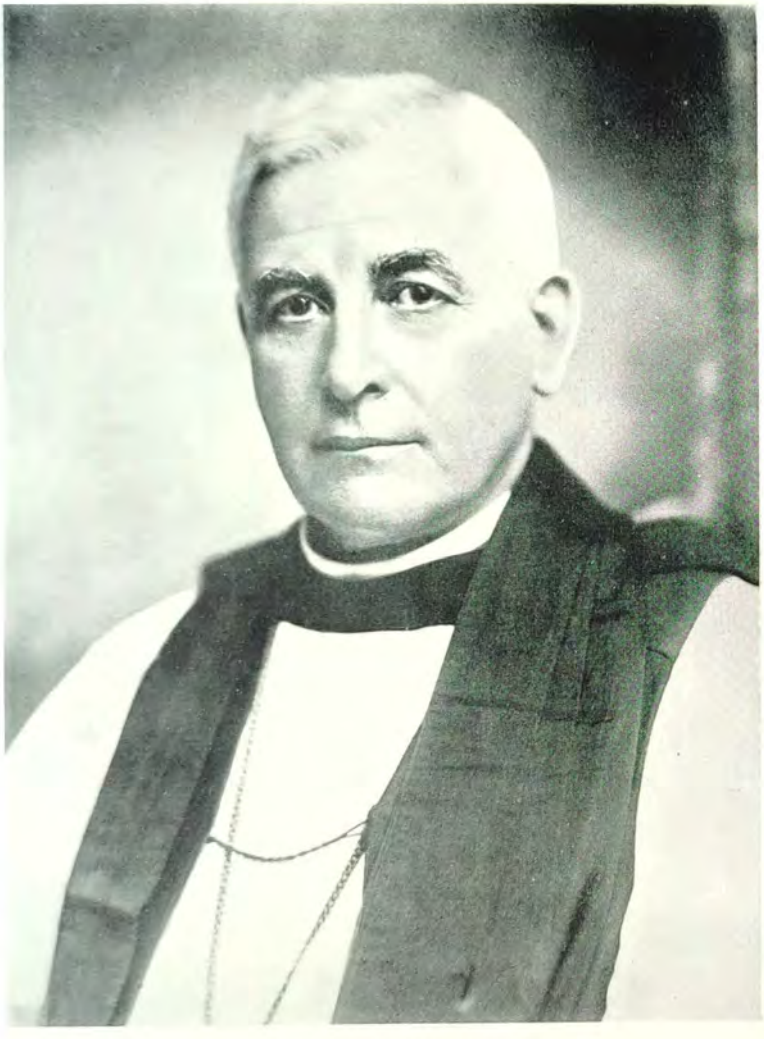
ALEX WOOD—BISHOP OF NAGPUR



BISHOP ALEX WOOD

ALEX WOOD
BISHOP OF NAGPUR

MISSIONARY, SPORTSMAN, PHILOSOPHER

A MEMOIR

BY

EYRE CHATTERTON
Formerly Bishop of Nagpur

FOREWORD BY THE METROPOLITAN OF INDIA

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

WHEN Alex Wood was taken away so unexpectedly before the full course of his years had run, there were many who felt that some memoir of his very remarkable and outstanding personality should be written. When I, as a very old friend, was asked to undertake the task, by the one person who had the chief right to ask me, I felt I could not decline the honour. I had been his friend for nearly forty years. Until he left the diocese of Nagpur in 1919, to become Bishop of Chota Nagpur, we were in the closest touch with one another, and when I resigned my Bishopric in 1926 it was a great joy to me to know that he was to return as my successor.

He was a man endowed by God with many gifts, great strength of body and mind, great faith and joyousness of spirit.

I can but hope for this little Memoir, that it may bring us closer to a man of great faith and power, by enabling us to see him as he faced the various problems of his life and work, and that it may inspire many of our young men to follow his steps.

EYRE CHATTERTON
Bishop

FOREWORD BY THE METROPOLITAN OF INDIA

I WAS indeed glad when I heard that an account of the life and work of Alex Wood was to be written, for he was a man of more than ordinary ability and force of character. I had met him before the war in which he served with distinction, and had heard of the work which he had done in Chanda, so that when in 1919 it fell to me, on my translation to Calcutta, to appoint my successor in Chota Nagpur, my thoughts naturally turned to him and my enquiries confirmed the impression which I had formed of him. During the eighteen years that I was associated with him on the Episcopal Bench—years which were memorable both for the passing of the Indian Church Bill which gave the Church of India her freedom, and the movement for Church Union in South India, I learned to value his opinion as based on a sound knowledge of the subject with which it dealt, and as being the result of careful thought and prayer. He was a painstaking student and an earnest evangelist, and endeared himself to thoughtful men and those who looked for the coming of the Kingdom of God.

Bishop Eyre Chatterton has laid the Church of India under a further debt of gratitude to him by adding to those books which he has already written, this delightful Memoir of one of her distinguished sons.

FOSS CALCUTTA

CHAPTER I

EARLY DAYS. ABERDEEN OLD GRAMMAR SCHOOL AND UNIVERSITY. EDINBURGH THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE. ORDINATION. CALL TO INDIA

ALEX WOOD was born in Aberdeenshire on July 27th, 1871, and received but the single name of Alex at his baptism. While still a very young child he lost both father and mother, and passed under the care of two old grandparents. It was on the farm of his old grandfather that Alex passed his early days. The grandparents were very devoted to their little grandson, but very strict with him. Lessons came first, but there was no work on the farm that the little lad did not soon learn about. Horses and animals were his constant companions, so that it does not surprise one to find that in later life the Commandant of the Equitation School in India could say: "The Bishop in the days of his strength could beat any of us on a horse."

His grandparents, though very strict, completely won the love of their sturdy little grandson. They were deeply religious people, members of the Scottish Episcopal Church. Sunday was a great day on the farm; only essential work was done, the horses must have their day of rest, and to their nearest church, which was seven miles away, the family walked to and fro in all kinds of weather. On Sunday afternoons the old grandfather would select Chapters of the Gospels, which little Alex had to memorize and repeat to perfection. He was talking about this to his wife when he lay dying at Shanghai. Can one imagine any finer training for one who has to endure hardness as a missionary in the Indian jungles, than an upbringing in such a home?

In due course he passed from a preparatory school,

where the foundations of sound learning were well and truly laid, to Aberdeen Old Grammar School and on to Aberdeen University. Learning came very easy to him, especially the learning of languages. Already he had developed into a very powerful young man, and his reputation at games, and especially as a boxer and wrestler, was very high in the University of Aberdeen. I remember well in 1906 how, when visiting Bishop John Dowden, who before his consecration was Principal of the Edinburgh Theological College, he asked me in a very humorous way, " And can Alex still bend a poker with his hands? "

Of one thing Alex was decidedly proud, that his higher education at the University and Edinburgh Theological College had cost his old grandfather almost nothing, owing to scholarships and some tutoring. He took his degree in 1893 and proceeded to the Theological College in Edinburgh where he gained the Walker and Shand bursaries, and the Luscombe scholarship. He was ordained deacon in 1895 and priest in 1896 by Bishop George Wilkinson, then Bishop of St. Andrew's, and Primus of the Scottish Episcopal Church. For Bishop Wilkinson Alex had a deep reverence and affection, and it was the Primus's appeal for one of the younger clergy to offer for the Mission work in Chanda which brought him to his lifelong service in India.

His two years in Forfar with his friend and Vicar, the Rev. Hugh MacKean, represented his whole service in the Home Church. Alex was devoted to Scotland, and to the Scottish Episcopal Church, but in spite of hard and trying days, especially in his early experiences of Mission work in India, I do not believe that he ever for one moment regretted the step he had taken, or dreamt that he had made any great sacrifice.

If Lord Curzon could describe Dr. Bruce, the great Persian missionary, as a fine specimen of a modern

Crusader, I feel I can just as truly describe Alex Wood as a splendid modern specimen of a hardy Norseman. There was a lot of the Viking in him. He loved adventure of every kind. Nothing pleased him better than to go for a few days with the trawling fleet in the North Sea or, regardless of the risk, to trace wild animals to their lairs. He would sometimes spend some hours before dawn sitting by the edge of one of the large " talaus " or lakes, in the Chanda jungles watching the wild animals coming down to have their drink. He told me how one night a huge boar was drinking so close to him that he could have punched it in the ribs. I think he was one of the not very large percentage of men, described by the late Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, who are constitutionally almost devoid of fear,

> " Men who look on tempests,
> and whose hearts are never shaken."

Exceptionally strong in body and mind, with a singularly well balanced nature, a keen sense of humour, and a firm and unshakable conviction that God had called him, speaking through the voice of the Primus of his Church, to go to Chanda, thither he went in the early winter of 1898.

CHAPTER II

EARLY DAYS IN CHANDA. THE INDIAN FAMINE 1899. THE PROBLEM OF 300 ORPHANS. FRESH WORKERS

IT was in the winter of 1898 that Alex Wood and I first met. Shortly after his arrival in Calcutta he came up to Hazaribagh, the Headquarters of the Dublin University Mission, of which I was then Head. He wanted to see something of the Mission work before going to Chanda, and part of his visit to us was spent touring among the villages in our district with our Mission doctor (K. W. S. Kennedy, afterwards Bishop of Chota Nagpur) and J. A. Murray. After leaving us he paid one or two more visits to other Missions to gain experience before settling down in his own Mission. We all took a real liking to him, and he seemed to like what he saw of us, and of our work. I think we all rather felt for him having to face his new experience without any of the friendly companionship which we enjoyed.

As some of my readers know little or nothing about Chanda and its Mission, it will be well to say something about it so that they may be the better able to picture the sort of country where Alex Wood spent much of his life, and the types of people for whom he laboured.

In the year 1870 the Rev. G. T. Carruthers, Government Chaplain of Nagpur, appealed to the Scottish Episcopal Church to start missionary work in India. His appeal was favourably considered, but as no one then was ready to go out from Scotland, money was raised and catechists were placed at Saugor and Chanda. When Saugor was occupied by a Swedish Mission, their catechist was withdrawn and Mission work was concentrated in Chanda. For two years Father Nehemiah Goreh, that famous Mahratta

Brahmin convert, worked in Chanda, and several converts were made. Then an Indian priest, the Rev. Israel Jacob, was sent to Chanda and laboured for twenty years. He died early in 1900, not very long after Alex Wood's arrival.

Those who really want to know what Chanda is like must get hold of Bishop Wood's charming little book *In and Out of Chanda,* or read *The Story of Gondwana,* which was published for me by Sir Isaac Pitman in 1916.

In Old Gondwana there were four Gond Kingdoms, and the capital of the Southern Kingdom was at Chanda. Its beautiful walled city comes as a great surprise to every visitor, and strange to say, though several hundred years old, is still in an excellent state of preservation. The District of Chanda, though in the hottest region of the Indian plains, has splendid teak forests abounding in wild game, some very fine rivers which flow into the Godavery, and a large number of " talaus," or lakes, which I refuse to call " tanks," made by former Gond Rajahs by damming up streams and small rivers. Sir Richard Temple, the first Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces, specially refers to the " talaus " as evidencing the wisdom of the old Gond rulers in conserving their water supply. It was to this interesting old city and fine wooded district that Alex Wood went in 1898, and there he remained till called away on War Service in 1916.

When Alex Wood arrived in the winter of 1898 the Rev. Israel Jacob was a very old and very sick man. He had done excellent work in his time and bore an excellent character, but for the past several years all enthusiasm and energy had died down, and work was at a standstill. The Bishop of Calcutta, in whose diocese Chanda was before the creation of the Nagpur diocese, could but very rarely visit this out of the way Mission, so this old tired Indian priest, without the stimulus of a

Bishop's visits, had sunk into a state of lethargy. "The Mission church in the city was in ruins, the grass growing breast high in the church. A flood had destroyed the building, and the handful of Christians, some of them converts from Father Nehemiah Goreh's time, worshipped in a small mud hut." Far from welcoming this young and enthusiastic arrival from Scotland, the old man made Alex Wood feel that things had better go on as they were; nor did Alex find the few British officials in Chanda very missionary minded. They were, of course, quite friendly, but they made him just at first feel that he was rather throwing himself away on a hopeless task, and that he would have been much wiser if he had remained comfortably in Scotland.

As there was no bungalow available for him in the Civil Station, he began life in a hut in the Chanda bazaar. From there he supervised the building of his bungalow on a site given to him in the Civil Station.

I have always thought that those very early days in Chanda, with his home in the Chanda bazaar and the Mission in a state of ruinous neglect, would have driven many a man into a state of despair, but one who knew him best tells me that in later life he thanked God for those early days of loneliness and difficulty. They brought him very close to God and into intimate touch with the Indian community, to whom he had come to minister. Those days also laid the foundation of the important part he was to play for many years in the life of the Municipality of Chanda, and in everything connected with its temporal welfare. The Indians in Chanda felt he was identifying himself with them, and this pleased them greatly.

Very soon, too, the small British community realized what an addition to the pleasure of their life it was to have such a man amongst them, such a fine specimen of muscular Christianity, broad-minded, full of the joy of life, a keen wit, and a devoted Christian.

I have before me several letters written to Mrs. Wood after his death at Shanghai, referring to these early days. Let me quote a part of one written by the late Sir Hyde Gowan, K.C.S.I., Governor of the Central Provinces, shortly before his own much lamented death. He writes on May 21st, 1937:

" I know that I am voicing the feelings of everyone in Nagpur when I say that the news of your husband's death in Shanghai brought a great sorrow to us all. Personally I shall miss him more than I can say, because almost the earliest memories of my service in India are bound up with those happy days in Chanda, when to us young men he was the embodiment of manly devoted Christianity, one whose strong arm we respected as much as we admired his intellect. He gave the best part of his life to the service of the Central Provinces and the people, and his going will be mourned by everyone."

There was in the Civil Station of Chanda a nice little stone church dedicated to St. Jude, built in the earliest days of British administration in the Central Provinces, under the direction of its first Chief Commissioner, Sir Richard Temple. To this church Alex Wood soon drew the young British officials of Chanda, some to renew their Communions, and all to Evensong when not on tour. He was also a welcome figure in the Chanda Social Club, and his half joking, but very serious method of raising the standard of language, by getting its members to place a small coin in the Mission box for every swear-word, was soon accepted without any dissent. The fact was that, to quote the words of another distinguished official, formerly a Chief Commissioner, " They would do anything for Wood."

Hardly was Alex Wood's bungalow finished and a good start made in his study of Marathi, when India, in 1899, was visited by one of its severe famines. The monsoon rains had failed, and the resources of Government were taxed to the utmost to save millions of

people from starvation. Schemes of various kinds of work were inaugurated, and amongst them in the Chanda district was the making of fresh roads, to various small towns, and groups of villages. As the number of officials was limited Alex Wood was asked to supervise two labour camps along about twelve miles of road which ran to the south of Chanda city. Mounted on a strong white horse which was named Eli (from its inclination to rear and fall backwards), and accompanied by a mysterious looking dog named Potiphar, which had among a long line of ancestors a bull terrier father, the young padre rode up and down the road and visited his camps, where a numerous assortment of Indians, mainly Gonds and Telugus, had their temporary huts. In the middle of these two camps was one rather better hut, where an educated Indian, a Bengali, was in charge of a safe in which the money was kept for the payment of the labourers. Wood had not been long enough in India to know much of its various types of inhabitants, and though he had seen some very big up-country Pathans with their baggy trousers swaggering about one of the two camps, it had not occurred to him to suspect them of being up to mischief. Approaching one day his largest camp he noticed some apparent confusion, and soon found, on dismounting from Eli, that one of these Pathans was standing in the door of the hut where the safe was, and another slipped quietly away. As the Pathan in the doorway endeavoured to prevent his entrance, Wood, with a powerful blow under his chin, knocked him over, and had him bound. On entering the hut a strange sight met his eyes, the Bengali treasurer was in the grips of two other Pathans, one of them with a lighted oil vessel was endeavouring to roast the unfortunate man, so as to get the safe key. There are occasions when one is justified in feeling real indignation, and before many minutes had passed these two Pathans, battered by the fists of this powerful

young Scot, had really regretted that they had visited the camp. He offered, when they had been bound, either to send them to jail, or try them and punish them himself. They begged for the latter treatment, and after a severe chastisement they were ignominiously expelled from the camp. Needless to say, his reputation for strength and justice rose very high in the Chanda district.

One inevitable result of this widespread and terrible famine was to deprive thousands of children of their fathers and mothers. In those days there were no agencies in India so ready and so willing to care for these poor little children as the various Christian Missions, and as there was then no prejudice on the part of Hindus or Mohammedans, Government without any hesitation handed over the children to missionary bodies all over India. I myself remember baptizing a number of little orphan boys handed over to the Dublin University Mission, and I can recall two most gifted Indian priests who, when orphans, were adopted by Christian missionaries.

To Alex Wood, still without any European brother or sister missionary, were entrusted over 300 little orphan boys and girls; and with that tremendous gift and responsibility, the Mission at Chanda was literally born anew.

The Scottish Church, hearing of this heavy responsibility laid on their young missionary, immediately issued an urgent appeal for more workers, and early in 1901 the Rev. G. D. Philip resigned his living and arrived in Chanda at the beginning of the hot weather. A year later two ladies, Miss Smyth, formerly of the U.M.C.A., and Mrs. Aitken, came out to take care of the girl orphans. The necessary Mission buildings were soon raised, thanks to large gifts of sympathizers. Writing of these days some years later, Mr. Philip gives a graphic description of the Mission as he first knew it.

" Up till the first rains the health of the children continued fairly good, then the effect of the famine began to show itself, the children sickened and died with alarming rapidity. It was a black time. We sometimes carried out three and four a week and laid them in the open burying ground by the river. The children began to wonder when their turn would come, and if they were all to be carried off by this terrible sickness. But with the end of the rains the mortality ceased, and from that time till now the health of the Mission children has been very good.

" In 1901 most of the children were baptized, and their instruction in religious and secular knowledge regularly undertaken. The bulk of the children have since been confirmed and become communicants; about forty have been married and have children, so that already, in the short space of nine or ten years, from these famine orphans, we have springing up a new generation of Christians—the hope of the Church of the future in these parts.

" Some of the boys have become domestic servants; some are learning carpenter's work, some are learning gardening, some are engaged in general work such as building and repairing and anything required about the Mission; some are learning agriculture at Nagpur, under Government supervision; some are at the Normal School there, and some are at St. John's High School, Poona, for higher education.

" As for the girls, they attend schools and do the general work of the orphanage; cook their own food, keep the school and compound in order, and are engaged in a variety of needlework for themselves, the boys and outsiders. They darn for many of the *sahibs* of the station and make stockings for which a ready sale is found. Lately a new industry has been added in the shape of bead and seed necklace-making. Some of the more advanced girls have been sent to Poona to school,

under the care of the Wantage Sisters, and should soon return to take their places as teachers in our own girls' schools. One of our boys has already come back to us, after his Normal School training, as a teacher, and, by and by, we should be able to supply most of our schools by means of our own boys. Catechists, priests and deacons we hope to have in a few years from among our children who are now receiving higher education."

How fully Alex Wood had won the confidence of Government is evident from the fact that in his third year in India he was awarded the Kaisar-i-Hind Medal for Public Service, and recognizing the important work laid on the Mission in the care and unbringing of all these children, the Commissioner of the Division, afterwards Sir Reginald Craddock, arranged for the handing over to the Mission the old Government Garden called the Nagina Bagh, comprising about nineteen acres, just outside the city walls. Few Missions in India have a finer or more picturesque compound, but lest we should think our missionaries were living in clover, let me remind you that Chanda in the hot weather sometimes has temperatures between 115° and 118°.

In his little book *In and Out of Chanda* to which I must often refer, Wood describes in his amusing way one difficulty which had to be met in connection with this Government Garden then given to the Mission. Let me describe it in his own words; he calls it "The true story of a Garden God."

"I have just finished (I hope) a very weird controversy, of which the details may interest you. We took over the Government garden from the 1st of July, and there was a god and a temple in the garden. It was a nameless god, who seemed to be the tutelary deity of the garden. His form was a wooden frame clothed in green, after the plan of what would be at home a scarecrow—an upright stick with a cross-piece for arms.

His head was of clay, covered over with a layer of sweet-smelling sandal wood; and his eyes were two bright pieces of glass, with silver paper at the back. He did not seem to have any other features, but his head was bound together with a silver band. He was a very excellent god altogether. Miss Smyth was very much shocked when she saw him, and thought we ought to rail that temple, god and all, outside the garden. However, I thought I could try and get him removed instead. This is, as you must know, a most delicate and dangerous process. I got Narayan Waman Kelkar, the man who built the church under the P.W.D., and who is now building the Montgomery Bungalow, to come and aid me in the negotiations. He said it was a shocking thing to think of moving a god—but he came. He is a Brahman. We collected all the devotees of the god, and his *pujari* (priest) and I began to lay before them the proposition that, now the garden was going to belong to Christians, it had better go. Of course the people did not think I was serious at first, but I said I did not believe in their god, neither did my children. They were coming here to live soon, and I was quite sure that some day they would break it or injure it in some way; and, at any rate, I was not going to protect it. We had a long and involved argument, but the final resolution was that I was willing to pay Rs. 20 to have god, temple, and all thereto belonging, removed from the place by them, without giving any more trouble about it. They were to come to me for the money when the work was done.

" However, the *pujari* was not a consenting party to this, and when I had gone he inquired of the god, and the god replied, ' I have dwelt here under the Gond Raj, and the Maratha Raj, the Kampani Raj, and the British Raj, and I am not going to be moved now.' He further revealed that whoever touched him would suffer many misfortunes, and his children would die; also that if the orphans came to live in the garden they also would die—all of them.

" I naturally complained that this was breaking the contract, and that I would only pay the Rs. 20 on condition that the god went without hurling prophecies about like this, and that if they could not keep the god more polite I should be obliged to take sterner measures with him. Well, the time passed slowly, and the only move that was made was that the god retired from his pedestal in the shrine, and I thought he had gone, and that the shrine would be removed in due course. But one morning I saw a box and a basket hung to the rafters above the mat ceiling of the shrine, and, on inquiry, I found that these were things belonging to the god. I noted that he stored his luggage in a box that had once been a case of one dozen whiskies from Bombay. I then discovered the god had not been removed at all. He had merely been packed in the box, and his wife and son in the basket.

" This morning I came to the garden and called the people, and asked that he should be removed, but no one would touch him, so I called on Laxaman, our biggest boy, who is working as a gardener, and asked him to fetch the box down. He very soon had it down, and unpacked the god and his wife and son with a quiet business-like air as if he was quite accustomed to this sort of sacrilege. I then asked the people to take it, which they did, box and all; but they begged me to build a shrine for them, which I refused to do. The *pujari* was greatly disturbed and said that all this was no use. The god did not live in the shrine, he lived in the well, and the shrine was the place where he came to sit in the cool of the evening. It was no use taking him away, because he would just fly back again. I turned to Laxaman and said, ' Laxia, if you see that god come back here, will you just take him and throw him outside the gate.' Laxia gravely salaamed, and said, '*Hoy, Huzoor*' (Yes, sir)."

CHAPTER III

TEACHING AND TOURING IN CHANDA

I HAD not seen Alex Wood since November 1898 when I arrived in Chanda after a night journey early in April 1903. Chanda was the first Mission station I visited after my consecration in Calcutta Cathedral. Plague was raging, and Alex Wood had hastened from a plague camp to greet me on my arrival. He expressed his regret at his rather incomplete toilet, but he had been summoned to the plague camp to deal with some refractory patients at a very early hour.

After a few days spent in seeing everything and discussing work, it was decided that I was to pay them another visit in the cold weather, when the Mission church in the city, whose foundation had been laid by Bishop Copleston, would be ready for consecration, and some of the older orphan boys and girls would be ready for their Confirmation. Two memories of those happy days come back to me. Already Alex Wood had made friends with the animals of the Chanda jungle, and a baby panther was one of the inmates of the Mission bungalow where Wood and his brother missionary, George Philip, lived. This wicked little beast was not popular in the station, and during one of Wood's tours in the Chanda jungles it mysteriously disappeared! The other memory was connected with a visit to the aged Gond Rajah which Wood arranged. We must remember that it was the Mahratta Rajah who deposed the Gond Rajah, and not the British. The Rajah was a very old man, and running about in the courtyard was his little grand-daughter, aged about four, without a vestige of dress. I believe that one result of this visit and my remarks to the leading official in Chanda was

that the old Rajah's pension was slightly increased, which one hopes induced him to provide a robe for the little princess.

Towards the end of November I again visited Chanda to consecrate St. Andrew's Mission Church in the city of Chanda. Alex Wood had been the architect and supervised the building, and to-day, thirty-five years after, they are planning either to enlarge it, or to build a new church to meet rapidly growing needs, and as a fit memorial to him. At the strong request of this Mission, the Scottish liturgy, translated into Mahratti, was used at its consecration, and later in the day I confirmed fourteen of the elder orphans. One evening I addressed a large number of Wood's Indian friends in the bazaar on the claims of Jesus Christ in India.

