

**PUBLICATIONS: HINDUSTAN'S
HORIZONS AND, NEW ETCHINGS
OF OLD INDIA BY B.T. BADLEY**

HINDUSTAN'S HORIZONS



My Horizon

For me to live is Christ."

(Phil. 1: 21.)

Thy face is my horizon:
When twilight falls midst mango tops
And bamboo clumps are wreathed in smoke
O'er village nestled in the green of rice or wheat,
And far beyond show purple mountain slopes,
I hear the coming of Thy feet,—
Thou art my wide horizon.

Thy voice is all my music:
When *manas* hail the coming of the day,
And orioles flash music at still noon,
And when at dusk the *koels* call my heart rejoice,
And cooing doves put forth their plaintive lay
I hear the whispers of Thy voice,—
Thou art my lasting music.

Thy name is all my glory:
When men repeat the name of Rām,
And temple bells resound in cloister'd halls,
And from the minarets *muezzins* voices raise,
Revealing still the presence of Islam,
I hear the angels sing Thy praise.—
Thou art my name of glory.

Thy love is all my being:
Not Kashmir's flower-studded vale,
Nor Jhelum's banks nor Ganga's breast
Nor palms nor pines, nor *amaltas*,
Nor garden, snowy with the jasmine pale,
Where *bulbuls* sing and sun-birds nest,
Mean ought to me without Thy love,—
Thou'rt my inmost heart, my all!

BRENTON THORBURN BACLES

Dedicated to

MRS. LOIS S. PARKER,

Since 1859 a missionary to India,
bringing America's best to India's need,
filling each of the sixty-four years
with ceaseless toil and fervent love
for Hindustan's people,
and ever walking in white before them,

AN EXEMPLAR OF
THE HIGHEST LIFE AND
TRUEST SERVICE.

Photo by B. T. Badley.



India's face is towards the light. There is a great day ahead, and those who really know her realise that her "tide" is "at the flood." NOW is the great word in India to-day.

HINDUSTAN'S HORIZONS

By
Brenton Thoburn Badley

Executive Office:

THE CENTENARY FORWARD MOVEMENT
OF INDIA AND BURMA

Calcutta, India

1923

TO THE
READER OF THIS BOOK.



SOME things stand out to-day with startling boldness on Hindustan's wide horizons. It is only with these that this little book is concerned.

For the first time surveys of the Episcopal Areas by our Resident Bishops are published. They will help the purpose of this book, namely to interpret for those who watch India from afar the things of outstanding significance for the Kingdom of God. This little volume will serve also to bring up to date the record of the Methodist Centenary Forward Movement in India.

For the beautiful cover-design we are indebted to Mrs. H. A. Hanson of Sitapur.

The far horizons of Hindustan have a great and growing significance for our world. Another generation will understand more fully what ours has begun to comprehend,—that human history and human destiny are closely bound up with the three hundred and nineteen millions of our race who live in India. For on Hindustan's horizon to-day the greatest figure is the Majestic Christ.

3, MIDDLETON STREET,
CALCUTTA.

POLITICS AND RELIGION IN
MODERN HINDUSTAN.



HINDUSTAN to-day is on the world's horizon. A country as old as Egypt is showing signs of youth that place her among the most modern lands.

India's political sky is being scanned by the leaders of the world. What is happening here is of international significance because for the first time since the West came in contact with the East India is politically awake. And when one-fifth of the world's inhabitants wake up after centuries of sleep, the world itself must become a different place. India's weight in the scales of the world, whether intellectually, commercially, politically or spiritually, must materially determine the world's condition.

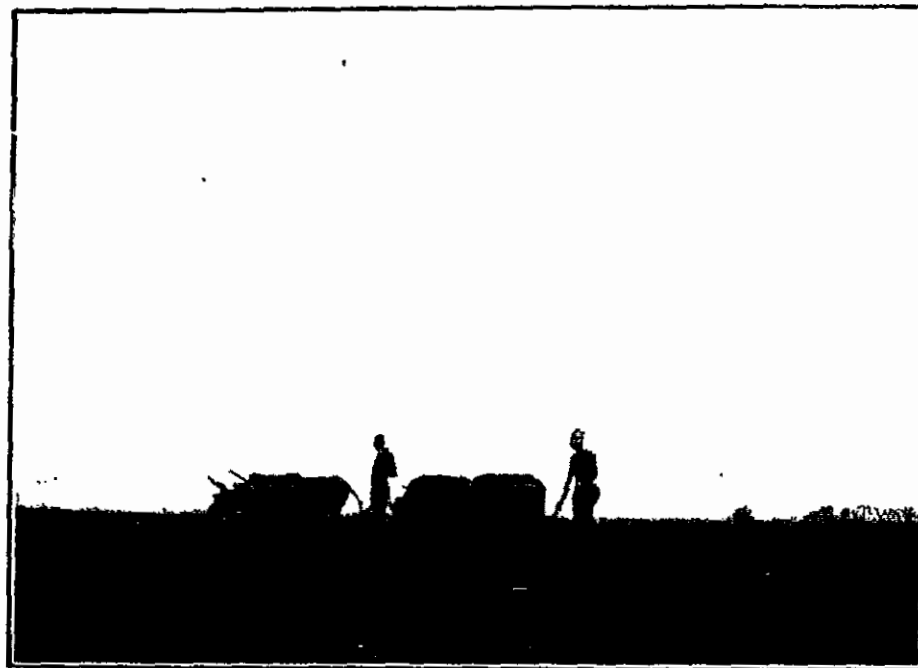
The outstanding fact regarding India to-day is that a *people* are in the process of becoming a *nation*. This is, of necessity, a complex process, for India not only has as many and as distinct races as Europe, but has a larger population than that continent.

A National Character,—at last!

For the first time since Europe touched India, a truly national character has arisen. Never

before in the history of modern India has any man become universally known. To-day, Gandhi's name is on all lips from Cape Comorin to

Photo by B. T. Badley.



The horizon never ends on India's broad plains. Under these bright skies is being worked out the destiny of one-fifth of our race.

Peshawar and from Karachi to Rangoon. This is not because his idea and plan of "Non-co-operation" with the British Government has met the approval of all his fellow countrymen, but because he has incarnated the new spirit of *Young India*, seeking to realise herself and find her own place in the modern world. Gandhi has awakened the national spirit from end to end in a land so vast and filled with such a variety of people, speaking so many languages, that nothing else ever has stirred them all.

Gandhi is in prison as a seditious and as one openly seeking to make impossible the existing

Photo by E. M. Moyatt.



A Hindu temple whose top is covered with pieces of tin made from the Standard Oil Company's tins. The possibilities of "reform" are almost unlimited!

government, but the influence of his life and his spirit abides. Could he have seen his way to co-operate with the Government and by constitutional means to bring about the self-determination for which India's leaders strive, as others of his

Photo by B. T. Badley.



Modern methods are penetrating even far into the Himalayah mountains. These "Sandwich" men, representing the "Red Lamp" cigarettes, were found on the job four marches up in the interior.

countrymen are doing, he might still have been working out India's destiny. Gandhi was not more patriotic than Rabindranath Tagore, Srinivasa Shastri, K. Natarajan, and scores of other famous Indians who saw no hope or wisdom in non-co-operation, but his eager spirit could not brook the delays that are necessary in a land where the great majority of people are not only ignorant and backward but without a political consciousness or any experience of national movements. With no national citizenship achieved, India cannot meet the demands or rise to the duties and respon-

sibilities of Home Rule. Wiser heads than Gandhi's saw that to force complete self-government on India before her people were ready for it, was the surest way to wreck all the hopes of the future.

Photo by B. T. Badley.



This Hindu "holy man" has loaded himself with chains in order to "mortify" his flesh. He is typical of India, groaning under many self-imposed disabilities.

Yet far more rapidly than could ever have been anticipated by the most ardent of India's admirers, is a national consciousness and a common citizenship coming into existence. Were it not for the most delicate and difficult problems that Hindu-Moslem rivalries, jealousies and antipathies bring upon this land, a national unity would be well assured. But the solution of this problem,

Photo by M. T. Titus.



A Mohomedan "Sufi" or mystic.

Photo by R. T. Badley.



American products are penetrating far into India's interior. This shows a village of Bengal where Mobiloids are advertised.

despite the assurances of enthusiasts and idealists, is still ahead. Dr. Ansari, a leader in the Mohomedan political camp, has just stated that in comparison with the need of securing Hindu-Moslem unity, all other public questions in India are as nothing. In view of the riots that have recently broken out, and the strained relations that exist, this statement is not too strong. Whether Hindus and Mohomedans can ever really pull together in India is still an open question. Politicians say—"We have a pact and unity is assured." The man in the bazaar says—"Oil and water will not mix!" For the present, a system of separate communal representation in the govern-

ment is, after a fashion, meeting the practical difficulty, but it does not promise much as a permanent arrangement.

A Solution Offered by Christ.

After all, the true solution of India's problems, political, social and spiritual, can be found only in Christianity. Not only would the acceptance of Christ give these people a real unity, but His personality and principles would guarantee the moral force that is essential if India is ever to have good government of her own. Neither Hinduism nor Islam can produce the moral and spiritual fibre that must enter into a safe and stable national life. The principles of Christ are indispensable. This a few of the most thoughtful and spiritually minded of India's leaders seem to recognize. They are speaking the language of the new day. Rabindranath Tagore refuses to let an idol be brought on the premises of his great new University. Gandhi urges every Hindu to become "a close student of the Bible." The Editor of the "Indian Social Reformer" calls upon missionaries to "stand by India in her endeavour to apply the central teachings of Christ to her national life." Sir Ashutosh Mukerji, late Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University, declares in a great public meeting, "The Bible has been the greatest influence in my life." Sir Narayan Chandaryarkar, one of Bombay's greatest Hindu leaders whose recent death India mourns, put himself on record thus:—

"India is being converted: the ideas that lie at the heart of the Gospel are slowly but surely permeating every part of Hindu society, and modifying every phase of Hindu thought."

Photo by B. T. Badley.



India needs fewer dreamers on the banks of the Ganges and more workers at the unending tasks in every department of her new life. Her need is not more religion but more spiritual life,—a practical application of the principles of Christ to her every-day affairs.

The Maharajah of Travancore says:—

“ It is the Christian's Bible that will, sooner or later, work out the regeneration of India.”

Even Buddhism is seeking to-day to revivify its antiquarian religion by linking up Christ with Buddha. Take the following extracts from a recent article in “ The World and the New Dispensation ” (Calcutta):—

“ So is Buddha's personality alive and throbbing and marching on—a figure of world importance and divine proportions! He is out to conquer and to leaven all. What purpose will it serve to-day to predicate life and immortality to Christ, and at the same time fail to see Buddha alive and active? This is a negation of God,—a kind of atheism of

Photo by B. T. Badley.



The missionary car, whether it brings tracts, medicines or the Christian message, always has a “ following ” in the rural areas.

a subtle and deadly type. No, Buddha is not dead, nor in the ‘ past tense ’, nor a mere ‘ memory. ’ He is an exile even as Christ is from much that is called Christian in the civilised world to-day. Behold Buddha and Christ are together,—these fellow-exiles. They are members one of another in some subtle and mysterious way, organically bound up with one another and with all humanity in the present consciousness of God.”

Photo by B. T. Badley.



A deputation of “ Untouchables ” (tanners and leather dressers) coming to an Indian district superintendent and his council to ask for spiritual instruction for their people. Such requests sometimes involve thousands of souls.

This turning to Christ is a first step towards accepting Christianity, and is probably the most striking thing on India's horizon to-day. Indeed, the political and social awakening of India is a direct result of the spread of influences that are traceable to Christ's Gospel. The dynamic of

Christ's teachings and the power of His personality are the greatest factors in shaping modern India. The greatest school of the nations is Hindustan and her greatest teacher is the living Christ. To His words India is attending as possibly no other non-Christian land of the world. Yet it cannot be denied that there is a marked revival of both Hinduism and Mohommedanism in India. These communities were never more alert and aggressive than to-day. But one must look deeper than the formalities of religion or the activities that appear on the surface, to get a true understanding of the trend of events. Earnest men, Hindus and Mohommedans, spending themselves for a land in the making, find themselves unable to supply for these vast multitudes the purity and power that come only from the abiding Christ.

Photo by B. T. Badley



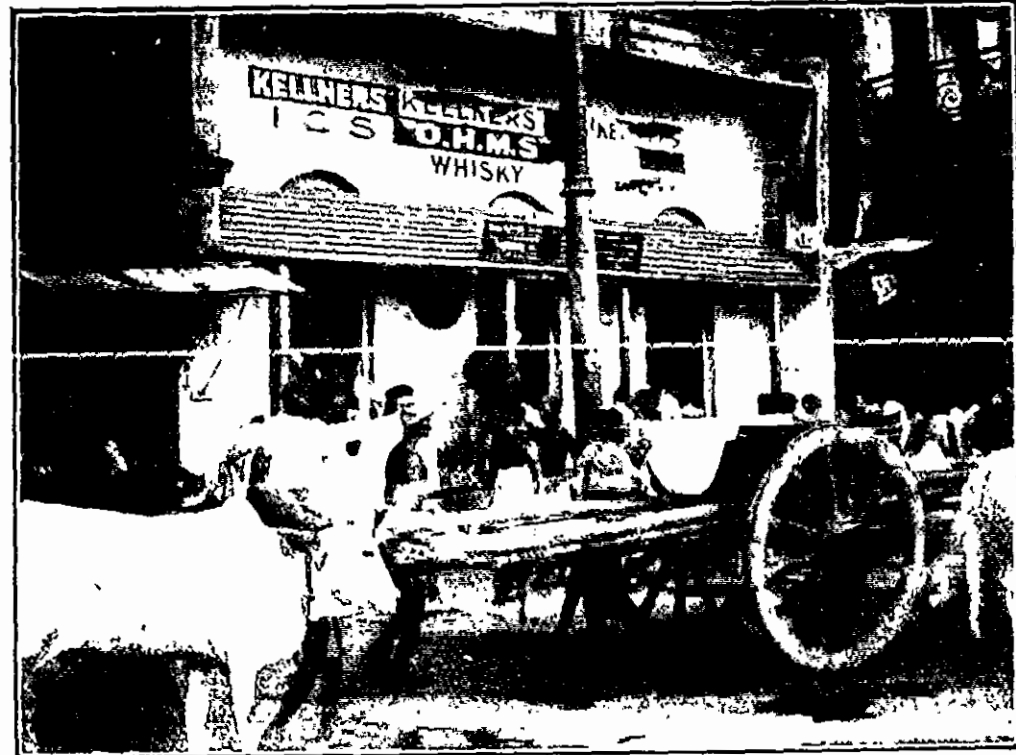
A devotee of the goddess Kali, bowing over the sacrificial posts in front of the temple at Kalighat.

Photo by L. A. Core.



A Hindu "holy" man, swinging head down over a fire of dried cow-dung cakes. Foolish? Yes.—but also another indication of India's wealth of devotion to religion.

Photo by H. J. Badley.



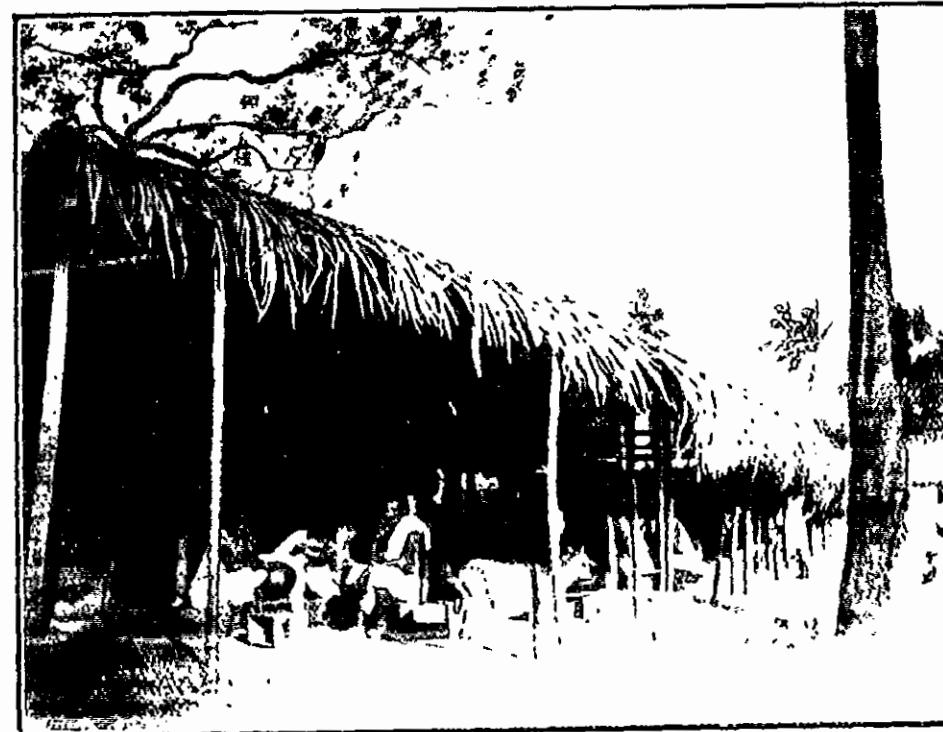
A licensed liquor shop in one of Calcutta's busiest thoroughfares. In such places foreign spirits are increasingly in demand by Indian drinkers.

India's Reformers Make Discoveries.

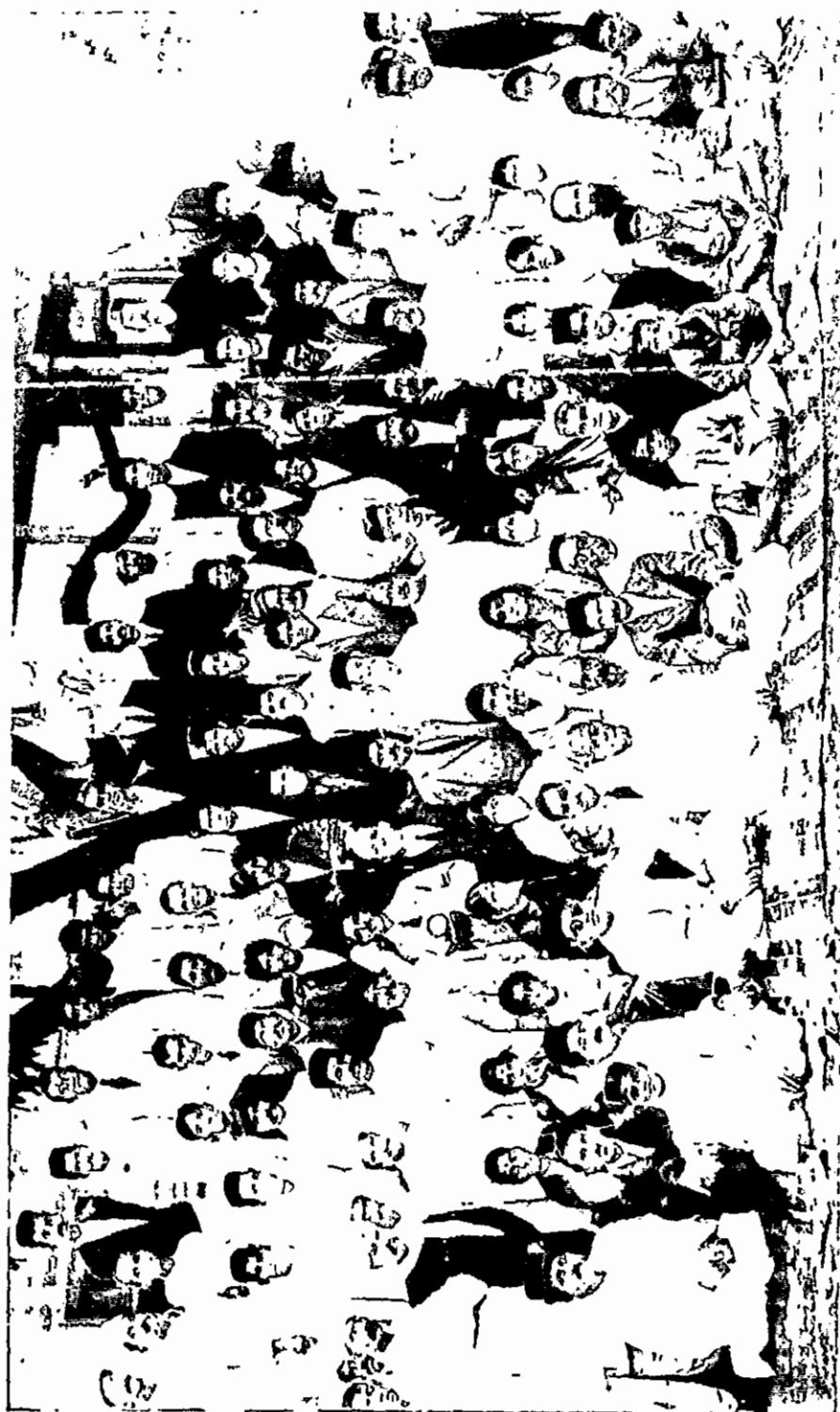
Reformers who, seeing what Christian Missions have accomplished in elevating the depressed classes and building character of integrity and unselfishness where Islam and Hinduism through the centuries had failed to lift or empower, have adopted the message and methods of the missionary and entered hopefully on the supreme task of making men and women of integrity, purity, intelligence and patriotism. To their amazement they are discovering two remarkable things. First, that they are standing shoulder to shoulder with the missionary. They had thought he was some sort of proselytizing agent, not primarily concerned

with the task of making better citizens. They imagined that he was living and working in a realm of creeds and ideals, but find him toiling patiently at the practical things that enter into everyday life and work. It is dawning on the consciousness of India's non-Christian leaders that Christian missionaries saw a hundred years ago what the nationalist "reformers" have just comprehended, *viz.*, that you cannot have a better India until you have men and women purer and truer and more unselfish, saved from the blights of sordid social cults and freed from the fetters of degraded religious systems. Modern India, they begin to

Photo by H. J. Badley.



A licensed shop for the sale of "toddy," the fermented liquor of the palm tree. This large shed accommodates scores of people. Liquor and lives are cheap in India!



This group participated in the inter-communal dinner at Bombay. This group includes Europeans and Indians, high caste and low caste, Hindus and Christians, Parsis and Mohammedans, men and women,—marking a new era in the social reform movement.

comprehend, demands not that the religion or traditions of the fore-fathers be preserved, but that people through their religion and customs be fitted to enter upon the practical duties of citizenship. Social service, they begin to understand, has its foundations on a true, spiritual life. Already India's non-Christian leaders have realised that the "outcaste" millions must be lifted out of their

Photo by B. T. Badley.



In a north India poppy field. The man with a knife is scraping the juice that has exuded from the slit made the night before on the pod.

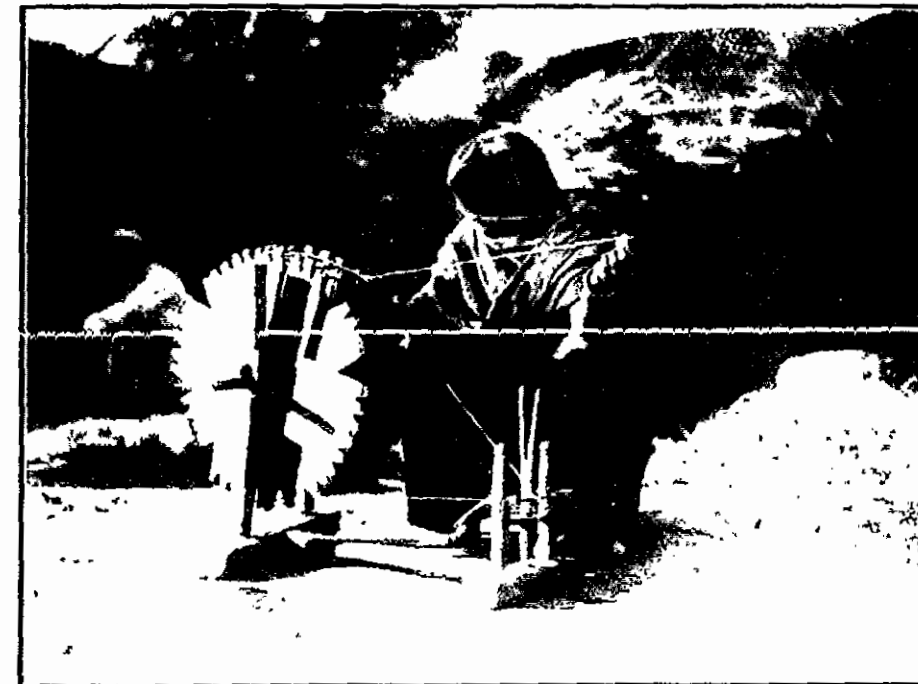
degradation if India's people are to prosper. In some cases far-seeing men in the Hindu camp have realised that from these very "depressed" classes may come the forces that will save Hindu society itself. The Editor of the "Indian Social Reformer" has just said editorially in his paper—"The salvation of the country, it is becoming increasingly clear, will come mainly from the depressed and repressed sections of the Indian people,—Sudras and women." Then he quotes the Bible as if it were his own book,—“The stone which the builders had set at naught will become the head of the corner.”

Photo by E. M. Moffatt.



A Hindu boy ascetic: his body is smeared with ashes. This ancient Hindu method of training leaders does not find much favour in India's new day.

Photo by B. T. Badley.



Spinning has received an impetus recently in India, but it can do little to solve the economic problem that is now being faced.

The Pathetic Position of "Reformers."

But a more amazing discovery than this is being made by India's reformers. It is this, that they are without the power to make people better! They had supposed that if ignorant people were enlightened, they would become good. Their idea had been that if the upward way was pointed out to men they would arise and tread it. They had imagined that if a community were given correct teaching, right living would follow. To raise the depressed, you had only to show the way up: to reform the drunkard, it was only necessary to make clear to him that the community needed in him a pure, strong life: to make a patriot, the task was really to enlighten him as to the need of the

motherland in the hour of opportunity. But to the surprise and confusion of the "reformer" human nature with its selfishness, pride, sensuality, love of ease and all the failings of the unregenerate heart refuses to yield to his exhortations. His strenuous public utterances are applauded, his vigorous writings are read and fully approved, but men and women go home to live the same sordid lives as before. He is an acknowledged "reformer," but he does not know how to re-form people. There is nothing more pathetic in India to-day.

What can the "Reformer" do? What can the patriot further propose? The fact is that only Christ can re-form lives. Only He who said "Ye must be born again" can bring man to the new life, where the individual becomes in and through Christ a "New Creation," with a desire for the higher, a love of the purer, a willingness, even eagerness, to sacrifice for others, and a power to live the expanding, fruitful life. The truth of this is slowly dawning on the consciousness of India's patriots and reformers. This realization is the forerunner of a new day.

On India's spiritual horizon the majestic Christ is supreme.

THE CHURCH IN A NEW INDIA.



LEARNER than ever before is the significance of the Centenary Forward Movement in India to-day. Here, as elsewhere, the break-up of the old world marks the beginning of the new. This period of transition has been a time of unexampled activity. Events have moved with amazing rapidity since the close of the war, and perhaps India has taken larger strides forward during these few years than any other land. Greater problems, political, social and moral, have been faced by India since 1918 than at any time previous. Larger adjustments have been brought about than anyone thought possible. More far-reaching decisions have been made than in any preceding period.

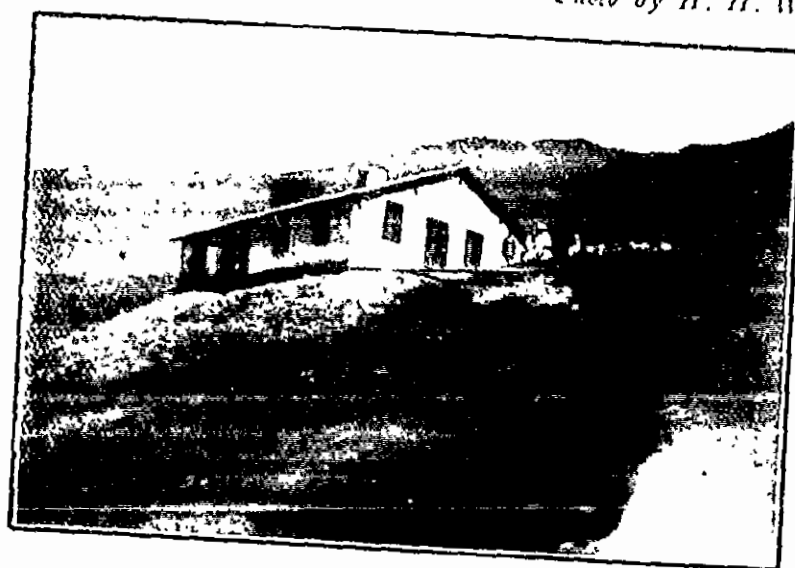
The re-actions of the great war have come up against India with great shocks. Economic difficulties have beset her just when she was in the greatest political ferment. Social revolutions have come upon her before she could adjust herself to the changing conditions resulting from her entry upon an international career. Failing markets in Europe and fluctuating exchange rates have struck her just when the temporary boom following the close of the war subsided, leaving her in serious financial straits.

Methodism's Morale in India.

All this rendered still more difficult the work of foreign missions in India. It is the more apparent when we recall that this was for India also the period of failing faith in the Christian lands and civilisation of the West, and an overweening confidence in self. Christianity was supposed to have borne its legitimate fruit in the unparalleled destruction of the great war and its untold cruelties and sufferings. For India, the war virtually wiped Europe off the map; nor has anything that has happened there since the Peace Treaty was signed changed her thought about that continent. Non-Christians had their confidence seriously shaken and Christians had fresh disappointments to face.

Failing finances in Europe and England coincided with failing morale in India, with the result that considerable sections of the work of Missionary Societies of Churches of those lands have had to

Photo by H. H. Weak.



A "Centenary" school in the Pauri district, situated more than a mile above sea level.

be given up. Schools and colleges have been closed, fields of labor abandoned and workers dismissed. This has led to such reverses as to alarm the Indian constituencies of those Churches and has resulted in unstable conditions.

Now it is a remarkable fact that during this very period, 1918-1923, the Methodist Episcopal Church in India has made some of her greatest advances. This period of the Centenary affords a

Photo by L. Chester Lewis.

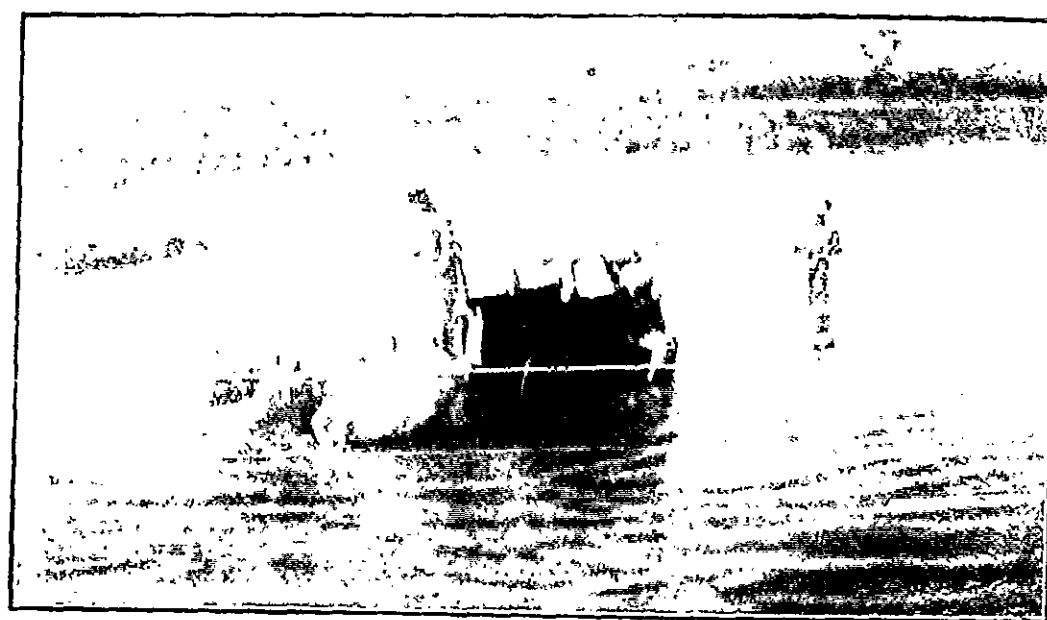


"Girl Guides" of the Girls' High School, Cawnpore, out on an "elephant picnic."

most encouraging survey of the work of our Church in India. Nothing less than such a real "forward movement" as the Centenary enterprise represents could have saved the Methodist Episcopal Church from just such serious reverses as have been experienced during this period by other Missions in this land.

There were two main factors that contributed

Photo by S. Aldis.



The missionary's ox-cart crossing a river of the Central Provinces, - all in the day's work.

to our continued success. First, there was the most heartening realization that the Church at the Home Base had both the intention and ability to continue and even increase its appropriations to the foreign field. While all these hopes were not realised, yet the financial giving was kept at a level that enabled the Methodist Episcopal Church in India to tide over this unusually difficult period. Had the funds from America failed at this time, not only would the work of our Church in India have suffered a great reverse, but her morale might have been seriously impaired.

The other factor that saved the situation was that the enthusiasm generated by the compelling call for a great forward movement on the part of the Church in India itself, kept our people from yielding to the sag that has undoubtedly marked the years 1921-1922.

Photo by B. T. Badley.



Whether it be a "Dodge," an "Overland," or only a "Ford," rural Bengal (barring the roads!) is a paradise for the motor, and its occupants. Better roads follow rather than precede motor traffic.

Several considerations made this depression specially marked in India. (1) There was what has already been indicated, a serious economic and financial disturbance following the post-war adjustments. (2) The Church had to face the waning confidence of India's people in Western civilization and the Christianity of Europe, and re-interpret the essentials of the Gospel in the terms of India's new life and needs. (3) The social ferment throughout the land has brought disturbing problems to the front. (4) The unprecedented political unrest throughout the country has unduly drawn the attention of the people to purely secular things and over-emphasized political

Photo by L. L. Luce, Jr.



Primary education is one of the supreme needs of India. We can get along without buildings, but not without the teachers.

Photo by M. T. Titus.



The family "automobile" in north India on the way to a "mela" or religious fair.

matters. (5) In some parts of the land Indian Christians have been persecuted as unpatriotic, because they would not lend their support to the ultra-radical and revolutionary propaganda with which the extremist agitators sought to overthrow the existing government. It was a severe handicap, indeed, when a considerable section of India's people thought our Christians unpatriotic. This misunderstanding is gradually clearing up.

Under all these disadvantages success could come only if the morale of the Church were unimpaired, her faith and vision maintained and her zeal, enthusiasm and devotion kept alive. No mere "statesmanship" could have brought this about. A mere knowledge of what the situation demanded could not avail. The need was for a mighty motive, a dominating determination, a

compelling conviction that would carry the membership of the Church over the obstacles and through to the larger fields of endeavour. This is precisely what the Centenary Movement furnished in India. So outstanding has been the service thus rendered by this Movement in India to Methodism here, and so direct has been the bearing of the Movement at the Home Base on the present strength and efficiency of our India work, that we need not leave it to historians of future decades to point out the significance of the Centenary Forward Movement to the Methodist Episcopal Church in India.

The leaders of Methodism in India know how the Centenary saved the day. In India we have had not merely a movement within the Church,—the whole Church has been moving.

Photo by F. Wood.



Old "Grant Road" Church in Bombay being re-built to meet modern conditions; now known as "Centenary" Church,—one of our notable Centenary undertakings in India.

Photo by B. T. Badley.



The new "Gracey Memorial Church" at Sitapur, United Provinces,—another Centenary project splendidly completed.

Raising Rupees during Slumps and Sags.

Perhaps the most notable success achieved by the Methodist Episcopal Church in India during this period was in just the line of effort where it was least expected, *viz.*, the financial. At a time of national unrest, trade depression and unstable conditions in all departments, a decreased amount raised on this field would not have been surprising and would have been pardoned. But our Church in India demonstrated a vitality and showed a spiritual power that have greatly increased her self-respect and we trust have strengthened the faith of

Photo by L. A. Core.



A typical village scene.

our friends at the Home Base. These facts are noted here for the encouragement of the Church at the Home Base whose courage and sacrifice Indian Methodism so fully appreciates, and also to show the patrons of this great work how worthily Indian Methodism has responded to their continued confidence and support.

During the first three of the Centenary years in India, *i.e.*, 1919-1921, the yearly giving of Methodists in India rose by the amount of \$97,980, which represents an increase of seventy-three per cent. During this period an amount of \$365,193 was raised on this field and added to what was appropriated to India by our Board of Foreign Missions. The significance of this cannot be grasped until we realise that the average income of a family in the rural areas of India comes to about \$4.50 a month. This is not a "living wage" on any decent plane of life, but to tens of thousands of people in their mud huts, we must go and get the pittance that they can give by

foregoing something additional in their meagre lives. The "tens of thousands" are not a figure of speech. At least ninety per cent. of our membership in Indian Methodism are to be found in the villages. This means that somewhat more than 360,000 of our Indian Methodists are included in this class. If the Methodists of the United States of America should give at this same rate in proportion to their income, not only could the entire Centenary programme be easily financed, but the total requirements of the ill-fated Inter-Church Movement could have been largely met by our Methodism alone.

Photo by B. I. Radley.



Just girls, at the entrance to a Hindu temple; another ten years, and then—?

It will be of interest to compare the total amounts raised on this field during the past four quadrenniums,—1911-1923. The figures for the first three quadrenniums are as follows:—

Total for quadrennium ending 1911	Rs. 1,520,503
" " " 1915	Rs. 1,708,077
" " " 1919	Rs. 2,691,546

The increase of nearly one million Rupees in 1919 shows the impetus given by the Centenary. The figures for 1923 cannot be had until the end of this year. If due allowance is made for Malaysia and the Philippine Islands having been taken from the Southern Asia field in 1920, and if the 73 per cent. increase registered in 1919-1921* should be maintained to the end of the present quadrennium, the total amount raised in India during the current quadrennium should give us another increase of one million Rupees.

Considering that this quadrennium includes the "financial slump" period, such a result should hearten not only India but world-wide Methodism.

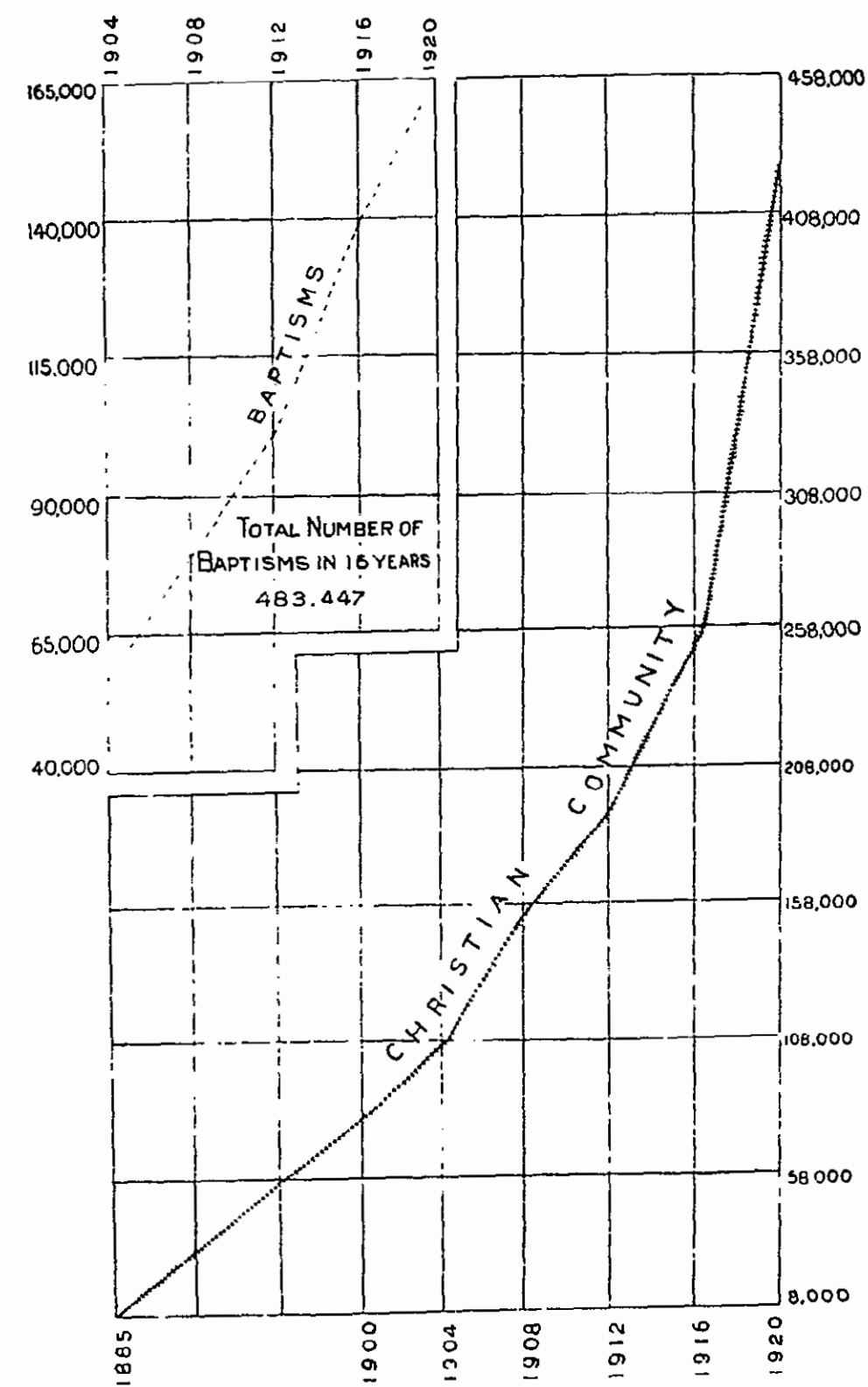
Sixty Millions moving Christ-wards.

Our Methodism in Hindustan is more concerned, however, as to souls saved than rupees raised.

No foreign mission field of the world has afforded so many accessions to the Church as has India. This field was not entered by American Methodism till 1856, and is thus one of the youngest among our major fields of effort.

When the "Central Conference" of India was organized in 1885 (and subsequently put into the "Discipline" of our Church through the efforts of our India missionaries), the total Christian

* NOTE - These figures have just been published through our Board of Foreign Missions at New York.



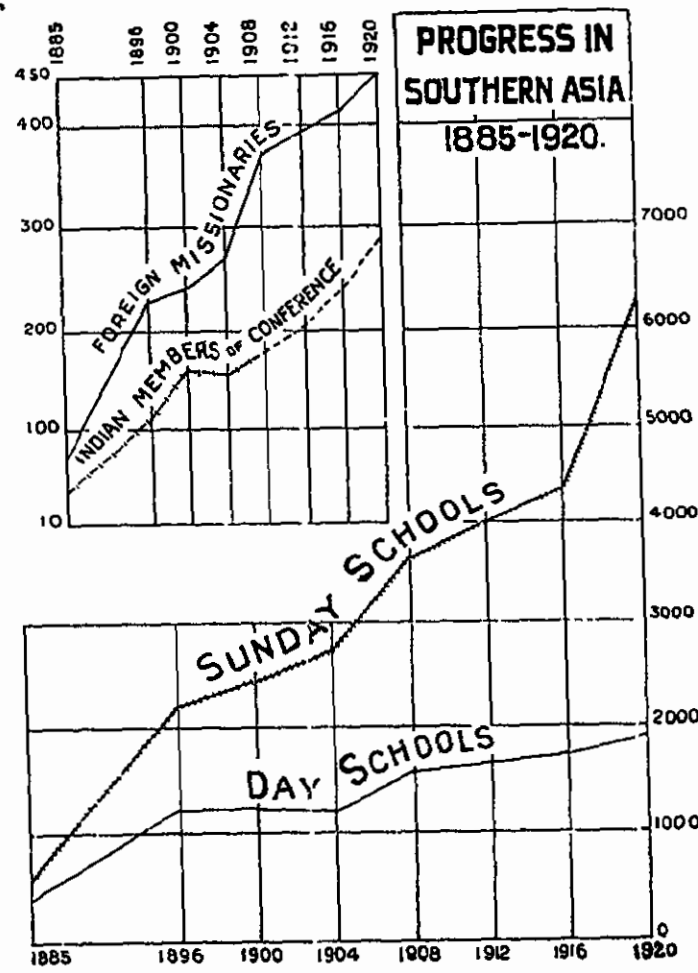
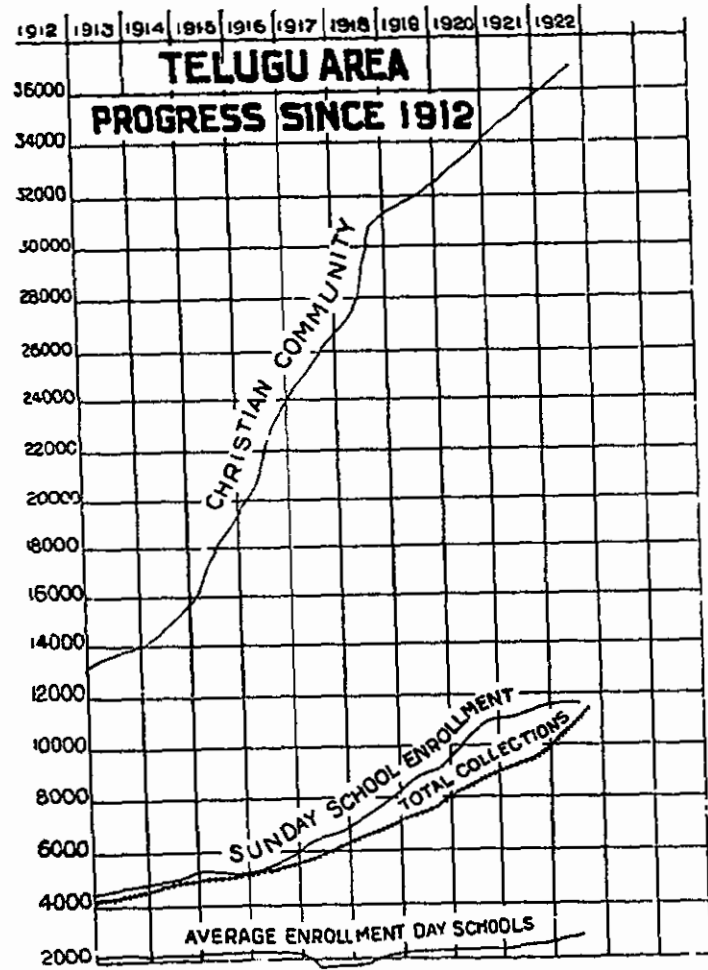
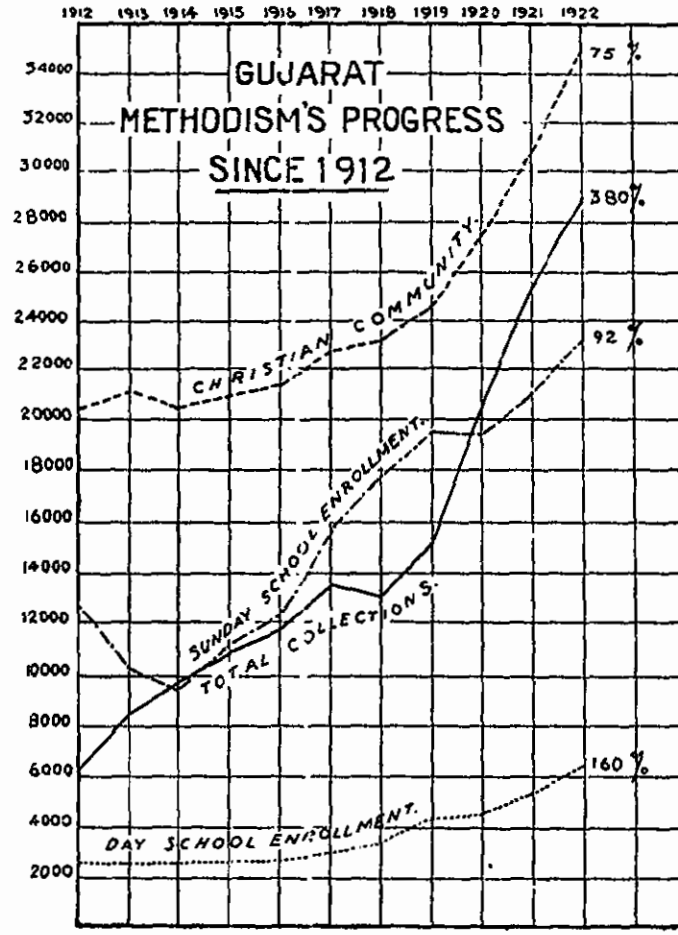
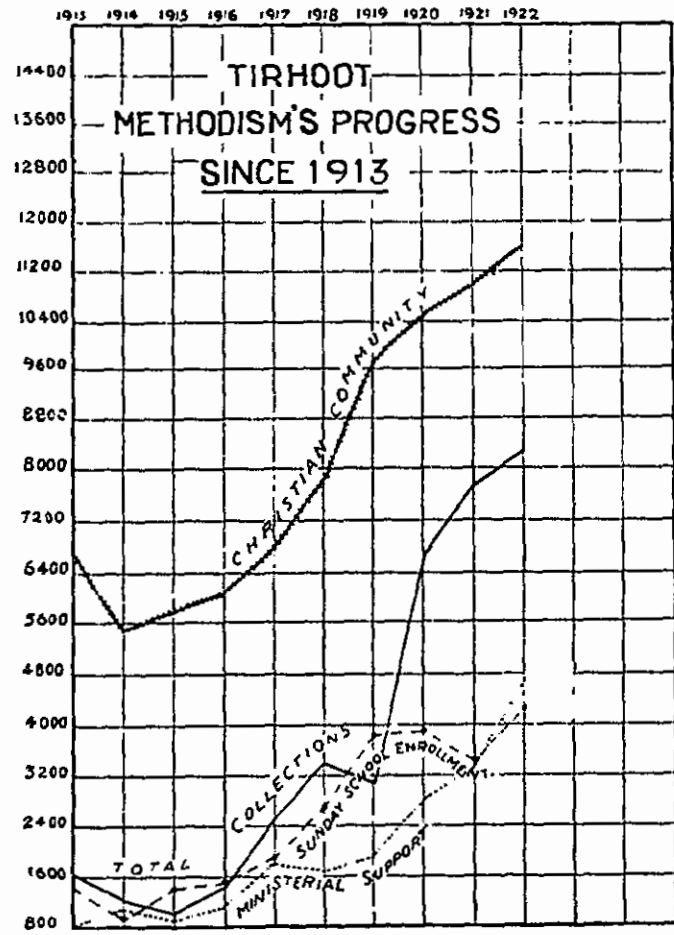


Photo by F. C. Albrecht.



