

FRUIT JUNGLE



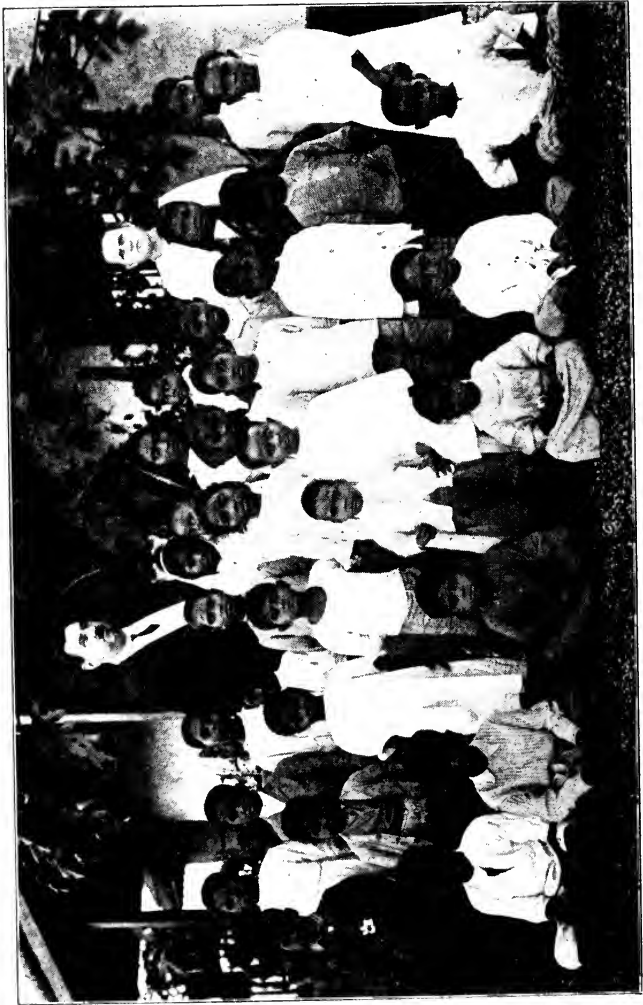


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Fruit from the jungle

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**FRUIT FROM THE
JUNGLE**



THE KALYAN MISSION FAMILY

FRUIT FROM THE JUNGLE

by
M. D. WOOD

"And others fell into the good ground, and yielded fruit, growing up and increasing; and brought forth, thirtyfold, and sixtyfold, and a hundredfold." Mark 4:8.

"He that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal." John 4:36.

"My fruit is better than gold, yea, than fine gold."
Proverbs 8:19.



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FOREWORD

TO those who may read this little volume, I wish to say that at first I had no intention of writing a book. Had I so planned, I should have formed a consecutive narrative, one chapter the unfolding of another, thus making a well rounded whole.

Most of the chapters herein given are experiences from real mission life, and were intended for papers to be read by our young people in America; a few are the outlines of addresses given while on furlough. Some of them have appeared in missionary publications in the United States.

As this matter accumulated, friends suggested the idea of printing the whole collection in book form. This I finally decided to do, hoping thus to bring these experiences before a larger number of young people, who might thereby obtain a clearer understanding of mission life among the heathen, and whose interest in this great work might thereby be increased.

I have always felt that real mission life among the heathen is not so fully depicted to our youth in America as it should be; hence my plainness of speech in several instances. The refined conditions of society in the United States of America make it exceedingly difficult to explain properly real conditions in this field; but it is hoped that this little book will help to an understanding of the great need, and awaken among our young people a sympathy and soul burden for the depressed and lower classes in heathen lands.

M. D. WOOD.

Kalyan, G. I. P., India.

INTRODUCTION

I AM requested to introduce myself to those who may read this little book; indeed, a list of questions to be answered has been placed before me.

My paternal and maternal grandparents were natives of old England, which they left to find a home in New England, where both my father and my mother were brought up. In their youth, my parents listened to the preaching of William Miller and other Adventists. In fact, they both professed conversion among the Adventists, and were baptized by them. Later they were married by Elder Clark, of Massachusetts, who was pastor of an Adventist church till his death, and who conducted my father's funeral service from his meeting house.

Six sons and one daughter were born in our family, I being the third youngest child. About the time of my father's decease, the four elder sons were able to earn their own living, and to assist my mother, who had the care of the three smaller children. For a short time, an aged uncle, who had no children of his own, gave me a home, and sent me to the village school. While there, I attended an Adventist Sunday school, and also some of their camp meetings.

Thus my first impressions of religion were molded by these sober and devout yet hopeful people. At a very early age, I fully believed that Jesus was soon to return to this earth.

My next home, at the age of eleven years, was with a godly family of first-day Adventists, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Guild, of North Attleboro, Massachusetts. This dear couple, who had no children, became my foster parents. They were known as Millerites, and our home was the stopping place of the Adventist minis-

ters who itinerated in New England. Originally, Mr. Guild was a Baptist; and he, with about forty others who accepted the teaching of Mr. Miller, was expelled from that church. Many times I have heard the Burnham brothers, as well as Dr. Litch, of Boston, and other Adventist preachers; and as they gathered around our table, I have listened to their serious conversation about sacred matters. In fact, I may truthfully say that I was rocked in the cradle of Adventism.

Until I was twenty-five years of age, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Guild was mine; and I never knew, so far as love and kindness were concerned, any difference between them and my own parents. I grew to love and respect them as tenderly as a child could; and to me, their memory will always be sacred. They both sleep in Jesus, to come forth, I fully believe, when He shall wake His sleeping saints. At Mr. Guild's death, he left several thousand dollars to be used in mission work.

Until I was well along in my teens, I attended the public schools; but when I was eighteen years old, Mr. Guild sent me to Mr. Moody's school for boys at Mount Hermon, Massachusetts. I had been there but six weeks when, through the personal efforts of my Sunday school teacher, Miss Jessie Ironside, I gave my heart to Christ, and realized a great spiritual change in my life. All desire for worldly pleasures and rewards was taken away, and I threw myself whole-heartedly into Christian service.

There was no Adventist church near Mount Hermon, so I attended the Methodist church, which afforded me an opportunity to teach a class in Sunday school, and to assist in other religious meetings. From the time of my conversion, I had a great desire to lead my unconverted young friends into the way of repentance and faith, and to see them take the same

definite step I had taken. To this end I prayed and worked day and night. The greatest joy I ever felt was when some of them accepted Christ as their Saviour.

Just about that time, the Student Volunteer Movement was organized at Mr. Moody's school, and I became completely absorbed in the subject of foreign missions. My heart was stirred to its depths as I listened to appeals for consecrated men. At six o'clock in the morning, Mr. Moody personally led large meetings for boys and young men who felt their need of the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Although I attended these meetings, I did not gain that for which I sought; but later, at a Methodist camp meeting, faith was rewarded, and my heart was filled and satisfied with His sacred presence.

Then I became more settled, and felt impelled to prepare for a life of service. About this time, I became a member of a Methodist church in New York City, a step which caused my dear old foster father some pain, for he had hoped I would become an Adventist preacher. While attending school in that great city, I found splendid opportunities to work in the large missions, and for some time conducted a Sunday school for the Chinese.

While listening to the address of a missionary from India, I had a clear and convincing call to that field. Jesus said, "My sheep hear My voice, . . . and they follow Me." The voice of the Shepherd is sufficient for one of His fold.

At that time, I was very timid, and hesitated to tell my friends of my future plans; nevertheless I ever kept the one object in view, and bent everything to that end. When I told one friend, she thought me mad; and when I told my mother, she

wept for grief. The path of duty is not always bright, neither do our dearest Christian friends always see eye to eye with us.

In the fall of 1892, after seven years of study and preparation for mission work in India, I sailed for my future home and field of labor, in company with some other young people who had been my school companions. Now the door of opportunity had swung open, and I was indeed glad. We sailed by way of Europe, and landed in Bombay after a rough voyage and many new and interesting experiences.

As I saw the huge blocks of rudely carved stone, bedaubed with vermilion and garlanded with flowers, and the nearly nude priests, covered with ashes from burned cow dung, bowing on knees and faces before those heathen gods, my heart was stirred. I had read books on India, seen pictures of Indian life, heard missionaries lecture about Hindustan; but the awful reality of idol worship had never fully gripped me till I stood dazed, under that burning Indian sun, in the streets of Bombay. To see a human being, made in the likeness of his Creator, prostrating himself at the feet of a dirty, repulsive image of stone, knowing naught of the true God, moves a person's sympathies till he is filled with zeal to tear the scales from their poor, blinded eyes.

For three years, my chief occupation was language study. Two years after my arrival, I was married to Miss Effie Holmes, from my own state, Massachusetts. She was a member of the Methodist Church, had sailed for India one month before me, and had taken up the same language I was studying. Her period of service was brief. For one year, she battled with Indian fever; and she died at the end of her third year in the field. She sleeps in a quiet English graveyard in the Central Provinces.

Two years later, I was again married, this time to Miss Anna Mattock, of the Baptist Church, from Pennsylvania. She too was converted at about eighteen years of age, and in a missionary meeting had received her call to India.

The incidents recorded in these pages now find their place in my life's history.

My wife has always conducted medical work in each place where we have been stationed, every year treating thousands of sick and afflicted natives. The special blessing of God has accompanied her labors. Although the mother of four children, all born in India, she has never permitted her maternal cares, or anything else, to stand in the way of her doing the work which she believes God has called her to do.

In the fall of 1909, with the object of giving our children better opportunities to gain an education, we sailed for the United States; and immediately on my arrival, I took up the pastorate of two Methodist Episcopal churches in Minnesota. The Lord blessed our labors, and souls were added to the church.

For several years, I had been convinced that the churches as a whole were not following the Bible as closely as they should. Man-made creeds have taken the place of God's word, and I yearned to know that what I taught and practiced in church life was in conformity to the revealed oracles of God. When I followed the rules of the church, I was certain that in some instances I was not fully on Scriptural grounds.

Then the constant clamor from church members to make me a lodge member drove me farther from them. I had no affinity for, and no desire to be a member of, anything but Christ's own body, the church. Thus the false position of the church, and the worldliness of the same, led us to withdraw from

conference, pastorate, and membership. It was a sad and painful step; but, convinced that we were in the right path, we believed that the hand of God would lead us in the future. There were a few days of testing, when we wondered just what to do; but all was left in the hands of our heavenly Guide. Very soon a call came to take up church work in North Dakota. We did so, and spent some months in that state. While we were there, young people gave their hearts to Christ, and we had many proofs that God was with us.

One day a young canvasser, C. J. White, came to our meetings. He impressed me as very sincere, and free from that spirit of worldliness which possesses so many of the young professed disciples of Christ in the churches. Later Mr. White called at my home, and I learned that he was a Sabbath keeper. I was



THE WOOD FAMILY WHEN THEY ACCEPTED THE
"PRESENT TRUTH"

not only surprised, but stunned. I had never heard a good word said in favor of Sabbath keepers, although personally I had never known one before. To me, it was a novel thing to meet one who kept the seventh day, and who was not a Jew.

After a while, Mr. White fell ill; and as canvassers have no certain dwelling place, I shared mine with him, and tried to nurse him back to health, little realizing that God, who "moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform," had sent that young man to me as His messenger. One day I said, "Mr. White, I wish you would tell me why you keep the Jewish Sabbath."

Thereupon he did tell me why; but I was no nearer keeping it than I was before. In fact, I was filled with bitter prejudice. After a short space of silence, I agreed to study the Bible with him on the subject. Soon light began to dawn, and I saw the path, marked out for all time, for God's people to walk in. I sincerely repented that I had always broken the fourth commandment, and pledged to keep God's holy law in the future.

Soon other hidden truths began to appear as a result of Bible study. I saw that man is not yet immortal; that all who sleep in Jesus, as well as all the wicked dead, are unconscious in their graves, awaiting the trumpet call of God. Prophecy, which had always seemed like a very stale and musty subject, now took on new freshness and luster; and books that had been sealed from my vision glowed with simplicity and interest. The investigative judgment and the end of the wicked were as clear as a bell, as I read with new interest and meaning words I had never understood before. I had promised to keep God's law; and that very fact seemed to put me into such relationship to truth that the Holy Spirit took

the things of God, and revealed them to me. Jesus Himself was not merely the Son of God, but God Himself, and the author and creator of all things. In reality, I had a new Bible.

This was a second conversion, and it made all things new. I cannot, in few words, tell the marvelous changes that took place in my vision of the Christian faith during that period; it is enough to say that in a few months, I emerged from the dried-up chrysalis of human creeds and church rules, and was inhaling the atmosphere of another world.

Let no one think I am exaggerating. This to me was a very fact. I was heartily tired of theology, and welcomed the bread of truth. For months, I ate it as a hungry soul, and wondered why I had been so impoverished.

The next step was to place our children in one of our best schools. When this was done, my wife and I were free for a year of special Bible study and research at the Foreign Missionary College, at Washington, D. C. Here we heard the word of God unfolded by men who had made its study the one great object of their lives. Those golden days of special privilege will never be forgotten.

In the fall of 1912, the General Conference brethren thought it good to send us back to India, and to this we gladly agreed. Bidding the two older children a sad farewell, and leaving them in school, we again sailed for India, this time by way of the Pacific Ocean. At all the halting places on the way, we found churches of Seventh-day Adventists, who welcomed us, and some of whom would gladly have detained us in their fields.

After a fifty days' voyage, we landed in Calcutta, and soon took up the threads of our work at Kalyan, Bombay Presidency. The last five years have been

spent in building up the Marathi Seventh-day Adventist church, also the medical, school, and literature work.

It is now fifty years since I first saw the light of day, twenty-five since I first put my feet on India's soil, and seven since I first heard the message of God's remnant church. Never for one moment have we regretted taking the step that cast our lot with this people; we only regret that the message found us so late. Our children are being educated in this truth; and several of our former friends have taken a stand for it, and joined God's commandment-keeping people. Not only so, but our spiritual children in India are now accepting the truth, and assisting us in telling it to their own people. Our hope is that we may toil on until the Lord of the harvest returns to reward His people with immortality.

M. D. WOOD.

*Kalyan, G. I. P., India,
January 1, 1918.*


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SAYING "SALAAM" TO EACH OTHER

Life at Kalivali

HEN I had been in India a few months, I decided to leave the comfortable mission house and the society of English-speaking friends, and try life among the heathen in a native village. It was my plan to learn to speak the language "like a native"; and I felt that in order to do this, for a time I must hear nothing else. The superintendent soon found a building that had been used as a travelers' rest house, or *chowdie*, for natives in the village of Kalivali. Every Indian village has such a house for natives to stop in overnight. Two of us young missionaries, bent on the same object, decided to use this house, and prepared to move in.

Kalivali is ten miles from the nearest railway station. We were driven over the country in native bullock carts till we came to a large stream. The cart men took our goods over, and we were carried across on the backs of big, strong natives, who asked only a few pice for their labor.

We had not seen the house we were to occupy, till we drove up in front of it. To say the least, we were surprised to see this native "mansion," which consisted of one big room, about twenty feet long by fifteen feet wide. The house was made of dried mud, with a floor of the same material. When we walked over the floor, our shoes broke up the dry crust that was its surface, and it soon looked like an ash heap.

The way in which the natives keep down the dust is to smear the floor over with a slime made of water and fresh cow manure. This mixture is prepared in a pan, and spread on evenly by hand. If applied once or twice a week, it furnishes a fresh, thin, green carpet of cow dung, that is effective for the purpose, but the odor is sickening. The natives always go barefooted indoors, so they do not break up their floors. I suppose the use of so much water on the floor made the house more unhealthful than usual. A tent, which we could have placed under a large shade tree, would have been cleaner and far safer.

We had scarcely reached our new quarters when a crowd of curious natives flocked around to look us over. We said "Salaam,"

and they soon departed. The house had but three walls, with a row of posts in front; so we had no privacy whatever. At first, we sat and pondered the situation, and planned what to do to make ourselves comfortable. As soon as one learns how to get on with little or nothing, it is easy enough; but the learning takes time.

Finally we concluded to tack up sheets at one end of the room, and place our cot beds there for privacy. But this was not a sure protection; for if a native wanted to see us, he did not stop to knock,—that being a European custom,—but deliberately pulled aside the curtain and walked in.

We had employed a native Christian cook named Bapu,—an honest fellow, but untrained, and so filthy that we lost our appetites when he brought our food to the table. He had no house to sleep in, so made our front steps his place of abode for some time. We were glad to have him there as our interpreter. He cooked our food on one end of the front steps; and when the wind blew in our direction, the smoke came also, and frequently brought with it strong whiffs of garlic and frying onions.

Sometimes we kept a little food or milk overnight; and as we had no doors, the village dogs and cats entertained us from sunset till dawn. Finally we secured some bamboo matting and nailed it across the opening in front, piling up our table and chairs for a door at night. We were frequently aroused by the dogs pushing over the pile of furniture, which would come down with a crash. Then we would lie in bed and hear the dogs scratching on the matting, and sniffing at the food in our screen-covered box.

Our front yard was also a gathering place for donkeys; and when several of them brayed half the night, we had a restless time of it. The rotten ceiling rafters made a good hiding place for sparrows, which lived on the crumbs that fell to the floor; and at times, our house was like a large bird cage.

Gradually we became accustomed to these somewhat unpleasant surroundings, and slept on untroubled by minor disturbances, with one exception — bedbugs. Natives had used the house for years, and the posts and the rafters were alive with these pests. All our goods were covered, and there was no way of getting rid of them.

We engaged a *kunbi* (farmer boy) to instruct us in the language, and made its study our main business. Once a week we had "market day" in Kalivali, when a few villagers would gather, and spread out their wares under the scorching sun. How they stared at us two white men when we went among them! Much of their stuff was sold in the lump rather than by weight. At first, this was a problem to us, for we had never bought that way before, and we scarcely knew how much we should receive for our money. We knew only a little of the language, but found the market a good place for practice.

We kept a small native pony, which took us from village to village, and became a real companion. The turtledoves had their nests in the babul (gum arabic) trees, and their plaintive cooing added to our feeling of isolation and loneliness. I have never enjoyed their mournful cry since then.

But those were profitable days. We studied books, customs, and people, and soon found ourselves quite advanced in native ways and ideas. Never shall I forget those experiences; and although they were hard at the time, I shall always be grateful for

them. We learned much of value that we might not have gained under more favorable conditions. God greatly helped and blessed us there.

FACE TO FACE WITH A WOLF

Wild plums, or *bora*, grew on the river banks near Kalivali; and one evening, we went to gather some of them. The sun had set, and the evening was cool and pleasant. As we were filling our baskets with the luscious yellow fruit, we looked up, and to our astonishment, saw, directly in front of us, and not more than ten feet away, a large wolf. For a second, we were dazed. It was necessary to act quickly; and as we had no weapon with which to defend ourselves, we decided to give one yell, and leap suddenly at him. This we did, and as suddenly he was gone, and we saw him no more. We were thankful he did not attack us; for we were in close quarters, and he might have done us much harm.

