

A Welsh Woman's Work in India

by

LILIAN M. EDWARDS

To be obtained from :

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TO THE DEAR WOMEN
OF WALES,
AND TO ALL OTHERS
INTERESTED
IN
INDIA'S TEEMING MILLIONS

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FOREWORD

By

REV. S. PEARCE CAREY, M.A.,

Great-grandson of William Carey.

MY friend, Miss Lilian Edwards, daughter of the late Principal Edwards of the Baptist College, Cardiff, honours me with a request for a foreword to these missionary stories, although I have not had the opportunity of reading them. But I know herself, her ability, her devotion and valour. Seriously invalidated home after nine years in the North West, her love of Christ and of India's peoples constrained her to continue with the help of her many Welsh friends to return to India's service, although our B.M.S. dared not take the medical responsibility for that return. Her new field had to be Calcutta instead of the hotter North West, but she patiently won there a clientèle of her own, speaking Hindi or Urdu, and for a further five years gave her whole strength to their ministering. Home from her previous illness—but game—she won my deep regard and admiration during my own Calcutta pastorate. I can, therefore, be confident that these records of hers will be greatly worth reading.

S. PEARCE CAREY.

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CHAPTER I.

THE CALL

IN reviewing the lives of God's children, we discover that they do not make their own lives, or choose their own paths. As Jeremiah writes, "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." We assuredly know that our lives are in the hands of Another, and that they are intended to accomplish a purpose. We are to fit in with others "as stones fitly framed together groweth into a holy temple." We cannot say with Henley the poet, in his "Invictus," "I am master of my fate."

My paternal grandfather would have rejoiced to know that his granddaughter had become a missionary. He was a farmer and monumental sculptor, living in a small village in Carmarthenshire. He kept himself well informed of missionary progress, by taking regularly the missionary magazine then issued. He not only kept himself well-informed but took care to impart the knowledge to others by reading the missionary news in the week-night meetings. In those days not everyone could read. He was so much venerated in that place that one is reminded of Job, as described "old men rose when they saw him, young men hid themselves and the princes refrained from speaking." Not in his case the princes, but young men, if speaking or acting undesirably, saw my grandfather coming along, were heard to say in subdued tones, "Here's John Edwards." Prayer, inspired by the Holy Ghost, accomplishes God's work. I became a missionary as the fulfilment of my mother's prayer, realized twenty-five years after her death. This prayer was intended for my brother.

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The obstinate, proud and vain child was chosen. God used, what, to our way of thinking, was the most unlikely agent in His work, because He is the real worker. He called Paul the persecutor, Peter the one who denied, and Thomas the doubter. It should be said, however, that his brother was more used of God to me, than any other in imparting spiritual truths, demonstrated by his life in faith and love.

My father was appointed Principal of the Baptist College, Pontypool, when I was a tiny tot, so my lines fell in pleasant places, and my childhood was happy. Living in a home, beautiful within and without, everything made for happiness. The house—college really—stood in its own grounds, with wide-spreading trees surrounding the spacious lawn. It spoke of ease and rest, conditions conducive to meditation and study. As a little girl, I was often privileged to sit on a garden seat, by my father's side, when he was talking with his ministerial friends. I silently drank in such conversations, so full of burning interest, which opened to me the big outside world. My thoughts were early turned to the mission field, stimulated by the *Junior Missionary Herald*, and later by the reading of Miss Carmichael's book "THINGS AS THEY ARE." When reading this, delay seemed unforgivable.

As a child I used to trot down the long corridor of the college, having study rooms on either side, to the common room of the students, where I always received a good welcome. I was sometimes sent there by my father, or my aunt, for the daily paper, but the complaint was I didn't return quickly. The students kept me chatting, playing with or teasing me, which I quite enjoyed. On one occasion when I took my favourite walk to the common room—it must have been a Sunday—there was a lone student there. We started chatting, and as far as I remember the *Juvenile Missionary Herald*

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was lying on the table. The conversation turned on the subject of lepers. My heart went out to them, and I felt then, though only a child of eight, that it was worth giving up one's life for them. To work among them meant becoming a leper. This could only be some time far ahead. We can do things in the far-away future; so we think. Visitors were largely entertained at our house. They were usually of interest; men and women who added something to the world by force of character, and power of leadership, in the affairs of men. If a comment may be made, those given to hospitality of this kind enrich their families. Thoughts, gleaned through their conversation by the thoughtful child, make for good. "We are all made up of others." Occasionally, some visitors addressed the students, when we had the advantage of listening. We had the pleasure of entertaining the veteran missionary to Bengal—Mr. Rouse—well-known by his wonderful tracts written for Moslems. I well remember his addressing the students. He told them not to be under the delusion that work in the mission field was romantic. A story like the following will illustrate :—

On one return journey from India, I met a missionary who belonged to the Lone Star Mission. My not having heard of it, he proceeded to tell me all about it. The difficulty with which it was founded seems to have given it its name.

A man, whose name I do not remember, was sent out to the South of India to evangelize. After labouring there for about forty years, he returned, having not one convert to report. The committee refused to send him back, seeing it was such an unfruitful field. He, knowing that he had been faithful, was not daunted. It is God who giveth the increase, as we find in I Cor. iii. 7. "Neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase." However,

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he was determined to return to the field. So, finding the money for the passage himself, he set his face again toward his difficult station. All the seed he had sown was not in vain. In a short time after returning, many thousands of souls were brought in, and he baptized as many as ten thousand in a few weeks. This was well worth waiting for. "They shall not be ashamed that wait for me" (Isaiah xlix. 23).

The visit of Rev. Daniel Jones, when home on furlough from India, was much looked forward to. He, having heard of my boldness in speaking to the gamblers in a field nearby, saw in me the promise of a missionary. When only sixteen years of age, he spoke to me very seriously regarding the mission field, and of how he thought we could be certain of a call. He thought strong desire for the salvation of the heathen was one way of knowing. He thought we should not look for anything supernatural. On a later furlough he preached in Bethany, Cardiff. One of the thoughts that stand out in that sermon was this—"Hold the things of this world lightly. When called to give them up it will be an easy thing. We are to set our affection on things above." The time came when I felt I had to make a decision, and I sought to learn all I could about India. A lady, the widow of the principal of the Serampore College, and a great friend of ours,—Mrs. Albert Williams—gave me the loan of a book on India. The book and the author are now forgotten, but it did something to give me insight into the country towards which I was turning my face,—the customs, religions and their errors. By this time we had moved to Cardiff, removed from the quiet and dignified place to the bustle and rush of a big town. Shortly before this, my father had taken to himself another wife. My second mother afterwards occupied an important position on the committee under which I went out. She needs no

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introduction to Wales. She was a member of Tredegarville, Cardiff, the pastor of which now is our honoured secretary, Rev. Grey Griffith. After attending a service, she brought home something from his sermon which I have always remembered and observed. He pointed out that most people *ended* their prayer by saying "For the sake of Jesus," whereas we should begin with His name. "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me" (John xiv. 6).

While in India, my sister Marion kept me posted with the home news every week. Mail day for all the missionaries is much looked forward to. My eldest half-sister, Anita, who was a bundle of mischief, said, before my leaving the second time, "Lilian, I will write to you every week." I thought this too good to be true. But, if other people were neglectful, there was always a letter from Anita. Letter writing is a real ministry. Many a day has been changed through a timely letter.

My father was used in getting George Muller of Bristol, to Cardiff to speak. He was at the advanced age of 90. Great was the expectancy with the arrival of this notable man of God. We looked forward to see the man, through whom such wonders had been wrought. When I heard him, I didn't see George Muller at all, but He of whom he spoke. I lost sight of the great man, my eyes could only see the Greater. It was as George Muller would have wished. With great difficulty his photograph was obtained, so jealous was he that his Master only should be glorified.

Following his visit was the great Welsh Revival, when blind eyes came to see, and Christians were quickened. Meeting Evan Roberts, when I had been accepted for India, I was encouraged by his promising to pray for me. When I first made known my desire to be a missionary, I was at a meeting which Mrs. W,

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R. James, India, addressed. The minister prayed that someone should volunteer from that meeting. That prayer was answered in me. Mrs. James did all she could to further my purpose. She said: "Whom God chooses He thrusts out."

Application was made to the Baptist Zenana Missionary Committee. A form was sent to me to be filled in, in which I had to state those doctrines which I believed to be vital, such as justification and sanctification. Then there was the ordeal of being interviewed by the committee, when they formed their opinions of me.

It was decided to send me out, after a time of training in the Women's Training College. In a short time I was settled down in Edinburgh. The students were a happy crowd, drawn from all denominations, and I, being a Baptist, and strongly convinced that immersion was a vital thing, could not avoid an argument, though the rule of the college did not permit arguments over our differences. So, the Principal, Miss Small, brought me to book. Much of the teaching in this college was most upsetting to me, as it savoured of Modernism. One of the lecturers, dealing with a prophecy regarding the birth of our Lord, in Isaiah, said that this prophecy was only fulfilled by accident or coincidence. Speaking of this afterwards, to my cousin, Rev. J. R. Edwards, Brixton, he remarked, "There would be about a hundred and fifty accidents to be accounted for." If we are firmly grounded in the faith we have nothing to fear. On the other hand our testimony ought to be helpful to others. There was a little Baptist Chapel, near Charlotte Square, a few minutes' walk from the college, to which I often betook myself. I could imagine myself back in Wales, if it had not been for the Scottish accent. There the Revival was in power; tongues were loosened; testimonies were given, and souls were saved.



Mrs. Edwards (the first President of the Welsh W.M.A.)
with Miss Lilian Edwards. (See pages 4 and 5.)

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One evening, which I well remember, four young women—cooks—testified how the Lord helped them in well-nigh impossible places to get done at the right time, when provisions had not arrived till late, showing how the Lord undertakes in the smallest details of everyday life. Friends were made in Edinburgh, whose memory will ever be cherished. Miss Lockhart, who was secretary to the Women's Missionary Work, and who lived in Edinburgh, naturally took an interest in the Baptist students who were candidates for the W.M.A. Her beautiful home was open to them when they had time to visit. She, in company with Miss Parkinson, who afterwards became a Medical Missionary, took a voyage to India on the boat in which I first went out. They remained in India then for about six months. She afterwards returned to Calcutta and stayed about two years. One figure stands out among the students, in which all the Christian graces met. She was Dr. Ellie Miller,—a beloved physician, a clever musician, of a sympathetic disposition, and crowned with the loveliness of humility. On one occasion I was threatened with having to leave because of chest trouble, thereby hindering my career. It was to her I turned for prayer, and I was comforted. My chest improved, and I was allowed to stay. Associated with my going, was the inception of the Monmouthshire Auxiliary. I was made their representative on the mission field. Mrs. W. R. James was the means of forming it, and her fervour inspired the women of Monmouthshire. Mrs. Principal Edwards was, at the same time, appointed President, which office she has maintained to this time. At the termination of my Edinburgh course, my time was occupied with preparing an outfit for the Foreign Field, and with certain farewell meetings.

I sailed for India by P. & O. *Arcadia* in October, 1906. I had a good send off from Cardiff station.

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The Baptist College students lined up on the platform, and sang "God be with you till we meet again." (I was permitted to come home twice after that.) Friends met at the station for Tilbury Docks, among them being the veteran missionary, Mr. Kerry, and his wife, Mrs. Kerry, with whom I went to many places where we addressed meetings on mission work. Friends were there of my childhood and of the good old days at Pontypool. They gave me something to remind me that time is fleeting, *viz.*, a useful travelling clock.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST YEARS IN INDIA

WHEN I arrived in Agra, I was met by Mrs. Daniel Jones, who had come with a gari (a carriage), to take me to the mission house. On the way, we passed Havelock Chapel and Mr. Daniel Jones, who was in this building, came out to greet us. As it was evening, after being introduced to those who were to be my colleagues, it was time to retire, and I was shown to my bedroom. It was a very large room, off the middle room, which, too, was a very large room used as a living-room at one end, while the other end was used as a reception room; doors opening to our individual rooms on either side. It was my custom every night to read *Daily Light*. The verse for that night, the night of my arrival (Feb. 22nd), was "When thou liest down thou shalt not be afraid, yea thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet" (Prov. iii. 24). I had lain awake many times, thinking of the wild country to which I was going. What could I have had giving more comfort? The first morning, on waking, I beheld a white draped figure sweeping into my room, making a profound bow almost to the floor, saying, "Salaam." She was the Ayah. She brought me a cup of tea for the first day, mark, only for the first, for we used to rise very early for our "choti hazri" (little breakfast), in the hot season at 5 a.m., in the cold season at 6 a.m., after which teachers and Bible Women met for prayer, before going to their respective schools. The missionaries, where there were a number living together, took morning prayer in turns, a week at a time, giving a short address for about ten minutes.

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Our time for starting out for our work was 6 a.m. in the hot season. We found our pupils sometimes still sleeping with heads covered with a cloth when we arrived. Very soon, a Munshi (a teacher in Urdu), was engaged so that I could begin language study straight away. He was a Mohammedan, and was obsequious to a degree, bowing low, almost to the ground, and touching his forehead with his fingers, thus giving his salaams. If I had been some great potentate, he could scarcely have done more. Then, before entering my "dafta" (study), which opened on to the verandah, he carefully removed his shoes.

When I sat by his side learning, I felt "Here is one to whom I can testify. Here is one blind and lost soul." Whenever I broached spiritual things, different from most Mohammedans, he did not enter into an argument, but simply said, "Very good," very deliberately, but at the same time unconvinced.

Language study was much enjoyed, and every opportunity of putting it into practice was used. I went to the church with pencil and paper, in order to take down words, the meaning of which I asked when I returned to the house. Often I got hold of the end of one word, and the beginning of the next. But every little helped. Then I shocked the older missionaries by taking a Hindustani Dictionary with me to the church, and looking out the meaning of words which I came across in the hymns or reading. I would try and speak even if I were laughed at.

Work was soon entered into. I accompanied the Bible Woman to the different Zenanas which she visited. The one thing uppermost in my mind was getting the language, for, the sooner I had it the sooner I would be of use. I was often a bit of a nuisance to the Bible Woman, because I often interrupted her in order to find the meaning of a word she used. One Bible Woman

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said, "I don't like going with this Miss Sahib, she interrupts me too much."

Mr. Hazler, then a missionary in the same station, gave me a good hint in learning the language, when he told me that the best way to fix a word in your memory was to make use of it, and to find some opportunity of using it.

When I had been in Agra about three months, the Durbar of the Amir of Cabul took place. Mr. Jones of Anglesey—the silver-tongued orator—as he was then known, and one of the Whips of Parliament, visited Agra, and was a guest in Kitchener's camp. As he had seen my father in London, just after seeing me off, he said he would call upon me. When he came, I had the privilege of seeing much that otherwise I would not have been able to see.

This gentleman took me to see the magnificent tent that the government had put up for the reception of His Excellency. Every room was draped in different coloured silks, these being upheld with silver poles. An august and gorgeous procession accompanied the Amir's carriages bearing men of high standing, wearing coats embroidered in gold. The princes riding on horses made a very imposing spectacle, with their white uniforms, and turbans or pagaries of pale blue and gold. Also, the English Army was represented by Lord Kitchener and his soldiers. The Amir had previously sent on two men to give him an account of the British Army.

The report they gave to the Amir, was that the English soldiers badly compared with the Afghans. After he had seen for himself, and knew the report was false, these two men were ordered to be executed, and their heads were cut off.

The occasion of the Durbar was used by Miss Fletcher, of Salamatpur, to give her girls an outing. Tents were

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put up in our compound to accommodate them. It was an opportunity also to get some of the girls engaged. This was done by inviting the young men who were looking for wives to come and meet them. After making their choice, arrangements were made for their manganee (engagement), and the ceremony was performed before they returned. The ceremony was as public as that of the marriage would be.

Friends were thoughtful of my requirements. When only a "Bachehba" (baby) in the work, even before I sat for my first examination, Mrs. Rees, a lady attending the Welsh Baptist Church in Caerphilly, sent me a very good Bible picture book. Little did she think how useful it would be for me. A lady doctor, who, too, had not taken her first examination, was appointed to Dholpur—a native state—where she would be all alone. For this reason I was sent there. A native house was procured. Like all other native houses, there was a large place in the centre open to the sky, while all around, were rooms partitioned off, but open to the centre. The one half belonged to the doctor. The opposite side was used by the landlord in which to keep his grain. Monkeys came in crowds sometimes, on a visit to this grain store. My sleeping apartment was upstairs. The monkeys used to steal around and trespass on our grounds. I was advised to take a big pole with me to keep any of them off, if they troubled me with their company. I found this pole very useful. On waking one morning, I found a huge gorilla taking his place at the head of the bed, looking lovingly at me and grinning with his gravestone teeth. I instantly took out the long pole, whereupon he made a swift exit, turning round and showing his teeth. The monkey is a sacred animal. Anyone killing a monkey would be punished with death. I was really frightened, and did not expect such an easy victory. While there,

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I thought I could do something with the little language at my disposal, although it is surprising how cramped one is in expressing oneself after learning columns of words. Opposite our house, was the house of a high official. I invited his sons also other boys to come in. These boys came dressed very gorgeously, in their purple and green velvet coats, embroidered with gold. When they made their appearance they were asked to sit down and out came Mrs. Rees' picture book. They were very well behaved, and very different from English boys; they did not laugh at my Hindustani.