I always thought that Wood showed excellent judgment in his plans for the development of the Mission. His first task was to see that the centre was made strong before pushing out into the large district. Immense care was taken in the upbringing of this large body of orphan boys and girls. The boys, many of them delicate little fellows, must be made strong by wise physical and gymnastic exercises. One of the sights was to see the boys walking on their hands with their legs in front of their heads in what is called the *bichua chala* (scorpion walk).

The Boy Scout movement was soon started by him and taken up with real enthusiasm. The care in patient training and teaching, which was always evident in the Mission under his guidance, especially seen in the preparation of catechumens, Confirmation candidates and Ordination candidates, accounts for the fact that there have been far fewer painful lapses and excommunications at Chanda than in other Missions of my experience. Wood was never in a hurry. "*Galde Ka Kam, Shaitan Ka Kam*" (quick work is Satan's work), is an Indian saying with much truth in it.

Schools were established at two important places outside Chanda along the railway line, Bhandak and Warda, and were easily and regularly visited.

But there can be no doubt that Wood's eye was constantly on the jungles and forests of Chanda, where dwelt large numbers of the aboriginal Gonds. George Philip and his devoted wife (for he married Miss Smyth two years after her arrival) spent two months touring in the district before Christmas. Then after the Christmas camp at Jenona, with its fine stretch of water (wrongly called a tank), where all the Mission workers, a few specially invited European friends, and most of the orphans, lived picnic fashion for ten days, Wood would plunge into the jungles till well on in the hot weather and live among its primitive inhabitants. From time to time he would flash into Chanda to see how everything was going, and then go back to his constant tours of exploration. He was always on the most friendly terms with forest officials, and his friendship made it easy for him to help numbers of young British officers who came every hot weather to Chanda for big game shooting. I remember how particularly good he was to my nephew, Captain Fleetwood Berry, M.C., and his two brother officers, Captain Pike and Captain Gore, of the 9th Gurkhas, all of whom lost their lives in the Great War, when they came down from Dehra Dun with their Gurkha orderlies to do some *shikar*. He insisted on my nephew taking his big double-barrelled rifle when going after bison, with the result that the head of one fine bison shot by him is now in the Mess Room of the 9th Gurkhas.

On several occasions during cold weathers I accompanied him on his tours. We generally camped near some big village or group of villages, and every evening held an Evangelistic Service, prepared for by the catechists, and assisted by the magic lantern. On one of these cold weather tours when my wife and I, and

Miss Rowell, the senior missionary lady, were with him in a forest bungalow in Ahiri, the most southern of the Mission outpost stations, news came that a tiger had killed two bullocks the day before in a village eight or ten miles away. The villagers begged him to come and kill it. After a somewhat hasty breakfast and a fairly fast ride, we left our horses near a village, with their syces, and proceeded on foot for about a mile across fairly thick jungle to the place we were to take up our position in the " beat." The Indian *shikari* had secured a couple of hundred of the male villagers to drive the tiger out of the jungle, where they knew he was lying up, and these villagers, armed with axes and spears, and with every kind of drum and noisy instrument they possessed, and with most unhuman yells, started a mile away to drive everything before them. Of course, Wood insisted on my taking the position which the *shikari* indicated was the most likely place for the animal to break through. He had sometimes said to me in a chaffing way, " If you will come down into these jungles I will bring a tiger by his moustache up to you." Well in due course a magnificent male tiger came forth, rather more than leisurely, and I very fortunately killed him with my first shot.

Alex was a most unselfish sportsman. Of the many tigers he himself shot it is interesting to know that their much coveted skins and heads were sold by him, and their quite considerable proceeds were given to his Mission funds.

It was in these Chanda jungles that Wood moved up and down for several months every year from 1898 till he was called away to become Chaplain to the Indian Cavalry in France and Palestine in March 1916. That there was very little about the customs and religious beliefs of the Gond of which he did not make a close study, is evident from articles of his which were published in the *Nagpur Diocesan Quarterly* on primitive

religions, totem worship and transmigration of souls.[1] Later on when he was made Bishop of Chota Nagpur in 1919, after the War, he was to spend seven years amongst another group of Indian aborigines, Mundas, Orauns, Santhals and Larka Hos, who with certain resemblances to the Gonds, had their marked differences. No account of his life would be complete which omitted to describe something of what he has written about these rather primitive dwellers in the Chanda jungles.

[1] *Vide* Appendix I.

CHAPTER IV

GOND CUSTOMS AND BELIEFS

In his classic work on the *Peoples of India* the late Sir Herbert Risley considers the Dravidian race as the earliest and most numerous of the seven races to which he would ultimately trace all the present peoples of India. It is to a branch of this ancient race that the Gonds belong. To themselves they are not Gonds but Koitors (merely " men "). It is now generally believed that they moved up from the Deccan to make their homes in wilder and less accessible regions where they could live in the ways they loved best, hunting always, seldom settling for long in one place, and cultivating in a primitive way, sometimes most destructive to the forests. The name Gond most probably came to them because they settled in the ancient Kingdom of Gaur to the west of Bengal.

There are in the Central Provinces something like two millions Gonds scattered in various districts. A few of the old Gond chieftains were given the honorary title of Rajah in the period when Sir Richard Temple was Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces.

In the Chanda district and in the neighbouring Bastar district they are divided into two great septs, the Raj Gond and Marya Gond. The Marya Gond is a much more primitive person and is probably of purer Gond blood. The Raj Gond has mixed more with Hindus. Some Raj Gonds were connected with the former Gond rulers and their courts; they sometimes even wear the sacred thread of the " twice-born."

Alex Wood felt, as I have said, a very strong attraction towards the Gonds and especially towards the more primitive section of these jungle people. He

studied closely their religious and superstitious beliefs and their social customs. His two papers on " Modern Hinduism and Primitive Religions " and on " Hinduism and Primitive Cults," which I have embodied in the Appendix of this Memoir show how widely he had read and thought on these subjects. Familiar with their outlook, as well as being a careful student of comparative religions, these essays of his are full of original thought and suggestion, especially on the questions of Totemism and Transmigration. On one point he is clear, namely, that the belief in totems which is very marked in all primitive people, grows less as they become more civilized and settled in their modes of living.

These Gonds, amongst whom he moved, have strange religious beliefs, some of which are closely connected with their social customs. They have no less than seven gods in their pantheon; they divide themselves into groups or families by the number of gods they worship, such as seven-god Gonds, six-god Gonds, five-god Gonds, etc. One of the seven gods they call Bhera Pen or Maha Deva, who is regarded as the creator of the world, but as he takes little or no interest in his creatures he is only occasionally worshipped. He has no symbol or idol, but iron is sacred to him. The other six gods with whom the Gond has to reckon are generally on the look-out to take offence and do harm, so that the main religious acts of the Gond are inspired by fear. Wood mentions, however, in his little book *In and Out of Chanda* what seems like a dim idea of these gods waking up sometimes to protect their worshippers. " For example, when the tutelary god of the six-god Gonds, whose symbol is six spear heads, one large and five small, hung in a skin bag on a tree outside their huts, is asked to protect them, his spear heads are daubed with red paint or blood, and goats, fowls, rice and a bottle of *daru* (country liquor) are sacrificed to them, the ceremony ending like all Gond ceremonies in

feasting, drinking and dancing." I have said that they carry their religious beliefs into their social customs; and a member of a six-god Gond family must not marry into a six-god family. That is strictly prohibited by tribal law. All these groups have their own special totem, the five-god Gonds the iguana, the six-god Gonds (to which the Royal family belonged) the tiger, the seven-god Gond the porcupine.

The position of women amongst the Gonds, as indeed amongst all the aborigines of India, is largely one of equality with the opposite sex, and where Hindu ideas have not penetrated, the woman is free to marry the man of her choice. Few marriages take place before the girl is full grown. Amongst the Marya Gonds of the Chanda district there is a " bachelors' quarter " in every village, where the young men are shut up at night!

After a couple of Marya Gonds have been keeping company for a little, the village elders and parents step in, and the betrothal is arranged. Shortly afterwards the bridegroom's party come and place a spear in the courtyard of the bride's house. If the bride's party consent, water is poured over the spear by the girl's father. Should he fail to do this, it is regarded as a grievous insult, and he is fined heavily. The marriage ceremony is simplicity itself. A platform of cow-dung cakes is built, on which a blanket is spread; on this the young couple stand and exchange vows. The bridegroom puts an iron ring on one of the bride's fingers and the ceremony is over. The newly-married couple spend their short honeymoon in a temporary hut previously prepared in the forest. In certain cases where the bridegroom is too poor to pay the price which is demanded by the father for his daughter, he is allowed to serve, like the Patriarch Jacob, for his wife. This service sometimes lasts for several years.

Unlike the higher castes of Hindus, the Gonds raise

no objection to the remarriage of widows. Such marriages are attended with a curious practice in one part of Gondwana. The couple stand under the eaves of the bridegroom's hut with an upright spear between them. Turmeric mixed with oil is poured over the bridegroom's head and on the spear head, and the bridegroom ties a string of beads around the bride's neck. After this simple ceremony he conducts her as his wife to his hut.

" In some cases the Gonds bury their dead, and in some cases, where Hindu influence is strong, they burn them. The burial ground or burning place is generally to the east of the village. Their dead are sometimes buried with their feet towards the north; the explanation of this practice being a tradition that their home was once in the north.

" The belief in transmigration is found amongst the Gonds in many places. One custom in connection with it is decidedly interesting. When a Gond is dying he is removed from his simple cord-bed and laid on the ground. Under his head is placed a small heap of grain. After his death, when the body is removed, an inverted basket is placed over this heap of grain; on the following day the village elders examine it, and the wise amongst them believe that they can detect the footprints of the animal into which the soul of the deceased has entered.

" When the body of the dead has been carried to its last resting-place, the mourners, still bearing the corpse on their shoulders, face westward. In front of them, ten paces away, are placed three ' yen ' leaves in a little line about a yard apart. The first leaf is for the supreme god, the second for disembodied spirits, and the third for witches. The spirit of the departed is then called upon to disclose the cause of his death. The bearers, impelled by the spirit of the dead man, move forward to the leaves. If they stop at the first leaf, the

dead man was recalled by the supreme spirit, and died a natural death. If they stop at the second leaf, he was slain by a malign spirit. If they stop at the third leaf, the cause of his death was witchcraft. In this case the spirit of the dead is invoked to reveal the witch or sorcerer who, if in the crowd, is at once seized and put on his or her trial.

" Witchcraft is strongly believed in, and they have a custom which is curiously similar to the western custom of ' ducking a witch.' When a woman is suspected of witchcraft, she is taken to the nearest water tank or pool and thrown in. If she remains under water while a man shoots three arrows into the air she is innocent, but if she comes to the surface before that she is proved to be a witch. Her two front teeth are then knocked out, her head shaved, and she is banished from the village."

The national amusement of the Gonds is dancing. At the end of the harvest season, one hears all night long the merry lilt of the Gond chorus and the throb of the drum, as the villagers dance round a big fire in some wide open place. It is only men and unmarried women who dance. The Gond woman, when married, is not allowed to go to dances. During his visit to India in 1925 the Primus of the Scottish Church and Mrs. Robberds attended with me one of these Gond dances, in the very heart of the Marya Gond country, and were much impressed by its picturesque weirdness and the obvious pleasure of the dancers.

CHAPTER V

DURGAPUR AND KABIR PANTHIS

THERE is one side of missionary work in the Chanda Mission so closely connected with Alex Wood's life work and so full of interest that I feel I must give it a chapter to itself.

Towards the end of 1903 or early in 1904 Alex Wood told me of a few people belonging to the Kabir Panthis sect in Chanda who were definitely attracted by the teaching and life of our Saviour. Their teacher, a man named Chandu, had discussed with him the question of his baptism. As many of my readers may know little or nothing of this strange Hindu sect, let me describe it briefly.

Its founder, Kabir, lived towards the end of the fifteenth century at Benares and other parts of the United Provinces. He taught devotion *(bhakti)* to one personal God, and endeavoured to unite Hindus and Moslems on the ground of belief in the Unity of the Godhead. He denounced all idolatry and sought to remove all distinctions of caste. It is held by some that the influence of his teaching was a powerful factor in the mind of the *guru* Nanak, the founder of the Sikh religion.

Beginning in Northern India, the teaching and influence of Kabir spread steadily southwards, and there are at present probably a million of his followers in the Central Provinces. His teaching was first brought to Chanda by one Mangaldas, who soon attracted to himself a number of followers, the most zealous of whom was Pilbu, who afterwards became their leading *guru* in Chanda. Pilbu had many discussions on religion with Nehemiah Goreh and the Rev. Israel

Jacob, but though not far from the Kingdom of Heaven, never became a Christian.

The sect of the Kabir Panthis is specially interesting for certain reasons: in the first place it is monotheistic. True religion according to Kabir meant nothing but devotion to one God, who is called by the name Vishnu, or by the Incarnations of Vishnu, such as Rama or Krishna; or even by names used of God by Mohammedans. "To Ali (Allah) and to Rama we owe our life," say the Scriptures of the Kabir Panthis sect. "The City of the Hindu God is to the east (Benares), the City of the Mohammedan God is to the west (Mecca); but explore your own heart, for there is the God both of the Mohammedans and of the Hindus. Behold but One in all things."

Kabir regarded Mohammedans and Hindus as worshipping the same God under different names. In this way he was the first to attempt to bridge the gulf between Hinduism and Islam. A story is told of how at the death of Kabir both Mohammedans and Hindus crowded round the bier on which his dead body was laid, both protesting that he belonged to them. When the cover was removed from the body the corpse was found to have been replaced at one end by some leaves of the tulsi plant (sacred to Hindus) and at the other end by *sabja* (a plant sacred to Mohammedans). So the Mohammedans took the *sabja* plant, buried it at Kabir's village of Magar, near Gorakhpur, in the United Provinces, and erected a mosque over it. The Hindus, on the other hand, took the tulsi plant to Benares, burnt it and cast it into Mother Ganges.

When eventually Chandu was baptized by Alex Wood, a large number of his Kabir Panthis disciples who wanted to follow him were not entirely convinced that he, their *guru,* or teacher, had quite given up his allegiance to Kabir; and had really become a disciple of Jesus Christ. The rite of baptism was strange to

them and they wanted some fuller assurance that their leader had really changed his faith. They asked some definite sign, and the sign they demanded was that he should publicly burn some books held sacred by the Hindus, Mohammedans, and followers of Kabir. And so one night just before midnight, outside the city walls a number of them assembled together with certain members of the Mission to take part in a strange ceremony. A fire was made ready, and at a given signal Chandu walked forward and solemnly and impressively consigned to the flames three books representative of the three religions. This burning of the books on the part of their *guru* had a great effect in bringing some of his followers to a confession of the Christian Faith.

Those few Kabir families who were baptized just after this ceremony had, one must remember, been catechumens for several years. Alex Wood demanded a very long and careful period of instruction or "catechumenate" before approaching the Bishop for permission to baptize adults. In an article he wrote on the history of the "catechumenate" he concludes with these words: "Have we many Indian Christians who are such as *do* inspire Hindus and Mohammedans to seek their acquaintance, that they may become sharers in the blessings of the Gospel? Have we many who, by merely being what they are, are missionaries? We have a few, and it is something to be humbly thankful for. But the early Church had many such. She also had a three-year catechumenate. Is it possible to connect the two?"

The mind of Alex Wood had been for some time exercised about the future of many of the orphans who were approaching adolescence. He saw that the time was coming when most of them must be planted outside the Mission compound, and now with the baptism of several families of Kabir Panthis he approached the local Government, in 1911, with a view to acquiring

some forest land a couple of miles from Chanda, where he could plant a little colony of Christians. As the years have gone by this little colony has grown in a remarkable way; and the present Head of the Mission at Chanda tells me that Durgapur, which is the name given to this village, has now six hundred inhabitants, of whom nearly three hundred are Christians. They have their school, their church and one of the Indian clergy, the Rev. Habil Jagtap, whom I ordained deacon in February 1921 and who was ordained priest by Bishop Wood in 1933, is in charge of this little flock.

Encouraged by the success of this venture, Dr. Mackenzie tells me that the Mission has hopes of starting another such Christian settlement at Bhandak, not far from Chanda. Bhandak is close to the site of a famous city of ancient Buddhist days.[1] Alex Wood wrote a charming historical note about this city, which I have placed in the Appendix. The local Government are helping the villagers in building a much needed tank for this growing village, and Dr. Mackenzie has sent the son of Chandu, the first convert from Kabirism, to Allahabad for training in practical dairy-farming, with a view to starting this industry in Durgapur. So has Alex Wood's venture of faith nearly thirty years ago been rewarded.

In 1925, when visiting Chanda, the Primus of the Scottish Episcopal Church and Mrs. Robberds visited Durgapur with me, and I feel sure they will never forget the warmth of the greetings which they received from the villagers, and the number of garlands which surrounded their necks as they left the village!

One memory connected with this village of Durgapur often comes back to me. When it was still in its early days and the Chanda Mission was seriously understaffed, there arrived from Scotland the present Head of the Mission, Dr. Kenneth Mackenzie. He had been at the

[1] *Vide* Appendix IV.

Front in France for four years (1914–18) and had distinguished himself greatly, receiving M.C. with bar, and D.S.O. Ordained priest in 1919, he came to the help of the Mission for two years in 1921. I can still see him living in a little hut at Durgapur, helping those simple Christians. It was in strange and happy contrast to those hard and trying years in France.

CHAPTER VI

THE WAR. ALEX WOOD GOES TO FRANCE AS CHAPLAIN TO INDIAN CAVALRY 1916–18

WHEN I returned from six months' leave in November 1915 I found Alex in a decidedly restless state. He felt he was living a sheltered life while the manhood of the Empire was being tested to the core. The account I gave him of my short visit to the Indian Corps in France made him all the more anxious to do his bit. He even determined to take steps to become a liaison officer or a despatch rider. Then Providence intervened, and the way was wonderfully opened for him to go as a chaplain to France.

It came about in this way. The Indian Army Corps, which had left India for France in 1914 had fought splendidly, but had found the climate of northern France in the winter of 1914–15 very trying. Men were urgently needed in other war areas, Egypt, Mesopotamia and East Africa, and for these reasons the Supreme Army Council decided to remove all Indian Infantry regiments, Punjabis, Sikhs, Gurkhas, Gahrwalis in the winter of 1915, but to leave behind two divisions of Indian Cavalry as specially suited for mobile operations. When this decision was made, the Metropolitan of India was informed by the Indian Government that nearly all the Government chaplains serving in France were to be withdrawn to the other war areas, but that they would need a special chaplain for the Indian Cavalry in France who had a good knowledge of Indian languages and was really suitable for cavalry. On hearing from Bishop Lefroy, who was then Metropolitan of India, I at once informed him that I had the ideal man for the post. Apart from the fact

that he was a very fine horseman, and had shot for the Indian team at Bisley in 1912, I knew what a tower of strength he would be in times of hardship and danger. I felt too that he would soon win the esteem of both officers and soldiers in the Indian Cavalry. Bishop Lefroy's recommendation was at once accepted by the Indian Government and War Office, and in March 1916 Alex left for France, and did not come back to us until the summer of 1919. During his three years' absence he was for the first two years in France and the third year in Palestine and Syria.

In writing these two chapters of his War experiences I have been allowed to read a very large number of remarkably interesting letters which he wrote to the senior lady of the Mission at Chanda, Miss Hannah Rowell. Amid all the hardships, dangers and thrilling experiences of those eventful years, he never seemed to allow Chanda and its work and workers to grow the least dim. In addition to these letters which were sent quite frequently to his Mission he also sent me some intensely interesting letters, heavily censored, which appeared in our *Nagpur Diocesan Quarterly* and which I have been reading over again with renewed interest.

Those chaplains who were fortunate enough to serve at various Fronts in the War know quite well the different duties which everyone has to carry out. There are the religious services which have to be held in all sorts of places and buildings, some in orchards and woods, some even in trenches; there are the visits to dressing stations, clearing hospitals, base hospitals; there are the constant funerals. "The funeral service is the one I know best," writes Alex Wood in one of his letters.

Alex Wood left Chanda when the hot weather was beginning. He felt the cold intensely when he first arrived in France as his thin Indian tunic was quite unsuited for the cold and snow of northern France. In

ALEX WOOD AFTER THREE YEARS AT THE FRONT

one letter he says that but for a splendid British "warm" which he got at Marseilles he would have frozen to death. There was some fuss both about his uniform and horses when he got to the Front. Being forty-eight inches round the chest they had no tunics of his size—their largest was forty-two inches. Being sixteen stone he was really overweight for the ordinary Indian Cavalry horse. These matters were, however, soon put right. In due course suitable warm tunics and a Sam Browne belt arrived, and two very big weight carrying horses, one seventeen hands and another sixteen hands, "a beautiful jumper with a turn for speed," were placed at his disposal. He was also provided with a car, and described himself as a real *bahadur.*

His work at the start was with two brigades of cavalry in an area of 200 square miles with a clearing hospital. Some Sundays he had to ride thirty miles for various services. On his way to his cavalry division he made friends with a distinguished Indian chieftain (N.W. Frontier). This chieftain had spent six months in Gallipoli and was on his way to an Indian Cavalry Brigade to see a little of the War in France. He was doubtless very glad to meet the big Scottish padre who could talk with him in Hindustani.

As it is quite impossible in this Memoir to give all the experiences of those three years, I feel that my best course is to select a few of those which seem of special interest.

It is clear that as Alex Wood had been sent to the Indian Cavalry, whose Indian (as distinct from British) officers, and whose sowars were Sikhs, Mohammedans and Hindus, he felt that he had a real duty towards them, to help and cheer them in every way in his power. He would go up and sit with them continually in the trenches and talk to them about their beloved India. After a time they spoke of him not as padre *sahib* but as their *guru,* or teacher. His Mission at

Chanda constantly sent supplies of Indian cigarettes which they loved. He lectured Indian officers on Germany and France. On one occasion he was invited to deliver lectures to the School for Chaplains at St. Omer on the very congenial subject of India.

Of course, being with a mobile force of cavalry, at times they were living in tents, *bewakufing*[1] as the Indians pronounced "bivouacking," at times in trenches, and at times in comfortable quarters in towns and villages. He went everywhere with the cavalry, ministering to wounded and dying and sharing all their hardships and dangers.

He formed a very high opinion of the courage of the ordinary French people during the period when their country was in such deadly peril from the invading army.

In one small town he is billeted in the Mayor's house. The Mayor's daughter, seeing his black hair is turning grey, wishes to make him a pomade out of lilac leaves to restore the colour. When he assures her that it is the same colour as he had when in "bibs," she runs away to madame, her mother, exclaiming "*La la, il est très drôle.*" At another billet where he is with an old couple and their little grandson of two (the father is away at the Front) he buys a toy *Croix de Guerre* and fastens it in the baby's dress, saying "for distinguished conduct in the trenches," which evokes laughter and tears from the old grandparents. From another billet he receives a warm invitation to return when he can get "permission."

> "One of the most wonderful things in this war is the happy relations between our soldiers and the French people with whom they are billeted in the War areas. One cannot help sometimes thinking would it be as happy if a foreign army for whatever reason were billeted on our British farmers

[1] A "*bewakuf*" is a fool.

and villagers? I doubt it! This almost universal absence of friction in circumstances so difficult is a compliment both to our troops and to the French people, but mainly to the latter. I have been billeted in all sorts of places and with many sorts of people since my arrival in France, and the almost invariable kindness and courtesy of my temporary hosts is a very pleasant memory. If one stays for a week or two in the same billet very often one finds oneself adopted as a sort of extra member of the family. 'Madame' tells you of a son or husband at the Front—a prisoner—wounded—or dead as the case may be. Only the old men and the young boys are to be found in the French villages of to-day—with, alas, the permanently crippled. 'Madame' is the important person in the house always, and she talks! 'Madame's' outlook on life may be limited, but not her conversation. She tells you all the ins and outs of things—her views are clear and simple—and intensely practical—and her quiet acceptance of this war—the steadfast resolution to do all—to bear all to win it is very impressive. Few houses in France to-day are not mourning someone dead—often a son. A little pile of cherished letters, written on all sorts of scraps and oddments of paper, kept in a satchel and tied with a bit of black ribbon, is one of the sad treasures of many a French mother. 'Madame' is proud of those letters. Oh, but proud, yes. Yet she will sometimes speak of them and the boy if we are friendly. Often it is difficult to disentangle in her talk the little boy, the baby even, whom 'Madame' seems always to be seeing across the years, from the gay young soldier who died for France, but with photographs and letters it may be done, and perhaps 'Madame' will get the letters and read bits here and there. Some-

times they are very ordinary, often far otherwise, but they all breathe that intense spirit of patriotism which is the new soul of France to-day. Most of us before this war knew little of France and its people, and that little was mainly wrong. The old wars left a legacy of distrust perhaps. The literature of France, some of it anyway, was doubtful—much of the rest disregarded our British conventions. Her Government seemed to be the enemy of religion. Paris, a city of dissolute pleasures. True or untrue, little if any of these things was France. France is not the France of the doubtful novel—whatever her Government may be; a vast proportion of French people are quite contentedly religious and have never been anything else. And Paris is not France. It is in some of those letters that the young soldiers of France write to their homes that one gets nearer to understanding the feeling of the people."