OUR FIRST PUBLIC WORK

It was in Kalivali that we began our first public services in India. Though we could say very little in that strange language, God was with us, and wonderfully helped us. We

would take our stand before a huge village idol, and say:

“This is stone; no God here. God above, not on earth. God above in heaven. We on earth. Devil is bad. Sin is bad. You stop sin. You believe in God, and Jesus His Son. Jesus died for you and me. Jesus saves me. Come to Jesus.”

Then we would sing several songs, which the natives always appreciated. It is so much easier to read or sing than to talk! Sometimes our cook would help in these simple efforts, telling the people who and what we were, and thus advertising our religion. It was feeble work indeed; yet God blessed it, and gave us many tokens of His favor. The natives never made sport of us nor gave us trouble, but tried to help us talk to them, and acted as if they knew what we wanted to say, even when we could only half express ourselves. We soon learned to read very well, and much of our spare time was spent in reading the Bible in different parts of the town.

One young man of great intelligence used to spend many of his evenings with us, talking of Christ and reading His word. His heart was hungry, and he used to say, “Some

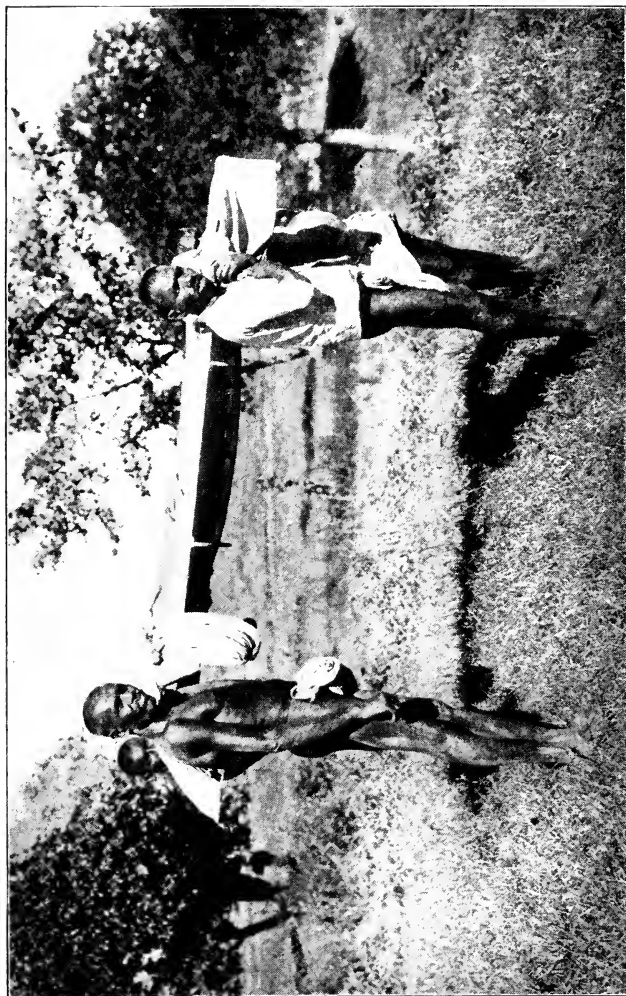
day I will be a Christian too." I think that at special meetings a few years later he was converted.

The head master of the village school became quite friendly, and called often to see us, frequently bringing a little gift of food from his home. Sometimes it was only a bit of fruit, such as a lime; but it expressed his desire to be friendly.

CROSSING A RIVER BY "CHARPIE"

While at Kalivali, we made one trip to the mission house, ten miles distant. A heavy rain fell during our stay; and on our return, we found the river at Kalivali badly swollen. Carts could not cross, and men and bullocks were swimming over. Our cart man was paid at the river bank, and left us. There we sat for some time, watching the natives and the cattle, and wondering how we should get across. We prayed God to help and deliver. What else could we do but call upon Him?

Surely He heard and answered; for soon the natives of Kalivali brought a *charpie* (cot bed), and a big bundle of dried squashes tied to ropes. Then four strong men bade us be seated on the bed, and they tied the



A CORPSE READY FOR BURIAL

dried squashes to it. We obeyed orders; and each man, grasping a corner post of the bed with one hand, swam with the other till we had crossed the deep and angry stream, and landed safely on the other side. The squashes buoyed us up, and the men furnished the power and propelled us over. All we had to do was to sit perfectly still,—not so easy, under the circumstances.

The well water at Kalivali was salty and unfit for use, so we had to drink river water. Of course, all the villagers living on the banks of the river for miles up and down the stream not only drank the river water, but bathed their bodies and washed their clothes daily in it. We boiled the water, used alum to settle or purify it, strained it through a towel, and then placed it in a water jar in the breeze to cool. It was quite unsatisfactory after all was done, but we were thankful to have even that.

We never knew the import of the words, "Sorrow not, even as others which have no hope," till we saw a funeral at Kalivali. A man living near us died in the night. Early in the morning, the barber shaved the heads and faces of the mourning brothers and other male members of the family. The corpse

was laid on a crude bamboo bier, his face was painted red, and then the mourners were permitted to express their grief.


The women pulled their hair and beat their breasts, shrieked, rolled on the ground, and frothed at the mouth. About nine o'clock in the morning, the men took up the body, and bore it to the river, where they immersed it, and then they carried it to the graveyard. There they lighted their pipes for a smoke, and proceeded to dig a shallow hole for a grave. They were loud and rough. At last, two men jumped into the grave, doubled up the dead man under their feet, placed huge rocks on the body, and then covered it with earth. These poor people know of no resurrection through a living Christ.

After a while, we came down with fever, as a result of the dampness and unhealthy surroundings of our mud house, and the unclean river water. We moved out just in time to save our lives, but not soon enough to avoid an illness that lasted three months, and brought us close to death's door. A trip of two weeks to a cooler climate in the hills built us up, and so we pulled through. A change of climate will

often break up a very stubborn attack of India fever. How good God was to us during those days of initiation!

Much earnest work has since been done in Kalivali, and some have believed in Christ. Many more will accept if properly taught. May God bless Kalivali.

Idol Worship

T is very easy to learn what Jehovah thinks of idols. "I am the Lord thy God," He declares. "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them." Through the psalmist, He says, "Confounded be all they that serve graven images, that boast themselves of idols." Again: "Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands. . . . They that make them are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them."

The fate of idol worshipers is also clearly set forth: "The fearful, and unbelieving, . . . and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death."

So explicit is the word of God on the subject of idol worship, that it is the book

of value above all others to scatter among the idol-worshipping millions of India. The Hindu confesses that his religion approves of thirty-three million gods; hence we find gods great and gods small, gods short and gods tall, gods of gold and gods of earth — yes, gods by the millions on all sides. One of the first things that catches the eye of the newcomer in India is the image of some god. Many of these are carved in the shapes of snakes, bulls, monkeys, elephants, horses, etc. Others are more repulsive, suggestive of evil, and often disgusting in the extreme.

THE PRIESTS OF IDOLATRY

Temples are everywhere in India, hundreds and even thousands of idols being placed in them side by side. Usually these temples are surrounded by the devotees, or priests, who are the attendants of the gods, and act an important part in keeping up the whole abominable system.

These men would not meet a Westerner's ideal of priests, at least in appearance. Most of them are without clothing, save for a small loin cloth of salmon color. Many of them wear a great coil of hair, made by



A FAKIR AT DELHI



"A HOLY MAN"

braiding long hair cut from cows' tails into their own. They think to add to their merit in this way, as the cow is regarded as sacred by the Hindus. Some who pass as holy men shave part of the head, leaving a *shandi* — a lock of hair something like a Chinese cue — at the top.

During the years of our stay in Hindustan, we have seen millions of these fellows. Yet it is difficult to describe them accurately, for there are scarcely two of them just alike; nevertheless they never appear quite like the rest of the people, and are readily distinguished from them. You can

tell one as far as you can see him, by his dress, hair, ornaments or lack of ornaments, by what he carries, his speech, etc. Most of them are low and ignorant, though of course there are many exceptions; and as a class, they are grave and serious in demeanor. They have no fixed place of abode, but wander here and there, lounging about the temples, and begging from house to house. They are inveterate smokers, and most of them indulge freely in the use of opium, *ganga*, and other narcotics. They are a nuisance all over India, not only to foreigners, but also to their own people.

You would not be able to remember the names of all the gods and goddesses of India, even if I were able to give them to you. Chief among them, however, are Kali, Jagannath, Siva, Parvati, Vishnu, and Krishna. The Hindu says, "Wherever your faith is, there is your god." So the sun, the moon, the stars, fire, air, water, and everything in the universe is an object of adoration.

KALI, AN UGLY AND CRUEL GODDESS

Kali is the name of a very ugly and cruel goddess, said to be the wife of Siva. She



THE GODDESS KALI

has two characters, one mild and the other fierce, and is represented as a black or dark blue woman with four arms. In one hand, she carries a sword; in another, the head of a giant, whom she has slain; and with

the other two, she is encouraging her worshipers. She wears a necklace of skulls, and has two dead bodies for earrings. Her only clothing is a girdle of dead men's hands; and her tongue, a vivid vermilion, protrudes from her mouth. Her eyes are as red as those of a drunkard, and her breasts are besmeared with blood. She stands with both feet on the body of her husband.

The natives say that after her victory over the giant, she danced for joy so furiously that the earth trembled. Certain offerings are very acceptable to her. The flesh of the antelope and the rhinoceros give her pleasure five hundred years; with a human sacrifice, she is pleased one thousand years; and with a sacrifice of three men, she is pleased ten million years. Blood drawn from the body of the worshiper himself is looked upon as a very proper and desirable offering.

The sacred books of the Hindus tell them that when they worship Kali, they should say: "Kali, Kali, hail devi! Goddess of thunder, hail, iron-sceptered goddess! . . . *Hrang, hrang*, Kali, Kali! O horrid, toothless goddess! Eat, cut, destroy, all malignant! Cut with the ax, bind, bind! Seize,

seize! Drink blood. *Spheng, spheng!* Secure, secure, salutation to Kali!"

The thugs who used to rob and murder travelers made offerings to Kali before they set out, and expected her to preserve them from detection. Immense crowds assemble to worship this terrible goddess. Pilgrims who visit one of her temples are expected to sacrifice a goat, a sheep, or a buffalo. Parents desirous of sons, and families in sorrow, often vow to Kali that if their requests be granted, they will sacrifice a kid to her. Those who offer this sacrifice must also pay to the priest four annas, or eight cents, for the privilege.

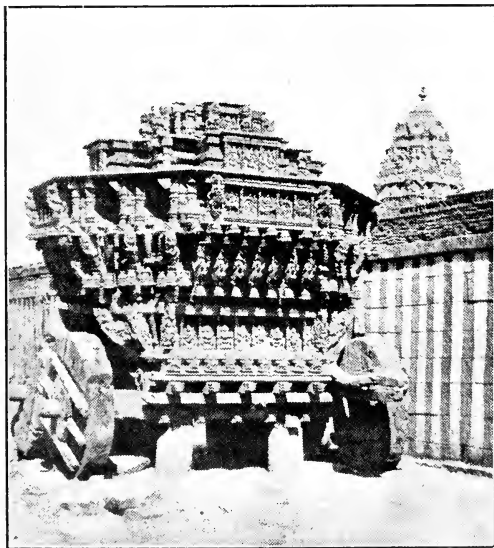
On some days, hundreds and even thousands of animals are sacrificed to Kali, and the priests divide the proceeds among themselves. The courtyards of these temples look like slaughterhouses, while the smell is sickening on account of the hot climate. Flies swarm everywhere, and disease abounds.

On busy days, noisy, bustling crowds surround the temples, pushing and jostling one another, with nothing sacred about the ceremony. When a victim to be offered is brought, the priest puts a little vermilion on the forehead of each worshiper. Then

the executioner puts the animal's head into a cage, and beheads it. A little of the blood is sprinkled in front of the idol, and the pilgrim carries away the headless body.

JAGANNATH

Jagannath (Juggernaut) is another horrible idol. He has circular eyes, and a straight headline, with a square knob at the top. The nose is large and hooked, the mouth crescent-shaped, and the arms pro-



THE CAR OF JUGGERNAUT

ject in a line with the mouth, ending in stumps without any hands. He is about six feet tall, and is black all over.

These images have several changes of raiment each day. The first, at dawn, is most simple. Later, another is put on for the rest of the morning, and yet another for the afternoon. Still another outfit is used when the worshipers smear themselves with sandalwood paste. Soon after dusk, following the evening meal, the court dress is put on. Jagannath is usually kept in a room as dark at midday as it is at midnight, illustrating the scripture, "Men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil."

Food that has been offered to this god is called *Mahaprasad*, and is regarded as absolutely holy. The Hindus believe that a single particle of this food is able to wash off the moral taint of the greatest crimes that created beings can commit. Dancing girls are kept in the temples. Sometimes there are as many as one hundred and twenty in a single place to dance for the gods after meals. The idols representing Jagannath have many feasts during the year, such as the "Holi," or warm clothing festival, the birth festival, and the bathing festival. At

the last-named, the idols are bathed; then they are supposed to be sick for two weeks, having contracted fever from bathing. During this period, they receive a new coat of paint.

The car festival for Jagannath, the greatest event of the year, usually takes place in June or July. Pilgrims throng by thousands to this feast. The car of Jagannath is forty-five feet in height, and has sixteen wheels. When the idols are brought out and placed in carts, the vast multitudes surge back and forth, shouting as with one voice, and thousands fall on their faces in the dust. Then the crowd drags the cart down the main street of the town.

Music strikes up, drums are beaten, cymbals clash, and charioteers shout obscene songs, with coarse gestures, which are received with roars of laughter from the crowd. Jerking, tugging, sweating, shouting, jumping, singing, praying, and swearing, the crowd pulls the cart along. Four thousand two hundred professional pullers are required to move the car of Jagannath a distance of one mile, it is so heavy.

Pilgrim hunters all over India try by every means in their power to get poor,

deluded souls to visit these sacred places of worship. They declare that the ground all about *Puri*, the place of the gods, is literally made of gold. Pilgrims must purchase their food at these sacred places. Often it is so miserably prepared that they cannot eat it, but they dare not waste a morsel of such holy diet. Often it is eaten after it has decayed. Pilgrims suffer greatly, too, from the impurity of the water in the sacred tanks. Although these are filthy, and covered with slime, the water is said to be holy, and therefore the people drink it.

Disease and death take a fearful toll from these crowds every year, both at the holy places and along the way thither and returning. Hundreds of skeletons are scattered along the principal routes to the different places of special worship. When conditions become too bad, the government steps in and puts a stop to the pilgrimages.

THE GOD SIVA

Siva is worshiped under the form of a thick, uncarved block of granite, about eight feet long. This block is bathed several times a day with a great profusion of water, also with milk, and even with intoxicants, and

wiped dry after each washing. Offerings of flowers, sandalwood paste, and new clothes are placed on the block, and the idol is invoked to accept them. This idol also is kept in a dark room, where only the sick may enter, with a lamp. His daily worship consists of twenty-two acts, as follows:

1. At dawn, a bell rings to awaken the god.

2. A lamp with many wicks is waved.

3. The teeth of the god are cleansed with a long stick.

4. The god has a full bath.

5. The god is dressed.

6. The god has breakfast of grains, sweets, curds, and coconuts.

7. Breakfast of cakes and viands is served.

8. A lunch is served.

9. The god has his regular lunch.

10. Dinner of curry, rice, pastry, cakes, and cream is served. A priest burns a lamp and incense.

11. Strains of noisy music are sounded to waken the god, who has slept for some time.

12. Sweets are offered.

13. An afternoon bath is given.

14. He is dressed again.

15. A meal is served.
16. Another bath is given.
17. He is arrayed in full dress,— costly vestments and yellow flowers,— and perfumed.
18. Food is served.
19. Regular supper.
20. Oblations.
21. Waving of lights.
22. A bed is brought, and the god composed to sleep.

One's head nearly swims at the thought of so much ceremony for a stone, and all this in the name of religion! Oh, what can be found here to cure a sin-sick soul?— Nothing, absolutely nothing. Yet this is all that these poor people know.

Many of the temples in India have been erected through the generosity of Hindus of royal blood. Large sums have also been collected in small amounts from the people, and devoted to this purpose.

HANUMAN, THE MONKEY GOD

At Benares may be found the Monkey Temple. Here large monkeys are cared for in temples as the representatives of Hanuman, the monkey god. These agile animals

scamper over the tops of the houses, and wherever their fancy leads them, sitting on walls, and watching their opportunity to steal the property of travelers. They are fed



A MONKEY TAMER



AN OLD SADU, OR BEGGAR PRIEST

with grain supplied by worshipers, the giving of which is believed to be a very meritorious act. When a person scatters grain, and cries, "*Ao! Ao!*" ("Come! Come!") the monkeys gather in large numbers.

On account of the mischief done by these creatures, a magistrate removed large numbers of them to the jungles some years ago.

In this system of idol worship, man has "changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things." Note some of the results of this awful system of idolatry: There is an incalculable loss of money, and a great deal of toil and sickness; the worshipers are corrupted, and wickedness is increased. In many instances, the mode of worship is revolting in the extreme. The worshipers are deceived by the most outrageous falsehoods, and demerit is acquired instead of the merit promised by the priests. No instruction is given concerning man's duty to God and his fellow men, and the objects worshiped give the most degrading ideas of Jehovah.

SACRED PLANTS AND TREES

Many plants and trees, such as the pepl tree and the toolsie plant, are regarded as sacred by the Hindus. Every Hindu who can afford it has a garden in which he raises fruits, flowers, and sacred trees, which are dedicated to the priests and the gods. Usually several idols are found in the shady nooks of such a garden.

Night after night, the Hindu is found in the temple, chanting his weird songs, and making the night hideous with his shouts and yells. He is never ashamed to be seen bowing before idols. Usually the climax is reached at midnight, and the sounding cymbals and the noise of the multitudes make a din that is fairly deafening.

RAG GODS

Before closing this chapter, I must tell you of the rag gods, which we have seen many times. A rag god is nothing but a tree by the roadside, covered with various sorts of rags. One person vows to the tree, and tears off a piece of his garment as a sacrifice. This is repeated day after day, year after year, till the number of worshipers runs into thousands, and the tree is a mass of waving rags. At first, a foreigner smiles at the sight; but when he sees men actually bowing before such a god, he grows sad with pity for the deluded worshipers.

Driving through the mountains, we have often seen by the roadside huge boulders dedicated as gods. These are covered with red paint, and daily receive the homage of the cart men. Usually a heap of coconut

shells is scattered about at the foot of each of these crude gods, a coconut being a common offering.


WHAT IS IT TO YOU?

These things have not been written to entertain or amuse those who might read, but to open their eyes to the present needs of India. I have told you but a very little. Volumes on such themes have been written by many eyewitnesses, yet the half has never been told. One must visit India to get a faint idea of her sad and needy condition. Will you not ask God to bless and save her people? And will you not give of your means, be it little or more, to help those already working in that needy land to proclaim the good tidings to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death?

Fruit from the Jungle

- “Before Jehovah’s awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy.
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy.
- “His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.
- “We are His people, we His care,—
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name!
- “We’ll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- “Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.”

