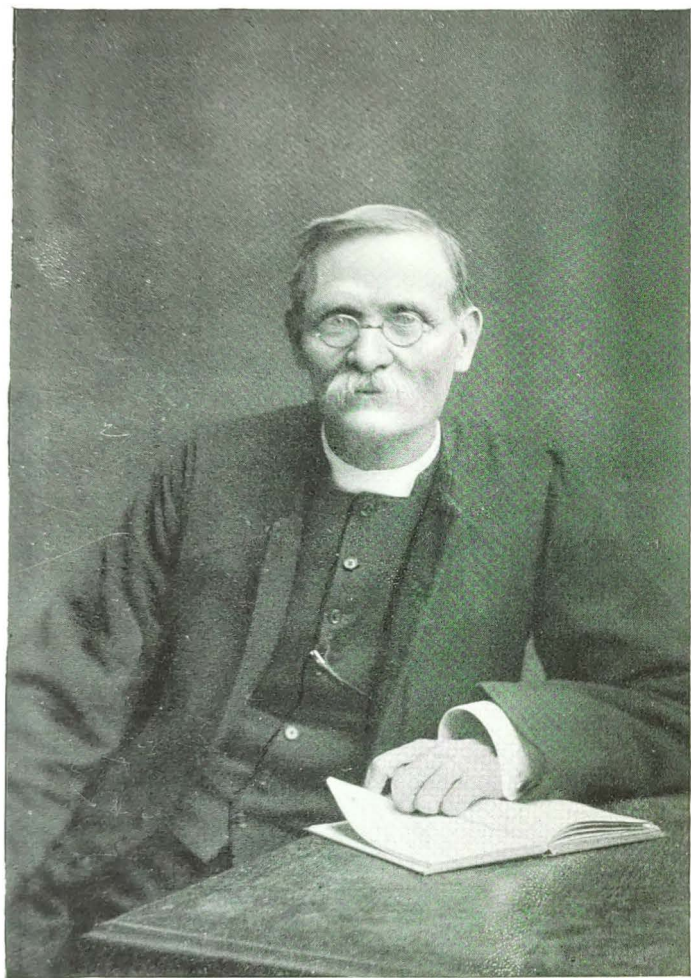




J. A. Elliott.

PADRI ELLIOTT OF FAIZABAD

A MEMORIAL

(CHIEFLY AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL)

EDITED BY

REV. A. W. NEWBOULT

THIRD THOUSAND

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CHARLES H. KELLY

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P R E F A C E

THIS volume contains various articles written by Mr. Elliott for Methodist periodicals during the last five years of his life. It is believed that many of his friends will be glad to have them in permanent form. They all possess interest, and illustrate aspects of mission life in India. The story of the escape in the Indian Mutiny appeared in the *Methodist Weekly*; the others in the *Indian Methodist Times*, published in Calcutta. Thanks are hereby returned to those concerned for permission to reprint the articles, and also to those who have supplied material for the Biography.

The short account of Mr. Elliott's life might easily have been greatly extended. It was thought better, however, as far as

possible, to leave him to speak for himself, giving just a sufficient outline of his life to satisfy the natural curiosity of the reader and to illustrate the salient features of his character.

It has not been always easy to decide as to the transliteration of Urdu words. A few have been allowed to stand in the form that is now so familiar to us all—‘sepoy’ for ‘sipahi,’ ‘bazaar’ for ‘bazar,’ ‘Benares’ for ‘Banaras,’ &c.—though no doubt students of Urdu would have preferred to see the more correct spelling rigidly adhered to. With these few exceptions the modern ‘Roman’ Urdu form has been used. No attempt has been made to supply all the accents in the Urdu sentences and words. To the ordinary English reader this would have been useless, and any one who is acquainted with Urdu can readily supply them for himself.

A. W. NEWBOULT.

HOLLINWOOD,
March, 1906.

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Padri Elliott of Faizabad



BIOGRAPHICAL

I

PREPARATION

JOSEPH ALEXANDER ELLIOTT was born at Ludhiana, in the Punjab, on January 5, 1852. 'An Irishman born in India,' he loved to describe himself. He was proud of his Irish mother, whose memory he venerated, and of whom he has written in the story of their escape in the Mutiny. From her he inherited a large share of the vivacity, humour, and charm of the Celtic race.

His father was a native of Berkshire, and it was from him that he inherited the strong military instincts which made him

so popular as a chaplain, the friend of officer and private alike. His grandfather and great-grandfather were both officers in the British Army, and both laid down their lives on the battle-field.

George Arthur Elliott, his father, was destined for the same career, but when a cadet he offended his family and went over to Ireland, married the daughter of a farmer of Donegal, and, under the assumed name of Johnson, entered the service of the East India Company and went out to India. He soon rose to be a non-commissioned officer, and finally met with an heroic death in the Mutiny of 1857. Many an audience has been thrilled as they have listened to the story. He was riding away from the rebel sepoy, and might have escaped, but turned back to spike the guns of his battery and was cut to pieces. His gallant act was witnessed by a doctor who was concealed under the guns, and who afterwards related the story to his widow. How she escaped with her children has been told by Mr. Elliott himself, and forms the first of the articles reprinted in this volume.

After the Mutiny, one of his father's

relatives in England, a lady of title, offered to adopt Joseph on the condition that his mother relinquished all claim to him. She would not consent to these terms. She believed that his life had been spared when as a baby he nearly died from cholera, and again and again during the dangers of their flight, for a special purpose. Her constant prayer was that her boy might become a missionary.

He and his brother were sent to a hill school at Mount Abu, in the west of India. Here he received much castigation and a little teaching. He certainly was not a model boy ; indeed, he rather prided himself on getting into scrapes and eluding the vigilance of his masters, and boasted of the number of canings he received. On the whole he had happy recollections of those ten years.

The following is one of the many stories of his school life that he has told his children :—He was a great mimic, and imitated the cries of animals and birds so well that the masters would often take him with them on shooting expeditions as ‘beater.’ On one such occasion he had gone with a master peacock-shooting. His

work was to run round in a circle, imitating the cry of the birds, and drive them towards the *shikari*, or sportsman. Gradually his circles got wider, as he became engrossed in a hunt on his own account ; but when he wanted to rejoin the master, he could not find him. He shouted, but in vain : he was lost ! The prospect of spending the night on the hillside, surrounded by wild jungles and deep ravines, where he knew that leopards, bears, and other wild animals had their lairs, filled him with terror. At last he remembered that there was One who could help him, and he knelt down and prayed. And now he heard a welcome sound, a wild jungle song. He shouted with all his might, and this time a voice answered him. A ' Bhil ' came in sight. The uncouth aboriginal and the little Irish lad soon made friends. The wanderer was taken back to the school, where the other boys greeted him with eager cries of welcome.

As a boy he knew the Bhil language, but he forgot it all, except one wild song ending with a peculiar staccato note, or rather a short, sharp bark. This, the song of his deliverance, Mr. Elliott never forgot.

After leaving school he went to Lucknow, where his mother lived, and obtained employment in the offices of the Oudh and Rohilkhand Railway.

At the age of eighteen came the great event of his life. He had been confirmed at school, and was regular in his attendance at the services of the Church of England. But his mother was a Methodist, and wanted him to go with her to the Wesleyan church at Dilkusha. At first he refused, but at length, to please her, he consented to go once. The minister then in Lucknow was the Rev. Joseph Broadbent, a man whose name is still as ointment poured forth to the few remaining ones who remember his saintly character and ministry. Soon after Mr. Elliott first heard him preach he was carried to his long home in Dilkusha cemetery, where his ashes lie awaiting the resurrection of the just. That night the word was with power, and the young man was convicted of sin. For more than a week he was intensely miserable ; he spent many hours in earnest prayer, but no light came to his soul. One night he resolved he would not sleep till he received an answer. He remained on the roof of the bungalow

till 2 a.m., when he was enabled to exercise faith in Christ as his Saviour. But it was not till some hours after that he obtained the assurance of sins forgiven. How often he has told of this joyful experience ! He was crossing the office to speak to the superintendent, when suddenly he felt his heart so filled with joy that he could hardly restrain himself. The superintendent, a godly Scotchman, was struck with his appearance, and asked him what it meant.

‘ Why, sir,’ he answered, ‘ I’m converted ! I feel so happy I don’t know whether I’m on my head or my feet.’ ‘ Praise God !’ was the hearty response. Before evening others in that office knew that Joe had been converted. Even a Hindu babu had heard of the wonderful experience. He never doubted the reality of that change ; he was ‘ a new man in Christ Jesus.’ His religious experience sometimes varied : now he was on the mountain-top, and again, though rarely, in the valley ; but his confidence in Christ never wavered. He used to say, ‘ I have had “ ups and downs ” but never “ ins and outs ” in my religious life.’

He was almost immediately drawn into

work for God. He began by opening bazaar Sunday schools, his knowledge of the vernacular standing him in good stead ; and he not only gave his time, but met the expenses out of his own pocket.

Then he began to tell the Good News in the streets of the city. He met with some opposition from the bearded Mohammedans, who ridiculed his boyish appearance ; but his tact, ready wit, and good humour never failed him ; he persevered, and so earned the honour of being the first Wesleyan missionary who preached to the natives of North India in their own vernacular.

He was then asked to become a candidate for the Wesleyan ministry. For some time he hesitated ; he wanted to be as sure of his call to preach as he had been of his conversion. But one night, while engaged in prayer, all his doubts vanished, and he became the subject of a deep conviction, which was never afterwards shaken, that it was the will of God that he should devote his life to the preaching of the gospel. The next morning, about 5 a.m., the Wesleyan missionary was aroused by this impulsive young Irishman shouting, ' It's all right, sir ; you can put my name

down. I'm sure now God means me to be a missionary.'

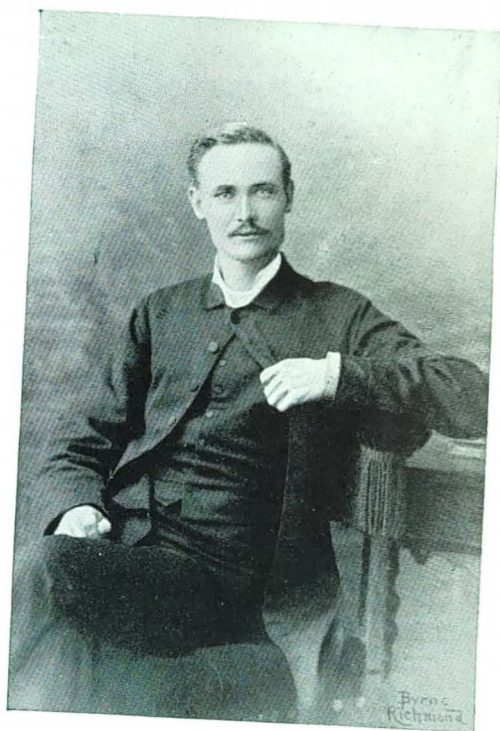
He was received into the Wesleyan ministry in 1876, and for two years was engaged in the Hindustani work at Lucknow. Then—a strange item in the preparation of one who was to be one of the very best vernacular preachers India has ever had—he was lent to the Anglo-Indian Evangelization Society to work as a travelling evangelist among the employés on the East Indian Railway. For more than a year his sole charge was English work, and he was living in Bengal, where his unique knowledge of Hindustani was useless to him. He had a pass over some twelve hundred miles of the line, making Raniganj his headquarters. The night travelling was trying, and he would not infrequently sleep past the station he wanted to alight at, and in returning have the same misfortune! He held services at the various stations, but English work never satisfied him; his heart was elsewhere. Even in Bengal he found it impossible to restrain the impulse to vernacular work, for he learnt Bengali, and took every opportunity of preaching to the native colliers, waiting

for them at the mouth of the pit as they came up from their work. Though not making any pretence to a knowledge of this language, he was, to the end of his life, able to converse freely and easily in Bengali.

In 1879 the Lucknow and Benares District was separated from Calcutta, and the former District claimed Mr. Elliott. He was transferred to Benares, and lived with Mr. Fentiman, the Chairman. Here he worked for six months, preaching in the streets and on the banks of the Ganges to passing crowds as they went down to bathe in the sacred river. The following year he came to England and entered Richmond College. Dr. Jenkins was one of the Missionary Secretaries, not only a great missionary himself, but the friend of all missionaries. He took a great interest in the young Indian student, who in return loved and revered his missionary godfather, as he styled the doctor. In a letter to the late Miss Wood of Southport, written early in 1904, Mr. Elliott wrote, 'Give my love to dear old Dr. Jenkins, my missionary Father. I owe my present position, and much more, to him.'

While he was in England he became engaged to the eldest daughter of the Rev. J. Shipham, Miss Shipham being then a candidate on the reserve list of the Women's Auxiliary. As he had already served his four years' probation in India, they intended to marry and go out together in the autumn of 1882 ; but on a sudden need arising in the District, the missionary authorities asked Mr. Elliott to return to India in February. He was ordained with Mr. Goudie on January 24 by the late Revs. Dr. Jenkins, Marmaduke Osborn, G. W. Olver, and D. Sanderson. Before returning to India he took his father's true name of Elliott.

He resumed work in his old station of Benares, where he remained for eighteen months, preaching daily in that sacred city to the numerous devotees and pilgrims who throng its streets and *mohallas*. He was often associated with an earnest Baptist missionary, Mr. McCumby, from whom he received many valuable lessons on managing a crowd. The following year Mr. McCumby died of cholera, contracted at the Ajudhiya *mela*, and the Mission lost a valuable worker.



ON LEAVING COLLEGE.

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Mr. Elliott was married to Miss Shipham at Calcutta in April, 1883, by the Rev. T. H. Whitamore, the Rev. J. M. Brown, the Chairman of the District, acting as father to the bride.

Into the sacredness of married life it is not for us to enter. Suffice it to say that the union was one of ideal happiness, and that Mr. Elliott ever regarded his wife with a tender and chivalrous love that deepened as the years went by. He had a profound respect for her judgement, and consulted her on all matters. She proved herself a helpmeet peculiarly suited to him, supplying that element of practicalness that his impulsive Celtic temperament needed. She was as zealous a missionary as her husband, an able linguist, and one of the most efficient women missionaries that North India has ever seen. How much of the progress and development of the work in Faizabad is owing to Mrs. Elliott's devoted labour her husband was ever the first to admit.

Four children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Elliott, three daughters and a son. Mr. Elliott was passionately fond of his children, and knew no greater delight

than to be with them and tell them stories of his adventures and his work. But alas! after his first furlough in 1892, the children never saw much of their father. He told his stories with such dramatic power that all children listened to him entranced, and he was universally beloved by them. On the voyage home from India in 1900 Mr. Elliott once every day gathered round him the children of his fellow-passengers and told them stories. The passengers greatly appreciated the quietness of the decks during story time, but generally the circle grew much wider than the children, and not a few grown-ups were glad to share the children's enjoyment. It was difficult to say who were more interested, grown-ups or children. Mr. Elliott finished that voyage the most popular man in the saloon.

For six months after their marriage they resided at Benares, and here Mrs. Elliott made her first acquaintance with Indian znanas, while Mr. Elliott devoted himself to bazaar preaching. There were then several flourishing boys' schools and two preaching-halls in the city, besides much open-air work. Benares is the strongest

citadel of Hinduism, and on that account the work there had strong attractions for them. It was a grief to them both when, after only a few months, they were suddenly transferred to Faizabad. They had thought that Benares would be the scene of their life-work; but when the Rev. Thomas Carmichael was ordered to England by the doctor, Mr. Elliott was the only available man to fill his place. He hoped that at the next Synod he might return to Benares. But it was not to be, and he remained at Faizabad for twenty-two years.

II

LIFE AND WORK IN FAIZABAD

THE taking charge of the work in Faizabad marks a turning-point in Mr. Elliott's life. Hitherto he had not been free to work on his own initiative or have anything like a free hand, but had been under the superintendency of older missionaries. Henceforth he was to be his own superintendent, free to develop the work on the lines that seemed to him most advisable, and to work in those methods most congenial to his temperament. He also took up a burden of responsibility, financial and administrative, that for twenty-two years kept growing heavier and heavier, till exhausted nature could bear no more, and he laid down life and responsibility together. Henceforth his whole life, with all his thoughts, purposes, prayers, hopes, and anxieties,

was to centre round the work in Faizabad, and his name, coupled with that of this Indian city, hitherto unknown in Methodism, was to become a household word—Elliott of Faizabad.

When Mr. Elliott arrived in Faizabad there was not much work being done, and but a feeble cause. The Hindustani church consisted of two catechists and their families and three other members. There were no out-stations. The only property owned by the Wesleyan Missionary Society was a small chapel in cantonments, somewhat less imposing than a military go-down. It had cost only Rs. 2,000 (£125), and soon became too small for the military congregation. In the Hindustani work there were two boys' schools and two small girls' schools in the bazaar, with one zanana worker visiting about forty houses. Now we have one of the finest churches in North India, two bungalows for the missionaries, together with a girls' boarding-school in Faizabad, an orphanage at Akbarpur, twelve flourishing village centres—many of them with valuable property—and a large staff of evangelists, school teachers, Bible-women and zanana workers:

results that have only been accomplished by much prayer and faith, by careful planning and patient toil.

Mr. Elliott soon saw that if there was to be any great development his first work must be to obtain satisfactory mission premises. He applied, therefore, to the military authorities for an extension of the site on which the old chapel was built. After many letters, and interviews with officials, and much weary waiting, he at length got a splendid piece of land, most conveniently situated both for Hindustani and military work. The officer commanding the station and the cantonment magistrate were both his friends, but he had to thank Lord Roberts, then Commander-in-Chief, for the final sanction.

The first of Mr. Elliott's building operations was performed on the old chapel. To this he added a fine porch, so out of keeping with it that his brethren jokingly spoke of the old chapel as 'the room behind the porch.' When the new chapel came to be erected, it had to be built in a style of architecture in keeping with the porch, and this was found to cost more than had been anticipated. Like a true

Methodist, he began the work on faith, and experienced not a few of the trials of those who walk by faith. At one time his funds ran out, and he had to dismiss the workpeople on Saturday night, as he had no money for the next week's wages. The following Sunday, during service, a wealthy planter, who was visiting a member of his congregation, noticed his deep depression, and on learning the cause volunteered to lend him Rs. 4,000—just what he needed to finish the building.

By 1890 the new chapel, mission-house, boarding-school (since much extended) and teacher's house (now the zanana mission-house) were completed, and Mr. Elliott had to face the serious task of clearing off the heavy debts that had accumulated. The debt on the chapel (£600) he wiped off during his first furlough in 1892-3, but at the cost of much overwork and a severe strain on his health. He returned from that furlough worn and tired, but triumphant.

One of Mr. Elliott's greatest achievements was the obtaining permission from the Faizabad municipality to build a pulpit for open-air preaching in the

Chauk Bazaar. The story is best told in his own words :

‘ The Chauk, in an Indian city, especially in the afternoons and at nights, presents a unique side of Indian life, and I felt that to get a preaching-place in that great quadrangle of the city of Faizabad was worth almost more to me than even a chapel in the city, because a chapel for some time would be very hard to fill, and then certain classes of natives would, from caste and religious prejudice, never enter it, whereas in the open air, from this iron pulpit, I should be able to catch and draw all classes.

‘ So I went to the chairman of the Municipal Board and put my case to him thus. I said, “ You see, in this city the Hindus have scores of temples and shrines on the thoroughfares, and so also the Moham-medans have their mosques, but we Christians, who are also a part of the community and pay our share of the taxes, have not a yard of land nor any place of worship to call our own. The request I want to place before you is a very modest one indeed. All I ask for is a circle of land four feet in diameter—nothing more.”



PREACHING IN THE CHAUK, FAIZABAD.

“ Oh,” said he, “ that is a very modest request. I shall be very pleased to give you that piece of land myself anywhere you like. Where is the spot ? ” “ In the Chauk,” said I. At the mention of the Chauk the chairman jumped as if a dynamite cartridge had exploded under his chair. “ The Chauk ! the Chauk, sir ! ” he exclaimed almost breathlessly, “ you are asking a thing that is impossible.” I said, “ *Only* a circle, Rai Sahib, four feet in diameter ! ” “ *Only a circle*, sir ? ” he replied, “ it is in the *Chauk*, the heart of the city. I should bring the Municipal Board down on my head if I suggested that. Impossible ! Impossible ! ” “ Oh,” I said, “ you are my friend, and if you really like you can do it. I rely on you very much.” Then I primed him with certain arguments that he might use at the next Board meeting. “ Very well,” said he, “ send me in a written application, stating your case as forcibly as you can, but mind you put in the pathetic touches about the poor Christians who haven’t a yard of land, and no place of worship in this famous city, and I will do my best for you.”

‘ At the next Board meeting, after the other business was through, my application came up, the last on the agenda ; and as my modest little request was read out, it fell like a bomb-shell in the Council. Sleepy members woke up, and wakeful members, ever on the alert, sat bolt upright as if they had swallowed a poker. And all at once the whole Board started a perfect babel of tongues, showing reasons why I should not have this circle. “ Has any missionary in the whole of North India got such a circle in any Chauk in any city ? and why should we give one to him ? ” said one. Said another to the chairman, “ Do you comprehend, sir, what this circle means ? You call it a very modest request. It is a very bold request. The circle may be very small, but do you know who will stand inside that circle, and what he will say and do in that circle ? Do you want the whole city evangelized ? We cannot vote for this. This circle is fraught with the greatest danger to our city, both to Hindus and Mohammedans.” “ This is a most unheard-of request,” said a third, “ and has no precedent in this or any other city, and we shall become responsible for

all the acts and influence of Mr. Elliott from that circle." "And yet again," said another, "if we give Mr. Elliott such a circle as he asks for, the Mohammedans will be asking for a circle from which to preach their religion, the Aryans" (a progressive sect of the Hindus, corresponding with the Brahmo-Somaj of Bengal) "will be asking for another circle, and the Gaurakshas" (a very fiery political sect then in vogue and hostile to the Government) "will be wanting another circle, and so you see the whole Chauk will be a series of circles, and where will it all end?"

'So the discussion rolled on. But the chairman was a wise old man. He let the meeting talk itself out, and spend its last bit of energy. He then rose up, and very calmly said, "Gentlemen, you all know Mr. Elliott—who doesn't know him in this city, rich and poor alike? He has helped very many; he is always helping them. He is every man's friend, and no man's enemy." ("Hear, hear," from several voices. "That is true! That is true!") The chairman made the most of that argument.

"Then the next point, gentlemen," he said, "is that Mr. Elliott represents a

Christian community incorporated in our city and Town Council and, whatever you may say, there is *something* in his pathetic appeal to this Council, that he and his people have not a yard of land in this city to call their own, and from whence to prosecute their city work. ("True! True!" from one or two sympathetic members.)

"The next thing that I beg to point out is, that Mr. Elliott's daily occupation and bounden duty is to preach the gospel in this city, somewhere or other, and on stated occasions in the Chauk itself. Indeed, he has the direct command in his religion to go and preach the gospel to every creature. Your fears, therefore, regarding the multiplying of circles in the Chauk I do not share, and if application is made to me on this account, I will meet the applicants by two questions, which they will have to answer before they get a circle, and which I know they will not be able to answer. The first question will be, 'Can you show me your authority and credentials because of which you wish to preach in the Chauk?' and the second question will be, 'Have you ever preached

in this city on the public roads, in the bazaars, the markets, and in the Chauk itself? If so, when did you begin, and have you kept it up regularly and systematically, like Mr. Elliott and his preachers are doing? What, then, is your motive and object for demanding a circle in the heart of our city? Is it because Mr. Elliott has received this concession that you ask it? If you can show as good claims as he has done, that you have preached for seven consecutive years systematically, week in and week out, as he has, then we will have very great pleasure in giving you a circle.' ” The laugh rolled round the Council chamber at this test.

“ And there is just one more argument, gentlemen, that I would bring before you. Whether you will give Mr. Elliott this circle or not, it will make no difference to his preaching; he will preach in the Chauk all the same; and often his preaching, he tells me, interferes with the petty shopkeepers along the roadside, because his congregations hem them in and hinder customers. Sometimes here, sometimes there, wherever he can get a place to stand and a crowd to gather round him, he gathers

the people ; and sometimes, I imagine, must be a great nuisance to some. One thing more. You must remember that Mr. Elliott is an Irishman, and when an Irishman gets his back up, he is a very difficult and dangerous man to deal with. Now, suppose we decline to give him this circle, and this excited Irishman goes and stands at the foot of the steps in front of the great mosque of the city, on the west side of the Chauk, what will you Moham-medans then say ? And supposing he goes and stands in front of the Hindu temple, and does the same there, then what will you Hindu gentlemen say ? You may complain, but you cannot do anything, and his only reply to you would be, ‘ Then give me my circle—give me my circle ! ’ Gentlemen of the Board, my advice to you is to *locate* Mr. Elliott.”

‘ So I was duly located, and obtained my circle, on which, at a cost of £20—which I got from the late Rev. G. W. Olver, who was deeply interested in this four-foot circle—I built the present pulpit, and we preach from it on Mondays and Fridays.’

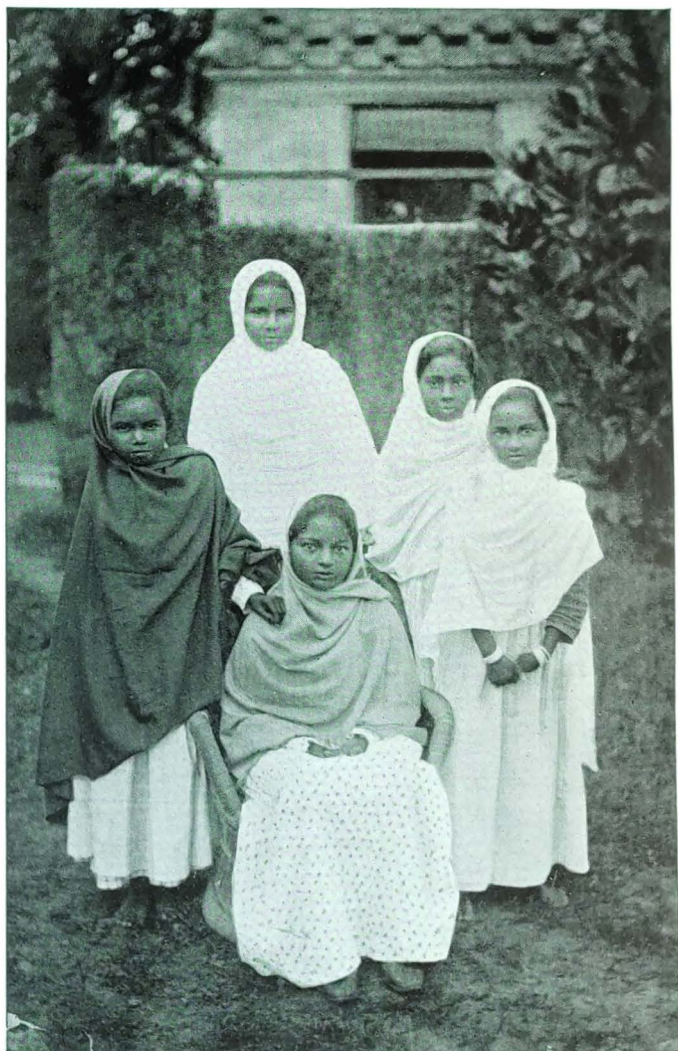
The next considerable extension was during the famine of 1896-7, when the

Girls' Orphanage was opened at Akbarpur. This work lay near to Mr. Elliott's heart, and had much of his thought and prayer. It was under the charge of the Rev. R. Rolston, a valiant Hindustani preacher and worker, who died suddenly in December, 1897. The boys were afterwards sent to Benares and the girls left in charge of Mr. Rolston's widow. Some idea of the good work done by the Orphanage and of the joy it gave Mr. Elliott may be gathered from the following account of the marriage of one of the girls, from one of his letters to his children :

' I married A—— (the girl) to B——. He is a nice fellow, but, humanly speaking, not to be compared to A——, who is a fine, handsome girl, straight as a lance, and carries her head almost, but not quite, as well as Alice does. He gets Rs. 20 or 25 a month, so A—— is considered well off ; any way, she is very happy. In 1897 she came to us a poor famine-stricken child, ignorant as the clod of the field. Now she reads and writes two languages, Urdu and Hindi, knows Roman, picks out a bit of English, and has a fair knowledge of what one is driving at, and can teach up to the

Upper Primary. She handles her Bible and hymn-book as well as I do, and can read and write her own love-letters. She can cook, cut out, sew, mend, knit, and do drawn-thread work. Robed in white, and veiled in a soft *mal-mal chadar*, she stood as queenly a girl before the altar as any I wish to see, and oh, such eyes! full of modesty, tenderness, and happiness, and beaming with intelligence. When I said "Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband, &c.," she threw up her head and looked me full in the face with a sweet, blushing smile, and said "I will," and then dropped her eyes again to the floor and waited for the next question. I seemed to see behind her her child-self of 1897, a poor, lean, ignorant child, of low caste, with only the look of hunger in her eyes, and ignorance stamped on her face. In front of that famine-child stood this queenly girl A——, and as I gazed on the two I exclaimed to myself, "O Lord, what wonderful things hast Thou wrought! Thy gospel is in deed and in truth the power of God."

But the erection of suitable buildings was a very secondary matter, only im-



GROUP OF GIRLS IN THE ORPHANAGE, AKBARPUR.

portant as the means to an end. The first question with Mr. Elliott ever was the building up of the living temple of redeemed souls. During the years that he was occupied in the erection of suitable mission premises, and could devote only a limited time to evangelistic work, there ever shone before him, as a day-star to lure him on, the prospect of one day being free from the burden of building and at liberty to 'go ahead' with his preaching and devote all his time to evangelistic work. Not every one agreed with his policy of building, and at times he received more criticism than encouragement ; no one who knew him and his work now doubts for a moment that the anxiety and drudgery of raising money have been amongst the chief causes of his early death. But who is there to-day who, looking back over these twenty years, will not say that the Padri was right ? The results of his policy are becoming apparent, and the harvest is visibly nearer : alas ! that he to whom these results are so largely owing is not with us to share in the joy of harvest ! Alas ! that heartache and worry and overwork should be so cheap, and the little extra support

that would have saved him from all these, so dear !

The chief service in the week for Mr. Elliott was that on Sunday morning in Hindustani. This he always took himself when in Faizabad, and found in it the hour of greatest happiness in the week. Here he was to be seen and heard at his best. The steady growth in the congregations showed in what appreciation Mr. Elliott's pulpit ministry was held and the power it was for good. Long before he left Faizabad the church used to be quite full, sometimes crowded. The front benches and one wing were filled with girls from the boarding-school; another wing by very poor villagers, one bench being given up to some blind members; on the back benches sat the ordinary members of the church. And there was the added joy of knowing that at the same time similar services, if not so large, were being held at Akbarpur, Tanda, and other places.

He always had a good time. He was faithful in showing his hearers their faults, and loving and earnest in leading them to seek a higher Christian experience. Notwithstanding the hardness of the soil, he

had many inquirers. What sympathy he showed in all their difficulties! He taught them carefully till he considered them ready for baptism, and afterwards spared no trouble in getting work for those who had been rejected by their relatives and friends on account of their profession of Christ. A special feature of these Sunday morning services was the baptism of new converts. It was not often that more than three or four weeks would pass without there being some candidates for baptism. Mr. Elliott made a point of having these baptismal services as public as possible, and always seized the opportunity they afforded him of pressing home upon the Christians the meaning of baptism, the solemn nature of the vows then made, and the obligation they were under of living holy lives. Many interesting cases might be told. They came from all classes: Brahmins, Chamars, high-bred Moham-medans, and poor villagers. Sometimes he was deceived by men who came from unworthy motives (for, being guileless himself, he was slow to suspect guile in others), but many of them turned out good cases. His first convert after he came to Faizabad

was a wealthy young Persian, who for some months lived in his house and boarded with them. This young man gave up an income of Rs. 150 a month for one of Rs. 10 when he was baptized. On his return home he was received by his family, and is now working for Christ in Bushire, his native place.

Mr. Elliott often lamented before God the small visible results of his preaching, especially when he heard of the large numbers that are being gathered in in other parts of India. This is partly to be accounted for by the character of the people amongst whom he preached. In Oudh there is not the same class of people—Pariahs, Malas, and other low castes—from whom these large accessions to Christianity are being won. A District that contains two such cities as Lucknow and Benares presents features of special difficulty. Nevertheless, his work bore fruit; his converts came from all classes, and he rejoiced over the success God had given him. One cannot but wonder what the results would have been had his life been spared another ten years and he been free to devote them to evangelizing the District.

Mr. Elliott was the personal friend of every member of the community, the comforter of the sad, the helper of those in trouble, the encourager of the lonely, and the strengthener of the weak. He was a father to the girls of the boarding-school, the final referee in all quarrels and cases of discipline, and sometimes a sharer in their games.

No part of Mr. Elliott's work at Faizabad exceeded in importance the preaching at the *melas* at Ajudhiya. It is much to be regretted that we have no account from his pen of these wonderful gatherings. No other European was present at so many, or knew so much about them, or preached there so often, and he was certainly the best-known man in Ajudhiya, European or Hindustani. We have an account of his first visit to Ajudhiya immediately after his transfer to Faizabad in 1883, by his brother-in-law, the Rev. A. Shipham. It reveals the same characteristics of tact, courtesy, and ready wit with which we have all since grown familiar :

‘ Early on Monday morning, October 22,’ says Mr. Shipham, ‘ we started in Mr. McClay's paddle-boat for the six-mile

journey to Ajudhiya, where we spent some hours. It was then that I first appreciated Zeph's (Mr. Elliott's name in the family) unique missionary qualifications. We went into a small temple dedicated to Ram and Lachman, in which a Brahmin was holding some kind of service with a few disciples. To my great surprise, we were allowed to sit on the verandah near them with our feet in the courtyard. Very soon Zeph was in earnest conversation; then he sang two *bhajans* to the accompaniment of an *ektara*, and was explaining them, until the priest curtly dismissed us with the cry, "Our worship has been interrupted long enough." But the seed had been sown, and I wondered whether any other man could have scattered it there. All that day I watched him carefully, admiring the influence he exerted. I did not understand his speech, but I could see the friendly pat on bare shoulders which most missionaries would have avoided from fear of giving offence, and I noticed that every one parted from him with a happy smile. This went on till we came to a large temple dedicated to Sita, at the door of which we were met with a peremptory

command to remain outside. "All right," said Zeph, "we will just look through the doorway. What lovely pictures you have on the walls!" His explanations of these so surprised the priests that we were soon invited to enter. One lean, sour-faced priest, evidently angry at our presence, immediately drew a curtain across the shrine of the goddess, and stood scowling at us. I said to Zeph, "You have made many men laugh to-day, but you won't make that man laugh." Presently he was in the midst of a most interesting story, when suddenly there rose behind us a loud guffaw, and turning we saw the angry priest doubled up with laughter. I never witnessed anything like it, and never expect to again. It is no marvel that the man who could do that should become the prince of outdoor Indian preachers.'

Many had long indulged the hope that Mr. Elliott would be spared to give the infant churches in North India a much-needed Christian literature. His special qualifications peculiarly fitted him for this important work. He knew what the people wanted for their edification, and he knew how best to supply that want. One con-

tribution he has made towards it. His last two years in India were largely given to the preparation of a book in Urdu, in which the whole matter of the four Gospels was digested into one continuous narrative. It was a work demanding close attention and care, while the examination of the lithographers' proofs in the crabbed Persian character was as laborious as the original writing of the book. Mr. Elliott laboured at this with the most minute attention to accuracy, his constant remark being that this book would be a witness for Christ after he was gone. It was completed just before his departure from India. He wrote thus to his wife about it: 'I have signed the contract for my book, *Itihad-ul-Anajil*. The first proof of eight pages will come next week. The sight of these first pages will be the next best thing to seeing you, and almost equal to the joy I had in seeing our first baby. This will be the child of my brains, begotten in much worry, pain, and hope—my first literary child.' He has thus left with them as his dying legacy 'the words of the Lord Jesus'—fitting close to a missionary's life!

No biographical notice of Mr. Elliott

would be complete unless it contained some account of his work as chaplain to the British troops. On this subject the Rev. S. H. Gregory, who lived with Mr. Elliott for eighteen months, writes as follows :

‘ Perhaps no minister of religion was ever more respected and beloved among British soldiers than Mr. Elliott, and his efforts for their welfare were incessant and most successful. In the pulpit, in the class-meeting, in the hospital—aye, and in the prison cell—he was looked upon as a friend, a counsellor, and an unfailing sympathizer. His voluntary congregation of soldiers on Sunday evenings was the largest in the Lucknow District ; the church at Faizabad was frequently crowded, not alone by men in the ranks, but by a large proportion of officers with members of their families, and a goodly representation of the civil community.

‘ An incident in Faizabad a few years ago exactly illustrates the character of the man and his usefulness. An unfortunate lad, while wholly under the influence of liquor, had fired at and killed a comrade. Till he had slept off his drunken debauch he had no knowledge of what he had done.

He returned to consciousness to find himself in custody on a charge of wilful murder, and at his trial he was found guilty and condemned to death. He was not a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, but in his awful situation the young man turned as if by instinct to "Padri Elliott," and asked that he might come to see him. The condemned man's request was granted, and he was visited daily in his cell. He was horrified by the position in which he found himself, dreading the future which loomed before him, oppressed with a keen sense of the heinousness of his sin, and wholly despairing of mercy from God. Day by day, with gracious and sympathetic fidelity, Mr. Elliott talked to the condemned man, read God's Word to him, prayed with him, and made known to him the gospel hope. Little by little he was led from blank, terror-stricken despair to sincere penitence, and finally to a sure confidence that, through the Atoning Sacrifice, his sins were forgiven him, and his guilt taken away. Mr. Elliott proved himself a true follower of John Wesley, who, with sublime faith in the gospel, "offered free salvation to the

condemned criminals in Newgate " ; more than that, he proved himself a true follower of the Man who receiveth sinners, and who forgave the dying thief. When the morning of the execution arrived, Mr. Elliott walked with the prisoner to the scaffold. The poor lad expressed his sure trust in Christ, and his last words were :

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Mr. Elliott burst into tears when all was over, and the sympathetic doctor took him by the arm and led him away.

' Some eight or nine years after, a missionary, touring in a country district a hundred miles away from Faizabad, got into conversation with a native police official. " Do you know Padri Elliott ? " asked the man. " Yes, very well indeed," said the missionary. " Ah ! he was a truly good man," said the inspector, and went on to recount the incident just recorded, of which he had been an eye-witness.'

Since Mr. Elliott's death a letter has been found containing a reference to the same

sad event : ‘ An Irish minister was at a meeting where an old soldier of the — regiment (to which the poor lad belonged) got up and asked to be allowed to say a few words. He then told the story of poor S——’s execution. “ Ah,” said he, “ if any of the chaps says a word against ministers, you have only to say, ‘ Remember Father Elliott,’ and they dry up.” The effect of that soldier’s short speech was electrical; it brought tears to every eye.’

Mr. Gregory continues : ‘ Elliott, in a soldier’s hospital ; Elliott, by a sick man’s bed ; Elliott, in the house of mourning,— under such conditions he was transformed. To stricken souls he was often God’s messenger of consolation. How glad they were to see him come in through the doorway ! The man’s tenderness and sympathy was then his strength, and unto very, very many has he been the minister of God for good.’

An extract from a letter by Mr. Elliott to Miss Wood may suitably follow here :

‘ Thank you very, very much for the New Year’s greetings, and all your good wishes for me. I mean this year to be,

by God's blessing, a year of years. We began it well by a grand watch-night service. When my wife and I returned to the parsonage we had a nice little chat, and then we both made resolves for the New Year, and knelt down beside the little wood fire in our sitting-room and consecrated ourselves anew to God.

'A few nights ago an officer called about 9.30 p.m. and said he wanted to see me privately. We sat up till 10.30. He has given his heart to God. As soon as we got comfortably seated round the fire he said: "I want to go in for this consecration business, Padri, and if it is to be had, I want to get this baptism and power of the Holy Ghost that that man Gordon writes about. How is it to be had and kept? tell me that." We talked it out, and then he said, "Let us pray." I said, "Won't you start, and I will pray afterwards?" "No," he said, "you pray." When I was done, to my surprise he started. Never in all my life did I hear such a prayer. It was just as if God were near us and he was talking to Him. "O Lord," he said, "I don't quite understand this business.

I don't seem to be able to take it in quite. Wilt Thou help me? Show me what it means and what I am to do." When we got up he said, "I think I see a bit more light, thank you. He's bound to see me through, is He not, if I am sincere and earnest in this matter?" "He is," I said, "and He will." "All serene," he said; "good-night! I'm keen on it, Padri; you'll have to help me all you can," and out he went into the darkness, mounted his bike, and rode off.

'That's one I have got started. Tell Mrs. Holden her book is doing good. God bless her for sending it. It's doing me good, and I will help others.

'I have just returned from a tour in the villages, and am now at work with my accounts and Annual Report for the District Synod.