A chaplain at the Front during the War was constantly thinking and praying about the addresses to the men under his spiritual charge. I have found among Alex Wood's letters the subject of one of his sermons, which must have interested his hearers. He had picked up in a deserted German trench a religious book *Soldaten Spiegel für den Heiligen Krieg*—"The Soldiers' Mirror for the Holy War." It had five addresses in it entitled: (1) Forward with God. (2) For Fatherland and Freedom. (3) Whiten the Shield and Cleanse the Conscience. (4) Who is a Man? (5) Men Come Forth. He addressed the troops taking this as his text. He tells us how the men literally gaped at him while he was preaching and specially when describing address 3, "Whiten the Shield and Cleanse the Conscience," he added, "Won't this take some living up to?" The gist of his sermon he tells us was that while on the one hand some in Germany were trying to have

her people Christian, the German State was urging this war in such a brutal and wanton way that it clearly did not regard itself as bound by the law of Christ. Later on he refers to the wanton and useless destruction which met them as they pursued the retreating German Army.

"We have been having rather a mixed time since I wrote last. First, we scurried out early in March to chase the Hun if we could catch him before he reached the Hindenburg Line. I shiver yet, when I think of that awful expedition—snow, frost, mud, thaw, sleet, and again frost. We did not catch the Hun, worse luck, but we had lots of splendid fun. During that scrap which lasted ten –fourteen days our brigade was in reserve, so we had all the hardships and none of the fun except just now and again being ready, but we saw most things that happened. We went through Peronne: awful scene it was. For sheer malicious mischief I never saw anything like it—even children's toys were smashed! That may have been accident, but often they were chucked on the top of a heap of ruins—a doll torn in two—a baby cart smashed, etc. Then the notice, '*Nicht argern nur wundern*' puzzled me for days. I could not make up my mind whether it was just cheek, or if one of the Huns was ashamed of himself. I would like to believe that the man who invented it was just sick of the senseless destruction—not war nor anything —just mischief—a Hun who knew his Goethe, Hegel and Von Hartmann for instance—not to speak of old Kant—seeing this, he would have only room in his mind for wonder. It was beyond anger—well, well! The next puzzle was that the Hun had put in weeks of work destroying apple trees, fruit trees of all sorts, scarcely missing one. He'd saw them clean off—ring them so they'd die —saw them nearly through so that the first breeze

would blow them down—root up gardens, etc., and as regards the roads—he just blew a huge crater at the cross roads and left the in-between bits simply splendid—much better than anything we had on our side."

During these two eventful years in France, Alex Wood had many strange and exciting experiences, some of which he described in his letters, and some of which he told us after his return to India. Among these latter, the following is worth recording. One day when up in a front trench, a small section of which was temporarily unoccupied, a German bomber suddenly jumped over the parapet and made for him. Before however the bomber could do any harm, Alex let him see what an unarmed Scottish padre could do with his fists, as he had done years before in the famine camp in Chanda; the bomber was for the time put out of action. A lighter incident was when he met a distinguished politician then serving in France as a General, whom he had once met when shooting for the India team at Bisley, and who on recognizing him exclaimed "The Indian Church militant!" Then there is an amusing description of his arrival late at night suffering from trench fever at a base hospital, when he pleaded unsuccessfully with a nurse to let him have a bath before he was put to bed because "you don't know how dirty I am." At this hospital he described how duchesses smoothed your brow, no one under the rank of a Colonel of the R.A.M.C. could try your temperature, though a mere Major might be permitted to hold a basin and sponge.

He said something too about his sad duties which were connected with men, some very youthful, who had to suffer the severest penalty of military law for having deserted when overcome momentarily by fear, or who, overcome by irresistible sleep, had slept on sentry duty. Severe is military discipline in war time no doubt, but Alex felt very deeply for the young men whose nerves

had failed or whose fatigue overcame them, and who could not be pardoned.

On October 9th, 1917, during a ten days' leave from France, occurred one of the great events of his life, when he was married in St. Mary's Cathedral, Glasgow, to Miss Vida Marsh of Dunblane. They had known one another for some years when she was working in the Scottish Free Mission in Nagpur. A very charming and gifted woman, with a beautiful voice, wholly like-minded with him in devotion to our Lord and His work, she was to prove for the next twenty years of his life a loved companion and helper in all his work. Describing what followed this happy event, she writes:

> " He returned to the cavalry in France and I to nurse in Bellahouston War Hospital, where the Glasgow Exhibition now stands. During Alex's service in France I never knew of his movements or where he was until in hospital I was called up to receive stretcher cases from France. These men were amongst the few who returned from Cambrai; and wonderful stories they had to tell about a gallant padre, Canon Wood. It was only then that I had any idea of where my husband was in France. When I wrote to Alex and told him who the men were, his reply was ' Put your best into all you can do for these brave lads. I shall tell you about them when I return,' and he did."

CHAPTER VII

THE WAR. ALEX WOOD GOES WITH INDIAN CAVALRY TO PALESTINE 1918–19

In the spring of 1918 eleven Indian regiments belonging to the 4th and 5th Cavalry Division on the French Front were transferred to Palestine. Alex Wood describes how exceedingly disappointed and cross these regiments were at being moved from France just when the " great Hun push " was beginning.

He now received a new flock consisting of the Staffordshire Yeomanry, the 18th M.G. Squadron, the Hampshire Battery R.H.A. and two Indian Cavalry regiments, 6th Cavalry and 19th Lancers.

> " We were at once pushed off to the Jordan Valley and spent the best part of the summer in that delectable spot: being responsible for the safe keeping of the Auja Bridge Head and its surroundings. A hot weather in the plains of India is probably worse than the Jordan Valley, but one has at any rate the respite of a bungalow now and again, and few, if any, dust storms. In the Jordan —but this is a bad subject."

During this period Alex was frequently required to conduct parties of Indian and British troops to the sacred places in Jerusalem. He soon got the reputation of being a very fine guide, and his description of some of the places like the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem are extremely interesting. Referring to that strange building, the Mosque of El Aksa, once a Christian church built by the Emperor Justinian and used by the Knights Templars in Crusading days, he gives the Latin inscription on a stone slab in the building over the grave of the

three knights who had murdered St. Thomas à Becket. We remember how King Henry II's angry cry, " Who will rid me of this turbulent priest? " had driven these unfortunate men to this terrible crime; and that the only hope of final salvation held out to them by the Pope was to spend the rest of their lives in virtuous and doughty deeds amongst the Saracens. There in the Templars' church, now a mosque, they lie buried. The inscription which to-day, twenty years after Alex Wood's visit, is almost illegible, runs as follows:

> " Hic jacent miseri qui martyrizaverunt beatum Thomas Archiepiscopum Cantabriensem Annus Millenus Centenus Septuaginta. Primus erat— Thomas."

Few in these two Indian Cavalry Divisions can have realized as they left France for Palestine the important part they were soon to be called on to play in this War area. Let me here quote from an article by Alex Wood which he calls " The hundred mile Cavalry Ride of the Desert Corps in Palestine."

> " We left the Jordan Valley on the evening of Sunday, the 25th August, and marching always by night arrived at Mejdel on the shore of the Mediterranean just north of Askelon on the morning of the 30th. Here on the sea shore we spent sixteen happy days, doing cavalry training and filling up with reinforcements to bring us up to full strength. All the European units of the brigade came out of the Jordan Valley, leading two and some three horses, so heavily had we been hit by sickness. The Indian units suffered less, but still they lost a good many.
>
> " On the evening of September 15th, Sunday again, we marched on to the concentration area for Allenby's 'great push.' We covered the distance in four night marches. Orders were very strict about moving after dark and getting under

cover in groves and gardens before daylight; and on the morning of the 18th we found ourselves tucked away in the beautiful orange groves of Selmeh, close by the German colony of Sarona, near Jaffa, only all the Germans had been removed. The night marching was perhaps irksome, but it was quite worth it, when we found a captured map of the German Intelligence Service, dated September 17th, which showed the 4th Cavalry Division still in the Jordan Valley! One up to our side for once.

"All day we loafed in the orange grove, and slept till about 2 a.m. on the 19th when we got up, packed our few precious possessions, and got ready for the great move. Little did we guess then that we should have to live for nearly three months in the clothes we then stood up in.

"We reached the starting point just as the preliminary bombardment ceased, watered our horses at a convenient stream and moved off at a walk. Daylight came about 5.30 and we could see the 5th Cavalry Division already moving away on the sand dunes by the sea."

Let me at this point remind my readers how things were in Palestine from a military point of view at this time. Jerusalem and all to the south of it had been occupied by General Allenby's army for some time. His long cherished plan, so carefully prepared for, was at length in operation. The Turks, under their German General Liman Von Sanders, were to be driven out of Palestine altogether. Between the river Jordan and the Mediterranean Sea, a distance of some forty miles, the British, Indian and Australian forces were to go forward, attacking every Turkish position and compelling the Turk to retreat northwards towards the plain of Esdraelon and Galilee. As the Turkish positions in the central hilly country would certainly offer the strongest

resistance, the cavalry divisions moving rapidly up the Maritime plain, between the hilly country and the Mediterranean, would reach the plain of Esdraelon through the passes near Mount Carmel and cut off the Turkish retreat. The plan proved a complete success. Altogether 71,000 prisoners were captured, with 350 cannons. The " push " had practically ended the War as far as the Turks in Palestine were concerned.

Alex Wood's description of this night ride of between eighty and 100 miles in thirty-five hours is so vivid that I am giving it in his own words.

> " About six o'clock we came to a little village near Kakon not far from the light railway that the Turks had laid during the War. The order was to off-saddle, water and feed and be ready to move again at 20.00 hours, i.e. 8 p.m. For our brigade the principal source of water was a well which seemed about 200 feet deep but I suppose it wasn't. It was the cause of somewhat blistering comment both in English and Hindustani, but somehow the watering was got through and by eight o'clock we were saddled up and standing to our horses. Most of us had had time for a hasty meal of bully and biscuit and lots of tea. We carried three days' rations with us besides our iron ration.
>
> " Divisional orders were that we were to move off through the Nusmus Pass, the 10th Brigade leading. We followed the 2nd Lancers into the pass as we were ready on time: and the 2nd Lancers were attached to the 12th Brigade for the rest of the march. It was a bright moonlight night, the moon being at the full, and we moved on towards the pass along the railway. Soon we turned off to the right, and saw signal lights flash along the hills from which we inferred that there was to be trouble, wrongly as it happened. The

road was not bad at all from the railway eastward along to the mouth of the pass, and indeed right on to the plain of Esdraelon it was in quite good condition, being one of the main arteries of Turkish supply.

"At the very mouth of the Nusmus Pass we rode over the transport of a Turkish detachment which had probably been sent to hold the pass. The little Turkish ponies and bullocks were still left in harness, but all the Turks had fled up the hills, whence they came down to surrender the following day.

"The transport animals were utterly done. Some could still stand, others lay in the shafts and traces and gazed at us pitifully as we rode past, the moonlight shining in their eyes. Some soldiers jumped down and cut their traces, but they were too tired to move or heed. War is very cruel to all concerned, but most cruel to animals.

"But it was no time to stop just then. Up the pass we went at a steady pace—twenty minutes trot, twenty minutes walk, ten minutes walk and lead your horse, ten minutes halt, but usually it was only five unless about the head of the column. There was no confusion, everything worked smoothly, for the majority of the troops concerned were old in war.

"The pass itself wound on between the hills, sometimes a field or two wide, sometimes a mere road width at the bottom of a narrow gorge. The sort of place that a few determined men with a couple of well served machine-guns could have held a whole night against an army: a nightmare of a place, one imagined, for the Divisional General to be taking his command through.

"Such terrors, if indeed they existed, lay light on the minds of yeoman and sowar, for towards

morning officers were moving up and down the marching column jogging awake men who had fallen asleep on horseback; indeed I got so sleepy myself that I had to get off and walk as we drew near Megiddo. In these days Megiddo is called Lejjun, a name that runs back to the time when the Romans stationed a legion there.

" Indeed Liman Von Sanders would have been wise had he taken a leaf out of the book of that war-wise old veteran Titus, and stationed a battalion there to hold the head of the pass. As it was we swept out of the pass and down to the plain of Esdraelon unopposed in the early morning. We came down a winding road to that ancient river, the river Kishon, here some four feet wide but fairly deep, flowing sluggishly along the edge of the plain.

" As we came off the foothills the dawn touched with lovely purple the rounded brow of Mount Tabor and lit up the eastern slopes of ' Little Hermon ' so that they seemed to leap towards us across the plain, so near and clear they shone in the mystic dawning.

" Far away to the north a bar of light touched a blue hill and lighted up a gleam of whiteness on the top. It was a little part of the village of Nazareth which, just there, spills a few houses over the southern edge of the hill a little way down the slope. But now in the middle of the plain, some six miles away, the village of El Afuleh, our first objective, could be seen. It seemed to lie almost at the foot of ' Little Hermon,' and a Turkish battalion, late as usual, was nearly up to this edge of the plain coming to hold the pass! The 2nd Lancers, acting as advance guard, ' took them on.' Two armoured cars dashed out to the flanks and poured machine-gun fire from enfilading positions

into the battalion. Nevertheless the Turk put up a fight. His machine-guns and rifles seemed to fire till the very moment of impact. Yet all our casualties were one sowar wounded and a number of horses. It was a fine open jowari field half reaped, and the charge of the Lancers went through the Turks, wave after wave, as the tide sweeps up the Solway before a strong wind. Only the one charge was needed and the rest surrendered.

" Colonel Beadles, of the Ambulance, gave me an ambulance and water and two dressers, and I went round giving the wounded water. The lance is the cruelest weapon in the war. All the wounded I saw were sure to die, but many had thirty hours of pain before them.

" Practically every Turk kissed my hand before he drank, and those who drank first kissed it immediately afterwards murmuring 'Allah ye barak '—' May God bless you.'

" Colonel Beadles sent out the staff of a Turkish hospital captured in El Afuleh to attend to their own wounded, and I came in. I gather the Turkish doctors did not do very much, as Captain Williams who came over the field on the 21st, some twenty-four hours after we did, told me that there were wounded lying there still alive, but just dying.

" I was late in getting into El Afuleh, but in time to see the aeroplane land in the aerodrome there unaware that it was in the hands of the British. There were three planes in the aerodrome when the armoured cars rushed it, and all were captured. The fourth arrived that morning, the final stage of a flight from Germany, only to be captured as soon as it landed. There was some shooting, and the pilot was mortally, the observer slightly, wounded.

" We stayed in El Afuleh till noon when we

linked up with a brigade of the 5th Cavalry Division, which had captured Nazareth that morning, and very nearly got General Liman Von Sanders, who escaped in pyjamas, waving an electric torch and shouting for his car.

" The railway at El Afuleh was cut so effectually by our own engineers that it took us three days to mend it again. The 19th Lancers were sent off to hold the bridges across the Jordan at Jisr el Mejamie, and the rest of the Division moved off down the railway line to Beisan or Beth Shan as it used to be.

" Nothing of much importance occurred—crowds of prisoners were taken on the march. One Stafford Yeoman, with a temperature of 102 degrees, was told to go to the Ambulance. He mistook the way, and in about a quarter of an hour he returned to the column with nearly a hundred Turks who had surrendered to him. This time he was led to the Ambulance.

" A sowar doing vidette on the right of the column saw a party of about sixty men with machine-guns on the foot-hills. He charged at once, wounding one man with the lance, and the remainder surrendered to him. The surprise was so complete that there was no more spirit left in the Turk.

" About half-past four we reached Beisan, and the whole Division was in by 6 p.m. (18.00 hours) on the 20th. Beisan was our final objective for this part of the operations. The trap was closed. The famous Yilderim (lightning) armies of Jemel Pasha were inside. It remained to be seen whether he would fight to break through or just surrender.

" The sun sank down behind the mountains of Gilboa. There was neither dew nor rain that night, and it looked as if another ' shield of the mighty '

was about to be vilely cast away there. But few of us thought of these things—what we wanted was food and sleep. We had ridden thirty-five hours—eighty-five miles on the map—and many had ridden the full hundred and more.

"The surprise was complete. The cordon was drawn round the 7th and 8th Turkish Armies. We had finished the most successful ride in the history of war and to-night we were to have a rest.

"The Indian cooks turned out the usual wonderful dinner under the circumstances, and immediately afterwards we spread our blankets in a potato patch that had been 'lifted,' and slept, troubling not at all about what the morrow might bring forth."

Alex Wood spent some days in Beisan, once the site of the famous city of Scythopolis in the days of the Byzantine Emperors, and earlier still the Bethshan of the Hebrews. He gives an interesting description of this famous town, which stands on the top of a hill-side in the Jordan Valley, and tells us in an amusing way what people have thought of it in various ages.

"Standing on this shelf, seemingly on the top of a hill-side, it is difficult to realize that one is below sea level—but towards midday the heavy feeling of heat and oppression, familiar to all who have spent a summer in the Jordan Valley, returns to convince one that the map is right, and in spite of the view of wide free spaces from Gilboa to Gilead, we are back in the valley again.

"If the Mediterranean were let into the Jordan Valley—and many a member of the E.E.F. has heartily wished it were—Beth Shan would be 322 feet under water and the surf of that sea would be breaking on a beach by Jezreel. The Jordan Valley is unique. Even from the point of view of physical geography, there is nothing like it in the

whole world. Here, by the Sea of Galilee, the river flows some 900 feet below sea level. It falls another 400 ere it reaches the Dead Sea. 'It is the nearest place to Hell on this earth,' says Thomas Atkins, whose religion retains much of mediaeval forms of thought. But hear the Rabbi Simon Ben Lakish: 'If paradise be found in Palestine, the gate of it is Beth Shan.' At the present day this is not easy to believe. True, there were four rivers in Eden, but this marshy plateau, mostly weed-grown, with leprous patches of meagre cultivation here and there, its four streams a succession of boggy pools, outlined with tall sedges and marsh plants, infested with mosquitoes of a particularly virulent type—if this be the gate of paradise, another illusion is gone. Beth Shan of the Rabbi and Beisan of to-day must have differed, and there are other proofs that this is so. The Talmud brags about its olive trees and its flax. The Crusaders extol its palm trees, which seem to have grown there till the advent of the Turk. Across the plain and down the terraces the broken remains of irrigation channels bear witness to the blight of Ottoman rule. In Palestine, more than elsewhere, the shiftless inefficiency and pernicious neglect of Turkish government is apparent. It seems to hit one in the face; for in Palestine the traces and records of previous fertility are abundant.

"Even orthodox Mohammedans of Indian regiments admitted with rueful dismay the failure of the Government: '*Is mulk, men kuchh sarkar ka bandobast nahin ! !*' ('In this country Government has done nothing')—but they consoled themselves that it was not the Sultan's fault. It was his underlings—they deceived him and 'ate up the land.' The very weeds of the field bear witness against the Turk, for the luxuriance of their growth

attests the fertility of the soil they waste: 'This land did flow with milk and honey' they seem to say—'if man chooses, it will again.'"

At Beisan he met an old friend, C. J. Irwin, of the Indian Civil Service, well known to his friends in the Central Provinces as "The Squire." A fine horseman and a keen officer in the Nagpur Volunteer Rifles, he had joined the 2nd Lancers, and while at Beisan was put on special duty with the Divisional Headquarters to make arrangements for the disposal of prisoners. Altogether nearly 24,000 prisoners passed through his hands. Alex Wood was amongst a body of officers told off to help him in arranging for their camps and feeding, and he speaks in the warmest terms of the splendid way Irwin carried out his work. Later on Irwin became Commissioner of Jubbulpore, was duly decorated with C.S.I. and C.I.E., and retired to his native land (Ireland) after a distinguished career.

From Beisan Alex Wood moved on to Damascus. He was greatly interested in Job's country, the northern part of the Hauran. Of his ride to Damascus he writes:

"One had to save one's horse as much as possible so I could not do much extra riding to explore the country, though I did a certain amount. I was very lucky in having a very rough but exceedingly powerful and enduring charger (which had carried him in the famous night ride), a huge beast, sixteen hands and more than broad in proportion! But he was exceedingly durable, never sick or sorry and always friendly and willing.

"The ride up to Damascus was very painful; all the road was strewn with dead Turks stripped by the inhabitants, then with Turks begging to be taken prisoner for protection, or dying with exhaustion! It was a horrid spectacle, but such is war."

Though I have myself spent some days in Damascus and visited its famous mosque, once the basilica church of St. John the Baptist built by the Emperor Theodosius, I had not known till reading Alex Wood's letter that this famous church was built on the ruins of the Temple of Rimmon:

> "This was the ancient house of Rimmon, in which Naaman bowed down when the king leaned on his arm! But Theodosius used only one half of the ancient house for his huge cathedral. I wonder what the house of Rimmon was like. It must have been a huge place. The Jews were punning on the name as usual when they called the god 'Rimmon' = 'Pomegranate' in Hebrew. I saw the ancient seal in which Rimmon is represented as armed with thunderbolts and I suppose he is really the ancient Assyrian deity, Rammanur = the thunder god. The temple entrances at the east and west are still fine, and the verse of Psalm cxlv. 13 over the south entrance is very fine—'Thy kingdom (O Christ) is an everlasting kingdom and thy dominion shall endure from generation to generation.' It was wonderfully friendly to meet the verse there. I wonder the Mohammedans let it be. I was not very much impressed with the tomb of the head of John the Baptist, or the legend which says the head is buried there.
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> "The old man in charge, a Musalman, was very friendly and told me that Jesus would descend on the Minaret Issa on the north side for the Last Judgment.
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> "I was admitted to the tomb of Saladin, but the laurel wreath in bronze gilt which Wilhelm II put there in 1898 was taken away. I could not find out who had got it, but expect it was an Australian!
>
> "I liked the 'Street called Straight'—the *Vicus*

Rectus—but was a little doubtful of the house of St. Jude, where St. Paul is said to have rested and been baptized. The house of St. Ananias was shut. It is a Franciscan church. The tower of St. Paul, where he was let down from the wall, may be all right. The tomb of St. George the Abyssinian rather interested me; also the story that he was the officer of the guard who aided the escape of St. Paul and was put to death for his pains. Then outside the walls is the house of Naaman, now a leper asylum. It was rather neat to put up a lazar-house under the name of Naaman."

After the Armistice, in order to keep the tired and restless troops occupied until such time as they could be demobilized, Alex Wood, along with the Principal of the famous American college at Beyrout, had to run a school or college to meet as far as possible the varied needs of over 200 students. Of this he writes:

"Well, I am still at this beast of a place—though the place is nice enough, only I want to be out of it, and out of the War, and again be a peaceful and law abiding civilian. I am principal of this 4th Division college here. It is now under way and going full swing. We have over 200 students who ride in every day and take their classes, and ride out to camp again. We teach French, Spanish, English, History, Arithmetic, Elementary Maths, Freehand Drawing, Topography, and Shorthand, Physical Training, etc. I have got a staff of twelve, three officers, and nine N.C.O.s. The band was got together a week before and weeded out. I set exams in all these subjects, except Spanish and Shorthand, which we have to take on trust. Then I lectured every day on the principles of instruction, and got people comparatively alive in mind. Most of them were schoolmasters, pupil teachers, clerks, etc., able fellows.

One older man, about thirty-five to us, was the French teacher in the City of Westminster School! He knew more French than ever I did, and had a degree at the Sorbonne. Luckily I began the exam by conversing in French ! ! ! I didn't go on with him, he was also an M.A. of London. Another oldish man was a headmaster of a school in the Midlands of England: he was a Corporal of Signals—a good sort, but looks as if he had had a disappointment. The others were young fellows, pupil teachers, etc.

"I could write reams about this; it is quite interesting starting a show like this; the only disgusting thing about it is, I can't get back to Chanda just yet, can't even get leave. I am told that I cannot be replaced, etc., and that demobilization is only a matter of a week or two etc., the sort of bunkum that one *is* told when they don't want to let one go. I have written to the Bishop to ask him to be good enough to apply for me to be returned to the diocese, and am pointing out that I am 47½ years old. They are already demobilizing all the over 42's, so I ought to get away soon. I work double tides with the school."

More than once Alex was mentioned in despatches, and later on received an O.B.E.

CHAPTER VIII

ALEX WOOD CALLED TO THE BISHOPRIC OF CHOTA NAGPUR

ALEX WOOD returned to Chanda in the hot weather of 1919. He had been away from the diocese for over three years, and on their arrival he and Mrs. Wood received the warmest of warm welcomes. Everyone could see that he had passed through hard and exacting years, and some of us thought that he ought to have spent some months in the cool and rest of Scotland, before plunging into the great summer heat of Chanda. But Chanda had always a tremendous grip on him and the moment he was free he must return to it. Hardly had he and Mrs. Wood settled into their life and work in Chanda when I received a letter from the Metropolitan of India which made it clear that Alex would soon be leaving us. The Metropolitan has told us the nature of his letter in the Foreword to this Memoir.

