There are many who do not find out even as much as that. From the city nearest to that temple two visitors lately came to Dohnavur. They had been for fifteen years in educational work, and they asked Godfrey Webb-Peploe if he had ever been to their city. He told them that he had spent a night there, "I went to one of the houses near the big temple where they train small boys for the drama," he said.

"Oh, you are interested in the study of Indian drama, are you? Do you have dramatic performances among your boys?"

In as plain language as he could, Godfrey told them what that house was like. The ground floor was full of young girls trained to "serve the gods," and on the floor above, the little boys lived who were studying to be actors in the drama, to which no good woman ever goes. "This incident served to show afresh how underground is the traffic in children, and what a vast distance can lie between the mission bungalow and things as they really are in Indian life," is his comment on that talk.*

"They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke." God grant that at least some of the words we write may be "bullets wrapped in fire." Few have felt the scorching fire of grief over children spoiled; some would have escaped if they could, but they could not, and they grew up to be like unto the gods whom they were forced to serve. These things would break our hearts if we did not believe that the God of gods looks upon souls not as we see them, debased because they never had a chance to grow up pure, but as they would have been if they had had a chance. But do you wonder that we burn?

* See *Brothers of the Lotus Buds*, by Godfrey Webb-Peploe, ch. 22.

12. THE LOVER AND THE LIONS. 1931

WE have never refused to save a child because of the expense, or because funds were low. And yet lightly to accept new responsibilities is wrong. When a new child or convert or family is received, *it must mean a vital act of faith for some one*. We must not slide into expenses which, though small at the beginning, will certainly increase. The initial cost of saving a child is only the first of a long series, as all who will think for a moment will understand.

In the *Book of the Lover and the Beloved* there is a parable about the lover and the lions. The lover on his way to his Beloved meets two lions. He is afraid, even unto death. So he sends Memory to his Beloved, and while he thought upon his Beloved, the two lions came humbly to the lover, licked the tears from his eyes and caressed his hands and feet.

There are two lions which do at times meet us on the path: one is temptation to be anxious about supplies; the other—a much bigger and more growly lion—is temptation to fear about sufficiency of workers of the kind who are ready to lay down their lives, not in a glorious flurry, but in every-day, patient, strong, hopeful, and understanding love. For the need is always for men and women who will not be overwhelmed by what would naturally overwhelm, but who know how to draw upon spiritual forces, and how to meet the devil's worst in the might of the love of Calvary and the Power of the Risen Lord. These two lions can be met only as Raymon Lull met his. We send Memory to our Beloved: "I



Washing up after breakfast.

The nursery of the story.



said, This is my infirmity : but I will remember the years of the right hand of the most High." And the two lions come humbly and almost caress us.

But as to finances we must not give an impression of asking and always at once receiving. There was a day in mid-September when two pounds ten shillings came by the mail, and we had been praying for several hundred pounds.

For we had just begun to build a large new nursery for our little boys; it had seemed greatly needed, as the children were crowded too closely together for health; but perhaps we could have done without it, we thought, as we reconsidered things. Only the foundations had been laid; "once in, they won't spoil," says a letter of the time consolingly. We could wait, if we must. We have often laid foundations and waited to build upon them.

And then one of those lovely things that the Lord delights to do set that matter straight. A friend who knew very little of us, and of course nothing of our circumstances, came to Dohnavur for a day's visit. After she returned home she wrote saying that she had a "little sum,"—she named it, and it did not seem little to us—could we possibly use it to build a new nursery? Meanwhile a number of gentians had carried us over the month in peace.

It has sometimes happened that just when we were trying to be specially economical, heavy duty has had to be paid on goods ordered from home. Those goods could not be bought in India, and were for the help of India, so a fifty per cent. duty seems hardly fair, and has a disturbing way of ruffling the feelings. But as ruffled feelings never yet recovered one anna from the hungry maw of officialdom (though prayer has), the only thing is to commit the matter and go on in peace. Per-

haps such losses, like losses on exchange, are allowed to come to test our faith in a word which we profess to believe, "All things work together for good to them that love God." These things are among the "all things."

"He suffers to sink, maybe, but not to drown," the old words come to us often, and we did not even sink, though there were many days when there was need to ask faithfully that we might obtain effectually. Between January and September there were five months when expenditure exceeded income; but the balance of the other months was so nicely adjusted that we had no lack.

I have paused here, wondering which of all the tender mercies of those weeks will most clearly show our Lord's great kindness. Perhaps almost the last entry that I was to write in the log book before it passed into other hands will suffice.

It was October 23rd. Early in the morning of that day one of the Fellowship waited on the Lord for renewal of faith and courage.

After so much of His kindness experienced already, it may seem strange that there could be such a need, but it was so. The Psalms meet the soul in such hours: they find us, they speak for us: "As for me, when I am poor and in heaviness, Thy help, O God, shall lift me up." Bear up the pillars of the work, O God. "Fear not, My child, I bear up the pillars of it." "Who is like unto the Lord our God, that hath His dwelling so high, and yet humbleth Himself to behold the things that are in heaven and earth?" That morning as He who hath His dwelling so high stooped so low and spoke to His dust, He spoke in simple words: "I will abundantly bless her provision: I will satisfy her poor with bread."

A few hours later we prayed together for the sum we were then requiring, Rs. 3000 (£225). That evening we

heard of a gift for Rs. 3700 (£277 10s.), which was already on its way. The grateful entry in the log book is, *I will abundantly bless her provision : I will satisfy her poor with bread. Thou hast dealt kindly with Thy servant according to Thy word.*

By the end of December all was well and more than well; the sale of cattle, Dohnavur books, raffia baskets and wood-carving joined hands with countless gifts of love—countless truly, for we have never known their number—and made it so that the year 1931 ended thus :

Income	Rs. 147,871 13 11	(£11,090)
Expenditure	Rs. 126,397 4 7	(£9,480)

So we had Rs. 21,474. 9. 4 (£1,610) “over and above,” enough for nine weeks’ life; and as so often before, we saw “heaven poured out into the necessities of time.”

13. WALLS

AMONG the patients in one of the huts which followed the henhouse where our medical work began, was a very ill woman from Joyous City. This little town is ancient. There are the remains of a fort whose walls are fifteen feet thick, and the tower of the old temple dominates the view. Some five thousand Hindus and Muslims live off the main road in one long street and in scattered hamlets and houses among the trees. Round about are populous villages. The woman, who was well known in the town, recovered, and she begged us to do something for the people there. "We want a place where we may find comfort in our troubles," she said, in the pitiful way of the ill who have been helped and think of others who have no help.

"Give Thy servant a listening heart" is Kay's rendering of Solomon's prayer; we asked for a listening heart. No foreigner had ever been allowed to live in that town, but soon afterwards we had the offer of a house, and assuredly gathering that our Lord would have us go, for the barber was the only "medical" there, we entered in with thanksgiving.

The house which was offered to us was said to be haunted. This was why the owners were willing to let it to us. A murdered man was buried somewhere under the floor, a shrine built to pacify his spirit was in an alcove in the upper room; but we were allowed to clean the room and hang texts on the walls, so it soon acquired quite a Christian expression, in spite of the shrine which we might

not touch. There was an altar in the garden which also was sacrosanct.

"Do you not fear to go into such a house?" asked more than one in an underbreath whisper.

"Why should we fear?" we said.

There were only a few last little things to do, when, on the evening of October 24th, some of us went over to make sure that everything was comfortable for those who were going to live there.

It was a specially happy evening, for the glow of joy that suffuses a day when some loving promise of our God has been fulfilled does not fade by the following evening. In the brief twilight of that evening there was an accident. The one who had rented the house was hurt.

There was more than kindly concern in the faces of the people who crowded round the house. There was fear: "How strong is the power of the demon! This is his doing." And the only true Christian man anywhere near, one who a few years ago would have felt as they did, gathered his household together and fasted and prayed that a quick healing should confound the adversary.*

Our sisters, however, oblivious of the furtive looks that were turned upon that house, took possession of it and lived in great peace there. And when the people saw that nothing more untoward happened, they said, "The Christians have purified the house," and they retrieved it. We were offered another then, and sometimes our married Lotus Buds and their little buds lived there, and the happy children won their way into fast-shut hearts. Often women who would not listen to anything else, listened to their little songs. Our nurses saw strange things as they nursed. There was one poor mother who could not defile herself by touching her sick child; she pushed its pillow about with a stick.

• * The tavern-keeper of *Raj, Brigand Chief*, p. 203.

Among the men from Joyous City who came to the Door of Health was one who believed and openly confessed the Lord Jesus. His story is told elsewhere.* He died a raving madman. That was all anyone saw. For no one saw a messenger pass down the street and go into the house, and say to that distracted man, "*Be of good comfort, rise ; He calleth thee.*"

It must be difficult for some to understand such conditions, for they read of millions in India "stretching out their hands to Christ." But India is a vast land, and our lot has been cast in a corner wedged between mountains and sea where there are towns and large villages whose people have never yet moved in a mass, but always one by one. Each such town and village has a walled, sometimes a double-walled temple, set either in its heart or on its north-eastern fringe ; and each household is like a little walled fort. In most of these households death or imbecility seems better than that shameful thing, the breaking of caste. But our Saviour has wonderful ways of consolation. Now, as of old, He comes to where the wounded one is lying, and binds up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and takes care of him.

It is true that sometimes secret belief is tolerated if only there be no open breach of custom ; occasionally a widow, perhaps because she is of no great value now, is suffered to live at home even after baptism ; but the conversion of a young man or woman raises distressing questions, and only one who knows little of the mind of this ancient people can be without sympathy with them in their view of the matter. To put before them not peace but a sword, is to begin to understand the words, "A sword shall pierce through thy own soul also."

* *Rose from Brier*, p. 106.

So the call to this kind of work is never a call to the easy or the popular. It is like that form of military duty which Buchan describes in his *Episodes of the Great War* : "Such a task puts the sternest strain on human nature. It requires not the exhilaration of hot blood and high spirits, but cold patience and disciplined sacrifice."

Some would have these walled-in people left, and those others taught who are so much more open to our message. Many go to them (thank God), fewer go to these, and they also are dear to Him who gave Himself for all.* But so far as our Fellowship is concerned we are free to help any, walled or unwalled, who want our help, though our work is chiefly for the walled, from whose strongholds our children come.

* Among those who have been used to reach many are the missionaries of the C.E.Z.M.S. whose *raison d'être* is the need of the walled-in women of India.

14. THERE IS NO THIRD CHOICE

IN all the deeper missionary books there is sure to be some allusion to the power and deadliness of satanic attack upon the spirit of the missionary; but there is seldom detail given upon which one who wants to understand can lay hold. It sounds terrible but vague.

And yet the attack follows certain lines, such as these : during the dumb years of language study before the new roots have had time to grow, there may be discouragement ; if the life that has been left was full to overflowing, almost certainly there will be the penetrating, hissing whisper, " How much more you might have done for God at home ! " After the language is learned and one is perhaps alone in idolatrous city or Muslim town, a black sea can sweep up, wave upon wave. " Hell's foundations quiver," says the hymn. It is one's own foundations that quiver under the impact of those tremendous floods. Or fierce temptations assail, and fiery darts rain on the naked soul.

Or there may be something different. A man's lot is cast where there is a mass of nominal Christianity. At first he feels it keenly and speaks sincerely. But gradually the sharp edges of feeling wear smooth. He slides into slack content. " From slack contentment keep me free," is a vital prayer.

To another is offered delicious spiritual flattery, and the soul has drunk deep of that enchantment or ever it is aware that it has drunk at all. But others know, for

in speech and in writing he who has drunk of that cup mixes sugar with his salt.

Or the dark forces may work with inoffensive simplicity: a fog of depression descends, "the climate is so trying"; or pricks of irritation assail, "we are so sensitive"; or there may be that discontent which the ancients called *accidie*: "When this besieges the unhappy mind, it begets aversion from the place, boredom with one's cell, and scorn and contempt for one's brethren, whether they be dwelling with one or some way off, as careless and unspiritually-minded persons." * Or there may be just plain dryness, and somehow the missionary had never expected to feel dry.

"What is it?" he asks, astonished at the vehemence of these invasions. But the enemy never answers, "It is I," nor does the soul always say, "Is it I?" It often lays the blame of weakness and defeat on something else, or on someone else, or on that convenient scapegoat, "my circumstances."

But there is deliverance for him who is set upon victory: *As for me, my feet were almost gone; my steps had well-nigh slipped. When I said, My foot slippeth; Thy mercy, O Lord, held me up.* There is never a fear that has not a corresponding "Fear not."

Every keen missionary values above rubies prayer that fortifies him along these lines. It is possible to lose ground because of some private refusal to the will of God at the point where it crossed our natural will, and if this happens, the Lord cannot fulfil His purpose through us. The purging of the inner man, if the sword is to be tempered for delicate and powerful use, can be a more searching experience than anything the missionary expected when first he sailed for his new home. And he must either welcome this purging and go through with

* *The Desert Fathers.* See also *The Spirit of Discipline.*

it, or shrink back from it and fail. There is no third choice. It is a solemn thought.

There will be many who will seek to draw him back from anything more than the usual pleasant Christian life, the life that can be lived just as easily in the mission field as in the home land. There are times when we can only turn from all human talk and find relief at our Lord's feet :

*O Prince of Glory, who dost bring
Thy sons to glory through Thy Cross,
Let me not shrink from suffering,
Reproach, or loss.*

*The dust of words would smother me ;
Be all to me anathema
That turns me from Gethsemane,
And Golgotha.*

*If Thy dear Home be fuller, Lord,
For that a little emptier
My house on earth, what rich reward
That guerdon were.*

*And by the borders of my day
The river of Thy pleasure flows,
The flowers that blossom by the way,
Who loves Thee knows.*

15. I AM JACOB

IN the epitome of Acts 4 in some editions of the Bible these words are found : “ The rulers commanded them to preach no more in that Name, adding also threatening, *whereupon the church fleeth to prayer.*”

The stress and strain when another suffers, especially if the sufferer be a young Christian, break the soul if it loves its fellows, unless, like that church in Jerusalem, it fleeth to prayer. For now, just as in olden days, they that dwell upon the earth and are of the earth earthy, make merry because of what appears so evidently the vengeance of the gods upon that daring person who has offended them. It seems to those who look on that the powers of darkness have the last word, and few know that the last word is never with darkness, but always with light.

This is the kind of thing I mean :—

A convert, after two years patient waiting, won his wife. Their first child, born before their conversion, was healthy; their second, born after the conversion of the wife, was deformed and mentally deficient. They had guarded the birth of the first by offering sacrifices to false gods, they had offered pure worship to the Holy God before the second was born; and now with one mouth, as the Tamils say, their kinsfolk told them what they thought of them.

A man of fine character and very sensitive spirit heard the Gospel at a festival-preaching and came out in open confession. Within a year, life was a hard struggle

because of perpetual ill-health; he is coming through this long trial of faith in triumph, but there is no doubt what the world at large thinks about it.

Another was baptized, and saw in startling succession wife, three daughters and their husbands die of cholera and fever; he was left alone with a small grandson, while his friends who were moved but not shaken out of their idolatry continued in prosperity. He drew back, overwhelmed, though not a Hindu, he is not a Christian, "lest the grandson also die."

I suppose every field could give instances of this which I can only compare to the blow received if a live wire be touched with the tip of the finger. One sees nothing, hears nothing, but instantly one's arm is struck down as with a mallet. "You have offended a force whose powers you do not understand and dared to under-rate. That force has struck back and struck instantly. You have offended, cease to offend," so the people say to the one whom they see struck down. Sometimes the terrified soul repeats the words over within itself and yields, and that is the grief of griefs; but sometimes it is more than conqueror, and that is the joy of joys.

Lately some village people asked our brothers to help them to destroy their magical properties, for alarming things had been happening to those who used them. These were pulled out of the shrine and broken up and burned. The shrine belonged to a clan of whose members, two, a husband and wife, turned to the Lord. They have one little son, a boy of four or five. He was quite well at the time the demon's things were destroyed. Soon after that he was very ill with sleeping sickness, and has been left with slight paralysis of one arm and constant convulsions. This means that the parents are afraid to let him walk or even sit alone, as he falls suddenly and hurts himself. They brought him to the

House of Prayer, and there has been prayer for him. He has not yet recovered; "but we shall never forsake the Lord," some one heard them say, as they carried the child out of the House of Prayer—unhealed. "Thy dew is as the dew of herbs"—nothing but the heavenly Dew could sustain life in so frail a thing as a herb in times of blistering heat. We see our Lord's Name magnified in these miracles of the Dew; the Dew of Light, as some read the word, is for ever triumphant over Night.

And apart from the trouble which is so present with us, there is the background of the world's travail. This tells on the spirit till it fleeth to prayer, and finds its rest in the certainty that in spite of all that has been, and that is, Goodness, not Evil, reigns. Something will yet be revealed that will justify the creation of a world which can suffer so much. And the last word about the unoffended is like a phrase of music: *The end of that man is peace.*

God trusts us to take this stand, and not to cast away our confidence. He did not rebuke Jeremiah's "Let me reason the case with Thee," but He did not solve his problem, nor will He solve ours. But He would have us drink deep of the cup of compassion: "Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them." And He comforts us when, like our four-year-old Bud, we "are Jacob." She had heard his story for the first time, and she went away and found a stone. This stone she laid in the middle of a broad sandy path, and lying down on the sand with her head on the stone, she shut her eyes. Some one came to inquire. "*I am Jacob,*" was all she said.

16. FLYING SPRAY

AN earlier chapter told what happened after we began to buy land for the Place of Healing.* It was the same with the boys' work. We went through fire and through water, but in 1926 we were brought out into a wealthy place. Then Godfrey Webb-Peploe, he whose coming had answered the prayer of those years of fire and flood, became very ill with rheumatic fever. After his recovery he went to Alexandria to convalesce. He returned in good health, to be attacked in the train between the port and Dohnavur by malarial fever; a long illness followed.

It had been the same when the work for little girls began, and when festival work drew us farther afield, and indeed all along the line. Once more, in these later years, we find the same foe ready to frustrate if he can. It is worth while to give an instance of this :

One hot April day two young Englishmen attended the Car festival in Holy Town near Dohnavur. Of the two, one was a Government Servant who went to the festival to keep order, and who was, of course, pledged to neutrality. This means that even had he wished to preach to the Christless crowds, his lips were sealed. The other was there to do Shepherd work. He was seeking the lost ninety and nine—for here that parable is always reversed so far as numbers go; it is the one

* Satan, prince of this world, cares not one jot how many hospitals we build, if only we are satisfied to be philanthropic. " May God save China from educational or medical missionaries who are not constrained by the love of Christ to enslave themselves to their students or patients, if by any means they may save some " (*China Calling*, Bishop Houghton, C.I.M.). And may God save India from such schools and hospitals.

who is in the fold, the ninety and nine are not there. This was his first festival after mastering the language. It meant even more than that to him and to us. We had not been able to do much work of the kind for several years because of lack of workers. This was the beginning, we hoped, of a new order of things.

Both men had to be out in the sun (you cannot police a crowd or preach to a crowd under an umbrella)—the one went on to his next duty unscathed; the other was smitten with sun-fever and was off work for three months.

We often wonder at the courage of the love of God, if one may with reverence put it so. Things happen, as I have told, which do not seem to be to His glory, but just the reverse, and people are sure to think in a surprised, dishonouring way. They forget that His glory is so high that the smoke of earth passes over the face of that pure glory as a cloud passes over the face of the moon when she is walking in brightness.

There is a settlement of Mohammedans near Dohnavur who live on one side of a little river that flows from the hills; their Hindu neighbours foregather on the other. The Muslims are merchants and weavers; about a thousand looms in prosperous times send out large consignments of a well-known tartan to Ceylon and Singapore. They are a valiant race in Song of the Plough, stalwart and on the whole straightforward; their women are full of character, and their children, who swarm in every street, draw the hearts of all lovers of children. No foreigner had ever lived among them, there was no Christian in the place. We had often tried to rent a house there, but always at the last moment some hindrance blocked the way. And now, with surprising ease, the way opened. Two houses thrown into one were offered to us. Nothing could have been better for our purpose.

So two Friedenshort Sisters settled in happily with an Indian sister, and medical work among the women began at once. The children flocked to that welcoming house, as well as their mothers, and all was going prosperously, when the conversion of a Muslim merchant and his dear young wife through the medical work at Dohnavur put an end to that; and the men of the town determined to get the Sisters out by fair means or foul. They first tried threatenings and alarms and rudeness of every conceivable kind. When those faithful women came down in the morning their verandah was often in such a state that they could not allow their Indian sister to go near it; they cleaned it and swept it themselves.

Then a meeting was held in the mosque, and it was agreed that any house that allowed its women to visit us should be fined, and any woman breaking the boycott should have one foot cut off. About that time a little maid in one of the tall Mohammedan houses was all but tortured to death, so the women fully believed this cutting off of a foot would somehow or other be accomplished, and they dare not go near the house. Souls or stones, I used to think, are the lot of every true evangelist. Stephen had stones, Peter had souls; some have both. We had both there; after the house was tidied, the door would be forced open, and dust, mud and stones thrown in from the street. But the Sisters went on in hope. Surely the opposition would die down if they waited patiently :

*Only, O Lord our God, we pray
Teach us to do Thy will.
Through windy hours and flying spray
Thy purposes fulfil,
Until the word of yesterday
Thou speakest—Peace be still.*

That was our prayer then.

On the last night after a week of alarms a meeting was held in the house next to ours. The men sat in a half-circle facing their Mullah. He led the liturgical prayer, to which the half-circle chanted responses on and on monotonously, and they swayed backwards and forwards till they worked themselves into a frenzy. This chanting lasted from eight o'clock that evening till two o'clock next morning. The Sisters could see the men through a perforated wall, and they heard the name of the one who had rented the house (and so was held responsible for the town's disgrace) repeated over and over in a loud cry that echoed through their room. The liturgy was a prayer for a curse upon that one who, as it chanced, had also rented the house in Joyous City and been hurt there. The chant ended with a hoarse and awful shout, and the Sisters kneeling on their mats on the floor tried to pray, but felt as if a suffocating cloud choked their prayers. At last they heard the sound of some animal being killed in front of the house. It was the sacrificial goat. Before dawn all was quiet in the street.

The East would not be the East if the people of Song of the Plough had not connected that accident in Joyous City with their prayer. It had happened a few weeks earlier? True, but what are weeks to Allah? What had happened was manifestly a pre-ordained judgment. Who could wonder if they thought it so?

These things are not talked of in the presence of foreigners, and the two foreign women were told nothing, but their Indian sister knew, and she was distressed, and prayed earnestly for the only thing that would, she thought, glorify our God. If the hurt one, fully restored, came into the town as in old days and preached to the crowds that would certainly gather, *that* would vindicate the honour of His name. "It will be so," she told the people. But it was not so. And yet all

along, it was peace: "He calmeth the storm to a whisper." *

Had the Lord "some better thing"? A year later a Muslim family from near Joyous City spent a fortnight or so in the Door of Health at Dohnavur. Before they returned home they asked to see the one who had been damaged. They came in force, a large company of them. They wanted to say that they knew of the haunted house episode and of the (so apparent) stroke of the demon. They had heard of the curse in which their relations in Song of the Plough had been engaged. They knew what was being said in both towns. "But as for us, we do not believe as much as the measure of the rape seed of such talk. We have seen the love of God in operation, and we believe and know that His love is mightier than the power of the demon or the curse of man."

It was a wonderful thing to hear. They did not say that they understood the sequence of events, but they had ceased to misunderstand. They had "seen the love of God in operation," and they spoke of our Lord Jesus Christ as Muslims do not speak of Him unless they have begun to think of Him as Saviour and Lord.

But love India, and you will find somewhere a smile even in such a story. The day one of our brothers went to Song of the Plough to see about collecting our things (for it had become impossible for women to live there), he was courteously received by the owner of the next-door house. No one could have been kinder than that benevolent Muslim as he inquired about the health of the one who had been the subject of the curse in that very house. It would never occur to him that the English brother had heard a whisper of that night's doings. If he had referred to them, a blank face would

* Ps. 107. 29. Rotherham.

have been turned upon him, a wave of the hand would have dismissed them as "chatter of ignorant women."

Three years passed. The friendly help of our doctors and nurses, and the friendliness of the family from their own town, now so free and Christian, had been used to answer the many prayers that had risen for Song of the Plough, and the people were willing to come to us again. Sometimes they even talked vaguely of letting us have a house in one of those forbidden streets—the first move, we hope, towards that happiness. Their women are more than willing.

This story of flying spray has not been told because it is unusual, but because it is so usual. Read the record of any aggressive force in any land where the resistance is strong, and you will see something heavier than spray.

17. "WONDER AT THAT WHICH IS BEFORE
YOU." 1932

THIS is from the world of Buds and Teddies. They had been hearing about the death of Moses, and had been greatly interested in the number of days the children of Israel wept :

Garland of Love (with a very squashed rubber ball) :
" My ball is crying."

B.C.O. : " What is it crying for? "

Garland of Love (solemnly) : " It is crying for the death of Moses."

B.C.O. : " I think it's crying because it has a squashed face."

Garland of Love (with deeper solemnity) : " No, it is crying because you are going to die very soon."

Garland of Love did just what most readers of *Windows* will do : she saw in her ball that which she brought to it. That month of weeping for Moses was in the forefront of her mind, so her squashed ball had to weep for somebody—if not for Moses, then for somebody else. Some of us, poor, dried-up rinds that we are, may have lost the power to bring anything to anything. We may have lost even the power to wonder. These pages will be sawdust to such, if they ever glance at them. But some have not lost that power. To them—to you, friend—we write, quoting a traditional saying of our Lord, *Wonder at that which is before you*. You would, I think, if you could know how truly David spake for us when he said, " Who

am I, O Lord God, and what is mine house, that Thou hast brought me hitherto? "

In June, 1932, Joan England took over the office work from Dorothy Waller, and we prayed in the third week for a special seal upon her acceptance of this responsibility. And the Lord hearkened and heard, He sent us about £617 during that week, to our great cheer. Even so, throughout that year we were often caused to realise our dependence upon invisible supplies, and words like these about the spiritual meaning of the feeding of the multitude and the walk on the water took on a new significance : *He can support men, though visible means fall short. He is with His disciples, though they do not recognise or see Him.* Who would wish to escape experiences which lead to a new understanding of such eternal truth?

More than once during those months we asked for light on our expenditure, and we looked into our own ways of living as well as into the ways of our work. But without risking health (which is poor economy), we did not find much we could change. Indian dress eliminates all manner of small necessities that run away with money, and so does a following as near as may be of Indian customs which make for simplicity. (We are sometimes amused at the questions people ask, " Is it true that your children sleep on white enamel cots and wear high-heeled shoes and stockings? " We laugh. Our children, and all of us who can, sleep on mats laid on the floor, which saves both money and space; or, for preference in hot weather, on the fairly cool tiles.) Community meals effect another economy. No one lives " soft " except the ill, and they unwillingly. As for shoes and stockings, we are grateful to be free to have neither. We like sandals much better.

So we did not find much that we could alter in these directions, but one night, after thinking over things, a happy reassurance came through the words, " I make a

decree that of the King's goods forthwith expenses be given unto these men, that they be not hindered. And that which they have need of, let it be given them day by day without fail." There is great rest of mind to be found in taking such words and turning them into prayer, for in the decree of the King of Persia we recognised the decree of the King of Heaven :

*O King of kings, once Thou didst make decree,
Forthwith expenses should be given to them
Who built Thy temple in Jerusalem.*

*We are Thy builders, Lord, we come to Thee,
Let the expenses for Thy work be given,
Open once more the windows of high heaven.*

And we were given the assurance that such supplies as should enable us to advance would be granted to us; for, with Marshal Lyautey, we too affirm with full conviction, and with authority acquired by experience, that the true economy of strength is to advance continually.

When the summary for the year was prepared and shared with us all, it came as a happy surprise; we had hardly realised till we saw the figures, how many snowflakes had fallen on our field. Gifts are very much like snowflakes, I think, they fall so quietly, and each is different from every other, just as snowflakes are, though to the casual eye they seem distinguishable only by their size.

And there was a snowball. It was made of many sums, large and small, which had been gathering for several years in that generous land, Australia. The loss in exchange had been so heavy that the money had been banked there, and none of us, not even the office workers, knew what the total sum was.

Just before Christmas that snowball rolled over the sea to us, melting, alas, a little on the way. Even so, when

it reached us it was £541 sterling. It made the summary for the year a wonderful thing to our eyes :

Gifts and legacies and all incomings . . .	Rs. 111,923	8	5	(£8,394)
Expenditure of all kinds	Rs. 97,785	15	8	(£7,334)
Excess of gifts over expenditure	Rs. 14,137	8	9	(£1,060)

On our first Prayer Day after the accounts for 1932 were made up, one of the office workers wrote a little note about the special private joy with which she had heard of our God's doings. “ All the months since June I felt as if He were saying to me, *Now shalt thou see what I will do—* and to-day we have seen.

Thine, O Lord, is the greatness,
And the power, and the glory,
And the victory and the majesty ;
For all that is in the heaven,
And in the earth is Thine ;
Thine is the kingdom, O Lord,
And Thou art exalted as Head above all.

These words express to me something of the thanksgiving and wonder that one feels.” I think that was how we all felt as we heard in detail what our God had done for us.

And now, just as we turn from gazing at a mountain to love a little fern or a cluster of small flowers in a crevice of the rocks, so this story turns again to the many little mercies which cheer us on our way, and touch us with the tenderness that is in them, and help us to go on.

18. FLOWERS AMONG THE ROCKS

I SUPPOSE we all know what it is to have rocky hours when things go roughly with us; and it may chance that just then guests arrive, perhaps unexpected guests. In the same way, travellers must often have visited the scattered habitations of Nitria near Alexandria in the fourth century, and if only those who come to us may feel as they did, we shall be well content: "Though they be divided in their dwelling, yet do they abide bound and inseparable in spirit and faith and loving-kindness. Nowhere have I seen love so in flower, nowhere so quick compassion, or hospitality so eager." "Love so in flower"—the words are like gold-dust on the page. The Lord help us to show love in flower.

Our rocky hours in Dohnavur are full of flowers, and often they are planted by those who were once our little children. There is no limit set to their loving, and serving, and giving. And notes and letters come; for now that the work is great and large, and we are separated upon the wall, one far from another, and cannot often meet, we keep in touch in this way. Often these letters look beyond our gates into the wide land of India. "Many times do I remember our battle song," a boy writes after telling of his full surrender to the Lord Jesus Christ. And he copies the first verse reminiscent of Philip of Macedon and the Norman Bohemund:

*Lord Jesus Christ, our Captain, we hail Thee Conqueror;
Ask what Thou wilt, we'll follow, we are Thy men of war,*



*We'll burn our boats behind us, we'll fling our ladders down,
 No battle-wound shall bind us, till Thou hast won Thy crown.
 O Lord, our Leader, make us a faithful band
 Till Hindustan from north to south is Thine, Lord, is
 Thine—Immanuel's land.*

The song looks to the Advent, "As certain as the morning Thy coming hasteneth," for in that Coming we see the Hope of India.

And an Accal in one of the nurseries writes of the first young sweetness of some little nestling, or a teaching Accal tells about her children's wonder as they walk farther into wonderland, or a Nurse Accal in hospital has a story of a sad heart comforted. And as all these letters show (without meaning to do so) that our dear children are living for others, they are flowers among our rocks.

Sometimes old and tired people plant flowers.

Once from an old-age pensioner whose sacrificial giving must, I think, greatly delight her angel (for our angels do not desert us when we grow old), a letter came full of amazement and distress. She had never imagined that the things that were happening here at the time could possibly be. But she wrote, "What was true of Jacob is true of all the true Church : *Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob, neither is there any divination against Israel : according to this time it shall be said of Jacob and of Israel, what hath God wrought !*" Gallant words and heartening to come from an old-age pensioner. Who shall say that youth has a monopoly of courage? God has His valiant old.

There were two old Christians, quite poor folk, who used to come at intervals. Somewhere about their persons, in unexpected hidy-holes, were knotted-up little bundles, which they would laboriously undo and open. Out would roll a few coppers, and perhaps a rupee or two—"For

your children," they would say. And while we were thanking them and begging them to stay awhile and rest and have a meal, they would slip away as only Indian people can. We never found whence they came or whither they went.

Often something kept only for the sake of fond feeling and then offered for love's sake has a more than ordinary power and value. There was one whose fiancé had been drowned when he was trying to save the life of a Chinese boy. She read of a ring given to help in the building of the House of Prayer in Dohnavur, and she sent her engagement ring packed in a little Pekin box lined with blue silk.

Among those who saw that box opened and heard about the ring was one who had a tiny store of golden things put away. She thought of them, and with the joy that one who has tasted its sweetness never forgets, she brought her little store and gave them to her Lord. Sometimes such offerings seem to be in part wasted, as they sell for so much less than they are worth, but lately our expectations were surpassed. A good market was found. A few handfuls of old jewels realised over £30.

Hard hearts have been touched by the love such gifts show. Years ago two men brought us two small boys. With them was an Indian Christian, who assured us that what they told us about the little boys was true. The men looked round suspiciously, and when they asked to see the nurseries, we hesitated; it is sometimes unwise and often unsafe to show the children to strangers. But we took the risk, and they saw everything. By that time the little new boys had been tubbed and tidied, and were racing about with an old tricycle, shouting gaily and very much at home. The men noticed this and exchanged glances, as in a quick aside our friend told us that they had not believed what he had said of the children's happiness,

and had accused him of taking boys to Ceylon and selling them there.