I soon made friends with the women in this official's house. They admired our white skin and wished to get some of our soap, probably thinking that their skin would come white. Questioning them about the things of God, one said that they worshipped God well. Suiting the action to the word she took out a big book, like a family Bible in appearance, and commenced chanting the Mantras (verses) in a sort of dirge, swaying her body meanwhile. When she had finished I said, "Listen to my book now." Whereupon I read something from the book of Mark in Hindu.

The Maharaja of Dholpur, like most Rajas in India, had a number of wives. When speaking to a Hindu woman who came in, I remarked upon his number of wives. She said, "Why shouldn't he have wives if he has the money to keep them?" Before leaving Dholpur, we were invited to a special feast prepared for us in the house opposite ours, where the high official lived. They had many and varied courses. They had gone to much trouble to do us all honour. A cook was borrowed from the Dak Bungalow—the place where English travellers put up. The table was laid in English fashion. We couldn't possibly partake of all the courses that were provided. Endeavouring to persuade us to take more, they said, "If your heart were full of love

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for us, you would fill your belly." That is their way of giving welcome.

Some time after this the Maharaja died. Strange proceedings attended his funeral. The Raja himself, although dead, was in full dress, propped up in a chair, and was carried with great pomp through the town. Rather gruesome! There is a somewhat refined custom with those who come to show sympathy with the bereaved. They come in and squat on the floor, and remain some time in silence, and then quietly depart without uttering a word.

One of the boys, who came with the other boys, lived near, whose house I visited. On the wall was a map. I showed him my native land, and he asked me when I would be going back. I said, "If it is God's will, I shall go in four and a half years' time." Pointing to a picture on the wall he said, "There is God and his wife." Then followed a conversation about God. He told me he worshipped God well, and, taking from the wall a string of beads, he began repeating the name Ram (their great God). They suppose there is great virtue in repeating this name.

Some time after I returned to Agra, I had a surprise visit from this very same boy. At the same time, he gave me a nice silk handkerchief, having the map of India on it. I didn't then know that presents often mean requests for favours. After thanking him, the request followed. The natives thought that any English person had great power. The boy wanted to bring a gambling game to Agra, and asked my permission to bring it. Having no authority, either to allow it or prohibit it, I nevertheless spoke of the wickedness of it. All India gambles on almost everything. After returning home, he wrote a letter saying he had asked forgiveness of the Almighty.

The first year's examination took place in Palwal.

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Unfortunately I was laid low with malaria about a month before. However, I recovered sufficiently to sit the examination, but in a very weakened condition. Palwal was about forty miles distant from Agra. Arriving at Palwal, I was taken to the girls' home at Salamatpur, where it was arranged I should sleep. Miss Fletcher had founded this home. She was quite a veteran, although not old. She had spent many years in India, having gone out when young. This home had been established by her for destitute women and girls. It was now in good working order, with its daily routine, and presented quite a beehive of industry. Each girl was taught to earn her living by doing something of which she was capable. Some were taught needlework; some were put to gardening; others did other work. All their work was sold, and this helped in the upkeep of the institution, and besides gave the girls themselves a certain amount of independence and self-respect. It taught them in a practical way the meaning of the Scripture "The man that does not work, neither shall he eat." After arriving, I was shown around the home. Before retiring, Miss Fletcher paid a visit, personally, to every bed, to see that everyone was nicely tucked up, just as mothers do in the homeland. Miss Young, her co-worker, took me to the tent in which I was supposed to sleep, and said, "You won't mind sleeping in a tent, will you?" "Oh! no," I said, "I think it will be very jolly," not thinking that I was to be there alone. The tent was some distance from the house. However, I soon discovered that I was to be there alone. So it was not as jolly as I anticipated, especially in my weak state of health. Before going to the tent for the night, I inquired of Miss Fletcher if any animals came around. To my dismay she replied that some time hyenas came, and that lately some other animal came around making a queer noise. This

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news naturally did not comfort me, but I did not wish to appear nervous, as that would not have been a very good recommendation for a missionary. Examining the tent afterwards, I found that it was not firmly fastened down, and any animal could have entered. However, a calm possessed me, which I didn't think I could have experienced, proving to me the truth of the promise given to me on the night of my arrival in India,—“Thou shalt lie down, and not be afraid, yea, thou shalt lie down and thy sleep shalt be sweet.” The next day I went to Palwal, where the examination was held. It was within walking distance of Salamatpur. I sat my examination in a house belonging to the hospital. Dr. Young was in charge, and I had to sleep there that night. That night was a sleepless one, as I was kept awake by the groans of the patients, and the continual barking of dogs. In the morning the corpse of a woman who had died from plague was carried out. At that time the hospital was nothing more than a shanty. Since then a fine hospital has been built. In England doctors are sometimes called up at night, and we are sorry for them, even when they are well. But Dr. Young had fever then, yet I heard her five times pass my door to attend to patients. The missionaries living at Palwal had a harder life than we who were in Agra had, Agra being a great military centre. At Palwal, for instance, they could not get butter, unless they made it themselves by shaking the cream in a bottle. Instead of having butter they spread the cream on the bread.

In India, or wheresoever we may be, our aim should be to be good witnesses. In India Britishers are found in every walk of life. Many are in the army. They hold posts in law, education and medicine, and we find them also in the humbler walks of life. Very many of them are unconverted. They are in as much need of

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the Gospel as the heathen. I recount an incident which it is painful to relate, because it reveals a neglect in witness on the part of the writer. That witness might have brought one into peace, instead of allowing him to pass into everlasting misery. In my early days out there I had occasion to see a dentist, being troubled with a decaying tooth. It does not pay a dentist to stay long in the same place in India, unless in one of the big cities, as there would not be enough work for him. Fortunately there was a dentist in Agra, when I needed one. As he was soon going away, the only time he could see me was on Sunday morning. The dentist himself presented a very pathetic figure. He looked the picture of misery, really down and out. Rather shy about approaching the subject of salvation, I excused myself by remembering that I had many of Mrs. Penn Lewis's booklets, one of which I could take with me. It contained only verses of Scripture. It was called "The Word of the Cross." When Sunday morning came, this would open a conversation. I kept the appointment, but to my dismay, the booklet was forgotten. My tongue was tied in regard to the vital question. The opportunity passed and was lost. About a week later the paper disclosed that this man had committed suicide in prison. May the reader take this as a warning to let no opportunity pass, as it presents itself. Let the motto be "NOW." "Now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation" (II Cor. vi. 2).

In telling you of my first years in India, I should fail unpardonably if I made no mention of one of the greatest sights, that were witnessed in a heathen land. It represented a great victory for the Gospel. I write of the Convention of the Christian Endeavour in Agra, which was held in 1908.

Great preparations had to be made for those coming

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from all parts of the globe. We had the loan of a camp from government. I think it was called the Raj. camp. The founder, Dr. Francis Clarke, himself was present. The vast throng of people, of every country, wearing their national costumes, made a gorgeous picture, and best of all, were witnesses to our Saviour. The roll call was responded to, sometimes by verses of Scripture, sometimes by song. Wales was represented by nine delegates, with our venerated patriarch, Mr. W. R. James, among us. Our response was one of the Welsh favourites. The Welsh are gifted with song, and they did credit to their country then. The Canarese responded in song too. They possessed rich voices, and were the most beautiful Indian singers I have heard. Thibet—the closed country to the Gospel—was represented by two delegates. A distinguished visitor was the converted judge of the native state Bharatpur. He was a big man, and impressed one as being a man of importance. When he accepted Christ, he was dismissed by the native king, who, however, finding that he could not be replaced by a better, recalled him in twelve months' time. This judge brought two ladies with him to the Convention, his wife and another. Both looked very picturesque in their Eastern dress. It was my privilege to entertain them at our house, to a cup of tea. When he returned home, he sent me a brace of wild ducks, which he had shot.

The last day of the Convention was a never-to-be-forgotten day. We met very early in the morning, on a slight elevation, and had a praise meeting thanking God for what he had done. Among the speakers was Mr. William Carey, one of the great-grandsons of the pioneer missionary to India, who himself followed in the footsteps of his great ancestor.

CHAPTER III.

CAMPING

FROM our station we evangelized the district around. This was always done in the cold season. Our tent was pitched some miles out, and we itinerated to the villages in the surrounding district. We had three centres in which to work. One was worked one year, another, the second year, and a different the third year. So it was only possible for the natives to hear the Gospel once in three years. When I first went camping, I joined a missionary already camping, and went alone in a sort of cart. The youth driving was inclined to be communicative. On the way we passed a number of squirrels, which are very different from the English squirrel. Generally grey in colour, with two black stripes on the back. Their presence is known by the sound of a rattle, just like a baby's rattle. Talking of their destructive propensities, the youth driving, told me that if anyone killed a squirrel, he had to atone for his crime by giving five golden squirrels to the god. Not understanding much of the language, he pointed to my ring to indicate they were gold.

When I arrived at the tent, a little crowd was there waiting for medicine. A kind doctor, of another denomination, supplied us every year with a chest of medicine. When we were eating our meals a group of boys was watching us through the crevices, regarding as a strange sight our eating with knife and fork while their fingers answer the same purpose.

At night we took out the magic lantern. The pictures depicted the life of Christ from birth to resurrection. Some of the audiences were very mixed,

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Men, women and children squatted on a mud wall in the courtyard of a house. On one occasion, when we were well on with the service, in walked camels and buffaloes to swell our congregation. Boys often escorted us back armed with big sticks to keep off the wolves.

One year our tents were pitched about thirteen miles away from our station. Mrs. Bailey and I were driven to our base by bullocks. We squatted like tailors on a flat board, looking very much like gipsies, with boxes and other things tied to the poles on either side of the ekka. The poor white bullocks had hard work to pull us through the deep sand. The drivers often adopt the cruel method of making them go faster by twisting their tails, and often broke their bones by so doing. On reaching our tent, we were stiff with being cooped up on the hard board, and we were likewise hot and tired. We were ready for a cup of tea. The provision box was locked, but Mrs. Bailey, who had the key, made straightway to open it. She put the key in the lock, turned it, but failed to open it. She turned it this way and that way, but with the same results. Then I tried and tried, but my efforts turned out the same. We were in the middle of the jungle, and couldn't call a locksmith. Even if we could there would be doubt if it were safe to do so. At last Mrs. Bailey said, "Nothing is too hard for God." We went upon our knees, and asked Him, the God of the impossible, to help us. Then, once more the key was placed in the lock, when it opened immediately without any difficulty. "If ye ask anything in My name, I will do it." This was great encouragement to us at the outset, as we were to come up against unseen and terrible forces.

Miss Trefor Jones (Secretary of the W.M.A. for Wales) had a difficulty of the same kind. When she and I were going about together on deputation work, during my furlough, she failed to open her bag. I told her of

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my experience in camp. We did the same, with the same result as stated before. On account of our camping arrangements it was only possible for the people in the village to hear the Gospel once in three years. We in the homeland are able to hear it every week, and more often if we wish. What would happen to us if we only had the means of grace once in three years. But we know that the Word of God never returns to Him void, and that bread cast on the waters will be seen after many days.

We have seen such after visits of long intervals. During camping, in my first term of service, the old missionary proposed taking me to see a woman who had heard the Gospel for the first time six years previously. According to custom, the missionaries came to the village three years afterwards. The missionary was told that this woman had stood alone, and had not worshipped the gods since she was there before. She had kept firm, amid great persecution, and was ostracized by her people. Now we were going to find out if, after three years again, she still remained firm. To my disappointment, and yet not to be wondered at, this time she had not remained firm. She had lost her husband in the meantime. The other women told her this had happened because she had ceased her "puja" (idol worship). She could not read, and had no one to instruct her; so is this surprising? One year our missionary visited one of the adjacent villages, and found the people there singing our hymns, and not worshipping their idols. Being surprised, she asked since when they had been doing this. They answered, "Since you were here last." This was eight years previously. In villages, which have often been visited, we are sometimes met with a well-known hymn which they have heard many times, and has plenty of "go" in it. It is, "Isu Masih meri pran bachchaya pran-

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bachchha, etc.," which translated is, "Jesus Christ has saved my soul." Would that they really meant this. They sing this because the tune readily catches on. Where we have been the first missionaries to a village, the experiences have been varied. Once when approaching a village we saw a woman alone in a field with a baby. She espied us. She instantly snatched up her baby and ran for her life.

We have to be careful as to whose house we visit first. The whole village might turn against us, should we enter the wrong house. On entering a village once, we called at a house which looked clean, where we also had a warm welcome. It went like wild fire that we had been to a sweeper's house—the house of the lowest caste. We did not know this. We found all the people along the way slamming the doors in our faces. In other villages, crowds came together, when they heard we had medicine. Many naked children were to be seen; some had swollen stomachs suffering with their spleens. We first gave the Gospel message. Afterwards we gave simple remedies to sick folk. One man coming in from the fields, strode through the crowd impatiently, and called out "Kujli ki divai, Kujli ki divai" (medicine for the itch, medicine for the itch). After one of our evangelists had been to a village, plague had broken out, or some other disease. Of course, he had been the cause. The next time he went, he was tied to a tree, and would have been left to die had not deliverance come.

On one occasion, two of us were seated on a string bed. A crowd soon gathered around, while we told them the Gospel story. They were seemingly very interested, and interpolated now and again, nodding their heads and saying, "Sach bat hai Sach bat hai." (It is a true word. It is a true word.) One woman seemed particularly interested, and, when we came to the vital



Miss Lilian Edwards with Bible Woman and Teacher.
(See page 10.)



Miss Lilian Edwards with Taslimi (Mrs. Isaac).
(See pages 34 and 35.)

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part of the story—the crucifixion—this woman pulled my dress and asked, “Have you a mother-in-law?” They are impatient for us to finish our addresses, in order that they may ask questions, and satisfy their curiosity regarding our family, the price of our clothes, and so on. It is well to recognize what we are up against, when we take the Gospel to these dark villages. The unseen evil powers are watching, and that which defeated them, when Christ hung on the Cross, is the only one here. An evangelist went out to a village where corrupt Christians were, *i.e.*, they were trying to serve two masters, by professing Christ in singing hymns, and also keeping a heathen shrine. Probably they, being in the minority, had suffered some persecution from their neighbours—the Hindus, and possibly their actions had something of fear in them, thinking, perhaps, that there was something in the idol after all. They were right, for the idols represent evil spirits. We are told, “We wrestle not with flesh and blood but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, and against spiritual wickedness in high places” (Eph. vi. 12). This evangelist pleaded with them to break the idol. “You can do it if you like,” they said, but they refused themselves. The evangelist did so, at the same time saying, “If there be anything in this idol, let me die to-night.” That night he died. He was not defying the stone, but defying the evil power it represented, as we find in I Cor. x. 20, where we see idols represent devils. That was the tragic mistake he made. We take Gospels, which we sell, we do not give them free. What is paid for is valued. If we do not see much result, we know that the written word will do the work. During my later term of service, when transferred to Calcutta, there had come a great awakening in villages, in an area not far distant. Requests came to Calcutta for teachers

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to teach them. Whole villages were ready to come over to Christianity. So, the different missions were denuded of their Bible Woman and evangelists. The awakening could not be traced to any white missionary having been there, so, in all probability Gospels had found their way there.

One cold season we were camping about eight miles away from our station. We had taken the ekka (a two-wheeled vehicle for driving). By this means we were able to visit the adjacent villages. When coming home in our ekka a boy about fourteen years of age met us with his hands clasped as if in prayer, crying "Maharaja, Maharaja" (Great King, Great King). He told us that his mother was lying by the jungle ill, and asked us if we had any medicine to give her. We learned she had walked thirty-six miles to see her husband who had been taken to the hospital. He had died, and now she was returning that long journey on foot. We found her lying on the road, with a baby about twelve months old, who seemed to have death written on its poor wizened face. But it could easily be seen that the woman was dying. We took her up in the ekka, and kept her with us for a few days. As, probably, we should be blamed if she died with us, it was thought best to send her back to her village by procuring an ekka. A day or so later the boy returned to the tent, carrying with him the baby. He told me that I could have her for an anna (one penny). I answered that I never bought babies. I went inside and prayed for guidance. I felt led to take the child. The boy told me his uncle was willing to take him, but he would not keep the baby. She was a girl. Girls are not wanted in India. Government put a stop to the killing of girls, but the people still find means of doing away with them. It was found in one census that 300 babies were killed by wild animals, but it was discovered that they were

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all girls. This child I took to Agra, and left in charge of a woman till I returned from camp. When our camping was over I had good news awaiting me. One of our Christian women, who had no children of her own, wished to take her and adopt her. This was a definite answer to prayer. I bought a goat to get milk for her. When I left for England she looked quite a bonny little girl. A little sacrifice in the homeland would brighten many lives in India.

“For all through life I see a cross,
Where sons of God yield up their breath,
There is no gain except by loss;
There is no life except by death;
No vision is except by faith,
No glory but by bearing shame,
No justice but by taking blame,
And that Eternal Passion saith,
Be without glory, right and name.”