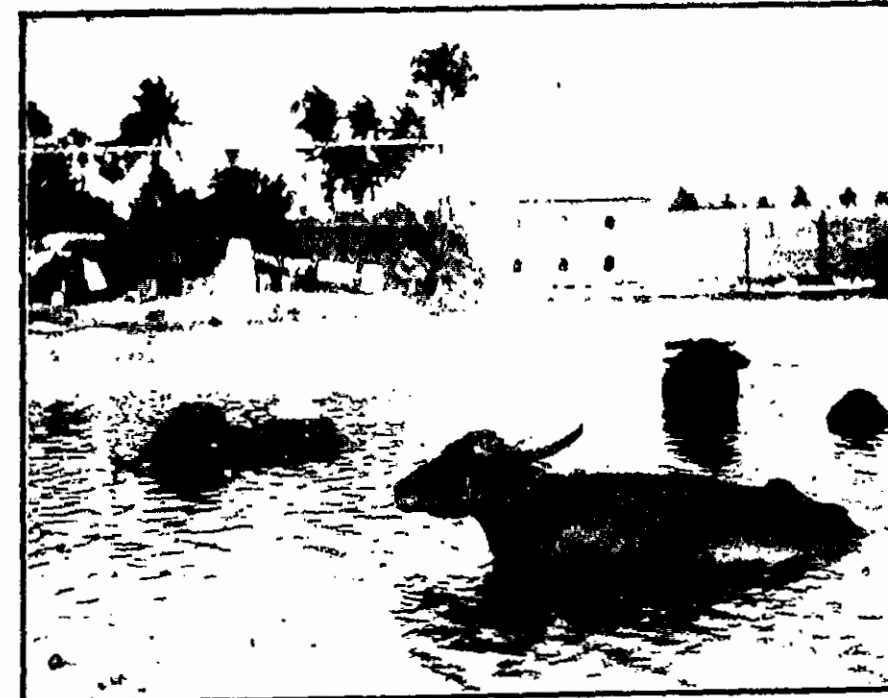
Bishop Warne baptizing a group of Chamars in the Meerut district.

community numbered fewer than 9,000. By that time the period of pioneering was over and the era of the mass movements had set in. By the beginning of 1900, Indian Methodism reported 111,654 as its total membership. Then came the period of the most rapid growth, for the following twenty years were to see the greatest advance that any Protestant Mission has ever had in the history of missionary operations. In these two decades, the Christian community of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Southern Asia rose from 111,654 to 421,646.

This wave rose most rapidly towards the middle of the second decade of this century, and if at that time the Methodist Episcopal Church as a whole had heeded the call of India,—if she had understood the statements and assurances of her leaders in India, and responded adequately with

men and money, there is no question that Bishop Thoburn's prophecy would have been fulfilled in his lifetime and Episcopal Methodism in India have counted a million souls in its membership.

Photo by B. T. Badley.



The water buffalo in his "element."—the muddier the water, the happier the buffalo!

What a record India has made in these past twenty years! What grounds for faith and encouragement she has given to the entire Church in her missionary endeavours! Consider the nature and extent of this success in view of the fact that for sixteen consecutive years, 1904-1920, our Church in Southern Asia added by baptism *annually* an average of 30,215 people, or a grand total of 483,447 baptisms in the sixteen years. The reports of the Annual Conferences give us at

the end of 1922 a total Christian community of 421,646 people, and we expect to report at the Central Conference to be held in December of this year (1923) a total of about half a million.

Have "Mass Movements" Ceased?

Let no one suppose that Methodism's opportunity in India lies in the past. Great chances have indeed been lost, the harvest of the mass movements has only partially been gathered, but our greatest victories—if we will it so—are ahead. Here and there communities that have looked to us in vain have become disappointed, and their desire to enter the Kingdom has abated, but the voices of the thousands, calling us to "come over

Photo by B. T. Badley.



This man and his wife cannot read, but recently they became Christians, and now their son and daughter, taught in the Methodist school, read to their parents.

Photo by B. T. Badley.

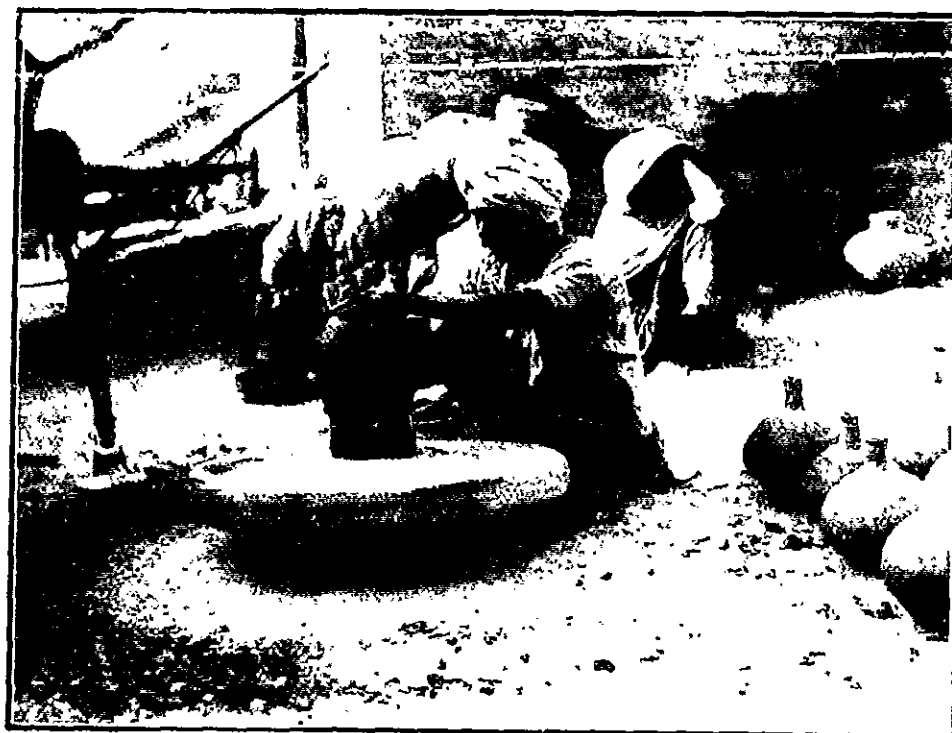


A colporteur at home, looking over his stock of books before starting out on the day's work.

and help," are still in our ears, the hands of the multitudes continue to beckon to us, and we are still compelled, for lack of pastors and teachers, to refuse baptism to multiplied thousands. It is true that Christianity is not the only champion now of the "depressed" classes among whom these movements have taken place, but neither "reformed" Hinduism, which is so assiduously cultivating them, nor Mohommedanism, which is now bidding so widely for their allegiance, can do more than satisfy temporarily the deep desires and great needs of these millions. Social emancipation, economic uplift and educational advancement are, indeed, among their greatest needs, but these benefits can be based only on a spiritual regeneration

that nothing except Christ's Gospel makes possible. The consciousness of this is certainly not well defined among these poor, ignorant and down-trodden masses, yet they have come to have a sense of this deeper need that no one has ever satisfied in the past or (outside of Christianity) seems able yet to meet.

Photo by E. T. Badley.



A potter making waterpots: his ancestors three thousand years ago were doing it in just the same way.

In the political upheaval that has followed the great war, India's outcastes have had to learn to their sorrow and amazement that "democracy," "self-determination" or "Swaraj" (Home Rule) are not to be the right of the outcaste, if the Brahman has his way! First dazzled, then disillusioned and finally despairing is the experience

the sixty million poor and lowly outcastes have had during the past five years. Gandhi has been their greatest friend, and many other high caste Indians are standing for them. But even Gandhi, who so loudly championed their cause, has not pronounced against caste, as such, in Hinduism's social and religious structure, and his is, therefore, a half-way measure, already breaking down. Fifty years ago, the following paragraph, taken from a recent issue of a Calcutta daily paper, would have been unthinkable: to-day it creates no stir, and is tucked into a corner of the paper.

"A significant movement is reported from the West Coast of Madras, where caste tyranny is more rampant than anywhere else in India. The so-called 'untouchables' of the Thiyya community who number about a quarter of a million, are now seriously thinking of changing their religion *en masse* in order to escape the tyranny of higher caste Hindus. It is hardly surprising when one learns that low caste people have lately been assaulted for daring to stand within a hundred yards of a West Coast Brahmin. At a recent Thiyya conference the president suggested that they should all become Buddhists, a proposal which is to be considered at a bigger conference. Meanwhile there have been many conversions to Christianity and to Mohomedanism, while missionaries of other creeds are busily endeavouring to capture this people in search of a religion."

This is not an isolated case. In many parts of India during recent months great conventions and conferences of various sections of the depressed classes have been held, to consider practical steps for securing economic and educational advancement, political opportunity and religious progress. Recently such a convention of Chamars (tanners, leather dressers and shoemakers by caste) met in the heart of one of our districts in the upper India field. There were eleven thou-



A great gathering of eleven thousand Chamars in upper India—met to discuss ways and means of elevating their community. The Christian message carried great conviction, and a new "mass movement" has begun.

sand of them at the meeting. Leaders of the neo-Hindu forces had learned of the gathering and their representatives were there in numbers, making their promises of help and pointing to new doors of opportunity to be opened to their "brethren." By invitation, some of our Methodist preachers were also present, and were asked to expound the principles of the Christian religion in its relation to the problems of the Chamar community. This they did with great effect, despite the fact that the Arya Samaj (the most aggressive of the neo-Hindu sects) leaders sought by every means to have the Christian preachers prevented from delivering their messages.

Photo by H. T. Gadley.



A well of "compromise." The partition across the top keeps Hindus and Mohommedans separate, while they draw alike from the same water. India's logic is unique!

The outcome of the meeting was that the Chamars were most favorably impressed with the statements made by the Christians. A few weeks later this writer met the chief leader of the entire community of seekers, who said that his people were looking to every possible source of help for uplift and progress,—even to the political organization of the Home Rule Movement, the National Congress. For himself, he had reached his final conclusion, which was that Christ alone could lift and save his community. This man, therefore, asked for baptism, with a view to seeking at once

Photo by B. T. Badley.



The oxen go down the inclined plane, drawing large leather buckets of water from the well at the top. A man at the well empties the buckets and throws them back for the return journey.

Photo by B. T. Badley.



A "Chaudhri" or headman of the Chamar caste from among whom Christianity has won so many disciples for Christ.

to lead his own people to take the same step and throw in their lot with the Christians. After two days of deliberation with him and the leaders of our Church in that district, he was baptized, and went forth at once with a holy earnestness to win his people. The latest report is that forty-six people of his community have just been baptised, and numbers of others are preparing for baptism.

Not only in upper India but in large sections of the South India field and in parts of the Bombay Area there are important movements among such masses of depressed people. Some of these mass movements have been going on for years and have

brought thousands into the fold of our Church. The call is still for workers and funds to enable the Methodist Church to reap those great spiritual harvests. Caste, as a socio-religious system, must be abolished, and, with it, must go the social, educational and political advantages that the high castes have through the many centuries reserved for themselves. This is the only type of democracy that Christianity can stand for, and this is what the missionary advocates.

Who Is The Liberator?

Who is powerful enough to break this virtual serfdom that Hinduism has imposed on the mute millions in the past?—mute no longer in this new day of visions of enfranchisement and equal opportunity. Caste is going. "Untouchability" is doomed. Men are getting together. Humanity is asserting itself. Cleavages exist, but men are looking over them, and preparing to leap across them. A brotherhood is evolving, and it is being made on the lines of the Brotherhood of Man of which the Son of Man spoke. As the rising leaders of these sixty million outcastes scan the horizon, they see no one strong enough, or great enough, or good enough to set them free, save the living Christ. Some of their fetters have already been torn from them, while here and there can be seen the broken shackles of the past, but the hand that did this for them is a pierced one.

India's outcastes are watching just one great figure on the horizon,—it is Jesus Christ.

INDIAN METHODISM'S EPISCOPAL AREAS.



EPISCOPAL Areas as they now stand were organised in Methodism's India mission field after the General Conference of 1920, when this field came under the plan of the General Superintendency. The foreign mission field does not possess any more fruitful or remarkable territory than

that contained in the four "Episcopal Areas" of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Southern Asia.

Without any further words of introduction, brief surveys of these Areas, furnished by the Resident Bishops, are given herewith.

THE LUCKNOW AREA.

**Bishop Frank W. Warne, General Superintendent,
Residence, Lucknow, U.P.**

The Lucknow Area contains the original field occupied by the founder of the India Mission, Dr. William Butler, who started operations at Bareilly in 1856, and in 1858, after the Sepoy Mutiny had been quelled, made headquarters at Lucknow, the largest city of upper India with a population of nearly 300,000.

Geographically, the Lucknow Area includes a large part of the province of Bihar, all the United Provinces (including the hill districts of Garhwal and Kumaun, bordering on the closed lands of Tibet and Nepal), and the eastern part of the Punjab. This territory contains a population of some seventy-five millions. There are in it 68 towns and cities ranging in population from 15,000 to 300,000 in which the Methodist Episcopal Church has missionary work, including 64 educational institutions, aside from village schools of various types.

The Lucknow Area includes the most famous of the cities sought out by visitors and sight-seers from all parts of the world. These are Agra, Delhi, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Allahabad and Benares, in all of which save the last-named the Methodist Episcopal Church has important work. Our Church is not at work in Benares itself, but



The district superintendent of Pauri district on an evangelistic tour in the Himalayah mountains, following the famous pilgrim route to the Hindu temples among the snowy peaks.

Photo by B. T. Badley.



A view in the beautiful marble mosque of the Fort at Agra.

has important evangelistic work in its vicinity, where on account of the large mass movements towards Christianity among the Chamar community, many thousands of converts have been gathered during the past decade. This work is still young, but is full of promise for the future of our Church.

Allahabad, which stands at the junction of the Ganges and Jumna rivers, is the capital of the United Provinces. Here we have an English Church, for Europeans and Anglo-Indians, a Boarding School for boys and the district headquarters. It was at Allahabad that the Central Conference of Southern Asia was organised in 1885, and there also that the India Sunday School

Union of this field came into being in 1876 under the leadership of Dr. T. J. Scott of our Mission. Allahabad is one of the great "convention cities" of India, and a place of significance to Indian Methodism.

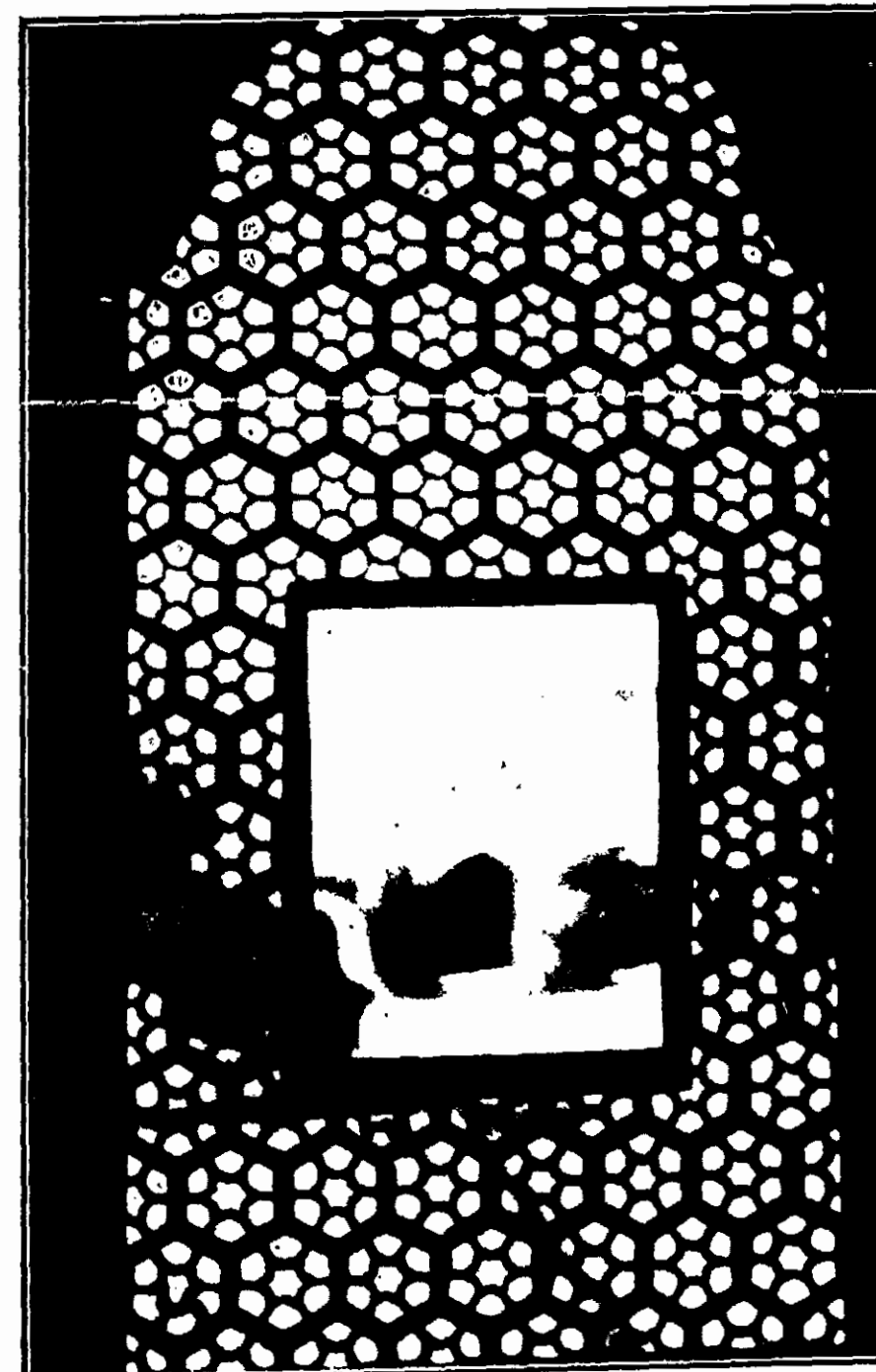
Cawnpore, the "Manchester of India," with its cotton and woollen mills and its tanning and leather works of many kinds, is the most important trade centre of inland India. Methodist activity there dates from the early seventies. It soon became a strong centre of "English" work, which is represented there now by an English Church and a flourishing High School for girls of European and Anglo-Indian parentage. The widely known "Lizzie Johnson Memorial Church" is the centre of a great work in the vernacular, supplemented by a Girls' as well as a Boys' Boarding School. In Methodist annals Cawnpore is noted

Photo by B. T. Badley.



Cutting hairs out of the nostril,—a wayside operation. The patient is not blind,—he prefers not to watch the point of the scissors!

Photo by B. T. Badley.



The window of the room in the fort at Agra where Shah Jahan, the builder of the Taj Mahal, was imprisoned by his son and not allowed to look on the Taj. When dying, he was carried out to the opposite side of the Fort and died gazing at the Taj.

for its strong and aggressive group of Indian laymen, well-to-do financially, and during the years of the past making Cawnpore probably the greatest centre of lay activity in our Indian Church.

The city of Agra, made world-famous by its unsurpassed "dream in marble," the Taj Mahal, has long been a seat of Methodist operations. An English Church was maintained by us there for many years, but for lack of a missionary pastor has had to be closed for the present. The city is the centre of important evangelistic operations which, with the help of the urgently needed men and money, can be made of supreme importance.

Delhi, the capital of the Indian Empire, is also the headquarters of one of Methodism's great districts in India. For many years now it has been the centre of one of our greatest mass movements in this field,—a work that calls urgently for reinforcements. There are now more than 27,000 in our Christian community in the district. Delhi is to have the "Butler Memorial," a building to enshrine the memory of the great founder of the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in India. Plans are also under way for suitable institutions, in which the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society is taking a prominent part.

This brings us, in our list of cities, back to Lucknow, the Episcopal headquarters for the Area, and world famous for the great defence of the "Residency" in 1857 under Lawrence, Havelock and Colin Campbell. This is one of Methodism's great centres of missionary operations in Asia. The two Colleges maintained by our Church in the Southern Asia field, the Lucknow Christian College for men and the Isabella Thoburn College for women, are both located at Lucknow. In connection with these there is a High School for girls

Photo by F. C. Aldrich.



A man of God,—veteran preacher in the North-west, winner of souls and exemplar of the "higher" life.

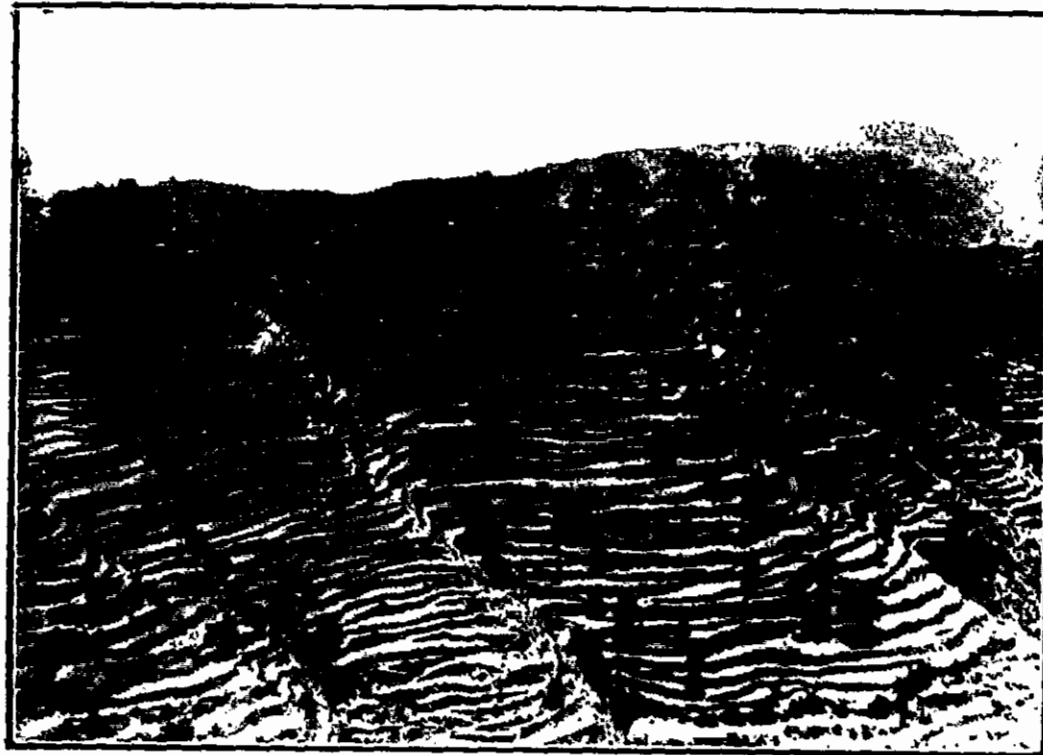
and a Middle School for boys, both with the finest hostel accommodations attached. Here also is the great and flourishing Methodist Publishing House of the city, which has had an unsurpassed financial record during the more than sixty years of its existence. This Press publishes millions of pages of religious literature annually in five languages, and also prints the official organ of this field, "The Indian Witness," one of the leading Christian weeklies of India. Other periodicals are also printed here, including the "Kaukab-i-Hind," (Star of India), Sunday School lesson leaflets and

Children's papers.

Lucknow has also one of our leading English Churches, the first to be established by us in India, and ever since a centre of spiritual influence which, through the annual "Dasehra Meetings" for the deepening of the spiritual life, has widened so as to touch almost every part of our field, and make Lucknow a spiritual nerve centre in Indian Methodism.

This completes the list of cities of note, as the sight-seer might decide, but omits mention of a large number of strategic centres in the work of the Kingdom. Reference must be made at least to some of these.

Photo by B. T. Badley.



The terraced hillsides of the Himalayahs produce both wheat and rice, as well as varieties of small grain. The fields are, on the average, about ten to fifteen feet wide.

Photo by F. C. Aldrich.



This man dug down the mud shrine in the village and then about forty people were baptized in that ward.

First, there is Bareilly, the first station to be occupied by Methodism in India, boasting the first orphanage and school to be established by us in India, as well as the first Theological Seminary, and also the first Hospital for women, to which in 1870 came Clara Swain, the first lady doctor in India. All three of these institutions still are among the largest and most successful in this field, all doing a notable work for Indian Methodism. The latest institution to come is the Bareilly Baby Fold, where already modern facilities are provided for the care of more than twenty babies and children under the supervision of an American lady missionary and her assistants.

Mecrut must also be mentioned, the seat of a Girls' High School, a Boys' Middle School and the centre of the greatest mass movement our Church has ever known. What has happened within a

radius of twenty miles of Meerut during the past thirty years, beginning under the leadership of the great P. M. Buck, makes one of the most glowing chapters in the annals of Methodism. These great movements both among the Sweepers and the Chamars have given Meerut district, though divided and re-divided on account of its growth, the largest Christian community of any district of our Church in India,—35,000.

Other cities such as Muttra, Aligarh, Budaun, Moradabad, Shahjahanpur, Sitapur, Hardoi, Bijnor, Roorkee, Muzaffarpur and Gonda are full of interest, whose history brings up such great names in Methodist annals as Bishop J. M. Thoburn, Bishop E. W. Parker, J. L. Humphrey,

Photo by B. T. Badley.



Distributing temperance and other tracts among the jute workers of the Home Mission field, Bhabua, Bihar.

T. J. Scott, B. H. Badley, J. H. Messmore, J. W. Waugh, Robert Hoskins, J. C. Butcher and others.

Space will permit of special reference to only one more city, *viz.*, Naini Tal. This is one of our stations in the "hills,"—the great Himalaya

Photo by L. A. Core.



Mohammedans of Budaun celebrating the great Mohurram festival.

mountains. Naini Tal boasts the first house of worship built by Methodism in India, now more than 60 years ago. Its cool climate early made it the leading health resort of North India, and here our Church in the seventies established a sanitarium for its missionaries. Early in the eighties it erected a beautiful English Church, following on the establishment of schools for missionary children and the children of the domiciled com-

munity. Thus "Wellesley" and "Philander Smith College" began their record-making career, and represent to-day the highest type of institutions for English-speaking boys and girls in this land,—an inestimable boon to missionary children for more than 40 years. A High School for Indian boys followed in due time, with a strong Hindustani Church. To-day Naini Tal fills a place in the Lucknow Area of prime importance.

But with this enumeration of the cities of the Area, mention has not been made even of all the district headquarters, there being twenty-eight districts in the Area with a total missionary force of 40 men and 39 women. The Christian community of 242,700 is rapidly increasing, the growth being held up only for lack of sufficient pastoral supervision and educational facilities for the boys and girls of the communities that might be baptised. Missionary hearts have been breaking in the Lucknow Area because of the necessity of refusing baptism, year after year, to many thousands who knock for admission at the doors of our Church. And still the multitudes wait. And still our cry continues to be—"How Long?"

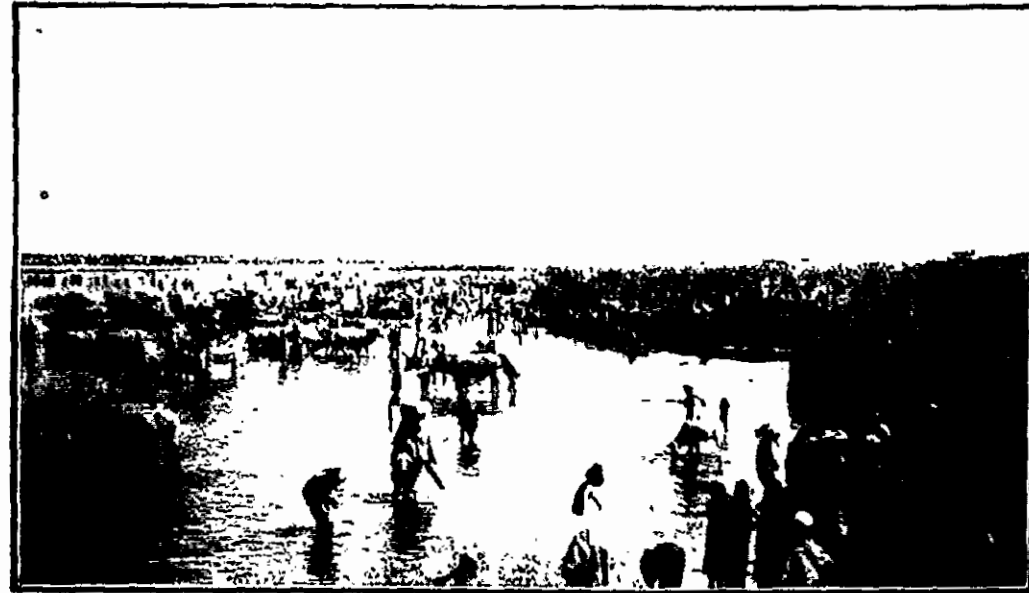
The Lucknow Area has an old and established work in every line of missionary effort, with a growing body of educated Indian laymen and ministers. In self-support the Area has gone beyond all expectations, the amount raised last year in benevolent and all other collections totalling Rs. 1,17,330, an increase of 67 per cent. over the previous year. Its educational institutions are unsurpassed, its plant and equipment are more and more becoming adequate to our needs. Its young people crowd the schools and churches, while vast non-Christian populations are accessible as never before to the message of Christ. Here the



Children of the Babby Fold for Upper India. One of the most popular institutions in the Area, started at Bareilly two years ago, has already outgrown its premises.

Woman's Foreign Missionary Society has a most successful and expanding work. Our present successes have been built upon great achievements in the past, but the future is full of promise of still greater triumphs. With a reasonable support continued from the Home Base while we still further develop our own resources in men and money on the field, and especially with a still greater outpouring of God's mighty spirit upon us, we shall move forward to the greater victories of the new day.

Photo by M. T. Titus.



Scene at a bathing festival on the banks of a "sacred" stream in upper India.

THE BOMBAY AREA

**Bishop J. W. Robinson, General Superintendent,
Residence, Colaba, Bombay.**



IN the terminology of the Methodist Episcopal Church this name is applied to that work of the Church found in Baluchistan, Sindh, Rajputana, the Punjab, the Bombay Presidency, Central India, the Central Provinces and the Berars. It has an area of about 825,000 square miles and a population of approximately 87,000,000 people. As a matter of easy comparison, the Area is equal to fifteen states of Iowa, and its people would fill forty Iowas to the present density of the population of that State.

As compared with some other parts of the work of the Church in India that in this Area is comparatively new, and we can in no wise be said to occupy the territory of the four conferences which comprise it. Rather, these furnish the outline we are trying to fill in. Many other missions are co-operating in the effort to evangelize this mass of people, but as perhaps the largest, and certainly the mission with the most widely diffused work, the heaviest burden of responsibility for the evangelization of the Area falls upon us.

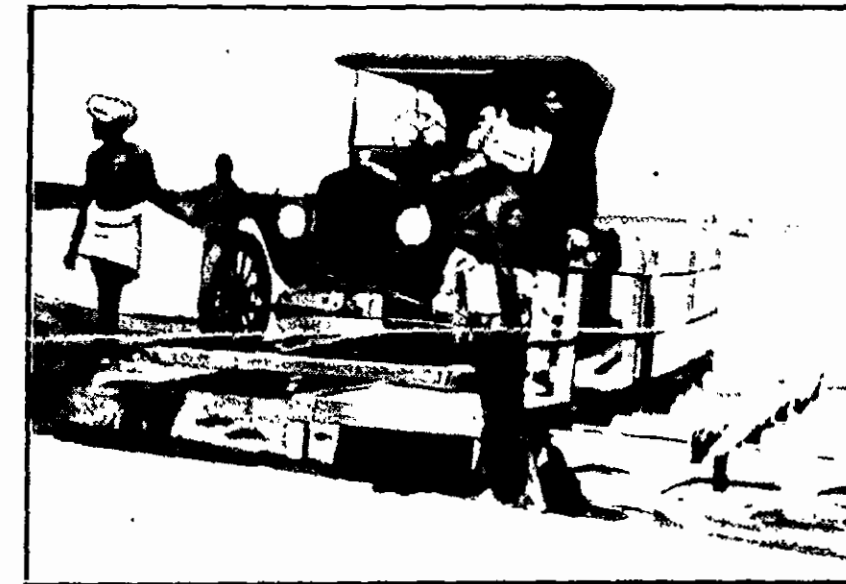
But while the work is comparatively new in most parts of the Area, rather remarkable results have been attained. At the close of the last year our statistical report showed we had 2,097 organized Sunday schools with a total of 73,306 registered attendants; 451 Epworth League chapters with a membership of 11,905; 470 day schools of all grades with 13,066 pupils, and ministerial support and benevolent collections for the year amounted to Rs. 1,30,071. During the year there had been 10,546 baptisms, and the Christian community claiming relationship to the Methodist Episcopal Church totalled 107,025. Compared with the as yet untouched masses, these figures are very insignificant, but when compared with the difficulties we meet they are almost startling, and

Photo by O. M. Auner.



The Training School for village workers, Khandwa, Central Provinces, is "on the job." Twenty thousand enquirers in that district wait while these five men, and their wives, secure their training.

Photo by J. T. Perkins.

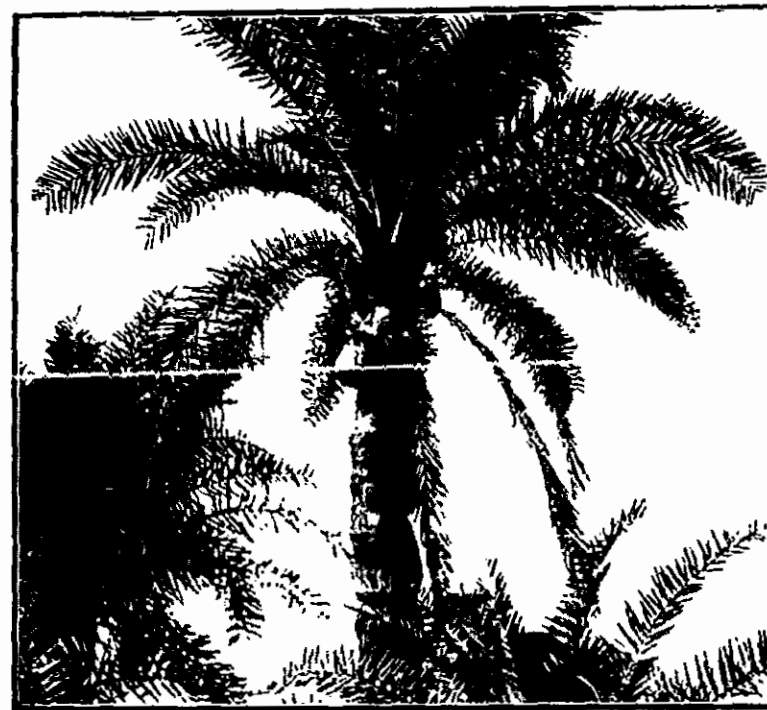


A missionary "Ford" crossing the Mainganga river, Central Provinces, on four hollowed-out logs.

prove that the leaven of the Kingdom is beginning to work among the people. And the moral and spiritual effects of this leavening, not to be indicated in any statistics yet devised, are far more significant than those we report in figures.

As is inevitable in a field the size of this Area, there is great diversity in the work. Pioneering on our frontiers covers much territory and absorbs a considerable amount of our effort. Some of this pioneering is in the heart of the jungles of Central India, and is largely among Animistic tribes. In the jungle stations of Baihar, Jagdalpur and Sironcha we are in touch with the great Gond people, and touch as well tribes that are yet more primitive. The response of these peoples in the centres named and their out-stations is most encouraging. We hold it incumbent on missionary

Photo by B. T. Badley.



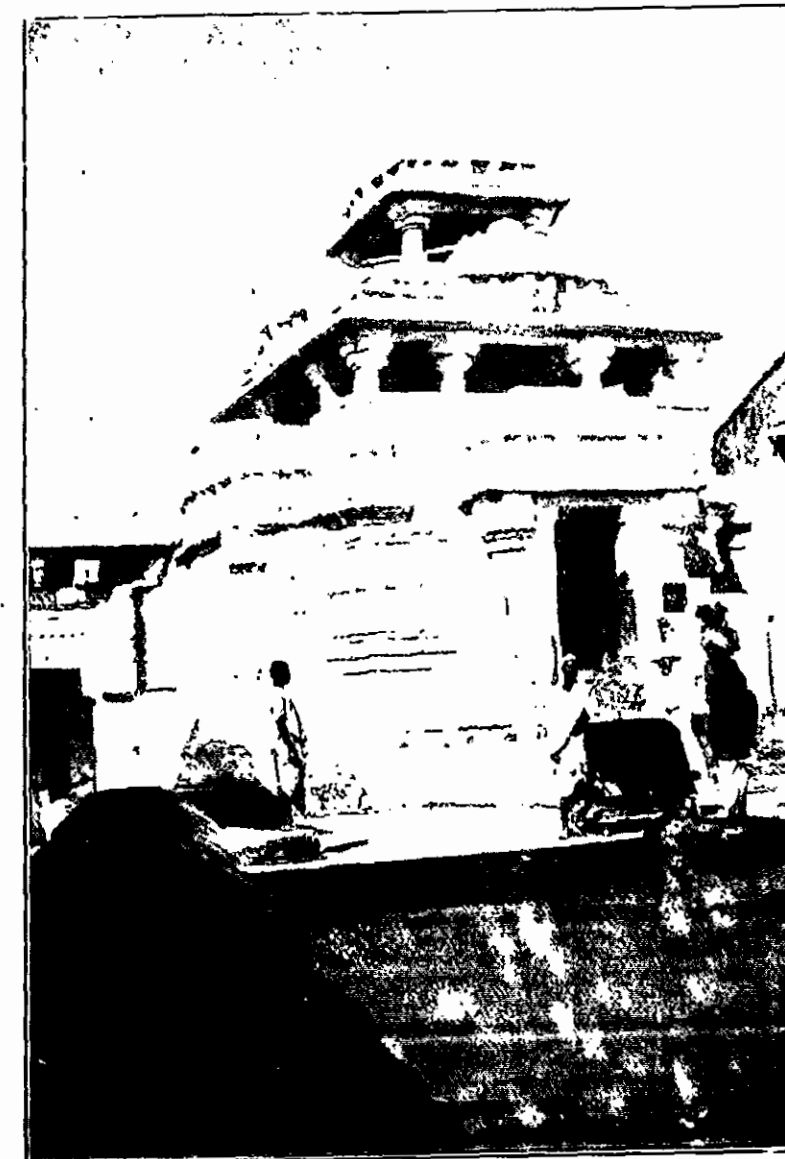
The date palm, showing the vessel near the top of the trunk for catching the juice that exudes from the gash made in the trunk at the point where the branches start. The lower part of the trunk shows the wounds of previous years.

statesmanship to see that these aborigines are given the Gospel before they are absorbed in the enveloping Hinduism or won by the aggressive Mohommedanism that seeks them.

An entirely different kind of pioneering is that involved in the work along the northwestern frontier. Afghanistan is a forbidden country to both Christians and Christian work, but we are camped at its very door, and yearly touch and teach thousands of its Mohommedan tribesmen who come down from the rich Kandahar Valley with their caravan loads of fruits for shipment from Chaman to the great cities of India. The spiritual

life of Mohommedanism is as sterile as the countries it occupies, and work among them is almost as forbidding as are the desert wastes of this

Photo by A. N. Warner.



The temple at Ramtek, Central Provinces. Low caste people are not allowed to approach too near the temple. Democracy!

frontier. But in Chaman, within two miles of the border, there is now an organized Church, with about a hundred and twenty-five members, and even the Pathan from across in Afghanistan is compelled occasionally to feel something of the influence and beauty of this spiritual oasis in a desert of fanaticism. In the Quetta Valley we are opening up several centres, and while the people

Photo by S. Aldis



A Waterfall in the Central Provinces.

as a whole are not friendly, we do find the few that welcome us. Our workers at times follow the military railway westwards the entire breadth of Baluchistan and even into East Persia, and there have been baptisms in several places, including the line's terminus, Duzdap, Persia. At this latter place, as well as at Chaman, numerous caravans converge from all Central Asia, and we look forward to the time when the generosity of some

Photo by Mrs. J. T. Perkins.



Tiger shooting is not in the missionary line, but occasionally even a missionary will "bug" a tiger.

friend of man will enable us to establish hospitals and evangelistic work at both places to an extent that will enable the merchants and travellers of these caravans to take back to their distant homes and countries an adequate impression of the things for which Christianity stands. As seed-sowing places what better centres can be found than these frontier outposts!

We have two large and fruitful mass movement areas. Gujarat, one of the garden spots of India, began to yield its fruit to us about twenty-five years ago, and in that conference we now have one of the best bits of mission work in the land. Sunday school work and village schools are particularly good, and the average of collections for pastoral and benevolent purposes is perhaps higher here than among any of our other large communities in rural sections. While the crest of the mass movement wave has perhaps passed, there is a steady stream that is encouraging. In the east of this conference we are developing a splendid work among the Bhils, an aboriginal tribe, and there has also begun a movement among caste people that has brought in several hundred converts. This latter movement is arousing severe persecution.

Photo by B. T. Badley.



A wayside "ophthalmic optician," able to test eyes. fit spectacles,—and, at the same time, ruin your eyesight!

Photo by B. T. Badley.



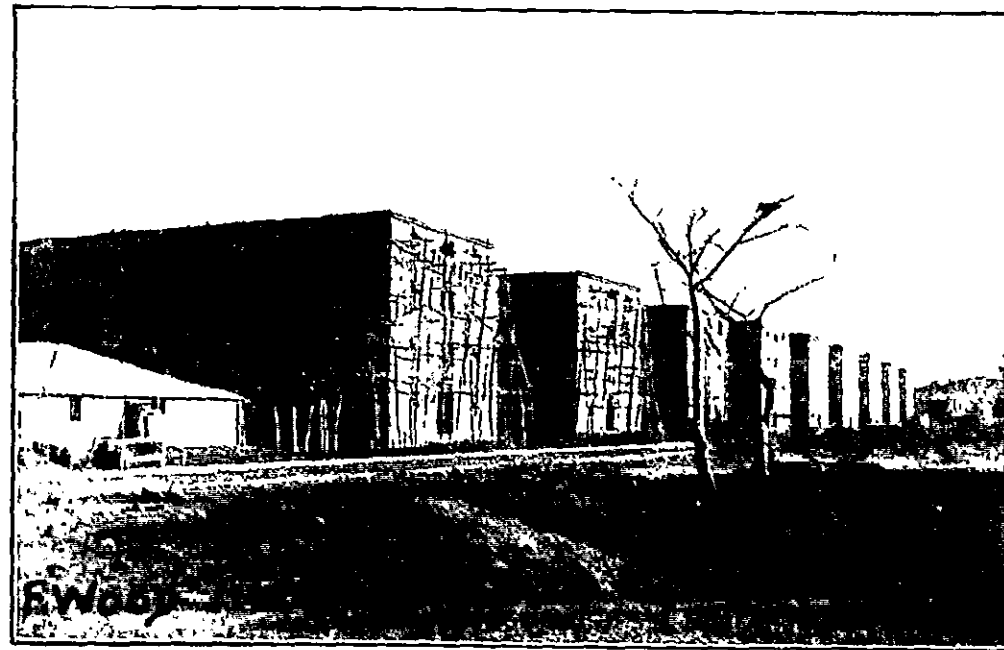
Schoolboys of the Methodist school for boys at Raipur, Central Provinces, acting a scene in an original play featuring the king of the beasts.

The Punjab is our most fruitful field, and the physical stamina of the people, their industry and keenness to acquire homes in the newly opened irrigated regions, their liberality in giving, their zeal in propagating their new religion, and their general attractiveness, give promise of splendid future extensive and intensive development. Rajputana and most parts of the Central Provinces and Bombay conference territories are as yet resistant. Here our converts are not coming by the households and castes, but by the ones and the twos. But the field is being prepared by faithful work, and in due time the harvest will begin, as

has been the case in the past in our now fertile fields.

Our seaport cities furnish at once our most difficult and our most important fields of effort. "Bombay the Beautiful," with its more than a million and a quarter of people, and Karachi, the grain port of the northwest, are within our borders, and up to the present we have done comparatively little to impress on their cosmopolitan crowds the message which Methodism has for men. However, we see a change in prospect. In Bombay, with the aid the Centenary has been able to promise us, we are maturing plans that will enable us to take our rightful place among the Christian forces that are working for the welfare of the city.

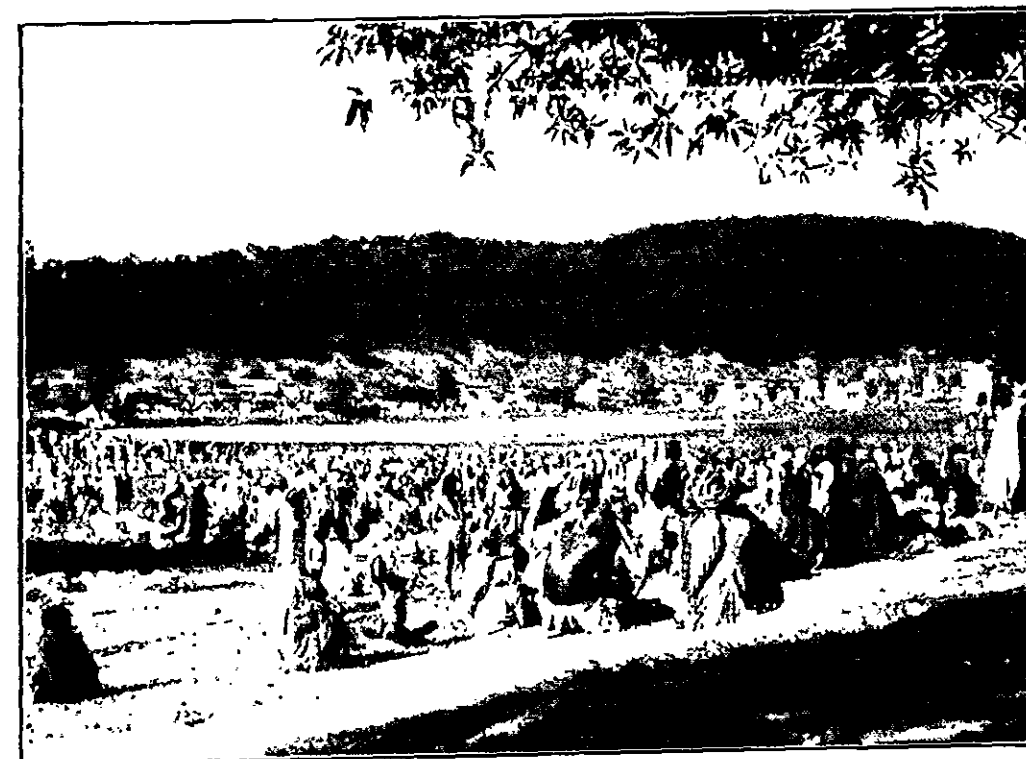
Photo by F. Wood.



Modern tenement houses, similar to these, are being erected in great numbers in Bombay to meet the need of the rapidly increasing number of mill hands and other workmen in the city.

The remodelling of the old Grant Road Church now nearing completion, gives us an evangelistic and social centre in a very crowded part of the city, while sufficient funds are in sight to enable us to begin the development of a second centre at Sankli Street, a most strategic location, which will provide

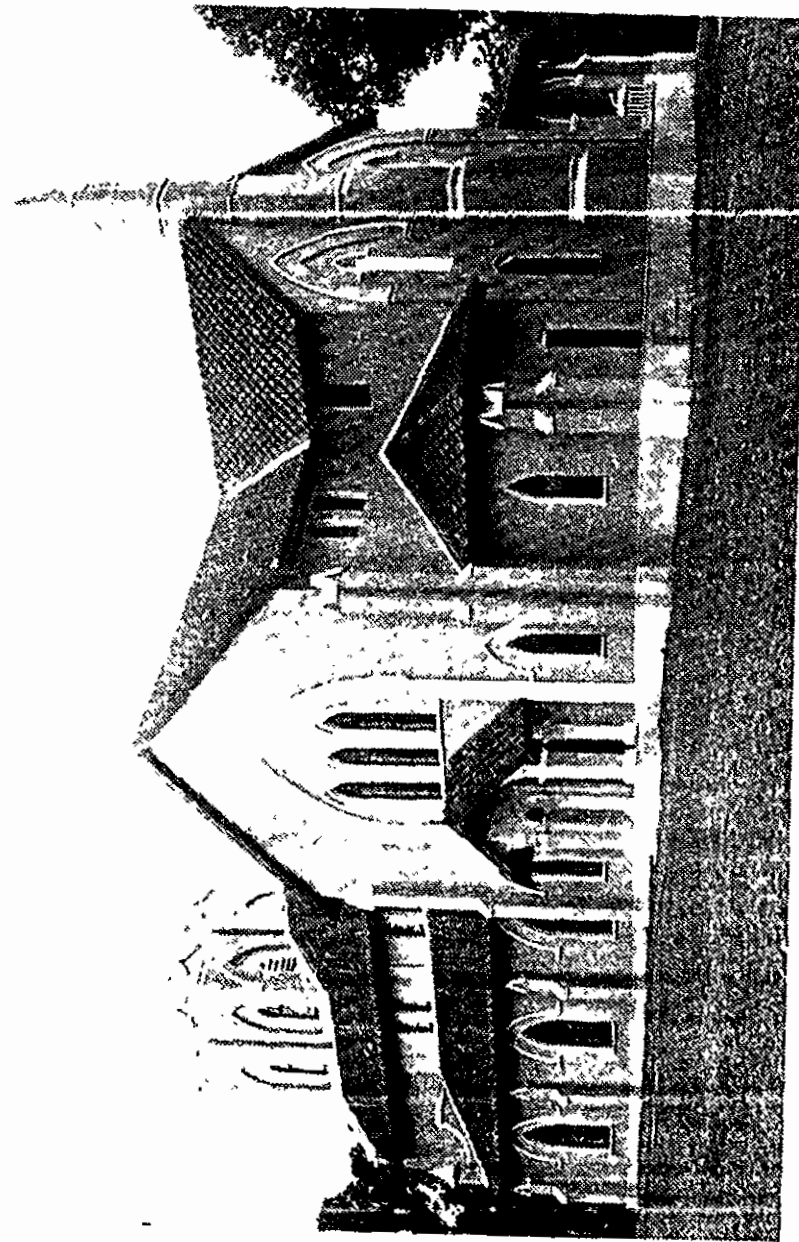
Photo by A. N. Warner.



