ECHOES FROM BHARATKHAND

By

ERNEST F. WARD
WITH
ADDITIONAL CHAPTERS by PHEBE E. WARD
AND
INTRODUCTION by REV. W. A. SELLEW

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E. F. AND P. E. WARD
DAUGHTERS ETHEL, BESSIE AND LOUISA

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MRS. PHEBE E. WARD

Introduction by REV. WALTER A. SELLEW

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INTRODUCTION

Yes, another book on India. This marvelous country must of necessity continue to cause books to be produced so long as time shall last. The conditions that now exist in that strange land, and that have existed for so many centuries, are so peculiar and so strikingly unique, even to the traveler of long and varied experiences, that those who see them and know about them must continue to write about them.

This is especially true regarding religion and religious conditions. India has a greater quantity of religion than any other country in the world; and, it may almost be said with truth, more than all other lands combined; and the religion found there and which exists in so many various forms, is so deep, so varied and so peculiar, that nearly all classes of people who have ever come in contact with it, are compelled to be interested in it.

Furthermore, these types of religion materially affect every phase and condition of human existence to such an extent that in very many cases they dominate all social and political life. The simple touching of a bit of food, a drinking vessel or a cooking utensil would be considered an offense meriting severe punishment, and the unlucky offender would be fortunate if he escaped a mobbing.

The infinite variety of detail connected with all conditions of life there gives to any one who has anything to tell about India an excellent opportunity and a full warrant to go ahead and tell it.

The Rev. Ernest F. Ward and his wife, Phebe E. Ward, who have written this book, have been missionaries in India for more than twenty-five years. They are entirely competent to speak on the various phases of India life, as they are well acquainted with the customs, history and traditions of that wonderful land. The writer of this introduction, when in India, traveled quite extensively through the central and northern parts of that country, and had the privilege of having Mr. Ward as a companion as well as a guide and interpreter during the greater part of that itinerary. He proved himself to be thoroughly familiar with all conditions met with during the trip, and made it both enjoyable and instructive.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward have three daughters now attending the Seattle Seminary, at Seattle, Washington, and in order that these young ladies may receive a suitable education, Mr. and Mrs. Ward are living on one-half salary, so that the other half may be applied toward the education of their daughters. By strict economy and by much self-denial they have been able so far to do this, and by the assistance of some friends as well as by the liberality of those in charge of the Seminary at Seattle, they have so far succeeded in their efforts in this direction. They are publishing this volume primarily to excite and extend the interest now ex-

isting among the Christian people in the evangelization of that dark land to which so many years of their lives have been devoted, but the hope is also entertained that the sale of this book may be sufficiently large to produce some profit that may be applied toward the very desirable end of giving to these young ladies an education which cannot be obtained in that land where both love and duty now hold the parents.

May the publication of this book accomplish all, and more, than the authors hope.

WALTER A. SELLEW.

PREFACE

While aiming at a general plan in the order of the events and incidents related herein, our readers will doubtless discover that the arrangement is more or less crude. We have not designed in this little work to recount in logical and chronological order, the experiences and happenings of our missionary life. These pages have been written while engaged in numerous missionary duties. Here are recorded mainly echoes from memory, pictures from daily life, and extracts from ramblings through many books on a vast theme. Other faults will also be noticed in wording and style. We bespeak therefore the kind indulgence of our readers for the seeming "shreds and patches" character of the book, as well as its other literary defects.

We are aware that many will be familiar with some of the historical and geographical facts recorded. But we trust our readers will understand that the main object of these repetitions is to give the needed background to our own sketches.

ERNEST F. WARD.

Darwah, India, November Sixteenth, 1907.

CHART SHOWING THE RELATION OF ENGLISH TO SANSCRIT

ENGLISH	SANSCRIT	WHERE FOUND
Mother	matra	Matt. 10: 36
Father	pitra	" 10: 36
Brother	bhratra	" 10: 21
Daughter	duhitra	" 14: 6
Widow	widhwa	" 23: 14
Heart	hriday	" 11: 29
Sweat	swed	Luke 22: 44
Red, ruddy	rudhir (blood)	Heb. 11: 28
Serpent	sarp	Matt. 7: 10
Yoke	yugum	" 11: 29
Anger	angar (coals of fire)	John 21: 9
Wit	widhya (learning)	Acts 26: 24
West	ast (setting of sun)	Luke 4: 40
Name	naman	Matt. 1: 25
Young, youth	yuva	Acts 20: 9
Day	diva	" 9: 24
Night	nisha	" 9: 24
Mead (honey wine)	madhu (honey)	Matt. 3: 4
Star	stara	Rev. 9: 1
Path	path (course of action)	Acts 19: 23
Want, desire, wish	wantch	Mark 9: 35
Truth	satyarth	John 18: 37
Mind	manas	Rom. 7: 25
New	nawa	Eph. 4: 24
Fox, jackal	sragal	Matt. 8: 20
Servant	sevante (they serve)	Rev. 7: 15
Tree	taru	Luke 23: 31
Corner	kona	Eph. 2: 20

CHAPTER I.

WHO ARE THE HINDUS?

"He hath made of one blood all nations."

A little over one hundred years ago, when the learned men of England were searching into the ancient books of India, they made a great discovery. Digging down into the petrified remains of language, they unearthed facts which prove beyond a doubt that these olive-brown Hindus are our near relation; nearer by far than the lighter colored Chinese, or even the Jews, Turks and Hungarians.

If we go back in time some 3,500 years, we shall most probably find the ancestors of the lighter colored Hindus, and the Persians, Greeks, Romans, Teutons, and Kelts, living together in the highlands of Central Asia, perhaps in the valley of the Oxus and all speaking what is now known as the language of the Aryans.

In process of time they separated, each family or tribe forming a new dialect of its own. No specimen of this common Aryan speech has come down to our day, but it is now largely believed that the ancient Sanscrit of India is the nearest in form to the original mother-tongue spoken by all

the tribes. The discovery of this curious old language by European scholars brought to light additional evidence of the unity of the human race.

I have before me the New Testament translated into Sanscrit. This language has not been my special study; but being acquainted with some of the dialects of North India, I have no great difficulty, with the help of a concordance, in finding any simple word I require.

The reader will notice the chart given. Here is a brief list of words with the places where they are found in the Sanscrit Testament. Comparisons of this kind have established the fact that both languages sprang from the same original source; and in comparing Sanscrit with Greek and Latin, the similarity is still more striking. Especially note the word "duhitra" in the second column of the chart. It is derived from "duhan," "to milk a cow," and meant, originally, "she who milks the cow," or, "milkmaid."

The ancient Aryans of India were a pastoral people as also tillers of the soil. Many of their prayers in the Rig Veda, supposed to have been written over 3,000 years ago, were for crops, cattle, sons and general mercies. They appear to have quite drifted away from Monotheism, and were still a bold and enterprising race. They drove back the aboriginal tribes and became the ruling people in the northern part of the peninsula.

The ancient name for India was *Bharat Khand.* By this name it is still known among the Hindus, but with boundaries ill-defined. The former name

was given to it by the Greeks. Our knowledge of ancient India is very limited, although there are volumes of old religious and philosophical books, poems, legends, and so-called works of science. The Hindus were not historians and saw no necessity for recording plain facts for posterity.

The ancient Greeks tell us that Alexander the Great invaded India about 300 B. C. Porus, the Hindu monarch who resisted him, was at length wounded and captured. On being asked by his conquerors how he would be treated, he replied, "Like a king." This answer, it is said, so pleased Alexander the Great that he was restored to his kingdom, and the two thereafter remained fast friends.

It is well known that the natives of India are not all of one stock. The ancient Aryans swept down through the passes of the Himalayas, and found the country already occupied by a dark-colored race, who had themselves most probably in turn invaded the territory from the North. These latter were not of the Negro type, but had straight black hair, dark eyes and broader noses than the Aryans and withal were a trifle shorter. The former overcame and despised the latter, called them "goat-nosed," and treated them in much the same manner as the Anglo-Saxons were treated by the Normans. They in time, however, amalgamated with them, absorbed much of their native cults into the Aryan religion, at the same time displacing the former and also powerfully influencing the native tongues. Centuries rolled by; new dialects were formed with Sanscrit as a base; new

communities and kingdoms sprang up; the caste system developed; and Hinduism, more nearly as it now is, took shape and spread over the empire.

Something over 2,000 years ago, the ancient Hindus had established governments, lived in walled cities and towns, practised the arts and trades, and had a written language and literature; while the Keltic tribes of Britain worshiped the oak and mistletoe, practised barbarous rites, even sacrificing human beings like the wild Khonds of Orissa, they wandered about like savages, rudely clad in skins of beasts. The Anglo Saxons too, our more immediate ancestors who lived in the wilds of Germany, were not much in advance of the Kelts.

During the centuries India has stood stock still, so to speak, until comparatively modern times, and in some respects has even retrograded. Britain, Gaul and Germany, and the other nations of Europe have steadily advanced. Why is this? Why have the nations of the West so far outstripped their oriental brothers in the race for civilization, intelligence and virtue? Is it because we are *naturally* more righteous and clever than they? Is it because we from the start had more brain, and brawn and character? Is it because we were capable of a higher development? I think not, although some would have us believe so.

The Hindus are not barbarians, much less savages. They are heathen, it is true, but they have a civilization which has come down from ancient times, which in many features is not to be despised. I grant that it is fast becoming effete; but

these specimens of handiwork, material and intellectual, which remain, prove the natives of India to be a superior race, with the greatest possibilities; while it goes without saying that some of the noble minds of India of the present day, who are being developed under the new civilization which Christianity has brought in, are taking and will take a high place in the thought and influence that move the world.

But why has this branch of the Aryan race lagged behind, and why have the occidental branches pushed ahead? In all probability we *all* started out from our ancient home with the same "capital stock." We all have had our national calamities and great evils to contend against. We all have had to combat the same retrograding tendencies.

There can be but one answer to these questions, and already it has been suggested. It was our good fortune to have been picked up and restored by the Good Samaritan, while the Indian races have been perishing by the roadside. It was *our* good fortune to be under the benign influence of Christianity for nearly *two* millenniums, while our India brothers have been toiling, broiling and sweating under terrible taskmasters for perhaps *three!*

What these taskmasters are, and how they have enslaved and degraded the millions of this land, we shall endeavor to show in the following chapters. We shall picture some of the vices, customs and superstitions of the people. This is done in no

spirit of contempt or ridicule for the natives of India, but rather with motives of pure benevolence and compassion.

CHAPTER II.

HOME AND VILLAGE LIFE

"Because they were Ishmaelites."

In the Orient, and especially in British India, the inhabitants dwell for the most part in towns. The traveler looks over the country in vain for farm houses and barns and fences, such as are found in Europe and America. Ninety per cent of the population in this land are cultivators, living largely in villages having under one thousand inhabitants each. Often the villages dot the landscape in picturesque beauty. When the houses are thatched it is difficult at some seasons of the year to distinguish them at a great distance, as their walls of earth are of a color with the ground and are not high. Villages are often concealed also by the foliage of the tamarind, mango, neem and other common shade trees of India. In some parts the villages are as thickly located as Zulu kraals in Africa, or as the plantations in some of the states of America. There is a high hill near Dongargarh, Central Province, from the top of which I have counted some thirty-four villages with their adjacent ponds. Towns and villages are often named for the Hindu gods; for example. thirty-five

are named for Ram and Berar; but more often they take the names of trees. In Wun District alone are no less than forty villages named after the sacred peepul, which is one in every thirty. In former times most towns were surrounded by walls, and in the center there was a fort often having underground rooms to hide in. Since the peaceful period began, the result of British rule in India, these defenses have largely disappeared. Here and there, however, may be seen old crumbling remains of rude fortifications, often covered with grass, shrubbery and trees. Considerable of the ancient walls of larger towns, such as Burhanpur, Ellichpur and Amraoti, which were built more substantially of stone, are yet standing. That of the first named especially, is in a good state of preservation, with its time-stained bastions, towers and perforated breastworks. Old gates of some of the towns are studded with immense iron spikes to resist the butting of war elephants.

The great majority of the buildings in the larger cities and towns are built of stone, brick or adobe, with tiled roofs. In the villages, they are very largely constructed of "wattle and daub." The average hut of this kind is eight by ten feet in size and five feet high at the eaves. First a frame of wooden poles is erected, then on all sides bamboo wattles or hurdles of small sticks are tied securely, and plastered on both sides with clay. When dry, the walls and ground enclosed thereby are smeared with cow dung. This last process stops up all the cracks and prevents the walls, for a time at least,

THE MISSION HOUSE AT YEOTMAL

from harboring fleas, bugs and scorpions. The roof is either of grass or tile. If of the former, it furnishes a good protection against both heat and rain, but many times is a hiding place for snakes, lizards, scorpions and other vermin.

One of the first missionaries to Ellichpur heard an alarm during the night from a servant's house on the compound. He immediately went out with a gun and shot a cobra six feet long, coiled up in the thatch. It was just ready to drop on some one's bed. Brick and adobe houses are larger, more permanent, and often two or more stories in height. In all native houses of whatever size or material the rooms are generally small, the ceilings low and windows scarce.

There are no chimneys to the fireplaces in these houses, as extra vents would be considered superfluous. The smoke does not seem to annoy the natives seriously, and they appear to be satisfied with their present arrangements for cooking and heating. At Bhaisdehi, Central Province, a native saw a missionary having a chimney built to his cookhouse, and asked what it was for. "To let the smoke out," answered the latter. "But," replied the former, "haven't you got the doors and windows?"

We have had considerable experience with native houses, having lived in eight or ten during our pilgrimage in the land. One may be made fairly comfortable (though not equal to a bungalow) by enlarging the rooms, elevating the roof and multiplying the windows. Nowadays corrugated iron

for roofing is coming largely into use, and there is scarcely a village in this vicinity of any size which has not one or more buildings with iron roofing. If this is true all over the East—and there are over 500,000 villages in India alone—it may account in some measure for "billion dollar" iron trusts. Still for decades to come, on account of the poverty of the people, grass must continue to cover the huts of millions.

While journeying through Central India we have many times lodged and found a comfortable shelter in the huts of friendly natives, cooked our food in their humble fireplaces and slept soundly on their beds. Sometimes not so soundly. Once while on a missionary tour I was entertained at the house of a Gond patel near a jungle. In the same room where I slept(?) on a cot (the room was only twelve feet square) were one other man, one boy, one cow, four calves and a dog. This was in the month of February, at the beginning of the hot season, and there was a fire burning most of the night in the middle of the room on the floor. I survived the ordeal in spite of fleas, etc., slept some, and thanked my host on leaving. He had really denied himself in supplying my needs.

Bungalow is the name given to the large, airy houses occupied by Europeans. They are commonly one story, but have high roofs, large windows and doors, and are either thatched or tiled. Moreover they are built up from the ground, have verandas to protect the walls from the heat of the sun, and are ordinarily supplied with swinging

fans. We have built and occupied several bungalows since coming to India. Buildings of this kind are indispensable to the comfort of most Europeans and Americans in this country—missionaries not excepted. Their occupants are usually less liable to take malarial fevers and are better prepared to endure the heat. They are not always secure against invasion of snakes, rats and other vermin. In our bungalow at Gondia, a venomous serpent crawled up and dropped from a curtain rod above the door. While at Wun in the space of six months we killed over one hundred scorpions, several rats, and a lizard two feet long, although the bungalow in which they were found was constructed of stone walls, stone floors and a corrugated iron roof.

Houses in Indian towns and villages are commonly huddled together promiscuously, little attention being paid to harmony of arrangement. Among some of the castes, three or more families live in one house. Thus the population is condensed. Darwah, for example, where we now live, is a place of about 6,000 souls, all crowded into an area of one-fourth square mile. Such a town in America would occupy from four to eight times this space. The natives are careless about building their houses in a straight line or even parallel with their neighbors. They seem rather to avoid it. As a result, streets and lanes are for the most part very crooked.

As one enters an Indian village he is very likely to be greeted with gruesome sights, discordant

sounds and unpleasant smells; and if a stranger withal, the uncanny bazaar dogs may beset you. There is no danger, though these things strike you repulsively at first; and if you are a missionary, you soon learn to accommodate your nerves and senses to them for the sake of the people. These things are not uninteresting when you come to know the people; and their *souls* are precious. In the streets you meet all sorts of people, some of whom give you polite, oriental salutations, while others do not appear so friendly. Street quarrels are much in evidence in Indian towns. Given, a hundred families living in close proximity, the children mostly on the streets, the women ignorant and often idle, together with a heathen atmosphere, and the result can readily be imagined.

The zenana system for the seclusion of women prevails in North India, but not so extensively in Central India where we are. Here the females of the lower classes and of most of the middle and upper, are allowed to go abroad.

In many villages may be seen the wide-spreading banyan or glossy peepul, beneath the cooling shade of which the people come to lounge. Here stands the local god. I said *stands,* but I should have said *sits,* for most everybody and everything in India sits down. Writers, weavers, carpenters, smiths, baniyas, barbers, butchers, all take to "mother earth" if they can when plying their trades. There is a notorious dislike to active occupations among the Brahmins and adjacent castes, who aim to secure sedentary employment if pos-

INDIAN COOKERY—GRINDING CURRY STUFF

sible. Some years ago a railroad company in Central India, wanting about 200 station agents, clerks, etc., advertised for them. In a comparatively short time the company received 25,000 applications, mostly from unemployed men of those castes.

Near the center of every village, there is often seen a shed-like building called a "chowree," which answers for a town-hall. Hear the headman holds his court, and respectable travelers are also sometimes lodged. It is likewise the resort where castemen meet to decide how big a fine (perhaps in the shape of a fat feast including liquor) some poor fellow who accidentally broke caste, will have to pay. Caste gatherings of this kind are called "panchayats," and their deliberations are not according to Cushing's Manual. The usual mode is for all to talk at once and the fellow who talks the loudest has the floor.

Land is held largely by leasehold in India, the government being considered the real owner. The great mass of the cultivators are tenants. The hereditary tax-collector of the village and surrounding fields is usually the headman called "patel" in Central India. He is responsible to the government for the taxes or "land rent," as it is called, and the general good order of the community. He occasionally decides petty cases. His pay often amounts to one-third of the sum collected. If land is to be bought or rented, he is the one to be consulted. There is also in every village an accountant who makes out legal papers, receipts, etc., and is frequently the only person there able to read

or write. After papers have been drawn up they must be attested. When we bought land in the Bhandara District, the owner and two witnesses attested the deed by stamping the record with their thumbs dipped in lamp black. This is a very ancient, oriental custom. Tamerlane used to stamp his grants, so it is said, with his whole hand dipped in blood. Besides the two officers of the village mentioned above, there are seven other persons who draw an allowance from the local taxes. They are the priest, astrologer, barber, watchman, carpenter, smith, scavenger. The watchman goes about the streets at dead of night and warns the inhabitants of thieves by crying out at the top of his voice, "Keep awake," "Beware," and "Look sharp." The astrologer points out the lucky days for weddings, journeys, sowing, reaping, and undertakings generally. He is believed to be essential to the prosperity of the village.

One of the best places to study native life is about the village well or tank, where, in the early morning, a motley throng is gathered. Most of the crowd, largely females, are after their daily supply of water. Some are bathing, some are beating their wet clothes on the rocks, some are scouring their brass utensils, while others are scouring out their mouths. This last operation is often very thorough, charcoal and water being used in abundance. Two fingers are thrust down the throat to induce coughing. These means, accompanied by a great deal of hawking and spitting, are believed by many not only to effectually purify the mouth, but to

dislodge the devils which may have gone down during the night!

In most of the empire except Bengal, the men among the Hindus wear usually a white or red turban of muslin bound about the head; that is to say, when they go out. Often at home it is kept on, except at meal time and during the hours of rest. As the head is kept shaved, it is not so uncomfortable as many suppose, and it is needed as a double protection both from heat and cold. The different castes, or groups of castes, have their characteristic turbans. The Marathi Brahmins, for example, wear a red one bordered with gold which resembles the wing of a bird sticking up. A few turbans resemble a flaring bowl, some a mushroom, and others a cabbage head; while the Parsee hats of Bombay have been likened to the cone and crater of Vesuvius. Mohammedans who have been to Mecca wear a green turban. Reddish buff is the sacred color of the Hindu sadhus. The ordinary turban is made of from three to five yards of cloth, but I have seen them with twenty. The Deccani Brahmin's turban when unfurled reveals a strip of muslin thirty yards long. The latter is not full width or it would be unbearable.

The loin cloth is generally three to five yards long. Most Hindus wear cotton jackets or coats which are sometimes tied with a string on the right side, while the coats of the Mohammedans, if tied, are tied on the left. The women for the most part wear eight or nine yards of cotton cloth of various colors (full width) neatly bound around

the body from head to foot. A string is sometimes tied about the waist to keep the garment in place; and there are no buttons, hooks, buckles or pins in the whole garment, nor a stitch of thread. In our part of Central Province the women usually wear in addition to the above, a small, short-sleeved jacket or bodice, but in the East the majority go without. Taking the whole of Central India, the average yearly clothing outfit of a man or woman of the agricultural classes is twelve yards of cotton cloth.

Like all heathen, the natives of India are passionately fond of ornaments. They literally load themselves down with silver, brass, copper, pewter, iron and glass. Ornaments are worn on the head, in the ears and nose, round the neck, arms, fingers, waist, legs, feet and toes. Our eldest child had a nurse, each of whose ears was punched with nine large holes, each one carrying a large silver ring. It is very common to see women with eight or ten bracelets on each arm; and there are some castes who load their arms nearly to their shoulders. Once, when traveling in the hills, my wife counted on one woman 216 ornaments distributed as follows: One hundred ten strings of beads, one necklace of pewter, fifty-nine brass finger rings, thirty-two bracelets of metal and lacquer and fourteen anklets of brass.

It is not our purpose to give a comprehensive view of the home life, manners and customs of the people of India. We shall seek rather to interest

DISH WASHING IN INDIA

our readers by relating things, for the most part, which have come under our own observation.

These oriental folks have many customs which are quite unlike and even opposite to ours. For example: People in America dress up when they are to dine, whereas most of the Hindus—the men at least—undress, and keep nothing on but a loin cloth. In America, when entering a house, they take off their hats and keep their shoes on; here, they do just the contrary. There they serve the ladies first; here in India the women wait till the men and boys are fed. Women there gather their dresses behind; here the gathers are all in front. The tailor there pushes the needle toward himself; here he shoves it directly away. The carpenter pulls his saw forcibly one way, but pushes it gently the other. A cow in America is always milked on the right side; here, always on the left. The same noise that is made there to urge a horse to go, is made here to cause him to stop. Horses and cattle in India are very commonly stabled in the front yard instead of in the back, as in America. There, to "whitewash" means to give a bad man a good name; here it means to give a good man a bad one. There they say a refractory boy should have his will broken; here they say his head. In Hindustani they read from right to left, and the writer of a letter signs his name at the top. In most Indian languages they have post-positions instead of prepositions. Hence it is "table on" and "man by," instead of "on the table" and "by the man." In the Marathi account of the prodigal son, it reads,

"ring in his finger," and "shoes in his feet," and in Gen. 8:8, it reads, "back of the ground," instead of "face," etc. Then in this odd language we read "foot finger" for toe and "hand stocking" for glove, while hub is a "wheel's-pumpkin" and an anchor is a "ship's plow."

When we first came to India we were surprised to discover that the cooks and dress-makers who worked for Europeans were men, while the hod-carriers were women. Such are their ideas of propriety in this strange land. In America a noisy school would not be tolerated; here, the more noise they make over their books in village schools, the more studious they are thought to be. Students chant the poetry in their readers, as well as the numerical tables.

The Hindus generally are very fond of music. Their scale differs from ours and their ideas of music otherwise, are quite materially unlike ours. The drum seems to be the chief instrument in their orchestras, and there is a great variety of them. Talking with a young rajah one time on the subject of "progress," he remarked to me that "the English were ahead in most everything," but that we must concede that the natives of India were ahead of us in music.

The above are some of the many things which differentiate these Hindu-Aryans from their brothers in the Occident. However, I forbear making further comparisons lest I seem invidious. Too many Europeans are disposed to look derisively upon the native manners and customs in this land,

and repudiate them wholesale. But this is not the habit of the missionaries. True missionaries seek to discover and commend all that is good, and condemn only that which is positively wrong.

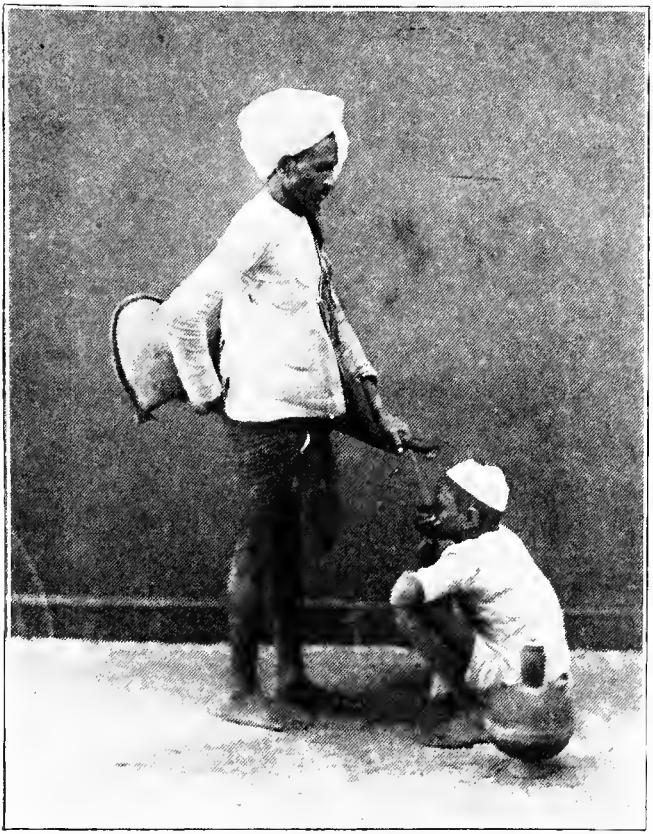
As compared with other non-Christian people, the Hindus in the matter of their personal habits are very praiseworthy. Their garments, when the body is properly concealed, are quite well adapted, both to the climate and to their means. The diet of the better classes among the Hindus, except the excessive amount of condiments, is not distasteful, and I dare say, quite as healthful for a hot climate, if not more, as that of those Europeans who eat daily many courses of meat and top off their dinners with wine. They are much given to bathing. (The Brahmins bathe the entire body daily as a religious duty.) They wash their clothes at short intervals; shave, pare their nails and scour their teeth frequently.