Villagers are often hospitable to the “Angrezi” (Britisher), and like to show it. We accept it as such, as it pays to be polite, although often distasteful to us. On one occasion landing at a farmer’s house, he very soon asked us if we would have some milk. We readily assented, but, adding a sort of treacle to it, he stirred it in with his dirty finger. We went to another place, where the men and women squatted with their animals around them; one woman wearing a short jacket sat lazily and listening indifferently. After a while she raised her jacket and allowed a calf to lick her back.

Landing in a very sandy village, where a number of men were congregated, and seated on banks of dry mud, the people seemed to be interested, and gave us a good hearing. We afterwards learned that there were several priests present, though we encountered no opposition.

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People in the homeland send us rolls of pictures as are used in Sunday Schools. A priest once visited us in our camping spot, and asked if we would give him the picture "The Light of the World." He wanted to hang it in his temple. I told him he could have it on one condition, that he would not bow down to it, as it was wrong to worship pictures. We want them to know the Person—Christ. I am not very sure that pictures are right. We find in Numbers xxxiii. 52, that the children of Israel were commanded "to destroy all their pictures." I heard of a man who was excommunicated from his church because he had had his photograph taken. This was in the days when photography was in its early days. I hung my roll of pictures in a Mohammedan house. A man came on the scene; he was very irate, and immediately ordered me to take it down. In Islam there is a strict command prohibiting pictures.

In some villages we were received well. In others we were looked upon with suspicion. Well I remember on one occasion being left alone, the other missionary having disappeared, or gone forward. The people began pelting me with dry clods of mud. If I had run, the people would probably have run after me. But I walked quietly away without looking back. Another time the boys of the place stole the books out of our bag, and ran off with them. There was a Mr. Lang—known as "God's good man," he was the son of a former Commissioner in India. He had belonged to the Church of England, when at home in England; but later, from conviction, he had been immersed. He had given up the Army, shortly before the time when he would have been appointed Captain, but he chose to serve in the Baptist Mission as an honorary missionary. He came out with an evangelist, while we were in one of these places, and, noting how rough the people were,

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said that women should not be here alone. But it was wonderful the calm which God gave to us. To Him be the praise !

After being several times to a village, a man of high standing, probably the zaminder (landowner), told us that the villagers used to do very foolish things which now they had left off doing,—that they used to worship mice because they destroyed the crops. They had given up one bad thing, but had not taken up the good in its place.

One zamindar was very friendly towards us. When we visited his house he introduced us to his three wives. The senior missionary asked him why he wanted three wives. He said the old wife had lost her teeth. He himself looked a big, fat, voluptuous man, and treated his first wife very contemptuously, ordering her in a very rude manner, and calling her, what would be in English, something like "old hag." When he had disappeared, she took the opportunity of making us take notice of the feet of the young wife, which showed us she was a dancing girl; very much looked down upon by Indians because of their immorality. Some time afterwards, the zaminder paid us a visit at the mission house in Agra. He was accompanied by his new young wife, who was wearing boots and was looking most uncomfortable. The old husband looked very proud of her, and of the fact that he was able to bring her wearing this addition of western dress.

The people got to know that we had come with medicine, and so those suffering with different ailments used to crowd around our tent. A man at one time came to us in great distress; he had a very much swollen leg. Though this was a case for a doctor, the missionary tackled it. He came to her every day. She dressed the limb, and every day she squeezed streams of pus from it. Were it not for the missionary he would

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certainly have died. Native treatment is often crude and cruel. I saw a woman branded with hot irons, supposed to be a cure for her complaint. I have seen a man dragged on the ground, his limbs pulled, and his body turned about very roughly, as another cure. The cure is often worse than the trouble.

One boy interested me very much, when we were seated on one occasion in a house telling the story. He was a seller of "heeng," a vile-smelling commodity used for cooking. The bazaars sometimes reek with the smell. As we recounted the story, he sat down and took out a piece of work to do, never looking up once. He believed in using up the time profitably. The boy had a mould of a pretty shape, over which he worked in different coloured cottons. Seeing his industry, I offered him one of our Gospels. He asked me the price. I said I was giving it. He would not take it for nothing, he must give something for it. So he gave me some of this "heeng." I took it, but was glad to get rid of it as soon as possible. The Bible Woman was glad of it, as she said it was good for indigestion. I thought there was the making of something good in that boy. To give something for what they can get for nothing, is a very rare trait in the Indian.

CHAPTER IV.

ZENANA VISITING

DIFFERENT methods of Zenana visiting are employed in the different parts of India. Agra, which is situated in the North-west of India, has extreme heat during the day in the hot season, and is comparatively cold in the night. This means that, in the hot season, our visits must be made very early in the morning. Being out at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, or even sometimes at 10.30, might cause sunstroke. Our movements and our meals are completely changed in the hot season from those in the cold. Our *choti hazri* (little breakfast) was at 5 a.m. in the hot season. Bible Woman and teachers assemble at 6 o'clock for prayer, and a short address is given before dispersing to the different quarters. We return about 12 o'clock noon, or, if very hot, at 11 o'clock, when we partake of breakfast. In the cold season we have *chotzi hazri* at 6 o'clock, and breakfast is at 8.0. After prayer the women workers go off to their districts in *garis* (carriages). Four *garis* were employed in the Mission in Agra. The driver is called a *sais*. We return at 2 o'clock. After the usual daily bath and change, we then partake of the mid-day meal,—“*tiffin*.” After *tiffin* there is reading of the Scripture and prayer with servants. The four *sais* always came to these readings, but a *sais* is rarely known to become a Christian. They know, too well, the black art, and receive so many presents on its account that, becoming a Christian would mean a great loss of material gain. Before I came, the *sais* had been in the habit of coming with the other servants for prayers. I desired much their

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salvation. I pleaded their acceptance of the Lord Jesus Christ. Speaking to Sadesi—a sais—who had been employed by the Mission for upwards of forty years, I reminded him that the final issue was either heaven or hell. "I must go to hell then," he replied. Then Bansi, a younger sais—very ugly, but possessing much ability, said, "I must wait till my heart gets softer." He died not very long after.

The work was well established when I arrived in Agra. Each missionary had her own district to visit. The native women are in "purdah," *i.e.*, they must not be seen outside; we, therefore, have to go in to them. No respectable women are ever seen out alone. We walk right in to their homes, without knocking, saying "Salaam," at the same time bowing the head and touching the forehead with the fingers. If they feel friendly they offer us a charpoi (a string bed) to sit on. Then we begin, sometimes by asking them if they would like us to sing to them. They are very fond of music. We choose a hymn with a bright tune, one in which the Gospel is embedded. This is one, "Mere waste aya, mere waste jiya, mere waste dukh uthaya, mere waste mua, mere waste gaya, gaya, mere waste swang ko gaya. Jsu Masih." This is the whole Gospel in a nutshell. This is the translation,—“For me He came; for me He lived, for me He suffered; for me He died; for me He went to heaven; Jesus Christ.” This gives us opportunity to explain. We tell them, too, that this tune can be used while they grind, which they do in the ancient way. In grinding they employ two round stones, one placed over the other, the top one having a handle. The grinding is performed by pouring the corn into a hole which passes through the centre of the top stone, and then turning the top stone, by means of the handle, round and round, whereby the grain is crushed between it and the lower stone.

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This is hard work, and they say that singing, while grinding, makes the work lighter. Many of them would like us to teach them reading. We offer to do this, if they listen to the Gospel. Prizes are given at the end of the year for doing a simple Scripture examination, and memorizing hymns. These prizes are sent out from the homeland. Friends in the homeland send dolls, beads, handkerchiefs, soap, and various other things.

One of my colleagues had a pupil, eight years old, whose name was Ummedi. She early showed her interest in the Gospel, and in the ordinary routine of things. She underwent her examination—memorizing Scripture and hymns. After it was over she was asked what she would like from all these fascinating things for a prize. She said, "I would like a book like yours for my very own." This was no other than the Bible. What could please the missionary better? About ten years after, a young married woman was brought by her uncle to see her mem-sahib. This was none other than Ummedi, the little girl that chose the Bible for a prize. When she came in she fell at the feet of her mem-sahib, which is an act of reverence. She said to Mrs. Bailey (her mem-sahib), "I have come to stay." Mrs. Bailey knew what that would mean. It would mean a law suit with her relations. She had to be wise. She said, "I can't keep you. You must tell your people first." Mrs. Bailey might have been accused of kidnapping. After a while Ummedi was taken back to her home. She told her people plainly that she was becoming a Christian. Now, the Hindus can hide their feelings. So, quite calmly, one said to Mrs. Bailey, "Let her stay with us for a few days, then she can come to you."

But they were not going to let her come so easily. The few days elapsed, but no Ummedi came. Mrs. Bailey thought it best to go to her house again, to see

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what had become of her. Once more she visited her home. This time it was not to find the people in the same calm frame of mind, but to find them agitated in the extreme. The old grandmother was screaming through the house, saying, "It were better that my nose were cut off than this." Let me explain: A woman with her nose cut off is a great disgrace. This disfiguration is the punishment for a great offence. There was such a turmoil created, that there was nothing to do but to leave Ummedi in the house. When this news was brought to the mission house my thoughts were turned to Peter in prison, when the church made supplication for his release. I said that we could do the same as was done for Peter. Thereupon three of us missionaries went on our knees, and prayed for the release of Ummedi. God is the same to-day as He was then, and as He ever will be. God was then working,—and what is He not able to do? Ummedi's uncle beat her, and threatened her, saying that if she ever attempted to do such a thing again, he would lock her in an iron cage. The next day she came to us, all black and blue from the blows she had received. The day after we had prayed for her release, she noticed the door a little ajar. Her people thought no precaution was necessary, after the severe treatment she had had. God had called her! Who could stop her? Our mission gari happened to be in the street. She saw it and immediately ran and hailed the sais (driver). He, too, was a Hindu. Nevertheless, he was prevailed upon to drive her to the mission house. Meanwhile the missionary and her helpers were wondering where their gari had gone. They were not long left in suspense. The driver rushed back, bringing Ummedi with him. She stayed with us ever after, first going to our boarding school at Delhi, and coming, now and again, to Agra for a holiday. She took the opportunity, on one

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occasion, to prepare a Bible reading for our workers, and told them beforehand to have pencils and paper ready, in order to take down notes. As I mentioned before, the missionary had to be very wise in her procedure. Nevertheless, though she had been very cautious, Ummedi's people brought forward the false accusation that the girl's jewels had been taken.

Once a Bible Woman, Paulina, brought me glad tidings—news which missionaries are always eager to get. She asked me to come to where a young unmarried woman was, who was desirous of becoming a Christian. The mother of this girl, who was of the Gwalior caste, had died praying to Christ. She had been visited by the Bible Woman, had heard the Gospel, and had believed, but had not come out openly as a Christian. The daughter, Lachhmi, named after the goddess of wealth, was eighteen years of age when I first came into contact with her. And, wonder of wonders, she had never been married! According to their sacred books, if a girl is not married at the age of twelve, the whole family is cast into hell,—but her father, who was a Captain in the British Army, and who, perhaps, did not believe in the Hindu religion, neglected his daughter's marriage. This was regarded as a disgrace. Here was an enlightened man who did not believe in early marriage, and who said that his wife had made it very difficult for him if he wanted to carry out his convictions. She would not eat, and was ready to starve herself to death, so to force him to give in. I went with the Bible Woman to see the young woman, and was satisfied as to her convictions. I was impressed by her refined, gentle manner, and before coming away, we made arrangements for her to come to us. Her coming had to be done in secret. She made her way to us under cover of night, bringing with her only a small bundle. We had discussed the best means of shielding and

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helping her. In this we traced the over-ruling of God. We had spoken to Abbi, a Bible Woman, who lived on the Mission compound. She did not think it would be wise to take her, as all knew of her house; and to her house Lachhmi's people would surely come, and there would be a mob. I thought it would be best to take her by the next train to Delhi, where our Mission Boarding School was situated. An older missionary said this step would not be wise, as the girl's people would be sure to search in the station for her. "In the multitude of counsellors there is safety." Finally, it was decided that she should sleep in my room, and that we would take the train in the morning for Delhi. This we did. To Delhi was a five-hour ride in the train. We proceeded without any interference for an hour or so, until we reached a station on the way. Here a native policeman, wearing a red turban with gold fringe, put his head into our compartment, and made enquiries of the girl, and also of me, and the reason for her being with me. He seemed to scent an interesting case, probably in seeing a Hindu girl, known by style of dress, seated with me. It might be capture. Lachhmi spoke up, and said she was becoming a Christian. Hearing this he left, and allowed us to go on. She remained in the school for some time. Then something romantic happened. One of the most promising Christians, Samuel Isaac by name, wanted her for a wife. His father was a convert to Christianity from Hinduism. He had been a Brahmin, which is the highest caste. Some space should be given to speak of this man of God. When first I knew him, he lived in a mud hut in the mission compound. By dint of perseverance, and hard work, he rose to the high position of Headmaster of the Boys' School in the Baptist Mission, having first obtained the degree of B.A. At the time of writing, he has just had his Silver Jubilee, having completed twenty-five

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years of work in that school. This was marked by special celebrations. All rejoiced in the honour of one who had been faithful in his duty to the boys, and in his responsibility to God. He had been unstinting in his labour to develop in them a character of worth. From what I know of him, he would regard his position as a solemn trust from God, and would be responsible for their souls. His great desire is to evangelize, and also to deepen the spiritual life of the Christians. The influence cannot be estimated of his consistent Christian life, and of the seeds which he has dropped in many a life. One wonders what will the harvest be. I got him once to speak at my children's meeting. One couldn't help but note that these children's addresses were well prepared, and observe how apt were the illustrations chosen to demonstrate and make clear the purport of the teaching. Nothing was considered trifling. Everything demanded his best.

Lachhmi, now called Taslimi, had become a Christian, and was now under my care. I was her guardian. Samuel came to me, to ask me to give her to him for his wife. As I was a young missionary at the time, and was unaccustomed to the ways of the country. I told him that I thought he ought to ask her. "That is not the custom in this country," he said. We never speak to the girl herself." I said, "I'll ask her." Accordingly I asked her what she thought of it, and to my surprise, she answered, "As you please." It was then near to my first furlough, so her mangancee (engagement) was arranged for her before I went home. She had gone as nurse to a hospital, and there it was held. When I returned from England, the wedding took place. A holiday was given for the occasion of that happy day. It is now about a quarter of a century since that happy event took place, and they have a family of several girls and one boy.

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I had a visit one day from a priest's granddaughter. Her object was to find a means of joining the Christians. She gave no evidence of change of heart, but I took her to the Girls' Refuge at Salamatpur. As soon as she arrived, she gave trouble; she wouldn't eat with the other girls; new utensils for cooking had to be bought for her, so that her things should not be contaminated with others belonging to another caste. Of course, being related to a priest, she belonged to the highest caste, namely the Brahmin. It turned out she was not happy with her husband, and she thought that by becoming a Christian it would be an easy way of getting rid of him. The priest, her grandfather, when he found that the girl was gone, was not long in finding out where she lived, and soon presented himself at the door of my dafta, on the verandah, making his claim for her. I invited him to sit down. He did so, by squatting himself tailor-like on the top of the chair. She soon rejoined her family. I visited the house of the priest afterwards, and he appeared to be friendly, by asking me, more than once, to have something to eat. I always refused. Once, rather late in the evening, he came with some dainty, and pressed me to take it, I had to be very insistent in refusing.

Those who are acquainted with the Black Art are able to do great harm. Even touching a thing might endanger one. This is what they term "Jadu." The Christians themselves are afraid of this. Samuel Isaac told me of a place where beautiful women practiced the Black Art. They might see a fine young man, and offer him a pumpkin. He would touch it and his beauty would be gone, and his strength dwindle until at length he became like a skeleton. Such things seem strange to us in this country, but India is Satan's stronghold. Another case of "Jadu" Samuel told me. A young man wanted a certain pretty girl for his wife. Her

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father refused. The young man was so enraged that he had "Jadu" performed on her. After this the beautiful girl was turned into a hideous creature, with tongue hanging out and eyes protruding. Mr. Scott, the Field Superintendent of the South India and Ceylon Mission, writes, "We are being told by some that we should find out what is good in the heathen religions and incorporate it with Christianity. There is nothing good about heathenism. The spirit of the evil one is behind it. Only those who have been in touch with heathenism, in the obscure villages, know how cruel the system can become."

CHAPTER V.

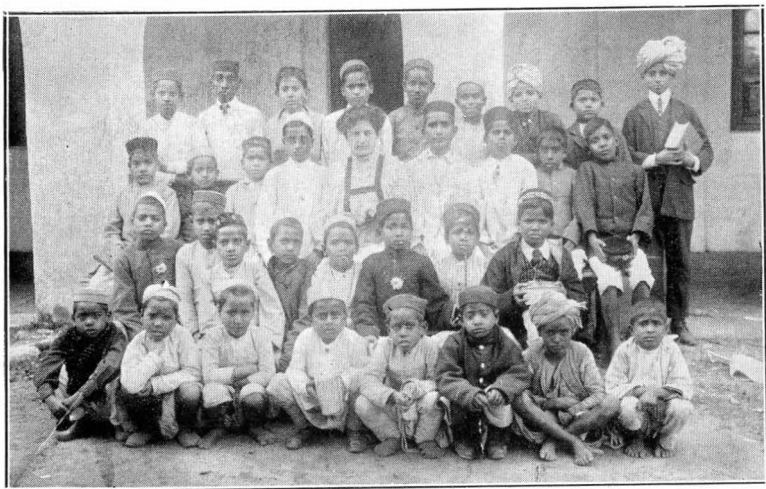
WOMEN AND GIRLS

AS my work was among Mohammedans and Hindus, whose houses were often close together, I was able to judge the status in which women were held. In both religions woman is always regarded as the inferior person. In neither do they have any word in marriage. Their marriage is always arranged by the parents. In one house which I visited, the father was trying to make arrangements for his daughter's wedding, but the two fathers could come to no settlement, because the father of the boy was not satisfied with the dowry. The solemn union is just a matter of bargaining—one of buying and selling.