A great religious fair of the Hindus in the Central Provinces. The outcastes are segregated on the near side of the sacred lake.

a church home for two vernacular congregations, school and workmen's hostels, offices for church workers, residence for two missionary families, rooms for missionaries departing and landing, and other facilities for a really aggressive work. No doubt in due time Karachi will be able to take a like forward step.

The human key to all our work is the Indian worker. For too many years we were content to employ for our Church's agents the cast-offs of



The re-modelled and enlarged Church at Jubbulpore for the use of the English-speaking community.

other missions. We rejoice that day is now past. Aside from district training institutes for local workers, we now have Bible Training or Theological schools for our Hindi people at Jubbulpore, for our Marathi people at Nagpur, for our Gujarati people at Baroda, for our Rajputana and South Punjab people at Ajmere, and for our frontier people at Quetta. For our better educated ministers of all India a Methodist Theological College, which gives instruction in English, has been established at Jubbulpore. These all need to be strengthened, and with their improvement will come a great strengthening of the entire work.

Photo by Dr. C. I. Kipp.



Bishop Robinson and the Chief Commissioner inspecting the Mary Wilson Sanatorium at Tilaunia, Rajputana.

THE CALCUTTA AREA.*

Bishop F. B. Fisher, General Superintendent,
Residence, 3, Middleton Street, Calcutta.



READING his episcopal address at the Central Conference of Southern Asia held in 1900 at Calcutta, Bishop Thoburn said: "This city is geographically nearer the centre of the vast territory which we occupy than any other important town which can be named. Calcutta will probably continue to be the metropolis of Southern Asia for at least a century to come."

This statement of Bishop Thoburn's regarding Calcutta applies still more to the Southern Asia field as it now is, with Malaysia and the Philippine Islands detached. The metropolitan nature of the Calcutta Area is still more apparent from the fact that it contains two of the five great port cities of India, the second being Rangoon. In the early days, Bengal and Burma were linked together to make an annual Conference; to-day they are united to make the Calcutta Area.

*NOTE:—Burma is not covered by this survey as a separate booklet is to be issued for that field.

Not only is Calcutta the metropolis of India, but towards it are setting the great tides of population. Any study of the situation will show that the movement of the races in the Southern part of Asia is from the northwest to the southeast, from Persia, Mesopotamia, Afghanistan, the Punjab and Upper and Central India towards Bengal and Burma. Some of these lines of movement terminate with the coal and iron fields around Asansol, others end with the city of Calcutta itself with its population of more than a million inhabitants, (1,327,547 according to the census of 1921), while others pass through Calcutta down into the wonderfully rich and fertile fields of Burma and the

Photo by B. T. Badley.



The house in the background is the birthplace of the novelist, W. M. Thackeray (1811), Free School Street, Calcutta.

Malay Peninsula. This is what has made Rangoon already largely an Indian city, whose Indian merchants represent the most wealthy community there. This also has made Calcutta the greatest centre of Hindustani-speaking people in the Indian Empire, there being in it, according to the government census, 464,756 people "born outside of Bengal," which number, with their families unable to be thus classified, would bring the number well over the half million mark. "There is not a province of India with fewer than 1,000 representatives here, and one of them (Bihar) has 264,222, while another (the United Provinces) has

Photo by B. T. Badley.



A typical Chamar.—tanner and shoemaker caste: photographed in Calcutta where, with thousands like him, he works, going back to his home occasionally "up north."

Photo by B. T. Badley.



Unique work in Calcutta,—a meeting with Christian sweepers who live on top of one of the great department stores of the city.

127,217." The great majority of these people speak Hindustani.

But population, industries, trade and commerce are not Bengal's only claim to greatness. It is true, in a special sense, that Bengal has been, from the time when the West first touched the East, the leader of thought and progress among the provinces of India. Her people have, on the whole, more culture, a completer system of education, a larger number of newspapers and a higher position in India's social, political, intellectual and spiritual world than those of any other province. The

earliest reformers, educators, scientists and patriots were from Bengal. All this tends to assign Calcutta the leading place in Indian thought and life, and gives to its future the promise of still greater importance.

Calcutta was discovered to Methodism by William Taylor, who, in 1870, amid difficulties almost inconceivable now, organised our first Church; it was made great in Methodist annals by that peerless leader, administrator, prophet and seer of Indian Methodism, Bishop James M. Thoburn. These great souls left a permanent impress on the city and were followed by such great workers and builders as David H. Lee, Bishop J. E. Robinson and Bishop Frank W. Warne. To their sagacity, devotion and tireless energy as well as to the wisdom, faith and courage

Photo by B. T. Badley.



Rural Bengal is dotted with these picturesque little Hindu temples.

Photo by B. T. Badley.



Sprinkling "holy" water on a goat before the priest (standing at the right in the picture) strikes off its head with his big, curved knife: scene at Kalighat temple, Calcutta.

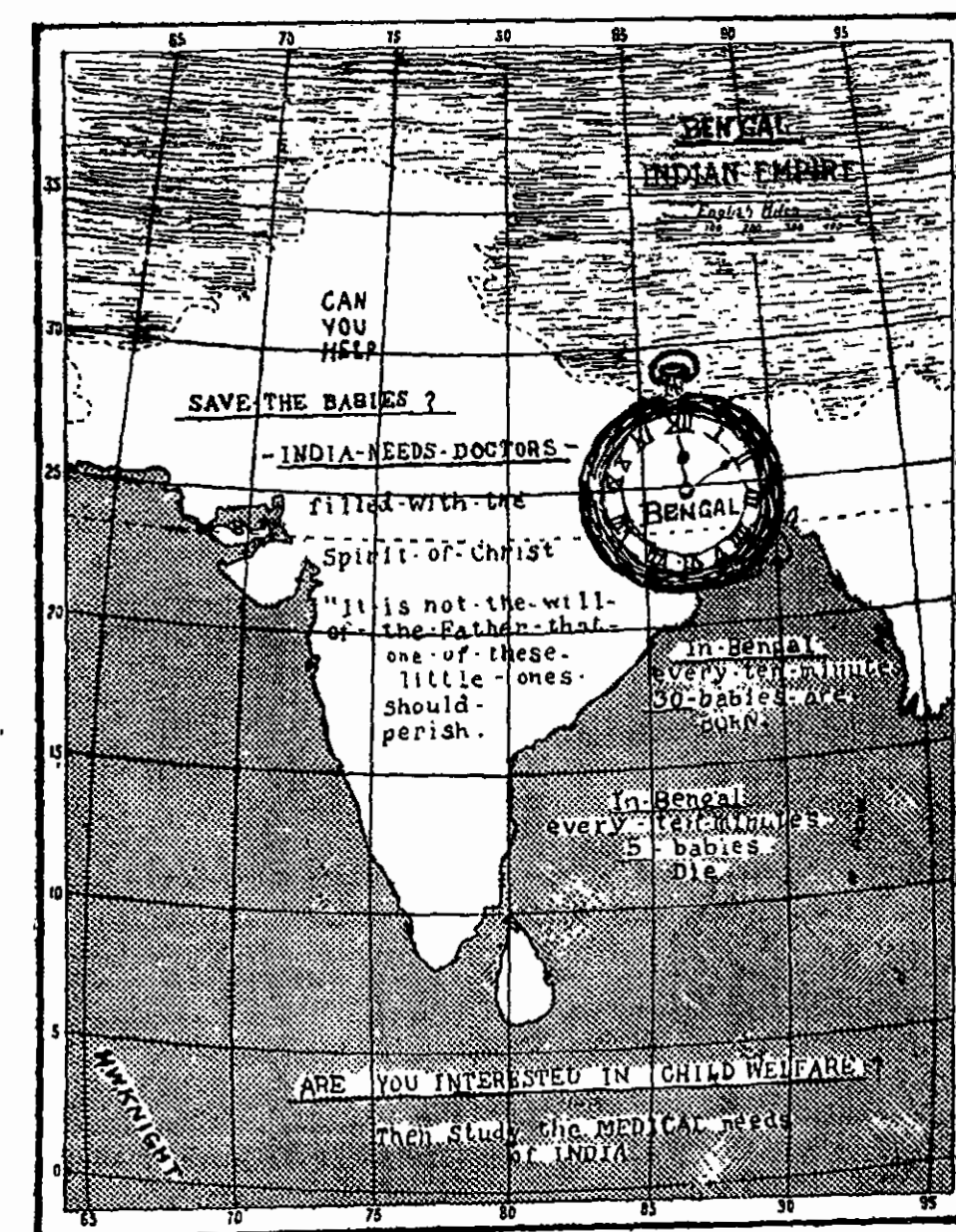
of those who followed them, we owe the possession of one of the most remarkable plants for missionary purposes that any Church holds in the city. The spiritual centre is Thoburn Church on Dharamtala Street at its busiest and most valuable point. Here too are located the Parsonage, the great Calcutta Girls' High School and the residence for the missionaries at work among the women of the city. Further down Dharamtala Street, on the east side of Wellington Square, stands the far-famed Lee Memorial Mission with its superb plant, accommodating a school for Bengali girls, a Normal School and Kindergarten, and furnishing the centre for a wide-spread work

of evangelism among the Bengali women of the city. Still further along Dharamtala Street is the large building now to be occupied by the Collins Institute, an important high school for boys, with a hostel attached for the Christian students. A little further along this great thoroughfare is the centre for evangelistic work among men, both Bengali and Hindustani. Here is to be erected our new Central Church, on a site unsurpassed for the purpose in the city. South from this site, on Corporation Street, is the Calcutta Boys' High School with its large and valuable property. At Beliaghata the Lee Memorial Mission maintains an educational and evangelistic centre of great importance, while on Tangra Road are located the hostel for our Bengali Christian boys and a missionary residence for the district superintendent of the Bengali work. In addition there are several centres for vernacular evangelistic work.

A prominent layman of Thoburn Church has turned over to our Mission a large property with a going concern, valued at \$200,000, to be used as a "Goodwill" industries plant. This promises success to our Church in a new sphere of effort.

The property most recently acquired is at No. 3, Middleton Street, which is probably the choicest site ever obtained by the Methodist Episcopal Church in any city of India. This is in the best residence section of Calcutta, not far from the "maidan" (the great park of the city) and looking out towards the wonderful "Victoria Memorial." On this site is a commodious building of three storeys, accommodating the episcopal residence, the residence and offices of the General Treasurer of the Board of Foreign Missions for Southern Asia, as also for the Central Treasurer of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society for this field,

and furnishing headquarters for the Executive Secretary of the Centenary Forward Movement of India and Burma. Additional space is rented.



In Bengal every ten minutes thirty babies are born, and every ten minutes five of them die. Yet some people claim that India offers no field for medical service!

This property affords an ideal site for the proposed American Church, which will care for the spiritual interests of the large and growing community of American business men in the city, and doubtless afford a Church home for the many European business and professional men holding membership in various Free Churches whose needs are not met by the other Churches in Calcutta. The erection of such a Church and the securing of the right man as its pastor are imperatively needed if the spiritual welfare and progress of this large and increasing community are to be assured. Calcutta presents no greater immediate need or opportunity.

But Calcutta is not the only centre where marked success has been achieved in the matter of

Photo by B. T. Badley.



The Banyan tree, with its aerial roots, is characteristic of Bengal. Missionary work in the villages has an unending charm.

securing valuable and suitable property. One of the most signal undertakings of the Area is in Darjeeling, where we have recently acquired the hill-top property now known as "Mount Hermon," and where the foundations are being laid of the new Queen's Hill School for daughters of mis-

Photo by Pearl Madder.

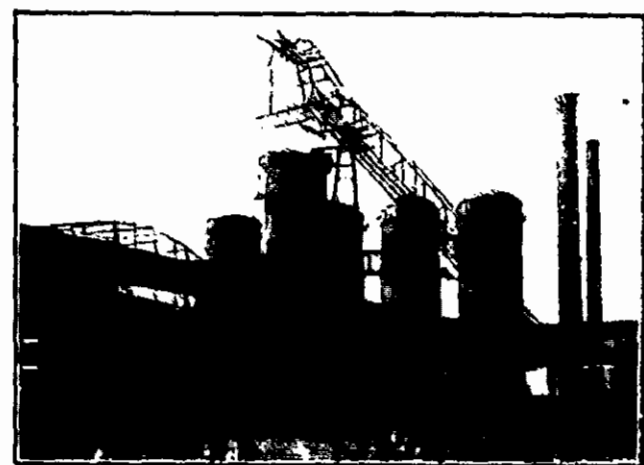


Bishop Fisher signing the cheque on one of the boundary pillars of "Mount Hermon," Darjeeling, thus closing the deal that brought that property to the Bengal Conference.

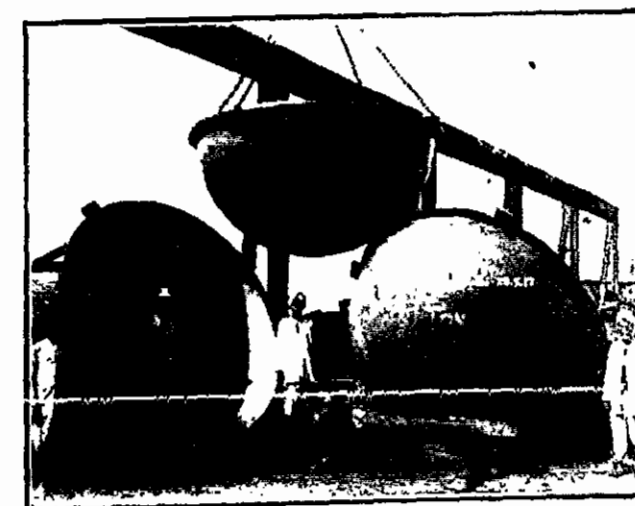
sionaries and girls of European and Anglo-Indian parentage. This site comprises 60 acres of the choicest land that the Himalaya mountains contain, adjacent to Darjeeling, and every foot of it high and looking out across the great mountains and valleys to the wonderful peak of Kinchinjunga.

28,000 feet high, and to the long line of unbroken snowy grandeur running for scores of miles along the horizon and hiding behind them that monarch of the world's majesties,—Mount Everest.

The Calcutta Area has always been a stronghold of "English" work. The foreign born and Anglo-Indian community has always been large, and it was among these classes that Methodism secured its initial successes. Thoburn Church, with its great auditorium, ministers to hundreds and is a spiritual power-house in the metropolis. Plans for the American Church have already been referred to, and Asansol, where we have maintained an English Church for many years, is another centre where an American Church might be organised, to provide spiritual shepherding for the Americans who are increasingly finding employment in the great coal and iron mines, and especially in the factories in that region which are introducing American experts, machinery and methods. Our Church has carried its share in the Union Church at Darjeeling for English-speaking



These furnaces at Asansol, built by American engineers, have replaced the older types.

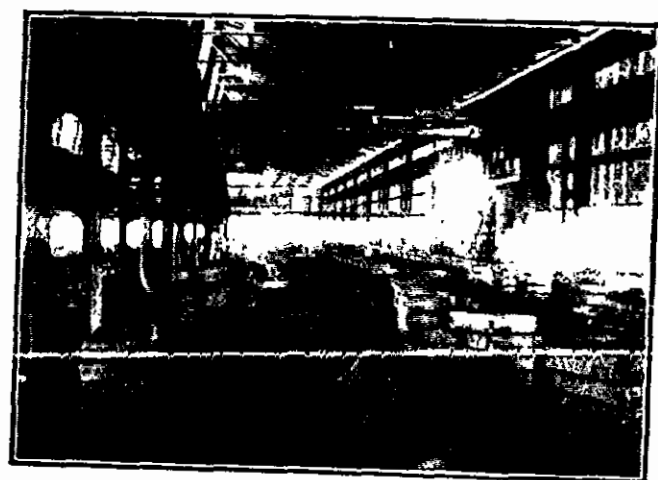


Iron castings in the Asansol district: foundries are able to turn out single pieces up to twenty-five tons each.

people, and ministers to small congregations elsewhere.

The wonderful industrial development in and around Asansol is forcing new opportunities and problems on us, and emphasizing in a new way the relation of the Church to the entire industrial problem of modern India. Some idea of the industrial wealth and expansion of that region may be gained from the statement that there is more iron ore to be had there than in the entire continent of Europe. Coal is being mined in great quantities, and the industrial development in that region has made that section of Bengal the greatest industrial centre in India. In the heart of it all Methodism has long been planted and is in a position to lead the forces that make for spiritual life.

Evangelistic work in rural Bengal has never yet attained to very large proportions. Even the oldest Missions have reaped meagre harvests in the villages. The time seems to be coming when



A modern plant in the Asansol iron region, built on American line..



Iron Railway sleepers are turned out at the rate of 1,200 tons a week. Indian Christian men and women labour in large numbers in the industrial region of Asansol, and are much in demand.

this will no longer be the case. The beginnings of mass movements among the Santals have already resulted in hundreds of baptisms and, with the necessary equipment, our Church might be the leader in gathering the entire Santal community into the Church. Near Gomoh also a spiritual work of great promise has started, leading to many baptisms and clearly indicating that the masses have begun to move there.

This is the situation in which the Methodist Episcopal Church finds itself at work in Bengal. The morale of the Bengal Conference was never so satisfactory as to-day. A high grade ministry,

Photo by B. T. Badley.



The American tractor at Dr. Rabindranath Tagore's farm (near Bolpur, Bengal) being explained to interested villagers by the Indian operator, a graduate of Cornell, New York.

with a strong and educated body of laymen, are at last available for the great forward movement that has almost everywhere begun. So many young men of education and promise have joined the conference within the past two years, and the attitude of our student community towards Christian service has recently undergone so marked change, that the common thought of the conference membership, whether missionary or Indian, is summed up in the expression—A New Era.

Photo by B. T. Badley.



The Victoria Memorial at Calcutta, erected at a cost of ten million Rupees, to the memory of Britain's greatest Queen. Three-fourths of the money was raised by popular subscription.

The Calcutta Area, facing unprecedented opportunities to-day, and vibrant with new life and energy, yet realises that the passing centuries have not changed the hope of humanity, and exclaims with the prophet of old—"Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

THE BANGALORE AREA.

**Bishop H. Lester Smith, General Superintendent,
Residence, Bangalore.**



THE South India Annual Conference which forms the Bangalore Area includes all that part of India lying south of the Bombay, Bengal and Central Provinces Conferences. It includes all of the great Madras Presidency, a part of the Bombay Presidency, and the States of Hyderabad and Mysore, the two largest native states of India.

The general shape of the Conference is that of a great triangle with an area of 170,000 square miles. Within the Conference limits live 57,207,000 people, most of whom speak one of the four great Dravidian tongues, Telugu, Tamil, Kanarese, and Malayalam, although there are many Hindustani people in the cities and some Marathi folk in the north and north-west.

This population is roughly divided into the following religious groups:—

Hindus	50,727,000
Mohomedans	3,910,000
Roman Catholics and Syrian Christians	1,550,000
Protestants	910,000
And others	110,000

Of this great population the Methodist Episcopal Church is responsible for the evangelization of 11,433,000. At this present moment we have won to faith in Jesus Christ a total of 67,899, which is just about one in every 168. In other words, we have won less than 6/10 of one per cent. of those for whom we are responsible and who will die without Christ unless we evangelize them.

Photo by Bishop H. Lester Smith.



Boys of the Methodist school at Vikarabad, Deccan, preparing a kiln of lime for burning.

In addition to the overwhelming mass of non-Christians still to be reached, the problem of evangelizing this host of unevangelized is made unusually difficult by the language barriers or divisions. The multiplicity of languages in the Conference requires the duplication of schools and other institutions for training and the provision of a separate staff of workers for each language area.

Photo by Bishop H. Lester Smith.



A class of young people received into the Church at Kolar on "Children's Day" this year.

An excessive number of missionaries and trained workers is thus absorbed in educational and training institutions and a larger body of workers is required than would be necessary in single language conferences.

We do work in a large way in the Conference in English, Telugu, Kanarese and Tamil and have some work in Hindustani.

A third feature of the Area which increases the difficulty of the task is the scattered character of our work. Belgaum, Bangalore and Madras and Yellandu Districts are removed by distance ranging from 250 miles to 700 miles from the rest of the field. This fact further accentuates and increases the necessity for a duplication of institutions and missionary staff, since it is very difficult indeed to educate and train our workers at such great distances from their homes, even where the language barrier is not present, except in the case of the higher grade workers.

These general difficulties and many others more local in character, confronted the missionaries of the Conference as they met in Joint Session for the Post Centenary Survey.



The upper class of the Beynon-Smith High School, Belgaum, on the occasion of the arrival of a new missionary Principal.

Photo by Bishop H. Lester Smith.



A boy of our industrial school at Bidar, Deccan, inlaying silver on articles of gun metal.

The entire missionary task of the Conference was thoroughly examined and all possible phases of the work carefully considered in both committee and conference sessions. A few general conclusions were reached which will be of interest to the Church, I am sure.

In our educational work it was decided that our minimum goal should be as follows:—

First, we must have a High School for both boys and girls in each language area. In no other way can we possibly train leaders for our work and properly care for our Christian community.

Our present equipment is as follows:—

We have two English High Schools in Bangalore which are both doing thoroughly good work. We have a fine Girls' High School in the

Telugu area at Hyderabad and, a little more than a year ago, organized our 'Telugu Boys' High School at the same place. This new school is having a phenomenal growth in numbers, has already been recognized temporarily by the Government and will be permanently recognized as soon as the buildings, now under construction or contemplated, are completed.

We have a fine Kanarese Boys' High School at Belgaum and have already made good progress in our plans for a Girls' High School in the same place.

We have not yet been able to make even a beginning upon our Tamil High Schools.



Pupils of a primary school in a village of the Belgaum district.

Our program for Middle Schools provided for about double the number we have. Of these two are building: the Girls' Middle School at Raichur and the Boys' Middle School at Madras. A third has been planned at Tuticorin for the boys. Land

Photo by Bishop H. Lester Smith.



Articles of gun metal with silver inlaid, manufactured by Methodist boys at Bilar, Deccan.

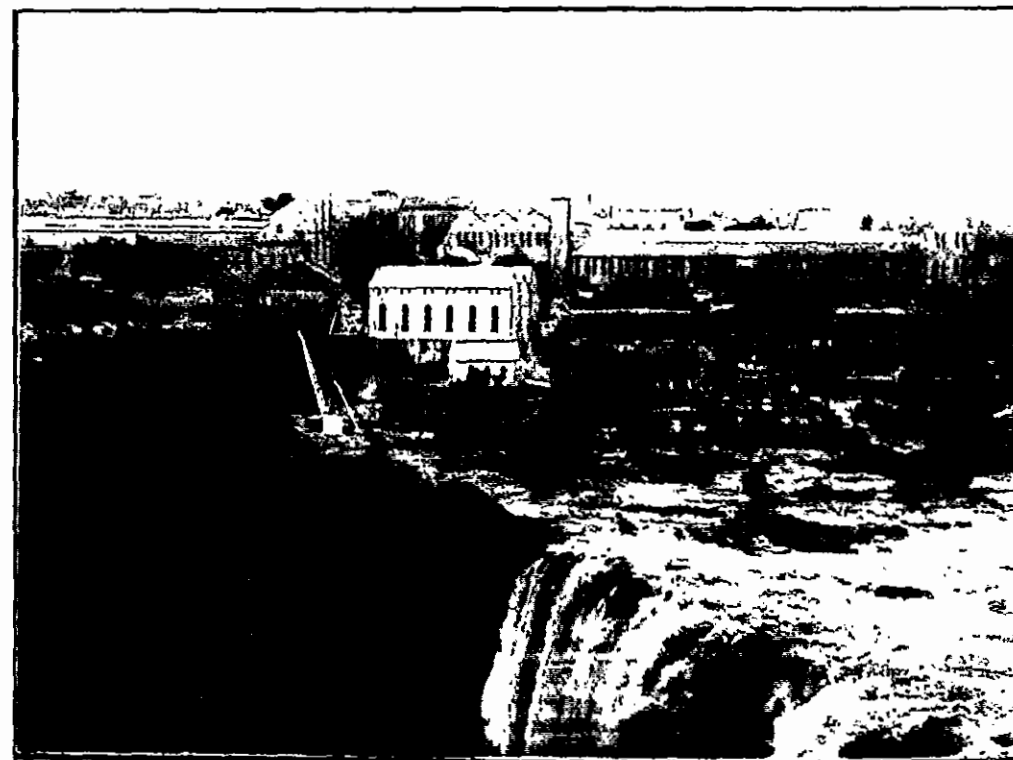
has been purchased but building has not been begun yet. It is thought possible to have the Tuticorin School take both boys and girls for the primary and early middle grades and the experiment will be carefully watched and carried as far as possible. In some of the other Missions in the South, co-educational Middle and High Schools are thoroughly satisfactory. The development of our other Middle Schools must await money and staff.

Our training requirements are sadly incomplete. We desperately need double the number of training schools for village workers and at least two higher institutions. At Kolar we have the

building for a good training school just completed and we hope it will soon be in operation. At Hyderabad the Bible Training Institute needs more money for building and staff to make it really function in the Telugu area.

Our industrial educational program is prosperous at Kolar. At Bidar and Gokak Falls we have started work which promises well. With sufficient means, we can have a fine work established at each point, but at present the money is lacking.

The Medical work of the Conference is in better condition than a year ago. The Woman's



The industrial plant at Gokak Falls, in the bounds of the South India Conference, where the Methodist Church has an important work along modern lines.

Foreign Missionary Society hospital at Kolar has been re-opened and is doing fine work. The General Hospital at Vikarabad is flourishing. The hospital at Bidar is being repaired, refurnished



"Bible Readers" of the South India Conference, typical of the splendid force maintained in India by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

and will soon be re-opened. In all the hospitals however, more especially at Vikarabad and at Bidar, there is still need for more equipment and a more adequate staff.

The evangelistic work of the entire Conference is sadly undermanned in all departments. There is a critical shortage in both men and women missionaries and a serious lack of Indian workers. The serious character of this shortage may be appreciated from the single fact that we are absolutely unable to teach and train our converts as fast as we have received them. We are now working

Photo by Bishop H. Lester Smith.



Children of the "Baby Fold" maintained by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society at Kolar, Mysore.

against overwhelming odds in an endeavour to speed up our work so that we can catch up with the rate of increase.

In conclusion however I would say that everybody is happy and joyously full of faith and courage. We have abundant reasons for thanksgiving. We have had splendid additions to our property and equipment which are either completed or are provided for in the appropriations of either the Board of Foreign Missions or the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, or both of them, at Hyderabad, Bidar, Vikarabad, Raichur, Kolar, Belgaum, Madras and Tuticorin. We thank God for these and take courage to believe that in due time our other necessities will be provided.

In the second place the work is going with a splendidly victorious swing. We have mass movements in every language area which are abundant evidences of the presence and blessing of the Holy Spirit.

Photo by Mrs. H. Lester Smith.



The first village of Lambadis baptized recently by Bishop H. Lester Smith: the beginning of a most hopeful movement.

This very year we have had an unusual movement of this kind among certain caste people, the Lambadis, in the Gulbarga District. The Lambadis of this district are agriculturists, and own their own lands and are a fairly prosperous and substantial community. They have had regular instruction for several years and finally several villages asked for baptism. When I was touring through the villages of the Deccan in January and February of this year, I examined them carefully, and finding them qualified, I baptized five villages with their headmen, about 330 souls in all. Other villages are now seeking

baptism, and as fast as we can train workers we will baptize them. These people are fully able to pay for their own schools and preachers. They are a recognized caste having the right to use the caste well, etc., and will be a valuable opportunity for the reaching of others in the caste groups.

South India Conference rejoices in the glorious and victorious progress of the work of the Kingdom of God. Though there be difficulties and though there be tremendous obstacles, we are not downhearted. "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun—Does his successive journeys run."

"This is the victory that overcometh the world—even your Faith."

We believe in Christ, we press forward in holy confidence to His final triumph.

THE LAND OF THE HUNDRED-FOLD PLUS.



IF Jesus Christ had started out on the day of His baptism to visit all the villages of India, and had gone to one every day from that time till now, He would still have before Him 48,205 villages unreached. So some one has estimated. There are three-quarters of a million villages in India; figure it out.

No wonder, then, that evangelism is taken by our Church to be the supreme issue in India. And, of course, our missionaries have gone to the villages. It is in the rural areas that the Church has grown most rapidly in this land. In the past ten years, Christianity has gathered in about a million converts, almost all from the villages. It is the work of evangelism in the little towns and surrounding hamlets that will account for the great growth of Christianity in India. The increase, according to the decennial census made by the government, shows that while the total population of the country has increased 1.2 per cent. during the past decade, the growth of the Christian community has been at the rate of 22.65 per cent. This is many times more rapid a growth than that of either Hinduism or Mohammedanism. The statistics of the government as to the Christian

community are always about 10 per cent. lower on the average than those of the Churches, for the enumerators in the government census are always non-Christians, and they bring pressure and persecution to bear on the poor and almost illiterate Christians of the villages, in order to keep the numbers of Christians as low as possible in the census. The growth of the Christian community in India during the past decade, according to the statistics of the Missions, would show at least a 25 per cent. increase.

The Secret of Sacrificial Service.

Evangelism is the watchword of a militant and victorious Church. Many leaders among the

Photo by H. T. Badley.



A typical scene in bazaar preaching in an upper India town. Religion is always the most interesting subject in an Indian crowd.

Hindus are asking,—“How can we adapt Hinduism to modern conditions, so as to meet the needs of a new India based on the ideals of democracy and social progress?” Thinking men among the Mohomedans are raising a similar question,—“How can we interpret Islam so as to meet the requirements of the progressive new age, and keep our faith vital in the midst of conditions so different from those that existed when the Koran was written?” These are pertinent questions, but religions that have to ask them and are compelled to make adjustments of such a serious nature, can of course have no time or strength for the real missionary task. We rejoice that our Christ is adequate to, abreast of, sufficient for and master in every situation that has ever developed in the world. With Him as our leader, our great question is not “How shall we save the Church?” but “How can the Church save India, save the world?”

It is this consciousness of the unchanging truth of the Gospel of Christ, and this knowledge of the inherent superiority of its principles to those of any other religion whatever, that gives to the Christian missionary an invincible faith. This brings the knowledge that there is a *message* for India in the Bible which must be given and will be accepted. The missionary in India has no doubt as to the sufficiency of the Gospel or the power of Christ. This is what leads to a willingness on the part of thousands of missionaries to pour their lives out for India in sacrificial service.

Listen to Dr. Howard Somervell, who last year accompanied the Mount Everest party as the doctor in charge. He said recently at a meeting of the London Missionary Society at Westminster, when offering himself for service in India:—“*En*

route for South India immediately after the Everest climb, I found a district containing a million souls, with only one doctor to look after them. I took ten days' duty for the overworked doctor, and what I saw during those ten days of appalling need changed the whole course of my life. I know all the catchwords about 'dear brethren,' 'darkness,' and so on, but the sight of the people themselves was very different. I could do nothing else." What Dr. Somervell did not see from Mount Everest, he saw clearly on the plane of India's desperate need. He was appointed as a medical missionary to Travancore.

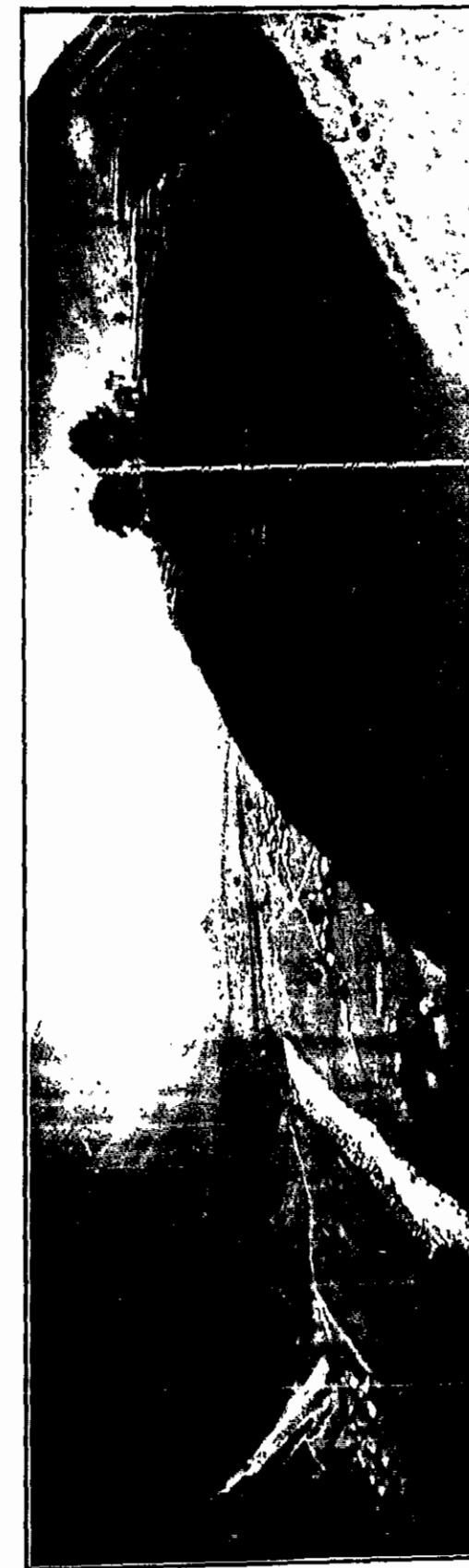
Aggressive Evangelism.

For many years now the Methodist Episcopal Church in India has had a Commission on Aggressive Evangelism, and this has kept the entire Church stirred up on this question of supreme importance. It has also arranged each year for a month of special evangelistic effort by our Church in every part of the field. The report of this special campaign month for this year has just been published, and some idea of the extent and significance of this work can be gained from a summary of the report:—

Number of meetings held	44,156
Number present	1,163,702
Total baptisms	9,738
Gospel portions sold	81,134
Tracts distributed	919,633
Idolatrous shrines destroyed	675
Number of laymen helping	5,089
Number of days given by laymen	7,882

If all the results could be tabulated, these figures would be considerably increased, but even so, they indicate something of the magnitude of the campaign. And who can estimate the direct and indirect results that cannot be reduced to figures?

Photo by Dr. Sarah Vrooman.



The Kail Ganga River, shown on the left, for more than 100 miles, separates Nepal (on the left) from British India. Dr. Martha Shelton's grave, near Dharchula, is at the mountain's curve beyond the clump of trees.

By Dr. Stanley Jones



The Snows of Tibet on the left. Snows of Nepal on the right. In the foreground is Tibet, British India. Methodism was first introduced in this region by the late Miss Martha Sheldon.

A New Chapter.

Some years ago the need and opportunity for special evangelistic work among the educated classes became so apparent that the Rev. Dr. E. Stanley Jones was given his whole time to develop this particular kind of work throughout this field. For four years now he has devoted himself to this task and has succeeded in opening up a unique type of work. No missionary in India has ever before had such a wide hearing on the part of the educated classes. The students and professors of the great university centres, the professional and business men in the cities, Hindu and Mohomedan leaders in social and political reform movements, and the large and growing cultured classes of the land have responded in a wonderful way to the opportunities given them through Dr. Jones' addresses and sermons to hear the Christian message interpreted to them in the light of new India and in view of their national and individual needs. The messages given by Dr. Jones throughout the great centres of India have been constructive, sympathetic and brought down to the level of India's everyday need in the realm of the social, moral and spiritual. They have had as a background a broad knowledge of what is best as well as that which is weak in the great religions of India, and the personality of the speaker has been invested to the full in this effort to win India's intellect for Christ. Dr. Jones' ministry has been so markedly successful that it may be considered to have opened a new chapter in the approach of Christianity to the educated classes of this land. Some detailed reference to it will be of interest and bring encouragement to all who are working to bring in Christ's kingdom.

"The most significant movement is not the mass movement in the villages," says Dr. E. Stanley Jones, "it is the mass movement in mind toward the Christian position. He who gets the thinking of a people will sooner or later get the people. Christ is capturing the thinking of India to-day." He goes on to say:—

"Nine years ago Dr. John R. Mott addressed a large gathering in the Victoria Hall in Madras. In the midst of the address he used the name of Christ and was hissed by the audience. This year in the same hall we had six nights upon one topic alone—Christ. The hall was filled and the last



This man, who with his family was baptized a year ago, has already been instrumental in bringing about fifty-five baptisms in the Rae-Bareilly district.

nights packed, and for an aftermeeting several hundred Hindus publicly stayed for prayer, and to find peace of mind and heart through Christ." Of another place he says: "The students of the Hindu College asked for a special address for them, and when asked what subject they wanted, replied—'We want you to tell your personal religious experience.' These students put off a cricket match to come to a lecture on Christ."

Hindu Tributes to Christ.

Dr. Jones has found the political leaders equally interested in the life of Christ and the story of His crucifixion. He writes: "Last Easter time the organ of the Non-Co-operation Movement, the paper of which Mr. Gandhi was editor, published about four columns of matter for four weeks on the death of Jesus."

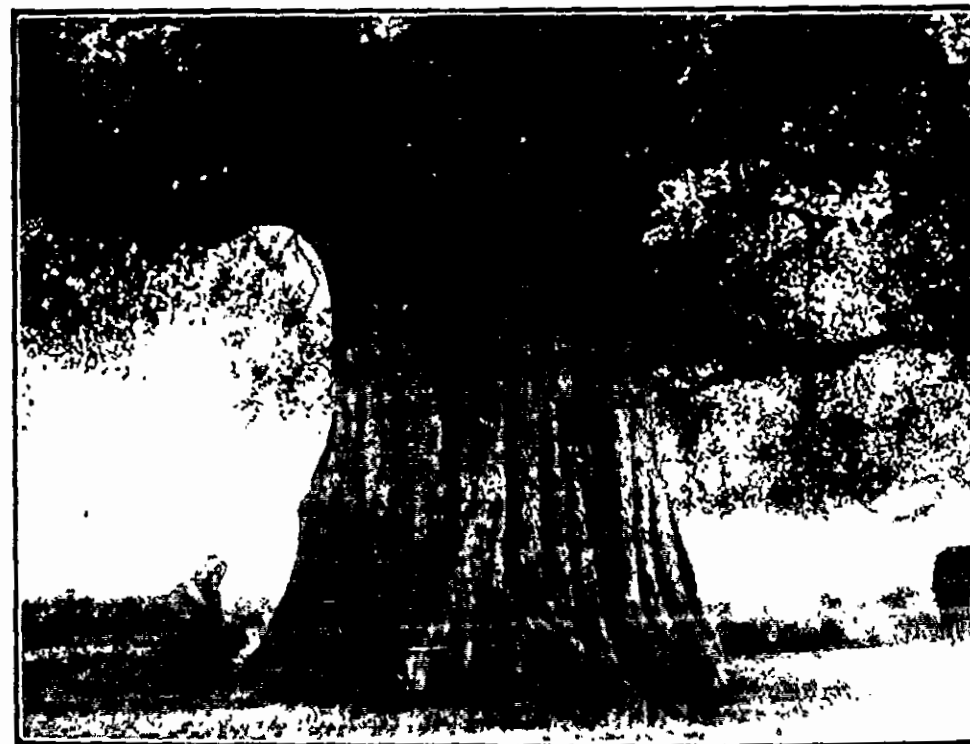
Dr. J. H. Oldham of the "International Review of Missions" was talking with Mr. Gandhi and Mr. Natarajan, when the latter said: "Well, Dr. Oldham, it is very difficult for us to say where our Hinduism ends and our Christianity begins." After quoting this, Dr. Jones relates the following:

"I was lecturing in Bombay, and the editor of the 'Indian Social Reformer' was the chairman of the meeting. In his closing remarks he said:—'I suppose the epitome of what the speaker has said is this,—that the solution of the problems of the day depends upon the application of the spirit and thought of Jesus to those problems. I am not a Christian, and you will be surprised to hear me say that I entirely agree with these conclusions.' He went from there to preside at the All-India Social Conference. This man is probably the greatest thinker on social affairs in India, and he sees no way out but the Christ way."

"A chief judge," continues Dr. Jones, "of one of the Native States (a Hindu) said to one of our audiences:—'If to be like Jesus Christ is what it means to be a Christian, I hope we will all be Christians in our lives.'"

On another occasion Dr. Jones was lecturing at the great new Hindu University at Benares, and a Hindu professor in introducing him said: "I have been attending these public lectures, and my chief interest was in the personality concerning whom the lecturer was speaking. Young men, no other such personality as Jesus Christ has ever appeared in human history. I repeat it, Jesus Christ is the greatest character that

Photo by B. T. Badli v.



A fine specimen of the "sacred" Pipal tree (ficus religiosa). The Hindus build shrines at the foot of many such trees: note the worshipper in this case.

has ever appeared in our world. And we can begin this spring festival in no better way than to hear more about Him."

Christ, Reformer, and Regenerator.

"I know of no reform, whether in the moral, social, religious, economic or political realm,—if it be a reform and not a re-action—that is not tending straight towards the Christian position," declares Dr. Jones. In line with this he tells how on one occasion the Hindus and Mohomedans of Palwal were going to have a public debate on the question of which religion makes men most moral. They both agreed, beforehand, to leave out Christianity from the discussion, "for," said they, "Christianity is head and shoulders above us both." He tells also how a Mohomedan student, in giving his address in the closing exercises of his college, said: "We must study the Bible. There are many things in our religions that need correction, and we must correct them by the Bible." Then Dr. Jones adds: "Jesus has changed the whole moral and spiritual atmosphere. He is forcing modification everywhere. But He stands unmodified. We have had to modify nothing in regard to Him in the clash of things in India."

"Some non-Christian lawyers," relates Dr. Jones, "were having a banquet in north India. At the close they were being entertained by a professional entertainer who made the company rock with laughter as he mocked the old gods and told funny stories about them. He then began to mock Jesus Christ. A silence fell upon the company. The silence turned to resentment, and then they angrily hissed him off the stage. They could laugh at the old gods, but not at Jesus Christ." What a commentary is this on the new situation in

India, or this other that Dr. Jones gives: "A life of Gandhi, put out by Hindus, is filled with references to Jesus Christ on nearly every page, and yet, as far as I remember, not a reference to Krishna or Buddha is to be found in it."

Can Hinduism be "revived?"

All these things speak of a new India and show that India's attitude towards Christ and the Bible has undergone a far-reaching and fundamental change within recent years. But we cannot yet claim that the attitude in India regarding the Church has changed. It is in process of changing, however, not only because India is learning to value in it what meets her deepest need, but also because she is beginning to discount what is merely a temporary phase in its form or methods. At the same time the Church itself is consciously seeking to make such adjustments in its organisation and affiliations as are necessary to bring it more into harmony with national ideals.

Side by side with all this distinct gain on the part of the Christian Church, there have been steady disintegrating forces at work against Hinduism. No one can deny that there has been a real revival of Hinduism in recent years, but the outcome of this revival is beginning to be perceived, by Hinduism itself, even if but dimly yet, is not what had been hoped. Regarding this Dr. E. Stanley Jones has a very pertinent word:—

"A revival is a good thing if the system is based on ultimate spiritual and social facts, but it may be its undoing if it is not. It is extremely doubtful if Hinduism can stand a revival. Dr. Farquhar says: 'The revival of Hinduism has been accompanied by a steady inner decay.'"

But whether Hinduism should undergo successfully a complete re-adjustment to modern thought and conditions or not, there is lacking in it the drawing power of Christianity. This is because Hinduism, with many incrustations of philosophy and speculation, theories and ideals, has no dominant personality to hold the heart of mankind. "I was talking with a gentleman of real discernment," says Dr. E. Stanley Jones, "and asked him what he thought of Jesus Christ. 'Well,' said he, 'there seems to be no one else seriously bidding for the heart of the world except Jesus Christ. There is no one else on the field.'"

How true it is that aside from Jesus Christ, humanity knows no one who universally draws the heart of man. How well India has shown the truth of Christ's own words,— "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." Listen to the words of a Hindu professor, speaking as chairman of one of Dr. E. Stanley Jones' meetings at Allahabad:—"The thing that strikes me about Jesus Christ is His imaginative sympathy. He seemed to enter into the experiences of men and feel with them. He felt the darkness of the blind, the leprosy of the leper, the degradation of the poor, the loneliness of the rich and the guilt of the sinner. And who shall we say He is? He called Himself the Son of Man, and also the Son of God. We must leave it at that."

Blind "Globe-trotters."

And yet there are people in Christian countries,—apparently well informed and certainly well educated people, who profess and seem to believe that the impact of Christianity on India is negligible. Visitors to this country rush through the land seeing the "sights" in the great cities.

avoiding missionaries, ignoring Churches, Christian schools, colleges, hospitals—institutions of all kinds—not taking the time to talk with people on the field who could give them correct information,—and then rush back to England or America and announce with the utmost assurance that Christian missions in India amount to nothing, that they themselves have been there and *know*, that they went through all the great cities and saw nothing of the work or people that the missionary reports tell about! It is absurd, and still more so that many are ready to believe such talk. “It is rather amusing, if not pathetic,” says Dr. E. Stanley Jones, “to read an article in the ‘New York Times’ by an American engineer, who spent five years in India, saying that ‘Christianity is utterly without

Photo by I. T. Badley.



Weaving blankets in a town of north India.

influence among the Indian people to-day.’ He was a delegate to the special session of the Indian National Congress at Calcutta in 1920, called to discuss the question of passive resistance. The very movement amid which he sat had its inspiration from Christian teaching, for Mr. Gandhi said to the writer in an interview,—‘I got my idea of passive resistance from Matthew 5: 38, 39. It was the New Testament that fixed it in my mind.’ When Mrs. Sorojini Naidu, the great nationalist lecturer and poetess, sent a poem to the National Congress to be read, she chose for her title a verse of Christian Scripture: ‘By love serve one another.’”

India’s Best Known Book.

The statement is not too strong, that among those who can read in India the Bible is the best known book. It is also true that it is acknowledged to contain the standards by which men are judged. The most ardent defenders of Hinduism or Mohomedanism seek, at best, to prove that their religious books are *as good* as the Christian Scriptures, and that their spiritual guides are as worthy as the Christ. The effort is never made to show that they have a superior book or greater personality than has Christianity. The standards, it is commonly acknowledged, are set by the Gospel: perfection of character is reached in Christ. When the Non-Co-operators wished to compare Gandhi with the highest and best, they did not turn to Buddha, they did not think of Mohomed, they did not quote Krishna,—they spoke of Gandhi as being like Christ! His trial was compared to the trial of Christ, his imprisonment to the crucifixion of Christ. Millions have gone so far as to claim that he is an *incarnation* of Christ!

The sales and distribution of the Bible, and especially of the New Testament and the Gospel portions, have gone far beyond anything in the past. This interest in the printed word is showing itself all over India by the way in which the non-Christian newspapers quote the Bible, freely use its allusions, and even expect their readers to be familiar with its personages and ideals.

Newspaper Evangelism.

This has made it possible for our Centenary Movement to start a far-reaching work of newspaper evangelism. Brief Christian messages are inserted in about a dozen of the leading non-Christian papers and magazines. These messages give, in unqualified terms, the most definite Christian teaching, unhesitatingly claiming for Christ the supreme place as both Teacher and Saviour, and setting forth the New Testament as the one guide and ideal for India in this great day. Not only are these advertisements gladly accepted, the space being paid for at current rates (though several papers have made special concessions owing to our "noble purpose," as one editor put it), but other Hindu and Mohomedan papers, seeing our messages, have written, enquiring if they too may not carry these in their columns. Meantime, a steady correspondence has resulted, giving the Executive Secretary of the Centenary Movement an unprecedented opportunity of getting and keeping in touch with earnest souls all over this land. The yearning and heart-hunger on the part of educated Indian young men thus revealed, makes one long to have his entire time to follow up this type of personal work for the Master.

EXPERIENCE IS FINAL PROOF.

Science can solve some of our problems, but not all. There is a realm in both the physical and the spiritual world where nothing short of personal experience can satisfy us. Chemistry can tell us the constituents of water, but the way to know whether or not it will quench thirst is to try it. Proper analysis may correctly tell us of what material the rice grain is formed, but the way to know if it is a health-giving food is to try it. The philosophies of the various religions may tell us much about them, but the way to determine whether or not they satisfy the human heart is to try them and see. **The Bible says: "BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED."** Is this true? Try it and see.