And then something prompted me to show them a crystal necklet that had just been given to us. They took the sparkling stones in their hands and held them up in the light, letting them fall in a bright stream—a pure river of water of life clear as crystal—the words came to mind as that clear crystal lay in those dark hands.

They listened in silence to the story of the necklet, till at last one of the two said to the other, “They sent their jewels to buy food for these children!” He was a thoroughly bad man, an agent in the secret traffic of the South. We heard afterwards that he had sold many small boys to the rich Mohammedans, both in India and Ceylon. But that day he seemed to catch at least a distant glimpse of something higher. “God is here,” he said to the other man as they turned to go. Neither of them would take money for expenses incurred in bringing the boys. After seeing those jewels they would not even speak of doing so.

I cannot think of crystal without remembering that shining necklet, and those evil faces which softened as they began to understand that somewhere in the world there was kindness like that.

But it would be as impossible to make a list of all the ways our friends find to help us as it would be to catch the ever-changeable notes of the birds, or the colours of leaf and flower. It is good to know that the One for whose sake each letter was written, and to whom each gift was given, recalls each separately; each several act of love is a precious thing over which He writes His *Inasmuch* in the great book of His remembrance.

One of the letters in our tissue-paper book is to Mrs. Waller, our friend and Secretary in the South of Ireland. Its writer, a loving giver to our Lotus Buds, keeps a second-hand shop. “It is hard these trying times to

make my little shop pay, but it is very interesting. I have just been able to pay my way," and across the page she writes, "The sweetest Name in all the earth is the Name of our Lord Jesus."

Is an invisible sign-board hung above that shop door, and has some angel written on it, "Here dwells one with the King for His work"? Perhaps if we could see what truly is in many a city street, we should see ladders set by the shop doors and angels of God ascending and descending constantly. And by the doors of hospitals too. This comes from a Nursing Home in Melbourne :

God sends great angels in our sore dismay,
But little ones go in and out each day.

I think it is true, and often they plant flowers among our rocks, or in the kind way of angels, draw our attention to a flower that we had not noticed; or perhaps they help to quiet us, that we may hear the voice of Him whom our soul loveth—His words are flowers of life: "I have given you a great opportunity," He said to one of His servants here, after a disappointment; "see that you do not lose it."

This is not a satisfactory chapter (not that any satisfy me), for so few flowers can be shown out of thousands, that it seems more than usually inadequate. But the few feet of rock that face the chapter show only two little clusters of potentilla, and one of edelweiss; and yet as the lover of rocks and wild flowers looks at the picture he sees far more than that.

Perhaps it may be so with this inadequate chapter.

19. FRAGMENTS AND THE LAW OF THE CROSS

THERE have often been small but unforgettable touches upon our least affairs. Perhaps they are among the fragments we are told to gather, that nothing be lost.

Once a guest brought a toy motor-car, and the family was to see it for the first time on a certain evening. The children did not know what the surprise was to be, but they had been looking forward to a wonderful "something," and everything was planned so that the most should be made of it. When the crate was unpacked, the toy-car was found to be badly broken. The left limb was split across; a strip of iron one inch in width, one-eighth of an inch in thickness and about one foot ten inches long, was required to repair it.

And then Norman Burns remembered seeing a bit of scrap-iron on a shelf in the workshop store, and he went off at once to see if it could be of use. When he returned with the bar he found that it just fitted those measurements. And there were four screw-holes drilled in the right places in the bar. (Had they been anywhere else, the screws would have split the timbers.) So the toy was quickly mended, and it scurried up and down the path on the appointed evening with crowds of admiring children watching a small boy vigorously pedalling, and a small girl passenger who tried to smile at her friends on both sides of the path at once.

About that time there was another of the little tender mercies which say so much to one who understands. An electric pad eight inches by five was needed. Our Home

Secretary, who can find things if any one can, searched in vain for it. That size was not in stock anywhere. But she found it in the end, for in the last place to which she went she was shown a pad which had been made specially to some one's order, but for some reason had not been bought. It was eight inches by five.

The repair of our operation-table is among the fragments of great mercies gathered in memory. We had been given this long-desired help, and hoped to use it at once, but when it arrived the elevating-pump cylinder was dented; it could not be used like that. To send to Madras or Bombay for that little cylinder would have taken a long time, and perhaps we should have had to send to London. And then one to whom the gifts of a Bezaleel are given thought of something he could do. He turned a piece of wood to the correct diameter and drove it into the dented cylinder. And the table worked. That night there was an operation, and the patient's life depended upon the doctor's being able to lower his head quickly.

But before that, the table had been brought to the House of Prayer for thanksgiving and dedication, and as the children stood round it, and I stood beside it, I suddenly remembered what I had quite forgotten, the first "operation" in Dohnavur—which did not come off.

It was a small boy who came running to the bungalow in the days when I "did the milk" (took the milk from the milk-sellers, tested and measured it). "My finger!" he cried, holding his hand aloft, "the top of my finger is not!" He had sliced it off with the family vegetable chopper and it "was not."

With that came to mind a story my mother had told me some time in the 'seventies about the brave Irish nurse, Agnes Jones, pioneer in Infirmary nursing. She

had sewn on the sliced-off top of a finger. Evidently that was what I ought to do; so I asked the boy where the top of his finger was.

"On the ashpit," he said.

"Go and fetch it."

Off he trotted. But in between milk matters I did rather fervently pray that he might not find it, for I wasn't Agnes Jones.

The milk-sellers had gone away before he returned—without it.

So I undid the messy bundle, washed the finger, and, not knowing what else to do, heaped boracic powder on it and bandaged it up again.

To my relief, it healed nicely.

But now how different everything was: this table with its various mechanism, the medicals with their trained skill at the service of all, and everything that could be devised ready at a moment's notice to help anyone in trouble.

Again, when the new operating-theatre was being built a certain white cement of Italian manufacture was ordered. It was for plastering the walls to get a washable surface. Just then the embargo on Italian imports came, but the suppliers had one shipload which was on its way before sanctions were imposed; and they were able to reserve as much as we required, to the great relief of those who were trying to get on with the work.

And yet all who are working with a single end in view, know that this kind of thing does not always happen. It is often just the opposite.

We had thought that the Place of Heavenly Healing would be opened long before 1936, and so the X-Ray plant was ordered. It was stored for two years, and not unpacked till everything was ready for it. But when

our brothers began to assemble it, they found that some parts did not fit and some were broken. Because of this, more time had to be spent on the work than would have been needful if all had been straightforward.

During those days of work, two thoughtful orthodox Hindus were in one of our private wards. Philippe Berthoud had won them to listen to the Gospel, and was carefully and earnestly teaching them. It was a rare opportunity; but it was interrupted because of the time that he had to spend over the X-Ray plant.

We were talking over this together when the words *Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body* unexpectedly opened to us, as familiar words so often open and discover treasure.

And we saw that just as our Lord's words about the corn of wheat show once for all the law of life ("The law of the Cross is laid upon all life"), and as St. Paul's "That I may know Him and the power of His resurrection" shows how we may be strong to obey that law, so this teaching on bearing about the Dying of our Lord Jesus shows the working of the law in the common details of common days. For the Dying of our Lord was the triumph of Life in the hour when the Powers of death appeared to triumph; and these same Powers are those with whom we have to do.

But we have no choice about the form this dying is to take: "This spake He, signifying by what death he should glorify God." It is for the Master, not for the servant, to choose by what manner of daily dying he may glorify his God.

Perhaps this does not read like a discovery, but merely a fact that every Christian knows. But it came with the freshness of the morning to us then. And we thought of how often, in spite of care and prayer, things "go

wrong " one after the other in a long succession, till we feel thwarted, and bewildered, and tired out ; for we seem to be pressing against opposition which is personal, unkind and very powerful, but impossible to see with our eyes or grip with our hands. And we saw that the weariest moment of pressure is the moment to bear about in the body the Dying of our Lord Jesus, that the Life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body.

So the great words that look back to Calvary said to us then, *Use each experience of dying to your intention and your hope, and each assault of the forces of hell as an occasion for manifesting the Life of your Lord.*

Do this, and instantly there is spiritual victory. Inward fret is ended, there is peace where there was turmoil ; and a new faith is kindled, for we know and are sure, with a deep, restful certainty, that the day will come when the adversary will be shattered by the tremendous question, " Perceive ye how ye prevail nothing ? Behold, the world is gone after Him."

20. NOT JUST FIGURES. 1933

OFTEN the timing of a gift's arrival has about it that touch of perfection that makes a flower so lovely.

Early in 1933 a huge festival was to be held in a South Indian city. It is held only once in twelve years, when the waters of the Ganges are supposed to bubble up in one of its sacred bathing-ghats, and hundreds of thousands attend it. We had been asked to send workers, a medical officer and his wife who are our friends had taken a house for us. Our special work was to be the tending of the children lost in the crowds, so three of us planned to go, and our children marked numbers of Gospels for them to give to the distracted parents who would come to seek their little ones. The verses specially marked were about lost things (the lost sheep, and coin, and son) and others which clearly showed the way Home. A little while before our three left for the festival a gift came for literature for festivals.

Our daily log-book has a happy financial note on the February page: on Sunday, after breakfast, our custom is to gather to pray for any special need of fellow-missionaries, naming many of them before the Lord. On that Sunday, February 12th, 1933, one of the Fellowship was in pain, and another, remembering this, asked for some special cheer for her in the week's mail. The prayer was noted in the log-book, perhaps chiefly because of its unusualness, for that half-hour is given to the needs of others.

On Tuesday the 14th, the mail came in, and it brought a letter from an old friend enclosing £100—"in answer to M's prayer for A," is the log-book note.



A corner of
the Kindergarten
playground.



It was not only the £100, even though it meant so much help for others, that was the "special cheer"; the letter that accompanied it was an overweight of joy. Our Lord is very kind; usual and unusual prayers, He lends His ear to both. He is good unto them that wait for Him, to the soul that seeketh Him.

In April our expenses exceeded gifts by Rs. 4490. 7. 4 (£337). But during the first three months of the year we had received more than we needed to spend, so we went on, helped by Switzerland, Burmah, New Zealand, Canada, and the United States, S. Africa and our fellow-helpers in the homelands, those unselfish holders of the ropes who not only keep accounts for us and forward letters, but sell books, praying over every book they sell. (The Lord does not forget those who neatly pack up brown-paper parcels and tie the string properly.) All, working together, brought us to this summary:—

<i>Received.</i>			<i>Spent.</i>		
	Rs.	a. p.		Rs.	a. p.
Gifts* . . .	108,702	5 5	General Expenses	107,620	4 7
Legacies . . .	3,981	6 7	Office overseas .	3,963	1 9
Other incomings	1,850	0 0			
Medical Thank-offerings .	398	1 9			
Total	114,931	13 9	Total	111,583	6 4

Or in sterling, taking £1 as Rs. 13. 5. 4

	£		£
Gifts* . . .	8,152	General Expenses .	8,072
Legacies . . .	299	Office overseas .	297
Other incomings .	139		
Medical Thank-offerings .	30		
Total	£8,620	Total	£8,369

* Including interest, chiefly on gifts which were investments and had to be kept in that form; the largest of these is the Stiebel legacy for medical work, the interest of which is £140.

That means that after all expenses were met there was enough over for the first fortnight of 1934, and the balance of the previous year was free for new work.

As I look at this summary, so matter-of-fact in every line and figure, I wonder if it will unpack its happy contents to any one else as it does to me. Little children saved from a fate that does not bear thinking about; children cared for and trained in happiness and righteousness and in loving service; many sick and sorrowful people helped and comforted, and many poor relieved; the witness to a full salvation carried far afield by festival and village preachings: witness of many kinds and the sale of Gospels and books—that is what is packed up in those figures.

They are not merely figures. They never were just figures to the succession of office workers; nor were they, I think, only that to our Auditor, Mr. E. H. Macgregor of Colombo. He would have nothing to do with fees, "Do not spoil my joy," he said, after giving us two or three days out of his brief holiday—not that he made anything of that. "He was at work within five minutes of his arrival," is a log-book note. Hour by hour as he sat at work in the office the Prayer-bell sounded its call, and there was a moment's pause. We wondered what he thought of it, and heard afterwards that he had not felt it an interruption. "It is like opening a window to let peace flow in; still more, like shutting a door to keep the noise out," said one about making spaces for stillness and what Brother Lawrence calls "little internal adorations" throughout the busy day. We have found it so.*

Our audit is not concerned, of course, with the office

* "For length of time is not essential. Such is the miracle of the human mind and soul that even in the mid-turmoil of the day a few seconds of self-abstraction, unremarked by those around, may bring renewal and refreshment adequate for long succeeding hours."—*The Times*.

note-books, and yet it is the note-books that give those little sidelights that are so interesting to some of us. On the November page for 1933 the note reminds us that though the bills came for the surgical instruments during this month, the money for them had come before. The dream-gold, as once we had almost thought it, had been real gold.

The writer of that dream-letter * is now a companion of immortals. He must have been astonished when the trumpets sounded for him, for he never thought highly of himself. The motor accident which all but killed him just after he had written to us could not make him forget his letter. Long before he should have touched a pen he had written a cheque. The A.V. margin calls the vessels of the sanctuary "holy instruments." It is not too great a name for those costly things made with such care and given with such prayer; and the Lotus Bud who keeps them clean and the doctors and nurses who use them may surely count on being guided by the skilfulness of His hands.

Another long-time friend of the Lotus Buds has also lately departed to live in the light of the living for ever and see her King's face in comfort. She stood by us when we had few friends. How often her cheque with a little added, "for I expect you have bank-charges," used to come just at the time when it could help us most. What must the Country be where so many fellow-lovers are assembled?

Forty-two children were given us in 1933. Of these one had seen such devilry that we hardly dared put her among the other children, for fear of what naked horrors she would show to them. But though she was only seven, she was able to understand and turn from these dark things and choose light and goodness.

* *Gold Cord*, p. 317.

There was another who was also older than most of the little ones we adopt, for she was six. She was brought by a man with a sly manner and a cruel mouth. She was abject with fear. Shrinking away from him, she turned to us whom she had never seen before, and with a gesture of abhorrence refused to look at him ; and she clung to us.

Within a month that child was almost unrecognisable : a joyous, unafraid, confident child. These transformations are a delight. There are some children, but, thank God, very few, who do not respond to an atmosphere of love and trust. (He who knows the shadows that lie behind, is their merciful Judge.) Most open like flowers in sunshine. And love has a beautiful way of washing their memory clean and making them innocent.

21. WASTE?

GOD has some servants so trustful that He knows they will be content with any use He makes of whatever they give to Him. It is lawful for Him to do as He will with His own, that is their attitude, and it simplifies everything.

But sometimes we have wondered whether one who has sent a gift to save a child, was disappointed when that little one passed on. We can understand the temptation, for we have felt it too. Perhaps much prayer and work lay behind the salvation of that child, and a costly journey and months of nursery care. Within a few months, it may be, the little one was gone.

To what purpose is this waste? We would not say so, but sometimes we have almost thought so. Something so much more useful than this, for which we have nothing to show, could have been done with the money and the time and strength—that is how we are tempted to feel. It looks rather like love's labour lost. And yet love's labour is never lost.

If only our ears were opened for a moment, as the eyes of the young man were opened when he saw, "and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire," and we could hear the laughter and see the play of the happy child whom that gift was used to save or to help to save, if we could see the Lord's purpose for that life redeemed by Him—if only that could be, we should never feel tempted to wonder about waste.

For there is a thought that comes to one who understands the spiritual nature of this fight, *That child*

might have lived if it had not been brought to us. There is no satanic attack on the life of a child dedicated to Satan. But there is an attack on every life (we have come to know this) snatched from those clutching hands.

Four short sentences have become axioms with us :

God never wastes His servants' pain.

God never wastes His servants' time.

God never wastes His servants' toil.

God never wastes His servants' gifts.

The cheque for £23 17s. 7d. sent to us on July 29th, 1933, was not wasted. This is its story and the story of part of what it has done; what it will do, we shall know hereafter.

The giver was speaking at a Bible Conference in a city in the States. He spoke in the morning over the radio, at noon in the theatre and at night in the tent. It was hot weather, he was wearied and, above all, burdened, for he found himself working with men with whom he had little spiritual affinity. "I was fighting not only against the powers of darkness, but also the seeming indifference of the leaders."

At the end of the meetings a cheque was handed to him. It was a time of need with him, and the cheque was for much less than usual. He was, as he says, "humanly disappointed," but he was reading a Dohnavur book at the time to which he now returned. He had come to the place where these lines were quoted :

I saw it not with eyes,

It was not spoken.

These mysteries

Have neither sign nor token.

"And then very, very definitely the Lord told me that

you were to get the \$108.65. So here it is. I am having it converted into a pound draft.

“ It was 2 a.m. of the night of Friday, July 28th, when I had this leading. As well as I can figure it out, it was early in the afternoon of July 29th in Dohnavur. I would like to know sometime if your log-book showed some special need at that time, or if you had been praying for some token from the Lord on the day you get this letter.”

Early in the afternoon of July 29th, the day that letter was written, a battle was being fought in the invisible world which enfolds us on every side, not withdrawing, though we sometimes forget that it is there. Two forces were contending for the possession of a little Brahman boy. The visible battle-field was an Indian city, famous for its huge, many-towered temple and secret temple-houses, and those other houses where little boys are trained for the dramatic societies of the South. No one, I suppose, has ever discovered, or could discover, the number of children ruined there. Once a boy crosses the doorstep of such a house every influence that is brought to bear upon him makes for the warping of his mind and the pollution of his soul, so that long before it begins to think, the pure child-spirit is stained to the dye those evil powers have ordained shall be the colour of his life.

Sometimes in the midst of such an hour, when the fate of the child seemed to swing backwards and forwards and one could not foresee how the matter would end, we have been conscious of a sudden release of power; and we have known, though we could not prove it, that somewhere prayer had set loose great forces of deliverance. “ It came to pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed: and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed. And his hands were steady until the going down

of the sun." So we connect prayer offered in an American city with deliverance wrought in an Indian city. When Moses held up his hand, Israel prevailed.

All through the afternoon of that day (July 29) the forces of evil had fought hard for the possession of the child, and they had all but won. Then suddenly they withdrew. At once the woman who knew the baby's danger prepared for her journey, and that night saw her in the train for the South. Twelve hours later he was in our arms.

He was a beautiful boy, "fair unto God," as they said of the infant Moses: the kind for whom the scouts of the dramatic societies are always on the watch. We have never once succeeded in saving such a child after those other hands have had him in their grasp.

We called him Sura, meaning Valour, and when we heard of that midnight or early morning vigil on the day of his salvation, can you wonder that we looked for valorous life on earth for him, child of such prayer? It was not to be. Before the friend who prayed that prayer and sent that gift came to see us in Dohnavur, as he did eighteen months later, little Valour, an unstained little soldier, had passed into the fuller life.

Waste? What do the blessed people who are training that boy to highest heavenly uses say about it now? What do the angels say? What does his Saviour say? Does He not call him His little brother? and to that other brother I think He has already said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren—unto this My little brother—ye have done it unto Me." Then, was it waste?

22. A LEAF FOR A BUD

OFTEN the Signs which our God grants for our encouragement are common to us all, but sometimes a little private Sign is given just for the comfort of a single heart. A stranger doth not intermeddle with that joy, it is a pleasure apart. And yet it may be told, Noah told of his leaf plucked off. His ship must have felt more peaceful to him, perhaps he gave his animals an extra kind pat, after he had been so comfortably reassured by the sight of that olive leaf.

Not long ago "A leaf for a bud" was a comfortable word to a passenger on board a P. & O. liner.

Our Home Secretary, Olive Gibson, was to spend a few months with us in India, and our Travelling Secretary, Mabel Beath of Australia, was to take her place in England. She was accustomed to the cordial ways of her own kindly land, and she could not help fearing the possible chill of our so much more formal England. And then England is so busy. Would people have time to care? Would doors open, and hearts?

One day thoughts like these were trying to disturb her tranquillity, and she had been staying herself by singing over our D.F. choruses and songs, when the Captain, to whom she had lent *Lotus Buds*, returned it, and she found, slipped into the book, a paper on which was written, "A leaf for a bud." The leaf was a pound-note.

That leaf said much to her. It was an assurance, a loving little Sign of a heavenly Presence encompassing her.

She was going to England on her Father's business. And He that sent her was with her; He would open doors; He would open hearts even in that much-occupied land. And she wrote telling of how the leaf had reminded her of what she knew so well: "Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of."

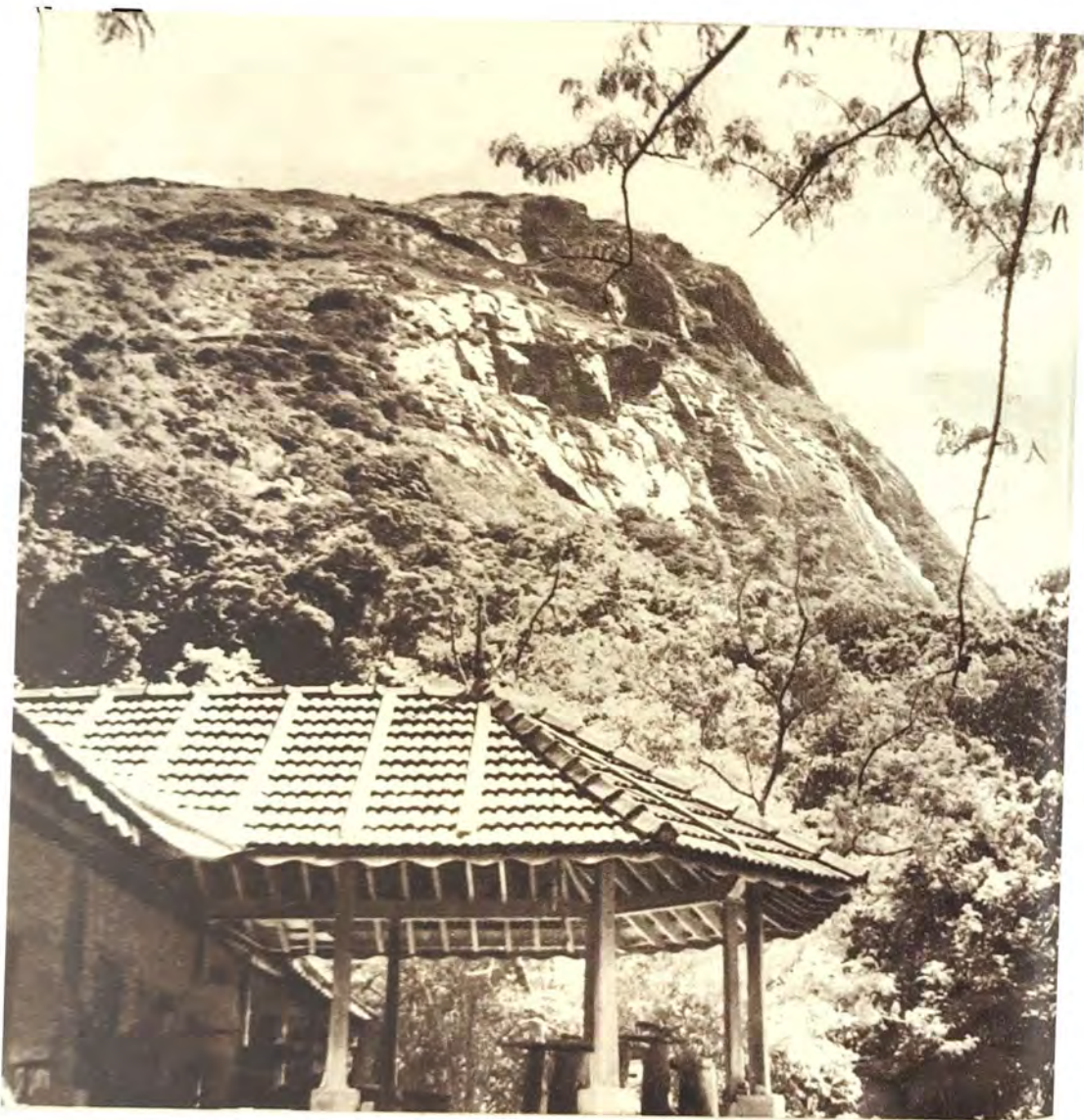
* * * * *

These chapters are being written in the Forest, and every tree and bush is full of songs; for the rain is over and gone and the time of the singing of birds is come. But the songs of an Indian forest are never long—they are, indeed, mere fragments of song, little happy trills and silvery whistles and calls of sweetness and content, simple things like this:—

*Have you found Him, little bird,
All He said that He would be?
Have you found Him in the air,
On the land, on the sea,
Have you found Him there?*

*Everywhere, everywhere,
Everywhere His winds do blow,
Everywhere His waters flow,
I have found Him there.*

Everywhere His servants find Him. On the crowded deck of a P. & O. liner, "I have found Him there."



The porch of the Forest House.

23. LABINI OF KWATO

SOMETIMES a giver of a leaf for a bud uses the word *sign*, as in this letter from a Swedish friend: "How you get all the children and the people, and how you get money and food for all, is to me a wonder. Money is scarce everywhere now. What I can send will be a token, a sign that it is not only in words I love the work; I want to do something. Only one pound I am sending. It will be as for two fishes and five loaves of bread. May the Lord take it and bless it and give satisfaction in one little corner for one day."

Blessed be these daily signs that our friends do not love us "only in words."

"How sad!" said one as she heard the story of a little lovely child. That child, Jewel of Light, fresh from the hand of God, as sweet in her innocence as any dear child in an English nursery, had been taken by an evil woman and trained to love evil and to welcome it. The child had struggled for awhile, she had refused to learn and sing the foul words in the song-book given to her, and had tried, poor lamb, to say instead good words that she had heard somewhere. But her piteous little protest was mocked, and overborne. She was crushed into obedience. "How sad!" But words never saved a child from that fate. Do you wonder that we thank God for the leaf for a bud, the sign that all cannot satisfy themselves by saying, "How sad!"

Labini of Kwato in Papua is one of these lovers whom words did not satisfy. (I say *is*, though she is now in

the heavenly land. "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth," said our Lord; still "our friend," though he was not in Bethany then.) Among our records is a scrap of writing, a note written not to us, but to Labini's English sister, daughter of that splendid pioneer, Abel of Kwato. She tells of how when Labini was recovering from illness she became burdened in prayer for India. "Just before her last illness she sent me the enclosed little note with £1, which she asked me to send to you. She was going to write to you herself, but before she could do so, she was taken from us."

This is Labini's note: "As I sat up from my bed and thinking things over where I was reading (about India), this thought came to my mind. I believe this hour God has touched my heart to give something for His work, so I want you to help me to write a note to send this gift all the way to that place."

Her gift came "all the way to that place," which must have seemed so far to her. Now in the Place where many of our little children have already been gathered I can imagine them welcoming her, for surely the children's angels must see to it that their little charges know and love those who helped to bring them safely to Love's own country.

As I write, the happy sound of children's voices and laughter draws me to look out. I see green forest, nothing but forest, except just in front of the house, where the grey rocks break through. And on one of these rocks with this green for background I see two little blue figures standing. They scrambled up a moment ago, like the birds, very happy in sunshine after a wet week. One of them, a hardy, plucky child, stands on tiptoe pointing out the wonders of the valley below to her little companion. I can hear their eager chatter. I look at her, and think of the place dark as the pit,

hundreds of miles from Dohnavur, the place which all but possessed her. Many a darling child has been sucked into that vortex. We have never heard of a child being pulled out once she was sucked in. And as I see that hateful place, walls, towers, secret hidden houses, see the faces of its priests as I saw them once, see the face, too, of one of its worshippers whom I saw dying, and then look at that little blue figure with its background—not the temple, but the glory of innumerable trees—I thank our Father for you, our friends, the Labinies of all lands, whose hearts God has touched about these children for whom the doors of the shadow of death had all but opened.

24. MOONLIGHT. 1934

THIS picture is here first of all just for its beauty; it has lightened many a night for the one to whom it was sent, and it is impossible to resist the desire to share a pleasure. But then, also, it is as true a picture as any not taken in India can be, of several of the lovely reaches of water round Dohnavur; for as we are close to the hills, in the rains and for some weeks afterwards the country is made beautiful by water. Coming home in the moonlight from work in the villages, we have often stopped the slowly-plodding bullock-cart and stood by the reeds, and rested our hearts on the stillness and the peace. The dark night of the soul is a phrase many know. I have often wondered why no one speaks of the moonlight of the soul.

But in *Windows*, as we are thinking more financially than spiritually, I am going to use moonlight to show a time in 1934 when we had not full light on our ways, because, though there were large earmarked gifts, less was coming than we needed for our family. Let there be no exaggeration of the way I go to-day, so some one wisely wrote. It would be exaggeration to call that time dark. It was like this photograph; it was moonlight.

There are times in every work, I suppose, when for a while there is not that evident opening of the windows of heaven which sends the light pouring down in streams; and even the moon may be hidden. But the diffused and cloudy moonlight promises a sunrise. The moon is there, and she sees the sun.

There were many leadings during those months which helped to reduce expenses; one of these concerned the



buying of rice. This is always a complicated business, because prices are variable, and buyers have to go out to the harvest-fields, perhaps many miles away, and buy off the ground. That September (one of the months of straitness), as the June rains had failed and all the fields near Dohnavur were bare, our buyers went a day's journey to a place where the grain was being bought up on the fields as fast as it was harvested. They were able to buy sufficient for six months at a fair price. Next day the price had risen.

Rice is not the largest item of expenditure now, but to the Tamil it is the staff of life. A little note for one of the harvest months reminds us of a great mercy : rice was very expensive that year ; six months' supply cost over £600, and funds were low. " See Psalm 55. 23 P.B.V.," runs the note. " O cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall nourish thee." And we were nourished.

Such memories encourage the soul. There was not anxiety, but there was special prayer on our Prayer Day in October, 1934, and at the midday service on Sunday the 14th there was prayer again. There was also prayer in meetings where very small people are learning to pray not only for their own needs, of which indeed they are hardly conscious yet, but for the needs of others.

*Father, we come to Thee for bread,
For all who hungry be ;
That little children may be fed,
The sick and sorrowing comforted,
We come, O God, to Thee.*

*We thank Thee for the loving word
That bids us cast our care ;
O Lord of lily and of bird,
We come to Thee, our prayer is heard,
And Thou dost answer prayer.*

After prayer comes peace—the first answer to prayer is the peace of God which passeth all understanding. There is something of the quality of moonlight in this peace.

“But you and yours are a soap-bubble, a mere soap-bubble—a touch, and where will you be?” that is the whisper of him who delights to weaken and depress. I have seen this whole work as a soap-bubble, I have seen the children and fields and gardens and buildings painted on the filmy globe, as one sees things in vivid dreams. But it is a lie. “Said the lover to the Beloved: ‘I have never fled from Thee, nor ceased to love Thee, since I knew Thee, for I was ever in Thee, by Thee and with Thee wheresoever I went.’ The Beloved answered: ‘Nor since thou hast known Me and loved Me have I once forgotten thee; never once have I deceived or failed thee.’” There is no soap-bubble illusion in that, and it was not the word of a visionary, but of a missionary, Ramon Lull.

“And so, of course, it all came right,” does the reader skimming to the next paragraph say? But there is no “of course” to any of us who have to deal with these figures. The October summary was not an “of course.”

Incomings Rs. 9,617. 9. 0.

Expenditure Rs. 9,986. 7. 10.

Excess of Expenditure over income Rs. 368. 14. 10 (£28).

It was still moonlight.

25. SUNLIGHT

BUT the note for November tells of what, quoting a recent tale, we call an anonymous cheque. "How are your expenses met?" was the question. "Oh, people give us anonymous cheques," was the airy answer. And yet we had an "anonymous cheque." We heard of it from the Manager of the Imperial Bank, Tinnevely, and it was astonishing, Rs. 2,500 (£188) had been paid into our account by an unknown friend. "Will the Bank never tell?" asked a Lotus Bud on hearing of this, and so she learned the meaning of the long English word *anonymous*.

That bank-notice came on the day, November 9th, that the children keep as my Coming day. The morning had been full of little Coming-day things, hand-made, most of them—things that could be used for others, as it is understood in the family all presents may be. And then somebody came flying over from the Office, jubilantly waving a small precise bank-notice like a flag from a Christmas tree, "For your Coming day!" If ever the giver of the "anonymous cheque" chances to read this story, may some happy backwash of our pleasure flow over that kind heart.

Then a gift came from a veteran of eighty-five who used to be a planter in Ceylon and is now working amongst the Jews in Palestine. When he visited his tea and rubber property in Ceylon he found the losses less than he expected, and by way of thank-offering he sent something to help the children in India.

Then the windows of heaven were opened. From Scotland and New Zealand and from other kind places enough came to supply all our needs, and enough to make up for those lean months. A gift to buy an ambulance was something over and above. This creature (it really does resemble that useful creature, the beetle) has served not only the sick, but also such functions as festivals. We have seen it set forth rejoicing with its shelves stocked with books and its inside stuffed with all manner of impedimenta. And as a town in festival time is usually too crowded to offer lodgings, the evangelists slept in the beetle and were thankful.

Next to these large gifts came one shilling, and a gift that also touched us very much was from a missionary, to send a Dohnavur book to missionaries.