Saved After Ten Years

HEN we began our village mission work at Zoonagaon, we found that we had as regular attendants three boys from one family. They were little fellows ranging from six to twelve years of age. They told us their people were stonemasons, and belonged to the *goundie* caste.

We usually gathered our Hindu friends with the boys and girls under a large banyan tree not far from the home of these three brothers. Almost ten feet from the trunk of the tree stood a small shrine about four feet high, made of stone and cement, and built on a cement platform. In this shrine was placed a row of wooden idols from about eight to fifteen inches long. They looked like a child's dolls, each crudely carved out of a straight stick of wood, and painted with vermilion. At night, before the shrine might be seen a tiny light, burning from a coconut shell. In front of the shrine and on the ground there was usually a pile of coconut shells, these nuts being among the most

common offerings to the idols. On a certain day each year,—and at that time, they are rather expensive,—tons of coconuts are thus offered, and then cast into the ocean.

After we became known to these people, we taught their children the Ten Command-



Two Little Mohammedan Brothers at Our Kalyan School



Three Brothers from One Family at Our Kalyan School

ments and many other parts of the word of God; and we are sure they will always remember that we told them just what an idol really is.

Among the brightest, keenest boys at that place were the three brothers already referred to. They were faithful in attendance,

and learned many Bible texts. An older brother taught in the public schools. He was evidently too proud to come into our gatherings with the rest of his people, though he often stood at a distance and listened to what was said, and for some reason, never objected to his brothers' learning from us. Perhaps he thought they could never be turned from Hinduism to Christianity.

Whenever these boys saw us approaching with our company of Christians and musical instruments, they would run for mats or chairs, and carry them to the shade of the tree, for us to use. Surely this spoke of a welcome to us, and we greatly appreciated their courtesy.

RAMANA

The oldest of the three brothers, Ramana by name, was self-appointed usher, and took it upon himself to make all the others sit where he thought they should. In this way, he really helped us; and if for any reason he was absent, we missed his assistance very much.

After a while, the parents and many of the relatives and friends of these boys became regular attendants at our service at that place; and whenever we passed their

home, they came out and greeted us with respectful salaams.

Most of the children of India are very poor. Not only do they wear no clothes, but they seldom get even a taste of popped corn or other things such as children in all countries usually like. So it has always been our custom to take with us a bag of something that we know the children are fond of. I would tell them to sit quietly with folded hands while we instructed them, and then every one would receive a present. It would not be wise to do this if these children were Christians; but as they are heathen, it has a good effect, winning them to us, and holding them while we sow the seeds of truth.

When the famine of 1900 came on, we were glad to be able to assist many of these people by giving them work. Following famine came the plague. We were grieved when news came to us that one of these brothers had died. For some time, the famine and the plague broke up our meetings, and our flock about the banyan tree was scattered. When we resumed meetings at that place, many little faces were gone; yet we were glad we had taught them the word of God and to sing Christian songs. One

of the greatest comforts to our hearts in that town was to hear the boys whistle and sing our Christian songs in the streets and about their play.

HUNGRY BOYS

One afternoon, several of these boys came to the mission house, and said they were so very hungry they did not care if they did break their caste. They were so hungry they would eat food prepared by a Christian cook, requesting only that they be allowed to eat it in secret. We consented, food was prepared, and they evidently relished it. We were well repaid by their expressions of gratitude and appreciation. I think it also helped them to see that eating our food did not defile them, nor make them any worse off than they were before.

Caste people may not eat food nor drink water handled by castes lower than themselves. All white men and Christians are regarded as outcastes by Hindus. Some of these lads frequently attended our services conducted for Christians. Few heathen ever do this, so most of our inside meetings are for our own people. Meetings for heathen are generally held out in the open.

One day, Ramana came to the mission house, and had a serious talk with two of the missionaries. He said he believed in Christ, and really wanted to accept Him; but it was hard to forsake all, and he felt that he could not take the step then. We were disappointed, but did not forget to pray often that this young man might have courage to decide for the right.

For some time after that, there was silence, and Ramana seemed shy of the meetings and the mission. He obtained employment, and was lost in the crowd, so we did not see him for months. Then we opened our medical dispensary in town. This was a new feature of mission effort; and Ramana, hearing of it, became almost a daily visitor. He did not always come for treatment or medicine, although a mere scratch on his hand or foot would have been to him ample excuse for a visit; but he seemed to like the atmosphere of the place, where he always heard the Bible read and sweet songs sung. Without doubt, his heart longed to be free from the yoke and chains of superstition and heathenism. He saw beyond him the green fields of peace, while he fed in

the wilderness of sin and bitterness. The struggle going on in his heart must have been fierce in those days.

READY TO HELP

At the dispensary, he was only too glad to be asked to go on errands, and was always ready to help in any way, and give what time he could. He attended public school until his eyes began to trouble him. After leaving school, he frequently requested the mission to employ him; but usually Hindus are not employed when there are needy native Christians to look after. He kept company with the Hindus, but frankly confessed that he had no faith in idols, and never worshiped them. Of course, we were glad to hear this, and had no reason to doubt his word.

I think he may have taken part in the good times on their feast days; and frequently his mother would prepare a tray of nicely cooked food, with sweets and fruits, which, with great pride and pleasure, he would present to us. It pleased him also to see us taste of each thing. Finally Ramana became an apprentice to a tailor in town, and decided to pursue that occupation. Thus

time rolled on with us all till about the ninth year after we first met under the banyan tree near the shrine of the gods. Then Ramana could endure the pent-up feelings of his heart no longer; he made up his mind definitely to study the Bible and the Christian religion for himself.

RAMANA'S MARRIAGE ARRANGED

His parents had spent a considerable sum of money in making an engagement for his marriage, which did not altogether suit his enlightened ideas. He had never seen the little Hindu girl whom he would be called upon by this step to take and support. He knew that Christians did not do things that way, and he wished to choose for himself when he was ready for so important a step. As an obedient son, however, he knew that he must soon be married to the girl his parents had chosen for him, and when thus married, he must live with her. He wished to become a Christian; and what would he do then with a child wife, and a Hindu at that?

More serious thoughts than ever now possessed his mind. If he could only become a Christian before the marriage, then they

would at least have to postpone it. But he needed to know more of our religion before he could take that step. What should he do? He seemed in a plight indeed, and frequently came to us for advice and counsel. Realizing our personal responsibility, we prayed for help to do the right thing at the right time; but we often wondered what the outcome would be.

Our great Teacher said, on one occasion, "Ye are the salt of the earth," and, "Ye are the light of the world." Truly this is so; for when a servant of God daily goes in and out among the heathen, he is always preaching the gospel, whether he is conscious of the fact or not. In time, such influences bear their fruit among idolaters, who are convinced of a better way through the gospel of light and truth. This was Ramana's state. He saw the light, he believed in it, and yearned to walk in it, while his natural heart and every earthly influence about him seemed to pull in the opposite direction.

A MOMENTOUS DECISION

One day, Ramana came to the mission house, and, like a trustful child, sat on the floor and opened his heart in confidence.

He longed for rest and quiet, and acknowledged that his greatest battle seemed with his own heart. But he was tired of the struggle, and was ready to do anything if only we would take him, and teach him the way of peace. I was out in the jungles



A HINDU READING GOD'S WORD



CUTTING OFF THE "SHINDI," OR
SACRED LOCK OF HAIR

that day looking after some men who were cutting grass. He hunted me out, and came bounding over the fields to say he had decided to leave the life of the past and become a Christian.

Men do all the dressmaking and tailoring in India; and as this young man possessed some experience in that work, we concluded

that the mission ladies could teach him daily how to cut and sew, and I could give him Bible lessons. Thus he would be able to gain a livelihood and a fuller knowledge of the gospel truth at the same time. His work brought him to the mission house daily; but as he boarded at home, his people did not suspect his full intentions.

Ramana wanted a Bible to study for himself; so from the Bible fund, one was bought for him. I never saw another person so anxious to read and know the Bible as that lad. He always kept it open beside him at his work. All his spare time was spent in its study, and frequently he remained until a late hour at night to read. He seemed to think he must read the whole book before he could understand what we really believed. Every one at the mission house was amazed at his intense interest. We have never seen anything just like it, either before or since.

THE PLAGUE AND PROVIDENCE

By and by Ramana's parents began to wonder why he spent so much time at the mission, for he had never worked such long hours before. Their suspicions were aroused, and they accused him of planning to leave

Hinduism. About this time, plague broke out again in our town, and the government forbade our people to associate with those of the plague-stricken district. In this we saw the providence of God; for Ramana was obliged to remain at the mission night and day, or be sent off to the jungles with all who were driven from the town because of the plague. The town itself was actually deserted. Now came the golden opportunity of his life, and wisely he improved it.

He not only studied the Bible, but he began to commit our hymns to memory, and delighted to repeat them one after another. He also began to pray at our meetings. I shall never forget the night he decided to take the final step. He prayed and confessed and sought divine help for nearly an hour. His petition was most pathetic. A change was very evident in his life and words. He had really accepted Christ in his heart, and endeavored to conform his life to every precept of the word of God.

“I MUST BE BAPTIZED”

Ramana found a special friend in one of our schoolmasters, Lucas by name, and these two spent much time in study together. As

soon as work closed one evening, Ramana came to me, and said: "Sir, I cannot contain myself any longer. I must be baptized." Before this request was made, the elder brother had heard that Ramana was praying and reading the Bible, and it had caused such a stir in their home that the elder brother took a cane, and beat this young disciple of Christ so severely that he bore the scars for many days. Yet he patiently endured it. The day he asked for baptism, we scarcely knew what to say. There was no deep water in those parts; so we decided to dig out a spring and make a place. This took several days. In the meantime, he told his people his intention, and was willing to take the consequences.

A TRYING TIME

People in America and other Christianized lands little realize just what it means in India to become a Christian. To a Hindu, truly it is death to all once held dear. About this time, the mother of the boy paid us a visit, and became so enraged as she spoke of the matter, that she foamed at the mouth, and was literally beside herself. She declared she would beat out her brains on our

doorsteps before she would consent to her son's becoming a Christian, and actually did bang her forehead on the stone steps. Then she said she would jump down a well. Finally she and her daughter began to pull at the boy's hair, arms, and legs, till we feared they would kill him, and interfered to protect him. Then she said: "Take him, then. I don't want him. Now he is yours, and not mine any longer." After this, she threw rocks at the house, and left to go to the police station, all the time screaming out oaths and foul language. Verily she seemed as one gone mad or possessed with a demon.

That indeed was a trying time for us all. We were so grieved over what we had seen and heard that we had little to say to one another. It was a time for great caution and much prayer. The evil one seemed let loose upon us, and a battle between the forces of good and evil seemed waging about the place.

Ramana decided to remain with us at the mission, perhaps fearing that his people would kill him if he went to his home. About this time, Mrs. Wood had some patients in the locality of Ramana's home; and whenever she went to visit them, whether on foot

or on horseback, Ramana's mother and sister were sure to come out upon the public road, and curse her as she passed. Some of our native Christians who lived near became afraid to pass Ramana's home, as his people seemed always on the lookout for Christians, and bent on expressing their hatred in some way.

After a while, Ramana decided to go home, and show his relatives he could be kind to them, although he had changed his faith. They endeavored in all manner of ways to pervert his mind and turn him aside, but the lad stood firmly. He said little, but walked circumspectly. Daily he came to see us, and told us all that was going on.

Our hearts were sick during this time, and we knew that God alone could help us. These battles with wicked people and the powers of darkness are quite common in India. While they are on, they seem to divert the mind from everything else, and sap the vitality and strength of the workers.

There is little if any restraint among those whose hearts are "set in them to do evil"; and when they are wholly given over to the devil, they are absolutely reckless, and indifferent as to the results of their misbe-

havior. When the evil spirits had become weary, and matters began to quiet down, Ramana made up his mind the time had come for him to obey his convictions and be baptized. Quietly calling me aside one day, he said, "Sir, please take me away from this place, and baptize me, and then they will not marry me nor have anything more to do with me." Little did he realize then that the greatest battle for him was just ahead.

A SECRET ERRAND

Calling the missionaries together, we told them what we thought of doing. No one disagreed, so we began to plan for our silent departure. Ramana quietly brought a few of his clothes into the mission house, and we packed them in a suit case, and engaged two seats in the mail coach for the following day. The plan to leave was kept a secret. The coach would drive to our door, stop at the post office a moment for mail pouches, and then at five in the afternoon we would be off toward the railroad station, twenty-eight miles distant. Those were anxious moments till the time came to leave.

The next day, the mail coach drove up to our door; and bidding the family good-by, we were soon on our way to the post office. Ramana and Lucas were in the habit of taking a walk together at this hour; and on this particular day, they had gone across the mountain pass, intending to meet the coach outside the town limits. The driver asked for the other passenger; but we replied, "He will meet us on the way, outside the town." We feared lest he should become inquisitive, and want to know who was to go with us; but he was silent — much to our relief.

We had driven on for several miles, before, from the side of the winding mountain road, out stepped our other passenger, Ramana. We merely said "Salaam," and he quickly seated himself beside me. Then, lest he should be recognized by some one going to our town, he threw a cloth over his head, and pretended to lie to one side asleep. We did not talk much on the way, and then only in short sentences.

In India, one may be a Christian, and it does not matter so much among the Hindus until he is publicly baptized. But from that moment, he is counted as a real Chris-

tian, and is usually ostracized by all his former associates. Ramana only longed thus to be cut loose from them all.

When we reached the railway station, about 9:30 p. m., I began to feel a sense of relief, and quite sure of our escape without detection; but my charge cautioned me lest some one knowing us might be at the station, or that perhaps his family had telegraphed ahead to the police to stop him from getting on the train. While I purchased the tickets, he quickly slipped off in the shadows, but where he could see me as I boarded the train. I purposely took a third-class ticket, and chose an empty apartment, where we could be by ourselves, and pray and converse together.

“ANOTHER ORPHAN”

When the signal to move on was sounded, Ramana quickly slipped into the train and closed the door. Soon the train was in motion; and with a sigh of relief, we began to breathe freely once more. In his relief, Ramana threw his arms about me, and knelt on the floor of that speeding train, thanking God for a safe deliverance, and begging His special protection and blessing. I asked

God that if it was His will, as a sign of His special approval, I might obtain another orphan boy for my school while on this trip.

When we arose, we began to speak of Ramana's family at home, and what they would probably say and do. We knew he would be missed at once, because for some time he had spent his nights in his own home. His mother would go to the mission house (this she actually did), and would be very angry with the *Padri Sahib*,—the preacher. Then she would conclude that her efforts to keep her son a Hindu were vain; and the sooner she gained this knowledge, the better for herself and all concerned.

With these thoughts uppermost in our minds, we spread out our blankets and pillows on the board seats of the railway carriage compartment, and were soon rocked to sleep by the jostle and rolling of the train. We had decided that it might be best to stop off at Igatpuri, a hill station eighty-five miles inland from Bombay. There were many Christians in that town, some of whom we knew. Besides, there was plenty of water there, and a good place for baptizing.

After the strain and suspense of the previous day, it would be a delightful change to meet Christian friends and breathe a clearer atmosphere.

At six o'clock in the morning, after being on the train about eight hours, we arrived at our station. As we had our own lunch with us, we decided to wash our faces in the station, and then go to the home of some friends, and tell them the object of our visit.

THANKING GOD IN THE RAILWAY STATION

Ramana was so delighted with the plan, that he almost forgot himself, and began to laugh with delight. We knelt on the stone floor of the waiting room, and in prayer asked God to lead and bless us that day.

The station servants looked on in curiosity, concluding, of course, that we were Christians, and only following out our custom. As soon as we thought it proper, we went to the preacher's house. The native preachers were called, and the news of our visit and plans spread very rapidly.

Fearing that the Hindus of the town might try to make trouble, we decided to have the baptismal service at seven o'clock that eve-



AS RAMANA WAS BAPTIZED

ning. A little group of believers accompanied us to the beautiful mountain lake where the meeting was to be held.

THE BAPTISM

A few Hindus who had seen us baptize at that very place once before also joined the company. We have always made such a time an occasion for clearly reading the word of God on repentance and baptism, also for saying a few words to those assembled as to their personal obligations to God. This we did at this time, then sang some hymns, and offered fervent prayers for God's blessing on the candidate, and on all the work of the gospel in that great and needy country.

Then came a part of the service which is seldom if ever seen in other lands. First asking the candidate to say a few words by way of personal testimony, and of his desire to follow Christ in baptism, I took out of my pocket a small pair of scissors, and proceeded to cut off the sacred Brahmanical thread, and the *shandi*, or sacred lock of hair on top of his head. To me this is a delightful task, for it means that the last sign of Hinduism is gone. Then, while a

hymn was sung, we walked together down into the water, and I immersed him, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. We had been battling against the powers of darkness for ten years for that one soul; and now that he had publicly renounced the world, and followed Christ in baptism, words could not express our joy.

THE PRAYER ANSWERED

When Ramana was baptized, we changed his heathen name to Ralph. Knowing that for the lad to return home immediately would probably not be safe, we made a short visit in Bombay, then returned to Igatpuri, where a good sister opened her home to Ralph, and arrangements were made for him to study and rest. During our visit in Bombay, a sister who had a temperance hotel told me that she had with her a poor mother with a little boy who needed a home, and asked if I would take charge of them. Seeing in this call the answer to my prayer, I gladly answered, "Yes, of course."

While at the hill station, our young convert was constantly gathering little groups about him, and expounding the Scriptures

to them, and telling them of his faith in Christ. In fact, he put many of the older Christians to shame in his enthusiasm and ardor for the truth. This is often the case. As we become used to the gospel, it fails to grip our hearts as it should.

In a few days, I returned to my friends and duties. Before I arrived, the news of Ramana's baptism had spread by letter, and so the way was prepared for my reception. I had not been at home long before his old mother came to tell me just what she thought of her son and of our treatment of him, and to express the hatred in her heart. I listened patiently for a while, and then said I had duties to attend to, and must say a final "Salaam." Thereupon she took her leave, apparently convinced that her efforts were fruitless, and we went on with our regular work as if nothing had happened.

Still the undertone of the town's talk convinced us that the whole Hindu community was stirred. One of their own schoolboys had actually become a Christian, and they had not been able to prevent it. Not only so, but for years they had seen us sowing the seed on all sides early and late, in their

public markets, in our day schools, sewing classes, and medical dispensary. The influence of the Christian religion was beyond their control.

THE TESTING TIME

At the end of a month, Ralph came home. He had bought new dresses in Bombay for both mother and sister, hoping in this way to convince them that he still cared for them as before. They accepted these presents; but when he told them he had been baptized, and when they saw that his hair had been cut off, they wept bitterly, and the words they uttered were strange words — such as only a Hindu can utter.

The testing time for our boy now came. He was informed that he must not eat with the rest of the family; that he could not use their dishes nor cups. In fact, he would defile the whole family and all his caste people in that town, if he ate under their roof. So he came to the mission house, and boarded with his friend Lucas.