'Soon after I returned, a big swell Mohammedan Moulvi, not only a learned man but a scholar and a gentleman, came to see me early one morning (8 a.m.). I got him into my study, gave him a chair, and said, "Well, what is it?"

"I wish to be a Christian," said he. I opened my eyes wide and said, "A Chris-

tian ! why do you want to be a Christian ? Have you counted the cost ? Do you realize all it involves ? ” I then proceeded to show him. He listened quite calmly, and then said, “ Yes, and after all you have said, I wish to be a Christian and to be baptized.” “ Now ? ” I said. “ Yes, now,” he replied. “ Tell me who you are.” In short, he is a Mohammedan scholar and a physician. That is not enough to keep him going, so he took over the management of the “ Madrase-i-Islami,” i.e. a Mohammedan school where only Islam learning is taught—viz. Persian, Arabic, the Qurân, logic, and philosophy. This is at X——, one of my stations, where I have a preacher. And now here is the principal, if you like, of a Mohammedan institution turning Christian ! I said to him, “ There will be a row over this in X—— ! ” “ There will,” he said ; “ but I can’t help that.”

‘ I asked him what led him to this decision. He replied, first, reading a few controversial books on both sides, Mohammedan and Christian, to see if Christianity was right and true. Secondly, the reading of St. John’s Gospel. Now, isn’t it

strange, all these swell and educated Mohammedans that I have had anything to do with, and whom I have led to Christ (about six or seven), they all caved in, reading St. John's Gospel and Epistles. It's wonderful how that one Gospel especially seems to knock these fellows over.

'However, I had a long talk with him, and said, "The moment you become a Christian you'll lose that school, won't you?" "Yes." "And the Mohammedans will cease consulting you as a physician, won't they?" "Well, quite half of them will, especially the well-to-do and those of good family who can pay; and the poor and miserable ones who can't pay will be left, and, according to my religion, I can't demand a fee; I take what is given." "How will you live?" "I don't yet quite know how; could I teach in one of your schools?"

'However, it was the Christmas holidays, and he went off to Lucknow to persuade his wife to join him. I have had two letters from him. He seems quite stiff and sound, so far. God keep him! I am going to Lucknow next week, and shall see him. I enclose his postcard; it will give

you a specimen of the handwriting. He writes a very clear, well-set, characteristic hand. Now what am I to do with this man? Ask Dr. Jenkins for advice. The Moulvi is a fine, handsome fellow, tall, well-dressed, and every inch of him a Mohammedan gentleman. My word, but he would make an A I Mohammedan preacher by-and-by.

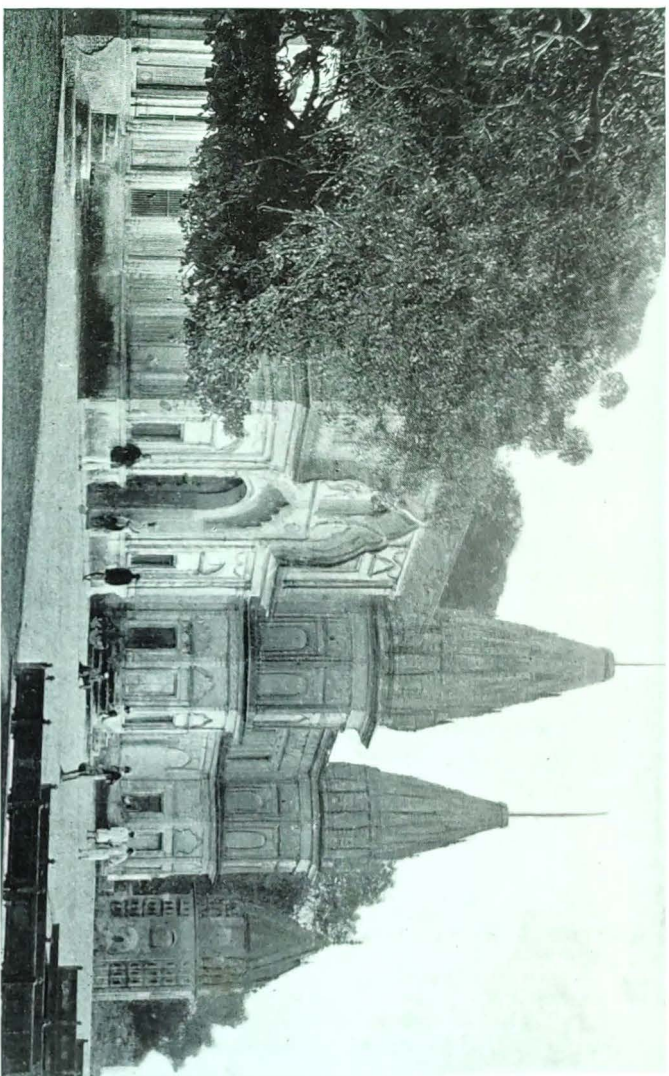
‘Pray for him and me that we may be guided aright.’

The moulvi referred to in this letter has since been baptized and become a Christian.

When Mr. Elliott came to England in 1892 he was almost unknown to the Methodist public, but he soon came to the front, both as a missionary advocate of great acceptableness and an evangelistic preacher of great power. He was as able to charm a cultured English audience as an Indian bazaar crowd. He established his reputation by the speech he made at the Army and Navy meeting at the Bradford Conference; the reporters laid down their pens, too interested in his dramatic speaking to be able to write. During that furlough he took six District deputations, besides

many private engagements. He also had the honour of speaking at the Exeter Hall meeting, but being the last speaker he was hampered for want of time. After a brief account of his call to be a missionary, he told one of his most thrilling *mela* stories, and closed by singing, in Hindustani, 'What can wash away my sin?' A wave of his arm, and the large, select audience were singing with him in English.

While in England he collected money towards paying off the debts on the property, which, he used to say, were 'grinding him like mill-stones.' To mention all the friends who helped him would be to give a list of the most generous subscribers to foreign missions in our Church; but we may be excused if we mention one name, especially as she, too, has passed within the veil. The late Miss Wood of Southport was his most liberal supporter. When he was building she lent him money without interest. She it was who gave him the tents in which he made his village tours, and through her generous gifts, after working single-handed for fifteen years, he at last, in 1898, got a colleague to help him with the heavy military work.



TEMPLE OF GUPTĀR, FAIZABAD : MR. ELLIOTT LEANING AGAINST THE TEMPLE.

During the last ten or twelve years of his life, Padri Elliott was undoubtedly one of the best-known Englishmen of the United Provinces of the North-West and Oudh ; and, vast as is that area, containing a population almost equal to that of the German Empire, his name and fame had extended beyond its bounds into Bengal on the one hand, and into the Punjab on the other.

What were the grounds of this great popularity, of his success as a vernacular preacher, and of his extraordinary influence over the natives of India ?

The first place must be assigned to his character as a man of God with a great, warm, tender heart, and to his faculty of ready sympathy and of unfailing courtesy to people of all classes. In a word, Mr. Elliott *loved* the people. Men felt that here was one who, like his Master, had 'tears for all woes, a heart for every plea,' who, during years of devout and loving following of Christ had learnt the difficult lesson how to be 'a friend of sinners,' and that whether they accepted his religion or not, the man who preached to them was labouring only from a loving wish to do

them good. This disarmed opposition and made all men his friends.

The second reason for Mr. Elliott's success was his unique knowledge of the language. On this point a former colleague writes: 'It has often seemed to me that due credit has not been given to Mr. Elliott as a student of the vernacular. Undoubtedly his birth in India and the fact that he spoke Hindustani from childhood gave him a great advantage over the average missionary from England. But this goes only a little way in accounting for his wide knowledge of the language, for there are hundreds in India to-day who were born in the country and have had quite as many opportunities as Mr. Elliott had, who yet have never attained to any great proficiency in speaking.

'The true explanation is—first, a rich natural endowment of linguistic ability, which, aided by a quick ear, made it easy for him to pick up a language as children do, by hearing it spoken; and secondly, that humdrum explanation of nearly all the success that it is given to mortal man to achieve in this world—HARD WORK. Perhaps there was no point in Mr. Elliott's

life in which it was easier for the casual observer to make mistakes. Visitors of a few days who heard the brilliant Irishman converse first in polished Urdu with the Mohammedan moulvi, and then in high Hindi with the Hindu pundit, varied by a chat in the broadest of unintelligible dialects with the unlettered villagers, were apt to regard Mr. Elliott's mastery of the language as a heaven-descended gift. They saw no linguistic workshop and no signs of study. How should they, when for their special benefit he had given up his munshi for the day that he might show them round the temples of Ajudhiya or take them to see other parts of his work? The fact is that, all through his ministry, Mr. Elliott was a close, hard student of the vernaculars. Year after year, all through the hot weather, a pundit or munshi could be seen coming to the mission-house towards noon to read with the Padri Sahib. He knew too much of the language not to know how much more there was to learn. It is not an unheard-of thing for young missionaries, after struggling through their three or four years of probationers' examinations, to

give up further study of the language because they "know" it! It would have been interesting to hear what the Padri Sahib at the bottom of his heart really thought of their "knowledge."

'Besides a wonderfully wide acquaintance with Urdu and Hindi, Mr. Elliott spoke Bengali with ease, though, at least in his later years, he did not preach in it. Persian he could read without difficulty, and had paid some attention to Arabic. While it is not given to all to have Mr. Elliott's linguistic ability, all could at least resemble him in his persevering, careful study of the language.'

One story illustrating Mr. Elliott's mastery of the language may be inserted. Here it is, as narrated by the Rev. A. T. Cape :

'One night he was lying on the seat of a railway carriage, well wrapped up in a blanket. At one of the stations a native corn merchant got in, and, seeing a brother native as he thought, began a conversation. "Who are you, brother?" "Oh," said Mr. Elliott, "I am a religious beggar"—and he was, too, as many of his English friends can testify if they will; but the corn

merchant thought he was honoured by the presence of one of those long-haired, dirty, naked ruffians who prey on the religious sympathies of the people, wrapped in a blanket he had begged for the journey. The conversation was carried on well into the night, till at last Mr. Elliott suggested they should sleep.

‘Next morning when they rose the corn merchant gazed in astonishment at his fellow passenger. He began in English, “Sir, where did you get in?” “Oh, I have travelled here all night.” “But, sir, when I got in there was only a fakir here.” Mr. Elliott played with him for a time, and then suddenly dropping into the vernacular said, “*Main wuh bábáji thá*” (I was that fakir). Picture the astonishment of that corn merchant, who immediately began to try to remember what he had said the night before.’

The third reason for Mr. Elliott’s success was his patient, unremitting toil for the evangelization of the natives. Mr. Gregory writes on this subject :

‘The salvation of the Indian people themselves was the great purpose of Padri Elliott’s life, and in this he was seen at his

best. In Faizabad city-square the crowds delighted to gather round week after week, to listen to his straight, faithful, forceful preaching. For he was faithful in his dealing with them. It seemed often as if their very hearts were laid open to his keen eye; he knew the people through and through. It was not his wont to attack the religious practices and customs of the people. It was altogether alien to his kindly disposition to wound any one's susceptibilities; but, with tender fidelity, he would lay his finger on men's sins and strive to bring them to repentance. However hard hit they were, they felt that here was a good man; the wounds he inflicted were the wounds of a friend. He knew that the way to Christ ever lies through the narrow gateway of repentance, and that when once a Hindu or a Mussulman is convinced of sin, he soon recognizes the inadequacy of his own faith to bring him deliverance. It was sometimes up-hill work. Often he mourned before God, with deep searchings of heart, because there was so little response, so little apparent effect from all his preaching. Often he would read in the *Lives of the Early Methodist*

Preachers, and as he read of mighty outpourings of God's Spirit, and of multitudes convinced of sin and led to the Cross, he would say, " Oh ! why cannot these results be seen following our preaching here among these Mussulmans and Hindus ? " And he would turn to prayer as his only refuge in the face of such a vast and difficult problem.

' His efforts to lead men to the Saviour of the world were extended all round the city of Faizabad. He toured among the villages, winning the hearts of the people by his tact and geniality and kindness of heart. Sometimes a village Brahmin or a bigoted Mohammedan moulvi would make great efforts to draw the people away from him, to stir them up against him, or to excite their distrust and suspicion. But it was rarely, perhaps never, a successful manœuvre ; and while Mr. Elliott could charm the crowd, he was almost always equally successful in disarming the bitterest hostility and making his advent a welcome event in every place he visited.

' I was once on an evangelistic tour with Mr. Elliott, and on reaching a large village, it was found to be all *en fête*. There was a huge funeral feast in honour of the principal

trader and banker in the place, and the members of his caste, from every village for miles round, were gathered to grace the occasion. The streets were full of holiday-makers and feasters, and seemed to present little chance of obtaining a hearing for the preacher's message. Most missionaries would have thought it advisable to postpone their evangelistic efforts till the hullabaloo should have subsided. Not so Mr. Elliott. "Come along," he cried; and off he went right through the crowd to where a large awning had been erected and carpets spread for the benefit of the dancing-girls and the musicians. It was an open question whether the intrusion would not be bitterly and even fiercely resented. At least it would have been an open question in the case of any one but Mr. Elliott. We sat down cross-legged on the edge of the carpet, Mr. Elliott making laughing remarks to those around, and for a while watched the gyrations of the dancers. Presently Mr. Elliott signed to them to stop, and threw them a rupee as largess. Then, humming over a tune to the musicians till they had caught the swing of it, we both began to sing a Hindi lyric on the subject of the shortness of life

and the necessity for preparation for death. We sang our best, but the crowd was enormous, and presently one cried out, "Come round to this side, and let us hear"; so round we went to each side of the awning, and then Mr. Elliott enforced the lesson suggested by the hymn and most appropriate to the occasion that had brought the crowd together—a funeral feast. The whole was done with that amazing ease, and charm, and tact, that were always characteristic of the man in every kind of society. Subsequently he paid a visit of condolence to the widow and family of the deceased man, and on our returning to our tent, a great pile of native provisions, our share of the feast, was sent after us, while every man in the crowd regarded the incursion of the genial Padri not with toleration only, but with gratitude and pleasure.'

III

LAST DAYS

IN July, 1905, Mr. Elliott came to England on furlough for the last time, his wife, seriously impaired in health, having preceded him by eighteen months. The time of separation had been one of sore family trouble. Mrs. Shipham (Mrs. Elliott's mother, to whom Mr. Elliott was warmly attached) died towards the end of 1904. Then a nephew, the eldest son of the Rev. Arthur Shipham, a young man of promise, died after a short illness. Besides this Mrs. Elliott's aged father, sorely stricken by the loss of his wife, had a serious illness, and for weeks there was little hope of his recovery. Writing to his wife on the occasion of Mrs. Shipham's death, Mr. Elliott said, 'She has given us much to think about in her life. She has left us a beautiful, almost a perfect example. She was so gentle, kind, and beautiful in

her life and character, and lived for many years past, I verily believe, on the border-land of heaven. That is what I would fain do now. Mother's departure has drawn me much nearer to heaven. . . . But I lust for life ; for ten good years of it at least, to see my four children through, though I long most for a revival of God's work in this circuit, which is almost as dear to me as you are, Mary. It is my second wife. . . . I know mother loved me, and I could not have loved her better had she been my own mother. She influenced me much for good by her life, her words, and smile, but I do believe her death will do even more for me.'

Owing to Mrs. Elliott's prolonged ill health it was difficult to see whither the hand of God was leading, and a note of uncertainty finds expression in more than one letter written during his last year in India :

'With you I hope we may return. I have yet some plans I want to carry out and results I want to see shaping into definiteness, the results of twenty-one years of toil and self-sacrifice. But, as you say, we are in God's hands. He knoweth what

is best for us and for his work. We are the creatures of a day: His kingdom is eternal. We live and move in mystery and amid much that is uncertain. To Him there is no mystery, no uncertainty.'

'I feel leaving India and my work very much indeed. This time there is a strange element of uncertainty entering into my departure, viz. that I may possibly never return to it again. It seems as if all the labour of years had culminated to this point when success and results might be reached by a few more years of patient toil and planning. And then there was the hope of putting some young Elliotts into the field and keeping alive the name, so that an Elliott might stand here and officiate before the Lord. There may be a bit of vanity in this which the Lord may disallow, but I hope will pardon, because it is a manifestation of the great honour and dignity we feel that working for Him confers on us, so that first we have given ourselves to it—you for twenty-one years, I for more than a quarter of a century—and now we are willing to give our children as an offering to Him and His work.'

The first two months of his furlough

Mr. Elliott spent with his wife and daughters at Blackheath, his son being with them for a fortnight. It was the last period of quiet family life Mr. Elliott was to know, and it was to him a season of much joy. The goal of some of his hopes for his family seemed within sight. His eldest daughter had almost completed her college course. His son was a local preacher on trial. Another daughter wished to become a medical missionary, and a way seemed opening out by which the expenses of the college training might be met. 'If God should grant me five more years of life,' he said; 'I shall see them all through.' Two of his children's birthdays fell during these months, and as the other two had been earlier in the year they rolled them all into one, and held high carnival together.

He preached once and addressed two Sunday schools in the circuit. At one Sunday school were two children who had heard him five years before, whose mother said they had prayed every day since 'that Mr. Elliott might have a real chapel in the Chauk as well as an iron pulpit.' He also spoke at the valedictory service

of a medical missionary of the Z.B.M.M., an old friend returning after furlough to Benares.

Into this period falls the last of his open-air services. The following is an account of it by Percy Shipham, Esq.:

‘An irregular band of open-air missionaries in Blackheath asked Mr. Elliott to help them, and he readily consented. I hurried from church to be present, and soon heard from the distance the familiar accents and descried the familiar figure, the familiar stoop more accentuated, and the premature marks of age and of India more visible on the head and face.

‘I joined the circle and listened to a thrilling story of a young soldier convicted of shooting a comrade with whom he had no quarrel, and condemned to death. How well the speaker transported us to the cantonments of India, where the mad deed was done, and to the prison-cell, where he and the prisoner daily sought from heaven the pardon vainly sought from those on earth! Drink had done the evil; and facing Mr. Elliott was a public house, from the doors of which men came to listen. One of them seemed anxious to re-enter the bar,

but could not tear himself from the speaker's grip. He turned to go, and stopped; moved a few steps, and stopped again; with his face to the inn and his back to the speaker, he stayed till the story was finished, and he at last was free: free to make the great refusal or to accept the offered grace.

"Prentice hands could learn much from Mr. Elliott that night. He spoke to all and to each, changing his position by a few paces, turning to those behind him, directing his eyes and voice to every part of the crowd, so that none was outside the charmed circle. And behind the skill of the expert was the burning zeal of the believer. *Totus in illis*: "This one thing I do." "

Mr. Elliott needed rest, for he was considerably run down when he left India, observing to more than one friend at parting, 'I feel I may never see India again.' But he was much invigorated by the voyage, and immediately began making plans and discussing arrangements for his return. Signs, however, showed themselves indicating that he ought not to work at the same high pressure as before. He suffered

from shortness of breath when walking uphill, but put this down to being out of practice through having ridden a bicycle in India. The two months in Blackheath he regarded as a time of rest, though he could never be happy for long without doing something in the way of speaking. He was examined by a London specialist, whose report was most favourable and encouraged him to hope for many years of toil in the land he loved so well. About the same time also the doctors consented to Mrs. Elliott's returning to India with her husband after furlough; so their plans seemed straightening out, and Mr. Elliott was jubilant.

Many engagements had been made, months before he left India, to preach and speak at places where he was well known, but he had kept one Sunday free each month for rest. As soon, however, as it was known he was in England requests for help poured in by almost every post. Many of these he had to refuse, but if he could in any way, he would always squeeze in a day to help his friends. A gentleman has written of these last days: 'If our dear friend had been able to say "No" he might

have lived longer, but he would not have been the Elliott whom we know, and the quality of the work would have been different. Much of the world's best work is done by those who overwork.'

Many of the places he visited during this short time had some interesting association, or were the homes of friends who had been helping him in his work : Altrincham, where the Rev. J. Shipham resides ; Gainsborough, the home of generations of Shiphams ; Southport, where Dr. Jenkins and Miss Wood had both died that year ; Preston, where he met his wife ; and Tottenham, the home of his first 'young man,' the Rev. A. T. Cape.

One meeting was of such interest as to deserve special mention. Limber, not far from Gainsborough, was the home of his wife's mother, and soon after her death in the previous year he had promised to speak here. More than fifty years before, Mrs. Shipham had dedicated herself to Indian mission work, kneeling under a tree in the park close by. Now, her youngest son was the Missionary Chairman ; her eldest son, who had been a missionary in Ceylon for eleven years, paid a tribute to her

memory ; and Mr. Elliott, the husband of her eldest daughter, told the story of missionary toil and success in Faizabad. For an hour and a half the people listened to one of his inimitable and unreportable addresses, given in his best style.

On November 27 Mr. Elliott preached at Bristol. While in that city he consulted a doctor, because he was afraid there was something wrong with his heart, as, in addition to the shortness of breath he had a pain in his chest and left hand. However, he was reassured by the doctor saying it was merely a form of indigestion, and would yield to treatment.

The following Sunday he preached at Albert Park Chapel, Manchester, when about forty of the Didsbury students heard him. It gave Mr. Elliott great joy to announce the following day at the missionary meeting that one student, who had been down for home work, had, under the influence of his stirring appeals, now resolved to offer for the foreign work.

On December 10 he preached with his usual power at the Free Trade Hall. One proof of the enthusiasm he aroused was that the collection was made three times

over, the last time £15 being given for an evangelist in Mr. Elliott's circuit.

On Wednesday, December 13, he wished his wife and children good-bye, hoping to return the next week for the Christmas holidays, and to be able to spend two or three weeks with them. Long had that Christmas been looked forward to and bright were the anticipations of a joyous reunion, for it was five years since Mr. Elliott had spent Christmas with his family. But on the Tuesday morning that was to have brought him home came the fatal telegram to say he was no more. That farewell was the last time he was seen alive by any member of his family.

On Friday, the 15th, in Hull, he visited a sick lady. Before leaving he knelt down and prayed : in praying for India and its needs he utterly broke down, and the tears ran down his cheeks.

On Saturday he went to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Cussons, and on arrival was shown into the drawing-room. When Mrs. Cussons entered the room to welcome him, she found him pacing up and down. He turned to her and said, 'I have had the most wonderful and beautiful experience.

As I stood in this room the feeling came to me that heaven is around me, Jesus is near me, and death is nothing.'

He had a hard day's work on Sunday—two services, and an afternoon meeting for children. In his letter to his wife on Monday morning he said: 'I had a heavy day yesterday, but a good day. A big company in to supper, which left at 11.30. I got up to my room at twelve feeling just a bit tired. My throat is not quite so fit to-day, and this shortness of breath is getting worse. It must be an acute form of indigestion, but after all you have suffered it seems quite contemptible for me to mention my small sufferings—I should rather say inconveniences, for there is no suffering. I shall take the first train after dinner to-morrow. I shall be glad, so glad, to get home again and be one of the family.' That was his last letter.

The whole of Monday was spent in looking over the new Hull Mission with the superintendent, Mr. Fillingham, and in paying visits. While they were looking over the Mission premises they came on some plasterers and other workmen who had stopped work and were having their

midday meal. Mr. Elliott sang out, 'Here, move up, boys, and make room for the old Padri.' He squatted down among them and was soon chatting away as if he had known them all his life.

By evening Mr. Elliott was feeling decidedly poorly; he turned sick, and at tea-time refused to take anything but a cup of tea. No one was alarmed, as he said it was merely indigestion. Before the evening meeting he became worse and felt severe pain. He looked so haggard and ill that the friends there begged him not to speak, saying they would go through the meeting without him. He insisted on speaking, and spoke with all his accustomed energy. On returning home he grew worse, and the doctor was called in; the dangerous nature of the illness—*angina pectoris*—was at once detected. Mr. Elliott could see from the doctor's face that it was serious, and said, 'I should not be surprised if I pegged out to-night.' At two o'clock he was so much worse that the doctor was called again, and he stayed with him till the end came, at about five o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, December 19. Almost his last words were, 'Give my love to my

wife and children,' and 'My poor native Christians !'

So lived and died, toiling, preaching, praying to the end, one who was a prince of vernacular preachers, most popular of platform speakers, warmest-hearted and most loyal of friends, kindest and most sympathetic of men, worn out before his time because he knew not how to moderate his zeal for the cause he loved.

Much has been said in his praise : had he then no faults ? He had, and neither his friends nor his colleagues could be blind to them, for they were as conspicuous as his virtues. They were the faults of his Celtic nature. He was apt to find a virtue in putting off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day. Generosity to old friends he sometimes carried so far that the interests of those nearer home suffered. And he was ever the despair of Building Committees ! Did he ever bring up to the Synod the report of buildings erected by him without having to confess that he had (ominous sound in a missionary's ears) 'exceeded his estimates,' and sometimes very seriously ? Well, his

faults were ever humbly acknowledged, and somehow, men did not love him the less for them. If old colleagues think of them to-day it will be with smiles nigh unto tears, and warm twitchings at the heart.

Perhaps to many the picture of Mr. Elliott here presented is different from the one they have in their minds. They think of him chiefly as the popular speaker, the witty talker, the inimitable mimic, who saw and could reproduce (with just sufficient exaggeration to make things live) the humorous side of things, as the jovial guest who could keep the table in roars of laughter as he told stories of his work in India, who was the life and soul of every social circle, an infallible remedy for low spirits. He was all this and much besides. No man's visits were ever more eagerly looked forward to by his friends in India. When to the mission-house in Lucknow there came a post-card bidding the wife have *murgi-curry* (chicken curry) ready by a certain hour, the very anticipation of his visit was a tonic. And when he had gone, the search there was in his room to gather up the various articles he had left behind !

Much might have been said about this, the better known and popular side of Mr. Elliott's life. But in order to give a complete picture of the man, prominence has been given to the other Elliott, the Elliott who did not live in public, but was known only to a smaller circle of more intimate friends, the Elliott who came to light in moments of quiet conversation with the one or two.

An illustration is to hand. In a private letter received from India this week and not intended for publication, is written: 'I lived with Elliott for eighteen months at the latter end, and got to know and love him as I never did before. Latterly his thoughts had turned to personal holiness. He was, in old Methodist phrase, "groaning after it," studying the hymns thereon, and praying constantly.' But another colleague of Mr. Elliott's discovered as early as 1887 that his thoughts were flowing in this direction, and again in 1894 further opportunities of quiet intercourse showed the same undercurrents flowing yet more strongly. So it ever was. This many-sided man was not to be known at once and by everybody. But all who lived



FAREWELL !

near enough to observe him closely and win his confidence, knew that underneath the bubbling-over fun and genial good nature there were deep, quiet streams of aspiration, and a hunger and thirst after righteousness and the purity of heart that bring the vision of God. Now he has attained to that purity and entered into the enjoyment of that vision.

THROUGH FIRE AND SWORD IN THE INDIAN MUTINY

MOST of what I am about to relate I received from the lips of my mother, shortly before her death. I was her eldest surviving child, and, at the time of my story, five years old. The scenes through which we passed were so vivid and stirring, so awful and sad, that, young as I was, they made a deep and lasting impression on my mind. Some of these incidents are as terribly vivid to me to-day as they were forty-four years ago ; but it wanted the experience of years to appreciate the grim humour of some of the scenes. What I remember myself, aided by what my mother told me, enables me to give you a picture as romantic and heart-stirring as many chronicled by Kaye and Mallison and others who have written of those awful times.

My mother was a fine, typical Irish-woman, from the Black North ; her father was a fairly well-to-do farmer, an Orange-

man of the deepest dye, and for years a leader in political meetings. He lived and died amid red-hot days of deeds and daring—but all that is another and a different story. My mother was born at a place called Killinangle, near the town of Ballyshannon, County Donegal.

In 1892-3, while home on my first furlough, I went on a missionary deputation to the north of Ireland, and a rare good time it was, too. Oh for another such! On that occasion I visited my mother's birth-place. I went all over the haunts of her girlhood. I also saw an old woman who knew her as a girl. When I told her who I was, she stood up, drew near to me, and said: 'Sure, are you Jane Atchison's son?'

'I am, mother,' I said, 'and her only living son.'

'Ah, sure, God bless you; let me feel you.'

She passed her hands fondly over me, as my own dear mother would have done.

'Let me look at you,' she said; 'come out here.'

I had an Inverness cape on. She looked me up and down, and said: 'Ah, God bless

you, my boy, you look like a ginerall!’ I then sat down with her, and we had a long, long chat in that Irish cabin. I told her all about my mother and myself, all about my family, and my missionary labours. Oh, how she listened! She begged me to stay over the night, and they would beat up the country-side for miles, and tell the neighbours to come out and hear Jane Atchison’s son from India tell the story of his life-work. I should have liked that beyond measure, but it was impossible—I was engaged elsewhere. I then got her to talk, and sat and listened with rapt attention as she told me of my mother’s girlhood days. The style in which she told it, her pauses as she waited to call up memories of bygone days, more than half a century ago, were truly Hibernian, and most fascinating. Never, in all my life, did I so feel the sacredness and charm of any spot on earth. Now, at least, I had seen the very house and room where my saintly mother was born, the school where she got her bit of learning, the parish church and meeting-house where she worshipped, took the Sacrament, and received spiritual blessing. I had walked over the roads trodden

by her feet. I looked round and gazed north, south, east, and west on the scenes and surroundings of her early life; and, above all, I had held high intercourse with an old saint who knew her as a girl. It was too much for me. I was quite overcome. My whole being was bowed down under the weight of deep, unutterable feelings, and I realized as I had never done before the sacredness and power of earthly associations connected with the hallowed memories of those whom we love, and who are with us no more.

Under the spell of these feelings and emotions, I went that same evening to speak at the missionary meeting at Bundoran. There I touched the high-water mark of my life, and went beyond myself, it seemed to me. Such a missionary speech I never gave, and never will, I do believe, deliver again. Never again, on this side the grave, do I hope so to move and touch the hearts of men as I did that day. It happened seven years ago; but ah! I remember it all so well. I was working up to the conclusion of my speech, and telling them how much I owed in my life and ministry to my mother,

especially to her prayers for me. Then I told them of her death, and what it meant to me. I told them how there came over her soul an hour of awful darkness. God's comforts, His promises, the reading of His Holy Word, the singing of her favourite hymns, were all of no avail. Her only cry was, 'Dark, dark, dark, my boy; it's all dark. God has hidden His face from me as I am going through the "valley of the shadow of death."' I continued on my knees by her bedside, and, in sorrow and agony of soul, begged God to give me a message to my dying mother. At last it came. I arose and took her hand in mine, and said: 'Mother, in answer to your prayers I was given back to you when a child; I was led into the kingdom of God and became a missionary of the Cross to India's millions. O mother, let me, your son, now, in this hour of darkness, point you to the same Saviour, that you may hear Him say to you, "Fear not, I am the Resurrection and the Life."'

Immediately the cloud rolled away; the dear old face was lighted up as by a heavenly beauty. She clasped her hands, and exclaimed, 'He is, He is my Life and

Resurrection—O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ? Blessed be God, which giveth us the victory through His Son Jesus Christ.' She went away from me ; it was past midnight. It was very dark on my side, but there was light in the valley as she passed through. Heaven opened before her, but the grave before me.

I left the bedside, and went and sat on the verandah steps, my face buried in my hands, my teeth clenched, great hard lumps in my throat, my eyes hot, dry, and tired. There I sat for two long hours, gazing fixedly on the ground, and contemplating my great and irreparable loss. At last God graciously moved my heart, and opened my lips to prayer. The Great Comforter comforted me. 'O Lord,' I said, 'who will love me, and help me, and guide me, and care for me, and pray for me, as she has done ?'

Then the Great Comforter whispered, '*I will.*'

I said, 'I am left *alone* in the world now.'

He said, 'I am with you always. I will never leave you, nor forsake you.'

Oh the power of those words in that hour ! My tears began to flow freely.

Having finished the story, I paused a moment, and heard the sound of the breaking of the surf, as it came through the windows of the chapel. It reminded me of the peace of God that came into my soul as I sat on that verandah in the grey early morning.

I remained silent, unable to utter another word. My heart overflowed with the peace and love of God. The whole audience leaned forward and bowed their heads as if in prayer. After a few moments of dead silence Moses Douglas, the Superintendent, and one of Ireland's grandest Methodist preachers, lifted up his voice in prayer. Oh, what a prayer was that ! It seemed inspired. The congregation, numbering about one hundred and fifty, were sobbing all over the chapel. We then made the collection, after which Moses Douglas said, ' We will have no votes of thanks to-night ; it would be out of place after such a meeting as we have had. Never, in the long course of my ministry, have I witnessed a missionary meeting like this.' The Benedic-

tion was pronounced, and we quietly dispersed.

There is just one, only one, out of the many stories that mother related to me, that I must give. It borders on the supernatural, and made a profound impression on mother. It was a vision—a real, strange vision. Long years afterwards the reason for it was revealed to her once while wrestling with God in prayer—she was mighty in prayer ; I have never seen her equal. It was revealed to her at a time the darkest and most miserable through which she ever passed, and was to her a source of great comfort. The story of the vision is this. Mother was converted to God when a child of twelve. She was sitting, one evening, soon after her conversion, with an old saint, called Nannie. They had read and prayed together, and were afterwards having a spiritual conversation. The twilight was shading away into the darkness of night.

Mother jumped up, and said, ‘ Shall I light a rush ? ’

‘ No, my child,’ said Nannie, ‘ let us have the last bit of twilight we can get, and not spoil it with a rush-light.’

Mother sat down again at Nannie's feet, with her arms resting on the old saint's knees.

All at once a soft, beautiful light appeared on one side of them ; and, moving round to the front, gradually shaped into a fine manly form of great beauty, which just for a few seconds only looked down on them—such a look of kind, gentle love !—and then slowly passed out of the door, and vanished. They both looked up at the face without fear, and their hearts filled with love and peace, as if Divinity had touched them.

'Who was it, Nannie ?' inquired my mother.

'Why, the Saviour, child, to be sure' ; and then she added, 'There is a reason for this, Jane, and some day it will appear. Keep it locked up in your heart.'

When I questioned my mother on it she said, 'It's a true story, my boy. I saw Him as surely as you see me sitting before you. I can't account for it, though I do see a reason for it. I just tell you what I really saw, and how I saw it. It was a glorious, lovely vision, and has been a comfort and blessing to me all my life through.'

Mother never lost the 'witness of the Spirit' from the day of her conversion, and lived in the full enjoyment of what we Methodists call 'full salvation' and 'perfect consecration' during the last five years of her life; the last six months she lived on the borderland of eternity, and I felt it.

How my father got across to Ireland, how he met mother, married, and got out to India fifty-two years ago, I need not tell. Mother lost two girls in babyhood. To lose child after child is bad; losing them in a strange and far-away land is worse.

A third child was sent to the young Irish mother—a boy this time. When he was but two years old, just running about and gladdening her heart by his Hindustani prattle, he would often come with the fragments in his little hands of something he had pulled down and broken, and say, '*Dekho mama, tut gayá*' (See, mother, it's broken). '*Kaisá tut gayá?*' (How has it got broken?) '*Ap se tut gayá*' (It's broken of itself).

He was not whipped, even when he should have been. He was reasoned with, chided, kissed, and sent trotting off with

the admonition, '*Phir mat karo*' (Don't do it again), and he didn't mean to, but he did do it, again and again.

In the midst of it all, while cholera was raging in Ludhiana (in the Punjab), the boy was smitten by this fell disease, and in less than three hours was brought to the gates of death. The doctor pronounced it a hopeless case, and left, saying, 'It's no use pouring medicine down a dying child's throat.' Mother knelt beside the bed, and, with all the agony of a mother about to lose her third child, pleaded with God for her boy's life. 'Lord, spare him. Oh! spare him, and I will give this boy, as my Samuel, to Thee to be a missionary.'

That was a long look ahead for faith, for there was scarcely a missionary in all North India then. They began to come in after the Mutiny of 1857 and the annexation of Oudh. However, the prayer was heard, and that cholera-stricken child has had the great honour of being the first Wesleyan missionary who preached the gospel in the vernacular to the natives of North India.

The hero of my story is our good and

faithful old Hindu bearer, Ram Din. He belonged to the Kahar caste. This is one of the strong, respectable, middle castes of North India—the one caste, indeed, whom the Brahmins have graciously honoured by allowing them to be their cooks and water-carriers, from whose hands alone they may accept their meat and drink (especially the latter) without any violation of their exalted position and fine prejudices.

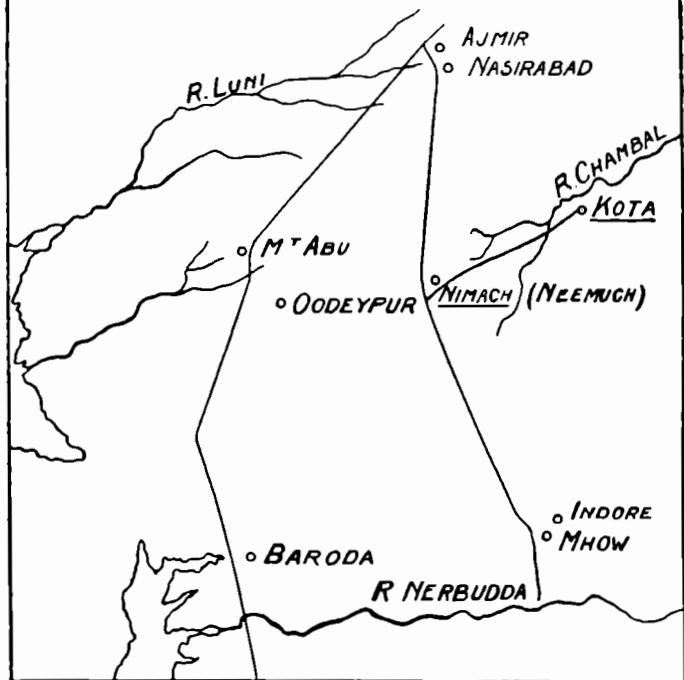
Old Ram Din had as fine, open, and wide-awake a pair of eyes as any Hindu in North India. He was an absolute and obstinate *bhagat*, which, being interpreted into English, means a determined vegetarian and out-and-out total abstainer. Any Hindu in any caste may become a *bhagat*, and take on himself for a certain time, or for life, the sacred obligations of 'bhagti,' which may also include temporary or permanent bachelorhood. A bachelor *bhagat* is called an *udasi* (the sad one); the married *bhagat*, a *khushbasi* (the happy one).

Kota, where we resided at the time that the Mutiny broke out, is a place in Rajputana. It had at that time a small

military garrison, consisting of a battery of artillery, a regiment of cavalry, and one of infantry—all natives, but officered by Europeans. It was called the Kota Contingent. It was sent up to the front to fight the mutineers ; but, instead of fighting them, they went over in a body and joined them. When news of their revolt reached Kota, their fellows left in charge to guard the station and European families determined to revolt, to massacre all the Europeans, to loot (plunder) and burn the whole station, and then go on and join their brethren who were out, like thousands of other sepoys, on a big military strike !

Very early one summer morning, mother was awakened by Ram Din knocking at her bedroom door. ‘Mem Sahiba’ (Madam, really Mrs. Sir !) ‘Quick, quick, awake, awake ! Let us get the children dressed at once. Take as few things as possible, and what are most valuable and can easily be turned into money, and let us away ; by three or four o’clock the sepoys will be here to put you all to death and to plunder and burn your bungalow. I sat in their midst to-night, and got to know all their plans.’ One hour after that sudden and

RAJPUTANA



SKETCH TO SHOW THE RELATIVE POSITIONS OF KOTA AND NIMACH IN WESTERN RAJPUTANA.

awful warning to arise and flee for our lives, we were seated in a native ox-cart (my mother, I, Tom, Lizzie, Arthur, and a wee baby, two months old). As we were hurrying along, at the pace of four miles an hour—tip-top speed for Indian oxen—suddenly Ram Din, pointing in the direction of burning bungalows, exclaimed, ‘Look, Mem Sahiba, look.’ We looked, and there in the distance behind us, we beheld the blazing of the bungalows, lighting up the hazy morning sky with a strange, lurid, awful glare. ‘We have just got away in time,’ said old Ram Din, the bearer. ‘Oh ! hear their yells ; though they have missed the grim pleasure of killing you all, yet are they delighted at the satisfaction of having looted and burnt your bungalow. At sunrise they will be hunting you and me all over the country ; they will know we cannot have gone very far away. We must make haste and hide somewhere.’

In a short time we reached a large village, which unfortunately, however, lay near the highway through which the sepoy would pass on their way to the north. As we approached this village, the bearer got us out and dismissed the cart. ‘Oh, Ram

Din ! ' exclaimed my mother, ' where shall we go, where shall we hide now ? The people in the village will soon be getting up and moving about ; they will see us and betray us into the hands of the sepoy, who will soon be here, on their way up country, as you say. Oh, Ram Din, we shall all be killed ! *Ab ham kya karen ?*' (what shall we do now). ' Stay here a moment,' said Ram Din, ' while I prospect the place.' In a short time he was back again, and found us all standing and huddled together round our anxious and fearful mother. ' Come along, quick, quick. I have found a good place ; fear not. I think you will be safe here during the day, and at night I will take you on to a place of greater safety.'