And so the ravens flew morning and evening as of old. "But crows (our ravens) don't bring food," said a tedlet doubtfully when for the first time she heard the story of those faithful birds; "I have often watched them, and it is just what they don't do. They will even snatch it out of our hands." (Indian crows are daring thieves.) "I think," she added with decision, "they would have eaten that bread and flesh themselves." But God has obedient crows, as she soon understood.

The first office note in December tells of fifteen shillings "for whatever has been prayed over most lately." It was not easy to know what had been prayed over most, but when we heard of special prayer for lantern slides for evangelistic work, we felt this fifteen shillings must be for that.

The summary of the year has one special entry. It is reminiscent of the day in February, 1904, when a fear came and then great comfort was given through the words, "*Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost. Therefore they gathered them together, and filled*

twelve baskets with the fragments of the five barley loaves, which remained over and above unto them that had eaten." *

Never since then have our baskets been empty. A fund sufficient to meet extra needs has been gathered by the kindness of our Father. We call it Comforts, because it is so comforting. £1,110 seems to us a large sum, but apart from overseas office expenses, which are small, we have required to spend that amount during the last few years for Fellowship expenses at home. And we were very grateful to have it ready in the baskets promised so long ago.

When the reader remembers that we have few assets which could be turned into ready money (no one would want to buy property in such a remote country place), and that we have no promise from any one on earth for the coming of even a day's supply, I think he will feel that it was a very tender mercy which led us to so comforting a Scripture. But such figures as these which follow show something to which we never become accustomed :—

Summary for 1934

	Rs.	a.	p.
Gifts and all Incomings	167,314	14	10
Expenditure (including Rs. 16,000 to " Comforts ")	140,030	1	8
Excess of Receipts over Payments	27,284	13	2
The same in sterling equivalent :—			
		£	
Gifts and all Incomings		12,549	
Expenditure (including £1,200 to " Comforts ")		10,502	
Excess of Receipts over Payments		£2,047	

Was it not a kindly ending to what had not been an easy year? Few care much about the fate of these imperilled children—so few, so very few in comparison

* See *Nor Scrip*, new edition, Chs. IX, X, XI; *Tables*, Ch. II; *Meal*, Ch. I, p. 3, etc.

with the millions who never give them a thought. But
this little flower set in the wilds must be, we think, of our
Lord's planting, for He has watched over it so lovingly.
And He is our God and Father,

Who never negligently yet
Fashioned an April violet.

26. THE TWO £200. 1934

SOMETIMES money comes before we know exactly why it is sent. On the morning of March 3rd, 1934, a letter came telling us that £200 was on its way to make a home for old women who were cast out from the temples. We had tried to save them, but they were rooted in their own ways, and had no wish to come. Some younger ones, the Broken things of another story, had been saved. One of these is now in the heavenly Country; after her passing we had letters from some whom she had led to the Lord Jesus during her last year on earth. But this money was earmarked for something we saw no way to do, and yet we knew that £200 never fell through the windows of heaven for nothing.

So some of us met daily to pray that we might know the purpose of this gift, which was sacrificial, and had been sent in obedience to an inward word of command. And we wrote to ask the giver if we might use it for any who, even though they were not old or from temples, could not be in Dohnavur. She consented; and we prepared for whatever new call was about to come. We had no idea what it would be.

We were soon to know. Out of the blue a letter came asking us to receive four girls, "with whom," the writer said, "we can do nothing."

When we began to save little children who were in danger of being given to temple service, fellow-missionaries, hardly understanding, sent us children who were not in that danger. Our nurseries became too crowded, and, knowing this, several who had work for children

offered to take some of these others who had been sent to us. We were at rest about those children then, and were able to go on saving the kind of child for whose sake we existed. The four were unexpectedly returned, grown up, and the only word any one seemed to find to describe them was "impossible." Two appeared to be near the edge of disaster; their bent of mind was all wrong. One was over the edge. The fourth sounded more hopeful, but, as it proved, was not much easier to handle, because she was under the influence of the other three.

They were not the kind of girls to be near children, so neither Dohnavur nor Pavilions could have them. But the House of Loving Kindness opened its kind heart, and we sent them there.

Their coming upset the life of that peaceful place. They did not mind that; they were not in the least grateful. They did not like our simple ways. "Is *that* a church?" enquired one, turning disdainful eyes on the village Prayer-room, which is not an expensive foreign building, but (we think) all the better for that. They did not wish to help in any way, and their manners shocked a village accustomed to gentle behaviour. Day by day a few of us met to pray for them, and day by day only ill news came. The poor Impossibles were as much in need of Christ as any cast-out temple woman.

Within two months we had built a house Indian-fashion, with wide verandahs round a courtyard; we called it the House of Faith. One of our senior Indian sisters of Dohnavur offered to be Accal to those girls; she was given a very brave and tender love for all who are out of the way, and the kind of patience that does not wear thin. Soon another house was built, the House of Hope. For it also a gift of £200 came (as that first £200 had come) in a single cheque floating down through the opened window of heaven.

It was the mother of one of our Fellowship who gave it.

"The Difficults are always specially on her heart, and the shadowed lives she has always longed to help. She would be rejoiced if it could be used to help such," was her daughter's answer to a question about the use of that gift. Then we knew that something we greatly needed was to be ours at last.

For among us are some who are indeed "Difficult." They seem to have been born shadowed. Perhaps, if we knew all, we should understand why. There was one (thank God I can write *was*, for she has been brought out from under that shadow) whose mother offered herself as a sacrifice to her god. She threw herself under the wheels of the idol car as it was slowly drawn round the temple, and was crushed to death. Her little daughter was old enough to understand. She was like a child demented when first she came to us, and she grew up to be a continual anxiety. And there were others whose souls seemed warped. It was as if a strong hand had seized the whole being of the unhappy one and given it a sharp twist.

(Is it enough remembered by those who care for this work that many of these children were dedicated, or about to be dedicated, to Powers which are actively powerful? Can we wonder if those Powers seek, with an awful and truly diabolical persistency, to reassert their dominion?)

Others were just cornery, troublesome, unreliable, and could not be fitted in. They had been loved and borne with, but they had greatly complicated life; and we had often felt the need of a place away from the observant eyes of young children where our poor Difficults could be helped and prepared to return to us, and in the meantime happily occupied by work like weaving, which most enjoy. A peevish girl can snarl her skein or even spoil her web without hurting a small soul. The patient loom bears with her, and in time she learns patience.

So in ones and twos we gathered out those whom we could not have without risk to the little children, and the houses of Faith and Hope welcomed them. No one was too impossible or too difficult to bring to the love that won on Calvary.

One day, when the workers there were in grief over the Impossibles, who seemed more perverse than ever, and the Difficults, who were very unresponsive, some of us in Dohnavur gathered to pray that by virtue of the Precious Blood this barrier of resistance might be broken down and the evil spirit of opposition cast out. "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." *

*Lover of the wanderer, grant my heart's desire ;
Faith for the impossible, love that cannot tire,
Hope like love that never faileth, hope that shall inspire.*

And the Lord hearkened and heard us. The first break in the iron resistance came soon after that day of prayer.

Among those from the world outside whom we were able to help were some who had gone through cruel experiences of wrong, and yet had not been hardened. They responded at once, and when we saw this quick response, we understood why there had been such pressure on the giver of the first £200 that she could not delay to send it. If we had not had the House of Faith, we could not have received those girls, for the rooms set apart for converts and others in Dohnavur were overflowing then, and there was no one free to give time enough to them.

I have told the story of these two houses because of the spiritual situation contained in the outward incident. The coming of the first £200 meant for some of us a quickening of expectation for the clearest kind of direction

* "And fasting"—interpolated? Be it so. We have words about that matter elsewhere in the New Testament. For a question and answer see page 240, note 2.

as we waited at the posts of His doors. The two gifts ultimately led to a new, and often renewed, act of confidence that our God would provide workers for these houses, and also for a new and vital faith in Him who calleth those things which be not as though they were, "who is continually anticipating the birth of things that give as yet no token of existence."

There was need to hold fast to our confidence, for when we accepted the Impossibles the only one who could undertake them was our veteran Edith Naish, the elder of the two sisters who have meant so much to our Fellowship since 1912. And she was over seventy. It seemed sheer madness to lay such burdens on her, for though love would not fail, strength might. The Italian proverb "*For the work begun God finds the thread*" held its little private light over the perplexities of those first days, as it had often done before.

Were we foolish to begin new work without workers prepared to carry it on? "Be careful, be careful! Would you say that to the sailor launching his boat in a storm to rescue a shipwrecked man, or to the St. Bernard dog dashing in front of an avalanche? There are cases when the cry should be, Forward in the name of God! Let the prudent retire, they are cowards." An Australian poet has the courage, some will say audacity, to thank God for fools:

Thank God for fools, the trails that ring the world
Are dark with blood and sweat where they have passed,
Theirs are the flags on every crag unfurled,
Theirs—ashes and oblivion at last.

Thank God for fools, absurd and blind and great,
We rear our temples on the stones they laid;
Ours is the prize their tired souls might not wait;
Theirs the high requiem of the unafraid.

May ours be the requiem of the unafraid. And may the givers of money for a use upon which no glamour falls hear the word of their Lord, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto these whom My adversary had all but snatched away, ye have done it unto Me."

Those four hundred golden sovereigns will flower, then, like the golden gorse among its sharp, green thorns.



We are not always
so serious.

Part of the front of the Kindergarten taken on the
day of Dedication after the little ones had gone inside.



27. FOUNDATIONS WITH SAPPHIRES

WE have never had a proper kindergarten, and long ago we overflowed the Play-room, whose story was told before, so the children had to be taught in scattered places. They did not mind that in the least, but it is very tiring for their Sitties and Accals, especially when the thermometer stands at from 100 to 110 in the shade, as it often does in the two seasons of our long, hot weather. At last, after years of this rather inconvenient schooling, a cheque came with beautiful words written on the half-sheet of paper folded round it: "I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones. And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children."

This building was given in memory of a Mother: "I'm sure she knows, and I love to think of this as being for her sake, who bore with me so patiently and ever-lovingly in my hardest, most unthankful years."

Could that mother see (perhaps she does see) the gay young children in their kindergarten—little girls who might have been crushed into compliance, little boys who might have been trained to pander to the devil in man—would she not be well content?

It is in ways like these that our God fulfils His word, "He hath strengthened the bars of thy gates, He hath blessed thy children within thee. He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the finest of the wheat."

“ My borders are peaceful even though they are painful,” wrote one of the young Accals in that same kindergarten when, a few months after it was opened, she had a mastoid operation. So the word stands, however things are.

A little while before this happy place whose Tamil name means Joy of Life was given to us, we had been asking for light about our house in Holy Town, where many of our younger workers had gone to learn Tamil, and to witness for Christ in a town wholly given up to idolatry. We had waited for years before we could buy that house. It was (and is) impossible to rent a house there. And now this house was falling to pieces, it would cost more than it was worth to repair, and just then one costing under £100 was offered to us. It was suitable in every way. “ What sayeth the Lord?” The week came when we must decide, and by the mail we received £100 from an old friend whose wishes we knew would be met by this purchase, and we bought the house.

	Rs.	a.	p.
The cheque realised	1,321	13	0
The house cost	1,100	0	0
Legal document, etc.	28	2	3
Pump, and necessary alterations	75	0	0
	1,203	2	3

In other words, just under £100. Our friend was in heaven before we could tell her of it. So we asked that if possible she might be told, for we knew she would not forget.



In the Square.
The Accal Kamala
(Lotus), and little
Flower of Patience.



Young Lotus Bees
and their Accal, Sella.

28. A MAP FOR THE MIND

THIS chapter is written for one who likes to make a map for the mind as he reads. It will be of no interest to any other, and may be omitted without loss to the story as a whole.

* * * * *

If you approach Dohnavur from the South, you find yourself in a village street, and, turning in at the gate that opens off the street, you pass through a moon-arch with *Salvation* on the outer side, and *Praise* on the inner, set clear upon it in Tamil script. And then you are in the protective courtyard (so to speak) of the children's world.

This has for its western wall the old bungalow, built perhaps a hundred and fifty years ago, now very decrepit. The walls of some of its rooms are striped in rainy weather with long, untidy, reddish patches, and the whole house clamours for large repairs, re-roofing and the like. But, in spite of that, it sets us all an example of good-tempered fortitude, for it stays up. Two gates open into the compound which is home to so many happy children.*

And now, if you are a casual person, you will see only trees, little houses, children big and small, and a central building, Indian in feeling, fitting into its place as chief House of all our houses.† Most of our buildings have the

* Compound : a mongrel word, but used here because too familiar to be discarded. In our Tamil speech we have names for all the compounds : the Round is the Flowery, the Square, Love-of-children, and so on.

† Designed by Mr. Reginald Dann of Madras, whose work is always full of reverence and beauty.

deep-eaved Travancorian roofs, and some have the curly corners that the Chinese carpenters brought to the west coast of India, and all, even the moon-arches, which are pure China, find themselves at home with one another : and, like our composite family, drawn from a score of different races, communities, and castes, are very comfortable together.

You will pass on through the Round ; the school-girls live there in cottages set more or less round their courtyard school, whose two passage-ways lead to the House of Prayer and enclose a quiet garden. If you are interested in detail, you may see an office and bookroom, a workroom where much needlework is done, and a long, low kitchen where between twenty and thirty thousand gallons of milk a year are dealt with on open fires. And then you will go to the Square, a cheery place where the Buds from two or three to five or six years old will probably welcome you with outstretched hands ; for it has not crossed their minds that there is such a thing in the world as an unfriendly person, and of course you are not unfriendly.

You will see their kindergarten—their very own—a new and, we think, beautiful possession ; and their little hospital called “ Others,” and a tiny cottage-hospital, called Hope, and doctor’s and nurses’ rooms, and babies’ nurseries.

And you will pass on to the Teddies’ delightful habitations. You will see swarms of small boys there (and hear them too). Then you will see a little house where many a widow has been welcomed and comforted, and a kitchen so unlike our home-kitchens that you hardly recognise it for what it is, with its open porch and shelves of polished brass rice-bowls. (You may have noticed that each compound has its kitchen with grinding-stones, huge rice-boilers, storeroom, and woodshed. Perhaps you have mildly wondered at the un-Western air of it all.) If you

penetrate farther, you come to the laundry, where quantities of babies' things are washed; and, on the borders of a Hindu village to the west, you see a large enclosure once a farm, but now a converts' home.

The boys' world, with its great shady trees, courtyards, schoolrooms, workshop, weaving-shed, dovecotes, gardens and, above all, boys—many boys of all sizes and kinds—lies a quarter of a mile to the north-east, and beyond are some of our Indian fellow-workers' homes. (You may chance to see babies there, but they may be shy.) The farm and its fields may attract you, for there are Australian Illawara shorthorns and friendly little calves, and boys eager to show you their treasures. Turning south-west again, you find yourself in the busy land of carpenters' and blacksmiths' workshops, store-rooms, engine-room, office, and more little Indian homes.

Here, unless you are medically inclined, you will stop, merely glancing across a small bridge to a low tower in the distance, showing a soft terra-cotta against the mountains. That tower is the centre of the Place of Heavenly Healing. It is a world to itself; we leave it for the present.

These buildings, all of them simple; these children, big and little; trees, flowers everywhere, if it be the rainy season, green grass, and here and there, under the trees, ferns—all of this you have seen.

And you have been perhaps a trifle surprised to see the foreign women in *sāries*, and the foreign men also in Eastern dress (unless hard at work at something that asks for shorts). You may have noticed, however, that, though modern India sometimes follows Western ways, most boys and men of the older India are in white—often dirty white—while with us of Dohnavur, colour, except on great days, seems to be the general custom. And you may have wondered why. The answer is simple :

economy. Colour is more economical than *clean* white, and we are free to do as we please. India is one of the few countries in the world where there is perfect liberty about dress. A man may wear anything he likes, from ashes to a stiff collar (and all to match). A woman (unless she be widowed) may wear any colour she likes. There is none of the bondage of the West in this matter in India. And in the older India, where our lot is cast, the folly of fashion is unknown.

You may have asked a question or two about this, and perhaps your eye has been pleased by the general harmony of terra-cotta earth, and buildings which seem to have grown out of the earth, the soft green of many trees and the unobtrusive people, part of it all, and belonging, not clashing with it; you may have been unconsciously refreshed by the absence of jarring notes.

But all this lies on the surface. It is open to the casual, and many see no more. If you do see more, it is because "there is that between us which is not of yesterday." And if you have known anything of travail of spirit for the sake of the children of India, so innocent but so imperilled, you will understand something of that deep, grateful, very humble joy that says,

I have liv'd
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy.

But how show what lies behind? I asked one of our Fellowship, who understood how baffled we feel when we try to do so. And she told me of how, years ago, she had gone to see lantern pictures of an Arctic expedition. There was an interlude, and a very different scene filled the stage. She saw a pool, or what appeared to be a pool, with reeds and water-plants growing round the rim, and sitting in the water was a lovely languorous Indian

girl. Soft music filled the air, and the girl rose slowly and stood in the pool and swayed to the rhythm of the music that fell like a breath of wind about her. "And I felt instinctively that all was not well with that lovely child. Long afterwards, when I came to Dohnavur, I understood. I have never been able to forget."

God grant that some who look may never be able to forget.

For the significance of this work depends upon its background—the existence, I mean, of that evil of which the Lotus-pool may be taken as a symbol. The waters of that pool are not clean, but miry, its depths are very deep. Forget it, and there is little of moment to see in Dohnavur, except that it is always a pleasure to one who is fond of children to see them happy and cared for. Remember it, and there is something poignant in the air of the place; and the feel of a child's hands clasping yours, the candid eyes looking up into your face, will catch your heart. You will not be able to forget it, ever.

29. PEPPERMINTS

"You must refuse politely. You must smile and say, 'Thank you very much, but my mother would rather I didn't'" —in some such words we children were instructed when we were very young, and a kindly farmer's wife wanted to slip a few peppermint lozenges into our hands as we went into church.

That church was a little white-washed kirk, very unpretentious, and it was near the road on the edge of the Irish sea. We went there with the village people, but were not allowed to do the nice things they did. Many a time we enviously watched a fond mother extracting something—we knew what it was—from a black kid glove during a long prayer or still longer sermon. It had probably melted a little in the hot palm, but that did not matter. Even in our pew, removed two or three pews from that bliss, we could sniff the delicious, promising smell that meant a white or pink lozenge, heart-shaped or round, with "Forget me not" or some other interesting words upon it. We could see the small girl or boy who sat next that mother snuggle down, and economically lick a doubtless sticky finger. O to be farmer children! But such solace was denied us.

Years passed, and a letter travelled along that same road. It was to the eldest of those children who had to refuse politely. "I am sending a cheque for two pounds. I think I would like to give the children some sweets. With many thanks for this privilege, I remain yours in His will, Robert Brown."

Robert Brown—the name brought back with a rush, like a wind blowing over the sea, thoughts of old, unforgettable things: the old church by the road and the beat of the waves just below its windows; the old-time singing of the Psalms in the old Scots metrical version, “The Lord’s my Shepherd I’ll not want,” “I to the hills will lift mine eyes” and many another sung to their own well-beloved tunes; the wise old face of the minister looking down upon us all—and the smell of peppermints. For Robert Brown must have been one of those favoured children who sat in the peppermint pews. And now he was an old man, but he had not forgotten the feelings of a child.

We kept the letter by us, and when one day a big motor-van, blessed by all children and known as Parry’s Sweet-van, paid us a flying visit, someone brought to my room a despatch-case, or so it seemed, but it opened to disclose fascinating rows of small sample bottles. Parry’s Sweet-van was in a hurry. There was no time to calculate exactly how many tins of which sweets we could buy for £2 (which in rupees, annas and pies was Rs. 26. 10. 8.), for there was no time to look up the prices in the catalogue, but we chose one dozen four-pound tins of different kinds—for variety is the spice of life—and added one half-tin of delectable mixtures, and we wrote down the names of the selection and sent the list to Parry’s agent, who made up the bill. To his amusement and perhaps surprise, it came to Rs. 26. 11. 0., which was just four pies—a trifle more than a farthing—over our £2.

Parry’s van had visited us a few months before; we could not buy sweets then, so we said, “Not this time, thank you,” and the van drove off, but not before it had dropped some very good tins upon us. And thinking they were from a sample stock, which the agent was free to give away, we thought how nice it must be to do such pleasant things, and gratefully accepted them.

We were mistaken. Those tins of sweets were "a sort of thankoffering"; but the giver said nothing of this till he could tell us what happened afterwards. For common sense had told him that he had been a little too lavish. He could not just then rightly afford the twenty rupees or thereabouts those sweets had cost; and yet he could not regret that he had yielded to the impulse of the moment and given them. And then, unexpectedly, he received a cheque for twenty rupees.

"God is able to lavish every gracious gift upon you, so that you, always possessing abundance of everything, may lavishly contribute to every good undertaking." * St. Paul was not thinking of Parry's van when he wrote that; but perhaps the Saviour of children thinks that to give them treats sometimes is a good undertaking, and so He looks kindly on one who gives lavishly, even though that wise monitor, common sense, has not quite approved. So at least it seemed to us when we heard this tale. Truly "Wisdom is a loving Spirit, kind to man, over-seeing all things," even things like this.

Once we had £50—a windfall, the giver called it (a generous wind blew that day)—and she asked us to use it for something "to add yet further sweetness and light" to our family life. Love and laughter, she said, are the chief ingredients of happiness. Our children think so, too. One of the rounds they sing would please that friend :

*The rain has gone, the grass is springing,
The skies are blue the birds are singing,
The flowers their pretty bells are ringing,
O blest be God for love and laughter,
To-day, to-morrow and hereafter ;
O blest be God for love and laughter.*

* 2 Corinthians 9. 8. Arthur Way.

This letter came at a time of some trouble, and was to us who read it sweetness and light.

After these small happy stories had been written, thoughts came about the big missions and their so much greater stories. It seemed like turning a straw into a pillar or making a song over pulling up spinach, as we say here, to write *Windows* at all. Ought we to do it?

"Our Fellowship is such a little thing," I said to M. M., who chanced just then to come into the room.

"But it isn't our little thing: it's His little thing," she answered.

So the book goes to tell what it may of the kindness of God to one of His little things.

30. IF ANY OF THINE *

1. *Dear-eyes*

Do we not all know the quickening experience of finding ancient words take life as we read them? They "speak" to us, we say, trying to find a word for what we mean. They speak in a voice familiar and yet strangely arresting.

Few who have cared much for others are unburdened. There are sorrows locked up in most hearts. To one who has such locked rooms these words "spoke": "If any of thine be driven out unto the outmost parts of heaven, from thence will the Lord thy God gather thee, and from thence will He fetch thee." *If any of thine* is a wide Scripture; *the outmost parts of heaven* are distant places: But from thence will the Lord thy God gather thee [thee, for thine are as thyself to thee] and from thence will He fetch thee, these who are thy very heart.

He does not say when He will do this or how He will do it, but the words are there on the page. They cannot lie. Never did He who spoke those words deceive the heart that trusted Him.

In the chapter about Vintha I spoke of the mercifully small expenses of these last years in seeking "lost" Lotus Buds. In all these years only three have been lost in this way. But there may be a reader somewhere who is sad because of some lost child, forgetting that "lost" only means *not found yet*." If I let two home letters

* Deuteronomy 30. 4. The "we" of Hebrews 13. 6 seems to assure us that the Scriptures may be used in this simple personal way.

tell the story of the two who have been lately found, it may comfort such a one.

* * * * *

On the morning of May 6th, 1934, the Mary who bestows much labour on me came about a widow who had just arrived with a little boy. "She says her name is Dear-eyes, and she used to be here. She wants to see you." Could it be our long-lost Dear-eyes?

She had come to us when she was eight years old, and at the time she left us on November 6th, 1919, she was helping in one of the nurseries. I was in Madras when she went away, and did not hear of it till three days later. What had happened in those three days? There are times when it is not easy to be four hundred miles away.

For years we heard nothing, and we could not trace her. There were stories of an uncle coming with some snake-charmers, but we knew nothing for certain, and not a whisper of her reached us. She might have been taken to the Himalayas and smothered in snow, so absolute was the silence. Every November thereafter, the month when the children string chrysalides together, had been full of thoughts of her, for she used to bring us strings of those fairy caskets of silver and pale green and gold to hang in our windows, that we might see the butterflies come out.

One night some ten years later, as we drove in the lorry along the Travancore road, we gave a lift to a couple of wayfarers. They talked together in rapid, low Tamil, and I overheard a muttered word about a girl who had been lured away from Dohnavur, but to what profit? for no one had been able to do anything with her. I caught a name, Dear-eyes, and waited awhile, hoping for more, and at last ventured a careful question. It was answered vaguely; the men had become cautious;

the blanket of the dark was folded round that name. But was it not a kindness that of all the hundreds on the road we had given a lift to just those two?

And now at last she was home. "I am the prodigal daughter," she said as she began her story; "I went away on a Prayer-day; God brought me back on a Prayer-day." She had never forgotten our monthly day of Prayer.

She told us her story then. Her uncle, a magician, had come into the garden disguised as a snake-charmer, and had sent a small tin box to her—we never discovered how he did this—and he sent a message to her saying that she must rub her hand on it. Perhaps he was playing on some chord of memory; much can happen before a child is eight years old. She obeyed him, and after that all is misty. She only remembers that her uncle met her somewhere, and led her away, and for three days she was in a kind of trance. When she recovered she was in her sister's house in the little border town between Tinnevely and Travancore. Her brother arranged a Hindu marriage, but she steadfastly refused. One day he came into the room with a knife in his hand, "and he shouted in a loud voice, 'Unless thou dost obey me and marry the man we have appointed for thee, I will kill thee.' And he said he would kill himself afterwards, because he had no wish to be hung on the hanging-tree."

This frightened her very much, but she pleaded so earnestly to be given to a Christian that he yielded, and, going to the magician, urged him to find a Christian bridegroom. And he found one, but he was only a Name-Christian, and very evil. So the dark years swept over her.

At last she managed to buy a Bible. She had nothing to help her all this time but her faith in the living God,

which no power could pluck out of her heart, or, to speak more carefully, His Presence within her sustained her, she was kept from sinking in despair. But she was closely guarded, and never allowed to write to us or send us any message; and she heard nothing of us till, after ten long years, talk of how we had given a lift to two men (her cousins) drifted to her, and she heard that we had asked about her. This told her that she was not forgotten, and she longed the more ardently to return. She did her best for her little son: she sent him to a Christian day-school that chanced to be in her husband's village, and when he learned there the abominable words of heathendom, she went to the master about it, beseeching him to try to "clean the school."

Then her husband died, and she made up her mind to come home, but was closely shut up, and watched by relays of relations. She used to kneel in the night when they were all asleep and pray "O God, take me home again."

And then the hinge of her house-door broke, "by reason of my little boy, who swung on the door, and so we had to hang a sack in the doorway, and wicked men came in at night and terrified us." But her little son's courage and resolution helped her that night, and next day she persuaded one of her relations to bring her to her uncle the magician, who lives near Dohnavur. "And we stayed with my uncle the magician, and he, thinking me entirely subdued to his will, did not keep a vigilant watch over me, and I sought for an opportunity to leave the house, and at last it came—and now I am here, after fifteen years and six months."

It was like hearing an old story that had just happened over again: "The waters compassed me about even to the soul: the depth closed me round about, the weeds were wrapped about my head. When my soul fainted

within me I remembered the Lord : and my prayer came in unto Thee, into Thine holy temple."

And the Lord spake to the destroyer of souls, and the eyes of the magician were holden so that he saw nothing, and mother and son escaped from his hand.

But the marvel of her deliverance paled before the greater marvel of her sustenance through those years. She had no help from man, and yet had grown in strength. Fabre says that the young of the Narbonne *Lycosa* (a kind of tarantula) live for seven months without any material nourishment. These infant spiders expend energy in movement, and to wind up the mechanism of their muscles they recruit themselves direct with heat and light from the sun. "What a delightful world where one could lunch on a ray of sunshine!" writes Fabre, who was not a rich man, rather wistfully. Spiritually one can. Perhaps we know too little of what it is to trust to the Divine to nourish souls direct.

2. *Tranquillity*

One night, in the sudden way things happen here, a messenger ran into my room exclaiming, "O Amma, Prémie Sittie and Arulai Accal [Frances Beath and Star] have returned safely, and they have brought Tranquillity!" And before I had time to do more than gasp, "Tranquillity?" two arms were flung round my neck, a hot, wet face was crushed down upon mine, and a sobbing voice was murmuring all the love-words of the East in a torrent of grief and joy and affection; for it was Tranquillity, lost for twelve years. Like Dear-eyes, she was dead but is alive again, she was lost but is found, and we began to be merry.

Thirty years ago there were five little girls whose names were familiar to our friends : Arulai Tara, known

as Star, Golden's daughter Perfection, Radiance, the Elf and her twin in age, whose name Tranquillity exactly fitted her. Younger than these were Lola and Leela and others who are our fellow-workers now. Pappammal, in whose hands are the swarms of small boys and the young girls who take care of them, joined us later.

Tranquillity was not in temple danger; like Arulai, Mimosa, the Brownie and others of those days,* her heart had opened when first she heard of the love of our Lord Jesus Christ. Nothing her parents could do could hold her from Him, and at last they had allowed her to come to us. After her father's death she longed to comfort her mother and lead her to our Saviour. There were reasons which seemed to make a short visit home possible. Her brother and two aunts came to fetch her, and promised to bring her back within a week. As the bullock-cart turned through the gate into the village street, Tranquillity leaned out and waved her hand. That was our last glimpse of her for six months; and we had no letter from her or about her.

Then, at last, we traced her. It was in the days when motor-buses were only just beginning their activities, and as often as not they ran into a ditch or a tree, or sat down in the road and had to be tugged into port by bullocks. The faithful Pearl and I, who set forth in hopes of retrieving her, travelled chiefly by cart, partly by a wreck of a bus tied together with bits of rope, and at last arrived on foot at our destination, hot and tired, dusty and sticky.

It was a jungle village, and seemed full of shouting men and excited dogs. The thing we wanted most—a bath—was, of course, impossible; so was even one minute's quiet. We found Tranquillity, but she was not

* The stories of Star, Mimosa and the Brownie have been told in *Ploughed Under*, *Mimosa* and *From the Forest*.

our Tranquillity. We saw a dull, dazed face, gentle as before, but with a lifeless gentleness. When we spoke of return with us, she froze. We took a meeting in that wild place that evening; men and women crowded round us, but no one seemed to be touched. The mother and aunts were hard. Tranquillity looked like a flower among them all, but a frozen flower.

That night we spread our mats on a verandah opening off the street, and the poor, half-starved dogs yelped and snarled round about us and all but on top of us, and the snores of sleepers filled any intervals left by the dogs. Next morning we sorrowfully left the place empty-handed. From that time on there was silence, till that amazing evening when she ran into my room like a wild thing.

And she was a wild thing when they found her, so Frances and Arulai say. They had been working in the taluk of Vishnu's-heaven, and had gone to the old Fort, to Mimosa's town, and to many other places, and they had traced Tranquillity. She had rushed out of her home when their bandy drove into the village, and, running up to them, she had cried out in joy, and then, turning to the people, "See, my God has sent them!" For just at the time we had begun to plan this tour (we compared the date afterwards) a hunger of longing had seized her for Dohnavur, and for us and for all the life here stood for. She had prayed night and day, reminding her Father that she could not go alone, and asking that some one might be sent for her. Then she had a vivid dream. She was home again with us all, free once more. She had wept when she woke and found it was a dream, but she had taken courage to believe that it was from God and meant that help was near, and she had told her people of her dream, and of her faith that God would send some one for her. Now, as she pointed to

Frances and Arulai and said, "See my God has sent them!" they had nothing to say, for who can withstand a dream fulfilled? But our two could not stay; they promised if possible to return next day for her, and when the day passed and they did not come, she was sorely tempted to fear.

But she clung to her hope and to words of assurance which she read in the only Christian book her relations had allowed her to keep, probably because it looked like an English lesson-book. They did not know that it was made of undiluted Scripture, that pure ray from the Sun of Life, that strong meat of the soul. At last Frances and Arulai returned; and then seven green withs could not have bound her. So they brought her home, and here she was, haggard and wild indeed, but so happy that words failed her, and she wept what in our Indian speech we call eye-water of bliss. And with her was her little son.

When I heard the story of the twelve silent years, again, I wished, as I so often wish, that I could think in pictures across the sea. Nothing but flashing thought is alive enough for such a story; print strangles it.

Near to her village lives a magician who makes "medicine" and charms, from the bodies of first-born babies. That medicine and a certain "stroking" commonly used to influence the mind may have accounted for her state during the first few months. Like Dear-eyes, she walked in a mist. Then Pearl and I came, and her people warned her privately that if she attempted to return with us they would attack us with their iron-shod staves. They brought those staves to that meeting which was so difficult. She dare not take their talk as a mere threat, for some of her clan had attacked even Englishmen—and we were only women—but she dare not tell us their purpose. "You would have laughed at their threats, I

dared not come with you lest they should attack you on the way to the cart or on the lonely road. So I saw you off in silence, despairing of deliverance."