To me the letter came as a real joy and as a great regret. It meant that Alex was to be offered the Bishopric of the diocese of Chota Nagpur, in which his accumulated experiences of years was to find the fullest scope; and in a region where much of his work would be done in one of the best climates which the plains of India can give us. But it also meant that our diocese was to lose one who from its start sixteen years before had been one of the pillars on which we leant. I especially was to lose one of my first Canons, one of my most valued Examining Chaplains, one who had taken the most prominent part in the preparation of our diocesan constitution and, above all, one of my most intimate friends.

When however the offer of the Bishopric of Chota Nagpur was first made to Alex Wood he felt unable to

accept it. He had been away from his Mission for three years, and the Mission staff was seriously undermanned. Just when he was about to send a definite refusal came the news from Scotland that the Rev. R. J. McKenzie, who after nine years of unbroken service in Chanda had a year before been appointed Vice-Principal of the Edinburgh Theological College, had resigned this post and was returning to Chanda to take Alex's place as Head of the Mission. This sacrifice on Roddy McKenzie's part of a long desired post for the sake of a friend was deeply appreciated by every one of us. It meant too that the Indian Church and the Chanda Mission were to have eleven more years of his valuable service before he and his wife retired to important work in Scotland.

One can pass briefly over Alex's last few weeks with us before his consecration in Ranchi Cathedral. The farewell addresses at Chanda and Nagpur in which Indian and Englishman equally joined; and the many visible and useful tokens of affection which were given him showed what a place he held in the heart of the diocese of Nagpur.

Before however we speak of his consecration and some very interesting ceremonies connected with it, let me describe briefly that part of India in which his life was to be spent for the next seven years—the new types of people he was to meet, and the general work of the diocese.

Chota Nagpur lies between the Central Provinces of India and Bengal. It has five large districts and is as big as England without Wales. Stretching from its northern part far southwards is a great plateau of 7,000 square miles, with an elevation of 2,000 feet and more, split in the centre between the Hazaribagh and Ranchi districts by the valley of the Damuda river, a river sacred to the Santhals. One of its beautiful mountains in the extreme north of the Hazaribagh

district is held as sacred by Buddhists, for on Mount Makula Gautama the Buddha spent a whole rainy season in meditation before he received his " enlightenment " under the bo or sacred pipal tree at Gaya. No mountain in the plains of India is, I think, quite so beautiful as Pareshnath, 5,000 feet high, with its clusters of white temples—sacred to the Jains.

Chota Nagpur has a population of about five million, of whom two-thirds are aborigines, Santhals, Mundas, Orauns and Larka Hos, the remaining third being Hindus and Mohammedans. Many of the beliefs of these aborigines resemble closely those of the Gonds of the Central Provinces. The Orauns, for example, have their " bachelors' hall " or dormitory for young unmarried men, and all have their belief in totems and witchcraft.

Mission work amongst these aborigines, generally described as Kols, began in 1845, when the famous German pastor, Gossner, sent four young German missionaries to India. At first these pioneer missionaries, led by divine guidance to Ranchi, passed through hard and trying times, but by 1851 700 converts had been baptized. Then with the outbreak of the great Mutiny, the Indian troops having risen, the missionaries were compelled to flee for their lives to Calcutta, their Mission property was destroyed and their converts scattered. To understand fully the strange happenings of the years 1858–69 I would refer my readers to a book of mine written in 1901 at the request of the Committee of the Dublin University Mission.[1]

Financial difficulties had arisen from time to time in this German Lutheran Mission, and more than once Pastor Gossner had approached the Church Missionary Society to take over the Mission, but without success. Then came very serious divisions among the mission-

[1] *The Story of Fifty Years' Mission Work in Chota Nagpur,* published by S.P.C.K.

aries, the younger and later joined members making it impossible for the old pioneer missionaries to continue to work with them. In this unhappy state of affairs some of the leading British officials in Chota Nagpur who loved and trusted these old German missionaries, appealed to Bishop Milman, Metropolitan of India, and Bishop of Calcutta, to come to Ranchi and see what could be done. After several visits in which Bishop Milman had endeavoured to heal this unhappy division, seeing how unavailing were his efforts, he approached the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel with the request that it should take over the work of these old German missionaries. This the venerable Society consented to do, and in April 1869 Bishop Milman ordained three of the original pioneer German missionaries and received into our Church by Confirmation between six and seven thousand of their converts who refused to leave them. One of the English clergy present at the Ordination was the Rev. F. W. Robberds, Chaplain of Hazaribagh, and father of Bishop Robberds, late Primus of the Scottish Episcopal Church.

It was of course clear to everyone, and not least to those German missionaries who had just received Anglican orders, that the Mission must have at least one really experienced English missionary to superintend its development and expansion. Fortunately the right man existed, and in the middle of the hot weather of 1869 the Rev. J. C. Whitley journeyed from Kurnal, near Delhi, with his wife and young son Edward to superintend the newly-constituted Mission. How splendidly and tactfully he fulfilled this difficult task in conjunction with these old pioneer missionaries and in close proximity to the young Lutheran ones is well known to every one who has followed the history of this interesting Mission. Wonderful to relate the unhappy divisions were followed by a rapid increase in both the Anglican and Lutheran Missions. In 1900, much to everyone's

delight, the Rev. J. C. Whitley reluctantly but under earnest persuasion from Bishop Johnson, who had succeeded Bishop Milman, consented to become the first Bishop of Chota Nagpur. His consecration was a great event in the Mission. A year after his consecration in 1892, moved by his appeal for help, the Dublin University Mission started its important work in Hazaribagh.

Of the arrival of a great body of German and Belgian Jesuits in 1880 I need say but little. One of the German Lutheran missionaries told me that when Bismarck passed his " May Laws " expelling every member of the Jesuit Order from Germany, their reply was to place strong Jesuit Missions near every Lutheran Mission. Espousing the cause of the Kols of Chota Nagpur in an Agrarian agitation against their Zamindars, by offering them legal advice and help, they won large numbers of these aborigines into the Roman Catholic Church.

In 1904, after forty-two years of splendid service, Bishop Whitley passed to his rest, to be succeeded in the Bishopric by his nephew Foss Westcott, son of the famous Bishop of Durham, who for sixteen years had been a member of the S.P.G. Brotherhood at Cawnpore. During his fruitful episcopate he was entrusted amongst many other duties with the task of helping the Lutheran Mission when all its German missionaries were repatriated in the Great War. In 1918, within a couple of months after the death of Bishop George Alfred Lefroy, he was translated to Calcutta to become Metropolitan of India.

Alex Wood's consecration as third Bishop of Chota Nagpur took place on December 6th, 1919. There were no less than five Bishops who took part in his consecration, the Metropolitan and the Bishops of Bombay, Lucknow, Nagpur and Dornakal. It was my privilege, in addition to being one of the two Bishops who presented Alex Wood to the Metropolitan, to preach

the consecration sermon. It was a bilingual sermon in English and Hindi as many English people were present amongst the large congregation of Indians.

The consecration was made additionally interesting because it coincided with the Jubilee of the S.P.G. Mission in Chota Nagpur, recalling those days in 1869 when Bishop Milman ordained the pioneer German missionaries and confirmed 7,000 of their converts. There was a fine procession of six Bishops and choir, with a number of European missionaries and Indian clergy, to the various centres of mission work in Ranchi itself. It had been admirably organized by the Rev. Kenneth Kennedy, M.D., acting as Commissary of the diocese during the vacancy of the See. At the various centres of mission work prayers were offered and blessings given by the six Bishops in the languages of their own diocese—Hindi, Bengali, Mahratti, Urdu, Telugu and Tamil.

To have come almost straight from three years of hard and cruel experiences in the War, with a previous background of eighteen years in his jungle Mission, to take charge and develop a well organized diocese was no easy task, and one does not wonder that for a short time it all seemed strange to him. The Rev. E. H. Whitley, formerly Archdeacon of Chota Nagpur, has sent me a most interesting account of the impression which their new Bishop made upon them, and has followed this up with a fine appreciation of his work during the seven years he was Bishop of Chota Nagpur.

" When the new Bishop arrived all were impressed by his handsome and dignified bearing. He seemed, however, a little shy and reserved. He was observing his new flock and their leaders, and kept quiet on their first occasion of meeting. Before twelve months were over things were very different. The Mission staff, the Indian clergy and workers of all kinds had learned to love as well as to respect him."

" He set himself thoroughly to understand all branches of work, and the pastoral problems of the district, to the solution of which he brought the ripe experience of years of work at Chanda in the C.P. He was quite impervious to heat, and fatigues of travel, and rode about the diocese on a charger which none of us missionaries would have cared to mount. He was bothered at first by the difference between Mahratti and the Hindi of our area: but gradually overcame this, and he was a good linguist.

" Bishop Wood's great contribution to the Church life of Chota Nagpur was the planning out and passing of a complete Diocesan Constitution. Bishop Wood was careful to include the rules for a *Synod of the Clergy* in the Diocesan Constitution. In this he met with some opposition, but prevailed in the end. Future Bishops will profit by his foresight. This occupied several years, and was very carefully worked out, and finally drafted and published in English and Hindi.

" He had the advantage of succeeding Bishop Foss Westcott, who had left the diocese pretty well organized, especially in its educational scheme for primary and secondary schools, and central village boarding schools. So he had some good foundations to build upon. Mrs. Wood was a splendid helper and saw to it that Bishop's Lodge was a true social centre for all the Mission staff, and a home of refuge for any who were ill or run down in health. At the annual Missionary Conference in autumn, at Christmas, and at the Diocesan Conference in hot weather, the hospitality of Bishop's Lodge was unbounded. All were made to feel themselves members of a happy family. On such occasions the Bishop was at his best with a fund of humorous reminiscences, drawn from his past ex-

THE CHIEF SCOUT AND LADY BADEN-POWELL WITH BISHOP AND MRS. WOOD AT RANCHI

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periences, especially his vivid recollections of Allenby's campaign in Palestine, when he himself was Chaplain to the Cavalry Brigade.

" Amongst his recreations one may count his work as a Scouter, which he thoroughly enjoyed. He trained a fine troop of ' Cathedral Scouts ' in Ranchi, from the very beginning, teaching me at the same time to be a Scout Master. This movement spread over Ranchi and the whole Province of Bihar, and the Bishop became Provincial Scout Commissioner. Lutheran, Roman Catholic and Government High School and Training School Troops were organized in rapid succession from this example. The Bishop induced Sir Robert Baden-Powell to visit Ranchi in 1921, and Lady Baden-Powell gave the impetus to the formation of Girl Guides in the S.P.G. High School and Lutheran Girls' Schools, which continue to flourish.

" Bishop Wood took fifty Scouts to Patna Scout Camp in 1921 on the occasion of the visit of Edward, Prince of Wales. It was a great treat to take part in a Scout Camp with Bishop Wood. He so thoroughly enjoyed the exercises and instruction work, including swimming and tracking. On one occasion the Scouts tracked a live leopard and drove it towards the episcopal S.M., who was ready with his rifle, but unfortunately the leopard was too fast and escaped.

" Bishop Wood loved to take the Troop out on a star-light night and point out various important planets and stars and constellations and their use for path finding.

" I remember hearing him give a lecture on the stars from this practical point of view to non-commissioned officers at Pachmarhi in the C.P. There is a monument there to some British soldiers who died of hunger and exposure in the deep

jungle-clad ravines of that neighbourhood. The Bishop pointed out that an elementary knowledge of star positions might have saved their lives.

"The Bishop was a good preacher in English, sometimes reaching a high standard of eloquence.

"The splendid physique of Alex Wood seemed to defy all fatigue, and he never allowed hot weather to stop him from sallying forth if necessary to remote and roadless parts of the diocese."

Two events of great importance occurred during Bishop Wood's episcopate—the coming of the Sisterhood of St. Denys, Warminster, to work at Itki amongst the Oraun women, and the starting of European boys' and girls' schools at Namkum near Ranchi. The early negotiations and plannings for both these important branches of work had been started by Bishop Westcott before his translation to Calcutta, and it was left to Bishop Wood to carry them through, which he did most successfully. When the Girls' European School started it was placed under the care of the St. Denys Sisterhood, and later on a branch of this Sisterhood was started at Manoharpur in the south of the diocese, where Archdeacon Dickson was working amongst the Mundas.

The growing industrialism in various outlying parts of the diocese had brought a considerable number of European and Anglo-Indian people into the employ of the various companies. The famous Tata steel works, for example, at Jamshedpur were employing a large number of such people. Bishop Westcott had fully realized how important it was to give their children a suitable education in the healthy climate of the plateau; and as at this time the Committee of the European Female Orphanage in Calcutta had decided to sell their Calcutta property and build a new orphanage on a healthy site granted them by the Bihar Government at Namkum, it seemed the obvious thing to start the two

European schools at that place, where the Orphanage girls would at once supply a large number of pupils for the Girls' School. As the Orphanage Committee in Calcutta received seven or eight lacs (over £50,000) for their property, they were able to build a very fine house at Namkum in the European Girls' School Compound and to endow it liberally. This new Orphanage building is called Sherwood House. The European Boys' and Girls' Schools were built at a cost of about £30,000, half of which was granted by the Bihar Government Education Department, and the remainder was raised partly by a grant of 50,000 rupees from the Orphanage Committee given to Bishop Westcott, and mainly by the indefatigable efforts of Bishop Wood, whose eloquence persuaded many of the big European firms in Calcutta to subscribe generously towards the education of these European and Anglo-Indian children. The architect, contractor and builder of the two schools, as well as of Sherwood House, was the Rev. T. H. Cashmore, an S.P.G. missionary, whose ability and self-denial were above all praise. Later on as Principal of St. James' College, Calcutta, Mr. Cashmore proved himself as a first-rate educationalist and organizer, as well as a true friend of the Anglo-Indian community. The two schools at Namkum bear the honoured name of Bishop Westcott and have already proved of immense value.

As I have already told my readers, when Bishop Wood first came to India in 1898 as a very young missionary, one of the Missions which he first visited was the Dublin University Mission at Hazaribagh and Ranchi. So he had already seen something of work in Chota Nagpur. In the annual Diocesan Report, written not long after his consecration, he gives a very interesting account of the impression which a recent tour had given him of the various missionary activities he had seen.

" Since I only came to the diocese on the 7th

December I cannot write much that is of value about it. I have now visited all the principal stations and a good many of the parishes. My memories of twenty years ago being those of a novice are not very valuable criteria, but they are vivid enough and I am deeply impressed by the vast growth and development of the Mission during these twenty years; comparing my memories of then and what I now see.

" At Ranchi, the noble piles of buildings for the Boys' and Girls' High Schools, the Hostels, the Training Classes, all are new to me, and witness to the vivid keenness of the workers and far-seeing thought of those who directed the work. Out in the district places like Itki, Ramtoliya, Murhu, Chaibasa and Manoharpur, which in 1898 were unknown or only outstations of Ranchi are now strong centres of Christian work, organized most of them to give scope for the 'Mission Quadrilateral,' evangelization, education, medical and industrial work. Murhu and Chaibasa stand out as fully equipped for all four. The former is the epistle of Dr. Kennedy to Chota Nagpur, the latter the epistle of Mr. Logsdail. Itki and Ramtoliya have no industrial school and Manoharpur has no medical or industrial work.

" Round the north and east, over the edge of the plateau, are the industrial areas of the diocese, Dhanhad, Jherria and Sijooa. Here there is a large European population connected with mining and railways. The congregations are difficult as the proportion of Church of England people is not large. But our own and the Roman Mission are the only workers in the district. In Adra and its neighbourhood is a large and keen railway community whose ambition is to have a whole-time padre to themselves. In the Jamshedpur and

Rakha Mines parish there is again a large and growing European community connected with the Tata steel works and the copper mines. Here again the congregations are not homogeneous owing to our ' unhappy divisions.'

" In all this part of industrial India the Mission has begun excellent work, which if it can be kept up will be of immense benefit to the diocese and to India. In each of these stations, except Adra, there is an Indian Christian community of from a hundred to two hundred souls, and this will grow as the different industries attract more and more the better educated Christians in the country districts. Hazaribagh and the D.U.M. I scarcely recognized so greatly had it changed. The new College Buildings and the Women's Hospital, with its beautiful and devotional chapel, made the old cantonment that I remembered look like a new world.

" The work of the Dublin University Mission is invaluable to the diocese. It is intensive rather than extensive. It provides for the higher education and training of the most intelligent of the young men of the diocese. Working as it does among Hindus and Mohammedans the numbers of its converts do not compare with the Mission among the Mundas and Uraons, but even in this department there are signs that its long and faithful labour may be rewarded.

" In Purulia the C.M.S. has taken up the work of the Leper Mission with the Rev. E. Cannon as Superintendent. The leper asylum was formerly in the charge of the Lutheran Mission. During the year under report, Mr. Cannon's zeal has brought over 200 of these afflicted sufferers to the sacrament of Confirmation, and many more have been baptized. His work is very wonderful in its single-minded devotion.

" In connection with the Lutheran Mission there is little to be said. Bishop Westcott supervised the Mission throughout the War with the aid of an emergency staff. This supervision came to an end in October 1919, and the Lutheran converts in Chota Nagpur formed themselves into an autonomous Church. The Central Committee of management, which was formed by Bishop Westcott, is still the governing body, but is aided in its work by an Advisory Committee approved by the National Missionary Council and appointed by them. The personnel of the Advisory Committee is drawn from other missions working in the area and one member of it is from the S.P.G.

" It is sad that the hopes of union which once seemed so bright should have faded for a time at any rate. But at least in Bishop Westcott's five years of faithful supervision of this alien Mission we have been given an example of high-minded Christian chivalry which will not easily fade or be forgotten. Whether union comes in the future or not his selfless action during these long years of war has lifted the conception of ' Mission Comity ' to a higher plane, and been an inspiration we would not willingly lose."

Bishop Hardy, the present and third Bishop of Nagpur who, like myself, was formerly Head of the Dublin University Mission, writes as follows:

" Bishop Wood was a very good friend to D.U.M. He was most liberal of the time he gave to us, regularly attending our quarterly Chapters, and generally spending three or four days with us in Hazaribagh when he came over for them. On these visits he was frequently accompanied by Mrs. Wood and we always loved having them with us. I think they themselves were fond of D.U.M. and enjoyed visiting it. The Bishop was always

ready to fulfil any engagements we made for him and generally put through a heavy programme. He always preached in English and Hindi. He several times lectured for us in the College both on religious and general subjects. And we generally arranged for him to meet the people of the station both at dinner and other social functions. Both the Indian and European communities in this way got to know him and Mrs. Wood, and their visits to Hazaribagh were greatly appreciated. No other Bishop of Chota Nagpur in my time gave so much time to the Mission and College.

" When I took over the Diocesan Ordinands' Class I was sent down to Chitarpur, and there also the Bishop was very good about visiting us. He was always ready to give one counsel on difficult problems, and one felt that before it was given the matter had received deep and careful consideration. When visiting the Ordinands' Class he used to go through personally the work which the men had done and express his opinion on it. It always gave me a sense of confidence to have him near me, and I felt he was the kind of person who would never let one down.

" I served on the Committee appointed to draw up the new Diocesan Constitution when he was Chairman of it. He gave endless time to this work, and I believe it was largely due to him that the diocese of Chota Nagpur now has a Constitution under which work proceeds regularly and smoothly.

" The Bishop and Mrs. Wood were quite extraordinarily hospitable and made Bishop's Lodge, Ranchi, a very delightful place to stay in. Among my pleasantest memories of the diocese are the times spent with them there."

Bishop Wood seems to have been greatly drawn to

the work at Manoharpur carried on by Gerald Dickson, now Archdeacon of Chota Nagpur.

I cannot do better than describe it in the actual words of a letter which I have recently received from Archdeacon Dickson.

> "You will know that most of the district missionaries had to take over the supervision of Lutheran educational work (and to keep a friendly eye on their pastoral work also) from 1916 till the end of 1919. During that period Manoharpur as a central station was closed down, and the district missionary transferred himself and his boys' school to a Lutheran station called Karimatti, whence he supervised not only the Anglican work, but also at times five Lutheran districts, or *diokises,* as they were called. This arrangement came to an end in January 1920.
>
> "It had then to be decided whether Manoharpur should continue to be the Anglican centre, or whether it would not be wiser to move to the west. Bishop Wood urged me to remain at Manoharpur for a while longer. There had been almost no advance in the vicinity of Manoharpur, and there was not a single Christian village within a radius of ten miles. So sceptical were we about Manoharpur that we entered into negotiations with Government for a sale. These, however, came to nothing, and the school marched back in January. It was not a little touching to see written up on a blackboard in a schoolboy's handwriting, these three year-old words (in Hindi) 'January the 25th 1917, Alas, Alas Manoharpur is to be deserted! Weep all ye boys of Manoharpur!' And so mourning was turned to joy.
>
> "During July of this year there were very heavy rains. Such a flood came down the Koel as far surpassed anything within living memory. The

Mission buildings are on the banks of the river, the bungalow being fifty feet above ordinary river level. We woke one morning to see most of the garden submerged, and the water continued to rise all day until in the evening the waves were rippling against the plinth of the bungalow. Meanwhile the river had broken through on the far side and the major part of the bazaar was carried away. Thus we were absolutely marooned and had the river continued to rise would have been in sorry plight. After Evensong, however, when we went to see the waters, we found that the crisis had been passed and we slept in peace.

"The wonderful preservation of the Mission in time of danger had a great effect on the minds of the people round about. They saw the ruined bazaar at a distance from the river and they saw too the Mission untouched, though on the very banks of the river; and they felt that the Christians' God must indeed be able to save those who put their trust in Him. As a result of this (and other contributory causes) whole villages of people began to give in their names wishing to become Christian. Time after time there were baptisms of over 100 persons in that same river Koel, which had done its bit in witnessing to the tender care of God."

G. W. DICKSON.

Then came a veritable mass movement towards the Christian Faith amongst the Munda villagers which ended in a large number of conversions and baptisms. A fine church was built by the help of a splendid gift from the late Dame Monica Wills, and a much-needed hospital was built largely through the efforts of Mrs. Wood.

I feel I must embody in this Memoir part of a letter which the Bishop wrote to Noel Hall, the present Bishop

of Chota Nagpur, when he was endeavouring to draw him, after a brilliant Oxford career, to Mission work in Chota Nagpur.

" Tours,
France,
4th July, 1925.

" My dear Hall,

" Thank you for your letter forwarded to me by Fr. Jenks. We do not seem fortunate in arranging an interview. Well, I do want to interest you in Chota Nagpur, as the Metropolitan and Fr. Jenks have both told me you feel drawn to work in India.

" The work in the diocese is mainly in three forms:

(1) The Dublin University Mission in the north is engaged in Hindu and Mohammedan work. They are a Brotherhood and a Sisterhood (not professed) of Associates.

(2) Munda work, in the south. This is where the Church has advanced and is advancing by means of a mass movement going on in the extreme south in the Manoharpur area. Gerald W. Dickson is the missionary in that area.

But the past history of the diocese shows that all our best missionaries have 'gone Munda.' The instinct with missionaries as with other folk is to follow success, and the Munda work has drawn the best.

Dr. Kennedy and Mr. Whitley are the two distinguished missionaries who have worked most successfully there and both are old. We need young men to be with them to profit by their experience which will otherwise be lost when they either die or retire.

(3) Oraon work. This is another aboriginal tribe among whom Christianity has gone for-

ward with some success, but the Oraon Mission was unfortunate in losing by death the Rev. Harold Lonsdale, who would have done for the Oraons what Whitley and Kennedy have done for the Mundas—translate Prayer Book and Scriptures, and prepare helps to personal religion, etc.

Since Lonsdale's death various people have 'carried on' but no one has definitely taken up the work as a life's task. I did get a young fellow Synge, but alas, the necessity of putting somebody with Dr. Kennedy who is not in good health, may divert him too to Munda work. We need a man who will do for the Oraons what Kennedy and Whitley have done for the Mundas. It is a definite enterprise for a man who has brains and linguistic facility and well worth giving one's life to.

(4) There is also in the diocese the industrial area. We need three men to look after the white people and such Christians, Indian and Anglo-Indian, as drift into that seething pot at the foot of the plateau. The 'pot' comprises Sijua, Dhaubur, Jharia and Jamshedpur and has an area of the size of Wales. But I don't know if that would appeal to you.

"In the organized part of the diocese we have twenty-seven parishes all in charge of Indian priests. These are organized into districts of say three to six parishes geographically contiguous and of like people. The Indian priest in charge of a parish is responsible for his pastoral charge to the Bishop alone. The missionary (European) may advise him but should not give him orders or lighten his responsibility for his parish. He is in the position roughly of a Rural Dean.

"The missionary's work is to be in charge of

central institutions in the district. That is, he has in his central institution four branches:

(1) Evangelical work consisting in training catechists and teachers on the religious side and touring in his area to see that catechists and masters carry out their work as he has directed them. Also himself preaching and visiting the people.