I have traveled in company with hundreds of Hindus and other natives by rail, boat, tonga and other ways, as well as with other nationalities, and do not hesitate to declare that the natives of India generally, for traveling companions, compare most favorably from a hygienic standpoint, with the laboring classes in the Occident. They are, in fact, freer from unpleasant odors than those semi-pauper emigrants who are shipped from Europe to America.

It is all important that missionaries learn to adapt themselves so far as practicable to the harmless social customs, etiquette and hospitable ideas

of the natives. If they are indifferent to these matters there is danger of giving needless offense. In calling at Hindu houses for example, as there are no chairs, the missionary should learn to take kindly to the floor, and not keep his friends standing, as native decorum forbids their sitting down first. If it is a house of rank, or if there are religious restrictions, he should leave his shoes at the door unless excused therefrom.

If he asks a high-caste man for water, he should not seize the "lota" or cup from his hands, but improvise a cup with his own hands and drink therefrom, while the former pours the water in. He should never intrude on a native at meal time, unless invited, nor trespass on the precincts of his fireplace when the latter is cooking. Finally, if his native friend brings food cooked in native style and served on leaves or brass platters, he should *try* to eat it with good grace *a-la-orient*, remembering that the Hindus, too, are sons of Japheth, and the cleanest heathen on the face of the earth!



DRINKING FROM A "BEESTIE," OR WATER CARRIER

CHAPTER III.

SOME NATIVE TRAITS

"For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek."

There is a proverb in India—"Hurry makes bad curry"—the moral of which is over much admired and exemplified by the natives. To illustrate: Suppose you are in urgent need of a box, or you want a door hung. You send for a carpenter to "come early the next morning and do the work at once." Being duly called he agrees to come. Morning arrives. You look anxiously for your man. Along about ten or eleven o'clock he appears, not to do the work, but to *look it over.* Then he goes away and the next day brings another fellow with him. The two *sit down,* take a smoke, talk the matter over with you. Then terms are satisfactorily arranged. After this "ventilation" he agrees to be on hand promptly, and you are inspired with hope. But hold on! Next day is a holiday, so your workman begs to delay the job one day longer. On the third or fourth day after engaging him, he turns up late in the morning with his kit of primitive tools. Now you think, "This is business, and the work will soon be done." But

alas, it is only the beginning! If a board is wanted, instead of sawing it out lengthwise from a timber, he chips away the timber laterally with an adz, and leaves the board. If there is planing to be done, another man must be called to help shove the plane the other way. If a hole is to be bored, the carpenter himself holds the drill, but some one else must pull the string. Then if any work is to be plumbed with a cord and ball, it takes two and sometimes three men to do it. All this, together with the workman's natural lethargy, plus his apparent indifference as to when the work will be finished, and you have a fair sample of some oriental traits which are most trying to occidental patience.

In some such way as the above our grace is frequently put to a test in India. We are sometimes strongly tempted to snatch up the tools and astonish the natives by showing them how to work. The average native, however, has no enthusiasm on that line. It is neither in his bones, his creed or his conscience. One writer has said, "There's no use in trying to hustle the East." Whether this is a wise resolution or not, I shall not now discuss. But so far as our modern Bharat Khandite is concerned, whatever his ancestors *may* have been, it seems at present clear that he won't be expeditious if he could, and he cannot if he would, and to him there's no virtue in it if he should.

Haggling over the price of goods is the common practise in India. It is customary to charge, to begin with, from twenty-five to fifty per cent more

MUSSULMAN FAKIR

than the proper price, and then they expect you to "beat them down." This is not all. The shopkeepers have false weights and measures to use on occasions, adulterate flour, ghee, oil, etc., and pass bogus coin. The "baniya" (shopkeeper) is the most wholly consecrated man in the world, *i. e.*, to get rich. He bows down and worships his pile of rupees and account books like any other idol one day in the year. It is a common saying that "He who is sharper than the baniya is mad." Many of them try to atone for their knavery by feeding sugar to the ants; and in Bombay many baniyas who belong to the Jain sect, support a hospital for sick cows, monkeys, cats, mice, etc. One ward is said to contain "inhabited" beds whereon fakirs are hired by wealthy baniyas to sleep and thus regale the bugs upon their blood!

Conscience as regards truth-telling is a commodity which needs to be largely imported into British India, as the original supply seems well nigh exhausted. It has been said that the prevailing evil trait of the oriental races is deception, while the occidentals are pugnacious. Be that as it may, one thing is certain, the great majority in India seem to act on the principle that honesty is *not* the best policy. We had an old man for cook when we first came to India who knew a little English. He did most of our buying and often professed to be making fine bargains for us. He used to put on a most indignant air when the trickery of other natives we dealt with was brought to light. Then when we ventured to do

our own trading, he would sometimes confidentially say, "They be all cheating to master, they be all great rogues, sir." But in due time his own trickery was discovered and it turned out that he himself was the biggest rogue of the whole lot.

It is often the custom in India to have the cow which supplies you with milk brought to your door; and to insure the genuine article, she is milked in your presence. At one of our mission stations it so happened we bought milk of a woman who frequently diluted it by means of a bottle of water, artfully concealed in the folds of her dress. We wondered how it could be, seeing she milked her buffalo in front of the bungalow daily. But she was very sharp and watched her chance, and the moment no one was looking, she quickly dumped the water into the milk. At last her dodge was discovered by a native Christian, who, spying her through the crack of a door, ran out and seized the bottle while she was in the very act. Then she fell down at our feet, urging that this was only the first time, and begged vehemently to be excused for her "fault," promising never to do so again, and positively to give us good milk in the future. But having been long enough in the country to learn the usual palaver under such circumstances, we thought best to dismiss her at once.

Indian servants as a rule have to be watched. Almost every householder carries a bunch of keys. Nearly all the stealing is of a petty kind, consisting of food, fuel, oil, and such small articles

as could be readily utilized or disposed of in the bazaars.

It is a common practise among army officers to have their horses fed in their presence, lest the native grooms steal the grain for themselves.

While living in Nandgaon State, a woman employed in our cook house, stole a large quantity of rice and hid it under a stone near the fire. She professed innocence; but after a thorough search was made, and the grain discovered, she threw up her hands and said, "Alas, what can I say! It is my fate! It is my fate!"

This way of accounting for events is universal in the East, and the saying, "Who can rub out what fate has written?" is in most everybody's mouth. Indeed, the general belief in Fatalism operates as a sort of an opiate both to the Hindu and the Mohammedan conscience.

Missionaries in most parts of India, howsoever economical otherwise, are obliged to keep a cook, a washerwoman and a sweeper, with or without a recommend. In a large number of places a water-carrier or "beestie" is also required. This last named servant, if a Moslem, generally brings your water in a leather bag (the bottle of Scripture), and is a most important man; in fact, he is indispensable in many places, for in the towns and villages where wells are few, springs unknown, and there are no water pipes or mains, it is usually out of the question for you to lug your own supply. The well or tank on which you depend may be a

mile distant, and a water supply you must have in the tropics, clean, cold and constant.

Beestie is a Hindustani word meaning, literally, "the heavenly one." In a dry and thirsty land, the regular advents of this needful messenger are not unlike angel visits. But remember we are *in India* still, and in justice to truth it is fair to state that these calls are not always such heavenly reminders. In fact, these mundane angels, like other earthly creatures, sometimes *cheat*. To explain: Your beestie is supposed to take his supply from the *best* well in town. You pay him extra perhaps for so doing, and he is ready to make his affidavit that he actually does, swearing by the Koran or the Kaaba stone, or if a Hindu, by the tail of the sacred cow. But alas, in point of fact, you find by investigation that he frequently fills it at the nearest, and perchance *fever-infected well;* and *you* are the sufferer, while *he* is the gainer. This is not all; they often bring very unwholesome water for other people in their old goatskin bottles which are sometimes filthy on the inside. These receptacles running foul, they are not careful to scour them out before bringing your supply. Such is life in modern Bharat Khand!

Nevertheless the natives of this land are naturally patient and forbearing, more so perhaps than any other people; and this trait to my mind should count as a redeeming feature in their character. Indeed, their native gentleness and politeness ought to go a long way; not of course to atone for their many defects, but toward averaging up their

A HINDU MILKMAID WITH EARTHEN POTS AND BRASS LOTA IN HER HAND

character as compared with Europeans generally. The natives of India—both Hindus and Mussalmans—compare favorably in moral character with those nations who have been for centuries under the blighting influences of Popery. Such violent crimes which are so common among the criminal classes in European and American cities are uncommon in India. The inhabitants of this land, as a whole, are a peaceful race, and not over difficult to govern. While it is true that deception and dishonesty are so prevalent everywhere, I have met some who, despite the corrupt teachings of the Shasters and the Koran, have a high sense of honor.

The greatest virtue in the Hindu mind is to be unmoved under provocation, while in the West honesty is perhaps considered the paramount virtue. We must not forget that *every principle* of sin in the heart is equally vile in the sight of God; and His word declares that "Whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all."

A stream cannot rise higher than its source. Men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles. The moral standard prevalent among the people of any nation cannot rise higher than that of the religious books in which they believe. The Nanava Dharm Shaster of the Hindus teaches that there are "five sinless lies" which a man of any of the three higher castes may tell. They are, first, to women; second, in joking; third, in the interests of marriage; fourth, to earn his livelihood

when in difficulty, and fifth, to save the lives of Brahmins and cows. In the Koran also (28th Sipara) the message which came to Mohammed reads, "God hath allowed you the dissolution of your oaths." If according to the Tamil proverb—"One grain of rice is sufficient to test a whole pot full," then these books are weighed and found wanting. But not only one grain, but the *whole* pot, and *many* pots have been analyzed and tried, and found full of the deadliest poison! May God hasten the day when floods from His Revealed Word shall wash away error and darkness from the land, and purify the heart and the conscience of the nation!

CHAPTER IV.

HINDUISM—CASTE

"And there fell a noisome and grievous sore upon the men which had the mark of the beast."

A foreigner visiting India for the first time will be struck with the unsightly caste marks which so commonly disfigure the faces and bodies of many of the Hindus. But on further acquaintance with the people, he will soon come to know that the whole community, from top to bottom, is more or less honey-combed with a system peculiar to the country, and having its counterpart in some of the tyrannical features of trades unions.

According to the Hindu Shasters, the Brahmins or priests sprang from the mouth of Brahma, the Kshatriyas, or warriors from his arms, the Vaisyas, or traders, from his thighs, and the Sudras, or servile class, from his feet. Caste is an old institution. Even in Manu's time (the Hindu Moses who wrote perhaps 500 B. C.) there were one hundred different castes. Now castes are enumerated by the thousand. Caste feeling pervades the atmosphere of this land, from shore to shore, and like the virus of the deadly cobra, permeates all the veins and arteries of society. Even Moham-

medans and the aboriginal tribes have been affected by it, and there are not wanting nominal Christians who proudly dote on their high caste origin.

Caste consists of social clans and guilds that enact arbitrary laws about eating, drinking, marriage, associating with, or even touching the person or property of those lower than one's self. The violation of these rules brings down heavy fines and penalties upon the delinquent, who in the meantime is ceremonially unclean until the claim is met and the penances performed. The average Hindu also believes that the keeping of his caste inviolate, is one of the chief things in religion, and has something to do with his fate hereafter.

I once was on a tour through North Berar, traveling in an ox-cart. A clever looking native walking behind, I fell in conversation with him, and after a while asked him to get up and ride. Immediately the cart stopped and my driver, who was of a higher caste than the other fellow, threatened to leave me in the lurch if I allowed the lower caste man to sit in the cart. The latter took no offense, said nothing and followed on as if nothing had happened. While living at Gondia, Central Province, we were obliged to bring water from a long distance because the public well near by, used by men of the farmer caste, was forbidden to our Christian boys who brought our supply.

In Burhanpur one of our servants used to go a quarter of a mile to bring water for herself,

MODE OF TRAVELING IN INDIA

rather than take it from our faucet touched by a low caste man, though the source of supply was the same. Another servant would not lift a bed, or a chair, or even a mat with his inferior neighbor at the other end. One would bring eggs for us from the market, but would not touch fowls; while another would not touch either. Still another would not eat any of our food wet, but was quite ready to eat it dry before it was cooked. A man we tried to hire was willing to do all we required of him, but could not bring our drinking water. He could water the garden, bring water to wash and bathe, but not to drink; while another could bring the latter, but could not touch the earthen vessels in which it was kept.

I have unwittingly defiled the food of natives by touching some of their cooking utensils, in which event they were obliged to throw their food away. While building a bungalow, our carpenters and masons instead of drinking the clean water from our well close at hand, used to send off and bring unwholesome water from a distant stream. On another building job we had, four castes of workmen were employed. These gave us much trouble in adjusting the water question, as neither caste would drink from the hands of the others and arrangements had to be made in order to keep them on the work. By chance my wife touched the outside of one of their tin buckets with the end of her umbrella and the contents had to be thrown away. In like manner our eldest daughter, when a child, was one day playing top near a ser-

vant's house, when the top rolled around and barely touched an earthen jar. The latter was at once condemned as unfit for further use.

The natives of India generally drink out of a brass pot called a "lota." To touch the lota of a man of a higher caste is considered most reprehensible, and if done mischievously, causing the owner to break his caste, is a violation of the Criminal Code of British India. Some Hindus in drinking water from a lota, do not allow their lips to touch the vessel, but hold it above, and skilfully let a stream fall into the open mouth. Others make a receptacle with one hand in front of the mouth, and drink from that, while the majority drink as we do. When we, or persons of inferior caste, ask water from high caste natives, they sometimes condescend to pour the same into our hands made into a trough to drink from. This contrivance we never dislike if the water does not run down our neck and sleeves.

No doubt many natives in one way or another frequently break their caste; but dire necessity has taught them how to evade the penalties. The whole system in fact, encourages hypocrisy. We have had wealthy Mohammedans drink water from our hands inside our bungalow, who did not dare to do so outside. Multitudes of natives admit that the system is wrong, but at the same time are too cowardly to ratify it openly in a practical way. Some months ago, while walking along the road to a village in this taluk, I happened to step over a small bundle tied up in a handkerchief. Thinking

it to be the food some caste-keeping native dropped from his cart, I passed on without touching it. In a short time the owner coming back in his search for the missing property, said it was his lunch. He begged me humbly to let him know whether I had touched it or not. I assured him I had not, but at the same time gave him a severe reproof on the sin of keeping caste. He hung his head in shame, acknowledged that all I said was true, but confessed he was afraid of his caste men. Fearing lest I should be offended, he sought to appease me by inviting me to get up in his cart and ride.

There are many other illustrations of the vagaries of caste which have come under our observation or into our experience. During the famine of 1897, many of the orphan children we first gathered in, died, and had to be speedily interred. Having eaten our food the corpses were reckoned as defiled, and as we kept servants who would not touch the dead bodies of such children, except the scavengers, I preferred to convey them in my own arms, rather than let that class of people do the work. After a while, some children we took in became strong enough to help their fellows, but in the meantime I carried fifty or sixty in the above way to the burial ground, as not one of their own class would volunteer or could be hired to assist.

The outcome of caste is not simply a lot of inconveniences to us missionaries or to the natives themselves. This terrible system raises up social barriers between the classes, dries up the milk of human kindness, destroys the brotherhood of man

and blocks the moral, social and intellectual progress of the nation. If a man becomes a Christian, he is boycotted in trade, ostracized from his caste people, and if a Brahmin, treated as a dead man by his relatives. If caste could have its way, he would thereafter be subjected to perpetual torture, or if that were impossible, doomed to walk the earth a friendless, penniless vagabond.

A woman lay all day in the agonies of death by the roadside in an Indian village, but no one offered her even a cup of cold water, because, as they said, "she belongs to another caste." Where we were camping in the Betul District of Central Provinces, a poor, blind Hindu woman of the blacksmith caste, afflicted with the leprosy, crawled out of her hut toward a river where she wanted to bathe and die. She was weak and unable to reach it and in danger of being attacked by wild animals at night. As none of her village people would help her, a missionary lady and myself carried her back on a sheet. Next day during her dying hours, her neighbors, instead of giving her comfort and assistance, only yelled out abuse at her for bringing, as they said, a curse on their village.

Most missionaries preach against caste as an abomination in the sight of God, a tyrannical burden on the people and a bar to their moral, spiritual and social advancement. I have met government officers who defended it as a good institution. Sir Lepel Griffin, who is well known as unfriendly to missions, says in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review*, "If England continues to rule with justice, modera-

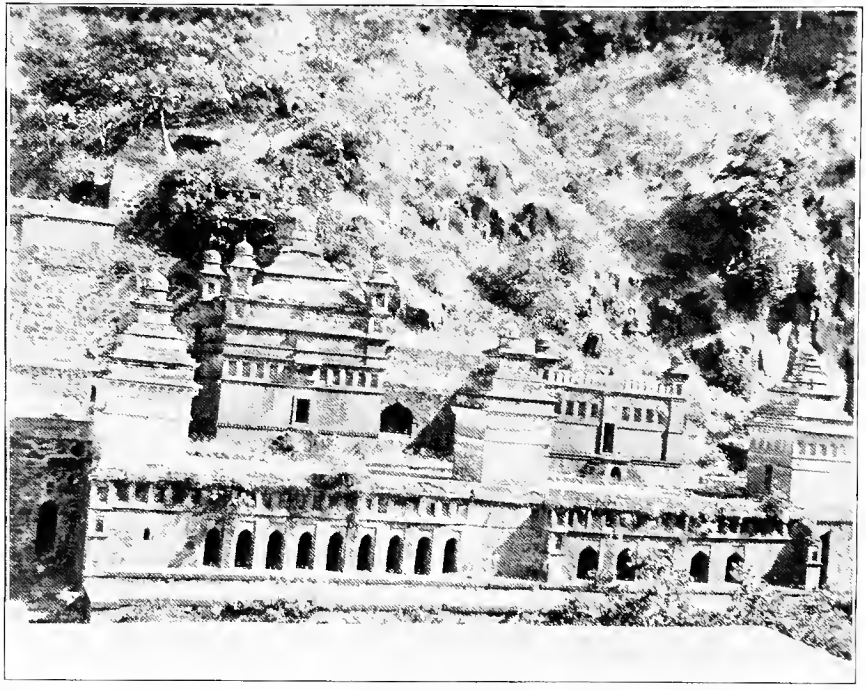
tion and impartiality, with clean hands and an honest and eager desire to work for the good of the people, there is no fear that the Hindus will ever turn against her. And the explanation of this security is chiefly to be found in *caste,* which, by depriving the people of ambition, has left each man content with his position in life. The late American Minister told us that one of the advantages of democracy was that it enabled a man to climb from a coal pit to the highest position for which he was fitted. But in India, *fortunately for society* and the *government,* the collier would have no inclination to climb at all. Every occupation, even thieving, is hereditary; and the rules of caste ordinarily compel a man to follow the occupation of his forefathers, except where English influence and education have displaced the conservative tradition in favor of a more democratic view of the rights of humanity.

"The English embroidery is only upon the hem of the mysterious garment of Indian life, and the great mass of the people are unaffected by the struggles of the young men of our colleges to obtain a share in the offices at the disposal of the government. Even with these, the *spirit of caste* is still strong, and a *wise policy* would *encourage and not stifle it.*"

It is probable that this expresses the view of not a few. It is very evident that the writer is no *real* friend to the people of India, and at the same time an enemy to *true* Christianity. We are friends to the British government, and admit that

it is far superior in its administration, to all others which have preceded it in India; but we are also friends to the highest welfare of the natives, and are alive to the terrible evils of caste. Hence we must confess that we would gladly see the whole system annihilated, even if it involved the wiping out of the present government.

Strenuous efforts have been put forth by a few educated Hindus in the past few years to create a general national and patriotic sentiment. But as the caste system is so interwoven with the warp and woof of their religious and social fabric, as things now are, it is next to impossible for them to become united on a broad and sympathetic basis. The British Government has little to fear, no doubt, if the native leaders hold on to caste. There is hope, however, that the Indians will some day become a strong and united people, able to govern themselves. That hope, however, centers around the cross of Christ, and until the leaders of this land more generally welcome the thought and reforms of Christian civilization with the abolishing of caste, all hope of developing a citizenship or patriotism worth shouting over, is mere childish vanity.



ANCIENT TEMPLE AT MUKTIGARH

CHAPTER V.

HINDUISM—IDOLATRY

"For it is the land of graven images, and they are mad upon their idols."

Tramp, tramp, tramp! Behold the infatuated heathen marching up the long flight of steps leading to their gods of stone. On they go, almost running, inspired by the occasion and the superstitious hope of gain! Hear the rude thumping of the tom-toms, the weird shrill cry of the pipes, the groaning trombones, and the muttering roar of the throngs. At last they reach the top and lay their burdens down at the base of the shrine.

But what are their burdens? Not their sins—alas, no! But mostly goats, fowls, fruit, cocoanuts, flowers, red lead, condiments, copper coins and shells. These things are given not to obtain deliverance from sin; not new hearts; not help to live holy lives. No! no! These things are not what the masses of worshipers are after; but big crops, lacs of rupees, many sons, good luck, prosperity in worldly affairs, immunity from trouble, and triumph over enemies.

The above is a faint picture of one of the many sights which has stirred our souls at some of In-

dia's religious fairs. We used to attend one of these vast gatherings near the mountains in North Berar with other missionaries, to preach Christ to the multitudes. The chief object of interest was a huge boulder of trap rock on the top of a high hill, whose power was said to be very great. It was the custom of the worshipers to daub a little red paint on the stone. This had been done so many times, the paint in places was one or two inches thick. Near the idol when the fair was in progress, butchers stood and decapitated the animals brought as offerings, with one blow of the knife.

Sometimes the crowd was so dense we had great difficulty in working our way through; and on the third day of the fair the dust and smells were often stifling. At this place there was a small pond which filled up by the rains; but the natives were taught to believe it was supplied from the Ganges in some mysterious way. It had the reputation of great purifying power; but having no outlet, after tens of thousands had bathed in it, the water became exceedingly foul.

Such, alas! is the credulity and superstition that pervade the minds of human beings that have drifted away from "the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." I saw at this fair many Hindu devotees, some no doubt, striving after "mukti." One poor, deluded fellow, whose arm was held aloft, until rigid as iron, whose finger nails were several inches long and shaped like bird's claws, told us he had held his arm thus for twelve

years, and was now unable to take it down. Another fakir we saw kept lashing his leg with a whip, until it had swollen to nearly twice the size of the other. Others we saw were covered with ashes, their hair matted and the countenance possessing a vacant expression. They were ostensibly seeking after release from materiality, and for reabsorption into Brahm. Such is Hinduism in some of its results, a complex system of superstitions and speculations, which, like a huge octopus, holds the people in its giant grasp.

We stated in the first chapter that the people of India were under several great taskmasters. These have been enumerated as Caste, Idolatry, Pantheism and Fatalism. The religious instinct in the natives of this land is strong. Some one has said, "The Hindus bathe religiously, dress religiously, eat religiously, drink religiously and *sin* religiously." This is not far from true; if by religion is meant close observance of rites, ceremonies, "poojas," and the rigmarole of caste rules. In India, religion runs in ruts. I heard a man near our room, chanting the same verses from 9 p. m. to 4 a. m. On the night of Maha Shivaratri the worshipers sit up and repeat the thousand names of Shiva four times over. Brahmins perambulate about their gods of stone 108 times daily while saying over Sanscrit slokes, and pious females walk around the tulsee tree in the same fashion.

Natives repeating the names of Ram, Govinda and other gods with the help of beads, are frequently heard along the streets, and it is not un-

common to hear Hindus muttering the names of their gods while attending to their daily business. I have likewise heard Mohammedans and Parsees too, parroting over their prayers at an astonishing rate of speed. Kabir, a Hindi poet and reformer of 300 years ago, revolted at this treadmill round of performances, and wrote against it. Here is one of his verses:

> "In turning beads the life was spent,
> Yet changed he not his heart's vile bent.
> O man, leave off this foolish art,
> And turn the necklace of thy heart."

Besides the three gods of the Hindu triad, Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva, their consorts, progeny, and the so-called incarnations, there are multitudes of other objects of worship in modern Hinduism including cows, monkeys, snakes, and devils; the sun, moon, stars, mountains, rivers and trees. In very ancient times the sacred books enumerated thirty-three gods in the Hindu pantheon. But idolatry found a fertile soil in this land, and it seems the census-taker of the gods in later times evidently becoming discouraged, hastily bunched them up and reported that the Hindus had 330 million! Of course no one worships that number of idols—although it is sometimes stated in books that they do—but the great variety of objects of worship and adoration visible in the land, is truly astonishing. Gods of gold, silver, brass, stone, wood, clay, dough and cow-dung!

Some idols are costly. A rajah, where we lived,

had an idol of ivory worth a thousand rupees. Others are merely a worthless heap of pebbles sprinkled with turmeric. At some seasons the artisan worships his tools, the fisherman his net, the money-lender his gold. Many of the hill people of the Betul District, both Hindus and aborigines, bury a plow in the main street of their villages, leaving one end sticking out. This they daub with red, and then worship it as a god.

While touring in the native states of Raipur Division, I have seen iron chains and horses' bits hung up in the forest over rude heaps of stones, as objects of worship. On the borders of Gujerat I preached in one village under a tree in which was hung, from superstitious motives, a dead fowl with a bundle of hay. While near an adjacent village I saw a post twelve feet high, which had an umbrella tied to the top, and a curious outfit of cocoanut shells, earthen pots, stones, red lead, turmeric, etc., at the base—all consecrated to the god of wealth.