And then, to her deeper despair, she was hurried through a marriage "to bind her to her people for ever." But little comforters were given to her—two little daughters so fair and beautiful that people called them children of heaven. "And to heaven they went, one when she was three and the other before she was two. I had taught them to love the Name of our Lord Jesus, and I longed that they should be signed with His Sign; but there was no one to do it. So when I saw that He was about to take my little Queen, I myself dipped my hand in water, and I marked her with His Sign, and she looked up and all round the room with smiling eyes, and I thought, Surely she is seeing Him and His angels. And I looked to Him whom I did not see, and I said, 'Take her,' and He took her.

"Then Death came running quickly and caught the younger one. I had no time to go for fresh water, but near me was some rice-water in a bowl, and I signed her with His Sign, using the rice-water, and I gave her to Him too. And He took her. Afterwards I thanked Him. I said, 'They could not have grown up good in this hell. O my Lord, I am glad they are safe in Thy Country.' So saying I was comforted; and both my babies were far more beautiful in death than ever they had been in life." (What causes that beauty, that ineffable expression of purity on the face of a dead child? Is it the impress of the lovely wonder that filled its little being when it saw for the first time the pure face of its angel?)

It was a Sunday evening when she told us this. "I have just come back from the House of Prayer; I saw a wonderful thing," she said—"I saw Godfrey Annachie

burn magical palm-leaf books and other things that a converted magician had given him. He put them on a great tray and poured oil on them, and the flames shot up, and we sang and sang. For twelve years I never once sang aloud, only in my heart I sang the old songs, but never aloud. It was like a dream, like the dream that I dreamt so often. I used to be sure I was home, and then I woke up and wept to find it was only a dream."

* * * * *

Will this reach one who has waited fifteen years for a Dear-eyes or twelve years for a Tranquillity—perhaps longer? We waited twenty-four for our Mimosa. In the end—O troubled heart, believe it—Love will find a way. Your sorrow shall be turned into joy. *If any of thine be driven out unto the outmost parts of heaven, from thence will the Lord thy God gather thee, and from thence will He fetch thee.* Let us be confident, then, and sing before we see, and trust our unconquerable Lord, whose words stand deep-rooted like the rocks of the mountains.

*Our human hope, it waxeth but to wane,
Hope faileth not that of Thy love is born ;
Make hope our habit ; blessèd love constrain,
Till flowers shall bloom where now is only thorn.*

31. THE SIGN FOR THE COMPLETION

A STORY like this is so easily misunderstood that I have hesitated to tell it, and yet how refuse to share something so tender and so lovely?

The young trees planted up and down and all about the Place of Heavenly Healing were growing up encouragingly, as if to comfort the empty rooms, and tell them they would not be empty always; and the walls which enclose the central buildings were covered with flowery things, when a letter came from Murray Webb-Peploe enclosing hospital plans upon which he was working.

"I don't know how much money we have to finish it all," he wrote, and he seemed to be influenced by a fear of being too lavish. He had tried to save at this corner and at that, and the result was a sort of medical and surgical cheese-paring, such as a tentative suggestion for a room for "sick Sitties" next door to a recovery-ward (for people after anæsthetics). This was not because he would have chosen that peaceful site for anybody (India can be very vocal when recovering from an anæsthetic) but for economical reasons. A room happened to be built already near the recovery ward, which by dint of sundry contrivances could be spared, and to use it would save the building of another.

"And Hezekiah received the letter and read it; and Hezekiah went up into the house of the Lord and spread it before the Lord"—that is the only thing one can do with such a letter. Then suddenly the thought came to ask for £1,000.



The caravanserai.

The porch.



When first we began to build, an old friend had sent a cable, "£100 for the hospital. Luke 1. 37." (With God nothing shall be impossible.) £1,000 was not "impossible." But one cannot ask in this way without an inward assurance that one may do so. I was not certain that I had that now, so I did not ask; only there was the wish, and our Father knew it was there, for a thousand pounds to come for the comfort of our dear medicals who had been so greatly tried in faith and in patience, and for a Sign that the long-delayed work would one day be completed. And then a number of other matters pressed in and pushed the wish aside. It almost passed from memory.

Three weeks later an air-mail letter came, which I opened without a flicker of a thought of this for which, after all, I had not asked. I read the letter—such a "happifying" one—and was putting it back in the envelope when I noticed a small twice-folded cheque, and taking it out saw £1,000 written on the cheque. But I was like them that dreamed. I had never held so much money in my hands before in one handful, as it were (the other £1,000 had gone straight from the giver to the bank), and I held that cheque in both my hands and had no words, not even praising words. The only thought that came was Kay's rendering of Psalm 21. 3. *Thou surprisest him*. How tenderly, how very tenderly, He ponders the voice of our humble desires, and then surprises us with the blessings of goodness.

But even then was I as one that dreamed, and M. M. took the cheque from me and we looked at it together. "Is it really real? Is it a dream-cheque?" (for, not having prayed for it, I was not expecting as one is when one has prayed. "Thou surprisest" and what a surprise!)

"It's quite real," she said; "it's not a dream."

“ Not a hundred pounds—that would be a great deal—but a whole thousand? ” For even yet I hardly trusted my eyes, or even hers.

“ No, it’s a whole thousand. Look again.”

Then indeed we laughed together and worshipped. And we thought of Kay’s comment, “ Thou anticipatest his prayer, surpassest his expectations.” Both words were true, but we came back to *surprisest*. Children love surprises, and, after all, however grown-up we may be to our own children, our hearts never grow up: we are children to the end. So our Father plans surprises for us just as we plan them for our little beloveds.

An hour or two later the family came to my room, and I asked them if any one of them had ever had a thousand pounds at one time in his hand or hers? Not one had. Then the cheque was passed round in its envelope (for the giver would not have wished the signature to be read); and the children saw it too; for their Annachie took it to the House of Prayer and told them of how their wonderful Father had seen even an unspoken wish, and fulfilled that wish out of His riches. “ Thou understandest my thought (Hebrew, my desire) afar off, while it is just emerging into sight, or ever the word is born on my tongue or shaped into a prayer—that floating wisp of a wish—Thou understandest it.”

But this is not quite all. At the time that cheque was being written, our doctor and his wife in Australia and we in India were facing another disappointment, for their return had to be postponed again.

So it seemed to us that our Father, in His gracious, tender mercy, had sent that second £1,000 at that special time as the Sign of Completion, even as He had sent the first £1,000 at a special time as the Sign of Beginning. And it was like a voice speaking to us and saying, “ Fear not, go on; do all that is in your heart; for there shall

be a performance of those things which were told you from the Lord."

This photograph was taken after the beginning of that Performance. The bullock-cart is standing by the door which leads into the heart of the place—the Fair Garden, as its Indian name means. Blessed be that beautiful name of the Lord, *God which performeth all things for me*. "I will always give thanks unto Thee for that Thou hast done : and I will hope in Thy Name, for Thy saints like it well."

I have been a little anxious lest this or any chapter in *Windows* should convey a false impression to any one. Such shining incidents do not happen every day. But all that I want to say about this has been said by Bishop Moule about the men and women of Hebrews 11, and I cannot do better than copy the wise words here : "The unseen and the hoped-for was sometimes, not always, made more tangible to them by the grant of some sign and token, some portent or miracle, by the way. But the careful Bible-reader knows how very little such things are represented in the holy histories as being the 'daily bread' of the life of the old believers. Even in the lives where they occur most often they come at long and difficult intervals, and in some lives not at all, or hardly at all."

My reader may be living just now in one of these long and difficult intervals. Be it so. All is well. You are called to be God's Apelles, a "tested man in Christ." These long and difficult intervals will soon be past for ever, and you will see Him face to face who trusted you to trust through any test, through any interval.

32. HATH HE SAID AND SHALL HE NOT DO IT?

1. *The Call of a Nurse*

"I PITY you," said a compassionate friend in the early days, when the children were babies—"I pity you from the depths of my soul. You will live to regret it when they grow up." Live to regret seeking the lambs in the wild beast's den? But could any Christian really mean that? It was useless to reply; we could only fall back on the comforting promises.

Years afterwards another friend, not compassionate but worshipping, leaned out of the window in the little room of the House of Prayer tower, the room of the chiming bells. Red roofs scattered near and far among green trees held her eyes awhile. The sounds of life came up to her. Then she said, "Now I *know* that this is the work of His hands. There is nothing else that can account for it." And we thought of that other day of doleful prophecy, and of how we had been led to the Scripture that can only be read on the knees of the spirit, "Ask Me of things to come concerning My sons, and concerning the work of My hands command ye Me," and of how, when the fears of friends were like a chilly fog, words like the notes of a trumpet had pierced through that fog: "*Hath He said and shall He not do it? or hath He spoken, and shall He not make it good?*" and like trumpets and bugles sounding together, "*My counsel shall stand and I will do all My pleasure. I have spoken it, I will also bring it to pass: I have purposed it, and I will also do it.*" Then faith had been given to ask, and

to receive this that we desired of Him, even that our children should grow up to be faithful lovers of their Lord. This prayer naturally led to prayer for fellow-workers to whom He would give the same vision and the same assurance.

We are often asked to tell how such fellow-workers are found; we always say, "God finds them." Perhaps the story of how He found two in a country where very little is known of the Fellowship, will bring honour to His name by showing that in truth this also, like the salvation of the children, is His doing; He does it through His servants who are subject to His hand.

There are some of the Father's household who live "far ben." There is something about them which recalls not the sun-filled sweetness of the rose, but the keen scent of fragrant root, stem, and leaf of some herb or tree whose greatest giving is when it seems to have nothing to give. Withered and crushed, it pours forth fragrance. There may be only a particle of dust remaining of what was once a gay green thing, but that particle is not mere dust.

Sister Eva of Friedenshort was like that. Illness made no difference. The pains of partings made no difference. Rather the withering of vital powers and the heavy pressure of fatigue only caused the sweet influences of her life to flow forth more plenteously.

And those sweet influences drew the matron of the Samaden hospital (where Sister Eva and her dear friend Sister Annie were staying together) into the warm, abundant tides of life more abundant; and this led to the call and dedication of that matron for service in India, and so eventually, to the Place of Healing which we believe will open the door of service to many of our family.

2. *The Almond Rod that Budded*

1924 was a year when we were acutely realising the need of men for our boys. We had begun to welcome little boys in 1918. Some were not babies when they came. They had already seen evil things done and heard evil words spoken.

So we prayed much. We had no other way of finding those whom we would soon so very sorely need and needed even then. And Tamil cannot be learned in a day, nor the mind of an Indian boy.

And the Lord hearkened and heard, and in that very year began to prepare perhaps several, but certainly at least one, for our help. The story begins in snow, and in December, 1932, a brother came to us straight from the land of snow mountains.

The beginning of that story is told by the mother of the two little children whose peril on the slopes of the Mettlenalp was turned to help for us.*

She tells of their merry setting out from Wengen with their nurse for a short journey in the electric railway to the Wengernalp; of a sledge-ride down the ski-ing track; of a sudden swerve of the sledge which sent it racing off the track down the slopes of the Mettlenalp; and then at last of nurse and children hopelessly lost in the snow.

And it was evening. The sun set over the great mountains, so friendly and glorious in sunlight, so terrifying now. The valley was one vast white silence; no tourists would be likely to come that way so late in the evening, and the nurse knew this. For awhile she was able to keep her anxiety from the children, but soon it passed from her to them, and fear fell upon them too, and the bitter cold famished them, and the poor little

* Mrs. H. E. Alexander. *D'ou vient le secours?* Publié par La Maison de la Bible, Genève, 11 Rue De Rive.

things cried. But five-year-old Moira knew what to do : " Johnny," she said to her four-year-old brother, putting her arm round his neck, " we must pray to the Lord Jesus to send someone to save us," and Moira and Johnny knelt down close together in the snow.

And at Wengen—but only their mother can tell of what it was when the parents, who had been out all day, returned to an empty chalet, and heard that the children had gone by train to the Wengernalp and that the last train had returned without them. A search-party was quickly organised, but the parents' hearts failed them. They knew that only the great precipice of the Trummelbach separates the Mettlenalp from the glaciers of the Jungfrau; they knew the desolation and the dangers of the snow.

Meanwhile, just about the time the children were lost, four young Englishmen out on a ski-ing expedition had caught their train by a single minute (the train that climbs to the Scheidegg by way of Alpiglen), and were now discussing their return route to Wengen. One of them proposed the route that follows the slopes of the Mettlenalp.* It was late when they entered that dark valley, and they hastened on. As they turned a corner they saw two little figures kneeling in the snow.

I need not write the lovely end of that story. Friendship was born that night which will endure longer than the everlasting hills.

Seven years afterwards one of those four ski-ers, Murray Webb-Peploe, was in Geneva, the home of the children's parents. Mr. Alexander proposed his young friend and student, Philippe Berthoud of the Ecole Biblique, for a holiday companion for Murray. This led

* The point of the story lies in this; the route was not one which would usually be taken in the evening, as it is the longest way to Wengen.

to a Call to India. "Let us lay the rod in the tabernacle before the testimony," wrote Mr. Alexander. We laid it there and it budded.

Does this page find the reader in need of something that silver and gold cannot buy? What if the Father of Spirits, the God of all flesh, has already begun to prepare for you that which you need so much? You may have to wait for the growing up of the almond tree whose rod shall bud and blossom. But the gifts of God are worth waiting for: "And behold, the rod was budded, and put forth buds, and bloomed blossoms and bare ripe almonds."

33. THE SHRINE-LAND

NEAR the land we had bought for the hospital, very near also our fellow-workers' homes in the compound called Praise, was some land that we called the Shrine-land, because an ancient shrine stood there. For many generations every Tuesday and Friday night had seen lights burning before the shrine, and men and women giving themselves up to frenzy till they were possessed by the demon whom they sought. And when demons are worshipped, animals suffer. No one can ever tell how much our innocent fellow-creatures suffer at such times; no one could bear to tell it. The place was accursed.

One night Godfrey Webb-Peploe and John Risk stood by that shrine and saw two women with streaming hair rushing to and fro in the mad dance that leads to the afflatus. They could never forget that wild scene and the brooding sense of evil; and we all prayed earnestly that we might be given that land to use in the pure service and worship of the Holy One.

After we bought the land near by for the hospital, the worshippers said that the demon was offended and would not answer when they called, the afflatus did not come; and so the orgies of cruelty became less frequent. But still the owners refused to sell.

And yet some had an assurance that the land would one day be ours, and money was given in faith "for buying the Shrine-land." For five years we waited, and still we could not use that money, for we could not buy that land.

And then late in 1934 our God began to move, and at last the day came when Godfrey had the solemn joy—for it was that indeed—of signing the documents and buying the land. And on a happy evening, March 14th, 1935, he gathered all who could go, and they stood together round the shrine and praised the God of gods. And then they read His commands to break down the idols of Canaan, and prayed for protection for those who broke down the shrine and carted away the masonry, and for the poor people who had worshipped there and were afraid of the wrath of the demon. And while the men and boys broke up the solid walls with crowbars, pickaxes and a sledge-hammer, the girls went to the women of the village, who stood in groups here and there, watching with anxious eyes, and they comforted them.

The sun had set before the walls were levelled, the roof of heavy masonry smashed, the idol-symbol broken in pieces and the débris carted off. But there was a moon, and the whole company worked on, the five-year-old children eagerly running alongside the older ones with their little loads of half-bricks to be dropped in the place appointed. And to the sound of singing the work was finished, over fifteen tons of masonry was carried away, and the ground once so defiled was swept clean.

In telling some who could not go about it all, Godfrey spoke of the wonderful solemnity of the last few minutes, as all gathered in the bright moonlight on the place that was clean now, and once more praised God. "O holy Lord of all hallowing, keep undefiled for ever this house that hath been lately cleansed"—this land that hath been lately cleansed.

* * * * *

This story may have set the heart of some reader aching with longing for the life that used to be, and is not now,

will never be again. It does not grow easier to be separated from all in which you have lived before.

There was one to whom this same story brought that same feeling and who, turning over the pages of Westcott's St. John, was startled to see those very words underlined on a page there, in a note about the corn of wheat : It falls into the ground, "*is separated, that is, from all in which it had lived before.*"

Who would refuse to be a corn of wheat ?

34. PLANS FOR QUIETNESS

THE year which we enter now, 1935, was full of days when we were very grateful for our Lord's, "Lo, I am with you all the days and all day long." Is it not like His great mercy to use different words to express His blessed Presence? Sometimes there is nothing which carries quite the same solace as this most simple *with*. We take courage to believe that, by His enabling, we, even we, shall walk the Enoch walk with Him.*

There was need to walk so, for the year opened stormily; then, after a short lull, there was an epidemic of sand-fly fever that was very disturbing to orderly work, and there was the constant menace of flu. Six of our children passed on; one, a dearly-loved and promising little girl, was playing merrily one day, and in heaven two days later. Among the converts some gave anxiety, and there was the usual continual conflict that never waxes less.

But there were joys. Our children who were in training for various posts of responsibility were responding gallantly; some who had been weak were strengthened, and in the outside work for the ill, the ideal of selfless service was more nearly achieved. In a booklet sent out to be fuel for prayer for the new hospital, Murray Webb-Peploe had written his hope that it might be a place where the people would come not to be preached at, dosed, and dealt with as cases, but to feel at home, to watch, to thaw, to allow those who take their names, and wash their bandages and dress their wounds to tell them

* Note 3, p. 241 (for the preposition used by our Lord).



what the Lord Jesus Christ has done, and can do for them. And all the medicals were of one mind about this and worked together towards this goal.

"All" is a happily inclusive word, and as true as it is happy. Towards the end of 1934 a young doctor, Christian Rogan, had joined us; our convictions and aims were hers, and so we were one from the first day. And nurses were being given for the women and for the training of our own Indian girls; to them also the same pattern had been shown. For the men the Lord did a new thing: He called an ordained man from a London parish and later an officer from the Royal Corps of Signals to come and serve their Indian brothers for the sake of the Lord Jesus, in the same way as long ago Francis of Assisi served the lepers of his country with his own kind hands.

And the buildings that had stood so long and so patiently among the young trees began to wear a look of expectation, for in 1935 our long-exiled doctor and his wife returned to us, bringing their little twin sons. "And now we need not pray for any more doctors," said a hopeful tedlet, "for there are three coming from Australia."

Much thought had been given to that which is so rarely found in an Indian hospital—quietness. A hospital can be a very noisy place, for the relations who come with the sick are well and see no reason for being quiet. A hundred possible confusions and clamours can shatter the peace of the day, and yet peace greatly helps towards spiritual work. It also helps the worker to walk with his Lord in peacefulness and serve Him with a quiet mind.

So everywhere there is more space than is usual, and patients will have their heart's desire as much as may be, little cubicles or rooms of their own. And the operating-theatre is on the ground-floor of the low tower whose

highest room is a Prayer Room. Round the walls, painted on wood and running like a frieze, is a prayer in English and Tamil. The Tamil is from the beautiful old hymn beginning, "Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts, Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men."

This tower is set in a garden full of flowering trees. It is tended by a man who found his Saviour and Healer during a long illness in the Door of Health (the trees and flowers of the garden are like children to him), so there is "peace on all sides round about." In the passage outside the door of the theatre, which must often be shut and where anxious folk are sure to gather, they will read, "*Then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you*"—for either side of the door is the same to our Lord Jesus. Inside the room, written in clear Tamil on the wall where the patient can easily read them, will be the gentle words, "*Jesus saith, Peace be unto you.*" "*Do not be troubled; the Lord thy Healer is with thee.*" The thought, of course, is for one whose operation is being done under a local anæsthetic. Such a one may greatly need reassurance, but those words will reassure. The brave will smile at this, perhaps, but we are not all brave, and Divine words can do much for a frightened heart; they have the power to calm, and to convey strength.

And so an operation under a local can be a peaceful experience. Many a patient has found it so. There was one for whom something was being done in this way, and it was easy to follow the doctor's and nurse's movements and words, and inwardly to laugh at the doctor's pleased but unedited remark when he had succeeded in doing exactly what he wanted to do. It seemed very wonderful to the one on that table that there should be this bending of all the energies of life and all the gains of years of study to a single purpose—the relief of another's pain;

the medical tradition is surely among the heavenly things of earth. This thought was so friendly and the air of the room so peaceful that presently a little prayer took shape for doctor and nurse,

*Lord Jesus, Thou art here with me,
I do not need to cry to Thee
To come with me, my loving Lord,
For Thou art with me in the ward.*

*And though I may not see Thy Face,
Yet as I go from place to place,
There is a hush upon my day,
That would not be, wert Thou away.*

*When in the still white room I stand,
Thy viewless hand will guide my hand.
Dear Lord, what joy, what peace to be
About Thy healing work with Thee.*

35. AND RUNNING OVER. 1935

EARLY in the year 1935 our Home Secretary returned to England, and an office note-book entry tells how she prayed for £400 to send out in the monthly cheque. The date came for posting the cheque, but she had only £280 to send. Just after this, to her joy, £120 came in, and she sent it off by air to overtake the other. For some weeks very little had been coming, and there had been prayer about this in Dohnavur also.

"Nothing had come this month," she wrote once, for her heart is always burdened for the little ones in danger of something so much more than pain and death, "so I began to pray for a hundred pounds. It sounded a very large sum, but I prayed. And yesterday Miss R. called. She put a cheque for a hundred pounds in my hand. She had had it by her for some time, but she had no light about how to use it, and then during the week—just when I was praying—she knew what the Lord wanted her to do; so she brought it to me. We have a very gentle, loving Father."

"But why not wish for a thousand pounds? That would make everything so nice and easy," said a Lotus Bud on hearing of the need to pray, and remembering the wish of the year before. But niceness and easiness would soon reduce the fibres of faith to jelly and pulp; and as all children of the Father know, we cannot wish in that way, ever, of ourselves. If we are our Lord's, He is as much the Ground of our wishes as of our prayers; they do not spring of themselves from the ground of our own hearts.

So we prayed according to the word in Phil. 4. 6, and the promise of verse 7 was fulfilled. Peace was the first answer to our prayer, and soon afterwards supplies were once more granted.

A little later there was need to pray again. But, as I said in an earlier chapter, often at such times there is so urgent a pressure of prayer for comrades elsewhere, or about children in danger, or for wanderers, or for patients, or perhaps for an evangelistic raid, that the other matter is forgotten.

It was so then. Funds were only just mentioned (but we are not heard for our much speaking), and then the prayer passed on to people—especially children.

There was a boy, keen as a sword-blade, called Star-eyes, who was much on our hearts. His father had some connection with the Dramatic companies of the South, and talked of sending the boy to the City of Sweetness to be trained for the drama. We knew the under-world of that city, we knew its evil ways and drugging influences. It was intolerable to think of that opening mind and eager spirit befouled in that vile place. During those months we had a dispensary at Joyous City, where his home was, and our Swiss nurse Sister Anna, who was very fond of him, taught him and other little boys who came to the house, and when Hugh Evan Hopkins drove the medical car to the town, as he often did, he made friends with this little group of boys and taught them. One day they came to Dohnavur bringing armfuls of blue water-lilies; when their blue lilies were put in a blue vase, their shy pleasure was a pretty thing to see. They missed nothing that day, and after they returned to Joyous City they made a plan of Dohnavur in the sand in front of the temple, and knelt and prayed—so they told Sister Anna, leaving her to understand what they could not have explained.

There are some things that do not bear writing about : they touch the heart too keenly to endure a flutter of words. I think this is one of these things.

And there were little girls. There was one in Holy Town whom we had known from her baby days, a beautiful child ; sensitive and gentle. " But there was something aloof about her even then," said one who saw her just before she was married to the god.

When this burden of prayer for the children is upon us it is impossible to think of anything else. So we prayed for those two children and for many others then.

Soon after those days of burden, a little child was saved in a temple-town in which for three years Satan had been triumphing. Almost immediately afterwards a thankoffering came to be used for new babies, and two gifts of £100 and £50 followed, and soon all we required had come. But we have still to wait for the answer to our prayers for those special children.

The last six or seven months of 1934 and the first nine months of 1935 were acute with distress for many poor people because of the almost complete failure of three monsoons. Green crops everywhere perished, and the rice-harvest in many fields failed. As we looked at our own burnt-up ground and withered grass and thought of what the loss of their little vegetable gardens and patches of rice meant to the very poor, we were thankful that we could relieve about one hundred and fifty by giving them work on the buildings we were putting up.

This meant, too, that they were taught. Gospel meetings, lantern meetings (the garage where such meetings were held seats about a hundred and fifty packed on the floor), Bible classes for enquirers and converts, meetings for women and children—all these were opportunities for building in something more lasting than bricks and mortar. And our brothers in charge of this

part of the work, and their Indian companions, saw to it that no one passed through their hands without hearing the Gospel, and having the chance to sit down quietly and listen till it was understood.

But there was need from time to time to ask for supplies. There was a month when we received £521 less than was required for carrying on the work. Such a sum seems very large to us. We do not think in hundreds of pounds, but in rupees, annas, pies, and a rupee is at present about the thirteenth of a pound, an anna is one-sixteenth of a rupee and a pie is one-twelfth of an anna.

A new prayer-song came into use about that time,

*Open Thy windows, Lord, we pray ;
Thou art as Thou wert yesterday.*

*Thou hast not brought us, Lord, so far,
To leave us without pilot-star.*

*Teach us to pray : our faith renew,
O do as Thou art wont to do.*

*That we may work Thy will to-day,
Open Thy windows, Lord, we pray.*

And the windows were opened.

In South Africa a husband and wife whose hearts were touched long years ago about the children, had the happiness of passing into the Presence of their Lord almost together. They left nothing behind for a gravestone or any other earthly thing. Their one thought was to help to fill the Kingdom of Light. Their last gift to us for the salvation of children came just then, £536 5s. 8d.

Soon after this, without any heralding, £100 came "from a new friend," and the amount still required was more than met by gifts small and large (gentian and strobilanthes), so we had our £521 "and running over,"

according to the Eastern custom which rules out the selling of grain flattened level with the measure. The custom (in Indian merchandise) has an unkindly origin,* but that cannot spoil the kindly fashion when giving is in question. Even a poor woman will give, if she gives at all, a measure of grain not "flat," but running over. And our heavenly Father is not less generous than His poor children.

These are the figures for the first six months of 1935 :

	Rs.	a.	p.	
Gifts and all incomings	66,810	6	5	(£5,010)
Expenditure	62,218	5	1	(£4,665)
Surplus	4,592	1	4	(£345)

Do not the bare, cold, formal figures look up at you with a new look? Do not they almost kindle as you think of what they stand for : power to succour children in distress or to save them from distress and far worse, defilement ; for that is the word that most truly describes life as it must be for them? Better, ten thousand times better, a rose-bud burnt to ashes in a swift, clean fire than slowly trampled down into the mud. So we say again, figures are not just figures to us : they are living things like people ; they are hands stretched out to save.

* See note 4, page 241.

36. AND YET THOU HAST DONE THIS

ABOUT this time a gift came which I believe was directly in answer to one of those waves of fear that even now can sweep over a heart that never had any strength apart from its wonderful Lord. This is how it happened :—

Several of our old friends—personal friends, lovers of our little children—have lately passed on. There was one, one of our very few rich friends, whose gift several times made it possible to open new work and often cleared our way. We had come to associate the thin, square envelopes and clear, old-fashioned writing with the kind of help that swings one out of the smaller kind of enterprises for Christ into the greater, because it made the greater possible. But an avalanche of trouble had descended upon that dear friend and swept away all she had. “They journeyed towards the sunrising,” she wrote out of deep trouble, “with their faces thitherward to a better country, that is a heavenly,” and then the sun rose upon her and the Better Country received her.

And there was another, the Scottish friend who gave us our little hospital called “Others,” and later gave us the surgical instruments; he, too, is now a companion of immortals. I thought of these old friends and of others who had helped us so much in past years. Almost all are in the heavenly country now.

And my thoughts turned into something that is as simple as a child’s talk with its mother, “Lord, what about it? Thou knowest how many of Thy giving ones cannot give any more, and Thou knowest, too, that often

it was the legacy of an old friend that made it possible to go on saving the children. But now these old friends have nearly all gone. Lord, what about it? Is it going to be harder for these whom I shall leave to carry on, than ever it was for me? " Foolish, do you say? Yes, I think so too; but winds can beat from outside, even if they are not allowed into the inner citadel, and for several weeks these winds continued to beat, though often and often I said, " This is my own infirmity, but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High."

And then a letter came, not from an old friend, but from one who was quite new. I read it with joy, for it was full of fragrance—" The smell of Thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon," there are some letters like that: they bring the breath of Lebanon into a room. And I never thought of looking at the folded slip of paper inside the envelope till at the end of the letter I read, " This, the enclosed, comes with deep love, and from the Lord who has been putting it on my heart these past weeks " (the very weeks of the winds), and I looked and found " this." It was a cheque for £500.

I have often felt, but never more than at that moment, the tenderness of our Lord's rebukes. Never a hard word, never a hard look, only " Hast thou been so long time with Me and yet hast thou not known Me, Philip? " He is very gentle with His Philips.

*Never, never have I brought Thee
Gold and frankincense and myrrh,
In the hands that groping, sought Thee,
Precious treasures never were.*

And yet Thou hast done this.

And now a note has come from one who works in the office and who had seen " the six-monthly summary of January to June, 1935, which you will have seen by now,

I expect. The balance on the half-year was sufficient for twelve days' needs, going by our usual expenditure. It makes me think of the twelve baskets which remained over and above unto them that had eaten."

How often, as we ponder some new tender mercy, so undeserved, so dewy with the freshness of love that we long for words of glory to sing that love, we can only say, "Lord, Thou knowest me. I am all open unto Thee—*and yet Thou hast done this.*"

37. ONLY SIX WEEKS AGO

I HAD hoped someone else would have written the story of these years, for the Friends of the Fellowship have had so much of me, and, as the Tamils say, too much nectar becomes poison (not that I am that precious substance); but when work comes to be done, the only thing is to do it. Still, there was that inward fear and hesitation.

Is there anything too small for our loving Lord to notice? Godfrey Webb-Peploe, who has lately been in Madras, met a shopman there who told him that he had read one of the "Nor Scrip" books,

"Is it all true? is it true *now*?" he asked.

"So I told him," said Godfrey, "of what happened only six weeks ago, and we had a good talk about the things of God."

This has been very heartening. Just to know that any one of these stories, told in such simplicity, could be used to open the way for a talk about eternal things in a city where the things of time crush hard upon the hearts of men, helps to take away fear and hesitation about writing another; even though younger ones could do it better.

"Six weeks ago": it is easier to believe that things which show heaven in touch with earth happened six hundred years ago (and the farther back the date is pushed the easier it is) than to believe that they happened only six weeks ago. So it was very good to have that so recent story to tell to the enquiring shopman.

Much less was coming in just then than we required for carrying on the work. For the moment we could

draw on our balance—the blessed baskets of our Lord's kind previous provision—but there was need to pray. On our Prayer-day and in our private prayer-meetings (when no guests were present) we prayed. And those in whose hands is the guidance of the children's lives, told them about it—Godfrey Webb-Peploe in the Children's Service on Sunday, Mabel Wade and May Powell to those of the family who were not able to be there—until all understood. Again a fortnight later there was general prayer. Within a month

£50 came from Ireland.

£20 came from Scotland.

£44 came, calling itself a love-gift.

A draft for a hundred dollars came from America.

A cheque came for £100 from a happy grandmother.

Then Dundee, faithful friend since 1893, sent ten shillings, Wimbledon sent £60, *The Christian* (another faithful friend) had £50 to send.

Then came another £100, and still another £100, Rs. 2,000 (£150), two gifts of £25, some rupee gifts, God's blue gentians welcomed among the strobilanthes; and the wonderful series closed with £20 from China.

These gifts, which are grouped together in our mind like stars in a constellation, make a little Pleiades of loving kindness, the little new Pleiades that lighted our sky “only six weeks ago.”

38. EMILY. THE SUMMARY FOR 1935

AFTER that good time "six weeks ago" the mercies of the Lord continued, so that month by month we were kept in peace. In August a legacy made the hillside blue with strobilanthes. Australia and Kenya answered the prayer that must always be ours in September, for few in England have time to think of the children in August. But "all occasions invite His mercies and all times are His seasons."

Those lovely words from Donne bring to mind his words about interruptions in prayer: the noise of a Flie, the rattling of a Coach, the whining of a doore disturb him. "I talke on, in the same posture of praying; eyes lifted up; knees bowed downe; as though I prayed to God; and if God or his Angels should aske me when I thought last of God in that prayer, I cannot tell: Sometimes I finde that I had forgot what I was about, but when I began to forget it, I cannot tell. A memory of yesterdays pleasures, a feare of to morrows dangers, a straw under my knee, a noise in mine eare, a light in mine eye, an any thing, a nothing, a fancy, a Chimera in my braine, troubles me in my prayer. So certainly is there nothing, nothing in spirituall things, perfect in this world."

Thanks be to God, the Spirit helpeth our infirmities, even the mental infirmity of subjection to interruptions when we least desire them. I hope the constant mention of prayer in *Windows* will not mislead any. There is nothing in our prayers to account for the story we have to tell; it is all and only of His mercy. It is of the Lord's

mercies that we are not consumed, because His compassions fail not. They are new every morning : great is Thy faithfulness.