THE MOST POWERFUL PERSONALITY.

The Vice-Chancellor of one of the great Universities of India, speaking recently before a large body of Indian students of all religions, said:—

"If you ask what is the Most Powerful Influence that has entered my life to shape it I will tell you that it is **THE BIBLE.**"

This man is a Hindu. What influenced him in the Bible was not history, biography, poetry or prophecy, but a living personality—Jesus Christ. Study the Bible and find Christ.

Christ's Voice AND India's Destiny.

A leading Hindu journalist says:—

"Many eminent non-Christians turn for guidance in the perplexing problems of national life to the teachings of Christ. India earnestly hopes that the great body of Christian missionaries in this land will stand by her in her endeavour to apply the central teachings of Christ to her national life."

The teachings of Jesus Christ are found in the New Testament, in whose pages He speaks a message for all men. When India hears His voice she will attain her destiny.

Centenary Forward Movement,
3, Middleton Street, CALCUTTA.

INDIA NEEDS REST.

Jesus Says:—

"Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

India needs rest,—peace of heart and mind. Christ's invitation is to India, and He says:—

"My peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled."

No sincere or earnest seeker will be disappointed, if he will take the New Testament as his guide. In those pages, somewhere, he will meet the living CHRIST.

Centenary Forward Movement,
3, Middleton St., CALCUTTA.

WHO IS JESUS CHRIST?

People ask "Who was Buddha?" "Who was Akbar?" "Who was Napoleon?" But they always ask "Who is Jesus Christ?" The difference in the tense used is significant.

Christ is not a memory or a historic figure. He is a living personality in our world to-day. He touches the lives of people everywhere. His transforming power is all around us.

Christ can never be classified as a mere man, nor as a super-man. He is the Saviour of Mankind. Study the New Testament and the truth of this will appear.

Centenary Forward Movement,
3, Middleton Street, Calcutta.

Western Civilisation or Christianity?

Many people in India seem to think that for India to accept Christianity is to adopt Western civilisation. Such a view is not merely shallow but is wholly mistaken.

Christianity has given to the West whatever of lasting worth it possesses, but Western nations cannot trace to Christ all their institutions or practices. Indeed, many of these are directly opposed to the spirit of Christ.

India is being offered and is in a position to study pure Christianity without Western accretions.

India's hope, individual and national, lies in accepting Christ.

Centenary Forward Movement,
3, Middleton St., CALCUTTA.

Samples of Messages used in Centenary Newspaper Evangelism.

The Triumphant Christ.

India is not only responding to the appeal of Christ but is accepting Him as teacher, guide and Lord. The land is full of disciples of His who are not yet ready to break with caste and sacrifice property and social position. "When a man can stay in his home and be a Christian," says Dr. E. Stanley Jones, "then the task of Christianizing India will be simplified. A Hindu said to the writer: 'When that day comes, it will be easy for Christianity.' Holland (the Rev. W. E. S.) gives this illuminating incident: He overheard two Hindu students arguing the question of caste.



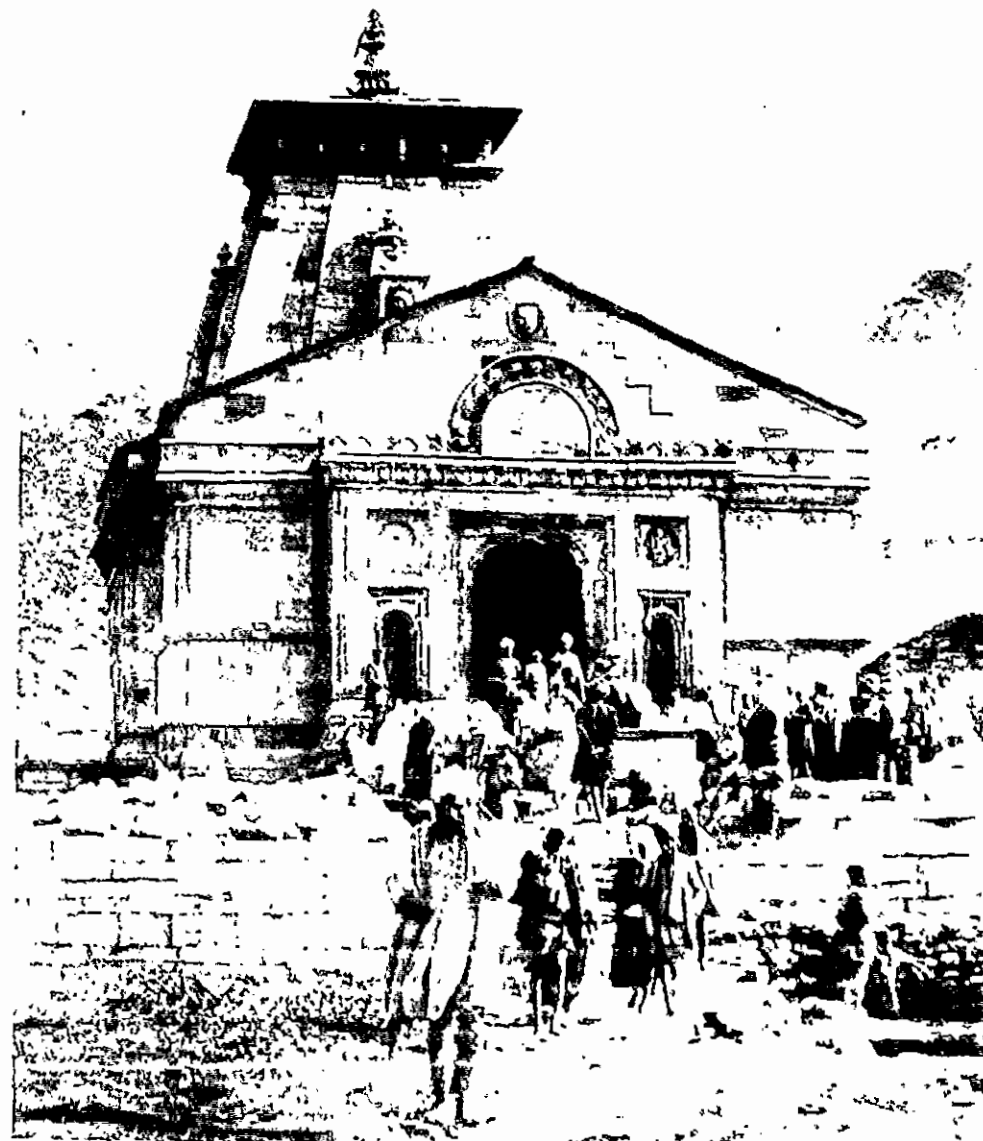
The Rev. G. Gershon (on the right), district superintendent of the Belgaum district, with the workers of one circuit.

One argued that it was a good thing. The other turned to him in surprise and said: 'But you say that,—you who are progressive in your ideas?' 'Yes,' replied the other, 'I do, for caste is the last trench we are holding against Christianity. You know yourself that if it were not for caste, practically every student in this hostel would be Christian before morning.'

Surely India is on the eve of coming out and accepting Christ. The millions are not ready yet to receive baptism or join the Church, but they are considering the step. Let us close by referring to some very striking meetings that Dr. E. Stanley Jones conducted in South India recently. He writes:

"I had series of meetings for educated non-Christians in various places. I had felt for some time that I ought to try a new method in dealing with them. At T. we had large crowds of non-Christians out, probably a thousand each night. The last night I put this up to them: 'I will leave the question of baptism to your consciences, but will you here and now accept Jesus Christ as your Lord and Master, openly and before all, and will you begin a Christian life? I asked those who would do this to stay at the close and meet me in a room at the back. T. is a very orthodox Hindu city and I wondered how many of them would do it. I expected four or five to respond. To my surprise I found a hundred Hindus there. I told them how to accept Christ, how to put the habits of prayer and Bible study and service into their lives. I asked them to repeat a prayer of confession and surrender after me sentence by sentence. They did so. A few months before the whole city was stirred over the baptism of a girl, and here were a hundred Hindus openly and frankly accepting Christ as their Saviour and Lord. Out of this number I do not know how many will be baptised. We have formed a class of them to help them live the new life. A Christian judge is taking the class."

Photo by L. M. Moyatt



The famous Hindu temple at Kidmath in the snowy range extending between Garhwal and Tibet.

This remarkable meeting was followed by another equally so at R..... A meeting of the Non-Co-operators was going on at the same time, which Dr. Jones had been asked to address but had decided not to, as it was his last evening in the place and he wished to have an after-meeting. He says:

"In spite of the other meeting going on, we had the hall packed again, and in response to my invitation to surrender to Christ we had about forty of the finest men in the audience stay for the after-meeting: some of these were lawyers and other substantial business men. How many of these will ultimately be baptised I do not know, but it was fine to see them publicly take their stand for Christ."

"The Kingdom is coming,—O tell ye the story." We are telling it, and there is great joy in our hearts. The same Christ is our leader who has led and triumphed among the nations, and He will not fail nor be discouraged, for He is to reign!

The Outcastes' Exodus

By Bishop F. B. Fisher.

They come, the men of sorrows come;
Along the toilers' dusty road,
Forsaking superstition's load,
Escaping slavehood's bitter goad,
In faith they come.

They come! the care-worn women come;
From out the hovel's prison door,
The smoke-stained walls and mud-dung floor,
Bowed down in grief and sorrow sore,
In hope they come.

They come! the naked children come;
Already weary, having toiled,
But eager, hopeful, bright, unspoiled,
Though born in squalor, souls unsoiled,
They, child-like, come.

They come! the waking millions come;
They see the cross where Jesus died,
Behold the wound-print in His side,
They turn to follow this dear Guide,
Redeemed, they come.

They come! who greets them as they come?
Shall sons of God, touched from above,
Like palsied priests, unworthy prove?
Oh, let us rise in Christ's great love,
And bid them come!



ANY things have recently happened in India, and many more are yet to come to pass. The reaction of the national political situation on the life and activities of the Christian Church have not yet been satisfactorily estimated, for they are not yet fully understood.

Some things, however, are clear and among them this, that a radical adjustment must be made in the realm of authority and control. A larger measure of autonomy must be provided for this field of Methodism's life and effort and for other "foreign" fields.

This does not mean that Indian Methodism wishes to become independent of the Home Base. It may be possible to find, here and there, an Indian radical who would stand for complete separation and autonomy, but this does not represent the situation, either as to the missionary element or our Indian leaders.

What is "The Next Step?"

With regard to the further development of the Methodist Episcopal Church on the foreign fields the question has been raised as to whether our goal

should be national Churches independent of the American Church, or a world-wide Church with organic unity assured. This issue has been joined particularly by the publication of Dr. Paul Hutchinson's "The Next Step" and Bishop Neely's "The Methodist Episcopal Church and its Foreign Missions." Various articles on the subject have appeared, and, as General Conference draws nearer, the number of such articles will probably increase. The subject is already on the "Agenda" for the forthcoming Central Conference on this field, and unquestionably this will be among the important questions to which the General Conference of 1924 will have to give a clear reply.

It should not be wondered at that the "foreign" fields are not content to remain "foreign" permanently. As long as they are just this, they are merely appendages to some distant ecclesiastical organization which has its "Base" at "Home," and controls by a long arm of authority. In the beginning of things this was not only inevitable but desirable, but as a permanent plan of action it was sure to raise, as it has raised, difficulties.

Despite such a re-actionary book as Bishop Neely's, one can sense throughout Methodism a definite opposition to the breaking up of an organic Methodist Episcopal Church by the formation of independent units based on national lines. Some have taken satisfaction in the course adopted by Japan when she became "independent," but the precedent is not suited to the needs of the Church as a whole. There is, however, no alternative to the course adopted by Japan, unless the Constitution and practices of the Methodist Episcopal Church can be so modified as to permit to growing



What principles will govern Methodism in her international polity as she deals with the new India?

national fields a life of self-expression and control consonant with their development.

In other words, Methodism in India has reached a stage when the share she has had in shaping her own course during the past no longer suffices, and, indeed, is no longer in keeping with her welfare and dignity. Even the increase of the powers of the Central Conference granted by action of the General Conference of 1920 will not suffice. This should not be surprising when it is remembered that in the supreme legislative body of the Church the representation of our Southern Asia field representing a Christian constituency of more than half a million, was in the proportion of one to forty in the 1920 General Conference. Moreover, in a body constituted and conducted as is our General Conference, meeting in a land on the other side of the world, a foreign field must undergo severe disadvantages, in addition to the utter inadequacy of its numerical representation. As a matter of fact, a very small percentage of any foreign delegation ever gains the floor of a General Conference. This is not reflecting on the men who have represented Southern Asia, or any other foreign field, and doubtless their personal influence and their voice in committees and sub-committees had weight, but no field can be content with such a subordinate place as this. This is true especially in view of the great issues involved, for it is the General Conference that legislates for the Church, determines what is to go into our book of "Discipline," elects our Bishops, shapes our polity and settles all the major matters that can come up for decision by the Church.

India Not Ultra Radical.

In India this question has taken on very large importance because of the great national move-

ment which has now gone into every part of this land and is destined to result in due time in the establishment of Home Rule. This is the ambition of all political parties, and this is the plan and intention of the British Government. The influences of this new national consciousness and purpose have vitally affected the Church in India, bringing in the time when new and definite steps towards self-determination for the Indian Church must be taken. Conservatives in America, or in India itself, may regret this, but there can be no doubt that General Conference will be faced with the question of granting a larger measure of autonomy to the major foreign fields,—certainly to India.

A few opinions from some of our well known Indian men in the various Areas are here given, that we may have their own voice in this matter.

"Autonomy in the Indian Church is a two-sided affair. The Church at the Home Base should be prepared to transfer as much authority to the Indian Church as the latter can take over. This devolution cannot be immediate, but it must keep pace with the growth and development of indigenous leadership. The final goal should be to make the Indian Church independent of foreign resources of men and money. The relation of the foreign missionaries should be that of *leaders and advisers* and not that of *masters and directors*, so that the Indian Christians shall be trained and prepared by them for autonomy. To be self-centred and unwilling to trust capable Indian Christians with positions of responsibility will be suicidal to the entire missionary work.

On the other hand the Indian Christians should not so much *claim* as *deserve* autonomy. They should be increasingly aggressive in assuming the financial and administrative responsibility of their Church. I, for one, feel that we cannot honorably claim a voice in Church matters unless and until we shoulder the burden of responsibility. To this

end the need of an educated, trained and consecrated ministry and laity is most imperative, for autonomy in the hands of any other kind will kill the Church. There is sufficient evidence that the Indian Church is ready for a larger measure of autonomy."

J. R. CHITAMBAR.

"In my opinion the time has come when Indian Christians of proved worth should be given a larger share of responsibility in our Church. From an economic point of view, this will be a sound policy, as in the Indian field a large number of missionary recruits involving a much higher salary, furlough and other allowances, will not be necessary. Again, the missionaries who come from their home-land will have sufficient time to learn the language and to enter sympathetically into the various problems of the Church. I do not find fault with the appointment of raw missionary recruits from the home-land as District Superintendents, as I quite realize that in making certain appointments no other choice was left. But I do hope that experiments will be made from now with available Indian men of ability, by giving them at least posts of District Superintendents, wherever possible."

L. B. CHATTERJI.

"This is a day when people want their own leaders over them. The Church ought to awake and get ready for what is going to come. Responsible positions have to be opened right away to Indians in order to encourage them to carry on the work by themselves. If the Indian heart is to be captured to work for a self-supporting and self-propagating Church, a large measure of autonomy must at all costs be given. The people will then see the whole work of the mission in a different light and will support the work in a better way than they are doing at present. We do not want a foreign Church, but desire to build up a Church that is purely Indian with indigenous management and leadership."

O. DAVID.



(1) Rev. D. M. Butler, Chandausi (2) Rev. Yusuf Dhanji, Baroda (3) Rev. Robt. John, Bulandshahr (4) Rev. J. Devadasam, Bareilly (5) Rev. & Mrs. J. R. Chitambar, Lucknow (6) Rev. G. L. Lorenzo, Lucknow (7) Rev. L. B. Chatterji, Calcutta (8) Rev. Emmanuel Sukh, Buxar (9) Rev. G. Gershom, Belgaum.

"I am in favour of a larger share of autonomy for those Churches in Indian Methodism which are in a fair self-supporting condition, or whose spiritual life and activity can be gauged by the Christian Stewardship principle. For such Churches, and only for such, self-determination can be a blessing."

A. LUKE.

"Methodism in India has given her children a larger measure of autonomy than any other Church in India has hitherto done: and yet she could do more. The time has come when the number of missionaries must decrease and Indians should be given a larger measure of responsibility and freedom. Experiments in that line have proved that confidence placed by missionaries in certain Indian leaders has not been in vain."

S. K. MONDOL.

"The national consciousness pervading Indian political life is not unnoticeable in the Church. There is a growing demand for Indian ways and methods of worship and for ecclesiastical self-determination. Methodism in India has passed the stage of being reckoned in terms of a Mission and Mission workers. These are signs betokening need of autonomy in the Church, and the power of future Indian Methodism depends on the speed and wisdom with which it accommodates itself to the spirit of the times."

MORRIS A. PHILLIPS.

"With all my national aspirations for a complete self-determination in all matters political, I am rather conservative in matters ecclesiastical. Considering seriously the condition of the Indian Methodist community—its lack of capacity for establishing itself as a Church, its lack of assuming any form of independent responsibility, and the lack of spiritually-minded intellect and leadership—I, for the present, do not believe in any larger measure of autonomy in Church administration than what it now enjoys."

M. C. SINGH.

"Autonomy must be brought about, and the starting point is the local Churches. These must have autonomy in finance, management of their affairs and choice of pastors. Provision should be made for a general Board of (local) Churches. At present, evangelism, Church management and conferences are 'missionary-centric.' We can't be ruled from beyond the seas."

DIANJI FAQIR CHAND.

"Considering the question from all points of view, I have come to the conclusion that self-determination in the near future should be our aim. It is but natural. Too much interference on the part of parents leads the grown up children to revolt; but parental advice and guidance in solving deep problems will always be welcome and beneficial."

A. RAHIM.

Note:—A number of others were asked to contribute to this symposium, but, for one reason or another, failed to do so.

These sentiments, with varying shades of opinion, represent the younger generation of our Indian leaders in the India of to-day, and the probabilities are that such feelings will gain strength and find new expression as the years go by. The cry ten years ago used to be,—“We don't wish to be controlled by the missionaries!” That was the individual speaking out, showing the growing spirit of personal independence. Now it is the educated group within the Indian Church speaking, and their demand is,—“The Indian Church must not be governed, its policies determined and its Bishops appointed from across the seas!” A few years hence, the rank and file will become articulate, demanding self-determination within the Church. For the present, conservative elements are still markedly evident. But the problem is before us, and the Methodist Episcopal Church in India is demanding a solution.

Is India "foreign" in a World-wide Church?

If Indian Methodism must pay the price in order to stay within the fold of the Methodist Episcopal Church, so must American Methodism pay the price if she wishes to retain organic union with the great and growing branches of the Church in this "foreign" field. In the first place, why should such a field be "foreign?" If there is to be one great Church, why is India more "foreign" than America? To the Indians, America is very "foreign,"—hopelessly so! Can we not have a world-wide Church, in which each nation takes its rightful place, contributing its full and peculiar



An Indian District Superintendent, the Rev. P. D. Phillips of Bijnor, starting out in the mission oxcart on a round of quarterly conferences. There are now sixteen Indian Superintendents on this field, which is 25% of the total. Their number is steadily increasing.

share to the whole, and helping to mould the life and destinies of the one common Church? Bishop Neely in his recent book replies definitely in the negative. It is not conceivable that in this attitude he represents the thinking of American Methodism. India would rather believe that Bishop Bashford voiced the thought of our Church when he pleaded against breaking up Methodism into separate national units, each going its own way. Bishop Neely vigorously opposes the notion (voiced by our Bishops resident in Asia) that there is a "rapid development of our Methodist Episcopal Church into a world-wide organization." He maintains that if this were the case, it would lead to disaster for our Church, and holds that a "world Church" is undesirable and dangerous, that it could not exist and continue to maintain true democratic principles, but would become an ecclesiastical autocracy such as we have in the Roman Church to-day and would menace the independence of Methodism in America. If Bishop Neely is correct in this conclusion, or if this should be the real thought of the General Conference of our Church, there can be no question but that India must ultimately seek separation from the Methodist Episcopal Church. If things are to continue as they now stand, there is not a sufficiently good outlook for the rising generation of Indian patriots who are beginning to assert themselves. They have no quarrel with the past, but the future cannot be shaped according to it.

The Ultimate Issue,—Leadership.

The crux of the matter is reached in the issue of leadership. It would prove our Church in India hopelessly dead if, at the time of the great national awakening, when the entire land is preparing for

and moving towards Home Rule, the Church should be indifferent in the matters of independence and self-determination.

It is the success of the past that has brought our Church in India to the strength and vision which now make possible a vitality and self-expression that tell of life and hope. In this supreme hour in India, it is only India's sons and daughters who can bring about the greatest things. They need help, they require guidance, but they are the really potential agents in this situation. The hope of the Church must, more and more, be in them. They do not wish to get rid of the foreign missionaries: they realise that for many years to come, a support from outside will be necessary, but they do not think that this fact

Photo by B. T. Badley.



Preaching and distributing Christian tracts in the new Home Mission field, Bhabua, Bihar.

should interfere with the supremely important cause of bringing into existence as rapidly as possible a strong, self-supporting, self-propagating and, only then, self-respecting Church.

Recent years have tended to make for strained relations between Indians and foreigners in this land, but in the Methodist Episcopal Church in India the ties of sympathy and understanding have been strengthened. The splendid spirit that has characterised the relationship between Indian Christian leaders and foreign missionaries in our Church will become still more marked as together we toil and pray for the coming of the Kingdom.

The Church of the Brotherhood.

Some may think that the Church in India is to be purely Indian. Why should this Church be established along racial lines? Will its membership be restricted to people of Indian birth? Will the foreign missionary be a mere spectator? This is not the hope entertained by Indian Methodism. The Church in India must have the best that India affords, plus the finest that any other land that loves her can bring. These two elements, blended by love and in service for the Motherland, will together serve the Church in India,—a Church not controlled from without but moulded from within.

The Church in India is looking for a new world wherein dwelleth brotherhood. On India's broad plains, and beneath her bright skies, there is being fashioned the brotherhood of the new world,—made on the pattern furnished by the Son of Man. He Himself is helping us to bring it into being and shape it in strength and beauty. He is the greatest on India's horizon: He is supreme on the horizon of the world.

THE CALCUTTA CHROMOTYPE CO.
52/3, BOW BAZAR STREET,
CALCUTTA.

GREETINGS FROM KUMAON DISTRICT
AND
THE HIMALAYAS IN HINDUSTAN.

Uprari is a small mountain village, five miles from Ranikhet. It is in no way striking, and to the ordinary traveller, calls for no more attention than scores of other villages. But for many years the Methodist Episcopal Church has had a worker in Uprari, and, as opportunity offered, the District Superintendent visited the village. Its residents are "dome" which in these mountains is the term applied to the artisan classes in general. They till their small fields, but supplement this meagre living by working as carpenters or masons.

Twelve or fourteen years ago in this village, a little boy of six played about the door of his home. There was nothing in that home to bear witness to spiritual forces at work, and nothing in the small boy to distinguish him from a dozen other urchins that played happily indifferent to dirt, flies, and other trials of mankind. The Good Shepherd is constantly seeking for just such little lambs, unprepossessing though they may appear. But how can they understand His call, who have never heard His name, or worshipped anything but a hideous idol—the creation of man's erring imagination. Too often the seeds of crime and vice are sown in the hearts of little ones of whom, in their natural beauty, the Master said, "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

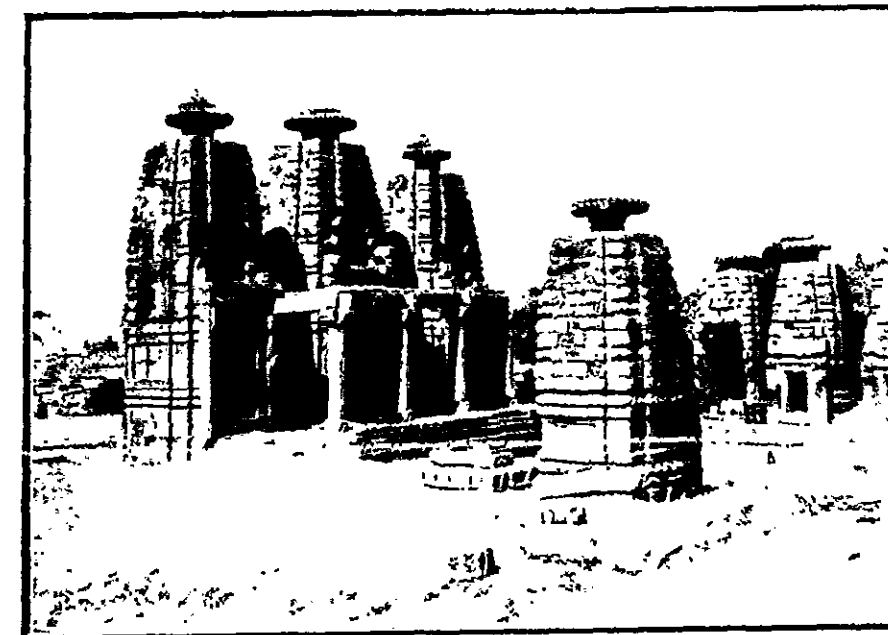
One day a stranger with a winning smile, stopped at the door and spoke to little Dugar, for that is the name his parents gave him. From that day, he and the "Munshi Ji" were fast friends. Time and again this "Munshi Ji" came, with strange stories of a Friend of little children,

whose love could keep them good and happy thru all life, save them from the sin (of which Dungar understood little) and who would at last bring them to a Home of light and joy. How different these stories were from those of gods and goddesses who demanded sacrifices of buffaloes, and were ready to wreak vengeance on all who did not fear and obey them. The voice of the Good Shepherd had reached the heart of this little Hindu boy.

When Dungar's father went to Ranikhet to work, and took this boy with him, the "Munshi Ji" was there, too. The friendship between the Christian worker and Dungar grew, and soon the



We see above a family returning home from District Conference. Three children and a chicken are on the pony to the left. Under the mother's "sari" (dress) one can see a baby's face, and, lying across the pony, in front of the mother, is a white puppy. The ponies belong to the men holding them.



Temple ruins at Dwarahat; upwards of 1,200 years old; defiled at the time of the Mohammedan invasion, and since then unused.

lad was determined to become a Christian. His parents and family opposed the step bitterly, but, child though he was, he never wavered in his decision. He felt the Lord had called him. The "Munshi Ji" took him to the District Superintendent in Naini Tal, who decided that this lad should have a chance in the Dwarahat Boarding School, and if later he remained firm in his decision, should be baptized and given every advantage possible.

Dungar Singh is now a young man in the highest class of our Dwarahat School. His Christian testimony rings as clear as ever in those earlier years and his determination to become a minister of the Gospel of his Christ seems to grow with the years. His people are still Hindu (a religious, not a national term), but he is trying to win a brother. Pray for Dungar Singh.



Indian Christians playing games at a picnic on the last day of District Conference, at Dwarahat, in June 1923.

When you think of Kumaon, remember:—

That Naini Tal, a popular Hill Station, has many of the leading laymen of our Church in North India for six months: also scores of servants who have come from our Christian communities in other districts.

That in Ranikhet and Bhim Tal, we have similar seasonal opportunities.

That one of the Hindu pilgrim routes passes thru this district, and thousands may be reached.

That we have upwards of 400 Hindu boys receiving an education.

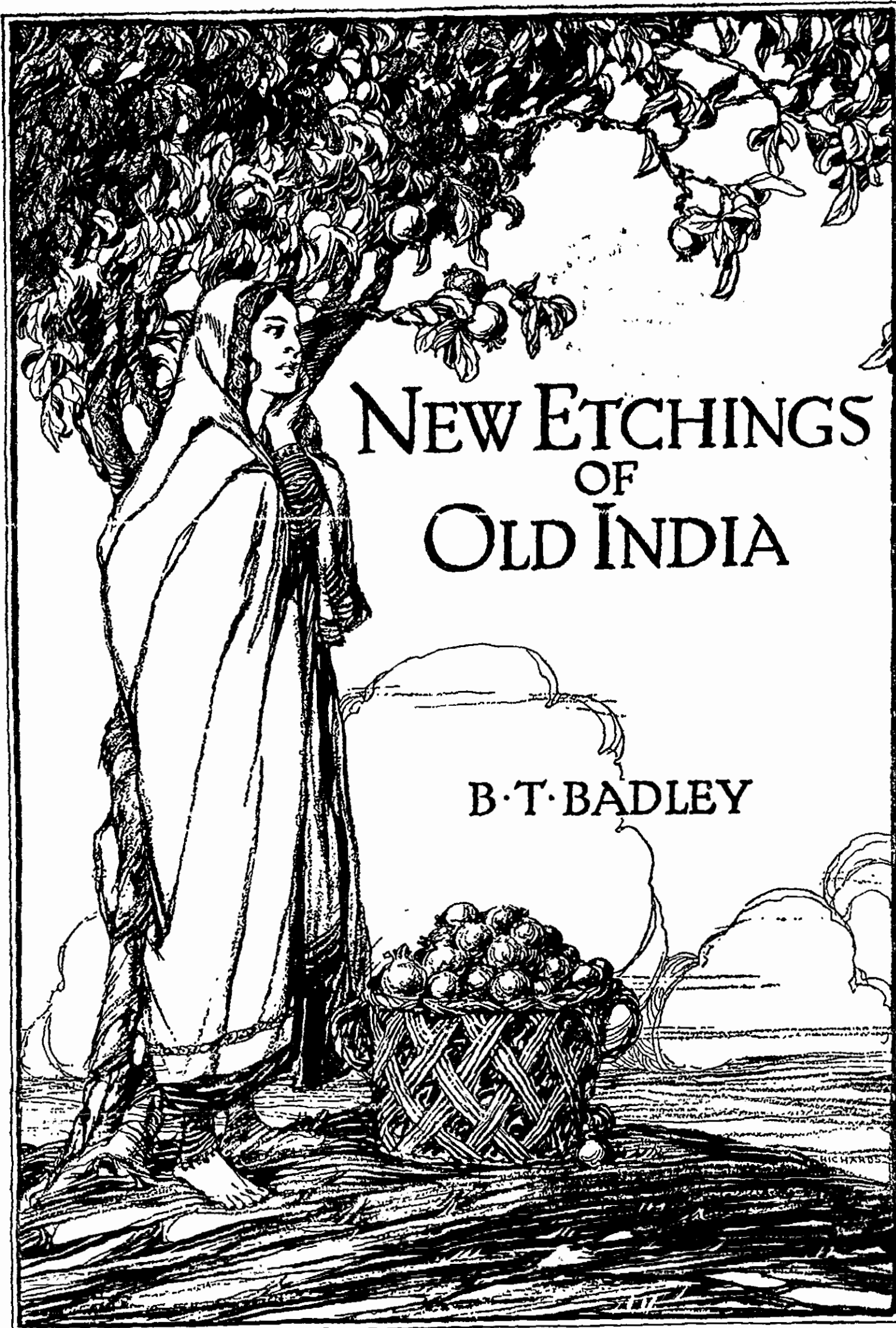
That in the Terai Circuit, 50 miles long and 12-20 miles wide, we are without a single residence for preachers

With the compliments of

KUMAON DISTRICT
NORTH INDIA CONFERENCE

Missionaries:
Rev. John Norman Hollister.
Mrs. Lillian Henschen Hollister.

Address:
Dwarahat, Via Ranikhet,
India.



NEW ETCHINGS
OF
OLD INDIA

B·T·BADLEY

NEW ETCHINGS OF OLD INDIA

To the Reader

INDIA'S great future has begun! India, the greatest land of the *now-or-never*, challenges the Christian world.

These pages are indicative of what is happening there today.

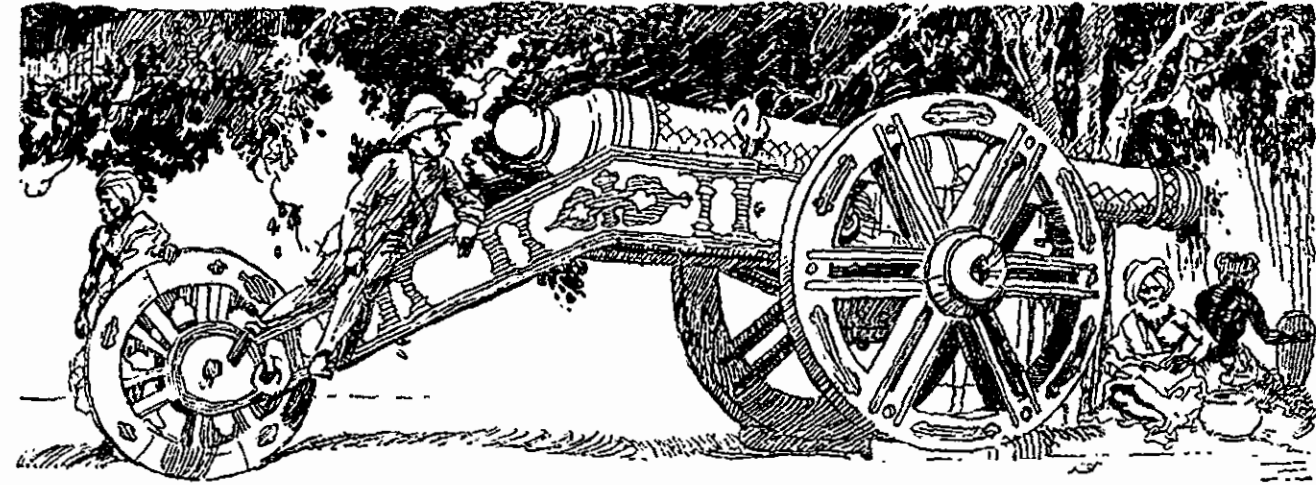
This book gives facts, not fiction. Every incident or story here recorded is taken from life.

The author has lived thirty years in India and writes from personal knowledge.

God's garden in India is proving to be wonderfully productive, and of its pleasant fruits these pages will give some indication.

America's investment in India is yielding a hundred fold, and India's love for America grows ever more strong and beautiful.

B. T. B.



PALTAN SINGH THE WOUNDED SOLDIER

I MET him in Bombay at the Victoria Terminus, a tall young Sikh just returned from the trenches. He was on crutches, one leg gone and one side of his face disfigured with an ugly wound, the more painful because it spoiled his beard, an adornment of which every Sikh is proud. His long hair was carefully done up and tucked under his large turban.

Now the majority of Sikhs have the surname of "Singh" (lion), so I made a guess and accosted him in the Hindustani current in the Punjab.

"Peace to you, Bahadur Singh (Hero-Lion)."

He looked up quickly and said, "Not Bahadur Singh, Sahib, but Paltan Singh (Lion of the Regiment). I have an uncle, Bahadur Singh."

And so we were acquainted as we settled down together in an Intermediate Compartment of the Up Punjab Mail.

"You are returning from France?" I asked.

"Yes, Sahib. At last I have seen your *Walayat*—(country)."

"And what do you remember best?" I enquired.

He hesitated a moment, smiled in the open boyish way so common to our warm-hearted Sikhs, and replied, "I think it was the cows. Why, Sahib, those animals seem to be full of milk. A Miss Sahiba (young lady) would sit down and milk two buckets full at a time! And, Sahib, it was rich and yellow, full of cream."

You see, he was from the villages. His father owned land, and the boy had grown up among the fields and cattle.

"Well," continued I, "and what about it?"

"We must have the same kind of cows in India," said he earnestly.

There you have it! And tens of thousands of soldiers, returning from Europe and elsewhere to every part of India, come saying—

"We must have the same kind in India."

And they *will*,—why shouldn't they?

"Tell me something else that impressed you Paltan Singh," I said, genuinely interested.

"Well, Sahib, you seem to understand us people, and our language, and I will be frank with you. I wish our women were educated like yours. Now I have a sister at home. She is thirteen, a beautiful girl, but she is as ignorant as the *tota* (parrot) shut up in our iron cage. She is like the *tota*, all she knows is just what she has heard others say. Sahib, if that girl, full of spirit and natural intelligence, could be put through the high school and college, she would be the equal of any Miss Sahiba I have ever seen! But here she doesn't know her Aliph-bey (her a-b-c's) and is to be married in a few months. In the next ten years she will have eight children; her beauty will be gone at twenty-five, and at thirty-five she will be just another ignorant old woman in India!"

His eyes were shining. I saw the light in them, kindled by what he had seen in France and England. I wanted to hear more—it sounded a new note of encouragement to the missionary's heart.

"Do you think there is anything you can do to change this sad state of affairs in India?" I asked.

"I think so, Sahib. We young soldiers have been talking about this, and have agreed that in all our communities and *panchayats* (village councils) we will urge education for our girls. What we need, Sahib, is to wake ourselves up! You missionaries have always advised us to educate our girls, the Government has encouraged us to send our girls to school, but we, slow fools that our ignorant people are, have not done it, fearing that it would spoil our women?"

"And now do you think that it will not?"

A distant and tender look came over his young face, and he said more to himself than to me.

"If Shanti, my little wife up in Amritsar, could only sit beside my bed, as I am wrapped up in my *razai* (heavy cotton quilt) drawing deep draughts from my pipe, and read me the stories of our great heroes of the days gone by, and of the great mutiny when we Sikhs took Delhi, led by the great Nikalsen Sahib (John Nicholson, the young hero of the siege and storming of Delhi), a new light of joy would have come into our home."

"I'll tell you, Sahib," he continued reminiscing. "I saw a beautiful young nurse sit by the bed-side of a wounded English soldier reading a long story. The young Kaptan Sahib (Captain) would scarcely take his eyes off her sweet and tender face—to tell the truth, Sahib, I kept looking at her, too. It was a new and beautiful picture to me. And when I think of my own home in the village, Sahib, there's something lacking in it now for this soldier coming back. I would not have felt it otherwise, but, Sahib, what we have seen and experienced across the

great Kalapani (black water, i. e. ocean) as we used to call it, has changed things for us. We can never go back to where we were before."

His words touched me deeply, and I did not know just what to say, but he continued—

"You know, Sahib, we have a word *biradari* (brotherhood). It sounds something like a word they used at the Front in speaking of companionship or fellowship. It does not come to my mind."



He paused. "Camaraderie?" I ventured.

"That's it, Sahib—the very word, Camaradri? Now, Sahib, *that* is the thing we Indian men don't find in our wives! If we only had that?"

"Well, Paltan Singh," I said earnestly, "it is the fault of you men that you have not. You have always considered your women beneath you. You have not educated them, and the thing is impossible under present conditions. Look at the young Punjabi, Bengali, and other ladies that graduate from our Christian college for women at Lucknow, or even from our high schools, and you will all see that they are intellectually the equals of any of the young men. Companionship is possible with them?"

"O, I know it, Sahib," he broke in. "We have seen our mistake and have learned our lesson. The young men back from Europe are all

agreed. But will our fathers and our older brothers see it now? Will our religious and social leaders take the necessary steps to change matters? This is the thing that is in our minds. We are a very conservative people, Sahib, and our women are worse in this than our men! But still—yes—there is hope," he ended, brightening up. "We soldiers have finished our fighting in the trenches—now we will begin at home!" He laughed and so did I.

"Paltan Singh," said I, a new idea coming into my mind, "I'll tell you what I think ought to be your first objective in this great campaign you are planning to start here in India. Keep that fine young sister of yours from getting married and send her to school!"

The soldier in him was alert. He saw the possibility of a fight, sure enough.

"Well, Sahib, that *would* take a 'paltan' of soldiers," he exclaimed, punning on his own name. "But," he continued, "it is not impossible!"

"I'll tell you where you can look for some help. Go to the Principal, Miss Sahiba of our Methodist school for girls at Lahore. She may be able to bring some persuasion to bear on your people. And remember that every missionary is your friend in this great work of bringing enlightenment to the girls and women of India."

And so Paltan Singh and I parted. As I left him to continue his journey to Amritsar, I knew that I had seen a real harbinger of India's new day—a day that this war will so greatly hasten. Thus is the war having its reaction on lands far removed from the scenes of the European conflict.

Paltan Singh comes back from France and England, dreaming of better agricultural methods and of an educated womanhood for India. Others come back with new ideas and plans that touch other interests in their great land. And so it comes about that the soldiers bring back to India not only their wounds and shattered bodies, but a vision of better things, and a determination to see them reproduced in their native land.

Perhaps Paltan Singh's wounds were worth while!



THEOPHILUS RANDOLPH HARRISON ALIAS GANESH



THEOPHILUS RANDOLPH HARRISON, star cricketer and prize orator of the American Mission Institute at "Walayatnagar," was self-named, if not self-made. He has just delighted a large mixed audience of Europeans and Indians at the annual literary entertainment of the college by delivering a fervid and flowery oration in English on "India's Glory—Past, Present and Future." To a few among his hearers Mr. T. R. Harrison was a standing wonder. But that must have been because they knew he was just little Ganesh, grown up.



I had first seen him fifteen years before. I was on a tour through the villages, and on the outskirts of one came upon a shallow pond, almost dried up and with the blackest of black mud. Four youngsters were playing in the slime, pretending to be water-buffaloes. One of them acted the part to perfection as he lay on his side, up to the neck in the soft mud, chewing his "cud," occasionally rolling from one side to the other, and frequently grunting in that long drawn-out, instalment-plan, despairing groan that characterizes the dear old buffalo of India. It was Ganesh! The children had not caught sight of me, or the small herd of buffalo would have been instantly transformed into one of black

slimy deer, making for the cover of the brush as fast as two feet could carry any small creature.

Toward evening, as I was leaving the village for the tent, pitched in the mango tope, I met the same group of youngsters, each with a cotton cloth tied around the loins and a larger piece wrapped around the head. They were riding their buffaloes home. Ganesh was on the leading buffalo, perched, facing backwards, on the extreme end of the huge lumbering beast. He sang in a high key, not over-musical—

“A re Koko ja re Koko
Jangal pakke ber;
Baba mera khane mangta
Damri ke do ser.”

“Haste thee, fairy, hie thee fairy,
Jungle plums are sweet;
Two whole pounds for just a penny,
Baby wants to eat.”

The singer well knew the sweetness of the jungle *bers*, and even then was fairly full of them, not anticipating much in the way of supper.

He had in his hands a short, heavy stick, with which he touched up the high bony parts of the buffalo when its speed did not suit him.

“Why don’t you twist his tail?” I spoke up as the unconcerned Jehu came along.

Ganesh was right-about-face in an instant, and when he saw it was a white-faced Sahib, he slipped off his mount and made one of those delightfully awkward *salaams* that the unspoiled villager can present you. My first question having failed to draw a reply, I put another.

“Why are you not in school?”

“Who would then graze the buffaloes?” was his reply in the Indian way of answering one question with another. At five years of age, he was worth his salt in the family of an *Ahir* (cowherd).

And so I left little Ganesh with his question ringing in my ears. And I knew that there were 30,000 Methodist boys of school-going age in India who would answer the question about school in a similar way—

“Who would then tend the goats?” “Who would then carry the fodder for the oxen?” “Who would then scour the jungle for dry wood to burn?” And their sisters—fully 30,000 of them—“Who would then polish the *thali* and *lota?*” (cooking utensils), “Who would then carry home the *ghara* (water-pot) from the well?” “Who would then carry the baby around?” (Astride the left hip!)

Before I had reached my tent that night I had made up my mind to get little Ganesh into school—even if all the goats, cows and buffaloes

in Hindustan should be ungrazed, and the fire-wood in all the jungles of India should be ungathered!

And so Ganesh got into the village primary school, where he did so well that he was sent on to our district Boarding School, and it was from there he had come to our High School.



When Ganesh got into the High School, he decided on a change of name. A patron in America had assumed his support (\$30 a year), and twice a year this distant friend in America received a letter from his *protégé* in India. The third letter he received surprised him. The style and language were characteristic, but the signature puzzled him. Here is Ganesh’s letter in his own language:

“My loving Patron,

“I humbly beg to lay a few lines, stating my humble compliments to you at this convenient period.

“I have received the most pleasing and sincere letter, which was written by my American brother in Jesus Christ. I had welcomed it on the 26th of January at 11 a.m. in the school while we were enjoying the British History. Though it was

a letter, I found it as a book of learning. Whenever I read a book, I mark a particular thing. In the same way, I was forced to underline some words, while reading your letter.

"Yes, I wanted to write you a long letter, describing about myself as you did. But ask your pardon this time. Yet, if you are anxious to know about myself, I gladly drop a very short account of myself.

"My father had died in the end of the nineteenth century, when there was a great pestilence in the land. Our mother was old. She was not able to support us. My elder brother was five years old and perhaps I was two years old. Though our earthly father had died, the Heavenly Father was living. We are saved by His mercy and your help from that great terrible time of distresses. I have grown up here in the school under the care of the Missionaries. I did not know anything about books and learning; but as the years passed I knew it.

"I learn English language for six years. I try my very best to make a good progress in this language. I thank you very much for the help. By which I may become a good Christian boy and can work faithfully in the name of Jesus Christ in the land where the black clouds hang without Christianity.

"Please offer my loving and humble compliments to the sister, father and mother, if I mistake not.

"May God bless you always, I am

"Yours sincerely,

"Theophilus Randolph Harrison."

To the letter there was a P.S. which explained the change in signature. It read:—

"Though the signature is different but the boy is the same. English name is now the fashion, also it brings more respect and better prospect. My relatives in village are proud of new name, and I trust my American patron too pleased. Some day your humble T.R.H. hopes new name may become well known throughout Province.

"T.R.H."

Thus disappeared Ganesh, named in the village for the Hindu god of wisdom, the elephant-headed monstrosity. What need to bear the name around when real wisdom had come!

Three or four years in the city high school did wonders for the lad, with the touch of the primary school and "Middle" school already on him. Then came the college course, and now as he graduates, and stands there giving such eloquent expression to the thought of

the new world into which Christian education has ushered him, is it strange that some of us should wonder? Is it strange that the missionary should also rejoice?

If this can be done for Ganesh, why not for Gazraj, for Mangal, for Piyare, for Moti, for Itwari—and all the rest of them? Can one be satisfied to have a chance at only two out of every five? Can it be afforded in the India of today, when trained leadership is indispensable to the success of Christianity? The high schools and colleges await the coming of scores and hundreds of transformed *Ganeshes* as well as boys of the higher castes. May they come soon!

Listen to the quondam Ganesh, as he closes his oration on this occasion.

"India's past may be studied but cannot be altered. India's future is unknown, but must be shaped by us. The destinies of our land lie in the hands not of millions but of the few thousands who are prepared to assume the great responsibilities of leadership. The Moham-medan may bring to the task great energy and executive ability of a high order. The Hindu may bring a keen mind, and the power of deep philosophic thinking. The Christian alone can combine with those elements the spirituality that will assure strength of character in life and national integrity in action. India's future is in the hands of those who have placed themselves in the hands of Christ!"

And *these* are the men who are in our Christian schools and colleges.



EXPLOITS OF THE GREAT SWORD



"HATIGANJ JUNKSHUN," drawled the beturbaned railway employee as he ambled up and down the broad platforms of the station at the junction. He was earning his four dollars a month!

After him came a man with a broad brass tray loaded with sweetmeats, then a fruit man, next a man with full length, uncut sugarcane stalks guaranteed to yield sweet juice from either end, and after him the new inevitable, ubiquitous cigarette-wala, selling the vilest American tobacco product at prices that were within reach even of the pitifully poor Indian people who traveled on the train with us. Then the procession showed a man with cheap mud toys gaudily painted, offered four for a cent, and he was followed by the *pan-wala*, the man who, out of a stained and soaked rag, would hand out a triangle-shaped wad of beetle nut and various spices wrapped up in a *pan* leaf. A man went by carrying a round iron water-pail from which he poured free drinks dipped out with his brass *lota*.

All these, together with scores of passengers of all types, passed and re-passed the low windows of the second-class carriage in which were a number of Methodist missionaries on their way to annual conference. Comments were made variously on the kaleidoscopic changes that presented themselves before the windows, the cigarette-wala coming in for most.

Then came along a man whose wares were naturally of great interest to the party of missionaries—he had a bundle of books.

"What have you, my brother?" sang out one of the missionaries.

"Navils," came the reply.

"What's that?" asked one of the younger men who had not been long in the country.

"You don't seem to be keeping up your English," laughed one of his brethren, "in your haste to acquire the vernacular!"

"He is selling *novels*," explained another.

And so he was—the veriest trash—vile, worthless things for eight cents a copy, that would leave a trail of blighting sensuality as long as the paper held together, and long after the covers were gone!

Remarks were in order and were being freely made, when another seller of books came along. He was an old man, with red, green and blue cloth and paper-covered books of a small size, and a few larger ones bound in dark shades of cloth. They were Gospel portions and Bibles.

"Well, brother Ummed Singh (Lion of Hope), how are you?" called out the senior missionary.

"Through your prayers, and God's mercy, I am well, Sahib," he said with dignity.

"Are you having good sales?" asked one.

"Yes, Sahib, unusually good. The people show a growing interest in books that tell of Christ."

"Which Gospel sells best?" inquired one.

He replied without hesitation, "Among Hindus, St. John. Moham-medans are not such good buyers," he added, "but they are showing a deeper desire to get the life-story of Jesus as given in the Gospels."

"Has the war hurt your sales?" was the next question.

"People may have less to spend," he replied thoughtfully, "but they are more than ever interested in our religion."

"Let me give you an incident that has just occurred here," he continued. "About six months ago I was not able to come to meet the trains one day, and my son, a boy of twelve, asked to take my place for the day. There got off the train that day a Pandit (Hindu religious teacher) who watched my boy, became interested in him and said to him, 'Come with me, my boy, and I will teach you the Shastras (their religious writings) and lead you into the truth.'