For some time, Ralph remained at the mission, taking an active part in all the work, but not going into the market place to teach. His people frequently came to see him, and

his younger brother became so interested that we all felt that he might follow his example.

One night, we had a special service, which lasted till a late hour. Several Hindus were present, and seemed deeply impressed with what they saw and heard. Imagine our surprise the next morning when one came quickly to tell us that Ralph and all his things were gone! His room was empty, and the door wide open! We could scarcely believe the report, and went to see if it was so. Yes, it was too true; and no one had heard a word or knew a thing about his departure. What had become of the lad? Had we been too careless, after all our trouble? We began to chide ourselves, and think that perhaps we had not been cautious enough. Had he recanted, and given up the Saviour under the pressure of trial and family persuasion?

CAST OUT

Inquiries were made, and we learned that Ralph was not in the village. Where could he be? We made up our minds that the Hindus were desperate lest this young Christian's influence should spread and draw many others after him. We knew that his people

had planned a marriage for him; but now their plans must come to naught if the facts were known. The parents of the Hindu girl intended for Ramana's wife would never consent to their daughter's having a despised Christian for her husband. Who ever heard of such an awful calamity in India! Through the tactics of an old woman who served at the mission, we learned that Ramana had gone to the place where the intended bride lived. We believed the report, but knowing nothing of his motives, could only pray, and try to be as patient as possible. We wanted Ralph to have a Christian wife, and had already promised to get one for him, even before he was baptized. Parents in India always look after such matters; so it falls to the lot of missionaries to act as foster parents in this respect.

One day we were told that Ralph's people hoped to get him back into caste, and that they could do it by new decrees recently passed among Hindus, in order to offset the work of the Christian missionaries. Be that as it might, we felt sure that Ramana would never consent to return to Hinduism. We knew that he must be restrained in some way, and believed that sometime we should

be able to get the facts in the case. It would not be wise to attempt to visit him at such a time. It was a comfort to know that the Hindus had not killed him; and we did not care to enrage them, lest they in revenge should take his life.

A VISIT BY NIGHT

After several weeks of absence from home, it was said that Ralph was at home again, and that he had again become a Hindu. We did not believe this report, although many of our native Christians gave credence to it. Days of suspense passed, and not a word of news came. Some said they saw Ralph's face as they passed the home of his people; but these whisperings died down, and no one said a word about the matter. Still we did not cease to pray that God would deliver Ralph from the devil's grasp.

About two o'clock one night, I heard a gentle tap on my window not far from the head of my bed, followed by the words: "Papa! Papa! It is I. May I come in?" I knew the voice, and the plaintive tones appealed to my heart. Running to the back door, I pulled the bolt, and my long absent boy Ralph fell into my arms. We both

wept, and in hushed tones began to plan and get at the facts. He had but a *dothie*, or loin cloth, on his body, and a goat's hair blanket over his head. I was stunned as I learned of the case. He said, "Papa, pray with me, please;" and this I did.

Then he said: "I am a prisoner, kept in a little room all alone, and sleep on the ground on this blanket. I jumped out over the wall; and now I must return, or they may kill me. I am a Christian still, and some day I shall be free. At present, it is best that I suffer. I will come again when I can."

I accompanied Ralph to the gateway, saw him wrap himself in the goat's hair blanket to protect himself from detection, watched him as he disappeared into the darkness of the night, and followed him in thought across the grass fields, and over the wall into his little prison.

"PURIFIED"

This is the story Ralph told me that night: "The evening when we had the special meeting at which several Hindus were present, they did not leave the place until a late hour; and when they did, it was to take me,

with all my things, put me in a cart, and hasten over and down the mountain side as fast as they could, then to the railway station and on to Amaroti. My people had to pay one hundred dollars [a very large sum for poor people in India] to keep in caste themselves. They were regarded as defiled for harboring a son who had become a Christian. Not only so, but they have purified me according to their custom, and taken me back into caste, and now they regard me as a Hindu again. Of course, I am not. I am just as much a Christian now as I was before, and they will know it some day."

"What did they do to 'purify' you, as they say?" I asked.

"Well, papa, they called all our caste people of that town together, among whom were the parents and relatives of the girl they intended me to marry. Then they had a barber come and shave me all over from head to foot. It was an awful process. Then they made a big fire of cornstalks, and made me run through that fire. Then they gave me a bath, after which they put all my clothes in the fire and destroyed them, and supplied me with new garments. They had brought flour, and quantities of other food,

all prepared. By and by all present sat down, and I had to serve them to show them that I was clean, and that they could eat from my hands and from the hands of my people. They forced me to obey; and what could I do in all that crowd of people? But some day it will all be over, and they will see how useless was all this ceremony.”

PRAYER AND MEDITATION

In this experience of Ralph's, you will get a glimpse of what some must go through in order to serve Christ Jesus our Lord. From that night, I felt sure that Ralph would never recant; but as long as he had no permanent residence in any other town, it was best to be silent and suffer as a Christian. It had taken years to lay the foundation for the faith of this one young man, and we did not believe that it could be easily overthrown.

After that first visit, Ralph often called in the darkness of the midnight hours to see me, and I always arose and welcomed him. Each time, he had a new story to relate. He was not permitted to read the Bible or any of our literature, so he spent most of his time in prayer and meditation. They still

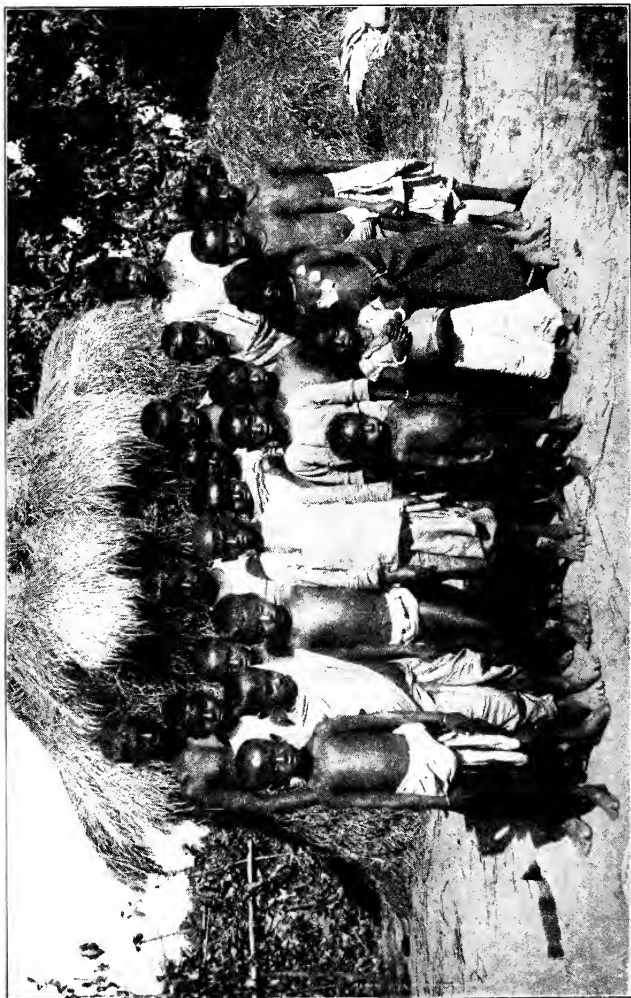
kept him shut up at night, and did not allow him to leave the house alone during the day. Little by little, however, he regained his accustomed liberty, and by and by came to see us openly, even in the daytime. After a while, he agreed to teach a school for us, but said he must go back and forth.

A NEW DOOR OPENED

Finally we moved from that town, and so a new door opened for Ralph. He went with us, and began to preach the gospel with other men. Not long after this, he became acquainted with Bargoo Bai, a young woman who had been trained in a Methodist mission school; and of their own choice, they became engaged and were married. By this act, the die was cast—the Hindus would never want him after that, and now he was a free man forever. All their efforts to reinstate Ralph had been in vain; he was a Christian in heart and faith. While he was young in experience, and made many mistakes, yet he never denied Christ, and went through more and endured greater trials than any other native brother I have ever known in India.

For several years, Ralph and Bargoo Bai, with their little girl, have been laboring for the Master as best they can. I think they deserve our sympathy and earnest prayers. These two are some of the fruit from the jungles of India.

A GROUP OF HEATHEN CHILDREN



Kasho — the Dreamer



THREE of us missionaries had been assigned to open a new work in Jalgaon (Firetown), in the Khandesh district, Bombay. This is a manufacturing district, the large cotton factories giving employment to thousands of persons.

Jalgaon is a stronghold of the devil. Idol worship is carried on in every street and on every corner, and money is freely spent for its maintenance. In fact, it is one of the most "religious" towns we have ever seen in India. (The more religious they are, the more wicked they are likely to become.) One has appropriately said of these people, "They live religiously, bathe religiously, eat religiously, and sin religiously."

A small stone house of four rooms was rented for us to live in, and a Mohammedan boy was employed as cook. Thus provided with shelter and food, we set to work on the native language. Though our house was situated in a very public and noisy place, and its low ceilings in that torrid atmosphere

seemed designed to bake our heads, quiet by night or comfort by day thus being equally out of the question, still we thanked God for the privilege of living there and working for Him.

In opening a new work, it is always a great help and pleasure to have a few sample native Christians, so to speak, to stand by and testify to the truth preached. Often we wished we had *one* converted native to speak in his own familiar way of Christ, but we had no such assistance; the gospel had never been preached in Jalgaon, neither could we find one soul there who had ever heard of Christ. In spite of all discouragements, we took pains to gain as many friends as possible among the people, and succeeded in establishing several small schools for their children. The mission school is the most practical method of reaching the heart of India.

Daily, too, we prayed that some might believe; that we might find, in that dark place, even one into whose heart the light of the gospel had shone.

About four o'clock one afternoon, we heard a rap at the door, and looking up, saw a bright-faced, barefooted boy about fifteen

years old. He wore a red cap, a white shirt, and a *dothie*, or loin cloth. We greeted each other with the beautiful Eastern salutation, "Salaam." I asked his name, and he said, "Kasho."

"Who are you?" I asked.

"Me Christe arha" ("I am a Christian"), he replied.

Indeed we were glad to hear a native say that in Jalgaon. We welcomed Kasho into our home; and he sat down cross-legged on a mat, and told us his story.

Kasho was born in Shegaon, Central India. His people were well-to-do farmers, *deshmook* by caste. He had several brothers and one sister. His parents had taught him to worship daily Mahar-Dev, a rude stone idol found in nearly every village. For several years, Kasho knew of no other God; and at first, he had great respect for this painted stone — in fact, he was really afraid of it. His mother told him that if at any time he offended this family god, some great calamity would surely overtake him. Consequently, for several years, he paid honest homage to this heathen deity, and often returned from his worship with a feeling of satisfaction that all would go well with him.

As Kasho grew older, doubts arose in his mind as to the power of this huge stone to do him either good or ill. Thousands of men keep up the form of idol worship, when they have no faith in their idols. We have frequently conversed with such. Not knowing of the true God, and His Son Jesus Christ, they live and die carrying on a form of worship that can never save from sin.

Kasho finally concluded that it was too much trouble to make daily trips to the village temple to worship a lifeless stone, and little by little he mustered courage to prove Mahar-Dev. One day, filling his *lota* (brass cup) with water, he sauntered off to the temple. There, observing that he was quite alone, he made a big lump of mud, and threw it all over the sacred image; then, half frightened, he ran home. For a while, he was fearful lest he should become sick, or some calamity should befall him. The head man of the village sought for the offender, but failed to find him.

When Kasho saw that he was as well as usual, his first doubts of Mahar-Dev were confirmed, his faith in idolatry was shaken, and in his own mind he believed it false. Still he knew of nothing better, for Chris-

tians had not told the good news in those parts; so, though his heart was not in it, he continued the form of worship.

About this time, a young friend invited Kasho to accompany him to a *jathra*, or fair. A native fair is a curious place indeed; and like all such gatherings, it possesses great charms for a boy in his teens. In one way, a *jathra* is a sort of native camp meeting, several dirty priests conducting a service of worship in honor of some chosen idol. This may last for one day, or for many days, or even for months. Grasping men, eager to obtain the loose cash of the people, frequent these places, and side shows and all sorts of gambling are carried on.

On such occasions, too, the gospel heralds seek to proclaim their message among the masses, singing and preaching the good news, selling books, Bibles, and Scripture portions, and scattering leaflets. Medical missionaries also find all the work they can do; for many sick folks manage to get to the *jathra* in hope of recovery.

While at a fair of this kind, Kasho for the first time saw a native Christian preacher. He had never heard of Christ before, and he listened to the stranger with earnest at-

tention. Somehow his thoughts went back to the village idol and to his past doubts.

The speaker, after his address, distributed leaflets to his hearers. That is the fruit of love and generosity, a thing seldom if ever seen among the heathen. A real Christian will spend and be spent for Christ, and yearns over others, that they may know of Jesus.

Kasho took a leaflet. He could not read well, but this simple story was so fascinating that he persevered till he had read it all. It made a deep impression on him. As he threw himself on his mat on the ground to sleep that night, he carefully placed his leaflet under his head for safety, and, with his mind full of the new things he had heard, fell asleep.

Suddenly he awoke. He had dreamed that a tall, white-faced person, of radiant countenance, and clad in glistening garments, stood before him, smiled gently upon him, and said, "*Marza marga yae*" ("Follow me"). That gracious, tender smile touched the lad, and he wept as if his heart would break. Only a moment had the radiant vision stayed, then vanished.

This dream produced such a profound impression upon Kasho that he could scarcely

sleep for joy the rest of that night. He felt sure that both the preacher and the leaflet had described the person of his dream. The following day, Kasho heard more of Christ through the evangelist, and was thrilled with joyful hope. He resolved to obey the voice, "Follow me," and finally requested the preacher to take him to his home and teach him more. At this time, he literally forsook father, mother, brother, sister, all, to follow Jesus.

A pupil now in Christ's school, he opened his whole heart to the truth, believed, and was saved through grace. Then he publicly confessed Christ in baptism and personal testimony, turning his back upon all the world for his new-found Friend and Saviour, following his Master in the path of obedience and service, and remaining among Christians until he was well established in the faith.

When Kasho called at our door, he was the only native Christian in town. He was working in a cotton mill, and living by himself in one small room, paying sixteen cents a month for rent, and doing his own cooking and washing. Unable to find any other Christians in Jalgaon, he had earnestly

prayed for three months that God would send workers there. "I prayed," he said, "and God heard, and sent you here." We did not doubt his assertion. He believed in the promise, "Ask, and ye shall receive;" and we rejoiced that when God called us in the homeland, we had obeyed. Our hearts were made happy to meet this new brother of ours.

For some time, Kasho continued in the mill, while we tested him, and found that he was a real Christian.

As we watched scores of naked, needy children in the streets and markets of Jalgaon, we longed to gather them for instruction in letters and the truth of God. Kasho helped us call them in; and when we had a large room full, they were organized into a mission school. They quickly learned the Lord's Prayer, Christian songs, and the plan of salvation. He frequently assisted in the preaching services in the markets and villages, and was always ready to sing, pray, and testify how wonderfully God had saved him. His life was as consistent as any we have ever seen in Christian countries.

My friends, here is fruit for Christ, picked from the jungles of heathenism. Who can

compute the gain in the salvation of one such soul? Through his life and labors, others accepted Christ at Jalgaon. The last reports from Kasho showed that he was still pressing on in the narrow way, teaching in a mission school, and acting the part of a true missionary to his own people.

Let us earnestly pray God to raise up thousands of such to assist in establishing His kingdom in heathen lands.

Anand Rao



WHILE we were living at Jalgaon, a young man clad in simple attire, and carrying a staff and a small parcel, called at the mission house one day, and giving his name as Anand Rao, requested the privilege of talking with the missionaries. We invited him to remain a few days to study the Scripture with us, and to this he gladly consented. By caste, this man was a warrior, or *Rajput*.

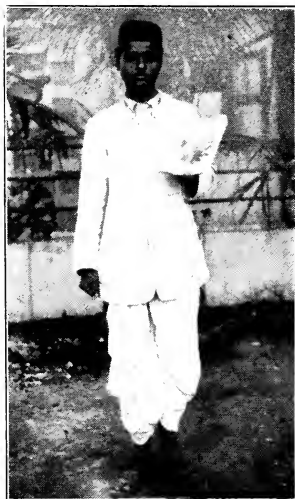
Our first impressions of Anand Rao were very favorable. He spoke several languages, English among them, was self-possessed, and showed, by his intelligent conversation on different topics, that he possessed an excellent education. His use of English was so fluent that we did not speak with him in Marathi, it being a real pleasure to us to use our mother tongue.

Anand Rao seemed like a friend. He told us that he had for some time made a study of Christianity, and had finally decided to accept it. He appeared to have saving faith in Jesus Christ, and this was the absorbing

topic of conversation between us. As we became acquainted, we found that he knew the Marathi language so much better than we did that it would be profitable to engage his services in some translating work we had



LEON, ONE OF OUR MARATHI S.
D. A. MEN



VIRGIL, ONE OF OUR MARATHI
COLPORTEURS

on hand. This we did, and he proved a valuable helper. His striking personality and congenial manners won our hearts, and we began to cherish bright hopes of his full conversion. Few of our converts in India

are from the upper classes; consequently they have not the personal influence that a man of this sort would have. For this reason, and because of our love for him, we coveted this man for the cause of truth and righteousness.

Anand Rao always attended our family worship and cheerfully took part in it. He seemed like a "babe in Christ," just learning the language of the kingdom, and expressed a desire to delve into the deeper truths of the Bible and Christian experience.

WORKING FOR OTHERS

Anand Rao had been with us but a short time when he began to testify boldly for Christ. His arguments were strong, and his faith was unshaken. Soon he began to attract special attention; and night after night, he talked for hours to a group of young men, who apparently came to overthrow his faith. However, he always silenced his antagonists, and overcame all their arguments by the simple use of the Scriptures. His countrymen recognized his warrior spirit in his manner as well as his modes of expression. His spirit was humble, yet he was as firm as a rock.

Whenever this son of India testified of his love for Christ and the gospel, his enemies were silenced and abashed. They had no such zeal and devotion for their false system of religion, neither did they find pleasure and peace in the worship of dumb gods.

The news of the conversion of Anand Rao to Christianity soon spread from Jalgaon at a rapid pace. To us the experience was intensely interesting, and nothing short of the wonderful working of the Spirit of the true God. We hoped for great things from the life and labors of this noble young man.

But a silent voice seemed to say to us, "Keep a careful watch of him, lest the Hindu molest him." We had known of the conversion of several high-caste men in India, and some of them had not been able to resist the pressure brought to bear against them by their Hindu friends. You remember that Paul the apostle was compelled to leave his own country after his conversion, and live in seclusion for some time, both for protection from those who would have killed him, and for the opportunity to become more fully established in the faith. In heathen lands, the enmity against the

gospel is equally strong, and the danger is great.