In November our office told us that although the October accounts were not complete, it was clear that we needed about £1,000, so there was prayer for that amount. Each day at noon as many as could met for a few minutes to pray. The children, who, of course, were told, were specially warned against waste in little things. "Not even one pickle of rice may we spill, Annachie said so, and Sittie said so, and Acca said so," was a small child's version of this admonition. And as a not very large right hand has to learn to make the rice into a ball without touching it with the left, and then must toss it into the mouth, it will be understood that not to "spill even one pickle" asks for care in the nurseries. There was care elsewhere too; the boys stopped school for a while and worked, carting earth to fill foundations and level up land near the hospital; after their day's work they had night school. The girls also helped as much as they could. Such times cast the soul upon God. "Seek ye My face," is His word to us. "Thy face, Lord, will I seek," is our word to Him, let the "flies" of life be what they will. And then we hear another word, "Now shalt thou see what I will do." Among the letters that brought His bounty to us was one from Baffin Land, where there is only one mail in the year. "The supplies of the month put us well on the right side for the year as a whole," is the final office note. These are the figures:

					£	s.	d.
Gifts	November	1-6	(16 gifts)	.	.	32	18 0
"	"	7-13	(24 ")	.	.	430	8 9
"	"	14-21	(31 ")	.	.	226	17 0
"	"	22-30	(167 ")	.	.	377	0 6
		238 gifts			£1,067	4	3

The summary for the year lies before me now, a long sheet of foolscap paper divided down the middle by a line. On either side of the line is a narrow column of words and figures. Below is a patch of handwriting. The general effect is of something on long, thin legs standing on solid earth. It is absurdly like Emily.

Emily is a fowl, a cherished fowl. In her early youth a hawk caught her and carried her off, but he dropped her, and the children rescued her and brought her up with much affection, first in a waste-paper basket, and afterwards in a bag tied round the waist of Emily's nurse for the day. She was to have been a hen and laid eggs, but she changed her mind and was a cock. "Now Emily will crow," was a consoling reflection. Emily stood on long, unfeathered stilts ("Emily's beautiful legs")—an Indian country fowl can be unbelievably scraggy.

"I hadn't the heart to draw him too exactly," said their understanding Sittie, Frances Nosworthy, after this treasure had been generously bestowed on the Pavilions children. "I stuck a few extra feathers on; but he really was an object." Not so thought Emily's bereaved owners. F.N. found them in an adoring cluster gazing at the black-board, "*Darling* Emily," they were murmuring as she passed.

Emily in whole would take up too much space, for, though slim, he is a lengthy fowl; but this is the condensed Summary for 1935 :

		Rs.	a.	p.	
Gifts and all incomings	.	152,063	7	4	(£11,405)
All expenditure	.	148,487	1	11	(£11,137)
Surplus	.	3,576	5	5	(£268)

£268 is about 9 days expenditure at the average rate for the year.

Very gratefully as the year closed we added two couplets to our prayer, *Open Thy windows,*

*Under Thine opened heavens may we
Worship, adore, rejoice in Thee,*

*And dwelling in that shining place
Hear our Lord's Voice, and see His Face.*

39. PRIVATE FINANCES

1. *Your Father Knoweth*

SOME have wondered about the finances of the members of the Fellowship. All is simple there. The expenses of any who have not private means are met by the Fellowship as the Lord enables. Some have friends who in whole or in part send gifts for personal use; but those who are supplied in this way look to the Lord and not to the friend, just as those whose needs are met by the D. F. look to Him and not to the Fellowship. No promise is given to any one who joins us but the word of Jehovah Jireh. All unite in prayer for supplies, and the word "honorary" is unknown among us.

I have asked one who had an experience of provision when he was on furlough to tell of it for the sake of some who wonder if "things like that happen in England." They do.

"When I took my furlough I had enough left over and above current expenses to pay for my return ticket, and to add something to the rather meagre balance to my credit in the English bank. So from the start the word was clear, 'Trust in the Lord and verily thou shalt be fed': and I asked Him if I might have the help of direct supplies for every need that arose, or the check of supplies withheld if my thoughts were not His.

"As it seemed likely that a good deal of travelling might be necessary, I wrote to a friend in England, asking him to do what he could about buying a second-hand car

for me, and sent him a cheque for the amount beyond which I did not feel that it would be right to go.

“ The next incoming mail brought several gifts with the request, ‘ Please use this for some personal need.’ How little the senders knew the cheer and strength their letters would be, and what joyful confirmation of the thoughts shown and the action taken !

“ The ship sailed from Colombo on December 31st, and my morning reading was full of the certainty of God’s provision for soul and body : ‘ Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee. Take no thought for your life, for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.’

“ At Port Said we nearly missed the English mail owing to a fog, and it was while the ship was under weigh and passing out of the Canal that the launch came alongside and the mail-bag was with some difficulty passed on board. Early that morning I had been tempted to wonder what would happen when I got back to England, where the cost of living is so much higher than in the East. But again God spoke through my morning reading and brought peace and assurance. When at last I got my letters, the news they contained filled my heart with praise, for a suitable car had been found for less than half the sum that I had named, and it was an absolutely safe purchase. Surely it is not often that the car-dealer prays over the choice of a second-hand car to sell to a customer, but it was so in this case.

“ Our next stop was Malta, where again the Lord had gone before and prepared one of His joyful surprises. The mail brought a cheque for £13. And as if to show that all the details were in hand, came another letter enclosing a driving-licence form and Postal Order for five shillings to cover the cost of it, so that there would be no delay when I landed. God caused His servants to

write very careful inventories of the articles taken from and to the house of God during the years of Israel's captivity, and He is the same God to-day who reminds one of His servants about a five-shilling Postal Order for a driving licence.

"After my arrival in England the weeks passed quickly, and with a good deal of travelling. The first supplies began to dwindle to an extent which would have troubled me but for the promise 'I will do better unto you than at your beginnings.' One Sunday in March I had been asked to speak of the work in India and of what God can do for us all; and as I sought to prepare for this special opportunity two or three days beforehand, the enemy attacked fiercely: '*Is your witness true? Aren't you nearly on the rocks now?*' But he was routed first by this word, 'Behold He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep,' and then by a cheque for £10 that came on the day before the service, and on the day after by another for £20 which had come all the way from the East Indies with the word 'You will be having extra expenses in travelling, so I enclose something to help towards them.' In my evening reading the words came again: 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee. Take no thought for your life; behold the fowls of the air; are ye not much better than they?'

"Later on in May another gift came which, though not large in figures, was full of the love of God, and with it, 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? the very hairs of your head are all numbered.' This was a great cheer, for June came and passed into July without any large replenishing of the visible stores. Finally, on July 12th, fearing lest I had mistaken the signs, I reckoned up the sum I thought I should need as a minimum to carry me through till I sailed. The word that morning had been

'The Lord, He it is that doth go before thee; He will be with thee; He will not fail thee; fear not, neither be dismayed,' so, in order that I might be sure that I was walking in God's appointed path, I asked for the sum of £12 to be sent, if it might be, within the next fortnight. On the morning of July 22nd came a letter enclosing a cheque for £15. It was the 'over and above' which God loves to give.

"But I had miscalculated the need, and ten days before I sailed I required another £5 if I was to buy certain books and instruments which I felt would be needed (for the boys' school). Again God's word brought peace, 'My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.' Then I knew that if the money did not come, the books and instruments were a want, not a need; but next morning when I opened my letters I found in one of them a cheque for £10.

"Finally I was able to sell the car at the last moment at a reasonable price, the money so obtained being amply sufficient to cover all the contingencies of the voyage and to enable me to begin life again in India."

"I have put down what I can," says the writer of this story in a covering note to me, "but it doesn't in the least seem to show the shining loving-kindness which was upon my way all the time."

I think it does show something; it is like an illuminated text: "*Lacked ye anything? and they said, Nothing.*"

More than one could tell of how furlough expenses were unexpectedly met; and because of that, funds supplied by the Fellowship have been returned, for there was no need to use them. "And the king said, Is there not yet any of the house of Saul, that I may shew the kindness of God unto him?" I hope we are not of the house of Saul, but we find many Davids.

In a land where expenses were large, a gift of £50 sur-

prised and heartened two who were on furlough there and were living very economically. Then came the loan of a house in a quiet place where they could rest. It has constantly been so, and only those who have looked into the depths of Satan in India know how grateful the heart is when personal expenses can be reduced, so that more is set free to save children from those depths.

Often in a very heart-warming way our workers at home, who so carefully guard expenses, have been met by unexpected thoughtfulness when they travelled on the Lord's errands. Once a traveller had by mistake taken too few stamps for the number of letters that had to be written. No one knew, but a little book of stamps was slipped into her hand. Is it too small to tell? but it was not too small to cheer that heart that day. "The God who sends the daffodils will not forget the corn."

2. Income Tax and Rebate

"Make it sing to you, sir! Make it sing to you!" Burne-Jones adopted this phrase from a drawing-master who used to say it to encourage his pupils to go on with their work or carry it to a good end. He would often say of his pictures, "I haven't made it sing yet—it is beginning to sing," and so on.

As I write of pounds, shillings, pence, farthings, and little books of stamps—such things of earth and yet so full of heaven—the story truly does begin to sing to me.

Among the brothers who have joined our Fellowship is one who, after straightening up his affairs and helping several on their way, found himself with only about enough in hand for something over a year. It was understood that if supplies did not come to him otherwise (as he, I think, expected they would), it could only be because

they had come by way of the Fellowship, for our Lord would have us to be without carefulness.

Then a demand for Income Tax came; he thought he had settled it a year before, but there had been some misunderstanding, and now he found himself called upon to pay a larger sum than he had in his account.

A few days before the date when payment was due, he happened to be in the Tinnevely bank, and the Agent said to him, "I have received a thousand rupees [about £75], which I have been asked to give to you or credit to your account with the words, 'Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.'" And he asked him if he minded receiving this anonymous gift.

It did not occur to our brother that the Agent was referring to his personal account, he thought something had been sent for the Fellowship in this way; and so he answered for us that we did receive anonymous gifts, and that we would send our receipt to him. "I thought he looked puzzled, but it did not dawn on me till some time afterwards that perhaps he had been referring to me personally; and I was not quite sure until I found a letter waiting for me at Dohnavur telling of the £75 with those same words, 'Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.'"

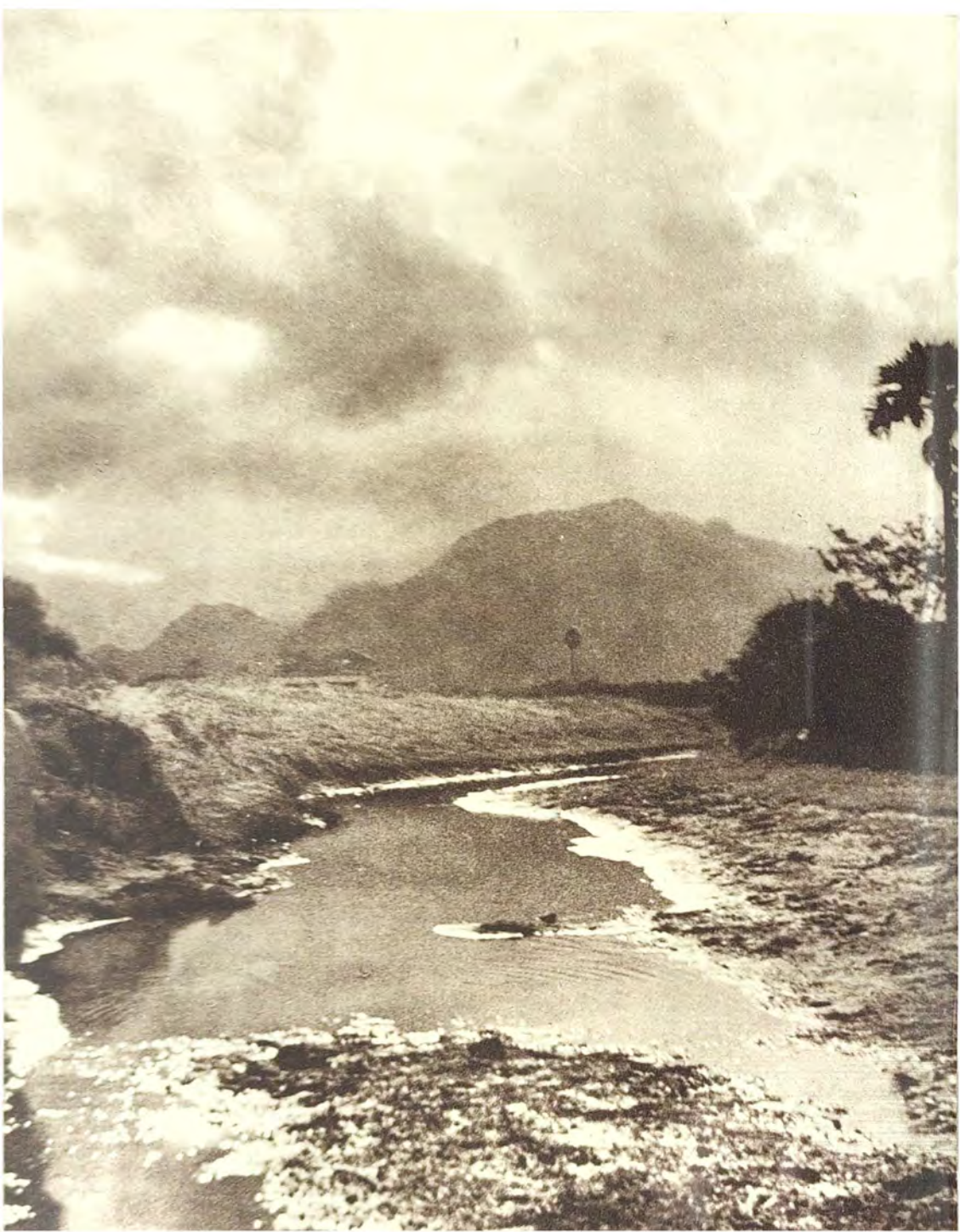
"Does God concern Himself with Income Tax?" somebody asked one day; the tale I have told answers that. "But does He concern Himself with rebates?"

There was one who was working at home for the D. F. and could draw upon D. F. funds for expenses; but all in our Fellowship naturally use what they have of their own (if they have anything), and this D. F. had enough for ordinary life. Travelling was an extra. "Funds were rather short, and I didn't quite see how I was going to get through the tour, as there would be hotels and a good deal of moving about. There were two things that could be

done, I didn't want to do either very much; so I prayed for clearness and decided to wait until the last second before doing anything. I was to leave home on the Saturday, and on Thursday evening a cheque for Income Tax rebate arrived. It was all I needed and more. It had never come so early before."

There are people everywhere whose source of temporal supplies is invisible, or who are cast upon their Lord in a special way for spiritual sustenance. "Cranks and fanatics" is the world's name for them; but they are happy cranks. "Thy sustenance declared Thy sweetness unto Thy children," and people in perplexity find their way to those to whom that sweetness is declared. A quick instinct tells them that they will find understanding when some new act of obedience asks for something that seems impossible, like walking on the water without seeing the Lord Jesus—and they are not disappointed.

For the son who has known his Father in this way is not shocked or surprised by fear in another; he knows what it is to be afraid. But he speaks with an assurance, and a surprising authority; there is no room for hesitation in a heart that has proved its God in some private stress, and has been broken and melted by His everlasting love. Deep in the innermost cell of that heart is a hush; but there is a light upon it, too, like the light on the water of a mountain river flowing between high rocks, and the words of an old prayer express the desire that grows stronger every day, "Lord, do Thou turn me all into love, and all my love into obedience, and let my obedience be without interruption." And we ask this too of Thee, Let all that Thou hast taught us be for the help of others.



40. COMMON THINGS FOR GOD

MACHINERY has not quite crushed out hand-weaving in rural India, and we find the hand-loom a help in the training of character, for carelessness, slackness or insincerity shows up at once. The loom is remorseless, it makes no mistakes, and its infallible justice startles the casual. "Oh, that will *have* to do!" exclaims George Macdonald's boy, tired over a little job of carpentering. "Be sure, if you say that, it will *not* do; it mustn't be allowed to do," says his father; the hand-loom says the same.

During the last two years 34,000 yards were woven on our looms, and this has meant the doing of many common things for God: the choosing and ordering of yarn, the examining and measuring of the woven stuff, patient teaching—it does not look very "missionary," perhaps; nor does the running of classes for carpentry. But if a boy who was useless before, learns to be faithful by learning to do common work faithfully, then it is well worth while; and "God never gave a man a thing to do concerning which it were irreverent to ponder how the Son of God would have done it." Kingdom Business is our name for all these things.

We are greatly blessed in our Indian brothers who are in charge of this side of the work. The one who has the looms has often to give up a boy just when his weaving is beginning to repay months of teaching; and the teacher must begin afresh with a young fumbler whose private intention is to scamp his work if possible. "But what

does it matter, Annachie? " said this strong and unselfish brother (the Muslim from Song of the Plough) to John Risk, who was a little troubled to have to ask so much of him. " Take anyone, give me anyone. What does anything matter if only it helps? " And for the carpentering we have an old man who might have walked out of a carpenter's shop in Nazareth. He always talks of our Lord with a beautiful reverence; He is " Jesus Rajah " to him. " Do you think Jesus Rajah is pleased with it? " he asked, as he fingered a carved tray he had made for one of us. It was like the lovely work one sees in a book on old Indian art, and every one was sure Jesus Rajah would indeed be pleased with so beautiful a thing.

On the electrical side we have a Swiss brother who pitches his tent by the standard of the camp of Judah, towards the sun-rising. A boy who contrived to " sit down on his handful of thorns " in the engine-room would need to be more than usually " in love with sorrow and peevishness." We have some such, but not many. Most of our boys and girls are learning to pitch their tents in line with Judah.

Among the common things that count for much in a large family whose lot is cast a long way from cities and towns, is the buying of everything that India can supply from timber to tin-tacks, and all manner of foodstuffs and sundries, in the bazaars of British India and Travancore. The merchants are either Hindus or Mohammedans; keen ears note the tone of the voice under stress; observant eyes miss no glance or gesture; the slightest flaw in patience would be noticed and commented upon afterwards. But inner sweetness of spirit that is not ruffled by heat or noise or bargaining, or bungling on the part of some careless assistant, is noticed too. It is not child's play to shop for Christ in the hot, stuffy, noisy, crowded bazaars of an Eastern town; the men who were

chosen "for all the business of the Lord and for the service of the King" were not weaklings, but men of valour. For such a day nothing less than the anointing of the Spirit is enough. But it is enough :

Thy blessèd Unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

And when face and feet, too, feel dusty, though perhaps
no one has seen the dust,

Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace,

is the prayer of all prayers.

We have had frequent joy in the conversion of workmen during the last few years; most have been won not so much by what was said, as by what they saw in the everyday lives of the brothers, Indian or European, with whom they had to do. After they had seen something that they recognised as genuine and not of earth, they were willing to listen to the heavenly message, and then the entrance of our Saviour's words brought light. "What made me want to be a Christian was seeing D.'s life. He never passed bad work, but he never lost his temper," said one in answer to a question how he first became interested. D. came to us some years ago—a very thirsty and very unhappy boy. His thirst was quenched, his soul revived, and now the men he oversees bear this witness.

So we do not attempt to divide flower from scent, material things from spiritual. Brother Lawrence, pleased when he could pick up a straw from the ground for the love of God, and occupied with the commerce of love, as he called it, pleasing himself in every condition by doing little things for love of his Lord, shows the happier way. And we find that He who gives us little things to do for love of Him gives also a special pleasure

in the doing of them, and keeps us from getting tired of those same little things.

“It’s just what I love,” said Norman Burns one sultry day as he was busy about help for somebody—quite prosaic help, for “what I love” at that time was the superintending of a number of carpenters and seeing to endless repairs. No one looking on would have called it lovable work. Then serious illness came, breaking into all his orderly plans and turning his hopes upside down, as illness does. But “It became Him in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings,” so need we wonder that sufferings are often appointed for those whom His grace will use to bring sons unto glory? And now he and his wife Lorna are making home for some seventy small schoolboys—“bringing many sons unto glory.”

Among the little things that come to be done for love of God are the journeys that must be taken, often at half an hour’s notice, to fetch a child of whom we have heard from a distant city. Such travelling, especially in heat, is not luxurious. It can be very tiring. But the long, perhaps thousand-mile-long journey is used as an evangelistic tour, so it is not wasted; for an Indian third-class railway carriage is packed with opportunities. It is sometimes adventurous. “You must descend; there are brigands on the road,” said a posse of police to one of our number who was bringing home a baby boy; and she “descended” from the bullock-bandy to find herself marooned for the night in a shanty by the wayside. So she put her suit-case on the ground and used it for a pillow; and cuddling the precious baby boy (who grew up to be a treasure), she spent the night there.

Or the traveller’s destination may be an unknown place fifty miles from anywhere. She may arrive at the station any hour of the twenty-four, but some one always appears

for her help, even if he be only a friendly coolie. Or generous friends send a car to meet her and smooth the way for her, and then we are glad as we think of our Lord's *Inasmuch*. Often she returns, after a sleepless night (perhaps several), but with a little child safe in her arms, and says, as Sister Paula said one day after a difficult journey, "You never know what God can do for you till you are where you don't know what to do. Something always happens then."

"Our Lord took the lowest place in such a way that no one can ever rob Him of it"—the beautiful words must have sweetened life for Charles de Foucauld, to whom they were written. It was he who wrote from his Trappist monastery when he was mending the little children's clothes, "I say to myself, 'How happy I am in doing this work so familiar in the house of Nazareth.' " The work so familiar in the house of Nazareth fills our sewing-room, where there is much to make and to mend. And thoughts of Him who moved among men as One that serveth lie behind the activities of such useful places as housekeeper's room and shop.

This last is not the usual kind of shop, it is only a large teakwood press; but it is full of useful things, and no one who has not known what it is to have to wait through bitten days and nights in the mosquito season for a tube of muscabane unhappily delayed four hundred miles away, can imagine what it is to go to the "shop" and buy that or any small thing in reason, at once.

Then for larger matters it is the same. Margaret Clark takes the order, finds the best place to buy, and nursery, school, and even hospital has what it wants.

All who serve in these ways serve in other ways also; but among our blessings, and one that concerns this book (because it greatly helps towards economy) is the willingness of those to whom business gifts have been given to

lay them at their Master's feet for the general good. For them, as for all, nothing less suffices but the love that burns steadily and does not weary. "For I was flax and He was flames of fire"—nothing less than that is enough.

Perhaps as the services of angels and men commingle in a wonderful order, so do the sacred and the secular, as we call them, commingle in the eyes of Him with whom we have to do, and with whom actions, not talk, and not feelings, are weighed. It is a happy thought for all who do quite ordinary things, and yet "continue with Him their commerce of love." And there are so many of them, and they often think so poorly of themselves, that I like to offer them the comfort of this thought. And this also, Our Lord has hallowed the ordinary in such a way that no one can ever make it unspiritual :

Very dear the Cross of shame
Where He bore the sinner's blame,
And the tomb wherein the Saviour lay
Until the Third Day came.
But He bore the self-same load,
And He went the same high road,
When the Carpenter of Nazareth
Made common things for God.

The picture facing this chapter shows the little stream that borders our hospital land. It is shallow, muddy—a common thing. But when the windows of heaven open and pour down light upon it, the very mud is illuminated. It is a figure of the true.



Old Blessing.

The child in the
middle is the little
Jacob of ch. 15.



41. THE SAVING OF A CHILD

MANY years ago a young Indian girl went for a pilgrimage to Adam's Peak in Ceylon. She climbed the long slopes, swung herself up by the chain ladders which at that time hung over the steeper precipices, and worshipped, not Buddha, for she was a Hindu, but her own god. Years passed, and she was delivered from the power of darkness and was given a new name, Blessing. She served in a South Indian Mission, where there was a missionary who became our friend. (When first we met that friend, we talked and prayed together in Tamil, for she knew more Tamil than English, and I knew more Tamil than Swedish.) This friendship led to Blessing, now an old woman, bringing children to us from time to time.

One day, before she had fully rested after her journey, she came to us with an urgent, "I must go. There is a child in danger. I feel it. Let me go." We tried to persuade her to rest for another day, but no, "Seventeen young girls have to be given every year to the temple" (the chief temple of the little Native State where her home is). "The new law? Aiyō!" (with that twist of the hands that means, "Must I tell you anything so obvious?"), "do they not know how to get behind any law? What is law to them? There is a child in danger now. I must go."

Four days later, in the middle of the stifling afternoon, Blessing arrived, her cheery old face beaming. "Look!" she said joyfully, and we saw the little child.

And she told us how, tired with her journey, she had

settled down to rest, when a neighbour ran in. "Quickly come! there is a woman going to the temple house!" The two went forth together, and found a young mother on her way to a noted house in the town. She had a little child in her arms. The two women stood on either side of her and held her back, and pleaded with her not to do this thing. "But I am poor, the temple-woman has promised me much money, the little one will never be poor, never a widow—honoured of the gods will she be," said the young mother. Then Blessing told her what lay within that honour. She had not understood. She had known nothing of that blackness. She put her child in Blessing's arms. "Save her from *that*," she said, and turned and fled away.

And Blessing fled, too. There might be pursuit, for the temple-women would hear what had happened, and such women have ways of overtaking travellers. She found a bus. "No, we are not going to start yet, our seats are not yet full," said the driver. "Say not so! Look at this child." And she held the baby up, pushing the shawl back from the little sleeping face. Few men, even the hardest, can resist the appeal of a child. "It is a life saved. What is petrol oil in comparison with a life?" Whether they understood what she meant or not, who shall say? but her urgency was irresistible. The bus started at once.

After the baby had been comfortably settled and we had heard her story, we tried to get Blessing to let us pay for the journey. This was her third, and she had not let us pay anything. She yielded at last so far as to say she would take the bare train and bus fare. But next day she came to us almost in tears. "I forgot, how could I forget? As soon as I got home the Lord sent me ten rupees." And she told how, just as she arrived home, the postman had brought her a post-office order for ten rupees

from her brother. "My heavenly Father has always sent me money for whatever He wants me to do for Him. How could I forget and tell you my fare came to eight rupees, when He had already sent me ten, which is two rupees over? I was ashamed before Him. Do not ask me to take money when He has already given it to me."

I suppose one must live in the East fully to appreciate the sequence of events flowing so smoothly, though at every point something might have happened to interrupt. Carts break down, or are delayed, buses break down; one such, just after Blessing's journey, precipitated forty passengers on to the road, where they sat stranded and the injured lay in pain for several hours. This peacefully conducted journey belongs to the order of the Seen.

And to the Unseen order belongs that sense of urgency ("There is a child in danger now, I must go!"); the incident of the woman setting out for the temple just after Blessing's return, the unusual interest of the other woman; and even the coming of ten rupees just at the time when it was required, for Blessing had no money in hand at the moment.

42. CANDLES

THIS book, as I remind myself again, is written to those who understand—who are, as we say, in sympathy. (“If there be no sympathy there can be no understanding.”) And so once more part of a home letter shall find a place here, and tell of a kindness so kind that no one could have thought of it but our Lord Jesus.

“There is a fund now in the hands of the National Library for the Blind, called Candles.* This is the story of that fund :

“It was early morning of February 26th, and I was sad, thinking how very little I could do now; Samuel Rutherford’s letters were open beside me, and I chanced to read this sentence, ‘*Pray for me, that the Lord would give me house-room again to hold a candle to this dark world.*’

“And I turned it into prayer, ‘*O my Lord, give me house-room again to hold a candle to this dark world.*’ And then the day filled with talks with one and another who came about the King’s business, and the miscellaneous oddments that come into a room in a day. There was no time to think of those other things which as one looked back upon them seemed so much more useful than anything possible now.

“Late that evening, when I was not at all thinking of the prayer of the morning, an envelope was put on the

* National Library for the Blind, 35 Great Smith St., Westminster, S.W. 1, which serves many Institutions as well as the Colonies and the Dominions and various foreign countries; and it has readers in India, Burma and Ceylon and Federated Malay States.

table beside me. Many such are put there. I opened it expecting a note about some trouble or some joy, or asking me to do something about something. I found a cheque for £200 'to turn *Rose from Brier* into Braille.'

"Into Braille? For a moment I saw only a beautiful gift, and then the thought of the prayer of the morning flashed across my mind. And now that book is in Braille, and the National Library for the Blind will, I think, be doing other books, as the gift is enough to cover more than the *Rose*, and the giver wishes this. Was ever a dearer, quicker answer to a word which no one had heard but our heavenly Father—not even the Perfect Nurse? Nor had I thought of that kind of answer to that prayer, for I was not thinking of the dark world of the blind. That Thou art near, O Lord, Thy loving works declare. Thou art near, O Lord, great are Thy tender mercies. Thine eyes saw the pencilled date on the margin of the book. Thy love planned the double answer to that prayer. O tell it out that He is near, all you who love Him, tell it out to the sad world that thinks Him far away, though He be not far from every one of us."

Every gift given by a servant in obedience to a word from the Master is like the fruit whose seed is in itself. One does not only enjoy the fruit, one finds a seed. It has been so with this gift. The seed thereof has been the imperishable riches of new friendships. Such friendships are nearly always hallowed by a new knowledge of suffering borne with a kind of shining fortitude that is not of earth. "After that ye have suffered awhile," thank God it is only for a while.

There is much that I think of as flummery in what is written for the suffering and bereft. There is much that is too "highfalutin" to be rock-bottom truth. The really suffering, who know what the grip of pain can be, write much less loftily, and so do those who are bereft

of some precious power like sight or movement or hearing. And yet "*Since Christ, the world of pain is no accident but a lawful department of life with experiences, hopes, secrets of its own.*" These words helped one who was caught in the coils of pain, and she passed them on as vital.

But if suffering be, as some regard it, the crown of life, it can never be easy to think of anyone wearing that crown, for it is made of a twisted spray of brier. Our Lord never calls it a light thing, even though at His touch the spray of brier buds and blossoms "as a rose growing by the brook of the field."

"What is there hid in the heart of a rose?" asks the child in *The Forest of Wild Thyme*.

A man that died on a lonely hill
May tell you, perhaps, but none other will,

answers the mother; and the persistent child goes on,
"What does it take to make a rose?"

The God that died to make it knows,
It takes the world's eternal wars,
It takes the moon and all the stars,
It takes the might of heaven and hell
And the everlasting Love as well,
Little child.

43. AN UNEXPECTED CHAPTER

1. *And all that I have is thine*

IF the tale about the candle was read with the understanding upon which I always count (if I did not, I could not write at all), I think it must have given the kind of pleasure that is ours when we hear something new and lovely about a friend, "so like him," "so like her," we say. I never hear something new and beautiful about our Lord without thinking of the day when D. L. Moody spoke on the words, "And all that I have is thine."

It was at Keswick in 1892, and after the meeting he and the Chairman, Robert Wilson, walked down the street together; Moody was talking earnestly. "I never saw it like that before," he was saying. "Oh, the love! Oh, the love! *Son, thou art ever with Me, and all that I have is thine*"—and then his voice broke. Astonished, I looked up and saw the tears raining down his cheeks.

To read those words, even to think of them, is to see again the white tent, the scattering crowd, the street, the two big, burly men touched to the quick, forgetting themselves, forgetting the people, forgetting everything as one of the two repeated with an intonation I can hear still, "*Son, thou art ever with Me, and all that I have is thine.*"

Books have an unexpected way of drifting to those hidden places where the soul of man walks alone, for not

even his nearest neighbour knows that he is there. Because of this habit of books, perhaps an unexpected chapter will be forgiven.

There is a barren land which we reach when we have given all we have to give and feel drained to the last drop; and are plodding on without life or freshness, and our hearts are crying out for the quickening touch that renews the inward man. We cannot live without that touch, and yet somehow we seem too spent to seek it. But we can stretch forth our hands, "I stretch forth my hands unto Thee: my soul thirsteth after Thee, as a thirsty land."

A word is waiting for us there: "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys: I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water." Bare heights of loneliness, deep valleys of depression, a wilderness whose burning winds sweep over glowing sand, what are they to Him? Even there He can refresh us; even there He can renew us.

Or the book may find one who does not know his Father, and yet desires to know Him.

"But when he was yet a great way off, his Father saw him and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him." So does our Father see and run (O word of mystery!) to meet our heart's deep longing; so does His love embrace. For He meets us everywhere. If I am in trouble because of my sin, there is forgiveness with Thee, O my Father; if I am cast down, with Thee is lifting up; if I am athirst, with Thee is eternal refreshment. Always Thy word to me is that tender word, *Son, thou art ever with Me, and all that I have is thine.*

*O deeps unfathomed as the sea,
O heights that reach beyond the high,
O Love, that lavished all on me,
I know Thee now, I know Thee nigh.
O Love, that is not here or there,
But like Thine own eternity
Is here, is there, is everywhere,
I yield, I love, I worship Thee.*

Does the heart half-persuaded, half-fearful say, "But life can be difficult afterwards"? It can be very difficult. It was difficult for some of us lately and we found unexpected help through a bird, a butterfly, and a sunbird's nest.

2. Bird, butterfly, sunbird's nest

We have each our own private magic casement. The first glimpse of a snow mountain, or a stretch of purple heather, the tang of that same heather, the bitter-sweet scent of certain aromatic herbs, the sharp smell of seaweed, the soft breath of a meadow in clover, the sound of running waters, birds flying high in transparent blue, the first violet or primrose or patch of wood-sorrel, a cushion of ferny moss, a spray of wild rose—the heart knoweth its own casement. For some of us in Dohnavur it is just the whistle of the Malabar thrush.

This bird is a friend of rocks and rivers in deep woods, and when we go to our forest on the mountains, we know that the blissful moment between sleeping and waking of our first morning in that beloved place will thrill to the clear whistle just outside our windows, and we shall be caught away on the wings of a dream—whither? Who can tell? Only we know the casement is open and the air is golden and full of the flutings of a bird.