But there is scarcely any limit to the number of these superstitions which fill the land, and are seen, as it were, "under every green tree." Near Bombay we have observed low-caste Hindus paying reverence, for good luck, to the Roman Catholic crosses so common around Mahim and Bandara; and in Berar, old rags and clouts are tied to the branches of trees for the same purpose. The custom of stringing up mango leaves above the doors is common all over India. But this is not all. One class of Hindus hang about the neck a strange

looking, heavy silver case enclosing the emblems of the vulgar phallic worship, which are more openly displayed at Shiva shines and in all his temples.

Amulets, charms and the like are commonly worn by large numbers of the people. The former are often small metal cases in which are scraps of paper containing "mantras" from the sacred books. These are thought to be effectual in warding off disease, the influence of the "evil eye" and demons. In many of the bazaars may be seen junk-shops, where vendors of charms sell curious old relics, odds and ends, the mere possession of which are supposed to bring fortunes to their owners. These are called by way of distinction "pieces of witchcraft." I once happened to have one of these magic bits—a *jackal's toe.* It was given to me, but the original purchaser was most devoutly and confidentially informed, that the holder thereof would always *win his case at law!*

The "moral character" of many of the Hindu gods is very bad. Their sinful practises are well known to many of the people, besides being portrayed in books; but as a rule it does not detract from their worship, as the worshipers have a proverb that "whatever the gods may do is not sin." I have seen ruins of temples in Central India on which were carved gods and demi-gods, demons, hobgoblins, fighting heroes and dancing females in a partially nude state. At Benares, the most noted of the sacred cities, there are said to be 5,000 temples and shrines. On some of them which we have seen are carvings and paintings too

vile to describe. These scenes do not strike the worshipers with horror or disgust, since their religion sanctifies all manner of uncleanness. As is the god, so is the worshiper. The wonder is, not that the Hindus do wickedly, but that in the environment of such a system, they have any morality at all!

Kali or Devi, the wife of Shiva, is much worshiped by the Hindus, not through motives of love and respect, but mainly through fear. She is usually pictured as of a frightful mien, with bloodshot eyes, disheveled hair and protruding tongue; having four arms, in one of which is the bloody head of a giant, and in another a sword; around her neck is a garland of skulls, while she tramples on a human body under her feet. She is the most blood-thirsty of all the gods. It was in her service, the devotees of Bengal used to jump on sharp knives imbedded in cotton. At a festival of this goddess in Nimar District, many years ago, we saw a woman tied by her hands and feet to the end of a pole, which was pivoted to the top of a post ten feet high, and then swung around like a swivel. At another place in the Melghat we witnessed a deluded woman beating her head unmercifully on the ground, while several men thrust long iron rods through their cheeks and danced to propitiate the goddess.

In the service of Devi, the Marathi women sometimes bleed themselves. During a recent tour in Wun Taluk, I saw a fakir in her service bite his own arm and make fearful holes therein with his

teeth. In some parts of the country, devotees formerly swung by hooks inserted in the flesh of their backs, while mothers cast their infants into the Ganges.

The Thugs were a secret band of robbers which years ago infested the peninsula from North to South. They waylaid and strangled unsuspecting travelers, robbed them of their money, and buried them by the roadside after gashing them with knives. Their traditions said the goddess Kali used to endorse their bloody work by devouring the bodies of those whom they had killed. Once upon a time, however, they claimed that a certain member of this band, venturing to look behind, saw her feasting on a victim. This displeased the latter and she vowed never to help them again to cover up their crime. But after satisfaction was obtained, she condescended to leave them her rib for a knife, her tooth for a pick-ax, and a hem of her garment for a noose. The Thugs used to worship Kali, and were careful to attend minutely to all her bloody rites before going out by gangs to kill and steal.

Krishna, the eighth incarnation of Vishnu, although not the most feared, is apparently the most popular and tangible of the Hindu gods. There are some events of his life that seem to have been borrowed and adapted from the gospel narratives; but the conduct of this god was grossly immoral and the mere recital of his plays and sports is demoralizing to most of the listeners. Besides stealing butter and curds, and on one occasion the clothes of

female bathers, he is said to have had 16,000 wives. He killed the great tyrant Kans, and it is recorded that this was the chief end of his incarnation.

The largest temple in Darwah is dedicated to Krishna under the name of Balaji. He has also temples at Wun and many other places in Berar. In some towns they have car-festivals, when a two or three-storied vehicle is drawn about the streets. I once slept in the chowree of a large village. The noise of a festival woke me up in the middle of the night. Going out I saw a two-storied chariot like a temple on wheels pulled along by fifty or sixty men with a large rope. This was accompanied with singing and the music of drums, gongs, cymbals and bells. Placed on the top of the car was a brass image of Balaji decorated with flowers, red paint, etc., while close by were attendants waiting on the idol, waving fans about it, sprinkling incense and making prostrations. The clatter was deafening. There was not much effort at musical harmony.

The chief thing in native demonstrations of this kind is noise. Occasionally to keep up the enthusiasm, the leaders raised a sort of a "Hip, hip, hurrah;" and the people joined in. This went on until at last the priests themselves got tired, and Balaji was hauled back to his temple. I saw no effort at self torture during this festival, but the crushing of devotees at Jaganath is a well known fact. Multitudes in the season, go to that noted shrine and the roads are said to be lined with human bones. At Muttra, the birthplace of Krishna,

are the largest and costliest Hindu temples I have seen. Around one of them, while on a recent visit, we were shown the numerous apartments where, at the time of fairs, multitudes of female pilgrims, so it is said, are both robbed and debauched by the priests.

Attempts have been made to spiritualize the love songs of Krishna and the milkmaids. There is a respectable side to Krishna's character contained in the Bhagwat Geeta, a later book of philosophical and ethical teaching. This is the book put forward by the "Swamis" who air their Hinduism in America, befooling shallow-minded Yankees. It is also the last resort of educated Hindus in their defense of Hinduism; but it is purely a Hindu book and teaches caste, polytheism, pantheism, transmigration, etc., with false theories of sin and salvation. (See B. G. 3:36, 37; 4:13; 7:4, etc.; 7:12; 7:23; 9:20; 9:29; 16:19, 20, and many other texts.)

The polytheism of modern Hinduism is a bewildering and complex system; if indeed it be a system at all. Lyall has described it as a tangled jungle of disorderly superstitions; ghosts and demons, demigods and deified saints; household gods, tribal gods, universal gods; with countless shrines and temples, and the din of their discordant rites; deities who abhor a fly's death, those who delight still in human victims, and those who would not either sacrifice or make offerings.

Amidst such a perplexing maze it is not surprising to find the minds of multitudes of the Hin-

dus full of doubts and fears as to "who holds the reins;" and the trend of Hindu thought has ever been toward the speculations and skepticism of the philosophical shasters—not indeed to find rest, but to rebound again in time to the fears and superstitions of idolatry. In illustration of this vague feeling, I quote from Wilkins: "An old Brahmin pundit and priest whom I frequently conversed with, told me that in his own daily worship, he first made an offering to his own chosen deity, Narayan (Vishnu), and when this was done, he threw a handful of rice broadcast for the other deities to scramble for; and it was his hope, he said, by so doing and thus recognizing their existence and authority (though there was no clear notion in his mind respecting any one of them), that he would keep them all in good humor toward himself. He further assured me that the general idea of the Hindu was this: Each must worship his own chosen deity with earnestness and devotion; and in order not to be disrespectful to the others, and bring upon himself their resentment, he must give a general acknowledgment of their existence and authority."

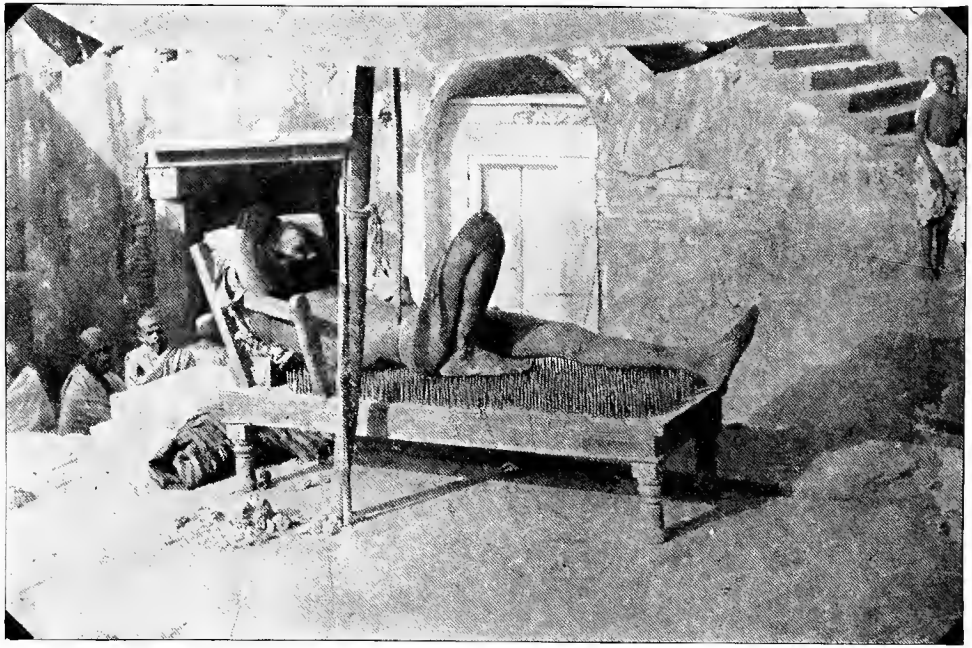
CHAPTER VI.

HINDUISM, PANTHEISM, FATE, ASCETICISM

"Knowledge falsely so called."

Some years ago as I was walking along the banks of the Tapti, one of the sacred streams of India, I came to a temple, on the plinth of which a man was seated in oriental style. He was alone and apparently in a deep study. His body was entirely nude aside from a small strip of cloth about the loins. His hair was matted and disorderly, while his face, arms and chest were covered with ashes. He kept a deathly silence and paid no attention to the passers by, nor to me. He seemed oblivious, as it were, to all the world about, with this exception: in front of him was a broken sherd containing some filthy looking stuff, from which he now and then took a pinch and threw it into his mouth. What this article of food was, I did not inquire at the time. I have since learned that men of this class are wont at times to eat of a compound mixed in a skull and made of the "five products of the cow." The component parts of this substance are milk, ghee, curds, urine and dung, and according to the Hindu Shasters is a most sin-purifying mixture(?)

Some time after the above incident, I saw a sim-



A GURU, OR "HOLY MAN," AT BENARES, INDIA

ilar specimen of humanity at a fair we attended near a sacred tomb. There were crowds of fakirs in attendance more or less clothed. This man was attired like the above ascribed ascetic, and would sit for hours on a deer skin, in meditation, with both legs drawn back of his neck and his arms folded around them.

At Beltek fair and other places, I have seen ascetics lying on boards filled with iron spikes. At Daygaon fair we noticed one of these rolling devotees, revolving on the ground like a barrel, and at another large gathering, a female ascetic measuring her length on the ground at Pandharpur. One missionary I heard of saw an ascetic who had been rolling nine years. He had undertaken to travel in this way from Benares to Cape Comorin, some 1,500 miles, and when seen by the missionary, had actually accomplished half the journey. A most striking account of asceticism and self-torture occurs in the Life of Chundra Lela, the recently converted Hindu widow of Bengal. She had been a mendicant for years. In fulfilment of a vow, she would sit between four hot fires all day with the burning sun overhead, and at night in a pond of water up to her waist. This practise she kept up many months until the spell was broken. Now these are but few samples of that large class of benighted heathen who may be seen in many places all over India. They are called by various names, but "sadhu" or saint is the common term for all. They start out on their career, most of them at least, we may reasonably suppose, to acquire merit

and secure salvation (from the Hindu standpoint). After a while the great majority degenerate into mere hypocritical beggars or jugglers. The degree of self-endurance, composure and equipoise under painful and distracting circumstances which some of them possess, is very remarkable. I have seen them in silent meditation at Benares and other places, sitting like statues without moving a muscle, and they have reminded me most strikingly of the nude marble "saints" in the ancient temples of Muktigarhi. It is reported there are devotees who had been known to stand sixteen years in one position!

The ascetics and religious mendicants in British India number from five to six million, of whom 50,000 are in the Central Provinces and over 3,000 in the old Wun District alone. Of the great majority it may be said as Kipling said of Kim, they "do *nothing* with an immense success." This vast army of non-producers, and for the most part, parasites on the public charity, is largely the natural outcome of Hinduism, not only in its many phases of idolatry, but in its philosophical theories as well. In fact, it has been shown by Goreh in his Lectures on Theism that a man need not worship idols at all nor even visit a temple to be counted a real Hindu. Generally speaking, however, he must believe in the Vedantic doctrines of Pantheism and Maya, and in transmigration and fate. He must also keep caste, acknowledge the supremacy of the Brahmins and the sanctity of the cow.

Max Muller says "the discovery of Sanscrit in

the last century, brought to light the ancient records of three religions." Not only religious books, in the ordinary sense of that term, but tomes of philosophies of the maddest kind were brought forth; atheistic, dualistic and pantheistic, India from ancient times, without the chart of revelation, and with the inner light of conscience often obscured, has ever been the skirmishing ground of the wildest speculations. Pierson has truly said, "Infidel opinions, monstrous and many shaped, are ever and anon thrown up amidst the heavings of restless humanity." This land furnishes striking illustrations of the above fact. According to Vedantism, considered by the Hindus the orthodox school, all the universe except the Supreme Being, is under the influence of "Maya," which is generally translated "illusion;" but its real essence is difficult to define, as Vedantists do not wish to call it matter. We think we have personal existence, a will and consciousness. We feel certain things are right and others wrong. We think we go here, and there, do this, and do that. We fancy we see beautiful sights, hear lovely sounds and taste savory food. But it is all a deception and a delusion, a mere dream as it were. Some day we shall wake up and find out our mistake. But for the present we are under the spell of Maya. The god of Vedantism, called Brahm, is said to be the soul of the universe. He is called "pure spirit," meaning thereby that he is not bound in any way to matter, but with the exception of existence, he is said to be minus attributes, minus consciousness, minus per-

sonality and eternally quiescent. According to one account, he cannot make anything without first assuming a material form, yet strangely enough he is said to be made of three elements called Life, Thought and Joy, or as Monier Williams has aptly put it, "Life with nothing to live for, Thought with nothing to think about, Joy with nothing to rejoice over."

This almost unthinkable god of Vedantism who is said to be in fact the only thing that really exists, once actually woke up and said to himself, "I am one, I will be many." So for "his own amusement," the philosophers say, he allowed himself to be influenced by Maya, and the emanations therefrom are the *apparent* universe and its phenomena. His chief personalities as the result of the above, form the well known Hindu triad, namely, Brahma the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver and Shiva the Destroyer.

Corresponding to these three deities, there are said to be three roads all equally sure, leading to emancipation from bondage to matter or illusion (call it whichever you like), and reabsorption into Brahm. This is the goal of all the strivings of Hinduism. The "mukti" and the "nirvana" of the sacred books. The *summum bonum* to be attained by all. The essence of philosophical Hinduism then, is not to obtain deliverance from sin, but ostensibly from materiality. Will not suicide, it may be asked, secure the end at short notice? It will not. This brings us to two other very ancient Hindu heresies, namely, Transmigration and Fate.

RUINS OF HINDU TEMPLE, WUN, BERAR

These terrible dogmas are believed by all classes. The latter also by Mohammedans. Combined, they oblige the soul to pass through millions of forms and stages of existence, even to the inhabiting of dogs, cats, lizards and snakes, as well as more desirable forms, until, having suffered the full penalty of sins as well as enjoyed the full reward of good deeds, it will be duly released as above mentioned. There is no real assurance that this process will cease to go on forever, but it is the popular belief that it extends to 8,400,000 births.

All the heavens and hells of the Shasters are but temporary abodes of bliss or suffering, and even the gods above as well as the devils beneath, are alike, with men and animals, subject to the inevitable law of fate. To cut this long journey short, however, and reach absorption is the chief aim of the devotees and ascetics described above, and in fact of all Hindus who regard their religion and caste. Hence the vast number of penances, fastings, pilgrimages, austerities, ablutions, prayers, etc.

Dr. Thoburn says, "The body is looked upon as an enemy and treated accordingly." There is a popular proverb to this effect:

> "By pilgrimages we cleanse our feet,
> By alms we cleanse our hands,
> Our mouths we cleanse as we repeat
> God's name as ocean sands."

But alas! in all Hinduism there is no provision for cleansing the *heart!* Those Hindus who favor the

worship of Shiva are said to be after "mukti" by the "way of works;" those who prefer Vishnu, are in the "way of devotion;" but the "way of knowledge" is the most expeditious of all. It however involves a perfect ignoring of the senses and material desires, and a perfect abstraction of the mind from all that is tangible or thinkable. To "acquire knowledge" in the meaning of Hindu philosophy is not discovering one's own vileness nor the infinite perfections of the Deity, but to experience the so-called verity of Vedantism, that the soul and God are identical. The devotee thereby loses his individuality and consciousness and separate existence, and is reabsorbed by the Soul of the Universe as a drop of water by the ocean, thenceforth to be wrapped in eternal sleep.

The Yogee philosophy prescribes eight means of mental concentration to secure the above result, one of which is "profound meditation, or a state of religious trance which is most effectually attained by such practises as fixing the eyes intently and incessantly on the tip of the nose." Hence a Yogee is an ascetic seeking "mukti" by quiet meditation.

Many of these "sadhus" having failed after long efforts to attain "knowledge," have nevertheless acquired a great reputation for sanctity, become impudent and bold and sometimes commit great excesses under this cloak.

I have known mendicants of the quiet kind stand in silence for an hour in front of our mission house with one hand pointed up to the sky, hoping thereby to receive alms; others more active, try

HINDU DANCING GIRL

to obtain money from us by appeals which are successful with their own people; and it is a common sight in our bazaars of Central India to see fakirs snatching grain, vegetables, etc., from the stock of unwilling shop keepers who often protest, but in vain. Once in a while in these matter-of-fact times, they receive their just deserts. A certain yogee was reported to have made great progress in the "way of knowledge," even reaching that stage by his austerities, where he became insensible to pain. Once it so happened that he was charged and found guilty before a Government officer of having committed a serious offense. The latter failing to recognize and take into consideration his great sanctity, ordered him to receive thirty stripes like any other criminal. After the first round was finished, the sadhu getting up, remarked that "it was all the same to him as he had not even felt it." The officer on hearing this replied, "Very well, if that is the case we'll have it done over again." The second time however, the strokes were so well laid on, that the so-called saint, despite his "yogee" attainments, cried aloud for mercy.

CHAPTER VII.

MOHAMMEDANISM

*"And he said unto him, I also am a prophet as thou art; and an angel spake unto me by the word of the Lord * * * but he lied unto him."*

One-fifth of the inhabitants of British India are followers of the false prophet. Their religion is a compound of Arab superstitions, Judaism, corrupt Christianity and Zoroastrianism, to which its founder gave the name of Islam. Like most other man-made systems it teaches salvation by the merit of works, but is less complicated than Hinduism. The so-called "five pillars of practise" are Repetition of the Creed, Almsgiving, Fasting in Ramazan, Prayers five times daily and Pilgrimage to Mecca.

A Mohammedan in giving an epitome of his faith once said to me, "Our religion is five cubits wide and thirty cubits long" by which fanciful dimensions he alluded to their five daily prayers and the thirty days fast of Lent. Indian Mohammedans rely mostly on these two conditions, but especially the latter. As a rule most Moslems whatever they do or do not do, never neglect the fast. It should be noted, however, that it is merely a shifting of meals from daylight to dark, although

it is total abstinence during the day, even to water. The Koran forbids the use of pork and wine to Moslems, and so far as they have heeded these restrictions, I dare say the result has been of immense benefit to its followers. But like the bathing three times a day of the Tahitians, and the refusal of Parsees to smoke, these practises are merely religious whims, as they disregard the laws of health in many ways.

Mohammedans, who are familiar with their religion, are stanch Unitarians. Islam has no incarnations. No loving self-sacrifice for rebels could be expected from the God of the Koran. It is a fact that book speaks of God as being merciful, but it is *leniency*, not true mercy or love that is found therein. The spirit of the Koran is clemency to Moslems, however great their crimes, but bitter persecution to unbelievers.

The animus of Mohammedanism in India has been greatly tempered by contact with other creeds, whose followers all have equal religious and political rights under British rule. Religious neutrality is the law here, and equal educational privileges are for the most part extended to all. It is remarkable how few Moslems comparatively, are familiar with the Koran. Yet it is not so strange when we consider that they are only allowed to read it in the Arabic. A few years ago the papers informed us that the Sultan of Turkey presented the Czar of Russia a piece of "the true cross on which Christ was crucified" set in jewels. If the report was true, the Sultan, who is the great pa-

tron of Islam, must have got himself "into a box," as the Koran in the sixth Sipara affirms that Christ was not crucified nor killed, but went to heaven alive.

The Mohammedanism of India has taken on many additions not authorized by the Koran, such as the Mohurrum festival, worship of saints, caste, etc. The average Moslem here is perhaps not so bigoted and fanatical as in Mohammedan lands. When pressed to give a reason for his hope of salvation, a follower of Islam will usually place a high price on his "good works" and a small fine on his sins. Multitudes under the light of Christian truth have discovered that these good works are not sufficient to satisfy Divine justice. In such a dilemma one Mohammedan said to me that God would take "bribes," while some others more reverent have referred me to Hussan and Hussein, so-called martyrs of Islam, as in some sense atoning for their sins as Christ atoned for ours.

Mohammedans of this land keep caste in their relation to outsiders so far as food and drink are concerned, but are free from those complexities of the system which are such an incubus to the Hindus. This gives the former a great advantage over the latter, as Hindus of low caste, outcasts and aborigines can be taken in and with a stroke brought up to the same level, theoretically at least, with nabobs, landlords and merchants. The last census of India showed a slight decrease in Hindu population, whereas Mohammedans had increased

nine per cent and Protestant native Christians about fifty per cent in the decade.

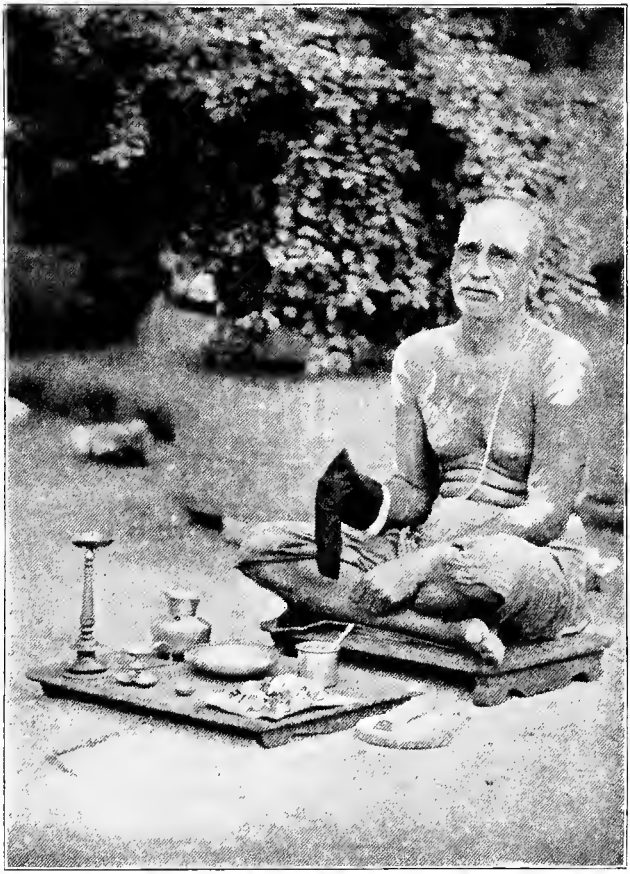
It is practically impossible for the vast majority of Moslems in India, on account of their poverty, to make the pilgrimage to Mecca. Still many do manage to scrape together enough to pay their fare thither. I have seen the by-ways and vacant spaces of Bombay swarming with pilgrims in camp, waiting for passage by steamer to Jeddah. It is an immense source of revenue to steamship companies, which, like the brass founders of Germany, grow fat on the superstitions of heathen lands. To complete the tale of Moslem good works necessary to make salvation sure according to the orthodox rule, the "hajj" or pilgrimage should not be neglected. It is considered most meritorious—the capsheaf so to speak—or rather the keystone of the arch to the bridge that leads to Paradise. It is, in fact, if repeated, a work of supererogation, and may operate as an indulgence to sin. The Arabs have a proverbial saying: "If a man has been to Mecca once, well and good; if twice, have an eye on him; if three times, have nothing to do with him;" *i. e.,* he has become so holy he is dangerous, and has laid up such a stock of religious merit ahead, that he can commit any amount of sin with impunity.

None but Moslems are allowed in Mecca and it would be very dangerous for any European to endeavor to steal a peep at the "holy city." Some Englishmen, it seems, have recently adopted Islam. One of them, a correspondent of the *Times* of In

dia, in the issue of that paper November 14, 1906, gives a detailed account of his pilgrimage to Mecca, the greater part of which I quote as proof of the heathenism and idolatry of Islam. To most of our readers it will doubtless be new. Among other things he says:

"Having obtained permission from the proper authorities to proceed, we arrived in Mecca shortly after four o'clock, and my first impression was one of disappointment. I had looked forward to a magnificent, walled city, but instead I found squalid shops and houses on either side of a broad, dusty road. True we had previously passed a large ugly stone barracks with military offices and quarters of several of the higher officers. However, after proceeding some distance along the road we came into the heart of the city. Here the houses are very high and substantially built. The town is crescent shaped owing to a fairly high fortified hill that breaks into the middle of it and from which a splendid view can be obtained of the whole city. If confusion had been great in Jeddah, here it was a hundred times worse. The streets are exceedingly narrow and were packed tight with pilgrims. Every now and then a caravan would force its way through by sheer force of weight, only to meet another coming from the other direction and then an absolute block ensued.