Every Hindu girl is supposed to be married before she is twelve years of age. According to their sacred books, if she is not married by then, all her family go to hell. So, we find girls, of any age up to twelve, married. On account of this, we find husbands and wives of incompatible ages. For instance, a girl of eight is married to a man of fifty. His first wife has died, so he has to take some girl who is unmarried, and who, of course, is under twelve. He has no option; all of a suitable age are already married. In the natural order of things this girl eventually becomes a widow. Widowhood spells lifelong doom and misery. Widowhood is regarded as a curse, which means that she must have sinned in some former existence. The presence of a widow at any festival, or any joyous gathering, spoils the whole thing. So we find the lot of a widow unbearably hard. How different is the Christian teaching for the treatment of the widow. We read in James



Rev. Samuel Isaac, B.A., and family.
(See page 35.)



Miss Edwards' First Boys' Sunday School Class (Christian,
Mohammedans and Hindus).

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the First that pure religion and undefiled is to care for the widow. Many a widow would have preferred if "Sati" (the old custom of burning the widow with her husband's body, when cremated after death) were allowed. This cruel custom was abolished by the British Government, but it is still practised by natives to-day, though not under British rule. One of our missionaries—Miss Hampton—actually witnessed an instance of "Sati." Drums and musical instruments were used, to make plenty of noise to drown the screams of the unfortunate widow.

Once, at a mela, I was struck with the sad expression of a beautiful girl about fourteen years of age. A mela is a kind of fair, where people buy and sell, and women and children enjoy themselves on swings, and have various native amusements, and also worship their gods. This sad-looking, beautiful girl I afterwards learned was a widow. An expression of gloom had settled on her face. A widow is not supposed to wear jewels, and her hair has to be shorn, and she is only supposed to take one meal a day. Everything that makes life happy, especially in the case of a Hindu woman, is taken away. But woman is the same all over the world. She is fond of jewels, and the glory of woman is her hair. In the case of the poor Indian widow it has to be cut off. Entering a house one day, I found a number of people gathered around a bed, weeping. A girl of about eleven years old was among them. She looked on, hardly realizing what had happened. A boy, her husband, was lying dead on the bed, and that day *her* fate was sealed! How sweet those words in James must sound to such,—“True religion and undefiled before God, is to visit the fatherless and the widow.”

Once when in a Zenana, reading the story of the widow giving the two mites, a widow was listening. She afterwards gave me a coin equal to two farthings,

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and asked me to give it to the Church. I often visited her. One day, when recounting the details of our Lord's crucifixion, how that the thorns pierced His brow, the nails pierced His hands and His feet, and the spear was thrust in His side, her eyes filled with tears, and she exclaimed, "He did all that for me." And she had grasped the fact that we had gone out to teach her of Jesus. A very noted missionary, associated with the saintly Pengwern Jones of the Welsh Methodist Church, when addressing the missionaries in Calcutta on how to introduce the Gospel to the heathen, said that some began with the birth of Christ, others with the miracles, but he said always begin with the blood. That alone was the power.

Mohammedans are allowed to have four wives. Hindus can take another wife if the first be childless. A Mohammedan can divorce his wife if he says "Go" three times. A woman, whom I visited, was in great trouble because her husband had divorced her, for the sole reason that she peeped through the curtain when her husband brought in a friend. She had asked something about this friend.

Once when visiting my district, a boy about twelve years of age, met me in great excitement. Jumping with delight he said, "Come, Miss Sahib, come and see my wife." I followed him to his house. By the door a little girl met us. She was dressed in a gaily-coloured saree (native dress) and was much bejewelled. The boy—her husband—soon put on the role of master, and began ordering her about, and she, as a dutiful wife, meekly obeyed. She looked very happy that day. What little girl would not with her bright colours and jewels. After a few weeks I called there again. A very different sight awaited me. This poor little girl was lying prostrate on the ground, with face downwards, all alone in the courtyard, crying her heart out, and

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dressed in a muddy-coloured saree. Soon the women of the house came out, scolding her, one thrusting a fist in her face, and looking at me, saying, "Fancy this married woman wanting to go out to play." She had realized now that she was a prisoner. There was no more girlhood for her, no more play.

These girl-wives are just slaves of the mother-in-law. The face has to be closely covered when the mother-in-law is about. It must not be uncovered in her presence. Added to all these humiliations, the child has no hope of going home to see her people. They are only supposed to go home once a year. The parents are not to visit the bride. It is considered a disgrace for the parents of the bride to eat a meal in the bride's house. If the girl is dying the parents are not allowed to see her. In a house near to where this girl lived, a woman complained of her husband beating her. I said that in England a man would be liable to be put in jail for wife-beating. She said, "Then every man would be in jail in India."

On another occasion I was seated in a house where there were two women, one old, the other young. The old woman was nursing the baby of the young one. They were both wives of the same man. The old lady was his first wife. The scene isn't always so amicable when two wives live under the same roof. Once I found a crowd gathering in a house where I was visiting. A thin, elderly woman was shrieking at a young woman, whose head was bleeding. The young woman had injured herself by knocking her head against the stone steps, probably to get the sympathy of the onlookers, whom she hoped might then believe that the other woman had caused it. The husband of the two women was sitting quietly by, probably enjoying the *mêlée*. Perhaps he thought it best not to say a word, as both the husband and the older wife depended on the young

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wife's sales. She went round the houses selling cloth, wearing the "burka," a long, full garment covering the whole body, with just a net let in the headpiece for the eyes.

It is a shame for a woman to be seen going out with her face uncovered. We find that if a woman hates another, she oftens does injury to herself that the other person hated shall have the blame. I had been paying regular visits at a house, where I taught a woman whose brother was a doctor, but who had lived away for some time; his wife having been living with her parents meanwhile. She had, however, come to her husband's home while I was teaching there. It was not long before unhappiness came to that home. The sister-in-law, whom I taught, whispered confidentially that the young wife had been taking poison, and taking it in such a way that the blame would lie upon the woman I taught. Now, these people need the Gospel, and, through it, the peace that passeth understanding. One cannot doubt the hold that Satan has in this dark country of India, and how tenaciously he holds his prey. It is seen even in those who have been converted to Christianity. Soon after being stationed in Calcutta, I was asked by Miss Ewing—the Senior Missionary—to accompany her to a school in an outlying district, where the Annual Prizegiving was to take place. A woman was in charge, who had been converted from Hinduism. After being left alone there for some years it was found that she still had the traits of the heathen. She had a great love of money. She made much money out of the fruit trees in the mission compound, and out of fish in the mission tank. When she came to see Miss Ewing, afterwards, a letter was snatched which incriminated her in some way or other. Miss Ewing and she were in the room next to mine. This woman was screaming and shouting, so that she could be heard

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at a great distance. She could not be silenced. At first I thought that I should not interfere, but it continued so long that I thought it was best to go and see if I could be of some help. What a sight awaited me! Miss Ewing was thankful that I had come. The woman was like a tigress. Her long, black hair was hanging loosely, and her head was bleeding by her own violence. She had to be dismissed, but before she left she saw to it that the mission property was damaged. Doors were taken off their hinges, fruit trees were poisoned, as also were the fish in the tank.

High caste women are supposed to keep "purdah." "Purdah" means curtain. They have to keep themselves behind the curtain. They are never to be seen in the open. The Commissioner's wife, Mrs. Cobb, then stationed in Agra, was entertaining Lady Gazely, the wife of General Gazely. To cement friendship with the Indians, a purdah party was conceived. All men were to be out of sight; not even a man-servant was to appear. How were those ladies to be got at? The missionaries were those that knew them, and to them they came for aid. Some needed much persuasion. However, when the day arrived, quite a good number turned up, the whole making a gorgeous picture of colour, in their satins and silks. The Mohammedan women were wearing their loose trousers, drawn tightly in at the ankle, their ankles in turn being adorned with heavy gold or silver anklets. Their slippers were placed outside on the verandah. The photograph of Mrs. Cobb's large family interested them very much. There were the same number of boys as girls, twelve in all, I believe. They were arranged on either side of the parents in steps. They thought the mother thrice happy to be the mother of so many boys, because according to the Hindu religion, the salvation of the mother lies in the son. There were many return invitations given. One

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was to a wealthy Mohammedan lady's house. This lady had taken the pilgrimage to the sacred city of Mecca. Visiting Mecca is regarded a very virtuous act. The men who had done this are known by their red beards. For our reception, food was provided, such as sweets made up as flowers and vegetables. The woman was married but lived apart from her husband. As he took another wife and wished to use her money for the new wife and himself, she refused. He elected to do without her, and live with the other woman. In another house, where a return invitation was given, a beautiful piece of ivory work was offered as a present, but it was refused on the ground that Government Officials are not allowed to receive presents, as they might be given in the nature of bribes. Bribery is a great evil in India. It is a general practice. It is indulged in unblushingly. A man who does a favour for another, such as getting him work, or procuring him some appointment, gets "ghoos" (a bribe) for it. A woman once told me that her husband was without work but had no "ghoos" to give for the procuring of a job.

The police are often hand in glove with criminals. Work was opened out to me in a village, on the outskirts of Agra, through a woman who was kindly disposed to us, though not a Christian. Not long after we began work there, we were saddened to hear that this man had been murdered. Thieves had broken into his house, and he was found dead. It was whispered then that the police had a hand in it. He was supposed to be a man of some wealth. Those who have riches have cause for fear in India. The love of money works great evil there. Truth, principle, and justice, go to the wind where money is the object.

A story told me by an Assistant Commissioner, brother to one of our missionaries, reveals this. In a certain place, the police received "bakshish" (tips) from the

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rich people residing there. But there was one rich man who had never given them any money, and never would, but they were determined to get something out of him. They approached him, saying that he had been there many years but had never given them anything. He, as usual, refused. For this he had to pay very dearly. The police hatched up a cleverly made story which would bring him into court, and would certainly make him guilty. This is the story.

A child was found killed, and it was stated that this rich man, when out riding in his carriage, knocked the child down and killed it. A woman was bribed to make a scene as the man appeared in court. She screamed, pointing to the man, saying, "That is the man." The actual truth was that the child had died a natural death, and was then thrown to the river, as the custom was, and actually bore the marks on its body of the bamboo which is used in carrying corpses. The police said that these were marks of the wheel that ran over her. He was found guilty. The police saw him after he received his sentence, and told him that they could as easily free him as they had found him guilty. Then he offered a certain amount of money if they brought about his release; but it did not satisfy them. He offered more and more, but they would accept nothing till it reached the huge sum of twelve hundred rupees, as far as I can remember.

If a thing is admired, it is the custom to say "Take it,"—but you are never expected to do so. I admired something when camping. The customary words were used. I said that if I really took them at their word they would soon shout "pakero" (arrest her). My pundit told me that when royalty came to India, the Indians were robbed right and left. I suppose the Prince admired certain things, perhaps not knowing the

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custom of the people that admiration for a thing meant asking for the thing admired.

Great preparations were being made in a house where I taught, just as they are made at home when preparing for Christmas, making plum puddings, mince pies, etc. The man of the house was a Government Official. I enquired the meaning of this. I was told it was in honour of some god of his. While I was talking to the wife, the husband was doing "pooja" (worshipping) in a corner of the house screened off. The god was afterwards shown me—an oval black stone, the size of a small bird's egg, resting on a small brass stand like a miniature doll's bed. It is surprising that a man of intelligence should so belittle himself to bow down to such a thing as this. I did not know the name of the god. I should have to possess a very good memory to remember all the names of their myriads of gods. After "pooja," the husband left the house. Before doing so he shook hands with his wife, thus following the western custom. An English novel was lying about, not one of the nice ones. At a little distance from this house was another house which I visited. The people living there were of the lower class. One of the sons was in my Sunday School class. His name was Sita Ham. His mother was a very bright, vivacious woman. The eldest son had been married four times by the age of twenty-two years. The third wife was a beautiful woman, fair for an Indian. The son was really in love with her. The mother was very jealous of her, and asked me, "Is it right to ask for your wife always, when the mother is present." She left no stone unturned till she stirred up her son against her. Women are kept most strictly in India, but the mother-in-law invented such dreadful stories of the unfaithfulness of this poor wife to her son, that both the son and the mother did away with her. All the neighbours came to

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this conclusion, saying that she was taken to the cremation so hurriedly that even the dough which was on her hands after baking had not been removed. This haste was to escape detection of the crime. Hearing of the case, I tried to investigate. I asked rich merchants living near, who seemed to know all about it, and shared the opinion of the neighbours around. These men were graduates, but they were quite unconcerned as to whether justice was meted out or not. All they said was, "Leave it in the Court of God." Those who spoke to me about the case were careful to say, "Don't take my name." They wouldn't see that justice was done. Feeling that the matter should be investigated, I wrote to the authorities regarding it. An answer came in about a month, saying that no clue could be found, or some such unsatisfactory answer. We don't know what goes on behind the "Purdah."

A Hindu family, living near the mission house, had been visited for years by our missionaries. The family seemed well to do. When repeating John iii. 16, the old lady there repeated the verse with me. Hearing it often she remembered it. Would that she had accepted its truth. One instance, all too common in India, may I relate here. Very near the two houses mentioned above, was another house which I had occasion several times to visit. There were a few stone steps in front, and a covered-in passage on either side of the door which gave entrance to the house. On going in, I looked to the end of the passage, and saw there what I thought was a bundle of rags. Looking more intently, I observed a movement in the rags. This caused me to investigate more closely, and what did I find? Just a woman, a skeleton of skin and bones. The body was very emaciated. Flies were settling on her projecting teeth. All she said in answer to my enquiries was "bhok" (hunger), in a very weak voice.

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She was lying by an empty "choola" (an earthenware grate used for cooking). I immediately called for the people of the house, who seemed to be well-to-do. I sent for milk for the poor woman, but I could not give it to her myself, for that would mean for her the breaking of her caste. Caste is undoubtedly the masterpiece of Satan. I learned that she and her son lived there, and that the son had looked for work in vain, and that the mother had had nothing to eat for days. The man in the house gave her the milk, and was heard to say "poon," which means merit. He wished to say that I had gained merit, in thus giving to the hungry, which would help me on to heaven. Indians are not the only people that believe that good actions help to salvation. Many so-called Christians have not grasped that salvation is a free gift. Read Ephesians ii. 8, 9. "By grace are ye saved through faith and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God. Not of works lest any man should boast." Often crowds of beggars are seen outside a rich man's house, waiting for the food doled out to them. By this act the rich man accumulates merit for the next world. To return to my story, one of my Sunday School scholars, Sita Ram, happened to be passing. I had sent for an ekka to convey the poor woman to the hospital, but when I tried to lift her, I found that she had lost all use of her legs. Sita Ram helped me to get her into the ekka. A few days later I went to the hospital to see her. I found that she had died. Enquiry revealed the sad fact that she had died of hunger.

When we present the Gospel to these people, we must not only tell them what the Lord has done, but they must see what He does now. They have many wonderful stories about their gods, and the Mohammedan prophet, but they are false.

In the Mohammedan house, where I taught children

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about the ages of twelve and fourteen years old, the mother often was present, listening. She one day told me of her son, who had given great anxiety. He had been ill for about eighteen months, and said that many things had been tried for him. He had seen different doctors, had been under various treatments, and had taken many kinds of medicines, but she said that nothing had done him any good. Then she asked me if I knew of anything. I confessed that I knew nothing of medicine. But I said that they had heard how that the Lord did so many miracles on earth, healing the sick, raising the dead, and opening the eyes of the blind. I told them that Christ was not dead, and that He could do the same to-day. To my surprise the mother requested that I should ask Him then to heal her son. Although I believed for myself, I never practised for others. So, putting my hands together in the manner which they adopt when asking a favour, I prayed for the son's healing, if it were God's will. I prayed in the name of the Son of God. Although I prayed rather tremblingly, and though my faith was small as a mustard seed, yet the Lord accepted that prayer. Of course, I knew that I walked into the lion's den when I prayed in the name of the Son of God. It is an unpardonable sin with the Mohammedans to say that any one is the Son of God. One Mohammedan woman once said to me, "Let my lips never be heard to utter that Jesus is the Son of God." But the woman, for whose son I prayed, didn't say anything. About three weeks or a month elapsed before I called there again. When I enquired how the son was, the mother said, "He has been all right since the day you prayed for him." Can you imagine my joy at hearing this news? He accepted the New Testament afterwards. People afterwards asked me to pray for them, for different things.