But it may be far from golden in the forest. It may be wild weather. Then slashing rain whips the low, tiled roof, and furious gusts tearing down the ravine threaten to uproot the houses that have dared to perch up there. The branches of the trees strike each other with a sound of loud complaining. Their leaves are colourless. A palm, thrusting through his lesser neighbours, tosses black plumes like ostrich feathers against the grey smear that is the sky. On such a morning a heavy gloom broods over the forest, a gloom like a pall. The place may be swept with cloud, or smothered in mist, and there may not be one cheerful thing to look at anywhere, except the log fire on the open hearth, and probably it smokes.

It may be a most melancholy morning, but nothing makes any difference to that bird. He whistles his inconsequent tune, never twice the same, never hurried; it is the most leisurely thing imaginable. The key is continually changing (like life). You cannot follow him or ever anticipate him, you can only listen and love him.

And often in the crush of the common day on the Plains, or when a gloom has descended upon us—for not all days are sunny—we have thought of that brave bird who whistles through all weathers, and have thanked the God who made him, and asked Him to give us the courage of His bird.

For everywhere the perpetual endeavour of the enemy of souls is to discourage. If he can get the soul "under the weather," he wins. It is not really what we go through that matters, it is what we go under that breaks us. We can bear anything if only we are kept inwardly victorious.

On a rainy day in the forest after the first burst of the monsoon is over, a surprising thing is often seen. The rain then is not the heaviest—that kind of rain

comes down like solid grey walls of water or in great scourging rods—but it is as heavy as ordinary English rain: quite heavy enough, one would think, to destroy in a moment such a fragile thing as a butterfly.

And yet you may see the black-and-yellow *Papilio minos* of the forest out in the wet, hovering over the flowery bushes, lighting on one for a dripping moment, then fluttering off and across some open space. The spread of her wings is five or six inches from tip to tip; you watch half incredulously those five or six inches of delicate tissue borne down perhaps, sometimes, but always rising again, soaring again.

If God can make His birds to whistle in drenched and stormy darkness, if He can make His butterflies able to bear up under rain, what can He not do for the heart that trusts Him?

So there can never be anything to fear. Outside the room in Dohnavur where this book is being finished, a sunbird has hung her nest from a spray of *valaris*. The spray is as light as a spray of honeysuckle; and grows in much the same careless way. The nest is attached to the spray by a few threads of cobweb, but so delicately that the touch of a child would detach it; a cupful of water thrown at it would sweep it down. It is a mere nothing of a nest. But it took a week of patient mothercraft to make it. It is roofed, it has a porch, and set deep within is a bed of silky down.

We know now that we were foolish, but we could not help being anxious about the fate of that wee home; for our north-east monsoon was due, and the nest hung in the eye of the wind and beyond the eaves of the house. There was no shelter from the wind and the rain. And how would the tiny mother find her food in the weather that would soon be upon us? The father bird would feed her if he could, but in rain the *convolvulus* and

other nectar-carrying flowers are dashed and sodden. How could those little jewels on wings survive, much less bring up a family? It seemed as if bird-wisdom for once were at fault.

The day the mother began to sit upon the two or three comfits that are her eggs, the monsoon broke. First came the wind; the spray swung from the branch and the nest swung from the spray. The wind did it no harm. Then the rain poured down in sheets; and still it swung in peace, for the four narrow leaves from whose axil the nest depended were so disposed that they turned into green gutters and carried off the water as quickly as it fell. Exactly where no rain could hurt it that nest hung, and the little mother sat calmly through those floods, her dainty head resting on the threshold of the porch which she had made on the south side—the sheltered side. If a drop of water fell on her long, curved beak, she sucked it up as though it had been honey. And always, somehow, she was fed.

I think to more than one of us the Father spoke then. There is something very precious about a little bird and her nest, but “Ye are of more value than many sparrows—than many sunbirds.”

44. LAND. 1926-1935 *

IN one of the office note-books a summary is written month by month of the inflow and outflow of the month. The office calls it approximate, because all the month's bills may not have come in, nor has the account of English expenditure had time to reach us. But we like to have it, for it keeps us, roughly speaking, aware of what is happening, and helps to guide our praise and prayer, and also continually reminds us of the simplicity of Divine account-keeping. Set forth as it is on these pages, it shows even the most unfinancially-minded how literally true are the promises of God about supplies for the carrying on of His work.

A glance through this book shows that we are never allowed to grow slack and take the coming of funds for granted; sometimes much less comes in a month than we have had to spend. If this continued it would soon end all, for a balance is not an inexhaustible sea. But always by the end of the half-year there has been enough to pay our bills and leave something over to help a barren month; and this balance has also at times allowed us to lay by for special and non-recurring expenses, such as building, or the buying of new land.

New land—the word reminds me of a certain day during the War when the exchange threatened ruin. It was the time when half, and later more than half of the money sent from home seemed to drop into the sea on its way out. It was as utterly lost to us as if it had done that.

* See note 5, p. 241.

And the constantly shifting circumstances gave a sense of insecurity, and the threatenings about us were like the growlings of wild beasts. "My soul is among lions. . . . My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed : I will sing and give praise," is a great word for such times.

But they were not times for buying land, and so, when the village pastor came to tell us of a garden newly planted with mango, orange and lime trees and fields adjoining ours, for sale, we could only answer, "We cannot buy."

"You may not have another chance," he answered, and his voice sounded disappointed.

We were not disappointed, for we did not think that we needed more land, nor had we any one to look after it properly. But the thoughts of our God are always larger than ours. He had that land in view for us, and ten years later it was offered again. This time we prayed over it. And yet we could not feel free to buy it. Nine years passed, and that same land was again in the market, and, as we had reason to think, for the last time. One of the office books has this entry : "*Note in an old Prayer-Record book : October 23rd, 1926, Prayer for guidance about N.T.'s land. June 1935, bought it.*"

For when in 1935 the land was offered for the third time, we were free to buy it, adding also other fields adjoining our compound on the east. The east and north-east are the only sides where we can expand; elsewhere villages or Government land and water enclose us.

Fortunately land is not expensive here, and it is more economical and much healthier to build low and spread out than to pack high buildings close together. Vegetable and fruit-gardens, fields for growing fodder and for grazing, playing-fields—these have been given. And

quiet spaces also have been given, so that it may be possible for all, Indian and foreign, who live in the midst of the throng of things, and never, unless medically ordered, take long holidays, to have somewhere not too distant where we can "shut the door." We cannot drift into starving the spirit for lack of these quiet places. In the buying of land they were not forgotten.

There are times when conditions are such that it seems foolish to go on increasing responsibilities; and it is not a thing that should be done lightly. But the alternative is to send to destruction children whom we could save; for to refuse to save a child, if the power to save be yours, is to do that dreadful thing. And how could we do that with the word of our Lord and Saviour sounding in our ears, *Whoso shall receive one such little child in My name receiveth Me?* As to the poor and ill, we could not forget His other word, *I was an hungered, I was thirsty, I was a stranger, I was sick.* Has He ever told us to consider conditions? No, never. He told us to consider the ravens and the lilies. "Fear not, little flock," He said; there are many like commands, and in keeping of them there is great reward.

And so we are at rest. "Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of His disciples, whom Jesus loved. . . . Then saith He to the disciple (the disciple whom He loved), Behold thy mother."

He that loveth leaneth, he that leaneth resteth, and to him shall be given the ministry of love.

45. GENTIANAS AND STROBILANTHES AGAIN

FOR a long time Pavilions, where our delicate children live, could not be fully used because of the scarcity of water. Sometimes there was very little, and the children were taught to treasure every drop. When some of them saw the sea for the first time, they were quite distressed, "Look, Sittie, look! the waves are wasting water!" So there was thanksgiving when Arul Dasan, our senior Indian Annachie, found a spring. But it was very deep underground, and the drawing of the water and carting it to the houses was so costly in money and in time that we were very happy when a windmill was given to Pavilions. One of the brothers who set it up went out after it had begun to work, to make sure all was well. He was amused to find that it had been closed down on Sunday—"to give the wind a rest," we supposed. However, it is good for even the simplest of machines to have one day's rest in seven, so he let the arrangement stand.

Now that there was plenty of water, we built a new nursery—a little sanatorium we might call it, for the most fragile thrive in that wind.

It is wonderful to see these expansions and to know that each expanse as it occurs is met by our Father through His children, often His poor children.

Far away in Lisu land, West Yunnan, China, a little company of Christians met to give of their poverty to the Saviour whom they had known only for four or five years. "They are the poorest of the poor, and their



One of the hills
you see as you look
north from Pavilions.

The new Kindergarten nursery.



gift to foreign missions is a new adventure on their part, but when we suggested it there were cries of ' Glad to do so ! ' all over the chapel. It is a keen joy to send it to you. It is a precious thing that our dear, ragged Lisu should do this," wrote their missionary.

" There came unto Him a woman having an alabaster box of very precious ointment and poured it on His head." Who could read this letter, the first entered in our book in 1936, without thinking of those words? Verily the hills of Lisu land must be blue with gentians and strobilanthes, too, in the eyes of the angels.

We do not, as a puzzled friend apparently imagined we did, nourish our children on beer—" What queer names they give their books, *Beer in a Barrel !* " was her dubious remark—but we do use quantities of other fluids, such as milk, and lately orange-juice. Among fluids we might count eggs, for the children do something few of us can achieve, they drink the egg " neat " from the shell. Milk is brought in four to five hundred brass vessels a day—the testing and measuring of so many small quantities is not an easy business.

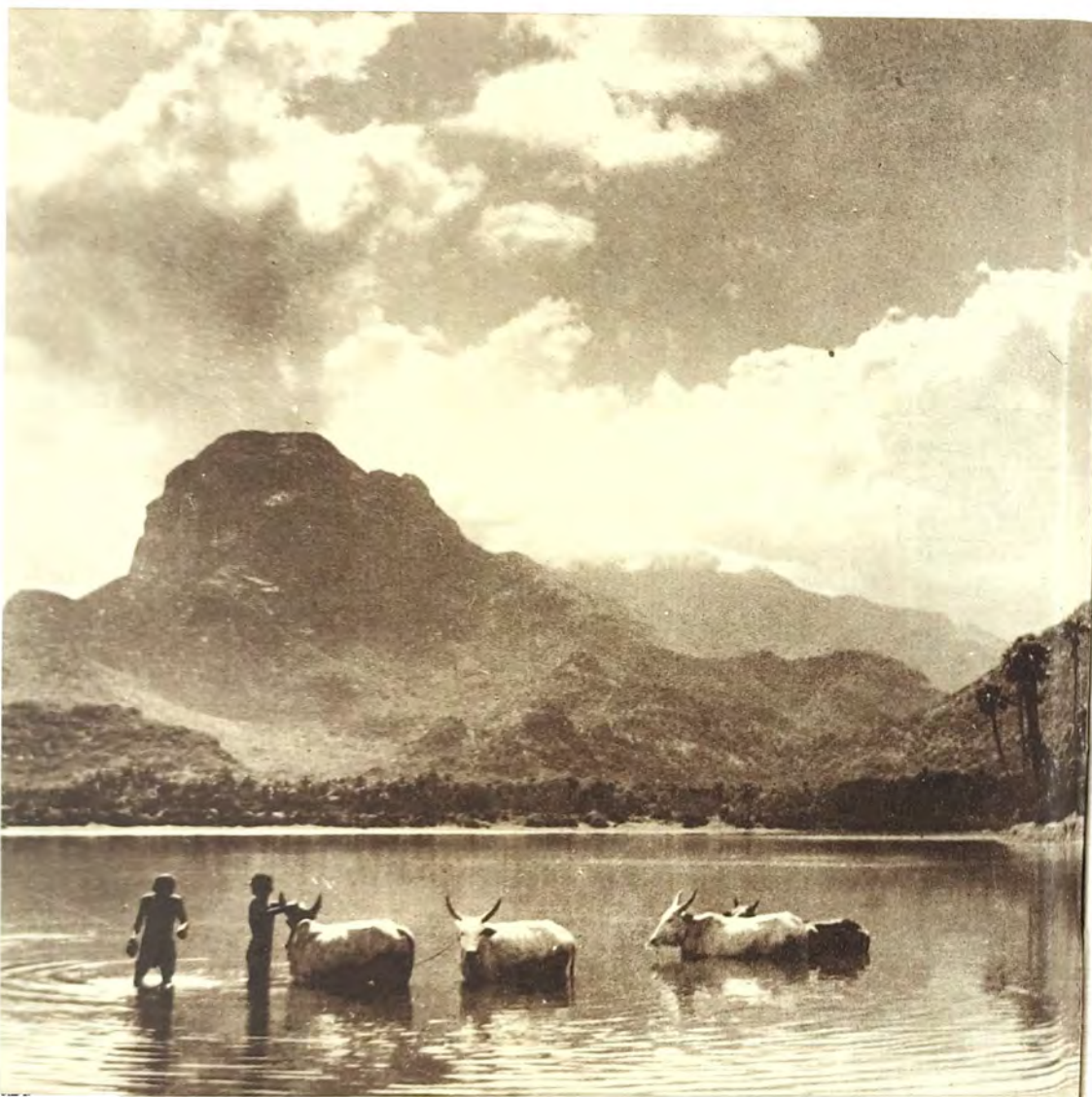
Perhaps housekeepers will be interested in reading of the last six months supply of milk, eggs, oranges and plantains. (Eggs take the place of meat : that is why we have so many.)

46,130 quarts of milk
77,181 eggs
54,060 oranges
260,832 plantains

" I have heard of the work you are doing at Dohnavur," said the orange merchant of Tinnevely Town. " I am an old man, but while I live I want to supply you with oranges at the lowest rate all the year round." So we are helped.

One day we had a letter from Olive Gibson telling us how she and her helper had prayed together about funds: "We had special prayer, and next day £14 came in. It was a great cheer to M. B., even though it wasn't hundreds." But God had His hundreds already in the post on their way to us. On the day the letter came telling of that £14, we had another letter. It was about the severity of the challenge of these last days, and of how this very challenge was causing a deeper knowledge of the Lord, as those who loved Him walked in the fire with One like unto the Son of God, "the Christ triumphant who has won through on our behalf, and Himself holds the key to every situation and the triumph hidden in each hour." It was not till we had read this and thought over it that we noticed a postscript, "I feel this *must* go now," and we found "this" was a cheque for £300 "for current expenses."

"And that cheque was used immediately for current expenses," is the comment in the note-book. It was followed by £1 "from a bond-slave of Jesus in Japan." We have no way of thanking such givers. We can only ask their Lord to thank them for us, and if it be His way, to cause this book to find them out.



The valley between the hills to
the right is the Delectable Land.

46. UNDER THE FIG TREE. 1936

THERE is another whom we should be glad to thank through *Windows*, if we may not do so more directly. She is one of whom our Home Secretary writes, "The Bank manager of a Bank here has been in to-day to say that one of his clients, who wishes to remain anonymous, wants to give us £300, but isn't quite sure how to do it. She doesn't seem to be one of our regular letter-readers, as she could only tell him that it was work amongst children in India, and that I had something to do with it. So he came to see where he ought to send the money."

This letter was arriving in India when Godfrey Webb-Peploe came into my room with a story and a question. The story was about an offer he had received from a man who had bought up a large number of the shares of a valley which we always think of as the Delectable Land. And he offered this land (some two hundred acres) for £300. The question was, "Do you think we might ask for a Sign-gift of £300?" We were quiet for a little: Lord, may we?

There was need to ask for a sign about the matter, for just as when we bought the ravine in the forest (and we have thanked God for that ravine ever since), so here we must be very sure. To buy the valley implied an act of faith that the workers who would be needed to turn it into a training-ground for boys, and the money to make the most of it would be given. For such an act of faith something that makes us humbly certain of the way is required, lest we go "presumptuously up the hill," and come to grief on that same hill and dishonour the name of our Lord.

Ten years ago that valley was offered to us for £500.

Some of us went to see it. We found it enchanting, and in truth we were enchanted. To speak its very name on the hottest day opens a cool greenness, and you hear the ripple and the murmur of a stream where ferns and rushes grow as they grow by a stream at home; and you feel the wind sweep down through a gap in the hills, and see a waterfall plunge into the forest high above. For the valley nestles among the mountains except where it opens in a narrow pass, and on the day when we were there a tiny rivulet ran singing by the path.

Rich soil, pasture, water all the year round—the place seemed to be created for giving honest, healthy work to boys for whom the land has a call. But we could not consider buying it then, and we pushed the thought away.

Now once more this whole lovely valley, except for some rice-fields on a little hill within it, had been offered to us, and for three hundred pounds instead of five hundred.

But we are not hastening the matter. “The man, wondering, held his peace to wit whether the Lord had made his journey prosperous or not,” is often a word of warning in guidance of this kind, for even though we have the £300, there is need to wait, “to wit” whether the Lord is in truth directing us to buy; there are still hindrances connected with land tenure that need to be removed, and we do not see yet who is to be the worker there. But that £300 assures us that if He whose name in our Tamil version of Micah 2. 13 is the Remover of Hindrances, moves on, then we may go forward, nothing doubting. And he who wondering held his peace that day must, I think, feel like Nathanael, to whom his Lord said, “When thou wast under the fig tree I saw thee.”

So we ended the half-year with another grateful look to the Lord of the fig trees, whose love “anticipates the love of the friend.” Blessed be the anticipating love of our dear Lord.



47. THE PASSING OF A NURSE

WHEN the tower was built above the theatre block in the Place of Heavenly Healing, we felt that its highest room was the ideal Prayer Room, and a gift of tubular bells on which the call to prayer hour by hour is beaten out, sometimes with a familiar tune, as in our House of Prayer, gave the final touch to that upper room.

No photograph taken from its windows can fairly show the view; hills which run from five to six thousand feet look insignificant in photographs. But this picture taken on the hillside shows what we, who know those hills so well, see with the eyes of the mind when we look through the western window.

* * * * *

That half-page was written, and then there was a long break in the writing.

Up on those cool heights some of our family are resting; among them was our Indian head-nurse, Kohila (the little Cuckoo of *Gold Cord*). She had set her heart on sending down a favourite purple flower to decorate another nurse's Coming-day room. This flower usually grows in inaccessible places, but our girls are good climbers, and when, after a long walk up one of the mountain ravines, they saw it in alluring masses on a shelf of a precipitous rock, Kohila began to climb that rock. Half-way up her foot slipped. She fell. Soon afterwards she died.

Comforting words about her dropped in a shower upon us who could not be with her there: "She died climbing like many another fine soul." "We wondered at her

kindness with everyone always, and also we cannot forget her prayerfulness; she used to draw one or another of us aside to pray about the patients, or the hospital, or some one who was giving anxiety." "Love for others was her last thought." "If there was a difficult case it was always Kohila who took it on, or a difficult nurse it was always Kohila who offered to work with her; if someone was needed to *buthil* (do the work instead of another) it was always Kohila who volunteered to miss the treat." Her ward in *Others* was a sunshiny place, and the Accals were happy about their babies when they were under her care, for she loved each as her own. We thought of her now serving our little ones who are in the heavenly nursery, many of whom she had nursed and loved down here.

Sometimes when painful things must happen the painfulness is relieved in such a way that, looking back, as Tara puts it, "You feel the love of God pressing much closer to you than the pain." It was so in the passing of Kohila.

On the forenoon of that day and all through the afternoon, heavy rain fell. It was very dark in the forest. There was no path down the mountain-side. In many places it was dangerous, especially in the darkness and the rain. But the girl (one of the three who had gone up to gather flowers) who now, leaving the other alone with the dying Kohila in that great solitude, hurried off to get help, dare not stay to seek for the safest way. Hardly knowing in her anxiety what she was doing, she stumbled and slipped down rocks, or jumped; it amazed her and others afterwards to see where she had been; but she was guarded.

Just as she reached the upper of our Forest houses, Philip England and a party of masons whom he had brought up from the Plains to do some repairs, arrived

there. They set out at once, and six hours later carried Kohila in. It would have been almost impossible to bring her down in such rain and such darkness without the help of those men who "happened" to be there that day. And that evening, as Godfrey Webb-Peploe came home from the Forest to tell us of her swift coronation, he saw many bushes alight with golden flowers. He gathered them, and those bright flowers gave the day the triumphant note that is fitting for a pure sorrow.

Afterwards when the two who were with her last went to the rock which will always be called by her name, they found its crevices full of tall, sweet-scented Madonna lilies; white orchids grew among the purple flowers, a rare and lovely fern filled all the nooks and crannies, and the place where she had lain was blue with a little pale blue flower that made a mist of blue.

Then as they stood there, silenced by the beauty and the peace, the morning sun lighted the water flowing over the rock and the clear pool below. "A more perfect spot I have never seen," wrote Christian. They were being shown, she felt, something of the glory into which our little nurse had entered, the glory which excelleth. Round about them stood the noble palms of the upper forest: O Grave, where is thy victory?

And there were songs: Up in the bird-haunted woods, about the time Kohila was passing, one who was listening heard a Malabar thrush whistle his inimitable tune over and over again, while above him five spotted babblers sang their ascending and descending song.

"I did not know until this morning that the one we lost was a nurse and a great helper in the hospital," a thoughtful brother wrote. "Then I did not know what to think about such a loss amongst an already overworked staff. But in my reading I came to Zechariah 8. 6. *Si cela semble difficile aux yeux du reste de ce peuple . . . sera-t-il*

pourtant difficile à mes yeux ? dit l'Eternel des Armées. And that was for me as a strong handhold to hold on, a handhold on a slippery rock. The English version says 'marvellous,' the French, 'difficult': *If it appears difficult to you, will it be difficult to Me?* This has lifted a great burden, so I pass it on to you."

May it "lift a great burden" from the heart of some reader called anew to enter into some mystery of brokenness. He took and blessed, *and brake* and gave.



48. THE DEDICATION OF THE PLACE OF HEALING

"THE vision is yet for an appointed time; though it tarry wait for it; because it will surely come," the words are written across that hour of joy, the sunset hour of the 15th of November, 1936. Thirty years ago the first prayer rose to heaven for help for the people in their need, and the first faint vision floated like a dream of desire before our eyes. Years afterwards that vision became clearer, and now the appointed time had come. O tarry thou the Lord's leisure; when at last there is a Performance of those things which were told us from the Lord, what we see is exceeding abundantly above all that we asked or thought. "Better hath He been for years than thy fears," better also than thy hopes, better than thy visions.

Our South Indian world gave us her loveliest gifts that evening. Heavy rain had fallen and washed the air clean and filled the shallow reaches of the Red Lake, upon whose hills and waters the windows of the men's ward so happily looked out. And all the trees were green and all the flowers were fresh. It was like Spring at home; sap was racing up the branches, and flowers were lifting up their faces where ever flowers could grow.

The children gathered near the moon-arch by which one passes to the Fair Garden, as the inner enclosure is called. And as they stood together in the bright garments of the East, they looked like a bed of flowers, for the light on such an evening has a rarely radiant quality, and a power not seen at other times to draw forth to itself all secrets of colour in texture, as well as in earth and air.

So everywhere there was colour. Even the corridors were like the straight lanes of water that one has seen by the street of a Japanese town, delightfully reflecting the coloured lanterns hung in the trees above, for their tiled floors reflected the crimson lanterns hung in a long line from the rafters. And the tower looked as if some one had thrown a necklet of rubies over his head. That tower whose upper room is the Prayer room (the Place of Vision is its Indian name) will soon have electric lights, the gift of a grateful leper.

The Service was all thanksgiving and adoration, Hymn and Psalm and Scripture blending in one united act of worship, and as the last Psalm was sung, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in," even the little ones who could hardly say the words joined in the jubilant Northern Indian tune, till at the second, "*Who is this King of glory?*" it rang out with a thrill that some who heard it will never forget. It was the welcome of the family to the King of Glory to the Place that is His own.

After this, the procession of children walked down the inner covered way into the Fair Garden, the girls singing to the joyful noise of cymbals, triangles and tambourines, and the Buds and Teddies waving their flags. And as they wound in and out of the buildings, their songs echoed from side to side and were most sweetly multiplied, so that those who stood waiting by the arch seemed to be surrounded by song, until the long procession passed into the outer covered way and gathered once more in a circle to sing, "Swords drawn,"

*O golden joy that Thou, Lord, givest them
Who follow Thee to far Jerusalem,
O joy immortal, when the trumpets sound,
And all the world is hushed to see Thee crowned—*

and to close with the great *Amen : Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.* And with the words came a sudden burst of glory from the skies; from east to west it was one vast glory : " I see the crimson blaring of Thy shawms "—it was like that. It was like hearing the trumpets of heaven.

Except for the pomp of the skies there was no pageantry. There were just the children and their dearest on earth, and the Unseen Company, and the beauty of the Lord and His Presence and His Peace. " There was nothing to spoil it," as Dr. Orr of Neyyoor said (for a carful of our friends from Neyyoor was with us). And in a world where so much may happen to spoil such an hour, we thought that was the perfect word.

On another evening, after the patients who had been eagerly waiting to go to their new guest-rooms were comfortably settled, there was a special hour for them and for workmen and others, and again there was a hallowing peace and a brightness, too (though there was rain and no sunset colour), for the younger children were there with their flags, and the crimson lanterns were lighted. And as the children marched round the Fair Garden the boys led the singing.

The sick people and their relations appreciated everything : the roomy rooms, pictures, flowers, convenient kitchens, electric light. This last was too much for one dear old man. He caught Bertie Berdoe's arm and patting it vigorously pointed to the globe overhead. He had never seen, never imagined such light.

And an old grannie, waving her hands towards the mountains, said to one of our Indian nurses, " Delightful is the place you have chosen for us, and knowing-good (grateful) are we." No one works for gratitude, and there is much that is ruffling to serenity in the general

attitude, which is frankly, "Is it not meritorious to do good deeds? Give us therefore everything for nothing." And yet now and then there are cheering little incidents like the leper's gift for light, and we dwell on them with pleasure.

But the patients' appreciation of new comforts is nothing in comparison with that of the doctors and nurses. None of them remembers the first "dispensary." It was a box, the kind used then for packing kerosene-oil tins. Some remember the henhouse, our first "hospital"; then the draughty bamboo huts; and all remember the congested little old Door of Health, the outhouses which no effort could keep clean, the motor-car shed, the two small verandahs for outpatients, and the one room where the doctor worked in the thick of a small babel. Spaciousness and cleanliness are immense boons.

Many have prayed during the waiting years. The first answer to those prayers is the peace that is everywhere: "Even the Mohammedans forget to shout to each other," some one said in speaking of this, "they seem to feel hushed." It is as if a little cloud of quietness had floated down and rested on the place.

49. THINK IT NOT STRANGE

Is there ever a fresh advance made into the enemy's territory without a move on his part? If he did not retaliate might we not be sure that our movements were of so little moment to him that he did not think us worth attack?

Think it not strange, then, that just before the time appointed for the Dedication, a patient came in with tetanus, and another died, so that several who had looked forward to that hour could not be present, and the doctor, instead of being with the already assembled family, was detained. (His brother Godfrey peacefully kept the little multitude singing till he came, so that there was none of that restlessness that can so easily disturb such occasions.)

And think it not strange that within three days of the Dedication eleven of the Fellowship were out of action. It was as if an invisible hand had struck down one after another, till at last, every time the door opened we wondered, "What now?" "While he was yet speaking there came also another"—Not for the first time in our story those words were recalled.

The last of these messengers told of a slip on the muddy path and a broken arm. "And why?" asked five-year-old Mullie, for the one who had broken her arm was the tedlet's Lotus Sittie (Beatrice Taylor), and Mullie, being a frank and honest child, said what she thought about it. So the twins, Mullie and Vullie, came for a talk about this mystery of mysteries to the child-mind, and perhaps to many a grown-up mind, too—the "Why" of painful

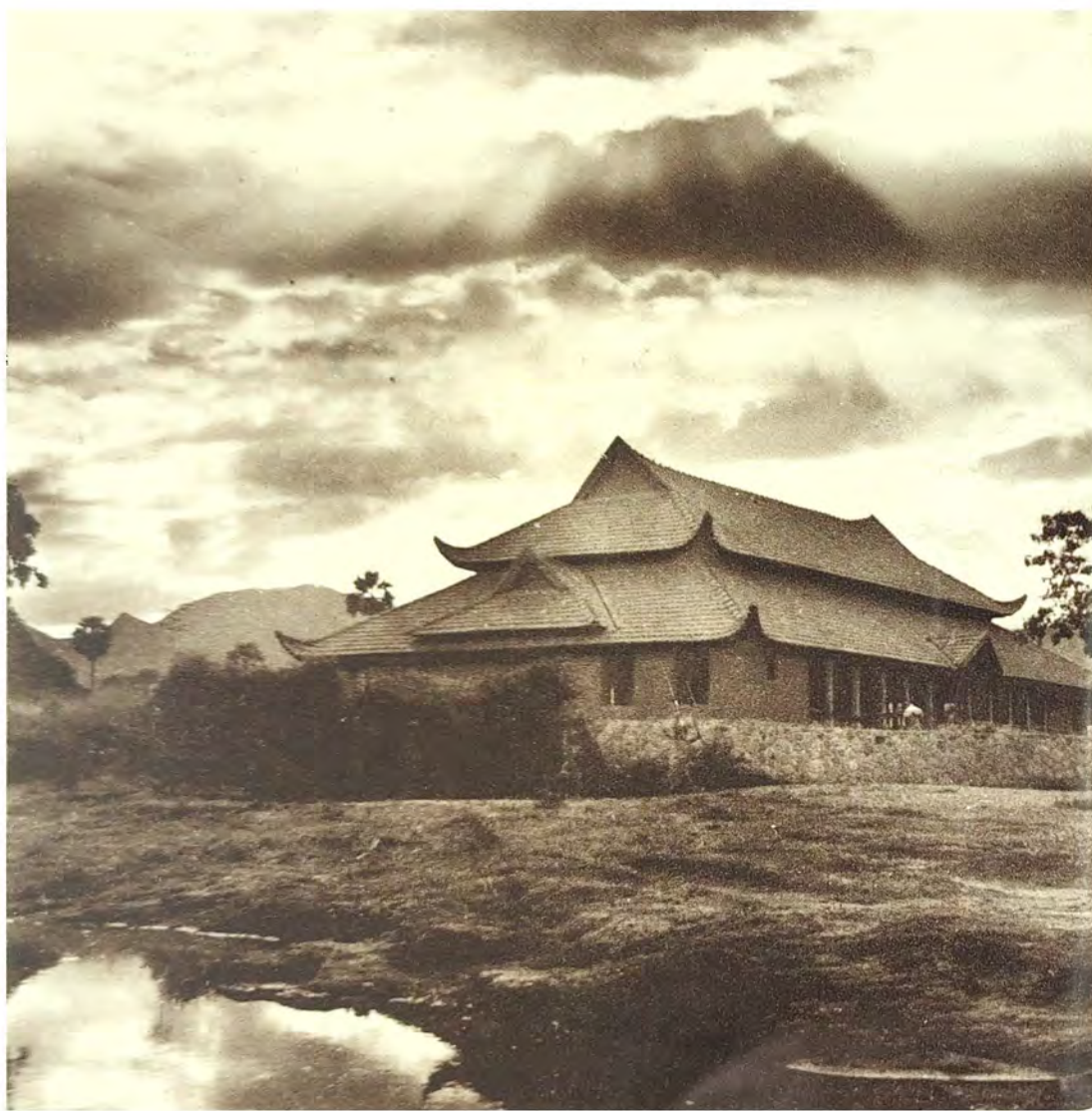
things. "We do not know now; but when we go to our Father's house we shall understand," was not an explanation, but it seemed to comfort them.

These times pass; broken arms mend; other hurts heal. There comes an hour when the Lord our God lifts up His hand and the foe slinks off defeated. And never was he more than an outside foe. If peace be granted within, what do storms outside matter? "And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God: and the prisoners heard them." The Lord grant that the prisoners of a stronger power than Rome, who are listening for sighs here in South India when "things go wrong," may hear nothing but songs.

* * * * *

Once again I think of some whose heart will go out in longing to be in the thick of the fray again, at any cost. You have fought until your hand was weary and clave unto the sword, and the Lord wrought a great victory that day. Now something else is asked of you. Clamorous ills have come up like the Philistines of the old story who swarmed over the piece of ground full of lentils, and perhaps, unlike Shammah (which means Renown), you are not in fighting trim. Then take the first three and the last seven words of II Samuel 23. 12. *But he stood: and the Lord wrought a great victory.*

Let this thought open before you like a new path through a forest up a hillside. It will lead above the forest to places where flowers bloom that are like a wild-flower we call Fragrance of the Uplands, because every part of that plant, long tube of purple flower, pale mauve sepal, rough leaf and furry stem, is perfumed, and retains that perfume through days of burning heat.



50. THE DEDICATION OF THE HALL OF GOOD TIDINGS

BEHIND this hall is the usual story of a call and an answer. Thank God it is "usual." What should we do if no one heard when we called? And yet we do not find prayer easy: "Prayer hath the travail of a mighty conflict to one's last breath."

The story looks over the edge of the year which, properly speaking, closes this book. But we are not too rigidly bound by dates, and, after all, it began long before 1936 with the first buildings which were put up in July, 1904—little mud-brick rooms which still stand (propped up in places) and are in use.