(2) Schools and hostels (education). He has at his headquarters two hostels, one for girls and one for boys. The girls' hostel and school is always run by an expert educationalist, a lady worker. The only trouble that arises is the struggle to keep the boys' school up to the standard of the girls' in which he will generally fail, because the lady in addition to being a trained expert at her work is also able to give her whole time to it, while the missionary, often away, has to work through an Indian staff.

(3) Industrial work, usually a carpenter or blacksmith's shop to give industrial handwork to less expert boys.

(4) Medical work. General oversight.

" In addition to this fourfold work the missionary, having learnt the language, should do such translations and prepare such help to Christian life as seem to him needed for his people.

" It is a very full life indeed and it really means the regeneration of a race, of a people. The Oraon is rather despised in Chota Nagpur as being less reliable and trustworthy than the Munda, and lacking in sturdy self-reliance. But on the other hand, the Oraon is more intelligent and quicker mentally, and after all he is God's creature as well as the Munda and Christianity does redeem him.

" Well, that is a very imperfect and incomplete outline of the work that is wanted in Chota Nag-

pur. I send you this because I want to hold you till that interview which seems to recede. If you are thinking of Indian Missions we can give you work that will take all your brains and initiative, where you can use every gift that God has given you to its full value. . . ."

Of course there were many stories current in the diocese about the very human side of their sporting Bishop, and I feel a few of them sent me by his friend, Archdeacon Dickson, are well worth a place in this Memoir.

"I think we were all impressed with a happy streak of boyishness in the Bishop which he never outgrew. For example, the Bishop would always rise nobly to any challenge, that might be thrown down to him. The sight of a difficult job, too, would always spur him to accomplishment. The Bishop once visited a settlement which lies at the foot of a high hill of iron-ore in Singhbhum, from the top of which a glorious view of mountain and forest can be obtained. Immediately upon his arrival the Bishop secured a horse and rode to the summit.

"On another occasion we were visiting the lime quarries in Gangpur State. The manager, with some pride, showed us over the very modern kiln, a cube shaped building about thirty feet high. Higher still was what was known as the crow's nest, approached by a frail iron ladder. This was strong enough for the lightly-made Indian but had not been constructed for sixteen stoners. To the surprise of all and the horror of some a challenge from the manager sent the Bishop up the ladder. Doubtless he got a great view here also, but we were relieved to see him safely down again.

"On one occasion, alas, pride went before a fall. The Bishop and Mrs. Wood were staying

with their friends, the Saunders, and he had to conduct a Confirmation in Manoharpur. There was a small river to be crossed on the way, and the Bishop rather rashly (and against advice) elected to mount a half-trained horse for the journey. The hour for Confirmation had almost arrived, but no Bishop! We guessed rightly that something untoward had happened, and when the Bishop did arrive it was in the guise of a soldier back from the wars, with his face held together with sticking plaster. I imagine that the heroism of the Bishop in refusing to be deterred from doing his duty preached to these sturdy Munda people a yet better sermon than the one he had carefully prepared.

" The Bishop's own horse may be known from its name, ' The Outlaw.' The Bishop had a great affection for this horse, and when the time drew near for him to go to Nagpur, he hesitated to inflict upon him the indignity of having to travel in a horse-box. Just at that time the horse, to show his mettle, had secured for the Bishop second place in a well-attended paper-chase in Ranchi. It was a good performance: and a certain young officer was duly impressed. The latter, in those days, had fallen a victim to the charms of a certain lady in Ranchi, and (it is said) argued that if ' The Outlaw ' could bring a heavyweight like the Bishop second, he would surely bring him in first. Such a happy event would increase his prospects of success in the matter which chiefly filled his mind. Accordingly 'The Outlaw' was sent round saddled, one morning, to the club to be tested. The Bishop and Mrs. Wood had hardly sat down to lunch before a clattering of hoofs was heard, and a riderless horse galloped past the bungalow. Who shall say that for some fearful moments the Bishop's

THE BISHOP ON "THE OUTLAW"

THE BISHOP LEADING A PROCESSION IN CHOTA NAGPUR

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heart did not accuse him of manslaughter? But quickly the would-have-been purchaser himself turned up and explained that he had not managed to get into the saddle at all!

" So ' The Outlaw ' had to go in a horse-box to Nagpur after all. Within a year he had a bad accident when galloping over the black cotton plain of Nagpur. The Bishop was thrown right over his head and only a good topi saved the Bishop's life from an untimely end."

CHAPTER IX

ALEX WOOD RETURNS TO THE CENTRAL PROVINCES AS SECOND BISHOP OF NAGPUR

SHORTLY after Easter 1926 I said farewell to India. I knew that the diocese of Nagpur needed a younger Bishop to stand the fatigue of its immense and often trying journeys, and it was a great joy to me when I found that the Metropolitan had decided to ask Alex Wood to succeed me as second Bishop of Nagpur.

When, however, Alex Wood decided that he must accept the Metropolitan's offer and return to the scenes of his early days in India, he knew that he had to leave much in which his soul delighted. For Chota Nagpur is a delightful part of India, and there is something quite unique about the diocese and its people.

In the first place, it is compact, only the size of England, and very fairly homogeneous. The Kols are a very bright and cheery people. The Christians of all kinds—Anglican, Lutheran and Roman Catholics—number over 200,000. There are in the Anglican Church a fine body of well trained Indian clergy, a most capable staff of European missionaries, and all kinds of work being very thoroughly carried on. It is one of the best organized dioceses in India, and the S.P.G., from the start of its work there, has been a most true handmaid of the Church.

To leave all this for the enormous straggling diocese of Nagpur, at least seven times as big as England, with its three great territories, the Central Provinces under British administration, Central India, the land of Mahratta and semi-Rajput Rajahs, and Rajputana, the land of Princes, was indeed a big wrench involving

an entirely new outlook on his life work. But yet he knew that the change offered him very big opportunities of useful work for which his gifts and experience would fit him peculiarly. It had his beloved Gonds in abundance—two million in the Central Provinces—only a handful of whom had been won for Christ. It had big military stations: Mhow in Central India, Jubbulpore and Kamptee in the Central Provinces, and Nasirabed in Rajputana. At Saugor was the Cavalry School for all India, and at Pachmarhi the School of Musketry. There were little groups of Europeans and Anglo-Indians dotted all over this vast area, who needed much encouragement in their Christian lives. There were the three important European and Anglo-Indian schools at Nagpur and Jubbulpore, and the All Saints' Children's Home at Nagpur. There were numbers of warm friends and admirers—European and Indian—to welcome him, and above all there was his beloved Mission, his first love, at Chanda, and though he and Mrs. Wood had to leave the cool and pleasant climate of Chota Nagpur for the varying and trying climates of his new diocese, Bishop Wood, with his wide knowledge of Indian history and Indian religions, knew that he was entering some of the most interesting parts of India, inhabited by many of its most remarkable races. "Two-thirds of the romance of Indian history lies in your diocese," was a remark of the learned Bishop Copleston, then Metropolitan of India, on the day of my consecration as first Bishop of Nagpur, in St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta, March 25th, 1903.

Well, it was in these regions that Alex Wood for the remaining eleven years of his life was to live and move and have his being. It was a diocese full of various races in various stages of civilization. At times he would be moving for longish periods in the Chanda and Mandla jungles; at other times he would be moving in the old world cities of Central India and Rajputana,

famous cities like Jaipur, Jodpur, Bikaner, Udaipur, Gwalior and Indore. He would be visiting the British soldiers in the large cantonments, comparing War experiences with officers and men, and interesting their congregations with his wonderfully descriptive sermons. How splendidly equipped he was for these new duties, and how completely he entered into them is well known by all his friends.

One of the rewards of a long life in India, whether you be a Government servant or missionary, is that you are sometimes permitted to see the fruitful results of early labours. For eighteen years Alex Wood had laboured in the villages of Chanda, and it was only after he returned as second Bishop of Nagpur, that he was allowed to see really large results in the ingathering of large numbers of converts from many villages. Devoted workers like George Philip and his wife, Roddy McKenzie, Hannah Rowell, Etta Woodcock, Olive Flint and Kenneth Mackenzie, had watered the seed long sown, and the part they had all played in these happy results was fully recognized by their old friend and new Bishop. Here let me quote a letter from Bishop Wood to the diocese about these happy events written a few months before his fatal illness.

" Bishop's Lodge,
Nagpur, the 10th June, 1936.

" MY DEAR PEOPLE,

" At the last meeting of the Diocesan Board of Missions a resolution was passed asking me, as Bishop, to bring to the notice of the whole Church in this diocese, certain important events that are happening in different parts of the Mission field in the diocese. I introduce the subject by drawing your attention to the simple narrative which appears in the April 1936 issue of the *Diocesan Magazine* in the Rev. Dr. Mackenzie's Chanda notes:

'Sunday 19th, II Sunday after Epiphany, will remain a red-letter day for us in Chanda. The day began with the confirmation of some forty children and adults, and we had arranged for a man from a neighbouring village to bring his family in to be admitted as catechumens.

'To our astonishment, some fifty-four candidates thronged the church, from six villages nearby, asking to be admitted. They stood up village by village, men and women, and made their promises and profession, and were admitted to the catechumenate by the Bishop. The scene was an unforgettable one. Along all of one side of the church were ranged the men in their working clothes, and on the other the women and some of the congregation, with a band of newly-confirmed girls in their white blouses and sarees. In the middle was the Bishop in his scarlet robes, supported by the missionaries and Indian clergy in their robes, and one by one the candidates came and knelt before him.

'A short time previously we held a preaching mission in this area, for about a week, but there were no indications then of such widespread interest.

'During the week following this Sunday, we heard of others who had come late, who wished to join the movement, and all were invited to come the following Sunday. As Sunday came round, there were the usual rumours that no one would come, but no steps were taken to make sure. On Sunday, however, our fears were soon set at rest. The church compound presented the appearance of a serai, and ringhis parked by the gates, and bullocks grazing contentedly around.

'This day another fifty-one persons were made catechumens by the Head of the Mission. They

came from the same group of villages, eight in all, and contiguous with each other.

'These people form a pretty compact group of Mahars, and they are desirous of forming a Christian community of themselves. This would be an excellent arrangement not only for themselves but for the community in general, and it is hoped that some such arrangement can be made. Their numbers at present, with children, must be about 150, but regarded as leaven, who can tell how far they may reach?'

"Again in the Board meeting Major Hill, the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society in Jubbulpore, reported a similar movement to the Church in the villages round Bharatpur, where he had been present at the baptism of twenty-five catechumens who had long been under instruction.

"These two events are examples of what is occurring and they are symptoms of a great movement of the Spirit.

"To-day the Church of India is offered an opportunity of witness and service such as it has not had before.

"Dr. Mackenzie describes the people who came to him as Mahars and Major Hill calls them Chamars. Historians and ethnologists maintain that the Mahars are the descendants of the inhabitants of Maharashtra, who were conquered and enslaved by the Rajput invasion of Gujarath, Bombay and the Deccan.

"The Mahars in the Bombay Presidency at the last census numbered some two millions and about a million and a half in the Central Provinces and Berar. Among the traditional customs, still surviving that go to show that they are 'the people

of the land' prior to the Rajput invasion, the following two examples are given:

"When the Panwar Rajputs celebrate the Narayan Deo Festival a Mahar is called to the house and is given a portion to eat before any Rajput guest partakes. At the Holi Festival the fire of the Mahars is kindled first and that of the Kunbis and other castes is kindled from it.

"In spite of these and other historic privileges the social position of Mahars in Hinduism is one of distressing degradation. Their touch is considered to defile caste people, and they are compelled to live in a quarter by themselves outside the village. They are not allowed to use the village well but must dig their own well, or find water where they can. They may not enter the village temple to worship the village gods, but have their own shrines outside the village. Thirty or forty years ago there were other degrading rules to which the Mahar was subjected but they have happily passed out of use with the spread of education and the levelling and liberalizing tendency of modern life. Mahatma Gandhi and some leaders of Hindu opinion are now urging the removal of untouchability. Agitation to secure 'temple entry' for untouchables is one sign of grace, and a Bill is now before the Bombay Legislative Council to remove all social disabilities imposed on untouchables, but the conservative opposition of the Sanatanists shows that many in India have not yet realized that untouchability is not merely a disgrace to Hinduism but is a disgrace to humanity.

"Until quite recently they were not allowed to attend school with Hindu boys. When Government schools were instituted in districts they could not be refused admission, but for years they were allotted a corner of the verandah where they could

hear the instruction in the class-room, or were taught separately.

" When, some twenty-five years ago, Mahar boys were first admitted to the Chanda High School, the school was boycotted and processions went about the city shouting the slogan '*Mahar sarva jaticha bahar*' (the Mahar is outside all castes). When Hindus quarrelled one of the worst terms of abuse was to call the opponent '*Mahar jaticha.*'

" This degradation has been endured by the Mahar for more than two thousand years. They have adopted Hindu customs and worship some Hindu gods as well as some of the old aboriginal gods, such as Hanuman, Mata Devi; Dulha Deo and Bhimsen. They are divided into castes which do not intermarry; Chamar, Mochi, Jingar, etc., but all are untouchables.

" It is suggested that the brand of untouchability arose from a desire on the part of the invaders to preserve the purity of their race, but nothing can justify the social degradation to which the ' untouchables ' have been condemned during these centuries.

" One of the distinguishing marks of the Christian Church has been that it preaches the Gospel to the poor. For three centuries in the Roman Empire it was stigmatized as a religion of slaves. ' Not many rich, not many noble ' were to be found among its adherents. But under the Emperor Constantine in A.D. 318, it became the established religion of the Roman Empire.

" The same reproach is urged against the Christian Church in India. Not many high caste people come to it, but the poor, the outcast and oppressed crowd in. It is true that many—the majority of—converts to the Faith are drawn from the ranks of the untouchables, but it is well to

remember that our Lord when He spoke in the synagogue of Capernaum of the signs of 'the coming of the acceptable year of the Lord,' gave as one of them 'that the poor have the Gospel preached unto them.' It is no reproach but the pride and glory of the Church of God that those whom other faiths in this land have despised and despaired of, and branded as untouchable, should have been touched and uplifted by the love of Christ.

"Dr. Mackenzie's narrative shows that the movement in Chanda was a definite, though unexpected, response to the evangelizing labours of the clergy and teachers who have worked there for many years. It had no connection with the political awakening that at present is stirring the 'scheduled castes.'

"Nevertheless the slogan 'leave Hinduism,' which is the cry of the political leaders of the depressed castes, will undoubtedly make it easier for others to follow where these pioneers have led, and a great opportunity is being offered to the Church in Chanda and in Bharatpur and probably in many other places.

"I pray that the whole Church may awake to this opportunity. Do not leave these missions to deal with it alone. How can every parish and congregation in the diocese help?

"First, in every service intercession and prayer should be made for the clergy and teachers in Chanda and Bharatpur and Mission workers throughout the diocese that they may be found faithful followers of the Redeemer in all their teaching and ministrations.

"Secondly, it is obvious that many additional teachers and workers will be required to meet the

needs of the new converts. The catechumen is kept under instruction for a full year before baptism. If he yields to the temptation to join in any Hindu festival (Holi and Dewali are the festivals most attractive to these castes) the catechumen is not cast off, but his year of probation will begin from the point where he fell. Many helpers are needed to carry on such work. Will you not bear your part in this by trying to give a larger contribution for Mission work throughout the diocese?

" Thirdly, personal witness. Our Lord gave two instructions after His resurrection:

" One, to the eleven whom He had trained ' To go, make disciples of all nations, baptizing them into the Holy Name.'

" But to the believers who went out with Him to the Mount of Olives ere He ascended He said, ' Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be my witnesses . . . even unto the end of the earth.'

" Is not this a call to every confirmed member of this Church to remember his duty as a witness of Christ? In this land we Christians are looked upon and judged, as Christians. We are every day quite unconsciously giving witness of Christ. True witness if we live and speak in accordance with the Gospel of Christ, realizing that every one we meet is a person for whom Christ died. We bear false witness in every mean and unrighteous sin we commit, every time we fall below the standard of Christian men.

" I plead therefore for a greater effort to be Christian in personal life and conduct, and especially in all our contacts with non-Christian people, so that we may do our part in bringing nearer the Kingdom of God in this land, where wonderfully

and unexpectedly pathways are opening for its coming.

" May God bless and keep you all.

Yours faithfully in Christ,

ALEX NAGPUR."

Those who have been working with Bishop Wood during the years since I left India all dwell on one splendid piece of work which he started and carried through every year of his episcopate. Canon J. H. Robinson, senior missionary of the Church Missionary Society in Jubbulpore, writes of this work in the following terms: " Most of all we shall remember Bishop Wood in connection with the ' Summer Schools ' that he conducted each year in our Mission. This was quite a new thing, an idea of his own, and illustrates his desire to strengthen the work of the diocese. Each July he came to us for about fourteen days, when we had all our pastors gathered together for the Summer School. This was greatly looked forward to as His Lordship never spared himself to give us of his best. He seemed to delight in these ' Refresher Courses ' as he afterwards called them, and I think this is the better term for we were indeed refreshed by his presence as well as by the instruction which he gave us. Whether expounding a Gospel, an Epistle, or other book of the Scriptures, or taking us in the Articles, the Prayer Book, geology or other such subject, he spared no pains to make everything interesting and helpful, and yet we felt that we had indeed the privilege of sitting at the feet of a real teacher. Then we always had some practical subject dealing with our work, such as ' What address would you give on going to a village for the first time? ' He went most carefully into the matter, and we shall ever remember the great help he gave us.[1] At another time we would have the exposition of a parable or a miracle,

[1] *Vide* Appendix " Preaching and Teaching."

when out of his rich store of knowledge he would bring much light to bear upon the subject so that the incident lived before our eyes. Each day of the 'Refresher Course' he gave us an address at the Holy Communion with which we began the day. And here we realized he was a true 'father-in-God,' as he brought home to our hearts the message of the Sacred Word, which was an inspiration and help to us. We shall long remember him for he was 'a man full of the Holy Ghost and faith.'"

In his early missionary days Alex Wood's work had been mainly that of an evangelist amongst the people of the Chanda district, and the teaching and training of the young Christian community which the great Indian famine had brought his Mission. In all this work and especially in the training of catechists and Indian candidates for Holy Orders, he was building up the experiences which made him into the great teacher he was afterwards to become. It was not until he went to Chota Nagpur, and had to take the big responsibility of establishing the two European and Anglo-Indian schools at Namkum, that he came fully to realize the immense importance of the sound education of the children of this community. He took the keenest interest in helping in every way he could the three Anglo-Indian schools in Jubbulpore and Nagpur where about 700 children are being educated, and the All Saints' Children's Home at Nagpur. In a letter I have received from Mrs. Wood occurs the following interesting passage: "On Alex's return to the diocese of Nagpur he found that the Anglo-Indian community throughout the whole diocese called for sympathetic shepherding. Poor parents were withdrawing their boys from school as they could not meet the fees of the Bishop Cotton School, Nagpur. Alex maintained that 'everybody must be given a chance in life,' so he adopted a number of boys and put them through

school. We watched," writes Mrs. Wood, "with interest these lads. Most of our adopted children made good, few were failures. I was present at a school committee meeting when a certain boy was being discussed, a good-for-nothing, for whom no one had any sympathy or interest. A member of the committee whispered to another, 'Put him on the Bishop's list, he will pay for him.'" Two promising young Anglo-Indians were sent by the Bishop to Bishop's College, Calcutta, to be trained for Holy Orders. They have both been ordained and are doing excellent work in the diocese.

When writing to one of his friends, the Rev. Noel Hall (now Bishop of Chota Nagpur), he describes one of the most interesting missionary districts in the Central Provinces in the following manner:

> "I am having a great tour, I left Nagpur on February 17th by car and did most of the diocese. The car was discarded at Mandla, where 'The Outlaw' (my steed) met me, and since 19th March we have been treking after the ancient fashion over hill and dale amid these wonderful Satpuras. It is cool and beautiful. We have had skiffs of rain and thunderstorms, usually at night, but it has been a wonderful tour, and I am getting the fat induced by motoring, replaced by hard muscle, required for the Indian episcopate. At present I am wandering in a sad part of the diocese, where a once flourishing Mission is slowly dying from a lack of missionaries. We used to have 8,000 Christians here; we now have fewer than 1,000!! I remember the days of Molony when this was the most promising Mission in the C.P. Since he left it has been one long tale of defeat and retreat. It is very sad, but there are still a faithful few scattered in these hills, and, please God, we may get it going again. It is a lovely land, and I like the people, though from the point of view of

Christian morals they are bad, but after all if they were not, there would be no point in evangelizing them."

Missionary work in the district, described by Bishop Wood in the foregoing letter, was first started nearly 100 years ago at the urgent appeal of a distinguished Indian civilian, Mr. (afterward Sir Donald) McCleod, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab. He was a great lover of the Gond, and when no English Church Missionary Society was willing or able to undertake work amongst them, he turned to the famous German, Pastor Gossner, of Berlin. It was, we remember, this same Pastor Gossner who in 1845 sent the first four German missionaries to Chota Nagpur, who started that work which has led to such wonderful missionary results. Pastor Gossner did not turn a deaf ear to Mr. Donald McCleod's appeal. Early in 1841 he sent a little band of well selected missionaries to Jubbulpore, placing them under the superintendence of the Rev. Alois Loesch, a Lutheran pastor, with Indian experience. Under Mr. McCleod's guidance they started a settlement at Karangia, fourteen miles from Amarkantak, a famous place of Hindu pilgrimage, the source of the sacred Nerbudda river. One of their number was a doctor, another a school teacher, another a carpenter and builder, another an evangelist, and the last a farmer. All went well at first; they built their own Mission house, and everything was ready for the coming of their wives (as several of them were married men) when an appalling tragedy descended on them. An epidemic of cholera swept over the district, and the first to be taken was their doctor. Within a few weeks all save one were carried off, and he, the last, stricken with grief and sickness, made his way to the Scottish Presbyterian Mission at Nagpur, where he worked for a season. His grave in the old cemetery at Nagpur is familiar to me, and I know that it has always been my prayer and that of Alex Wood that the day may come

when that long ago sacrifice of those German missionaries for the conversion of the Gonds may be fruitful.

Not until many years later was the Church Missionary Society in a position to start work in that region. Splendid work was begun by the Rev. E. Champion; and later on the Rev. H. D. Williamson laid the foundation of all the work which has since been carried on amongst the Gonds of the Mandla district. The Gondi language, under his guidance, was reduced to writing, and a Hindi grammar and vocabulary were prepared by him for the Gonds, most of whom speak Hindi. Portions of the Gospels and numerous Bible stories were also translated by him into Hindi. For a short period the Rev. H. P. Parker worked in the district before he was consecrated Bishop of Uganda, to succeed the martyr Bishop Hannington. Then for years the Rev. Herbert Molony (afterwards Bishop of Chehkiang in China) lived in the heart of the Gond country at Marpha, assisted by a small body of English evangelists. It was in the winter of 1903 that I first toured throughout that beautiful and fascinating country with him. We visited the grave of the four German missionaries at Karangia, and at my suggestion he wrote a pamphlet called " A Forgotten Tragedy."

From that winter onwards I generally spent a week or two in that district, and I know that Alex Wood had this Mission always in his thoughts and prayers. I had seen it in fairly prosperous days when the Rev. E. D. Price, generally known as " Tiger " Price, the Rev. J. Wakeling, the Rev. John Fryer, the Rev. W. H. Hodgkinson, the Rev. F. D. O. Roberts, and their devoted wives were there. Alex Wood had to see it sadly depleted, when sad fallings away had to fill his heart with grief; but now, thank God, brighter days are dawning as the Bishop of Dornakal has accepted an invitation from the present Bishop of Nagpur to send Indian missionaries from his diocese to win the Gonds of Mandla to the allegiance of Christ.

CHAPTER X

ALEX WOOD'S LAST DAYS

TWICE during the nine years which followed my retirement Alex and Mrs. Wood paid my wife and myself pleasant visits while on leave in England. Their first visit was during the Lambeth Conference in 1930 into which proceedings he entered wholeheartedly. During his 1930 leave he spent some time in France at Tours. His War years in France had drawn him strongly to that country and its history and literature. Of course, much of his time was spent in Scotland preaching and speaking about Indian missionary work and trying to get fresh recruits for his diocese.

During his second and last visit to England he and Mrs. Wood spent a few days with us before leaving for Italy. They motored across France to Menaggio on Lake Como, where he acted as English chaplain for a few weeks. Before returning to England they motored across Switzerland, Germany and Belgium, and arrived in excellent health and spirits. On their return to India he wrote to his diocese on January 11th, 1936, a description of their holiday:

" Bishop's Lodge,
Nagpur, the 11th January, 1936.

" MY DEAR PEOPLE,

" I wish you all a Happy New Year.

" My wife and I returned to India after a very happy though, at times, a very busy furlough.

" In April and May I officiated as Chaplain of Menaggio on Lake Como, and as we did the journey by motor out and back we had a delightful tour to look back upon. It is pleasant to

remember that though, towards the end of May, the Italian newspapers were full of bitter attacks on the attitude and policy of Great Britain, the courtesy and friendliness of the Italians never varied. Indeed locally influential Italians would, sometimes on their own initiative, discuss and condemn these attacks.