A woman, one day, for whom I had prayed in sickness,

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and who was cured, said that she wanted me to pray for her, but this time it was not for sickness. Her story was this. She and her brother, who lived together, had brought up a nephew as a son, giving him a home, and spending money on him for his requirements. This nephew had gone to Quetta, two years back, and his guardians had received no letter from him since. They expected him to remember them in some way for their kindness. They had had no letter and no money. I prayed that he might be constrained to write and remember them. I didn't know whether I should have prayed thus, as they were unbelievers. However, this prayer also was answered. When I went there next, they told me that they had received not only a letter, but fifteen rupees each.

The Hindus are often kind to missionaries in offering them food, although they will never receive from us on account of their caste system. Their chippatees (a kind of pancake) with curry, are very tasty. In one house, one of these delicious little meals was put before me, which I did not refuse. When I finished, a little girl came to take the plate and bowl away. As she stooped to pick them up, a woman shrieked from the far corner of the room, "Parhez, parhez," which meant, "Avoid, avoid." She would be breaking caste by touching anything from which I had eaten. Then she said, "You can remove it with your foot." As these things were on the floor, and I had been sitting on a low stool, the girl began pushing these utensils along with her foot.

We sow the seed in many places. The people are often interested in the Gospel, but think it has nothing to do with them personally. In other cases again faith has been created, and the message has gripped them. One year, at the time when the yearly examinations took place, I was taking the examinations

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in another missionary's district, as was our custom. One of the examinees belonged to the Jogi caste. The people of this caste get their living by begging. They are not allowed to do anything else. This family used to go about begging, with a freak of nature, a cow having two hoofs growing out of the hoof on its back. The wife said, "I believe in Jesus Christ." She described the awful times they went through during the plague. She said people were dying like flies, and fleeing from their houses, and leaving them empty. "But," she said, "I didn't run away. I asked Jesus to save us, and He did save us." When she told me this, I saw what faith she had. I asked her why she did not come out openly for Christ, and confess Him in baptism. She replied in tones of great distress, "I couldn't, I couldn't. I couldn't leave my children." She knew that it would mean separation. Then I pointed out to her the verse which says, "He that loveth father or mother, sister or brother—more than Me is not worthy of Me."

We come up against great difficulties in those lands where Satan binds people with such cruel bonds. This woman's brother heard our conversation, and was so incensed that he took her book and destroyed it, saying, "That Miss Sahib shall never come here again." The missionary, whose district it was, was not allowed to teach the next time she called. When she returned to the house, she said that she thought I had been unwise. Perhaps I was. We young missionaries often wanted to gather the fruit before it was ripe. The Mohammedan pays great respect to his Holy Book, the Koran. I once saw the Koran dropped on the floor by accident. Immediately the man got his scales, putting the Koran on one scale, and weighing it with flour. This was to atone for his sin. This reminds one of some of the people in the homeland, who give the best place in the house to the Bible, yet who never read it, and are quite ignorant of its contents.

CHAPTER VI.

FESTIVALS

ALTHOUGH, in India, there is no special day of rest, yet there are many holidays given up for festivals or melas,—when there is cessation from ordinary work, and time is given over to enjoyment in different ways. These festivals are usually associated with their gods.

THE SITLA MELA. Sitla is the goddess of small-pox. The people worship her, so that they may be protected from small-pox. We missionaries follow up these festivals, in order to get at the crowds thus assembled together, when we can present the Gospel by word of mouth, by singing or by selling Gospels and hymn books. The mela usually begins with worship. They present their offerings, then spend the day in enjoyment, buying and selling. The picture of the crowds, dressed in their best, is a blaze of colour.

The first mela I witnessed will ever be impressed on my memory. The abominable thing, of which I had read so much in the Bible, I was now to witness with my own eyes. I stood on a high, broad wall, beholding the worshippers below. Some came to worship the stone bull, bringing vessels of water and pouring them over the image. Others brought garlands of flowers, placing them round its neck. Some worshipped HANUMAN, the monkey god. This god stood high, and was painted vermilion. A man came forward and prostrated himself full length on the ground before it. I could only look on, not having learned the language sufficiently to enable me to speak.

DIWALI. Diwali is another festival. When Diwali

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takes place, all the houses are lighted up. The roofs, which are flat, have myriads of eastern lamps placed on the edges at night. The effect is indeed brilliant. The houses, at this time, are given a regular spring cleaning. This is the night for gambling. Men are known to gamble even their wives away. This is the night when we have to carefully guard our houses, because thieves are about.

HOLI. The drinking of intoxicants is prohibited by Hindu law. But in this festival they are allowed to get drunk. They drink much chirrass—a very intoxicating liquor. Once when we were out in camp, a man, much troubled with his chest, was offered medicine by one of us. He was very careful to ask if it were “sharab” (intoxicating liquor).

When the Holi festival is on, the missionaries do not go out to work, because the people are so full of frenzy that they do not know what they are doing. Their clothes are a spectacle,—covered with mud, or with any colour-substance that could be thrown over them. The English people come in for this splashing too—at least they stand the risk of getting it. The people themselves look as though they came from the nether world, having their faces plastered with a blood-red colour, making them appear horrible. The origin of Holi is a very vile story, too vile to relate.

SWANG. Swang is a time of sport, often cruel sport. The people dress themselves up in all sorts of guises, the more absurd, and that which will cause the most merriment, the better. The most dreadful story which I heard, in connection with Swang, is the following :—

A man was tied to one animal by his feet, and to another animal by his arms. These animals were driven in opposite directions. My memory is a little hazy about this story, and if two *animals*

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were not used, then something was used by which the man was drawn limb from limb.

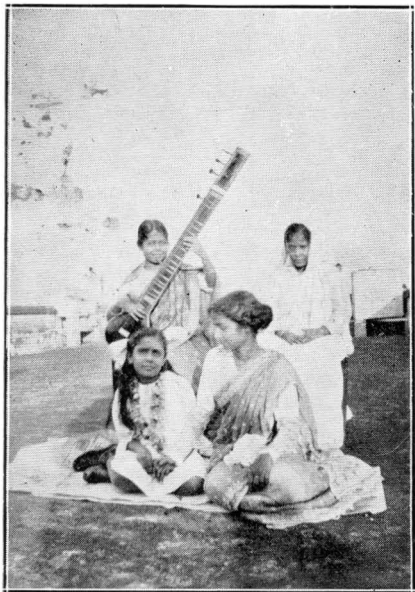
In these three festivals we see (1) gambling, (2) drunkenness, and lastly cruelty.

When returning once from Scotland to Wales, I got into conversation with a gentleman and his wife, who shared the same railway compartment. When this gentleman knew that I intended becoming a missionary, he said, "Why interfere with them, and why upset them?" I answered, "If we are Christians we must be reminded of the last command of our Lord to take the Gospel to every creature in the world." How many would like to be freed from all the misery which their religion involves.

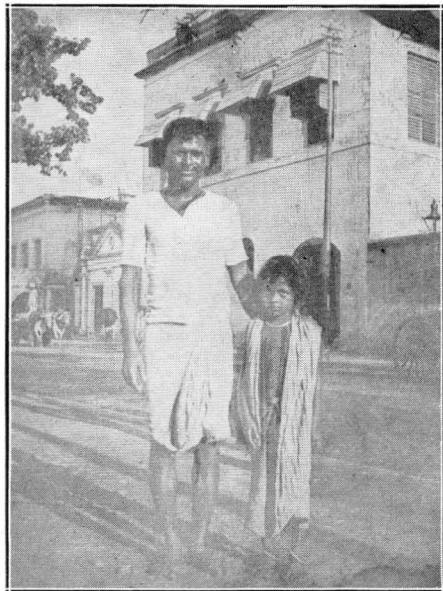
JAGANATH. Jaganath is one of the most important, and largely attended melas in the year. The great centre is Puri in Orrissa. Another important centre is at Serampore.

One year I crossed the ferry for Serampore with twelve Bible Women. We proceeded to the place where a large concourse of people, speaking different languages, congregated. The Bible Women dispersed, going in pairs, in different directions, carrying bags which contained Gospels and hymn books, which they sell. Amidst the babel of sounds they tried to speak a word, and to witness for their Master.

Jaganath, on this day, takes a journey on a certain road. He rides on a massive car. Its height reaches far above the tall trees, and its dimensions are those of a fair-sized house. The expectancy of the crowd, lining the road on which the car travels, is tense, as it awaits its arrival. The car is drawn along by means of a thick rope pulled by hundreds of men. Hundreds more men are there, ready to take a turn in pulling the car when the others fall out. When the car stops, those who have been pulling let go, and the others leap into



Family of Bimal Ananda Nag, a notable convert from Hinduism, taken on roof of their house. (See page 76.)



Child-wife and husband (36 years), one of two wives about same age—6 years. (See page 38.)

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their places with a shout, and the car goes on its way again. The men pulling wear only a loin cloth, and a circle of thick rope on their heads. The day on which I witnessed this was excessively hot. As the people have been taught to believe that it is a great act of merit, to give their lives by throwing themselves under the car, the government has arranged that English soldiers are present to prevent loss of life. To accomplish this, two or more soldiers are positioned at the back of the car. They walk backwards, thereby pushing away all those who run forward with the object of falling under the car. The soldiers had a very strenuous job on such a sweltering day. These soldiers probably never thought that they were treading on His Majesty—the Devil's realm. I have wondered since, and should be interested to know, if any harm came to them, as so many soldiers do not know of the protection of the blood of the Lord Jesus. So we need to pray for those who do not know how to pray for themselves. "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places" (Ephesians vi. 12). The expression of awe on the faces of the worshippers is saddening, as they behold the car passing, when one remembers that they imagine that a spirit of great power is going by.

On the road along which the procession passes, many sights are to be seen. These sights generally belong to people who want to make money. One cruel sight I saw was that of a dwarf boy, who was brought there for the purpose of making money out of his affliction. He had a face devoid of feature, a mouth which was a cavity without a tongue. The same kind of thing is done in Calcutta, where the worst lepers are brought forth. There they are taken to certain houses, where the landlord sends them out to beg. He keeps

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them, for what they are able to obtain by begging, which often amounts to a goodly sum.

Another sight, by the way, was that of a sadhu (holy man). This man was naked, save for a loin cloth, and his naked body was smeared with ashes. He was lying on a bed of spikes about three inches in length. He was pale. His long black rolls of dishevelled hair, like ropes, heightened the pallor of his face. He was a handsome man; his features might have been Grecian. Out of the crowds that passed by many stopped, in awe and admiration, and coins were thrown on to his cruel bed. Seeing an opportunity to witness, I laid hold of it. I placed myself at the head of the bed, and, drawing attention to the man thus torturing himself, I asked him why he was doing it. I proceeded to answer the question myself. He was making atonement for his sins. I could tell of One who had done no wrong, but suffered by having the spikes through his hands and feet, hanging from a "Suli" (wooden cross). This One had done nothing wrong for which to suffer, but He suffered so for the sake of all who *had* sinned, and to make atonement for them. The people listened. Some understood, but there were many there who spoke a different language. The Sadhu lay there making no interruption. At the end, I offered him a Gospel, which he accepted.

SARASWATTI. Saraswatti is the goddess of learning. On the day on which she is celebrated, we see students, and all interested in learning, walking in procession, carrying aloft this goddess. On one occasion two verses of the Holy Scriptures were seen printed plainly on their platform. One was "I am the Light of the World." We find the Word of God slowly permeating the Indian life. In the National Congress, the speakers often use quotations from our Scriptures. My language teacher, who was a Christian, told me that those whom he taught in an evening school did "Pooja "

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(worship) to their slates. As he was a Christian he stopped it. They worship anything that is useful to them, or of which they are afraid. So we find the people did in Habakkuk's day; we read in Hab. i. 16, that they made sacrifice to their net.

Once, when spending a holiday on the hills, I witnessed a very strange procession. The people were carrying very heavy, massive books on their backs. I understood that these were their sacred books. The procession was headed by men wearing very high, red hats, like fools' hats, but much higher. The men were carrying very long trumpets or horns, which they sounded as they went. Reaching a certain stage they made a halt, and a man was seen moving here and there with a bucket, regaling those in the procession with some drink. How very like some people in England, who treat the paper and covers of the Bible with great respect, but know nothing of its contents, and therefore do not find its correcting power in their lives.

A holiday on the hills is absolutely essential for the missionary who has worked on the plains, in the tropical heat, through all the year. A rule was made in our Mission that the missionary should take a holiday for the sake of health. On the hills, we find a totally different people. Several of my holidays were spent in Shillong Assam. This part has been well worked by the Welsh Presbyterian Mission. Great numbers have come over to Christianity, and now the heathen are in the minority. An account of the wonderful revival there, which took place about the same time as the Welsh revival, is given in Mrs. Wood's book "Calling to Remembrance." This book has been very widely circulated, and tells of the revivals which have taken place in the world's history.

One year when I was staying there, I was kept awake one night by agonizing screams in the distance, as though

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someone was being torn by a wild beast, or was being murdered. In the morning I spoke about it. The lady of the house said, "It must have been the Nongshohnohs." This is a family who keep a sacred snake. This snake called "Tlen," has to be fed with certain parts of a human body which must be a Khassi (a tribe living in that part). Every now and again a Khassi is found, so mutilated that he or she dies. Government has made every effort to find out the culprits of these happenings, but has failed. Any Khassi servant is terrified to go home once it begins to get dark. When we reach the hills, we are not free from danger. I had the pleasure of killing five scorpions in my bedroom on one holiday. I had a marvellous escape, just as I was packing up to come down to the plains. I was smoothing out the blanket to make it flat in the "hold-all" when out walked a scorpion near my hand. The Lord wonderfully protects us! There are great joys in the rest which a hill holiday gives. Never shall I forget the holiday which I had, when I was to have the opportunity of seeing Mount Everest. We made our way up, the night before, to Senchal, where there was a "Dak" (bungalow), a place where English visitors could stay the night. We went there so as to be up early next morning to ascend Tiger Hill, from which Everest could be seen. In the morning, when I first put my head outside the door, I was met by the beautiful sight of the everlasting snows on Kinchenjunga of the Himalayas. Mount Everest appeared as a speck in the distance.

THE CHRISTIAN MELA. This was an innovation in the Christian community during the latter part of my service in Agra. If the heathen festivals were brilliant, the Christian Mela was one of purest joy. And what can compare to the joy of the Christian. The joy that no man can take away (John xvi. 22).

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In this Mela all the missions of different denominations, British and American, joined. This was a day, too, for worship and enjoyment.

Games were arranged for the children. Shoran Singha, now engaged in Y.M.C.A. work in England, was very energetic in directing the races for boys in the High School. Amusements also were provided, such as roundabouts, which were turned round by hand, not by machinery. I was a child with the children that day, and had a ride on the wooden horse with other native women, but much to my chagrin, the man turned us round so swiftly that I became so dizzy that I shouted "Tahro" (stop), but my voice was drowned in the babel of voices. So, instead of stopping, or getting slower, it seemed to whirl round much faster at lightning speed. So, choosing, as I thought, the lesser of two evils, I jumped off, thereby tearing badly a new dress just sent to me from England by my sister.

The day of gladness had an appropriate ending in singing, when each mission supplied items for the evening. Schools, High Schools and Vernacular Schools—boys and girls—provided choruses, recitations and dialogues. The Indians are great in dialogue. The missionaries sang, too, in duets and quartettes, although the missionaries do not as a rule shine in singing. They leave their voices behind in the homeland. The tropical climate does not improve the voice. It was one of the great joys of my life to take about thirty of the vernacular school children to the platform. They had learnt parts of "The Babe of Bethlehem," a cantata composed by Alderman Griffiths, of Swansea, father of our Secretary, Rev. B. Grey Griffiths. He was, as very many Welsh people are, a great lover of music.

He gave me two books of this cantata, which, afterwards, I translated into Hindustani. He rejoiced to do

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something for his own country. I should not be surprised to know that he would be even still more rejoiced to know that his work was sung by Indian Christian children.

CHAPTER VII.

TEMPLES

THE Temples of India, as seen from the outside, are very ornate, and show much skill in their construction.

Paying a visit once, in company with an American lady missionary, to the holy city of Brindaband which was full of temples, we found that we could not go inside without first of all removing our shoes. In this city was the famous Golden Temple. Outside was a notice, written in English for European visitors, requesting them not to go inside wearing their shoes, and stating that there were coverings provided for the shoes. It asked them to show this respect, as, if this request were not complied with, it would mean that the whole of the utensils within the temple would have to be thrown away, and the expense of buying a new supply would be involved. The American lady was inclined to comply, in order to satisfy her curiosity, but I felt definitely that we should not do so, because to do so showed honour to the god. The latter view prevailed; we did not enter. We asked permission from the priests of another temple to go within. They were polite to us, but said that we could not go inside with our shoes on. Seeing that we did not comply, we were told that we could enter if we gave some money. Money would cover their sin in allowing us to enter with shoes ! “ Love of money is the root of all evil.”

In walking along the streets or roads of India, we overhear the conversations often-times. I have observed that the vital topic is nearly always pice and rupees or money. The temple and its priests are probably in frequent need of money. Another visit paid was to a

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beautiful temple nearly completed, and left so. It reminded one of an English church, its floor tessellated in beautiful designs, and with massive pillars throughout. A rajah had built it, but the priests had said that when it was completed the rajah would die. Hence the reason for its being unfinished. The priests were probably afraid that the temple, at which they served, would lose its support. They would see that their prophecy was carried out.