The first workmen's meeting was held in the courtyard of those rooms. One of the masons believed, but years were to pass before prayer for his family and clan was to be answered. It began to be answered in 1932, when the brothers in charge of the new work then being carried on, were able to arrange for regular meetings and classes for masons, carpenters and coolies.

Before this time many had been drawn to the Sunday Gospel Service by the loving lives of the medical workers, and also, as some said frankly, by the sight of the troops of happy little children whose part in the Service is to wave their coloured flags. In our part of South India it is not the custom for Hindus and Muslims to come to Christian Services. But men and women came, and soon the House of Prayer was full to overflowing. "No room to see," said a Lotus Bud once, "only room to hear."

She meant there was hardly room enough on the floor to sit and see the preacher, though he could be heard.

But the House of Prayer is set in the midst of the compound where our young girls live. In the East one does not bring men of all kinds and all ages into the midst of a colony of girls. We took risks, and knew that we did, but we could not shut our gates to any one who cared enough to come, and those same gates were carefully kept, so we went on. It was the only thing to do.

At last, towards the beginning of 1936, so many were coming (who could not be sent elsewhere, for they wanted to be welcomed and taught) that it seemed clear we must do something about it. And the thought came to Hugh Evan Hopkins, whose specially beloved care the men engaged in our building work had been, to build a hall somewhere near enough to the hospital to allow patients to come, and near enough to our home-land to allow the boys to go and help. And one night a plan came as plans for buildings so often come, clear enough in detail to be sketched out at once. And a site was found and a sign given.

When Thou dost favour any action,
It runnes, it flies;
All things concurre to give it a perfection.
But when Thou dost on businesse blow,
It hangs, it clogs;

The building of that hall must have been favoured, for it did not hang and clog—it ran, it flew.

At once masons, carpenters, and coolies offered free work; and then £200 came from Australia, where friends had heard what we were doing. There had been prayer that if gifts were ear-marked they might not be “too heavily tied,” and this was the first large gift after that prayer; it was evident that the giver would be pleased

if it could be used for the hall, but it was not "heavily tied." Then, by the kindness of our Father, enough came for the children's needs, so the whole £200 was free for the hall.

It was dedicated on December 21st. This is how it looked that day to an observant Lotus Bud :

"It has the curly eaves that we all like so much ; and it was green and foresty like our own forest, for some of the men had gone up and brought down many palms. There were Cords of love palms (these are palms which throw out flowers like green ropes in great tassels, the children call them Cords of love), and sugar-cane reeds, and plantains with great bunches of fruit. There were big bowls of lotus too, and gloriosa lily like little fires among the green. And across the north-east corner, just as in our House of Prayer, there was a bench and a table. The table was covered with brass vessels, the gifts of the people ; Vénthan Annachie (Hugh Evan Hopkins) told us they had given about three hundred rupees in gifts and work. We heard them say that already they love their hall very much.

"As you come in by the door on the west you see the Tamil verses that Bala Accal painted in blue on brown teak. On one side is, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest,' and on the other, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.' When you come inside you see, 'Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.'

"There are framed pictures in the little corner rooms—the Good Shepherd and others. People can be quiet there. Standing in the porch you see the Place of Healing and the mountains, and on the north and south sides of the hall, which are open to the air, climbing things are running up the trellis ; so, very soon, there will be cool green walls."

Over four hundred from the villages round about gathered for the Dedication and stayed for the Gospel meeting afterwards. It was a friendly time, and a Brahman from the hospital sat beside one of the workmen. (There would be careful bathing that evening, but a hospital is a place where perforce you break caste in a superficial way at least, and this helps such occasions.)

The first Service of Worship was on the following Sunday. First things are always memorable, and freedom to lead awakened and wakening souls into the realities of worship is something that one to whom that liberty has been given can never forget. Often when a new convert finds himself with fellow-Christians he is suffocated and chilled by thick folds of formalism. It was not so in that first Sunday Service which began as ours does in the House of Prayer, with a silent minute of standing in the Presence of the Lord.

And among those who stood was the nephew of the mason converted so many years ago. In a little demon-temple is kept to this day the club with which he used to thrash himself as he sought in a passion of desire to receive the afflatus. He is now our gatekeeper at the Place of Healing.



51. BABIES' JOY

ON December 19th, 1934, a gift of £100 came to us from a lover of little children. All our nurseries were overcrowded, and we took this hundred pounds to mean that our Lord would have us begin to build a new one with deep, shady verandahs, so that our English babies would be safe from the sun as they played there with their little Indian sisters and brothers.

"It is the most delicious place," Joan England wrote in answer to a note asking for the date of that one hundred pounds; and busy though her morning is in the office, she had to stop for a moment and tell of its deliciousness. Such wide verandahs, such shade, such games and races among the bigger babies, of whom one is her own little daughter, beloved by all the nursery world. "Tara Cootie has quite big-sisterly affection for the babies already. I took her there yesterday, and she scrambled up the steps to the verandah and ran straight to little Flower of Compassion, and put her arms round her neck and hugged her and kissed her."

This little person, who has an English name, but is known to the Family by her Indian name Tara, to which the Tamil pet-name Cootie is added, is the serious charge of another whose name means Joy of Love. Joy of Love knows that Tara Cootie must wear a *topi* when she goes out in the sun, so she takes it in her soft brown hands and crushes it firmly down on the fair little head. "And Tara Cootie obeys her," says Sarala, who is Nurse Accal to this set of small people, "for Joy of Love is nearly three

and Tara Cootie is not two yet, so Joy of Love has authority." Together these two set forth "to school" or elsewhere, Joy of Love anxiously shepherding Tara Cootie over the bridges which span our water-courses and connect the paths; and already the English baby is talking baby-Tamil. How delightful to be quite sure she will talk it perfectly.

The babies, if they ever look so far afield, see a blue wall; for the low boundary-wall which guards their nursery world is covered with flowers that open bright, round, blue eyes soon after sunrise and keep them open all day long. This blue wall encloses a garden where there is a tree which folds its twin leaves at night but by day tries to be an apple tree in blossom. Some friendly wind or bird sowed the seed of this tree years ago, and it grew up by itself: "Alone I did it." No one gave it a thought till it had become a thing of beauty and a pleasure to all passers-by.

Babies' Joy is built like a capital E. There are two wings at either end and in the middle there is a large porch. Look through this porch and your eye will be filled with colour, for, framed in the open window of the room beyond, is a mass of yellow, orange and fire. This is canna, which grows over five feet high, and whose radiant flowers and great leaves make a screen for the nursery pump, the place of waterfalls.

Tara Cootie leads the way there. When first the babies were promoted to bathe under the pump they did not like it, and said so. They thought their old nursery bathroom much nicer for baths. But they heard Tara Cootie's shouts of glee when her mother let her sit under those rushing floods, and they changed their minds and decided that waterfalls were nice.

The little white sons do not come into the story of Babies' Joy, they are too grown up for that; but "they

are always doing something, and of nothing are they afraid," is the general word about those manly little men; and a pleasant summing up, we think.

We have all sorts of people in Babies' Joy and the other nurseries. Some seem to be born happy, and some threaten to resemble the depressed and depressing husband who was never happy unless he was miserable, and even then he did not seem pleased. That kind of baby has a hard fight ahead.

Play-time is a good time to see dispositions. Some want to give away all their toys, some are like that infant of earlier days (but she has grown up a very friendly person) who tried to acquire three balls, and, having no place to put them and nothing wherewith to cover them, sat on them. Call at meal-times, and you will see the delicate morsel who needs to be coaxed to take an interest in food, and the cheery mite who leans to the grace-before-meat of the comfortable little Scottish girl who said in all good faith, "May we eat and drink to Thy glory for ever and ever." But we are accustomed to diversity, and Sitties and Accals make the most of each; it might be the only one, so lovingly is each cherished and so abundant is the thanksgiving over virtuous behaviour.

On the western side of the house, separated from the eastern by a movable barrier, is a nursery for younger babies, and their Accal, whose name most fittingly is Gold (for she is of the Order of the Golden-hearted), looks out upon the mountains. This Accal and another whose name means Grace, have been at work for the last fifteen years, with a short break in the Forest once a year. They have trained many younger girls more by just doing things day and night with love and tireless patience than by anything they were able to say; and between them they have blessed the infancy of some hundreds of babies.

"How many, Gold?"

“ After fifty I forgot to count.”

It is too long a stretch for work of this kind. Mothers of strong children will hardly realise how exacting it is, for a healthy baby sleeps straight through the night, but many of ours are delicate when they come. A young widow is mourning for her husband and fasting according to the rule of her caste. What chance has her baby? It weighs perhaps three and a half pounds; we have had many as tiny. It is a sad little thing, and will need endless petting and loving if it is to thrive; but if all be well otherwise, it does thrive, and some of our strongest and bonniest children began like that. Again, some will be contented from the beginning; they open happy eyes on a happy world, and never know there is unhappiness anywhere till they are old enough to learn that they may be comforters in a world which is not happy for all. But even if the Accal has several of these pitiful little ones who fret at night as well as by day and need much tending, and she never knows what it is “ to sleep in peace,” the moment there is word of a new baby there is a welcome ready: “ A new baby! Oh!” and out go the willing arms, and the little new one is taken straight into love. None of us has ever seen anything but eager welcome on any face, however tired we knew the Accal was.

But we know it is too much to ask, and we could not ask it, nor do we. The Nurse Accals, like those who take the children after the baby years are over, and pour out their all upon them, do not do this work for us. They have heard another Voice than ours asking this of them; they love Him who has called them to the service, and love knows nothing of limitations. But often we would set limits if we could; and yet how can we?

Even as this page was being written just after a deluge of rain, there was the jingle of bullock bells, and a cart drove up; a minute later a voice cried, “ A new baby!”



Sarata and one
of her babies.



Gaud, or
two of her

My door opened, the blue curtain was pushed aside, and a weary and wet but jubilant Blessing was holding out something cosily wrapped in a shawl. "Look!" and we looked and saw a pink, sleepy, dear little face; the rest was shawl.

"It is he!" Blessing began at once. We had never heard of this small he, but that mattered nothing. "It is he for whom I fought—yes, fought hard. The temple-woman of my town had heard of him; they are always on the watch, for there is more gain now than ever to be had in rearing a boy for the Dramatic Societies, and the temple-women give good money for a baby like this. Then I said to the Lord, 'O Lord, it is raining, and I am not as young as I was, and these journeys are most afflicting to my body, but get him I must, or they will get him, and to Dohnavur I must go, let the rain fall as it will. I beseech Thee to work for me. And lo, here he is, for I was not confounded nor put to confusion before them.'" And she tossed her old arms to heaven (by this time we had the boy in ours), and stretched them with a sigh of relief, "Oh, but they are cramped! but is he not a little treasure?"

"But, Blessing, we have so many already!" Who can imagine us saying that?

Gold, standing there with two of her lambkins, one on each arm, looks placid. She would wear a very different expression if we said that.

52. WITH THOSE WHO COME AFTER

DURING the last few years plantations of casuarina trees have been scattered over our land. The very little children would tell you that they are for Christmas trees; what could be more important? A Christmas tree with us is a thing of wonder for days. It is set in the House of Prayer, lighted and delicately decorated with streaming silver that falls from its branches like icicles, and the children sit round it in a great circle and sing carols. Presents are given otherwise; the tree is just for beauty and gladness and song, and for what, if they knew the word, they would call *faerie*, for there is always a breathless moment of pure wonder when they see that tall and shining thing. But the casuarina's first purpose is to provide firewood for the future.

The future—— One evening, in the kind way such things constantly happen, some new photographs came to carry us far away to the great and beautiful world of the heights and snows and pine. We heard afterwards that the friendly photographer who sent them "in the hope that they might give a little pleasure" was pleased because some that had satisfied his eye had been those we had most enjoyed, for he said many see nothing in them. They were a long way from the usual and did not appeal. One of these was this photograph of old timber and new growth.

We hailed that photograph. For many friends have asked for a "photograph of the Fellowship," and here at last they have it; weather-worn timber, upspringing

God of the gallant trees
Give to us fortitude;
Give as Thou givest to these
Valorous hardihood.
We are the trees of Thy planting, O God,
We are the trees of Thy wood.

Now let the life-sap run
Clean through our every vein,
Perfect what Thou hast begun,
God of the sun and rain,
Thou who dost measure the weight of the wind,
Fit us for stress and for strain.



greenness (like our casuarina), nothing could be better. "And the old wrecks of trees are still pointing straight up," said my dear Mary when I showed her my "photograph of the D. F." I had not thought of those unpromising spikes in that heavenly-minded manner, but I looked again; yes, every splinter points straight up.

There is one flaw in the picture regarded as a D. F. photograph. The old jagged timber catches the eye, whereas what really matters is the young life about it. Therein lies the hope of the future.

"The future"—that word used to appear in letters which in weak hours fastened on the mind like claws. But always there was inward solace: "*Shall I not be in the future?*"

This book may find one who is about to bequeath a beloved work to others to whom also it is beloved; but days may come when it will feel like a legacy of difficulties. The more fully those others are trusted and the dearer they are, the keener the thrust of the question, What if they be over-burdened? They will never bend, what if they break?

There are many familiar words that have power to parry that thrust; they will occur at once. But some not so familiar have lately been strong succour, and as what helps one soul often helps another, I will write them here: "Who hath wrought and done it, calling the generations from the beginning? I the Lord, the first, and with the last (or as a marginal reading is, *with those who come after*); I am He." Almost the eye would read, "I the Lord, the first and the last." But no, it is the eternal "with" of His blessed Presence; I the Lord, the first and with the last.*

All the various translations hold fast to that "with,"

* The historical context (the victories of Cyrus) is no fence to this meadow. The word of God, like the love of God, is timeless.

and Darby, taking "I am He" to be in effect a Divine Name meaning *The Same*, "the One who does not change," traces the Hebrew word through song and history. David uses it, "Thou art The Same and Thy years shall have no end." It is the "Even Thou art Lord alone" of Nehemiah: "Thou art The Same, Thou alone, Jehovah; Thou art The Same, Jehovah Elohim."

The ways of our Father are gentle. He sends a gracious rain upon His inheritance to refresh it when it is weary. And often the rain is what in this south land we call the leaning rain, because it leans so softly against the hills to fall in small, light drops, almost dewy in smallness. Small questions fall on us in a light refreshing shower. We can answer them easily, and, in answering, our hearts are refreshed in faith.

Who hath wrought and done it, this work that must be committed to other hands?

Lord, Thou hast wrought and done it, Thou and no other.

Did I ever fail thee when thou wast carrying on that work?

Never, Lord, never.

And shall I fail those who come after?

That cannot be, O Lord; Thou art The Same. Their travail shall not seem little to Thee.

If this be so, be at rest, My child; cast not away thy confidence which hath great recompense of reward. Let not thy heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

Prayer flows then like running water in an ancient channel among rocks: O continue Thy loving-kindness unto them that know Thee, and let them be refreshed in the multitude of peace. Let them fulfil Thy will, O my God, and be content to do it. Keep them privily by Thine own presence from the provoking of all men, and compass them about with songs of deliverance. Lift

Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon them, let Thy mercy embrace them, and comfort them on every side. O prepare Thy loving mercy and faithfulness that they may preserve them and stablish the thing that Thou hast wrought in them.

The battle is the battle : *No breach and no surrender* is a battle word,* and looks towards stern fighting when the foe crowds up to the walls; but in that day shall the Lord of hosts be strength to them that turn back the battle at the gate. And the singing words of the Psalms sing themselves over and over, "Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem : praise thy God, O Sion. For He hath made fast the bars of thy gates : and hath blessed thy children within thee. He maketh peace in thy borders."

Perhaps to read these pages has been merely to read a score of music whose every note is known. And yet there are times when some long-loved melody from that great harmony is the only thing we want. Who could hear too often the *Fear not* that the Lord has spoken to him whom He hath taken from the ends of the earth, and hath called from the corners thereof? *Fear thou not ; for I am with thee : be not dismayed ; for I am thy God : I will strengthen thee ; yea, I will help thee ; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness.* Scholars find something arresting about the grammatical form in which these words are cast ; it gives them "an impressive, affectionate and so to speak caressing tone." Need the heart that has known, not once, but a thousand times that "caress" of the Eternal Comforter, ever be anxious about those who come after?

* Psalm 144. 14. Rotherham, marginal reading.

53. I AM A WINDOW IN THE PALACE. 1936

AT Persepolis, travellers tell us, there is a window carved in a single block of stone. Over it is written in cuneiform "*I am a window in the Palace of Darius the King.*"

As I have said before, the joy of our story is doubled because so many can tell the same story. Never a child of the Father trusted Him and was put to confusion. And just as wherever you stand by the sea in sunrise, sunset, moonlight, a road of light leads straight from your feet on and on into infinity, so wherever you dwell in all this wide world there is an open window above you, and over it is written, *I am a window in the Palace of the King of kings.*

That open window is the open heavens of the glorious words, "The heavens were opened, and I saw visions of God."

Our first account-book was a penny note-book five inches by three. Our present books are proper office cash-books and ledgers bound in a special composition hard enough to stand years of constant use even in the Tropics. They were the gift of one of our auditors. But in these books, so carefully indexed, we have no page marked "evangelistic." If the whole work whose expenses are entered in those books be not steeped in the spirit of the evangel it is, as we see things, a sham. But we need fresh vision, lest we slip into a rut, which is merely "a grave with the ends open." The Lord of Life keep the feet of His servants out of ruts. I will run in the way of Thy commandment when Thou hast enlarged my heart. Nobody *runs* in a rut.

There were some signal mercies, as the old Puritans called them, in the latter part of 1936. For reasons of audit we closed the books on October 31st, and July, August and September were months of larger outlay than usual.

One such was the boys' new school and a hostel (with small rooms for the young Indian Annachies, so necessary if there is to be spiritual growth). The first gift was given in memory of a brave spirit lately released. It covered the cost of the foundations. Before they were finished we held a strobilanthes in our hands. That gift was enough to finish school and hostel. The giver had left us free to use it for the greatest need of the time, and out of several chose that one, "It seems the most urgent." It was indeed urgent, and it was one of the largest single needs of the year. Before the year closed, the simple but adequate buildings were finished and in use. Thank God, His loving kindness is so "comfortable." *

Much building for the new hospital went on during this year, and sometimes old buildings were persuaded to lend themselves to unexpected uses. One of these was prepared for the lepers: Like many others, these poor folk are treated free, for we have not many Naamans in our countryside. They come sometimes from far-away villages on crippled feet, a pitiful little crowd, and patiently go through their long treatment, which must at first be so alarming and can be painful. A large room which had stored packing-cases for many months has been adapted for their use, to the great help of the workers who have served them for the last five or six years in a corner of the verandah of our old dispensary.

But the common life of the family must go on whatever the requirements of the Place of Healing be, and there were times of stress during the year when a beautiful

* Ps. 69. 16 (The Great Bible of 1539).

thought in Dr. Murray's *Jesus according to St. John* found a new application. He is speaking of the certain victory of the forces of light over the forces of darkness and says, "We may even take comfort from the fact that matter ceases to cast a shadow when it becomes a translucent gem. The walls of the new Jerusalem are built of jewels, and there is no night there."

It may well be that there are certain forces of darkness appointed to prevent the munitions of war from reaching those who are fighting their Lord's battles; these activities can cause anxiety which may become, as it were, like matter that casts a shadow, and does become so if we look "around" instead of to our Lord. (It was when Peter saw the wind boisterous that he began to sink.*) But just as opaque matter can be turned to transparent jewel in the transforming hands of the mighty God, so anxieties, or what would naturally be such, may become like translucent gems which cannot cast a shadow, even as sorrow itself is turned into joy.

It is an illuminating thought.

In a lovely little poem called "In the Abbey" the simpler side of prayer is shown,

How can I heap up endless words,
Or build a spiral stair
Of wishes laid like stone on stone
To climb to upper air?
Thoughts fly to Prayer like nesting birds
And find Him everywhere.†

And yet, though our Father knows that children need food not only for to-day, but for to-morrow, so that wishes seem needless, He bids us ask for it, He even teaches us the words to say: "After this manner pray ye,

* Isaiah 41. 10 R.V. margin. Look not around thee.

† *Yesterday*, verses by L. V. H. and E. S. B.

Give us our bread for the coming day." It is not always necessary to grant things not asked for, lest, by so doing, they become of little esteem. And 'tis a poor thing that is not worth asking for, says the wise Reliever when Christiana and Mercy are beset in the way for lack of a Conductor, and wonder why the Lord of the Way had not sent one with them when He knew that they would need Him. And so we asked; and as if to tell us again that our very dates—those little ceremonies of joy which help to make family life so happy—are remembered, this happened: October 30 was Joan England's Coming-day, as we call our dates of arrival. Into her flowery office that day came a notice from the Bank. It told of another of those fairy gifts, "an anonymous cheque." But our cheques are not fairy gold: that cheque realised £195.

Among the letters of the month is one which came after the books were closed. But it was written just before that, and seems to have come on purpose to carry our story on to the next—if there be a next; for it is from the same children (or their successors) who linked *Meal in a Barrel* with *Windows*. "Dear Buds and Teddies," wrote those children of Chefoo in Northern China, "we went without our sweets on Saturday because we wanted to send you a gift of money. We enjoyed doing that because we love to hear the letters read which tell us about you. The Lord Jesus gave us a new school, just as He has to you. We are glad that you have it."

This is the summary for the ten months of 1936:

	Rs.	a.	p.	
Incomings of all kinds . . .	135,574	10	9	(£10,168)
Withdrawn from gifts set aside for hospital and new work . . .	10,749	14	0	(£806)
	146,324	8	9	(£10,974)
Outgoings of all kinds . . .	146,324	8	9	(£10,974)
P				

To start the new year we had the working-balance (about three months' supplies) which carries on from year to year, and which in the early days we always called "Baskets."

Our friend and auditor, he who said, "Do not spoil my joy" when we tried to talk about fees, was able to stay with us long enough after finishing the audit to allow him to "see through" the figures; for he found the accounts transparent even as we have all along: "O world invisible, we view thee; O world intangible, we touch thee."



JOY OF LIFE FROM THE EASTERN END.

We should like to give more pictures of our children, but our workers cannot spend the time required to get many good photographs of them. Indian children are difficult to "take," so we ask the reader to use his gift of imagination and fill such pictures as these with ardent little people, each one a little individual, and needing understanding love.

54. NOT THE FLIMSY PLANK OF A BOOK

"*YE went presumptuously up the hill*" is one of those Scriptures that stretch out a hand and touch the traveller and put fear into him, lest he, too, offend by presumption. What if he has committed himself to something not commanded? What if he has mistaken his signs? A "beautiful guidance" may be a subconscious desire working out in the form of a whispered voice for our deception, and even coincidences can mislead.

Accounts are a help here. They cannot be imagined. They are ruthlessly real.

The Tamil has three proverbs about dream-provision :

Will money seen in a dream pay bills?

Will wealth seen in a dream reach your hands?

Will rice eaten in a dream satisfy hunger?

Dream-money pays no bills, but if the money required to pay the bills comes just as certainly as the bills come, then the fact that it has come is an assurance that by the grace of the Lord we have not, so far, presumptuously gone up the hill. And yet, "Keep back Thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me," must be our prayer to the end.

Some have wondered whether we have regretted the decision, told in *Gold Cord*,* to carry on the educational work of the Fellowship without the help of Government grants. We have never regretted that decision. It has

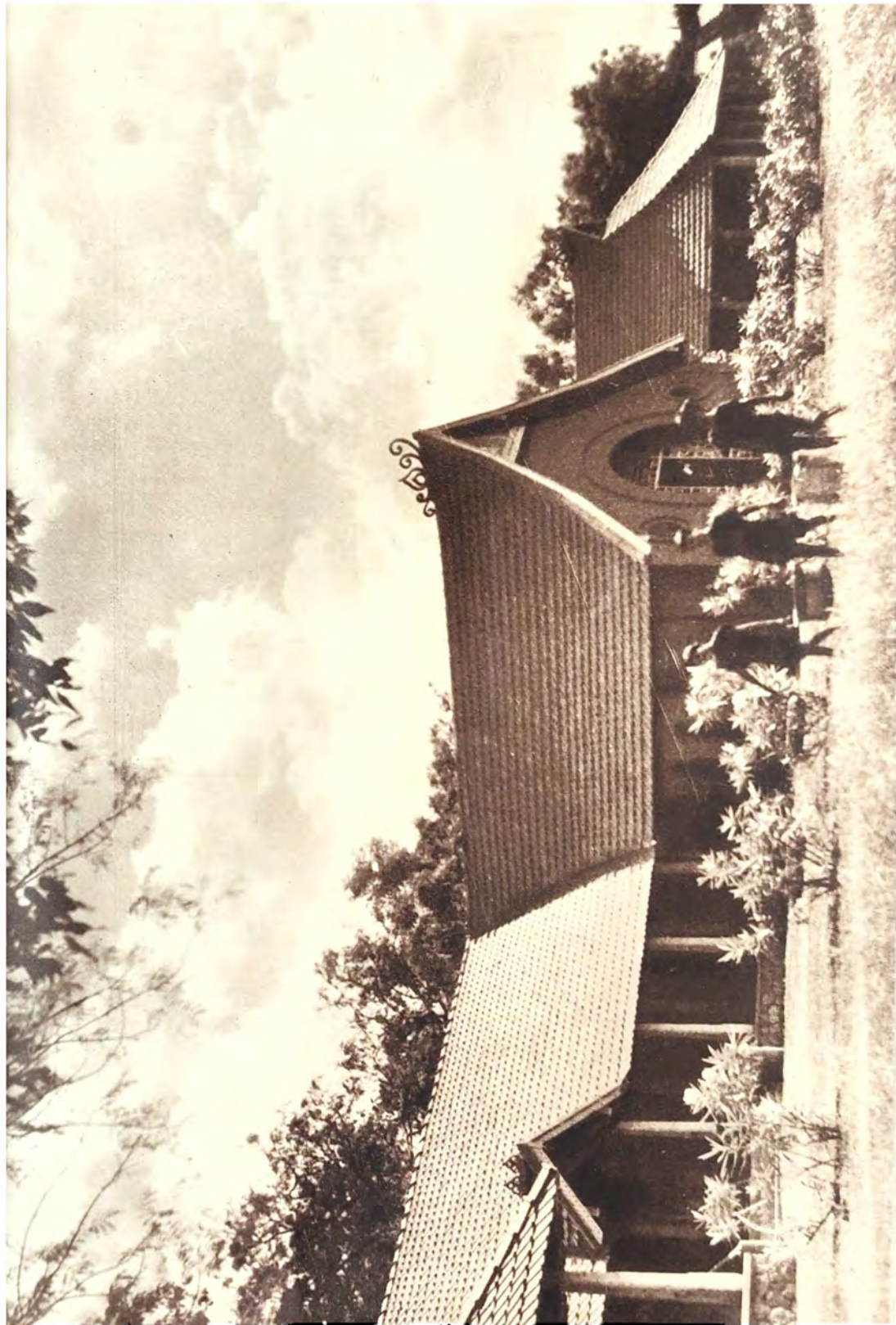
* Page 107. See especially the footnote to that page.

kept us free for what seems to us the only reason for doing such work at all. And the result has not been a disappointment.

“ But what about the expense? ” Many have asked this question. It is met as all other expenses are : by the heavenly Treasury. We do not need costly buildings ; space, order, cleanliness, a few good pictures, many books, some appliances for vocational training—these are enough. And they are being given.

Not often now, but sometimes, a friend interested in our finances thinks that (as apparently we have neither Church nor organisation behind us) a little book written some twenty years after we began to save the children accounts for what we have to tell of our Father’s provision ; but then how account for the first twenty years? And could a mere book be a sound foundation on which to build something which, if it be alive, cannot help growing, and which cannot be closed down? For you cannot shoot hundreds of children out on the world, or leave people who trusted you, stranded.

No, the flimsy plank of a book is not enough to stand upon, but the promise of the living God is abundantly enough. How often, times without number, we have turned to the promises. Without the Presence of the God who gave them, this work could not exist for a day. He will provide all that He has commanded. Faith in books? never, never. They would not bear a sparrow’s weight. They are among the things that wax old and are ready to vanish away. Let them vanish. The Lord liveth ; and blessed be my rock and exalted be the God of the rock of my salvation. Like Samuel, we take a stone and call the name of it Ebenezer, saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. But there are so many dear children still unsuccoured, so many ill to help, so many in the darkness to whom to show the Light, that we



need our God to be to us Jehovah Jireh too. And we find Him so.

We often wonder at the faith which trusts us with money, for so few of us go home that not one in a thousand of our friends knows us; they have books—but books may be frauds. We thank God for their faith, and ask to be made worthy of it. But what shall we say of the faith of parents who trust us and allow their children to join us, though we are not a mission, but only a family? Often these parents become so knit to us that we feel that they also belong to us. And we thank God for them.

Thinking of all that we have tried to tell of a never-failing loving-kindness, we earnestly ask that we may never be like the little new moon, which is closer to her sun when she is little and new than ever she will be again, but like the planet which as nearly as may be moves in circles round her sun. Or, to revert to our first figure, may we never go presumptuously up any hill.

55. RAISING FUNDS

THIS chapter and the three that follow it are written in answer to questions about ways of "raising funds" (as the word is), our aim for our children, and what we ask from fellow-workers. Life is too short for needless letter-writing. Perhaps these chapters will save that. So far as we are concerned, we may, I think, without offence, speak frankly when we are asked to do so.

Publicity, the naming of givers and their gifts for their own cheer or for the encouragement of others : I know of none who give to us who would care for this. I think most would feel more in sympathy with "the blessed Pambo," who, when one came to him as he was weaving a basket, and prayed him to accept something of her wealth, said, "May God reward thee," and bade his steward use the gift carefully. "But the giver stood on, waiting for some blessing on her gift or some praise, and hearing nothing from him, at last she spoke : 'I would have thee know, my lord, there are three hundred pounds in that casket.' But again, without looking up, he made answer, 'He to whom thou hast offered it, my daughter, has no need to learn its bulk from thee, for He who weighs the mountains in a balance knoweth far better than thou dost what the weight of this silver may be. If indeed it were to me thou didst offer it, thou didst well to tell me : but if not to me, but to that God who we know did not despise but gave most honour to the two mites, hold thy peace and be still.' " *

Sales of Work : We do not encourage them, lest

* *The Desert Fathers.*

unawares they slip into ingenious ways of extracting money from unwilling pockets. We do not even like the thought of an advertised stall, lest any be drawn to buy what they do not require with the kind wish to help us, or be caused to feel uncomfortable if they do not buy.

But just as hand-work was accepted for the service of the Lord in old days, even embroidery ("thou shalt embroider the coat of fine linen"), so it is now. Hand-work is as acceptable as any other to Him who gave us hands. Only, the selling of such work must be holy unto the Lord. It is not holy to ask more than a thing is fairly worth, or to persuade one to buy what is not required. To "wangle" money by any kind of device because "it is for a good cause," is not holy selling.

But we do not want to press our convictions about such matters upon others, and so we are happier when things made for us are privately sold. A stall at a sale may slip into conformity with other, different ways. It is not easy to avoid doing so. To conform is friendly, to hold aloof seems so unfriendly—the last thing we desire to be—also it seems "superior," which is detestable.

Plays : We are sometimes asked to allow stories from the Dohnavur books to be dramatised, and are offered the proceeds. We always refuse. Surely money to save children from evil should not be drawn from the Lord's lovers by turning their terrible or beautiful stories into a Play? It is confusion.

Concerts : What is the difference between selling music and selling hand-work? None. If a girl offers her Lord part of her musical earnings, that money is holy. But to ask people to come to listen to her or to a company of musicians on the understanding that their ticket-money is for India, is another matter. I want an evening's enjoyment, I am glad at the same time to do something for missions, so I go to a concert held for some worthy

object, and, having received good measure for my money, come away quite pleased with myself. It is pleasant to kill two birds with one stone.

Is this as it should be? Should we have to say to one who has not been redeemed with corruptible things as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ, "We know, of course, that you don't care enough to deny yourself to feed the hungry, or ease the suffering, or show the light to those who sit in darkness, or save young children from being trampled down to hell. But you need not do anything so uncomfortable as to deny yourself. We have thought of a better way. Come and buy a shilling's worth of pleasure, and we shall send your shilling to save souls in India."

Whist-drives, bridge, raffles and the like: "Not of the Father, but of the world"—if these words do not apply to such things, to what do they apply? What, then, have they to do with the Lord's treasury? "Because My people hath forgotten Me, they have burned incense to vanity."

"But you will lose money by these quibbles. You will come to grief."

We have lost money; but we have not come to grief.

"But there are many who welcome money however it has been obtained."

Then let it go to them.

"But this sort of thing is natural. Everyone goes in for it now—even missionaries."

If missionaries "go in for it," it is because the river cannot rise above its source. If the churches judge according to the spirit of the world, take colour from it and accept its values, the men and women sent out by those churches will inevitably do likewise. "They will not be crucified: there is too much of the natural," so someone imagined the Father saying to the Son about

the powerlessness of witness on the earth. He sought for messengers "crucified to the natural man and his feelings," but where were they?

The Scriptures teach us that money is not all of the same quality. There is clean money and unclean. God Himself refused to accept certain monies. Money stained by selfishness or given that others may see and say how generous we are, or because we are too indolent or too cowardly, or too insincere or too polite to refuse is, so far as spiritual purposes are concerned, utterly unclean. Money given for love's sake is clean. The world is His and the fulness thereof; but He knows how dearly the loving heart loves to give, and so He gives us the opportunity to give. Then He takes our gift and blesses it, and turns it into seed with the mysterious power of seed, and sows it in His fields. And the fruit from that seed is part of the great goodness which He has laid up for us and wrought for us, fruit unto life eternal. Money given with prayer, in love, *that money* does work for eternity. The other (as we at least see it) only for time.