On we went, till we got to the entrance of the village, which was a long, narrow street, with houses on each side of it. ' There, get in there,' said the sagacious old Hindu, hustling us in. And, oh ! what a place it was. A tumbled-down, old mud cow-shed, about twenty feet long and ten wide. There was no roof to it, the mud walls were crumbling and not more than eight feet high. There was but one door-

way, at the top end—this was in its favour as a hiding-place, for one could not see more than half way across the room without coming inside, and as they were not looking after cattle, they would hardly be likely to look in there. This doorway had but one leaf of the door on, and that was hanging by the lower hinge. My mother's astonishment was as great as her fear at being stuck into this place, and she protested, but in vain. 'Ah,' replied the wily old Hindu bearer, 'this is just the very place for you. The mutineers will never dream of looking for you in such a place as this. You will see, they will walk right by, without even looking in. Keep still in that far-away corner, and I'll keep watch up the road.' The bearer threw off his *pagri* (or turban), put on a much shorter *dhoti* (loincloth), and, with bare head and shoulders, squatted down like an ordinary don't-know-nothing Indian villager, smoking his *huqqa*, or pipe; stolidly indifferent to everything, and yet none the less on the alert.

After a time Ram Din came in, his face wearing a fearful look of woe-begone anxiety. 'They are coming! they are coming!' said he. 'Where—where? let me

see,' said I—the inquisitive, impulsive boy, who wanted to see and know everything. I darted towards the door. I was soon stopped and pushed back by him.

'*Hatto*' (get back), 'you little *badmash*' (rebel) 'you will get us all caught; do you want your head cut off with a sword?' 'No, I don't.' 'Then go there in that far corner with your mother, and sit as still as a toad in fear of a snake.' That did for me. He had scarcely gone, when we heard the noise of the advancing mutineers. Near, and yet nearer they came—some two hundred or more. They would soon be marching past the open door of the roofless shed, in the far corner of which we were hiding. If they discovered us, what would they not do to us! Mother realized it all; we did not.

On they came. Tramp, tramp, tramp; we could hear them. Oh! where was Ram Din now? A cry or a shout from one of us youngsters, and all would be up. An awful fear was on us, and held us still and quiet. The painful look on mother's face grew into one of intense agony. I can see it now. With the baby in one arm, she dropped on her knees, and gathered us all round her

with the other arm. Even the baby was quiet. Tramp, tramp, tramp ; now they are passing the open door ! Only as by a miracle were we prevented from shrieking out in terror. Mother gave us all one long, loving look, as if it were to be the last on earth, and then lifting up her heart to the God of the widow and the fatherless, she called on Him, in His loving mercy, to spare us—and He did. But we were very near to the point of the bayonet and the edge of the talwar that morning.

During the day Ram Din, with great difficulty, stealthily supplied us with some *chappatis* (unleavened bread) and water. Numbers of the mutineers were hanging about, undecided whether to go north or return to their homes. In the dead of night, Ram Din crept in silently like a jackal, and in a whisper bade us quietly follow him. After we got well out of the village, into a quiet, unfrequented spot, we found another ox-cart awaiting us, and got into it. The experience of that night was one of the bitterest and saddest we were called upon to pass through during those fiery times. The route marked out for us by Ram Din was destined ultimately to bring us to Na-

sirabad, a military garrison. But, through fear of meeting stray mutineer sepoys of the Kota Contingent, we were compelled to leave the regular road, even old cart-tracks and beaten village pathways.

The rough, clumsy cart passing over the uneven ground and rough boulders not only jostled us together, but threw us often clean from one side to the other, and dashed us back again. The night, too, was very dark, and the noise of the wretched cart plunging over the boulders and down into the hollows again, filled us with fears that we might be heard and detected by some of the enemy, striking out their homeward way over the same uneven ground. We children were weary and fretful. It took mother and Ram Din all their time to quieten and manage us and to try to get us to sleep. But no sleep was possible to any one that night, in those circumstances, and over that dreadful ground. Mother had her baby in her arms, a delicate child, two months old. In one of the awful lurches she, with the child, was suddenly thrown forward, and the baby's head was dashed against one of the wooden stanchions of the cart, which

crushed in the poor little thing's skull. Without even a cry, she fell back dead in her mother's arms. The awful, unearthly shriek of anguish from mother that pierced that midnight gloom set us all screaming. 'Oh, my child! my child! My child is dead! Ram Din, stop the cart,' she said. '*Bachcha mar gayá*' (The little one is killed). The bullocks were soon brought to a standstill. Ram Din, who had been trudging along first on one side of the cart, then on the other, now in front, and now behind, ever watchful, and always on the alert, was soon by her side. He took the child into his arms, looked at it, examined it, and handed it back, exclaiming with a choking sob, '*Hán, mem sahib, mar gayá*' (Yes, madam, it is indeed dead). The poor old Hindu did what he could to console that heart-broken mother and to quiet her crying children. There was no hope, no heaven, no hereafter, in his creed of transmigration and final absorption into the infinite. The most he could say was, 'Poor dear child! it is God's will; don't weep, Mem Sahiba,' and he did say that from the bottom of his heart, with the tears rolling down his cheeks. It was the best sympathy the

old Hindu could offer, but it came from a great and loving heart.

For more than an hour he trudged along by the side of the cart, silently listening to the cries and moans of his 'Mem Sahiba.' After the first paroxysm of grief had passed, he spoke again, but in calm, firm tones. 'Madam,' said he, 'the child has now passed out of your hands and gone to God, who gave her to you. His will be done! Dry your tears, bury your dead, and give your thoughts and strength to the living ones that are still with you. '*Gari wala* (driver), 'stop the cart; Mem Sahiba, get out; let us bury the baby.' 'Oh! Ram Din!' exclaimed the mother, in bitter anguish, 'my child is but just dead.' 'Let us bury it, madam; you have to think of the living now. We must part here, now and for ever, with the child. It is fate; it is God's will; we are helpless.' With the greatest difficulty, using a wooden peg, a shallow grave, a very shallow one, not more than eighteen inches deep, was dug by Ram Din, and in that shallow bed of stones and gravel the baby was laid to rest. 'Oh!' cried mother, 'the jackals and hyenas will dig my poor child up and

devour it before sunrise!’ To avoid this he piled some large stones on the little grave.

So there, under the star-lit sky, Ram Din buried the child, and silently piled up the little cairn, while the bereaved mother knelt by the grave-side and asked God for strength and resignation to bear this great sorrow and to say, ‘Thy will be done.’

Very early in the morning we drew up near to a little village, on the outskirts of which, partly hidden by a clump of bamboos and shrubs, was the poor mud hut of an out-caste. In most villages there are a few of these despised ones, of the lowest caste, who, because they keep swine, are not allowed by the better castes to live in the village. But this just suited us, because it was quiet and outside the village, and because the inmates (just the man and his wife) were so poor that a small bribe would square them and keep their mouths shut.

It was in this out-caste’s home that we rested for more than a week. Ram Din shammed that he was one with the mutineers against the English, and was going to his home at Cawnpore. He made friends

with some caste fellows in the village. All this week he was busy getting information and working out our future route ; also in getting us rigged out in proper native toggery.

The next week was one of uneventful travel, till we got to a little town, where Ram Din, by very clever manœuvring, actually got us into a fine, large Hindu temple with a great quadrangle, surrounded on all sides by single or double-storied cloisters for priests and monks. This one had, in addition, rooms at the back for the old priest's family. The temple was built of grey stone, and beautifully carved ; the cloisters were of brick and mortar, without any attempt at architectural design or beauty. In the inner shrine, a domed room, about eight feet square, contained the gods on a raised platform. The officiating Brahmin priest alone is allowed into this. The worshippers and devotees stand in the court, hand in their offerings of flowers, grain, sweetmeats, and money to the priest, then prostrate themselves at full length on the floor before the god of brass or stone, and rise and go their way. Pilgrims will walk right round three, or seven times,

each time prostrating themselves before the shrine, and before departing will bow down and touch the priest's feet as an act of reverence to him.

We were about ten days in this temple, and were perfectly secreted, well fed and cared for. 'You may stay a week or a month,' said the old *Mahant*, or head abbot. 'All you have to do' (pointing to me) 'is to keep that Joey Baba quiet. The day he is discovered inside the temple, or out of your apartments, it will be all up with you. You will then have to go at once and take your chance; it will be beyond my power to protect you.'

I do not know whether my readers are aware of the fact that the Hindu gods are treated as if they were living personalities, and not dead things. They are awakened early in the morning with the sound of drums, bells, gongs, and conch-shells, with occasional blasts from a trumpet three or four feet long. Then they are washed and dressed. The curtains are thrown up and the priest worships them first. They are then introduced to the public, to receive from them their *salâms*, worship, and gifts. At midday, for three hours, the curtains

are again thrown down, the door of the shrine is closed, and has a padlock put on. The gods are now having their afternoon rest and quiet. After dusk the lamps are all lighted, and high worship goes on, in various forms, far into the night. Dramas are at times acted before them ; they are regaled with singing and chanting (a sacred concert, you would call it in England). They are married, and given in marriage. They give balls, though they do not dance themselves, but lovely women and beautiful singers sing and dance before them on carpets of royal scarlet, and the Hindu public are invited to these great 'Socials.' Collections are never made, but free-will offerings are thrown down before the gods and goddesses. The poorest may give a *pice* (halfpenny). And where they come and go in hundreds, it all mounts up. The more socials the more pennies : the more pennies the more socials. The priests look well after both, and keep the gods well to the front, and see to it that the religious socials pander to the public taste and requirements.

Now, this seeming digression is very vital to my story, because all this worship

and all these socials, especially at night, are always accompanied with singing, *tom-toming* (drum-beating), torch-lighting, and with a tremendous amount of noise. All this was nearly as much a new world to me, a little chap of five, as it would be to any English boy of that age. It awakened my curiosity. I interrogated old Ram Din again and again, and begged admittance, or, failing that, to be just allowed to peep in. But all my advances were rudely rejected, and I was soundly rated both by my bearer and my mother for my curiosity. But, O curiosity ! who can hold thee in prison for long ? I determined to act on my own initiative !

One day at noon, after the *gurus* (abbots) and *chelas* (ordinary monks) had got the gods to rest, curtains down, the shrine locked, and had finished cooking for themselves and their fellows, and were all stretched out and sound asleep, I saw my opportunity, crept out, got into the temple, and had a good look round. I then went for the musical instruments ; I banged the big drum with smooth round sticks, set the great bell, which was hanging from a chain, right before the door of the shrine,

swinging and loudly ringing. In less time than it takes me to write it all, the whole temple was alive, and the great quadrangle filled with abbots, priests, and neophytes, and stern old Ram Din in the train.

You can imagine me standing in front of the shrine, surrounded by all the astonished and angry inmates of the temple—the gods awakened, the great bell still swinging and jangling, the echoes of the drum faintly rumbling through the temple arches, and the clamour of the angry priests. ‘Who are you?’ they cry, ‘where have you come from? What are you doing here, you *badmash launda*?’ (wicked child)?

Ram Din saw I was in imminent peril. The angry tones and threats of the priests filled me with fear, and I began to cry bitterly. My Hindu bearer picked me up in his arms, and quieted the mob by saying, ‘We will take him, at once, to the Mahant.’ ‘*Jo wuh kahegá so hi hogá*’ (Whatever he says, that will be done). ‘Come along, then,’ said they. Down from the platform of the shrine, through one winding passage and another, across a small court, and into a narrow

verandah, supported by carved wooden pillars, I was brought before the Mahant.

There he sat in calm dignity, looking so stern and philosophical ! He was a man of about eighty. I was aloft in Ram Din's arms, full of awful anxiety, the tears still rolling down my cheeks. 'Don't ' *bak, bak* ' (clamour) 'all together,' said the Mahant ; 'let one person speak. What is all this noise about ?' 'This young rascal,' said one ' (who he is, and where he came from, Ram only knows), we found before the shrine, beating the drum, ringing the bell, waking and disturbing the gods, and defiling this holy place. Say, thou, what shall be done unto him ?' 'Throw him down the well,' said one. ' *Use samad karo,*' said another. 'Bury him alive, entomb him in the earth,' said another fiery spirit. The great question was how to dispose of me, in the most righteous Hindu fashion, for my sacrilegious conduct. ' *Phir nakin karega* ' (I won't do it again), I cried. My childhood, innocence, and anguish touched their hearts. I should have had no mercy had they been fanatical Mohammedans. It was well for us these were Hindus. 'Take him away,' said the

priest to Ram Din, 'into my house, and I will decide what shall be done.' You may imagine my mother's state of mind when I was presented to her by the bearer.

I won't harrow your feelings by dwelling upon the solemn interview that took place between my mother, Ram Din, and the old Mahant that evening. All I will say is that, at midnight, the priest gave us his cart. It was nicely covered over with a heavy cloth ; we were put into it, and sent off to a small town. We were secreted there for a few days until a little Hindu caravan was going in the direction we were taking ourselves. The roads were dangerous. The mutineers were coming down, in all directions, from the north, to their homes. They were rich in plunder, and many of them stained with the white man's blood ; all soldiers of the Indian Sepoy Army.

About ten native ox-carts were procured, most of them laden with merchandise of a kind that the sepoys would not trouble to plunder—such as grain, salt, cotton, tobacco, and piece goods. The carts in which the women and children travelled, according to Hindu custom, were carefully covered.

Our cart was put in with them, and, if anything, was the shabbiest of all. Ram Din would be sure to see to it that it should not attract any attention. For a few days all went well. But one day a few Lancer men met us. '*Ab kya hoga?*' (What will now happen?) asked some of the men of the party, who were trudging along beside the carts. 'Nothing will happen,' said Ram Din; and he undertook to manage it all for them. 'Keep quiet and calm,' said he, 'and just go along as if you feared nothing.' He came down to our cart, and gave mother some strong words of caution, and an awful threat to that irrepressible Joey Baba, to keep his head inside and his tongue still. He then went boldly up to the front to meet the first brunt of the mutineer Lancers.

As they came up, about a dozen of them, Ram Din, in a friendly, easy style, saluted them with the usual Hindu salutations, '*Ram, Ram, Chai*' (Salutations to you, brethren, in the name of the God Ram). '*Ram, Ram* to you,' was their response. 'Who are you?' inquired the soldiers, 'and where are you going?' 'We are simple traders, as you will see from some

of our grain-laden carts, and we are going to such and such a place, where we hope to arrive in a day or two.'

One of them, more forward and impudent than the rest, poised his lance under his arm and, out of wanton mischief, planted its point into the ridge-pole of one of the carts, and lifted the whole flimsy covering of cloth up into the air and threw it over to the other side. One of our illustrious poets has written about four-and-twenty blackbirds in a pie-dish, and says—

When the pie was open,
The birds began to sing!

But the noise those four-and-twenty blackbirds made wasn't in it with the shouting and screaming that the women and children made when the cover was taken off their pie-dish! All the women and children in the other carts began to scream in terror, and some to scramble out. They thought the work of slaughter had begun, and, like poor Hindu women, who lose all control of themselves in a moment of terror and danger, they began plunging about, crying and entreating for mercy in the name of Ram and all the gods of the Hindu pantheon, the number of which is three

hundred and thirty millions—a number equal to the whole population of India. If a Hindu were to make up his mind to worship a different god every day, it would take him more than *nine hundred thousand years* to worship them all in turn! We do things on a grand scale in India.

Ram Din and all the others rushed up to the offender and charged him with dishonouring and trifling with their wives. The other troopers, too, sharply reproved him for this outrage. They all then broke off into a canter, and dashed by, leaving us to go on. And so we escaped once more.

When we got to the camping ground, the men besought Ram Din to leave their company. 'For,' said they, 'had this thing happened to the cart in which your Mem Sahiba and her children were, they would all have perished, and probably our wives and children with them, for secreting them.' So we had to go; and once more were thrown upon our own resources to shift as best we could in that wild, desolate place.

Fresh troubles were in store for Ram Din now; but he always rose to the occa-

sion. He left the cart with them, took us all out, and led us away a little distance to a rising mound covered with brushwood and rocks. There we rested in the blazing heat of the day, with little or no shelter, and there we spent the night, with the jackals howling round us.

The next morning, when the carts had all gone on, Ram Din went out scouting. He said it was not safe to go on. The mutineers were still about, and we must be very careful, and remain for a few days among those burning rocks. This was sad news for mother, with her small children. There was very little shelter from the burning heat of the sun, and it was the hot weather. It is wonderful what women, and even little children, can endure under a great trial, and what very many did endure in those fiery times.

The next day, at noon, while Ram Din was cooking for us and himself, and mother and the other children were resting, hidden in the bushes, I contrived to slip away into the open to do a bit of exploring on my own account. The natives say, 'A wandering child is worse than a stray lamb, and harder to find; because the

stray lamb bleats as it wanders and may be followed up by its voice, but the wandering child is more ingenious in losing himself, and wanders on in silence.' So I quietly went on by myself.

I had not gone far, however, when all at once I heard the sound of horse's feet. I stood and looked around. There, right before me, not very far away, I saw a native lancer, a mutineer, who caught sight of me—for I had got away from my cover. He broke into a canter, and from a canter into a gallop, and bore down on me. I stood and gazed. I never budged, no, not the least bit—and a good thing for me, too, as it turned out. As the man got near the gentle slope of the hill, he threw his lance out of its sling from his shoulder and the butt-end of it out of the toe of his military boot. He brought it round under his arm, couched it, bent low in his saddle, put his spurs into his horse's flanks, and now, like a whirlwind, he was covering the last two hundred and fifty yards between me and eternity, in a swift and deadly charge. It was all up with me now! The man was almost on me. Still I stood calmly contemplating

the mad onward rush of the fine horse, the silvery, glinting edge of the sharp-pointed lance, the flowing *pagri*, or turban of the rider, his fine seat and posture in the saddle. It was wild and grand. It was exhilarating. The man was giving me a grand military display. It was glorious, and I was having it all to myself. Oh ! I should have missed this fine sight if I had been hidden away like a little rabbit with mother behind those rocks and bushes !

And now the man is very near. I can see his face, and dark, fiery eyes gleaming between the pointed ears of the charger. Two minutes more ; no, in less time than that, the bright head of his spear will go clean through poor little Joey Baba and come out on the other side, bright red with his blood. Notwithstanding, there Joey Baba stands ; he does not turn an eyelash ; he does not move one half inch. Riveted and fascinated, with the gleaming lance right before him, the little Irish lad, five years old, stands unmoved. Quick as lightning the man rises slightly in his saddle, and pulls with all his might on the bottom rein. The horse as quickly throws

up his fine head and tossing mane, within a few yards of me ; rider and horse swerve round me ; the horse stops ; the lancer man stands erect in his saddle and glares at me. The whole *tamasha* (sport) came off just as I wanted and expected it to do. A little bit of military brag and show-off for my amusement ! I turned round, and faced the man. ‘ *Kyá, tu nahin dartá hai larká ?* ’ (What ! are you not afraid, youngster ?), in stern astonishment inquired the fierce Lancer. ‘ *Nahin, bilkul nahin* ’ (No, not the least little bit), said I.

Then we began a most amusing and interesting conversation, and I entered into an explanation of the reasons for my utter fearlessness ! I explained to him how I had been born and brought up in the midst of horses, guns, cavalry, artillery, drills, and military reviews, and was quite accustomed to this sort of thing ! I told of Trooper Sheo Ratan, who gave me a little kick ; of Jai Sing, a special friend of mine, who used to trot round the cavalry lines, put me on the horses’ backs, pass me under their very noses, and how no horse ever kicked, or bit, or hurt me. I told him all about our Kota Contingent.

The trooper sat bolt upright in his saddle, looking down on me, and listening to my prattle with a smile of grim humour on his face.

But I was not yet done with him, or he with me. It was my turn now to question him. 'What is your name? What *paltan* (regiment) do you belong to? Have you any English boys in your regiment?' And to cap it all, 'Let me ride on your horse, in front of you!' Then it was his turn. 'What is your name, boy?' and 'What you are doing here?' This last question of his fairly started me. I poured out my tale of our hardships and woes with all the eloquence and pathos of a child of five. It touched his heart, and moved him to pity and kindness. 'Where is your mother, boy,' he inquired. 'She is here, quite close,' said I. 'Come with me, and I'll show you.' He stuck the butt of his lance into the toe of his boot, slung his arm through the strap, and brought it in front of his shoulder, carrying it in the perpendicular. '*Achchha, chalo*' (Very good; go on), said he; 'take me to your mother.' On I went over the boulders, round the bushes, in and

out, till I stood right before my mother and Ram Din. Before they had time to question me, to their horror and astonishment, right into our midst rode the rebel lancer. 'Here they are,' I said to him. 'This is my mother, and these my brothers and sister, and here is Ram Din, my bearer.'

A vision from heaven above could not have astounded mother and the bearer more. Up sprang Ram Din, mother gave vent to a deadly shriek, the children all huddled round her in fright and terror. I, and I alone, was the only calm and self-possessed one of the party. Mother implored for mercy ; Ram Din threw himself down on his knees before the cavalryman, with his face to the ground ; and, in the noblest spirit of self-sacrifice, said, 'For *Permeshwar's*' (the great God's) 'sake, have mercy on them ; slay me, but spare them.' 'I shall slay none of you,' said the lancer.

Oh, how Ram Din and mother did bless him ! Mother offered him all the money she had. 'Keep it, Mem Sahiba,' said he, 'you will want it all before you get to Nimach, if you ever do get there. I have enough and to spare. If the Mutiny has

done nothing more for us, it has made silver cheap and plentiful.' Then, turning to me, he said, 'Little chap, I meant to kill you. I intended running you through with my lance, and had I done so your mother and these would have all perished with you, and possibly Ram Din, too. Your cool courage and your sweet tongue saved you and them.'

The lancer man bid Ram Din beware of that Joey Baba, and gave us careful direction, and described the lie of the land, and the dangers before us, and what road to take, and told us to go to a certain well-to-do *thakur*, *zamindar* (landlord, or squire), who could protect us and send us on to Nimach.

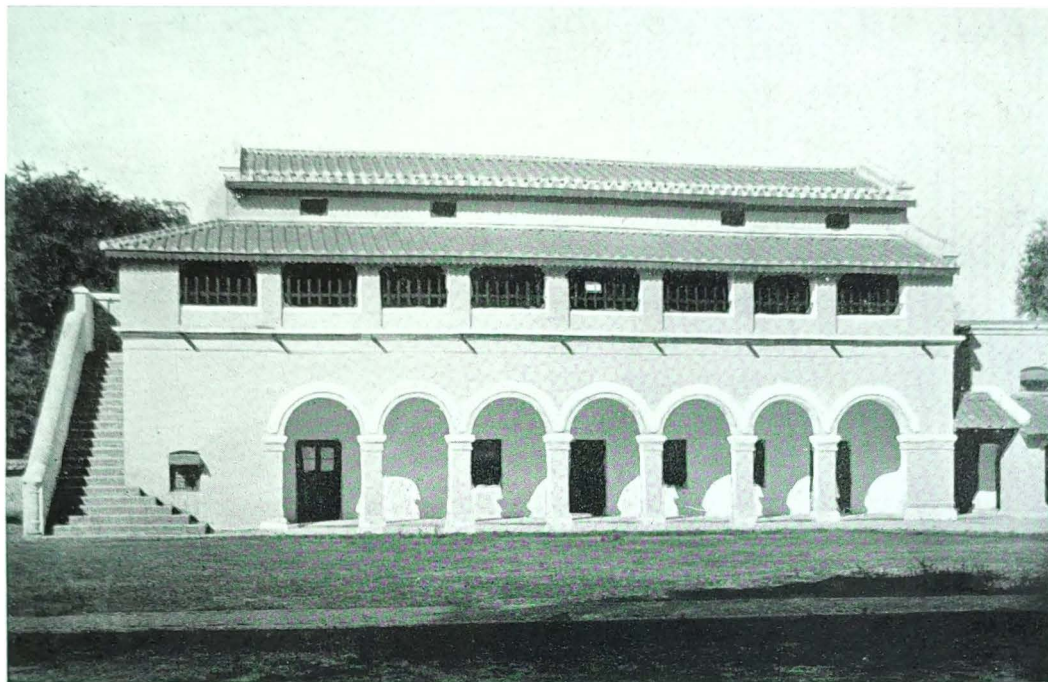
A *thakur* is the head man of a native village, what you would call a country gentleman in England, the difference between the two being that the *thakur* lives at home, and is always to be found in the village. There he lives, builds, cultivates, spends his money, dies and is buried or cremated. The difference here, too, is very great. Your cremation is scientific, expensive, and unceremonious. Ours in India is the reverse. The burning is simplicity

itself—a narrow stack of dry wood, costing about 6s. 8d., with the corpse in the centre. It is a great religious ceremony, which by no means ends at the burning. There may be several thakurs in a big village, and the greatest of them is called the head thakur. His word is law. His wealth and power are measured by the amount of land he holds and cultivates round the village. Sometimes he is a money-lender as well as a cultivator: this increases his power but takes away from his popularity. The pleasantest five minutes with a money-lender is when you are leaving him with the cash in your pocket. When out on a preaching tour in the villages, I pitch my tent close to a large village. A few of the bolder and more inquisitive inhabitants will come to my tent to make their *saláms*. My first questions are: ‘How many houses are there in your village?’ ‘What is the predominating caste?’ ‘What is the thakur’s name, and is he a strong man?’ The answer to the latter question will be in this form: ‘*Garib parwar*’ (Nourisher of the poor), ‘his name is *Ajit Singh*’ (the conquering lion); ‘he pays Government so many rupees a year

for ground-rent or tax, he cultivates so many acres, yokes eight or ten pairs of oxen, and has a *kohlu*' (sugar-cane mill) 'all his own. He is a well-disposed man, and will be glad to see you.'

The house is generally built in the form of a quadrangle with rooms, or sometimes open verandahs, on two or three sides. The walls are built of mud four feet thick at the bottom, tapering away until at the top they are eighteen inches in width. There is nearly always a well in the centre of the quadrangle, for bathing and drinking purposes. The bathing is done in the open air, round the well. As a rule, the front of the house only is double-storied, and the women's apartments are on this upper story.

Now, we were sheltered in this thakur's house for about a week, and were very comfortable, well fed and cared for. Within the enclosed quadrangle we were secure, and we youngsters could enjoy ourselves without fear of being discovered. At night we slept in the open verandah of the upper story, where the women were. The thakur's wife and mother got very friendly. She was very good and kind also to us



NEW DORMITORY IN THE BOARDING-SCHOOL, FAIZABAD, THE LAST BUILDING ERECTED BY MR. ELLIOTT

children. She had never seen a white woman and children before, and the whole thing was a strange novelty to her. The tale of all the trouble we had gone through greatly touched her heart. She was always trying to cook us something tasty and nice, and she loved to hear us jabbering away in her own tongue.

One night, as we were sleeping in the upper story, while all was still as death and the inmates of the house sound asleep, a Mohammedan fanatic, who in some way got to know that we were being sheltered by this Hindu thakur, and who, in a most mysterious and inexplicable way got into this well-barred and protected house, came creeping up the rude mud staircase with a drawn *talwar* (native sword), with the intent of putting us all to death.

Mother was sleeping on a low string bed. Ram Din was sleeping on the ground, within reach of her hand. We youngsters were on the ground too, the boys on Ram Din's side. Lizzie, the only girl, on the other side against the wall. Mother was ever watchful of us by day, and good reason to be so of Joey Baba, after all his

little pranks. By night she slept like the sergeant-major's cat, as the Tommies say, with one eye shut and the other open. She saw, though she could hardly hear, that Mohammedan fanatic and assassin slowly and noiselessly creeping, like a blood-thirsty panther, up that mud staircase. Mother did not call out '*Kaun hai?*' (Who is there?) and then set up the cry 'Murder! murder! murder!' To do that would have brought the fanatic on her in a moment. He would have cut her down and then put her children mercilessly to the sword, and tried to cut his way out and sell his life as dearly as possible. But she just leaned over the bed and gently touched Ram Din, at the same time raising her forefinger to her lips, indicating silence—death-like silence. The sagacious and alert old servant waited for the next sign. It soon came, but not in words; a whisper might not be trusted. The sign came in a point of the finger just over the side of the bed, down in the direction of the staircase. Ram Din heeded it. He raised himself slightly on his elbow, saw the man, and took in at once the position and its danger.

Now, if you do not know what a *lota* is, you should know. I want to tell you something about it, because in this case it went a little way to save my life. The *lota* is made of brass. It is a pear-shaped vessel with a pretty rimmed neck. It answers many purposes. The Hindu boils his rice and cooks his lentils in it ; he drinks out of it. He does not put his lips to it, as you do to a glass, but makes a saucer of his left hand, puts it under his mouth, fills it with water from the *lota*, and drinks from the brimming hollow formed by his hand. It is the wee bucket by means of which, with a thirty-hands' length of cord, he dips into the well and gets up the water for his daily bath. His little brass bucket will go up and down the well a dozen times or more before the bath is over ; he is never in a hurry over it, and does not mind one bit who is looking at him ! The drinking, or common *lota*, weighs from ten to fourteen ounces. The Hindu takes great pride in keeping it very clean ; as a rule it shines like burnished gold. Sleeping or waking, the Hindu always has his *lota* near at hand. If you see a Hindu on a journey, you will be sure to see his *lota* slung over

his shoulder, the thirty hands of cord, done up in a neat bundle, hanging in front of him, and the lota rolling round his back, flashing like a bright ball of gold in the sunlight. I have only one thing more to tell you of the lota, and then I shall have given you more information about it than you find in any encyclopaedia. If a Christian, a Mohammedan, a Jew, or any man of any other Hindu caste (especially of a lower caste) were to touch the Hindu's lota, he would defile it, and render it unfit for further use, unless it were purified; and how do you think the Hindu purifies his lota? He makes a big fire of dry cowdung (which is one of the holiest of things with a Hindu, and enters into many religious ceremonies), and puts the lota in the very centre of the fire and lets it get red-hot, and leaves it there till the fire burns out and the lota is cold. He then scrubs it well with the ashes of that same fire, and washes it and makes it bright again. He fills and empties it several times and then drinks out of it and takes it into common use again.

Now, Ram Din had his lota at his head. He quietly slipped the cord off its neck,

grasped it firmly in his hand, sprang up to his full height—nearly six feet—and sent it hurling with a whizz. Just as the fanatical assassin was one step from the top, his naked talwar firmly grasped, the 12-oz. brass lota struck him over the temple. He saw a thousand stars break up into ten thousand pieces; and, without a cry or a groan, rolled down to the foot of the stairs, and lay bleeding and, to all appearances, stone-dead. He left his sword behind him. Ram Din seized it and quickly descended, closely followed by mother. ‘Oh, Ram Din, you have killed him!’ said my mother. ‘*Achchhá huá*’ (It has happened well), replied Ram Din, with a gleam of wild excitement in his eyes and exultant triumph in the tone of his voice. The man at their feet began to stir and groan. Ram Din immediately turned him over, with his face downwards, and pinioned him by tying his two arms tightly behind his back with his turban, or *pagri*, and then raised the cry, ‘*Khúni, khúni, ghar men!*’ (A murderer, a murderer in the house!).

This cry soon brought the agile thakur springing into the quadrangle with a bludgeon in his hand. His eyes glared

an awful look as he saw the Mohammedan lying pinioned on the ground, Ram Din standing by him with the naked talwar in his hand, and mother weeping in anguish, with clasped hands. A few words from Ram Din soon gave the thakur all the information he wanted. He kicked the man half round on his side ; ' Let us look at you. Who is he ? Never mind, it matters not ! What are you doing in my house, in the dead of night, creeping up like a wild animal into my zanana ? Whom have you come to slay with this sword ? ' ' Not you, nor any 'of yours,' said the poor unfortunate, writhing and twisting in the agony and expectancy of a swift and sudden death, with no gleam of mercy or hope before him. ' I came only to kill the white woman and her children, whom every one is killing.' This did not soften the thakur's heart, nor alter his purpose one bit. ' Give me the talwar,' he said, snatching it from Ram Din's hand. ' You came to kill with the sword ; your own talwar shall kill you.' Then, striding athwart the man, he lifted the gleaming weapon, bent his legs and leaned over for the deadly stroke. ' *Yá Allah !* ' (O Allah, great God !) groaned the

poor Mohammedan, as he closed his eyes and bit the ground with his teeth. The hour of death had come. There was but one mercy and one comfort for the poor wretch: it would be swift, painless, and sure.

The thakur's wrist had turned, the talwar was coming down. Its swift descent, however, was arrested by my mother dashing in on the thakur like a frenzied spirit, seizing his arm with both her hands, shrieking as she did so, 'For God's sake, don't! Oh, don't kill him!' He tried to shake mother off, and in anger cried out, 'Stand off, Mem Sahiba, stand off! You don't understand these things. This cursed Mussulman, the son of a pig, the faithless follower of the false prophet, infidel, and blasphemer, has entered my zanána with a naked sword in his hand, intent on murder. Shall he escape? No, O Ram, no! May the gods curse me, if I leave his wicked head on his cursed body!' The would-be murderer besought mother to intercede for his life and craved her pardon, as only a doomed man hanging over the brink of eternity can do. 'Save me, Mem Sahiba,' he cried out, 'and I will become your

gulám ' (bond slave) ' for life.' The thakur kicked him with his naked foot, and said, ' Silence, you pig, you *káfir* ' (infidel). ' Here, Ram Din, it is not for me to wrestle and tussle with your Mem Sahiba. Ask her to let me go ; take her away, into that room there ; while my blood is hot and my anger burns let me strike this vile Mussulman's head off.' But mother would not loose her hold, nor cease from her cry and entreaty, ' Don't kill, for God's sake, don't kill ! ' The thakur at length relented. Ram Din was for execution, but he also gave in when mother said to him, ' Oh, Ram Din, see how good God has been to us, and how many times He has spared us ; should we not have mercy also, even on this man, though he meant to kill us ? '

The thakur and Ram Din carried the bound man into a side room. The thakur then addressed him : ' You will remain a prisoner here until this Mem Sahiba and her children are in a safe place. You will then be set free, but if ever you open your mouth and let out one word about what happened here to-night your mother and your wife will find you missing.' The thakur then went upstairs with us and

arranged for our immediate departure; 'For,' said he, 'if this Mussulman knows, others know.' The next night he put us into a covered bullock-cart, and, under an escort of four powerful men, well armed, sent us off. They brought us in a few days to a Rajah's palace.

I do not know who this Rajah was, nor where his *raj*, or territory, lay, but I remember the palace and the temple. Every Hindu Rajah aims at having a temple compatible in grandeur and cost with the palace. Sometimes the temple is in the palace grounds, but more often it stands on the edge of an artificial tank, with stone steps running round the water's edge, and a pretty little shrine standing on each corner. Often the *kund*, or tank, must be dug and constructed, firstly to secure its holy water, and secondly to give an air of sanctity to temple, palace, and all else surrounding it. The Brahmins soon work up some famous legends regarding this tank and its prehistoric existence and virtues. Special propitious bathing-days are duly appointed. Some mad *fakir*, or holy saint, dreams a dream or sees a glorious vision regarding the tank. The

Brahmins and the Rajah take him up. He begins to prophesy, and soon gathers a number of disciples round him, is duly installed as a Mahant, and henceforth both the tank and the Mahant are historical and religious facts. The death of the old Mahant adds to the historic and religious lustre of both, and as the years roll on tank and temples get invested with grand, solemn, and awful religious interest, until they become like one I know near Faizabad, dedicated to *Sitala Devi* (the goddess of small-pox), where a special worship is offered on Mondays for deliverance from that awful malady, and on the fourteenth day of any month one bathes, turns round, snaps one's fingers, and attains all one's desires, even though it be a special bit of spite against a man that one hates, but has neither courage nor resources to injure. The Devi, or goddess, does that for him.

I well remember alighting from the cart, on arriving at the great door of the Rajah's palace. I can see the high, massive brick walls and arched doorway, twelve or fifteen feet high, guarded by a rag-tag-and-bob-tail sepoy guard, every man in a different

uniform, but every one of them armed with a talwar and a shield studded with large steel stars. Our arrival was notified at the window of the gateway. All these great doorways in India have a *khirki*, or window (the camel's eye) near the bottom, big enough for a man to go easily through. The massive doors were swung open for us, and we were admitted. We had 'a good, restful time there,' as mother called it. Joey Baba was in high favour with the young Rani, for two reasons: firstly because he was a boy with a fair complexion, flaxen hair, and blue eyes; and secondly because he was a great and endless talker, and full of mischief and pranks. He was often in the young Rani's lap, fondled and petted and kissed, fed and stuffed with native sweetmeats to no end, to which he never objected except when he could eat no more. Ah, yes! and another thing I remember quite well; how she used to fill my little hands with silver and even gold coins (gold *mohurs*). But even this happy time had to come to an end. The Rajah watched his opportunity, and then, under a strong escort of twelve of his sepoy, sent us on to the English fort of Nimach.

But even in that short journey, well guarded as we were, we fell in with two little adventures, the first of which might easily have done for the lot of us, and the second meant death to at least one of the party, if it had come off.

Two days after we left the Rajah's palace, and while on our way to Nimach, we had to pass through a rather large native village. This village harboured quite a number of mutinous sepoy, who had rebelled at Nasirabad and Nimach, and, rich in the loot they had gained, had nicely settled down in their village. The morning was well advanced as our cart entered the far end of this straggling village. It spread like wildfire that a Mem Sahiba and her four white children had entered the village in a bullock-cart with an escort from the Rajah. In no time, out rushed eight sepoy with loaded guns and fixed bayonets. They were drawn up in a line at an open space in the village. The plan was to fire a volley, and then these eight heroes were to charge on the cart and put to the bayonet one helpless woman and her four children, the eldest—Joey Baba—only five years old! It required a lot

of courage to do that, and no less than eight sepoys ! Let us see how it all ended.

As soon as we came within eighty or a hundred yards of these brave native soldiers, they thundered out in true military style '*Halt!*' and a *havaladar* (sergeant) gave the word of command to his firing-line. 'Ready, present'; the third word, 'fire,' was wanting; had that been given, terrible would have been the consequences to us inside the cart. The sepoys lost sight of two awkward facts: *first*, against their eight loaded guns we had twelve loaded muskets, not quite so good as theirs, it is true, but the distance was so close that there was no chance of missing one's aim; *secondly*, our men were on their guard, and had divided up, six on each side of the cart, and were perfectly cool and ready for any emergency. The enemy would have fired their eight barrels into the cart; but, before they had time to load again (and it was all muzzle-loading in those days), they would have found themselves biting the dust in their blood. But there was a smart military sound about '*Ready, present*' (which the sepoy always

pronounces 'Rudy, pregent,' and the word 'bull's-eye,' on the target, all through the Native army is still called *phuljurry*!). 'Stop!' shouted our havaldar, who also had three red stripes on the arm of his coat, and felt quite as important a man in his squad of twelve as the other three-striped havaldar felt in his squad of only eight. 'Stop! Fire if you dare!'

'What will you do if we do fire?'

'Put your guns down and listen to us,' said our man. 'This lady and her four children have been placed under me and my men by the Rajah. My orders are to deliver them over to the British Government at Nimach, and our lives, and the lives of our wives and children, he holds in surety against theirs. If you fire into this cart we will immediately fire on you. What profit will that be to you? Again, when we go back to the Rajah and report what you have done, he will put every member of your families to death, male and female, old and young. He will burn your houses to ashes and confiscate your lands. There will be no half-measures with the Rajah, you know that; no mercy for you and yours. You will be

trampled to death under the feet of elephants! *Samjah?* (You understand?)

And they did understand. They saw that the game was not worth the powder and shot, so they very sullenly trailed arms, turned to the right-about, and dispersed; while the village yokels and bumpkins, who, perhaps, had never seen a white woman and children before, turned out, lined the streets, and gazed on us in wonderment as our ox-cart rolled through their one and only street. The smaller fry followed on at the tail of the cart.

We were not safe in the bazaar. We knew not when some fanatical sepoy might send a bullet singing about our ears, or into one of our heads. Mother told me that she heard some say, 'Look at the white she-monkey and her four young ones. Kill them, kill them; won't some one kill them?' Ram Din took us, therefore, a mile or two beyond. There we rested under a tope of large trees, and started off early in the evening, and tried to put as many miles as we could between ourselves and that village.