"'No,' replied the boy, 'you come with me to my father, and he will tell you about One who is himself the Way, the Truth and the Life.'

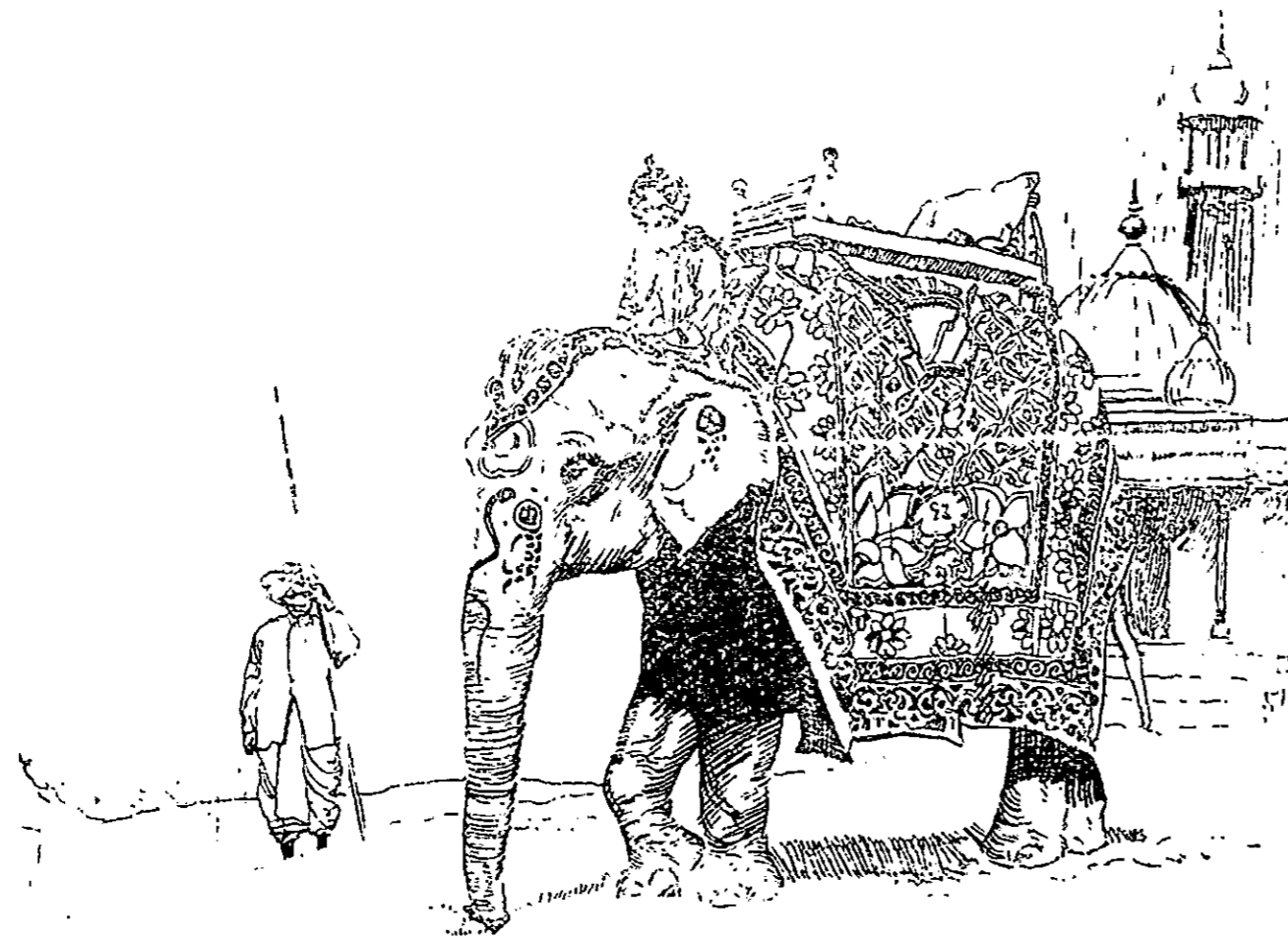
"This deeper philosophy interested the Pandit. He came to our humble home, and I found him to be an educated man, a graduate of one of the universities, but preferring to live the simple, wandering life of a religious devotee. He was deeply interested in religion, and at the end of the first day asked if he might not stay on and learn more. We were glad to have him, and he lengthened his stay until about two months had gone. Every day I talked with him, explaining what he found difficult to understand. All the time that I was out on my col-portage work he studied the Gospels and Epistles. Such letters as those of St. Paul to the Corinthians, Galatians and Ephesians opened up a new and wonderful spiritual world to him. His whole thinking underwent a transformation, and at length he announced that he was ready for baptism.

"The conversion of this religious teacher of the Hindus made a profound impression on the entire Hindu community here, and later, when the man was baptized, there was a mighty stir. As a result two hundred people have already been baptized, and the way is open for

still greater victories. The man is preaching the Gospel in other parts now."

Then, as the guard blew his whistle and waved his green flag, the train began to move. The old colporteur, looking at the senior missionary said:

"You do not wonder that I am happy to give the last years of my life to making this Book known to my people!" The train left him salaaming to his American friends.



"The meaning behind those words," said the old missionary, addressing his fellow-travelers, "will appear when you have heard the story of the colporteur's conversion. He is a man of good family and, before he became a Christian, had a large income.

"One day he was on his way to worship at a famous temple in one of our North India cities, when he came across a crowd gathered around one of our bazaar preachers. The message had been given and Gospel portions were being distributed. Ummed Singh would not have stopped, except that he saw a fellow-Hindu take one of the Gospel portions and, with vile imprecations, tear it to pieces. One piece of a page of the little book fell right before him, and he stopped and picked it up, for his curiosity had been aroused by the man's violent treatment of the book.

"It must be a very harmful book," thought Ummed Singh to himself.

"Now the Gospel portion that had been torn up happened to be St. John, and as Ummed Singh deciphered the writing in the Urdu language, he read:—

'Khuda ne is jahan ko aisa piyar kiya—'

'God so loved the world—'

"He had on the scrap of paper the entire sixteenth verse of the third chapter!

"Ummed Singh's attention was immediately arrested. This was new and strange teaching to him. He stepped up to the Christian preacher and, handing him the scrap, said:

"Give me a copy, please, of the book that has this teaching in it."

"With a copy of the Gospel according to St. John in his hands, he went his way to read and ponder. A single reading won him for the New Truth. He sought out the Christian preacher in his home, got the further teaching that he needed, and shortly after was baptized."

"That reminds me of the story of Gulab Khan," spoke up another missionary.

"Gulab Khan was a Pathan by race and a bigoted Mohammedan by religion. He was a powerful man, standing six feet four inches, to which his peaked turban added four inches more. He got into a fracas one day, almost split some heads, and later found himself in jail with six months to serve.

"One day some *halwa-sohan* (a kind of Indian taffy) was sent in to him, which the *halwai* (vendor) had wrapped up in the loose page of a book. When Gulab Khan had finished the *halwa-sohan*, he had nothing else to do than read the oily page in his hands. The words riveted his attention. How could it be otherwise? He was reading a part of the great *Sermon on the Mount!* The 'love your enemies' challenged his thinking.

"Gulab Khan kept on thinking during the rest of his term in jail, with the greasy page carefully folded up in his embroidered waistcoat. Meantime he registered some resolves and made some plans. When his term had been served, one of the first things he did on getting back home was to secure a copy of the book in which he had read the wonderful words. He got it from the Christian colporteur who made periodical visits in the region of Gulab Khan's village. It was a two-cent edition of the Gospel according to St. Matthew.

"A study of the little book resulted in Gulab Khan's deciding to ask for baptism. He went to the nearest missionary, reached him after a two days' tramp, walked into his study and announced his desire to be baptized on the spot. When the missionary expressed a desire to know who he was, what teaching he had received, and inquired into his motives, Gulab Khan was offended. He would brook no delays. The Pathan blood in him was aroused. He straightened himself up to his full height and exclaimed:—

"I'll shoot you if you don't baptize me!"

"He was ready to do it, too, but tact and firmness on the part of the missionary made it possible to postpone the baptism a few days without precipitating the shooting.

"So Gulab Khan was baptized, and no one has ever questioned his motives, for he has waded through rivers of persecution since. He is still the only Christian in his village, but he does not expect to remain alone. Recently he had a *house-warming* for a new house he has built, and at the end of the festivities he asked the missionary, who was one of the Christian guests, to dedicate the house to the worship of God.

"Said Gulab Khan, with fine faith, 'Some day this house will be a church.'"

Experiences had proceeded thus far when an Indian member of Conference, who was traveling with the missionary party, spoke up.

"Perhaps you would like to hear of the conversion of my father."

There was no doubt as to that, and the young man related, in excellent English (for he was a graduate of a college) the following account:

"My father, who was a Brahman, was a student in a Government college. He had often heard the Christian religion preached and had entered upon a course of violent opposition to it. In order to prepare himself for the most effective criticism of the Christian doctrines he purchased a copy of the Bible. He read it carefully, noting the points at which he felt he might most successfully launch his attacks. The study that this involved brought him unexpectedly into rich fields of thought, and he read and pondered with a growing interest. God's Spirit convicted him of sin, and before many months had passed my father was ready to declare his faith in Christ. This he did, but on the advice of the missionary, with a view to saving his young wife from the cruel persecution that his relatives and friends were sure to bring upon them, he went north and was baptized in a distant city.

"Do you wonder," concluded the young Indian preacher. "that the Word of God is a priceless possession to me?"

The Sword of the Spirit has had great triumphs in India's past, and is doing exploits for the King in India today. Would that we might give it a better chance!



BURYING MUNIA LAL FACE~DOWNWARD

MUNIA LAL is dead—dead out in a lonely village in India. The body of the woman has been wrapped in a large white cloth, and a rude bier been made by tying pieces of bamboo together with lengths of grass rope. The remains have been placed on this bamboo framework, and out under the big spreading *Imli* tree the handful of Christians gather to carry the "mitti" (earth, i.e., corpse) to the bit of ground that the Christians have for their burying-ground—not "cemetery," but "Qabristan," the *place of graves*.

The pall-bearers take up their light load, and the procession goes silently to the graveyard—not with loud shoutings of "Ram Ram sat hai" (Ram is the name of one of the chief of the Hindu pantheon), such as the Hindus indulge in, and which these Christians themselves have given up only since they were baptized a few years ago.

The "qabristan" is a small plot of land, fenceless, treeless, flowerless. A few *babool* shrubs cumber the ground, and the goats, standing on their hind legs, are reaching for the branches that are still accessible. Some mounds show that the place of graves has been used before.

The grave is already dug, and the body is about to be lowered into it. But here comes the "Chowkidar," the red-turbaned village night-watchman, with his long, heavy bamboo "lathi" (stick or club), tipped with iron and bound at one end with brass wire. Says this sturdy and self-important official:

"Hold, you Christians! Orders have been issued that you are to bury your dead face-downward."

There is consternation among the Christians for a moment. Then one of the Christian men speaks up. "Who issues such an order?"

"The Lambardar" (a village government official), says the night-watchman.

Then ensues some loud talking—the kind for which India is justly famous! The Christians are unwilling to submit to such an indignity. The husband of Munia Lal forgets the weight of the Chowkidar's stick, forgets even the authority of the Lambardar. He lifts his voice in good style.

The high words attract a crowd. Many Hindus come running up, some with *lathis*, like the Chowkidar's. The funeral is turned into a fracas. The heathen crowd, with the Chowkidar at its head is determined that the corpse shall go into the grave face-downward. What better can these dogs of Christians expect! The Christians will be assaulted if they attempt to bury in the usual way, and the clubs opposed to them are too many.

It is just about time for some heads to be split, when the leader of the Christian group whispers something to the husband of Munia Lal, who hesitates awhile and then nods affirmatively. The pall-bearers place the body on the bamboo bier again, and the Christian company makes a surprise exit.

Munia Lal's frail body again lies in her little mud-walled thatched-roof house. Under the big *Imli* tree the Christians sit talking excitedly. "Lambardar," "Chowkidar," "Sacrar" (government) and "Padri Sahib" are the words most frequently recurring. The last one refers to the missionary. He lives six miles away, and a man has gone to summon him. This was what was suggested in a whisper at the grave.

It will be three or four hours before the missionary can possibly arrive, and the company thins out during the time of waiting. The afternoon shadows are lengthening, when the Chowkidar puts in an appearance. He comes to announce that the Lambardar has withdrawn his order, and that the funeral can proceed. This word is quickly passed from house to house in the Christian *Mohulla* (ward), and in a short time all, except the one who has gone to call the missionary, are again under the *Imli* tree. A conference ensues, and then the pall-bearers get ready to take up their burden. Night is coming on, the missionary may not be at home anyway—why not go ahead with the burial?

And so the poor Christian woman is buried with her face upward. The earth does not hurt her as it settles in around the body—there are no coffins used among the Hindus, and none can be had for our Christians in the villages. The ceremony at the grave is limited to the Apostles' Creed, recited by the man who had attended the recent Summer School for village laymen, and the Lord's Prayer, in which several are able to join. What more can you expect, when their only spiritual



shepherd is away, visiting some other of the twenty villages for whose Christian communities he is held responsible?

Before the sun has set, another little mound of earth marks the "place of graves." Only Heaven keeps a register of our Christian graves in the villages of India.

By nightfall the missionary had arrived. He had left everything and walked the six miles to give whatever help was possible. He first visited the Lambardar, and gave him a telling rebuke without either losing his temper or alienating the man. Then he called for the now obsequious Chowkidar, and gave him some seasonable advice. They had overstepped their authority in attempting to impose such an indignity on the Christian community in the matter of a burial. They knew it—only they had hoped to cow the Christians, and the result would have been to deter others from becoming Christians. No one wishes to be buried face-downward.

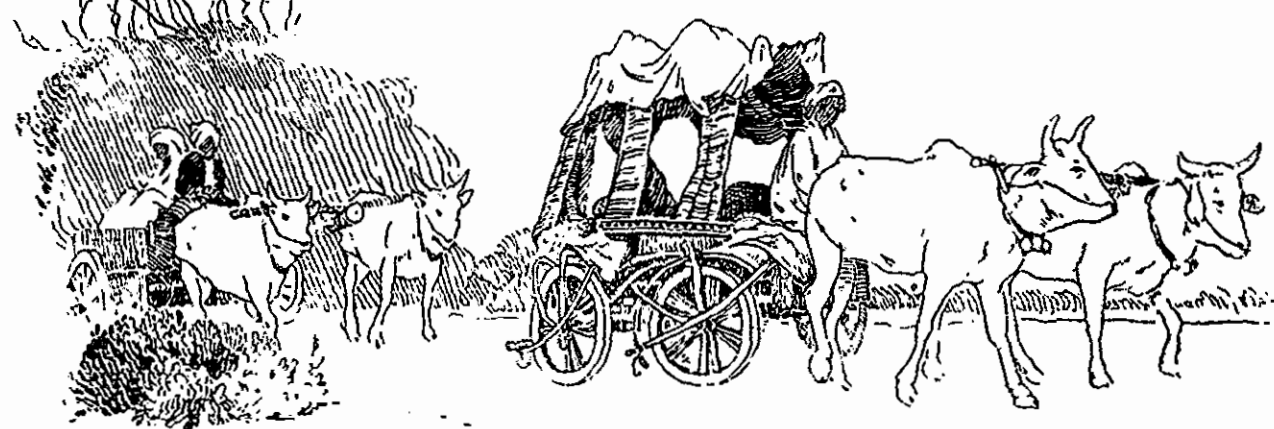
A few months later, Tulsi Das, the preacher in whose circuit this particular village lay, carried special word to the missionary:

"Sahib," said he, "you remember the village where they tried to bury Munia Lal face-downward? There are four hundred people there asking for Christian teaching and baptism now!"

And Tulsi Das and the missionary rejoiced and made some new plans.



IN THE RUBY GARDEN



THE North Western Railway station at Lahore affords a great variety of passengers. To the eye of a westerner the most striking are the figures of the high-caste women, enveloped from head to foot in their white cotton *burkhas*, with just a little net-work of lace over the face. The wearers can see anything directly ahead, but no one can see their forms or faces. This must be a mercy to some who are gaunt and wrinkled with age or haggard and worn by a premature age. Undoubtedly many of the wearers have rare charm and beauty of face, for Kashmir, Rajputana and the Punjab furnish some of the most beautiful women of India.

My eye is attracted by a group of three women in their *burkhas*. One gives indication of being old, but there is a sprightliness of action in the other two that makes them seem different from any ordinary wearer of a *burkha*. Having nothing to do just then but wait for my train, I entertain myself first by snapping a "Graflex" at the group at an opportune moment, and then speculating as to what life tragedies might not be concealed under the ample folds of those white *burkhas*.

As I walk by the group once, after having snapped my picture, it seems to me that one of the women is looking straight into my eyes, with a freedom quite un-Indian. I think, too, that I hear a snicker from the group after I have passed by. The experience is novel.

As the train comes thundering in and stops at the platform, I notice that my group of three *burkha*-clad women, followed by an ample supply of bedding-rolls, small steel steamer trunks, baskets and bundles of various styles, all moving along on the heads of coolies, are getting into my train. After I am settled in my compartment, I stroll down the length of the train to satisfy my curiosity regarding the white "ghosts" that have attracted my attention. I find they are in a second-class compartment, marked "Indian Ladies Only." Their belongings are piled around in confusion. A man attendant, in some sort of livery, is closing the venetian blinds so that no curious eye may be able to look in on the privacy of the women when their *burkhas* have been removed.

When everything is arranged, and only one window is undarkened, the figure of the old woman, as I have taken her to be, gets out of the train. The man attendant is now on the platform with a roll of bedding done up in a cotton *durrie*, and a huge silver container, for the beetle-nut and palm leaf, the belongings evidently of the veiled woman on the platform. It is time for me to get back to my compartment, but I overhear a bit of the talk of the women on the platform as she gives some advice such as young travelers are likely to need on a long journey, and I conclude that she is an elderly relative who has probably accompanied them from their home thus far on their journey. Her last word concerns some confectionery that is in one of the baskets.

As the train glides along the platform, I find myself wondering about the occupants of that second-class compartment for Indian ladies. By evening the train has reached Ambala on its southward journey. I have some letters to post here, having been busy during the afternoon with my "Corona." The letter-box is at the far end of the platform, and as I go to drop the letters into the tall, red box, I notice that the compartment for Indian ladies has all its windows open. Two young Punjabi ladies are in there, but they do not wear the *burkha*. In the hands of one is a copy of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," while the other has been reading an illustrated "Times of India" that lies on the seat. Again as I pass I hear a kind of snicker, and feel sure that these young ladies are the same who entered the compartment with *burkhas* over them.

Ten o'clock at night finds me at Saharanpur, where my carriage is attached to the down-Punjab mail of the Oudh and Rohilkand Railway. An all-night run brings me to Bareilly by daylight and to Lucknow about 9 a. m. Here I get a couple of coolies, who for two cents each carry my belongings (steel trunk, bedding-roll, suit case and typewriter) to a hackney carriage outside. A number of these are lined up along the outside steps, vieing with one another for the privilege of taking you and your luggage for twenty-five cents, providing the distance can be covered in an hour. I am in one, and am leaning out of the door to tell the man with the whip to drive to the Mission at *Gola Ganj*, when a head is stuck out of the carriage in front of me, and I recognize one of the occupants of that second-class compartment for Indian ladies.

"Lal Bagh," she says to the driver, who needs nothing more. "Lal Bagh"—*Ruby Garden*, once the residence of a Lord Treasurer of the Royal Court in the days of the Mohammedan kings of Oudh, and since 1870 the home of Miss Isabella Thoburn's famous school and college for girls.

So these young ladies belonged to our Isabella Thoburn College! It was July, and they had come to begin the year's schooling. In that case I should see them again.

The opportunity came some weeks later, when the girls of the first

and third years in the college (Freshman and Junior classes) gave a little entertainment and reception of friends to the college. And there I sat watching Indian Christian girls to Bengali, Punjabi, Marathi and Mohammedan origin, mingling with English and Anglo-Indian girls, as they sang, recited, read charming original dissertations on subjects of literary, social or political interest, and later went through some intricate calisthenic exercises. Among them were a few Hindu girls of the advanced section known as Brahmos, and one or two each from the orthodox Hindu and Mohammedan community.

Afterwards these same young ladies served light refreshments in the large college hall, beautifully decorated for the occasion. Then the chairs were pushed back along the sides of the hall, and *games* began. Think of playing *bean-bags* with Hindu girls, or having a Kashmiri Brahman young lady get ahead of you by darting into your seat in "Musical Chairs," thus putting you out of the game! Or imagine how it seems to have a young Mohammedan lady your partner in a game of "Twos and Threes"! Your wonder is heightened by the realization that in it all they are perfectly at home.

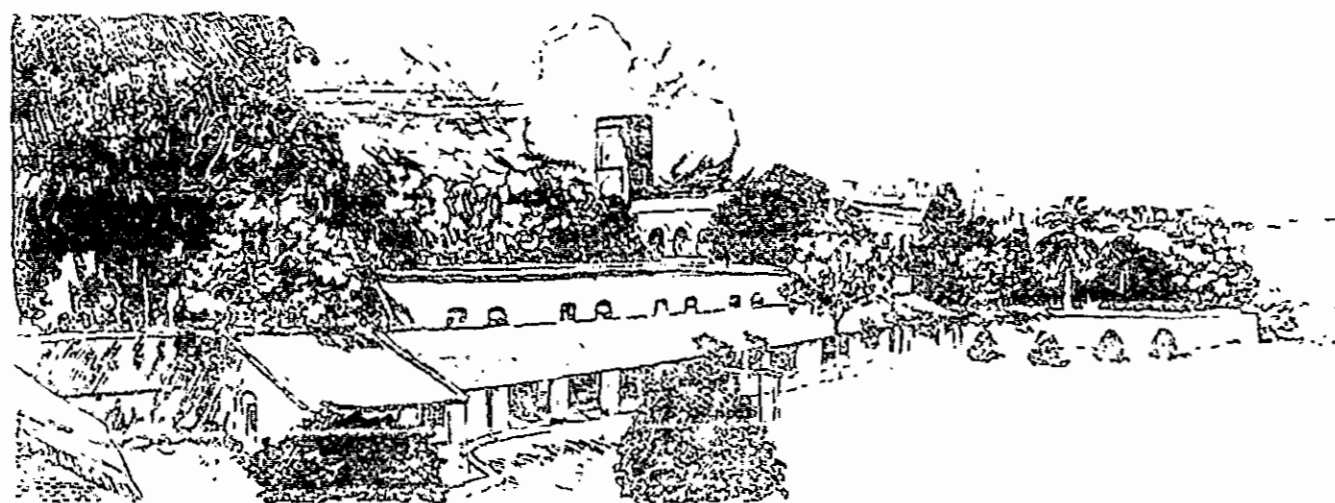
During the evening's entertainment I had recognized one of the occupants of that same Ladies' Compartment. We were introduced later, and her first remark was "You haven't brought your Graflex!" This led into the very heart of what I wished to discuss.

"I have three questions to ask of the *new woman* of the Punjab," I said laughing, and she rejoined—all in excellent English of course:

"State them all, then, and I'll answer what I choose!"

"Why did you have on the *burkha* at Lahore? Why did you *not* have it on when I saw you at Ambala, and why did you snicker when I passed?"

It would have done you good to see her laugh. She knew I was a missionary, and realized how her conduct must have puzzled one familiar with Indian customs.



"Your first question I can safely answer," she said gaily, "by just saying that all ladies of my station in our Province wear the *burkha* in public. Your third question I will answer by saying that my sister and I both recognized you on the platform, and we were enjoying the fun. Regarding the second question, I must counsel with my sister."

She looked around, and then motioned to her sister across the hall, who shortly came and joined us.

"Our esteemed contemporary desires to know why our *burkhas* were doffed between Lahore and Ambala. Dare we tell him?"

"Yes," her sister replied, "on condition that he keep it a profound secret!"

Then the elder continued, seriously:

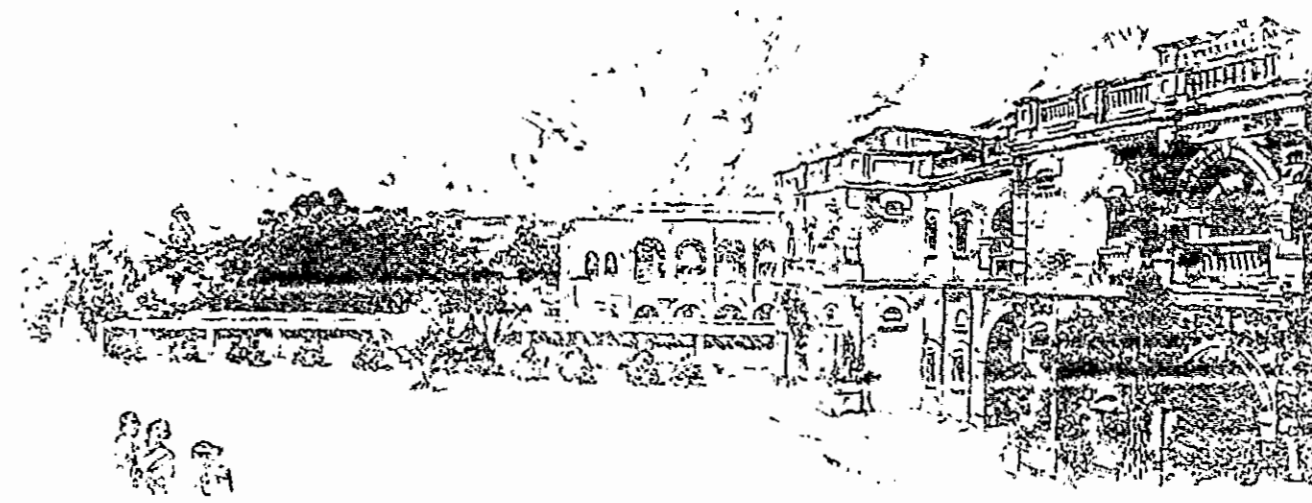
"Our father is a prominent landholder of the Punjab, and holds strictly to the old school. He has consented to our entering college here, but it took some powerful arguments to swing him into line! He finally consented, but cherishes the hope that we will not lose our becoming Indian modesty by appearing unveiled in public. To please him we always wear the *burkha* when we are within the range of any of our Hindu friends or relatives. Our aunt accompanied us as far as Lahore on our journey to Lucknow, but when we had left Lahore behind, what reason was there for further secluding faces no more beautiful than ours?"

"Then you do not favor the wearing of the *burkha* by Indian ladies?" I asked.

"Most certainly I do not. There may have been a time when we needed such things in India, but of what possible use are they to us now? They shackle us mentally even as they cumber us physically. Imagine reading Carlyle through the meshes of a *burkha*!" she exclaimed.

"Well, this is a treat," said I, "to hear an Indian lady express such sentiments."

"You are in for a good many treats, then," she asserted, "if we *reformers* can have our way!"



"Yes," I agreed, "progress is certainly in the air in this new India in which we find ourselves."

"But you must not make the mistake of supposing that we Indian women think that everything western is necessarily in the line of progress!" she said with fervor.

"What, for instance?" I asked.

"The European style of dancing," she replied with a courage that well became her strong features and flashing eyes. "I have seen the ball costumes of the ladies, and that alone would be sufficient to condemn the entire institution in the minds of our Indian ladies, even if many things that we have heard and read about European dancing be not true."

"I am so glad to hear you say this!" I exclaimed, and she continued:

"Neither has India any lesson to learn from either England or America in the matter of alcoholic beverages. We have had our 'toddy' and our wines for centuries and realize their harm, but your western 'whisky' is a plague to our people. Why, the license from a single retail shop in a town of the Punjab has advanced in ten years from three hundred rupees a year to twelve thousand!

"Two sons of a well-known house in Upper India went west for their education," she went on, with increasing ardor, "one to old Cambridge in England, the other to the new Cambridge in America. When they returned to India, their proud father's head was bowed in shame for both his sons were addicted to the use of strong drink! Then I think of a princely father of our own Punjab whose son was drunk on foreign whisky when an official of the British government called at the palace! Can you imagine the disgrace?"

"But I do not need to lecture you missionaries," she said brightening. "You are our true, our best friends. What would India have done without you? And your Christian girls and women are just splendid!"

Then she pointed to a large portrait of Isabella Thoburn on the wall, and said with feeling:

"We never saw her, but we all love her. She is our 'patron saint.'"

As I left Lal Bagh that evening I thanked God again for Isabella Thoburn, the pioneer in Asia of higher education for women. Under the projected influence of her fine spirit, and under the tuition of her successors, India's young womanhood is reaching the highest and best.

Such a "Ruby Garden" is a treasure-house of untold national resources.



THE BIBLE-READER AND THE LADY OF THE WORLD

RACHEL was a "Bible-Reader"—that is, she gave her time to evangelistic work for and among the women of Hindu and Mohamadan families. For this service she received a salary of four dollars a month.

Rachel saw stirring days when she was a girl. The great Indian Mutiny in 1857 was the one sure landmark of her early days. If you asked her age, her reply invariably was that she was about ten years old when the "Gadr" (rebellion) occurred.

"My mother was an *ayah* (children's nurse and lady's maid) in the family of a Judge Sahib. When the Sepoys in Meerut set fire to the bungalows of the Europeans and massacred so many of the gentlemen and ladies, my mother and I hid the Judge Sahib's wife and two *babalog* (children) in our house, and saved their lives. The Judge Sahib was killed that day, but his wife got safely back to England, and arranged to have a pension of five rupees a month sent to my mother. My mother got service in a missionary family afterwards, and that is how I came under Christian teaching and was put into school."

A good share of the first years of Rachel's service was spent in the village work. She loved to tell of the experiences of those days.

"When the plague first appeared in our part of the country, the people fled from the towns and villages and built rude huts of grass and branches out in the fields. Some said that the government had arranged to spread the disease because the population of the country was too dense! Some said it was because a good many had become Christians, and the gods were angry and were punishing the people. But this explanation did not fit in with the very noticeable fact that very rarely was there a death among the Christians. Accordingly a good many expressed their belief that it was a disease controlled by the Christians, who sent it where they pleased, and could check it at will. This theory was especially borne out by the fact (established in numerous cases) that among the Christians those who succumbed to attacks of the



disease were those who had secretly gone back to idol worship, or had resorted to idolatrous ceremonies in order to ward off the disease. This made a great impression on the non-Christians, and in some places they were ready almost to worship us!"

"What shall we do to escape the wrath of your God?" they would ask us, and our answer was to read them the Ninety-first Psalm, and explain what it meant to 'abide under the shadow of the Almighty.'

"In village after village that we visited, we heard far into the night the wailing of the people. Some were wailing for the dead in their homes. A great demonstration of woe would arise from a house the moment that the soul of a relative departed. All the people in the house would immediately join in the tumult of woe. Meanwhile others, chiefly Mohammedans, were going about the town in bands, beating their breasts, and chanting a prayer in a dirge-like way. Never shall I forget those mournful strains. Even after midnight the weird sounds would come across to our encampment near the town:

'Ai Allah hamen bacha--
Dur howe yih balla!'

'O God, deliver us--
Take this plague away from us!'

"The first line was chanted by one or two leading voices in a high key, and then the second line was taken up by the rest in the group or procession. Night after night they went wailing about their streets, but the plague did not abate.

"Meantime our Christians were holding nightly prayer meetings. Where there was no Mission worker in the village, some layman would call the meeting and take charge of it. Over and over the people would sing the few hymns they knew, and repeat the verses they had learned on previous visits of the missionary party.

"I do not know much," said one of these humble Christians, 'but the little I do know I tell to the others. To the Christians I say, *God is passing through our village, therefore sin no more.* To the Hindus I say, *Give up your idols and believe in our Jesus.* Tell me, tell me, what more can I say?"

"Those were terrible days when the plague first swept through the cities, towns and villages. Yet the people listened to our message as never before. I remember one poor, old decrepit woman, who had stood in a crowd one day listening to the preaching, followed us to another part of the village and came, bringing with her a girl of about ten. She asked us to stop, and said: 'I am old, my memory is poor, and I am afraid I will forget the holy name you told us about, and what we ought to say when we pray. I have brought my granddaughter and I want you to tell her all about it. She will remember for me.'

"We sat down and taught her a simple sentence prayer to the Christ who forgives sins and receives into the heavenly mansions, and left the old woman very happy. As she walked away I heard her urging the girl never to forget the name or the prayer."

All this and much more I heard from Rachel, about the work in the villages in the earlier days of her service. When she became too old to stand the irregular and oftentimes rough life of the rural itinerant, she was given an appointment in the city. Here her duties took her daily into the homes of respectable Hindu and especially Mohammedan families. Knitting, crocheting, reading and writing are always in demand among the women of the *zenanas*, and are usually taught by our Bible Readers in connection with their visits to the homes.

There were about twenty homes on the list that Rachel, with one other Bible Reader, visited. About twice a week she would get around to each one of the houses, and often the missionary lady accompanied her.

Of all Rachel's spiritual "patients" Jahanara Begum (Lady of the World) gave her most concern. She was a Mohammedan woman, past middle age, very poor, though putting on some show of respectability, for she claimed to be well connected. She was not eager for the Bible stories or Christian hymns, though she was delighted with the instruction in needle work. But she was a strong character, and knew how to argue or, at any rate, to talk! Perhaps what drew special attention to her was that she was suffering from an incurable disease.

After many weeks of pleading, Rachel succeeded in gaining the consent of Jahanara Begum, and especially her husband, for the sufferer to be taken to the Mission Hospital. In the ward of the Hospital the newcomer soon became a storm center. Her mind seemed to be sternly set against the daily Christian teaching that was given to each patient. She said that she knew *all about* Christianity, and that whatever *truth* there was in it was to be found in the Koran anyway. Yet the poor woman had never read a word in her life—either of the Koran or the Bible! Ninety-nine out of every hundred women in India cannot either read or write, and she was in the class of the ninety-nine.

Jahanara Begum was not content only to argue with the Christian nurses about religious questions and refuse their teaching for herself. She made an effort to disaffect other patients. She had a strong voice, and while she argued and quarrelled with a patient in the bed next to her, she talked to the whole ward. In this way she became such a source of trouble, and even anxiety, that the missionary doctor had to give strict orders that she was to refrain from arguing with the patients.

But Jahanara Begum still had resources. She began to talk *out loud* to herself! She belabored imaginary Christian opponents in fine style! She vanquished her scores as she lay flat on her back! The women to the right and left could not but hear and follow her talk—what else was there to do in the ward?

Jahanara Begum had come to be thoroughly disliked, and even feared. She was the problem of the institution. Time and again the doctor was on the point of turning her out. Then one of those things happened that so often occur in a land like India. One morning Jahanara Begum was found to be a different person—a "new creature." The very expression of her face was changed. To the nurse who came she said:

"I would like to be baptized."

The nurse did not know what to say.

Jahanara Begum began talking in a new way to the patients near her. She said she, too, would be a Christian. The ward heard this declaration, but had mental reservations. No one was inclined to believe her, but every one took note that even the tone of her voice had undergone a change. A sort of gentleness had come over her that made her very different.

Later in the day the missionary doctor came around, who questioned the woman closely. There seemed to be no doubt as to the genuineness of the case.

"What has brought about this change in you, Jahanara Begum?" asked the missionary.

"I saw Christ last night," replied the woman. "I have had a vision of Him, and that is why I am different."

"And do you wish to be baptized?" was the next question.

"Yes, yes, I do," she exclaimed. "I have not long to live, and I must bear His name the rest of my days. I saw Him, and it is all clear to me now."

And so Jahanara Begum was baptized. In the few weeks that she lingered, she was a benediction to all in the ward. When she was gone all the patients said, "Jahanara Begum *must* have seen Christ. His transforming touch was upon her. No one else could have changed her."

The story does not end here. Shortly after this Rachel had finished her work and was called to rest by her Master. A few weeks after her death some papers that she had left behind were being sorted, and among them was found her "Prayer List." This was a list of names of people for whom she used to pray regularly.

At the top of the list stood the name of Jahanara Begum! Then followed several other names, and at the bottom of the sheet was written:

"Mango to tumhen diya jaega—"

"Ask and ye shall receive."





IN THE HABITATIONS OF CRUELTY

“How was Tika Ram dispossessed of that property?”
“He put his thumb impression on the document without knowing what it contained.”

The question was asked by the missionary, and answered by the Preacher-in-charge. The story is an interesting one.

Tika Ram was an illiterate Christian farmer, like the rest of his brethren, who had recently come into the Church through the Mass Movement. He had had two deaths in the family and needed some money. According to the custom in India, he went to the Hindu *baniya* (shopkeeper and money-lender) and asked for the loan of sixty rupees (\$20), which the *baniya* promised at the usual rate of twelve annas on the rupee (a rupee contains sixteen annas). This is seventy-five per cent per annum, but Tika Ram knew that it was the current rate of interest among Hindu money-lenders. The system of Co-operative Credit Societies, introduced by the British Government, whereby money could be had at ten per cent and less, had not yet reached his village.

The *baniya* knew Tika Ram and his affairs well—it was his business to be informed on everybody's affairs! He told Tika Ram to call in the evening, and when the man came he was told he would have to sign the document. Tika Ram said he could neither read nor write—which was no news to the *baniya*—but the fat Hindu shopkeeper said that the customary thumb impression accepted by the government would

suffice. The document, already prepared, was spread out on the wooden platform on which the shopkeeper sat smoking, his feet folded under him. The farmer only needed to be told where to put the impression of his thumb. Down went his big right thumb on the ink pad and then there was a black, seal-like impression at the bottom of the writing. The *baniya* had two witnesses of his own sign the paper, and, after drying the ink with sand scattered over it, he deposited the document in the brown box made of heavy *shisham* wood and bound with brass at the corners. Then the sixty rupees were taken by Tika Ram and carefully counted, each coin being dropped on the bricks of the steps leading up to the shop, to make sure that there were no counterfeits.

Poor Tika Ram! Next time he would exercise caution at another point! Only once before had he handled so much money at one time, and that was when he had sold two milch buffaloes in order to help with the expense connected with getting his daughter married. He was glad to have this money at this time of need, and did not—perhaps he could not—figure out how by the end of a year there would be one hundred and five rupees to pay back for these sixty he now handled. To his relatives he just said he had borrowed money from the *baniya*.

About a month after this, some Hindu men came to Tika Ram's scant four acres from which he managed to get three crops a year, in addition to growing mustard with his wheat and *dal* with his *bajra*.

As they surveyed the land with unusual interest, Tika Ram asked what had brought them.

“We are estimating what the piece of land will yield if planted with sugar cane, having just purchased it of the *baniya*.”

“Purchased it!” ejaculated the farmer.

“Why not?” said they, “it is no big deal.”

“But I own the land,” replied the Christian.

“You mean you used to,” retorted the Hindus. “We have just paid the *baniya* the earnest money on this purchase.”

When Tika Ram reached the shop of the *baniya*, that portly person, living—as the Indian saying goes—with ten fingers dipped in *ghee* (butter), was sitting on his wooden platform smoking, while he superintended the weighing out of some grain for a customer. He barely removed the end of the pipe stem as he answered Tika Ram, and did not lose count of the number of two *seer* (four pounds) basketfuls that added to the growing pile in the black blanket of his customer. To the Christian farmer's remonstrances he merely replied that the sale—as he very well knew—had been completed by him that day about a month ago, and that it was strange indeed that he should have forgotten carrying home the bag of *four hundred rupees*!

When poor Tika Ram talked of the *loan* and insisted on only sixty rupees, the *baniya* quietly unlocked the brass-bound *shisham* box, and asked a *Pandit* (religious teacher) to read the document, first

getting Tika Ram's assent that the thumb mark was his own. The *Pandit* read—in all its legal verbiage—how Tika Ram, in consideration of a payment of four hundred rupees, made over to Ram Lal, *baniya* the plot of land, describing it by means of the well-known landmarks of the row of bamboos, the clump of *babool* trees, the long shallow pond, and the path lined with cactus.

Why spin out the story of the *baniya's* trickery? It was a hopeless case for the poor Christian. He sought the best advice he could get, but there was no use to take the matter up to the courts. A Hindu Judge would try the case, and, after all, who could set aside the unfortunate document with its two witnesses? Even a *W'alayati* (European) Judge Sahib would have to decide in favor of the holder of the paper with its thumb impression and signatures of the witnesses.

And so Tika Ram, Christian farmer, was dispossessed of his ancestral holdings. It was not much he had ever *held*, but it had kept him and his from starvation.

"The *baniya* would not have ruined him, Sahib," said the preacher to the missionary, "if Tika Ram had not given up his idols. It is the Christians they persecute thus."

"But in this case," the missionary added, "Tika Ram would not have suffered, had he been able to read. My brother, we must introduce and push primary education among our village Christians. The cost of an overcoat in New York would keep a village school running a whole year, and I am sure that our American brethren will help us in this matter when they realize the desperate need, and know how abundantly able they are to meet it."

"There is another sad case of recent persecution, Sahib," continued the Indian, "of which I have not yet had opportunity to speak with you. Hira Lal (diamond-ruby) has been compelled to sell his cattle at great loss."

"How is that?"

"The landlords combined against him and took away from him the privilege of grazing his cows on the plain adjoining the village, and as Hira Lal has no pasturage of his own, and there is no jungle land in those parts, he could not keep the cattle. He put them on the market, but the few possible purchasers had been given inside information and they refused to offer reasonable prices. They did not condescend to make any explanation. There was no market for cattle!

"Hira Lal fed his goats on branches broken from the trees, but his cattle were starving. He had them in his small courtyard, and their constant bellowing drove him to desperation. He went to the dealers and sold all the cows and oxen he had for less than a third of their value. The next day cattle were at par again! Sahib, these *baniyas* and landlords are worse than our red-headed vultures!"

"That is why we Christians are at work here," said the missionary

thoughtfully. "I have just had word," he continued, "that faithful old Budloo of Gopalnagar has been thrown into prison. You can imagine how it was. They never could bring any real charge against him, so they resorted to underhand methods. One morning about five o'clock he was aroused by heavy pounding on his door, which he opened to find the village Chowkidar (night watchman) confronting him.

"'We've caught you at last!' exclaimed this tool of the police.

"'What do you mean?' asked poor Budloo.

"The Chowkidar pointed at a cot and a large brass drinking vessel stood up against the side of the house, and almost concealed from view by some thatch, such as is used in roofs.



"'We came early enough to find them before you had had time to dispose of them. You are witness, Gulab Singh,' said he turning to a companion whom he had brought in order to have corroborative testimony. 'Out with you now!' he commanded, 'and away to the *thana* (police station.)'

"'But I know nothing about this bed!' protested Budloo.

"'Of course not, and all you wished was that no one else should!' O, what a sharp weapon is sarcasm in India!

"Reaching the *thana*, our Budloo was handcuffed by order of the police, and held for trial. That night he suffered untold indignities and tortures at the hands of the police, who did their utmost to get him to acknowledge guilt, and pay a round sum of money to be let off. But Budloo stuck to the truth.

"The case in court went dead against him. The man from whose house the bed, by pre-arrangement with the Chowkidar, had been taken, was there to testify, as well as those who had found the articles hidden at Budloo's house. What more was needed? Only the affirmation that the man had always been a scoundrel, and had recently become a Christian in order to cover up his past and secure the protection of the missionaries!

"And so Budloo has gone to prison for three months. He takes it patiently, and only asks us to make some provision for his family while he is unable to work for their support."

This conversation had taken place in the study of the missionary's bungalow. At this point the mission Chowkidar came and stood in front of the door, and coughed in order to attract attention. The missionary looked up and asked what was wanted, and the watchman said that a Christian man had come from a nearby village, bringing word that the few Christians there had just been given a terrible beating.

The night had set in, but the Indian worker said he would go out and investigate and give any possible help. He set out, with the man from the village as guide, but in less than an hour he was back again. His approach needed no Chowkidar to announce it.

All at once, the missionary heard the shuffling of feet, the murmur of voices, a deep low groaning and a sound of wailing in a high key. He stepped out on the veranda to see what it was, and saw a group of people coming up the road from the gate. In a moment the company, headed by the Indian worker who had started out to the village, was at the veranda steps. A cot, carried on the heads of four men, was deposited on the veranda. On it was a man, covered entirely by a coarse cotton sheet. With each breath he drew he moaned—"Hai!" (alas) By his side stood a woman, crying out in piercing tones—

"They have killed him, they have killed him, they have killed my man!"

It mattered nothing that the *dead* man kept groaning!

"Sahib," explained the worker, "I met them on the road about a mile out, as they were coming to your bungalow, and thought it best to return with them. This man is injured the worst, the rest not so seriously, these men say," pointing to the four who had carried the bed.

The missionary got a lantern and uncovered the sufferer's face. The man's eyes opened and the volume of his "hai's" increased. His hair was matted with blood, and a deep cut on one cheek was bleeding freely. The bones of two fingers on his right hand were broken. The scalp was covered with welts and gashes, showing that the poor man had been severely handled, but the skull was evidently not fractured. The missionary ordered hot water, while he himself got some medicated cotton bandage and carbolic solution. In half an hour the sufferer had been made as comfortable as possible.

The next morning the injured man was taken to the mission hospital, while the missionary and the Indian worker went to the village to make an investigation. Everything was quiet. Several of the Christians were suffering from cuts and bruises. There they learned the cause of the affair of the *lathis* (clubs).

Several families of tanners and cowherds in the village had been baptized the year before, and there was friction due to persecution by the non-Christian majority. Two days before, they had closed the wells of those *mohullas* (wards) against the Christians. A single day without access to the wells brought such inconvenience and suffering to the Christian families that they decided to ignore the injunction against drawing water from the wells. Just before dusk on the second day they had gone with their ropes and earthen water-pots to the wells. There they had been set upon by a large number of men with *lathis*. The Christians made a poor attempt at self-defense, and had had to retire without any water.

The missionary went first and reported the matter to the *Thanadar* (head constable) who said he would enquire carefully into the whole affair. He reminded the police official that cases of this kind had already been taken up to English officials at district headquarters, and a decision had been given by the Governor of the Province in favor of the Christians. They had a legal right to use the ancestral wells.

The men who had set upon the Christians were not around to lay any charges or make any explanations. They had learned with apprehension that one of the Christians had had some bones broken and were awaiting with concern the return of the man who had suffered. The government might not take action in the case of mere bruises and cuts, but a broken bone gave immediate reason for prosecution. To their surprise, he said he would not take action against his "brothers"—that he forgave them freely.

"Isa Masih (Jesus Christ) forgave me in this same way," said he, "and, in the prayer He taught His disciples to say, has made it clear that we must forgive, if we expect to be forgiven."

When this word went the rounds of the village, a profound impression was created on all classes. The breach was healed, and the next time the missionary visited that village he was asked by some of the men who had beaten the Christians:

"Padri Sahib, when are you going to tell us about the *Guru* (Master) who teaches men to forgive their enemies? He has drawn our hearts."

Thus it always is in India, and the beatitude of the *persecuted* is fully understood. Houses may be burned, fields destroyed, abuse, dishonor and injustice be the lot of our people, but ever the policy of heaping coals on fire on the head of the adversary wins in the contest.



LAYMEN WITH A MOVEMENT

FOR the missionary the most delightful hour of the day's work in the Summer School is when the unconventional *Chaudhris* (village headmen) tell of their experiences in their villages. For three weeks all the paid workers of the district attend the Summer School at district headquarters, but these *Chaudhris*—voluntary, unpaid, lay workers—usually come in for only about three days. During this time, special plans are carried out to give them all the training and inspiration possible.

Today, as the Experience Meeting starts up, there are 154 *Chaudhris* present and thirty-eight wives. This proportion of women is most encouraging, in a land where women have always counted for so little in religion. Before throwing the meeting open to the *Chaudhris*, the missionary asks each preacher-in-charge in the district to tell how many of these rural lay leaders are active in the work of the Church. From the totals it is found that 446 are assisting the Pastors of the district in local work of various kinds, while 163 of them also give help in carrying the Gospel to villages adjoining their own.

"You have made a splendid beginning, men," comments the missionary, "may the *Chaudhri paltan* (regiment) greatly increase and do exploits for their King!"

Some one starts up a rousing revival hymn, of which the chorus is:

"Raja Yisu aya, Raja Yisu, aya,
Shaitan ko jitne ke liye
Raja Yisu aya!"—

"King Jesus has come, King Jesus has come,
To triumph over Satan,
King Jesus has come!"

Then the *Chaudhris* begin to relate their experiences. Notice old Asa Ram as he slowly rises, fully realizing that age has its recognized prerogatives in his land. He delivers himself as follows:

"When the plague broke out in our village, the Hindus raised a subscription of five hundred rupees to build a temple in which to offer special sacrifices to stay the disease. But the head man of their community stopped the undertaking, saying that no Christian had been taken by the plague, and that to build a temple to any God but theirs would provoke his wrath upon them. He openly stated that ours must be the true God."

An energetic young man now rises to his feet and exclaims:

"We tore down fourteen *thans* (heathen shrines) this year in the six villages over which my authority extends among the *Chamar* (tanner) community."

Here the missionary asks others of the *Chaudhris* to tell how many shrines were destroyed in their villages during the year, and it is learned that the total reaches eighty. Whereupon one of the preachers starts up a verse of "The Kingdom Is Coming":

"With shouting and singing and jubilant ringing,
Their arms of rebellion cast down,
At last every nation the Lord of Salvation
Their King and Redeemer shall crown."

This is followed by one man requesting prayer. He says:

"According to our custom, our preachers refuse to baptize the people of any *mohulla* (ward) until every one is ready. There is a *mohulla* in one of my four villages (he was *Chaudhri* of the Sweepers) where one man is unwilling and is holding up the baptism of 150 people. Moreover, he is taking advantage of the government's law, (that where even one worshipper demands it, he has the right to keep up the shrine or temple) and will not permit us to tear down the *thans* in the village where he lives. I ask prayer that this man may be convicted of sin."