On a certain Friday, Anand attended service as usual, and seemed happy and free. We had arranged to baptize him the following week, and were aware that the feeling against him in the town was stronger than ever. In fact, we felt the power of the evil one in the very atmosphere as we passed through the streets. The lowering faces of some whom we met spoke to us, as plainly as words, of the hatred in their hearts. Many greeted us pleasantly, and smiled when our efforts seemed fruitless; but as surely as there were evidences of our success, or additions to our converts, their attitude toward us was changed.

Two days before Anand was to receive Christian baptism, he went for his usual afternoon outing, taking with him nothing but his *lota* (brass cup), not even his sandals. Apparently he did not intend to take a long stroll. We missed him at nightfall, and began to search for him; but he was nowhere to be found. We knocked on his door, and finally went into his room. There were his books, Bible, and clothing. But the man — where could he be? We made careful

inquiries of the neighbors, but no one had seen him; every mouth was silent. Anand had suddenly disappeared, and we could find no trace of him whatever. We might have notified the police; but what use to call for them to make a search in such a case! Their interest would be to conceal his fate from us. What could we do? We could only pray, and leave the matter with the One who sees and knows all things.

While we were searching for Anand, he may have been lying under some tree in the jungle, a martyr to his new-found faith. But if he was killed, as seems quite probable, we are sure he sleeps in Jesus, and will come forth from his unknown grave when Christ shall gather His jewels.

NO INQUIRIES

As time passed, we were much impressed with the fact that not one person inquired about the sudden departure of Anand, and as suddenly did the young men who had visited the mission house to converse with him cease to come. Had Anand been a low-caste man, weak and ignorant, he would without doubt be found in the ranks of the church to-day.

This tragedy gives a hint of what heathenism is in practical life, especially when a high-caste man is converted. It costs all a man has, yea, even his life, to follow Christ in some lands. Such instances should nerve our hearts for the battle, and call forth ardent petitions for the salvation of the great heathen world.

The Epistle of John



IN 1894, a missionary friend of mine established an orphanage for English-speaking children in Central India. After a while, he found that he had a larger work there than he was able to support; still, when the famine of 1896 came on, he was impressed to receive a number of purely native children, who could speak only the vernacular. He wrote to me, hoping that I might relieve him of some of his famine boys; and I replied that I would receive all he cared to send. Does it not seem strange that boys and girls are so plentiful in heathen lands that they are given away? Yet this is frequently the case.

TRAVELING WITH SEVENTEEN ORPHANS

At the time referred to, I took seventeen boys from this overcrowded orphanage. Such a dilapidated lot of human beings you never saw. Many of them had sore eyes, full of pus. Their hair was all crusted over with sores, and most of them were so thin and weak they could scarcely walk. They had

not been at the first mission long before we took them; hence their sad condition. At first, we wondered if some of them would ever recover, even with the best of care and treatments. The question came to us in the words of the prophet, "Can these bones live?" But "with God all things are possible," and "all things are possible to him that believeth." With these thoughts to encourage us, we undertook our work, determined to do our best for these Hindu lads.

How the people stared and wondered as we led this motley crowd of seventeen famished youths into the railway station! Missionaries are always collecting children from various conditions in life; but seldom do they get such a group as I had that day.

The European train guard — or conductor, as we in America call this official — was kind to us, giving us a good-sized compartment to ourselves. The boys made no objections to going with me, an utter stranger; in fact, they seemed glad to go, and really wanted a place to call home. This I assured them they would have, with father, mother, and many friends. Perhaps, too, the prospect of the trip quieted their fears. Our station was in the mountains, amid boulders and



JOHN WESLEY WOOD

MRS. JOHN WESLEY WOOD

LITTLE BOBBIE PAUL WOOD

WHO WAS BRANDED
WITH HOT IRONS

wild forests, while these lads had always lived on the flat, dusty plains; so the thought of the long ride and the new scenes rather inspired them. Some of them tried to smile as we talked with them, but it was an effort; their thin, emaciated faces seemed almost to have lost the power of smiling.

The largest boy in the group, though undoubtedly a famine boy, did not seem so bad off as the others, and from the first, was round-faced. This lad, whom we afterward called John, took charge of one of the smaller boys, who was hardly able to walk; and another boy, whom we named Frank, helped another weak little fellow.

It was almost noon when we boarded the train; and we reached our destination at three o'clock the next morning, having been on the train fifteen hours. We sat up all the way; and I assure you the boys were tired, sleepy, and cross when we arrived. But John was patient, and tried to help us all he could by caring for the smaller ones. I can hear him now as he called out, "*Chullo! Chullo!*" ("Go on! Go on!") to the boys that night as we left the train and station.

We soon climbed the short hill leading to the mission house, where friends were wait-

ing to welcome us. The boys' dormitory, consisting of two rooms, had been made as comfortable as possible for their coming; and after greeting our friends, I led the lads to their new quarters, and bade them sleep as long as they desired. I had determined to take such a rest myself, and thought they too might appreciate the privilege.

JOHN GIVES HIS HEART TO JESUS

For the present, we must leave sixteen of these boys, and tell you something of John. Several months after he came to our home, we had some special meetings, when most of these boys gave their hearts to Christ. Many of them would speak or pray, and were a help in our meetings; but John always sat in one of the back seats, and never gave any particular indication of interest. One night, after the meeting was over, I called him aside, and said: "John, I feel bad about you. The other lads are accepting Christ, but you do not seem to care about Him. I think you are making a serious mistake."

His heart melted completely at these words, and he assured me, with tears, that he did want to be a good boy, and would take

the step the others had taken, and give his heart to Christ. How glad I was to pray with him that night!

WANTED AN EASY JOB

John was older than the other boys, so it frequently happened that he had more than his share of the work to do, while the younger boys were often at his side for help and comfort. One day, I took him to the vegetable market to help bring supplies home in a basket, while other boys were picking up stones near a well that had been blasted out. On the way to the market, John stepped close to my side, and said: "Sir, I want to make one request. I do not like hard work. Will you please let me always go to the market with you, and let the other boys do the hard work?"

It was amusing, to say the least; but of course I did not accede to the lad's request. Though I could not but admire his honesty, I gently remonstrated with him for his dislike of hard work; and after that, I was always careful to give him plenty to do, at the same time trying to encourage him in whatever would be helpful to him as a man. He was so faithful in the duties assigned

him, that finally we made him overseer among the boys in our absence; and we found that he insisted that each one do his work exactly right. He was not a talkative lad, like some of the others. Frequently those who talk most accomplish least.

JOHN'S EARLY CHILDHOOD

We always make it a point to learn all we can about the past lives of our people, as in this way we are better prepared to deal with the natives who come to us from heathenism. So, as John grew older, he gradually unfolded to me much of his past history. Few of those who read these pages will ever have the pleasure of talking to a Hindu youth about his past life, so I will tell you some of John's experiences. They will give you just a glimpse into the darkness of the Hindu faith; but they should stir our hearts to do greater things for these bewildered, lost souls.

When John was a little boy, he lived in a small village out in the jungles of Central India, and often herded cattle, goats, and sheep for the *Parteil*, or head man of the village. He was not a strong lad; and one day he fell quite sick, and his parents thought

he might not recover. His poor old grandmother was very fond of him; so she made a vow to her idols that if John should recover, she would make a sacrifice to them. I have already told you how pleased Kali (the black goddess) is with certain kinds of sacrifices. It may have been to this horrible creature that the terrorized old woman made her vow.

The heathen have an idea that their gods become very angry with them, and that certain things will appease their wrath. They seldom think of their sins, or of their need of a change of heart and life. At that time, John knew of his grandmother's vow, and, of course, thought it all right. He did not know of any other religion, and consequently believed that whatever his people did must be right. Children are not born heathen—they are made heathen by false precept and evil example.

John had seldom if ever seen a European, and knew nothing of the God of the white man. Although his grandmother was a very superstitious old creature, still he was fond of her; for it is true, though we sometimes forget it, that the heathen have the same

natural affections and susceptibilities that more enlightened peoples have.

After a time, John grew to be a strong, healthy lad, and had completely forgotten his grandmother's vow to her gods. Children do not usually think much about such things. One day, to his astonishment, the old woman called him into the little mud house in which they lived, and told him that she had decided to pay her vow to the idol. Then she took a knife, and made a small, round hole in each of John's wrists, squeezed the wounds, and gathered up the blood on cotton, to offer in sacrifice to the idol. I have seen the scars many times.

It was not long till John became so faint and weak that the old woman was alarmed, and tied strings about his wrists to stop the flow of blood. But his condition was serious: a little more, and he would probably have bled to death. When his grandmother saw that he was sinking fast, she ran to a cow,—the cow is sacred to a Hindu,—quickly made a gash in its body, drew out a quantity of blood, and tried, in her stupid way, to inject cow's blood into his veins. Of course she failed. John was frail and weak for

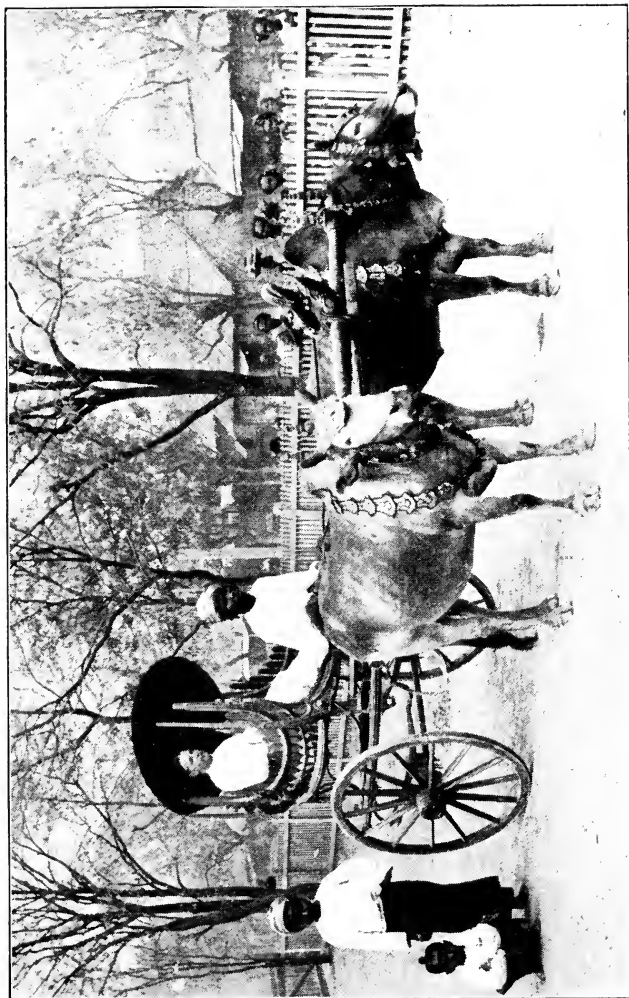
some time, and it was only with great care that he was restored to his former health.

I could scarcely believe such a thing possible; but the boy has related it so many times to me and others, that I cannot doubt his word. This is but a glimpse into the heathen influences and practices that surround the youth of India.

Herding cattle was tiresome work, so one day John lay down in the road to sleep. After dark, an oxcart was driven along the road where he was sleeping, and one of the wheels passed over his legs, breaking both of them. He screamed in agony. The cartman stopped, picked him up, placed him in the cart, and drove to the hospital. For a year, John was an invalid, and scarcely able to hobble about on sticks. During this last sad experience, he began to meditate upon the realities of life; for life had become to him a reality indeed.

A HUMAN SACRIFICE

John told of another strange incident that took place in his heathen village, and that evidently made a lasting impression on his mind. Heavy rainstorms frequently swept down the valley in which this village stood,



AN INDIA OXCART

doing much damage, and often carrying whole villages downstream. These houses are only made of mud and straw; so it would not take long, if the water rose, to overthrow many of them.

On a certain day, the farmers had watched the heavy, dark clouds gathering in the distance above the village. As nearly as they could tell, the storm was headed toward them. What should they do? The black clouds leading the storm had the appearance of a tornado; and for a while, everybody was greatly excited. Finally the people became desperate, and offered a reward of grain and money to the man who could appease the wrath of their gods and avert the oncoming storm.

There was no time to waste, and whatever was done must be done quickly. One of the villagers, a barber by occupation and caste, perhaps more superstitious than some others, volunteered to accept the offer, and to avert the wrath of the gods in the tempest. The barber called his wife and little girl onto the flat roof of their mud house to get a better view of the situation, and to do obeisance to their idols, which are frequently kept on the top of the house. They probably

took rice and coconuts to offer in worship, according to their custom.

During their devotions, as the storm kept bearing down in their direction, they began beating their breasts, pulling their hair, etc. The gods must be very angry, thought they. What could they do? They had accepted the offer of a reward to stop the storm, and now they must not be defeated. In their frenzy, they took their little girl, the father holding one part of the child, and the mother the other, and with a corn knife they cut her body in two pieces to sacrifice to their dumb idols. Horrid gods and horrid belief! Murder to please the folly of men! Millions of lives have been sacrificed in the past in just this way.


Strange to say, the storm passed to one side, and did not reach the village. Of course, the people declared that the human sacrifice caused it to pass by, and the barber received the money and the grain, and the heathen of the place became more confirmed than ever in their folly and superstition.

John said that a very strange sensation came over him when the child was sacrificed in worship. He could not forget the impression made on his mind when he was but

a small lad amid such awful surroundings. Were it not for the iron hand of the government, the Hindus would still offer human lives to their gods.

With what curiosity John must have watched the people of another manner and another religion! But how glad he must have felt when he learned that they did not worship idols nor offer bloody sacrifices! After being with us for a few years, he had the pleasure of a trip to America to assist in meetings, and frequently related before large audiences his varied experiences. While here, he made many friends and did much good work. Afterward he married a Christian girl, and for a number of years has had employment in a government office in India as a clerk. He is the father of two sons. Can you imagine how different his present life would have been had he not providentially fallen into the hands of God's servants?

Snakes in India

HEN talking on India, I am frequently requested to tell something about the animals and reptiles of that country. What is related in this chapter is largely based on personal observation. One time when we were living in Central India, I was sitting in the office about midnight, at work on some Bible lessons. It was the time of the monsoon rains — just the time for reptiles to seek a place of shelter from the chill and dampness outside. Several times I heard a strange noise above my head, and looked up, but saw nothing unusual. Then I heard a hissing in the transom window. I was now suspicious of danger, and could not rest till I had found what this strange noise meant; so I took the lamp and began a search.

In a moment, I found in the window seat, only two feet above my head, a very poisonous fellow about two feet long, and quickly smashed his head with my cane, grateful that I had discovered him before he had

fallen on me. By the way, that is one reason why both ladies and gentlemen usually carry canes wherever they go in India. There are so many snakes and other reptiles, so many dogs and wild animals, that it is wise to have some weapon of defense.

IN HOUSE, TREE, AND FIELD

Not feeling well one evening, I returned home early. My wife had been out that evening to visit a sick patient, and returned rather late. As she closed the outside door, suddenly an awful hissing was set up, and a scream fully awakened me from my slumbers.

“Come quick! Quick!” Mrs. Wood called; and springing out of bed, I turned up the lamp in the corner, and ran toward the door.

A large snake, which evidently had been dozing on the top of the double door, had been caught between its two leaves as the door was closed. Half of his body was outside, and the other half inside. Of course, he was angry in his intense agony. My wife held the door with her hand just a few inches beyond the reach of the poisonous creature. I never saw a snake strike at



SNAKE CHARMERS SHOWING THEIR TRICKS

any one as he did, but he could not get close enough to reach the hand that held the door. I seized a shoe for a "war club," and made short work of the reptile, and together we thanked God for deliverance.

One afternoon, I walked from the mission bungalow to the public road. Near the front gate stood a large shade tree. Its leaves had been well washed from all dust by recent rains, and, being young and tender, were a bright green. Just as I was about to open the gate of the compound, I saw a snake as green as the leaves on the tree, and nearly six feet long. He had twisted his tail about one of the limbs, and hung there, ready to strike at anything that came in his way. I got a long pole and soon disposed of him. This was a whip snake, which usually hangs from the limbs of trees and strikes at his prey.

One Sunday afternoon, when I was ready to go to the bazaar for our regular preaching service, I called our native helpers, and started on ahead, expecting the others to follow. Just then our Bible woman ran to me to say that her little boy had been bitten by a snake in the yard, and that he was suffering great pain. We used what reme-

dies we had to counteract poison, and prayed for the little fellow. He recovered; but for a number of days, he was dull and stupid, and his body was badly swollen.

On another occasion, I went for a walk with two young men. It was just about sundown. We had not gone far when a huge cobra crossed the road in front of us, and made for the fields, we after him. There were no stones at hand, only lumps of dry earth. We threw those, but of course they only enraged him. Several times he turned, raised his head, and darted toward us; but we managed to keep at a safe distance. Then a man with a cartload of wood came along; so we quickly got a long stick and threw it at the snake, which was making for a large banyan tree in the middle of the field. Just as he reached the tree, he turned and leaped after us; but we stood our ground, and threw the club at him until a blow wounded and crippled him, and we could come near enough to kill him.

The cobra, a very common pest in India, is the most poisonous of all snakes. It has on the back of its neck a mark like the letter V, and has a way of spreading out its body near the neck in an oval shape. This is called

its hood. When about to strike, it coils up the end of its tail as a support, and leaps forward. In spite of its deadly character, the cobra is regarded as sacred. The superstitious Hindus worship it and feed it on milk and sugar. No wonder there are so many of these creatures still in existence, in spite of the fact that the government offers a substantial reward for every cobra that is killed.

“NAG PANCH ME”

During the famine of 1900, a native priest had a dream that if he would pull down the house in which he was sleeping, and dig for a well in that very spot, he would find not only water, but plenty of it. Accordingly the house was pulled down, a well was dug, and, strangely enough, water was found. But what pleased the native people as much as the water was that in the process of digging the well, a pair of cobras were found in their nest. Doubtless some day that well will be regarded as a very holy spot because of the presence of the cobras.

The snake is one of the thirty-three million gods of the Hindus, and its worship is a form of devil worship. A special snake feast is

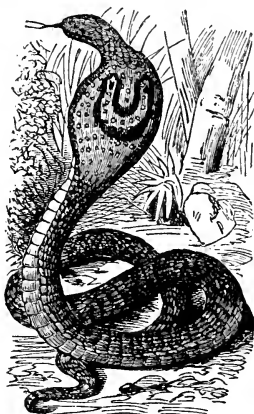
held on a day called *Nag panch me*. Many natives have been killed while worshipping these creatures. May God speed the day when India shall be free from Satan's power.

THE ROPE THAT WAS A SNAKE

One evening, our three children had been playing for an hour or so on the board



A Boa Constrictor, Which Crushes the Life Out of Its Victim Before Swallowing It



A Cobra

where we stood for shower baths in the bathroom. By and by they became tired of their toys, and left them there. One of our orphan girls, Mary by name, passed the open bathroom door for the purpose of watering some plants near by. Suddenly she ran to my wife, and exclaimed, "Oh, mamma,

sarp, sarp! Narg, narg!" (*Sarp* is "snake," and *narg* means "cobra.") My wife replied, "Oh, no! It's only a rope. I saw it to-day." But Mary looked again, and insisted that it truly was a cobra. Investigation proved that a large cobra was coiled up under the bath board, just where the three children had spent an hour or so in play. A native was called, and soon he dispatched the monster with a stout club.