A day or two before we got to Nimach, about seven o'clock in the morning, as we

were going quietly along, and nearing our camp, all at once a huge tiger sprang out from a thicket, right into the middle of the road, about twenty yards in front of us. He gave a tremendous roar, and began lashing his sides with his tail. He was hungry, and wanted one of the bullocks, but the sight of so many men all round guarding them made him pause, and hesitate in his deadly spring. He gave this great roar to assert his kingship and right of way, and also to frighten us. The marvel is that the Rajah's sepoy's did not take to their heels and bolt, leaving us and the bullocks to the mercy of the 'Royal Tiger.' The roar of the tiger brought one of the bullocks down in terror on both his knees, and he pulled his yoke-fellow down with him. The position was critical and dangerous, but Ram Din rose to the occasion. The tiger, after giving his big roar, stood across the road, rocking himself from side to side, glaring with his eyes, and with that low, snarling growl (quite impossible to spell and so peculiar to tigers), exhibited such a set of teeth that there was no doubt as to his intentions. He was thinking, no doubt, about what he had to do, and how

best to do it. But while he was thinking, so were we. It was all done in a few seconds on both sides. The escort had their guns loaded, and the havaldar said, 'Let us fire and kill him right out in one volley.' 'Stop!' shouted Ram Din, 'on no account fire. You are not trained soldiers and good shots like the Government native troops. Eleven of you would miss altogether, and the twelfth, by a fluke, would graze the tiger in the leg, and then he would spring fair into the middle of the cart, and kill the Mem Sahiba and her four children. No ; let six men keep their guns loaded ready to kill the tiger if he springs, but let the other six fire over his head, and then let us all give one prolonged shout.' This was done. The report of the six guns, followed by the big shout, quite took the tiger by surprise ; it was outside his calculations ; he gave one terrific roar, and bounded away into his jungle domains. A twist or two of their tails soon brought the frightened bullocks on to their legs, and we went on our way rejoicing. That great tiger was the topic of much conversation all the rest of that day, and the night too.

We were glad to be made over to the English authorities at Nimach. Now we felt our trouble was all over. But, alas! the biggest trouble of all was before us. Nimach is a little place, about three hundred miles south-west of Agra. Nasirabad, which is near to it, was the chief town of the British forces. They both had extensive and well-laid-out military cantonments, and had to keep a watchful eye on the many independent and semi-independent Native States around. It is a long story, and I am not writing history, but merely giving the story of our own adventures in that awful Mutiny. On May 28 the Mutiny broke out at Nasirabad, and soon spread to Nimach. Whole regiments had mutinied; officers had been shot while doing their best to keep their regiments together. Their wives and families often perished with them. Those who escaped butchery at the hands of the mutineers, through many privations and dangers, shut themselves up in a mud fort, which they defended with heroism against tremendous odds. We were among them.

The history of that short but terrible siege I cannot give here. But I do remem-

ber the first sortie we made, after entering the fort. We went out and tried to drive the enemy off, but their overwhelming numbers compelled us to retreat, and we fought a desperate retiring fight. I was out in the quadrangle, and I see it as if it were now present to my vision—our broken battery of guns and horses coming in with the wounded and killed on the field-pieces and their limbers. Mother came out, seized me by the collar of my coat, and rushed me in. I remember, too, seeing the big shells from the enemies' mortars dropping in like big black plum-puddings, and bursting inside the square. I remember that awful evening of excitement and fight, when the enemy brought their bamboo ladders up to the mud walls, and tried to scale them, but were driven off, and hurled from the ramparts at the point of the bayonet.

At last our ammunition and rations were nearly exhausted. Surrender was impossible: that meant butchery without mercy. And now I relate what mother told me. It was resolved that at 10 a.m. the next day we were to meet in the magazine, a part of the Litany was to be read,

and we were to stand round our powder and explosives. Conductor Taylor was to fire the train, and we were all to be blown into eternity. This was considered, by our small council of war, as the best death to die. Mother told me that the last night of our short siege was an awful one. Few slept; they walked up and down the quadrangle in twos and threes, quietly talking. Every hour brought us nearer to our last on earth, when we should stand round the small powder-heap, and look each other in the face for the last time on this side. Yet no one flinched. Mother spent the night in prayer, while we, her children, slept in peaceful and happy unconsciousness of the gloomy morrow.

The next morning, in the grey dawn, a voice from the ramparts called down, 'I believe they have gone.' There was a great rush up. For a long distance the plain was strewn with clothing, garments, and utensils, as if the flight had been rapid and full of fear. Could it be true that the enemy had fled and left us on the very morning of the contemplated destruction of ourselves? It was even so. Oh, the cheer that went up from that band of imprisoned

Englishmen ! The joy of mothers and wives, who shall describe it ? Later in the day we learned the cause of the flight of the enemy when a small British force entered our gates.

Shortly after we got to Nasirabad little Arthur died of the privations and hardships of those awful times. Joey Baba and his brother Tom were sent off to the hills to a school founded by Sir Henry Lawrence for orphans and fatherless children, such as we were. There we stayed for ten long years. But to tell this, and how I was led to give myself to God, and how I became a missionary, and started my work, is another yarn.

A TOUR IN THE VILLAGES

MY wife and I have just completed our winter tour through the villages of our circuit. To do them all one might be travelling and preaching the whole year and then not touch numbers of them. The following figures will give some idea of the nature and extent of our village work in this circuit. We have eleven large villages, with populations varying from three to five thousand, and there are 206 villages with from one to two thousand people, 513 with from five hundred to one thousand, and 1,952 with from anything up to five hundred. These facts are from the Government census book, and give an idea of the magnitude of the work.

I might fill pages with interesting and amusing incidents of this tour. We are able to get right out into the open air and in among these village folk, sitting in the sugar-cane field with them, or by the sugar-

cane mills, watching them working in their fields, sitting with them in the heart of the village, singing, talking, preaching, hearing and answering questions. One cannot do all this and be in the midst of it all for three weeks without learning much and seeing and hearing things new and strange. Even a missionary with a quarter of a century's experience learns much. It is *the* ground and *the* school for a missionary to gain a rich and a deep experience, and I know of no place better calculated to stir to the very depth his love and sympathies for the people.

Of course we lodged in tents, and always in a big grove and under the thickest and darkest shades of the grove. The grove itself is a study. The animals (especially at night), the birds, and the insects that visit or are permanent inhabitants are all objects of deepest interest. If one only keeps one's eyes wide open and is always looking and observing, three weeks in the villages is an education in itself and a time of deep, absorbing interest.

One day at noon I stood facing the trunk of a great mango-tree for nearly half an

hour, witnessing the finish-off of a great battle between two tribes of ants, the red and the black. Both had equal rights in the tree. I came too late to be able to tell how the quarrel originated or who were the aggressors. All I know is that the battle was raging, and that it was a great, fierce, and deadly fight. The large red ants, or *mata*, gum the leaves of a branch together in some wonderful way, and use some fluffy stuff, which I do not know how they get or manufacture; and so their nests are like large bags of leaves. The black ants, or *chunta*, live in the hollows and cracks of the tree, or in a hole under it. They ramble all over the tree and its leaves, and nothing escapes them. The red one, or *mata*, absolutely knows not what fear is. Touch him with your finger, and he stands up on his two hind legs and goes for you. I have let them lay hold. They *do* bite; they hold fast and, like a bull-dog, won't let go. You may pull your enemy in two, but he dies like a hero, with his two nippers deeply buried in your skin, and leaves his large head and two bright, protruding eyes behind him.

At length the red ants won the day.

Black and red alike are cannibals. When the battle was over it was a sight to see the victorious reds carrying away the dead and the wounded to their nests for a great feast.

At another place, far away beyond Tanda, where the river Ghogra bends round a lovely stretch of country, with high banks, and where few, if any, sportsmen ever go, I watched for half an hour at sunset a couple of alligators, going up and downstream with them—taking all the cover I could, of course, and unobserved by them—as they scoured the banks hunting and navigating for their supper. They were quite fifteen feet long, and terrible brutes. They came up every now and then and floated on the surface, giving one a full view of their entire length and their broad backs. Then they would gradually sink till one only saw the great horny lump at the tip of their nozzles; then they would roll about, first on one side and then on the other. They would just occasionally come up close to the bank in two feet of water, look round prospecting, paddle a bit, and quietly glide away into deeper water. Then they would swim out two or

three hundred feet and come back again. It was grand to see the old monsters disporting themselves, lashing the shallow water with their tails, and sucking in and spouting out the water. Would not any boy or girl have given a week's pocket-money to have spent this half-hour with me, watching these two creatures? At last I went down to the water's edge, when I had had enough of walking up and down watching them. As I discovered myself they parted and slowly glided out about twenty or thirty feet from land, and lay low, with just their eyes above water, and I quite interpreted the expression in their kindly eyes: 'This way for a nice swim and an evening bath.' I clapped my hands, by way of a friendly greeting, and said: 'Not this evening, thanks. I have quite forgotten to bring my bathing outfit; good time to you. *Bahut, bahut salám,*' and I returned to my tent for the evening.

On February 18, after a drive of twelve miles, we pulled up at Brother Spencer's door, at Tanda, at 4 p.m. A sumptuous meal awaited us. It would be difficult to say how many and varied were the things

brought on to the hospitable table by the loving hands of Spencer and his wife for the entertainment of their Padri and his Mem Sahiba ; and nothing would do but that they must wait on us and serve us with their own hands. Seven p.m. saw us in our tent, pitched on the other side of the Tanda stream and under the largest and finest tope of trees I have yet seen. A regiment of cavalry might lodge itself and picket its horses under its shade.

The two great nuisances under canvas near a village are the village pariah dog and the howling packs and gangs of passing jackals. If a stream does not divide and cut you off from the village, there is yet a third—the sly, cunning, thieving village civet cat. As soon as you get in, and the cook has opened his boxes and arranged his earthen cooking-range, two or three of these howling village policemen—the pariah dogs in uniforms of black, red, and white, or all three mixed, with long, whip-like tails and bat-like ears—turn up. They patrol the camp ; you may drive them off, pelt them with clods, but they will come again. They are proof against sticks and stones. They are a mean, cringing, cowardly,

thieving, half-starved crew. They belong to no one, and when fairly caught in the act of stealing, will lie down and cringe at your feet, with such a look, as if they said, 'Don't kill me.'

At eleven at night I fell asleep. I was suddenly awakened by a peculiar noise and feeling. I felt as though I was the back wheel of an old bike, inflated to bursting point ! The tension was awful, when the nightmare brought me nearly to the point of explosion ! I opened my eyes in great stress of feeling, and there right in front of me, twelve inches from my very face, in the dead of night, was a great white pariah dog, glaring at me with his large hungry eyes, and his poor wistful face seemed to say, 'Awfully hungry, Padri Sahib, not even a bone for me to gnaw at ; that wretched cook of yours has put everything out of the way. I have searched your tent through and through, and found nothing. Three times the *chowkidar* (the watchman) has driven me off ; the last time he threw a *lathi* at me, and I really thought he had broken my two hind legs. I was just smelling and sniffing round your pillow ; you don't happen to have anything to eat ? '

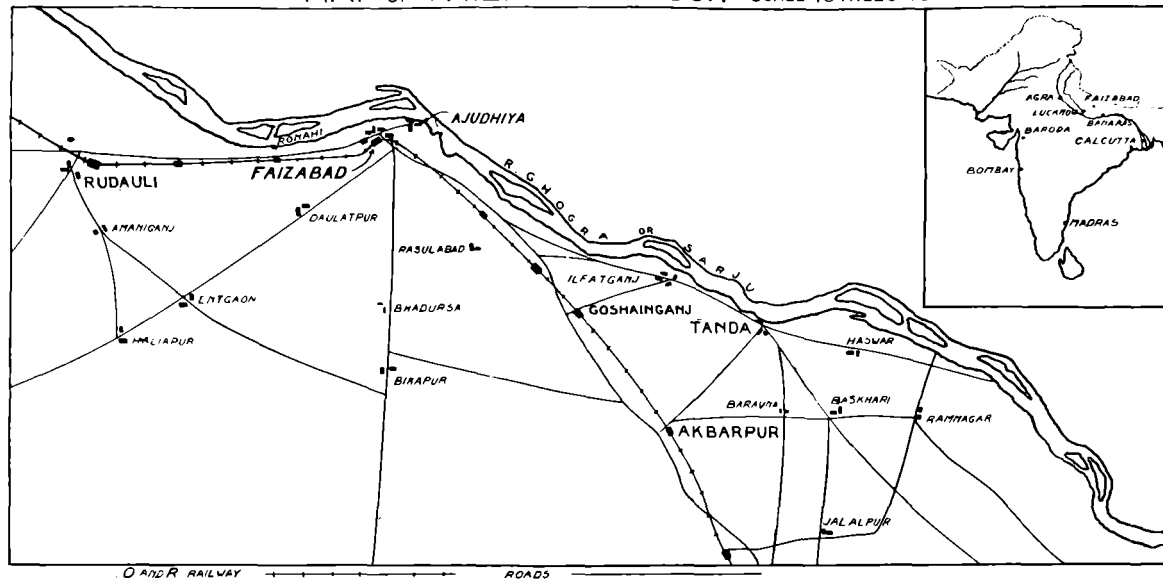
I gave him, in reply, a nightmare look and a nightmare gesture. The effect was magical: he flew out of the tent with a bound, and in less than three minutes I was sound asleep again.

The next day we held an afternoon service at Spencer's. The native Christian church had all gathered. A word about this Tanda. Tanda has a population of 20,000, mostly Mohammedan, and of the Julaha, or weaver class. This is, of all Mohammedans, the most ignorant, the most fanatical, and the most troublesome class. For years I hesitated at opening work in this place. Miss Harris of the Z.B.M.M., who had girls' schools and zanana workers there, begged me to take up the place. 'No,' I said, 'there is no chance of doing much at such a bigoted, fanatical Mohammedan centre.' But she continued to urge and plead the cause of Tanda. Finally my wife, Mr. A. T. Cape, and I went to Tanda, just before I went home on furlough, in 1900. We had a good look all round, weighed the claims of the place, and decided to open work. But we felt that we should have to send a good strong man, who could hold his own

against such a population. The Lord sent us *the* man, just the man we wanted, in our evangelist. His wife is also a very capable woman. The next question was one of ways and means. Where was the money to come from? It would cost us in all Rs. 25 a month, Rs. 300 a year. We determined to go halves, A. T. C. to be responsible for Rs. 150 and J. A. E. for Rs. 150. We have done this for two years; we dissolved partnership in January, 1902 (he went to Benares, I remain here), and when we divided up, we found we were each Rs. 200 out of pocket on the two years. We have both put it on the *Dr.* side of our personal account, believing that He who put it into our hearts to open work in this place will put it into the hearts of some of His people to respond to our appeal. Tanda is now on its legs, and no anxiety to us. We have an Anglo-Vernacular Boys' School here, with a Christian head master and fifty boys on the registers; we have an evangelist, with one assistant; and a lady in England gave us what has purchased all our mission premises for Rs. 833. God has blessed the work, and thus justified our undertaking. While I was in England

MAP OF FAIZABAD CIRCUIT

SCALE 16 MILES TO THE INCH



Mr. Cape baptized ten, and soon after my arrival I baptized six. Thus we have sixteen inside of two years, and that in a place where results seemed so hopeless.

Besides this, Tanda has grown into a sub-circuit of Faizabad, with three new stations—Jalalpur, population 7,000 ; Bhas-kari, population 4,000, and Barowna, population 2,000. These three are being supported by friends at home. The three above-named stations, with Tanda and Akbarpur, cover an area of 144 square miles and a population of about 80,000 ; and so Tanda bids fair to be one of the brightest and most hopeful corners in this circuit.

But I must get back to Wednesday, February 19, 1902. We held our native service in Spencer's house. A man and his wife, baptized by me three months previously, brought their two boys for baptism. The family belonged to the Goshain caste, who maintain that they are a higher caste than even the Brahmins. Some of their relatives held these boys back, but finally the father secured them and came in ten miles to attend this service and have the two boys baptized. At the close of the service the father said, ' Now at last, one whole family

of five are all Christians ; and, sir, before the end of the year, you may expect to baptize at least ten more of our caste, and near relatives of mine.'

Miss Leetch, of the Z.B.M.M., was with us for a day and a night under the great tope of trees. She was giving Tanda her last visit before going home on furlough. It was a memorable night. I lost my fox-terrier, Jip. Jip and I are inseparable. We understand each other, we love each other, we never quarrel, she renders me absolute obedience and fidelity. It's wonderful how attached an Englishman gets to his dog in India. Sleeping out in the open air at nights, as we do here, for nearly three months of the year, a sharp little terrier is a guarantee against snakes, thieves, and other nocturnal rambles. In camp, under canvas, as a protection from thieves, a little dog is doubly valuable. All attempts to find little Jip were in vain, though we searched far and near. I was sad.

We chatted away late into the night. We talked of India and our work ; and then, quite imperceptibly, we glided away,

as all sahibs have a habit of doing, into talking of the old homeland, the children and the loved ones far across the sea, till the lumps came into the throat. As the night grew upon us in its stillness, our conversation seemed to hallow it.

The next morning, Thursday, February 20, my wife and I in our tum-tum, with provisions and filtered water for the day, and Spencer in his smart little *ekka*, but which he will have called a *karakal* (curricule), all started for Ilfatganj—distant from Tanda eight miles.

At the second mile we stopped to visit Laranpur, a small village on our right, with only thirty houses in it, of which two were Christian. Alas! we have not many of these yet; would to God we had them dotted all over this circuit! The fewness of them makes them all the more precious, and we nourish and cherish these small Christian village growths with jealous watchfulness and care. I would rather go and live in such a village for a week, working with my own hands in helping to build their houses, or stay in their midst to live down opposition, than remove the Christians into a town. Laranpur is the first

village in Tanda Tahsil where we had conversions, and where the Christian families had faced it out and held on in their village home. My joy was great on approaching this village. It was my first visit. There, half a mile from the road, it nestled among mango-trees and clumps of graceful bamboos. Do you think I could walk like an ordinary, sensible mortal? Not a bit of it; but more like an eager boy of sixteen, in anticipation of a great joy, I cleared every hollow and hillock with a bound, and chatted and joked with Spencer, who seemed as happy as myself, for the converts and the work were all his own, and now his Padri Sahib was going round with him looking at it all!

Spencer had sent on a messenger the day before to say the Padri Sahib, Mem Sahiba, and he himself were all coming to see the folks at Laranpur. No English Padri had been there before, perhaps no Englishman, and certainly no Englishwoman. The consequence was we found the whole village *At Home*, and all eager to see us. The two Christian families were there; the two wives were the cleanest and most neatly dressed of all the women present. String

beds were brought out, and we sat down under a large shady tree, with the whole village round us. We sang them a Christian lyric, in Hindi, and then I preached, after which we sang again and talked. I then said: 'Now you have two Christian families in your midst, why don't you all turn to Christ and become Christians, and then seek your relatives in the adjoining villages and try to win them for Christ?' I then showed them what a Christian was; why they should become Christians, and what they should do after becoming Christians. We sang another hymn; I then pushed the men back, and gathered all the women, girls, and children closely round where my wife was sitting, made them sit on the ground all round her, and made the men stand outside to listen to my wife. 'Listen!' I said, 'and hear what this Englishwoman, my wife, has to say to your women and children.' And they *did* listen. My wife spoke well that day; she caught an inspiration.

After an hour's service, I went to see the head man at the village. I had a ten-minutes' chat with him, and made him promise that he would in no way interfere

with, or hinder, the work of Christianity in his village. If the Christians behaved well, he said, he would be a friend and help them. A month after this promise was made, a child in one of these two Christian families died. Spencer came out to bury the little girl of seven. Jahangir Khan met him, showed him a small mango-grove, about a quarter of an acre, and said, 'I give you this free of rent; bury your Christian dead here in peace. *Salám*, peace be with you.' So here we have two Christian families, the large shady tree in the middle of the village, which will do duty as a chapel for many a long day to come, and now hard by is the cemetery grove where the first Christian lies, awaiting the great day when the graves shall give up their dead, to the coming Prince of Life and Glory.

We arrived at Ilfatganj at 11 a.m., and were welcomed by Newton (our evangelist) and his wife, Najjan. Newton is a Hindu convert from the 'Goshains,' a tall, spare man, with a long beard and large dark eyes. He is a daring, fearless man, a good preacher, a great walker, and a tireless village worker. His wife, Najjan, is one

of our converts from a fairly good Moham-medan family at Rudauli. Thus, in their union, we have a blending of extremes (a Hindu priest of high order with a daughter of Islam).

We spent four hours in the house with Newton and his wife, and saw a number of people who wanted to interview us. And then, at 3 p.m., Spencer, Newton, and I went forth to preach, for it was the weekly market day and Spencer arranged for us to be present. We took our stand on a rising mound under a banyan-tree, with a large well on our left. We preached and sang to the people for about an hour and a quarter, and while preaching had quite three hundred listeners at a time. Our preacher and his wife have quietly and nicely settled down among the people, and are doing well. Yesterday I got a letter from Spencer, saying that there were two or three widows anxious to become Christians, and to put their girls into our Akbarpur Orphanage. We have also, after much difficulty, secured and purchased a site just big enough for a preacher's house, and are spending Rs. 125 on it. It is nearly finished. This will be the

first 'village parsonage' in the Tanda sub-circuit.

Ilfatganj has a population of about 3,000, with populous little villages all round. It is the northerly corner of a square of about sixty-four square miles, with Tanda at one end, Akbarpur at another, and Goshainganj at the other, all occupied by us now. We have a similar square on the southerly side of Tanda, of 144 square miles, with a population of 80,000. This square, too, is now occupied by us.

Late in the evening we left Ilfatganj; about a hundred boys, girls, and young fellows followed our carts out of the little town, and cheered and clapped as we took the road and dashed off.

The next morning, just as we were leaving Tanda, who should come running yelping into the camp but the missing Jip! She had been lost two days, and we had given her up. She came dragging a yard of rope behind her. We found out that a *namak-wala sahib* (a gentleman(?) in the Salt Customs) who knew a good dog when he saw it, and who no doubt thought it was too good a dog for the best native in Tanda, collared her; but in the nick of time Jip

bit the rope through and got to us. It was with a glad heart I took my southerly journey that morning.

On Friday, February 21, we camped at Haswar, where we stayed two days. About 9 a.m. we stopped at a small *purwa* or hamlet of about twenty houses, or rather, mud huts. We halted as much as anything to give the old mare a bit of rest, as she had come over a bad bit of road. As soon as we stopped, two or three villagers came out to look at the Sahib, but above all to view the Mem Sahiba (an Englishwoman perhaps never came into such close view and inspection before). 'If you will be so kind,' said I, speaking the broadest of village dialect, 'as to bring out a *khatiya* (string bed) Mem Sahiba and I will sit down, and we will sing, and I will yarn with you till your hearts are full!' There was a big laugh, both at the friendliness and the colloquial dash of my style. Off they ran and brought two beds; my wife and I sat on one, and the other was left for the few respectable ones of the village to sit on.

We began with an audience of about

seven. We sang a *bhajan* (Christian lyric, in pure Hindi); by the time we had finished Spencer came dashing up in his *karakal*, with my servant, a Mohammedan, and his *colporteur*, Kheru Singh. 'Whatever are you doing here, sir,' he said, 'sitting down at this small roadside *purwa*? If you go stopping at every small place like this we shall not get into camp until evening.' 'Keep *chup* (quiet), Spencer,' said I; 'just you sit down here; we will have a rare old time in this little roadside place, you'll see.' With a grim, incredulous smile, the stalwart Spencer sat down.

'Now then, Spencer,' I said, 'let us sing this; it's a grand *bhajan*. Sing it out till every late sleeper in yonder huts shall be roused up and come out to hear us strange wandering religious minstrels!' It was No. 387. No *bhajan* in the hymn-book has such a swing, and none lends itself better to a big shout. It's the one with which we always raise a crowd in the bazaar and at *melas* (religious fairs). The words and sentiments, too, are very popular with the people. While we are singing, and while one by one they are being slowly drawn out of their huts—men, women, and

children—and I am beckoning them to us with my hand, let me give you a rough-and-ready translation of this famous open-air hymn :

O my soul, why hast thou forgotten, in this world ?
Just pause a bit and think.
There is no rest in this evil world,
It is like a stream of running water.
Your father and mother and relatives will all come
to see you at your death,
But no one will be found to go with you.
Whatever is left on your body (valuables)
Even of these will they strip you.
When to the fires of Hell you depart
No one will be found to deliver you.
O brother, do, for salvation, do then seek ;
The Lord Jesus Christ is thy Saviour.

Then comes the poor sinner's prayer :

Then, O Lord, this sinner is Thy bondsman,
Beside Thee I have no other.

Before we had finished this hymn it seemed as if every available human being out of the village had gathered round us under the shade of the big tree where we sat. And oh, how they listened to me ! Their attention and interest was deep and absorbing, and to us most gratifying. ' When will you come again ? ' said they.

‘Give us notice and we will all come ; we won’t be shy, or afraid of coming to hear again.’ At the end of my address I spoke of the rest that the soul had in Christ—how the very poor could come and cast themselves, their sins and all their cares and troubles, on Him ; that He was especially the poor, weary, worn man and woman’s friend and Saviour, and then I spoke of His rest in heaven. ‘No transmigration’ (*awágaman*—coming and going), I said, ‘but absent in the body and present with the Lord. No more hard, fruitless, unrequited toil for you poor things ; no more hunger and thirst, no more sickness and pain, no more sorrow, no more sin, no death, for ever with the Lord at rest, at home, in a heaven of peace, joy, and blessedness.’ The tears were rolling down the cheeks of a few women, very poor toilers, whose lives were mostly all toil, all hunger, and all privation. A group of these women gathered round my wife, and a comparatively young widow of about thirty said : ‘Mem Sahiba, I have no one in the world ; husband gone, three children gone ; it is as your Sahib has said, all toil and sorrow and no rest. If there is such

a *baikunt* (heaven) as your Sahib says, and such a rest for the poor and the widow, oh ! that I might find it, I would gladly go now.' She threw herself down, and, clasping my wife's feet, said, '*Hai mai*' ('O mother'). I went away from that purwa with moist eyes, and Spencer declared that he would never pass by that roadside village again without a look in and a preach.

Two miles further on we came to the village of Herapur. Here we got out again, and spent nearly an hour. We have a Christian family here : Gopal Das, his wife, and two sons ; his girl is in our Akbarpur Orphanage, which is slowly growing into the Primary Girls' School for all the poor girls—daughters of our village converts. As soon as these folks turn to Christ they themselves, without any urging from us, instinctively crave for education and training for their boys and girls, and Christianity cannot and dare not deny it. I must now plan and work for a primary school in this circuit for my village boy converts, and it must be at Tanda.

At Herapur we made straight for the house of Gopal Das. We sat down first beside his house and just talked. This

disarmed all suspicion. In a short time the whole village and even the head man and his son were standing or squatting all round us. We sang, and Spencer and I preached. We then left my wife to sing and talk to the women, and went off with the head man to visit his house. We went slowly round, the whole village at our heels, visiting and inspecting their various homes. This pleased the folks very much indeed. We got back to my wife, and the people would have one more song and a few more words from me. Hungry, tired, and thirsty we got into Haswar at high noon.

Haswar is a big place. It has a small Rajah, who has a grand half-brick, half-mud palace, which for years he has been trying to convert into *all brick*, with a grand gateway.

Poor Spencer got in half an hour late, footsore and weary, for his harness, which is really made up of three old sets, broke (it breaks in nearly every journey)! He mends it up as he goes along with string and a penknife! 'You should get a new set of harness, Spencer,' said I. 'Where am I to get Rs. 15 (£1) from for harness? It will last out this year, I think, and then we'll see.'

We found the tope of trees under which we pitched our tent already occupied by a small brigade of red-faced, short-tailed monkeys. But just one report from the right barrel of an old muzzle-loader that I had in camp for purposes of self-protection sent them flying in all directions and gave us undisputed possession. Two days later, however, when half the camp and luggage went on to the next place and the gun with them, the monkeys must have noted the fact, for they came back in force, and nothing would drive them off till I went into the tent and got my walking-stick, cocked it up to my shoulder as if it were a gun, and pointed it at them, as though taking deadly aim ; then off they went again.

That evening, at three o'clock, my first visitor was a venerable old gentleman, an Anglo-Indian—a short man with a very long, bushy beard, large, dark, and piercing eyes, and a most intelligent face. Spencer knew of him, and introduced us. 'What on earth are you doing here, in this out-of-the-way place?' I asked; 'and how have you come to such an out-of-the-way place?' After a good laugh, he

explained that he was superintendent of the Rajah's indigo factories, of which there were four. He took me over the largest, and explained the whole process of indigo manufacture, and then came over and took tea with us at five o'clock. He himself was a marvellous illustration of the 'ups and downs' of indigo speculation. His father died leaving the family six lakhs of rupees, and here was he living in a miserable shanty and serving the Rajah on eighty rupees a month and a small commission on the out-turn. He told us some delightful tales of the old indigo days in Bengal. It was with real pleasure he joined us in prayers, under the trees; and when I asked the old man if he too would like to pray, he said, 'Please excuse me; it's years since I have been inside a church, and I am unaccustomed to pray *extempore*, and am, besides, a Roman Catholic.'

After prayers he took me and Spencer to see the Rajah. The Rajah took us over all the buildings except the zanana apartments, showed us his stables, garden, &c., and the more minutely we inspected everything the more thoroughly was he pleased. It was a big, rambling house, still unfinished,

and for years it will remain unfinished—natives build slowly, and keep altering their plans till they arrive at the perfect design at the end.

By arrangement my wife was to come the next morning to visit the Rajah's zanana. At seven in the morning a huge male elephant arrived in full 'durbar' trappings, with his forehead and the upper part of his trunk painted gorgeously in yellow, blue, and vermilion. They forgot, however, to bring the ladder—and verily this huge creature needed one! With some difficulty I got my wife into the howdah.

The Rajah and his two brothers and other relations met us at the large gateway with true Oriental courtesy. On passing in through the great doorway we entered a large square courtyard. Chairs were arranged for us, and after a quarter of an hour's palaver we were received into a long, narrow, dingy state-room, where there was a piano! The Rajah asked my wife to play something. 'Give them something noisy and dashing,' I said. She gave them 'The Harmonious Blacksmith.' That suited them exactly. He then asked us to sing something.

‘ Ah, Rajah Sahib, I have it,’ I said ; ‘ we will sing you a popular child’s song, a hymn that every Englishman knows ; we will sing it first in English and then in Hindustani. Fortunately I know the exact translation of it in Hindustani—your tongue.’

‘ Oh, that’s very good, and it’s very kind of you ; be graciously pleased to sing it.’

We sang ‘ There is a happy land, far, far away.’ Then we sang it in Hindustani : ‘ Des ek hai khush o khāss, dūr, dūr hai, dūr.’ I lined it out, however, first ; and as I explained the lines gave them a clear idea, which I hope they will never forget, of the Christian’s heaven. We then sang it, Spencer joining in and even our Anglo-Indian indigo planter.

‘ Now,’ said I, ‘ would you like to hear some Christian Hindi lyrics ’ (the Rajah is a Hindu). ‘ I should be delighted,’ he said ; ‘ sing as many as you like.’ We sang him two, and I took care to bring in all the gospel I could while explaining the Christian lyric.

The women in the *zanana* became impatient, and sent in word that they were

ready and wanted to see the Mem Sahiba. After my wife left, in came two or three trays laden with varieties of native food and sweetmeats, and notwithstanding all my protests that I had had toast and tea before leaving my tent, I was compelled to taste of every dish. There I sat, on a raised wooden daïs, with these three large trays before me filled with small dishes of varieties of tiptop native cooking, such as Rajahs and Hindu princes delight in. When I started on the task, all who were sitting on the daïs with me cleared out, and there I sat alone, legs crossed, the Rajah and his family on chairs to my left, and about thirty male attendants standing with their backs to the wall of the room watching the white Brahmin (!) feed. 'Why,' said the indigo man, 'you want him to eat without knife, fork, or spoon!' There was no knife or fork in the palace, but an attendant remembered that there was a German silver spoon. It was brought, washed, and handed to me. It was all German, but no silver! So I set to work, and did my duty; with forty pairs of eyes watching I tasted of each dish, and when I put the spoon down, the audience said

'Go on.' I could not plead 'Time,' for it was yet morning, but I did the Oriental thing, I pleaded a *full programme*. My wife had much the same sort of programme set before her, but declined. There was a piano in their room, and she sang and talked to the women. They were delighted beyond measure at hearing the full compass of the English *baja*, or instrument, sounding out Hindi Christian lyrics which my wife sang and explained to them.

An incident in the seclusion of that *zanana* will show you how far a bit of real kindness travels and the amount of good it does towards helping on the gospel. In the midst of those women was an old dame of about sixty, whom all looked up to as a most devout and holy woman, a pilgrim who had recently returned from a long, long pilgrimage to the most sacred shrines of North India. She literally embraced my wife before them all as a representative of the white man's race and his religion. Then she turned on the Rani and her attendants, and said, 'I was travelling a long, long distance by train from one holy shrine to another, when midway a native railway official, and a

Hindu too, mind you, made out that my ticket was wrong, pulled me out of the train, and said I could walk the rest of the way. I turned from one to another, all Hindus, pleaded that I was a *sadhni* (a holy woman), but not one of them would listen to me. May the gods plague their souls and lengthen out with many sorrows and pain their transmigrations! In my trouble and despair, with a crowd of unsympathetic Hindus round me, and just as the train was going to start, up came a white man—an *angrez*—a real *angrez*! “What’s this,” he said. He heard my story, took my ticket, went away into the room, wrote something—I don’t know what—on the back of it, put me into my train, and said, “*Bahut achchha, jao*” (All right, you can go now), and I did go. No one said anything to me after that; they looked at the ticket and they all said “*Achchha*” (It’s well). I wish I could have kept that ticket. I could have gone all over India with that ticket, and everywhere it would have been *Achchha, achchha*. Listen to all this woman tells you. She comes of a race whose religion is acts of kindness. That is why they have

conquered our country and that is why they keep it.'

The dinner, with certain further additions, followed us to our tent, also the German silver spoon! We turned the dinner over to Spencer and a few native Christians who came into the camp, and we honestly returned the spoon.

Saturday evening brought us to our next camping-ground. We found quite forty or fifty people round our tent. We had tea in the open air, and as I wanted to speak to them afterwards, I indulged them in their wonder and curiosity in looking at us. The plates, the tea pouring out of the spout of the teapot, the way we sat on chairs, and the way the 'khansama' waited on us,—all this they will never, never forget, and will tell over and over again to others as one of the most wonderful things they ever saw in their lives.

On Sunday morning three leading Hindu *zamindars* (head men of villages) called on us with their attendants. We had not chairs enough for all, so they allowed me to sit on a chair, and they all, with Spencer, sat on a drugget with crossed legs. After we had talked a bit, I said, 'Now, if you

will excuse me, I'll go.' 'Where will you go?' 'I'll go to sing and speak for Jesus Christ in one of these near villages.'

'Come to mine,' said one. 'No! come to mine,' said another. 'Mine is the largest, come to mine,' said the third. At last the biggest man of the three said, 'No; do this. It will save you much walking and trouble; we will assemble our villages here.'

That we all agreed to. Each zamindar sent his man with the order to go into his village and cry out, 'The zamindar wants you to come to him to the white tent pitched near the four cross-roads.' There was authority combined with diplomacy in this message, for nothing fetches a native better than an order with a conundrum attached to it. And so they came, and they came till there was a company of over fifty fine, intelligent men, armed all with their lathis. We spread out two cotton druggets, on which they all sat; my wife sat on a chair, but I sat on the drugget before them.

We sang two hymns; I then read and explained a passage of Scripture, after which I knelt down and prayed before

them. The audience sat with bowed heads in perfect silence. We then sang another hymn, after which we threw the meeting open to general religious conversation, and we talked away for more than an hour in a serious strain, asking and answering questions on both sides. Finally they all rose in a body.

Before they went I said, 'See, brethren, you have witnessed and taken part in a real English Christian service. This is the way we Christians worship the one true and loving God. We sing some hymns to His praise, then read a portion of His Holy Word, then we listen to the preaching of His Word, again we sing, and conclude with the benediction.' I rehearsed this to them, and explained it. They all expressed the greatest pleasure and satisfaction, and more than one said, 'This seems the most sensible and real form of worship. It seems so real and true'; and one said 'It touches the heart.' '*Sach bāt hai, is men kuchh Shakk nahin*' (It's true, it's true; there is no doubt about that), said others.

This service was the only one of its kind that I held in my whole tour. It was a

gathering of the best men of three or four villages, all thakurs, the highest caste next to the Brahmins. Indeed, they call themselves the warrior caste, and the Brahmins are their priests. We went through a regular Methodist Sunday service with them, and I never had a more respectful and attentive audience. Who knows what the influence of this one service may be? This fact alone, that such a congregation should approve of, and sit reverently through such a service, is very significant.

A very peculiar feature in connexion with this kind of village open-air work is that at almost every camping ground one meets with a totally different experience. Here we have had the two poles. Feasting, singing, and preaching in the palace and zanana of a Rajah—with an Anglo-Indian indigo planter thrown in—and the grandly simple service under the mango-trees with these village head men and their followers.

I omitted to say that, as we were leaving the Rajah, and while we stood in the courtyard, the old indigo planter took off his hat and said, 'Rajah Sahib, and you all, listen to me. I can't preach, but I will

say this. This is the first time Christian hymns have been sung, and the religion of Jesus Christ preached in this palace. You all believe in ghosts, demons, and evil spirits : fear them no more ; Jesus Christ has driven them away to-day, and they will enter here no more.' The Rajah promised to call on me if ever he came to Faizabad, and gave me a warm welcome to come again when I would.

In the evening of Sunday, February 23, we went to a large village called Kawahi. We were taken there by Spencer chiefly on account of Jaggu Shah, a newly risen saint and leader of a new sect, who in three or four years has gathered round him about sixty *chelas*, or disciples. His son is quite an important personage in this fraternity. His name is Nand Gopal Shah. Notice the ending to both these names : *Shah* really means *king*. These *fakirs*, or holy men, think no end of themselves. Clothed in nakedness and ashes, with a long pair of heavy iron fire-tongs in their hands and a great coil of dirty false hair on their heads, these lazy, conceited, sponging, spiritual loafers appropriate to themselves titles of

royalty and put on saintly 'side' enough to make even a Pharisee blush.

However, Spencer explained to me that Jaggu Shah and his son Nand Gopal Shah were very desirable people, and folks to be cultivated. Indeed, Spencer assured me that in this little sect of sixty members, most of whom were known to him, he hoped to find future disciples for Christ. This was their head quarters, and over the windings and by-ways of village roads at last he brought me and my wife to Kawahi. It was a little late in the afternoon, but we found the master of the sect, his son, and about a dozen of their disciples, also Mrs. Jaggu Shah (a very talkative and important personage) at home. Their house was at the lower end of the village, and one of the largest and best. It consisted of one long verandah, quite thirty feet long, not more than six feet wide, and raised about three feet above the ground. It was clean and sweet, and had been nicely *lipaed*, or gone over, with a liquid like gruel, of three parts of tank mud and one of fresh cow-dung. Not only the floor, but as high as a woman's arms could reach, the wall of the verandah was also *lipaed*. Behind this verandah

were the private apartments. In front it was open, facing out on to the main village road, with room enough to seat and feast four hundred men ; and the great quadrangle was shaded by one of the largest and most magnificent tamarind-trees I have ever seen. To the right was the village tank, about 1,600 feet area ; the cattle drank from it and the villagers as well ; muddy and impure was its water, but *kuchh parwah nahin* (never mind), it all went down, in spite of enteric and all else.

As soon as we entered the verandah and were duly and properly introduced by Spencer, I noticed a *dholak* (a drum, like a little whisky-keg in shape—the great instrument to the roll and beat of which the Hindus sing their bhajans.) ‘Fetch out a string bed or two,’ I said, ‘and put them under this grand old tamarind-tree.’ Out came three or four beds, and by this time about forty or more villagers had gathered. When they saw my wife, the word soon went round the village that a Mem Sahiba had come. Timid women and girls came out in scores, and children many more.

‘What are you going to do ?’ asked Nand

Gopal Shah. 'Going to do!' said I, 'why I am going to sing you some real tiptop bhajans.' 'Bhajans? bhajans? Do you know and can you sing Hindi bhajans?' and he fairly stared in blank astonishment. 'Know any bhajans?' said I with equal astonishment; 'why, I know more than the whole of you in this village all put together. And sing? why——!' Well, I laughed the idea to scorn, and threw the cord of the drum over my neck and was going to start. 'What are you going to do with the dholak?' 'I'm going to play on it.' 'And can you play on the dholak?' 'Of course I can.' '*Wah, wah!*' (Hurrah! hurrah!) and off I went. In two minutes the crowd was in roars of laughter. 'And that's what you call *playing on the dholak?*' I laughed too. That improved the situation. Then my wife, Spencer, Khem Sing and I sang one of the sweetest and finest bhajans in the book:

Yisha Masih mero pran bachaiya
(O Jesus Christ! save my soul).

It went with a swing. There was no more laughing, nor even smiling; the crowd stood round in solemn silence. Then we came to a grand verse. 'Stop!' said I to

the singers, 'let me explain the beauty and teaching of this verse before we sing it.' The verse was :

*Gahri wah nadiya naw purani,
Yishu hai mero pār karaiya.*

Deep is that river (the river of death) and old is the boat (the human body); Jesus Christ will ferry me across.

After telling them of death, that would come to us all, then of the resurrection and immortality through Jesus Christ and of the brighter and better land beyond, I quoted from the 23rd Psalm the words, 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me: Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.'