"Let us pray," comes instantly from the missionary, and the entire congregation prostrates itself before God, most of the foreheads resting on the floor. (When that *Chaudhri* returned to the village in question, he found the hinderer convicted of his sin and ready to be baptized. Shortly afterwards, the entire *mohulla* of 150 were taken into the Church).

"I'd like to tell," says another *Chaudhri*, "how a lame man broke down a shrine. The *Padri Sahib* (missionary) was there, and will remember. Two hundred people were ready for baptism and had consented to have the *thans* broken down, but no one could be found to destroy the large public one. The people had a superstitious dread of demolishing what they had so long worshipped. They said to the missionary Sahib, 'You do it.' But the Sahib rightly replied, 'No, that is your duty and privilege.'"

"A lame man was in the company waiting there to be baptized, and he said, 'I am not afraid to destroy the shrine.' So someone put a

mattock in his hands, and two men carried him up to the shrine and he demolished it. Thus encouraged, the people all set to work, and made short work of all the *thans*, both public and private. Then we had the baptismal ceremony."

At this point there arises a man with short cropped hair, and not a prepossessing countenance. He is a *Chaudhri*, a layman, and a great soul-winner. In the past six years he had been instrumental in converting a thousand people. Hear him:

"I have a question to ask. A neighboring *Chaudhri*, an acquaintance of mine, came to my house one day a few weeks ago and as he was still a heathen I did not ask him to eat with me, and did not offer my *hugqa* (pipe) to him. He asked why I treated him thus, and I replied that we belonged to the Christian brotherhood now and that as he and his people had not joined it, we could not be on the same intimate terms as previously. My question is—Did I do right in taking this course?"

The missionary questions in turn; "What effect did this have on the heathen *Chaudhri*?"

"He asked me to come to his village and explain Christianity to his people. So I went, and they became enquirers. They will be asking for baptism shortly."

"In that case," concludes the missionary, "I think your conduct is abundantly justified, though, of course, this matter of eating and drinking is not one that vitally concerns us Christian people."

With this opinion all the *Chaudhris* agree, and then Baldeo (meaning the strength of God), a fine looking *Chaudhri*, gets up to speak:

"You will be interested, brothers, to hear that at our Epworth League Rally last month a Hindu *Pandit* (a religious teacher among the high caste Hindus) volunteered to make a speech at the close of our meeting, in which he said that Jesus Christ is superior to all other incarnations and prophets from the beginning of time."

This calls forth the great victory hymn—

"Jai Prabhu Yisu."—

"Hail Lord Jesus."

Next a man tells the meeting that he has a strange experience to relate:

"Recently I visited a village far away from any with which my duties as *Chaudhri* are connected. I found the people of our caste unusually ready for the Message, and asked them if they had been visited by any of the regular mission workers. They said no, and I inquired how it was that they were so prepared for the Gospel. They replied that Christ had, Himself, taught them. Now I think that is possible, but I wish to know what the *Padri Sahib* thinks of it."

The missionary answers:

"I, too, think it is possible. God's Holy Spirit is convicting men

of sin as never before, and the Lord Jesus—according to His own statement—is standing at the door of men's hearts and knocking. He is the great Enlightener—why should He not have been shining into the hearts of those people? This is God's great day for the poor and out-cast people in India who are hungering for God and calling on Him with great earnestness. The Heavenly Father has many ways of teaching and saving his children."



This reply is thoroughly in accord with their own clear, simple faith, and the question receives no further discussion.

"You are right, Sahib," remarks one of the most advanced as well as devoted *Chaudhris* in the district, "about the heart hunger of the people. In the town where I live, the people of several castes come night after night to hear the story of Christ's life in song. We have several good singers among our Christians, and one man who has a heart for poetry has put the story of Christ's birth, death and resurrection into poetic form. These compositions we sing, using tunes that are old familiar ones to the people. The people gather under the big *Pipal*

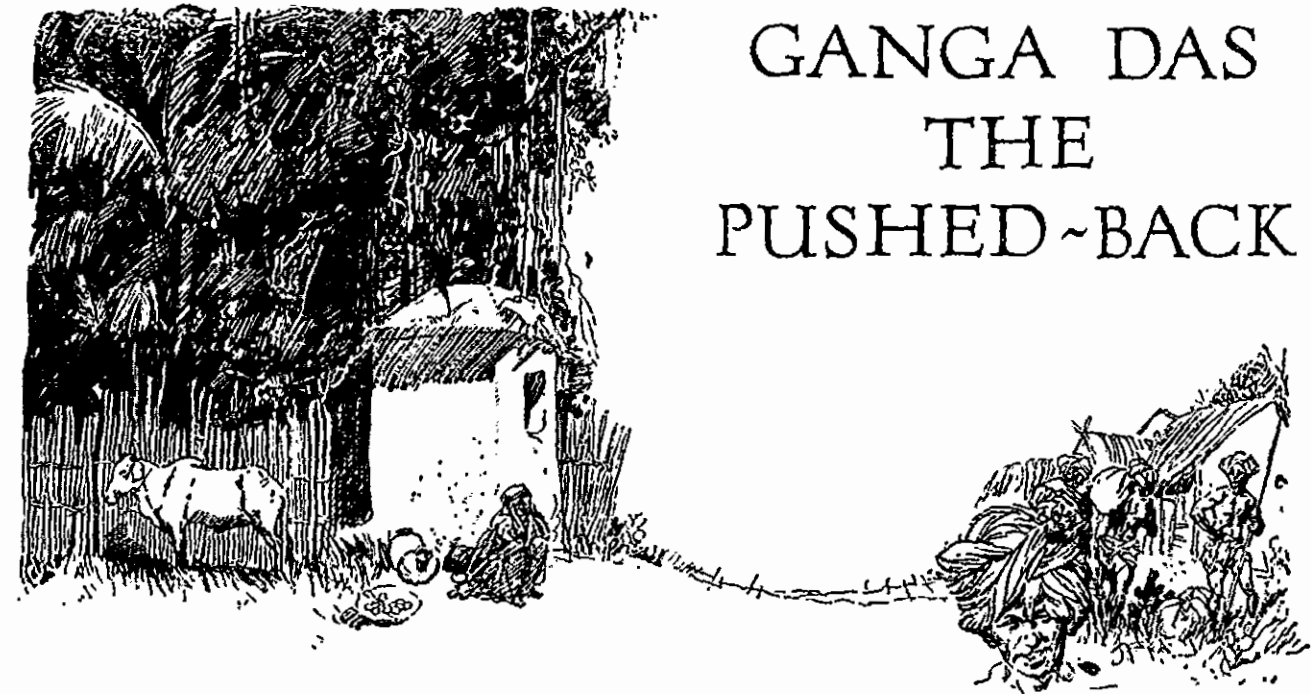
tree after their work is done, and our service of song continues until eleven or twelve o'clock at night.

"One of our Christians, while the story of Christ's sufferings is being rendered in song, puts on a crown of thorns, places the sharp point of a spear against his side, and holds a cross with nails in it in his hands. We who are Christians are moved to tears by the wonderful story, but it is remarkable to see how some of the heathen people weep as they listen. Night after night they ask us to continue, and we are doing so. I think, Sahib, if those people could be given a regular teacher, many of them would soon be ready for baptism."

There is no time at this meeting, to hear experiences from others of the *Chaudhris*.

"Brethren," says the missionary, deeply stirred by all he has heard that day, "this is a wonderful work you men are doing. My heart is greatly encouraged. Remember that you are doing it for God and not merely for the Mission. In the great shortage of paid workers, you *Chaudhris* are the hope of the Church. We are waiting for help from America to train and put on more workers, and we have faith that God will hear our cry and send us the needed help. In the meantime, let every *Chaudhri* get all the Christian teaching he can, so as to be a better workman for God and a wiser leader for his people."

Our missionaries in India are in love with the *Chaudhris*!



GANGA DAS THE PUSHED-BACK

"PADRI SAHIB, why do you Christians obey only half of Christ's great command?"

The words startled me. I had not noticed the approach of anyone. I was sitting under a large *Pipal* tree on the outskirts of a village, waiting for the mission ox-cart, with the tents, bedding, cooking utensils and supplies to arrive. My bicycle, on which I had already made the tour of three villages that day, was leaning against the tree, while I read Indian proverbs from a little book recently printed by our Methodist Publishing House at Lucknow.

I looked up and saw a tall, angular man of the *Chamar* (leather dresser) caste. There was meaning in his face.

"Why, my brother, these are strange words of yours! What do you mean?"

"Do you give your servant liberty to speak from the heart?" he asked.

"Speak on, my friend, you will not offend me."

"Then, Sahib, my meaning is this. I am told—for we people do not read—that your Holy Book tells how Christ gave a last great commandment to His people, instructing them to go into all the world, to preach the Gospel, and baptize the people.

"Yes, my brother, and so we have come."

"But you only preach, and will not baptize!"

"I do not understand you," I replied, knowing that we had baptized two thousand people in that district that very year.

"Then do you not know of the great gathering of three thousand of us *Chamars* last month?"

I recalled hearing about it and saw the purport of his drive. A great desire came over me to see the village where the people had met.

"Where did the people assemble on that occasion?" I asked.

"You see that cluster of bamboos across the plain? The village is just beyond. If you could only come, Sahib, and see the place," he concluded, "Ganga Das (Slave of the Ganges) is at your service."

I got up and went with him through the patchwork of fields, along the narrow paths, trodden smooth and hard by countless village feet. It was from such foot paths that the birds in the *Parable of the Sower* could so readily "devour" the scattered seed. In half an hour we were at a good sized village. My guide skirted one edge of it and took me to the *Charma Mohulla* (ward). I noticed that the *thans* (shrines) were still there and that the children wore heathen amulets. He led on to a large piece of open ground adjoining the village. An old gnarled *Nim* tree, whose stubby branches gave evidence that the goats had enjoyed many a leafy meal from its huge arms, was on the edge of the plain. Under this tree my companion took his stand.

"Here is the place, Sahib," he said. "On this plain three thousand of us men spent a whole day a few weeks ago. We came from fifty villages scattered in these regions, and, if our women and children be counted, we represented about fifteen thousand persons."

"And you talked about becoming Christians?"

"Not only talked about it but considered the matter fully and decided to make Christianity our religion. The *Sar-Panch* (president) of each council and all our *Chaudhris* (village headmen) agreed to make this great change. We thought it best for us all to become Christians at once, and so avoid persecution, and also be able to continue our work of leather tanning and shoe making without a boycott."

It was true that there could be no boycott when every leather dresser and shoe maker in the region went over in a body to Christianity.

"Well, Ganga Das, we are glad that you were led to so wise and momentous a decision."

"But I speak for my people," he said abruptly, "when I say that we wish we had not done it!"

I saw that he was much moved.

"Why is this?" I exclaimed.

"Because your *Kalisiya* (Church) has refused to baptize us. It is as I said, you obey only half of Christ's command!"

"But," I inquired, "did Puran Mal and Masih Pershad, the preachers-in-charge, tell you that we would never baptize you?"

"It was all the same as if they had said so. They told us, when our Committee waited upon them later, that we would have to wait; that there were no extra funds in the hands of the Mission Treasurer, and that no more workers could be supported. They stated that the Sahib's orders were that no more people were to be baptized until the Mission could employ more workers. Is that not the same thing?" he ended triumphantly.

"But the Mission hopes to put on more workers some time," I assured him.

"Yes, Sahib," he assented, "but you have to wait for money from *Walayat* (America) which is very far off. I am told they have plenty of money there and are building many large ships the cost of each one being enough to pay the salary of one *lakh* (100,000) Indian preachers for a whole year." (\$50.00 will support a worker for a year).



"Yes, Ganga Das, America is the richest country in the world."

"It must be then, Sahib, that the money there is not in the hands of Christian people."

Before I had a reply ready, he continued:

"But money or no money, your honor, it is too late now. We have changed our minds about becoming Christians. A severe scourge of cholera broke out among our people a week or two after we held the great meeting here, and it must be that our gods are angry with us because we planned to forsake them. Few of our villages were without deaths, and we have had to spend much to placate the offended deities."

A hard look had come into his face, and I realized that it would be useless to argue the matter with him then. He had made his point. For many years our missionaries had preached in those regions the Gospel of "repent and be baptized." And here the number of those who were willing to be baptized had become so great that the Church was compelled to say to thousands of them—"Go back to your villages; we cannot baptize you." To baptize them and leave them with no adequate spiritual shepherding would have been to invite a great subsequent back-sliding into heathenism. Then, indeed, would their latter condition have been worse than before they left heathenism!

Here was a concrete instance of fifteen thousand people disappointed in their attempt to get into the Christian Church. My eyes wandered over the plain where they had held their convention and decided to accept Christianity. There were still signs of the cooking-places used by them. Straw and chaff, left where their oxen had been fed, were still to be found here and there. A few broken pieces of their earthen waterpots were scattered around. Nothing else remained to tell

of the momentous occasion that had called those thousands together, now hardened through their disappointment. I turned to my companion.

"Ganga Das," said I, "we were unable to baptize your people because of our lack of money, missionaries and Indian workers, but don't lose heart, my brother, we still have hope that when our great Church in America hears of this, she will send us such help as will make it possible for us to employ all the needed preachers and teachers. Then we will not have to refuse baptism to any one."

"Perhaps, Sahib," he said in his non-committal oriental way, "but the thing that rankles in our hearts is that we have been pushed back."

Then Ganga Das made an oriental salutation and went back into a mud-walled, thatch-roofed house in the *Chamar* ward. The rank smell of fresh leather being cured was not the only foul odor in the air! Skins were sunning on some dry babool branches, the cots were out in the sun, covered with the uppers of a batch of shoes, and the pipe all day long presented its long stem to the dull and drowsy smoker. The women and children wore charms against evil spirits, the *than* (shrine) received its daily attentions, filth, ignorance and superstition abounded, and darkness reigned. Ganga Das was *at home*—the home into which we had pushed him back.

Out on the plain I thought of some things that Ganga Das did not know. I looked beyond the plain, and in imagination could see many other plains in distant parts of India. In many other districts our Church had been compelled during that same year to refuse baptism to thousands. Careful estimates that had been made, placed the number at 150,000. They had all been *pushed back*.

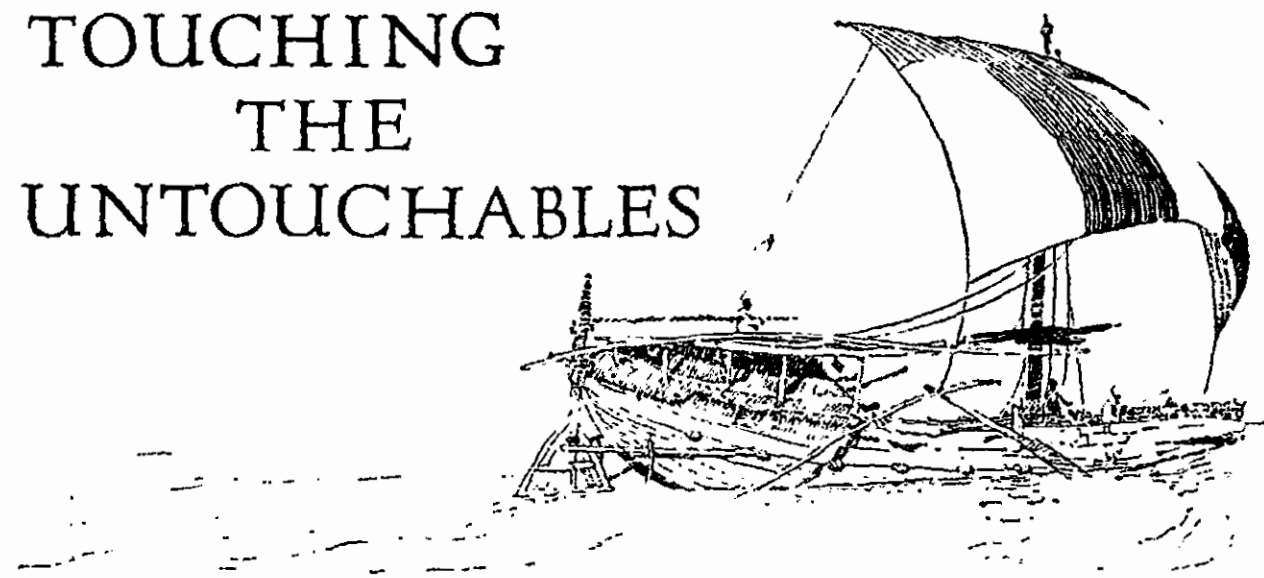
The plain before me widens until it stretches to the horizon. The far reaches of it are covered by a dense darkness, and out of that darkness I see countless multitudes struggling forward out of their blackness of night towards the light. They are poor and ragged, they are gaunt and weary, but famine and oppression and the horrors of heathenism are behind them—their faces are towards the light!

But I see a sight that I cannot comprehend. It amazes me, it staggers me, it awes me. Hands—countless hands—reach down from above and begin pushing these people back into the darkness. Some get past the hands; in some places many, in others few. But alas, thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands are *pushed back*! I look at the hands. They are *white* hands. I start back—they are like *my* hands! My Father! They are *American hands*!

Then again the empty plain is before me. I retrace my steps, but life can never be the same again. How could it be for one who has gazed upon such a scene of the Great Refusal—the Church refusing baptism to thousands who plead!

In my heart that day, as I gazed on that empty plain, I registered a vow that America should hear of the 150,000 "Ganga Dases" that the Methodist Church had *pushed back*.

TOUCHING THE UNTOUCHABLES



FIFTY to sixty millions of out-caste people in India have for centuries been regarded as "Untouchables." Their touch is accounted by Hindus to pollute. In earlier days these people were required in some parts of the country to wear vessels tied around their necks when they walked the streets, lest their spittle should defile the roads! These out-castes had to stoop as they passed a well, so that their polluting shadow should not render the water impure! They were compelled to drag branches of trees after them wherever they went, lest their foot-prints remaining should mar the very dust!

The branches of trees and vessels around the necks are no longer required, but by the high caste man the shadow of the "untouchable" is still considered to pollute. No other part of the world can show a social ostracism so cruelly devised or so systematically carried into effect.

What happens when an "untouchable" is *touched*? That depends on who does the touching! Hinduism touched them to trample on them. Islam touched them to offer them the Koran or the Sword. Christ is touching them to transform them.

A few years ago there was in the Punjab a desperate character by the name of Gulu. He was a *thug*, and that means he would stop at nothing to gain his ends. Gulu was touched by Christ, and lo, a transformation! What do you think Gulu became? Strange things happen in India—Gulu became a mighty man of prayer—more, he became one of the great intercessors of God. He would spend hours in pleading for the affairs of the Kingdom, until the perspiration streamed down his face. He had received a *baptism of prayer*.

One day Gulu came to the missionary.

"Sahib," said he, "teach me some geography."

"Why, Gulu, what do you want with geography at your age!" was the exclamation of the missionary, and the transformed man replied,

"Your honor, I wish to study geography that I may learn the names of some more places to pray for."

God is waiting to touch and transform ten thousand Gulus all over India. Will the Church help Him to do it?

A missionary in the Telugu land is out on an evangelistic tour through the villages. Among his workers is Nursamma, an evangelist, a woman converted at fifty years of age from among the "Untouchables." A few years ago she used to hide for fear when the missionary came to her village. Now she works by his side.



The missionary has had during the day to refuse three delegations that came pleading for him to go to their villages and teach and baptize them before the plague carried away any more of them. In one case a man fell at his feet and held him around the ankles, in his desperate pleading for a teacher.

The missionary cannot sleep this night. He has gone out under the stars, to commune with his Father. Nursamma's tent is not far away, and as he passes it, he hears her voice. She is pouring out her soul before God. She, who might put to shame the most zealous missionary evangelist, has on her heart tonight the burden of the souls who cry in the darkness for light and must, day after day, be refused their only opportunity.

"O Lord Jesus," she wails, "why did you not call me sooner! Here I am an old woman, with just a few years of service left. *Why* did you not get me when I was young, that I might have given many years of service to the Kingdom? There is so much to do--there are so few workers. O, why did not the missionaries come sooner!"

And the missionary looks up to the Father above, and in very anguish of soul, cries out "O why did we not!"

A man who used to do menial work in the household of a native ruler came under the influence of the Christian message and was converted. Some time after his baptism he came to the missionary and said that his conscience troubled him. He wished to make a confession.

"When I was in the service of the Rajah," said he, "I stole some of the royal gems and buried them within the grounds of the palace. Now that I have become a Christian, I have no peace of mind because of those stolen jewels. I must confess, and yet if I do, I may lose my head! What shall I do, Sahib?"

The missionary advised him to follow the dictates of conscience, confess to the Rajah and take the consequences.

So the man journeyed to the Rajah's capital and appeared at the royal palace. It was with difficulty he persuaded the Rajah that he was neither crazy nor playing a joke. The loss of the jewels was recalled well enough.

"The jewels are buried at the foot of the large tamarind tree, your Majesty," the poor Christian maintained, and finally the Rajah sent some servants with the man, instructing them to dig at the spot indicated.

The jewels were found and forthwith taken, along with the strange man, to the royal master of the palace.

The poor Christian fell at the feet of the Rajah, pleading for mercy.

"What made you tell about these jewels, when no one in the world but yourself knew of them?" asked the Rajah in astonishment. "Why have you put yourself in my power thus?"

"I have found a new religion, your Majesty," said the man, "and it will not allow me to cover up my sin. There is no peace of heart to a Christian who hides sin in his life. I have made this confession because I am a Christian."

"Go," said the Rajah to the surprise of all, "and tell your missionary to send some preachers here to my *raj* (realm) and make some Christians for me, if this is the kind of living your religion makes possible!"

And the Christian, thanking God, returned to the missionary with the message from the Rajah.

Christ's touch has in it still its ancient power to change and uplift -- alike in either hemisphere, on either side of the equator. It rests on India today in a new way.



UNKNOWN DISCIPLES AND SECRET MOVEMENTS



WELL Brother Isa Charan, did you succeed in making converts of the two men?"

"Padri Sahib, the alligators ate them up!"

"Alligators ate them up!" I ejaculated, in astonishment.

"Yes, Sahib, it was not long after you left us. Let me tell you about it," he continued. I could see he was very much affected.

Isa Charan—which, being interpreted, means *the Feet of Jesus*—was a man of unusual talent, both as a personal worker and a bazaar preacher. His apt illustrations were both original and telling, and his ready wit was equal to all emergencies. It was always a joy to go out on a preaching tour with Isa Charan.

Just the day before, he had gone to a great religious fair held on the banks of the Ganges at a spot considered peculiarly sacred. On the way he had met two men of the Thakur Caste who had traveled two hundred miles on foot in order to be at the mela on the "great day of the feast." Isa Charan soon had them listening with undisguised interest and pleasure to the parables of Christ. If I could put down word for word his rendering of the story of the Prodigal Son, you—Western reader—would see its beauty and power as never before, and for all time to come it would wear for you a richer and fuller meaning. Let him tell the story of the two Thakurs.

"Padri Sahib, those Thakurs were fine men. I told them the whole story of the life of Christ, rendering the part concerning his trial, suffering and death in song, as you have heard me do on several occasions. The Thakurs were deeply moved, and said they had never heard of such love before. One of them said that his heart was pierced by it.

"When we got to the mela, they went at once to the bathing *ghat*, and I accompanied them. Arriving there, we found the people in great excitement. The river-bank was crowded with people. On every hand we heard people exclaiming, 'It was a *magar!* (Alligator). Didn't you see the jaws of the *magar?*' Alligators had appeared in the stream at the bathing place, and the pilgrims scrambled for the banks.

"For a while there was a panic among the pilgrims who had come to take this ceremonial bath at this auspicious time in the sacred *Mother Ganga*, but after a while a woman well on in years stepped into the stream to go through her ablutions. I happened to be near her and said,

"Are you going in? Are you not afraid of being caught by the *magars?*"

"I have come very far," she replied, "and now I cannot go back until I have washed away my sins, even if I do risk being eaten up."

"Emboldened by the woman's courage, and seeing no horny heads or snouts of alligators protruding above the surface of the water, first one, then another, waded cautiously into the stream, and after a while the shore was again lined with bathers.

"Turning to my Thakur companions I noticed that they had walked up the bank a short distance, and were preparing to enter the water. I watched them a moment, then I asked, 'Are you going in brothers?'"

"Why not?" said one, while the other remarked:

"If the *devi* (goddess) sends a *magar* to take me, who am I that I should try to avoid it?"

"I did not try to dissuade them, Sahib. They were staunch Hindus, and having come the two hundred miles for the express purpose of bathing, they would not be deterred.

"I watched them as they waded in, and said to the one who had listened most intently to my story of Christ, 'it is only Jesus Christ who can wash away your sins, O, Thakur brother.'"

"I am convinced that is so," he said, looking at me earnestly, "I must learn more about this wonderful *Guru* of yours."

"They did not stop on the inner edge of bathers, but went farthest out, until they stood waist deep. Suddenly they both seemed to make one of the ordinary ceremonial plunges, but the moment after, I knew it was not that. They began to struggle and the water was stirred violently.

"Hai! Hai! Hai!" wailed one of them in a deep voice of agony as he was dragged along, and in a moment he was drawn under. I shall never forget his scream of terror. Almost at the same instant the other one, the one to whom I had spoken as he got in—disappeared. But a second or two later his head appeared again and I heard him utter what seemed to me like an appeal to God.

"Then he was gone."

"O, Sahib," said Isa Charan, moved as I had seldom seen him, "that man would have made a splendid Christian!"

"Perhaps the Lord Jesus has accepted him, my brother," I said. "There are in India more believers in Christ, Isa Charan, than we can ever know about, and it is not for us to judge as to whom the Lord accepts or rejects."

"That is so, Padri Sahib," he said brightening. "Did I ever tell you about that poor old Tharu man I came across once up in the forest lands along the borders of Nepal?"

I said I did not remember the incident, and he proceeded to tell me.

"I met him out in his swampy fields, driving a few goats and cows back to the small cluster of mud houses where several Tharu families lived. I noticed a shrine to one of their deities near the hamlet, and asked him why he worshipped these idols. He replied that he did not. I mentioned several other objects of worship on the part of Tharus, but he said he did not worship any of them. He assured me that he was not an idolator at all. Somewhat surprised, I inquired, "Whom do you worship then?"

"I worship a special *Guru*," (Teacher or Master).

"But who is it?"

He did not reply at once, but unwound his turban and began untying a knot in one end of it. When he had opened it, he carefully took out a small piece of folded paper. This he smoothed out with great care and showed me some writing on it in faded ink.

"The is the one I worship," he exclaimed.

"And whose name is this?" I asked as I examined the faded writing.

"I don't remember," was his reply. "I have forgotten the name, but it is the name of my *Guru*, and him I worship."

"I found written on the paper the name—Yisu Masih (Jesus Christ)." I spoke it aloud in astonishment.

"That's it, that's it," he exclaimed, "he is my *Guru*—Yisu Masih!"

"Where did you get this?" I asked.

"Years ago, a Walayati (foreign) Padri Sahib wrote it down for me, after he had told me how Yisu Masih gave his life for us all. I told him I might forget the name, and asked him to put it down for me. I did forget, and no one around here could read it for me, but I have prayed to him every day since then. I may forget the name again, but I do not forget my *Guru*. I worship only him."



"That old man, so utterly ignorant and cut off from the world was a true follower of Christ, was he not Sahib?" asked Isa Charan of me.

"I am sure he was," said I. "I think he was following hard after the Lord."

"I think there must be many such in my circuit," said the worker.

"Let me tell you of an experience I had not long ago," I continued.

"I just missed my train at an important junction one day and had to wait over from noon till evening. During the course of the afternoon I had been going from one group of waiting passengers to another, and at the far end of one of the platforms I came across a 'holy man' absorbed in the pages of a large book.

"What do you read, my brother," I inquired.

"I am reading," replied he slowly as he studied my face, "that which alone will endure the test of time."

"And what is it," I asked, deeply interested in his reply.

"If you have time to listen, Sir," he said, "please sit down and let us talk. I will continue reading," he went on, as I took my seat on the ground near him.

"For he that soweth into the flesh shall out of the flesh reap corruption, but he that soweth into the Spirit shall out of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

"But," I exclaimed, "that is from the New Testament!"

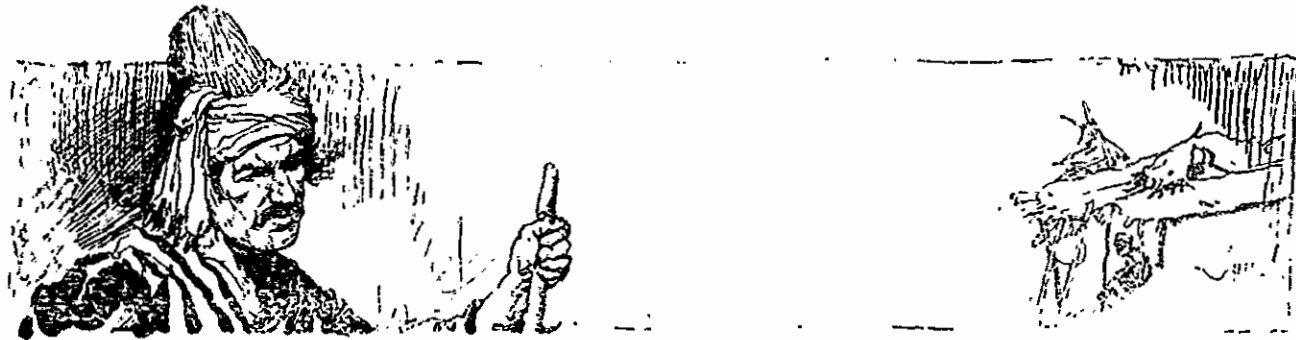
"Yes," he replied, "and this is our Sanskrit edition of the New Testament. This is the Truth, Sir, that alone will abide."

"I talked with him till it was time for my train to leave, and found him thoroughly informed on all the essentials of Christianity and orthodox in his faith. He claimed not to have been taught by any missionary, and surprised me by asserting that his sources of truth were independent of and antecedent to all missionary effort.

"Are there many in India who believe as you do?" I asked as I left to catch my train.

"We are numbered by the tens of thousands. We are found all over





India. We are not known as Christians, but the Christ knows us, and we know Him. In the fulness of time, all India shall know us.'

"There was a deep impressiveness to his words that I shall never forget. Since that day I have made the most careful investigation, and have learned that there is in India a great secret movement towards Christianity. In part it is unorganized, including as we all know, thousands of earnest souls who have independently accepted the Christian Scriptures as true but make no public profession and avoid baptism for fear of persecution. We all know such Nicodemuses, but more significant than these are the thousands who are organized in a widespread secret movement.

"Here are some interesting details I have learned. The organization claims a very large membership scattered through many parts of India, the largest number being in the South. Caste plays no part in their life, and among their members they claim to have some of the ruling princes of the land, and also some of the nation's intellectual leaders. They say that their origin takes them back to the Christian era when St. Thomas the Apostle came on a preaching tour to India. They have hundreds of unpaid voluntary preachers, dressed just as some of the Hindu religious teachers are clad. Nothing in their appearance distinguishes them from certain types of Hindu devotees. They have their secret meetings and signs and passwords. They observe the Lord's Supper but do not administer the rite of baptism. They have the entire Bible, translated from the original sources into Sanskrit. They carry on their work secretly, and win a man's allegiance before they ever utter the name of Christ at all. There being no baptismal ceremony, there is no public profession of faith. They are not in sympathy with western types of Church organizations, holding that far more simpler forms of organized life will suit the needs of the Church in the Orient. Their form of government is essentially episcopal. They intend to announce themselves throughout India when they feel that the right time has come—when they are strong enough to weather all opposition. They believe that a religious revolution will sweep over India when they make themselves known, and they look to all India becoming Christian. The time, they say, is drawing very near."

"Do you think, Sahib," asked Isa Charan, "that the man you talked with at the station was one of their preachers?"

"I am convinced that he was," I replied, "and here is a little corroborative testimony. I have learned that the last name of every one of their preachers is Nand (happy). When I asked the name of the man at the station, he said it was Sada Nand!"

"Then, Sahib," he continued, "do you believe what you have been told about this organized secret movement?"

And I answered, "I believe that there is such an organized movement, and much of what I have heard sounds true enough to me. I have no means, however, of proving to myself the truth of all that I have been told. But this I will say, I have had some inside information from those who ought to know. As to the numbers involved, no man can say, but I am inclined to think that there will be a revolution in the religious life of India when the known and unknown multitudes of secret disciples make a public declaration and boldly take their stand with the acknowledged forces of Christianity in this land."

"Sahib," said the worker, all aglow with eager interest, "I think you are right. There is a great day for India drawing near!"

"Yes, my brother," said I, "and it may be nearer than any of us think possible!"



THE POLICEMAN THE DYING BABY



A POLICEMAN on his beat in one of our Indian cities noted that a certain house where a young Hindu widow lived had remained shut for two or three days. Cholera was daily carrying off its victims, and he concluded that it would be best to make an investigation. He pushed open the door of the little house, and this was what he found: On the mud floor, stretched on an old cotton quilt, the lifeless body of the young mother. She must have been dead two days. On her breast a child of about a year was trying to nurse!

Don't turn away from this picture! Stop and look at it. You need to—especially if you are an American! It has much to tell you. It symbolizes in a striking way the real situation in India today. More than three hundred millions of God's little ones in that land are trying to nurse at the dead breast of paganism, idolatry, and Islam. You and I are in the place of the policeman—we have found out what is happening.

What did the policeman do? Was he angry at the poor woman? O, no, that would have been folly—she was *dead*. Was he disgusted with the little child? O, no, that would have been cruel, heartless, unreasonable. Even his "heathen" heart was touched with compassion at the sight of the poor, helpless baby. He knew about a mission hospital, where kind-hearted American missionaries were always engaged in their labors of mercy and help. He took the baby there, and when he had told the sad story, there was a home, and food, and love for the half-starved and dying baby.

That is what the "heathen" policeman did. What will you do? This question you are asked here in behalf of India's three hundred and fifteen millions. They are starving, dying, as they try to nurse at the lifeless breast of the only Faiths they have ever had a chance to know. It is sure starvation for them to continue the effort to prolong life thus. They don't know enough to give up the vain attempt! Will you stand by and see them perish? You may be ten thousand miles away, but if you know what is happening, and are able to help, you are standing in the place of the policeman that day.

It may not be required of you to go to India and give your life to missionary work—God knows whom He needs for that and will make it clear to them. It certainly is not necessary for hundreds of thousands of missionaries to go to India. We do need enough more—five hundred, or so, men and women—to take the initiative and provide the supervision demanded by the work. Along with this need is the equally great one of training and employing thousands of additional Indian workers. They can best reach their own people, but they need training, and for that and for their salaries we must have money.

There is Isa Charan, who had the experience with the alligators. How could that splendid man be at work for the salvation of his countrymen, if some one had not supplied the money to train him and, later, support him? How much does it take to support him? Well, you *will* be surprised when you learn! *Sixty dollars a year does it!*

There is Nursamma, yearning over the multitudes of her own un-saved people, and pouring out her agonized prayer before God in the darkness of her tent at midnight. *Four dollars a month* are sufficient to keep her at her great work.

There was little Ganesh in the village, taken from wallowing in the pond and from the back of a buffalo to a mission school, and then on to high school and college. *Two dollars and a half a month* paid all his bills in school! Was he not worth it?

And can you forget Ganga Das, the "pushed-back"? Was it not for the want of a few teachers and preachers that he and his fifteen thousand people were left in their darkness? Should we continue to refuse their call because the big guns must be kept booming in the cause of democracy?

Then there are the "exploits" of the great *Sword*, that Word of God, which has won so many notable victories for our Lord in India. We need to make our Christian publishing agencies in India, both as to equipment and endowment, strong enough to deal with any possible situation that may develop in that rapidly changing land.

In addition to all this, we must plan for an adjustment of our educational work to the changed conditions in new India. This, even more than in the matter of our publishing agencies, calls for large sums of money and statesman-like planning. Our primary and secondary educational systems must be re-organized, and our higher education must be put on a more secure and efficient basis. Such work as we are doing through the Isabella Thoburn College at the "Ruby Garden" in Lucknow, and through that magnificent institution for men, the Lucknow Christian College, must be carried to the highest point of efficiency. This must be done at once, and at *all costs!* The large plans of the Centenary Program have not come a day too soon.

Now, listen to a statement that will astound you. The cost of firing a single fourteen-inch shell, including wear and tear on the big gun, is

enough to support more than a hundred native workers in India for a whole year! The same amount would provide food, clothing, and tuition for two hundred boys and for an entire year in any of our schools in India. The cost of the war *daily* to just one of our allies is as much as our Methodist Episcopal Church has sent out to our mission fields throughout the world in the last *twenty years!* And America is talking of spending anywhere from twelve to eighteen *billions* of dollars on the war during 1918! Do not the "askings" of our mission fields pale into insignificance in contrast with such stupendous figures? Yes, and that is no reason for failing to meet them!

The hour of opportunity in India—as on our other mission fields—coincides with the hour of democracy's peril in the world. It may look like a strange providence. The question-mark looms larger on our human horizon than ever before in the world's history. Yet the great question, after all, is not whether God has taken His hand off the world, but whether His people will acknowledge the supremacy of the Kingdom of God in human affairs, and *seek it first.* The interests of democracy do not clash with those of God's Kingdom, and never will—unless in our zeal for democracy we forget the Kingdom of God, or relegate it to a secondary place.

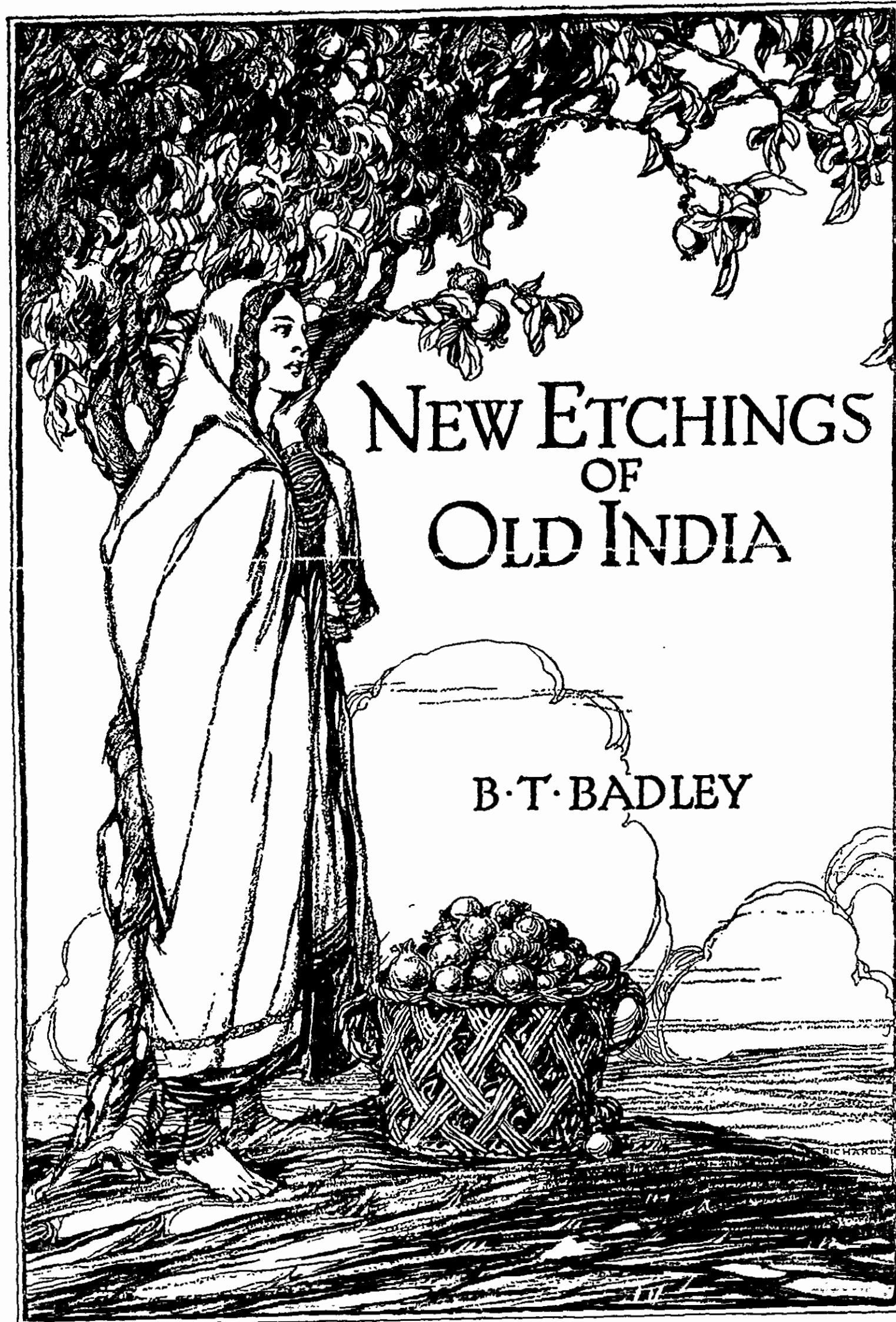
India prepares to acknowledge the supremacy of Christ. From the wreck of the centuries she gathers herself and turns her face to God. It is God's hour for India: it is India's hour for God.

Let the words of a Hindu ascetic close these pages. He was dressed in the saffron robe of his class, and read from the pages of a Sanskrit book. A missionary met him, and they engaged in conversation. They talked in the Hindi language of the things that are eternal. Their words became a bond of sympathy between them. Then the Hindu surprised the missionary by dropping his Hindi, and speaking in fluent English. He put aside the Sanskrit volume, and from a bag took out a bundle carefully wrapped in cloth. This he undid, and produced a copy of the New Testament. Now, listen to his words—he speaks for the new India:

"There is this difference between Christ and the other religions of the world: all the others are passing away or will pass away. Christ alone will remain."



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NEW ETCHINGS OF OLD INDIA

To the Reader

INDIA'S great future has begun! India, the greatest land of the *now-or-never*, challenges the Christian world.

These pages are indicative of what is happening there today.

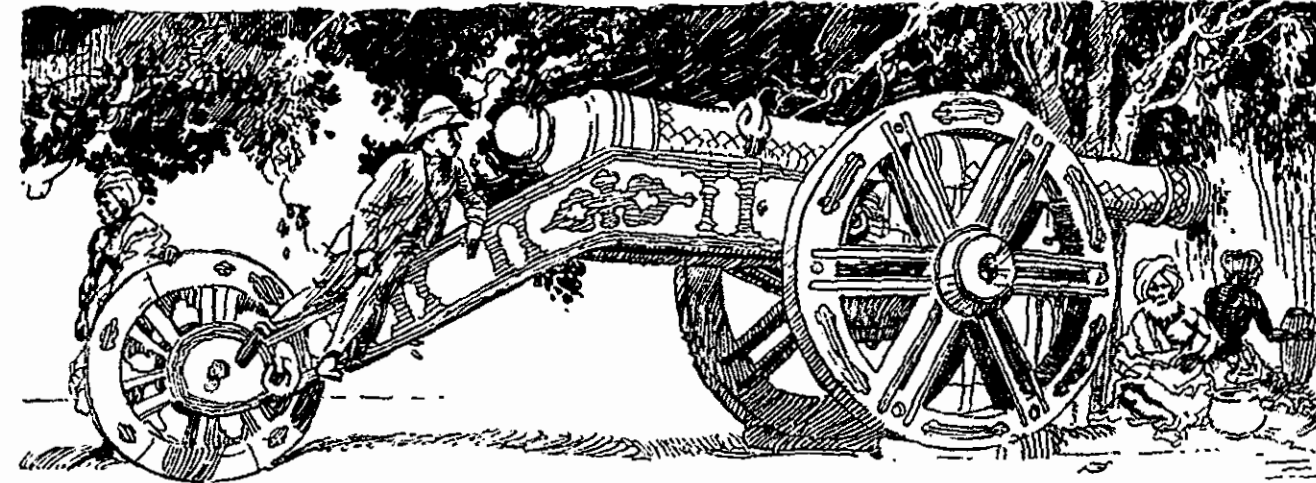
This book gives facts, not fiction. Every incident or story here recorded is taken from life.

The author has lived thirty years in India and writes from personal knowledge.

God's garden in India is proving to be wonderfully productive, and of its pleasant fruits these pages will give some indication.

America's investment in India is yielding a hundred fold, and India's love for America grows ever more strong and beautiful.

B. T. B.



PALTAN SINGH THE WOUNDED SOLDIER

I MET him in Bombay at the Victoria Terminus, a tall young Sikh just returned from the trenches. He was on crutches, one leg gone and one side of his face disfigured with an ugly wound, the more painful because it spoiled his beard, an adornment of which every Sikh is proud. His long hair was carefully done up and tucked under his large turban.

Now the majority of Sikhs have the surname of "Singh" (lion), so I made a guess and accosted him in the Hindustani current in the Punjab.

"Peace to you, Bahadur Singh (Hero-Lion)."

He looked up quickly and said, "Not Bahadur Singh, Sahib, but Paltan Singh (Lion of the Regiment). I have an uncle, Bahadur Singh."

And so we were acquainted as we settled down together in an Intermediate Compartment of the Up Punjab Mail.

"You are returning from France?" I asked.

"Yes, Sahib. At last I have seen your *Walayat*—(country)."

"And what do you remember best?" I enquired.

He hesitated a moment, smiled in the open boyish way so common to our warm-hearted Sikhs, and replied, "I think it was the cows. Why, Sahib, those animals seem to be full of milk. A Miss Sahiba (young lady) would sit down and milk two buckets full at a time! And, Sahib, it was rich and yellow, full of cream."

You see, he was from the villages. His father owned land, and the boy had grown up among the fields and cattle.

"Well," continued I, "and what about it?"

"We must have the same kind of cows in India," said he earnestly.

There you have it! And tens of thousands of soldiers, returning from Europe and elsewhere to every part of India, come saying—

"We must have the same kind in India."

And they *will*,—why shouldn't they?

"Tell me something else that impressed you Paltan Singh," I said, genuinely interested.

"Well, Sahib, you seem to understand us people, and our language, and I will be frank with you. I wish our women were educated like yours. Now I have a sister at home. She is thirteen, a beautiful girl, but she is as ignorant as the *tota* (parrot) shut up in our iron cage. She is like the *tota*, all she knows is just what she has heard others say. Sahib, if that girl, full of spirit and natural intelligence, could be put through the high school and college, she would be the equal of any Miss Sahiba I have ever seen! But here she doesn't know her Aliph-bey (her a-b-c's) and is to be married in a few months. In the next ten years she will have eight children; her beauty will be gone at twenty-five, and at thirty-five she will be just another ignorant old woman in India!"

His eyes were shining. I saw the light in them, kindled by what he had seen in France and England. I wanted to hear more—it sounded a new note of encouragement to the missionary's heart.

"Do you think there is anything you can do to change this sad state of affairs in India?" I asked.

"I think so, Sahib. We young soldiers have been talking about this, and have agreed that in all our communities and *panchayats* (village councils) we will urge education for our girls. What we need, Sahib, is to wake ourselves up! You missionaries have always advised us to educate our girls, the Government has encouraged us to send our girls to school, but we, slow fools that our ignorant people are, have not done it, fearing that it would spoil our women?"

"And now do you think that it will not?"

A distant and tender look came over his young face, and he said more to himself than to me.

"If Shanti, my little wife up in Amritsar, could only sit beside my bed, as I am wrapped up in my *razai* (heavy cotton quilt) drawing deep draughts from my pipe, and read me the stories of our great heroes of the days gone by, and of the great mutiny when we Sikhs took Delhi, led by the great Nikalsen Sahib (John Nicholson, the young hero of the siege and storming of Delhi), a new light of joy would have come into our home."

"I'll tell you, Sahib," he continued reminiscing. "I saw a beautiful young nurse sit by the bed-side of a wounded English soldier reading a long story. The young Kaptan Sahib (Captain) would scarcely take his eyes off her sweet and tender face—to tell the truth, Sahib, I kept looking at her, too. It was a new and beautiful picture to me. And when I think of my own home in the village, Sahib, there's something lacking in it now for this soldier coming back. I would not have felt it otherwise, but, Sahib, what we have seen and experienced across the

great Kalapani (black water, i. e. ocean) as we used to call it, has changed things for us. We can never go back to where we were before."

His words touched me deeply, and I did not know just what to say, but he continued—

"You know, Sahib, we have a word *biradari* (brotherhood). It sounds something like a word they used at the Front in speaking of companionship or fellowship. It does not come to my mind."



He paused. "Camaraderie?" I ventured.

"That's it, Sahib—the very word, Camaradri? Now, Sahib, *that* is the thing we Indian men don't find in our wives! If we only had that?"

"Well, Paltan Singh," I said earnestly, "it is the fault of you men that you have not. You have always considered your women beneath you. You have not educated them, and the thing is impossible under present conditions. Look at the young Punjabi, Bengali, and other ladies that graduate from our Christian college for women at Lucknow, or even from our high schools, and you will all see that they are intellectually the equals of any of the young men. Companionship is possible with them?"

"O, I know it, Sahib," he broke in. "We have seen our mistake and have learned our lesson. The young men back from Europe are all

agreed. But will our fathers and our older brothers see it now? Will our religious and social leaders take the necessary steps to change matters? This is the thing that is in our minds. We are a very conservative people, Sahib, and our women are worse in this than our men! But still—yes—there is hope," he ended, brightening up. "We soldiers have finished our fighting in the trenches—now we will begin at home!" He laughed and so did I.