For it is love that hallows; it always does. "He that loves not lives not, and he that lives by the Life cannot die," nor can the gifts of love wither and die. A little child knows nothing of all this, but if it gives its pennies lovingly, love makes its offering pure. This is the only kind of offering we have confidence in using.

The pressure upon every work for God is terrific. Day in and day out, influences are being brought to bear upon it to make it content to be a thing of paint and paste-board, or what the keen Tamil calls brass that pretends to be gold. Unhallowed money may do work that looks imposing, but nothing of eternal value can spring from its activities. Is it strange, then, to wish to avoid anything that might add force to those deadly influences?

For, earnestly we say it, *The use of money is a serious business. We shall have to give an account of our stewardship. The responsibility, then, of accepting money at all is not a little thing. We cannot undertake that responsibility unless we are sure of direction in the spending of the funds entrusted to us. We cannot be sure of direction unless we are sure that we were intended to have that money. How can we be sure that we were intended to have it unless it was given in loving obedience to a Divine command, and not for any lesser reason?*

I trust this chapter is not all hard edges, with nothing about it of the gentleness of Christ. It is not meant to be hard. And in truth it seems needless writing; for all we require to know is written so clearly already, as in Exodus 35 in the Old Testament and in 2 Corinthians chapters 8 and 9, in the New.

56. "COINED AFFECTION"

THERE is a reason which seems good to us why we ask that there should be no "button-holing" on our behalf.

Leaving aside the thought of other calls (though in fact this is impossible), and looking only at the untended children of the world, we see so many to help that the heart that cares at all is overwhelmed. There are the waif children of our home cities, the maimed and the desolate. All but at our doors there is Armenia. (How can her children ever be forgotten?) Farther East there are the little slave-girls of China, the starving child-beggars of Central Asia, and many, many others. We might pass from land to land till the heart breaks with the weight of the children's woe. That woe (like the suffering of animals) is wholly unexplained. It is poignant. No one who thinks at all can long elude its force. *That sword reacheth unto the soul.* Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly: make no long tarrying, O my God. And then there is the need, which no words can ever tell, of a worldful of people who once were little and innocent, and now are so different from what they might have been.

What if something that should be given let us say to China or a city slum, were to be unintentionally drawn to us by the affectionate pressure of a friend—would that be joy to us in India? Should we have any happiness in using such a gift, or any certainty that guidance would come in the use of it? Then it is well to avoid the risk of receiving it, and so it is well to avoid anything which might lead to such money coming to us.

Money may be misdirected. Gifts may be intercepted. I was taught this very simply one day in that same cave in the green-wood which has so often been a little porch of the House of God to us.

I was alone then, and in trouble. Supplies were very low; I had meant to pray about that. But I found myself quite unable to do so. I could not find access, that "leading into" that gives liberty and assurance in prayer. Instead, a different prayer was given. It was that a large sum of money which was intended for our comrades in another field should not be intercepted or diverted to any other purpose, but should reach them safely, intact. I could not understand this. There was no reason that I knew of for such a prayer. But there it was. I have found that a burden of prayer is never laid on the heart unless there be a cause, so I prayed just that one prayer. At once access was given and, quite forgetting what I had come about, I knew that I had the petition that I had desired of Him.

It was no surprise, but only a delightful joy to read a little while later in the magazine of that mission that a large sum of money, a legacy, had been received. Perhaps our prayers are sometimes allowed to act as convoy to some treasure-ship to its destined port. It would be like our Father to give us such a pleasure.

And so, very restfully, we come back to the simplest way of all. We can hurt no one by asking the Friend of friends for whatever is the need of the hour. If we pray, God will direct His children in their giving so that no one shall be the loser. In our Father's house there is bread enough and to spare. He can give each one who comes for loaves as many as he needeth, and no one by taking as many as he needeth robs any other of a single loaf. There is enough for all.

The machinery required for " raising funds " is complicated and costly, as all who are responsible for large expenditure know. The other way is simpler, but it is not easier. It makes its own demands. Much time must be spent on the knees of the spirit, there must be much searching of heart, lest the Master be asked to be responsible for work which He never told His servant to do, or for ways of working which do not meet His approval because they are not the ways of His choice. *Whoso follows this way must be prepared to cut down work to the foundations, and root up those foundations too, if they be found rotten, and begin on nothing, rather than grieve the Spirit.*

Few will understand, many will blame; he must be prepared for that. It is useless to set out on this way because a friend has done so. There must be the constraint that makes one say, " I cannot do otherwise." There must be a light that one cannot disobey. But if this be granted and the soul dares all and follows, though it lose the praise of man it will win the smile of God.

No one should push another towards this decision. The word is, Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind; happily, we are not required to persuade one another's mind. But when we are asked to leave this way of life for " something more practical," we can only wonder.

" Will a man leave the snow of Lebanon which cometh from the rock of the field? or shall the cold flowing waters that come from another place be forsaken? " Why should they be forsaken? Have they not sufficed? Ask those greater ones who have walked in this way before us and are walking there still; they will answer, " They have sufficed."

God in His mercy keep our communications open

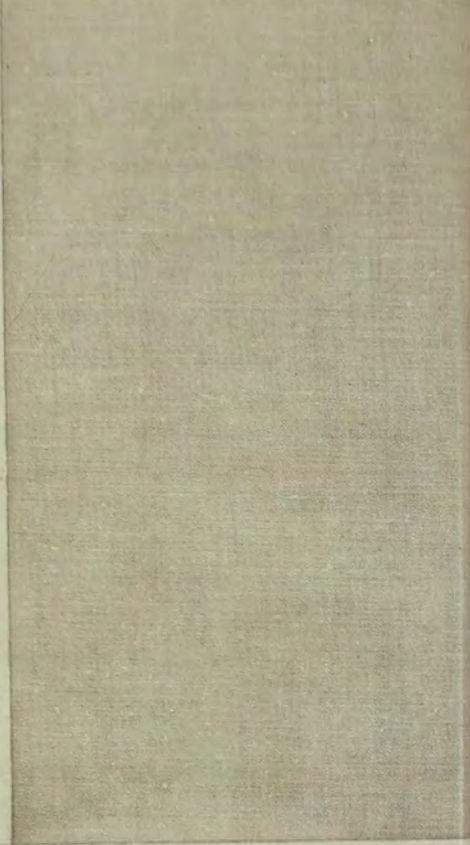
heavenward, for this is the sum of the matter : “ That which is born of the flesh, is flesh ; and that which is born of the Spirit, is Spirit.” Let us leave it at that.

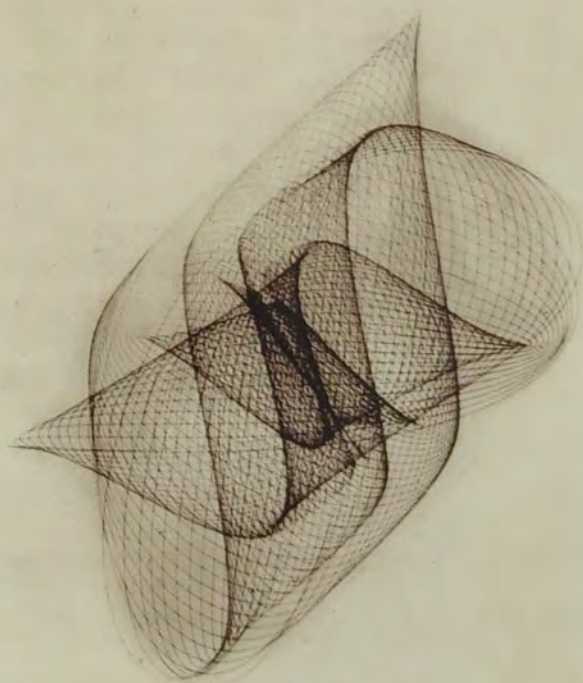
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After these words were written, a little book was sent to me in which I found a happy name for a gift of money offered by a Christian to his Lord. Such a gift is “ coined affection.” A sentence from that book shall perfectly end this that I have so imperfectly written : “ If we seek first the Kingdom of God, as much money will come for God’s work as He wills. If our treasure and our heart are really in heaven, to give earthly treasure will seem but a small thing. Sacrifice is not the best line of approach. Those who have formed the habit of simple living, and regular, liberal, unostentatious giving, are not conscious of making sacrifices. They are simply contributing money to what their heart loves best.” *

“ *To what their heart loves best* ”—it is all there. And the gift of the loving heart, be it thousands of pounds or the little child’s penny, is not mere money. It is “ coined affection.”

* *Almsgiving, a Handbook*, by W. K. Lowther Clarke, D.D., S.P.C.K.





57. THE FURROW

Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all.

To most, perhaps, of those who try to live at all thoughtfully and dutifully, great words disclose more of their true meaning as life goes on; in most a deeper sense of reality, of responsibility, of the mysteries amidst which we have our being, checks the confidence or softens the asperity of judgment, and chastens the readiness to talk.

—Bishop Paget.

WILL the reader be kind, and before reading the next two chapters give a few minutes to these photographs of Lissajan's figures, remembering, of course, the limitations of an illustration? we are not passive paper; the Will of our God is not like the mechanical movement of a pen.*

This is the story of the photographs: One day a friend who had contrived a little instrument about the size of a metronome called me to come and see it at work. He put it on the dining-room table of that lovely old house, Broughton Grange, near Cockermouth, and under the pen which hung from its apex he put a sheet of note-paper. Then with a touch he set the pen swinging.

I watched fascinated. It was like watching a live thing moving consciously and of set purpose. Never a false curve marred the delicate tracery. But one might not touch the pen so as to change that mysterious purpose; if one did so, the pattern was spoilt. And of the many patterns we watched take shape under that pen, no two were quite the same. It was impossible to copy a pattern

* Page 241, note 6.

one liked. It was impossible to interfere with the pen without spoiling the pattern.

Among the members of our Fellowship is one upon whose life the pen of the providence of God has moved in mysterious curves for the last few years. He looked at figure after figure in silence and heard the word they spoke; and then, thinking of others who are being trusted in the same way, he felt it worth while to have the little marvels reproduced. The paper is yellow and brittle, and the ink has faded to pinkish and pale purple, but we chose four, and sent them to a careful photographer, who surpassed our expectations. And now we put them here for the sake of some to whom such things appeal.

If these intricate, perfect and unrepeatable designs be studied and the thoughts they suggest be pondered, we shall find ourselves asking for a very sensitive conscience God-ward, lest by any movement of self we interfere with His purpose. We shall read such words as, "Who energises all things according to the council of His Will," with a new understanding; we shall pray with a new earnestness, "that we may obtain what Thou dost promise, *make us to love that which Thou dost command*," and we shall be very humble and careful in all our thinking about the patterns of others.

* * * * * *

With this in mind I will try to answer a question often asked, "At what are you aiming for your children?" Perhaps if I show something at which we are *not* aiming, it may help to clear the ground.

"I wish to go, I did not come to work, I came to learn for baptism," and the offended young face turned with aversion from a patch of gravel which we had asked him

to help us to weed, chiefly because it was in the shade of the house, and so quite cool and comfortable, and we could think of nothing easier to give him to do. He was a lusty lad of nineteen or twenty, and had been sent to us by a fellow-missionary to be prepared for baptism. He had rested and fed for two full days after a not very arduous journey, and now we had suggested a little work for a change. But no; "I did not come to work, I came to learn for baptism."

"Don't you want to help us? See, we are all at work," and we tried to beguile him into the pleasure of lending a hand.

"I did not come to work."

"But what about St. Paul? he laboured with his own hands. And what about our Lord Jesus? He worked as a Carpenter."

"I did not come to work."

"The Bible says that if any will not work, neither shall he eat."

This hateful remark was ignored: "I wish to sit, and eat, and learn, and be baptised; and"—this with a touch of truculence—"Miss X will support me."

"But she has paid your travelling expenses and helped you in other ways already. Isn't that enough?"

A stare of blank astonishment. Why should Miss X not pay his expenses? a sullen, reiterated, aggrieved mutter. "*Doubtless* Miss X will support me."

Miss X did. He left us for more compliant friends, and sat and ate and learned and was baptised, and our world thought us very hard of heart. "Is that the way to treat a convert?"

This is poles distant from the frame of mind we covet for our boys and girls. "If I have failed it has been because I have often not acted on the eternal principle

that he who would help men must demand something of them," is a word that we cannot forget. So, from their nursery days on, we do demand something of our children, and they soon learn that the reward of good work is not more pay—no one has any—but harder work. We earnestly trust that they will bear a true witness which has nothing to do with money, but only with constraining love. If Paul the Ambassador, and his companions who wrought with labour and travail night and day that they might not be chargeable to any (though they had the right to be "supported"), had more followers in India, we would rejoice.*

For India does not think of preaching, merely preaching, as work, especially in these days when the motor-bus makes travel luxury, as the greater number of those to whom we go regard it, still more so when you and your fellow-workers travel together in a private car or lorry. And when you sit down in a verandah and make friends, and are asked in all courtesy, "What is your pay?" ("for coming to preach to us" is added, but never aloud), you may say what you will, but if you only preach, you are self-confessed a walker in primrose paths. And if you have money of your own, and so are not paid, then it is all the easier; you live deliciously; so thinks India.

But if it be obvious that you have something to do (teaching, doctoring, nursing, engineering, farming or anything that counts here as "work"), and that you have come for love's sake only, to share your greatest treasure with these friends of yours, then you have at least a chance to strike deeper. And as it is unlikely that there will ever be enough paid workers to reach the

* "Though he knew the Gospel to be a matter of life and death to the soul, he gave himself to an ordinary trade with as much zeal as though he had no other occupation."—*The Life and Epistles of St. Paul*, Conybeare and Howson. "Which is the greater, preaching or doing?" is a Tamil proverb.

millions of these Eastern lands, perhaps there is a niche which those who feel like this can help to fill.*

So when an ardent cold-weather visitor discoursed to us at our breakfast-table on what he conceived should be our shining goal—"I told them," he said, speaking of his address to the boys of a large Mission School, "that I hoped hundreds—yes, *hundreds*—of them would go out as Christian *sannyāsīs*"—we were not thrilled.

There are about five million Hindu *sannyāsīs* (pronounced sunny-yāssie) wandering up and down the land. They do not work. They expect to be fed by those who do; and for various reasons, such as to acquire merit or to avoid a vociferous curse, they are fed. Nothing more unlike the early Franciscan to whom they are sometimes likened could be imagined, for they were told to work for their food. A *sannyāsi* would be too astonished even to reply to a suggestion that he should work. He lives by unabashed sponging and "holy" idleness. The patient land bears with her five millions. But should we add to their number?

It would be easy to do so. Any of us or any of our children could attain notoriety for extreme holiness by simply doing nothing. One day, as a party of us came down from the forest, some of the coolies pointed to a cave of the hillside and began to enlarge on the wonder and blessedness of a life in that cave as a *sannyāsi*. "But if I left the care of these children and sat in that cave"—before I could finish the sentence an eager voice interrupted, "O Amma, if you did, we would worship you as a goddess!" And it was true.

We tried to explain this attitude of mind to our guest, but he knew better; and frankly disapproving of us and all our ways, he told the next mission station he visited that we had a name to live, but were dead.

* Page 242, note 7.

And yet, though we are not *sannyāsīs*, we are not following a foreign way of life. The Indian family is understood by the people. It is a flower of the soil. Expenses are met, but pay for work done does not come into it. "What is your pay?" asked an Indian doctor in talk with our bacteriologist who was studying his subject in another hospital. He smiled and explained that we were a family. The other smiled too. "Oh, if it is like *that*," he said, "I understand." We never find that India misunderstands.

But if you know your India, you will not say, "Go, do that." That way leads nowhere. You will tap rich wells of devotion and find a loyalty of love and friendship imperishable as gold—if, instead of that chilly "go," you say, "Come, let us do this together." And if, in your fellowship with souls capable of such devotion, you take to heart Cromwell's wise counsel, "Lay weight upon their patience, but break them not," you will do well.

This, then, is the furrow we have been set to plough. The first great missionary showed us how to plough it. We ask that our friends will help us by praying that we may not fail our children by any inward surrender to the easy, or any backward look. He who looks back cannot plough a straight furrow.



58. THE PLOUGHERS

So we pray for ploughers who are not afraid of stony fields, but have patience to gather out the stones, and plough deep rather than wide. We want them to train our boys and girls to share St. Paul's ambition; he calls it his reward: "What is my reward, then? Verily that, when I preach the Gospel, I may make the Gospel of Christ without charge." And in so high a cause no labour can be too great.*

"It is a place where no one comes unless he be led by the Spirit of God, and no one stays unless the Spirit of God retains him," so one of the Port Royalists said of Port Royal in the sixteenth century; and it might be said of us. For it seems too much to ask for workers in whom is the quality of fire, and in whom also is a readiness for things that are unattractive to the natural man, such as routine work, even though a spiritual purpose informs every detail of that routine. But the Spirit of God leads some to rejoice to do just this, and He gives the grace of continuance. After all, white heat is hotter than red, and hardness does not discourage, it draws; for even in these days there are some who ask "to live in Hell Bay."

That last word is from the letter of a brother who is with us now. He wrote from the Scilly Isles about Hell Bay in the island of Bryher, of its tremendous seas, and of rocks which are being worn down and riven. And of

* He valued two things, character and brains. His first demand was for fighting quality. These men had in them the spirit that wins battles. He wanted utter conviction and a furious zeal like his own. In so high a cause no labour could be too great.—Condensed from Buchan's *Oliver Cromwell*, pp. 164–165. And see note 8, page 242.

the waves : " They were broken utterly ; but the water was not destroyed nor was it wasted—it simply flowed back into the sea and was renewed that it might return and smite the rock again. And I asked that we might be as those waves, that we might be hurled, not in our own strength, but in the strength of Him who sends us, against the strongholds of the evil one, *knowing* that they must one day be utterly broken and brought to nought : and that we being broken, might be renewed in our Lord to be hurled again and again. And I asked that we too might be found in Hell Bay."

Then changing the figure,

*" Not to the plain, O Lord, is our desire,
But to the mountain-top do we aspire.*

*O Thou who callest us to giddy height
Of selfless loyalty and ceaseless fight,
Help lest we strive in vain, O bring us low,
Grant us Christ crucified alone to know."*

This is soldierly, it is the spirit we pray shall animate us. But the soldierly in everyday life may not feel glorious, and common virtues such as patience, good temper and plain fortitude are daily needs. A happy heart that looks out happily on life, and takes hold of things by the smooth handle, is a great help, and that cheerful make of mind that never darkens its sky (and the sky of others) by clouds of its own creation.

The only life worth living is the life that follows St. Augustine's prayer :

*To my fellow-men a heart of love,
To my God a heart of flame,
To myself a heart of steel.*

This may sound austere. It *is* austere. A life which knows nothing of austerity does not carry far in a land which knows much of that great virtue, and whose truest

seekers suffer to the last limit of endurance in following the only Gleam they know. Our austerities are lighted as theirs never are. One of our number just now in the Forest writes of how, as she sat by one of the pools of our mountain river, she watched twin waterfalls rushing into it; "and as their spray met and mingled a fairy rainbow danced across the pool." It should be the same, she felt, "when the spray of a busy life meets the spray of another in our D. F. work."

Prayer on the lines this chapter suggests can help us mightily. To pedestal a missionary is to set his feet on quicksand.

* * * * *

We do not take photographs of baptisms, for such hours are too sacred to be exploited in that way; but the picture which faces this chapter shows the Mountain-Foot-Water where there have been many baptisms during the last few years. When one looks at the photograph, one does not see all that moves in the clear air above that quiet water: the so great cloud of witnesses, the enemy's forces in their ranks, principalities, powers, rulers—the peaceful photograph shows nothing of them; and yet they belong to the picture as much as the hills and water and palms. This book has failed utterly if it has shown nothing but what is evident to the eye of flesh. Behind the story of those who stood on that strip of shore and walked into that water there is what cannot be told; sometimes because we do not know it; sometimes because it is too terrible. Often it is too beautiful to be put into earthly language. It must wait till we have learned the heavenly, or can show rather than tell, may-be in some new kind of moving picture, what our God did in secret before ever the earth could bring forth her bud, or the garden could cause the things that are sown in it to spring forth.

59. A QUESTION

ON a lower slope of the hillside that lies under this kindling sky, a girl sat alone with earth and sky. Why was she not with her companions at the Pillar Rocks? She did not know. She could give them no reason why she could not join them; she only knew that though she had much wished to see that magnificence set in its deep ravine, she could not go with them. John Wesley's words when he turned from looking at a lovely view were haunting, "I remembered there was an eternity," but they did not seem reason enough. She had asked to be told why this constraint was upon her, but nothing had come; so she had settled to language study, and in grammar and dictionary forgot the Pillar Rocks.

She was sitting under a wide-spreading tree (not like those in the picture), and all about her were the little sounds of bird and insect. A thousand tiny bells rang tiny chimes among the grass, and there were rustlings, and the soft murmurings of wind among leaves; but she heard without hearing, Tamil was so absorbing; till through the multitudinous voices another Voice began to speak, "*The voice of thy brother's blood,*" it said, "*crieth unto Me from the ground.*"

It was a strange moment, strange in its complete surprise. After that, for a while, time ceased for the girl under the tree. Morning passed into noon, afternoon faded slowly, then lit in the shining sky of evening, and the picnic party came home; but all that is a blur. The vivid, unforgettable thing is what happened through those hours that were not measured hours.



First and chiefly there was an enfolding sense of a Presence, a Listener. He was listening to the voice of our brother's blood crying unto Him from the ground. That voice was crying to Him everywhere. And He looked for some to listen with Him. Wilt thou listen with Me? He said; canst thou not watch with Me one hour? for a life of hours—with Me?

But to write is to fumble among things of the spirit, and yet some words were clear. "Many follow Jesus unto the breaking of bread, but few unto the drinking of the cup of the passion"; art thou willing to drink of that cup, and to drink it unto the end? Art thou willing to refuse all that would interrupt the drinking of that cup? Art thou willing to turn from all that would dull thine ear to the voice of thy brother's blood that crieth unto Me from the ground?

That day under the tree on the hillside in South India coloured the years that were to follow and gave depth to them all. It lay behind that other hour when the voice of the blood was the cry of little children; it led to the prayer for words to tell of that cry; the prayer that was answered thus:

Thou shalt have words

But at this cost, that thou must first be burnt.

Burnt by red embers from a secret fire,

Scorched by fierce heats and withering winds that sweep

Through all thy being, carrying thee afar

From old delights. . . .

Not otherwise, and by no lighter touch,

Are fire-words wrought.

Once or twice in a generation some one writes a revealing book, or even only a chapter in a book. We read, and the decorous green turf that covers the meadow of life is ripped off, and the ground opens at our feet. The

writing may be about the black underworld of our homelands; or the Near East, that cesspool; or the East, that sink; or Central Asia, that cauldron. And as we read, we see. The lid of hell is off now, a single violent gesture has torn it off, and the hot breath from those smouldering regions of sin and cruelty and pain scorches our soul. We hear the talk of the crowds, but it does not touch us, for we hear the voice of our brother's blood crying unto us from the ground.

Then what did we do? Did the feeling that welled up within us slowly drain away till we look back on that hour of revelation with a kind of wonder, a mild wonder that we ever cared so much? Emotion that does nothing ends in a morass.

But what could we do? We should have been like a straw before a flood had we tried to stem the torrent of iniquity of which we had at last become aware. We say this to ourselves and to others, and others say it to us. But need the soul redeemed at Calvary, and energised by the Eternal Spirit, ever be like a straw before a flood?

The ultimate source of that black flood lies far beyond our reach; God Himself will deal with it. But every man, woman and child won from sin to Christ, the Pure, the only Saviour, and every true word spoken, or deed done, or prayer prayed to help those who are living to save souls and comfort the despairing, lessens by just so much, the volume of that flood.

But the time for choice is passing, and the chance to choose comes only once. I have often sat on the rocks by our mountain river and known that never for one moment was I looking at the water of a moment before. It was passing, always passing, its several drops never for one instant held in suspension, never separable, never to be recovered.

The several minutes, hours, days that make up the sum

of life are like the drops that make up the sum of the river. They are flowing, flowing, flowing, and not one can be recalled. Soon that measured mile of water we call the term of human life will have passed. How shall we wish that we had chosen when the last drop has been received into the waiting sea?

NOTES

1. Ch. VI.

About the curve of the spider's web. (Translated and condensed from the French of Fabre.)

Geometricians call the curve which cuts obliquely at a constant angle all the straight lines radiating from a centre (called the pole) a logarithmic spiral. To explain why this spiral has so much exercised the minds of scientists, we give some particulars, of which the proof may be found in treatises on higher geometry.

The logarithmic spiral describes an infinite number of circuits round its pole which it is always approaching but never reaches; it is indefinitely inaccessible. Even with the help of the most delicate instruments, our sight could not follow the endless circuits, and would soon abandon the task of splitting the invisible.

The spider conforms to this law of unlimited winding. The turns of the spiral come closer and closer to each other as they approach the pole. At a definite distance suddenly they stop; the thread begins a fresh spiral and the new spiral continually advances towards the pole in ever-narrowing turns. . . . The spider apparently is perfectly familiar with the law of the spiral.

To understand some of the peculiarities of this wonderful curve (used by the spider), let us imagine a flexible thread wound on the logarithmic spiral. If we unwind it, holding it always tightly, its free end will describe another spiral in every way similar to the first, the design will only have moved from one place to another. Or unroll the curve along a straight line, and the movement of its pole describes a straight line—the endless unrolling produces a straight trajectory; perpetual variation produces uniformity.

Geometry—that is to say, harmony in space—takes precedence over all. (Examples are given of the law at work.) The universal geometry of the universe speaks to us of a Universal Geometrician, whose Divine, all-encompassing plan has measured all things.

Fabre believes, and gives reasons for his belief, that the Divine Geometrician has taught this little engineer how to apply a law which governs the orbit of a planet.

2. Ch. XXVI.

"But don't you find it makes you cross?" a guest asked once. Why should it? Our Lord's directions are easily translated into terms of to-day. Perhaps *Don't fuss* is the sum of them. But discussion about such a thing is like uncurling the frond of a fern. You spoil the fern if you do that.

In a large household forethought will be necessary : a meal served for those who need it ; a thermos of tea prepared for one who is not strong. The main matter is not the doing without food (Isaiah 58. 5-7), but the refusal of the inner man to be dominated by the flesh, in order that the forces of the soul may have time to gather strength. *There is loss in a life which knows nothing of this.* If there be nothing forced, official, formal, fussy (and I would add, *observed*) about such withdrawn hours, then there is nothing, so far as I have ever heard or known, to make anyone " cross."

3. Ch. XXXIV.

Westcott on St. John 14. 23. "*With him* and not here *in him*. The idea is that of the recognition of the divine without (so to speak), and not of the consciousness of the divine within. The Christian sees God by him ; he welcomes and finds a dwelling-place for God and does not only feel Him in him."

4. Ch. XXXV.

India has two measures ; the buyer's measure holds more than the seller's. But the buyer insists on a heaped-up pile, so the seller sees to it that the pile is not more heaped up than it must be. Each knows what the other is doing, and the game is to over-reach the other. The law, *Thou shalt not have in thine house diverse measures, a great and a small*, is not in force with us.

5. Ch. XLIV.

The East is a wonderful school for teaching patience, and to buy land in this part of the country without failing in patience at any point during any one of the protracted and involved transactions, is something quite beyond unaided nature. This from Godfrey Webb-Peploe, who undertakes this business now, will give some idea of the tangle of land-tenure that is possible in India.

"In one large field, the following lots were bought separately one by one, by one person :

$$\frac{1}{8}, \frac{5\frac{1}{2}}{66}, \frac{\frac{3}{10}}{\frac{3}{10}}, \frac{\frac{3}{10}}{\frac{3}{10}}, \frac{3\frac{5}{10}}{66}, \frac{4\frac{1}{2}}{66}, \frac{2\frac{1}{2}}{66}, \frac{1\frac{5}{10}}{66}, \frac{1}{10}, \frac{2\frac{1}{2}}{66}, \frac{1\frac{1}{10}}{66}, \frac{1\frac{1}{10}}{66}, \frac{1}{10}, \frac{1}{10}$$

which amounts to about $\frac{4\frac{3}{8}}{100}$ th. When we enquired about buying it from him, we found three other people owned $\frac{1}{10}$, $\frac{1}{8}$, $\frac{1}{3}$, respectively. This brought the total up to about $\frac{9\frac{1}{2}}{100}$. We could not track the remaining $\frac{5}{100}$. One of these lots was registered in the Government books some years ago in the names of ninety different shareholders."

Our land in Dohnavur has been bought in one hundred and seventy-one separate pieces, ranging in area from $\frac{1}{1000}$ parts of an acre to $7\frac{38}{100}$. Sometimes nine owners conjointly own a field, without division to mark the boundaries of any one of the nine.

6. Ch. LVII.

A friend has given me this note on the figures :—

A pendulum making small oscillations is an example of simple

harmonic motion. The period of a pendulum, *i.e.* the time of a complete oscillation, depends upon the length of the pendulum.

It is possible to combine two or more simple harmonic motions in the same direction or in different directions. If the two directions are perpendicular to one another, and if the periods are equal, the resultant motion will be a straight line, a circle or an ellipse, depending upon the relation of the phases of the two component motions. If the periods are not equal, the resultant motion is a more intricate curve, whose shape depends both on the relation between the periods of the two component motions and upon their difference in phase. The moving body traces and retraces the curve. These curves are usually known as Lissajan's figures.

Eggar's *Mechanics*, pp. 237-239.

7. Ch. LVII.

There is nothing new in this. Let the fourth century speak: "And so the wise Fathers in Egypt would in no way suffer the monks, especially the younger, to be idle, measuring the state of their heart and their progress in patience and humility by their steadiness at work; and not only might they accept nothing from anyone towards their support, but out of their own toil they supplied such brethren as came by, or were from foreign parts, and did send huge stores of victuals and provisions throughout Libya, a barren and hungry land, and to those that pined in the squalor of the prisons in the towns."—*The Desert Fathers*, by Helen Waddell.

8. Ch. LVIII.

The Rev. C. H. Nash of Melbourne, who has trained many men and women for service, has said something to this effect: In comparison with the numbers who can "make disciples" there are very few who can teach them to observe all things whatsoever our Lord has commanded. As we have told, where we are concerned, the gap on the precipice edge to which we have been specially appointed is that unfenced place where so many children have slipped and fallen. But their salvation includes "teaching them to observe," and that leads out to opportunities of evangelism far beyond anything any one of us severally could have experienced, or those that the writer in some twenty years of evangelistic work did experience.

It is the old story again. The single little fragment of life which is all we have to offer is laid in our Master's hands, and He blesses it, and breaks it, and multiplies it for the feeding of thousands. Is it not always so?

THE DOHNAVUR FELLOWSHIP

THE work known by this name began in 1901. There exists in connection with the temples of India a system like that which obtained in such places as the great temple of Corinth with its Thousand Servants. Young children trained for temple service have no chance to grow up good. They are the most defenceless of God's innocent little creatures. We gave ourselves to save them, and as we lived in a village called Dohnavur the work became known by that name.

In 1918 we began to take boys too, for they also are used in the temples, and still more often in the evil dramatic societies of Southern India. The story of the Fellowship is told in *Gold Cord*.

The work is difficult and asks for all that we have to give. There are griefs, but there are far more joys. The greater number of the first generation of children are spending their lives in the service of their Saviour, and for the blessing of their country.

From the first we thought of the children as our own. We did not make a Home for them; when they came to us they were at home. And so from the beginning we were a family, never an institution; and we all, Indian and European men and women, live and work together on the lines of an Indian family, each contributing what each has to offer for the help of all. We have no salaried workers, Indian or foreign; make no appeal for funds; and authorize none to be made for us. We have never lacked; as the needs grew supplies came; and as we advance we find that our Unseen Leader is moving on before us. There are between six and seven hundred in the family, several out-posts in the villages and medical work.

We have no workers who are only preachers. "We have heard the preaching, *Can you show us the life of your Lord Jesus?*" said a Hindu to one of us. St. Paul, who not only taught publicly and from house to house, but laboured, working with his own hands, gave us the pattern that we as a Fellowship were intended to follow. So the evangelist shares in the practical work of life—doctoring, nursing, teaching, building, farming, and so on.

We come from various parts of the household of God; but we never find this to be any hindrance to harmony, for we meet at the Centre, above and below difference. And to be one in love to our Lord and in faith in the Book, the sum of whose words is truth, makes for vital unity.

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Fuller information about translations can be obtained from the following :

FOR EUROPEAN TRANSLATIONS : The Dohnavur Fellowship, 4, Alan Road, Wimbledon, London, S.W. 19.

FOR ORIENTAL TRANSLATIONS : The Dohnavur Fellowship, Tinnevelly District, South India.

The following in English Braille can be obtained on loan from the National Library for the Blind, 35, Great Smith Street, London, S.W. 1: **Gold Cord, Lotus Buds, Things as They Are, Mimosa, Ploughed Under, Widow of the Jewels, Gold by Moonlight, Rose from Brier, The Brigand's Story.**