'Sing us another,' said they, and we sang them another, and another. I explained the teaching of each before singing. And so we had a grand 'song service.' We disarmed them of all prejudice (for they had never heard the gospel in that distant village till Spencer went there and sang the gospel to them). The crowd was a large and mixed one. We talked and sang to them till the sun went down and the shades of evening began to gather round us;

then, much against the wishes of the people, we had to go, for we were quite two miles from our camp. Jaggu Shah, the head of the brotherhood, and some half-dozen more, saw us to the door of our tent.

I took the opportunity of detaching Jaggu Shah, and engaged him alone in close conversation all the way. I learned from him the tenets of his brotherhood, then compared his teachings with Christ's, showed him who and what Christ was. He listened in silence. I then said, 'Shah Sahib, what hinders you from becoming a humble disciple of this great *Guru*?' (Teacher). 'Nothing, if I choose to. I am independent. I am free to believe and accept if I will.' 'If you did, and if you learned this Great Teacher's doctrines, could you and would you preach them?' 'I would.' 'Free of cost?' 'I don't want any money.' 'How many of your disciples would come out?' 'I don't know, but quite a score of them would, I think; the most obedient and faithful of them would follow me.' 'Then will you accept Christ and come out?' 'I will think it over and come and see you. I want to know more.'

He has been to see me twice since. What

Jaggu Shah wants is to be thoroughly and soundly converted to God ; to be *born again*, and I have told him that nothing short of that will do. He is an earnest, sincere, thinking man, and I have hopes of him. If he gets thoroughly converted to God we shall secure many of the brotherhood for Christ, and others besides.

And so we rambled on to other villages, singing and preaching the gospel. One day we came to a large place called Ram Nagar. After our tent was pitched and we had had our tea we met about forty boys from the Government School, who were going home. Spencer stopped them and engaged them in conversation. Others gathered round ; and, seeing a crowd, I went up to it. I got hold of the boys ; I made two large mango-trees two goals, and taught them 'prisoner's base.' The boys got hotly excited in the game, which lasted half an hour, and once or twice came perilously near to a free fight over prisoners. 'Now,' I said, 'come, sit round, and make a big circle, and I'll tell you a yarn.' I told them the story of the conversion of Paul and then of the Jailer of Philippi. They *did* listen. We then sang them two bhajans and sent them off. They

scampered away cheering and shouting in high glee, and wanted to know if we would play, yarn, and sing again to-morrow evening. We then went into the centre of the village, and quite a hundred men and women gathered round us and we had a grand preach ; they all squatted down on the ground and listened with deepest interest. Some women came and got my wife out, and said, ' Come and talk to us ; let him talk to the men.' She went, she sang to them, she talked to them, let them talk, answered all their questions ; but in fifteen minutes I found my men had quietly got up and gone off, one by one, to her, and I had only about a score left. This was very humiliating to Spencer and myself, as men and preachers. But this is the century for women, and unfortunately I could not object, for she *can* sing, and she knows the language well, and it wouldn't do for me to say, ' She can't preach,' for she took away my congregation and held it. Please note this was a new experience, but it happened once again at a place called Barowna. I shall have to get used to it if I *will* take her out touring with me. But, you know, I fancy it's the novelty of the

thing that does it ! When her crowd was dismissed I must say that some said, '*Mem Sahiba khub sunáwat*' (The Mem Sahiba makes us listen well).

We arrived at Bhaskary at 11 a.m., after a long drive over bad roads. It was bump, bump, bump most of the way. We did not get breakfast till nearly 1 p.m. The *thanadar*, or police-officer, on hearing of our arrival, came with a policeman to inquire who we were and what he could do for us. He is a Punjabi Mohammedan, and spent most of his life in the Punjab. I told him who we were and that all we wanted was fuel, some *powál* (straw) for the floor of our tent, a pint of milk at once, and two pints in the evening, for all of which we would pay. He sent a policeman with a village watchman off for them. In due time fuel, *powál*, and milk all rolled up under proper escort, and the watchman was put on to oversee our tents and prevent robbery.

The police-officer and I then sat down and settled ourselves for a long Oriental talk. After talking about many things, we came at last to close quarters. 'Well, sir,' said he, 'what brings you rambling

over these bad roads, through these out-of-the-way places, and into these villages ? ' I candidly told him, not only my business, but also my plans and methods of work. In short, I quite took him into my confidence, as if he were one of our Secretaries from home, or the Chairman of my District. For a good quarter of an hour he listened with interest and respectful attention and without speaking a word, while I mapped out for him my plans for the evangelization of that square, in which, I said, ' are you and your police *thana* ' (station). He smiled ; then standing up, and asking our permission in a most courtly style, he unbuckled his sword-belt (for he came in full uniform, not knowing who we might be) and put it on the ground. I could see that he meant business. ' And how,' said he, ' do you propose to accomplish these results ? How are you going to work it ? ' ' By three methods,' I said. ' By native evangelists, who believe in and love Jesus Christ. By the gospel of Jesus Christ, which they will preach and which is the power of God to the salvation of men who believe it and accept it. And by prayer, intercessory prayer to God.' These three

divisions made the topic of our conversation.

He asked but few questions regarding the first two ; but when I came to the third, prayer and intercessory prayer, he said, ' Ah now, stop a bit ; I want to know what prayer is.' I told him. He interrupted me again and again, and kept asking for explanations. Finally he said, ' Now, will you pray a prayer right through ? First a *public one*, please, and then a *real private one*.' ' Well,' I said, ' let us compose our spirits.' He cast his eyes on the ground and I closed mine, while I prayed the public one first ; then I stopped. He never said a word, but waited. ' Now,' I said, ' the private one.' I threw all the intensity of my soul into a three-minutes' prayer, part of the time praying as if I were he, asking for help and guidance in my life and work as a police-officer. He had told me of a gang of thieves he was trying to get at ; so I brought these in : ' O Lord, help me to root out these thieves, who are giving so much trouble, and robbing and worrying the poor under my care.'

Now, does it not seem funny to be illustrating and inculcating prayer in this

fashion ? But there was nothing funny, ridiculous, or even irreverent about it to that Mohammedan gentleman. It was a matter of the deepest teaching and profoundest spiritual interest to him. It was just the kind of teaching on prayer that he wanted and desired. When I said 'Amen' at the end of the last prayer, he lifted his eyes from the ground and said *Amin* with a deep and true fervour.

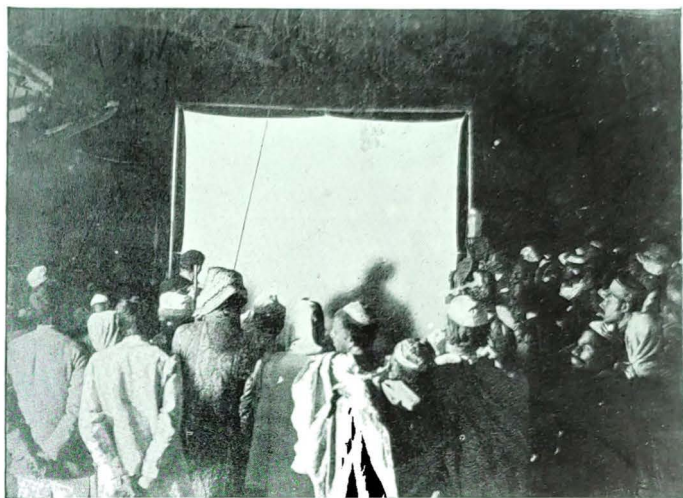
He then arose, buckled on his sword, and as we clasped hands in salutation, he looked at me earnestly and said : ' I am very grateful to you, Padri Sahib ; I am a good Mohammedan, and always have said my prayers (*namáz*) regularly, but never yet in all my life have I truly prayed, simply because I did not know how. But you have now taught me what real prayer is. From this day I will pray in another fashion, and we will see what comes of it.' I told him that depended entirely on his relationship to God, and whether he prayed in faith and love.

When he had gone, I thought of Christ and that *one* listener by the well of Samaria. Here was I sitting at noon, with this intelligent Mohammedan police-officer, under a

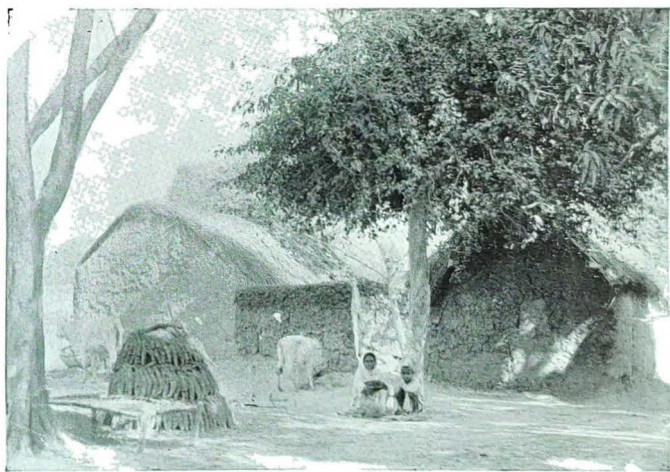
mango-tree. My wife said to me after he had gone : ' Well, you have given him a lot to think about.' We both agreed that he was a fine man, and not by any means an ordinary Mohammedan.

We went down into the village in the evening and got the people round us and talked to them. About two miles from Bhaskary is a place called Khachowchá, with a population of about three thousand. A famous Mohammedan saint is buried here, and around the tomb has grown up quite a little bazaar. The Mohammedan priests in charge of it run it quite on the lines of a Hindu temple. The tomb is worshipped, and miracles of healing are said to be performed by the saint. Offerings of money, cloth, and sweetmeats are made to him. The chief feature of interest in connexion with this tomb is a *mela*, or religious fair, held once a year, which lasts about ten days. I went to it and spent three days there, preaching daily in Khachowchá in the morning, and one evening I gave them a magic-lantern service, which was largely attended.

On our way home we passed close by the door of a house where a number of women



A LANTERN SERVICE.



SOME NATIVE CHRISTIANS' HOUSES IN A VILLAGE.

had congregated. One of the women was standing in the centre of the room, which was dimly lighted by the glow of the *chuláh* (fire), which was cooking the evening meal. 'Listen, listen,' said she, 'while I tell you all about it. There was a big white sheet, under which four might have slept. It was suspended in the air, then there was a something, like a box, out of which came a very bright, clear light, and I don't know how, but I suppose riding on that light, came the picture which was cast on the sheet.' Then followed a description of the pictures, with my explanation. We stood a few moments and really were astonished at the accuracy of her descriptions and the faithfulness of her reproduction of my very words. And so the gospel was being preached through her to those who had not heard it.

Three afternoons running I went down to the mela where the saint was said to hold open durbar. About twelve hundred people were gathered there. At a certain hour a signal was given from the tomb that virtue and power from the saint for the healing of the people had gone forth. Immediately the crowd sent up a prolonged,

yelling cheer, and scores of drums began to beat. The chief thing this saint did was to cast out *bhuts* (devils). Now I noticed carefully the following things. Firstly, the subjects were all Hindus. I did not see a single Mohammedan. I twitted the priests on this ; their reply was that Mohammedans were believers, and that the repetition of certain verses of the Quran by them or for them cast devils out and kept devils out. These Hindus were *kafirs* (blasphemers), who did not believe the Quran, and so they had to be specially dealt with by the priest of the holy shrine (in a way which I will describe below). Secondly, I noticed that the Hindus were all women, and women of the very lowest castes. I did not in the three days notice a single Hindu man being operated on for the casting out of devils—*only women* ; how very significant ! I asked for information on this head. All I could get out of them was that the lower orders, especially the women, were both ignorant and superstitious, and that women were always more susceptible to satanic influence than men. Thirdly, I found out, not from the priests, but from the inhabitants of the place,

that the possessed came from a distance. I inquired of an intelligent Hindu the reason for this. He said, 'It signifies that the game is played out here. We know the whole thing to be a big sham. They hardly get a woman within a radius of twenty miles ; they come from afar.' The crowd standing round laughed and said, 'It is quite true, Sahib ; it is all a big *tamasha* and *dagabazi*' (a great show and a big fraud).

All the priestcraft at Indian shrines and temples and its temple worship is much on the same principles. The great majority feel the whole thing to be empty and useless. It is largely the lowest and most ignorant classes that flock to the big *melas* and shrines.

The process of casting these so-called devils out of these poor deluded women was as follows : The possessed and mentally sick and depressed sat about on the slopes of a large mound. There were about a hundred or more of these women, and about twelve hundred onlookers, numbers of whom came just to see the ravings and tossings of the women, and laughed and joked about it, going the round to get all

the fun they could out of each case. The women who were the most excited drew the largest knot of sightseers. Each of these women had two or three relatives in attendance. They were on the spot an hour or more before the time. Half an hour before the signal was given about twenty Mohammedan *daffaliwálas* (drum men)—quite of the Mohammedan barber style of men, low, illiterate, cunning fakirs, calling themselves priests—appeared on the scene. Like consulting physicians, they went to their patients and began questioning them. This is a specimen :

‘Is she possessed?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Married, single, or widow?’ ‘What caste?’ ‘When were you possessed?’ ‘Last May?’ ‘How?’ ‘A certain woman who had a grudge against me went to a Hindu, a *Chamar*’ (shoe-maker caste), ‘and got powers over me by enchantment. She came one day and threw a bit of salt at me.’ ‘Oh, indeed! did you notice, was it *black* or *white* salt?’ ‘It was black.’ ‘Ah, the very worst thing in the world she could have smitten you with. Black salt is used in all the black demon arts.’

Then the relatives go on to recount the awful and strange scenes through which she has passed. 'Ah yes, that's it; I know the symptoms quite well.' And he goes on piling on the agony till the people feel it a hopeless case. The woman then begins to rock to and fro, and slaps the ground with the palms of her hands, slowly at first, but the excitement grows till at last it becomes positively painful to behold; the poor thing goes off into raving excitement. As they sway to and fro, their long hair loosens and tosses about in awful style; they groan and yell and slap their heads and beat their chests, and even knock their heads on the ground. To see a hundred or more of these women go off into this mad frenzy is terrible.

As soon as a priest, or *daffaliwála*, has diagnosed his case and set the woman rocking, he goes off to another, and so on: his object is to get quite six or more of them started. Those are all *his patients*! Then when the signal begins he goes to his first case, and sternly reproves the devil, and says: 'Why did you come into her? Come out, in the name of the great saint, come out.' 'I won't,' says the woman

(it is supposed to be the devil in her answering!) 'You will, you will!' So the parley goes on; finally he catches the woman by the hair of her head, actually gives her a downright good jerk, and a big slap on her back. 'Come out, come out.' Jerk, jerk, slap, slap, harder and harder. 'Come out, will you? Come out!' At last the woman screams out, 'He's gone, he's gone!' The man goes on to the next, with the same result. In about forty minutes all is over, the most obstinate devil has gone. The mound is cleared of them.

Then comes the keen business part of the affair; each woman has to pay up. They are very poor, and the fees run from one anna (a penny) to four annas (four-pence). A woman will offer an anna. 'Not enough,' says the man; 'if you are mean in your payment, he will come back again and afflict you more'; then she goes on adding a pice at a time till the man sees he can get no more and closes the bargain. The priests then all go back to the shrine, and pay up their commission, which is pretty stiff. This mela takes place every year, and lasts for about ten days.

When the priests had gone, I got the people round me by singing, and gave them the story of the man possessed of evil spirits whom Christ healed (Mark v. 1-20), laying special stress on the clause : ' And they beheld him that was possessed with the devils sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind.'

Jalalpur is a town pleasantly situated on the banks of the river Tonse, and is fifty-two miles distant from Faizabad. It is our most distant outpost, and stands in the far south-western corner of the big tract of 144 square miles with Akbarpur, Tanda, and Bhaskari at the other corners, and Barowna in the middle. All these five places we have now occupied, and our evangelists are hard at work trying to reach and influence all the villages they can in that large area—but, after all, what are *five men* in so vast an area as 144 square miles ? Still, it's better than nothing. Before we came here, eighteen years ago, and for some years after we came, there was not one man, nay, not a voice, calling out to that vast population to ' Repent, for the kingdom of God is at hand.'

The approach to Jalalpur is truly pretty. The river Tonse winds in and out round the front of the town in graceful, serpentine form. The banks in places are high and precipitous, with a jungle of scrubby *dhak*—the ugliest of trees with the most glorious of flowers, which when in full bloom make the jungle glow as if in conflagration—creeping up on one side of the neighbourhood on to the bluffs and on the other down to the river's edge. Above the underwood, and topping the loftiest trees, are a great number of palms, which, raising their majestic heads in graceful beauty, lend an Oriental picturesqueness to the little town and its environments.

We encamped under a grove of trees near the town. We had hardly got our tent up when a coolie, with a great bundle of *powál* for the floor of our tent, came along, and, throwing the straw down at the tent door, marched off. 'Hullo, there!' I shouted after him, 'what is the price of this?' 'Nothing, nothing,' said he, and went on. I knew the mystery would be revealed before long, and patiently awaited the solution. To imagine that a native should come and throw down three

annas (3*d.*) worth of straw at my tent door free, gratis, and for nothing, would be a strain on my Irish imagination quite equal to that of expecting pigs to fly! The revelation came at 1 p.m., shortly after we had had our breakfast. We were sitting outside our tent, talking to our two Hindustani preachers, Spencer and Dilawar Singh, moving our chairs every five or ten minutes, dodging the sun. The sun has a nasty habit in India that I never have liked, of prying in sharply on one's privacy, through the holes and openings of meagre foliage. Indeed his rudeness is so intolerable that I have known him to follow me round the trunk of the thickest tree, till in sheer disgust I have gone inside the tent to avoid him.

While we were talking, and dodging the sun, a human figure somewhat suddenly and quietly approached us—a peculiar and quaint-looking figure, a short, slim, long-bearded, bright-eyed, intelligent, patriarchal, wizened-looking Mohammedan. If I had to write a weird Kipling story, I should have snap-shotted that man and made him the hero of my tale. As he approached he bowed low, and salaamed me with as

much dignity and reverence as if I had been the high priest of Islam in Jalalpur. Dilawar Singh, the Methodist preacher of Jalalpur, bent over and said to me, 'This is *Yakub* (Jacob) the pervert, who sent you the powál; he has also sent you fuel for to-day.' I rose to greet him. '*Aṇ ka mizaj sharif, Yakub?*' (How is your illustrious health, Yakub?) 'By the blessing of God and your illustrious intercessions with Allah, I find myself in health and peace.' After the ordinary courtesies, I got from Yakub a faithful account of his past history, which in substance was this.

'Your preacher, Dilawar Singh, came here two months ago. He is the first Christian who has come here to stay, and the only native preacher, as far as I know, who has preached here, during my long stay of over thirty years; and you, sir, are the first European missionary that I have seen here. About twenty-five years ago I was drawn to Christianity by the reading of a pamphlet. I went to the Rev. Mr. Baumann, of the C.M.S. He kept me under instruction for three months, and then baptized me. When my relatives and friends heard of my conversion and baptism

they were furious, and did their best to keep my wife from me, and threatened to kill me. Finally I got her out, and she too took baptism, and with it the name of *Rahil* (Rachel). We stayed two years in Allahabad, and my idea was to be trained for an evangelist, but for various reasons we had to return to Jalalpur ; as soon as we settled down in our place, the Mohammedans set about trying to persuade me to give up Christianity, and, finding me inflexible, began to persecute and boycott me until life became unbearable. I held out for two years. There was not a single Christian near me, my wife was but weak in the faith, and finally I gave in ; and—to my shame I say it—I went into the mosque on a Friday, the great day of prayer with Mohammedans, and publicly recanted, and put my wife back into purdah. From that day I knew no peace. The Mohammedans got no good out of me, however ; for I was a bad Mohammedan, and have been, ever since, a thorn in their side, and they are, heart and soul, sick of me. I have done them more damage this way than if I had remained a Christian. But now you have come I will, and do, turn right round

again. I will and do avouch Christ as my only Saviour and Christianity as my religion, and nothing will turn me from it now. I have already told the Moham-medans that I am a Christian, and will stand by your preacher through thick and thin.'

He did this for about nine months, and then he died. During those nine months he came over regularly and joined Dilawar Singh in his daily family worship, and twice a week had the preacher and his wife come to his house for family prayers. Rahil has gone away from the town to live with her son-in-law, who is a very stiff Mohammedan, but I have not given up all hopes of seeing her reinstated and happy in the Christian Church.

At 3 p.m. Yakub accompanied us three preachers into the town. I went into one of the more respectable places ; but oh ! the bigotry and hatred of Christianity of these Mohammedans was so great that, when they knew we were preachers, they would not let us preach but begged us to move on. I sauntered along, saláming the folks and asking them the condition of their 'illustrious health!' till they saw, from my

smiling face and friendly style, that I was a decent sort of *kafir* (blasphemer), and so I gradually drew a small crowd, mostly of young people who from sheer curiosity came after me.

When I had about thirty around me I said, 'I could tell you a really good yarn about a great prophet and lions.' 'Oh!' 'Yes,' I said; 'and he slept a whole night with them, and took no harm.' 'Oh, do tell us!' said they. The Oriental is always keen on hearing a story, an allegory, or a parable. 'Well,' said I, 'let us go to a nice place, where no one can turn us off—no man's ground.' 'Come this way,' said some boys and young men, 'we know a good place.' We went outside the town. I stood with my back against a big nim-tree and I had a most attentive and respectful audience soon around me, numbering quite forty. I told them the story of Daniel, working out, rapidly and as briefly as possible, the great lessons of loyalty to God and conscience, and the nature and obligations of prayer.

When I had finished with Daniel they said, 'Oh, tell us another; that was a beautiful story!' 'Let us sing a bit

first,' said I. Some of them were going to object to this ; but before they could frame an objection, I was off singing one of our most popular hymns. There was silence at once. I then told them the story of Naaman, and told them how there was cleansing from sin, through the shed blood of Jesus Christ ! To my great astonishment they took it well. A few followed me ; but as I was parting from them to cross a deep ravine on our way back to the town, one of them, a repulsive-looking young man of about twenty-five, said, ' Why have you come here ? ' I saw my man wanted a bold, stiff answer, and I gave it him. ' I have come here to preach Jesus Christ as the Saviour of men, through whom alone there is salvation ' ; and quoted, for his special benefit, Acts vi. 12. ' Well,' said he, ' you will not preach Jesus Christ here ; we have never had it, and never will.' ' Why, you have got it, man ! my preacher Dilawar Singh has been here for the last two months ' ; and then, turning to D. Singh, ' Don't you preach in this town ? ' ' Every day, sir.' ' Well,' said the young man, ' you'll not preach, any way.' ' Why ? '

‘Because I won’t let you; I have been hearing you, and I see you are dangerous to our religion.’ ‘Yours must be a very poor religion if it stands in such great danger through me.’ ‘You know,’ he said, ‘I am a fanatic; I am very zealous for my religion. I’ll follow you about, and I may do you injury.’ I told him where I was going to preach on the following morning and gave him the time, and asked him to come and try his hand at injuring me; but he never came.

The next morning we went into the town, and while we three preachers preached in turn, my wife, with Mrs. Dilawar Singh, went round visiting the Mohammedan women in their zanas, with Yakub as guide. It was a sight to see the crowd of women following my wife’s dooly from home to home, and then crowding in to hear her and Mrs. Dilawar Singh read, sing, and preach. She says that in every home she had, with inmates and outsiders, never less than twenty or twenty-five.

After we three had preached, I went round the whole town making myself and my preachers as conspicuous and prominent to the townspeople as possible. We went

down the two main streets, then through as many side ones as possible, stopping at shops and street corners, letting the people know who we were, and not only letting them know our business, but giving them illustrations of it. We must have had quite half a dozen little 'preaches,' and many religious conversations that morning. This took us up to about 11 a.m. I then said, 'Now let us go into the *hornets' nest!*'—that was, into the largest suburb, a purely Mohammedan one; and of all Mohammedans, the *julahas* (weavers) are the most bigoted and fanatical and (because the most ignorant) the most superstitious. This was soon verified, because as we went along and they saw me, the children fled and the women shut their doors before me, as if to shut out an evil influence—and perhaps worse, the devil himself!

These people would not be drawn. Dilarwar Singh said, 'I think we had better not preach here.' 'We will see,' I said; 'let us see how things shape.' The opportunity came, and I embraced it. We came upon a large open space surrounded by large trees: it was the common threshing-floor. We stood under the trees, as if resting. A

few men came up and said, 'What do you want here?' 'Oh, just resting a bit,' I said, 'from the noonday sun.' It was 11.30 a.m. 'Who are you?' 'Are you the plague doctor?' 'No.' 'Anything to do with the plague Government?' 'No.' I told them I was just a Christian preacher. I introduced Dilawar Singh to them and led on the conversation to preaching, and then sang and preached.

A Mohammedan moulvi came up and ordered them all away in a most peremptory manner. Half my crowd was going away with the moulvi. I saw it would never do to lose them in this way; it would be yielding the battle-field to the moulvi without a struggle. That would never do. I lifted up my voice and cried out, 'Listen to me; just one word before you go. I want to tell you what we would do in England to a man who came and thrust himself into a respectable group of citizens, who of their own free will were attentively listening to a speaker.' I did this with all the satire, humour, and action I could command. I had the folks in roars of laughter. I dwelt on the liberty we proudly boasted of possessing, of freedom of thought

and action, which we would never surrender to any priest or moulvi, or even to the King himself. 'But you fellows in India are not men,' I said; 'you are sheep and goats. There is your shepherd,' pointing to the moulvi, 'and you, who surrender your manhood, with all its rights, into his hands, are his dumb, driven animals; go,' I said, 'go'; and then, with a roll of my tongue making the noise that shepherds make—*hur-ru-ur-re*—I said, 'Off you go, you sheep and goats.' They laughed and said, 'Let him go' (the moulvi), 'we are not his sheep.' The moulvi again went for them and drew about ten after him. As they went, the young fellows in the crowd jeered at them, making my shepherd's cry, *hur-ur-ur-re*. Ashamed of themselves, the ten returned. Then the moulvi turned round and abused the rest—the worst thing he could have done. 'There,' I said, 'there's your shepherd, you sheep.' 'He is not our shepherd; he's an old fool, and his sheep, whoever they be, are all *ullus*' (owls). Then some of them turned round, and gave the poor moulvi a very hot, bad time. He had to retire. Then they said to me, 'Now, sir, you may speak, or preach, and do as you like, and

we will listen to you.' I preached for nearly forty minutes, and never had a better audience, and this in the 'hornets' nest' ! As I was going off, a man turned round and said, ' Why, here is the moulvi ; he has been listening all the time, after abusing us and warning us off ! ' The moulvi spoke up and apologized to me, and said, ' Sir, I am very sorry ; I came to listen when I saw so many standing round you ' (and we had quite one hundred) ' to hear what you really were preaching about. I approve of all you have said ; there is no harm in listening to you ; come when you like.' We got into our tents at about 12.30 noon, and my wife also reported a grand time in the zanas.

Almost immediately after we left Jalalpur, the Mohammedans spread the report abroad in the town that my wife and I were plague doctors sent by Government to spread the plague and kill off a few thousands of the inhabitants by sprinkling powder on the rats and mice, and by throwing powder into the wells out of which they drank water. Numbers of the people gave up drawing the water from the wells and drew from the river Tonse.

The feeling of anger and resentment

against poor innocent Dilawar Singh grew in intensity day by day, till the people decided to drive and, if necessary, beat him out of the town. The *thanadar* (police-officer) of the place then came on the scene, and called a number of the leading people together and said, 'If any of you can prove these assertions against this Christian preacher, give me proofs, and I'll arrest him and send him to Faizabad for trial; but if no proof is coming, I will run in the men who are spreading these false and injurious reports.' The thing died down. Dilawar Singh is now one of the people. The Hindu community especially are very fond of him, and a Hindu silversmith has rented him his present house, which is all that could be desired. For months no one would rent him a decent house, and those who could and would, were afraid to do so.

Our man is now well established and respected, and even if the plague should unfortunately visit the place, he will not be blamed for it. Dilawar Singh is a clever, able man, a perfect munshi and gentleman, and an able preacher. He is generously supported by a gentleman known to us as Mr. W. B. B.

Mrs. Wiseman has got a lady in England to give us £6 for Mrs. Dilawar Singh's expenses in working among the women in the zanas; and surely this is necessary, when I tell you that the census returns show under the heading 'Females literate and learning' only eighteen. Think of it! Out of a population of over eight thousand (4,200 of them women), only eighteen literate women, which only means women who can read and write decently!

We have just secured from Rajah Tawaq-qul Hossain a beautiful little site in this town, and after the rains will build the preacher and his wife a smart, water-tight, well-ventilated, and comfortable house.

There is much more that might have been written on this tour. Indian village life, especially up here in the north, with all its diversity of race, caste, social and religious customs and its folklore, is full of the deepest interest. The people are most approachable, and, on the whole, they seem to be eager, attentive and respectful listeners. What is needed now—and we are slowly forming them—are mission centres. My circuit is about sixty miles long and twenty-

five broad, and has a population approximating a million and a quarter. My idea is to plot this out into four large squares and put down four men in each square, and to have besides two evangelists with a roving commission—one to each pair of squares. These would visit remote villages and be always travelling. They would keep in touch with their eight men and report generally to me of the prospects, progress, and hopes in their squares. This would require in all eighteen evangelists. The ground would then be fairly covered, and the people would have a fair chance of hearing the gospel, and also of having Scripture portions and Christian literature distributed broadcast among them. Every evangelist thus becomes a colporteur also. Now, out of these eighteen men, I have at present eleven. This leaves seven more to complete the scheme. Seven men would cost me, with their travelling, about Rs. 120, or £8 a month each. There are some men in England who could give this. I wish I could find them ! However, it is a dream at present—a great ambition. Patient, plodding, steady work, and above all *prayer*, will yet accomplish it.



MR. ELLIOTT AND GROUP OF PREACHERS.
(REV. E. O. MARTIN ON HIS RIGHT, AND G. D. SPENCER OF TANDA ON HIS LEFT.)

PANDIT MASIH PRAKASH AND THE BUILDING OF HIS HOUSE

WE will now take a big skip from the Tanda to the Rudauli side of my circuit, a distance of seventy-eight miles. This represents the extreme ends of my charge! Worked out thus, the distances are: Tanda to Akbarpur, by a good macadamized road, twelve miles; Akbarpur to Faizabad, by rail, thirty-six miles; Faizabad to Rudauli, by rail, twenty-four miles; Rudauli to Amaniganj, by as bad a road as you could find anywhere, six miles; total, seventy-eight miles.

Amaniganj is the farthest outpost on the extreme south-western side of the Faizabad circuit; and now I will tell you all about my preacher there and this new out-station—the last that I have opened—making eleven in all.

Masih Prakash is a converted Brahmin of

the *Tewari* section or branch, which is considered a very high one. He is a fair, slim young man, standing about five feet eight. He has very fine large, dark (almost black), expressive eyes, and a very pleasing but sharp and expressive face. He is a Brahmin of the Brahmins, and like St. Paul, stands very strongly at times upon his rights and privileges. But have you ever known a Brahmin (I mean a Christian Brahmin) who ever forgets or sinks his high origin and priestly lineage? I have often heard him say to the people when under training with me for two years as an open-air preacher in Faizabad: 'You say, sometimes, that only low-caste men become Christians, and that they do so for a piece of bread to fill their empty stomachs and a dhoti to cover their naked loins. That is a vile lie; it's a scandal. Lots of men of high caste and good families, both among Hindus and Mohammedans, are in our midst in the Christian Church. Look at me. Am I a low caste? I am a Brahmin.' 'You, a Brahmin!' says a Brahmin in the crowd, with a lofty look of scornful disdain. 'Don't you know a Brahmin when you see him?' says Masih Prakash; 'does a change

of heart and a regenerated life, through faith in Jesus Christ—the Saviour of the world—so alter my *rup* (external configuration) that you fail to recognize my high Brahmin caste and priestly descent? Are you blind, my brother? What has happened to you?’ ‘Of what Brahmin order are you?’ ‘Of a high order—a Tewari! says Masih Prakash. ‘You a Tewari! and you turned a Christian!’ It is too much for the Brahmin. He turns on his heels, and as a parting shot hurls this curse at him: ‘*Tu brasht hai*’ (You are cursed). ‘May you be born a dog in your next birth into this world, and eat the leavings of the lowest of the low caste.’ Masih Prakash is equal to the occasion. With a smiling face and his dark eyes flashing, he replies: “He that believeth on me,” says Christ, “shall not perish, but have everlasting life.” “Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for My sake” (great emphasis on *falsely*, *for My sake*). “Rejoice, and be exceeding glad” (his arms thrown out and upward in joyous gladness, and then, his voice raised in triumphant tones, he concludes

the quotation), ‘“for great is your reward in Heaven!”’

Masih Prakash was very, very raw material when I got hold of him ; but now he is one of the most spiritually minded, fearless, and fiery preachers in my circuit. Though a high-caste man, he is of very humble origin ; but his father, quite uneducated himself, determined that his boy should have some learning, and yet not go to a mission school for fear that the growing influences and power of the Christian faith should lay hold of his bright and promising boy and *brasht karo* (curse) him ; he therefore sent him to a Government Vernacular school (avoiding even the Anglo-Vernacular, for the bigoted and ignorant orthodox Hindu and Mohammedan dreads even the Anglo- side of the Government education, which gives no religious training, and has not yet admitted the Anglo-Saxon Bible). And so the bright, happy boy went on, finished his vernacular course, came out of school, and joined his father. But through not passing the Anglo-Vernacular Middle, both boy and father found out that Masih Prakash, according to a Government ruling (which only the

Commissioner of the Division can under special circumstances set aside) could not draw more than Rs. 10 a month as a Government servant, though he should live to fifty-five and merit a pension. The young man, after four or five years of service on Rs. 5 a month (only 6s. 4d.), felt it was not good enough, so he left his situation and his father's simple home, on the Trans-Ghogra side, to see the world and better his conditions.

One day in the open bazaar he heard the Rev. A. W. Baumann, that greatest and most powerful of C.M.S. vernacular preachers, preaching the gospel—and Baumann did preach the gospel, and, with it, was one of the most able controversial preachers in all North India. The man's attention was at once arrested. He heard this great preacher through, followed him to his home, put himself at once under instruction, and became what we call a *mutalashi* (an inquirer). I am very grateful that this preacher of mine fell into such hands. I know of no man who takes such care of and is so patient with his inquirers as Mr. Baumann. He keeps them under instruction for never less than three months

before baptizing them. He makes them labour with their hands in some form, and so earn their bit of bread (it's no bed of roses under this C.M.S. missionary) by the sweat of their brow, and gives them about two hours' teaching daily.

Two years after his baptism, Masih Prakash one day turned up at our mission-house, with a bread-cart, and through the *chick* (thin bamboo screen) of my study door I saw him hand out my daily portion of bread. 'Who is that new, strange man?' I inquired. 'He is the bread-carrier, and a Christian,' said my Mohammedan servant, knowing that the 'Christian' would draw me—and it did. 'Send him in,' said I; and with an independent but respectful air, in marched the baker's man and made me a *salám*. Little thought I then that this man was going to be one of my most beloved preachers; for I truly have a great love for him, in whom now shines out the full signification of his name—viz. Masih (Christ) Prakash (the light, or the shining out, of the light of Christ). And little thought that worldly, prudent father that the thorough vernacular education that he was giving his boy

in a Government school, so that he should remain an orthodox Brahmin, would stand him in good stead as a Christian and a Methodist evangelist.

À propos to this, Mr. Charles Cape, who is in the verandah reading, has called me out from my writing to hear my Moham-medan servant, his Christian servant *Marqus* (Mark), and four or five hillmen (all of whom attend our daily and family prayers in the vernacular after breakfast) singing away one Christian lyric after another. 'Well, well, Charley,' I said, 'it's grand, is it not? It's wonderful how these fellows do pick up the words and tunes, and how they throw themselves into it.' In his dry, quiet way he replied, 'More and more it spreads and grows'; and so it does, and with a wonderful fascination and power through the singing of the gospel. Yea, and little thought that wise, sagacious C.M.S. missionary, Mr. Baumann, that he, as a Churchman, was training a man for the Wesleyans!

A year later these two met. 'And you are a preacher with Mr. Elliott now, are you not?' 'Yes, sir; is there any harm?' 'No, not at all,' said the grand old mis-

sionary. 'I am very glad and proud to think that a man whom I led to Christ and baptized in His name, should now be preaching His gospel. Be faithful unto death, and the Lord will give you a crown of life.' Ah! he's a grand man, is Mr. Baumann; would that one out of every ten missionaries was a man of might and a vernacular preacher like him; we should soon change the look of things in North India.

That first interview with Masih Prakash was the prelude of many another. I happened to want a village evangelist at the time, and asked him if he would put himself under training for a year, during which time I would give him Rs. 6 a month. His delight was unbounded. The next day the baker's man resigned, and put himself under me for instruction as a village preacher.

I took him out that winter with me on a two-months' tour in the villages, and, strange to say, the first time I asked him to preach was at a place a mile from Amaniganj, where he is now stationed. We were making for a certain village one morning, when we came upon a threshing-

floor, round which were gathered about a dozen men and women. We sat down in their midst, and sang and talked to them.

As we were going away one of them said to us: 'Yonder is a famous *sadhu* (an ascetic). I am sure he will be glad to see you. It's the first time an English or European preacher has come round this way.' 'Come along,' I said. About six men followed me into an enclosed garden, where we saw this holy man. We spent a most interesting hour with him and his disciples, of whom there were about half a dozen, who not only worshipped him but literally grovelled to him. I happened to differ very decidedly from this holy man in some rash statement he was making on ethics, when one of his disciples very rudely interposed and was taking me to task. 'Shut up, you ignorant young fool,' said the *sadhu*; 'it's only a year ago I taught you your alphabet, and do you presume to reprove this wise and holy man, at whose feet I might sit and learn? Have you not gathered that much from one half-hour's conversation?' All the disciples hauled down the flag after that, and their buzzing

flattery afterwards got to be a bit of a nuisance.

After our visit and religious conversation came to an end, the sadhu said to me, 'And who is this young man?' pointing to Masih Prakash. 'Is he one of your disciples?' I said, 'We are all brethren, and disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ. This is Masih Prakash; he is a new disciple; he has not yet preached; he is still a learner like that disciple of yours' (pointing to the one who had made himself so obnoxious). 'A brighter and better behaved one, I hope,' said the sadhu. 'I hope so,' said I. 'He was a Brahmin.' 'A Brahmin!' said the sadhu, opening his eyes and arching his bushy eyebrows. 'Yes, a Brahmin, and a Tewari too,' I said. 'Oh!' said he, and such a great oh! it was that it took all the wind he had in his chest to give vent to it. Now, I thought, was a good opportunity to trot out my man and show off his paces! So I gave him a start by saying: 'Now, Masih Prakash, tell the sadhu, in your own simple style, who you were, and how you became a Christian.' Poor M. P. ! It was his 'maiden speech,' and no man could have made a bigger mess of it. He

tried to speak for five minutes, but made an awful hash of it. Finally I came to his rescue, and had to tell his history for him.

Now in the three years or more which have passed since then, Masih Prakash has developed into quite a fluent, resourceful, and, on the whole, accomplished speaker, as you will see later on in this sketch. From his station in Amaniganj he has paid many a visit to this sadhu, who treats him with great respect, and receives him on terms of equality, and calls him *Pandit* and *Maharaj* (Pandit signifying a learned Brahmin, and Maharaj your highness, a term of respect which all Brahmins claim), and many and many a long earnest conversation they have had in that walled-in little garden, with pumpkins and marrows growing, flowering, and fruiting as they creep over the roof of the simple and humble sadhu's *math* (a mud and straw-thatched monastery).

The last time I visited Masih Prakash, a few months ago, I inquired 'Well, how is the sadhu getting on? *Kuchh ummaid hai us ká*' (Have you any hope of him?) 'Ah, sir,' said he, 'if it were not for his many disciples, who worship and flatter

him and make him believe he is a great saint, when he is only a poor miserable sinner needing the atonement of Christ, and if it were not for his own poor miserable conceit in thinking he is something when he is nothing ; and, above all, if it were not for the bit of revenue that comes in to him from so many little sources, I do believe he would become a Christian ; but he has too much that he will not give up, which he, in his ignorance and foolishness, values more than the pearl of great price. I visit him and pray for him, hoping that the Lord may yet open his eyes and save his soul.'

Masih Prakash systematically works, visits, and preaches in no less than eighteen villages around Amaniganj, within a radius of about four miles. He thus covers, roughly, about sixteen square miles. There is not a village market in that area in which he has not preached several times during the year. He preaches, of course, regularly at the two big weekly markets of Amaniganj, and often has from two to three hundred attentive listeners. At the annual religious fair (*jhula ka mela*) held in the rainy season, when the local deities, Ram and his wife Sita, are swung and worshipped

with singing and dancing in the open air, about 3,000 were present who had come in from the surrounding villages to witness and enjoy the mela. Masih Prakash, who had been spending about an hour alone with God in his house, praying that he might be directed what to do and what to say on this occasion, suddenly appeared in their midst at about 3 p.m. A number of people began to cheer, and said, 'Ah! ah! here comes the Pandit—the preacher.' He was then called on by the head man, a *mahajan*, or banker, to preach to them. They actually put him to preach on the earthen platform dedicated to Ram and Sita. He took off his shoes, mounted the eminence, and spoke for three-quarters of an hour to an attentive and appreciative audience, giving them a running comment on the fifth chapter of Matthew's Gospel.