"We returned to England by way of east Switzerland, over the Maloja and Julier passes, and through Germany and Belgium to Caldio. The Julier pass, being snow-bound but partially cleared, provided some tricky driving but we got through without mishap. We found the remainder of our travels in Switzerland delightful. But the happiest memory of the journey was the time spent in Germany. Wherever we went in that land we were received not merely with kindness and courtesy, but with a spontaneous heartiness of welcome that was irresistible. In out of the way villages in the Black Forest people would come round us to tell us how long ago it was since any British person had visited their village, and to assure us that Britain and Germany were now friends, and the proof of it was that our Herr Simon had visited their Führer. But the greatest surprise of all was that no one we met in Germany who did us a slight service like helping to pack the luggage in the car or similar help would accept a tip. They saluted and said 'It is a pleasure.'

"On our return to England a period of work began. July was given to S.P.G. for deputation work, August to C.M.S., and October and the first half of November to the Foreign Mission Board of the Scottish Episcopal Church. The work was occasionally hard but we have made many new friends and have pleasant memories of much kindness. I gratefully record that in every place we

visited there was keen interest in the new Indian Constitution, and much sympathy with the problems not merely of the Church but with the people of India, and an earnest desire that the Government and the nation should deal sympathetically with all the problems that might arise.

"It is very pleasant to be back again and to meet again our Indian friends. It is sad to miss from among them those friends and supporters of the Church who have even in this short period retired. We wish them all happiness at Home, and to all we wish a Happy New Year.

Yours faithfully in Christ,

ALEX NAGPUR."

One afternoon early in October 1935 he addressed a meeting at our home in Kew, which was attended by a number of people and some of his old friends, amongst whom was Sir Benjamin Robertson, formerly Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces. Certainly at that time there was no outward indication that he had not many years of strong and active life before him.

Only a few weeks later, just before returning to India, in his endeavour to help a stranger in serious distress, an event happened which without doubt was largely responsible for the cutting short of his splendid life. Let me describe it in the actual words of his wife, who was with him at the time:

"In the month of October, during a severe snowstorm, we left Pitlochry where Alex had conducted a meeting, and were making for Inverness by car, there to meet the Lord Primus. Never shall I forget that drive over the Grampians! The snow was deep and frozen, and the night was bitterly cold, and it was getting dark as we were approaching the highest point on the road, when in the distance we came in view of what looked

like motor cars ahead. I said to Alex, ' Slow down, this looks like an accident.' An empty lorry met us first, then a car, nose down in a ditch, and an empty car on the far side. Alex stopped, called out, ' Wanting help? ' Three men almost done to the world and nearly frozen said, ' It is no good, sir, we have tried everything, tied ropes to the lorry, but nothing will move the car; she'll have to be dug out in the morning.' Alex took the position of everything in what light was left to us, then he gave orders. The owner of the car was to ' reverse ' when Alex told him to do so, the lorry-man, owner of the other car and I were to push at the same time, while Alex went into the ditch to lift the nose of the car. The shout came ' Reverse! ' and we all put our best into it. The car lifted, but the wheels had no grip on the frozen snow, so with all its force, the front of the car came down on Alex, just above his knees, bringing him firmly down against the bank. He declared that he was not hurt, but never at any time would he admit pain. ' We must get the car out of this, let's try again,' was his reply. So again came the shout ' Reverse! ' He lifted and in no time the car was up on the road. We were nearly frozen, so Alex made for our car, not waiting to be thanked. The three men were amazed. One said to the other, ' To think that strong ropes and a powerful lorry could not move the car, but a man with his two hands could lift the thing out is wonderful.' I smiled and said to the owner, ' Well, you see, it's the old story, when a man gets into trouble he must fall back on the Church to help him.' ' The Church? ' said he. ' Yes, that man with the strong hands is the Bishop of Nagpur.' ' A Bishop? God bless him. I'll remember that, please tell him I *am* grateful; but for him I should have been here all

night.' That night Alex still assured me that he was not hurt. Two years later, examination proved that the spine had been injured, and from this his troubles started. The man with the strong hands and warm heart for those in trouble replied when questioned in Shanghai, 'Well, I suppose so, but I am glad I helped that man.'"

A doctor whom I knew in India when talking about the effect of the Indian climate on English people gave it as his opinion that the people who suffered least ill effects were those who had an ordinarily good constitution with an abundant sense of humour. No one who knew Alex Wood could doubt but that he was richly endowed with that happy quality. During the cold weather of 1936, the Bishop of Glasgow, now Archbishop of Capetown, spent some weeks in India visiting the Chanda Mission, and staying for a time with Bishop and Mrs. Wood at Bishop's Lodge, Nagpur. Though at that time Alex Wood was often in great agony from the disease which was to end his life on earth so soon, the Bishop of Glasgow writes "that when one bout of agony was over he would entertain him with many humorous stories," some of which he wrote down at the time and has most kindly sent them to me for this Memoir. Let me quote some of them:

"1. 'A' brought an action against 'B' because 'B's' cattle had trespassed on his field. 'B' lifted the charge to a higher court by a counter action in which he claimed that his cattle had not trespassed because the field was his. This process was repeated in various forms until the Supreme Court was reached. A huge mass of documents by now encumbered justice. A full, impartial survey of the original facts revealed that 'A' had no field and 'B' possessed no cattle!

"2. Jack Chenevix Trench, of the Indian Civil Service, was employed by Government to survey

land for assessment purposes. A Gond owner of land complained and Trench surveyed it again, but did not alter his valuation. The case came before the commissioner, or magistrate, who urged 'The sahib has given his valuation. . . .' 'No sahib came,' the man replied. Enquiry revealed that Trench had done his work. 'What are you saying "No sahib came, Mr. Trench came."' 'Oh! Trench—he's a Gond.' 'Nonsense, he's white.' 'What of that? There are white and black men *not* Gonds, so why not a white man who is a Gond?'

"3. Mr. Halifax had a wife keen on gardening, and a wise servant. Mrs. Halifax worried the servant to get coolies for the garden in their new bungalow. Mr. Halifax was a deputy commissioner or some sort of magistrate. One day Mrs. Halifax saw a crowd of Indians squatting on the lawn. She routed out the servant and made him set them to work. This he did till the lady retired satisfied. Then he stopped and explained to his master. No doubt the mem sahib is right in making these people work in her garden, but in fact they are the witnesses for the prosecution in the case you are going to hear after breakfast."

Like many good men Alex had a great love for little children. His wife writes:

"The tiny tots fascinated him and he loved to nurse and play with them. On board ship he was often left with a pram while a sick mother went to her cabin. On one occasion in a really bad storm, both mother and nurse were beyond control of themselves, and the wretched mother told the busy stewardess to take the baby to the Bishop on deck. An infant in arms interrupted the reading of a most interesting book, but Alex, with a smile, took over his charge."

There was something in his strength, simplicity and kindliness which induced all kinds of doubters and sinners to pour out their difficulties and their sins to him, and many a man gave thanks to God for having confided to him what was killing his spiritual life. It goes without saying that his boyhood's love of animals, especially horses and dogs, remained with him to the end. His last favourite horse " The Outlaw " had taken some weeks to break in when its former owner gave it to the Bishop as a bad job, but Alex's patience, fondness for the beautiful creature, and firmness made him its complete master, though none of his friends cared to ride it!

More than once in the summer of 1936 rumours reached me from India that all was not well with Alex. Constant severe attacks of fever, and a rapid loss of weight pointed to some serious and hidden mischief. Things reached their climax in December 1936, and Alex had to undergo a severe operation in Calcutta, which for a time raised the hope that with a few months rest he might become his old self again. Under his doctor's advice he and his wife went on a sea voyage to China and Japan. Alex had been greatly cheered after his operation, in spite of much suffering, by the fact that he had been entrusted by the Episcopal Synod of the Church of India with a message to the Church of Japan which was to celebrate its fiftieth jubilee in June 1937. The message [1] had been duly signed by the Metropolitan of India and was to be handed to the presiding Bishop of the Church of Japan by Bishop Wood.

They reached Shanghai on March 8th, and though still in great pain and weakness, Alex Wood asked to be taken at once to a book-shop where he purchased a Japanese grammar and first reader. He must begin at once the study of Japanese, his *fifteenth* language study, to properly fulfil this mission. These books, let me say

[1] *Vide* Appendix.

at once, were never opened. From the start Dr. E. L. Marsh, Mrs. Wood's brother, took a very serious view of his case. Shanghai has a splendid hospital and fine staff of doctors and surgeons, and after a most careful examination by two or three of its specialists, it was seen that an operation was impossible, and that within a few weeks Alex's sufferings would be over. She who never left him for a moment during these closing days when his strength had quite departed, and his sufferings were at times almost unbearable, tells me that " Towards the end his thoughts were ever with his diocese and specially with his beloved Mission in Chanda." His faith was wonderful, and the words of our Blessed Lord were ever before him, " In my Father's house are many mansions, I go to prepare a place for you." He entered his Eternal Home full of the hope of immortality on May 20th, 1937.

The message (written by Alex at the request of the Metropolitan) from the Church of India to the Church of Japan was conveyed by the Bishop of Lahore who received it from Alex's hands a few days before his death.

Alex was spared what those of us who loved him well knew would have been to him a great trial, the frailty and weakness of old age. Until that last fatal illness he had never known weakness or pain. It was the will of God before He took to Himself that gallant servant that in His love and wisdom He allowed Alex to taste just for a while weakness and pain, which so many have to bear for long years of life, and which our Blessed Lord Himself endured ere He entered into His glory.

APPENDIX I

MODERN HINDUISM AND PRIMITIVE RELIGIONS

In discussing questions concerning the religious rites and social customs of primitive man it is well to remind ourselves of the limits of practical knowledge.

When man emerges from the unrecorded past on the plain of history or even of semi-historical legend, we find him with a comparatively complex social system and a clearly defined religion. But the first people with whom history deals are not primitive in any real sense. There lies behind the unrecorded and unnumbered generations of neolithic and palæolithic man. While it is obvious that the social system and the religion which man has at the dawn of history must have been evolved and shaped during these dark ages, it is equally clear that concerning the customs and religion of neolithic and palæolithic man conjectures and guesses may be many but facts must be few.

Primitive man in this sense is just a scientific hypothesis to explain certain vestiges found in the later strata of geological formations, which show traces of human usage—a few weapons of chipped flint, some rude tools, some primitive household utensils which have escaped the ravages of time—some buried carvings and drawings of considerable merit—these are practically all the data given us on which to frame a theory of the religious and social customs of primitive man. These vestiges, according as they are found in a lower or a higher stratum, and as they are rudely chipped and shaped, or of elegant and delicate workmanship, are classified as belonging to the palæolithic (old-stone) or the neolithic (new-stone) age.

It is manifest that any theory of custom or religion

built upon these data must be largely fanciful and vague, and it is well to remember these obvious facts when reading some of the very omniscient modern books that propose to explain to us the scientific origin of religion. If the statement of Revelation about the origin of religion be rejected, science and history have absolutely no alternative to offer—merely conjectures.

Sometimes we hear it claimed that we have neolithic age existing amongst us now, in the savage tribes of the remote hills and jungles of India, Africa and Australia, or amid the snows of the Arctic Circle, and that in the religious ideas found amongst them we find the key to the religions of the unrecorded past.

This is true provided we remember that religion and custom are ever evolving—never quite standing still—and while evolution means change, it does not always mean progress. Among backward races it often means deterioration. In religion as in secular matters evolution is universal, but progress is very rare, as is seen from the fact that the civilized races form less than a fifth of the population of the globe.

It is fair to suppose that the prehistoric customs and religions which developed into civilization must have contained some determining factor which is absent from those religions which have stagnated and deteriorated till the present day.

It is true to say that the religions of the backward races provide us with a key to primitive religions, but we must not let the expression mean too much. It really only provides us with an object lesson of what religions in some respects were when man emerged from prehistoric times. It tells us little or nothing of the dim beginnings from which these forms were evolved. The more repulsive rites found amongst primitive peoples are often not primitive but late degradations from a higher cult previously followed by the tribe.

It seems clear that the original form of religion

cannot with any certainty be determined. In all probability primitive man's religious capacities were like his mental powers limited and vague. Just as his mental powers found exercise in forming theories of the universe—magical explanations of unusual happenings —and erroneous generalizations from the facts of every-day life—so that magic is the first form of natural philosophy and modern science evolves alchemy, astrology and such like, yet is not thereby discredited; so man's capacity for cognizing the supernatural, for reverence, worship and spiritual affections which go to make the web of religion were at first led astray and attached themselves to unworthy objects. Yet religion is not thereby discredited when it has sloughed these primitive cults. Nor need it be denied that these first exercises of man's spiritual capacities have formed the moulds in which religious thought yet runs.

In the earliest records of mankind that we possess, man's social organization, in the dawn of history, is the clan system, or the tribal. It is fair to presume that the clan system, since it is universal, had been forming, hardening and developing throughout the palæolithic and neolithic ages—that, in fact, those races who adopted the blood-kin and clan system, and developed it as defensive and offensive social organization, survived; while those that did not, perished. At any rate, it is a stage through which every race at present existing can be proved to have passed or be still in.

Also, wherever the clan system has existed into historical times we find concomitant with it a set of religious ideas called totemism.

Whether the tribes or clans be North American Indians, Scottish Highlanders, Jews, or Gonds of Central India, so long as they are in the nomadic or semi-nomadic stage of civilization, we find among them traces of some form of totemism, while as soon as they settle down, form villages, and take to agriculture, so

forming a social state likely to be wider than the clan, totemism disintegrates and decays.

What is totemism? The word totem is found originally in various dialectic forms in the languages of the North American Indians. The correct form of the word appears to be " otem," and the English word is derived from this word with its personal prefix " nt'otem," which means " my family token " or " my crest."

Among North American Indians, and elsewhere, totem denotes a drawing of an animal or plant which is recognized as the symbol of the clan, and is figured on the clan banner and painted or tattooed on the skin of members of the tribe. But totemism cannot be explained by a derivation. It is intimately bound up with the clan organization of society and has many forms.

Stage I. If we take the earliest and least developed form of totemism, of which any record has been found, it appears to have no connection with religion at all. It is simply an alliance between an animal clan and a human clan. It goes back to the period when the mental attitude of primitive man to the world around him was such that he saw no difficulty in forming alliances with the beast tribes around him. The birds of the air, the fishes of stream and sea, the beasts and plants of the jungle were clans and families like man, and he sought alliances for mutual help and protection among them.

Ordinarily the method by which such alliances were made was the " blood covenant." The only type of friendship known to primitive man was the bond that united him to his fellow clansman. It was a friendship in which individuality counted for little, the solidarity of the clan was the compelling bond. To protect or avenge a clansman each member of the tribe was ready to lay down his own life. If a man or any other being was not by birth a member of the clan, and an alliance

was to be made with him, then he had to be made one of the clan. The blood of the clan must be made to run in his veins. This was accomplished by "blood covenant," a ceremony in which the blood of the contracting parties is mingled in a bowl and drunk, their veins are opened, and the wounds pressed together, and in cases of plants of which the juice or fruit cannot be eaten various artificial substitutes are used, but all the ceremonies have the same object—the exchange of blood.

A large number of instances could be quoted where totemism has not advanced beyond this stage. "The Mount Gambier Indians" speak of the totem animal as *tumanang* (their flesh). The Osages "abstained from hunting the beaver because in killing that animal they killed a brother of the Osages." No religious ideas appear to be connected with the totem. It is just the blood brother of the clan. But as such it is entitled to the privileges of the clan. That is, the clan will abstain from injuring it, will cherish and protect it from injury by others, and if a member of the species is killed will exact compensation or avenge its death.

The literature reminiscent of this stage of totemism is embodied in the "friendly animal" tales which we find now in fairy tales and folk-lore stories. The faithful raven which guides the prince to the imprisoned damsel. The wolf which was bound to protect because he knew the mystic word—the clan word, in fact. All these stories or myths are reminiscent of this form of thought.

Stage II. The next variety of totemism is one very widely spread. The totem animal is no longer regarded as the blood brother of the clan, but is identified with its half-divine ancestor, and receives honour and reverence on that account. Exactly how this came about can only be conjectured. If this form of totemism derives from the former stage at all, apparently the blood

brotherhood explanation was forgotten or outgrown, and the friendly relations of the clan with the animal species needed explaining afresh.

The process of reasoning appears to be something like this: "The totem animal is a member of the human clan, and men of the clan are members of the totem clan. It follows that both must be descended from the same ancestor." It is in connection with this stage of totemism that the earliest forms of myth are found. "The explanatory myth" or reason given for an existing stage of affairs of which the true reason has been forgotten (folk-lore teems with such tales); the turtle clan of the Iroquois Indians, whose ancestor was a fat turtle which contrived to get rid of its shell one day; the ancestor of the bear clan, who was a bear that walked upright; the tiger ancestor of the "Atram" family of Gonds, who painted himself brown and married a Gond woman; all are examples of this order of thought. The mental state in which such explanations were conceived and accepted as satisfactory was one which saw no incongruity in a human soul animating an animal body and vice versa, and this stage of savage thought it latent in all forms of the theory of transmigration of souls.

Stage III. In this form of totemism the totem animal is regarded as a god, the god of the clan. No individual of the species is actually regarded as the god in being as it were, but the god of the clan is believed to manifest himself in this species of animal, in the whole species, not in any special individual. This transition seems hard to explain, but there can be no doubt about the facts.

It would seem as if the reverence, love and forbearance which the clan exercised towards the totem animal were akin to the feelings which were excited by the dim idea of the supernatural that the savage had, and the constant desire to translate all ideas into objective

reality, which is a frequent source of error in religious thought, caused the dim idea of god which the savage had to materialize as it were round the one spiritual idea of the savage life, his reverence, love and forebearance towards the totem animal, and at the same time to lift these ideas into the sphere of religion.

In this variety totemism is a religion. The child born to the clan in the order of nature has to undergo a " second birth " at the ceremony of initiation, when he becomes a member of the clan spiritually. He is put under the protection of the god by having the picture of the sacred animal stamped or tattooed on his skin. He enters into communion with the god of the clan by partaking of the solemn sacrifice, when an individual of the sacred species is slain with solemn ritual at the annual sacrifice and in times of tribal need. He rejoins the totem at death as is shown by the symbol carved on his tomb, which is always that of the family totem.

It is in connection with this last stage of totemism that the stories of divine metamorphoses, found alike in Greek, Egyptian, Hindu and other mythologies, occur. A typical story is that of Jupiter, who visited Leda in the form of a swan and became the father of Pollux, and Helen of Troy, Castor and Clytemnestra. The ideas latent in this form of myth are:

1. That the god manifests himself in the form of a totem animal.

2. That the god is also identified with the clan ancestor.

3. That the god exists apart from the totem animal and only occasionally manifests himself in that form. Before this form of myth can arise totemism must have begun to disintegrate, and more anthropomorphic ideas of the god have taken the place of the old totemistic idea in which the god manifested himself only in the form of the totem animal.

The causes that lead to the disintegration of totemism

are not far to seek. It is essentially a religion belonging to a period when man is still nomadic and the clan system of blood kinship meets all his social needs. *It has been practically proved that the beginnings of civilization are due to totemism, because it was under its religious sanctions and prohibitions that animals and plants first became domesticated. Only a religious prohibition was strong enough to restrain the primitive savage from slaughtering any creature in response to the needs of his body.*

Practically almost every known species of animal has been the totem of some tribe. Ants, for instance, were the totem of the myrmidons of Achilles. Only certain species of animals were capable of domestication, but the lucky clans who had for their totems horses, sheep and cattle were amply repaid. It is quite clear that the animals were not at first kept for profit. It has been proved that "the primitive Indo-European reared droves of tame and half-tame horses centuries before he ever thought of riding them." It was the religion of the tribe. The animal was simply allowed and encouraged to increase and multiply under the protection of the clan over the whole area traversed by it.

It was only by slow degrees that the clans learnt to make use of the animals thus ready to their hand. The people of India to this day, where an animal sacred to one tribe or caste is freely eaten and used by another, provide an object lesson as to how this gradually came about. But the lesson once learnt was rapidly improved upon.

So long as man was in the nomadic state, and the provision of food for himself and his dependants absorbed all his energies, progress was impossible. As soon as a comparatively settled life was possible, and provision for himself and his family assured from other sources than his own individual efforts, his energies

could be diverted into other channels and the path of progress was open.

Thus totemism is the predetermining condition that made civilization possible. It is the precursor of agriculture, and agricultural life is the social condition that disintegrates it. It was the religion of the nomad. It could not be the religion of the villager. Life in a village embraced social conditions obviously incompatible with it. Still many traces of it remain in village life, and its marks are deeply printed on modern Hinduism. Take some of the familiar phenomena of Hinduism and try how far the theory of a previous totemism will explain them.

4. Gods represented in animal form—the snake, the bull, the monkey.

The ordinary theory on which the worship of these animals is explained is that they are the personification, or better, the " beastification," of a quality—the snake, subtilty and wisdom; the bull, strength and vitality; the monkey (it is not quite clear what the monkey represents). This theory fails to account for a large number of animals which are worshipped—tortoise, the lizard, the beetle, etc., which have no outstanding qualities that a man could desire. Besides, the explanation is too sophisticated for savage thought. It is the product of a latter age. *Savage man does not worship qualities.*

A second theory is that the animals are worshipped because of the benefits they bestow on man. This would account for most domestic animals, but it fails utterly when applied to ants, crocodiles, flies, etc., which are acknowledged pests, and certainly would never be worshipped for their beneficence, but nevertheless they are worshipped. Obviously the explanation that they were previously tribal totems is the explanation with fewest objections.

5. Half-animal, half-human deities.

Of this no theoretical explanation has been put for-

ward in modern time. Mythological explanations are numerous. The history of this form of deity is interesting as it also explains the growth of idols and of idol worship.

It has been shown that when a clan desired to be fortified by communion with its god an animal of the totem species was solemnly sacrificed and eaten by the members of the clan.

The god resided in the sacred animal, so all who partook of the flesh were brought into communion with the god, and so fortified to endure threatened danger or accomplish some undertaking. But at the same time shedding the blood of the totem animal was forbidden. It was taboo, sacred, as sacred as the blood of a clansman. It could only be shed in times of extraordinary need, and then only with solemn rites and after prayer and fasting. In no case could it fall to the ground unmarked. It was taboo, and so it was always shed on an altar or dashed on a pillar or monolith like the Mazzebah of scripture. The places of altar and pillar were very sacred ground; whoever drew near to them without proper precaution became himself taboo—untouchable.

Now the essential and important factor in the sacrifice was the presence of the god, and specially was his presence manifested in the pillar or monolith on which the blood was dashed which was so sacred.

At this point totemism comes to the parting of the ways. By dwelling on the identity of the totem god with the father of the clan it might, and in some cases did, evolve from this germ the doctrine of the divine fatherhood of man, and so pass to a higher religion, or it might by dwelling on the presence of the god in the stone sterilize itself and degenerate into mere idolatry identifying the monolith with the god. The steps in this deterioration are clearly traced. We find the totem image carved on the monolith. On further develop-

ment the entire stone is carved into the figure of the totem like Nanda the bull, etc.

Complete animal gods occur when the deterioration takes place before the totem animal and the god had been dissociated. When the deterioration takes place after the stage where the clan ancestor and the god are identified, then this identification is expressed in the half-human, half-animal figures of the gods, like Ganesha with the elephant head and man's body; Narsingha, the man-lion; the "monstrous gods" of Egypt; the centaurs and satyrs of Greek sculpture. Sacrifice is still made to the idol, still like the ancient pillar it has the divine presence waked in it by the splashing of blood, but in modern India the blood is represented usually by red paint.

6. The "Incarnations" of Vishnu.

Everyone knows of the ten "avatars" or "descents" of Vishnu. (It is a misnomer to call them Incarnations, as they do not involve the Christian conception of the Incarnation at all, so the term is apt to mislead.)

The "avatars" are (1) Matsya, the Fish; (2) Kurma, the Tortoise; (3) Varaha, the Boar; (4) Narasinha, the Man-lion; (5) Wamana, the Dwarf; (6) Parasurama, Rama with the Axe; (7) Rama Chandra, the Rama of the Ramayana epic; (8) Krishna of the Mahabharata; (9) Buddha, the founder of Buddhism, therefore a misleading "avatar" for the purpose of misleading the enemies of the gods. The tenth and last "avatar" is yet to come; Vishnu will come to regenerate the earth at the last as Kalki. The later "avatars" Parasurama, Rama, Krishna, Buddha are historical or semi-historical persons round whom legend has gathered and who have been included in the great Vishnu cycle of the Puranas, but with the earlier "avatars" it is different. Let us examine the story of the Matsya "avatar." Briefly, it is a Hindu story of the Flood: Manu the sage, one of the progenitors of the human race, is kind

to a fish which tells him that in return for his kindness, when the great flood comes to sweep away all creatures, it will rescue him. The fish tells Manu to build a ship, and when the flood comes and washes away all creatures the fish guides Manu in his ship to a mountain in safety.