A SNAKE IN HIS HAT

At another time, we were stopping at one of the mission stations while the missionary in charge was absent on a tour among the villages. One day, he wrote us that early in the morning, he had placed a large "solar hat" on his head to protect him from the sun, and he had been out all the forenoon preaching and distributing tracts. At about eleven o'clock, he went into his tent, and sat down to wait for breakfast. Once or twice he scratched his head rather unconsciously; then he felt impressed to take his hat off and look inside. There in the top of it was a long, slender snake, coiled around inside the lining. Much to his satisfaction, and not without a due sense of God's protecting

care, he succeeded in pulling it out and killing it without harm to himself.

This same gentleman told me of an official who was once awakened in the night by a sense of weight on his chest, and called to a manservant who slept on the veranda, just outside his door. The servant sprang into the room, and turned up the light, which was burning low on the dresser, just in time to see a long black cobra glide off his master's chest onto the bed and then to the floor. The call, the noise, and the light aroused the creature, and he sought safer quarters. His flight was arrested by a shot from a gun. It was the middle of the cold season; and the snake, seeking a dry, warm place, found on the officer's bedclothes and chest one that just suited him. Fortunately the unusual weight aroused the man in time.

ONE SNAKE SWALLOWING ANOTHER

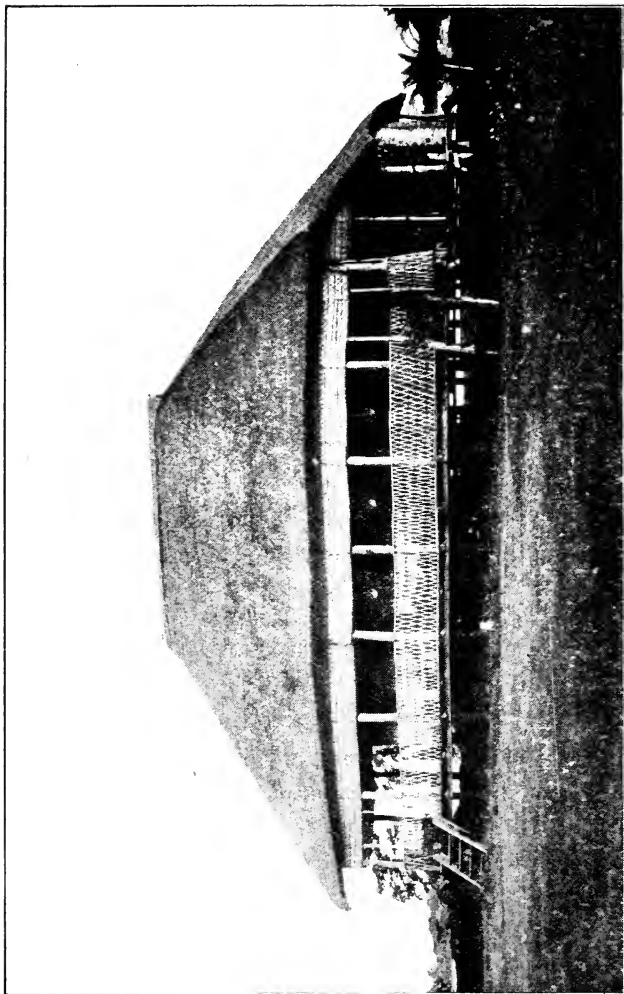
One morning, a friend of mine saw a curious sight. One cobra had nearly swallowed another, much larger than himself, and in the cannibalistic act, had been caught and slain. It was a cobra eating cobra.

I have seen as many as six or eight snakes in the course of a short walk. One day, I

wanted a drink from the black water jar in which our drinking water was kept in the breeze on the front veranda. I took a glassful from the jar, and stood there drinking, when, to my amazement, Mr. Snake poked up his black head from the mouth of the jar from which I had just filled my glass. I called the native cook to see, and he took up the jar, and let it fall with a crash, when out fell a snake over five feet long.

A COBRA AT A FUNERAL

On the occasion of the death of one of our orphan boys during the hot season, about forty native Christians accompanied us to the jungles for the burial service. It was about 11 a. m. The grave was ready, and the service was nearly over, the funeral group sitting quietly at one side. I stood at one end of the grave, looking toward the people. In the midst of this solemn gathering, imagine my consternation to hear Paul, one of the native boys, scream, "*Sarp! Sarp!*" and to see a huge cobra glide out under the boy's legs, make straight for the grave, and fall in! For a moment, it was quiet; then as we tried to kill it, it jumped, or rather danced, on its tail from one end of



A MISSION BUNGALOW WITH ROOF THATCHED WITH GRASS
Such roofs are very cool and comfortable, but are the home of rats, snakes, sparrows,
and all sorts of insects.

the grave to the other. At last, with one desperate leap, it landed outside. The funeral was forgotten for a few moments, and a crowd with pick, hoe, and ax pursued and killed the snake.

The natives at the funeral had a strange superstition about this cobra. They declared that it was a representation of Satan; that the snake was born at the time this boy who had died was born; and now both must die at the same time.

We knew of one native woman who had an enemy on whom she sought revenge. She took the skin of a poisonous snake, dried it well, pulverized it, mixed it in flour, and made bread of the flour. Then she made a feast, and called her enemy, pretending she wanted to be at peace. The enemy ate the bread, and soon died in great pain. Her body was swollen to an enormous size, and turned a horrid black.

It is a common thing to find snakes in our homes. Many have been killed in my own. When a high-caste native discovers a snake in his house, he does not destroy it, but very carefully entraps it, as we catch mice and rats, then lets it loose in the open fields, whence it often returns to the haunts

of men, perhaps to do much harm. Some of the smaller snakes, such as the "carpet snake," are very poisonous, and do a great deal of damage. There are also many non-venomous snakes of the Python variety, such as boa constrictors, anacondas, rock snakes, and others, often measuring twenty feet in length, which are a nuisance to the country.

A certain class of men known as acrobats roam about the country with bags of cobras and other snakes. It is said that the fangs of these snakes are drawn, and the poison is extracted, making them harmless. But the sight of several of them rolling about in all directions makes a person shudder. I once saw one of these snake charmers pass a small snake up one nostril and down through his mouth and so out. Many other horribly repulsive things they do.

VICTIMS OF THE JUNGLE

The statistical reports of India say that thousands of persons die each year from the bites of reptiles. As long as these people remain heathen, they will worship and foster these creatures, which will continue to cause the death of thousands of their devotees. If India were Christianized, and this super-

stition, with others, were done away, the snake would become largely a thing of the past. The following government report is amazing, to say the least:

“The deaths caused by wild animals in India continue to reach a high total. The total reached in 1906 was 3,084 as against 2,051 in 1905. Wolves are reported to have killed 178 persons in the United Provinces. Tigers killed a larger number of persons than in 1905 in Madras, Bombay, the United Provinces, and Burma, and steps have been taken for the destruction of man-eating tigers in these provinces. Elephants killed 18 persons in Bengal. The appalling number of deaths through snake-bite for 1906 was 32,854, as against 21,797 in 1905.”

A later report gives the following:

“Simla, October, 1913: Although the march of civilization may be gradually exterminating the wild beasts of the forest, the loss of human life from the ravages of wild animals in India shows no signs of diminishing. Reports received from various local governments and administrations show that 2,066 persons were killed by wild animals in British India during the year 1912. Although this figure is somewhat in excess of

that reported for 1911, it compares favorably with the statistics for each of the three preceding years.

“Tigers as usual claimed the largest number of victims, and the number of persons killed by them rose from 762 in 1911 to 885 in 1912. Of these, no fewer than 396 persons were killed in Bihar and Orissa, all but 9 of whom were inhabitants of the Chota Nagpur and Orissa divisions. It is noticeable that in the United Provinces, the number of deaths caused by tigers rose from 18 in 1910 to 36 in 1911 and to 71 in 1912. Of these 71 deaths, 61 occurred in two districts, Naini Tal and Almora. In the former district, a single man-eater is regarded as responsible for some 41 deaths; and although a special reward of 1,500 rupees (\$500) had been offered for its destruction, it was still at large at the end of the year.

“Leopards caused a total number of 261 deaths against 253 in 1911, while the number of persons killed by wolves rose from 190 to 255. Of the 255 deaths for which the latter animals were responsible, 197 occurred in Bihar and Orissa, mostly in the Hazaribagh and Darbhanga districts. The total mortality due to snake-bite among human

beings fell from 25,312 in 1911 to 21,461 in 1912. Bihar and Orissa with 5,810, the United Provinces with 5,214, and Bengal with 4,471 deaths were the provinces which suffered most severely in this respect."

Casting Out Devils



THE people of India believe in evil spirits, and that these take possession of persons, animals, and places. Many cases of this kind have come under my own observation. It is too hot in India to preach in public places in the middle of the day; so mornings and evenings are usually the times the missionary may be found working among the people, telling them the grand old gospel story. His constant motto is:

“I love to tell the story;
’Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God’s own holy word.”

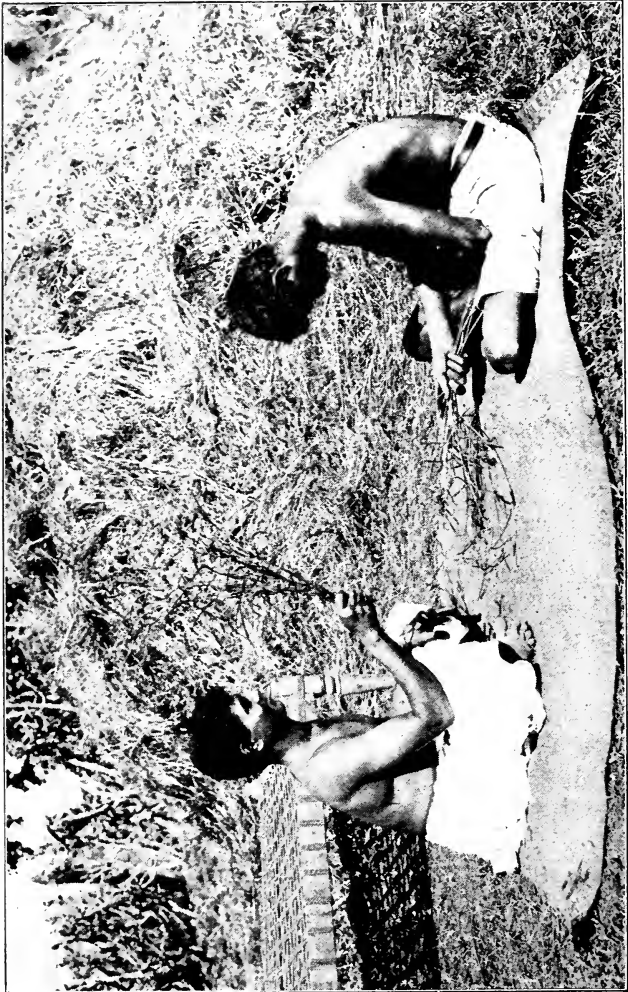
With Bible and songbook, in the cool of the afternoon, I one day passed through the narrow, crooked lanes of Chikli, toward the regular place of preaching. On the way, I saw two Hindus sitting face to face on the ground. There was nothing uncommon in their sitting thus in the dust of the road,

or even lying there for a midday nap; but these men were not asleep. Their attitude attracted my attention, and I stopped to observe them. They were very intent on something, but at first I could not make out what it was. They were looking at each other, evidently "straight in the eye."

PRIEST AND PATIENT

As I drew near, one was repeating, "Ram — Ram — Ram — Ram," the name of a Hindu god much revered in India. The speaker had two small twigs about a foot and a half long, with which he beat the ground rapidly, till it seemed as if his arms must ache from the constant motion. I watched the men in silence for a while, and finally asked what they were doing. The man with the twigs, who was a priest, appeared greatly annoyed at what he evidently considered as my impertinence. But I had never seen such a performance before, and was anxious for an explanation; and why not, as this was a public place, and the performance seemed free to all who passed by?

Observing the innocence of my intention, the priest told me that the other man was possessed with evil spirits, and that he was



ONE MAN CASTING THE DEVIL OUT OF ANOTHER

casting them out. The spell of the priest seemed broken the moment I spoke, and he gave a suggestive glance, and made a remark in an undertone to the patient.

I then asked how long the poor fellow had been possessed, and what effect the evil spirits had on him — not that I believed all the men said, but because I wished to learn their ideas on the subject of demon possession.

The priest replied that the evil spirits had been in the man a long time, that he had suffered much pain and torment from them, and that when he saw the blood of a goat or any other animal, he raged, and tried to tear himself.

It was too good an opportunity to lose to relate the teaching of the gospel on the subject. I did not for a moment doubt that the man, possibly both men, were possessed of many evil spirits, which gave them both much trouble; but I doubted the efficacy of their superstitious and nonsensical method of dealing with such mighty forces of evil.

It is a pleasure to stand among positive unbelievers, and declare the truth of God. At such times, we feel the special help of the Holy Spirit. I told these men that

Ram was dead and buried, and that the use of a dead man's name would never cast out demons nor bring any relief whatever. I told them of Jesus Christ, the One mighty to save and to deliver; that while He was on earth, and even in these days, in answer to prayer, many afflicted souls had been delivered from the power of the evil one.

The men listened in breathless silence. Whether they grasped the message or not, I cannot tell; but the seed was sown, and the result was left with the Lord. I never saw those men again, but I was glad that I could tell them of Him who can cast out legions of devils by His word. When Jesus cures the sin-sick soul, devils flee, and peace fills the heart.

A UNIQUE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

A company of "dwellers in tents" had made their camp not far from the mission bungalow. They spent their days in manufacturing palm leaf brooms and hemp rope, disposing of their goods in the weekly bazaars, and night after night sang their weird songs till a late hour. Their singing was accompanied by a one-stringed instrument, made of a dried squash, a hollow bamboo

stick, and one wire, and producing a most monotonous strain.

One of the young mothers from this tribe brought her small, unclothed child to our door and asked for a garment. We gave her one, and with thanks she departed.

In a few days, our heavy annual rain began to fall, and the rag tents, with all their contents, were soaked through and through. The mother of this babe fell very sick with a high fever, and for several days lay on a heap of old damp bedclothes, without proper food and care. Finally she became so ill that her people were alarmed, and decided to send for the witch doctor of their tribe. The day he arrived, the camp was all astir. Evidently they had the utmost reverence for and confidence in this aged but evil-eyed man. Great preparations were made for his comfort and entertainment. Chickens were killed, and a tempting feast was prepared.

BARBAROUS "TREATMENT"

After he had been well satisfied with the good things made ready for him, he diagnosed the fever case. He looked very wise for a while, and finally informed the people

that this fever-stricken woman was possessed with evil spirits; then he called the musicians and drummers, who played their instruments with great zest and enthusiasm. The whole camp was in an uproar. The old witch doctor himself became quite excited, and whirled and danced with many gestures and contortions. When the critical moment had arrived to cast out the evil spirits from the suffering woman, he took a bamboo stick, and beat her from head to foot. Of course, she was dreadfully frightened, and the result was a free perspiration, which broke the fever, at least for a time. Naturally the people concluded that the "devils" had departed.

About that time, the missionary appeared on the scene, quite indignant at the cruel treatment inflicted on the sick woman without a word of protest from one of the campers. We insisted on an explanation, and informed the doctor and the people that if they attempted any such treatment again, we should send for the police, and have them arrested. The "doctor" was so frightened that he soon picked up his belongings and departed, and we never saw him again.

Many such deluded men roam over India, deceived themselves, and deceiving the people. Doubtless many of them really believe that they possess a supernatural ability to cast out and overthrow the works of darkness, when in reality they are in league with the evil one himself, and are helping to set up and strengthen his kingdom. But they deserve our pity rather than our censure, for they have never been taught the things of light and wisdom. I have often thought that many of these deluded men might make good evangelists if they were converted and trained in the things of God. They are serving Satan and propagating his subtle superstitions because they have never known a better way.

A "CRANKY" COW

We had purchased a large buffalo cow, which furnished our table with rich milk and cream. A buffalo is quite different from an American cow in disposition. This one became very gentle, but at times took peculiar "cranky" spells — just why, we never knew. One day our milkman was not able to draw her milk. She was well fed, and even caressed; but no inducement could we offer



MILKING THE BUFFALO

that would lead her to yield her milk. She withheld every drop, and stamped in rage and defiance.

What could be the matter? Several of the natives declared that she was possessed by a devil. We remonstrated; but very politely they told us of many such cases, and the cause as well. They finally implored us to call the old *gowlie* (milkman) of the town. Was he not an elder and a patriarch? and could he not tell every ailment of all such animals almost at a glance? Our curiosity was aroused by their earnestness, and reluctantly we consented to their calling the old *gowlie*.

Very promptly the old man came to the stall, and in a dignified manner walked about the silent animal as if measuring her from head to foot. Then he called for a pan of hot coals, and placed it before her. Naturally she did not like the hot fumes in her face, and began to snuff, and snort, and paw, and flash her rolling eyes. Then the *gowlie* called for a bucket of water and several earthen cups. The cups were first heated in the fire, and then carefully placed in the bucket, where they sizzed and sputtered. The attendant then took several hot

cups, and waved them about the body of the cow, the *gowlic* pulling her tail, stroking her back, and at the same time repeating a bit of nonsense.

Then, with a wise air, he said that no doubt she had been possessed, but now he was sure she would give her milk all right. We have to acknowledge that she did give her milk without the least further trouble; but of course we are still unconvinced that an evil spirit had been exorcised by the old man's performance.

What impressed us most was the conclusion of these men as to the cause of the supposed possession. They asked a number of questions, and then were sure they knew the reason. The woman from whom we had purchased the animal had been to see her, and remarked that she looked "fat and fine" — which was true, for the animal was kept in excellent condition. "This is enough to spoil any cow," they said. "Yes, yes, that is the reason of her ill behavior. No one should ever assert, about either animals or men, that they are big and fat."

Two stonemasons set out to a neighboring village to wall up a well. They had gone but part way when suddenly they were

observed to wheel about and return to their home. When asked why they returned so soon, they replied that they had seen the track of a snake on the road they were taking, and that it was a very bad omen indeed; in fact, that Satan had cursed their path, and that their work on the well would never prosper if they proceeded then; so they postponed it until the trail in the dusty road had been swept away.