At the two weekly markets held in Amaniganj for the surrounding villages, the Pandit preaches at about 4 p.m., the close of the market. The people are now so accustomed to hearing him preach, and so enjoy his style, pithiness, wit, and above all his rich and abundant quotations of Hindu *slokas* (quotations from sacred Hindu

poets) that when it comes near closing time they will actually send a deputation to him saying, 'Come along, Pandit Ji, are you not coming? It's closing time, and we are all waiting for you.' He replied, with a twinkle in his eye, 'No need for a bell here, sir; no need to beat up, or sing up, an audience, as you do at Faizabad; they send for the preacher here, and would kick up a row if he did not come.' 'Preaching,' said he, 'is quite a feature now of this bi-weekly market of Amaniganj, at which all the villages that I visit, and even more, are represented. This gives me a very extended and perfect knowledge of my circuit and people.'

But this is not the only interesting feature of his work. Let me give you another, to show that the Pandit is a sharp, knowing little man; canny, yet thoroughly good withal.

It happened that the year before he went to Amaniganj he had failed in his Scripture examination. He was determined not to fail again. The books given him to grind were Genesis and the Acts of the Apostles. You must know that the Pandit's house is right in the middle of the bazaar, the wide open

place, commonly called the *chauk*. In front of his door is a good wide earthen platform, called a *jaggat* (sitting-place), on his left is the house of a well-to-do grocer, and then comes that of a *halwai* (confectioner).

Now the grocer and confectioner, being very friendly, though of different castes, obliterated the long, small mud wall, about six inches high, that marked out their house boundaries, and the Pandit, with their consent, removed his, and now there was one fine platform, about sixty feet long and fifteen feet deep, reaching right down to the common street road. On this platform, right on the boundary line of the Pandit's and grocer's houses, grows a magnificent and shady nim-tree. By day and by night this soon became the common sitting-place of the little *chauk* of Amaniganj. It became the 'pub' of the place; where, however, nothing but tobacco smoke was consumed. Masih Prakash soon became a general favourite, not so much because he was a good Christian man (and he decidedly is that) but because he was a knowing man and a good talker. The shop-keepers all round the *chauk* are

merely keen business, money-making men, who know absolutely nothing outside their own lines and such information as the bazaar and market gossip brings them twice a week. In the whole area there is just one man who knows what he calls 'somewhat English,' and he is the Postmaster, who is passing rich on twenty rupees a month! (twenty-six shillings). The Pandit is, therefore, in their eyes a scholar, a knowing man; in short, a God-send into their dull, quiet, stagnating life. Another thing which gives him much influence and power in this purely Hindu community is, that in his dress and manner of living he is still the perfect Hindu and the Brahmin, and so also is his wife. In no possible way does he offend them or their prejudices. He is, in a way, as one of themselves, except in his Christian life and conduct: in that he is very much *out and out*.

Well, soon after his arrival, and when he had fairly established himself, one evening he produced a simple sixpenny wooden lampstand and placed his *chirag* (a small earthenware saucer holding about two ounces of linseed oil, with two thick cotton

wicks projecting at the opposite rims) upon it. He lighted the lamp, and then sat down, with his Hindi Bible in hand, cross-legged and motionless, for all the world like an incarnation of old Buddha.

‘Hallo, Pandit ! what are you reading ?’ said some passers-by ; ‘ what is that book that you are so intently studying ?’ ‘ Oh, it’s a wonderful book,’ said Masih Prakash ; ‘ not another in the whole world like it : it’s our Bible. It’s a great and good book.’ ‘ In truth ?’ ‘ In very truth.’ ‘ What are you reading just now ?’ ‘ I am reading about the creation of the world, and of the first man and first woman God made.’

That was enough. No better programme for common interest could be framed. ‘ O Pandit,’ they exclaimed in all eagerness, ‘ read on, read aloud, let us all hear it ; fancy, the story of how this world was made by God ? Go on, Pandit, go on ; begin at once.’ ‘ Hold on,’ says the astute Christian Brahmin, ‘ let them all gather first.’ The cry and shout then rang out across the chauk. ‘ You who wish to hear, come ; the Pandit sits before his doors with his book, and is going to read to us about the creation of the world and the first man

and the first woman that God made ; don't delay, come quickly.'

Twenty or thirty gathered round, and Masih Prakash read aloud to them the first three chapters of Genesis, that wonderful story of the Creation, and the Fall; and then came the stories, in nightly succession, of how Cain slew Abel, the story of the Flood, the Tower of Babel, then the wonderful history of Abraham, and so on. If there is any book the native or Oriental just revels in, it is Genesis. It always sells well. Then there were discussions and long talks, endless questions demanding answers—e.g. 'Now, Pandit, of what caste were Adam and Eve?' 'Ah,' they all say, 'that's a poser for the Pandit.' But Masih Prakash is equal to the occasion. He quotes a *slok* (a verse) from a famous Hindu poet which is unanswerable, and which, being translated, runs thus: 'We have all come from the same place; we have landed at one stage. The winds of earth have struck us all and sent us twelve different ways.' The words 'different ways' mean really different castes or sects.

Oh! to have sat in a quiet corner and

listened to the talk of these fellows round that lamp, under that old nim-tree. *Punch* wouldn't be in it, nor *Tit Bits* either. I can assure you, it's something to miss. It would have suited Rudyard Kipling down to the shoes! The Pandit varied his readings between Genesis and Acts. He made his discourses out of these two books, took his stories and illustrations in preaching from them. Thus he ground his two books and passed a good examination in them. Not only did he do this for himself, but he also very thoroughly made these books known to the people among whom he lived and worked.

Now all this time the preacher dwelt in the most miserable house in the place. I largely attribute the death of his wife to the low, dark, insanitary conditions of the wretched place in which they dwelt. But it was a case of 'Hobson's choice'—that or nothing. No other house was to be had. Every man has his own house in Amaniganj, and there are no houses 'To Let.' The ground belongs to landlords, but the houses belong to the tenants, and there is no ground-rent to pay. 'How is that?' you say. 'Because, if it wasn't that way,

there would be no Amaniganj.' 'And how is that?' again you say. Well, it's this way, you see. It's to the interest of all landlords to get people to come and occupy their land. The bigger the village, the better for him in many ways. And a village town like Amaniganj, with a population of, say, 4,000, is like a little trading town in a large rural area. Happy the landlord who possesses it!

And now to go on with my yarn. A certain grocer, by name Mewa Ram, once worth Rs. 20,000, in the process of ten years got 'stone broke,' or, as the natives proverbially say, '*Us ka dewara hogaya*' (The walls of his house have parted). How all this happened is another sadly interesting story, but is apart from mission work and my purpose just now. This much might interest my readers. I purchased his wretched house (the one we rented) from him for Rs. 100 (£6 13s. 4d.). With this Rs. 100—and it was all he had in life—I recommended him to the Deputy Opium Agent, who let him set up a shop in the opium-camp during the two months that the weighments were on, when he with others supplied the needs of six hundred

men daily in the form of flour, salt, oil, tobacco, &c. ; and so I set Mewa Ram once more on his legs, in a small way of business. I went one morning to see how he was getting on ; he left his mat and baskets and came out and fell down at my feet and said to those gathered round, ' This man—God give him long life, blessing and prosperity and make him a *Lat Padri*' (a Lord Bishop !)—' has saved my honour and given me, a ruined, broken old man, another start in life.' I returned his compliment *re* the Lord Bishopric by saying, ' And may God restore to you, in honest trade, the Rs. 20,000 you have lost in business,' at which the crowd laughed loudly ; one of them said, ' He will never see Rs. 20,000 again, sir, unless it be in his dreams at night.' Another laugh, and we all dispersed.

As soon as I got possession of the house, I sent Masih Prakash to pull it all down and level the site for the new building. The site was a peculiar one : only fifteen feet wide, but sixty feet deep, with a grocer and confectioner jammed up tight right and left of me. Their walls and roofs had to be most carefully considered in erecting my new

house. I could do nothing with this narrow-gutted site but put up a good two-storied house. I ordered up from Jessop & Co., of Calcutta, steel beams for the floor of the second story. I got all my material together, my foundations out, and all ready to start work in real, dead earnest. I was going to put up a preacher's house that would be a wonder and an astonishment to the natives of Amaniganj, a lasting advertisement and joy for ever ! It was to cost about Rs. 500 (£33). As usual—my old trick !—I started without one rupee in hand ; and none as yet has come in, save £10 from the Rev. Gregory Mantle. The Lord make him a President of the Wesleyan Conference ! I have drawn all my cheques on the Bank of Faith : and as truly as I write this to-night, so truly will the whole £33 come in before Christmas.

All the time that my work of preparation was going on the landlords sat tight—four of them. As I was about to start building they said to Masih Prakash : ' Stop ! If you move another foot there will be a big row and broken heads.' The thakurs are great on head-breaking. One of the said

four landlords had just come out of prison after doing two years over a head-breaking business on a right of waterway. The poor Pandit, who, after all, is only a timid Brahmin, came to see me in an awful state of mind. He thought all was gone. There is a landlord's rule that I had overlooked—viz. that after you have demolished a house and cleared the site you lose all claim to it. You may cart away your material and rubbish; the site then goes back to the landlord. There were four sharers in my site of nine hundred square feet. But then there was another side of Anglo-Indian law, that *they* had overlooked. They let me go on for fourteen days in pulling down, in accumulating material, digging out my foundations, and even getting my ten steel girders (which cost almost as much as the house); they watched all this going on with a beautiful Oriental complacency, without troubling me with a legal notice. (*N.B.*—There is no solicitor in Amaniganj !)

I went at once and complained to the Deputy Commissioner. He is an awfully nice man, and told me, in a very pleasant and agreeable way, that we had made fools of ourselves on both sides, but he would do

the best he could for us all round. He issued warrants summoning us all on a certain day to his court. As good luck would have it, the four landlords disobeyed it, and did not come. Foolish Orientals again; they imagined it was some trick of mine, 'drawing them.' They were summoned to show cause why they prevented me from building. 'We will sit tight,' thought they, 'and let the Padri make the first move.' My legal orders were to 'sit tight and do nothing!' and I tried very hard and did it.

Then went out a body-warrant, with a big seal stamped on it, the size of a five-shilling piece. They jumped like four frightened tom-cats, did these landlords, when this warrant was served on them by the court. One said he was too ill to come, but the other three came armed with long bamboo *lathis* (the head-breaking instruments!) and duly appeared at the court. 'Now,' said the Deputy Commissioner, 'first, you have disobeyed this court's warrant; that's "contempt of court"; secondly, you have wrongly taken the law into your hands and threatened injuries unless work were stopped: where's your

legal authority for this ?' They sat up this time. 'Now, your best plan is to go and compromise this case with Mr. Elliott. Go, and let me know the result, and then I'll decide.' They came to me.

Mr. Bateson, the General Secretary of the Royal Army Temperance Association, was with me for the day on his annual visit to Faizabad. These three men got me out in the verandah. I was not the Deputy Commissioner—only a padri—and oh! how they stormed and boiled over! I smiled and joked and twitted them. Bateson just roared with laughter. 'O Elliott,' he said, 'this is too good; it beats the pantomime; let us go into your study and get two chairs; it's grand, man; fetch the fellows in.' In they came. With my own hands, out of the dining-room, I brought three chairs. This quite upset them; they were all politeness then. Then we had it out for nearly an hour. Mr. Bateson declared he had not had such a grand time for a long while.

Finally we came to terms. I had to make over to them all my registered title-deeds, and then Mr. Bateson had to write

out two documents in English, which I translated literally, word for word. The first said I relinquished all claims; the second that, as I relinquished all claims, they gave me back all my just claims. I could build now, and no rent would be charged. This settled it. One of the men found it hard to read the title-deeds, so I let him have a pair of silver-framed spectacles that I had by me, costing Rs. 15 (£1), that were a bit too weak for me now. He put them on and fairly jumped with delight. 'Light, light,' said he, 'heavenly light! how it illumines the writing!' 'Ah!' said I, 'those are English; they are crystals.' After he had done he handed them back. 'No,' said I, with a low bow and a deep *salám*, 'they are yours; take the "heavenly light" with you, and may your eyes, till death close them, be illumined by them.' Then there was a lot of bowing and scraping, and we parted great friends.

'Well,' said I as we parted, 'you fellows don't feel like breaking my head now, do you?' 'No, we don't; we feel that you are an awfully good fellow, and we never knew it before. You can have all you want in Amaniganj. You may make all

the *baniyas* (grocers) and *mahajans* (money-lenders) Christians if you like, and we'll not say a word; you may go on building, and if any man says a word to you, remember we four, especially this man that is taking away *heavenly light* for his blinded eyes, are your sworn friends, and if there is any head-breaking to be done at any time, remember we're your men!' Bateson laughed, as only Bateson can, and with his jolly laugh rolled out of the verandah this last great trouble.

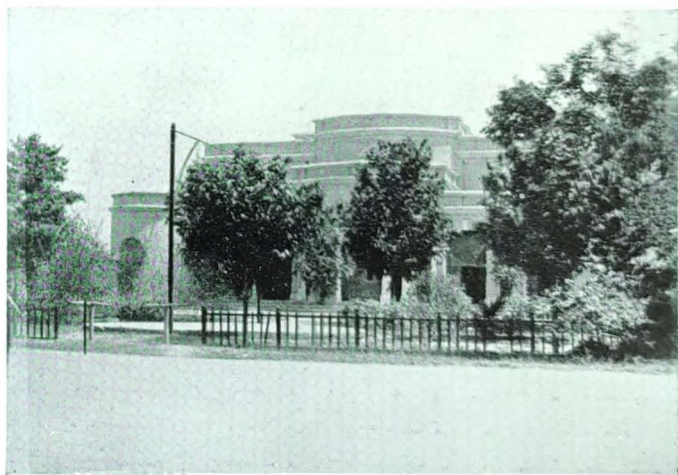
As soon as the land was secured to us and the last obstacle removed, I went to Amaniganj to plan and mark out the foundations of the house. I also went to 'buck up' and blarney the landlords all round. The people, as they always do, received me gladly. I paid visits and received visits. I preached on the market day, in the open street in front of the site where the house was to be built, to about three hundred people, standing by request on the doorstep of the shop of a cloth merchant, or draper. I preached from St. Matthew's Gospel, v. 8: 'Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.' I treated it in a thoroughly practical,

Oriental, common-sense style, and in the question-and-answer form, which I find lays hold of and interests the common people better almost than any other form, and will elicit many a '*Thik hai*' (That's right), '*Sach hai*' (It's true), '*Boliye, boliye*' (Speak on, go on), '*Khub baithat hai, re*' (How well it all sits, or fits together), '*Wa, Wa*' (Well said, hurrah! Hear, hear!), and so on. If a preacher grips a native audience and is having a 'good time' with them, there is nothing more appreciative and exhilarating to speaker and listener alike: one helps the other, and they have a good time together.

To give you, in brief, an idea of the style. 'Now, who is there here who would not like to see God?' Many voices: 'We all should.' 'But how is it to be managed?' A voice: 'Ah, that's the question; go on and tell us.' 'But if we did see Him,' I said, 'you'll be wondering how, where, and when we should see Him, and what would be the effect on us?' Then say they one to another, in the crowd, 'Ah, *bhai*' (brother), 'have you ever thought of that?' 'Shut up,' says a voice; 'let him speak; be quiet now. Go on, sir.' 'Have you never asked



WESLEYAN CHAPEL, FAIZABAD.



WESLEYAN MISSION-HOUSE, FAIZABAD.

yourself, 'Who is this great God?—the *Parmeshwar*. Where is He? what is He like? what relationship does He sustain to me?' Then I told them briefly just what God Himself in the Bible (His book) says in answer to these questions. Then I exposed the foolishness and absurdity of idolatry, which I showed to be a false and wicked representation of God by those who have never seen or known anything about Him, quoting as I went along poetic lines from Hindu satirists, such as 'If we have to worship blocks of stones as gods, why not the common household mill, by which we grind, are filled and satisfied?' 'There is a day in the year when we even worship the grindstones, as the workman does his tools,' says one. A laugh from the crowd; and 'Is there not a day,' I asked, 'when you worship the soft, rich white flour, that feeds and fills and satisfies?' 'No'—another and louder laugh. 'Shut up, brethren, and let the Padri Sahib go on.'

'Now, God says we can see Him and know Him, and He tells us how.' 'This is interesting; let us listen and hear what he says about that.' 'Now, He has given us two sets of ears to hear with, and two

sets of eyes to see with—the physical and the spiritual. With the one set we see and hear the things which He has made and the wonders He has done; with the other set we see, hear, know, and feel Him.' I work this out in as interesting a fashion as possible, with illustrations. 'The condition for receiving this *darshan*, or vision of God,' I said, 'is purity of heart. Now, what is a pure heart? And how is the heart made pure?' I work that out, bringing into contrast all along the Hindu idea of purity, which is ceremonial chiefly and pertaining to caste and certain religious Hindu observances, and attained by the practices of self-mortification and asceticism. I showed how and why these failed. Also that they did not satisfy the Hindus themselves; for, says one, 'Ganges water' (the Ganga) 'in your holy-water pot, and the heart so full of sin!' 'Your body clothed in sackcloth and ashes,' says another, 'but your soul as it ever was, unchanged.' 'Until He who made the soul purifies it, all else will fail,' truly says another.

Then comes the explanation and the description of 'the spiritual vision of God,'

how it is attained, how felt and known, and what it does ; its strange and wonderful influence and its transforming power. 'Would you seek it ? Would you have it ?' I cry out. 'Then go alone and pray thus : "O great God, Thou madest me to know Thee and serve Thee ; the great *Guru* (Teacher), Jesus Christ, says that if my heart is pure Thou wilt come into it and possess it and reveal Thyself to me. O God, make me willing and dispose me to receive this vision of Thee ; purify my heart, Thou Thyself, that I may see God and 'live and move and have my being' in Him, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."'

After the sermon they all followed me to the building site, where I went to give Masih Prakash my final instructions before returning to Faizabad. The wondering crowd gathered round. Oh the noise and clatter of the many tongues—the speculations as to what kind of a house this was to be ! The hundred and one questions, to say nothing of the more abundant suggestions regarding this new preacher's house that was to be, are indescribable,

I returned after a fortnight in compliance with Masih Prakash's request: 'Come at once and bring a good experienced mason with you, who will be able to carry out all your directions after you return.'

When I arrived I found that the Pandit had got the foundations in, 'well and truly laid,' though all of mud. This was not so small or easy a matter as one might imagine, judging from the ordinary run of foundations in village huts and houses, which simply mean digging a few parallel land cross trenches, not more than two feet wide and one deep, and on that base raising the mud clay walls, one 'hand' a day, laying the second layer on the third day to give it time to dry. Masih Prakash had a much more difficult task to perform. To begin with, the floor of the old house was about two feet below the road; this had to be filled in and the plinth raised two feet higher. The amount of rubbish that he had to clear away that fell in from the old house, and the old walls that had all to be thrown down, and then the new foundations dug out, even to three feet deep, because the damp and saltpetre had got into the very walls and floors, which were flaking

off, layer by layer, in sheets ! Is it a wonder that the poor fellow's wife sickened and died in the dark, damp vaults of the old house ? It was time the preacher had a new good house. He marked out his foundations, dug down three feet deep and four wide. He was determined that his double-storied house should have elephant-like legs to stand on and carry its weight of iron girders, its timber, bamboos, rolls of grass and many hundreds of rude, coarse, heavy, village-made and village-baked tiles. The people came and gathered round these open trenches all through the working hours of the day to see these mighty excavations ! 'No such foundations as these were ever dug, Pandit,' they said, 'in the memory of the oldest man of this place. Are you digging for treasures, or are you going to bury the ruins of the old house in these new trenches ?' But the preacher smiled and said, 'Wait and see. This is going to be a fine house. Wait and see.'

When the foundations were dug out, the Pandit purchased twenty good strong baskets, locally made from *arhar* (green stalks from the standing field-lentils). These cost about twopence each. He had now to

go and see the landlords and get their permission to excavate and carry away the wet clay from the large village tank about three hundred yards away to the west. After promising so much, they did not find it very hard to generously grant this small request, especially when the Pandit pointed out that it was just a mere formality to apply to them for this mud, as all the houses of the place had been built out of this tank; that it was a tenant's right, just requiring the landlord's sanction. 'And the more houses that are built out of it,' said he, 'the better for you, and the deeper will be the tank, and the more rain water will it hold, and the better that is for irrigation.' Having obtained the baskets and the sanction, he next went round the shops buying up about five rupees' (6s. 8d.) worth of cowries or shells. For this amount he would get about 25,600 cowries. These he filled into earthen *gharas*, or water-pots, with a mouth and neck just wide enough to comfortably admit a man's hand. He got two *beldars* (diggers) at the tank and two to lift the baskets on to the women's and girls' heads; the diggers sliced off the wet clay from the water's edge with

their big hoes and filled the baskets ; the lifters, with the carriers' aid, put them on the women's heads, and off they ran. The rate was, for a good basketful of wet mud, eight cowries (6s. 8d. or Rs. 5 represented, therefore, 3,200 basket-loads of mud carried 300 yards). The thing took on ; by the end of the week the number of carriers had grown into an even forty and they found their own baskets. It paid. And there was at last one unbroken line of running women and girls along the whole length of this three hundred yards, and almost every half minute, fut, fut, fut, with splutter and a nasty muddy splash, would go a basketful of wet tank-mud into these long, wide, deep foundations ; which, though constantly fed by forty pairs of running feet, which emptied forty baskets into their wide, gaping sides, took it all in and it seemed to make little or no difference ; and, to make it still more disheartening for the carriers, two big men stood in each of these parallel rows trampling and compressing the labour of two hours into one. But even such foundations have to fill and give way at last before the persistency of steady, systematic work. So it was that

the day I arrived I found the foundations full and dry, and hard as hard could be right up to plinth level, two feet above the street line, and all the floors filled in and level as a table.

I stayed there four days and took my personal servant, Yusuf, a Mohammedan, with me. But when I got there there was absolutely no place for me to stick my head into. Pandit Masih Prakash himself was making shift under a grass thatch lodging, the walls of which on three sides consisted of the timber, old doors and bamboos, &c., of the old house, and of the new doors and window-frames and some timber that I had sent him in. There was just room for a bed, a small table, and two reed chairs. His earthen chatties, pots and pans, and all other earthly belongings, were closely jammed together all round the inside of the hut.

He very generously offered me this sumptuous apartment, and to go one better himself, and hang out, like a spider, under the nim-tree described above as the Amaniganj 'pub.'

Poor chap! I saw how hard he was working; how he had not even time to cook,

and that a friendly Hindu family, the confectioner (*halwái*), used to cook his meals for him. So I determined to leave him in undisturbed possession of his lovely little shanty, and to forage for myself further afield. Accompanied by the preacher, my servant, and a coolie with my bedding and bag, I went to Thakur Ganga Baksh, my best friend. He lives in the small village of Tandawa. He and his uncle have two large houses near together, and the village virtually contains their tenants and labourers. It is about half a mile from Amaniganj. The Thakur Ganga Baksh was sitting outside near his gateway, hard by a large mango-tree, in the soft glow of the setting sun. He was clad in fine loose muslin, and wore the orthodox Hindu sandals of wood inlaid with fine brass wire, and before him was his aviary of whistling and talking birds in a score or more of large bamboo cages. He is a man of about forty, with a fine, intelligent face. He is a perfect Hindu gentleman of the best type, and of the modern school, too. But with it all he is a very staunch, religious Hindu. He is a remarkable instance proving the moulding influence of the

Western education and civilization of to-day on the Hindu mind and religion, in spite of the traditions and bonds of the past. He is kind and generous to his tenants, and is widely respected.

As soon as he saw me he came forward to meet me. We two never shake hands, though we have a great love and reverence for each other. We greet one another as Rajput and Brahmin priest (he the warrior, I the priest!). 'What has brought your honour here?' said he. 'I have come to start the building of the Pandit's house, my brother preacher. I have nowhere to stick my head; so, for four days, I have come to cast myself on your generous hospitality for food and for a shelter in one of the many rooms of your lordly mansion.' This quite took even this advanced Hindu's breath away. I saw he was staggered. It was all the work of a minute. I perceived his mind was rapidly passing through a process of introspection. 'This Irishman, a missionary too, well known all over the district, coming and living in my house, inside my enclosure! and I must do him well if I do take him! My zanana, too, is inside the four high walls: all

will be open to his view ! He is a close observer, a great talker ! Polite and proper enough, no doubt. He will punctiliously observe the most perfect rules of Hindu etiquette, and respect rigidly all my religious prejudices, I feel sure. But this man of all men in my house, eating, smoking, sleeping, observing, washing and making himself free, easy and very much at home in this my Hindu home ! O Ram ! and all ye gods of the Hindu pantheon, in earth, heaven and *pattál* (hades) what will ye say ? But if ye speak not, my brother landlords, great and small, and all my caste-fellows, my tenants, and above all, the gossiping tongues of Amaniganj, will ; and what will they all say ? Whereto will it all lead, if I take this foreigner into my house for three days and four nights, under the secret, sacred shadows of my conservative Hindu home ? O Ram ! if it is to be, shield and save me from all the consequences of this act of generous but rash hospitality.'

I saw his difficulty at a glance, and sought to deliver him from his embarrassment. 'Look here, Thakur, this is a hard thing I have asked of you ; and though you are

my friend, this is putting too great a strain on your friendship and hospitality. Just you feed me, and I will be at work all day. It's fairly warm ; I can sleep outside your gates under this fine old mango-tree. I want to be away from the noise of the bazaar. I have brought my bedding ; all I ask is a *clean bed*, free of bugs.'

He pulled himself up stiffly to his full height, and I saw now that his mental introspection was rapidly working backwards the other way. 'O Ram ! O Ram ! worse and worse ; what will all the hospitable gods and all the men here say of me if I let a white man, an English Brahmin and my friend, and a man who is so widely known and loved by the people here, sleep four nights outside my hospitable walls, on a string bed and under a mango-tree, as if he were an out-caste and a leper ? Never, never. It can't, it shan't be. I'll risk it and take him in ; so help me Ram, Hanuman, and Ganesha.' He beamed all over and said, 'My hesitancy, sir, is not due to what you think or say about my national and caste prejudices—though there is much in what you say—but to the unfitness of my home to receive and accommo-

date you. But if you will take me as I am, and fit yourself into my environments and prejudices, as you know them, then my home is yours and all I have.' In went my coolie through the large gateway, and soon after sunset I followed.

As soon as I arrived he put on four young lads, tenants of his, to thoroughly clean and prepare one corner of the enclosure as my cooking-place. When that was done, they brought chatties of water and poured it over the corner (about eight feet by eight). Then two women were put on with two baskets of mud and one basket of fresh cow-dung. The boys brought some more water. The women mixed the above two ingredients with water and made a big ball of it. They then went to the two corners with this big ball between them and a small earthen vessel full of water. They then took a big handful out of the lump, poured water on it, reducing it to the consistency of thin gruel, and rubbed it all over the floor. This not only cleaned and put a nice thin skin on the floor of my open kitchen, but, from a Hindu's point of view, ceremonially cleansed and purified it for cooking pur-

poses. The Hindu always thus prepares his cooking-floor before cooking his food on it. My servant Yusuf, a Mohammedan, then produced his box, which had the cooking utensils, and his small, long basket, which contained my commissariat allowances for four days. He put these side by side against the wall; and, entering into the full spirit of the Hindu kitchen-floor-cleansing ceremony, washed his hands and feet, and with naked feet, like a Hindu, entered on his cooking business. But I have forgotten the kitchen-range! This, too, was a simple matter. Like every good and well-appointed Hindu village householder, the thakur had a stock of these in hand, which consist simply of a clay structure, in the shape of three-quarters of a circle, and six inches high. You put your pot or pan on the top of this, and your fuel in at the open quarter of the circle, and there you have your cooking-range. He gave Yusuf three of these, and he was quite set up. Now, could anything be simpler? If you had to buy the above cooking-range, it would run you into a penny farthing. That is within the possibilities of the poorest

man's purse. A cooking-range for five farthings!

Masih Prakash came in at 8 p.m., and, by invitation, joined me at dinner. The thakur was most inquisitive, and now he had the opportunity of knowing all he could of an Irishman's ways and habits! He begged that he might be allowed to sit on his chair a little distance off and watch us eating!

First, we said grace. He couldn't quite understand that. But as grace was said in his own language loudly and clearly, he saw the fitness of giving God thanks, and said 'Yes, that's a good custom of yours.' Then he examined our knives, forks, and spoons—at a respectable distance, of course—and, with his feet gathered up on his chair, and his chin almost resting on his knees, he carefully watched us eating, and inquired about the three courses (soup, meat, and pudding), and wanted to know all about these things. In his private opinion the soup should come last, as he said, to 'wash down and settle the dinner!' 'But,' added he, 'all people have their peculiar ways and customs, in social as well as religious matters.'

Then, very soon after dinner, I had to

give him another and a very striking idea, quite new to him, of the religious side of our customs.

After an hour's talk on various subjects, but chiefly on our religious and social customs, Masih Prakash said to me: 'If you will excuse me, sir, I am very tired; if you'll have prayers now, I'll go.' 'Ah,' said the thakur, 'what is that? How do you do your *puja pát*?' (the form of worship a Hindu uses when worshipping with his idol before him; and the thakur, of course, knew of no other). I replied, 'We don't do *puja pát*, we do *prathna* (prayers) only.' 'May I look on?' he inquired. 'Oh yes,' I said, 'we shall not mind one bit.' So I pulled out my Vernacular New Testament and opened at St. Matthew's Gospel, the fifth chapter, and read from the first to the sixteenth verse, throwing in a comment here and there for the thakur's benefit, to which he nodded his head and kept saying '*Beshak*' (True, without doubt). Then we sang together a Hindu lyric. We then knelt down together, half facing the thakur, and I prayed aloud. I thanked God for the blessings and mercies of the day, asked His

forgiveness for all we had done wrong, begged for grace to prevent us from doing wrong of every kind, and asked for a sensitive conscience and a loving and obedient heart, so that we might literally fulfil His wishes contained in Matthew v. 13-16, and be good salt and bright shining lights. Then I prayed for Amaniganj and its preacher kneeling beside me, and for the thakur who took me so kindly into his house. 'O Lord, bless him for this,' I said. '*Beshak*,' said the thakur. I prayed for our circuit, for the conversion of India, for our families, for our country, and King and Government. It was a good ten-minutes-long prayer, and I must confess—yes, I must—that I was praying up to a model, that the thakur might get an impression of the nature and comprehensiveness of a Christian's prayer. But, at the same time, the prayer was natural, easy, and full of fervour. Then we said the Lord's Prayer together and I pronounced the benediction. Other nights the thakur sat further off, but always listened with reverence when we read, sang, and prayed, and seemed greatly interested.

When Masih Prakash had gone, we spent

an hour in conversation ; and then I thought it was my turn to watch him. So I said, ' Now, Thakur, we will go to bed, but you won't sleep, will you, without praying ? ' ' Oh no,' he said. ' I too am a religious man, and do my devotions before I sleep, and early in the morning, when I get up. Would you like to see me ? ' ' I should, very much indeed,' I said. ' Then you sit there on the side of your bed, and I will do my devotions, sitting here, on my chair.' He drew his legs under him, crossed them, and sat on the sides of his feet ; took his string of beads off his neck, closed his eyes, and began counting his beads and muttering something in an underbreath, his lips moving. He did this for about fifteen minutes ; and then opened his eyes and smiled on me, and said, ' I have done.' ' Now,' I inquired, ' what did you say in prayer ? ' ' Just two words all the time only, but I did a lot of meditation with it.' ' And what were the two words, and what the vast amount of meditation ? ' I inquired. ' The two words were simply *Rám* and *Sita* (the God Ram and his wife Sita, whom I specially worship), and so my words ran

thus: "Rám, Rám, Sita, Rám, Sita Rám, Sita Rám." And my meditation—well, it's hard to explain this to you ; but if you can understand, I tried to divest my mind of all earthly thoughts and concerns and really thought of nothing, but just let my mind go away into infinity, so to speak, and quietly rest in the feeling of absorption in God : and I kept repeating, over and over, "Rám, Rám, Sita Rám, Sita Rám" as a preventive from wandering thoughts. Now, sir, you just close your eyes and say, "Jesus Christ," over a few hundred times, and only think of Jesus Christ and all He said and did, and see what a lot of good it does you.' When I lay down to sleep I tried it. I closed my eyes and kept saying, 'Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Lamb of God, Son of God, Saviour of the world, my Saviour,' and so on, and tried to think of His words and doings in relation to all the above titles and, really, I found it did me good. I found I had to do a lot of real hard thinking with it, and create mental pictures to no end ; but the exercise was helpful. The thakur was awfully pleased when, next night, I related my experience. He thought he had given me a real good spiritual tip!

And so the days went. We had grand times together. The thakur took all his meals in the zanana. Every night he left his zanana and slept on a bed close to mine, out in the open, under the starry heavens. All day I spent with Masih Prakash and the workmen in building the preacher's house, and talking and preaching to the people in Amaniganj. I got back to the thakur's by 6 p.m. The second day I wanted a bath badly, and he had no arrangements for that. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to bathe in Hindu fashion, with a dhoti round my loins, at the well. There is no need to describe this operation, for all my Indian readers are familiar with the scene of the group of morning and midday bathers round an Indian well, and my other readers must see it to know how it is done. I was in Rome and I did as the Romans. The third day quite a big congregation gathered round to see the Irishman bathing in native fashion. Next day, while I was bathing, quite a number of women came, too. But I just went on bathing and washing, jabbering away quite unconcerned. It was the best way, you know—to take no notice.

The soap was a great mystery to them, and when I saw it bothered them, I put plenty of it on ! They took the soap and felt it, and handed it round (it was Vinolia, not Pears'). Sure, they are for all the world like a lot of monkeys, men and women—all the lot of them.

The second day the thakur ordered my fires to be put out, and fed me entirely from his zanana ; all Yusuf did was to make the tea. I never got so thoroughly into a native house before. The thakur's wife, through a confidential old Brahmin, would often send out to know what I'd like to eat, and if anything more could be done for my comfort. The thakur had to tell her all about this man in her house, and all he said and did, &c. He has an only son, a very shy, delicate boy about six years old. The boy would not come near me at first—I might have been a demon. But before I left I made that boy love me. He was by my bedside as I got up in the morning ; watched me wash and dress and pray ; was on the look-out at the big gateway for me on my return in the evening ; would go to the well to see me bathe ; sit near while I ate ; sit up as late

as his mother would allow him at night, and at last be with difficulty taken from me; would sit on my knee and put his arm round my back, listening with wonderment to the yarns and Scripture stories I dressed up for him. His father would sit by, smiling, and say, 'It's enchantment. You have thrown a spell over my boy!' One evening he gathered all his servants together, and invited some of the most respectable of his tenants to hear me sing lyrics and to talk to them. At the end of it all he said, 'Isn't he a wonderful man? did you ever see the like? Isn't he a real Brahmin? O Ram! O Ram! how he does talk and sing! he is like one of ourselves, is he not? I do believe ~~he is~~ an incarnated old Brahmin.' When I had to go the thakur—and certainly his boy—seemed really sorry to part from me. 'It will be very *sun sán*' (dull and silent) 'when you are gone,' he said.

When I left I felt I had scored a great point in thus living four days in such a Hindu home. I felt, too, that we had got drawn more closely together, that much prejudice had been removed; and I certainly did preach, sing, and pray the gospel

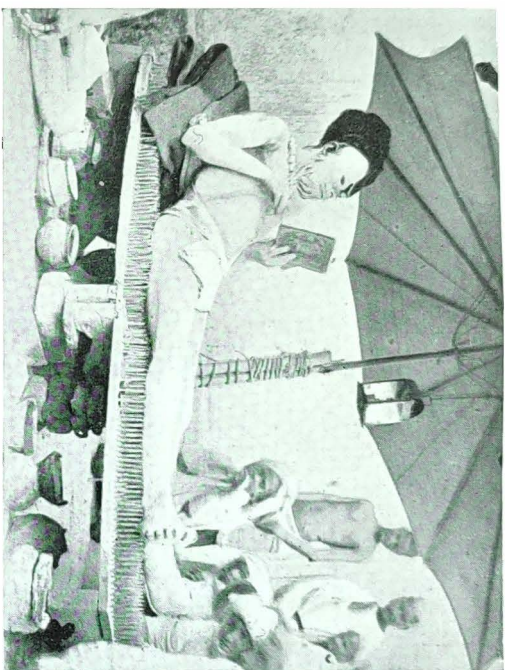
daily in that house—and I hope I lived it well also. The influence of my stay there was felt all round, and I am glad to say that the thakur has not had or heard of a word of adverse criticism on his rashness or indiscretion in receiving such a one as I into his house.

Three weeks after this, I had to go to Amaniganj again. My presence was urgently needed for the house ; things were going wrong and I was wanted just once more.

The thakur was away from home, but left word that I was to be received, fed, and treated as before ; and his boy wanted me very much. But I did not deem it advisable to go while he was away, and so lodged out in our empty up-story room in the bazaar. The second day, whether I had swallowed in the bad milk of the place a host of deadly microbes, or whether it was that, combined with a touch of the sun, I know not. But at 4 p.m. I had to come off the scaffolding of the building, and got violently sick for two hours. By sunset I felt that the end of my missionary career had come. I felt as if I was just quietly slipping away. I was dead

done ; even writing a line was impossible. I thought of the dear old Faizabad Circuit till tears came to my eyes, and of the wife thirty miles away, and of the four children in England, and I said to myself, 'It's all up now. It's not quite the way I wanted to go out of the world, but it looks as if the end has come.'

Poor Masih Prakash kept coming in and out, but I made little of it to him, till I saw how things were going. Finally I sent for him and thought I'd just give him my last words to take in to my wife and let him write them down and then tell him where to bury me—in a certain small garden under a mango-tree which I should want to be purchased at any price and reserved. As he entered, an idea came into my mind. 'Bring me my bag,' I said, 'open it and get out of it a small, long, thin bottle.' 'That's it.' I poured out with difficulty sixty drops of chlorodyne in a tablespoonful of water. It acted like a charm ; by 9 p.m. I was sitting up, and at 10 p.m. I was actually talking, or preaching, if you like, to a few folks below, having climbed down the ladder to do so, so great was my joy. I was up long before



A HINDU ASCETIC.

sunrise the next day and off on my bike for Faizabad. But I had the narrowest shave of death that day that has come to me so far.

I must tell you of the death of the Pandit's wife. She died here, nine months ago, before we got the land for the new house. Her name was Rajwanti. My wife has already told the beautiful story of this woman's life and conversion. She was, in every sense, a beautiful woman; but the beauty of her Christian character shone out especially in her death. My wife and I were with her to the end.

She told her husband to marry again (which injunction he has faithfully obeyed). 'I know,' she said, 'you will want some one to cook your food and care for your comfort when you come in late in the day from your village work.' Then she solemnly charged him in these words: 'Masih Prakash,' she said, as if she were a dying prophetess, and not his wife, 'Masih Prakash, listen; I am dying. I am going to God. I charge you that you go on working as you have done; be hard-working and faithful. Read your Bible and pray much. Seek earnestly to win souls for Jesus Christ. I am going to

Him ; and if souls can intercede in heaven for earth, I shall pray for you and the work at Amaniganj. And if souls in heaven can come to earth, remember that I shall often be in Amaniganj and near you. I shall keep my eye on you and your work. I shall be looking at you. Now, remember all this and be faithful. God be with you and bless you ; I am soon going.' She gave him one long, last look, one sweet, loving smile, and then seemed to have made up her mind to die, and was soon gone. And so, the first saint has gone from Amaniganj to heaven. Masih Prakash married again, a young widow, about six months afterwards, obeying his wife's injunction, and marrying, as he said, 'for the work's sake !' 'Who will do the women's work ?' said he. He is not the only one who has married for 'the work's sake.' I do not know whether this second wife is not in every respect equal to and in some things superior to his first. The people there have all taken to her, and she is a great favourite.

One thing remains to be said before I leave Amaniganj for the present. I must say a word on behalf of the lady who gives

me the £12 a year for this out-station. The last time I was at home, on furlough, in 1900, I met an old friend. He said, 'I cannot go out to India, but I should like to take up one of your out-stations and keep a man there.' Amaniganj is the station, and this converted Brahmin is his man, and it is one of my most hopeful places. Last year my friend died. I wrote to his widow and her two unmarried daughters, who are living with her, offering to set them free from the obligation, or to reduce it to £5. I knew they would have to economize to do it. They replied, 'No, while we can, we will.' I wrote again, 'Make it £10.' They replied once more, 'While we can, we will.'