Now the first account of this tale occurs in the *Satapatha Brahmana.* In it there is no mention of Vishnu or of any " avatar " at all. The incidents of the story are much as above detailed. In form the story is exactly the form of story which one finds in the mythology of Stage I of totemism, the friendly animal with certain superhuman powers of helping in time of need.

The story is next found in the *Mahabharata.* It is slightly altered. Manu the seven sages, not Manu alone as in the first tale, are saved, but the fish when he tells Manu to " bind his ship to this high crag " announces that he is Brahma the Creator.

In the *Bhagavata Purana* the fish is Vishnu in " fish-like shape," not Brahma, and while he guides the sages in their vessel to the mountain of Himayan he dictates to them the whole of the *Matsya Purana* which contained the rules of the Sankhya philosophy.

The development of the story is a splendid example of the growth of myth. The oldest form of it is the friendly animal tale, then the animal is identified with the god Brahma—doubtless because he was the totem god of some tribe before the worshippers of Brahma came into their neighbourhood, and lastly the story is swept into the cycle of the Vishnu Purana with a change of the name of the god, and an elaborate tale.

A similar history can be shown for the Kurma " avatar " and also for the Narasinha, but space does not permit me to dwell on it.

Enough has been said to show the totemistic sub-

stratum that underlies the first three "avatars" of Vishnu.

7. Animals sacred to gods.

Animals sacred to gods or associated with them are plentiful in Indian mythology. A considerable number of them are the Vahanas, or vehicles of the gods with whom they are associated. Shiva rides Nandi the bull; the lion and the tiger are the steeds of Durga; Vayu, the wind god, rides the antelope; Kamadeva, the god of love, is associated, surely incongruously, with a crocodile and a parrot as his vehicles when he rides abroad.

But a considerable number of creatures are associated with gods and goddesses apart from the vehicle artifice. The Brahmani kite is a form of Durga, the Khanjana, or wagtail, is the bird of Krishna or of Vishnu, the peacock is the sacred bird of Katikeya.

What is the explanation that underlies these associations, often incongruous, of deities and animals? It runs as we have seen through Greek and Egyptian mythology too.

It has been said that the social condition that disintegrated totemism was village life. While clans were nomadic the only bonds that held them together were blood kin and a common worship. When the clan settled down in a village it was not only possible but most probable that a village soon included men not of the clan. The sign and symbol of unity between the clans was the union of their gods. Where the associating clans were fairly evenly matched the two gods would continue to be worshipped by the community and there is the beginning of polytheism at once. It is directly developed by synoikismos, by dwelling together of two totemistic clans.

Again, the process known as "syncretism" might take place. The two tribes might be so closely united as to prefer to worship at the same shrine. Each clan

would offer its own totem animal in sacrifice, and after a certain lapse of time a myth would be needed to explain why this god had two animals sacred to him, or why the god appeared in different animal forms.

A variation of syncretism is common in India, where the predominance of one race over the others has been sufficient to give the leading place to their gods but not altogether to oust the gods of the weaker tribes. Shiva, Brahma, Krishna occupy the prominent place in the shrine, but round them are grouped the ancient gods of the aborigines—the bull, the goose, the wagtail, the tiger, and the snake.

The meaning of Shiva and the bull associated with him is that away back in the dawn of history a tribe, the worshippers of Shiva, god of the morning, lived in political and social unity with a clan who worshipped the bull totem; and worshippers of Shiva were the predominant partners either because they had a more developed theology or a stronger following.

Transmigration and plant totems will be reserved for another paper.

ALEX WOOD.

APPENDIX II

HINDUISM AND PRIMITIVE CULTS

The soul is not born nor does it ever die, nor having existed before does it exist no more.

It is ancient, unchanging, eternal, and is not to be destroyed in this its mortal frame.

As a man throweth away old garments and putteth on new, so the soul, having quitted its previous mortal frames, entereth into others that are new.

Bhagavand Gita II, 19 et seq.

TRANSMIGRATION of souls, or metempsychosis, is a very ancient and widespread theory of the life of the soul after death. It has been maintained by prominent thinkers in the ancient world, it is the firm belief of many in India to-day, and of late it has been brought into prominence even in Europe by theosophists and their adherents. In this paper an endeavour will be made to trace its origin and history very briefly and to show its close connection with savage categories of thought.

The study of comparative religion shows that it is held by many savage peoples in widely severed regions of the world.

It is met with in various forms, more or less developed, in Mexico and Peru, among the Finns, Laps and Esquimaux, among Australian savages and the Bantu races of Southern Africa. It was a tenet of the religion of Ancient Egypt, it was believed in by the Pythagoreans and by Plato in Ancient Greece, and it is held by modern Hindus and theosophists.

Wherever the belief has appeared, save in the last case which is artificial, the same phenomena have been found. A higher and more advanced race has lived side by side with a people among whom primitive cults

and especially the relics of a half-forgotten totemism still survived, and the higher race has tolerated and half accepted the beliefs of the inferior. Practically it is the recrudescence in a new form of savage thought.

It has been shown that one of the prominent beliefs of totemism was that the soul of a clansman at death joined the tribal totem, who usually manifested himself in the form of some animal.

In the disintegration of totemism which ensued on the cessation of nomadic and the commencement of community life in villages, this belief, that a man joined his clan totem after death, survived in its salient features —viz., that after death the departed soul entered into an animal.

The distinction between man and the animals was so ill defined in savage thought that this idea suggested nothing incongruous to their minds. It provided the confused mental category which was ready to accept the theory of transmigration and it does so still. This forms the contribution which the inferior race provides as its share of the theory.

But metempsychosis also contains the idea of retribution or punishment for sin, and this formed the contribution of the superior and intellectually more advanced race. As a matter of fact the idea of retribution, in the life after death, for sin committed in this life is found among primitive peoples only in embryonic form. Primitive man felt it his duty to attend personally to any retribution that might be needed. Vengeance for the death of a clansman, for instance, was the duty of the clan, and a duty which it might not evade. The custom survived far into civilized times, as witness the Corsican vendetta, clan feuds among Scottish Highlanders, weregeld and scathe-money among the Teutonic races, to mention no others.

But as advancing civilization loosened the bonds of clan feeling the sense of individual responsibility grew.

Individual wrongdoing deepened into the sense of personal sin, and gradually it became more plain that there were wrongs which the clan was powerless to right, punishments to be meted out which no vendetta or law of weregeld could accomplish. In this stage of thought the first traces of the idea of retribution beyond the grave are found.

As the new idea grew and strengthened it found material ready to hand wherewith to shape itself in the survivals of totemistic ideas amongst the inferior races with which the superior race was brought in contact.

In order to test the correctness of this hypothesis we shall examine briefly the three great systems of transmigration of which comparatively full records are available, the Egyptian, the Hellenic, and that of India.

The Egyptian Theory: The monuments and records of Egypt bear witness to the slow and troubled emergence of the people from a primitive totemism to a cultured pantheism, but the philosophic pantheism was as it is in India to-day confined to the educated classes. The poorer classes continue to live as their forefathers had done before them in the ancient beliefs. Here we have the conditions required by the hypothesis. The stages of the process are distinctly marked. The earliest records are frankly totemistic and contemplate the soul after death joining the clan totem. Then comes a transition stage. It is naïvely recorded that " while some souls preferred to go to Aalu, the abode of the Blessed, there to be united to Osiris, others preferred, and were permitted, to migrate into some animal "—i.e. to join the clan totem.

Ultimately, however, Aalu and Osiris triumph and the soul no longer desires to migrate into any animal, possibly because the ancient belief survived only among the ignorant and uneducated classes.

And lastly comes the stage when migration into an animal is regarded only as a punishment.

The wicked soul " was sentenced to the various torments of hell, or to wander like a vampire betwixt heaven and earth, or else doomed to transmigrate into the bodies of animals until permitted to regain its original body and undergo a fresh trial.

The outstanding features of Egyptian transmigration in the final form are three:

1. It is only the wicked who are so doomed.
2. The transmigration is an ordered cycle. The soul migrates into animals, birds, fishes, but finally returns to human form.
3. There is no escape from the ordered cycle once it has begun, until the soul, having passed through all the stages, again attains to human form. In this new life as man it has another chance and may at its end pass to Aalu, to Osiris.

Hellenic theories of transmigration are always associated with the name of Pythagoras (580–500 B.C.). A native of Samos, after many wanderings he finally settled at Crotona in Italy. He founded a religious society rather than a school of philosophy, since the Pythagoreans were practically a brotherhood living an ascetic life under rule. The objects of the society were the study of ethics and social science and the study of numbers so long connected with their name.

Some of the rules of the brotherhood, which puzzled later Pythagoreans so that they were obliged to interpret them metaphorically, show that the founder was far from having cast off the fetters of primitive custom.

No Pythagorean might sit on a quart pot. (An excellent rule, it is the temptation to break it that seems obscure.) He might not eat the heart of any animal, nor stir the fire with iron, wear wool, or eat beans, and when he rose from sleep he must carefully efface the impress of his body from the bed-clothes.

These and similar prohibitions, which puzzled the later followers of Pythagoras, find their parallels and

their explanation in the taboos of savage peoples, in primitive magic, and totemistic rites.

Transmigration of souls was taught by Pythagoras and legend says that he derived his doctrine from Egypt. The main features of his system resembled the Egyptian theory but it differed in detail.

He taught that the cause of transmigration was sin, that the soul in working out its punishment had to pass through a cycle of lives, and that ere it could escape from this cycle it had to undergo a trial before a deity (Persephone).

But all souls did not pass through this cycle—only the wicked. " The good," as Pindar sings, " enjoy the sun by day and night alike and receive as their lot a life free from toil, not vexing the earth with the labour of their hands, nor the waters of the sea for a scanty sustenance. But with the august divinities they enjoy a tearless existence, if they have taken delight in keeping their oaths . . . and all those who persevere thrice, in either world to abide steadfast and from unjust deeds utterly refrain their hands, these travel over the highway of Zeus to the Tower of Kronos. There ocean zephyrs breathe around the Islands of the Blest. . . ."

This does not differ greatly, save in poetic imagery, from Aalu and Osiris, and in the fact that in Aalu the departed did not necessarily rest but did with greater ease and success the things he had done on earth.

The Hellenic theory of transmigration was probably influenced in its development by intercourse with Egypt.

The evidence does not, however, permit one to say that it was entirely borrowed from Egypt and clothed in a Greek dress by Pythagoreans—or that it was invented by Pythagoras. The puzzling rules of the society show that they had not shaken off the trammels of primitive thought, and their transmigration theory was modified by later thinkers like Plato within historic times.

Indian Theory of Transmigration: In India the conditions of our hypothesis for the evolution of the theory of transmigration are most fully realized. The Aryan conquerors of India, represented to this day in the twice-born castes, the Brahmin, Kshatriya and Vaishya and the Sudra, or caste of mixed blood, live side by side with the aboriginal races of India.

The Vedic hymns, in which scarcely a trace of totemism remains, show the comparatively advanced stage of religious development to which they had attained, whilst among the Dasyus, the aboriginal inhabitants, totemism was the prevailing cult, and even to this day it has not been superseded amongst many forest tribes.

No theory of transmigration is found in the older Vedic writings, but it is clearly developed in the Upanishads—or commentaries on the Vedas, though the earlier theories are not unified.

For instance, the Kaushitaki and Khandogya Upanishads, and the Aitareya Aranyaka differ widely in the details of their schemes of transmigration and they all differ from the theory laid down in the *Bhagavad Gita.*

Perhaps the most elaborate statement of the theory is that found in the *Laws of Manu,* XII, 40–81.

It opens with the statement that souls endowed with goodness *(sattva)* always attain to the state of deities (compare the Hellenic and Egyptian theories); those endowed with *rajas* (passion, activity) the state of men; those endowed with *tamas* (darkness, ignorance) enter into the nature of beasts. " This is the triple order of transmigration." It speaks of the soul gliding through ten thousand million of wombs *(Manu,* VI, 63), and so asserts the general principle, but in this section Manu proceeds to enter upon elaborate detail setting forth the particular rebirth which shall be the penalty for a particular crime.

" If a man steal grain in the husk he shall be born a

rat; if honey, a great stinging gnat; if milk, a crow; if woven flax, a frog; if a woman, a bear, etc. . . ." So through a long and elaborate list.

In the *Bhagavad Gita* we find the theory set forth and linked with the doctrine of Karma.

Every act of a man's life done in obedience to desire produces Karma—and Karma has to be worked out in a succeeding life. Every act, good, or bad, done before enlightenment has its just weight in determining the future birth. A good action as we count it good does not tend to release man from the circle of rebirths, it only helps him to attain a better position in his next birth. He may be born of wealthy parents in a Brahmin household, he may even enjoy for a space the delights of the three lower heavens—Salokata, Samipata, Sarupata; but that reward worked out he must again be born into the dreary circle of rebirths to lay up further Karma for himself. Acts done after enlightenment, acts which tend to destroy the "will to live," to eliminate desire, these alone count towards the attainment of Sayujyata, freedom from rebirth.

The Buddhistic theory of transmigration differs from this, in that Buddhism postulates neither a soul nor God, but merely a "will to live," which wrestles through its unhappy existences until it succeeds in slaying itself and attaining annihilation, but this theory has had its effect in modifying the Hindu theory.

A little thought will show how alien this theory is not merely to Vedic religion but to some of the most intimate and sacred ceremonies of Hinduism.

It is significant to remember the funeral rites of the twice-born castes—of those who perform Shraddha. What is the object of the elaborate funeral ceremonial of the Hindus—the offerings to the departed spirit in the ten or twelve days after cremation? It is to provide the soul with a subtle, elemental, incombustible body, a

body etherealized and supraphysical, but still composed of gross elements—or rather of their essence.

When the body of the departed is burned the soul is a " preta," a bodiless unquiet ghost—without a tenement. The funeral rites provide him with a body and transform the " preta " into a " pitri," an ancestor, and clothed in this body the soul departs on its journey to heaven or hell.

According to the *Garuda Purana* the rice ball, or pinda, offered by the eldest son or his representative on the first day of the ceremonial provides the soul with a head, that of the second day with a neck and shoulders, that of the third with a heart, and so on till the whole elemental body is completed by the offerings of the ninth and tenth day; on the eleventh and twelfth days the subtle body thus provided feeds on the essences of the sacrifices offered and is thereby strengthened for its journey to its future abode.

The hymns recited at the cremation, usually taken from the Rig-veda, give no colour to any theory of transmigration. Portions of them are thus translated by Professor Monier Williams:

" Soul of the Dead, depart! take thou the path—
The ancient path—by which our ancestors
Have gone before thee; thou shalt look upon
The two Kings, mighty Varuna and Yama,
Delighting in oblations; thou shalt meet
The Fathers and receive the recompense
Of all thy stored-up offerings above,
Leave thou thy sin and imperfection here;
Return unto thy home once more; assume
A glorious form. By an auspicious path
Hasten to pass the four-eyed brindled dogs—
The two road-guarding sons of Sarama;
Advance to meet the Fathers, who, with hearts
Kindly disposed towards thee, dwell in bliss
With Yama, and do thou, O mighty God,
Intrust him to thy guards to bring him to thee,
And grant him health and happiness eternal."

In this ancient hymn the only portion that could give any colour to the theory of metempsychosis is " Return unto thy home once more "; but the spirit of the hymn and its picture of the Fathers dwelling in bliss show that such was not its original intention. It seems permissible to infer that the ancient Vedic races, as this and other of their intimate family ceremonials seem to show, were developing their religious evolution along the lines of ancestor-worship to the conception of an " all Father "—a Heavenly Father—like the Norse and the Teutons, but their thoughts were snared in the network of primitive cults and savage thought and wandered off in the fetters of a hopeless theory of transmigration and a barren pantheism.

It is not the purpose of this paper to discuss the truths that underlie the theory of transmigration. Its witness to a sense of sin and to a need of purification—its insistence on the truth that sin must bring its punishment—all these questions are outside the subjects here discussed—which is tracing the effect of primitive forms of religious thought on modern Hinduism. There is truth in some degree, or a truth is witnessed to in every religious theory that has for any time held the imaginations of men. But it may be pointed out that in so far as the theory proposes to explain the unequal lots of men in the world, why some are born poor, others rich, some healthy and others ailing, it stands as an example of unfaithful thought. It rushes to a theoretical explanation and will not wait the slow elucidation of truth by getting at the facts.

It will not wait to weigh with anxious care the contributions from the study of heredity, the effects of social customs, the results of changes in economic and commercial factors, etc., all of which contribute in a rational way to a clearer understanding of the unequal conditions to which men are born. Besides in so far as it explains present conditions as the result of inevitable

forces fixed in past and unremembered lives, it acts as a deterrent to any effort to change them for the better. In all these ways it stands as an example of unfaithful thought—a recrudescence of the savage and barbaric in modern life.

ALEX WOOD.

APPENDIX III

SOCIAL LIFE AND CUSTOMS OF HINDUS

Fasts and Festivals[1]

ONE of the best aids to getting a comprehensive group of prominent observances of the Hindu religion is a review of the fasts and festivals that recur throughout the year, and a short survey of the year is here given, with a brief note on the ceremonies performed on the more important days.

The kalendar of the district in the Central Provinces, with which the writer is acquainted, is regulated according to the Shaka year. Each month contains roughly thirty days, which are divided into the Shuklapaksha and Krishnapaksha, or "light" and "dark" fortnight of fifteen days each. The Shuklapaksha is the period from new moon to full moon, Krishnapaksha the fifteen days of the waning moon. This gives only 360 days for the Hindu year, and the difference is adjusted by an intercalary month in certain years.

It chanced that this year 1908 (Shaka 1830) the first of the Chaitra fell on the second of April, so that the Hindu and English months practically coincide.

Chaitra, April—Pudipadwa, or the New Year's Day —the 1st of Chaitra—is a festival observed by all save the untouched castes. Most people erect a bamboo, on which a *lota* (a brass vessel) has been tied, with a new cloth, in the courtyard of their house. The *lota* represents the *kalash* (water vessel), which is an auspicious sign. On this day mango, tamarind and other fruits are first eaten.

Ram Nawami, or Rama jayanti, the birthday of Rama—the hero of Ramayana—falls on the ninth day

[1] Readers will observe how closely these festivals are connected with the domestic, social and agricultural life of the Hindu.

of the month. It is a festival kept by the higher castes only. A silk doll is made to represent Rama and all the ceremonials connected with childbirth are gone through. Some Brahmans keep the day as a fast.

Veishakh, May—Akshayya Tritiya or Tij, falls on the third of the month. On this festival every household must give food to a person of their own caste in memory of their deceased ancestors. All cultivators go to their fields and ceremonially plough a little to indicate that the work of the year has commenced. The day being a specially auspicious one, many weddings are arranged to take place then.

On the last day of the month is Mothi Bhavai. In country villages seven stones are set on nim leaves, and nim leaf shades are put over them. In front of these stones low-caste boys dance and the bystanders throw water on them. The ceremony is said to induce the Devi to send good rains.

Ashadh, July—Ashadh ekadashi. In each month of the Hindu year there are two ekadashis or eleventh days, one in the bright and one in the dark fortnight. By orthodox Hindus each of these days is observed as a fast, but only two are observed by all—the Ashadh ekadashi at the beginning of the rains and the Kartik ekadashi after the rains have ceased.

Shrawan, August. In this month many festivals fall, the more important being Nagpanchami on the fifth, when snakes are propitiated. Bowls of milk are placed near their holes and pictures of snakes are painted on the walls. About this time snakes are driven from their retreats by the rising water, and the festival is supposed to induce them not to harm those into whose premises they come. The evening of Nagpanchami is devoted to wrestling contests.

Rakshabandan falls about the fourteenth of the month, when twice-born castes change the sacred thread, and Rakshas, little charms of silk or cotton

thread, are tied on the wrist as a protection against evil spirits. They are also tied on furniture and trade implements. In most places they are tied on by a Brahman, who receives a small gratuity for his service, but in Chanda they are tied by *kalawantins* (prostitutes). On the eighth day of the dark fortnight comes Krishna Ashtami or Krishna jayanti—the birthday of Krishna. This festival is similar to Ram Nawami only it is kept by night instead of by day and a clay doll is used in the ceremony instead of a silk one.

Pola, the cattle festival, falls on the last day of the month. The ordinary ceremonial does not differ from that observed elsewhere. The cattle procession to the shrine of Maroti takes place in the afternoon; the cattle are stampeded back to the village, and the *malguzar* gives a small gratuity to the tenants. On the following day children mimic the ceremony with toy bullocks. The explanatory legend to account for the festival is that the bullocks complained to Mahadeo that men were oppressing them beyond endurance. Mahadeo appointed a day to enquire into the matter. They got to know of this and that day treated the bullocks so well that when Mahadeo came he found their complaint utterly groundless. The bullocks were outwitted, but they still claim their day. *On the evening of Pola day the houses are thoroughly searched for mosquitoes, bugs, flies, tics, etc., and in the morning the Badge ceremony is performed.* The head of the house, or a servant representing him, dressed in the meanest rags, goes forth carrying a pot in which mosquitoes, bugs, etc., with a little rice, fruit, spices, a small bit of iron, two cowries, and a little fire have been put. As he goes he calls "*Mashe murkute gheun ja, re Marboth*" ("Take away all flies and bugs, oh Marboth"), and "*Rai krog gheun ja, re Badge*" ("Take away all disease and calamity, oh Badge"). When he reaches a place where three roads meet he casts down the pot,

breaks it with his stick and returns home without looking behind him. He enters the house quietly, taking no notice of anyone until someone pours water on him. He is then given oil to anoint himself, sandalwood paste and sweetmeats, after which he may again speak to the household.

Bhadrapada, September. The third of the month is Kajal Tij, a fast for women. If any woman eats rice or sweets on this day she will be a rat or an ant in her next birth.

The following day is Ganesh Chaturthi, or Ganesh jayanti—the birthday of Ganesh, the elephant-headed god. On this day no one looks at the moon lest a calamity should befall him. *Should one see the moon accidentally the remedy is to hurl stones at the houses of his neighbours till some justly incensed householder comes forth and abuses him.* The calamity will then fall on the irate neighbour.

Ashvin, October. The tenth day of the month is Dasara or Vijaya, the day on which Rama conquered Rawan. It is also the anniversary of the victory of Deve (Kali) over the Buffalo Rakshasa, and in some places a buffalo is slain in memory of it. It is a day of many pleasant ceremonies. People go out to the village boundaries as if ceremonially to reopen communication with neighbouring villages which have been interrupted during the rains, and everyone desires to see the blue jay (Nilkanth), a fortunate omen. People visit their friends and present each other with "Shami" leaves in lieu of gold pieces, calling them "Sona." Trade implements are worshipped, and pumpkin (said to symbolize a human sacrifice) is cut up and offered.

Twenty days after Dasara comes Devali, or "Lakshmipujanam," on the last day of the month. On this day Rama was crowned King of Ayodhya on his return from *Lunka* (Ceylon), and Lukshmi—the goddess of fortune—passes over the land and distributes her gifts

of wealth. All illuminate their houses and shops in order that they may not be overlooked. The lights are often tastefully and beautifully arranged, and the festival is one of the prettiest of the whole year.

The day is also the birthday of Buddha.

In country villages a peculiar ceremony is performed. A *govardhan* or heap of cow-dung cakes is built, in which an egg is placed. Cattle and buffaloes are worshipped and driven over the heap. Should the egg remain unbroken it betokens immunity from all calamities for the year. Formerly Devali was the last day of the financial year for traders, and new accounts were opened then.

Kartik, November. Two days after Devali is Yama Bij, or Bhau Bij, when Yama—god of death—was entertained by his sister at the river Jauna in the United Provinces. On this day brothers visit their sisters and are entertained by them, and in the evening the sisters return the visit, perform the ceremony of Arti and receive a gift. Ten days later is the festival of Tulsi-Viwaha, the marriage of the *tulsi* (Holy Basil plant) to Vishnu. From this day the season of weddings commences. The whole of Kartik is considered a specially sacred month for women, and they perform many ceremonies during it.

Margashirsh, December. On the sixth of this month Champa Shasthi is celebrated in honour of Khandoba, chiefly by Marathas, by whom he is regarded as an incarnation of Shiva. Khandoba and his *wahana* (vehicle), the dog, are worshipped, and alms and food are given to Waghyas and Murlis, who are devotees of Khandoba. Bajra cakes and brinjals are first partaken of on this day.

Pousha, January. About the middle of the month falls Til Sankrant, the festival of the winter solstice. On this day all rise early and bathe and tili cakes and sweets are eaten. On the following day bullock-cart

races are held in many villages. On the last day of Pousha is Mahi, when the low castes worship their deceased ancestors. They offer fowls, cocoanuts and many cakes fried in oil. All offerings must be cut with a knife since they symbolize flesh.

If the last day of Pousha fall on a Sunday, and the nakshatra be " Shrawan " and the yog " Vyatipata " it is the festival of Ardho-daya. This astronomical conjunction happens once in forty-five years; the last occasion was February 2nd, 1908. It is a most auspicious day, and many pilgrims resorted to Markanda to bathe. On the day if one gives a rupee in alms, he will receive a crown in his next birth.