"Before we had been in Mecca many minutes we were pounced on by one of the boarding house keepers. They are known as Moutawifs, and as during the three months of the hot season they have to



A BRAHMIN AT PRAYERS

make sufficient money to keep them for the remainder of the year, they are about the most grasping, unscrupulous blackguards in the world. Without consulting my wishes in the least I found my camel being forced to kneel, and half pulled, half helped out of the shoogdoof, I found myself sitting before a tray of rather tempting looking food. My host appeared to speak a little Hindustani and through this medium we were able to carry on some sort of conversation. As soon as I had finished my meal and had a smoke, the Moutawif informed me that he was ready to conduct me to the Masjid al Haram, there to go through the ceremony of Tawaf or encircling the Kaaba several times. This should always be performed as soon after arrival as possible. Pushing and being pushed we made our way through the streets in the direction of the Mosque till suddenly I found myself on the threshold of one of its numerous gates. The floor of the mosque is fifteen feet below the level of the streets and I shall never forget my first view of the interior. The whole place was crammed, and just as we entered, the call for evening prayer (Maghrib) sounded. Instantly every sound was still and nothing broke the silence but the clear beautiful voice of the Muezzin as he enjoined the faithful to come to pray. Remaining where we were, we joined in the prayer, after which, stumbling and tripping at every step, I was led through the huge concourse right to the centre of the mosque where is situated the Kaaba.

"I confess I felt somewhat excited and was

greatly relieved to observe that no one paid any attention whatever to me; and after going through the prescribed prayers for those about to perform Tawaf, I was hurried into the dense crowd engaged in performing that duty. The correct method of wearing the Ihram is to leave the right shoulder and arm uncovered; but, as I had a wild boar tattooed on the arm, I preferred to keep myself covered. My guide was considerably annoyed at this as I had not given him my reasons for doing so. This was no place for an argument, however, and working our way to the right hand side of the Black Stone we merged into the encircling crowd. As soon as this was done my guide commenced shouting out the prayers used on this occasion. I was supposed to repeat after him, but owing to the noise and the rapidity with which he spoke I was unable to hear what he was saying and contented myself with shouting at the top of my voice as nearly as possible in imitation of my guide. We had started with what was supposed to be a dignified walk, saluting the Black Stone and the angle to the right of it every time we passed them. There was not, I am afraid, much dignity possible, and the scene reminded me for all the world of an immense crowd struggling to buy tickets outside a theatre at home. After the third circuit my guide motioned me to double up my arms and run. The latter I found impossible, but although going no faster than an ordinary walk we imitated the action on a run. After the seventh round the Tawaf was

completed and we lost no time in dropping out of the procession.

"After a few more prayers I was conducted out of the mosque and found myself once more in a dense crowd engaged in performing the Sai ceremony. This consists in passing backward and forward several times between the hills Safa and Marwa, at the same time calling out the prescribed prayers. The confusion here was beyond belief.

"Those returning from Safa would meet those returning from Marwa, and for a few moments one almost expected to see blood shed. Nothing of the kind happened however, all being too intent on their devotions to notice anything else. At either end of the road running between Safa and Marwa is erected a stone arch and a flight of steps; here one rests a while, while a short prayer is recited and then the next trip is made. Here also two paces are used; the first part of the road is covered at an ordinary walk; but on arriving at two pillars—one built into the side of the mosque and the other into a house on the opposite side of the road—the elbows are again brought up and a short trot indulged in; after passing another mark the ordinary pace is resumed.

"Though the scene presented a somewhat barbarous appearance, there could be no doubt as to the absolute sincerity of the vast crowd participating in it. Negotiating four hundred yards of road seven times under such conditions is no light task and long before it was completed I hardly knew whether I stood on my head or my feet. I was soon

enlightened in this respect, however, for, just as I was starting on my sixth trip a donkey put its hoof down on one of my big toes. * * * * * Bathed in perspiration and with my Ihram torn, I was only too pleased when we arrived at Marwa at the end of the seventh station. Here another short prayer was recited and we returned to the house where the evening meal was being served.

"Next morning I was up rather early and went to the mosque for the Fajr prayers; it was still almost dark when I arrived and I noticed that many people had evidently passed the night there. Some out of devotion but more on account of having no other place to go. There was still a large number of people performing Tawaf, but nothing like yesterday's crowd; and being anxious to get another view of the Black Stone I joined them and sauntered round two or three times. I found it impossible, however, to touch the stone on account of the numbers of Bedouins struggling around it like a pack of wild beasts. Their great aim appeared to be to kiss it, and many received injuries to the features during the process. Leaving here I went for a stroll around the mosque and while doing so attempted to count the pillars supporting the roofs of the piazzas. This I found a hopeless task, and one which appeared to attract the attention of those present. The building itself, which is an uneven square, shows signs of age and also of neglect. In pacing it off I found it was roughly 180 yards long by 120 yards broad.

"On the following day in the morning the call

to prayers had already sounded and I had barely time to get settled in my place when they commenced. The effect was electrical, and as the Allahoo Akbar was sounded by the hundreds of Mollahs assembled in the four Oratories the whole assemblage stood to their feet. So simultaneously was this done that one could almost imagine that those assembled had been drilled to it. It is customary during prayers to keep the eyes fixed on the ground about the spot where the forehead touches when making the salute, but for the life of me, I was unable to keep my eyes from straying. The whole scene was most impressive. Facing towards the Kaaba, were over 100,000 devotees, bareheaded, barefooted and all dressed alike in the Ihram.

"The day following this ceremony was busily passed in preparing for the journey to Arafaa.

"Later in the afternoon a priest mounted on a white camel, delivered a sermon from Adams Pillar. Nearly every one attended, though owing to the immense assembly, very few could hear what was being said. All at intervals waved white cloths. The sermon over, there was a general rush back to the tents to make ready for departure, and, half an hour later amidst the wildest confusion, the whole encampment were under way. We arrived at Mozdalfa after dark, and spreading our carpets on the sand prepared to spend the night in meditation and prayer. I noticed, however, that a good many fell asleep, as I did myself before very long.

"At midnight all was astir again and soon we

were moving towards Mina where, from two to three days are spent, according to the sect to which one belongs, and the number of times the three Satans have to be stoned. Our Mutawif had engaged a house for us here; and after a rather wearying struggle we managed to reach it about four in the morning. After a couple of hours sleep, I was called by my old servant, who pressing seven small clean stones into my hand told me to come with him to stone the Biggest Devil. We got there all right, but, here as everywhere else, the crush was terrific, and as each stone must be thrown separately and hit its mark we had to fight our way closer. Next day I was given twenty-one stones. Starting with the biggest I threw seven stones at each of the three Satans. Next day I again visited them and administered another stoning, after which I was taken to offer my sacrifice.

"This was a most gruesome ceremony. Hastily selecting a fat little goat I got a man to cut its throat for me. The stench here was revolting. The struggling, bleeding animals and innumerable flies rendered it a most unpleasant place to remain in any longer than necessary. And yet, there were coffee stalls here with people drinking and enjoying themselves inside them. On the evening of the third day spent in Mina, we returned to Mecca.

"As my stay in Mecca was now merely a matter of a few days and I had not yet visited the sacred well of Zem-Zem I decided to do so that afternoon. But when I presented myself at the door leading to the well, the doorkeeper, probably knowing that

I was an Englishman although dressed as a Turk, refused me admittance, at the same time passing some remarks which caused many of those near by to regard me suspiciously. To linger would have been folly; so returning to my house I changed again into the Ihram and presented myself once more at the door of the well. This time no notice was taken of me and slipping half a sovereign into the attendant's hand, I passed in.

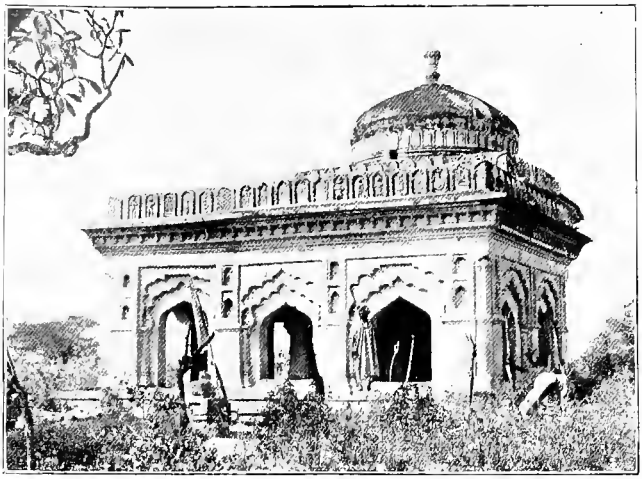
"Here I found some sixty people crowded into a small domed room in the centre of which was the well, protected by an iron balustrade. All were busy drinking the sacred water and those who were unable to drink more were pouring it over their persons. Others were dipping long strips of white cloth into this same well, and then wringing them dry. These clothes, I afterwards learned, were to be used as shrouds by their owners. This well is greatly favored by those suffering from disease; and as in the crush a great deal of the water is spilt and returns to the well after contact with their bodies, I fancy the water must be dreadfully contaminated. Drinking a small cupful most of which, however, was spilt while raising it to my lips, I hurried out of the building just in time to escape a second cup.

"The following day being Friday, I witnessed the same magnificent spectacle of over 100,000 assembled at prayer, this time, however, the people being in their every day costumes, the scene lacked the chaste simplicity of the previous week's ceremony. Permission to leave was now granted to

all desirous of doing so. The reason for keeping this vast number of people cooped up in Mecca for several days after the Hajj is completed is ostensibly to give the soldiers guarding the road back to Jeddah time to resume their posts, but in reality, I fancy to favor the town's people who derive an immense profit during this period."

The sincerity of the above writer as a convert may perhaps be questioned, still his account of what he saw is doubtless correct. Pilgrims to Mecca receive on leaving, a large certificate which Dr. Jessup says is considered by Moslems as good as a passport to heaven.

Concerning the Black Stone mentioned above, it is a relic of Arab idolatry which Mohammed allowed, to conciliate the people, but which like the grave-worship in India, is one of the incongruities of Islam. Mission work among Moslems is usually considered quite difficult. In India it is by far the most promising of all lands. Many thousands of Moslems have been baptized thus far in different parts of the empire. Of the natives I have myself baptized, three were converts from the faith. In the following chapter my wife gives the account of the conversion of a Mohammedan woman who was remarkable in her intelligence, and contrasted strongly with the vast majority of the women of her class who are indeed in a most degraded condition.



MAHADEV'S TEMPLE AT DARWAH

ETHEL WARD AND JAYWERBEE

CHAPTER VIII.

A TROPHY OF GRACE

"For Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."

PHEBE E. WARD.

Jaywerbee, the subject of this sketch, was born of a respectable Mohammedan family of the Sunni sect. Her father was a pensioner under a native prince. Her mother was able to read a little Arabic. Her grandmother was a teacher of Arabic and taught Jaywerbee to read. She was her mother's only child. She was married when about eighteen years old, contrary to the custom of marrying off little girls practised by the Hindus and most of the Mohammedans. Her husband was a muezzin, a caller to prayers in a mosque. He had a humble home given him by those who frequented the mosque and a scanty pittance on which to subsist. The wife was an energetic woman and to help eke out their living, would take in sewing from the native tailors. Sewing is an accomplishment with which few native women (comparatively speaking) are familiar. This and the gifts of their friends kept them above want. They had several

children, three of whom lived to grow up. The second daughter was taught to read Urdu and Arabic, the latter costing the parents sixteen cents a month, which to them was quite an amount.

Before her husband's death she lived in purdah. Purdah means veil. She was kept secluded according to the customs of many Mohammedans and Hindus. After her husband's death in 1896, although left with two children to support she had more liberty and went out, but not without carefully covering her face and body with a large white sheet called "chudder." The older daughter had been given in marriage some time before her husband's death. Jaywerbee was thrifty and made a comfortable living until the famine of 1897. Being then in straitened circumstances and hearing of our need of a cook, she applied for the place. This she did not without trepidation, so she afterwards told us, for she had never served in any family before, much less a European.

From the first we were impressed with her faithfulness at her work, with her tact in adapting herself to every circumstance and with the ability she had in cooking for such a large number. She came to us in April or May, 1897, the hottest months of all the year. With the assistance of but one woman to clean the cooking utensils, and help to keep the cook house in order, she cooked for our family of three, and about one hundred native children we had taken in during the famine, and sometimes even for more. When she saw the great need of the famine sufferers for cooked food (we were giving

them raw grain) she offered of her own accord, to cook for 200 people more, thus making over 300 people daily whose wants she attended to. This she did until August 27, 1897, when Mr. Ward was taken down with the cholera. We were obliged to suspend famine relief work except among the orphans, as he was in a critical condition and I could not attend to the poor people.

One circumstance will show what a blessing she was to us. As the number of famine sufferers increased, it was impossible for the cook to take two hours leave at noon according to custom, and get supper ready at five o'clock. Hence I was often troubled by this meal being late. She solved this problem without my asking her (in fact I never thought of doing so) by offering to give up her nooning and begin cooking the supper earlier. At this time she was not a Christian and would not touch our food or drinking water, for her own use; and would go all day without eating until she went home at night. It was characteristic of her to be ready at all times to help us out in difficulties. No whining, no long faces, but ever ready to obey orders with cheerfulness.

Although of a superior caste, she did not object to do here what is considered as menial work. Cooking is thought to be more respectable than other work, but she was even ready to wait on sick and filthy children. We used to feel that Jaywerbee was as much a gift from God to help us out at this trying time, as was the money that came from friends to carry on the work. She had an only son

of whom she was very fond. She was with us for some time before she would bring him to associate with the boys and girls in our orphanage. And for a long time after his coming, they ate by themselves, cooking their food at the mission. The influence in our home at this time had its effect upon her, and among other things, she came to the conclusion that there was no merit in her keeping caste. She first broke it by eating our food, but did not make her boy do the same.

The exercises of her mind were interesting while passing through this transition period. She was very open and frank, every knotty problem being freely talked over with me after the day's work was done. She interested herself in everything pertaining to the native children, keeping us posted on many important matters which had escaped our notice. It was our usual custom to go the rounds together after the day's work was over and inspect the children to see if all were properly in bed. Very often this occurred as late as ten o'clock at night. I would come into my room almost exhausted, and throw myself into a chair. She would sit at my feet on the floor, and although probably as tired as myself, would invariably turn the conversation on the state of her soul, often greatly lamenting her sins.

At first her sins looked trifling to her. She thought she had not committed very grievous offences. She said she had taken a little thread, pieces of cloth, etc., from the native tailors by whom she had been employed, but she would end

up with a little laugh saying, "You know that is excusable, all the tailors do it."

As conviction more and more pungent seized hold of her, she confessed to greater sins. She told how she had burned her girl for stealing. Once she had stolen a silver coin from a man in the bazaar. When God brought it to her mind, she took it back to the owner who was greatly surprised, as the change had been given a year before. She also restored a rupee she had taken from us. But her most notable case of restitution was to a tailor, for whom she had sewed about four years previously. She had taken a coat and sold it, unknown to the tailor. He had moved forty miles away, but she took the train, hunted him up and told her errand. When she restored the money she gave him more than she received, as she said the coat was really worth more. The man was greatly astonished, as such things do not often occur in a heathen land, and as for that matter, we fear they do not often happen in our modern revivals in America.

In the meantime she had put her boy in our school; had overcome his objections to eating and drinking with our children and had given me the right to punish him when disobedient; so he came under the same discipline as our famine children. This was a source of great grief to his father's relatives, who felt if the mother could not be prevented from destroying herself, it was too bad she should blast the boy's prospects for this world and the next. This only son of a Mohammedan muezzin!

But she kept steadily on her way, sometimes much affected by their threats of taking him from her, knowing that a woman who becomes a Christian, is liable to lose the custody of her children according to Mohemmedan law. This law has also been recognized by the British Government in India.

Previous to her becoming a Christian, she was one day at the house of a friend where they were performing a ceremony for one who had died forty days before. Their customs at such times is to read from their sacred books which they suppose will help the soul of the departed. While there Jaywerbee was asked to take part by reading aloud "Nurnama," a life of Mohammed in Arabic poetry. This she refused to do, fearing in her heart, as she afterwards told us, that it might unsettle her growing faith in Christ. Her refusal caused quite a commotion among her friends, who became very angry and would not eat with her, but gave her food in a separate place.

This was the beginning of her trials. She had quite a few household things which had been left at a cousin's house. All these they confiscated, not giving her a thing. She felt very indignant at them for keeping her few books which she prized more than all the rest. Among these was a finely bound copy of the Koran. Afterwards in speaking about the taking of the books she naively said, "When they would not give them to me, my heart first got so hot and then it got cold." Then she added, "I see now why God did not permit me to have them; as their influence over me had been very great and

EATING RICE AND CURRY

I fear they might have turned me again to the Mohammedan religion." Not long after this she definitely sought and obtained the forgiveness of her sins. Her subsequent life and conversation showed that God had really changed her heart.

After her conversion, she often feared to confess Christ before her Mohammedan friends, which troubled her very much. One day a prominent Mohammedan happened in at our morning prayers. Seeing Jaywerbee with her head bowed, and meeting her soon after in the bazaar, he asked her why she did so as no orthodox Moslem would ever do thus at Christian worship. She answered him evasively and told him it just happened so. Then conviction seized upon her for prevaricating, and she had a miserable time all day. At night in our Hindi meeting she was asked to testify; but as she afterwards said, "My lips were shut as tightly as if a padlock had fastened them." After the meeting I heard loud crying in the mission yard and went out to see what was the matter. It was Jaywerbee praying, with her heart all broken up. She confessed what trouble her fear had brought upon her and continued to pray until peace came to her soul. She had been praying for help on this line and ever after she had no fear in confessing Christ before every one. Then she went to the Mohammedan mentioned above, and confessed how she had denied the Lord, and that she was a Christian indeed.

It caused quite a commotion in the Mohammedan community, as her friends who knew about her

conversion had been too chagrined to mention it to others. In fact there was talk among her caste people of calling an indignation meeting in the mosque, and of summoning her to answer for the "sin" of forsaking her old religion and professing faith in Christ. She was told that her tongue ought to be cut out. Threats were made. There being comparatively few of her caste in Raj Nandgaon, they did not dare to resort to violent treatment, but they persecuted her quietly. Jaywerbee had been a stanch follower of the false prophet; in fact, a sort of a teacher among her own people. She was well informed in many matters concerning which most of the women of her class were ignorant. Hence it was more of a cross for her than for an ordinary native woman to openly acknowledge Christ.

Her first public confession of faith in Jesus was made in a meeting in the bazaar, one of her husband's relatives being present. She was much blessed at the time. Shortly after this, she wrote a letter to her friends telling them of her intention to be baptized. She told her cousin, who was her daughter's father-in-law, to be a father to her two married daughters. She did not expect to see them again, as it pained them more to see her than for her to stay away from them. She told them she loved them all but that she loved Jesus more. The first time her boy went to their home after their receiving this letter, he was detained, and held for some time and all efforts to recover him were futile. But God was her helper and in answer to prayer,

a little over three months after, he returned to her of his own accord. While he was away and under the influence of his relatives, he returned once in their company and threw stones at his mother!

My husband baptized her with eight other converts, in a pond near the public bazaar, September 18, 1898, in the presence of many of her acquaintances and some relatives. In her testimony at the time, among other things she said to the people present, "I want you to tell all the Mohammedans and Hindus everywhere that I intend to live and die in this faith." It has been nine years since her baptism and thus far she has proved the truth of her assertion at that time.

Her boy also became a Christian. Two years after his mother's baptism, he was baptized in the same place. The lady in Kansas who was supporting him has gone to her reward, and we believe much is due to the efficacy of her prayers for him. He is very much changed. From the disobedient, big-headed Mohammedan boy, he has become a humble, dutiful son, and a real standby in the mission where he now is. While once too lazy to work, he is ready for any order, and obeys with a cheerful alacrity that gives joy to those who have toiled and wept over him. Her daughters are now reconciled to their mother and brother becoming Christians; and Jaywerbee has free access into their homes and they have desired her prayers for their children when they have been ill. They believe one child was healed in answer to her prayers.

She believes in divine healing for the body. One

of the first things which led to her becoming a Christian, was the healing of one of our orphan girls in answer to prayer. The case was so manifestly the work of the Lord that she never doubted it. Very frequently in her testimony she gives God the glory for special help in her own body.

I have spoken of her praying that fear might be taken from her heart. After her conversion she found other roots of bitterness and as she sought for forgiveness of her sins, so she definitely sought for deliverance from inbred foes. God heard her prayers and she is now a clear witness to the cleansing power of the blood of Jesus.

Notwithstanding her age (over fifty years), she applied herself diligently after her baptism to learn to read Hindi. In due time she mastered the forty-eight letters of the alphabet and now not only reads her Bible in that language but also writes excellent and legible letters in the same.

She excels in exhortation and she is never at a loss for something to say. We have seen her exhorting a crowd of people on her knees with much feeling and tears in her eyes. When called upon, Jaywerbee is ever ready to speak in the bazaars and villages, visit the sick, call on the native women, buy anything in the market from a carload of grain to a pinch of salt. We have even sent her to a distant town to purchase a buffalo for the mission.

She has prayed and pressed her way through severer trials than any I have mentioned, and she is a living monument to the power of divine grace.

CHAPTER IX.

REMINISCENCES OF OPEN-AIR MISSION WORK IN CENTRAL INDIA.

"Lo, here is seed for you, and ye shall sow the land."

Much of mission work in the Orient is out-of-doors; in fact, the greater part of our preaching in India is under the blue sky at the daily and weekly bazaars, the festivals and fairs, or at the cross-roads of a village, the front of a caravansary, or perchance beneath the shade of a banyan at the neighboring shrine. This last named spot is par-excellence. First, because it gives us relief from the beating rays of a tropical sun; second, because it very often suggests a topic to preach on, as the local god stands before us in grotesque and hideous proportions, and smeared with red paint.

Here the people gather and listen, while we warn them of God's hatred of sin, and relate the old, old story of the cross, often under the frowns of the village priest.

For many years I have been in the habit of touring among the villages and have visited many parts of Central India to preach the everlasting gospel as I had opportunity. We have often traveled in country carts, a few times on horse-

back, but more commonly afoot. My helpers and self can testify that we have realized, at least in part, the sweetness of that promise in Isaiah, "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters, that send forth thither the feet of the ox and the ass."

The little humped-shouldered oxen which pull our carts are sometimes quite spry, and trot along on good Government roads at a speed of four miles an hour. On the usual country tracks, rough and jagged as they are, two and a half miles is a good average rate. These animals are well adapted to the rude vehicles of the country, the rugged roads, and withal, to the fitful treatment of their drivers. The latter commonly urge them on by incessant jabber, much of it abuse emphasized with smart blows of a bamboo cudgel. This weapon is frequently armed with a sharp spike for goading, but in addition the cartmen hunch and kick their poor beasts and twist their tails quite out of joint.

The carts are two-wheeled conveyances, springless, seatless, cushionless. To ride in them is good medicine for a sluggish liver, and by no means so uncomfortable as might be supposed, especially when there is an awning above and plenty of straw beneath. At times we have enjoyed traveling in more agreeable carts with springs, and drawn by horses or oxen. I have also ridden hundreds of miles by rail, but the greater part of our missionary touring has been in the vehicles first described, or on foot.

If a town or village is so fortunate as to be on or near a Government road, it is comparatively

VILLAGE TOURING IN CENTRAL INDIA
"DIFFICULTIES IN THE ROAD"

easy of access, but the vast majority are not. Many are practically "out of the world" during the rains. The country roads are usually narrow with an occasional widening to allow teams to pass. To give warning, bells are often worn on the necks of animals or tied to carts; but frequently the drivers are obliged to give notice of their approach by shouting, otherwise a blockade may happen. In the wet season the tramping of herds of cattle wear deep ruts in the loamy soil of some of the roads, thereby rendering them when dry, as rough and tough to travel on as the corduroys of American swamps. We have rolled and pitched sometimes when traveling such highways, like a ship in a storm. In some parts of the country, rocks also abound. I usually get out and walk if there are too many. In ascending steep defiles or "ploughing through" a wash out at a crossing, the cart has to be boosted, otherwise the oxen can not pull through. It is very evident that such roads are severe on vehicles. For example, once in a single day's journey through the hill-country where timber axletrees are common, I counted no less than nine broken axles by the roadside.

Such are some of the possible interruptions to travel in Central India which missionaries as well as others are liable to encounter. I have always been amply paid, however, for our efforts to reach the villages, as a crowd of natives gathered at the temple or rest-house, and listened attentively to the message of salvation.

In the early morning or after the evening meal,

is the best time for gathering the people of the agricultural classes; but as customs vary in India according to caste and locality, we are in the habit of holding village meetings whenever and wherever we can call a few together. We sometimes have interesting groups of men, women and children in the open courts or verandas of native houses. One of the Hindi hymns we frequently sing at our open air meetings runs thus:

"Call on Christ who e'er is near,
For He destroyeth pain and fear;
He saved the world in its time of need;
He ever waits to save and feed.
Put all your trust in Him and live;
True wisdom, He to all will give;
He is to sin the deadly foe;
He saveth men from sin and woe.
The weary from Him peace derive;
'Tis foolish in thy strength to strive.
O Lord, this seeker saith to Thee,
'Thou canst from bondage set me free.'"

A song, a parable, a page of a tract or an illustration from rural life often suggest a topic for our talk, which must be in plain and simple language lest they fail to understand. For the most part we find the people not only ignorant but apathetic. Whatever the attitude of Ethiopia may be, we do not find the natives of India as a rule "stretching out their hands unto God." However, we are not discouraged, and in our meetings we have much help from the Lord. Some few generally get interested and before the preaching is finished,

occasionally respond. "True words that," "Truth, oh great Sir," "It is no lie," "It is 16 annas to the rupee," (100 cents to the dollar) and more of the same sort. A good deal of this is oriental politeness, no doubt, but much of it comes from honest hearts who are in a measure open to conviction. We are gratified to know when we hear these responses, that some are at least waking up and taking in the truth.