Our last visit was to the ghat. Boats were on the river. About fifty stone steps on a long stretch of the bank were built, which led down to the river. Up and down these steps the sacred bull kept running, eating the vegetables offered it by the worshippers. At the top of these steps was a stone archway, in which tolled a bell calling to worship. Underneath this archway stood a sacred calf. A priest was officiating, when an old woman came to do her "puja" (worship). The priest gave her petals of flowers. With one hand she held the tail of the calf, while the priest chanted mantras, or sacred verses. In this way she is supposed to be taken to heaven. Ludicrous but sad. There were tiny rafts, about five inches long, on which were five tiny eastern lamps. These the people bought for a few pice (farthings), and put them, lighted, to float on the river. The effect, seen at night, was very pretty. A god is supposed to reside in the river. A boat, full of people, was on the river, and one person was seen to pour milk over the hands of a woman. This was done to feed the god. As night advanced, we were still on the ghat, and observed several other things. Amongst them we saw a priest, standing midway on the steps, holding aloft a huge disc having smaller discs on it, the top one smaller than the second, each containing eastern lights. The people crowded around as he swayed this disc. As he did so, the worshippers shouted, throwing petals

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of flowers on the disc. Flashes of fire darted out on all sides, which the people were desirous of catching. I do not know the meaning of this, but I must mention it as one of the sights which we saw. As we watched the faces of the multitude gathered, I well remember that of a girl, a girl-wife probably, her face upturned, lost in wonder. Poor deluded souls.

KALI GHAT. This is a place where the goddess Kali is worshipped, and thousands of goats are sacrificed to her. This ghat is situated in the vicinity of Calcutta. Kali, like most Indian gods, has a forbidding appearance. Children seeing her would be inspired with fear and terror. She is represented as having six arms, three arms on either side. Her tongue is hanging out. In one of her hands she holds a sword. In the upper arm, on the other side, she holds a man's head which she has cut off, and in the lower arm holds a bowl, which catches the blood from the bleeding head, while she is standing on the dead body of her husband. Round her neck is a garland of skulls, and round her waist is a girdle of hands and arms.

It was my intention to see this ghat for myself, but I never found time to visit the place. The business of the King was so pressing where I was. It was not an unusual sight to see a man carrying a live goat on his shoulder. It was easy to know where he was going.

During my service in Agra, an Indian Christian lady doctor was appointed to the hospital there. We became friendly. In conversation she told me how her father became a Christian. He was the son of the priest of the golden temple at Amritsar. He heard the Gospel preached in one of the melas where Bibles were sold. He bought a Bible. After he reached home it became to him a loved book. He used to read it in secret, and hide it under the fodder in the elephant house. Reading it, and being convinced of the truth, he could not stay

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where he was. He could only become a Christian by running away from home. He was then sixteen years of age. Long after he became a Christian, his uncle, finding him on the hills, flung a huge stone at him, leaving him for dead. He was found, and he recovered. How wonderfully God preserves his own. He left all the wealth of his home, and cast himself upon God, Who, true to His promise, saw that his need was met. Two of his daughters became lady doctors. But this son of a priest, and also his family, were never free from the plots of the relatives. At one time the family was stationed at a place where relatives lived. These relatives began making overtures to them by sending them gifts of sweet meat, etc., but the father always warned his family never to touch anything they sent. Riding in a tram once, in Calcutta, I noticed an Indian gentleman continually bowing, and bowing to what seemed to be nothing. I came to the conclusion that he must be mental, but later found that he was paying his respects to the various temples we passed on the way. Another day I saw a man seated with a boy, probably his son, apparently teaching him to do likewise. We find that the Indian people are not ashamed of their religion. The Mohammedan prays on his carpet at the appointed time, in the open, before crowds, in the fields, or on the streets, or anywhere. The English people are often ashamed to carry their Bibles, a book we should be proud to carry.

“ Ashamed of Jesus ? sooner far
Let midnight be ashamed of star.”

CHAPTER VIII.

FRIENDS

I HAVE been well blessed with friends. They may be divided into two classes. Friends after the spirit, and friends after the flesh. Those of the former class are those who really count. Those of the latter class give pleasure for the day; these friendships often end in disappointment. The first I would mention is Miss Rowlands, Newport, Pembrokeshire. She came into my life when I was about eighteen years of age; and she came in answer to prayer, so I count her as God-given. At this time I was in great conflict, when only darkness and doubt confronted me. I was in the university at the time. I enjoyed college life, and did not work too hard. After a short course, I entered the teaching profession, for which, however, I had no special liking. It proved afterwards to be very useful in my future work. How God plans! The world, with its fascinations, had begun to attract me. I very soon found out that these leave in the heart an aching void. Indeed, I became utterly miserable,—not quite sure that there was a God. So, at last, in utter desperation, I repaired to my room, fell on my knees, and cried, “Oh! God, if there be a God, give me a friend who knows Thee better than I do myself.” Did God hear such an unworthy prayer? Yes! He had infinite compassion, and saw in me a languishing soul struggling for the light. He had made me hungry, and now He was going to satisfy. “He satisfieth the hungry soul.” How did He do it? Mark, I had prayed that He would give me a friend. Not many months after this, I accompanied my brother to the place where he was preaching. I

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sat next to the minister's wife. The sermon dealt much with prayer. The minister's wife whispered to me, "There is one sitting behind who is enjoying this." It was Miss Rowlands, who hailed from Newport, Pembrokeshire. After the service, we were introduced. Not many minutes had passed before she was conversing of her Belovèd, with Whom she was so intimate—the Lord Jesus Christ. She was speaking out of the fulness of her heart. I had found the friend I had asked for. It is to her that I attribute my entrance into the new and fuller life. She was staying, at the time, with Mrs. Morgan, The Mount, Llandaff. Mrs. Morgan's husband used to call Miss Rowlands his spiritual princess, she was such a blessing to the house. Her faith in God was shown when she told me, "I am never happier than when I haven't a penny in the world, for then I am more dependent on my Heavenly Father."

The lady with whom she was staying is known as Mrs. Morgan, The Mount, Llandaff. She has been *the* friend of friends. She has been my friend, and the friend of many others. All are proud to speak of her as "My friend." Her house is the home of God's servants. She entertains largely, from the humblest to the highest. Among her guests are a lord and a collier, a Bishop and a Salvation Army worker. Missionaries from all lands, and Christian workers of every sphere, find their way to "The Mount," and all feel perfectly welcome. She is all she is, because she is a great lover of Christ, and loves them all for Christ's sake.

One of my best friends, and one of my first in Calcutta, was Miss Gilbert. She hailed from Australia. Whether it was because of much exposure to the sun or not, she appeared quite a half-caste. She looked very much of a sketch; but she had a heart of gold. The Port authorities were so unconvinced that she was not a coloured woman, when returning for furlough, that they

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were not willing for her to land, until at last she took off a stocking and showed them her white foot. She was known among the Hindus as a Sunyassi (holy woman). She lived practically by faith. At first she came out to India under a Board. Another lady was desirous of coming out under the same Board, but the Board had to refuse her, because of lack of funds. In order that she might be able to come out again, Miss Gilbert severed her connection with the Board, and she then depended on monies she received or which she earned by teaching music. Both high and low respected her. She sometimes received gifts from native rajas. Her heart was tender. But her wrath was intense at sight of cruelty. Many are the stories of her courage when witnessing cruelty. Once, on seeing a buffalo dragging a load, with a stout cord pierced through its nose, while its driver was urging it on with whip in hand, she instantly cut the cord with a pocket-knife, and snatched the whip from the man's hand, thus freeing the poor beast. Another story is that of a dhobi's (washerman's) donkey. The donkey used to carry the clothes of the washing. Seeing a donkey one day, with a heavy load of washing tied on his legs, bending under the weight, she deliberately, with the pocket-knife cut the trappings. With that, the bundle fell off, and the donkey scampered away, leaving the washing behind on the ground. She lived a hard life, which did not escape the notice of those she had come to serve. Often, a plate of curry and rice bought at one of the stalls for a few coppers, would suffice her for the day. Her bed was just a board. When I knew her, she was about seventy years of age. It was always a day of refreshment for me, when she accompanied me, as she did once a week, on Saturday, to Whiteaway's and Laidlaw's, one of the big shops in Calcutta, where we had sweet fellowship, and heart to heart talks, over a good meal. I had the privilege, on

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one occasion, of accompanying her to the home of Sir — Bose, the great scientist. The élite of Calcutta were there that day. It was a distinguished party. One tall man, wearing a cream-coloured, flowing robe, stood out among them all. He reminded me of some of the pictures of Christ. He was very dignified; his face indicated loftiness of mind. One could see, readily, that he was a man taking a place above other men. I learned afterwards he was the celebrated poet, Rabindranath Tagore. I have read his poetry. It was the poetry of one whom you would think to be a Christian. He told one of our missionaries that he would advise a young man to become a Christian, but that he was too old to make the change. He was greatly influenced by the Gospel, but would not take the deciding step.

Through Miss Gilbert, I once had an invitation to a Garden Party, given by Lady Mukergi (a native lady), to bid farewell to Lady Rolandshay, the Governor's wife. This gave me insight into another side of Indian life, and brought me into contact with one who was a very public-spirited woman, as I found out afterwards. She could speak a little broken English, and I could speak a little Bengali; so, between us, we maintained some sort of conversation. In the course of our conversation, she told me she was an orthodox Hindu, and invited me to come one day, to see her temple and thakoor (name of idol). She invited me to tea the same day. The Maharani of Bardwan was one of the guests. I was introduced to her by this lady. The Maharaja of Bardwan is well-known in English Society. The saintly Lord Radstock was entertained by him. As the lord spoke to him of Christ, and put forth His claims, the Maharaja nearly came over, but, like Agrippa, he never decided.

About this time it was my privilege to become acquainted with Mrs. Woods, of Atlantic City, America.

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She was then Mrs. Taylor. I must write about her later on. She wanted to see a real Hindu house.

As the invitation had come to go to this Hindu lady's house, I wrote to her, asking if I could bring this friend along. We went. When I entered the house, a feeling of horror passed over me. The walls of the room, where we had tea, were lined with pictures of gods, which are always gruesome,—never pretty. Our hostess took us round the house, and the first thing she showed us, within her house, was her temple. When we arrived there she said, with pride, "What do you think of this?" I said, "We think it sin." She didn't seem offended. On the other hand, she arranged to come to our house regularly for teaching. She said on our leaving the house, "I feel as if you were my sister." Oh! that she were a sister in Christ. All these new contacts were new opportunities for presenting Christ. Mrs. Mittra, for that was her name, told me that she was in the habit of praying to Christ daily, and reading the Bible. Shortly after this I came to England, and have been home since, and am not likely to return. Who knows what the reading of the Word may accomplish, or by this time has accomplished.

Another interesting family, with whom I became friendly, was that of Rai Sahadur Chandra. I forget how I first came to know them. Probably through the friend of whom I have written, Miss Gilbert. The life of Rai Sahadur Chandra is an interesting one; how he became a Christian, and how he left his Hindu home, family and religion. He was a convert of the great pioneer, Alexander Duff. He was heir to two estates, that of his father, and that of his uncle who had no children. He came out from his home with only a few coppers, but with God and his promises. His great verse was, "And everyone that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or

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wife, or children, or lands for My name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life." It was fulfilled in his case. He came to great honour, having received the title of Rai Sahadur Chandra from the Government. He had several children, who occupied good positions, and all engaged in Christian work. He lived near us, and often I went to his house. He was an old man then. Whenever the mention of Christ was made, his face beamed with joy. It was easy to see Who occupied his thoughts. When the King of England came to India, he wrote a book in English, "Who is our King," intended for Indian students. He gave me this book. It is written in the choicest English. If I reproduce a little from this book, you can judge for yourself the mind of this Godly man.

"Men talk of the love of God, and say that nature speaks of it. They talk of the music of the sea as it laps the shingles on the beach, the sighing of the evening zephyrs, the evening moonlight on the water, the beautiful foliage on the trees, and lovely green grass that carpets the earth, the beauty and the fragrance of the flowers, the twinkling of the stars in the clear heavens above, the glinting of the sunbeams through the leaves and branches of the trees, the singing of the birds, and they say that everything in nature teaches us that God is love. Does it indeed? What does the frightful and merciless fury of the ocean, when lashed by storm and tempest teach? If the flowers tell of the love of God, what do the poisonous weeds and ivy teach? If the song of birds teaches that God is love, what does the hiss of the rattle snake teach? If the sunshine, glinting through trees, and filling in lines of silvery light upon the green-carpeted earth teaches that God is love, what does the blasting lightning and the desolating tornado teach? Let us not delude our souls with sentimentalism. God, our God, is a Heavenly Father, but these truths are not discovered out of, or apart from, Jesus Christ. Not from amidst the dazzling splendour of His throne; not from amidst the glories of His creative skill in heaven and earth; not from amidst the multitudinous kindnesses of His providence does He essay to win our hearts, but, 'God was in Christ,' in the shame and the agony of the Cross, 'reconciling the world unto himself, not reckoning unto them their trespasses.' 'And there followed great voices in heaven, and they said, The kingdom of this world is become the Kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ,

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and He shall reign for ever and ever.' Yes, Jesus is the Universal King."

Some years after coming home, it was a joy to hear from the eldest daughter that four of the brothers and sisters intended coming to England, on the retirement of the eldest brother, who had then done thirty years' service in the Government as acting Judge. The sisters and brother used their time, not as some would, in sightseeing, but in getting all the spiritual benefit they could, be going over the country, and visiting the conventions for the deepening of the spiritual life. The evening of this brother's life was not to be spent in comfort and ease. He, like his father, was desirous of winning his brethren to Christ, and he wrote several Christian tracts designed to this end.

When visiting the Chandra family, I first met Miss Shorat Chakarbatty. On meeting this dear lady, I little knew of the spiritual feasts which were in store for me. She was short in stature, and fair in complexion, almost as fair as an English woman. She was simple in dress, always wearing a white saree (the native dress, which is a long strip of cloth wound round the body in artistic folds). Her mother, who belonged to a high caste, was a convert to Christianity. She, herself, came to Christ when quite young. As she herself said, she was a wicked child. Her mother was very distressed about her. So distressed was she, that she was heard praying that her child should be taken now, rather than that she should grow up and her soul be lost. Shorat, hearing this prayer, then and there was converted. When I first met her she was about fifty years of age. She was brought out into Christian work largely through the instrumentality of Pandita Ramabai, with whom she worked for some time. She, with her mother, founded an orphanage, depending on the Lord for its support, giving up their own fortune towards it. This

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gifted lady was humble and childlike, although, for an Indian woman, she had attained a high standard of learning, when only a few English women had, at that time, achieved the same. She obtained the degree of M.A. when only twenty-four years of age. But, her Book of books was the Bible. I was content to sit at her feet and learn, as she brought out the hidden treasure of truth. Shorat Chakarbatty is one of India's rare trophies of Christ. I will here quote from one of her letters to me, so that you may see something of her beautiful soul :—

Allahabad, Feb. 1st.

“ My dear friend and sister in the Lord,

Again I am very late in answering your letter——. There have been friends and guests with me——while I have had a time of sweet fellowship with them, my letters have had to be neglected, *i.e.*, while I have been so happy and glad to see some friends once more, the others I could only think of and long after, not being able to write to them owing to weak health and press of work; it wont be so much longer. Praise Jesus. He is coming soon.

My dear friend, I do believe Jesus Christ, the Lord of all, and our all, is coming soon to His inheritance. Hallelujah. Indeed the time is coming when ‘He shall be glorified in His Saints,’ and we, unworthy as we are, in Him by the power of His precious blood. And ‘They overcame him, the enemy, by the blood of the lamb, and by the word of their testimony, and they loved not their lives unto death.’ May the Lord enable us to live this life during these latter days, when all the signs of the times are showing His near approach, that we may be ready to meet Him (as in I Thess. v. 15, 17), because there is a preparation by His grace for it (Rev. xviii. 7), II Peter iii. 8; 4; 14. We are, and have been for years, looking forward unto the fulfilment of the glorious hope, which our dear Lord has set before all His saints and all His little ones. Praise Him. We also praise Him for the life, and work, and patient waiting of all His saints, and also for Miss Pankhurst, who has been so gloriously converted and changed, and whose career, too, we have followed, so far, with such a loving interest, as if she belonged to us. Oh, praise God for this unifying effect of the Cross. We have never met, nor corresponded with her, but her writings, by God's grace, have drawn us close to her; for, are we not members of the same body? Blessed be our God, for His unspeakable gift. Please pray for us, dear Miss Edwards,

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that we may continually abide in His will, and allow His power to work in us mightily (Colossians i. 29) so that all the good pleasure of His goodness, and the work of faith may be fulfilled in us with power (Thess. ii. 5, 11), and then keep us ready to meet our adorable Lord, Who loved and gave His life for us. The Sisterhood that you have started, and the colliers' wives bringing in their offering for your school in Calcutta, shows the great love and watchful care with which God plans out the life-work of His children. True, there is a vast work to be done in Calcutta, and the language you know; but there is something at home, too, that others could not do, and so, after beginning the work in Calcutta, He takes you home, and bids you wait there a while, and makes another piece of His work prosper in your hands, guarding carefully, at the same time, that which was begun here. Is not this just like Him. Is it not all in His hands?