THE HINDU GODS AND THE PLAGUE :

A MORNING IN THE TEMPLES OF AJUDHIYA
WITH THE REV. GREGORY MANTLE

THE plague has at last come to Faizabad and Ajudhiya, apparently to stay. The death-rate has steadily risen. Panic has laid hold of the people, all classes of whom are flying in every direction, often leaving their dying and dead for the authorities to dispose of in any way they please. Those who remain will not make known plague cases, and have recourse to every imaginable method of concealing and disposing of their plague-stricken dead.

One of the most sacred obligations of Hindus and Mohammedans is to attend the funerals and strictly carry out the rites and ceremonies due to their departed. But the panic is now so great and universal that the unfortunate dead are utterly and entirely forsaken. The

authorities have been compelled to import a small gang of Doms, the only caste (and they are the lowest of the low) who will handle the human dead. The corpses, often found with difficulty and in strange places and conditions, are put into hand-carts and, twice a day, morning and evening, officially cremated, without any religious rites or ceremonies, outside the city walls. Some of the stories of the sayings and doings of this panic-stricken people are wild and strange. Here is one proving their gullibility. A daring thief rattled the chain on the outer door of a house at midnight. A voice from within inquired 'Who's there?' A deep bass voice, in a commanding, measured, and solemn tone, replied, '*Kholo, kholo ; main Taun hun*' (Open, open ; it is I, the Plague). There was no reply to that, but the back door was quietly opened and the inmates stole out of the house and spent the rest of the night under the hospitable branches of a tree. The next morning, feeling much braver in the daylight, they went back to take a peep into their home and the doings of Mr. Taun. He had gone. On entering they found that he had run off with all their

belongings ! The man consoled himself and family by philosophically exclaiming, ' *Mál gayá to gayá. Ján to bachi—khair* ' (Our property has gone ; let it go. Our lives are spared—it is well).

The people believe that the Government is responsible for the plague, and is by every means insidiously spreading it. They are, therefore, suspicious of and resist all methods and measures for arresting and stamping it out. The average native's political theology (!) is summed up in four words : ' *Upar Khuda, niche Sarkar* ' (God above, the Government below). The Government, with its acts, laws, administration, taxes, jail, and many other evils, is the nether millstone ; and ' between the two,' they say, ' we get ground, and none go out whole ! '

God, to the Hindu, represents gods and demons innumerable, who are always at strife with him, and have continually and in every imaginable way to be propitiated and appeased. Small-pox is only the goddess Sitala Devi. Her head quarters are at Mantreshwa Kund, Ajudhiya, where prayers and offerings are made to her every Monday for deliverance from the

scourge over which she presides. Yet, notwithstanding all the vigorous 'puja' done to her, she is adding to the calamity of the plague by sending us small-pox. The Hindus are distracted at her conduct.

We also have a place for a rather frivolous goddess, called Chhutki Devi, where, on the fourteenth day of any month, after paying her court and duly satisfying her demands, you spin round on your heels, snap your fingers, and attain all your desires. But neither this Devi nor, indeed, any other of the gods is doing much for the Hindus just now. When the plague first broke out the temples and shrines did a roaring trade. Offerings poured in and the ceaseless cry, as of old, went up, 'O Baal! hear us.' The plague first broke out in Ajudhiya; in a very short time its normal population of 20,000 went down to 5,000, and now I am told that there are hardly 4,000 left. When plague was at its height I visited Ajudhiya and went to all the big temples. I am well known in them. I, only a Methodist missionary, was earnestly entreated by the priests, in each temple I visited, to intercede on their behalf with the Government, firstly, to put an end to

this plague and, secondly, to forbid the people running away and deserting their temples. 'It's very rough on you,' I said, 'very rough. Here are these fellows all bolting; how do they expect the temples to be maintained and the poor priests to be fed?' 'Ah!' said the priests, 'the fear of the plague has driven all this out of them.' 'But what about yourselves,' I said, 'and what about your gods? What about that lesser goddess, Chhutki Devi (to say nothing of big and powerful ones, like Ram, Hanuman, Ganesh and Mahadeo)? Why don't you make your offerings, spin merrily round on your heels, snap your fingers, and attain all your desires? You tell the worshippers that is all they have to do. Why don't you do it?' 'Ah!' said they, 'we don't know what to make of the gods; they neither hear nor do anything.' I got one of my best chances that day for preaching from the first and second Commandments, and was quietly and reverently listened to.

A fortnight after this, on Thursday, March 20, the Rev. Gregory Mantle, Padri, Missioner, and Globe-trotter, arrived with all his luggage and a camera. He could

only stay about twenty-four hours. He arrived at 8.30 p.m. My first words of peaceful, friendly greeting, after I got him home, washed, dined, and in a comfortable chair, were 'Well! You're a nice fellow! You were to give me a week, and I was to have taken you all over my circuit, and shown you my village work, and the "Native at Home," under every aspect and condition of life. Think what you've lost!' He said he had been snowed up in Cashmere for ten days. My wife and I sat up with him, talking of the work in this circuit and our District, close on to midnight, and hearing from him all he had to say of his wanderings in this wonderful land.

On Friday morning, early, he and I started off for Ajudhiya, that holy city of the Hindus, next in sacredness to Benares. As we drove through the Faizabad city and all the way to Ajudhiya I kept pointing out to him things that do, or should, interest a man who for the first time visits India. Sometimes I would stop the driver, that my guest might look at and inspect things more closely. Knowing that the best way for him to speak well and forcibly at home

was to look closely at things and carry away mental pictures, I would stop and say, 'There now, look at that, and that, and just carefully observe this,' and when he had done so, I would say, 'Have you taken it in?' 'Yes.' 'Then you have a good ten minutes' *bak* (talk) there, for Exeter Hall!' He would laugh, and we would go on again. I found him two good speeches, each forty minutes long, before we reached the gates of Ajudhiya. I don't know which is more enjoyable, the wonderment and enjoyment which a really enthusiastic globe-trotter (and Gregory Mantle is that) gets when things are properly shown and explained to him, or the enjoyment which the pointer-out gets in observing the zest and wonderment displayed by his companion at the commonplace things which he has got tired of looking at. I filled in the intervals by magnifying the greatness and sacredness of the holy Ajudhiya till Mr. Gregory Mantle began to feel what he would have lost by missing a visit to it! Let us look at its sanctifying virtues.

By this one visit Mr. Gregory Mantle purchased the salvation of all his ancestors.

Through paying the fare for us both going there, he was assigned a passport to heaven with all his sons (and he has five, I believe) and grandsons (these have not been born yet, but the passport awaits them). I, therefore, let him pay the gari hire gladly. I have done it so often for fellows, during the last eighteen years, that all the Elliotts are passported to the end of time. I thought I would give G. M. a chance. And all for one rupee eight annas (two shillings only)! It would have been positively wicked of me to have paid this trifle and deprived my guest of this blessing. Every step he took on his way to Ajudhiya had the efficacy of a horse sacrifice. To help a pilgrim there gave one a passage to the divine abodes in the chariots of the gods. To feed a hungry pilgrim is to reap the benefit of many oblations at Gya and ablutions at Pryag (Allahabad), and to earn for one's forefathers an eternity of happiness. To wash and anoint a pilgrim's feet would obtain for him all his desires in both worlds. The mere sight of Ajudhiya absolves from all trivial sins, but a visit to it atones for the most heinous. The waters of its sacred river, the Sarju (Ghogra), wash away all

sin ; obeisance to it removes all worldly trouble. He who lives in Ajudhiya redeems his soul from the pains of transmigration ; a residence of a night rehabilitates a man who has been degraded in his caste. In short, out of the seven holy places in India that make up the body of Vishnu, the priests boast that Ajudhiya is the head.

You may imagine, therefore, the exhilaration of spirit with which Mr. Gregory Mantle entered this most sacred city of the Hindus, and followed me from temple to temple, and shrine to shrine, getting much *pun* (merit) by his visit, and more by purchasing with his own money grain to feed a great company of monkeys at the walls of the temple of Hanuman—the god of the monkeys. We found the city empty and desolate of human beings, but the monkeys were all there. The people had fled, deserting their temples and gods. Indeed we found many of the temples closed. The priests were simply inconsolable. They said they had done their best and tried everything, but the gods were immovable, and the people shamefully wicked to thus desert the place. We saw one of the priests, an hour before,

lying meditating on a bed of spikes. I did my best to induce Mr. Gregory Mantle to sit fair and square on this with his legs off the ground, but he would not ; his weight was decidedly against him there !

While I am on with Ajudhiya I must say a word about the mela or Hindu religious fair. Ajudhiya is important because it is the birthplace of Ram. Twice in the year, April and November, from 300,000 to 400,000, and even more, Hindus come from long distances to attend these fairs, to bathe in the holy waters of the sacred Sarju, and to worship in the temples. The normal population of Ajudhiya is 20,000, and it is a place wholly given up to idolatry. It is full of temples, priests, beggars, monkeys, pariah dogs, and sacred bulls. The monkeys are the greatest nuisance of all. They wreck the tiled roofs of the poor people's homes, they plunder the stalls of shopkeepers and pillage the temples, but no one dare really hurt them. They are the offspring of Hanuman, and are therefore objects of worship and are fed by the temples and shopkeepers. There is a class of priests here who call themselves *Hanumanputra*

(sons of Hanuman). An old Baptist preacher—Mr. McCumby, now dead, and a prince of Hindi out-door preachers—was, on one occasion, preaching near the great Hanuman Garh temple, when one of these offsprings of Hanuman, a great, big, fat fellow besmeared with ashes, adorned with a cord of thick rope round his loins and his false hair done up in massive coils on his head, came up, with a great amount of 'side' and bombast, and ordered us off from his holy temple gates, and made himself a nuisance generally. We smiled; McCumby was a consummate master in debate, and knew the Ramayan as few of them did. He soon engaged the holy man clothed in ashes and a rope in conversation, and got a considerable amount of fun out of him for the crowd by cross-questioning. Finally he said, 'Come here, my son.' The man came up to him, looking rather defiant, and we all wondered what was going to happen next. 'Who are you?' inquired Mr. McCumby, 'I am a Hanumanputra,' said the man, swelling his chest with pride. Mr. McCumby stepped up to his side, and, passing his hand slowly down his back, opened his eyes in mock



NEAR THE HANUMAN GARH, AJUDHIYA.



RETURNING FROM BATHING, AJUDHIYA.

astonishment, and exclaimed, '*Are, lalawa ka púnch nahin!*' (I say, the dear boy has lost his tail!). The effect on the crowd you can imagine. We had no more trouble from him.

At mela-time we sent our tents out to Ajudhiya and lived, worked, and preached in their midst. The preaching occupied three hours at least in the morning and three in the evening. Numbers always came to the tent, and had private conversation with us regarding Christ and Christianity. Of a few we were hopeful. One of the most impressive things at the mela was our native Christian service in front of our tents. The C.M.S. and we joined all in one. A ring of two or three hundred Hindus stood round us, silently observing the whole form of service, and amazed at its wonderful simplicity: no drums, no bells, no conch-shells, and, above all, no idol as a central object of worship! They could not take it in. Several men gave in their names and the names of their villages, and said if ever any of our preachers came that way, they hoped they would call.

It makes one intensely sad to contem-

plate the small result following the amount of labour and money we put into these melas. Each mela costs about Rs. 35, and last November we threw sixteen preachers, four local preachers, and eight zanana teachers for work among the women, into it, and yet we get no visible results. It is one of the grandest opportunities we have in the whole year for addressing large and mixed Hindu audiences, and yet so little comes of it. Nothing less than a mighty outpouring of God's Spirit will *convince* this people of sin. They know not what sin really is; they have no true conception of it; hence they know not what true, real repentance is and *Salvation*—i.e. deliverance from the guilt, condemnation, and power of sin. *Mukti* (the Hindus' salvation) takes none of these things into consideration. The preacher has yet to come, another John the Baptist, full of faith, love, and the Holy Ghost, to *convince these people of sin*. Then, and only then, will they cry out, 'How shall we be saved?' God speed that man's feet.

To return to the story of my visit with Mr. Gregory Mantle. The most interesting

feature of that morning's work was at a small monastery where an old abbot and four younger men of his order lived.

The monastery was a very simple one. The walls were of mud, and low ; half the roof was tiled and the rest was of straw-thatch. We found the old man in. He is a personal friend of mine, and I do not know a better, more simple, straightforward religious man of his order anywhere.

As we entered we saw a sight that somewhat astonished me and aroused my suspicions. It was a fine-looking, well-favoured, dignified little woman, apparently about twenty-one years of age, sitting with him. 'What's this, sir abbot ?' I said. 'This is a new departure. I have always known you and your order as a brotherhood ; whence, then, this daughter of virtue in fakir garb ? Is this going to be a mixed order of yours in future ?' 'Be seated, sirs,' he said, 'and let me shut the door against intrusion. I'm glad you have come. I do want to see you. I'll tell you the whole story.'

So we entered. The door we went in at was truly native, about four feet six inches high. Mr. Gregory Mantle, who is

not accustomed to ducking as he enters rooms, narrowly escaped a bruised and bumped head.

The old man made the door fast and placed two *mondhas* (drum-like reed seats without backs) for us two. We virtually sat in the four corners of a small jutting verandah room, G. M. and I on the *mondhas*, the abbot on a spotted deer-skin, and the girl, Jamna Bai (daughter of the Jamna—for that is her name) on a sacred mat of straw, called *kush áshan*.

I repeated the question, 'Who is this daughter of virtue, and what is she doing in a small monastery occupied by an old abbot and four young disciples, brethren, like himself, of the *Param Hans* order—the strictest order of ascetics ?'

'It's this way, sir,' he began ; 'she comes from a large village on the other side of the Ghogra. Both her parents are dead ; she was married early ; her husband, who was not kind or nice to her, is also dead. She is, therefore, both a widow and an orphan, and is not, as you imagine, twenty-one or twenty-two, but only eighteen. She is, however, quite a woman : very sensible, wise, strong-minded, and truly (as you

have called her) *a daughter of virtue*. She is strongly and firmly set in her religious opinions, and is in many respects rather a remarkable woman. She can read Hindi a little, and I am teaching her more. She is an apt scholar. She is before you ; question her. She is as much yours as mine, for we are friends ; what's mine is yours.' And so, waving his hand over his little domicile, the old Hindu saint, with a low, polite bow, bringing his chin firmly down on his naked chest, said, '*Sab apahí ká hai*' (It's all yours). I returned his compliment by an equally low bow, and, with both arms outstretched, said, 'And all mine is yours, as you know.' With a fine smile breaking over his old, saintly, philosophical face, he said, '*Sab áp ki kripa hai*' (It's all of your graciousness). 'But,' asked I, 'how has she found a home and shelter in this monastery ? She has come to stay, has she not ?' 'She has.' 'Then,' said I, 'how has it all come about ?'

'Well,' said he, 'in the first place, the order to which I belong allows of marriage. The mother of one of our young men often stays here for weeks at a time and cooks

for us all and attends to our wants and comforts ; you have seen her here, have you not ?' ' Yes, I have. Has she come, then, to be your daughter ?' ' She is as my daughter while she dwells under this roof. She is free to come and go ; she may leave when she likes. It is not for me to praise myself or interpret her mind and intentions. There she is ; ask her.' ' Daughter, you may speak out of your heart freely to him. He is a man of God : speak to him as you would to me ; you need have neither shame nor fear before him.'

For the first time since we were seated she raised her eyes off her beads, which she had been slowly telling over by the silent movement of her lips in the *mantra* of ' Rám Rám, Sita Rám,' and looked me full in the face with her large black eyes—a searching look—and then cast them down on the mat again and went on telling her beads to the same old incantation of ' Rám Rám, Sita Rám.' To give her time and courage, the old abbot turned to Mr. Gregory Mantle and inquired of me who he was. G. M. was also dying to know what we were saying to each other. In five minutes I

satisfied them both, and then, fixing my eyes on Jamna Bai, said to her, ' And tell me how you, a lone woman, came here for rest and shelter, and what keeps you here ; and then I will tell you who I am, what my religion is, and how I and the Mahant became friends.'

That drew her. She sat up straight, with her hands and arms folded in her lap, looked up at me, and began to speak. ' All that the *babaji* (holy father) says is true. I am a Brahmani. I was betrothed when a child, and when a girl of eleven or twelve my *gowna* (sending-off) took place. My husband was a bad, wicked man ; he was very unkind to me. I used to come back and stay at my parents' house for months at a time. I had a son born to me when I was fifteen. My father died then ; and in the year following my husband, my child, and my mother. They all died of cholera. Many in our village died that year of this awful *maran* (deadly disease). I was left sorrow-stricken, broken-hearted, and forsaken. I was in a perilous position, because I was good-looking, young, and a woman. I was not brought up to work in the fields ; labour I never did, beyond

house work. My parents were gone, I had no protector, and I could not beg. I put in two awful years, fighting against temptations and evil men. I found I could only save and maintain my virtue and my womanhood by adopting the garb and life of a *sadhni*' (a female ascetic), 'which, after my slender means had run out, I did. But as there are no monasteries for women, I found shelter first in one temple and then in another; but the wickedness and evil intentions of priests and devotees, as well as of rich and well-to-do Hindus who came as worshippers, drove me from temple to temple, and I found them all equally bad. O sir! men are wicked.'

'Not all men,' I said.

'Well, I don't know about you white men, but the black man, (the *kāla admi*) the Hindus, they are all bad, sir, and the temples are the worst shelters on earth for a young, well-favoured woman. God only knows how I have had to resist and fight my way through.' And then, her eyes flashing fire, and with a contemptuous toss of her head and a cynical curl of her lips, she clenched her fist tight and brought it down bang on her knee, exclaiming, 'And

the worst men are the educated men ; the most unmitigated scoundrel of them all is the man educated in your English schools.'

I tried to interpose, and show that education should make a man better, and not worse. 'It does so with us,' I said.

She waved my answer off with a contemptuous curve of her arm, and said : 'It may do so with you English people, but not with us natives. The uneducated—that is, not-knowing-English native—is a gentleman, respecting his religion, his caste, and his women ; but your English-speaking man is a cad, a *badmash* (a man of vice) out-and-out. Don't talk to me about him. I know him—I know him.'

'Well, well,' I said, 'you have hit on some bad specimens.'

'I have,' she said, 'very bad ones ; I want to see no more of them.'

'Then how did you come here ?'

'Well, I fled from one place of refuge to another till I resolved in despair to come to the holy and sacred Ajudhiya, and while walking through its streets, before entering any temple, I came upon one of this brotherhood, lying full length on his *ban sijja*'

(spike bed). 'I felt at once, Here is a true mortification of the flesh.' (A man lying at full length on the 'business ends' of three-inch nails fixed in rows into a solid board, four feet long and eighteen inches wide!!) 'I went up to him, asked who he was ; and it ended in his bringing me here. Here I have been for the last two weeks, and here I mean to stay. The abbot is kind and good ; at last I have found rest for my weary feet and my worn spirit. And now, sir, tell me who you are, and what your religion is. The abbot has told me of your kindness to him, and of your friendship. I know that. I want most to know about your religion.'

I bent forward, resting my folded arms on my knees, and talked earnestly to her for about twenty minutes. I put my discourse into this frame : Our religion, in brief, teaches us (1) That all men and women are sinners alike, and I showed her what this meant. (2) That God sent His Son Jesus Christ into the world to seek and to save the lost. (3) I showed very clearly what it was to be saved, or converted, and how we might know and be sure of it. (4) That when the Lord saved us, our

business then was to love and serve Him and to try and save others, by bringing them to the Christ who saved us. (5) 'This Jesus is here now,' I said, 'and He wants to save you, and this abbot, and all Ajudhiya. You talk about finding rest for your feet and your worn spirit, but oh! daughter of virtue, you know nothing yet of the true rest and peace. All you have found is a worldly shelter from evil men. True rest and peace you will only find when you repent and turn in loving trust to Him and say, "Take me as I am."'

Then, turning to the abbot, I said: 'Is all I say true or not? What have you to object?' 'Not one word,' said he, 'not one word; it's all true; your's is a beautiful and true religion.'

The girl sat bolt upright, her eyes fixed on the ground, listening with an indescribable earnestness. When I had finished she said: 'I never heard anything like this before. This is good, it is grand, it is so simple, it penetrates my heart. I want to ask you a question. If I wanted to become a disciple what would I have to do?' 'We would take you into our Converts' Home' (I told her what that was);

‘we would teach you. You would come to our place of worship, you might stay three or four weeks, and if you liked our ways and religion you could then stay on, or you could go. If you stayed we should make you a disciple, and teach you.’ ‘And then?’ said she. ‘And then we should educate you.’ She brightened up here wonderfully, and wanted to know what the education would embrace. ‘And then?’ ‘And then,’ said I, ‘if the love of Christ burned in your heart, we would give you sufficient to live on; you could give your life to winning souls. If ever you liked you could marry again, and as a married woman you could still work for Christ; you would always be free.’ She clasped her hands, and for the first time, with real girlish glee and a true thrill of joy in her tones, replied, ‘This is fine; this is a good and true religion. I’ll think it all over and over. I hope you will come again. You must come again. Or may I come to you if you can’t come to us?’

I gave the old man an inquiring look. He said ‘Take her. If she wishes to go I shall raise no difficulties; for you will teach her far better than I can ever hope

to do, and she will be safer and better cared for.'

'Before going,' I said, 'let me sing you a Hindi Christian lyric, which will embody the substance of much that I have just been saying about our religion.'

I literally render it :

Any sinner who comes to Jesus
 Jesus to him salvation gives.
 To Jesus Christ I will ever be coming,
 Jesus is my Saviour.
 Deep is that river (death) and old is the boat (the
 body),
 Jesus my Pilot will ferry me o'er.
 Lord of the humble, Brother of the lone;
 Thou indeed, Lord, art the dispeller of sin.
 Keep this sinner (while living) under Thy sheltering
 care;
 In the hour of death, oh, remember him!
*Chorus: Yishú Masih mero prán bachaiyá, Yishu
 Masih.*
 (Jesus Christ, Saviour of my soul, Jesus Christ.)

This is one of the finest lyrics, or bhajans, in the book. It has a fine swing. I sang it slowly and distinctly, in low tones, for the room was small. The old man caught it up and, as each line of a bhajan is repeated twice and the chorus comes in at the end of every second line, the old abbot

soon got into it, and sang it with great fervour.

I brought Mr. Gregory Mantle in, dead beat, at 11.30 a.m. But it is wonderful what a good breakfast and a bath can do for a tired man. By 3 p.m. he was ready again. I took him through the city, showing him first the sights, and then through the streets, showing him the people, and the shops, with the people at home and at work. He took a number of photographs. What most strongly impressed him, almost to awe, was the number of plague-stricken, deserted houses. In Reedganj nearly all the houses were forsaken, and across the doors where death had entered was printed on paper : ' This is not to be opened or entered without orders,' and on the outside walls of other closed and forsaken houses was the blood-red sign of a rude cross.

I finished up with Mr. Gregory Mantle at one o'clock in the morning, when I left him, in a very drooping condition, in an armchair of the railway waiting-room, to dream over the sights and sounds of the day.

A FAREWELL VISIT

LATE in October I took my wife out to Tanda to give her the last look at that corner of the circuit, previous to her departure home, on a forced leave of absence, for special medical treatment.

We had a thirty-six mile run by rail to Akbarpur, which we reached about midnight. We went to the Government rest-house. Early next morning we looked out and saw the results of the late heavy fall of rain, the heaviest since 1882. Stretching away before us, almost a mile in extent, was one vast sheet of water, a back-water from the overflow of the River Tonse. After breakfast I went to spend two hours in my boys' school, and had to cross this river. What a sight! The stream that, in the hot season, is not more than thirty yards wide, in some places had become a mighty river, rushing headlong in terrible fury. The native boys of the town, espec-

ally the poorer ones, were making a great holiday of it. They were swimming, diving, and fishing. Scores of fishermen were casting their nets in every imaginable place, and were quickly filling their earthen chatties with fish. Others were pulling big fish to land by hook and line. It was a great time for the town, but a bad time for the fish ! The mighty stream was bearing them along in thousands. To escape the mid-stream current they would swim into the quiet side-banks for rest and a meal, where they were captured in large numbers.

When I got to our school, a hired one, I found that half of it had fallen in, and we were holding school in the half that was still standing, and in another house lower down in a side street. The boys seemed to enjoy this diversion. Before I left, I got them all together in one long room, gave them a talk, and prayed. To have heard them all join in the Lord's Prayer, one might almost imagine it was a Christian boys' school. We have a peculiar custom here. We hold Sunday school on Saturday evening, as many boys come from villages two, and even three miles away. I called

on a number of people on my way back, and stopped at shops and spoke to people. Sometimes shopkeepers would call out to me, saying : 'Come here, Padri Sahib ; it's a long time since I saw you in my shop,' so I'd go in and have a bit of chat here and there, diffusing myself all along the street ! My wife was equally busy, first in the girls' orphanage, and then in examining her Mohammedan girls' school.

At 3 p.m., after the morning's work and preaching was over, and just before *tiffin* (lunch), as I sat out in the verandah reading, I closed the book, just to have a good look out on the watery expanse—we have had no such rainfall for the last twenty-one years. It was a mighty flood ; it was magnificent.

I was attracted by a huge black object in the water, like a black rock, and what seemed like two boys playing on its surface. I went to prospect this new object ; and what do you think it was ? Why, two men bathing an elephant ! And they had their work cut out. For the benefit of the boys and girls I will just describe this process. A man sits on the elephant's neck

and guides him into the water. When the elephant gets well into the water the man very soon slips off his neck and makes for the land, for the elephant wants to have a bit of sport all to himself, before the men take him in hand for his noonday bath—and the elephant loves the water and his daily bath. He is nearly as bad as a *bhainsa* (water-buffalo) for rolling about in the water. He begins by sucking in gallons of water up his trunk, blowing it all over his body and back, and up into the air, and then he goes in for a swim, blowing the water all about him like a great whale. When the men think he has had enough fun on his own account, they order him back, and this huge monster, who could defy fifty men, turns and swims back at once, like a dear obedient child. Then one man mounts his neck and scrubs his head—not with Pears' soap and a yard of flannel, but with a burnt brick. The other man sits on his back, and with another brick scrubs his back and great flanks. Then they bring him into still shallower water, about three or four feet deep, and make him lie on one side, and scrub every available part of his body with

the bricks ; then they tell him to turn over, and the great beast rolls over obediently on to the other side ; and when that is done, they make him stand up and scrub his great legs and his pendulum tail. And oh ! how the animal enjoys this scrubbing with a brick ! He would let them do it all day if they would. Then the two mount, one on the neck and the other fair in the middle of the little hump on his back, and let him go out for a swim. Away, and away, and away they go ; gradually the elephant sinks deeper and deeper into the water, till you see nothing but the top of his great, big, round head, and he blows out water, and trumpets from his trunk. Elephant and men are all now having a good time together. Boys and girls, if ever you get the chance, stop and see an elephant get his bath and his swim. I'll promise, you will enjoy it.

Late in the afternoon we had a gathering of all the Christians at Akbarpur. We met in the Orphanage. After divine service we partook of the Lord's Supper, and then gathered together in the big enclosure and had a long talk. It's always a good time for them to see their *Padri Sahib*, or minister.

There is a lot to ask and much to talk about. They want to know all that is going on in Faizabad and other parts of the circuit.

After this was over some people from the town came to see me. We then—we men—adjourned to a place outside under the mango-trees and talked away till the shades of evening gathered round us. My wife and I then went off to the rest-house, with the many happy voices of the orphans ringing out in the evening air. It is a model Orphanage, this. We now have thirty-five girls in it and about six old women. Everything about the place is neat and spotlessly clean. The girls look so bright and happy that one finds it hard to realize that, a few years ago, they came to us almost dying of starvation, utterly ignorant, and very phantoms of misery and despair. They now are the picture of robust health ; they read and write their own language, many fluently ; they each have their Bible and hymn-book, of which they have a good knowledge, for children. Some are doing the compound rules in arithmetic. I have seen them all squatted on the floor, with a Singer's sewing-machine in the midst, laughing, chatting, calling out and sewing

away, making their own garments ; one calling on another, ' Oh, show me how to cut out this.' A wee mite, almost weeping, ' Please thread my needle.' Another, ' This does not sit properly.' They don't say ' This does not fit ' in India, but ' This does not sit.' Some of the girls are now doing beautiful drawn-thread work. They cut out and make all their clothes. No outside help of any kind is given them. But to see them romping and at play, to listen to their happy, merry voices, and, above all, to hear them singing and praising God, makes one feel how much Mrs. Rolston, the Orphanage, and Christianity have done for these girls, who came to us in the great famine with not only physical life, but almost all mental and spiritual instincts starved and crushed out of them.

The famine is now a thing of the past ; people gave then and gave grandly, but think now, ' We're done with the famine.' But we out here are not. These girls have still to be provided for and put out into the world. I often wish a downright wealthy globe-trotter, with sympathies commensurate with his wealth, would but pop into this Orphanage and see and hear all

our wants ! But this is wishing for what one will never get, like the poor native woman who wished that she could live by eating just once a week.

After dinner I could not resist the desire of going out once again by the water's edge. It was a lovely scene ; the moon was out and at her best, and the vast expanse of water, with the moon shining down on it, was like a fairy looking-glass. It was so quiet and peaceful, with just the splashing of frogs and fishes, and the rippling, running water, to break the stillness of the night. Every now and again some angry plovers would fly overhead, shrieking out, ' Did you do it, did you do it ? ' and I'd look up at them and say, ' Did I do what, you silly, noisy birds, disturbing the quiet of this beautiful night and one's meditation by the peaceful banks of this delightful back-water ? ' It was quite time to go to bed when I got back.

Early next morning Brother Spencer drove up in his famous karakal. It is really an elongated box, on two wheels, with a pair of shafts and a perfect little demon of a pony inside of them. He bites, he kicks, he jibs—there isn't a pony vice that

he does not excel in. But once fairly in the shafts, and started, he goes his ten miles an hour, pulling and tossing his head in a style that is grand to behold. 'I bear with him,' says Spencer, 'for the one virtue which he possesses, with many vices—that he is a grand goer, and would go till he dropped, without a touch of the whip.' At each of the four corners of the karakal is a rough, round pole, on which is a boarded top, over which is thrown a large double sheet of red cloth, which is rolled up or put down according to the state of the weather and the position of the blazing sun. If it rains—and it does rain in India (cats and dogs, some say!)—the curtains are dropped all round, and the inmates are like caged native song-birds, with a double cloth over the cage. It is then a thorough-going, respectable, safe and sound *parda nashin* (curtained) conveyance. The driver sits on a nine-inch projecting board, and has to manfully face sun, rain, and everything else. The inside seats two comfortably, and four at a pinch.

Into this we climbed and off we started, at 7 a.m., for Tanda. It is a twelve-miles' drive, on a perfect, well-macadamized road,

such as an English cyclist would love. Half-way is a resting-place, where there is a fine well, ten feet in diameter, with a magnificent pipal-tree (*Ficus religiosa*) growing out of the sides of the well. I doubt not that its tap-roots are at the bottom of that well.

True to the conditions of India, there is also an old fakir there, 'a very holy man,' so the natives say, but he always blesses the well-to-do passers-by in such loud and officious tones, that to me it seemed as if his theological training was acquired at a municipal octroi post! However, I chummed up to him, gave him a couple of coppers, and got all the people at the well (about a score or so) around me. The saint earnestly recommended me to them, by virtue of the two coppers which I had given him, and so I had fifteen minutes' good talk with them, while the pony rested. The answer to the three stock questions that one meets everywhere in the villages, namely, 'Who are you? Where are you going? and What will you do there?' will always supply one with a text wherewith to start a discourse.

When we arrived at Tanda, and at

Brother Spencer's house, we found quite a big gathering of native Christians. Every man, woman, and child had come in from all the countryside around. One woman had walked over sixteen miles, and waded at one place through a great wide *nalla* (ditch) up to her shoulders in water.

'O Maharajin !' I said, after she had related the amusing (and serious) adventures of that long and trying journey for a woman, when the country was all in flood, 'you are a foolish woman to have attempted such a journey.' Laughing, and pointing to my wife, she said, 'I came to see her. Oh! think how much she has done for me and my only child, my girl Sirtaji. And she is going to England sick, and I thought I may never see my Mem Sahiba's face again, so whatever it costs, and at all risks, I will take this one last chance of seeing her before she goes to England.'

And truly this woman had something to be grateful for. During my twenty years of missionary life and work in Faizabad, I have baptized a good many Brahmins, men and women ; perhaps none of them have given me more worry and trouble than this woman, and I know of none who have

turned out more satisfactory in the end. In that awful famine of 1897, one Sunday afternoon about 5 p.m., while I had my 'stew-pan' (sermon preparation) on, and was watching it closely, I heard a piteous cry outside my study door: 'For the sake of the Great God (*Permeshwar*) have pity, have compassion on me. I'm a poor forsaken Brahmin woman. Oh! help me, and great merit and reward will come to you.'

Very reluctantly, I went out. There she sat on the gravel pathway, with a wee baby, only five days old, in her arms, and a bright-eyed girl, wasted and worn, of six Indian summers, looking so terrified, by her side, to whom she had to say, 'Don't be afraid my child, he's a *sahib* (European gentleman); he won't harm you, my girl; he won't harm you.' 'Well, what is it, my woman? Why have you come?' With one arm holding the baby to her breast and stretching out the other, she said, 'See, I am wasted to the bone. I'm dying of hunger; take pity on us three; we have absolutely no one in the whole wide world to go to. I am homeless, and friendless too. *Apne dewta ke khátri, moh par diyá kar*'

(For the sake of the God that you worship, have mercy on me).

I was deeply touched ; my Irish heart of pity was moved to its very depths. I went in, got out four annas (a sixpence) and gave it to her, and said, ' Here, take this ; it will feed you well till to-morrow morning ; come to me then. I'm very busy just now and can't talk more with you.' With some effort this poor Brahmin woman and mother got up, went round the corner of the house blessing me, and also the British Government (!) for such fine specimens of generous men in its *rāj* (Government), and praying that our *rāj* and race might abide for evermore ! and as a pious Brahmin, no doubt, she believed that her gods heard, and would, in some remarkable way, answer that prayer. The greatest act of merit is to do good to a Brahmin, and a Brahmin's prayer stands at the very head of all heavenly intercessions.

My wife heard that something was going on, and as the woman passed her bedroom door something in the faint tones of her voice, and the cry of the infant at her breast, caught her ear and she came out, saw the woman, and soon brought her into

her bedroom and bade her sit down and tell her story. It was a short but very sad one. Of good family, married to a fairly well-to-do man, who died of cholera before the famine, turned out ruthlessly by her mother-in-law, she soon spent all she had. Then the deep shades of the awful famine fell on her, and she who had never known want began to beg; but times were hard, and even Brahmins often begged in vain. She sold first her few utensils, then the few simple silver ornaments she possessed, and finally bedding and clothing. All she had in the world when she came to us was a *sári* (a long piece of cloth which serves for both coat and skirt), six or seven yards of which she wound round her person and threw over her shoulder; the little girl had a small *sári* of coarsest material, suitable to her size, not one inch too long; and the baby, I believe, had nothing but shelter in the mother's bosom. A devout Hindu in Fathganj, Faizabad, distributed grain morning and evening to the hungry and starving ones. She lived on this for a few days.

On the fifth day greater trouble was in store for her. She went out of the city

with her girl of six, into the quietest place she could find, and there, in a *nalla*, gave birth to a daughter. She sent her girl, Sirtaji, into a small hamlet near by, and told her to go to every house, if necessary, and describe her mother's pitiable condition, and say she was a Brahmin, and get any help she could. A poor Hindu and his wife came out to her and took her to their home, but she had to walk every foot of the way. They kept her four days, and gave her such rough-and-ready medical aid as the poorest of the poor do get on such occasions.

On the fifth day he said to her, 'Now we can't keep you another day, for we are very poor, and times are hard.' 'Where am I to go, and what am I to do? I am starved and weak, I cannot stand or walk; and then there is this baby besides.' The man said, 'There is one who can and will help; I know of him, he is kind and merciful. He is the missionary here; his house is directly in front of the post office. Ask at the post office for Padri Elliott Sahib. Everyone knows him.' And that is how she came to us.

My wife said, 'This woman must stay;

she is not fit to move about.' She gave her a house in the compound ; tended her for a week till she got strong. Then the baby died. The mother took it away to the banks of the river Sarju, scooped a hole in the sand, and buried it. She came back. We kept her a fortnight, fed her up, gave her a newchange of garments for herself and daughter and the offer of some money, and said, ' Now you are strong and set up, you may go.' ' No,' said she, ' where shall I go ? Your *dharma* (religion) is the best in the world, it's a *adharma* of love and kindness. Take me into your *dharma*. I will not leave you. Give me work and food, and make me one with you.'

We took her into our Converts' Home and put her girl into the Boarding-school. She was a bright, clever woman, and soon could read Hindi and Roman-Urdu. In time she was baptized, and after a few years began to take the gospel into the Hindu homes of Faizabad. But she had an awful temper, and was of a most quarrelsome disposition, and in consequence gave us no end of trouble, once or twice leaving us, saying she would beg but never come back to us—and, of course, we were the



ZANÁNA MISSION-HOUSE, FAIZABAD.



GIRLS' BOARDING-SCHOOL, FAIZABAD.

most hard-hearted and worst people in the whole world, because we would not have her kicking up a row in the compound and disturbing the peace and quiet of the place. She always came back inside the twenty-four hours, feeling very hungry and resigned. Finally, at a special service, the woman was completely broken down and truly converted to God. She has been a new woman ever since. She is now married to one of my village evangelists, himself a converted Brahmin. Her girl, Sirtaji, about thirteen, is one of the brightest and nicest girls in our school, and truly converted to God. She is in the fifth standard, and is learning three languages—Urdu, Hindi, and English : she will by-and-by make a good teacher in the school.

I tell you this one story somewhat at length ; but what mission station is there that cannot relate many, many such stories of Hindus and Mohammedans saved in a time of great extremity, trained and disciplined under many and great disadvantages, who ultimately have turned out not only good Christians but good and faithful workers, full of gratitude and love to those who have saved them and under many and

great difficulties have borne with them and not forsaken them? Had not Maharajin, then, something to be grateful for? and was it wonderful that her love for this English woman took her wading through dangerous waters, just once to see the face of the Mem Sahiba, who was so much to her because of all she had, under God, done for her and her only child?

There were others there, too, who owed much to God and Methodism. We had a large gathering at the 4 p.m. service. I baptized two children after the service, induced the people to talk, and held what might be called an open free-and-easy Methodist class-meeting, leaving it largely in my wife's hands, for I knew they all wanted to talk to her, and not to me. I had spent the day first in examining our Anglo-Vernacular School, then in visiting some people.

The next morning early we drove to Ilfatganj, eight miles distant. There during the year we had put up a preacher's house at a cost of Rs. 380 (about Rs. 80 of this went in the site and purchase of a small broken-down house that stood on it). As soon as we arrived the people began to

gather. Paul and Polly are our workers here. Paul is a qualified Government compounder. After his conversion he gave up compounding and turned to Christian work, and is now one of my village evangelists. Paul's knowledge of compounding comes in most useful. I only wish some one would give the Rs. 20 or Rs. 25 wherewith to set him up in a few simple medicines. When a man can combine medical work with his preaching it gives him a great power, especially over the poor people, and Paul could do a lot of good with a few simple medicines and ointments.

The women simply crowded into the house to see the Mem Sahiba, or white woman. Not only the house, but a small courtyard was filled. They listened with feelings akin to wonderment at this English woman, talking to them fluently and with good accent in their own language. If my wife is nothing else, she is kind and very sympathetic. So she soon won their confidence, and they drew closer to her. She talked and sang Christian hymns and bhajans to them : she let them talk, and ask questions, and answered them. When the women were told by Polly (that is,

Mrs. Paul) that Mem Sahiba was going home to England, they drew near to her, and some touched her with their hands and then touched their bodies, the idea being of taking a blessing out of her before her departure and transferring it to themselves. But just imagine, if you can, Mohammedan women looking on an English woman as a saint! and so much of a saint as to be able to transmit a blessing to them.

Polly is a grand, good, hardworking little woman. She and her husband have won the respect, the love and confidence of the people in and round Ilfatganj. I am hoping for some results soon in this centre of Christian work and influence.

While my wife and Polly were busy inside, I was at work outside with a big congregation of quite 280 persons of all castes and creeds. We sat under the shade of a big nim-tree and a grass-thatch combined. I had a grand time with them. One Mohammedan gentleman who was in that audience, and who means to live and die a Mohammedan, at present is so deeply impressed with the reality and goodness of our work that he has put himself down as an annual subscriber of Rs. 5 to the Mission,

and only a few months ago sent me his second year's subscription.

We then went and spent nearly an hour in the Government Vernacular Boys' School. This brought us in contact with the boys of the place. As we drove off in our trap they cheered us. So we had a good reception from the folks of Ilfatganj, and a downright jolly roll off from the schoolboys of the place.