Magh, February. On the fifth of the month is Wasantpanchami, on which day Kamadeva—the god of love—is worshipped. Many weddings and sacred thread ceremonies are reserved for this day. It is one of the three great Muhurtas or hours of auspicious commencement in the year. The other two are in Gudipadwa and Dasara. Shivarathri falls on the fourteenth of the month, when Mahadeo is worshipped and his devotees fast for twenty-four hours.

Phalgun, March. The Holi festival falls about the middle of Phalgun, when Madana—the Hindu god of lust—is worshipped mainly by lower caste people. Two fires are kindled outside the village, one for Madana, the other for Madani, a cocoanut is hung from a pole in the middle of the fire, and when it falls the people secure the burnt core and eat it, and smear themselves with the ashes of the fire. They also throw a red fluid over each other, and grossly obscene songs in praise of love are sung.

The explanatory legend is that Kamadeva—the beautiful god of love—endeavouring to influence Shiva with a passion for Parvati, discharged an arrow at him. But Shiva, enraged at his insolence, reduced him to ashes with a beam of fire which darted from his central

eye. Afterwards the god relenting caused him to be born again as a son of Krishna with Maya illusion. The fires are said to symbolize the death of love and the rejoicings its rebirth.

Amongst cultivators the months are named from some prominent feature, such as the occurrence of a festival, the ripening of a corn, or a special ceremony. Thus Chaitra is Tij; Veisakh, Nach Bhawai, and Jjeshtha, Chifhal Bhawai from the mud that is expected after the monsoon breaks. Ashadh is called Jeoti from the festival of Marai, but the name itself is derived from the fact that jamuns ripen then. Shawan is called Pola and Bhadrapada, Akarpok, a vulgar corruption of Pitripaksha, the dark fortnight of the month when Shraddha is performed to the names of dead ancestors. Ashvin becomes Devali, and Kartik, Kodawas from the ripening of the koden crop. It is also sometimes called Pahili. Margashirsh is called Somway, all the Mondays in the month being very sacred among Kunbis, who call in Brahmans to cook their food on these days. It is also called Sarte or Dusari (second). Pousha becomes Mahi; Magh, Shivrat and Phalgun, Mandawas, from the cultivators building mandwas and going out to live in their fields in this month.

A. Wood.

APPENDIX IV

A FORGOTTEN SAGE OF A FORGOTTEN CITY

A By-way in Indian History

BHANDAK! The legend glares at you in three languages from its board on the platform as you descend at a little railway station in Chanda district. The train lumbers leisurely off into a patch of jungle, and leaves you looking westward over a wide plain of juari and tili fields, that stretch flat and featureless away to the Wardha river and Berar. The little station, perched on the edge of the low hillocks that fringe the eastward rim of the plain, looks shy and lonely. Its neat newness is so incongruous with its surroundings, that it seems to shrink, ashamed of its staring modernity; but the glare of the sun pitilessly shows up the fresh cut stone of its walls and blisters its new painted woodwork. A broad, red, dusty road, aggressively new and unshaded by the kindly trees of the Arboricultural Department, runs eastward from the station between low hillocks and pools apparently to nowhere.

If the wayfarer, daring the heat and glare, walks up the road for a mile or so, he comes on the village itself, a cluster of mean brown huts, with red clay walls and matting roofs. The white-walled Mission station behind its *mehndi* hedge, the unshaded glare of the white musjid, and the neat police outpost built round the edge of the wide bazaar site, give an air of upstart respectability to a corner of the village. The rest is just the ordinary Indian *basti,* straggling along a narrow, ill-kept street, with its usual air of squalid placidity. At first sight this is all that remains to-day of the once mighty city of Bhadravati. By the wayside they are quarrying stones for the new Government

school. The stones they dig up have all been shaped before; they are quarrying to use again the stones of a buried city, for Bhandak is built on the site of a forgotten city. The low pools that stretch for miles are covered with grass-grown ruins. The tanks that one comes on in the scrub jungle that surrounds the village are faced with ancient stone steps. In one a heavy monolithic bridge still leads to a grass and jungle-covered mound in the water, the remains of what was once a water palace. In the jungle it is not wise to stray from the footpaths, for wells open suddenly at one's feet with threats of sudden death. Old wells they are, dug deep in the rock, with long stair-ways down to the water, the steps worn almost to a single slope with the feet of countless generations of chattie-bearing women.

The ruins of ancient temples are found on all sides of the village, some with beautifully carved images, and on their pillars age-worn inscriptions which tell the ancient history of the place. The Buddhist caves of Wijasan are the memorials of a faith as forgotten as the city that enshrined it here.

The mean little modern *basti* is built on the ruins of Bhadravati, which stretched twenty-eight miles from north to south and sixteen miles from east to west as local legend tells. Bhadravati, capital of Vakataka kings, capital of the Panduvansi kings of Kosala, and then of the Nagvansi kings of Bastar, a royal city for wellnigh two thousand years; then it passes out of history—even out of existence. The Gond dynasty which conquered the representatives of the Nagvansi line about A.D. 1250 knew not this city. A dim legend avers that it was swept away by a great flood, and this is to some extent supported by the condition of the ruins. The little cluster of mean huts that pathetically cling round the ruins of this once famous temple of

Bhadranath, now called Bhadranag, is a sad inheritor of the mighty past of the great city:

> " The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
> Awaits alike the inevitable hour."

Yet portions of its buried history can be pieced together from legends and inscriptions.

The Jaimini Ashwamedha shows us at the end of the Dwapar Yuga the great city of Bhadravati stretching from Bhatala on the west to the Jharoat on the east, beautiful with lakes and stately palaces, and guarded by a vast host with horses and chariots and elephants. Here ruled the mighty Yavanashva, having in his possession the Shamkarna steed, to win which came Bhima, Meghavarna and Vrishketu. After a battle of heroes they win, and bear away the steed to Hastinapur to be sacrificed by Dharma, the king. This belongs to the cycle of semi-mythical tales which make a chaos of Indian history before the Christian era, but the story of the Vakataka kings is better authenticated. About the second or third century A.D., Vindhya Sakta, one of those gallant Rajput knight-errants from the north, strayed down here, and after the manner of his race carved out a kingdom for himself and founded a dynasty. If ever an Indian " Sir Walter Scott " is born he will find a rich mine of romance in the tales of those wandering Rajput adventurers. The crusaders were not more fantastically brave than those " soldiers of fortune " who first penetrated the Indian jungles and won place and fame amid their mysterious dangers.

The Vakataka dynasty ruled in Bhadravati for some two hundred years, then one of the kings of southern Kosala cast envious eyes on the city and, capturing it, made it his capital.

The Panduvansi kings of Bhadravati, though Rajput by race, were Buddhist by religion and in their days the Buddhist caves in Wijasan hill were quarried out.

The name still remains in a corrupted form the proud name of the original "Vidyasapi" ("The Abode of Learning").

In A.D. 639 Bhadravati was visited by Yuan Chuang, the Chinese pilgrim. He was a Buddhist monk who came from China to visit the sacred places of his faith, and he sojourned in India some sixteen years—A.D. 629 to 645—about the same time that India was sending Nestorian Christian missionaries to China from Rajagriha.

The pilgrim visited not only the sacred places of Buddhism, but most of the strongholds of the faith, and left a most interesting diary of his travels. He reached Bhadravati after a journey of 1,800 li (350 miles) from Rajamadri in Kalinga, passing through trackless forests and marshes.

"The city," he says, "was forty li (eight miles) in circumference and contained one hundred *sangharams* (monasteries) and ten thousand monks. The king was learned and well affected to the most holy law and a patron of literature and the arts, but there were also many heretics and Deva temples." In this record too we find mention of the great sage Nagarjuna, concerning whom so much has been written. His birthplace is unknown; some say he is but a myth, a name round which legends have gathered. Legend at least connects him with Bhadravati as Yuan Chuang records.

The sage was a friend of a king Udayana of Bhadravati, a name of one of the kings of the Panduvansi lines recorded in a Bhandak inscription (now in Nagpur Museum), though the Udayana of the inscription is probably a descendant of Nagarjuna's friend. King Udayana cut for the sage a cave in the rock near the monastery where he dwelt, and here the sage lived to the age of 529 years, having the secret of eternal youth. Udayana's care of the sage was not altogether disinterested, as it was recorded that his own death would follow

shortly after that of Nagarjuna. Nagarjuna was one of the " four suns of learning illuminating the world "—the other three were Ashvaghosha, Kumaralabdha, and Nagarjuna's disciple Dewa Pusa. An interesting legend is told of the coming of Dewa to the " Shastra Master." Nagarjuna sat in the inner hall of the cave temple discoursing with his disciples when the keeper of the door brought news that Dewa was come to the monastery. Straightway the sage filled his begging bowl to the brim with water and bade a disciple take and show it to the stranger. Dewa looked on the bowl and stood a while in thought, then he dropped a needle into the water and dismissed the disciple. When this was told to the sage he explained: " He is a wise man. It is for the gods to know the hidden springs and it is the sage who searches out their minute developments. As this man has such excellence call him in straightway." Then were the disciples astonished, not understanding, and they questioned saying, " Is this the science of eloquence of which we are taught? " But the sage showed the hidden meaning. " The bowl filled to the brim typified my universal knowledge. The needle which Dewa dropped into the water showed his power to penetrate and comprehend all that knowledge."

So Dewa became the disciple of Nagarjuna and was left by him to propagate the Buddhist faith after his death. The disciple was not unworthy of the task as the tale of the Gong-call Tope in *Pataliputra* (Patna) shows. The brethren of the Gong-call Tope monastery, having overcome the Tirthakas in argument, had obtained the right to summon the faithful to worship by sounding a gong. But as the years passed the Buddhist brothers grew lazy, and the Tirthakas, smarting under defeat, ceased not from study, so that when they challenged the Buddhists to another debate on religion they were victorious, and the right of the Buddhists to strike the gong was taken away. Then the brethren in the

tope where the gong hung silent were sad, but found no remedy till at last "help came from the south." Dewa, the pupil of Nagarjuna (some accounts say the great "Shastra Master" himself), was coming. The Tirthakas, fearing, persuaded the king to shut and guard all the gates of Pataliputra that Dewa might not enter; but he, disguising himself, evaded the guards and went to the monastery. There he ate and slept and in the morning arose and sounded the gong. Great excitement and confusion arose in the city, and to allay it the king granted permission for a public discussion of religious differences. For twelve days the argument continued, but it left Dewa completely victorious, and the gong sounded once more to call the faithful to worship and to proclaim for a season the supremacy of the Buddhist faith over its Hindu rival.

Some twenty of Nagarjuna's works, mostly expositions of the Buddhist faith, still exist in Chinese translations. Perhaps the most famous is the "Noble Song," of which I-Ching, the pilgrim, records that "the children learnt it by heart and the aged studied it with profit." His too is the *Shastra of the Mean* (which is the basis of the great *Prajnapradhipa Shastra),* for generations the text-book of Buddhist students of Mahayanism (the Great Vehicle) in its Madhyama development. He wrote also the *Dasa Bhumi Vibhasa Shastra,* or the discourse on the ten stages of a Bodhisattva's course to Nirvana, and was himself a lord of the first Bhumi or paradise. He knew the "little" and the "great little" of the Law and was the author of a system whereby the former could be expanded into the latter. But he was not only a Buddhist theologian (if the term can be applied to the expounder of a system which consists in the negation of God); the sage's "universal knowledge" extended far wider than that. He knew the qualities of herbs, the secret influence of the stars, the science of alchemy, the arts of the

magician and the exorcist, and his treatise on the eye and its diseases still exists in the Chinese translation *Yen Hun. Watters Yuan Chawang.* In the *Harsha Charitra* is told the story of how he obtained from the snake king in hell the Mandakini " pearl necklace," a potent antidote against all poisons and whose touch relieves the pain of all creatures.

The conclusion of the tale shows the marks of the conscious emendator, not the maker of myth. King Udayana was to die just after the sage and now the sage was getting on to his 529th year. The heir to the kingdom began to get weary of waiting for the throne of his father. He discovered the secret of the king's long life, but since the sage could die only with his own consent the prince went to him and begged him to " seek freedom." Nagarjuna was not unreasonable, and recognizing that it was necessary that the young must have place, he beheaded himself with a blade of sacred grass and shortly afterwards King Udayana made room for his successor.

Sitting in the grey gloom of the caves of Wijasan one can still dream back the white-robed figures of sage and disciple as they pass with flowing garments, the shoulder bare, the head bent in meditation. One can dream back too a yet more ancient cult and see the worshippers of the Lord Bhadra crowd to his temple gates and a cult that goes back to the very beginning of time, that is older than all faiths, and which still is the faith of the poor and the ignorant of India. Dynasties have changed and passed, religions and philosophies of religion have passed as meteors pass, and shed the glare of their light on the gloom of India's history. The Vedic religion, Brahmanism, Buddhism, the comparatively modern esoteric philosophies that have sprung from Buddhism, these have never touched the common people. These never preached their gospel to the poor. And so we have that wondrous contrast of the written

Hinduism, the Hinduism of book and of sage which is philosophy, and the Hinduism of the peasant which is a wondrous mosaic of primitive customs, some revolting and coarse, some pathetic and touching, all luridly instructive. If Christianity can but preach the Gospel to the poor it will do what has not been done by any faith in India yet, and it will more change what has not yet changed—the hearts of the peasantry and the labourers of India.

These still pass up to the ruined gates of Bhadra's temple as they passed two thousand years ago with their simple offerings to lay before the hideous painted face of the idol, obeying a ritual that no man now knows the meaning of, or how to disentangle its puzzles. These are they who seek and do not find, who wait for the message of the spirit to be spoken to them in words they can understand.

A. Wood.

APPENDIX V

PREACHING AND TEACHING

AND now, perhaps, it may not be without interest to describe what the missionary actually says when he goes to a village to preach. That will of course vary with time and circumstances, and with what he knows of the people. But one may give the substance of an address that has actually been used.

Let us imagine, then, that we have come to a village where the Gospel has never been preached before. We have seen the head man of the village, and the catechist, aided by the village watchman, has collected a congregation. The preacher is going to give an address on the life of Christ, illustrated by lantern slides. How is he to begin? What can he say to these folk that they will understand? It is easy to pour water out of a bottle, but it is not so easy to pour water from one bottle into another. So it is easy to stand up and talk, but it takes two people to make a preaching—the person who speaks and the hearer who understands. The words of the message must be so shaped that the people who listen may be put in touch with the great Saviour, whose message is to be conveyed to them. The speaker must look not to the knowledge he himself has of Christian doctrine, or to his own facility in religious thought, but to theirs; not to his own spiritual knowledge of Christ, but to their knowledge of any god whatsoever, and so speak, knowing that a single tactless word will repel, will set back his cause for long; but that words carefully, humbly and prayerfully chosen may be the means of winning another soul to Christ's Kingdom.

The audience sits on its heels on the ground. You can see the first circle of brown faces and white turbans in the flickering light of the hurricane lantern, behind them more and more white turbans, under which here and there the dim light glints on shining eyes that watch intently. All are silent; it may be from indifference, or politeness, or interest; but in any case one may be sure of a quiet hearing. The preacher will then commence something in this fashion—In this country there are many forms of religion, many ways of worshipping God. There is the religion of the Hindu who worships Mahadeva, Kali, Maroti, Krishna—any number of gods. Their images stand in the places of the gods, all around us; you have them in your houses. Is it not so? And the Mohammedans have another kind of religion, with no images, and amongst the Gonds there is a third way of worshipping God. And you will say that the sahibs have got also a religion of their own.

Now I want to speak to you to-night about this religion of the sahibs, which is called the Christian religion. You know that no one can become a Hindu. One has to be born a Hindu, and no one can become a Gond, but is born so, and because the religion of the Hindus belongs only to those who are born Hindus, you may think that the Christian religion is only for those who are born Christians, sahibs, and such like. But it is not so. Into whatsoever country you go you will find there people who are Christians. It is not the religion of one race, one caste, one colour, but it is for all nations, all peoples and races. Whosoever obeys its commands and accepts its creed can become a Christian.

The beginning of the Christian religion was in this wise. God, who created the world and all that therein is, sent His Son Jesus Christ to teach men what God wanted them to be and do, and how they ought to worship Him.

When our Lord Jesus Christ was on earth He chose twelve men and taught them carefully all He desired them to know and teach.

When He returned again to heaven, He gave His disciples this command, " Go ye unto all nations, teach people, and baptize them."

And these disciples went out unto all the world teaching people the things that Christ had taught them, and wherever they went some people believed and became Christians, and ere the first teachers died they appointed others to the work.

" Now some of these people went long ago to the country of the sahibs, and in those days the sahibs, just like the people in India now, worshipped strange gods this way and that, but when they heard the preaching of the Christian teachers they turned away from their false religions and became Christians.

" And so to this day we Christian people, according to the command of our Lord, go into all the world and teach whosoever will listen to us what true religion is.

" In obedience to that command I have come to your village this evening, and I desire, if you will listen to me to teach you something about Jesus Christ and His religion. . . ."

An introduction of that sort acts as a setting to what has to be said afterwards of the actual teaching. It is a setting, too, which lifts the magic lantern slides out of the entertainment plane.

A native dearly loves a *tamasha* (show), and one has to be very careful to point out that this show is not made for amusement, but because many cannot read or are too indifferent to listen.

But when the preacher has got over the difficulty of an introduction, all is not yet plain sailing.

To get a hearing in India is much, but by no means all. The Hindu is very tolerant, but, notwithstanding, very firmly attached to whatever section of his national

religion he may happen to belong. Though he does not resent anyone being a Christian, it does not follow that he will regard with pleasure efforts that are made to make him one.

He is exceedingly pleased with himself. His religion assures him that he is the salt of the earth; if a Brahman, refined salt. If he thinks of it at all, he probably considers that a good Christian may, in this life or another acquire sufficient merit to permit of his being born at some future time a Hindu. Such a state of mind is not favourable to the reception of new ideas on the subject of religion, and over all there is the sublime indifference of India. Nothing really matters. Why fret?

Somehow this casing of polite indifference has to be pierced. How to do it tactfully and yet unmistakably is the problem.

One way is to take some of their own religious parables and point out their shortcomings. The following is merely offered as an illustration, and as an illustration that has been tested.

Perhaps in some village where the missionary has been often before, and where even the magic lantern will no longer bring an audience, he may tell a story—a common old-world story of India—about Buddha, Ram, Krishna or any great teacher. It may be the tale of the girl who ran away from her parents when they would have married her to a distasteful suitor—ran away with her chosen lover, married him, and for some years lived very happily. They had two children and were wealthy; till misfortune came. Then first she lost her husband, then she lost her children, one by one. As long as she had anyone left to love, the woman was brave and bore her suffering nobly. When all her own were gone she said, "I will now return to my father and mother, and, tending them will spend my sorrowing years."

So she returned to her own village, and as she entered the village she met those that carried a body down to the burning-ghat. She stood aside that it might pass, and then asked of the mourners that followed who was dead. They named her father.

" And where is my mother? " she cried, as the pain at her heart grew greater. Her mother had been dead some years, they said.

Then was the woman overcome with grief and, being distraught, ran to and fro in the city as one who is mad.

Then they told her that a teacher had come to the village, so she ran to the teacher and told him all her tale, and besought him to give her back her dead. But the teacher said, smiling gently, " Daughter, for you I can do nothing." " But I must have someone to love," she cried. " Give me back my dead! " But he answered gently, " I cannot." Then, being distraught, she reviled him, saying he was no true teacher. And the teacher rebuked those who would have driven her away with blows, and said, " Daughter, do for me one little thing, and I will give you back your dead! " " What? " she cried. " Beg for me a handful of mustard seed." " That is easy," she said, turning away, full of joy. " Yes, my daughter, but you must bring it from a house to which death has not come nigh." And the woman ran off with the joy of new-born hope in her heart, and almost at the first house they said, " Surely, sister, take it, given gladly," and with the seed in her hand she turned to run to the teacher. Then the memory of his last words came to her, " A house to which death has not come nigh." Anxiously she turned, " Had death come nigh? " Sadly came the answer, " Alas! yes, sister, the days of mourning our little son are just finished." Slowly she let the shining seeds slide through her fingers. " Given gladly," but not from this house could she take it. Death had come

nigh! So she went farther and searched, and in many a house she found the mustard seed, but not one house to which death had not come nigh. So did the woman learn the great lesson of the universality of sorrow.

And the story stops there. But the missionary can go on. His message does not stop with an acknowledgment of the universality of sorrow. He has something to say of the larger hope that came to mankind through the revelation of the Man of Sorrows.

There is a facility of illustration—a wealth of metaphor and simile, and a power of connecting apparently dissimilar objects of thought in native oratory, whether religious or secular, that makes it almost hopeless for the ordinary European ever to excel as a speaker in a native tongue. He is usually content if he manages to avoid being altogether uninteresting. Catechists are often excellent speakers and preachers. A little extract from a sermon by a catechist may not prove uninteresting.

He was speaking of self-sacrifice as a religious duty, and as an illustration he told his hearers the story of Abraham going to offer up Isaac on Mount Moriah, and of the ram caught in the thicket that was by God's command substituted for Isaac.

"Are we," he said, "always so ready to offer up to God what we hold dearest and most precious? Yes, we are all ready, even eager to give God our best, once we see the ram!"

The language abounds in epigrammatic proverbs and witty sayings which, difficult to acquire, are more difficult still to apply, and one feels the difference and the deficiency so much when one hears a really good native preacher speak, notes how he can hold his audience and interest them, and yet somehow fails to say the searching thing that is necessary (one imagines) to make the

hearers think of the reality of his message. He makes the opportunity which he does not seem to use.[1]

And yet one feels that it will be a native, not an alien, who by his teaching will ultimately turn this people unto Christ.

[1] Each catechist is placed in charge of a district of some six or eight miles radius; or, if the villages are widely scattered, his radius may be increased to twelve miles. He is on tour about fifteen days every month. He carries with him a supply of books and portions of Scripture. The Gospels are most in demand, and can be sold for one pice—about a farthing. No books may be given away. All must be sold, since the man who buys a book will probably also read it.

APPENDIX VI

THE MESSAGE FROM THE CHURCH OF INDIA TO THE CHURCH OF JAPAN [1]

THE Episcopal Synod and the General Council of the Church of India, Burma and Ceylon welcome this happy opportunity of offering their sincere congratulations to the Holy Catholic Church of Japan on the completion of fifty years progress and experience as a self-governing Province of the Anglican Church.

The romantic history of Christianity in Japan has thrilled Christian people for many years. The wonderful success of the Mission of St. Francis Xavier fades with the suspicion and oppression of succeeding centuries until Christianity almost disappeared. The growth again of the Church begins when Japan is thrown open to the influences of the West. The story finds a fitting climax in that wonderful act of faith when the two Bishops of the Japanese Church met their clergy and lay delegates in Osaka in February 1887 and constituted the Holy Catholic Church of Japan and inaugurated its constitution. This great act of faith is justified in the Jubilee you celebrate this year.

The Church of India, Burma and Ceylon has been a self-governing Province of the Anglican Church only since 1930, but before seeking freedom as a Province it had a much longer continuous history than the Church of Japan. Nevertheless we look with admiration to the wisdom and well-merited success that followed the great act of faith which in 1887 inaugurated your Province. For this we offer thanks to God as a great example of faith in His Will and in the living power of His Church.

[1] Prepared by Bishop Wood at the Metropolitan's request.

Another link which binds the Church of India, Burma and Ceylon is that we feel that as Churches we are face to face with the great national religions of the world, and also with the great missionary religions of the world, just as the Holy Catholic Church of Japan has to face the ancient national faiths of Shintoism and Buddhism, so also in India the Church has to strive to win to Jesus Christ the great national followers of Hinduism.

As year by year your Japanese pilgrims appear at Budh-Gaya and other sacred sites of Buddhism we are reminded of another link that binds us closer still, for the great founder of the Buddhist faith, Gautama the Buddha was an Indian. In Burma and Ceylon Buddhism is still the religion of vast numbers of the inhabitants, and the success of the Church of Japan in winning adherents of the Buddhist faith to the Christian Church must ever be an instructive example for missionaries of our own Church.

The other rival missionary religion which has a message for all the world, Mohammedanism, is one of our problems, but not apparently one of the Holy Catholic Church of Japan. Nevertheless we look with sincere comradeship and admiration to the work of the Church of your Province as an example and an inspiration to ourselves. For in many ways our spiritual warfare is alike and against like forces. The triumph and success of the Church of Japan in this task is a triumph in which we rejoice and welcome this opportunity of offering you our sincere congratulations and earnest prayer that we may all be united in our effort to turn the minds of men from national or racial ambitions and rivalries in striving to bring into being that vision of the Kingdom of God which our Lord gave to His

Church wherein all righteous and national ambitions are realized in peace.

signed Foss Calcutta
By the hand of his well-beloved
Alex Wood
Bishop of Nagpur.

This message was delivered into the hands of the presiding Bishop of Japan by the Bishop of Lahore, after Alex Wood's death.

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