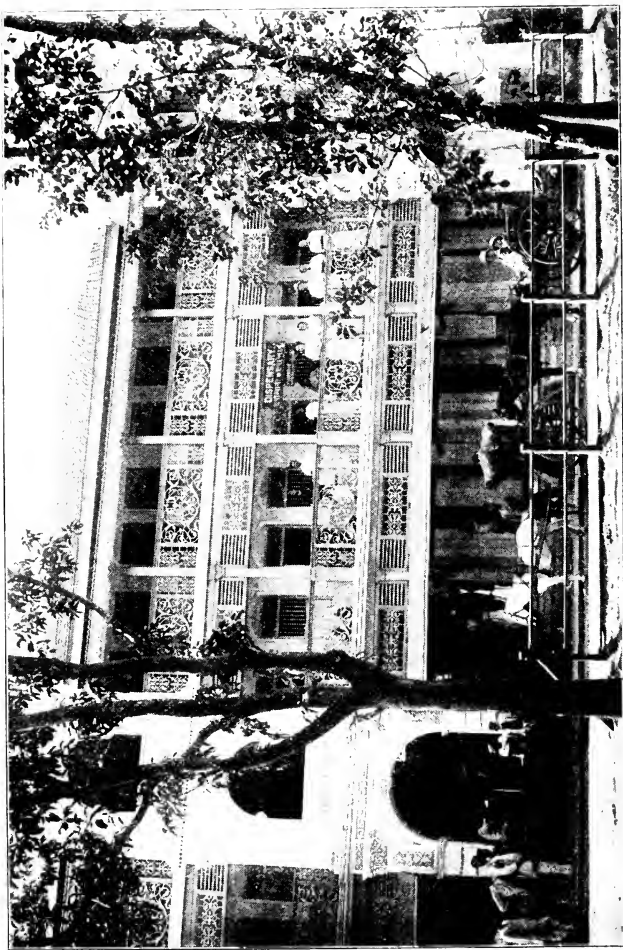
We knew one woman who wore a necklace of snakes' teeth to charm away snakes and evil spirits. She afterward became a Christian, and gave us the necklace, which is now in a museum in the United States. Many of the men wear two steel armlets above the muscles of the upper arm, as a guard against evil spirits; and sometimes it has been difficult to convince converts how useless these charms are.

Nearly every Hindu child wears tied to the neck a small silver box containing a tiny idol consecrated by a priest. This, too, is worn to keep away evil spirits.

The light of the gospel scatters all these superstitions, which affect the lives of the heathen as strongly as beautiful ideas affect ours. It is a great joy to see these people


converted, and note the transformation of their natures, the blossoming out into joy and beauty of that which before was sad and repellant.

Thank God, we know this better way, and have the privilege of working with our Saviour in establishing His kingdom on the earth.



KALYAN MISSION DISPENSARY

The Plague

N the book of Numbers, eleventh chapter and thirty-third verse, we read, "The Lord smote the people with a very great plague." And if you will take the trouble to look through the Bible, you will find many instances, in both the Old and the New Testament, where various kinds of plague are spoken of.

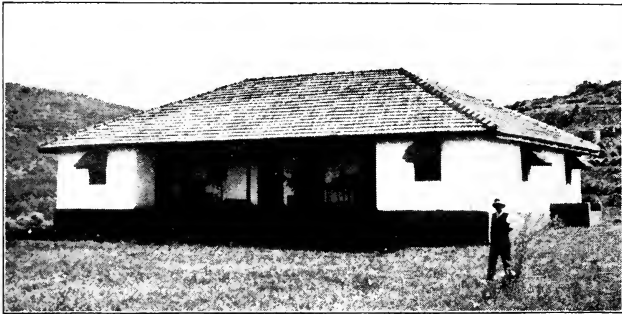
Secular history also affords many examples of plague upon the people in numerous places, as the "black plague," which visited London in the seventeenth century. Without doubt, men have always felt, during such severe calamities, that God was displeased with them. John Wesley frequently spoke to men upon the judgments of God because of their sins.

The epidemic of Bombay, which began in 1896, was in some respects different from other plagues that have made their appearance in the past. One of the earliest signs of plague in this instance was the large number of rats that died in the city. At first, little notice was given to this new and strange

occurrence; but when thousands of rats were found lying dead or stupid in private homes and places of business, the city became alarmed. About the same time, several persons were suddenly stricken with a peculiar new malady, which puzzled the physicians, and baffled their skill. The patient would be taken with a burning fever, and very soon large swellings appeared in the neck, the groins, and under the arms. These swellings were called *bubos*; and from this word, the plague was named *bubonic*. In a short time, it was found to be highly contagious; and wherever dead rats were found, it flourished greatly.

In a short time, the people by thousands became so frightened that they fled from the city to the surrounding towns. Still the scourge swept on. Those who fled carried the germs of the disease with them; and in a short time, like a prairie fire, it had spread to many other towns and cities, and was beyond the control of all the medical force that government could command. A system of skilled medical inspection was soon organized, but immediately another insurmountable difficulty arose. Many of the Hindu and Mohammedan women keep *pardah*, and

never show their faces in public. No men but the members of their immediate families are allowed to see them face to face. Civil surgeons could not visit such homes for inspection. This hindered the carrying out of a well planned system of disinfection and



THE "SUNSET GHAT" DISPENSARY AT KALYAN

sanitation. Where caste prejudice interfered with these regulations, police force was sometimes resorted to, with the result that among certain classes of rigid caste people, resistance amounted almost to riots.

FIGHTING THE PLAGUE

The attempt to control the situation by force led to deception on the part of many. New cases were not reported, but were kept

hidden, and thus the whole situation baffled the skill, wisdom, and patience of the city authorities and sanitary commissioners. As soon as possible, medical attendants were stationed all along the main railroads; and at certain places, everybody in the train was called out and examined. Many cases of fever were thus detected. Not far from each large railroad platform might be seen temporary buildings of coarse bamboo matting, which were used as places of quarantine for suspected cases, some of which developed into plague.

In not a few instances, men who were coming down with plague when they fled from the city, died on the train. There were daily accounts of many who died from plague on the trains. At some stations, it was almost amusing to see the sleeping travelers pulled out of their compartments in the night, lined up with all classes, and deftly inspected by the skilled medical attendants. Not one could escape. The trains themselves were fumigated at frequent intervals. But in spite of all precautions, the plague advanced rapidly over large districts, and to remote villages. The rats died in all directions, and not only rats, but squirrels, cattle, and

monkeys. Nearly all the little striped squirrels that had played about our mission compound disappeared.

THE PEOPLE TERRIFIED

Business was seriously affected; and for a time, panic conditions prevailed. No one cared to purchase goods from the plague-affected cities; and men became afraid to meet their neighbors, lest they become contaminated. Even the mails were disinfected, to prevent the spread of the contagion from one place to another, and even to distant lands. Almost everybody in the country who had any medical skill or experience was drafted into active service, and at the expense of the government, thrust into the army of faithful men and women who sought by every means possible to stay the disease.

So many died that the city authorities were kept busy disposing of the bodies. Whenever a person died, the authorities placed a large black cross on the outside of the house — a ghastly sign of the work of this dreadful scourge. In a few days, whole families were wiped out. House after house was vacated, entire streets were deserted, and in many quarters, whole blocks and squares.

Often men were so badly frightened that they left their dead and fled. Some stopped in their houses only long enough to bury their dead in the ground floor of one of their living apartments. I saw one body carried through the streets merely tied to a pole. The man had been a priest, and lived alone. When he was not seen for several days, search was made, and he was found dead in his home. He had no friends to look after him; so the *mahars*, or low-caste men, were forced by the police to bury him.

Cartloads of human beings were thus gathered up, piled in stacks like cordwood, and then thrown into deep pits or trenches and covered. Faces were drawn with sorrow and fright, and a cloud of fear hung like a black pall over the country. Usually only the natives were attacked, but now and then Europeans came down with plague. It was noticeable that few Christians were stricken. Most of the native converts live separate from others, and observe the rules of sanitation.

Some villages were more severely afflicted than others. Frequently officials gave orders for the people to vacate a town, and then

set fire to the houses and destroyed every one. I drove through some such places, and the desolation and charred remains spoke more impressively of the terrible experience than any pen can. Profound silence and gloom fell upon us whenever we passed such a forsaken spot, once teeming with business, pleasure, and life.

Still another effect was produced among the people: Men sought their gods, and endeavored to appease their wrath by spending much time in the large temples, chanting and offering gifts in the hope of pardon and



AT THE DISPENSARY

mercy. At one temple, we saw a woman beating her chest, and calling piteously upon the mother god. Appointments were made for bloody sacrifices to the gods.

Almost any time, one could stand in the doorway, and see long files of men, women, and children passing like so many living streams, each with a sheep, a goat, or a chicken, toward the place of worship and sacrifice. The bleating of sheep and the quacking of fowls, added to the clamor of human voices, made it strangely weird. And it was unspeakably sad, the people were so helpless and so ignorant. One's heart was moved with profound sympathy for them in their distress.

The majority of the people were so overpowered with their calamity and a sense of divine displeasure that it was quite impossible to attract their attention. There were some exceptions, however; and many acknowledged that it was no wonder God had thus afflicted them, for they knew they and their people were very wicked in their daily lives.

When men in large masses are moved to repentance, they often forget it soon, and fall back into the same old ways; but when,

without much outside influence, they are touched by a sense of their sin, their reform is more likely to be permanent.

Doubtless God has spoken loudly and long to the people of India; and if He is still patient and long-suffering toward them, surely we should be, and thank Him for the excellent opportunity we have of presenting to them a better way of living, and salvation from sin and its awful consequences.

PLAGUE BROUGHT TO THE DISPENSARY

Our medical dispensary was always open for all sorts of needy cases. One day, an old woman came staggering in, carrying her full-grown son rolled up in a blanket on her back. She was all out of breath as she gently lowered her burden to the ground, and placed the sick son beside the medical missionary, who saw at once that he was very ill of plague. Of course, the young man was removed from the place as quickly as possible, but not before many of the waiting patients had been exposed.

One of our orphan boys, Alfred by name, saw a large rat lying on the ground not far from our house, and picking it up by the tail, began to play ball with it. As soon as he

was discovered, we properly disposed of the rat, and then had all the boys well disinfected. The rat had died of plague.

As I was sitting on the veranda of the mission house one day, a young man with a blanket on his head and with a burning fever, walked up and said: "Oh, sir, I am very sick indeed. Please give me treatment." A glance showed that he had the plague, and we sent him to the plague doctor immediately. He died soon after reaching the hospital, which was scarcely five minutes' walk distant.

INOCULATION TRIED

All sorts of experiments were made, and various measures were adopted in the hope of relief. A system of inoculation, similar to vaccination for smallpox, was introduced. Many patients who were inoculated died, while others, after passing through a very critical period of fever, recovered. In some localities, inoculation was quite popular. However, many persons would not consent to this treatment.

One day, we were informed that dead rats had been found in the cookhouse belonging to our nearest neighbor, then in the

next cookhouse, and so on all about us. The plague spread all over the town, and hundreds of persons were dying every week. In one family, seven or eight members died, and finally not one was left.

CLAIMING GOD'S PROMISE

When official orders came to vacate the town, we were glad that our house was apart from all the rest, for so we were allowed to remain upon our own premises. In all, we had about seventy-five persons in our compound, which included nearly eight acres. Most of these persons were native Christians. We notified all that they should pray to God for special protection, and claim the promise that "there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling."

We provided a special disinfectant bath for all, and of course saw to it that the premises were kept clean, and then relied upon divine protection. The only man in our group who was not a Christian was our cook. He said his home was out in the jungles, and apart from others, and that he would not associate with the townspeople. Whether he kept his word or not we do not

know; but one day he came to us, and said his son was ill of plague. For a moment, we were almost speechless; but finally we told him to remain at home until we gave him permission to return. He came daily as far as our gate for milk and food, which we sent to his sick boy. About the same time, we received a boy and a girl who had both been exposed to plague. But after keeping them in the jungles and in quarantine for ten days, we allowed them to join our company, and they are still (October, 1917) well and happy. Of the seventy-five souls at the mission, not one died of plague, while all about us many deaths occurred daily. For this special protection and favor of God we shall always be thankful indeed.

ANXIOUS DAYS

But this is not all that took place in our compound during those anxious days. While at the dinner table one day, we suddenly detected the smell of a dead rat in the house. We watched a large green fly as he buzzed into a hole in the wall under a bed in the corner of the bedroom; then with a pickax we dug away till we found in the bedroom

wall a large dead rat, which must have been there several days.

About that time, I was writing in the office one morning, when a dead squirrel dropped beside me on the floor, from the rafters overhead. I left the room and went to the water jar on the veranda for a drink, and there on the floor saw several more dead squirrels. We had just finished the preparations in a bedroom for an expected guest, and went in to see what more we might do to have everything in order for our friend, when the breeze brought unpleasant whiffs of a decaying rat. We looked everywhere, and at last discovered a large brown spot on the cloth that serves for a ceiling instead of plaster, in the dressing room adjoining the guest chamber. These dead rats and squirrels were disposed of as quickly as possible, and each place where they had been was properly disinfected.

HIS PROMISES NEVER FAIL

Those trying days were a test of our faith; but His promises never failed. "The word of God . . . cannot be broken." "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away."

The plague continues to break out yearly in India; and since the incidents related above took place, it has spread to many other lands. It seems to have spent itself in its onward progress, and is not so violent as when it first came; yet every year, we read of many deaths from this awful pestilence.

Rama the Scavenger

MOST of the boys attending our mission school at Jalgaon were of the *mochi*, or shoemaker caste. Other boys in town would not associate with the shoemakers, because they worked on the skins of dead animals. A high-caste man may not touch a dead animal of any kind. Should he do so, he would be defiled. The Jews had similar laws concerning defilement, such as that recorded in Lev. 11:27: "Whoso toucheth their carcass shall be unclean until the even."

Kasho, our schoolmaster, rang his bell at nine o'clock in the morning, when a lot of bright-faced, nearly nude little fellows filed into the whitewashed schoolroom of the mis-



SHOEMAKER

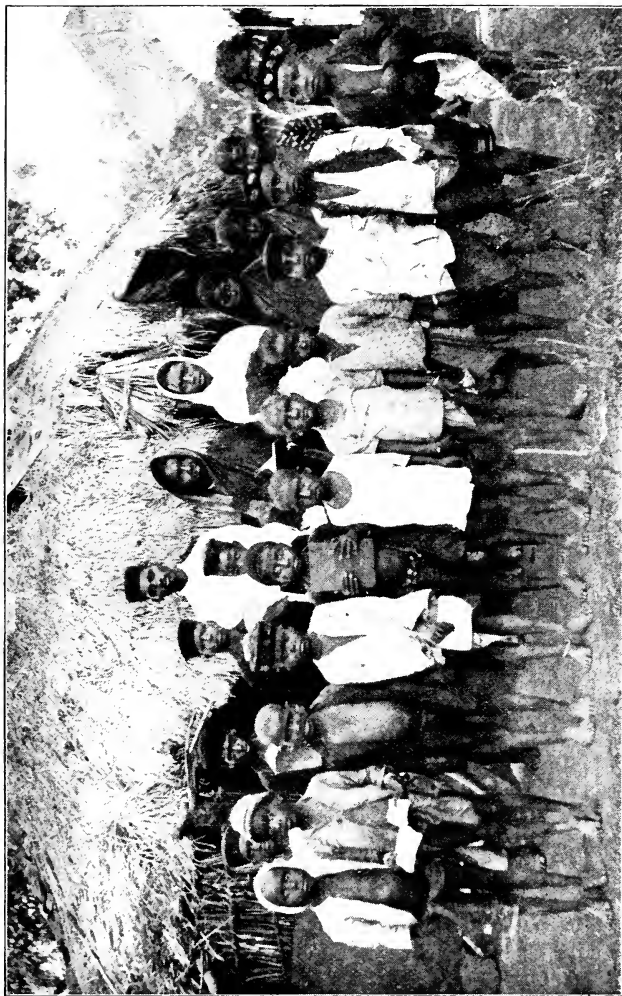


CANDY SELLER

sion home. The master most of the time sat cross-legged on a red cotton rug in one corner of the room, and the boys were ranged around its four walls in the same fashion. If too many boys were present, and the wall was overcrowded, they sat in the middle of the room, all flat on the floor. When a native sits on a chair, he says, "*Moongy arlie*," which means, literally, "The ants have come." And a white man, accustomed to the use of a chair, if compelled to sit cross-legged all day on the floor, would say his legs had "gone to sleep." That creepy sensation of numbness which we call "going to sleep," they call "creeping of ants"; and what cures it in one man causes it in another. Such is the effect of custom.

THE BIBLE TAUGHT

The opening exercises of our school consisted of a Christian song, a few verses of Scripture read by the master and repeated by the pupils, and prayer. The school was usually closed with similar exercises, all the pupils reciting a psalm or some other Scripture portion which they had carefully committed to memory, and enjoyed reciting to visitors. Missionaries and native helpers



A KALYAN VILLAGE SCHOOL

spend much time drilling the children and young people to repeat the word of God, with the hope that if it is once fixed in the memory, it may sometime reach the heart. "The entrance of Thy words giveth light," declared the psalmist long ago; and we are sure that when the word of God begins to operate in the hearts of the heathen, false notions will be destroyed, and the truth will transform their lives.

Bibles are always provided for those who wish them and will promise to read them. If tons of Bibles in the language of the people could be freely scattered in India, it would not be long before thousands would turn to the true God, and forsake idolatry and superstition.

A BOY OF THE SWEEPER CASTE

Many cases of real conversion can be traced to the simple reading of the Bible. It is customary for one of the sweeper or scavenger caste to visit each house and compound once or twice a day to collect and carry off the rubbish and waste that accumulates in the closets, etc. A widow with nine small children to support thus visited the Jalgaon mission each day. The death



AN INDIAN SWEEPER AND WIFE
These are the untouchables

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of her husband had left her the sole bread winner for the family of ten. One day, her oldest son, Rama, came instead of his mother. He would be called a *mater*, or *bungee*, which means, in the Hindu language, a sweeper; but the poor boy could not prevent his caste any more than he could change his dark skin. I asked him if he ever went to school.

“No, sir; but I wish I could go,” was the prompt reply.

That was just what I wanted him to say, for I sincerely hoped to persuade him to become a learner in our mission school. We did not object to his caste, and soap and water would make him as clean as a high-caste youth. Did he not have a soul to save as well as those from higher castes and of more respected occupations? His only excuse was that he must care for his two little brothers; but he could find some time for study, and I agreed to accept him as a pupil in our school, as well as his two small brothers.

HAD TO SIT IN THE HALL

Few boys in America would have the courage to try to study and act as child's nurse at the same time; but Rama had be-

come used to such responsibilities in his mother's absence from home, and became as attentive to his studies as were those about him. His eyes sparkled with delight the day we arranged the plan and welcomed him into our mission school. None of the shoemaker boys, however, would sit beside him. They regarded themselves as above a sweeper, and would not become defiled by close contact with one whom they had been taught to think beneath them. So Rama, with his brothers, sat in the hallway, but close to the door, where the master could see and hear all they did and said. He proved quick to learn, and soon committed some Scripture portions to memory. The Lord's Prayer was very attractive to him.

BITTEN BY A SCORPION

After the boy had been in school for some time, his mother came to our door one morning, apparently in a high state of excitement, and very anxious to tell us something. She said that the previous night, when all was quiet in her humble little home, Rama suddenly jumped up from his bed on the floor, screaming and in great pain. He had been stung by a scorpion, a common pest

in India. Begging his mother to do something quickly for his relief, he lay down again on the floor, writhing in agony. I have seen strong men in a spasm of pain for several hours, with beads of perspiration standing all over their bodies, after they were thus poisoned by a scorpion's sting.