"Paltan Singh," said I, a new idea coming into my mind, "I'll tell you what I think ought to be your first objective in this great campaign you are planning to start here in India. Keep that fine young sister of yours from getting married and send her to school!"

The soldier in him was alert. He saw the possibility of a fight, sure enough.

"Well, Sahib, that *would* take a 'paltan' of soldiers," he exclaimed, punning on his own name. "But," he continued, "it is not impossible!"

"I'll tell you where you can look for some help. Go to the Principal, Miss Sahiba of our Methodist school for girls at Lahore. She may be able to bring some persuasion to bear on your people. And remember that every missionary is your friend in this great work of bringing enlightenment to the girls and women of India."

And so Paltan Singh and I parted. As I left him to continue his journey to Amritsar, I knew that I had seen a real harbinger of India's new day—a day that this war will so greatly hasten. Thus is the war having its reaction on lands far removed from the scenes of the European conflict.

Paltan Singh comes back from France and England, dreaming of better agricultural methods and of an educated womanhood for India. Others come back with new ideas and plans that touch other interests in their great land. And so it comes about that the soldiers bring back to India not only their wounds and shattered bodies, but a vision of better things, and a determination to see them reproduced in their native land.

Perhaps Paltan Singh's wounds were worth while!



THEOPHILUS RANDOLPH HARRISON ALIAS GANESH



THEOPHILUS RANDOLPH HARRISON, star cricketer and prize orator of the American Mission Institute at "Walayatnagar," was self-named, if not self-made. He has just delighted a large mixed audience of Europeans and Indians at the annual literary entertainment of the college by delivering a fervid and flowery oration in English on "India's Glory—Past, Present and Future." To a few among his hearers Mr. T. R. Harrison was a standing wonder. But that must have been because they knew he was just little Ganesh, grown up.



I had first seen him fifteen years before. I was on a tour through the villages, and on the outskirts of one came upon a shallow pond, almost dried up and with the blackest of black mud. Four youngsters were playing in the slime, pretending to be water-buffaloes. One of them acted the part to perfection as he lay on his side, up to the neck in the soft mud, chewing his "cud," occasionally rolling from one side to the other, and frequently grunting in that long drawn-out, instalment-plan, despairing groan that characterizes the dear old buffalo of India. It was Ganesh! The children had not caught sight of me, or the small herd of buffalo would have been instantly transformed into one of black

slimy deer, making for the cover of the brush as fast as two feet could carry any small creature.

Toward evening, as I was leaving the village for the tent, pitched in the mango tope, I met the same group of youngsters, each with a cotton cloth tied around the loins and a larger piece wrapped around the head. They were riding their buffaloes home. Ganesh was on the leading buffalo, perched, facing backwards, on the extreme end of the huge lumbering beast. He sang in a high key, not over-musical--

"A re Koko ja re Koko
Jangal pakke ber;
Baba mera khane mangta
Damri ke do ser."

"Haste thee, fairy, hie thee fairy,
Jungle plums are sweet;
Two whole pounds for just a penny,
Baby wants to eat."

The singer well knew the sweetness of the jungle *bers*, and even then was fairly full of them, not anticipating much in the way of supper.

He had in his hands a short, heavy stick, with which he touched up the high bony parts of the buffalo when its speed did not suit him.

"Why don't you twist his tail?" I spoke up as the unconcerned Jehu came along.

Ganesh was right-about-face in an instant, and when he saw it was a white-faced Sahib, he slipped off his mount and made one of those delightfully awkward *salaams* that the unspoiled villager can present you. My first question having failed to draw a reply, I put another.

"Why are you not in school?"

"Who would then graze the buffaloes?" was his reply in the Indian way of answering one question with another. At five years of age, he was worth his salt in the family of an *Ahir* (cowherd).

And so I left little Ganesh with his question ringing in my ears. And I knew that there were 30,000 Methodist boys of school-going age in India who would answer the question about school in a similar way—"Who would then tend the goats?" "Who would then carry the fodder for the oxen?" "Who would then scour the jungle for dry wood to burn?" And their sisters—fully 30,000 of them—"Who would then polish the *thali* and *lota*?" (cooking utensils), "Who would then carry home the *ghara* (water-pot) from the well?" "Who would then carry the baby around?" (Astride the left hip!)

Before I had reached my tent that night I had made up my mind to get little Ganesh into school—even if all the goats, cows and buffaloes

in Hindustan should be ungrazed, and the fire-wood in all the jungles of India should be ungathered!

And so Ganesh got into the village primary school, where he did so well that he was sent on to our district Boarding School, and it was from there he had come to our High School.



When Ganesh got into the High School, he decided on a change of name. A patron in America had assumed his support (\$30 a year), and twice a year this distant friend in America received a letter from his *protégé* in India. The third letter he received surprised him. The style and language were characteristic, but the signature puzzled him. Here is Ganesh's letter in his own language:

"My loving Patron.

"I humbly beg to lay a few lines, stating my humble compliments to you at this convenient period.

"I have received the most pleasing and sincere letter, which was written by my American brother in Jesus Christ. I had welcomed it on the 26th of January at 11 a.m. in the school while we were enjoying the British History. Though it was

a letter, I found it as a book of learning. Whenever I read a book, I mark a particular thing. In the same way, I was forced to underline some words, while reading your letter.

"Yes, I wanted to write you a long letter, describing about myself as you did. But ask your pardon this time. Yet, if you are anxious to know about myself, I gladly drop a very short account of myself.

"My father had died in the end of the nineteenth century, when there was a great pestilence in the land. Our mother was old. She was not able to support us. My elder brother was five years old and perhaps I was two years old. Though our earthly father had died, the Heavenly Father was living. We are saved by His mercy and your help from that great terrible time of distresses. I have grown up here in the school under the care of the Missionaries. I did not know anything about books and learning; but as the years passed I knew it.

"I learn English language for six years. I try my very best to make a good progress in this language. I thank you very much for the help. By which I may become a good Christian boy and can work faithfully in the name of Jesus Christ in the land where the black clouds hang without Christianity.

"Please offer my loving and humble compliments to the sister, father and mother, if I mistake not.

"May God bless you always, I am

"Yours sincerely,

"Theophilus Randolph Harrison."

To the letter there was a P.S. which explained the change in signature. It read:—

"Though the signature is different but the boy is the same. English name is now the fashion, also it brings more respect and better prospect. My relatives in village are proud of new name, and I trust my American patron too pleased. Some day your humble T.R.H. hopes new name may become well known throughout Province.

"T.R.H."

Thus disappeared Ganesh, named in the village for the Hindu god of wisdom, the elephant-headed monstrosity. What need to bear the name around when real wisdom had come!

Three or four years in the city high school did wonders for the lad, with the touch of the primary school and "Middle" school already on him. Then came the college course, and now as he graduates, and stands there giving such eloquent expression to the thought of

the new world into which Christian education has ushered him, is it strange that some of us should wonder? Is it strange that the missionary should also rejoice?

If this can be done for Ganesh, why not for Gazraj, for Mangal, for Piyare, for Moti, for Itwari—and all the rest of them? Can one be satisfied to have a chance at only two out of every five? Can it be afforded in the India of today, when trained leadership is indispensable to the success of Christianity? The high schools and colleges await the coming of scores and hundreds of transformed *Ganeshes* as well as boys of the higher castes. May they come soon!

Listen to the quondam Ganesh, as he closes his oration on this occasion.

"India's past may be studied but cannot be altered. India's future is unknown, but must be shaped by us. The destinies of our land lie in the hands not of millions but of the few thousands who are prepared to assume the great responsibilities of leadership. The Mohamadan may bring to the task great energy and executive ability of a high order. The Hindu may bring a keen mind, and the power of deep philosophic thinking. The Christian alone can combine with those elements the spirituality that will assure strength of character in life and national integrity in action. India's future is in the hands of those who have placed themselves in the hands of Christ!"

And *these* are the men who are in our Christian schools and colleges.



EXPLOITS OF THE GREAT SWORD



"HATIGANJ JUNKSHUN," drawled the beturbaned railway employee as he ambled up and down the broad platforms of the station at the junction. He was earning his four dollars a month!

After him came a man with a broad brass tray loaded with sweetmeats, then a fruit man, next a man with full length, uncut sugarcane stalks guaranteed to yield sweet juice from either end, and after him the now inevitable, ubiquitous cigarette-wala, selling the vilest American tobacco product at prices that were within reach even of the pitifully poor Indian people who traveled on the train with us. Then the procession showed a man with cheap mud toys gaudily painted, offered four for a cent, and he was followed by the *pan-wala*, the man who, out of a stained and soaked rag, would hand out a triangle-shaped wad of beetle nut and various spices wrapped up in a *pan* leaf. A man went by carrying a round iron water-pail from which he poured free drinks dipped out with his brass *lota*.

All these, together with scores of passengers of all types, passed and re-passed the low windows of the second-class carriage in which were a number of Methodist missionaries on their way to annual conference. Comments were made variously on the kaleidoscopic changes that presented themselves before the windows, the cigarette-wala coming in for most.

Then came along a man whose wares were naturally of great interest to the party of missionaries—he had a bundle of books.

"What have you, my brother?" sang out one of the missionaries.

"Navils," came the reply.

"What's that?" asked one of the younger men who had not been long in the country.

"You don't seem to be keeping up your English," laughed one of his brethren, "in your haste to acquire the vernacular!"

"He is selling *novels*," explained another.

And so he was—the veriest trash—vile, worthless things for eight cents a copy, that would leave a trail of blighting sensuality as long as the paper held together, and long after the covers were gone!

Remarks were in order and were being freely made, when another seller of books came along. He was an old man, with red, green and blue cloth and paper-covered books of a small size, and a few larger ones bound in dark shades of cloth. They were Gospel portions and Bibles.

"Well, brother Umed Singh (Lion of Hope), how are you?" called out the senior missionary.

"Through your prayers, and God's mercy, I am well, Sahib," he said with dignity.

"Are you having good sales?" asked one.

"Yes, Sahib, unusually good. The people show a growing interest in books that tell of Christ."

"Which Gospel sells best?" inquired one.

He replied without hesitation, "Among Hindus, St. John. Moham-medans are not such good buyers," he added, "but they are showing a deeper desire to get the life-story of Jesus as given in the Gospels."

"Has the war hurt your sales?" was the next question.

"People may have less to spend," he replied thoughtfully, "but they are more than ever interested in our religion."

"Let me give you an incident that has just occurred here," he continued. "About six months ago I was not able to come to meet the trains one day, and my son, a boy of twelve, asked to take my place for the day. There got off the train that day a Pandit (Hindu religious teacher) who watched my boy, became interested in him and said to him, 'Come with me, my boy, and I will teach you the Shastras (their religious writings) and lead you into the truth.'

"No," replied the boy, 'you come with me to my father, and he will tell you about One who is himself the Way, the Truth and the Life.'

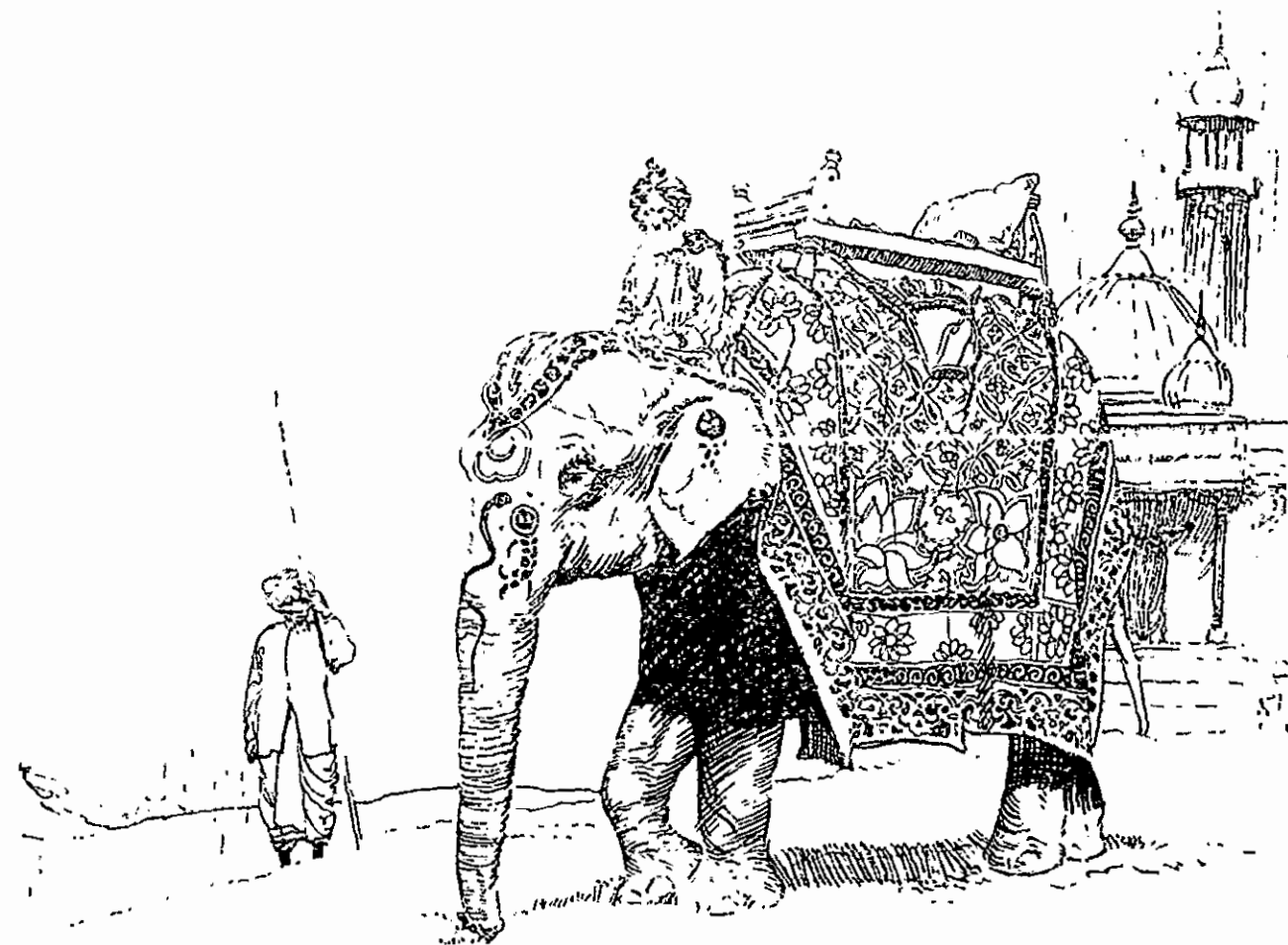
"This deeper philosophy interested the Pandit. He came to our humble home, and I found him to be an educated man, a graduate of one of the universities, but preferring to live the simple, wandering life of a religious devotee. He was deeply interested in religion, and at the end of the first day asked if he might not stay on and learn more. We were glad to have him, and he lengthened his stay until about two months had gone. Every day I talked with him, explaining what he found difficult to understand. All the time that I was out on my col-portage work he studied the Gospels and Epistles. Such letters as those of St. Paul to the Corinthians, Galatians and Ephesians opened up a new and wonderful spiritual world to him. His whole thinking underwent a transformation, and at length he announced that he was ready for baptism.

"The conversion of this religious teacher of the Hindus made a profound impression on the entire Hindu community here, and later, when the man was baptized, there was a mighty stir. As a result two hundred people have already been baptized, and the way is open for

still greater victories. The man is preaching the Gospel in other parts now."

Then, as the guard blew his whistle and waved his green flag, the train began to move. The old colporteur, looking at the senior missionary said:

"You do not wonder that I am happy to give the last years of my life to making this Book known to my people!" The train left him salaaming to his American friends.



"The meaning behind those words," said the old missionary, addressing his fellow-travelers, "will appear when you have heard the story of the colporteur's conversion. He is a man of good family and, before he became a Christian, had a large income.

"One day he was on his way to worship at a famous temple in one of our North India cities, when he came across a crowd gathered around one of our bazaar preachers. The message had been given and Gospel portions were being distributed. Ummed Singh would not have stopped, except that he saw a fellow-Hindu take one of the Gospel portions and, with vile imprecations, tear it to pieces. One piece of a page of the little book fell right before him, and he stopped and picked it up, for his curiosity had been aroused by the man's violent treatment of the book.

"It must be a very harmful book," thought Ummed Singh to himself.

"Now the Gospel portion that had been torn up happened to be St. John, and as Ummed Singh deciphered the writing in the Urdu language, he read:—

'Khuda ne is jahan ko aisa piyar kiya—'

'God so loved the world—'

"He had on the scrap of paper the entire sixteenth verse of the third chapter!

"Ummed Singh's attention was immediately arrested. This was new and strange teaching to him. He stepped up to the Christian preacher and, handing him the scrap, said:

"Give me a copy, please, of the book that has this teaching in it."

"With a copy of the Gospel according to St. John in his hands, he went his way to read and ponder. A single reading won him for the New Truth. He sought out the Christian preacher in his home, got the further teaching that he needed, and shortly after was baptized."

"That reminds me of the story of Gulab Khan," spoke up another missionary.

"Gulab Khan was a Pathan by race and a bigoted Mohammedan by religion. He was a powerful man, standing six feet four inches, to which his peaked turban added four inches more. He got into a fracas one day, almost split some heads, and later found himself in jail with six months to serve.

"One day some *halwa-sohan* (a kind of Indian taffy) was sent in to him, which the *halwai* (vendor) had wrapped up in the loose page of a book. When Gulab Khan had finished the *halwa-sohan*, he had nothing else to do than read the oily page in his hands. The words riveted his attention. How could it be otherwise? He was reading a part of the great *Sermon on the Mount!* The 'love your enemies' challenged his thinking.

"Gulab Khan kept on thinking during the rest of his term in jail, with the greasy page carefully folded up in his embroidered waistcoat. Meantime he registered some resolves and made some plans. When his term had been served, one of the first things he did on getting back home was to secure a copy of the book in which he had read the wonderful words. He got it from the Christian colporteur who made periodical visits in the region of Gulab Khan's village. It was a two-cent edition of the Gospel according to St. Matthew.

"A study of the little book resulted in Gulab Khan's deciding to ask for baptism. He went to the nearest missionary, reached him after a two days' tramp, walked into his study and announced his desire to be baptized on the spot. When the missionary expressed a desire to know who he was, what teaching he had received, and inquired into his motives, Gulab Khan was offended. He would brook no delays. The Pathan blood in him was aroused. He straightened himself up to his full height and exclaimed:—

"I'll shoot you if you don't baptize me!"

"He was ready to do it, too, but tact and firmness on the part of the missionary made it possible to postpone the baptism a few days without precipitating the shooting.

"So Gulab Khan was baptized, and no one has ever questioned his motives, for he has waded through rivers of persecution since. He is still the only Christian in his village, but he does not expect to remain alone. Recently he had a *house-warming* for a new house he has built, and at the end of the festivities he asked the missionary, who was one of the Christian guests, to dedicate the house to the worship of God.

"Said Gulab Khan, with fine faith, 'Some day this house will be a church.'"

Experiences had proceeded thus far when an Indian member of Conference, who was traveling with the missionary party, spoke up.

"Perhaps you would like to hear of the conversion of my father."

There was no doubt as to that, and the young man related, in excellent English (for he was a graduate of a college) the following account:

"My father, who was a Brahman, was a student in a Government college. He had often heard the Christian religion preached and had entered upon a course of violent opposition to it. In order to prepare himself for the most effective criticism of the Christian doctrines he purchased a copy of the Bible. He read it carefully, noting the points at which he felt he might most successfully launch his attacks. The study that this involved brought him unexpectedly into rich fields of thought, and he read and pondered with a growing interest. God's Spirit convicted him of sin, and before many months had passed my father was ready to declare his faith in Christ. This he did, but on the advice of the missionary, with a view to saving his young wife from the cruel persecution that his relatives and friends were sure to bring upon them, he went north and was baptized in a distant city.

"Do you wonder," concluded the young Indian preacher. "that the Word of God is a priceless possession to me?"

The Sword of the Spirit has had great triumphs in India's past, and is doing exploits for the King in India today. Would that we might give it a better chance!



BURYING MUNIA LAL FACE-DOWNWARD

MUNIA LAL is dead—dead out in a lonely village in India. The body of the woman has been wrapped in a large white cloth, and a rude bier been made by tying pieces of bamboo together with lengths of grass rope. The remains have been placed on this bamboo framework, and out under the big spreading *Imli* tree the handful of Christians gather to carry the "mitti" (earth, i.e., corpse) to the bit of ground that the Christians have for their burying-ground—not "cemetery," but "Qabristan," the *place of graves*.

The pall-bearers take up their light load, and the procession goes silently to the graveyard—not with loud shoutings of "Ram Ram sat hai" (Ram is the name of one of the chief of the Hindu pantheon), such as the Hindus indulge in, and which these Christians themselves have given up only since they were baptized a few years ago.

The "qabristan" is a small plot of land, fenceless, treeless, flowerless. A few *babool* shrubs cumber the ground, and the goats, standing on their hind legs, are reaching for the branches that are still accessible. Some mounds show that the place of graves has been used before.

The grave is already dug, and the body is about to be lowered into it. But here comes the "Chowkidar," the red-turbaned village night-watchman, with his long, heavy bamboo "lathi" (stick or club), tipped with iron and bound at one end with brass wire. Says this sturdy and self-important official:

"Hold, you Christians! Orders have been issued that you are to bury your dead face-downward."

There is consternation among the Christians for a moment. Then one of the Christian men speaks up. "Who issues such an order?" "The Lambardar" (a village government official), says the night-watchman.

Then ensues some loud talking—the kind for which India is justly famous! The Christians are unwilling to submit to such an indignity. The husband of Munia Lal forgets the weight of the Chowkidar's stick, forgets even the authority of the Lambardar. He lifts his voice in good style.

The high words attract a crowd. Many Hindus come running up, some with *lathis*, like the Chowkidar's. The funeral is turned into a fracas. The heathen crowd, with the Chowkidar at its head is determined that the corpse shall go into the grave face-downward. What better can these dogs of Christians expect! The Christians will be assaulted if they attempt to bury in the usual way, and the clubs opposed to them are too many.

It is just about time for some heads to be split, when the leader of the Christian group whispers something to the husband of Munia Lal, who hesitates awhile and then nods affirmatively. The pall-bearers place the body on the bamboo bier again, and the Christian company makes a surprise exit.

Munia Lal's frail body again lies in her little mud-walled thatched-roof house. Under the big *Imli* tree the Christians sit talking excitedly. "Lambardar," "Chowkidar," "Sacrar" (government) and "Padri Sahib" are the words most frequently recurring. The last one refers to the missionary. He lives six miles away, and a man has gone to summon him. This was what was suggested in a whisper at the grave.

It will be three or four hours before the missionary can possibly arrive, and the company thins out during the time of waiting. The afternoon shadows are lengthening, when the Chowkidar puts in an appearance. He comes to announce that the Lambardar has withdrawn his order, and that the funeral can proceed. This word is quickly passed from house to house in the Christian *Mohulla* (ward), and in a short time all, except the one who has gone to call the missionary, are again under the *Imli* tree. A conference ensues, and then the pall-bearers get ready to take up their burden. Night is coming on, the missionary may not be at home anyway—why not go ahead with the burial?

And so the poor Christian woman is buried with her face upward. The earth does not hurt her as it settles in around the body—there are no coffins used among the Hindus, and none can be had for our Christians in the villages. The ceremony at the grave is limited to the Apostles' Creed, recited by the man who had attended the recent Summer School for village laymen, and the Lord's Prayer, in which several are able to join. What more can you expect, when their only spiritual



shepherd is away, visiting some other of the twenty villages for whose Christian communities he is held responsible?

Before the sun has set, another little mound of earth marks the "place of graves." Only Heaven keeps a register of our Christian graves in the villages of India.

By nightfall the missionary had arrived. He had left everything and walked the six miles to give whatever help was possible. He first visited the Lambardar, and gave him a telling rebuke without either losing his temper or alienating the man. Then he called for the now obsequious Chowkidar, and gave him some seasonable advice. They had overstepped their authority in attempting to impose such an indignity on the Christian community in the matter of a burial. They knew it—only they had hoped to cow the Christians, and the result would have been to deter others from becoming Christians. No one wishes to be buried face-downward.

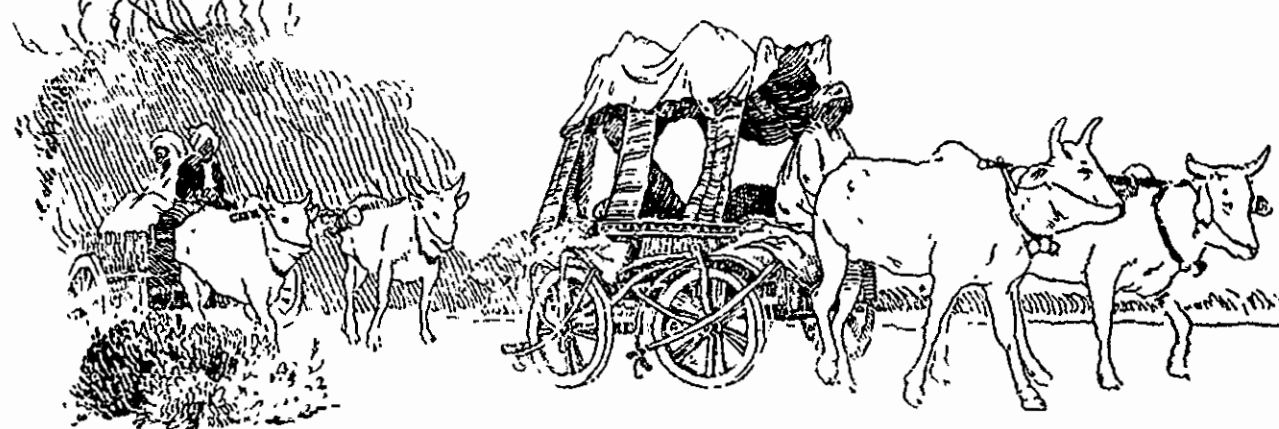
A few months later, Tulsi Das, the preacher in whose circuit this particular village lay, carried special word to the missionary:

"Sahib," said he, "you remember the village where they tried to bury Munia Lal face-downward? There are four hundred people there asking for Christian teaching and baptism now!"

And Tulsi Das and the missionary rejoiced and made some new plans.



IN THE RUBY GARDEN



THE North Western Railway station at Lahore affords a great variety of passengers. To the eye of a westerner the most striking are the figures of the high-caste women, enveloped from head to foot in their white cotton *burkhas*, with just a little net-work of lace over the face. The wearers can see anything directly ahead, but no one can see their forms or faces. This must be a mercy to some who are gaunt and wrinkled with age or haggard and worn by a premature age. Undoubtedly many of the wearers have rare charm and beauty of face, for Kashmir, Rajputana and the Punjab furnish some of the most beautiful women of India.

My eye is attracted by a group of three women in their *burkhas*. One gives indication of being old, but there is a sprightliness of action in the other two that makes them seem different from any ordinary wearer of a *burkha*. Having nothing to do just then but wait for my train, I entertain myself first by snapping a "Graflex" at the group at an opportune moment, and then speculating as to what life tragedies might not be concealed under the ample folds of those white *burkhas*.

As I walk by the group once, after having snapped my picture, it seems to me that one of the women is looking straight into my eyes, with a freedom quite un-Indian. I think, too, that I hear a snicker from the group after I have passed by. The experience is novel.

As the train comes thundering in and stops at the platform, I notice that my group of three *burkha*-clad women, followed by an ample supply of bedding-rolls, small steel steamer trunks, baskets and bundles of various styles, all moving along on the heads of coolies, are getting into my train. After I am settled in my compartment, I stroll down the length of the train to satisfy my curiosity regarding the white "ghosts" that have attracted my attention. I find they are in a second-class compartment, marked "Indian Ladies Only." Their belongings are piled around in confusion. A man attendant, in some sort of livery, is closing the venetian blinds so that no curious eye may be able to look in on the privacy of the women when their *burkhas* have been removed.

When everything is arranged, and only one window is undarkened, the figure of the old woman, as I have taken her to be, gets out of the train. The man attendant is now on the platform with a roll of bedding done up in a cotton *durrie*, and a huge silver container, for the beetle-nut and palm leaf, the belongings evidently of the veiled woman on the platform. It is time for me to get back to my compartment, but I overhear a bit of the talk of the women on the platform as she gives some advice such as young travelers are likely to need on a long journey, and I conclude that she is an elderly relative who has probably accompanied them from their home thus far on their journey. Her last word concerns some confectionery that is in one of the baskets.

As the train glides along the platform, I find myself wondering about the occupants of that second-class compartment for Indian ladies. By evening the train has reached Ambala on its southward journey. I have some letters to post here, having been busy during the afternoon with my "Corona." The letter-box is at the far end of the platform, and as I go to drop the letters into the tall, red box, I notice that the compartment for Indian ladies has all its windows open. Two young Punjabi ladies are in there, but they do not wear the *burkha*. In the hands of one is a copy of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," while the other has been reading an illustrated "Times of India" that lies on the seat. Again as I pass I hear a kind of snicker, and feel sure that these young ladies are the same who entered the compartment with *burkhas* over them.

Ten o'clock at night finds me at Saharanpur, where my carriage is attached to the down-Punjab mail of the Oudh and Rohilkand Railway. An all-night run brings me to Bareilly by daylight and to Lucknow about 9 a. m. Here I get a couple of coolies, who for two cents each carry my belongings (steel trunk, bedding-roll, suit case and typewriter) to a hackney carriage outside. A number of these are lined up along the outside steps, vying with one another for the privilege of taking you and your luggage for twenty-five cents, providing the distance can be covered in an hour. I am in one, and am leaning out of the door to tell the man with the whip to drive to the Mission at *Gola Ganj*, when a head is stuck out of the carriage in front of me, and I recognize one of the occupants of that second-class compartment for Indian ladies.

"Lal Bagh," she says to the driver, who needs nothing more. "Lal Bagh"—*Ruby Garden*, once the residence of a Lord Treasurer of the Royal Court in the days of the Mohammedan kings of Oudh, and since 1870 the home of Miss Isabella Thoburn's famous school and college for girls.

So these young ladies belonged to our Isabella Thoburn College! It was July, and they had come to begin the year's schooling. In that case I should see them again.

The opportunity came some weeks later, when the girls of the first

and third years in the college (Freshman and Junior classes) gave a little entertainment and reception of friends to the college. And there I sat watching Indian Christian girls to Bengali, Punjabi, Marathi and Mohammedan origin, mingling with English and Anglo-Indian girls, as they sang, recited, read charming original dissertations on subjects of literary, social or political interest, and later went through some intricate calisthenic exercises. Among them were a few Hindu girls of the advanced section known as Brahmos, and one or two each from the orthodox Hindu and Mohammedan community.

Afterwards these same young ladies served light refreshments in the large college hall, beautifully decorated for the occasion. Then the chairs were pushed back along the sides of the hall, and *games* began. Think of playing *bean-bags* with Hindu girls, or having a Kashmiri Brahman young lady get ahead of you by darting into your seat in "Musical Chairs," thus putting you out of the game! Or imagine how it seems to have a young Mohammedan lady your partner in a game of "Twos and Threes"! Your wonder is heightened by the realization that in it all they are perfectly at home.

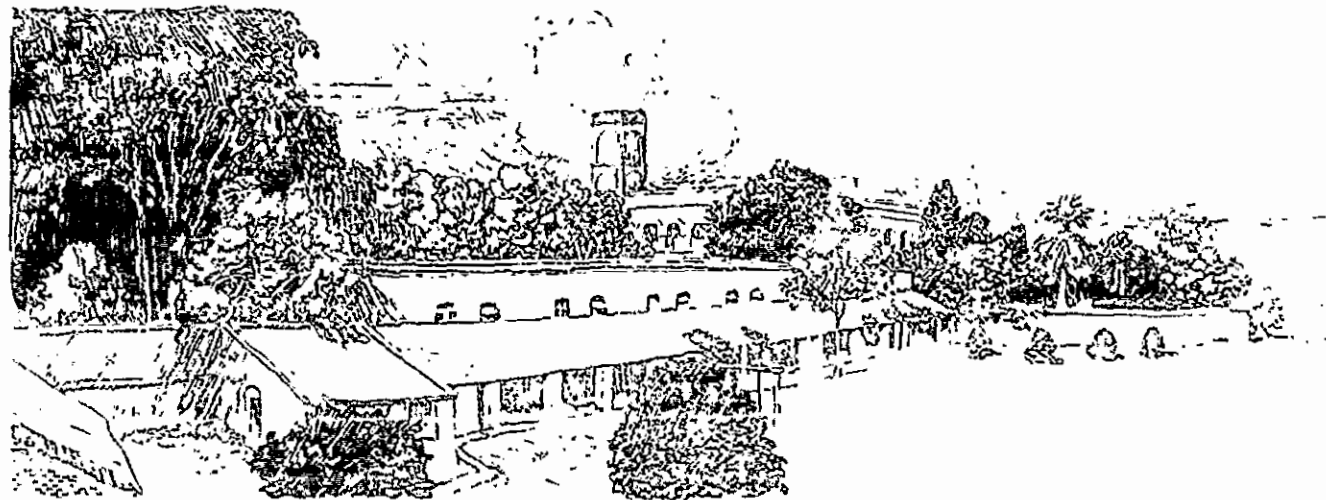
During the evening's entertainment I had recognized one of the occupants of that same Ladies' Compartment. We were introduced later, and her first remark was "You haven't brought your Graflex!" This led into the very heart of what I wished to discuss.

"I have three questions to ask of the *new woman* of the Punjab," I said laughing, and she rejoined—all in excellent English of course:

"State them all, then, and I'll answer what I choose!"

"Why did you have on the *burkha* at Lahore? Why did you *not* have it on when I saw you at Ambala, and why did you snicker when I passed?"

It would have done you good to see her laugh. She knew I was a missionary, and realized how her conduct must have puzzled one familiar with Indian customs.



"Your first question I can safely answer," she said gaily, "by just saying that all ladies of my station in our Province wear the *burkha* in public. Your third question I will answer by saying that my sister and I both recognized you on the platform, and we were enjoying the fun. Regarding the second question, I must counsel with my sister."

She looked around, and then motioned to her sister across the hall, who shortly came and joined us.

"Our esteemed contemporary desires to know why our *burkhas* were doffed between Lahore and Ambala. Dare we tell him?"

"Yes," her sister replied, "on condition that he keep it a profound secret!"

Then the elder continued, seriously:

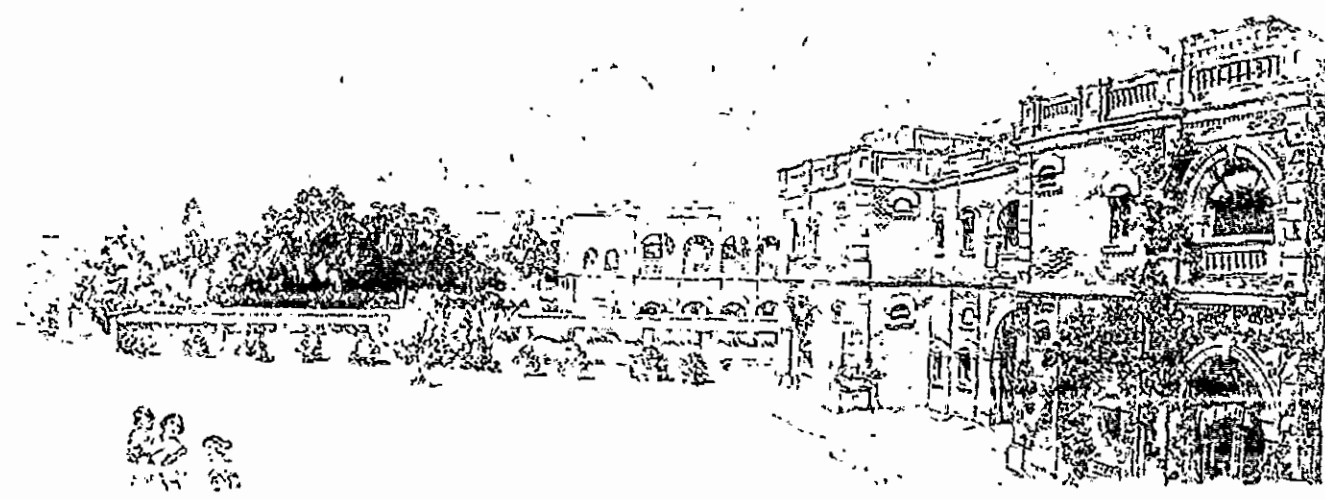
"Our father is a prominent landholder of the Punjab, and holds strictly to the old school. He has consented to our entering college here, but it took some powerful arguments to swing him into line! He finally consented, but cherishes the hope that we will not lose our becoming Indian modesty by appearing unveiled in public. To please him we always wear the *burkha* when we are within the range of any of our Hindu friends or relatives. Our aunt accompanied us as far as Lahore on our journey to Lucknow, but when we had left Lahore behind, what reason was there for further secluding faces no more beautiful than ours?"

"Then you do not favor the wearing of the *burkha* by Indian ladies?" I asked.

"Most certainly I do not. There may have been a time when we needed such things in India, but of what possible use are they to us now? They shackle us mentally even as they cumber us physically. Imagine reading Carlyle through the meshes of a *burkha*!" she exclaimed.

"Well, this is a treat," said I, "to hear an Indian lady express such sentiments."

"You are in for a good many treats, then," she asserted, "if we reformers can have our way!"



"Yes," I agreed, "progress is certainly in the air in this new India in which we find ourselves."

"But you must not make the mistake of supposing that we Indian women think that everything western is necessarily in the line of progress!" she said with fervor.

"What, for instance?" I asked.

"The European style of dancing," she replied with a courage that well became her strong features and flashing eyes. "I have seen the ball costumes of the ladies, and that alone would be sufficient to condemn the entire institution in the minds of our Indian ladies, even if many things that we have heard and read about European dancing be not true."

"I am so glad to hear you say this!" I exclaimed, and she continued:

"Neither has India any lesson to learn from either England or America in the matter of alcoholic beverages. We have had our 'toddy' and our wines for centuries and realize their harm, but your western 'whisky' is a plague to our people. Why, the license from a single retail shop in a town of the Punjab has advanced in ten years from three hundred rupees a year to twelve thousand!

"Two sons of a well-known house in Upper India went west for their education," she went on, with increasing ardor, "one to old Cambridge in England, the other to the new Cambridge in America. When they returned to India, their proud father's head was bowed in shame for both his sons were addicted to the use of strong drink! Then I think of a princely father of our own Punjab whose son was drunk on foreign whisky when an official of the British government called at the palace! Can you imagine the disgrace?"

"But I do not need to lecture you missionaries," she said brightening. "You are our true, our best friends. What would India have done without you? And your Christian girls and women are just splendid!"

Then she pointed to a large portrait of Isabella Thoburn on the wall, and said with feeling:

"We never saw her, but we all love her. She is our 'patron saint.'"

As I left Lal Bagh that evening I thanked God again for Isabella Thoburn, the pioneer in Asia of higher education for women. Under the projected influence of her fine spirit, and under the tuition of her successors, India's young womanhood is reaching the highest and best.

Such a "Ruby Garden" is a treasure-house of untold national resources.



THE BIBLE-READER AND THE LADY OF THE WORLD

RACHEL was a "Bible-Reader"—that is, she gave her time to evangelistic work for and among the women of Hindu and Moham-medan families. For this service she received a salary of four dollars a month.

Rachel saw stirring days when she was a girl. The great Indian Mutiny in 1857 was the one sure landmark of her early days. If you asked her age, her reply invariably was that she was about ten years old when the "Gadr" (rebellion) occurred.

"My mother was an *ayah* (children's nurse and lady's maid) in the family of a Judge Sahib. When the Sepoys in Meerut set fire to the bungalows of the Europeans and massacred so many of the gentlemen and ladies, my mother and I hid the Judge Sahib's wife and two *babalog* (children) in our house, and saved their lives. The Judge Sahib was killed that day, but his wife got safely back to England, and arranged to have a pension of five rupees a month sent to my mother. My mother got service in a missionary family afterwards, and that is how I came under Christian teaching and was put into school."

A good share of the first years of Rachel's service was spent in the village work. She loved to tell of the experiences of those days.

"When the plague first appeared in our part of the country, the people fled from the towns and villages and built rude huts of grass and branches out in the fields. Some said that the government had arranged to spread the disease because the population of the country was too dense! Some said it was because a good many had become Christians, and the gods were angry and were punishing the people. But this explanation did not fit in with the very noticeable fact that very rarely was there a death among the Christians. Accordingly a good many expressed their belief that it was a disease controlled by the Christians, who sent it where they pleased, and could check it at will. This theory was especially borne out by the fact (established in numerous cases) that among the Christians those who succumbed to attacks of the



disease were those who had secretly gone back to idol worship, or had resorted to idolatrous ceremonies in order to ward off the disease. This made a great impression on the non-Christians, and in some places they were ready almost to worship us!"

"What shall we do to escape the wrath of your God?" they would ask us, and our answer was to read them the Ninety-first Psalm, and explain what it meant to 'abide under the shadow of the Almighty.'

"In village after village that we visited, we heard far into the night the wailing of the people. Some were wailing for the dead in their homes. A great demonstration of woe would arise from a house the moment that the soul of a relative departed. All the people in the house would immediately join in the tumult of woe. Meanwhile others, chiefly Mohammedans, were going about the town in bands, beating their breasts, and chanting a prayer in a dirge-like way. Never shall I forget those mournful strains. Even after midnight the weird sounds would come across to our encampment near the town:

'Ai Allah hamen bacha—
Dur howe yih balla!'

'O God, deliver us—
Take this plague away from us!'

"The first line was chanted by one or two leading voices in a high key, and then the second line was taken up by the rest in the group or procession. Night after night they went wailing about their streets, but the plague did not abate.

"Meantime our Christians were holding nightly prayer meetings. Where there was no Mission worker in the village, some layman would call the meeting and take charge of it. Over and over the people would sing the few hymns they knew, and repeat the verses they had learned on previous visits of the missionary party.

"I do not know much," said one of these humble Christians, 'but the little I do know I tell to the others. To the Christians I say, *God is passing through our village, therefore sin no more.* To the Hindus I say, *Give up your idols and believe in our Jesus.* Tell me, tell me, what more can I say?"

"Those were terrible days when the plague first swept through the cities, towns and villages. Yet the people listened to our message as never before. I remember one poor, old decrepit woman, who had stood in a crowd one day listening to the preaching, followed us to another part of the village and came, bringing with her a girl of about ten. She asked us to stop, and said: 'I am old, my memory is poor, and I am afraid I will forget the holy name you told us about, and what we ought to say when we pray. I have brought my granddaughter and I want you to tell her all about it. She will remember for me.'

"We sat down and taught her a simple sentence prayer to the Christ who forgives sins and receives into the heavenly mansions, and left the old woman very happy. As she walked away I heard her urging the girl never to forget the name or the prayer."

All this and much more I heard from Rachel, about the work in the villages in the earlier days of her service. When she became too old to stand the irregular and oftentimes rough life of the rural itinerant, she was given an appointment in the city. Here her duties took her daily into the homes of respectable Hindu and especially Mohammedan families. Knitting, crocheting, reading and writing are always in demand among the women of the *zenanas*, and are usually taught by our Bible Readers in connection with their visits to the homes.

There were about twenty homes on the list that Rachel, with one other Bible Reader, visited. About twice a week she would get around to each one of the houses, and often the missionary lady accompanied her.

Of all Rachel's spiritual "patients" Jahanara Begum (Lady of the World) gave her most concern. She was a Mohammedan woman, past middle age, very poor, though putting on some show of respectability, for she claimed to be well connected. She was not eager for the Bible stories or Christian hymns, though she was delighted with the instruction in needle work. But she was a strong character, and knew how to argue or, at any rate, to talk! Perhaps what drew special attention to her was that she was suffering from an incurable disease.

After many weeks of pleading, Rachel succeeded in gaining the consent of Jahanara Begum, and especially her husband, for the sufferer to be taken to the Mission Hospital. In the ward of the Hospital the newcomer soon became a storm center. Her mind seemed to be sternly set against the daily Christian teaching that was given to each patient. She said that she knew *all about* Christianity, and that whatever *truth* there was in it was to be found in the Koran anyway. Yet the poor woman had never read a word in her life—either of the Koran or the Bible! Ninety-nine out of every hundred women in India cannot either read or write, and she was in the class of the ninety-nine.

Jahanara Begum was not content only to argue with the Christian nurses about religious questions and refuse their teaching for herself. She made an effort to disaffect other patients. She had a strong voice, and while she argued and quarrelled with a patient in the bed next to her, she talked to the whole ward. In this way she became such a source of trouble, and even anxiety, that the missionary doctor had to give strict orders that she was to refrain from arguing with the patients.

But Jahanara Begum still had resources. She began to talk *out loud* to herself! She belabored imaginary Christian opponents in fine style! She vanquished her scores as she lay flat on her back! The women to the right and left could not but hear and follow her talk—what else was there to do in the ward?

Jahanara Begum had come to be thoroughly disliked, and even feared. She was the problem of the institution. Time and again the doctor was on the point of turning her out. Then one of those things happened that so often occur in a land like India. One morning Jahanara Begum was found to be a different person—a "new creature." The very expression of her face was changed. To the nurse who came she said:

"I would like to be baptized."

The nurse did not know what to say.

Jahanara Begum began talking in a new way to the patients near her. She said she, too, would be a Christian. The ward heard this declaration, but had mental reservations. No one was inclined to believe her, but every one took note that even the tone of her voice had undergone a change. A sort of gentleness had come over her that made her very different.

Later in the day the missionary doctor came around, who questioned the woman closely. There seemed to be no doubt as to the genuineness of the case.

"What has brought about this change in you, Jahanara Begum?" asked the missionary.

"I saw Christ last night," replied the woman. "I have had a vision of Him, and that is why I am different."

"And *do* you wish to be baptized?" was the next question.

"Yes, yes, I do," she exclaimed. "I have not long to live, and I must bear His name the rest of my days. I saw Him, and it is all clear to me now."

And so Jahanara Begum was baptized. In the few weeks that she lingered, she was a benediction to all in the ward. When she was gone all the patients said, "Jahanara Begum *must* have seen Christ. His transforming touch was upon her. No one else could have changed her."

The story does not end here. Shortly after this Rachel had finished her work and was called to rest by her Master. A few weeks after her death some papers that she had left behind were being sorted, and among them was found her "Prayer List." This was a list of names of people for whom she used to pray regularly.

At the top of the list stood the name of Jahanara Begum! Then followed several other names, and at the bottom of the sheet was written:

"Mango to tumhen diya jaega—"

"Ask and ye shall receive."





IN THE HABITATIONS OF CRUELTY

"How was Tika Ram dispossessed of that property?"
"He put his thumb impression on the document without knowing what it contained."

The question was asked by the missionary, and answered by the Preacher-in-charge. The story is an interesting one.

Tika Ram was an illiterate Christian farmer, like the rest of his brethren, who had recently come into the Church through the Mass Movement. He had had two deaths in the family and needed some money. According to the custom in India, he went to the Hindu *baniya* (shopkeeper and money-lender) and asked for the loan of sixty rupees (\$20), which the *baniya* promised at the usual rate of twelve annas on the rupee (a rupee contains sixteen annas). This is seventy-five per cent per annum, but Tika Ram knew that it was the current rate of interest among Hindu money-lenders. The system of Co-operative Credit Societies, introduced by the British Government, whereby money could be had at ten per cent and less, had not yet reached his village.

The *baniya* knew Tika Ram and his affairs well—it was his business to be informed on everybody's affairs! He told Tika Ram to call in the evening, and when the man came he was told he would have to sign the document. Tika Ram said he could neither read nor write—which was no news to the *baniya*—but the fat Hindu shopkeeper said that the customary thumb impression accepted by the government would

suffice. The document, already prepared, was spread out on the wooden platform on which the shopkeeper sat smoking, his feet folded under him. The farmer only needed to be told where to put the impression of his thumb. Down went his big right thumb on the ink pad and then there was a black, seal-like impression at the bottom of the writing. The *baniya* had two witnesses of his own sign the paper, and, after drying the ink with sand scattered over it, he deposited the document in the brown box made of heavy *shisham* wood and bound with brass at the corners. Then the sixty rupees were taken by Tika Ram and carefully counted, each coin being dropped on the bricks of the steps leading up to the shop, to make sure that there were no counterfeits.

Poor Tika Ram! Next time he would exercise caution at another point! Only once before had he handled so much money at one time, and that was when he had sold two milch buffaloes in order to help with the expense connected with getting his daughter married. He was glad to have this money at this time of need, and did not—perhaps he could not—figure out how by the end of a year there would be one hundred and five rupees to pay back for these sixty he now handled. To his relatives he just said he had borrowed money from the *baniya*.

About a month after this, some Hindu men came to Tika Ram's scant four acres from which he managed to get three crops a year, in addition to growing mustard with his wheat and *dal* with his *bajra*.

As they surveyed the land with unusual interest, Tika Ram asked what had brought them.

"We are estimating what the piece of land will yield if planted with sugar cane, having just purchased it of the *baniya*."

"Purchased it!" ejaculated the farmer.

"Why not?" said they, "it is no big deal."

"But I own the land," replied the Christian.

"You mean you used to," retorted the Hindus. "We have just paid the *baniya* the earnest money on this purchase."