Our chief opposition in bazaar and village meetings comes naturally from the priests and gooroos (spiritual guides). A word or a wink from one of these fellows has sometimes dispersed my audience of Hindus. But their power over the minds of the people is gradually waning. Many of the common people readily admit to us that their religious teachers are after the "fleece" and care little for the salvation of the "flock." This gives us an opportunity to introduce Christ as the "True Gooroo" who really saves from sin and takes no pay. Apropos to this theme is a beautiful Marathi hymn which we very often sing, of which the following is a free translation:

"There is no salvation without a true Gooroo;
Man's inward pollution can never be cleansed;
But He to redeem us shall be a load-bearer,
And deliverance give from the burden of sin.
He must ever be faultless and merciful too;
Infinite in power that all things He may do;
For many deceivers are in every lane,
But the key of salvation is in Jesus' name.
O Christ, Thou alone art the mighty to save;
On Thee with humility now I believe."

In preaching to the heathen some missionaries hold that no mention should be made of their gods, referring to Exodus 23:13 as a prohibition therefrom. But the majority do not hold that view, and in India especially, we sometimes find it necessary to rebuke their gods by name for their sins and crimes. On the other hand it seems to me unwise to pay much attention to the analogies of Hinduism, Buddhism, etc., to Christianity, as it is likely to foster pride in the hearts of their followers. The bulk of the tenets of these pagan systems contradict not only Revelation, but much of Natural Theology as well, and are so manifestly the inventions of the devil, it is seldom wise to quote much from their sacred books. In preaching to the Hindus, my aim has often been to carry them back to the primitive conviction that *God is*, that he *sits on his throne*, that the *decalogue* is his law, that man is a *responsible being*, that there is a *heaven* for the good and a *hell* for the bad, and finally, that *something more* is necessary to obtain pardon than sorrow for wrong doing. All this when cleared of the rubbish of ages, gives a good foundation for the Gospel.

In dealing with illiterate natives, misapprehensions are not infrequent. This is not to be wondered at. Much of our teaching and preaching is not in their line of thinking. They are largely unfamiliar with the high-flown language of Scripture and our Christian hymns. Then our pronunciation and idiom is frequently astray; so despite our adaptations and best efforts to speak plainly

mistakes will happen. These sometimes result in the most ridiculous perversions of the truth. For example: the Hindi word "jelao" has been mistaken for "jalao." The former means, to raise to life; the latter, to burn or cremate. The word "saza do," "punish" has been mistaken for "saja do," "regulate." The command "aram kar," "take rest" was understood to mean "Ram Ram kar," "worship Ram." And so on ad infinitum. "Dhoka mat khao" "don't be deceived" was made to sound in the month of one of our missionary colleagues like "dukar mat khao" "don't eat pork," and I have been laughed at for saying "bai" "lady" when I tried to say "bhai" "brother." I will give only one more sample of these mistakes to illustrate the language difficulties of missionaries and the importance of learning to speak correctly. A certain zealous lady, a new recruit to Berar where both Hindi and Marathi, are spoken, wished to start a Sunday School in her mission station. So she sent out her cook early on that same day, charging him to search diligently and bring to her bungalow all the boys he could find. She spoke in Marathi and meant to say "mulga" the word in that language for "boy." But, alas, to the cook it sounded like "murga" the word in Hindi for "fowl." This being quite in his line, he scoured the country, gathered all he could find and to the missionary's dismay, started her in the poultry business instead of inaugurating a Sunday School.

Some mission workers are inclined to be slipshod in the use of the vernaculars and some pre-

maturely rush into teaching and preaching before they are at all ready. By so doing, they are apt to perpetuate bad grammar and bad pronunciation and become established in their errors. On the other hand, there are others who are altogether too conservative, and spend years poring over their grammars and dictionaries before launching out into colloquial intercourse with the people, or even venturing an exhortation to the common village folk. Both extremes are equally bad mistakes.

In former years my wife often accompanied me and greatly helped in village touring; of late years I am more frequently assisted in this work by native helpers. A country cart is rigged up and made as comfortable as possible with straw mattress, and also a top of bamboo matting. Thus improved, it serves us fairly well both as a tent and a vehicle. One such conveyance which we used for touring, was inscribed with scripture texts on the outside.

Our traveling outfit usually consists of a soap box full of provisions, a bag of clothing, cooking utensils, a water bottle sometimes made of leather, and a box of tracts. We sometimes are assisted by our cartman, but ordinarily we have to do our own cooking. It is not difficult, however, as when touring we mainly subsist on the indigenous products of the land done up in native style.

In several of our mission fields, not being able to procure native helpers and having no cart, I have been obliged to tour alone (but commonly with a coolie for my head-load of baggage) and

make long journeys afoot. These have been some of my most enjoyable tours. A number of them were in the hills and valleys of North Berar with three adjacent districts of the Central Provinces; some in the eastern part of the Central Provinces; some in our new District of Yeotmal, and some in other parts of India. One journey extended to a point one hundred miles distant from our headquarters. In that tour I passed through ninety odd villages, and with some help from the Lord, preached in twenty of them, distributed tracts, gave medicine to seventeen persons. Despite heat, malaria, promiscuous drinking water, etc., we reached home inside of a month in "good shape," having sustained no further loss in wear and tear than a little shoe leather.

In village touring we have sometimes been supplied with uncooked food by kindly disposed natives, who knowing I was a religious teacher, refused to take any pay therefor. This has happened more frequently when touring afoot. Sometimes out of respect and friendship, they will even bring their "dainties." In which event we *have* to eat them! But it's all in *getting initiated.* Food often tastes far better than it looks. I remember once visiting a village with another missionary, when new in the country. The headman brought us a lota full of hot buffalo's milk sweetened with soft sugar to drink. It was a new "dose" for me, boiled in a brass pot, and withal I fancied the smell of onions about it. However, I drank my portion,

was agreeably surprised and have ever since been fond of milk thus prepared.

To obtain a wholesome drinking water is one of the common exigencies of village touring. We generally boil it before using, but sometimes this is impracticable, and under the pressure of necessity we are glad to get it as we find it, without asking any questions. Once after a long journey through the forest in the hot season, where no water was to be obtained, I reached a village dry and exhausted and asked for a drink at a hut door. The condition of the occupant did not appear to me at first, but when he handed me the lota of water, I noticed he was just recovering from smallpox. However, being sorely pressed by thirst, I drank it down without hesitation or anxiety about "microbes."

In touring, missionaries are frequently taken for Government officers, and so addressed by ignorant villagers. This is undesirable, in fact sometimes prejudicial. In the back villages, natives riding will sometimes dismount and salute us very profoundly. This does not so much matter; but to have them identify you in their minds, with some liquor-drinking, sporting, loose-living officer, with whose career they are perhaps too well acquainted, is disadvantageous indeed. The most moral Government officials, especially in the revenue and police departments, are expected by way of courtesy to defend or apologize for the abominable liquor traffic which is sadly in evidence most everywhere we go, which traffic yields a large rev-

enue to the government. Opium and ganja also bring in money to the British "raj."

Partly for the above and for various other reasons, my wife and I adopted the native garb and wore it for ten years. Thus attired we visited many bazaars, fairs and villages in North Berar.

One large fair in the Morsi Taluk which we attended, was held at a shrine by the foot of the hills. At that gathering in February, probably 50,000 people were present during the three days of the fair. So far as I know we were the only professing Christians there. Hundreds of Hindus, Gonds and Korkus heard the Gospel for the first time. In addition to our preaching, we sold at that one fair 600 Gospels and tracts in the vernaculars.

We also made tours among the hill people (see my "Sketch of the Korkus") and I had for my touring companion for some time, the Korku boy Loka, whose conversion is mentioned in the Memoirs of Louisa Ranf, by Mrs. Freeland. Some time after leaving the last named field, we discontinued the native dress, but continued, however, to adapt ourselves to the native style of living so far as practicable. In explanation of our views in this matter, I must refer our readers to the noted tract by the Rev. George Bowen, entitled "In what style shall we live?"

During our sojourn in the eastern part of the Central Provinces, I made many excursions to villages near and remote from our head station. Often few tracts are sold or disposed of as the people there are the most illiterate of those of any

part of India. In my preliminary tour before settling there permanently, I was accompanied by a young missionary brother who soon after contracted malarial fever, returned to America and died. The following is an extract from my journal, of a part of that journey. "February 18.—We arrived at Raipur by rail three days ago, where, after considerable bantering we obtained a country cart for our tour. Coming by government road we made good time reaching here (Dhamtari) fifty miles distant, last evening.—Preached at one village on the road, also in the bazaar here to-day.—People listened well.—Several dialects are understood.—I spoke in Hindi.—Leave to-morrow for Hanker.—We are doing our own cooking native style, on stones, but have good appetites and are 'happy as larks.'

"February 20.—After we left D., came by country road—passed several villages—forded the Mahanad, one of the sacred streams of the Hindus —reached Hanker, forty miles from D. about noon to-day.—Last night we lodged at a village inn or rest house, about half way, sleeping on the ground.—One small accident happened. Our glass bottle of ghee broke into a thousand pieces, but we saved part of it in another and rejoiced that we did not lose it all. We had a good time preaching to the Gonds who understand some of our Hindi although their own langnage is quite different. Arriving here (Hanker) at the capital of a native state, the Rajah and his prime minister received us grandly and 'the tables are turned.' Instead of doing our own cooking, they sent servants to do

it, bringing a large brass platter two feet wide loaded down with food, including a chicken. The Rajah's fine double tent was also pitched for us in a lovely shade and we were supplied with a table, beds, chairs and a carpet.

"February 21.—This morning an immense leopard, borne on the shoulders of four men was brought to our tent. It was just shot near here, in one of the Rajah's forests. Heavy forests abound in this territory.—Brother H. and myself were introduced to the Rajah at his domicile last night. He did not have much to say. His majesty and ourselves were furnished with chairs, but the crowd of seventy-five or one hundred dependents either stood up or sat on the floor. Having such a fine audience, I improved the opportunity by preaching to the Rajah and the assembled listeners. They gave the best of attention. The former was very polite, and in conclusion, offered us perfumery, betelnut and pan leaves, also aromatic spices, according to Hindu etiquette.—To-day the Rajah signified through his prime minister, his willingness to have us open a mission here, and designated a spot for a mission bungalow, should we come.

"This state is one of the 500 or more petty kingdoms under British protection. Many of them are favorable to missions. This little kingdom has a population of 75,000.

"February 23.—Arrived at Abampur to-day. The Rajah of K. gave us an escort out of his dominions on account of the danger from wild ani-

mals.—Preached at H. yesterday to some thirty boys in the Government school, and spent some time teaching them the Commandments. This is a privilege seldom granted."

The above extract was written over twelve years ago, yet the Native State referred to is still unoccupied, and there are many similar unoccupied fields in the empire, which are open to missionaries.

CHAPTER X.

REMINISCENCES OF OPEN AIR WORK—CONTINUED

Among the many tours made with our native helpers since coming to Yeotmal District over three years ago, was one to the southeast corner of Wun Taluk. Here near the junction of two large rivers is a noted shrine and temple. Among the prominent deities is a large stone snake called Shesnag. It appears like an immense cobra with head erect, and represents the king of the serpent race on whose folds Vishnu is said to recline, and whose head also it is supposed upholds the world. This fabulous race of serpents, half human, half divine, is believed to inhabit one of the lower regions. Some writers on India suggest that this tradition may point to the former existence of a class of beings to which the serpent that tempted Eve may have belonged.

On this journey we visited and preached in villages which had most probably never seen a missionary before. At one large bazaar where we were entire strangers, the people seemed quite interested in the message; but when we began to distribute tracts, a Brahmin bystander tore one into bits and threw it on us. This quite "unhinged" the temper of my native helper, who in his haste to have the of-

fender brought to justice, got involved in a quarrel, and the uproar which ensued about neutralized all the good impression made.

Many years previous to this event, a converted Brahmin who accompanied me, while preaching at a crowded bazaar, got offended at an officer, who cleared the road in front of him. Upon this, he gave the officer some abuse. For this offense he was afterwards fined thirty rupees on the charge of "resisting an officer in the discharge of public duty."

These are samples of some of our trials. Not the opposition of the heathen, but the weaknesses of our helpers. On the other hand I must testify that we have been favored at times with native help of quite the opposite kind. In our present field, for example, one native preacher who received a remarkable baptism of the Holy Spirit last year at the revival in Yeotmal has truly assisted me some since our coming here. This man is a most devoted and humble Christian, keeps a sweet temper in the midst of abusive treatment, prevails in prayer and preaches in the power of the Spirit. Such helpers are rare in India.

Although we feel more or less the spirit of resistance to the truth among the natives in bazaar and village work, violent opposition is not common. There is frequently a bigoted and vicious class in the cities who sometimes attack the missionaries and their helpers. I was once struck on the head and wounded by a stone thrown from behind, and my helpers and self have been assailed many times by less dangerous missiles in the larger towns and

cities, but not in the villages. The chief weapon of this band, offensive and defensive, is the tongue; and in the wielding of this implement of war the natives are adepts.

The great majority of our listeners in open air work are no doubt wayside hearers, but we trust we have reason to believe that once in a while, an honest seeker after God receives the Word, perhaps to the saving of his soul. Such was the case of an interesting old Hindu leper who heard our message in one village I visited many years ago. He believed in Christ and asked to be baptized. When I went to his place soon after, I learned he had passed away, I trust to be forever with the Lord. Another Hindu, a cultivator who had forsaken idolatry, heard the Gospel from our lips, and began to pray to God in Jesus' name. This he kept up for months after we left the station, so we learned from missionaries who followed us. A Mohammedan who had heard us and other missionaries at Ellichpur, followed us some years later to a new station where I publicly baptized him under the name of "Yuhannah" (John). His conduct was exemplary and he remained with us for some time. One day when we were in need he surprised us with a donation of five rupees from his own previous savings, although we gave him no wages. Being quite intelligent, having taught in Government schools, he had a longing for a theological education. He eventually left us and went to another mission in hopes of obtaining his desire, but not however until he had brought a young Hindu to me whom

I also baptized after much instruction. Years rolled by and we learned nothing of Y.'s whereabouts. A letter of very recent date tells us that he is now doing mission work in Baluchistan and asks our prayers.

Since coming to India we have endeavored to scatter the good seed of the Kingdom effectually by means of Scripture portions and tracts. The former are chiefly the four gospels, and the latter booklets of an average size, somewhat smaller than the Gospel of Mark. We have sold many thousands of these in hundreds of towns and villages, fairs, bazaars, by the roadside and on the railroad trains, besides distributing gratis tens of thousands of leaflet tracts. This literature printed in eight languages has been scattered over the land. The blessing of God has been on this line of effort, for I have learned of the conversion of at least one native largely through the reading of those tracts, who afterwards became a Methodist preacher in North India.

The above cases are mentioned as tokens of encouragement in open-air and wayside mission work which have cheered our hearts. Had we no tokens at all we ought not to be discouraged nor "slack our hands"; as the Word of God distinctly says, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether both shall be alike good."

At this juncture of my narrative I must state (more especially for the benefit of friends who are

somewhat familiar with our movements in the land) that while it is true I have baptized about 140 natives since coming to India, the greater number by far, it is fair to say, were not the result solely of our own missionary labors; and the majority of the converts, too, should be credited to orphanage work and not to open-air evangelism.

In village touring, accidents sometimes happen, and many are the vicissitudes that fall to the average missionary in travel. Tip-overs, break-downs or collisions are not infrequent. My own cart has sometimes stuck in the mud of the black cotton-soil of the plains; sometimes a tire gets loose and sometimes our animals lie down in the road, positively refusing to go any further. Twice I have had actual runaways, in one of which my cartman was severely hurt. Coming home from one trip at night while all were "napping" (cartman included), we were roused from our slumbers by the top of the cart catching on the branch of a tree and tearing almost completely off before we stopped. On another journey our pair of ill-trained bullocks suddenly veered to one side in a narrow road and caused my head to strike the tiles of a native hut. The blow was severe and might even have proved fatal, had not the turban on my head served as a buffer.

These are some of the events which help break the monotony of a journey and serve to keep us awake in a drowsy, tropical climate. Once my wife and another lady were traveling through the hills in a native cart by a road scarped around steep

cliffs. Suddenly they were alarmed and frightened by their bullocks suddenly turning and mounting the low parapet and coming within an inch or two of a yawning precipice! It sometimes happens that the cart is drawn by a pair of half-broken steers, and the driver a mere tyro. In such case, woe to the passengers housed inside should the cart take a sudden plunge down a steep bank. On a recent trip to a distant town of our present field, my cart tipped over and both driver and self were thrown down. This accident was purely the fault of the cartman, and we providentially received no further injury than a few scratches.

We escaped a more serious predicament some four years ago when laboring at Sanjan. One day returning home by a narrow road frequented by heavily loaded timber carts, we reached the vicinity of our mission compound. I bade the orphan boy who drove, to get down and go ahead by a foot-path so as to reach home sooner, as I intended to drive, little dreaming of any trouble.

After the boy left, and before I got fairly seated upon the tongue of the cart where the cartman sits, the animals took fright at my large pith sun-hat, and bolted full speed. The sudden lurch threw me to the ground in front of one of the heavy wheels of the cart. I seized the tongue and held on for dear life, and although my head was near the heels of the oxen, I managed to keep my feet off the ground and hang. The cart tore away down the road bumping and thumping at a terrible rate! It was impossible for me to stop it, as every effort

on my part to climb up, only made my oxen more wild. I feared to drop lest I should come in contact with the wheels. This to me, was an alarming dilemma! I could do but one thing, and that I did. I *prayed.* Shortly after, as God so ordered, the animals slacked their pace. Watching my chance I dropped off between the wheels, thus escaping with only my clothes somewhat soiled. The oxen still kept on but were caught by a native down the road.

In this unusual experience and safe deliverance, I felt to praise and thank God for three things. First, that I had sense enough to pray; second, that I had strength enough to hold to the tongue; third, that no animal, cart, or other serious obstruction was met in the road, for had there been, it is quite possible I should not have escaped alive.

These are a few of the dangers incident to Indian travel. But there are perils of other kinds especially in the back districts and villages of Central India. Once in the hot season, I became very thirsty and went to a village well at dusk. I reached out my hand to seize the rope lying on the ground. At that instant, a venomous serpent darting out from under the rope, crawled away, but might easily have bitten me. Another time I went out into the fields to pray and happened to kneel near a snake's den. Feeling one of these slimy reptiles crawling along my leg, it made the cold chills start, and caused me to bounce up and whirl around just in time to see a large serpent escaping into its hole.

Though often traveling unarmed and alone through the forests and jungles where game abounded, and running across the tracks of tigers, bear and other beasts of prey, it has not been my lot to meet any dangerous quadrupeds, except on two occasions. The first time I lost my way in a forest. Coming suddenly upon a wild boar after dark, he half frightened me out of my wits, by rousing up and rumbling through the grass at the top of his speed. The second, when myself and family were going to a hill station, our oxen were stopped by bears in the road near a large forest. This was at night, and we only succeeded in driving them off by ringing a bell, beating tins and shouting at the top of our voices. Hyenas, wolves and jackals have crossed my path many times, but as they seldom attack a man in his strength, they are not considered dangerous to travelers.

In the cold season after the rains have subsided and the roads dried up, is the time when missionaries usually tour and camp among the villages. There is perhaps no line of missionary effort equal to this for developing the powers of new recruits, and enlarging their knowledge of the people, their home life, language, superstitions, etc. Every village and most every house among the Hindus has its idols and shrines. It is common for them to argue that as God is up above, and out of sight, He has set up the idols as His visible agents here below. These are felt to be the proximate cause of good and bad luck. The divinities are to be conciliated, and to be kept in good humor. Back

of all is an impersonal God whom they don't have much to fear from. Sometimes a priest will defend idolatry by saying that as God is without attributes and personality and practically unknowable, the common people require something tangible to worship, which is not so bad logic if the premises were true. The common people must be reminded again and again that "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

In defense of idolatry the more clever will use the pantheistic argument that as God is everywhere, He must be in the idols, too, so they become proper objects of worship if the worshiper *only believes* so. A European traveler, thinking once to confound a Hindu pantheist, spoke as follows: "Do you mean to assert that God is in the dust under my feet?" "Unquestionably," he answered. "It then is great impiety for me to tread upon God." "Oh, no," said the Hindu, "it is not, because God is also in your feet and in your boots, and it is no impiety for God to tread upon God." One of the most common excuses which I have heard for idolatry is put thus: "It is the custom of our fathers which has come down to us, and if we neglect to worship the gods, then sickness, famine and distress will come upon us." To this we reply in substance: "It is for this very sin of idolatry the God of heaven sends these calamities upon you, to warn and to teach you that idolatry is wrong, and that you should worship and serve Him alone."

When all the pros and cons of an argument

with the average Hindu are finished, he generally falls back on Fate, or to put it as one old man did in a village I visited, "You cannot cut short the eighty-four." Now what was meant by this curious statement? As we have partly shown in a previous chapter Fate obliged eighty-four lacs of births before the soul can be released from "bondage to matter." A lac is 100,000, and the terrible law involves untold ages of wanderings here and there, the thought of which fills many a Hindu mind with dreadful forebodings. As for deliverance, or salvation: while some of the Shasters say the law of Fate must run its course, others say that it can be shortened; nevertheless the thousand and one austerities, penances, pilgrimages, endless rites, and ceremonies prescribed and vaguely believed to be efficacious to secure "Mukti" (deliverance or release), are after all, so impracticable as to make it impossible for anyone to meet the conditions. Truly this is a religion of despair!

The Hindus are enveloped in clouds of ignorance, superstition and darkness which only the Gospel can dispel. The general feeling of the mass of the people is that all things pertaining to the nature and destiny of man being run into cast iron moulds as it were, there is little hope of any change here. This feeling is often expressed in their proverbs. Here is one from the Chattisgarhi dialect of Hindi:

"As is the house and doorway,
Likewise so is the door;

As is the mother who bore the child,
So is the child she bore;
As is a piece of indigo
Blue and blue to the core;
Iron never turns to gold,
Though you may work it o'er;
They offered up tons of camphor,
And did even the gods implore,
But the raven ne'er became a swan
Not in this age nor before."

How different the hopeful, soul-reviving outlook of the Gospel! "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose." "Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing." "Instead of the thorn shall come the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree, and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign which shall not be cut off."

CHAPTER XI.

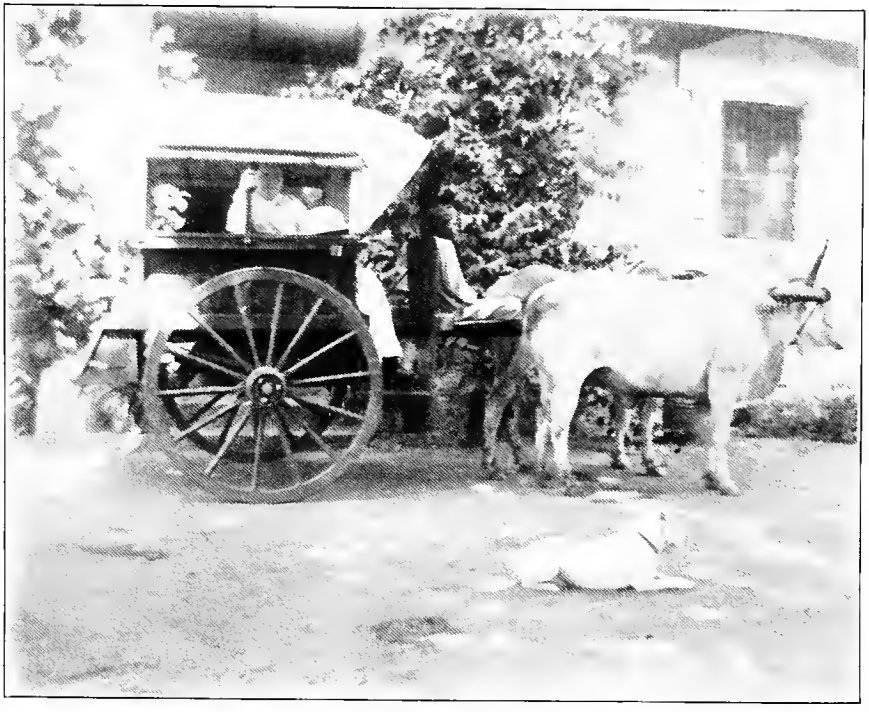
POVERTY OF THE PEOPLE AND FAMINE REMINISCENCES.

*"And there was no bread in all the land; for the famine was very sore, so that the land * * * fainted by reason of the famine."*

A dollar means vastly more in poverty-stricken India than in luxurious America. There are millions of people in this land who are living in houses, the whole building outfit of which cost less than one dollar. The great majority of families are very poor, and millions of them could easily subsist on what is ordinarily thrown away by well-to-do families in the Occident.

This is a country where they coin their *mills*, where a one *cent* meal is all a beggar would ask for, and a *dime* is generally *big* wages for a laboring man per day. To most individuals a *double eagle* would represent the savings of a life time.

The smallest silver coin which I have ever seen is the "chukram" of Travancore State, worth about one cent and not larger than a shirt button; but the current value of some of the rude copper "dubs" of other Native States—chopped off like chunks of taffy, is probably not more than one mill in value. In Government coinage one "pie" (cop-



A TONGA WITH SPRINGS, DRAWN BY OXEN

per) is equal to one-sixth of a cent; and in many parts to make change for *smaller transactions,* the people use cowrie shells of which it takes from twenty to thirty to make one pie! On account of the great ignorance and poverty of the people in Kanker State, I saw them using the wild-silk cocoons of the forest for money.

In Chattisgarh we used to employ women and children to carry head loads of earth in baskets at five shells a load. They were glad to get work at that rate to "fill their stomachs." At this job, they could earn about three cents a day. Low wages that! but they never struck for higher, although they asked for more. They knew it was either that or nothing and went to work contentedly. Ordinarily the wants of that class of people are few; and during fair times in that part of the country three cents would purchase four pounds of cheap red rice and a handful of vegetables with enough salt to season.