Now, if all this means no more, it means at least this one thing—that we have won the people's hearts and confidence, and surely that is the first step to further progress, and even better results. They know what we are there for, our object is not hid from them, and yet they trust and respect us, and there is no hostility now of any kind.

MISSIONARY RECREATIONS

THE Faizabad Home Mission on the 'rampage' ! Perhaps it would be more correct, and more respectful to so august a body, to say 'on the spree.'

Our Home Mission was a success at its initiation, and ever since has grown in popularity and favour with our English church. Our English and Hindustani churches have taken up a village centre and are paying all its expenses. God has so blessed them with a spirit of liberality that we get from the two churches over Rs. 50 a month, and have taken up a second centre.

Now, in order to give our English church, and especially our soldier brethren, who are large subscribers to this Home Mission, an idea of the kind of work that was being carried on, we determined to have a big 'Home Mission Picnic.' All subscribers were free, all interested could come by

paying eight annas. All would have to make their own arrangements for getting there. The place we resolved to go to was Sohawal, ten miles distant from Faizabad, the second station opened by the Home Mission. An officer and his wife, the Sergeant-Major and his wife, the school-mistress, twenty-five men of the Royal Irish Rifles, and twelve from the battery, represented the military. Then there were the leading members and the committee of the fund belonging to the Hindustani church.

Fifteen or more met at my house, and we all rode out on bikes; the rest went by train. All along the road villagers and passengers turned out and stopped to gaze at the long line of bikes. *Ká hoi, ká hoi*, was the one great word of astonishment from every mouth. We arranged this picnic on a market-day. We all, numbering about forty-five, turned up at the market at 3.30 p.m. Oh! how the natives stared at the long array of bikes! *Ká hoi, ká hoi*, still *ká hoi*. All along the way *Ká hoi*, right up to the preaching-place, still *Ka hoi* (What is it?)

We started the Tommies singing, in

English, a few of Sankey's hymns. Oh ! how this drew the natives from the market ! They did not know a word of what was sung. All the better for that, the more came ; and thirty soldiers let loose on a popular ' Sankey,' with the word of command ' Sing up, men ! ' is something to draw an Indian crowd anywhere. Two Hindustani brethren preached, with a hymn in between, and then I preached. We had a grand time in that open market along the street of the village. ' Now,' I said to the soldiers, ' There, that's how we do the open-air preaching.' We all went round, and viewed every man's little shop on the roadside, and between us all we left some money behind. One poor chap cried out, ' God bless you all. God give you long life. Oh that you would come every week ! I have sold more here to one sahib in five minutes than I generally sell in the whole day.'

We then went off and had tea under a big tope of trees. After that some went and viewed a Hindu temple ; some examined the Government Boys' School. At 6.30 we had a grand magic-lantern service. If there was one man present there were

700—some natives said 1,000. We had the *élite* of the town—Mohammedans and Hindus—and had a good time. We were all back in cantonments by 8.30 p.m. It has been a grand lift for our Home Mission, and the Tommies are immensely pleased. One said, ‘Well, this *is* God’s work in deed and truth.’ The officer, the next day, sent us Rs. 10 as a donation.

A CIRCUIT CONVENTION

A FEW years ago we started an annual convention in this circuit, to which we invited all our members from the out-stations. The spiritual advantages of such a convention are apparent. In the first place, many of the preachers and their wives and children are so situated that, if it were not for a convention like this, they would not see the inside of a place of worship, nor mingle their voice in prayer and praise with a Christian congregation the whole year round. They live and work in village centres, in the midst of Mohammedan and Hindu populations. They have no Christian church, no Christian community, but are alone all the year round. I wonder sometimes how they hold on, and hold out. I wonder they don't leave, for they are all good men, and the majority of them could do as well, and better, and get places in

towns and cities, where missionaries can always take good men. The best way I find to put heart into them is for the missionary to go and see them when he can, and cheer the poor fellows up. Then, secondly, these yearly conventions act as a great stimulus. They bring us all together in the bonds of Christian fellowship. Apart from the spiritual good these folks get, it is a week's outing for them, a grand outing—and they need it. Thus once in a year, they all come in; they see every one. Fathers and mothers, in some cases, see their girls in the Boarding-school; their joy is full. Then they get into the circuit town, the city of Faizabad, and make their special purchases for the year. They see the old chapel, they join for the first time in the year in worship with a Christian congregation. Thus they who daily preach the gospel in the villages round them, hear it for the first time in the year themselves. The convention is, therefore, a necessity. But the worst of it is, that it is the most expensive of necessities. Every individual's expenses to and fro have to be paid, by rail and by cart; when they come in, they have to be housed or tented, and there are

sundry other expenses connected with the convention.

We so arrange that the convention is just over before the Ajudhiya mela starts. And so we have a third reason for holding this annual convention. It enables us to throw the whole preaching force of the circuit, male and female, into this great annual Hindu fair ; and, at the convention we all get a blessing and a fresh baptism of spiritual power, which better fits us for the great work and responsibility of preaching the gospel to the vast multitudes of Hindus of every caste and various shades of thought and social standing who frequent the mela. Indeed, I feel as the years roll on, and after over twenty years of experience and preaching at these Hindu melas at Ajudhiya, that the only chance the gospel has here, in these dense multitudes, of winning its way, and proving itself to be ' the power of God to the salvation of men,' is for it to be proclaimed, preached, and sung by men and women who themselves have experienced it, and who feel, as they preach the gospel, that it is to them the power of God in their souls.

The duration of the convention is not

more than four days. We begin by an early meeting at 8 a.m. At 2.30 p.m. we have a workers' meeting, which I leave entirely in their hands. The speaker is allowed twenty minutes for himself; sometimes we have two short addresses, but in this meeting an opportunity is given to these village preachers to talk about their work and its difficulties, and to ask each other questions. There is much 'go' and originality about this meeting.

The big meeting is at 6.30 p.m. The Hindustanis are very much like us in this, that they enjoy an evening service with lighted lamps best. At the last convention, in November, 1903, the chapel used to be quite packed at these evening meetings. It was a time of heart-searching and spiritual revival for us all.

Our method first was to get backsliders restored. This is not an easy matter. A backslider is very shy about coming out and admitting that he has backslidden. Secondly, I wanted every Christian to have a clear evidence of his acceptance before God; or, in other words, to know that he had passed from death unto life, because 'the Spirit bore witness with his spirit that he

was a child of God.' It was quite touching to hear the experiences, especially of women and girls, which often ran thus : 'I gave my heart to God long ago, and I feel I am a Christian, and I do love Christ, and read my Bible, and pray every day, but don't know quite how (*kya jane kaisa*) I have lost my peace and my zeal (*sargarmi*), and my religion is not to me what it should be.' Or it ran on these lines with some : 'I am a Christian : I know I am a Christian ; but I can't say that I have this witness of the Spirit, this absolute knowledge of acceptance and the resultant peace and tranquillity of heart and mind that the Padri Sahib enforces on us and says is our *haqq*, or "divine right." All is in the covenant grant of the great salvation of God through Jesus Christ.' There was yet another class, of more painful experience, which ran on these two lines : either 'I was converted last convention. I know I was. I gave my heart to Christ, but oh, I fell away, and now I am *kuchh nahin*' (absolutely nothing); or '*Meri buri halat hai*' (My condition is indeed bad). 'I give my heart to Christ, and then I fall and rise again, and go on, up and down, falling and getting up, repenting and

sinning.' Now this latter experience is more general than one would wish, and what all seem to want is a religion of *stickitiveness*—to get converted, to stick to it, and to go on growing in grace ; to be rooted and grounded and established, and to know more and more of the grace and the love of God. I did my best to bring this point home. In all, twenty-five came out and professed to obtain the blessing they sought, and many younger ones came out and promised to give themselves to God.

The last day we had a grand missionary meeting. After a short address, I threw the meeting open for all workers to state, as briefly as possible, encouraging features in their work. This was perhaps the best meeting of all. It was a real old Methodist lovefeast without the bread and water (which does not seem to go down out here), and brought to us all refreshment and strength for the sterner duties of the morrow.

IN HIGHER ALTITUDES

IN the middle of August I was called away by the Chairman to take charge of our English work at Ranikhet. This station is the centre of a large military sanatorium, which lies in the form of a rough triangle. Chaubattia, at one corner, is about 7,000 feet high. Ranikhet, 6,000 feet high, begins at the quaint old temple of Jhula Devi, near which is the Garrison Class of Instruction, and stretches away beyond Kumpur to a distance, I should judge, of almost four miles. The Standing Camp, called by the natives *Doolikhet*, drops down a few hundred feet below, forming the apex of the large triangle.

At Chaubattia there is a regiment of European infantry and a fine double-storied hospital. Government contemplates more buildings here and a further extension of the garrison.

At Ranikhet there is a full regiment

of Europeans, and two or three small dépôts. All the military offices, public buildings, and places of business are centrally located here. But the place is purely military. The public garden, the club, and the somewhat restricted parade-ground are the three centres of recreation and sport.

At Doolikhet, the Standing Camp, there is a European regiment and a small dépôt. Here also further extensions are contemplated. Everything, therefore, points to Ranikhet expanding, and becoming an increasingly important military command. All that now remains to be decided is, 'Will it be the summer headquarters of the Bengal command?' In any case, it will always be a large and important military centre. The barracks, married quarters, and all other military buildings are of the most modern type, and well and expensively constructed. The Church of England has a good church at each of the three centres. Next April it is hoped that a perfect and ample waterworks scheme will be in full working order. All that will then remain is electric lighting.

We have a mission-house and church in

Ranikhet. The church we purchased from the London Mission. It is over thirty years old, and badly needs overhauling. It wants a thousand, if not fifteen hundred, rupees spending on it, and first of all re-roofing. But the rule of retrenchment is, 'Wait—until it comes tumbling down about your ears; then prepare a plan and estimates, send these to England, get the Committee's sanction, then raise the money and do what is needful, taking great care not to exceed the estimates.'

The chapel is perfectly situated on the spur of a hill, surrounded by quite a little forest of beautiful pines. It is so constructed as easily to admit of enlargement, and at present comfortably seats one hundred and fifty. Last year we raised locally over three hundred rupees and have got in a splendid set of new lamps and made other necessary improvements in the furniture. The church is now beautifully lighted, and looks quite bright and homely, and draws many. The singing—well, it is loud and hearty, and is one of the most attractive features of our services up there. To hear that chapelful of soldiers sing 'All hail the power of Jesus' name,' 'There

is a fountain filled with blood,' 'What can wash away my sins? Nothing but the blood of Jesus,' stirs one's heart and soul to the very depths. Few things draw men into a place of worship and so lay hold of them as hearty congregational singing. Our singing drew many a one in from the mountain-side, and folks have stood on the road and listened with delight. The last three Sundays of my stay the chapel was packed.

I am also glad to be able to say that the Lord has greatly blessed our Sunday evening service. During the eight weeks many gave their hearts to God. The last of these services was a grand time. I preached from the words, 'I am not ashamed of the gospel: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth' (Rom. i. 16). We had a glorious prayer-meeting at the close. Four came out and gave their hearts to God, and one backslider was restored. The Monday following, a man met me with a salute, and exclaimed, 'Romans i. 16, sir. Glory to God!' The collections, too, were well up, one Sunday amounting to Rs. 23.

The Misses Bewes have a very fine

Soldiers' Home at Ranikhet in good working order. I do not know of a home anywhere conducted on sounder principles and better managed. Once a fortnight I gave them a missionary meeting in this Home. The men turned up in grand style to these missionary meetings, and during the intervals between one meeting and the next put contributions into a missionary box, extemporized out of one of Lipton's tea boxes.

From this Lipton's tea missionary box I received three donations during the eight weeks—viz. Rs. 15-14, 19-3, and 30-10, (over £4 in all) for mission work at Faizabad. The Monday before I left I went up to Chaubattia to say 'good-bye' to as many as I could. While I was passing by the small prayer-room, a man rushed out and said, 'I have got something for you, sir, if you'll wait a few minutes.' He darted off along the road and then up a steep hillside to his tent, and came back almost breathless after the run and the climb, and said, 'There, sir; just a few of us chaps who attend our small prayer-room up here have put in what we could at odd times into this tin box for your mission work at

Faizabad. We have heard your missionary addresses in the tent at Ranikhet, and knew that the men there had been putting into a missionary box, and we thought we would start one in our prayer-room here.' When I opened it it contained, in small bits and copper, Rs. 5-9 (about seven shillings). The sides of the Lipton's tea box were covered over with white paper, on which were written such texts as Matt. xxviii. 19.

It was most gratifying to see and feel the missionary zeal and enthusiasm of the soldiers up there. Numbers of them used to see me and ask me questions about the work, and showed the deepest interest in it. One man came to me one day with a stamp-album, in which he had been collecting for some years, and said, "I have brought you this, sir ; you should get £20 for it, I think. I have spent Rs. 25 each on some of the stamps.' ' Oh, but I can't take anything half so valuable as this from you,' I said. ' Oh, I have thought it well out ; it's but a small gift to give the Lord for all He has done for me. I have collected with the view of giving it to the Lord's work, and the Lord has led me to give it to you for His work.' I was deeply touched by

the generous gift of this noble Christian soldier. How many years the dear fellow must have toiled to put it together ! The tears sprang into my eyes as I received it from his hands, while his face beamed with the joy of giving, and of laying down this precious little treasure at the Master's feet for His service. 'I'll maybe start another album,' he said ! He has a special faculty for stamp-collecting, and a regiment is a good hunting-ground for it.

Another generous instance I came across, but on different lines, was that of a man for whom God had done great things and had lately much blessed.

He made the holy resolve to take on and serve out twenty-one years ; not because he specially loved the service, nor yet to oblige his King and country, but simply that he might remain in his regiment and spend these years in winning souls for Christ. He was the means of leading three to Christ while I was up there, and already he has a good standing and is an influence for good in his regiment. 'Oh, think, sir, said he to me, 'what I may do in the next twelve years for Christ.' He is a most

intelligent and exceptionally strong man. I am going to start him as a local preacher, give him exams., and 'attach him' (to use a military phrase) to the Faizabad Circuit. There are some noble and grand fellows in our Army, and they are worth hunting up and getting hold of.

Every missionary of the District is expected, as far as possible, to go up and officiate for six weeks or so. This gives him a rest from direct circuit worries and lifts him into higher altitudes, between six and seven thousand feet; and for the six weeks, though he really has hard work, a lot of hill climbing, and three District camps to visit, with heavy pastoral and hospital visitations, he works under delightful climatic influence, and lives amid forests of stately pines, oaks, and rhododendrons. He breathes the pure and bracing air of the mountains; and he hears what he never hears on the plains—the music of the mountain streams and rivulets, and the wind sighing through the pines. Oh, it is delightful to be hushed to sleep, night after night, by the music of winds sweeping through the pines. Occasionally,

too, up on the mountains, one gets visions of scenery and glimpses of nature that amount almost to an inspiration.

One of these, at Ranikhet, I shall never, never forget. Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Cape, my wife, and I, went out a long way, down through valleys and up into mountain-passes, crossing several lovely, musical mountain-streams, up to the top of a hill, which for a hundred acres or more was covered with a great orchard of selected English and Indian fruit-trees of endless variety, and was called the Ranikhet Forest Department Horticultural Gardens. On our way back, Mr. A. T. Cape, who had the sharpest eyes of the party, suddenly called our attention to a vision of beauty. So we halted. There we stood—dandywallas, ponies, syces—all to look at a scene of surpassing beauty. There was a great parting in the mountain-side on our right, with the hills standing on each side like massive walls, clothed in richest shades of green. These formed the sides of the picture. Stretching away in front of us for about a mile was a valley of pine, oak, and rhododendron, over the tops of which rose a small green hill, a little gem

of emerald beauty. Over and beyond this the clouds were piled up in fantastic beauty, forming one of the loveliest sunsets the human eye could wish to gaze upon. While we were admiring this glorious sunset, we saw what must have been a fine, misty rain passing across this emerald hill. It was lighted up by the glow of the setting sun, which turned the misty rain-cloud into the finest gossamer of resplendent gold, a veil of the most exquisite and luminous glory. It seemed as if the hand of an invisible angel had slowly drawn it across that lovely hill, under those clouds and inside that framework of beautiful natural surroundings, and then said to us, 'Behold a vision in nature of the matchless beauty and glory of the Creator of all things.'

It only lasted a few moments. As the beauty of the sunset faded away, I turned to the hillmen and said, 'Have you ever seen anything like that before?' 'No, never,' said they. 'What was it, do you think?' I inquired. One of them, to my surprise, replied, '*Ishwar ká mahima hai*' (It is the glory of God).

Another day, as I was out early in the

morning for a seven-miles' tramp, I came upon a band of Nepali pilgrims from the Pindari Glacier. There were about fifteen of them. The chief of them were two ladies; one a beautiful young woman of about twenty-two, and the other a fine, handsome, fat old duchess. I never saw such a dear, kind, motherly-looking Nepali woman in my life. My heart was quite drawn to her. I saluted her in very reverential and Oriental form; she returned my salutation in Hindustani, so we soon got into conversation. The other Nepalis soon gathered round. The old lady was on a pony, the young one in a peculiar kind of litter, which I had never seen before; the rest—attendants, it seemed to me—were all on foot. The old lady told me that she had been up 12,000 feet high, to worship in a temple at the source of one of India's sacred rivers—a piece of great merit. These poor creatures had been one and a half months, they told me, on this pilgrimage. They started from Katmandu, and it was quite touching and heart-moving to hear of all their hardships. 'We are so glad it is all over,' said the old lady; 'to-morrow we shall be in the

train, and in ten days more back home again.' 'And what good has it all done you,' I said; 'what have you got for all your pains?' 'Fulfilled a sacred obligation,' said the old lady, and the young one smiled. 'And,' said one who seemed to me to be the chief servant, 'we worshipped.' 'What did you worship?' 'Oh! Oh!' said he, and he could get no further than a prolonged Oh! and looked to his mistress to help him out. She smiled and laughed, and then, fixing her eyes on me, said, somewhat sternly, 'And who are you, that question us in our religious concerns?' 'Oh! I am no one special,' I said, 'I am a padri, and my business is to preach to the natives.' 'Ah, I thought so; and whom do you worship?' 'I worship the great God who made earth and sky and all that in them is.' 'Who is He?' 'Where is He?' 'What is He?' 'How do you worship Him?' All these questions betrayed her ignorance, and at the same time the longing of her deeply religious heart. One question answered led on to others. 'Who is Jesus Christ?' 'What is repentance?' 'What is salvation?' 'What will happen to us all after death?' and

so on. Our conversation was about seven miles long, with three or four interruptions. It finally ended at Bhawali, near our last stage. There, in its delightful shade, they rested for the day, and we passed on. The old lady at parting said she'd never forget me. Is she ever likely to forget the man who gave her a theological disquisition seven miles long ! I wonder what she'll tell them when she gets back to Katmandu of the stranger they met near their journey's end, and of all that he said unto them !

It was with a sad heart, and many precious memories that will abide, that I at last said good-bye to my military church and friends at Ranikhet, and set my face for Faizabad.

That journey I shall never forget. I fell upon an incident that looked, at the moment, as if it would end my missionary career and terminate my days on earth.

I was late in leaving—too late. I should have been at Khairna *dak bungalow* (rest-house) before sunset, instead of which I was three miles from it at 7 p.m., and it was a pitch-dark, but starry night. It was too dark to trot, gallop, or canter my pony,

so I just gave him his head and let him pick his way, while my mind was quite unsuspecting of danger, and I was not expecting anything unusual. All at once my pony snorted, trembled, and reared up, nearly throwing me. At the same time I heard a big, slithering sound on my right. Immediately I gripped my pony firmly, recovered my seat in the saddle, and cried '*Kaun hai? Kya hai?*' (Who is it? What is it?), thinking it was perhaps a robber who had sprung down from a rock, and that his next spring would be for my pony's bridle. At the same instant I bent down, caught hold of the curb, and pulled the pony down. The animal, however, snorted, trembled, and backed me up against the hillside. All inside of the two or three seconds in which this happened I suddenly turned to my right, and there, not more than twice my own length—barely twelve feet—away, was a full-sized panther, or leopard, crouching for his next spring. His back was bent like a bow, and his hind quarters were up. 'Oh, my gentleman! it's a panther you are,' I said. He had jumped down from a ledge of rock on to a heap of road-metal. I was dressed in

khaki, and my helmet was khaki. I was, therefore, nearly invisible. The panther heard the footsteps of the pony, and sprang down to prospect for an evening meal. My sudden cry checked him for the moment. He saw a man was on the pony, and was not quite prepared for that. But I saw he meant business, and did not mean to give ground or quarter, and we were both so close together that neither knew quite what to do. On my looking at him and speaking to him, he opened his great mouth and gave that awful hissing noise that a cat does when surprised by a dog. He glared at me, and I looked for a second or two sternly at him. I knew if I 'funked' or showed the least fear, and gave ground, the huge brute would be on my back and have me by the neck in a second. In that one awful moment of suspense the thought came to me, 'Shall I quietly slip off my pony, glide away, and leave him to the mercy of the panther, and thus save my life?' I knew the panther wanted my pony, not me. But to desert my pony I felt would be cowardly and unfair; it would also be a loss of one hundred rupees to the owner or me, and I should have three

miles to walk in the dark, and might meet another panther. I determined, therefore, to stick to my pony at all costs. Immediately I pulled him round with all my might and made him face the panther, which reduced the distance between us by two or three feet. The poor pony trembled all over, and nearly fell down on his haunches with fright. The panther, I noticed, had suddenly dropped down quite flat, as if he would hide, or slink off if he could. My pony was going, going, going under me, and the panther was spitting away. I got my feet out of the stirrups and prepared for the last emergency, and then, taking my helmet off my head, I flourished it rapidly at the panther, and, with open mouth and full chest, I gave the most unearthly, prolonged roar, followed by a roll of my tongue (as few men can do it). The effect was magical. With a roar of fear and terror, the panther bounded off into the dark valley below, and disappeared, I yelling and roaring after him. He was glad to be rid of me, and I of him.

I soon covered the remaining three miles ; my pony *did* fly over the first mile of the three ! but, poor beast, I could feel him

trembling under me all the way. I was glad when we got to the dak-bungalow, and so, I fancy, was the pony, and if he could have spoken I think he would have said, 'Thank you, dear old Padri, for sticking to me as you did. *Main áp se bakut khush hun*' (I am awfully pleased with you).

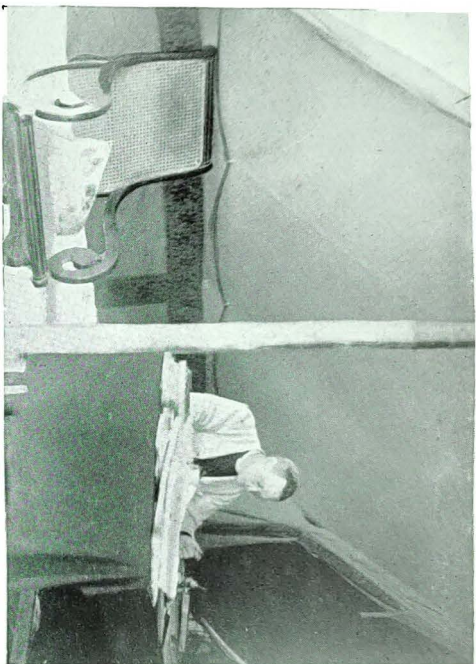
A MEDITATION IN THE SHADE

AFTER a long morning's work, tramping round from village to village, singing and preaching the gospel to the villagers, one is glad to get back to one's tent in the mango-grove, and to breakfast at 11 a.m., though it is oftener nearer noon.

The time between breakfast and 2 p.m., while touring in the villages, is absolutely one's own. If you are near a village you will not be disturbed by visitors, because between these hours they are all cooking, eating, and sleeping. Everything is quiet. The cattle will move in under the shade to rest and chew the cud, and all nature seems to be still and at rest; but about 2 p.m. men, beasts, birds, insects, and old Mother Nature herself, all begin to wake up.

From noon to 2 p.m. is therefore a grand time for the missionary, while touring during the winter months in North India.

He has had his breakfast, the servants are cooking theirs. The evangelists are either eating or resting. They have had their talk with the missionary on their homeward way. They are now lying on their backs reading themselves to sleep over one of their examination books! The missionary, therefore, has rest and quiet. No circuit worry (some days no post), no one at the door; all is peaceful. He dives into the office box, gets out his correspondence, and may do an hour's writing; or he fishes out a favourite book and settles down to a good two hours' reading. Sometimes he draws his light cane chair close up to the trunk of a mango-tree, tilts it back, and throws his feet up on to the trunk of the tree, as high as they will reach, and goes in for a long, big think. And, poor chap! he has a lot to think about, plan for, and arrange if he has a big vernacular circuit, with twelve out-stations, schools without Government grants, a Girls' Orphanage, a big Christian Girls' Boarding-school, a large English church: all these, with their various duties and responsibilities, supply him with abundant thought. If he has children at home



TENT LIFE.

in England, he wonders what they are doing, and what the next weekly mail will bring him.

Sometimes, in thought, he glides away from all these things into the great problems that affect his work, that touch his life and calling as a missionary and a foreigner in this strange land. He thinks himself into and out of these great problems; he thinks them all round, and in and out, and wonders how things will shape themselves in India during his life, and after he's dead and gone, under the influences of Western civilization, rule, education, and evangelization. When and how caste prejudices will give way, how the gigantic forms of idolatry, error, and superstition will be broken; how racial pride will yield to closer national, religious, and social affinities,—in a word, when India will be won for Christ, and its national life reconstructed on a broad Christian basis.

At present there is a great gulf separating Angle and Indian. The majority of us Angles know but little of their social and religious life and surroundings, and they know still less of ours. There is also a certain amount of prejudice existing on

both sides. Until the distance is bridged and the two races brought nearer together, we cannot expect to influence the people of this land as we would wish.

First, let us consider some of the causes which prevent friendly intercourse.

These are (1) Race distinctions ; (2) Religious and Caste prejudices ; (3) Social differences.

1. *Race distinctions* form a serious barrier to social and friendly intercourse. We are the conquering, they the conquered race. We find it hard to forget this, and have got so into the habit of asserting our racial superiority, and often of speaking disparagingly of the so called 'native,' that when we do unbend and try to be a bit social and friendly, the act, to the Indian, appears more like condescension than friendliness ; and so they often speak of a kind and popular Government official as a *Mihriban Sahib*, that is, a gracious and condescending gentleman. Another thing I have invariably observed, that, however friendly and intimate an English gentleman may become with a native gentleman, even though the latter be of India's nobility and aristocracy, he will always, in addressing

his English friend, use the qualifying adjectives and honorific pronoun given to a superior, even to putting him in the third person of address, as if he were not worthy to address him directly in the second person. In a word, he never loses sight of the fact of the racial distinction. At the same time he is keenly sensitive to the Englishman's emphasizing his superiority. Educated natives now are objecting, many of them strongly, to being called natives, or native gentlemen. They say it is meaningless, and, as applied to them, a word of contempt. The Englishman is as much a native as he, the Englishman a native of England, and he a native of India. He therefore claims to be called a Hindustani. I knew a native Christian B.A. who returned a begging-book without any money, but with a very strong note, because his name was put under the heading 'Native Christian Church.' He insisted that it should be '*Hindustani Christian Church*'!

And so these racial distinctions tend to keep us apart, and they are not easily bridged, because the characteristics, mode of life, fashions, and tastes of the two races

are opposite ; indeed, the contrast is so striking that the wonder is that even so much friendliness and intercourse do exist between them. One has only to look into the house of a native of India, his household arrangements, method of life, his family life, his ways of saying and doing things, to realize how we live at opposite poles ; and the fact is borne in on us, in spite of everything, that East is East and West is West, and one wonders when and how the two will meet. Our education and training also proceed on totally different lines ; our conceptions of honour, truth, and morality are widely apart, and we view almost every question from different standpoints.

The wisdom and justice of our rule have greatly tended to bind the people to us in loyalty and gratitude. But this has not yet in any sense made us one people. They admire the justice and fairness that makes no difference between rich and poor, high caste (Brahmin) and low caste (Sudhra), and that grants equal rights to every member of society. Yet they regard our laws, improvements, education, and influence as tending to equalize all racial,

class, and caste distinctions, and to destroy old time-honoured customs that they hold venerable and sacred. See, for instance, how they have resented all Government plague precautions and preventions, and how the Sanitary Commissioner on every municipal board is looked upon as the evil genius of the city.

And so, ignorance on their side of our national characteristics and of the objects for which we work, and a lack of appreciation on our side of their peculiar conditions and environment, keep us very much apart. The problem is, How is all this to be put right? The hope is that, as we get to know each other, and as they, in particular, get to understand our policy and religion, they will be drawn nearer to us, and much will be done toward the accomplishment of the objects we have in view in India.

2. *Religious prejudice* is another difficulty in our way. Here again we widely differ. The Christian religion is looked upon by the natives of this country as identified with everything English. Our gospel is an English gospel, not a world-wide one. The Bible is a revelation to

Englishmen, as the Quran is to the Mohammedans, and the Vedas and Shashtras are to the Hindus. They often say to us, 'God gave you your religion for yourselves, and ours for ourselves. What is the good of preaching to us? Let well alone. It is of God.'

Our religious system is not sufficiently Oriental to attract them. They look only on the surface; and, unfortunately, in this country they do not see the best side of Christianity. Indian gentlemen who have been to England have often told me, 'Christianity in England is one thing, out here it is another. In England you feel you are in a Christian country, and its religion appeals to you. Christianity does not appeal to us in this country.'

The native of India does not see the best side of Christianity; what he sees and specially realizes is the civil and military administration of a Christian Government which, unfortunately, one hardly knows why, keeps him somewhat at arm's-length; hence he sees more of Christian law and administration than of the gospel.

Then again, their religion is bound up

with meats, drinks, and ceremonies which restrict them in matters in which ours leaves us free ; hence what is sacred to them is utterly disregarded by us. They cannot, in consequence, partake of our hospitality ; for we eat and drink with impunity those things that are a sin and an abomination to them. On the other hand, their social and religious rites are, unhappily, so mixed up with idolatrous worship and priestly interferences as to be equally repugnant and obnoxious to us.

Again, our religion repudiates, absolutely, the whole pantheon of Hindu gods, and will have none of them. It sets Mohammed down as an impostor and Islam as a mixture of divine truth with the grossest errors and sensuality. It laughs to scorn the superstitions and errors of both. It offends the Brahmin by disallowing his claims to sanctity and superiority over the man of lower caste.

These differences will gradually be removed as education and the influence of the glorious gospel shine into the hearts and minds of the people, leading them to recognize with us the Fatherhood of God, the common brotherhood of man, and the

need for the salvation of the world through our Lord Jesus Christ.

3. *Caste* is another and perhaps the greatest obstacle in the way of friendly intercourse. It is the source of many evils, and a curse to this great country. It claims for itself religious, social, and political authority. It condemns wholesale certain ranks and classes to perpetual abasement. It cuts asunder the bonds of human fellowship and prevents acts of kindness, sympathy, and love. It exerts its influence over all, and is universally regarded with fear and veneration. As long as the native of this country adheres to caste, he places himself in proud antagonism to the Englishman, who, at least, will claim equality before he fraternizes with the native of India.

Caste is impolitic, unjust, unsocial, selfish, one-sided, ungrateful, and unkind. It is the chief cause of the lack of cordiality between the rulers and the ruled. It feeds evil and vain prejudices, and cherishes feelings so exclusive in the man of high caste, that he looks down upon all of Christian birth and faith as most low, impure, and degraded; and were it not

for the gains, rank, and advantages which the Christian Government extends equally to all classes he would never approach, much less associate, with the white Pariah of a foreign clime. I remember once at the Ajudhiya Fair, in the heat of controversy, laying hold of a great fat Brahmin ; he shook me off in great indignation, and, to the amusement of the crowd, went straight back, as he said, to wash off the vile defilement of my touch and contact with his holy personage, by another dip in the sacred Sarju (Ghogra). As he went off he kept saying : ‘ You’ve defiled me, you’ve defiled me ; I must go and wash off your defilement from my body in the sacred waters of the Sarju.’ And so, considering caste in all its relationships and influence, one is driven to ask, ‘ Can anything noble, generous, or good flow from such a source ? And while it exists in its present form can we hope for true and friendly intercourse ? ’ As well might we expect to gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles.

Having pointed out some of the causes preventing friendly intercourse between

ourselves and the natives of this country, I will now consider the forces already at work tending to remove these difficulties.

1. First, *Western civilization* is opening up the country, and commerce is drawing the people to various centres and mixing them together, and they are slowly imitating Western manners and customs. Caste has to make concessions, to admit changes. The rising generation is more exacting in its demands than its ancestors were. Religious prejudices are gradually yielding and social customs are changing.

Perhaps Japan offers the most remarkable instance of progress under the powerful influence of Western civilization that the world has yet seen. What has been done in a remarkably short period for Japan is slowly and effectually being accomplished in India, where everything moves slowly. The people have so long been trammelled by the tyranny of caste and superstition and oppressed by lawless rule, that emancipation, in any form, must come gradually; and because gradually, perhaps all the more surely.

It is a point to be observed that where European influence has been long estab-

lished, as in Bengal and Madras, the people are almost half a century in advance of the rest of the country, and perhaps a whole century ahead of Benares, whose greatest glory is its hoary antiquity and religious conservatism.

2. *Education* is also doing a great work in dispelling error, removing prejudices, and enabling the people to think and act for themselves. It is shaking their faith in old superstitions.

The spirit of inquiry is growing bolder. Young men are learning to love knowledge. The study of English literature is exciting a new appetite for truth and for the more exact sciences of the West. The teachers and professors of English are admired and followed, to the disparagement and exclusion of the pandits and the moulvis. New teachers are fast displacing the old ones, and the advanced scholars tell you, without hesitation, that those who hold to the ideas of their fathers are fools and out of date, to be pitied, but not to be followed. The Brahmin priest and Mohammedan moulvi feel that their golden days are fast going, and going for ever. Their indigenous schools are passing away. Their systems,

which were only maintained by ignorance and superstition, are slowly being dispelled by the brighter light of Western thought, and under the influence of its teachings an inquiring, doubting, reasoning race is rising up, without faith and veneration for the old systems ; demanding truth, and not to be satisfied with absurd dogmas, or captivated by false philosophy. This noble race is slowly growing in numbers and activity, and when sufficiently strong will assert itself, and do for India what the people of other great and civilized nations have done for themselves and their country.

It is a true saying that ' a straw shows how the wind blows,' and to a close observer there are many striking signs, very significant indeed, if he will ponder them and lay them to heart. Here is one that strikes me and gives me great pleasure in its contemplation : it is the influence school life, with its games and sports and pastimes, has on the rising generation. I ramble over these villages of the Faizabad District (which number nearly 2,700) and wherever I see a small Government school there I see physical drill and the boys delighting in it. They are all now in every village

donning yellow leggings, or 'pattis,' and the yellow cap, and putting on the spirit of public-school boys, with no end of swagger and independence. In schools of any size the boys pay their few coppers monthly, and the cricket and football club is started. A good six-anna (6*d.*) rope of Indian flax does for the 'tug of war.' I see in some places, where the poor little chaps can't come up to the price of a football, they make old, discarded tennis-balls do duty instead. As you go higher, you see hockey come in, and every decent place now has its tennis-courts where native gentlemen play every evening. When I come to a city like Faizabad, I find a big boarding-house of nearly thirty boys connected with the Government High School, where Hindu and Mohammedan boys mix freely. Our Deputy Commissioner takes the deepest personal interest in this establishment, and is doing his best to instil the public-school spirit into the boys. Once a year we have our great provincial school matches and finals played off for different games. They are played off here on our great military parade-ground. It is one of the events of the year. A few hundred soldiers

will turn out of barracks to witness it, and quite a thousand natives from the city, with native soldiers and cavalrymen too. The clapping and shouting are grand, and the wild excitement something to witness. Such a scene, twenty years ago, would hardly have been dreamed of; and in the fray you see Hindus, Christians, and Mohammedans all one, and as jolly and friendly as if no such thing as caste or religious difference existed between them.

A mission school last year sent me down their team, eighteen in all. I put them all into one tent, gave them a foot of straw under the carpet on which they sat and slept, and a good wall-lamp hanging from the pole of the tent. But now came the rub. What about 'grubbing' them? So I got them all together and said: 'Now, boys, what about the grub? You are Christians, Mohammedans, Hindus; and here is a Panjabi—a Sikh.' The captain of the team, a Christian, said: 'You make what arrangements you like, sir, and we will all tumble to it.' They laughed, and I replied: 'But what do the Hindu and Mohammedan boys say to that?' A Mohammedan boy said: 'Among school-

boys, sir, *in these days*, we ignore caste and that kind of nonsensical thing.' 'All right,' I said. So I put on a good Christian woman cook. Every morning I gave each boy 4oz. of 'double *roti*.' (the English loaf) and a pint of good tea. I gave them a breakfast of *dál bhát* (rice and lentils) with vegetable curry. On the field I sent each boy a bottle of lemonade and four biscuits, and on the day of the finals I gave each boy 4oz. of native sweetmeats thrown in. Then at 7 p.m., for dinner, curry that would make your mouth water, and *chapáties* (unleavened cakes) as much as they would ; and at gunfire, 9.30 p.m., a cup of tea and a biscuit. I did those boys well, and of course stood high in their favour. But two striking points about this jolly team were, firstly, that they all sat down to eat in that tent scattered about, each with his full dish before him, all mixed up, eating and talking away as if they were one great family. Secondly, I alway came in at gunfire, and had a chat with them on the events of the day, and how the finals were going, &c. I then pulled out my Vernacular Bible, read a short passage, and we sang three or four verses of a hymn ; and

then all of us, Hindus, Mohammedans, and Christians, knelt down to prayer, which I always conducted, and then, side by side, they fell asleep. I mentioned these facts to a few Hindu gentlemen, who unanimously agreed in the opinion that the school life of the present generation would largely influence the generation to come.

3. *Christianity* is another element at work, tending to remove the distinctions which at present separate us so widely. It is a very silent but nevertheless very potent power, and is working its way like leaven through all castes and grades of society. Though the actual number of professing Christians may be comparatively small, the many indirect influences of Christianity, which I have not time here to dwell upon, are incalculable and cannot be tabulated.

And now to come to the practical part of the subject. What can each one of us do in this matter ?

(1) Let us not lose heart at the almost overwhelming difficulties in our way. Let us in every way endeavour to draw the people as near to us as we can, with the grand object of leading them to Christ and doing them good. We may have different

ways of doing this, but let each one of us strive to aid the forces that are at work in destroying and removing the difficulties which are at present so great and keep us apart.

(2) We should respect the feelings of the people, and avoid intruding, without permission, into all places of retirement, or religious and social engagements, from which they have the least desire to exclude us. Kindness and forbearance will do more to remove their prejudices than anything else. In our preaching and social contact with the people we shall be met with error, superstition, and forms of sin that are disagreeable. The best way to combat these is to preach truth, live righteously, and act kindly and justly. Sometimes an exposure of their errors and ways is necessary, but I have found that preaching the gospel and dwelling upon the character and teaching of Christ always draws and influences the people far more than touching on their gods and stirring up that corruption and evil which they will always defend, however little faith they may have in their gods and their doings.

(3) Their language should be carefully

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studied. Nothing draws a native so close and makes him feel so much at home with you as when he sees you know his language well and speak it with idiomatic clearness and force. By this means we get to understand the deep undercurrents of thought and feeling which influence their lives and shape their characters.

(4) We should study their manners and customs—not from books, reports, and hearsay, but by mixing with the people. The knowledge we shall thus gain will give us a deeper interest in them, and will teach us to sympathize with them; thus we shall be less likely to offend them, and they us.

(5) Let us do all we can to cultivate their acquaintance, and meet them on friendly terms, and show them acts of kindness whenever it is in our power. Dr. Chalmers used to speak of 'the omnipotence of human kindness.' To this the natives of India are most certainly not impervious. Let us come down among them, and mix with them as fellow men and brothers, not descending to their lower level, but raising them to our higher one; not in any spirit of condescension and superiority (for we

may learn many things from them), but in the spirit of Christ, with like humility, gentleness and forbearance. We may at times meet with that which is disagreeable, but come down we must, or it will be impossible to magnetize them by the truth and power of that civilization and religion which have elevated and blessed us.

(6) We should not be stiff, but free of access. Let them feel that if ever they want to see us they will experience no unpleasant difficulties, and always be received and treated with respect and confidence.

(7) We should study special classes and bring them under our influence. Let it never be said of us, as I have heard natives say of some, 'Oh! he does not know the difference between a *rais* (gentleman) and a *sais*' (groom).

Let us get to know those who are the leaders of the people. Through them we shall get to understand the various classes they represent, whether Hindu or Moham-medan. Thus we shall become acquainted with the thought and motives that influence and restrain them.

(8) Let us identify ourselves with their various institutions, attend native functions and ceremonies, and let them see we desire, in every way, closer and more friendly relations. In time East and West may meet, in a brotherhood that shall redound to the glory of God and our present and eternal good.