Yes, the development of spiritualism is another sure sign of the approaching end of the present age (I Tim. iv. 1). May the Lord bless and keep you and guide you all. It is such a blessed thing to know I have a praying friend, the Lord's own, blessed be His holy name. Is not the bond in Him the best of bonds?

Always lovingly in Him,
Shorat Chakarabatty."

One of the best friends I made was one who came from America to India on a visit. I speak of Mrs. Grace Woods, who is known throughout the Christian world through the books which she has had circulated, and which have been translated into several languages. I count it a great honour to have her personal friendship. She came to visit the mission stations, and spent about eighteen months going round them, afterwards going to China. Being a woman of considerable wealth, she devotes it to the service of God. On seeing a book, which, if read, she realizes would be much used to the quickening of the spiritual life, she waits upon God to know His mind. If she has His approval she gets it printed, and sends it in thousands, broadcast, free.

She had ten thousand volumes of the life of Hudson Taylor printed and circulated, with the thought that it would inspire many to go out to the mission field, which it did. She sent for a large number of the Life of C. T.

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Studd with the same object in view. Several smaller but powerful books were circulated,—“Power from on High,” “The Wonder of the Book,” and others. Her desire is revival throughout the world. When she came to England she said to me, “I am so glad my name has not got into the papers, that is pleasing to the flesh, but not for the glory of God.” One woman, surrendered to the Lord, with all her possessions, has accomplished great things.

The late Richard Cory was a good friend to the family. Although a coal magnate, he was a humble follower of Christ. He refused a title, saying his title was written in the sky. He was always about the Master's business, filling his pockets with tracts, distributing as he went on his way, always witnessing for the Saviour. His money, too, was for the Master's use.

His daughters, the Misses Frederica and Beatrice Cory, have truly followed in their worthy father's footsteps. Much time and thought are given to the distribution of their gifts. The aged, the distressed, the sick and the poor are remembered. Accompanying the gifts they send is always a loving, personally-written letter, never one relegated to a secretary.

They, too, make use of the tract as their father did, sending parcels, and enclosing them in their dispatches.

I must not finish this chapter without making mention of another dear friend, Miss Trefor Jones, Llanelly. She was appointed Secretary of the Women's Missionary Work for Wales, soon after I left for India. I met her first when I came home for my first furlough. Travelling much together on deputation work, brought us into close touch with one another. To know her is to love her. She is made for her work, and has won the hearts of the women of Wales, and she radiates warmth and love to those with whom she comes in contact. We have had many seasons of sweet fellowship and

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prayer. In all her busy life, as secretary for such a big area, she does not impress one as overworked or worried. She has a sunny nature, and is very human, and can laugh and enjoy a bit of humour. She is one of the Welsh Revival trophies, and has told me of the wonderful way God led her to Himself. A book she gave me, before leaving once for India, was much appreciated and helpful, but is now out of print,—“The Holy Spirit in Missions.”

CHAPTER IX.

DAILY WORK IN INDIA

FOR this chapter, describing DAILY WORK IN INDIA in the life of the missionary, I feel that I cannot do better than reproduce a letter which I sent home in the year 1922. It is as follows:—

45, Lower Circular Road,
CALCUTTA.

September, 1922.

It has been my desire, for some time, to put before the people at home, such an account of our work day by day in India, that, in imagination at least, they may have a fairly good idea of the places which we enter, the people and their various temperaments, and also the difficulties with which we are faced. If they can be made to see them, they will realize how dependent we are upon their prayers, that we may be upheld in this work, and really upon everything else that they can give to help us in our work.

It will be well to begin with my work in Calcutta. As it was intended that I should work at the James' Memorial Bible Institute when I first came to Calcutta, I applied myself to learning the Bengali language. One of my first teachers was an old evangelist, Babu Bindu Ghose. His son taught me first, for he was well educated, and could speak English well. When he found that he couldn't continue his teaching, he handed me over to his father. As his father didn't know English, he taught me Bengali by means of the Bengali that I knew, which was a fine accomplishment on his part. He was a short, sturdy, white-haired little man,

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who had a deep, sonorous voice. He was always dressed in white muslin, which hung in loose folds around him. He interested me very much, by telling me his own experiences, one of which is worth relating. It teaches us all a great lesson of the All-knowing God, the God who cannot be deceived. He said that he had in his garden two mangu trees, one of which he gave over for God, and the other he kept for himself. He noticed that the one he gave for God was getting on well, while his own was not thriving. When he saw this he changed them, making his own God's, and that which was intended for God his own. From that time that which he had made his own began to wither, until at length it died, while the other revived and flourished. In the course of conversation I asked him if he had won many to Christ. I learned that he had worked in another station prior to his coming to Calcutta, and I understood that he had been instrumental in bringing in eighty into the fold.

When I had, as it were, broken the back of the language, it was evident that it was not for Bengali work that I was needed. A distinct, inward Voice told me one morning that my work was to be among Hindustani-speaking people. This gave me some sorrow at first, as my plans had been otherwise. But I have learnt what disaster often happens, if we don't heed that Voice, but take our own way.

The remembrance of this Voice, and the certainty of its tone, are an abiding joy, because I know that what I am now is the right thing. I feel, too, that the time has not been wasted that has been given to Bengali, as there is much use of it ordinarily.

Obedient to the unmistakable command, I explored a little, and found quite a large number of Hindustani-speaking people of the poorer class, living in a district quite near to our house. Here was one of the places

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in Calcutta to which I felt that God would have me carry the Light of the Gospel, so I began making regular visits there. Before this it was my custom every week to go to a small prayer meeting, attended by four or five persons. It was held in an orphanage in Elliot Road, of which Miss Evans, an American lady, was in charge. When I told her of my new-found work, you can imagine what a thrill of joy it gave me to hear her say how she had prayed for two years for this part I was visiting. The orphanage overlooked it, and she saw the people neglected, with no-one to give them the Light. Her heart went out to them. She could not go there herself for two reasons. First, her full time had to be given to the orphanage; secondly, she did not know the language. However, she could do one thing. This she did. She could pray for someone to be sent there who knew the language. So, we could both rejoice together, in that her prayer had been answered, and that I was the fulfilment of that prayer. This resulted in the founding of a Church and Day School.

Now I will tell you something of the way by which I was led into further Hindustani work. Not far from our house is a street. A minute's walk along the street brings us to an opening, entering which brings us in sight of a large quadrangle in which there is a large number of very tiny houses thrown together. Such a place is called a Para. This Para has numerous little alleys, through which two people are barely able to pass each other. The projecting roofs of the houses are so low that one has to be careful not to strike one's head on them. The houses are just the size of our coal outhouses in the homeland. I have access into about sixty of these. I know most of the children, and many of them come to my Sunday School. I have made the acquaintance of and have explored other Paras, but this is the one I have visited most and which I know best.

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One day I made the acquaintance of a Hindu woman, Mariam, who has ever since been a friend to me. At the entrance of her house, curtained by sacking, is a dark passage, which opens out on a small courtyard, which is surrounded by nine dark, little, cupboard-like rooms, these rooms being occupied by eight families. This is typical of many houses which I visit.

Mariam (a Mohammedan name, though she was a Hindu) is the name of my friend, the Hindu woman, who was the first to welcome me to her house. After a little conversation with her, I found that she was a woman above the average, that she knew a lot of English, and also that she read a little, and had heard much of the Gospel. I thought, as she knew the English letters, that she might as well learn to read the Testament in Roman Urdu, *i.e.*, Urdu or Hindustani written in English letters. So I go there once a week to give her a lesson. Sometimes she says, "Give me a short lesson to-day, Miss Sahib, because I am very busy." I go to the other cupboard houses in turn, and tell them a Testament story, which, the following week, I expect them to re-tell to me. If they remember anything, I say to them, "Now, I like teaching people like you. Some people say when I ask them what I told them last time, 'It's gone from my mind.'" Telling them this is a little encouragement, and the next time I go there they delight in showing me what they remember. One day I had explained the simplest thing several times, to a woman within the doorway, but she never could remember. Another woman in the courtyard, hearing the number of times I had explained, said, "It has been explained to you ever so many times and yet you don't know." I said, "You tell," to which she promptly replied. When she had finished her little work, she came in and gave a most graphic description of the Annunciation, expressing Mary's fear at seeing

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the angel, etc. At the close she said, "Now ask her," knowing that the other woman couldn't say it as well.

Some days are most disappointing. I have made plans for visiting, settled upon the houses that I am going to visit, and what I am going to talk about, and I find all my plans upset. I begin talking, and just after commencing, the woman gets up and sees something that she wants to do; sometimes she goes away without explanation; sometimes she says, "I am coming back now," when she has no intention of coming back, and leaves me sitting on waiting. At other times the lesson is spoilt by the screaming of the children, and sometimes I have to wait while the women are quarrelling and yelling at each other. When the quarrel is over I can begin. A woman will yell at another woman without the least bit of shame, and yet turn round and talk to me most politely. In one house I asked to be permitted to speak. The woman said, "Oh, no, we have no pice (money) here." She thought I was begging, as their Fakirs do. I said I did not want money, so I was allowed to speak. Some have very curious ideas of us. One asked, "Can you tell from your book if my husband will come." She had been deserted by her husband. I had just been telling her about the raising of Jairus' daughter. We have to use manifold ways to induce them to listen. They never like being told they are goosa (angry). Hindus are much more ready to listen than Mohammedans. For instance, I once went into a Mohammedan house, and the conversation was something of the following form:—"May I speak to you?" "What about?" "About some good things; about God." "Oh! Jesus, the prophet. We know enough about God. You say Mary was the wife of God. Oh, no, we don't want to hear. Go over there." "But I want to tell you." One at the back says, "Let us hear what she has to say," at which one woman was

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very angry with him. I said, "Why are you so goosa (angry); the others want to hear." She cooled down at the mention of being angry. "Now," I say, after reading portions of Matthew v., "Blessed are the merciful, etc.," "is this bad teaching?" As a rule, those who get angry are the most devout, so I said, after a little while, "This one thinks a lot about God." The woman looked pleased, and the other woman wondered how I knew, and they asked, "How do you know?" I say, "I won't tell you now, but perhaps later on." They persuaded me much, but I remained obdurate. We finished up, talking about the glass bracelets I wear. I next go to a house attached by a cupboard passage. I commence by saying, "Salaam," and making enquiries about the woman who was ill. One woman says, "My son is very angry that you have been. So don't keep coming." "Why?" I say, "I only say good things." There was no hearing there. Just now the Mohammedans are flushed, over the news of Smyrna, and make their rejoicing in front of Christian houses.

Even the poorest Mohammedan house has had some illumination. On entering a house in another Mohammedan quarter, one man strongly objected to my saying anything. Just as I was about to come away, one man came forward, offering me a stool, saying at the same time in English, "This man is the worst in our family. He does not know how to treat people." This man was without a situation, and asked me if I knew of anything. Perhaps this accounted for his courtesy.

When visiting MY PARA—I shall call it for the future MY PARA because I have specially concentrated on it,—I met a Mohammedan who seemed to be anxious to talk to me about religion. I said, "You don't obey your prophet. He has told you to read five books,

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among them being the Koran, the Pentateuch, the Psalms and the Testament. You never read the Testament. Why is that?" He said he would read it, if I procured him one. It wasn't long before he had one in his hands. Some time afterwards I heard someone calling as I passed. It was this man. He was very ill, and had been without work for some time, and consequently was without money. He seemed to have no one belonging to him except a mad mother. It was the rainy season, and I said he should have something warm with which to cover himself, and said I would see what I could find. Finding a soft, woolly, flannelette blanket in one of the shops, I bought it and took it to him. By this time I found he was very far gone, in fact dying, though I didn't know it. He tried to show me how hungry he was. So I gave what little money I had to the Eurasian woman living opposite, who told me about his suffering, asking her to get him some food. I said if you cook him a meal a day, here is something for the food, and I'll give you something for cooking at the end of the week. This poor man's house was of plaited straw, with a wide shelf inside which did for a bed, and which almost reached to the door. When next I went to see how he was, I found he had died. The woman found that someone had put a lock on the door, and that she couldn't get near to give him any food. This is just one instance showing the misery of so many. One woman, hearing I had given a blanket to this man said, "What are you going to give me?" I said, "I can't give to the whole world." "That's true," she said. "If you had no husband to work for you, and nothing to eat, I might give you something." At another time, as I was wending my way along one of the alleys, I noticed a man who looked very emaciated and ill. I asked him if he cared to hear what I had to say, to which he

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assented. As I proceeded with the story, a little crowd gathered. I gave a short account of the life of CHRIST and HIS miracles. At the end, I told him that CHRIST was still alive, and could do such things now. I asked him if I should pray for him, to which he agreed. I found he had been ill for about five months. When I called to enquire how he was, a man was sitting in front of the house, whom I didn't recognise. I thought perhaps I had made a mistake about the house, so I asked, "Do you know if this is the house where a man lives for whom I prayed who was ill." To my astonishment he answered, "I am that man. The day after you prayed I was a little better. Since then I have not been troubled with the complaint. I tell everyone how I was cured." He was a dhobi (washerman). Since then I am always welcomed to his house.

Another day, as I was walking along, I heard a voice behind me. A woman was calling me to her house. A sweet-faced, old Mohammedan lady wanted to see me within. She lived near the dhobi. She said, "I have heard that God accepts your prayers." She complained of her dim eye-sight, and wanted me to pray for her eyes. I am hoping, for the honour of the Name, and also because of the prayer of faith, that He will strengthen her eyes. When in another district, a boy, who had been listening to me, directed me to another house. When I arrived with him at the house the women were not keen on listening. They said, "Gandhi won't let us hear." I said, "Gandhi himself believes." As you know, Gandhi is the great hero in India at present. Then they said some other great man wouldn't let them listen. However, I had a warmer welcome in the next house. When I was leaving I said, "Blessing be on this house," and told them that my Master blessed the houses of those who listened to us. Another Mohammedan nearby was busy making kites.

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He said that he earned four annas a hundred, I think. He exhorted his wife to leave her work and listen to me.

There are two others about whom I should like to tell you. One is an old soldier, the other a woman about thirty years of age. The former always treated me with great respect, by bowing down and touching my feet. This is the highest form of honour that can be shown. This old soldier could not express his wonder enough, every time he heard about Christ. He said, "There never was anyone like Him, nor ever will be." I gave him a Bible which he treasures, always keeping it wrapped in a cloth when not used. The wall was covered with pictures of their gods. I said to him that he should take these pictures down if he believed in Christ. The next time I went there, the pictures were taken down, and, better still, he told me that a light was lit at night, and men used to gather together to hear the Book read. "His word shall not return unto Him void." Pankuar (the woman about thirty years of age), I have reasons for thinking is a believer. Putting her hand on her breast, she said, "He is here." She was speaking of Christ. The other women know of her leaning towards Christianity, and teasingly tell me to take her with me. One can see that there is a great struggle going on within, and that she is casting about in her mind as to what would happen if she became a Christian. "You see," she says, "I am the next in importance to my mother-in-law in the house, and what would become of the household if I became a Christian?" This was said after the simple Gospel talk, without any persuasion on my part. Christ was pleading for her soul. Her husband asked for a Bible. I was pleased to give him one. Her mother-in-law, too, is very interested in the Gospel. It is nothing but a miracle, if a Hindu, who is generally

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a timid person, comes out boldly for Christ, especially if he is living with the family in his own native place.

Once as I was out visiting, I came across a sickening sight. A cow's head, freshly cut off, was lying on the road, apart from its body. The road was gory with the blood that had been shed. One woman said, in awed voice, "It's for God." It was a sacrifice. This gave me the opportunity of speaking of the Great Sacrifice.

The Mohurrum is the great affair of the year, with the Mohammedans. The processions take place late in the night. It means that there is no sleep for those whose houses are *en route*. As the people pass along, they dance through fire. Altogether it seems very weird. Then the air is rent with the confusion of sounds—shouting, drums beating and music which does not have time.

When I visit a long distance from the house, I have to hire a rickshaw. The rickshaw men sometimes give a lot of trouble. If I tell them beforehand that I want them for a few hours, while I visit a few houses, they will probably refuse to come. They think that taking a passenger to its destination alone is more paying. So, as a rule, I get a rickshaw and tell them where I want to go, and if they ask how much I am going to pay, I say I always pay what is right. And if they ask, "Do you only want to be taken there?" I say, "CHALLO" (go on). One morning was quite spoiled because the rickshaw man came bothering at every house to which I went. I was obliged to give up sooner than I intended, because his attitude became quite threatening, and all the way home he was muttering how much this journey would be, which was about three or four times what was due to him. A Gariman gave me a lot of trouble another day. At the end I said, "I want a gari to-morrow." "What time shall I

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come?" "Oh," I said, "I don't want you, I want a man who does not get GOOSA (angry)."

Another rickshaw man, with a very different motive, followed me round to the different houses, he was so interested in the story. I tried to procure his services permanently, but, having had to disappoint him one day, I haven't seen him since. I should like, for obvious reasons, to have a rickshaw of my own.