From Government reports gathered over ten years ago it appears that the average annual income of the people of India was about $10; whereas in Turkey it was about $20, in Russia $30, in England $165 and in the United States $200. So far as this country is concerned it has probably not improved, as in the interim we have had two of the worst famines India has ever seen. Taking the country as a whole, the average wages of a coolie man is about six cents a day (when he gets work) and of a woman four, while skilled labor realizes from twenty cents to thirty cents.

The average size of a farm in India is said to be five acres. On account of the imperfect methods of cultivation, taxes, heathen customs, etc., the actual profit to the poor farmer is very small. In fact Lord Curzon in 1902 estimated the average income of the Indian agriculturist at not quite one penny a day. Sir Charles Elliot writes, "I do not hesitate to say that half our agricultural population never know from year's end to year's end what it is to have their hunger satisfied." Sir William Hunter says that "there are always about forty million of the people of India who never have a full stomach except in a good mango year." This means but two months out of twenty-four, and these periods of stress bear heavily on the rural population of Bengal, Central Provinces and the intervening territory.

Some of our readers may ask, "Why don't the distressed farmers of India *sell out and go west?*" Ostensibly for two reasons: First, they are too heavily mortgaged and have little or nothing to sell out; second, there is no congenial West where they may migrate. If these obstacles were removed there are also other reasons, chiefly caste. Of these I will not speak now.

In the past ten years besides small local famines there have been two large ones which carried off some twenty million people. The ravages of these famines and the distress of the inhabitants was most terrible in Gujerat and the Central Provinces. The Government at one time was feeding no less than four million people daily at vast expense.

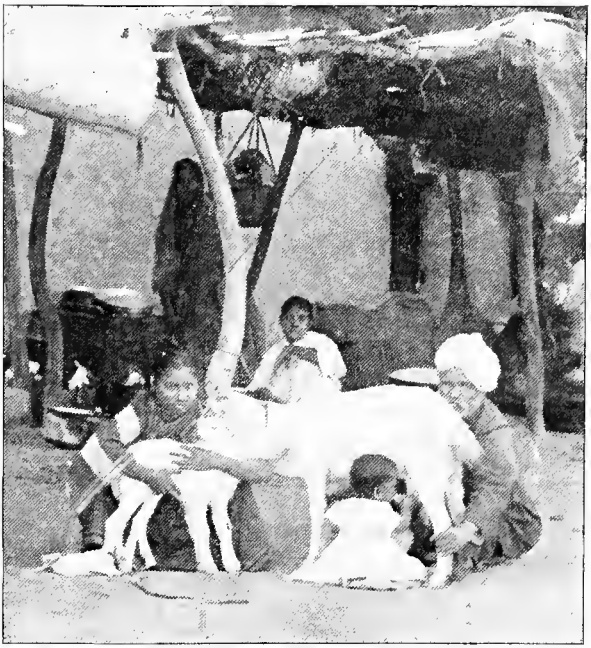
Yet the credit of the nation was not seriously disturbed, as the average wants of the famine sufferers were small. In that part of the country where we were laboring during the famine times, the Government opened poorhouses and "kitchens" where cooked food was distributed once a day to the infirm and helpless. Those able to work were put to road making, breaking stone, excavating tanks, etc., at the following scale of wages: three cents a day for a man, two and one-half for a woman, and one and one-half for a child; all this when red rice, the staple food, was one and seven-ninths of a cent a pound. When rice went up their wages were increased accordingly; but they were not decreased when it went down. At the above rate of wages and current price of grain, one man could thus only earn about 1 lb. 11 oz. of rice a day, whereas the convicts in the provincial jail at Nagpur are each allowed two pounds daily solid food including flour, peas, or beans, vegetables, oil, salt and condiments, and their rations are *never divided to feed some one else.* As to the amount of work to be performed it was stipulated that a man, when on stone work, should break six cubic feet of road metal per day, a woman four feet and a child something else; but in this work, the man's wages were increased to three and one-half cents.

Thus provided for, thousands were tided over the famine. But alas, thousands more arrived too late! It was thought the last famine of 1900 affected seventy million of the inhabitants of India. The former perhaps as many, but it was most severe

in the Central Provinces. Living so near the verge of starvation even in favorable times, it was not strange when famine overtook them, that thousands should be swept off like sheep, and more especially the agricultural classes, who were generally the last to beg.

On account of the large army of religious and professional beggars who always have to be looked after (there are no vagrant laws in India for natives), the Government was slow to offer relief until there was evidently distress among the cultivators. At our mission station during that period, we were in the habit of giving alms once a week to a large number of the beggars who existed in the neighborhood; but when the crowd increased, we bought cart loads of grain and distributed it by handfuls daily to the people. Not only grain, but the dried blossoms of the mhowa tree, an article of diet among the poor, were given out. At first we caused the needy to sit in line and charged them to remain till all were served. This plan worked well for a while, but in a short time they grew desperate, broke line, besieged and besought the distributors for more. At such times we had to use force to keep back the lawless and bring them under control. Often the more reckless rushed beyond bounds and rudely snatched grain from one another and from our baskets as well.

Alas! these terrible famines not only turned the people into madmen, but into ravening wolves! After some weeks we cooked a substantial meal of rice and pulse and fed a limited number inside our



A FAMINE EXPEDIENT

mission compound once a day, sorting out the most needy and giving them tin tags to wear. We often had a desperate time holding back the crowd when the gate was opened to let in the selected ones. Although the servants watched, it did not prevent a poor wretch now and then scaling the fence or crawling beneath. Then the tin tags were frequently torn off from the weak or wrenched out of their hands. We could not always rectify these cases of injustice though we endeavored so to do; neither could we always tell the real state of the famine subjects who were fed on the compound. Some went away and died perhaps from the effects of the hearty meal their weak stomachs were unable to bear. One poor fellow I remember lay down and died in the place alloted to him at the meal.

We were for months amidst the dead and dying. Some coming to beg during the night lay down in front of our gate and were found dead in the morning. They were tied hands and feet together, slung on a pole and carried off to be buried like dogs by the scavengers. A woman of the Mahar caste died near our mission house and her children, a boy and girl in the orphanage, conveyed her as above and buried her themselves. I often saw the scavengers at work in the potter's field behind the almshouse.

One morning a ghastly sight met my gaze. Seven corpses with distorted limbs and features were interred in one great hole! But these were not all the gruesome sights in that vicinity. It was near the road to villages which I visited, and many

skulls and scraps of human beings were scattered over the fields. These had been eaten by hyenas and other beastly ghouls which infest the graves at night and drag out the recent dead. Such sights were not uncommon in the famine fields.

One missionary in the district next to ours went out one day and gathered twenty-one skulls of unburied victims, in the space of ten minutes; while a missionary in another district saw fifty unburied corpses in half a day's journey through his territory!

"They cry to gods of wood and stone,
Alas! no help is there!
In heathen gloom and darkness wrapped,
They sink in dire despair.

"Alone along the road they lie,
With none to watch or care!
While vultures grim and jackals fierce
Wait to devour them there."

"Gaunt forms and bony, outstretched hands,
Wild eyes with hungry glare,
Awhile in hopeless anguish plead,
And then—the dead are there."

When grain was half a cent a pound, most of the poor could eke out a living, but when it ran up to two cents and more, grain dealers got rich quick, while the small farmers soon came to an end of their means. After selling off their stock, plows, wooden tools, hand mills, cots and brass pots they had practically nothing left but their huts. And many of these were unroofed and the timber sold.

These dismantled, villages were abandoned and sometimes looked as though swept by fire. Neighbors and families gradually separated and wandered here and there in search of food. When reduced to the extremities of famine, caste rules were almost forgotten and its rigid laws indeed became quite flexible.

In times of scarcity before, I had seen poor women washing out, to eat, the undigested grain in the ordure of cattle; but in famine times they picked up bits of food in the filthy garbage of towns. Many ate the wild pods of the forest which I dare say, were far less edible than the "husks" of the "prodigal son," and multitudes of others to stay the cravings of hunger, brought grass seed, roots and the leaves, bark and fiber of trees into requisition, while the dregs of our bran-coffee was, to them, a luxury. They might have killed some of the superfluous cows which abounded in many parts and subsisted for a while. This, however, the Hindus would not do. Even the cattle, after a time for want of fodder, dropped dead on the parched plains by thousands, and were quickly disposed of by the jackals, dogs, vultures and crows.

The sweep of these mighty famines was not unlike the ravages of destroying armies which bring down men and beasts alike to the sod and leave a track of desolation behind. Then the bones were gathered up. It was a rich harvest time for the bonepickers as well as corn merchants and grave diggers, and even the bleaching remains of human beings were not spared! Men's bones, bullock's

bones, horse's bones—the skulls, ribs and humeri of men, jumbled up with the shanks, horns and hoofs of cattle. I saw them dumped in great heaps near the station, to be loaded on the trains and shipped away to fertilize the soil of other lands.

Such was the final end, so far as this world is concerned, of multitudes of the inhabitants of hundreds of villages throughout the land.

I shall write briefly of the help rendered to the famine stricken in their suffering and distress. The Government Relief Work has already been mentioned. It was in the main a wise and systematic distribution on a huge scale. Thousands of distributors were required, and although no doubt many of them proved unfaithful to their trust, the Government did its best under the circumstances, and sought so far as possible to secure missionaries as overseers where they were willing to serve.

During those times we received several thousand dollars for famine relief, mostly from kind friends in America, besides numerous boxes of clothing, etc. Other missions all over the famine area received large sums from abroad, opened "Kitchens" and relief works of various kinds, and founded orphanges, whereby tens of thousands were carried through the famine. Just how many, it is impossible to tell.

So far as the orphan rescue work is concerned, it is reported that some time after the close of the last great famine, there were 25,000 children in the various orphanages. This was most probably but fifty per cent of the number they actually took

in, as the mortality was very great, and many were restored to their friends.

Among the larger efforts for famine relief outside of the Government, the "Mansion House Fund" may be mentioned. This amounted to several million dollars and was I think mostly applied in restoring cultivators to their farms, supplying oxen, plows and seed-grain. Concerning local help, it is a gloomy fact, that aside from a number of rajahs who followed the example set by the Government, comparatively few natives of wealth gave anything at all commensurate to their ability, for famine relief.

CHAPTER XII.

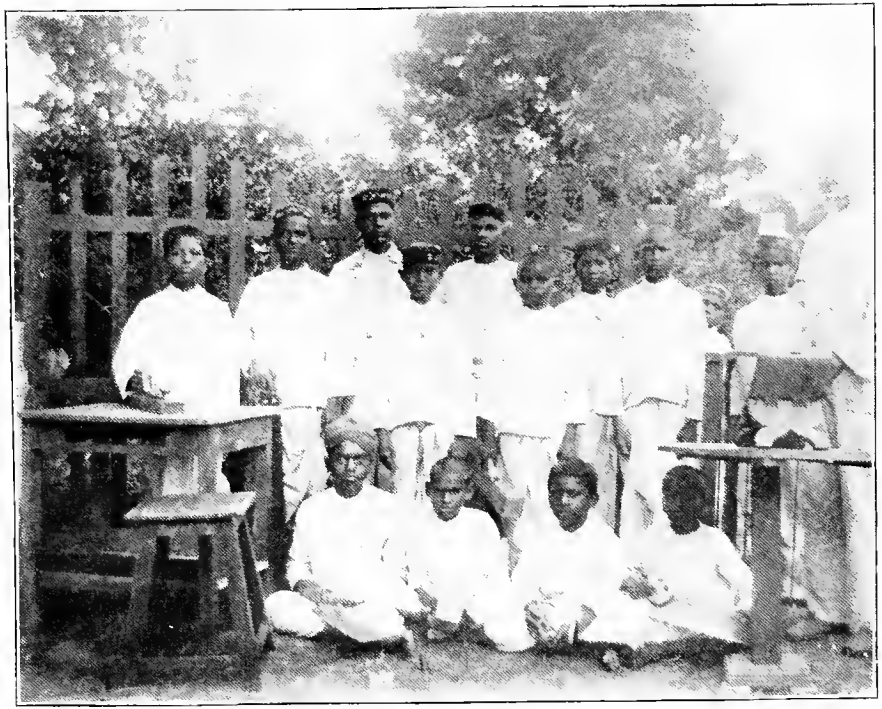
EXPERIENCES IN FAMINE ORPHAN WORK.

"We are orphans and fatherless, and our mothers are as widows."

PHEBE E. WARD.

"Dai wo!" "Dai wo!" rang out on the still air of a sultry day in the hot season of 1897. The missionary inside the little native house had just quieted the orphan children, and had betaken herself to rest at the noontide hour on the cool surface of the ground, with a gunny bag and straw pillow for bedding. The cry repeated, sometimes with a low moan and again louder in its intensity, warns the missionary inside that there is no rest for her until she responds to this call. And what does it mean? Simply, "Oh, mother!" in the native tongue, but sounding like "die" and "woe" in ours. the sound was most significant, for in those terrible famine days, *death* and *woe* stared the people in the face.

When the missionary went out, she found a poor woman with a little child whom she offered to sell for a mere pittance. Finding she could not sell it, she willingly gave it away to the lady to



GROUP OF ORPHAN BOYS AT WORKSHOP, YEOTMAL

feed and save its life. But this was not the only time the cry was heard around that humble mission home! It had become familiar to the ears of the missionaries living there, for months previous and continued to be for months to come.

Thus I introduce to our readers a narrative of some of the never-to-be-forgotten events of the famine rescue work of ten years ago.

For some weeks previous to the above incident, notice had been given that all applicants for famine relief must come before noon, as that was our rest hour; but new cases from distant towns kept constantly coming with their doleful cry of "Dai wo!" and we learned that the easiest way to quiet them was to answer their call, and give them a handful of grain.

At the beginning of the famine we had not planned to found an orphanage. My husband declared I was doing all I was able, and the care of orphan children would be too heavy a burden. One day it so happened that a poor Hindu woman came with her two-year-old baby boy, begging for relief and urging me to take the child. We were rather reluctant at first to do so, though I inwardly desired we might, and prayed in my heart that God would incline the mother to leave the child if it was His will for us to take it. This she did, and then I said to my husband, "Now the child is here and I don't see what we can do but take care of him." He was a sweet child. We named him Suntosh which means "content," and he became the delight of the mission for ten short months, when

he died in my bed beside me. How we loved him! He could say nothing when he came, but when the blessing on the food was asked, he would clasp his little hands and nod at the word "Amen," as much as to say, "I would say it if I could." Poor little tot! When he came his backbone was coming through the skin, and like so many famine subjects which we helped, his stomach was fearfully swollen.

When the police learned we were ready to take in famine waifs, they brought some friendless children from the neighboring towns. One day they came with a little child that had been badly treated. Feet and limbs were swollen and she cried from pain when trying to stand. One ear was pierced, with a piece of wood in it to make the hole larger, and was sore and swollen. A string of dirty black beads was round her neck and eleven glass bracelets on her wrists. I did enjoy getting these marks of heathenism off from this child, as well as the dirt and grime. But the saddest discovery were the wounds on her body. Two rows across her back, and a circle around each knee. Fifty-three marks in all! These they told us, were probably inflicted to help her stand! This cauterizing with a red hot sickle is a common but most barbarous practise, and is thought to be a counter-irritant for pain. Alas! "The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." A dress which our Bessie wore when she was born, just fitted his three-year-old girl. The poor, thin arms!

One girl seven years old had bracelets measur-

ing only one and one-fourth inches in diameter, which slipped off her hands easily. From time to time, hundreds of these glass and lacquer bracelets were removed from the waifs and were taken to America as mementoes of the famine.

A mother died near our house under a tree, soon after we began taking in the children. I hunted two days for the child she left, and found her naked and desolate. My heart was stirred thinking of her mother dying so near our door. (Such things became familiar later on.) I was never so thankful before for the gifts that helped us to rescue the children, as I was that night when I bathed that child and heard her clear, ringing laugh as I dressed her in clean clothes. Such glee was an exception to the usual gloomy feeling of the children when they first came.

A sorry looking child stood before our door one day, with a ragged, dirty cloth thrown over her head. Both cheeks had been deeply burned in four places with a hot iron. One cheek was very sore. She said her own mother did it because she had stolen some rice gruel from her.

Many and diverse were the ways the children came to us. One woman brought a boy four years old, in a basket on her head from a village eight miles away. Some were brought in slings fastened to poles over men's shoulders. We found a boy by our front gate in a state of collapse. We sat with him through the night, giving him a spoonful of milk every half hour, although having no hope of his recovery. His was a remarkable case. Al-

though his backbone was visible from in front, yet he is alive, strong and well to-day.

Parties of two, three, and sometimes half a dozen were seen straggling up our front walk at all hours of the day. The memory of those walking skeletons lives with me still. Those terrible scenes of distress were so constantly before my mind, that I once found myself in my sleep, searchind under my bed for naked children.

One little girl led a precarious life in Raj Nandgaon even before the famine. Her mother died when she was a baby, leaving three children to shift for themselves. After a time the elder sister obtained work at three cents a day and they were able to "keep house" and have "regular meals." This was not altogether impossible during prosperous times when rice was half a cent a pound, and clothing, shelter and fuel cost next to nothing. But when rice quadrupled in price and beggars multiplied by the thousand, it became a serious matter and the little one was given to us. One boy was found in an open box car, left by his friends to die, or to be eaten by wild animals which abounded in that region.

We had to shave the head of every child that came on account of vermin, and our own four year old Louisa had to share the same fare with the others as her mother was too busy to keep her head clean. During the hot season, we let her stay in the Government rest bungalow with friends for a little while. I missed the precious laughing face at night, but as I was so busy with those who were

A DOMESTIC SCENE IN INDIA

as precious to our Father, I had no time to feel lonely. While we had so many children in our charge at that time, yet we did not have one of our own, our other daughters Ethel and Bessie being in America.

A little girl about the age of Louisa had such a sad story. When she told it, she would begin with a quiver in her voice which increased as she went on and by the time she would speak of her mother, she was sobbing aloud. They had been well-to-do farmers. Her father died first, then her baby brother and last of all her mother, two days before we took her in. The first few days she came, it was so pitiful to see her just at evening, sit by herself and cry, "O mother, mother!" When our little girl had the cholera, this child felt so badly. She ever after evinced a very strong attachment to her white-faced playmate of those trying days.

There was a touching case of a man dying of starvation, leaving a widow with seven boys, three of whom died soon after. The mother's heart clung to her eldest and youngest, but she gave the two others to us. Then the famine pressing harder upon her, she thought us her two-year-old baby. In a few days, with heart-rending cries, she left her last, the eldest. Her thin body showed how she had denied herself to keep her dear ones alive. In a little while she died. Despite all our care, the lives of those four boys went out one by one. I sit here now, after the lapse of these years, crying as I think about them.

Thus death, like a gaunt fiend, kept snatching

from our arms such beautiful, promising children. Famine dysentery claimed most of the victims. I have spoken of my husband and child having the cholera. That disease, too, carried off a number and we had to battle with small-pox. Worms were also a frequent cause of death, some of the children even vomiting them up, six and eight inches long; while another disease bred them in the mouth. It was a comfort sometimes to see the little ones released from the awful suffering they had to endure. Many who came to us were so completely enervated by starvation and desultory feeding, that notwithstanding the best of care, with regular and careful feeding for months, they failed to recover.

It always took two or three months to satisfy them with food. They would look with longing eyes at it, even though they had just finished a good meal. They were adepts at picking up every kernel of grain that fell. It was hard to see them crying for food, and they could not understand our kindness when keeping it from them. They all looked so hopeless at first, but after shaving their heads, (a barber was kept busy those days) bathing and clothing them, and the warm loving atmosphere of the Home about them, they blossomed out into such different looking children. When they came, they were sick, undisciplined, untrained, sometimes with dreadful sores, with only one absorbing thought, i. e., to get all they wanted to eat. The meal time was the most interesting of all hours to them. When the dinner bell rang, smiles would ripple over their faces and often deepen into laughter.

We had one singular exception, however. A boy of about sixteen years had been with us for some time, whose taste had become so perverted before he came, that he finally began leaving his good food and despite our entreaties, would persist in eating gravel! Of course we could not save him and he died. This is not an isolated case, for a missionary told us that a woman retained the habit of eating dirt for some years after the famine of 1877.

It took a long time for most of the children after they came, to pick up energy enough to play a game of ball. Sighs and gloomy looks would sometimes hail its advent when we brought out one to play with. When strength and health began to return, the children were transformed from seemingly premature old men and women to blithesome youths.

Rules were adopted and constant vigilance was necessary to see there was no infringement on them. We believed in Solomon's advice and resorted to it when needed. The list of "don'ts" were very large. It might be of interest to note some of them:

Don't pick up and eat any parings, raw grain, etc.
Don't eat any stale food without permission.
Don't yell or shout when the dinner bell rings.
Don't throw dishes about in confusion.
Don't hang around when food is being served.
Don't eat the food left by another child.
Don't go in the cook house without orders.
Don't sit down in the path to scour your teeth with charcoal.
Don't scatter grain or tread it down.
Don't make an uproar when gathering for prayers.

Don't throw bedding around the room on rising.
Don't lie down in the dirt with clean clothes on.
Don't drop down anywhere, but sleep in rows.
Don't go on the outside of the fence.

When we began the work, we gave each child one mud dish (costing one-fourth of a cent), one gunny bag for a bed, one cotton sheet in warm weather and a woolen blanket in cold, for a covering. They needed no knives or forks as they ate with their fingers. They were happy and contented with this outfit.

The well-filled boxes from America and England, that came from time to time were sources of great encouragement to us; and the self-denial of friends who helped us in the work was a real inspiration and blessing. Their gifts enabled us to put up a good bungalow commensurate with the needs of the work, and other buildings which were required. We praise the Lord for the privilege of rescuing about 600, although we never had more than about 100 to care for at one time. Of these perhaps 275 died. Some were taken by their relatives. Some ran away and others were taken by missionaries to Yeotmal, Bombay, Jagdalpur and Peshawar. Our mission was a sort of receiving station; and beside these children, others were gathered in and carried away by missionaries.

We also praise God that He not only gave money for the work, but also health and strength to carry it on. I was not ill one day during all those months, and I magnify the Lord for His keeping power, for truly, it was all of grace.

We endeavored to train the children to fill some place in God's great field of service. Although we felt that special work some years ago, we have since had the satisfaction of seeing carpenters, laundresses, cooks, tailors, teachers, and best of all, catechists and Bible women from among them. Not a few quickly drank in religious instruction.

One boy began early to show signs of a promising character. He was so faithful in secret prayer. I remember going out one night in the boy's dormitory, and there, amid the noise and confusion, I saw two boys off in a corner by themselves praying. They did not notice my coming in or going out. I heard this boy say, "Thou hast shed Thy blood to save us." He is now in glory, singing the song of which he first learned the key note in our mission home. He was especially bright at his books, loving in his nature, and unusually receptive of divine truths. Before he died he helped much in village preaching. We mourned his early death but rejoice in the thought that he has safely reached his heavenly home.

While I am writing this article, one of the girls given to the Yeotmal Mission, who is developing nicely, is accompanying one of our lady missionaries as a Bible woman, and telling the story of Jesus and His love to her own people.

And now, notwithstanding all the trouble, toils, tears, burdens and heartaches borne through those weary months, we feel it more than pays, in the prospect and promise for the enlargement of the kingdom of God which these rescued orphans give.

CHAPTER XIII.

A MISSIONARY HERITAGE IN THE GREAT HEART OF INDIA.

"The field when it goeth out in the jubilee, shall be holy unto the Lord."

In the occupation of mission fields which is rapidly taking place in this vast empire, an important and needy territory in the providence of God has fallen to the American Free Methodist church to evangelize. It is known as the old Wun District of Berar. In area it is one-half of the size of the State of New Jersey and has a population of about half a million souls.

Berar has recently become one of the Central Provinces, and the Wun District is absorbed in the new and enlarged "District of Yeotmal." This mission field however remains as it was. It lies for the most part within the 20th and 21st parallels of North latitude and is divided into four taluks or counties.

The general aspect of the country is diversified by hills, open plains, forests and cultivated fields. Aside from the two rivers Wurdah and Pengunga, which form the eastern and southern boundaries respectively, the district is well watered by smaller

streams. But of these many run dry in the hot season. The average rainfall is forty-one inches, while the temperature ranges from 45 to 112 degrees Fahrenheit.

The soil is fertile in the plains and river valleys but somewhat barren on the hills. The latter are more or less covered with timber, grass and undergrowth and furnish pasturage for immense flocks and herds of goats, sheep and cattle, including the tame buffalo. Of the whole area of the old Wun District (3909 square miles), 2,557 square miles are classed as cultivated, 242 as tillable and 1,110 as not cultivated. The average number of acres of cultivated land to each inhabitant is three and one-half, but the farms probably average fifteen to twenty acres in size.

Two crops, autumnal and spring, are harvested during the year. Not on the same fields, however, unless irrigation is practised. Among the principal crops are cotton, great millet, wheat, gram, linseed, pigeon pea and sesame. Among the less important are spiked millet, lentiles, beans, rice, tobacco and hemp. There are a score or more of reserved forests in the district which yield timber, bamboos, gall nuts, mhowa fruit, etc.

The cotton of this part of India is of a superior quality and when the crop is good, brings large returns to the farmers. The ginning and pressing of cotton by machinery is an industry which has grown rapidly of late years. When I first visited this district over twenty-five years ago, there were no mills to be seen. Now there are twenty-two

steam gins and presses, including fourteen at Yeotmal, which annually turn out thousands of bales of cotton.

The usual method of irrigating land in Berar is by means of a leathern bag holding a barrel of water, which when filled resembles the bowl of a Dutch pipe. It is filled and hauled out of the well by bullock power applied to a rope and pulleys. On reaching the top of the well, the water is allowed to flow out of an opening in the lower end of the bag, and through a channel to the garden watered. An apparatus of this kind is on the mission compound of the boys' orphanage at Yeotmal where both European and native vegetables are raised, and several kinds of fruit. In many places by the aid of irrigation in this manner, sugar-cane, betel leaves, bananas, guavas, limes, oranges, papai, sweet potatoes, egg plants and many other kinds of vegetables and fruits are profitably grown.