When Tika Ram reached the shop of the *baniya*, that portly person, living—as the Indian saying goes—with ten fingers dipped in *ghee* (butter), was sitting on his wooden platform smoking, while he superintended the weighing out of some grain for a customer. He barely removed the end of the pipe stem as he answered Tika Ram, and did not lose count of the number of two *seer* (four pounds) basketfuls that added to the growing pile in the black blanket of his customer. To the Christian farmer's remonstrances he merely replied that the sale—as he very well knew—had been completed by him that day about a month ago, and that it was strange indeed that he should have forgotten carrying home the bag of *four hundred rupees!*

When poor Tika Ram talked of the *loan* and insisted on only sixty rupees, the *baniya* quietly unlocked the brass-bound *shisham* box, and asked a *Pandit* (religious teacher) to read the document, first

getting Tika Ram's assent that the thumb mark was his own. The *Pandit* read—in all its legal verbiage—how Tika Ram, in consideration of a payment of four hundred rupees, made over to Ram Lal, *baniya* the plot of land, describing it by means of the well-known landmarks of the row of bamboos, the clump of *babool* trees, the long shallow pond, and the path lined with cactus.

Why spin out the story of the *baniya's* trickery? It was a hopeless case for the poor Christian. He sought the best advice he could get, but there was no use to take the matter up to the courts. A Hindu Judge would try the case, and, after all, who could set aside the unfortunate document with its two witnesses? Even a *Walayati* (European) Judge Sahib would have to decide in favor of the holder of the paper with its thumb impression and signatures of the witnesses.

And so Tika Ram, Christian farmer, was dispossessed of his ancestral holdings. It was not much he had ever held, but it had kept him and his from starvation.

"The *baniya* would not have ruined him, Sahib," said the preacher to the missionary, "if Tika Ram had not given up his idols. It is the Christians they persecute thus."

"But in this case," the missionary added, "Tika Ram would not have suffered, had he been able to read. My brother, we must introduce and push primary education among our village Christians. The cost of an overcoat in New York would keep a village school running a whole year, and I am sure that our American brethren will help us in this matter when they realize the desperate need, and know how abundantly able they are to meet it."

"There is another sad case of recent persecution, Sahib," continued the Indian, "of which I have not yet had opportunity to speak with you. Hira Lal (diamond-ruby) has been compelled to sell his cattle at great loss."

"How is that?"

"The landlords combined against him and took away from him the privilege of grazing his cows on the plain adjoining the village, and as Hira Lal has no pasturage of his own, and there is no jungle land in those parts, he could not keep the cattle. He put them on the market, but the few possible purchasers had been given inside information and they refused to offer reasonable prices. They did not condescend to make any explanation. There was no market for cattle!"

"Hira Lal fed his goats on branches broken from the trees, but his cattle were starving. He had them in his small courtyard, and their constant bellowing drove him to desperation. He went to the dealers and sold all the cows and oxen he had for less than a third of their value. The next day cattle were at par again! Sahib, these *baniyas* and landlords are worse than our red-headed vultures!"

"That is why we Christians are at work here," said the missionary

thoughtfully. "I have just had word," he continued, "that faithful old Budloo of Gopalnagar has been thrown into prison. You can imagine how it was. They never could bring any real charge against him, so they resorted to underhand methods. One morning about five o'clock he was aroused by heavy pounding on his door, which he opened to find the village Chowkidar (night watchman) confronting him.

"'We've caught you at last!' exclaimed this tool of the police.

"'What do you mean?' asked poor Budloo.

"The Chowkidar pointed at a cot and a large brass drinking vessel stood up against the side of the house, and almost concealed from view by some thatch, such as is used in roofs.



"'We came early enough to find them before you had had time to dispose of them. You are witness, Gulab Singh,' said he turning to a companion whom he had brought in order to have corroborative testimony. 'Out with you now!' he commanded, 'and away to the *thana* (police station.)'

"'But I know nothing about this bed!' protested Budloo.

"'Of course not, and all you wished was that no one else should!' O, what a sharp weapon is sarcasm in India!

"Reaching the *thana*, our Budloo was handcuffed by order of the police, and held for trial. That night he suffered untold indignities and tortures at the hands of the police, who did their utmost to get him to acknowledge guilt, and pay a round sum of money to be let off. But Budloo stuck to the truth.

"The case in court went dead against him. The man from whose house the bed, by pre-arrangement with the Chowkidar, had been taken, was there to testify, as well as those who had found the articles hidden at Budloo's house. What more was needed? Only the affirmation that the man had always been a scoundrel, and had recently become a Christian in order to cover up his past and secure the protection of the missionaries!

"And so Budloo has gone to prison for three months. He takes it patiently, and only asks us to make some provision for his family while he is unable to work for their support."

This conversation had taken place in the study of the missionary's bungalow. At this point the mission Chowkidar came and stood in front of the door, and coughed in order to attract attention. The missionary looked up and asked what was wanted, and the watchman said that a Christian man had come from a nearby village, bringing word that the few Christians there had just been given a terrible beating.

The night had set in, but the Indian worker said he would go out and investigate and give any possible help. He set out, with the man from the village as guide, but in less than an hour he was back again. His approach needed no Chowkidar to announce it.

All at once, the missionary heard the shuffling of feet, the murmur of voices, a deep low groaning and a sound of wailing in a high key. He stepped out on the veranda to see what it was, and saw a group of people coming up the road from the gate. In a moment the company, headed by the Indian worker who had started out to the village, was at the veranda steps. A cot, carried on the heads of four men, was deposited on the veranda. On it was a man, covered entirely by a coarse cotton sheet. With each breath he drew he moaned—"Hai!" (alas) By his side stood a woman, crying out in piercing tones—

"They have killed him, they have killed him, they have killed my man!"

It mattered nothing that the *dead* man kept groaning!

"Sahib," explained the worker, "I met them on the road about a mile out, as they were coming to your bungalow, and thought it best to return with them. This man is injured the worst, the rest not so seriously, these men say," pointing to the four who had carried the bed.

The missionary got a lantern and uncovered the sufferer's face. The man's eyes opened and the volume of his "hai's" increased. His hair was matted with blood, and a deep cut on one cheek was bleeding freely. The bones of two fingers on his right hand were broken. The scalp was covered with welts and gashes, showing that the poor man had been severely handled, but the skull was evidently not fractured. The missionary ordered hot water, while he himself got some medicated cotton bandage and carbolic solution. In half an hour the sufferer had been made as comfortable as possible.

The next morning the injured man was taken to the mission hospital, while the missionary and the Indian worker went to the village to make an investigation. Everything was quiet. Several of the Christians were suffering from cuts and bruises. There they learned the cause of the affair of the *lathis* (clubs).

Several families of tanners and cowherds in the village had been baptized the year before, and there was friction due to persecution by the non-Christian majority. Two days before, they had closed the wells of those *mohullas* (wards) against the Christians. A single day without access to the wells brought such inconvenience and suffering to the Christian families that they decided to ignore the injunction against drawing water from the wells. Just before dusk on the second day they had gone with their ropes and earthen water-pots to the wells. There they had been set upon by a large number of men with *lathis*. The Christians made a poor attempt at self-defense, and had had to retire without any water.

The missionary went first and reported the matter to the *Thanadar* (head constable) who said he would enquire carefully into the whole affair. He reminded the police official that cases of this kind had already been taken up to English officials at district headquarters, and a decision had been given by the Governor of the Province in favor of the Christians. They had a legal right to use the ancestral wells.

The men who had set upon the Christians were not around to lay any charges or make any explanations. They had learned with apprehension that one of the Christians had had some bones broken and were awaiting with concern the return of the man who had suffered. The government might not take action in the case of mere bruises and cuts, but a broken bone gave immediate reason for prosecution. To their surprise, he said he would not take action against his "brothers"—that he forgave them freely.

"Isa Masih (Jesus Christ) forgave me in this same way," said he, "and, in the prayer He taught His disciples to say, has made it clear that we must forgive, if we expect to be forgiven."

When this word went the rounds of the village, a profound impression was created on all classes. The breach was healed, and the next time the missionary visited that village he was asked by some of the men who had beaten the Christians:

"Padri Sahib, when are you going to tell us about the *Guru* (Master) who teaches men to forgive their enemies? He has drawn our hearts."

Thus it always is in India, and the beatitude of the *persecuted* is fully understood. Houses may be burned, fields destroyed, abuse, dishonor and injustice be the lot of our people, but ever the policy of heaping coals on fire on the head of the adversary wins in the contest.



LAYMEN WITH A MOVEMENT

FOR the missionary the most delightful hour of the day's work in the Summer School is when the unconventional *Chaudhris* (village headmen) tell of their experiences in their villages. For three weeks all the paid workers of the district attend the Summer School at district headquarters, but these *Chaudhris*—voluntary, unpaid, lay workers—usually come in for only about three days. During this time, special plans are carried out to give them all the training and inspiration possible.

Today, as the Experience Meeting starts up, there are 154 *Chaudhris* present and thirty-eight wives. This proportion of women is most encouraging, in a land where women have always counted for so little in religion. Before throwing the meeting open to the *Chaudhris*, the missionary asks each preacher-in-charge in the district to tell how many of these rural lay leaders are active in the work of the Church. From the totals it is found that 446 are assisting the Pastors of the district in local work of various kinds, while 163 of them also give help in carrying the Gospel to villages adjoining their own.

"You have made a splendid beginning, men," comments the missionary, "may the *Chaudhri paltan* (regiment) greatly increase and do exploits for their King!"

Some one starts up a rousing revival hymn, of which the chorus is:

"Raja Yisu aya, Raja Yisu, aya,
Shaitan ko jitne ke liye
Raja Yisu aya!"—

"King Jesus has come, King Jesus has come.
To triumph over Satan,
King Jesus has come!"

Then the *Chaudhris* begin to relate their experiences.

Notice old Asa Ram as he slowly rises, fully realizing that age has its recognized prerogatives in his land. He delivers himself as follows:

"When the plague broke out in our village, the Hindus raised a subscription of five hundred rupees to build a temple in which to offer special sacrifices to stay the disease. But the head man of their community stopped the undertaking, saying that no Christian had been taken by the plague, and that to build a temple to any God but theirs would provoke his wrath upon them. He openly stated that ours must be the true God."

An energetic young man now rises to his feet and exclaims:

"We tore down fourteen *thans* (heathen shrines) this year in the six villages over which my authority extends among the *Chamar* (tanner) community."

Here the missionary asks others of the *Chaudhris* to tell how many shrines were destroyed in their villages during the year, and it is learned that the total reaches eighty. Whereupon one of the preachers starts up a verse of "The Kingdom Is Coming":

"With shouting and singing and jubilant ringing,
Their arms of rebellion cast down,
At last every nation the Lord of Salvation
Their King and Redeemer shall crown."

This is followed by one man requesting prayer. He says:

"According to our custom, our preachers refuse to baptize the people of any *mohulla* (ward) until every one is ready. There is a *mohulla* in one of my four villages (he was *Chaudhri* of the Sweepers) where one man is unwilling and is holding up the baptism of 150 people. Moreover, he is taking advantage of the government's law, (that where even one worshipper demands it, he has the right to keep up the shrine or temple) and will not permit us to tear down the *thans* in the village where he lives. I ask prayer that this man may be convicted of sin."

"Let us pray," comes instantly from the missionary, and the entire congregation prostrates itself before God, most of the foreheads resting on the floor. (When that *Chaudhri* returned to the village in question, he found the hinderer convicted of his sin and ready to be baptized. Shortly afterwards, the entire *mohulla* of 150 were taken into the Church).

"I'd like to tell," says another *Chaudhri*, "how a lame man broke down a shrine. The *Padri Sahib* (missionary) was there, and will remember. Two hundred people were ready for baptism and had consented to have the *thans* broken down, but no one could be found to destroy the large public one. The people had a superstitious dread of demolishing what they had so long worshipped. They said to the missionary Sahib, 'You do it.' But the Sahib rightly replied, 'No, that is your duty and privilege.'"

"A lame man was in the company waiting there to be baptized, and he said, 'I am not afraid to destroy the shrine.' So someone put a

mattock in his hands, and two men carried him up to the shrine and he demolished it. Thus encouraged, the people all set to work, and made short work of all the *thans*, both public and private. Then we had the baptismal ceremony."

At this point there arises a man with short cropped hair, and not a prepossessing countenance. He is a *Chaudhri*, a layman, and a great soul-winner. In the past six years he had been instrumental in converting a thousand people. Hear him:

"I have a question to ask. A neighboring *Chaudhri*, an acquaintance of mine, came to my house one day a few weeks ago and as he was still a heathen I did not ask him to eat with me, and did not offer my *huqqa* (pipe) to him. He asked why I treated him thus, and I replied that we belonged to the Christian brotherhood now and that as he and his people had not joined it, we could not be on the same intimate terms as previously. My question is—Did I do right in taking this course?"

The missionary questions in turn; "What effect did this have on the heathen *Chaudhri*?"

"He asked me to come to his village and explain Christianity to his people. So I went, and they became enquirers. They will be asking for baptism shortly."

"In that case," concludes the missionary, "I think your conduct is abundantly justified, though, of course, this matter of eating and drinking is not one that vitally concerns us Christian people."

With this opinion all the *Chaudhris* agree, and then Baldeo (meaning the strength of God), a fine looking *Chaudhri*, gets up to speak:

"You will be interested, brothers, to hear that at our Epworth League Rally last month a Hindu *Pandit* (a religious teacher among the high caste Hindus) volunteered to make a speech at the close of our meeting, in which he said that Jesus Christ is superior to all other incarnations and prophets from the beginning of time."

This calls forth the great victory hymn—

"Jai Prabhu Yisu."—

"Hail Lord Jesus."

Next a man tells the meeting that he has a strange experience to relate:

"Recently I visited a village far away from any with which my duties as *Chaudhri* are connected. I found the people of our caste unusually ready for the Message, and asked them if they had been visited by any of the regular mission workers. They said no, and I inquired how it was that they were so prepared for the Gospel. They replied that Christ had, Himself, taught them. Now I think that is possible, but I wish to know what the *Padri Sahib* thinks of it."

The missionary answers:

"I, too, think it is possible. God's Holy Spirit is convicting men

of sin as never before, and the Lord Jesus—according to His own statement—is standing at the door of men's hearts and knocking. He is the great Enlightener—why should He not have been shining into the hearts of those people? This is God's great day for the poor and out-cast people in India who are hungering for God and calling on Him with great earnestness. The Heavenly Father has many ways of teaching and saving his children."



This reply is thoroughly in accord with their own clear, simple faith, and the question receives no further discussion.

"You are right, Sahib," remarks one of the most advanced as well as devoted *Chaudhris* in the district, "about the heart hunger of the people. In the town where I live, the people of several castes come night after night to hear the story of Christ's life in song. We have several good singers among our Christians, and one man who has a heart for poetry has put the story of Christ's birth, death and resurrection into poetic form. These compositions we sing, using tunes that are old familiar ones to the people. The people gather under the big *Pipal*

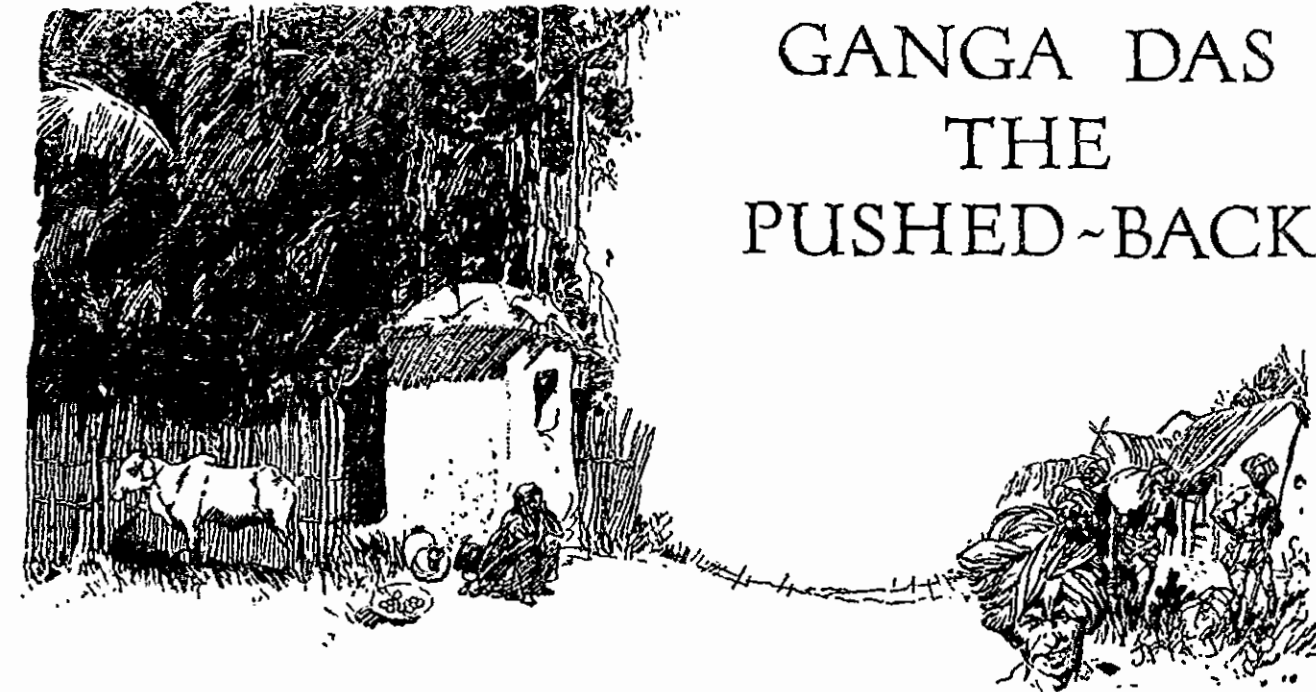
tree after their work is done, and our service of song continues until eleven or twelve o'clock at night.

"One of our Christians, while the story of Christ's sufferings is being rendered in song, puts on a crown of thorns, places the sharp point of a spear against his side, and holds a cross with nails in it in his hands. We who are Christians are moved to tears by the wonderful story, but it is remarkable to see how some of the heathen people weep as they listen. Night after night they ask us to continue, and we are doing so. I think, Sahib, if those people could be given a regular teacher, many of them would soon be ready for baptism."

There is no time at this meeting, to hear experiences from others of the *Chaudhris*.

"Brethren," says the missionary, deeply stirred by all he has heard that day, "this is a wonderful work you men are doing. My heart is greatly encouraged. Remember that you are doing it for God and not merely for the Mission. In the great shortage of paid workers, you *Chaudhris* are the hope of the Church. We are waiting for help from America to train and put on more workers, and we have faith that God will hear our cry and send us the needed help. In the meantime, let every *Chaudhri* get all the Christian teaching he can, so as to be a better workman for God and a wiser leader for his people."

Our missionaries in India are in love with the *Chaudhris*!



GANGA DAS THE PUSHED-BACK

"PADRI SAHIB, why do you Christians obey only half of Christ's great command?"

The words startled me. I had not noticed the approach of anyone. I was sitting under a large *Pipal* tree on the outskirts of a village, waiting for the mission ox-cart, with the tents, bedding, cooking utensils and supplies to arrive. My bicycle, on which I had already made the tour of three villages that day, was leaning against the tree, while I read Indian proverbs from a little book recently printed by our Methodist Publishing House at Lucknow.

I looked up and saw a tall, angular man of the *Chamar* (leather dresser) caste. There was meaning in his face.

"Why, my brother, these are strange words of yours! What do you mean?"

"Do you give your servant liberty to speak from the heart?" he asked.

"Speak on, my friend, you will not offend me."

"Then, Sahib, my meaning is this. I am told—for we people do not read—that your Holy Book tells how Christ gave a last great commandment to His people, instructing them to go into all the world, to preach the Gospel, and baptize the people.

"Yes, my brother, and so we have come."

"But you only preach, and will not baptize!"

"I do not understand you," I replied, knowing that we had baptized two thousand people in that district that very year.

"Then do you not know of the great gathering of three thousand of us *Chamars* last month?"

I recalled hearing about it and saw the purport of his drive. A great desire came over me to see the village where the people had met.

"Where did the people assemble on that occasion?" I asked.

"You see that cluster of bamboos across the plain? The village is just beyond. If you could only come, Sahib, and see the place," he concluded, "Ganga Das (Slave of the Ganges) is at your service."

I got up and went with him through the patchwork of fields, along the narrow paths, trodden smooth and hard by countless village feet. It was from such foot paths that the birds in the *Parable of the Sower* could so readily "devour" the scattered seed. In half an hour we were at a good sized village. My guide skirted one edge of it and took me to the *Charma Mohulla* (ward). I noticed that the *thans* (shrines) were still there and that the children wore heathen amulets. He led on to a large piece of open ground adjoining the village. An old gnarled *Nim* tree, whose stubby branches gave evidence that the goats had enjoyed many a leafy meal from its huge arms, was on the edge of the plain. Under this tree my companion took his stand.

"Here is the place, Sahib," he said. "On this plain three thousand of us men spent a whole day a few weeks ago. We came from fifty villages scattered in these regions, and, if our women and children be counted, we represented about fifteen thousand persons."

"And you talked about becoming Christians?"

"Not only talked about it but considered the matter fully and decided to make Christianity our religion. The *Sar-Panch* (president) of each council and all our *Chaudhris* (village headmen) agreed to make this great change. We thought it best for us all to become Christians at once, and so avoid persecution, and also be able to continue our work of leather tanning and shoe making without a boycott."

It was true that there could be no boycott when every leather dresser and shoe maker in the region went over in a body to Christianity.

"Well, Ganga Das, we are glad that you were led to so wise and momentous a decision."

"But I speak for my people," he said abruptly, "when I say that we wish we had not done it!"

I saw that he was much moved.

"Why is this?" I exclaimed.

"Because your *Kalisiya* (Church) has refused to baptize us. It is as I said, you obey only half of Christ's command!"

"But," I inquired, "did Puran Mal and Masih Pershad, the preachers-in-charge, tell you that we would never baptize you?"

"It was all the same as if they had said so. They told us, when our Committee waited upon them later, that we would have to wait; that there were no extra funds in the hands of the Mission Treasurer, and that no more workers could be supported. They stated that the Sahib's orders were that no more people were to be baptized until the Mission could employ more workers. Is that not the same thing?" he ended triumphantly.

"But the Mission hopes to put on more workers some time," I assured him.

"Yes, Sahib," he assented, "but you have to wait for money from *Walayat* (America) which is very far off. I am told they have plenty of money there and are building many large ships the cost of each one being enough to pay the salary of one *lakh* (100,000) Indian preachers for a whole year." (\$50.00 will support a worker for a year).



"Yes, Ganga Das, America is the richest country in the world."

"It must be then, Sahib, that the money there is not in the hands of Christian people."

Before I had a reply ready, he continued:

"But money or no money, your honor, it is too late now. We have changed our minds about becoming Christians. A severe scourge of cholera broke out among our people a week or two after we held the great meeting here, and it must be that our gods are angry with us because we planned to forsake them. Few of our villages were without deaths, and we have had to spend much to placate the offended deities."

A hard look had come into his face, and I realized that it would be useless to argue the matter with him then. He had made his point. For many years our missionaries had preached in those regions the Gospel of "repent and be baptized." And here the number of those who were willing to be baptized had become so great that the Church was compelled to say to thousands of them—"Go back to your villages; we cannot baptize you." To baptize them and leave them with no adequate spiritual shepherding would have been to invite a great subsequent back-sliding into heathenism. Then, indeed, would their latter condition have been worse than before they left heathenism!

Here was a concrete instance of fifteen thousand people disappointed in their attempt to get into the Christian Church. My eyes wandered over the plain where they had held their convention and decided to accept Christianity. There were still signs of the cooking-places used by them. Straw and chaff, left where their oxen had been fed, were still to be found here and there. A few broken pieces of their earthen waterpots were scattered around. Nothing else remained to tell

of the momentous occasion that had called those thousands together, now hardened through their disappointment. I turned to my companion.

"Ganga Das," said I, "we were unable to baptize your people because of our lack of money, missionaries and Indian workers, but don't lose heart, my brother, we still have hope that when our great Church in America hears of this, she will send us such help as will make it possible for us to employ all the needed preachers and teachers. Then we will not have to refuse baptism to any one."

"Perhaps, Sahib," he said in his non-committal oriental way, "but the thing that rankles in our hearts is that we have been pushed back."

Then Ganga Das made an oriental salutation and went back into a mud-walled, thatch-roofed house in the *Chamar* ward. The rank smell of fresh leather being cured was not the only foul odor in the air! Skins were sunning on some dry babool branches, the cots were out in the sun, covered with the uppers of a batch of shoes, and the pipe all day long presented its long stem to the dull and drowsy smoker. The women and children wore charms against evil spirits, the *than* (shrine) received its daily attentions, filth, ignorance and superstition abounded, and darkness reigned. Ganga Das was *at home*—the home into which we had pushed him back.

Out on the plain I thought of some things that Ganga Das did not know. I looked beyond the plain, and in imagination could see many other plains in distant parts of India. In many other districts our Church had been compelled during that same year to refuse baptism to thousands. Careful estimates that had been made, placed the number at 150,000. They had all been *pushed back*.

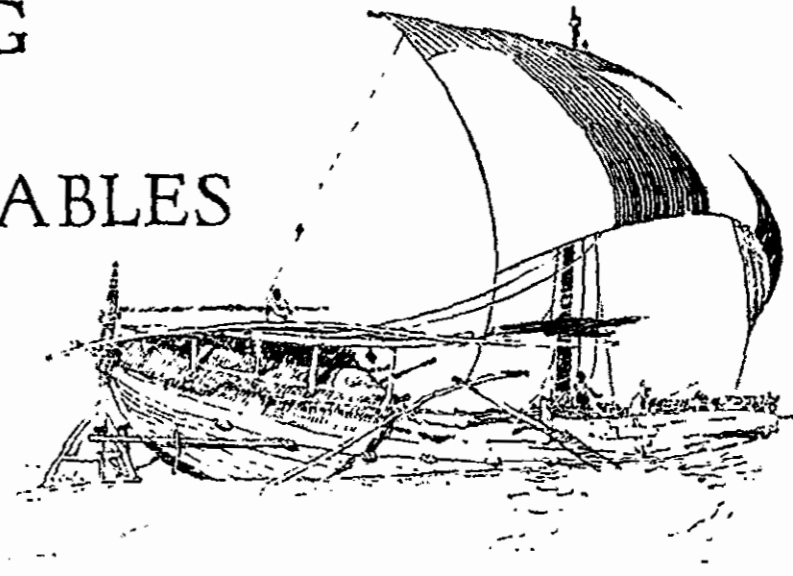
The plain before me widens until it stretches to the horizon. The far reaches of it are covered by a dense darkness, and out of that darkness I see countless multitudes struggling forward out of their blackness of night towards the light. They are poor and ragged, they are gaunt and weary, but famine and oppression and the horrors of heathenism are behind them—their faces are towards the light!

But I see a sight that I cannot comprehend. It amazes me, it staggers me, it awes me. Hands—countless hands—reach down from above and begin pushing these people back into the darkness. Some get past the hands; in some places many, in others few. But alas, thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands are *pushed back*! I look at the hands. They are *white* hands. I start back—they are like *my* hands! My Father! They are *American hands*!

Then again the empty plain is before me. I retrace my steps, but life can never be the same again. How could it be for one who has gazed upon such a scene of the Great Refusal—the Church refusing baptism to thousands who plead!

In my heart that day, as I gazed on that empty plain, I registered a vow that America should hear of the 150,000 "Ganga Dases" that the Methodist Church had *pushed back*.

TOUCHING THE UNTOUCHABLES



FIFTY to sixty millions of out-caste people in India have for centuries been regarded as "Untouchables." Their touch is accounted by Hindus to pollute. In earlier days these people were required in some parts of the country to wear vessels tied around their necks when they walked the streets, lest their spittle should defile the roads! These out-castes had to stoop as they passed a well, so that their polluting shadow should not render the water impure! They were compelled to drag branches of trees after them wherever they went, lest their foot-prints remaining should mar the very dust!

The branches of trees and vessels around the necks are no longer required, but by the high caste man the shadow of the "untouchable" is still considered to pollute. No other part of the world can show a social ostracism so cruelly devised or so systematically carried into effect.

What happens when an "untouchable" is *touched*? That depends on who does the touching! Hinduism touched them to trample on them. Islam touched them to offer them the Koran or the Sword. Christ is touching them to transform them.

A few years ago there was in the Punjab a desperate character by the name of Gulu. He was a *thug*, and that means he would stop at nothing to gain his ends. Gulu was touched by Christ, and lo, a transformation! What do you think Gulu became? Strange things happen in India—Gulu became a mighty man of prayer—more, he became one of the great intercessors of God. He would spend hours in pleading for the affairs of the Kingdom, until the perspiration streamed down his face. He had received a *baptism of prayer*.

One day Gulu came to the missionary.

"Sahib," said he, "teach me some geography."

"Why, Gulu, what do you want with geography at your age!" was the exclamation of the missionary, and the transformed man replied,

"Your honor, I wish to study geography that I may learn the names of some more places to pray for."

God is waiting to touch and transform ten thousand Gulus all over India. Will the Church help Him to do it?

A missionary in the Telugu land is out on an evangelistic tour through the villages. Among his workers is Nursamma, an evangelist, a woman converted at fifty years of age from among the "Untouchables." A few years ago she used to hide for fear when the missionary came to her village. Now she works by his side.



The missionary has had during the day to refuse three delegations that came pleading for him to go to their villages and teach and baptize them before the plague carried away any more of them. In one case a man fell at his feet and held him around the ankles, in his desperate pleading for a teacher.

The missionary cannot sleep this night. He has gone out under the stars, to commune with his Father. Nursamma's tent is not far away, and as he passes it, he hears her voice. She is pouring out her soul before God. She, who might put to shame the most zealous missionary evangelist, has on her heart tonight the burden of the souls who cry in the darkness for light and must, day after day, be refused their only opportunity.

"O Lord Jesus," she wails, "why did you not call me sooner! Here I am an old woman, with just a few years of service left. Why did you not get me when I was young, that I might have given many years of service to the Kingdom? There is so much to do—there are so few workers—O, why did not the missionaries come sooner!"

And the missionary looks up to the Father above, and in very anguish of soul, cries out: "O why did we not!"

A man who used to do menial work in the household of a native ruler came under the influence of the Christian message and was converted. Some time after his baptism he came to the missionary and said that his conscience troubled him. He wished to make a confession.

"When I was in the service of the Rajah," said he, "I stole some of the royal gems and buried them within the grounds of the palace. Now that I have become a Christian, I have no peace of mind because of those stolen jewels. I must confess, and yet if I do, I may lose my head! What shall I do, Sahib?"

The missionary advised him to follow the dictates of conscience, confess to the Rajah and take the consequences.

So the man journeyed to the Rajah's capital and appeared at the royal palace. It was with difficulty he persuaded the Rajah that he was neither crazy nor playing a joke. The loss of the jewels was recalled well enough.

"The jewels are buried at the foot of the large tamarind tree, your Majesty," the poor Christian maintained, and finally the Rajah sent some servants with the man, instructing them to dig at the spot indicated.

The jewels were found and forthwith taken, along with the strange man, to the royal master of the palace.

The poor Christian fell at the feet of the Rajah, pleading for mercy.

"What made you tell about these jewels, when no one in the world but yourself knew of them?" asked the Rajah in astonishment. "Why have you put yourself in my power thus?"

"I have found a new religion, your Majesty," said the man, "and it will not allow me to cover up my sin. There is no peace of heart to a Christian who hides sin in his life. I have made this confession because I am a Christian."

"Go," said the Rajah to the surprise of all, "and tell your missionary to send some preachers here to my *raj* (realm) and make some Christians for me, if this is the kind of living your religion makes possible!"

And the Christian, thanking God, returned to the missionary with the message from the Rajah.

Christ's touch has in it still its ancient power to change and uplift --alike in either hemisphere, on either side of the equator. It rests on India today in a new way.



UNKNOWN DISCIPLES AND SECRET MOVEMENTS



WELL Brother Isa Charan, did you succeed in making converts of the two men?"

"Padri Sahib, the alligators ate them up!"

"Alligators ate them up!" I ejaculated, in astonishment.

"Yes, Sahib, it was not long after you left us. Let me tell you about it," he continued. I could see he was very much affected.

Isa Charan—which, being interpreted, means *the Feet of Jesus*—was a man of unusual talent, both as a personal worker and a bazaar preacher. His apt illustrations were both original and telling, and his ready wit was equal to all emergencies. It was always a joy to go out on a preaching tour with Isa Charan.

Just the day before, he had gone to a great religious fair held on the banks of the Ganges at a spot considered peculiarly sacred. On the way he had met two men of the Thakur Caste who had traveled two hundred miles on foot in order to be at the mela on the "great day of the feast." Isa Charan soon had them listening with undisguised interest and pleasure to the parables of Christ. If I could put down word for word his rendering of the story of the Prodigal Son, you—Western reader—would see its beauty and power as never before, and for all time to come it would wear for you a richer and fuller meaning. Let him tell the story of the two Thakurs.

"Padri Sahib, those Thakurs were fine men. I told them the whole story of the life of Christ, rendering the part concerning his trial, suffering and death in song, as you have heard me do on several occasions. The Thakurs were deeply moved, and said they had never heard of such love before. One of them said that his heart was pierced by it.

"When we got to the mela, they went at once to the bathing *ghat*, and I accompanied them. Arriving there, we found the people in great excitement. The river-bank was crowded with people. On every hand we heard people exclaiming, 'It was a *magar!* (Alligator). Didn't you see the jaws of the *magar?*' Alligators had appeared in the stream at the bathing place, and the pilgrims scrambled for the banks.

"For a while there was a panic among the pilgrims who had come to take this ceremonial bath at this auspicious time in the sacred *Mother Ganga*, but after a while a woman well on in years stepped into the stream to go through her ablutions. I happened to be near her and said,

"Are you going in? Are you not afraid of being caught by the *magars?*"

"I have come very far," she replied, "and now I cannot go back until I have washed away my sins, even if I do risk being eaten up."

"Emboldened by the woman's courage, and seeing no horny heads or snouts of alligators protruding above the surface of the water, first one, then another, waded cautiously into the stream, and after a while the shore was again lined with bathers.

"Turning to my Thakur companions I noticed that they had walked up the bank a short distance, and were preparing to enter the water. I watched them a moment, then I asked, 'Are you going in brothers?'"

"Why not?" said one, while the other remarked:

"If the *devi* (goddess) sends a *magar* to take me, who am I that I should try to avoid it!"

"I did not try to dissuade them, Sahib. They were staunch Hindus, and having come the two hundred miles for the express purpose of bathing, they would not be deterred.

"I watched them as they waded in, and said to the one who had listened most intently to my story of Christ, 'it is only Jesus Christ who can wash away your sins, O, Thakur brother.'"

"I am convinced that is so," he said, looking at me earnestly, "I must learn more about this wonderful *Guru* of yours."

"They did not stop on the inner edge of bathers, but went farthest out, until they stood waist deep. Suddenly they both seemed to make one of the ordinary ceremonial plunges, but the moment after, I knew it was not that. They began to struggle and the water was stirred violently.

"Hai! Hai! Hai!" wailed one of them in a deep voice of agony as he was dragged along, and in a moment he was drawn under. I shall never forget his scream of terror. Almost at the same instant the other one, the one to whom I had spoken as he got in—disappeared. But a second or two later his head appeared again and I heard him utter what seemed to me like an appeal to God.

"Then he was gone."

"O, Sahib," said Isa Charan, moved as I had seldom seen him, "that man would have made a splendid Christian!"

"Perhaps the Lord Jesus has accepted him, my brother," I said. "There are in India more believers in Christ, Isa Charan, than we can ever know about, and it is not for us to judge as to whom the Lord accepts or rejects."

"That is so, Padri Sahib," he said brightening. "Did I ever tell you about that poor old Tharu man I came across once up in the forest lands along the borders of Nepal?"

I said I did not remember the incident, and he proceeded to tell me.

"I met him out in his swampy fields, driving a few goats and cows back to the small cluster of mud houses where several Tharu families lived. I noticed a shrine to one of their deities near the hamlet, and asked him why he worshipped these idols. He replied that he did not. I mentioned several other objects of worship on the part of Tharus, but he said he did not worship any of them. He assured me that he was not an idolator at all. Somewhat surprised, I inquired, "Whom do you worship then?"

"I worship a special *Guru*," (Teacher or Master).

"But who is it?"

He did not reply at once, but unwound his turban and began untying a knot in one end of it. When he had opened it, he carefully took out a small piece of folded paper. This he smoothed out with great care and showed me some writing on it in faded ink.

"This is the one I worship," he exclaimed.

"And whose name is this?" I asked as I examined the faded writing.

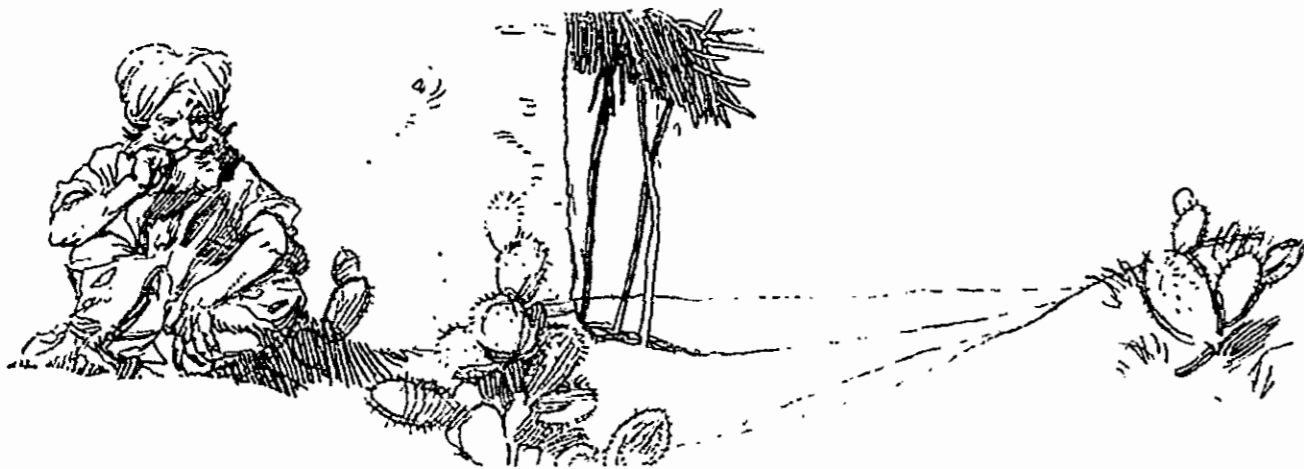
"I don't remember," was his reply. "I have forgotten the name, but it is the name of my *Guru*, and him I worship."

"I found written on the paper the name—Yisu Masih (Jesus Christ)." I spoke it aloud in astonishment.

"That's it, that's it," he exclaimed, "he is my *Guru*—Yisu Masih!"

"Where did you get this?" I asked.

"Years ago, a Walayati (foreign) Padri Sahib wrote it down for me, after he had told me how Yisu Masih gave his life for us all. I told him I might forget the name, and asked him to put it down for me. I did forget, and no one around here could read it for me, but I have prayed to him every day since then. I may forget the name again, but I do not forget my *Guru*. I worship only him."



"That old man, so utterly ignorant and cut off from the world was a true follower of Christ, was he not Sahib?" asked Isa Charan of me.

"I am sure he was," said I. "I think he was following hard after the Lord."

"I think there must be many such in my circuit," said the worker.

"Let me tell you of an experience I had not long ago," I continued.

"I just missed my train at an important junction one day and had to wait over from noon till evening. During the course of the afternoon I had been going from one group of waiting passengers to another, and at the far end of one of the platforms I came across a 'holy man' absorbed in the pages of a large book.

"What do you read, my brother," I inquired.

"I am reading," replied he slowly as he studied my face, "that which alone will endure the test of time."

"And what is it," I asked, deeply interested in his reply.

"If you have time to listen, Sir," he said, "please sit down and let us talk. I will continue reading," he went on, as I took my seat on the ground near him.

"For he that soweth into the flesh shall out of the flesh reap corruption, but he that soweth into the Spirit shall out of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

"But," I exclaimed, "that is from the New Testament!"

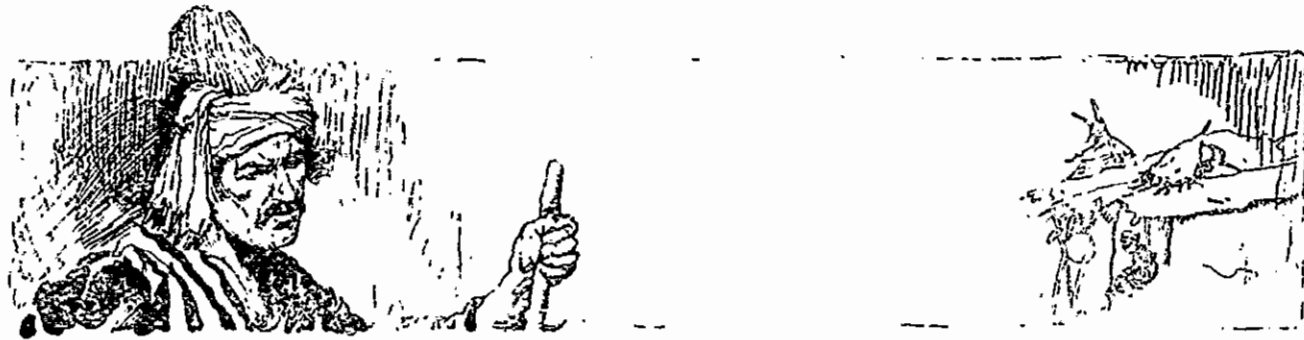
"Yes," he replied, "and this is our Sanskrit edition of the New Testament. This is the Truth, Sir, that alone will abide."

"I talked with him till it was time for my train to leave, and found him thoroughly informed on all the essentials of Christianity and orthodox in his faith. He claimed not to have been taught by any missionary, and surprised me by asserting that his sources of truth were independent of and antecedent to all missionary effort.

"Are there many in India who believe as you do?" I asked as I left to catch my train.

"We are numbered by the tens of thousands. We are found all over





India. We are not known as Christians, but the Christ knows us, and we know Him. In the fulness of time, all India shall know us.

"There was a deep impressiveness to his words that I shall never forget. Since that day I have made the most careful investigation, and have learned that there is in India a great secret movement towards Christianity. In part it is unorganized, including as we all know, thousands of earnest souls who have independently accepted the Christian Scriptures as true but make no public profession and avoid baptism for fear of persecution. We all know such Nicodemuses, but more significant than these are the thousands who are organized in a widespread secret movement.

"Here are some interesting details I have learned. The organization claims a very large membership scattered through many parts of India, the largest number being in the South. Caste plays no part in their life, and among their members they claim to have some of the ruling princes of the land, and also some of the nation's intellectual leaders. They say that their origin takes them back to the Christian era when St. Thomas the Apostle came on a preaching tour to India. They have hundreds of unpaid voluntary preachers, dressed just as some of the Hindu religious teachers are clad. Nothing in their appearance distinguishes them from certain types of Hindu devotees. They have their secret meetings and signs and passwords. They observe the Lord's Supper but do not administer the rite of baptism. They have the entire Bible, translated from the original sources into Sanskrit. They carry on their work secretly, and win a man's allegiance before they ever utter the name of Christ at all. There being no baptismal ceremony, there is no public profession of faith. They are not in sympathy with western types of Church organizations, holding that far more simpler forms of organized life will suit the needs of the Church in the Orient. Their form of government is essentially episcopal. They intend to announce themselves throughout India when they feel that the right time has come—when they are strong enough to weather all opposition. They believe that a religious revolution will sweep over India when they make themselves known, and they look to all India becoming Christian. The time, they say, is drawing very near."

"Do you think, Sahib," asked Isa Charan, "that the man you talked with at the station was one of their preachers?"

"I am convinced that he was," I replied, "and here is a little corroborative testimony. I have learned that the last name of every one of their preachers is Nand (happy). When I asked the name of the man at the station, he said it was Sada Nand!"

"Then, Sahib," he continued, "do you believe what you have been told about this organized secret movement?"

And I answered, "I believe that there is such an organized movement, and much of what I have heard sounds true enough to me. I have no means, however, of proving to myself the truth of all that I have been told. But this I will say, I have had some inside information from those who ought to know. As to the numbers involved, no man can say, but I am inclined to think that there will be a revolution in the religious life of India when the known and unknown multitudes of secret disciples make a public declaration and boldly take their stand with the acknowledged forces of Christianity in this land."

"Sahib," said the worker, all aglow with eager interest, "I think you are right. There is a great day for India drawing near!"

"Yes, my brother," said I, "and it may be nearer than any of us think possible!"



THE POLICEMAN AND THE DYING BABY



A POLICEMAN on his beat in one of our Indian cities noted that a certain house where a young Hindu widow lived had remained shut for two or three days. Cholera was daily carrying off its victims, and he concluded that it would be best to make an investigation. He pushed open the door of the little house, and this was what he found: On the mud floor, stretched on an old cotton quilt, the lifeless body of the young mother. She must have been dead two days. On her breast a child of about a year was trying to nurse!

Don't turn away from this picture! Stop and look at it. You need to—especially if you are an American! It has much to tell you. It symbolizes in a striking way the real situation in India today. More than three hundred millions of God's little ones in that land are trying to nurse at the dead breast of paganism, idolatry, and Islam. You and I are in the place of the policeman—we have found out what is happening.

What did the policeman do? Was he angry at the poor woman? O, no, that would have been folly—she was *dead*. Was he disgusted with the little child? O, no, that would have been cruel, heartless, unreasonable. Even his "heathen" heart was touched with compassion at the sight of the poor, helpless baby. He knew about a mission hospital, where kind-hearted American missionaries were always engaged in their labors of mercy and help. He took the baby there, and when he had told the sad story, there was a home, and food, and love for the half-starved and dying baby.

That is what the "heathen" policeman did. What will you do? This question you are asked here in behalf of India's three hundred and fifteen millions. They are starving, dying, as they try to nurse at the lifeless breast of the only Faiths they have ever had a chance to know. It is sure starvation for them to continue the effort to prolong life thus. They don't know enough to give up the vain attempt! Will you stand by and see them perish? You may be ten thousand miles away, but if you know what is happening, and are able to help, you are standing in the place of the policeman that day.

It may not be required of you to go to India and give your life to missionary work—God knows whom He needs for that and will make it clear to them. It certainly is not necessary for hundreds of thousands of missionaries to go to India. We do need enough more—five hundred, or so, men and women—to take the initiative and provide the supervision demanded by the work. Along with this need is the equally great one of training and employing thousands of additional Indian workers. They can best reach their own people, but they need training, and for that and for their salaries we must have money.

There is Isa Charan, who had the experience with the alligators. How could that splendid man be at work for the salvation of his countrymen, if some one had not supplied the money to train him and, later, support him? How much does it take to support him? Well, you *will* be surprised when you learn! *Sixty dollars a year does it!*

There is Nursamma, yearning over the multitudes of her own unsaved people, and pouring out her agonized prayer before God in the darkness of her tent at midnight. *Four dollars a month* are sufficient to keep her at her great work.

There was little Ganesh in the village, taken from wallowing in the pond and from the back of a buffalo to a mission school, and then on to high school and college. *Two dollars and a half a month* paid all his bills in school! Was he not worth it?

And can you forget Ganga Das, the "pushed-back"? Was it not for the want of a few teachers and preachers that he and his fifteen thousand people were left in their darkness? Should we continue to refuse their call because the big guns must be kept booming in the cause of democracy?

Then there are the "exploits" of the great *Sword*, that Word of God, which has won so many notable victories for our Lord in India. We need to make our Christian publishing agencies in India, both as to equipment and endowment, strong enough to deal with any possible situation that may develop in that rapidly changing land.

In addition to all this, we must plan for an adjustment of our educational work to the changed conditions in new India. This, even more than in the matter of our publishing agencies, calls for large sums of money and statesman-like planning. Our primary and secondary educational systems must be re-organized, and our higher education must be put on a more secure and efficient basis. Such work as we are doing through the Isabella Thoburn College at the "Ruby Garden" in Lucknow, and through that magnificent institution for men, the Lucknow Christian College, must be carried to the highest point of efficiency. This must be done at once, and at *all costs!* The large plans of the Centenary Program have not come a day too soon.

Now, listen to a statement that will astound you. The cost of firing a single fourteen-inch shell, including wear and tear on the big gun, is

enough to support more than a hundred native workers in India for a whole year! The same amount would provide food, clothing, and tuition for two hundred boys and for an entire year in any of our schools in India. The cost of the war *daily* to just one of our allies is as much as our Methodist Episcopal Church has sent out to our mission fields throughout the world in the last *twenty years!* And America is talking of spending anywhere from twelve to eighteen *billions* of dollars on the war during 1918! Do not the "askings" of our mission fields pale into insignificance in contrast with such stupendous figures? Yes, and that is no reason for failing to meet them!

The hour of opportunity in India—as on our other mission fields—coincides with the hour of democracy's peril in the world. It may look like a strange providence. The question-mark looms larger on our human horizon than ever before in the world's history. Yet the great question, after all, is not whether God has taken His hand off the world, but whether His people will acknowledge the supremacy of the Kingdom of God in human affairs, and *seek it first*. The interests of democracy do not clash with those of God's Kingdom, and never will—unless in our zeal for democracy we forget the Kingdom of God, or relegate it to a secondary place.

India prepares to acknowledge the supremacy of Christ. From the wreck of the centuries she gathers herself and turns her face to God. It is God's hour for India: it is India's hour for God.

Let the words of a Hindu ascetic close these pages. He was dressed in the saffron robe of his class, and read from the pages of a Sanskrit book. A missionary met him, and they engaged in conversation. They talked in the Hindi language of the things that are eternal. Their words became a bond of sympathy between them. Then the Hindu surprised the missionary by dropping his Hindi, and speaking in fluent English. He put aside the Sanskrit volume, and from a bag took out a bundle carefully wrapped in cloth. This he undid, and produced a copy of the New Testament. Now, listen to his words—he speaks for the new India:

"There is this difference between Christ and the other religions of the world: all the others are passing away or will pass away. Christ alone will remain."