My teaching hasn't altogether been among the poorer class. A lady, who was herself a convert from Hinduism, said she would like me to take up her work as she was unable to continue with it. She was needed in her own house. Her husband was a "PADRI." She introduced me to some very well-to-do families. She told me her husband didn't like her to go alone. She nearly lost her life once. A man tried to push her over the parapet. He felt that this lady was having too great an influence on his wife. I suppose that we are often surrounded with dangers, but I am thankful I do not realize it; if I did, it would paralyse me for the work. This lady took me to one very large Mohammedan house, although in a bad locality. This house was fitted up with all the appointments for comfort. I arranged to go there once a week, to teach English to a girl about fourteen years of age. She was not only a beautiful girl, but was very sweet and gracious in her ways. I went there alone latterly. I suggested that she should have two Testaments, one in English and one in Urdu. She continued reading for some time, and we had come to the time of great unrest in Calcutta, when there was great feeling aroused against the English, and Gandhi was still at large. Descending the stairs, having given the lesson, an old Mohammedan stood at the bottom of the stairs beckoning me to go back. I went up again, he following. When I reached the top, I found a little group awaiting me. The old man

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seemed livid with fear, and tremblingly said, "This is a bad part. There are badmashes (wicked people) all around. I am afraid for you, lest they hit you with brickbats, so you had better not come for a few weeks." I said, "The Lord protects His people, surrounding them with a wall of fire. I do not fear." With that I descended the stairs, expecting to find a hostile crowd awaiting me. But there was no one. In all probability the old man was fearing the influence of a Christian on Ayasha (the girl whom I taught). This girl asked me to pray for her, which prayer was answered. I have coveted her for CHRIST. I wrote to her afterwards, and said I would come when I was called. But the letter never came calling me back. However, she has the Testament. Pray that it may become precious to her.

I should like to tell about another meeting with an aristocratic Hindu lady. Through the kindness of a friend, I had an invitation to the Indian Ladies' farewell to Lady Ronaldshay, at Lady Mukerjee's house. I was sitting beside an Indian lady, so commenced talking. I found her very communicative and pleasant. She could not speak English much, and I couldn't do very much better in Bengali. However, we managed to get on, mixing Bengali and English. I asked her if she were a Brahmo (*i.e.*, one who does not worship idols). "No," she said, "I am a Hindu." I said, "You don't worship idols?" "Yes, I do," she said, "Come one day, and see my thakoor" (god). She was very anxious for me to come and see her, and gave me her address. So, as I was desirous of meeting another class of people—most of my work was amongst the poor—I availed myself of the opportunity as soon as possible. The Ranee of Burdwan was present. The Hindu lady asked me if I would like to be introduced to her. I was introduced. The Ranee spoke English very nicely

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when she chatted with me. An American lady, Mrs. Grace Woods, was paying a visit to India, so I took her with me to this Hindu lady's house. A feeling of horror possessed me as I sat in this house, where there were signs of the gods everywhere present. After finishing tea, she asked if we would care to see her house. The first place she showed us was her temple, with the gods inside. She said, with pride, "Now what do you think of this?" I said we only worshipped one God, and we thought worshipping "gods" was sin, to which she said nothing. After that I invited her to our house. She wasn't an orthodox Hindu in this respect, for she drank tea with us. As she was leaving, she said, "I feel as if you were a sister of mine." I wish that she were, in the best sense of the word, a sister in CHRIST.

Here is a slight digression from the subject, but one which is rather interesting. For the last few days men have been engaged on the roads. Their manner of working has interested me very much. Trenches have been made for laying down pipes. The earth that was taken out had to be thrown in again, pressed down and flattened. For this purpose a large number of men were provided with long poles, at the bottom ends of which were attached heavy, flat, iron pieces, which they used for beating down the earth. All the men raised and dropped their poles simultaneously. I noticed that there was a man on the bank, with his head in the air, singing a sort of chant, keeping time to the rise and fall of the poles, and walking slowly along with the men. He sang a few notes, and the men answered every time in just two notes. It sounded something like this—"Men-a-ray Singer Gently, gently Men-a-ray Singer. It's heavy work. Men-a-ray Singer with a long pull. Men-a-ray Singer it doesn't matter.

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Men-a-ray Singer, it will soon be done. Men-a-ray. Heave ho, Men, heave ho ! ”

The singers, my pundit told me, get more money than the others. The work would never be done were it not for the singing. It had a most pleasing effect on those who passed by.

Once a Roman Catholic woman in MY PARA sent me a note, in which she told me of a woman in her house who wished to become a Christian. She told me that the husband of the woman she had been befriending, had been a Hindu, but that when he became a Christian he left his wife and married another. Whether the story was correct or not, the woman needed a home for herself and child. Miss Ewing advised me to take her to the Mulwany Home, a home for friendless, homeless women. She was admitted, and I arranged to go there to give her instruction. When I was convinced that she understood what she was doing, and heard her pour forth her heart in prayer, I felt that she was ready to take the step of baptism. The Baptists are allowed to put a certain number of women there, but the Home is largely under the control of the Church of England. Although I was allowed to instruct Janoki (that is her name), in the Baptist principles, and she had been allowed to attend our Church a few times, there had been great unwillingness, latterly, to let her attend our Church. The old durwan (gatekeeper) was sent to chaperon her, as the women are never left to go anywhere alone. When the difficulty of sparing the durwan for so long was advanced, I said I would send an old woman for her. Even that was not accepted. “ You see,” said the Superintendent, “ when these women are brought in, they are generally given over to us, and, besides this, there is the question of the child. What school will he attend ? And then, his baptism ? ” “ But,” I said, “ we don’t consider

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your baptism." She said, "We like all the women to go together to the Church" (*i.e.*, the Church of England); "we don't want them to know differences." She (the superintendent) is a very sweet person. Yet, on this point, she was unrelaxing, and I felt quite as unrelaxing on the other hand. For this reason, I felt the need of a separate Baptist Women's Home. There are none too many of these Homes, for these destitute women in Calcutta. I felt so much pressure put upon me, to force my giving them over (mother and child), that I was ready to take her out if I could find a suitable place for them. At last I was told that I had better find a situation for her, as her eyes were bad, and she could not do the sewing. Well, to find a situation for the woman might be easy in England, but not in India, where men are the house-servants. I was fortunate, I thought, in at length finding a nice home for her, with a Christian Bengali Judge's widow who was in comfortable circumstances, and who wanted a servant. She was a friend of mine. I told her of Janoki. She said, "If she suits me, my house will be her home for life." So, it was decided that she should go there. But, a few days after, I found Janoki in high fever, the child, and all her belongings, deposited in our house. What was I to do? She couldn't stay here. The one in charge had good reasons for not keeping her. Well, I went to my Heavenly Father, and put the matter before Him. I went then to one who has always been a good friend—a Mr. Faithful—a Bengali brother who has adopted this name. He said he would take her to his house, and get her nursed until she got better. Fever is a very common thing in India, which may last only the matter of a few days, though sometimes it hangs on for months. This brother's house has sheltered many a wanderer. He said that there was another couple sharing the house who needed a servant,

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and that she might go there after she was better, as I learned that the Judge's widow didn't want Janoki back. So, hiring a gari, I took her to his house, but the next day Mr. F. came again, saying that Janoki was very ill and wanted to be taken to hospital. So, I again hired a gari, and took her to hospital, where I got her admitted after great difficulty. This second person didn't need her. Now the question remains, "What is to be done with her when she is ready to come out of hospital?" She spoke to me of her husband, so I thought I would try and find him out. He was a Check-ticket Collector. I found out his address from a railway official. I was successful in finding the man. I told him that I had come to enquire about his wife, and why he had left her. He replied in English, "She never was my wife. I kept her for eight years." And then he told me how that they had separated, he telling her she could keep one child, while he would take the other. Further, he said he could have nothing more to do with her, that now he had his own lawful wife, and, in proof, he produced the Banns form. I asked if he had the marriage certificate. No, he hadn't got that yet. So, probably he wasn't yet married to this other woman. I asked, "Were you a Hindu?" "No," he said, "I was always a Christian." How dare he take the name! He, who probably had ruined the lives of so many women. As I talked to him, I felt that I was face to face with one of earth's foulest creatures. I have given this account rather fully, so that people may understand some of the difficulties which we are up against. If a woman comes out for CHRIST, it nearly always means that provision has to be made for her. There is not the means of getting a livelihood in this country, and women, especially, are very helpless.

Now, to return to my friend, Mariam, the Hindu

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woman. As she is a poor woman, and of a low caste, she can go out, so I invited her to our Bengali Church. Bengali, however, is not her language, although Hindustanees understand it to some extent. She and her mother availed themselves of the opportunity of attending a few times. Seeing the number of Hindustani people living so near the Church, I conceived the idea of having a Hindustani service in this Church. After much prayer had been made, I approached the Bengali pastor—a man very much beloved, and asked him if he could let us have the use of the Church for one part of the day on Sunday. After consulting the Church, he gave me the answer in the affirmative. But something else had to be done. I had to find a suitable man who would take charge of the services. One Sunday an elderly man came to the Bengali Church who was an evangelist and a Hindustani. His name is Anand Masih, which means "Happy in CHRIST." As far as appearance goes, he fully bears out the name he has adopted. His face is always beaming with joy. He is a Brahmin convert of above twenty years. I found that he was not connected with any society, but was supported by a few friends who gave him subscriptions monthly. I thought, "This is just the man we want." I accordingly asked him if he would be responsible for the services, if I added a few rupees to his list, *i.e.*, about ten shillings a month. To this he readily consented. The pastor of the other Church (Hindustani) always comes to dispense communion, and to baptize. Thus far we have had nine baptisms (three Brahmins, one of the Kayastha caste, and five sweepers). The congregation is small as yet, but we are hoping for great things.

Mr. Faithful, whose name I have mentioned previously, has been much used in bringing these people along to the Church. He is one of our most worthy brethren. His time is spent for the advancement of

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the Kingdom. He has no means of livelihood, but that which he receives from friends, and, I believe, a small sum which he receives for editing a paper. He used to distribute the paper himself in order to save postage. Possessing a bicycle, he was able to do this, but now that his bicycle has been stolen, he finds it very difficult. Any friend lending a helping hand to him, would be making a good investment in the cause of CHRIST. Mr. Faithful has introduced me into much of my work.

In the new Hindustani Church we have now a prayer meeting and a Bible Class. We have also a Sunday School in connection with the Hindustani work. It remained very small for about a year, but patience has been rewarded. It has grown. Now we hope for a steady increase. The children are like the children at home. They are fond of treats. I took them to the Zoo at the beginning of the year. They also get their reward tickets every Sunday. I should very much appreciate a roll of pictures for the lesson. They are difficult to procure here. I was very pleased to hear from the lips of a Mohammedan boy that Jesus was the Son of God. In the estimation of the Mohammedans, a more sinful thing than this cannot be said. The lesson was about the palsied man. Talking about the questioning of the Pharisees, in Christ's claim to forgive sins, the boy said, "They didn't know He was the Son of God."

He has been one of the most regular attenders in the Sunday School, and told me that he prays to Christ in the night. The Roman Catholic priests say, "If you get a child of seven, you get him for life."

It has long been the desire of my heart to provide some teaching, by opening a school for the number of little Hindustani children I see running about. If this desire is born of God, He can fulfil it, perhaps through you. Ask Him. I don't think it would cost more than

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a few pounds a month. (*The school was opened. See note towards end of this chapter.*)

Mr. Faithful found out that there was quite a colony of refugees in Calcutta. These were Indians, who had come principally from the Fiji Islands. They had come in the hope of bettering themselves under the rule of a new government (Swaraj, *i.e.*, self-government). They came only to find starvation staring them in the face. Some, I was given to understand, only had a meal in two or three days. These people were numbering hundreds. They were given a place of shelter by the government, which was just a row of sheds. Two or three of us used to go once a week to this shelter, about six miles away. They presented a very pitiable spectacle of rags, and of disease caused by starvation. Many of them, I was told, had died, as a result of starvation. Some were living on their savings. We usually took along loaves of bread, which we distributed among them, and there was no observance of caste then. Before the distribution, they heard a little of the Bread of Life. One of these refugees—a Brahmin—has since been baptized in our Church, and has found a situation as weaver. Another, who was a convert, is a regular attendant at our Church. He has written a little booklet in Hindi, giving an account of what persuaded him to become a Christian. He comes about once a week to read it to me. It is very interesting, and gives a lot of information. He thinks if he could get it printed it would be helpful to others. But he wants the one thing needful—money. Just now he has no work, but is helping Mr. Faithful, and living with him.

Very soon after coming here Miss Ewing practically gave over to me the meeting held once a week in connection with the Medical Women Students at the Campbell Hospital. This meeting has been a real joy. Nearly all the students are Christians, but occasionally

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a Hindu drops in. I enquired for one Hindu girl, who used to come but had left. She gave as her reason that she had had a dream, in which the goddess Kali appeared to her, by which she understood that she was not to come to our meetings. I gave a Testament to this Hindu student, which she said she would read during the holidays which were then pending.

I hold a meeting once a week in another hospital, among a very different class of people—the sweepers. Five of these have been baptized. They have had a strange grievance of late, which they want me to get righted. A neighbour accuses a woman of using Jadugar (Witchcraft) on his wife, because she is always ill. They want me to speak to the “Bara Sahib” (Big Saheb), Colonel W——, about it.

I must tell you something about the Christians before I close. They are very much like the Christians at home. Some are of a very fine type. There are some who do all the work, and there are those who let them, and who take no share or responsibility upon themselves. Some of the mission workers, we have reason to believe, do the work for the money they get. If the money were withdrawn there would be no more work done. For example, I asked a Bible Woman if she would take my Sunday School class. I heard afterwards that she said, “Miss Sahib didn’t give me any money for doing it.” There are others again, who are not among the mission workers, who render much help, and who show much of the Christian spirit. The one who has been helping with the Sunday School is an example. He comes from a good family, one sister being the first woman in India to receive the M.A. degree. This one has not thought it beneath him to go out and gather the children from the alleys round about. He was much beloved by the children, too. They soon know those who love

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them. How we long to see more of the emptying of self for Christ, as He emptied Himself for us.

Great honour is given to us, as custodians of the most precious thing, THE TRUTH. We are channels through which God makes Himself known.

And what are we missionaries? We are poor, frail, human beings. Some have been proved not able to bear the test of time, and show the marks of unwatchfulness. They have come out to the mission field with great zeal, but have found that conquests are not won as easily as expected; and, instead of developing patience, they have developed irritability, and with it other undesirable things. Others, on the other hand, have attained a greater degree of perfection, going on from strength to strength, from victory to victory. Patience has had her perfect work. We should never forget that there is One who goes before, and who fights the battle for us. "With us is the Lord our God to help us, and to fight our Battles" (II Chron. xxxii. 8). The verse that has encouraged me most is Gal. vi. 9. "Let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

Since the foregoing was written, the school, which is referred to a few pages back, and which it was desired should be opened for the little Hindustani children, actually came into being. The matter was brought before the Prayer Meeting, and for about a year, every week this was remembered at the Throne of Grace. The answer tarried, but our faith failed not. A friend who had charge of a Home, and who was very tired after the strenuous work, asked me to take a holiday with her. She wrote that she did not want a holiday for pleasure, but for rest and prayer. We went to Shillong. There we had prayer in the mornings, and I told her that we had prayed for a school, and that

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money might be sent, but that nothing had come. In regard to this request she prayed that if this were of God's will a *little* money might come *soon*, as a sign that it was His will. When I returned to Calcutta, I found, amongst my correspondence, two letters in which money was enclosed. One letter was from a lady whom I had never seen; she sent a pound note, stating that it was for my work. The other letter contained a Postal Order for five shillings. One pound five shillings was not enough to start a school, but it was the answer for the asked-for sign. After this, the money came in by smaller and larger sums, until I thought we had enough to begin. A little native room was hired for twelve rupees a month, and the teacher was engaged. He receives ten rupees only a month. The Lord has continued sending the money sufficient for the needs thus far, and all has come in unasked. Many more such schools, scattered over the city, are badly required. Pray that God may raise up teachers, and send the needful, as He has done in the past.

CHAPTER X.

LAST WORDS

I AM grateful, indeed, to all friends and readers, who may have followed, thus far, the simple story of my life and labours amongst India's teeming millions. I trust that what has been written, unpolished and unembellished as much of it may be, may help the dear people of Wales, as well as others who may be interested, to understand the clamant needs of those who sit in darkness there,—and to enter into these needs with knowledge, and sympathy, and prayer.

I now draw my narrative to a close, and do so with a quotation from "The Life of John Duncan":—

"I do not believe in putting my personality to the front. The work is what counts. If I by the grace of God have been allowed to accomplish anything for his glory—mention the work if you must but leave my personality out. 'I will be glorified, saith the Lord.' I have only been an unworthy tool in His hand. If an artisan has done a fine piece of work, you would praise him and the cunning of his handicraft. No one would think of extolling the tool in his hand. The place for the tool is on the floor, or, at the best, on the bench. There I prefer to remain. It is the Gospel that has done the work. As for me I have done nothing. I am only a tool in the Master's hand. Let us forget the tool."