The general methods of agriculture in the district are still quite ancient. I have heard that there were 6,000 models of plows in the United States patent office, whereas here in India, the primitive implements of Abraham's day are still in use. In this part of the country they employ a heavy wooden plow shaped like the keel of a boat running to a point, on which is placed an iron shoe, or otherwise a sharp iron bar is fastened beneath. This tool is used for breaking up the ground, but does little else than scratch a groove two or three inches deep.

The other form of plow commonly used, bears

some resemblance to the American cultivator, but has a simple straight-edged iron share. It serves to drag the weeds out when not deeply rooted, and to scarify the soil.

Sowing is generally done in drills by women or boys who use a hollow bamboo, funnel-shaped at one end. This tube is connected to the plow by a string. It is held in place and fed from an apron full of grain by a woman who follows behind. Sometimes the outlet of the bamboo gets clogged with earth; in which event, until discovered, the drill remains unsowed. With such agricultural shifts, together with often ill-trained oxen, few drills are *geometrical lines*. Women do the largest part of the weeding, using a rude kind of a hand-sickle to help oust the roots. When crops are maturing, some kinds require watching, hence it is common to erect lodges or temporary staging in the fields, of long poles tied together with thongs. Above, the watcher sits, under a grass thatch or shelter of leaves, and keeps a sharp lookout for enemies of the crop. These he frightens away by wild, weird, uncivilized chanting, unearthly yells and the cracking of whips. An occasional stone is also thrown from a sling to drive out intruders. Deer, monkeys, wild pigs, porcupines and a great variety of birds do the most damage to crops in this part of India.

In eastern Central Province I have seen these platforms elevated twelve or fifteen feet, for fear of tigers and other beasts dangerous to man. In most places it means "eternal vigilance" to pre-

serve certain important crops, otherwise the poor cultivator gets little else than straw for his pains. Crops are reaped by hand. The grain is then threshed out by flail; or as in ancient times, by oxen, ten or more abreast, winding about a post and treading the sheaves under their feet. Improved American plows, reapers and threshers are not yet dreamed of in this "Land of the Veda," but the patient ox and the male buffalo, together with the aforenamed implements and a large mattock, wooden forks and spuds are still the beasts and tools of agriculture. The two-wheeled carts in use are of all sizes, from those scarcely larger than a baby carriage, to others having ponderous wheels which are half a load for a yoke of steers.

There is usually a herd of buffaloes in every well-to-do village in the district on which they depend for the milk supply. This animal (Bos Babulus) has no resemblance to its American namesake, and does not breed with the ox family. It is an ungainly looking beast, having a blackish drab colored hide, almost hairless and tough as India rubber. Its horns usually curve downwards and backwards from the ears, and sometimes reach four feet in length. It is exceedingly tame and even in the streets of Bombay, is apparently as demure and unconcerned as a Yogee. Above all else it delights like swine to wallow in mud or muddy water. Often it may be seen immersed for hours in a pond with only its nose sticking out.

The forests of the district abound in game such as bison, deer, wild hog, hare and pea-fowl; besides

THE DAILY GRINDING OF FLOUR IN INDIA

beasts of prey, are also the panther, hyena, the bear, wolf and an occasional tiger. I recently saw three varieties of deer while passing through the open forest in a cart.

The staple food of the majority of the inhabitants of the district is jowari bread (a species of millet or sorghum something like that grown in America; also called kaffir corn). It is similar to the "hoe-cake" of the negroes of the Southern States, but not leavened. This crop yields thirty to one hundredfold and even more on good soil in most parts of India, where the rainfall is not excessively heavy. The bread is of course flour mixed with water, and salt and cooked on a frying pan. It is very nutritious and is usually eaten with thick soup of various kinds of pulse, or with stews of coarse vegetables, all highly seasoned with condiments. Among the better classes wheaten cakes are preferred, and the well-to-do natives eat rice, curds, ghee and sweetmeats. On the ponds about Wun are raised "water-chestnuts" which are boiled and much eaten by the poorer classes after the rains. They grow on the top of the water and are gathered by fisherman in their canoes. Meat is eaten by a few Hindus of the medium castes, all of the lower castes, the Mohammedans and the aboriginal tribes.

The inhabitants of the Wun District for the most part are Hindus of various classes. Marathi is spoken by a little over two-thirds of the population, and it is the official language and the one taught in nearly all the schools. It is the most

rugged of all the vernaculars, is sometimes called the "German of India," and stands as a fair index to the comparatively sturdy character of the people who speak it. The original bold and war-like traits of the Mahrattas is proverbial. This race of Hindus first came into historical notice in the seventeenth century when Siwaji arose to check the rising tide of the Moghul power in Central India and the Deccan. In those unsettled times bands of Mahratta free-booters used to sweep down on the villages of the plains, plunder the rich, and retire to their strongholds in the mountains.

Many of these castle-like retreats are to be found in Central and Western India. Two of them which I have visited, Aseergarh and Gawilgarh, are veritable Gibraltars of strength. The latter is built on a high hill in North Berar. It is constructed of solid blocks of trap-rock with high walls, massive bastions and gateways. Inside the fort are ruins of temples, underground chambers and cells. Curious old guns still remain, with huge balls for siege hewn out of the rock. One gun, thirty feet in length, was made by welding bars of iron, and binding the same with heavy rings like the hoops of a barrel. In time these robber chiefs became rajahs or kings, and had their separate territories. They warred among themselves, but sometimes combined and resisted the Mohammedan rulers from whom they even exacted tribute. Subsequently they resisted the rising British power. They were finally overcome by the latter under Wellington and other leaders.

Wun District was a part of the dominions of the noted Bhonsla Rajah of Nagpur, who was defeated by the British at the battle of Argaon (120 miles northwest of Yeotmal), in the year 1804. The forces of the latter were about one-tenth of the size of the former, and the engagement was the last of a series which established British prestige in India.

CHAPTER XIV.

A MISSIONARY HERITAGE—CONTINUED.

The Hinduism of the district, like that of Berar generally is mixed with ancient local superstitions, worship of saints, demons, etc. The four chief Hindu festivals are Maha Shivaratri, Holi, Dasara and Dewali. The first is in honor of the lingham at Shiva's temples. The second is the worst of all, being an obscene saturnalia in which a female demon, with cursing and abuse, is burned in effigy at a bonfire. All respectable women endeavor to keep out of sight during this festival. On the following day men and boys lay off from work, and many spend their time in singing foul songs along the streets, giving filthy abuse in sport to those they meet and squirting dirty water and coloring matter upon the garments of their neighbors.

An effort is made to gather the material for the bonfire the evening before, by theft. It is thought to be no sin that night. We once had our mission gate thus carried off, broken up and thrown into the fire. Many educated natives are ashamed of this demoralizing festival, but on account of its popularity they dare not speak out. Hindu philosophy makes otherwise brave men *abject cowards*. Hence there is little hope for any great reforms ex-

cept through the gracious influence of true Christianity.

The Dasara festival is held in honor of Durga or Devi who killed Mahashasur, and the Dewali in honor of Lakshmi, wife of the Vishnu and goddess of wealth. At Wun there is a fair annually held in March, in honor of the fourth incarnation of Vishnu, who was also a demon-slayer like Durga.

I shall write of some of the more prominent classes with whom we have to deal, three years residence in this district having given an opportunity to study them. I am indebted somewhat to the Government Census reports for some particulars.

The bulk of the Hindus belong to the agricultural classes of whom the Kunbees are the chief representatives. They are Sudras according to the ancient classification, but are now reckoned near the medium in the social grading of this part of India. Men of this class are usually dressed in the native jacket and loin-cloth, with a large red turban on the head and coarse, red leather shoes which leave the wearer's heels exposed. The women commonly wear a red or blue cotton "lugarde" or native dress, and the scanty jacket. The children are largely allowed to run about unclothed. The females are laded down with the usual number of cheap bracelets, gewgaws and trinkets.

This caste is very superstitious, strongly attached to custom and hate innovations. With them, the corn must be sowed, plowed, harvested, threshed and winnowed out in the old-fashioned, conservative way. In these matters, as in all other busi-

ness affairs, and in social customs, the usual ceremonies must be performed, the stars and omens noted, the priests consulted and the gods appeased.

They worship the usual divinities common to Hinduism, including those of recent origin such as Khandoba, Bairoba and Vithoba. The great shrine of the latter is at Pandarpur, 300 miles south of here, and is visited by hundreds of people of the Kunbee caste annually, near the commencement of the rains. Until about thirty years ago women used to swing by iron hooks fastened in their flesh, after first naming their petitions to the priest of Khandoba. In his honor, men often drew heavy carts by hooks fastened into their bodies.

At the periodical fairs at temples and shrines, also at the tombs of Mohammedan saints, the Kunbees gather in immense numbers. Then all work is stopped, however important, and these farmers and their families rush off, utilizing every kind of conveyance available, to pay their respects to some hideous idol or piece of stone. At the tomb of Hazrat Shah in Nimar District and at those of other Mohammedan saints, in former years I have seen many people of this, and other Hindu castes, doing homage to these Non-Hindu divinities.

It is well known that the Mohammedans sometimes lean on and consult Hindu astrologers for lucky days. The Kunbees believe that on the fifth day after the birth of a child, the goddess Durga writes its fate upon its forehead (most Hindus believe that Brahma does it). On the twelfth day the child receives two names: one after the star under

which it was born, and the other a familiar name by which it is to be called.

Boys are married from the age of five to fifteen, and girls from five to ten. In most Hindu castes it is considered a disgrace for a girl above the age of twelve to be unmarried. It devolves upon the girl's father to hunt up a husband for her, and when one is found, a large sum of money must be paid to his father. At the marriage ceremony the boy and girl are covered with powdered turmeric, after which they perform their ablutions and worship the gods. In the evening the Brahmin priests hold up a sheet between them, repeat the sacred mantras, and at the time fixed, millet is thrown on the bride and groom and on all present. Then the sheet is let down and they are pronounced married. After this they have native music, such as tom-toms, tambourines, horns, etc., and the guests are feasted for four days by the bride's parents.

The Kunbees either burn or bury their dead. The former method is considered more respectable. The male heirs of the deceased are considered unclean for ten days, so they shave themselves and perform certain ablutions. On the twelfth day after the disposal of the dead, funeral ceremonies are performed by the priest. On the thirteenth a feast is given, when the heirs are ceremonially clean.

What is said of the Kunbees, is largely true of the other agricultural Hindus of the district. The Mahars are low caste Hindus. They are sometimes reckoned as outcasts. They have, however, a few caste rules which they adhere to. Of this class

there are about 50,000 in the district, but it is from the Mahars that the majority of the converts in the various missions of the Mahratta country have come. There are a few families in nearly every village. They are the village servants for menial work, and are employed to do errands, carry coolie loads and perform all sorts of drudgery which the ordinary caste Hindus will not do.

They eat all kinds of meat like Europeans, but have the reputation also of eating the flesh of cattle which have died of themselves. One of their duties is to remove dead cattle which most Hindus would not even touch. They retain the skin for wages, but being so often in a half starved condition, the charge against them is well founded. In fact I have myself sometimes come across groups of men of this caste after dark, working over a carcass like vultures to get out the "tidbits."

The Mahars kill and bury the buffalo sacrificed at the Dasara festival. It is done to avert any evil which might otherwise happen to the village during the coming year. There are serious feuds sometimes between Mahars and Kunbees on account of the death of cattle, the cause of which is often laid justly or unjustly, to the former.

The Mahar, however, is an indispensable and useful servant, is the village watchman, and often acts as a sort of an assistant to help the head-man in gathering the taxes. He usually carries the books for the latter, and if the head-man is a Brahmin, he does not hand the books to the Mahar, but tosses them to him or throws them on the ground for the

latter to pick up. For their pay, the Mahars receive a small measure of grain from each cultivator. Among their perquisites are the sweepings of the threshing floor, the musty grain at the bottom of grain-pits, and the clothes taken off dead people before they are burned on the funeral pyres.

All classes are very superstitious and shy of ghosts, demons, etc. It is thought that the ghost of a high caste youth, who, though invested with the sacred thread, died before his marriage, will sometimes cause the death of children one after another in the neighborhood, which are named after him. So a terrified father will call his next son a "blockhead" or a "dungheap" in the hope of appeasing the angry spirit. But the Mahars still practise ancient devil worship (whether so much in this district as in others, I can not say) all over the Mahratta country. The following extract in illustration, is taken from Dr. Murray Mitchell's late work on Hinduism:

"At midnight a wild chant arose outside the old fort (where I was in camp), funereal in its tone. One voice sang a few words; and then a multitude joined in the chorus. Then came an invocation uttered by a body of Mahars marching in solemn procession into the fort, and inviting the spirits to come and receive the offerings. These consisted of pieces of flesh—probably that of a kid—the blood of which had been caught in a dish when the head was struck off. There were also bread and intoxicating liquor, in short, plenty of the food generally used by the Mahars themselves, along with sugar,

salt, spices, opium and tobacco—all borne on brass or copper vessels, and guarded by men carrying naked swords and flaming torches. The entrails of the animal victims were wound round the necks of those who led the way. Then arose a most wild and unearthly cry—an invocation to the demons.

"The following words were shouted aloud, first, in solo, then in chorus. 'Take some liver!' 'Eat some bread!' 'Taste the blood!' and as each article was mentioned, a portion of it was taken from the dish and flung forward—certain, as the people thought, to be pursued and caught by the crowd of hungry spirits that were eagerly looking on. After every two or three sentences the whole multitude joined in one loud shout, 'Be propitious!'"

Mission work to the Mahars in the Mahratta country south of Berar, has been largely and effectively carried on by means of primary village schools among them. Parents have gradually been drawn in, instructed and baptized into the Christian faith. Even nominal Christianity has affected a great change in them and lifted them up in the intellectual scale far above their high-caste neighbors. Some have become eminent in character and devotion.

Among the other tribes whose caste rules are not over strict, may be mentioned the Gipseys and the Gonds. The Banjaras who number 26,000 are ranged under the former class. Their caste occupation formerly was to carry grain, salt, etc., on pack bullocks and buffaloes. Nearly all of those of this district engage in agriculture. They are a rude

people, but sociable and hospitable, even inviting us into their houses.

The men largely wear a full beard and are known by their rough brogue and heavy shoes. The women are readily recognized by their patched, uncouth garments which nevertheless cover the entire body except the feet. They have peculiar head ornaments which elevate their veils, and are frequently seen with arms loaded nearly to the shoulders with heavy rings of brass, pewter, ivory, lac and tin. They also wear anklets as heavy as shackles.

The Banjaras attribute sickness generally to the foul play of witches. If the latter are discovered they have to suffer.

The Gonds, although considerably Hinduized, are a remnant of the large aboriginal race that once occupied the whole country. They are a shade darker than the Hindus, have rounder heads and more scanty beards. They number 55,000 in this district and are mostly cultivators. Many are engaged as wood-choppers and gatherers of jungle produce. In times of distress they subsist largely on mhowa flowers, roots and wild fruits.

Their original gods are still worshiped to some extent. Rude shrines are erected in the forest consisting of heaps of stones daubed red, near which is an earthen image of a war-horse. Over all is a low thatched roof, too low to stand erect in.

They have a legend that there was once a sage among them by the name of Lingo who was their special friend. He was killed by his enemies, so the story goes, but on being sprinkled with am-

brosia by a bird, came to life again. Afterwards he delivered the Gonds from bondage.

As a race, they like other aboriginal tribes are more truthful than the Hindus, but are much given to drinking country liquor (see my "Sketch of the Korkus"). They have a language of their own into which the Gospels have been translated, and many of this race have become Christians in the Eastern part of the Central Provinces. Several of the orphan children which I baptized in that region were Gonds, but speak the Hindi language. In this district, they in common with most other castes speak colloquial Marathi.

CHAPTER XV.

CENSUS OF THE OLD WUN DISTRICT.

The following table gives the census of the old Wun District, Central Province, India, for 1901:

	Yeotmal Talook	Darwah Talook	Kelapur Talook	Wun Talook	Total Wun District
Area—Square Miles	908.31	1061.55	1079.80	860.18	3909.84
Towns (having pop. over 5000)	1	2	0	1	4
Villages	293	327	310	275	1205
Occupied houses	26418	33120	20170	16537	96545
Population—Male	62871	79348	51681	41738	235638
" —Female	61160	77331	51976	40824	231291
" —Totals	124031	156679	103657	82562	466929
Density per square mile	136.6	147.7	95.9	96.0	Av. 119.4
Average population of villages	423.2	479.0	330.0	300.2	" 386.0
Market towns	17	11	20	15	63
Government schools	22	27	17	10	76
Indigenous "	12	14	1	1	28
Post Offices	7	11	4	2	24
Annual Fairs	.....	1	.....	1	2
Hospitals and dispensaries	1	3	2	1	7
Miles of government roads	55	43	30	12	140
Travelers' Bungalows	3	2	3	2	10
Marathi speaking	87331	116651	58054	59869	321905
Hindi (dialects) speaking	19958	29990	8511	6631	65090
Gondi speaking	15125	6674	24748	8948	55495
Telugu "	1110	2770	12094	7032	2 006
Other tongues speaking	556	560	247	70	14 3
Hindu Religion—No. professing	94632	137367	71446	64654	368099
Jain " "	627	777	265	146	1815
Mohammedan Religion—No. prof.	6022	10345	3168	2430	21965
Other Oriental " "	12	19	62	2	95
Aboriginal cults— "	22539	8169	28714	15328	74750
Christian religion— "	199	2	2	2	205
Illiterate males	58171	74851	49400	39895	222317
" females	60931	77275	51919	40774	230899
" totals	119102	152126	101319	80669	453216
Literate males	4700	4497	2281	1843	13321
" females	229	56	57	50	392
" totals	4929	4553	2338	1893	13713
" in English	345	78	57	148	628
Deaf mutes	69	59	29	41	198
Blind	165	311	111	85	672
Insane	6	12	2	6	26
Lepers	69	110	34	26	239

	Yeotmal Talook	Darwah Talook	Kelapur Talook	Wun Talook	Total Wun District
Brahmins—males	1351	1134	655	668	3808
" —females	869	784	484	558	2595
Mahars	13865	20565	7085	4849	46364
Mangs	1322	3440	406	183	5351
Chambars	721	1249	309	534	2813
Married females under 5 years	112	215	151	187	665
" " 5 to 10 yrs. of age	1078	264	1372	1878	6868
" " 10 to 15 " " "	3812	6434	3674	3319	16139
Widows under 5 years	5	10	6	8	29
" 5 to 10 yrs. of age	43	113	62	110	328
" 10 to 15 " " "	175	304	195	190	864
" 15 to 20 " " "	190	264	168	133	755
" total all ages	11314	14791	9025	6669	41799
" " under 20 yrs. of age	413	691	431	441	1947
Gov't. liquor and toddy shops	156	130	125	92	503
" opium and ganja "	30	45	31	22	128

Number castes in old Wun District 222, number languages spoken 25, degraded classes number gypsies 10254, number dancing girls 146, beggars—mendicants 2870, religious mendicants, monks, etc. 1070, total beggars 3940. Population of towns: Yeotmal 10545, Darwah 5168, Digris 6034, Wun 6109. Government revenue for YEOTMAL DISTRICT for year 1906 as follows: From county liquor, opium and intoxicating hemp, $360,000; from land tax, $340,000; from government forests, $60,000; from income tax, $12,000.

REMARKS ON THE CENSUS.

We trust our friends who read these pages will not skip the above schedule. It is not a dry, humdrum inventory of dead figures and inert stuff, to be jumped over in search of something more interesting. It is an engaging story in itself with matter for reflection, for missionaries, for missionary "rope-holders," for philanthropists, and all others interested in the welfare of humanity not only in this small field, but throughout India, for there are *several hundred* similar districts in the Empire.

Sometimes it happens in the verbal picturing of facts, things are overdrawn. This is not the case when it is written down "in black and white" figures. "Figures won't lie" is one of our most

axiomatic proverbs. I commend the above array to the perusal of those who ought to take a *special* interest in the evangelization and cultivation of this field. It bristles with vivid facts and is in truth a missionary appeal. Please do not therefore slight these columns, but "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest."

Note especially some numbers which we desire to emphasize. In the Old Wun District we have 466,929 souls, (or about half a million by this time) passing into eternity and for the most part idolaters without God! (See Rev. 22:15). Only 205 of this number were listed as *Christians,* and many of these were doubtless but nominal.

The missionaries then numbered *three, now* the number has increased to eleven, but the *Christian* population probably remains about as it was. However, should *all* of them be true disciples, and should they witness a good confession, "what are these among so many?" Notwithstanding, if *filled with the Spirit* there are mighty possibilities! Will not our praying readers help us to get the *if* out of the way? Since the opening up of mission work in this field (i. e., district) the Gospel has been probably carried to 200 villages; but alas, there are 1,000 more which have probably never seen a missionary, and whose inhabitants for the most part are still bowing down to idols of stocks and stones!

The census reveals but 13,321 males and 392 females able to read or write! What ignorance is here! What intellectual darkness! What material

for the continuous domination of priestcraft and superstition!

Consider *one* great item of social degradation, *7,533 girls* under ten years of age are enumerated as married! Not merely betrothed but married and to some *it is* marriage *with all it means.* It is true we have a law in India fixing the "age of consent," at twelve years, but this was enacted in the face of the protest of thousands of Hindu men and the law is repeatedly violated! This matter is discussed more fully in the following chapter.

Marriage bargains, etc., are expensive, especially among the Brahmins. They would rather suffer anything than the disgrace of a "cheap marriage." It usually falls heavy upon the father of girls. For this and other reasons many daughters are unwelcome in the home.

Query—Had this feeling anything to do with the fact, that there are far fewer females, than males, of that caste, in each of the four taluks? In Rajputana at one time we know that this feeling among the Kshatriyas so thinned out the females that the British Government had to interfere; and measures were adopted to check *infanticide!*

Of the population of Old Wun District, 41,799 are enumerated widows, the great majority of whom under the ban of Hinduism are doomed to perpetual widowhood! It means very largely disgrace, drudgery, starvation, temptation to vice, and to some suicide! Of the number are 1,221 widows under fifteen years of age. These girls, not to mention thousands of older ones, are surrounded with

every inducement to immorality. Large numbers of them will in all probability be solicited or impressed into lives of ill fame! So probable is this, if not inevitable, that the common word for widow in India has come to be nearly synonymous with prostitute! Alas, what social monstrosity! what cruelty, what wickedness! This is the practical outcome of Hinduism.

Among the prominent degrading agencies at work aside from idolatry, superstition and caste, are the 721 liquor, opium and ganja (intoxicating hemp) shops in the district. These are the largest source of revenue to the government—larger than the land revenue. But this is only the sum paid by the contractors to the government. Think then of the vast sum received by the retailers direct from the consumers! Think of the 146 temple girls; the 10,254 Gipseys; the 4,000 professional and religious beggars; the 1,100 helpless deaf, blind and those who are lepers; the 9,000 outcasts aside from the Mahars; the 22,000 followers of the false prophet, and say nothing of the other 450,000 non-Christians, and you will have something of a comprehension of the state and needs of the people in our field and the overwhelming burdens of the missionaries.

There are at present three mission stations opened up in the district, namely: Yeotmal, Wun and Darwah, where substantial buildings have been erected, compounds enclosed and other improvements made. At Yeotmal, there is a small chapel capable of seating 150 persons. Connected with the mission are also both boys' and girls' orphanages,

with neat and appropriate dormitories, school rooms, etc.

At the boys' orphanage is a workshop well equipped with modern tools, lathes, drills and a small gas engine. The boys are taught carpentry and mechanics. The job-work in wood, together with bicycle repairing, partly support the orphanage. Industrial work has also been inaugurated in the girls' orphanage, while both boys and girls are being well educated in the common branches and well instructed in Bible truth. Some of them are giving valuable assistance in bazaar and village mission work.

CHAPTER XVI.

MISCELLANEOUS.

INDIA'S INDIGENOUS ICONOCLASTS.

Many years ago a missionary lady at one of the mission stations in Berar, was walking out in the fields with some of her native orphans. In their ramblings, they happened to discover a rude Hindu idol daubed with red paint. Immediately on coming up to it, one of the little girls of her own accord, overturned the divinity and would have done more violence to the shrine had not the missionary interfered.

Many foreign missionaries are still needed in this Empire to guide and direct. They will be needed for years to come, but India will eventually be conquered by India. Already it is said that more than seventy-five per cent of the converts are gathered in by native agency. Quite a number of these native preachers in the different missions, are men of great power and ability. They are men whose hearts God hath touched.

As has been stated in previous chapters, the natives of this land are a clever race—often quick-witted. They love to argue and can match logic with logic, eloquence with eloquence, figure and

trope with figure and trope; but they cannot match *love* with *love* (divine love). This mysterious weapon is not found in the armory of the natural man. Neither is it the product of any earthly region. It is born of the skies!

God has wrought mightily in the hearts of the orphan children and pushed out some of this rising generation to lift up Christ to their own people. I have heard them many times exhorting their hearers with zeal and fervency. It is probable the extensive evangelization of the neglected parts of these Provinces depends in no small degree on their agency alone. May our praying readers, therefore, take these young recruits to God's conquering army on their hearts, and kindly remember them and the missionaries who have them in training.

TREES OF INDIA.

A traveler passing through India for the first time by rail, would be impressed with the pretty gardens at the stations which break the monotony of a journey and charm the tourist. Among the trees commonly seen are the neem, the gold mohur with flaming red blossoms, the cork, the magnolia, the cassia with massive yellow flowers and the siras, all but one of which are fragrant when in bloom. Besides these, there are often the purple bogan-villia vine, the rose, tuberose and jessamines to be seen, with any amount of crotons, begonias and other foliage plants. These are profusely distrib-

uted in pots along the platforms, or adorn the station gardens.

India is a land of vegetation. Despite the long dry period after the wet season, many of our principal trees put out their leaves and blossoms in the hot months with as much vigor and freshness as the grass of the parched ground when deluged by the first monsoon rains.

The mango is one of the most noted of our Indian trees. In this latitude it is a fine showy tree and is clothed with a rich dress of cream-colored blossoms in the month of February and is both valuable as a fruit and a shade tree. In foliage it bears some resemblance to the chestnut, but the perfected fruit is incomparable. Perhaps no fruit in the world has improved so much by cultivation as this. The most worthless wild species has been likened in taste, to "a bunch of tow soaked in turpentine." An "Alphonso" is thought by many to be the finest tasting fruit in the world. It is oval-shaped, about twice the size of a goose-egg, weighs one-half pound and when ripe is a rich green, tinged with crimson on one side. It often sells in Bombay for a rupee apiece. Dr. Watt describes the taste as "a subtle blending of all agreeable flavors," and I am inclined to that view myself. Yet the tree of this species of mango, by virtue of its horticultural training has become somewhat distorted and ungraceful. This bears a curious parallel to the statement I recently read in the farm column of an American paper, "A good milch cow

is rarely a handsome animal, her business prohibits."

Fully half of the plants mentioned in Scripture are commonly found in India. The almug is thought to be the sandal-wood of the East. It is fragrant and is held sacred by the Hindus who use it in idol worship, mark their bodies with the sawdust mixed with oil and burn a little on their funeral pyres. On one of our former mission grounds there were several sandal-wood trees growing, also the mulberry, pomegranate and camphire of the Bible. On another were the sycamore, palm and acacia.

The first named has its clusters of wild figs growing out of its gnarled trunk. (I have seen them quite edible on the higher hills of the Central Provinces.) The latter named tree is probably the shittim of the Bible of which the ark of the Lord was made. It grows spontaneously on all our mission grounds in this district and yields when full grown, beans for goats and camels, timber for carts and bark for dyeing.

Cocoanut, betelnut, palmyra and date palms are found in the Central Provinces but the former two are only in a few gardens here and there. The first named is abundant about Bombay and the adjacent coast. Parts of that city are hidden in a forest of these palms which make it rather gloomy during the rains, but pleasant for the rest of the year. This palm is sometimes eighty feet in height and yields an abundance of cocoanuts.

Large numbers of trees are diverted, however,

from their God intended use (as rye, barley and maize in America) and made into liquor. It robs thousands of good trees of their fruit, ruins the people, but brings in heavy revenue to the Government. Other species of palms are also tapped in Central India for this intoxicating beverage. The terminal bud at the top of the cocoanut palm is called "cocoanut cabbage" and is eaten as a vegetable; but to obtain it, the tree is killed.

Near one of our mission homes was a lofty palmyra which lifted its head in stately grandeur, far above the surrounding trees and the clouds of dust which enveloped everything near the surface during the dry season. It reminded us of the "trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord" and of the righteous who "flourish like the palm." Moreover it was also a refuge for the little bottle birds who love to swing their curious nests under its branches and enjoy the pure air and sunshine of heaven.

Among the common shade trees of Central India, are the peepul, the margosa, whose foliage resembles the American black-walnut, and the banyan. The latter has a magnificent shade. One specimen of this tree in Gujerat is said to be large enough to shelter an army of 7,000 men. The peepul is held very sacred both by Hindus and Buddhists. A devout Hindu would no more break down one of these trees than kill a cow. Its leaves resemble the poplar or cotton-wood of the West. An immense peepul tree in Ceylon under which it is believed Gautama sat 200 B. C. was thought by Sir

James Tennant in 1859 to be the oldest tree in the world.

Much of the wealth of this land is in its forests. The Government Reserves alone are equal in area to Ohio and Indiana combined. Of all the products of the forest, the bamboo is the most indispensable. It sometimes reaches six inches in diameter and forty feet in height, yet it is a grass and would scarcely be distinguished from other grasses if grown in colder climes. The seed resembles rice, which, however, it only bears once in twenty or thirty years.

The providential seeding of the bamboos has several times saved thousands of people from famine. The stalk is utilized in over a hundred ways in India alone including the construction of houses, tents, bridges, boats, masts, tacklings, implements, carts, furniture, baskets, pails, and matting. Occasionally small white crystals of pure silica are found in the interior of bamboos which sometimes sells for its weight in silver, as it is highly prized as a medicine. What causes this secretion of silica in the stalk remained a mystery for years. At last the discovery was made that only bamboos which had been bored by a small insect, produced the silica.

We have likewise a parallel to this curious fact in the animal world, viz.: *Only oysters which have been wounded produce pearls* (Amer. Cyclo. Vol. 13, p. 71). I am indebted to Dr. Watt's "Economic Products of India" for some of the above information.

TIGERS AND OTHER DANGEROUS GAME.

An average of 23,000 people are said to be destroyed annually in British India by wild animals and venomous serpents. It seems strange that so large a number should be periodically carried out of the world by such unusual agencies. But considering the multitude of ravenous beasts and dangerous reptiles which infest the land in some parts, as well as the general defenceless condition of the rural classes, the wonder is rather that so few are killed.

Few of the missionary districts in Central India where we have labored have been entirely free from the ravages of the tiger and other formidable beasts of prey. Bears which ordinarily flee from man are often quite bold and savage in this district during the rains. I had formerly seen one or two natives in other parts, horribly mutilated—the work of bears. Within ten miles of Darwah no less than five natives were beset by bears during last September, two of whom died from the effects of the wounds.

About one month ago a native shikaree (hunter) shot a large panther some three or four miles from our mission house and presented me with the head of the beast. This species of the cat tribe is frequently quite as dangerous as the tiger, and when wounded, is said to be more so. Some time ago in the district South of this a man-eating panther became a great scourge and actually killed sixty-three persons in the space of three years.

Speaking of the comparative traits of wild beasts, the author of "Picturesque India" says, "The tiger is a coward before man and will fly from human pursuers so long as there is any chance of safety in flight. When marching in the forest one first hears the deep roar of the tiger, an instinctive fear arises. But in reality all is safe, and he will not come near. He would never attack a man unless he were a man-eater, and if he were, then no roar or sound would issue from him. He would steal up noiselessly like death and the grave. The spring of the tiger is that of blind fury and despair directed at the nearest object without any thought.

The panther has cunning thought in his spring, and he means vengeance on his assailant. Two sportsmen might be perched upon big branches of trees by moonlight watching a panther come to drink. Both may fire and hit. Instantly the panther will climb up one tree with amazing quickness and punish the sportsman. He will then with equal velocity ascend the other tree and deal with the man up there. Lives of men have been lost in some such way as this."

The foregoing statement about the tiger was verified by Miss F. of Balaghat Mission, Central Provinces, who related to us some of her traveling experience in that district in the year 1901.

One evening another lady and herself were journeying in a bullock cart to one of their outstations. They had proceeded quietly on the way some distance beyond a village, when reaching a piece of woods near a stream, they surprised a tiger

lying in ambush. The animal roared furiously and might readily have pounced upon them had he been so disposed. Miss F.'s companion, the cartman and the bullocks were all greatly agitated; but she, retaining her presence of mind, quieted them down and caused the cart to be reversed. All of them returned to the village in safety.

While we were living in Ellichpur on two occasions to my knowledge, our missionary friends were confronted by tigers in daylight on the Sautpura Hills. In both instances, however, the animals being some distance ahead and not overalarmed walked quietly away without showing violence.

On the other hand there are not wanting instances when tigers have seized bullocks yoked to carts traveling along the road. A case of this kind recorded in the annals of the Korku Mission happened in the Melghat forest recently. A native man and woman were driving through that region in an open cart when a tiger coming out, fell upon one of their bullocks and commenced to drag him off. The driver then foolishly struck at the tiger with his whip, whereupon the latter leaving his prey, seized and carried off the man to his lair. The woman and the bullocks escaped.

The greatest number of deaths from wounded tigers, etc., among European hunters are the result of recklessness. Capt. Whistler, whose memorial tablet is on the wall of the English church in Ellichpur, was killed by a wounded tiger he followed up, which had taken refuge in an old ruin. Another

officer of the same station, while we lived there, was attacked in the forest by a wounded tiger, to whom he had given a fatal shot from a slightly elevated bank. The infuriated beast made for the officer and seized him by the boots, while the latter was climbing up backwards. Just then the native shikaree, who accompanied him, and had climbed up a low tree close by, jumped to the ground and ran. The tiger immediately left the officer and followed the shikaree. Shortly afterwards both the native and the tiger were found dead in the grass.

In the vicinity of Khairagarh where we labored in 1900, there were many wolves which sometimes attacked children. Since we left that station, one of our native Christians saw a child killed by wolves near the mission compound. But there is scarcely any end to these animal stories.

WOMEN IN INDIA.

Mrs. Murray Mitchell in her Missionary Jottings has aptly said, "The daughters of India are *unwelcomed* at birth, *untaught* in childhood, *enslaved* when married, *accursed* as widows, and *unlamented* when they die." This is a logical and caustic charge against Hinduism and to a large extent against Mohammedanism too, but not far, I fear, from the truth. Woman's debased condition in all heathen lands is most apparent, but when her degradation receives the sanction of religion, her state is sad indeed!

Manu's Shaster says, "Woman being weak and

ignorant of the Vedic texts, is foul as falsehood," yet the supposed advantages and blessings of religion for the most part are denied her both in this world and for the world to come. Notwithstanding all this she is often very devout and makes the most of her little bit of "religious privilege."

Indeed the women of India, on the average, are quite as religious as the men and even more. For illustrations of this fact, I refer my readers to the lives of such women as Chundra Lela, Ramabai and Sooboonagam. While visiting the sacred places of Benares last year in company with Bishop Sellew, we were shown a good sized temple which was built by a poor Hindu woman, who it as said, earned the money to build it by grinding flour in a hand mill.

But an unjust ban is upon her character, both by canonical authority and by popular consent, and only the lever of Christian truth and civilization is lifting it off. There is a proverb in North India that "A woman, a dog and a walnut tree, the more you beat them the better they be," and this is well acted upon. Many years ago when we were domiciled in one of the native houses of Burhanpur, our souls were stirred on hearing the screams of a woman one day across the street. She had committed some slight offense and was being brutally pounded by her husband. We sent over our native helper to try to stop it, but he soon returned saying, "There were two sides to the quarrel and nothing could be done as that was the way *all* Hindu women were treated."

This indignity to the female sex is shown in their being universally addressed in the singular number instead of the polite plural. In our Marathi language the feeling is also most curiously revealed in the classification of some words; for example: opium, country liquor, intoxicating hemp, tobacco, pitch, garlic, ginger, mischief, sorcery, porcupine, fox, crocodile, rat, leech, centipede, louse and flea are all put in the feminine gender although none of these words have a distinctive feminine ending.

In Hindustani the word "katla" (literally "baggage") is very commonly used for wife. Commenting on this, a writer on language in the Bombay Guardian says: "I meet a man on horseback while his wife follows on foot with a load on her head—a common sight. I ask him who is behind. He indifferently replies, "That is my katla" (my luggage in general). How very clearly the daily life of that pair, husband and wife, is portrayed in the single word "katla." Of course we cannot deny that our Indian sisters have some of the characteristics not unknown to her sex in other lands. To illustrate: there is a common proverb in Marathi, "There's no getting on without a female neighbor and there's no agreeing with her when she does come." But then her weaknesses are greatly exaggerated.

A Brahmin priest was spoken to by a missionary on the subject of female education. He shook his head dubiously and said, "Can you teach a cow?" The missionary replied, "No, but we did not come to

teach cows." "Very well," said the Brahmin, "if you cannot teach an intelligent animal like a cow, how are you going to teach a woman?" In harmony with this sentiment we find 99 per cent of the females in India wholly illiterate!

The subject of child marriage has been mentioned in this book. By the government statute when we first came to India, "the age of consent" at which a man could take his child wife and live with her was fixed at ten years. Frightful cases of diabolical outrage too awful to describe came to light. The matter was agitated by the missionaries and an attempt made to raise the age of consent to fifteen years. This made a tremendous stir among the Hindu men. Mass meetings were held to protest against the reform. Threats were made and there was some excitement for a time. At length the legislature, after much hesitation, passed an act raising the age to twelve years. But even this was only extorted, so to speak, at the point of the bayonet of dreadful facts furnished by lady medical missionaries.

The treatment of widows in India and the former practise of suttee burning is well known. Suttee monuments may be still seen at Wun and other places in this district. What tales of suffering, torture and woe would they doubtless tell us, could they speak! Alas! perhaps many cases of enforced immolation, as well as voluntary too!

The following is one of the stories which have come down to us—true or false—given us by the old inhabitants of Kinne: Once upon a time a cer-

tain damsel of the shepherd caste, was given in marriage to a youth of Kinne. On arriving at the proper age, her father brought her in the rains to the village of the bridegroom. They were, however, prevented from reaching it by a swiftly flowing river in flood, so they called for assistance. The bridegroom by chance being on the opposite side of the stream heard their call and although not knowing at the time who they were, assisted them over at the risk of his life. For this act of disinterested heroism, the bride pledged to burn on his funeral pyre. She fulfilled her promise so they say, but it is also said that she did it at the instigation of her mother-in-law.

The village of Kinne is about two miles from our present mission bungalow. To commemorate the above event there is a time worn slab standing under a tamarind tree. It resembles a large grave stone and on it is rudely carved a female form, a man on horseback, two persons carrying a child and a funeral pyre, but no writing of any kind. The slab is daubed with red and is sometimes worshipped by the village people.

A MEMENTO OF MARY LOUISA RANF

Happening to be in Calcutta for a few days in the year 1898, I improved the opportunity for a brief visit to the graves of those pioneers, Carey, Marshman and Ward as well as the identical pagoda mentioned in Sargent's Life of Martyn (chapter five). The latter stands near the west

CHURCH AT ELLICHPUR, WHERE MISS RANE WAS
ACCIDENTALLY BURNED

bank of the Hoogly and is now partly in ruins. This was the "Peniel" of that devoted missionary, his "Valley of Baca," his "Gethsemane," and I confess my soul was stirred as I entered this old temple, for it seemed a most sacred spot.

Henry Martyn, like Egede, Gilmour, Livingstone and Bowen, was one of those well-known missionaries who was not permitted to see many converts as the fruit of his labor, nevertheless the savor and sanctity of whose life left a lasting impression upon the heathen.

Of such was also our beloved co-worker, Louisa Ranf. It is just seventeen years from the date of the writing of this book since she went to her everlasting reward. That terrible fire at the English church in Ellichpur which caused her death, seems but a dream of yesterday.

There *are* missionaries and missionaries. And there are various means by which they influence others. Some by superior education, some by logic, some by eloquence, some by miraculous testimony, some by a commanding personality. Miss Ranf was not one of these, but she *was* a missionary of *character*. She was one of the most unselfish persons I ever knew. She was compassionate. She was humble. But above all she had that perfect love which casteth out fear. The secret of her life and character was habitual fellowship with her risen Lord; and she was most emphatically a woman of prayer.

Some time before she died, her Marathi teacher, Jaya Ram, wrote a short poem in that language,

beautifully inscribed it on carbon paper and handed it to her. It was in praise of Christ and should have appeared in her excellent Memoirs by Mrs. Freeland. Jaya Ram was a man of high caste and had been much influenced by her life and conversation. He was in fact, a sort of a Nicodemus. There are many such in India and their spontaneous confessions, while in their native bondage and depression, should not be despised.

A Hindu lady once said to a faithful zenana missionary, "We are like birds in a cage but *you* have taught us to sing." Several of the most popular of our vernacular hymns in North India are said to have been composed by a non-Christian. The following is a free translation of the Marathi poem above referred to:

"Blind from his birth, there was a man,
Great Master, did'st thou not his sight restore?
So touch *mine* eyes, O Lord, help me to scan
Thy love; and I will praise thy mighty power.

"Thee comforted thy disciples on the sea,
And stilled the wind and waves when storm arose.
Still thou, O Lord, the tempest that's in me,
And give, indeed, my troubled heart repose.

"Once traveling on the highway, thou did'st cheer
A mother sad, whose son in death was cold.
With pity, Lord thee caused the lad to hear
And live again in mother's arms to fold.

"Thou wentest down upon the waves dry shod.
To save thy followers and to calm their fears,
But let thy feet be deluged now, O Lord,
With Jaya Ram, the author's grateful tears."

SUTTEE MONUMENT AND TEMPLE NEAR WUN

AN APPEAL.

Christians of America! One-fifth of the human race are crowded into British India. Its inhabitants outnumber those of the United States four to one. They are dark-skinned Caucasian brothers of the Orient, bowed down under their burdens and sighing for relief; but sighing, alas, in vain! Consider the deplorable conditions of these dying millions, their vain hopes, their intense need! Consider the 200 million in this Land of the Veda deluded and enslaved by superstition, caste and priestcraft! Consider the sixty million dupes of the False Prophet; the fifty million outcasts; the forty million who live on the verge of starvation even in prosperous times; the thirty-eight million females secluded in the zenanas; the twenty-seven million widows whose state is unspeakably sad; the nineteen million girls of school age only 400,000 of whom are enrolled! Consider the six million wives under fourteen years of age, nearly half of whom are under ten! Consider the one-half million lepers whose lot from a human standpoint is sad beyond expression! Alas, these are but a few outlines of the dark picture which confronts the missionaries on the field! Think of these teeming millions drifting to eternity without God! Eight hundred every hour, thirteen every minute, one every five seconds!

What then are we doing for India's redemption? Despite the fact that mission work has been going on for three centuries in the empire, scarcely one per cent of the population are even nominal Chris-

tians, and alas, how few of these can be called true disciples under a liberal interpretation of the term! But shall we falter and be discouraged because of these facts? Having put our hands to the plow shall we look back? Having advanced on the enemy shall we retreat? Shall we give up the fight? Never, Never, Never. Some one may ask, "Are there not serious obstacles to the capture of India for Christ which justify delay?" I answer there *are* obstacles, but *none* which justify delay. The worst obstacle is the *unbelief* of the church.

Christians of America, to what extent do you share in this charge? There *are* some devoted saints among you who pray out the missionaries and the money to send them to the heathen and then hold them up by their prayers and means on the field. But are *you* who read these lines among that number? "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Are your hearts stirred on reading this mandate of Jesus? Will *you* be faithful to your obligation to carry the Gospel to these perishing heathen? Will you go or send? If you do the latter, will you uphold the forces while they carry on the war or stand at their posts? Just now, there are several natural reasons why we should hasten India's redemption. British protection, railroads, post-offices, schools and the present friendliness of the village people generally, demand putting forth special efforts at this time. But above and beyond all these considerations, is the last great command given above. Will you not

take it anew to heart on reading these lines, and pray, "Lord, what wilt Thou have *me* to do?"

INDIA.

Mystic, mystic India.
Land of shade and mystery;
Land of oriental sea;
Land of curious history;
Quaint India!

Subtle, somber India.
Land of Brahmin, sage and priest;
Land of "wisdom from the East;"
Land of harsh and rigid caste;
Strange India!

Gloomy, gruesome India.
Land of superstitious charms:
Land of Juggernat's alarms;
Land of bloody crafts and forms;
Cruel India!

Conquered, cowered India.
Land of British war and strife;
Land of gold for human life;
Land where cruelty is rife;
Broken India!

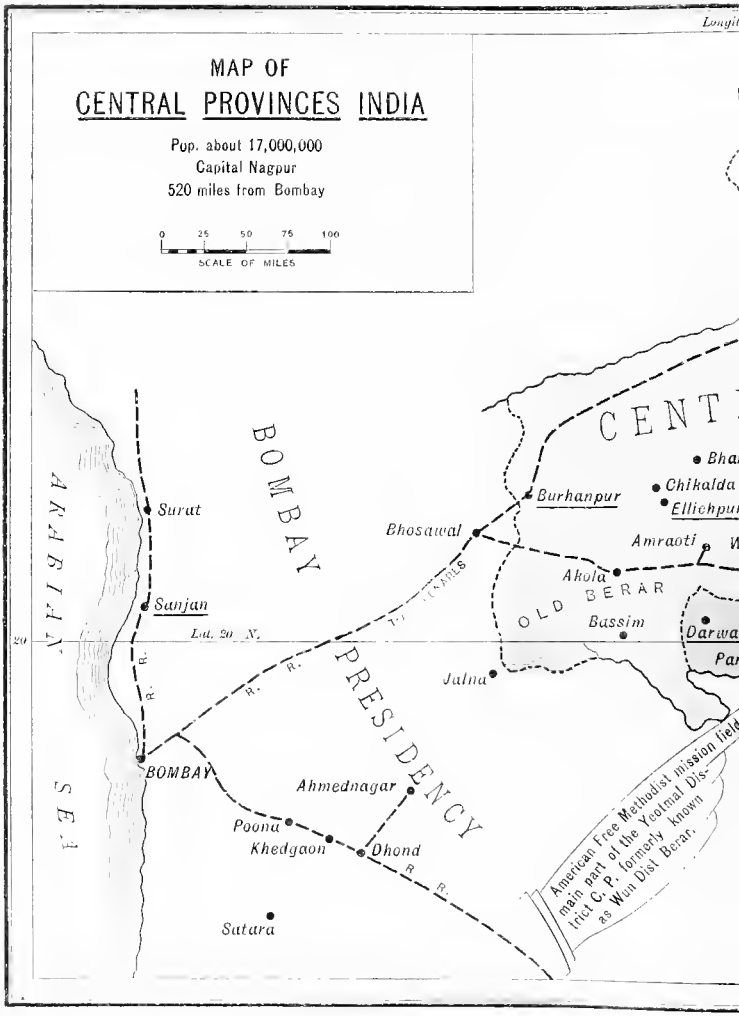
Starving, sinking India.
Land where plague and death are found;
Land where griefs and sighs abound;
Land of tear and mournful sound;
Mourning India!

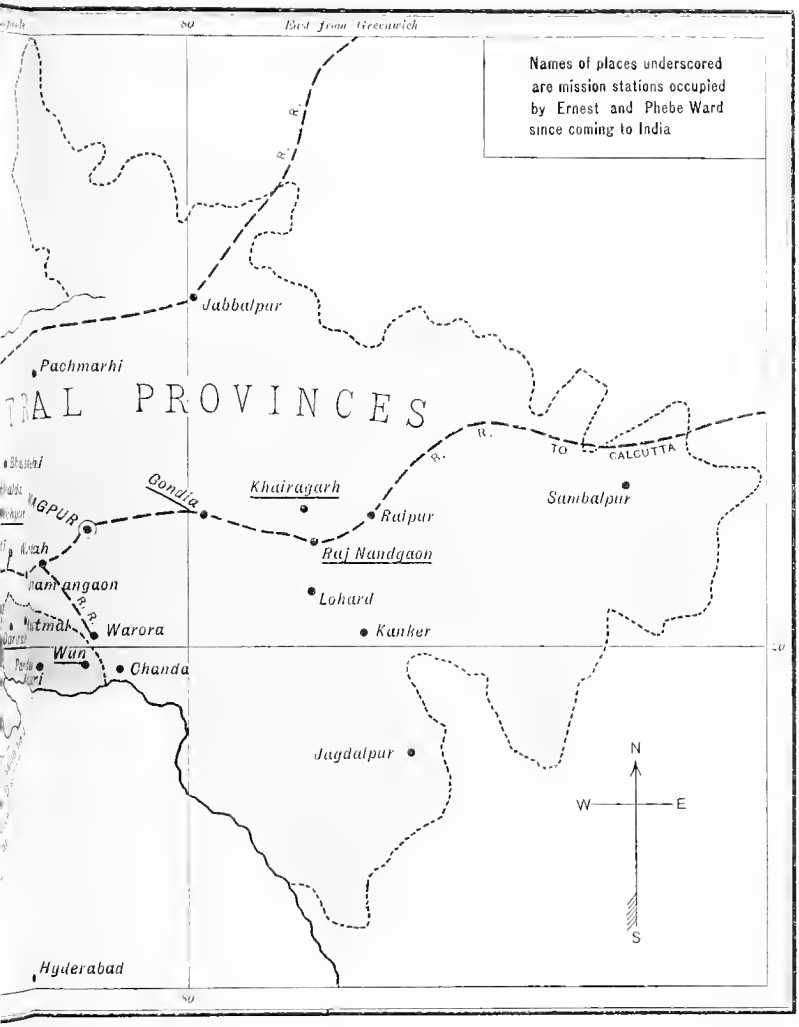
Purchased, precious India.
Land of missions from afar;
Land where saints for sinners care;
Land for earnest faith and prayer;
Beloved India!

Stricken, smitten India.
Land for which the Savior bled;
Land to welcome heavenly bread;
Land where Christian hearts must aid;
Hungry India!

Pleading, praying India.
Land where souls turn to the light;
Land soon freed from error's night;
Laud soon filled with heaven's own light;
Saved India!

(N. B. G. in *Missionary Tidings.*)


MAP OF
CENTRAL PROVINCES INDIA
Pop. about 17,000,000
Capital Nagpur
520 miles from Bombay
0 25 50 75 100
SCALE OF MILES
ARABIAN SEA
BOMBAY
PRESIDENCY
CENT
Surat
Sanjan
Lat. 20° N.
BOMBAY
Poona
Khedgaon
Dhond
Satara
Ahmednagar
Bhosawal
Jalna
Burhanpur
Chikalda
Ellichpur
Amraoti
Akola
OLD BERAR
Bassim
Darwa
Par
R. R. R. R. R. R.
American Free Methodist mission field main part of the Yeotmal District C. P. formerly known as Wun Dist Berar.


80
East from Greenwich
Names of places underscored are mission stations occupied by Ernest and Phebe Ward since coming to India
R.
R.
Jabbalpur
Pachmarhi
PROVINCES
R.
R.
TO CALCUTTA
Gondia
Khairagarh
Raipur
Sambalpur
Raj Nandgaon
Lohard
Kanker
Warora
Wun
Chanda
Jagdalpur
N
W
E
S
Hyderabad
80