Rama's mother tied a bandage about the wound to prevent the circulation of poison to other parts of the body, and then applied a burning match to cauterize it, and an onion ointment to allay the pain, which was unbearable. Suddenly Rama exclaimed: "Why don't you pray to God, as the missionaries do? They tell everything to God, and He hears their prayers."

"But," said she, "what could I, an ignorant woman, do? I could not pray like the white man."

Then Rama said he must pray; so he knelt down, and poured out an earnest petition for deliverance. The pain ceased, and mother and son lay down in peace.

Now that heathen woman stood before me with beaming countenance, confessing her simple faith in the God we worship, who almost instantly answered the prayer of her boy that night. She seemed to feel that she

must come and tell us the good her son was getting from our school. Both mother and son had grasped a faith which brought great consolation to their hearts. To me this was a beautiful fulfillment of the promise, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee."

EMPLOYED AS A MISSION SERVANT

After a time, for lack of room and on account of other changes, the Jalgaon Mission House was closed; but Rama continued his regular visits to the mission, and sometimes attended family worship. While attending the mission school, he had learned to read, and became a happy Christian boy. Now we employed him as a regular mission servant, to drive the bullocks and make himself generally useful.

He heard that a native Christian camp meeting was to be held not far away. With joy he thought of meeting so many converted people, and endeavored to attend. First he gained the consent of his mother; for the older he grew, the more loyal he seemed to be to her. Then he asked leave of the missionary for whom he worked; and when car fare to and from the camp meeting

was given him, a happier lad than Rama never walked the earth. While at the meeting, he made many new friends, and heard much about Christ that he had not before learned.

THE ACCIDENT

I must now relate a sad story in Rama's life. One afternoon, several persons were leaving the camp meeting for the railroad station, and Rama accompanied them in the bullock cart. Accidentally he fell from the cart, and the heavy wheel passed over his body, crushing him badly. This sad accident caused a feeling of gloom over all that happy gathering. Friends hastily carried him to the government hospital for proper care and treatment. At the hospital, inquiry was made as to what caste he belonged to; and when it was known that he was of the sweeper caste, he was not permitted to lie on a cot in the ward with the other patients, but was assigned to a heap of old rags on the floor. Much as the missionaries longed to see him better cared for, they could not interfere with custom and caste prejudices. He was visited daily by his Christian friends, who prayed for him, and took him such simple food as he could eat.

One day, one of the missionaries who had called to see Rama, saw that the lad was sinking fast, and asked him if there was anything he wanted.

“Yes,” said the boy. “I shall not live long now. I want but one thing before I die. I want to be baptized; but that is impossible, and I must die as I am. I am sorry, oh, so sorry; but I shall meet you when Jesus comes.”

Since Rama fell asleep in Jesus, the godly missionary who told me this part of his story, and who talked with him at the last, has also gone to rest. Of course, the poor old mother was heartbroken when she learned of her son's death, and the mission also felt his loss deeply.

That humble little school in Jalgaon has already borne permanent fruit for the kingdom of God. How glad I am that we ever pushed through the obstacles which stood in our way in its establishment! Who can read this simple story and not feel that it pays to follow the footsteps of Jesus, and “preach the gospel to every creature”? There are in India millions of youth like Rama, who should have an opportunity to hear of Jesus, and many who will also accept Him.

Frequently boys beg to be received into a mission school, but not all are accepted, for lack of sufficient funds for their support. They cheerfully accept the coarsest food and the humblest quarters for the opportunity of personal improvement and education. They are not ashamed to be called Christians, nor to be found reading the Bible. In civilized lands, dogs and horses are trained, and it is wonderful to see what these dumb animals can learn to do. If men and women with the love of God in their hearts would as patiently and perseveringly train the children of heathen parents, who can compute the results in this world and in that to come?

The greatest need is devoted workers and devoted money. Who will go? Who will give?

Bloody Offerings

WITH but few exceptions, the doctrine of atonement by blood finds place in all the various religions in the world. Prominent among those who do not hold to the necessity of shedding of blood are the Parsees, or fire worshipers. Practically all peoples are ready to receive the gospel of Jesus Christ, which is the gospel of the precious blood of the Son of God.

I was called to conduct the funeral service of a native Christian policeman, who had lived fourteen miles from the mission station. There were no Christians in that town, save this policeman, his wife, and three small children. When he died, his family were without a friend to help them; for when a man accepts Christ, and is baptized, he is usually treated as an outcast by his heathen associates, and even in the hour of his greatest need, is left to push through difficulties all alone.

After driving fourteen miles in the hot sun, I found the man lying just as he had died, his broken-hearted widow alone in her

sorrow. Their home was a small, one-roomed house, made of mud and thatched with cotton stalks. As I drove up, the wife came out to meet me. For a moment, she forgot her grief, and smiled, she was so glad a Christian friend had come. Then, bowing her head, she sobbed out her heart's anguish. But even then I observed the self-control and expression of hope which I had never seen at such times among heathen women, and thanked God that this family were Christians.

My first duty was to pull off my coat, roll up my sleeves, and prepare a bier for our dead brother. We laid him on the bamboo frame, covered him with a white cloth, and tucked green branches among the white to relieve the ghastliness. After carefully tying all to the bier, we placed it in our bullock cart.

A HEATHEN BURYING PLACE

An appropriate service was held, consisting of a song, the reading of a chapter, prayer, and a few remarks; then with bowed heads we proceeded to the cemetery. We had to bury at one side, as the people would

not allow a Christian to lie among those who had died as idol worshipers.

I shuddered as we entered the graveyard and saw skulls and human bones lying all about. Wild animals had pulled dead bodies out of their graves, eaten their flesh, and the bones were bleaching in the hot sun.

It was a lonely funeral service,—just seven Christians present, with crowds of heathen looking scornfully on. We felt our weakness as far as numbers were concerned; yet a sense of the sacred nearness of the Saviour accompanied us all the way.

Our brother had been in the service of the British government, at a wage of seven rupees, or about \$2.33, a month. They were



OUR BULLOCK CART AT KALYAN

a very poor family indeed. On our return, we waited at the little cottage long enough to arrange for the transfer of the widow and the children to the mission house. All they possessed did not fill one two-wheeled cart.

The next day, they arrived at the mission. The three children were placed in school, and properly cared for, and the widow was given such work as she was able to do, at the usual wage of a woman, two annas (four cents) a day. Thus she supported herself, and had Christian privileges and the fellowship of the native Christians.

A FEAST OF ATONEMENT

We left that heathen village about five o'clock that afternoon, and had gone but a short distance when we heard the sound of the *tom-tom* (native drum) as well as other instruments. Turning a sharp corner, to our surprise, crowds of people dressed in gay attire came into view, marching up the main street of the town. They were a motley throng,—men, women, and children, dressed in red, yellow, green, and blue, as well as combinations of all colors.

We asked the reason for this display, of a passer-by; and he explained that the people were celebrating a special feast, at which a male buffalo was sacrificed, and an atonement made for the sins of the people. With our knowledge of the true atonement, the very thought of such a barbarous thing was repulsive in the extreme. I called my driver to halt, and sat looking at the multitude, numbering hundreds, as they approached us.

The leader was the *Parteil*, or head man of the village. He wore a large turban trimmed with gold braid, also a long blue felt coat, and brandished a heavy sword in mid-air. Following close behind him were four other large fellows dressed in gay clothes, each one leaping into the air from time to time, and uttering terrific yells.

THE SACRIFICE

Then came a male buffalo about a year old, four ropes tied to his feet, and four men holding the ropes, also a man following with a club, which he frequently used to urge the poor creature forward. As they came closer to us, we observed that the nose of the animal had been slit open, and the blood was dripping freely from the cuts. The

tail had been mutilated and streamed with blood. The animal wore about his neck a garland of marigolds, roses, and jasmine. The poor thing looked indeed pitiful as it was led toward us and into the big gate of the town.

I alighted from my carriage to get a better view of all they did; and a high-caste Hindu, who was very respectful to me, pushed the people to one side, so that I could fully observe the ceremony. It might be stated here that while these Hindus do not usually slay animals for food, they frequently sacrifice them for offerings to their gods.

The people were wild with excitement. The musicians played with all their might, and in the most discordant manner. The noise increased in volume until I felt almost lifted off my feet. As soon as the procession halted before the village gate, the people all gave one tremendous shout, and a circle was formed, with the buffalo standing in the midst.

A LOATHSOME SPECTACLE

Suddenly the head man, in his long blue coat, rushed forward, shrieked, leaped into the air, swung his glittering sword, and gave



SACRIFICE OF THE MALE BUFFALO

one wicked blow on the top of the neck of the animal. It made but a small gash. Then the second man leaped like mad, as the first had done, and gave a cut; then a third, a fourth, and a fifth, and so on, one after the other in rapid succession, until the blood splashed in all directions, besmearing those who stood near. They chopped and chopped until the head was hacked off, and fell rolling in the pool of blood on the ground. The poor, suffering, quivering creature had repeatedly fallen down from exhaustion, but as many times had been pulled up by the men who held the four ropes tied to its legs; so after the head was gone, it stood there headless,— a cruel, revolting, and loathsome spectacle.

The multitudes rushed madly forward with little branches from the trees, and first dipping them in the blood, ran to their fields and homes to sprinkle the blood there, hoping thus to gain protection and prosperity. Then they dug up the big flat stones in the middle of the gate, pulled out the buffalo's head buried there the year before, and put this new head in its place. Then the flat stones were replaced, and the ceremony was over.

As the multitude went in and out of that gate all the year, they would always remember that a bloody offering had been made for the sins of all the people; but they knew not the only efficient sacrifice, the Lamb of God, slain for the sins of the world. I felt stunned, and almost too overcome to get into my carriage.

As I turned away, my pent-up spirits found relief in crying to God, "How long, O Lord, how long?" How long will it be before these poor men and women shall be taught that "it is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins"? How long will they be left to sit in such darkness and superstition? How long before the Christians of the world will awake to the command of the Lord, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature"? There are a few missionaries in those parts, and they are "up and at it" early and late; but the multitudes are so great! Millions are dying without the bread of life. A few scattered workers cannot reach them all, and so they perish, and that by millions, without a knowledge of the true God and His salvation.

It takes so long really to learn the languages of India, to minister to its millions of people, that we need to send out mission workers by thousands. I think it may be truthfully said that in America and other civilized lands, all have heard of Christ; at least, all have heard enough so that if they want to be saved, they may. Yet Christ is forced upon men there, and often preached to unwilling ears, while over here they have not had opportunity even to hear of Him.

But to return to our story! Driving toward home, we had gone only a short distance when we passed another great pool of blood in the middle of a public highway, and were informed that the sacrifice of a buffalo had been made there that day. Two miles farther on we saw still another male buffalo with his nose slit, being driven about another village.

THE LIVING FOUNTAIN

We two missionaries talked the matter over between ourselves, and both determined that we would work harder, and be more devoted and self-sacrificing, than ever before, for the salvation of the heathen. We also purposed, by the grace of God, to be as zealous

as possible in stirring up an interest in all the world for others to assist us in this great work assigned to the church. If people should say to us, as they said to Paul, "Thou art beside thyself," well and good. No matter what they say, we know that millions of souls are daily passing away without a knowledge of the way of eternal life. We can afford to be misunderstood, and considered beside ourselves, or enthusiasts, if thereby the great object of the atonement may be made more prominent, and if more will heed the call, and give themselves and their money for this great cause.

Why do so many push this great subject to one side? Why do they treat it so lightly? Why do they pray and give so little? Why do they live in luxury and comfort, when men and women by millions are dying for the bread of life? "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." "And that servant, which knew his lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes."

May God help you, my friends, to obey Him, and send the gospel to India and to all who have it not.



MR. AND MRS. JOHN BALID

Mrs. Balid was one of our famine girls in 1900, now a certified teacher and nurse. They were recently married at Kalyan. Both are members of the Kalyan church.

Obeying the Holy Spirit

WHEN Philip the evangelist was conducting a series of meetings in the villages of Samaria, the Holy Spirit spoke to him, and said, "Arise, and go toward the south . . . unto Gaza." Philip immediately obeyed. On his way, he met a high Ethiopian official, who was converted and baptized. We are told that this man went to Egypt and preached the gospel there.

If Philip had reasoned concerning his work in the villages as men are wont to reason, perhaps the man of Ethiopia would have been lost. Philip might have said, "I am doing a great work in these towns, Lord, and it seems unreasonable for me to leave such a promising field of labor for a 'one-man appointment,' and out in the country too." But he did not reason that way. When the Holy Spirit spoke, he was prompt to respond. When we walk with the Lord, we are always prompt to do as He suggests, and the results are blessed with divine fruit.

We have seen this repeatedly in the mission field in India. I was seeking to walk very closely with the Lord, and desirous of bringing His blessing to other souls. On a certain New Year's Day, a Christian friend and his family had arranged to take lunch in the forest, amid the beauties of nature, and I was invited to enjoy the occasion with them.

GO PREACH

It was a real treat to eat one meal out among God's spreading shade trees, reminding me of happy days at camp meetings in the homeland. No sooner was lunch over than the Holy Spirit began to speak to my heart, saying, "Go preach;" but was I not taking a "day off" with that good brother who worked so hard in the government office all the year? Still the voice said, "Go preach." When I told my host, he said, "Obey the Lord, and go preach." So my horse was saddled, and I was off to a village I had never visited before. Often before, as I had passed near this village, my heart had been moved to turn in, but I had felt that I could not spare the time.

The very hills and valleys seemed filled with the divine presence as I pursued my

journey. I recall even now the very turns in the road, and remember the places where my soul was specially blessed in obeying His sweet voice. With a note of victory I sang till the hills resounded with praises that day. The village was reached about four o'clock that afternoon. Few people were in sight, and I was tempted to think I could not gain an audience. But I felt sure of my call, and believed that God must have hearts there ready to receive the message; so, halting in front of the resthouse and temple, I began to sing a Christian song. Soon the people, hearing the singing, and wondering what was taking place, began to come from all directions. By the time I ceased singing, a good-sized congregation was quietly seated on the ground in front of me. I read the word of God to men who probably heard it for the first time. They listened intently, and my own heart was made glad as I beheld them.

LISTENING TO THE GOSPEL

The text I had chosen, "Have faith in God," opened up as I spoke, and thoughts from the Lord followed each other as fast as I could utter them. I felt special help

from above, and an assurance that God would bless the message. The people had never heard a Christian address before, but assented to the truth that there is but one true and living God, and that we should all obey and trust in Him. They acknowledged that they were all sinners. How reasonable the claims of Christ appear, when the Holy Spirit speaks to the hearts of men! That whole company of heathen believed the gospel message that afternoon. Repeatedly they said, "True, true," and "Yes, yes."

I felt inspired with a royal message, and delivered it as best I could. Presently I observed one man much moved. Then I pressed home the message, and made several practical applications of it. I showed how sin had separated us from the true God, whom we should all love and obey, and that faith is the simple means by which we are to come back to our heavenly Father, and make Him a living reality in our lives.

That one poor heathen saw the point. His eyes moistened as he felt his load of sins, and longed for deliverance from them. Presently he exclaimed, "*Buss! Buss!*" ("That's enough!") Then he stood up, and asked if he might have that experience of

the knowledge of sins forgiven. I assured him that God is no respecter of persons, and that whosoever will may come and partake of the water of life freely.

Then I told the people we would all kneel before the one true God, and pray to Him, and He would hear our request. They had never seen a man pray to the true God before, so they could hardly be expected to close their eyes. How glad I was that I could teach them how to call upon our God in the name of His Son Jesus Christ!

CONFESSING CHRIST

First I prayed for all present; then for that one man, so evidently moved by the Holy Spirit. Then I asked him to pray for himself; and for the first time in his life, he cried to the living God for pardon of sins and peace of mind. He confessed his sins in a very frank and honest spirit, and continued till a change came over him; then with a shining face he arose, and asked, "Am I a Christian now?" I told him the Holy Spirit would speak to his heart, and tell him if his sins were all pardoned. He said he felt much better, and that he had confessed all.

The people were spellbound, for they had never witnessed anything like that before. Then this seeker asked a question. He said that the Hindus had a certain custom, and he wanted to know if he should follow it. When they forsake one idol for another, they balance the idol about to be forsaken with wheat, and then throw both wheat and idol into the river. He asked if he should weigh his idol and cast it into the river, as he had accepted Jesus Christ.

Before I could think of an appropriate reply, some one in the audience responded, "*Nucko, nucko*" ("Don't, don't"). But after a moment, I said "Yes." Then they all said "Yes" too. To weigh the idol in wheat surely meant counting the cost, and throwing all into the river meant forsaking the past. There was in it the thought of sacrifice and abandonment, so I agreed. The man who accepted Christ seemed changed then and there. Then the others began to say, "We will watch you, and see if you live as you should after this."

I shall always believe that that man was converted the first time he heard the gospel,—a thing which is seldom seen in India, but is quite possible when the Holy Spirit has

His way. Proper conditions must produce certain results. What a pity that right conditions are not always met in every service held in the name of Christ!

FAREWELL

I said "Salaam" to all the friends I had made at that service, mounted my horse, and drove away; but that poor fellow followed me out of the village, and talked as fast as he could all the way. He told me he had been a great sinner, but that now he wanted to be good. He pointed out his little home, and said he had a wife and children.



"DHOLI," OR WASHERMAN



WEIGHING HIS STONE IDOL
IN WHEAT

When I left him, he put his head in his hands, and touched my feet with his forehead. Of course, I objected; but it is a mark of respect. I promised to call again, and went on. After a while, I kept my promise, and did call; but the man was away at work in the jungles, so I did not meet him.

Many times I have passed that village since then, but I have never found the time to stop and preach, or to inquire about that converted man. Sad, was it not, after the Holy Spirit had begun such a work in hearts? But the missionary cannot reach all he desires, nor fill all the calls. The field is large, and we can only sow the seed at God's bidding, and leave Him to care for the work that is beyond our power. I trust that that seeking soul is still depending on God for salvation. But how should we fare if we had no one to preach to us and frequently tell us the good news?

EIGHT MEN ASK PRAYERS

At another time, three of us missionaries were conducting a service in another village where the gospel had never been preached. We felt that special help was given us from above at this place also. After we had

sung a hymn, a large company of Hindus gathered on the side of a hill to listen. We felt, in our weakness, that the Holy Spirit came into that meeting, and blessed those present. They gave excellent attention; and when we invited those who wished to seek Christ to come forward, eight able-bodied men came to the front, and knelt while we prayed for them. We were never free to return to that village, so they too were left to the mercy and love of God.

After a meeting in another village, a young man quietly slipped some fruit into our hands, a thing quite unusual. It meant much for a Hindu thus to treat Europeans. The next time we held a service in that place, two young men followed us out of the village. When they saw that they were quite by themselves, they opened their hearts, and said they believed in Christ, and desired to become His disciples.

“But,” they continued, “if we follow Christ, our people will forsake us and cut us off from the inheritance.” Thus they would lose all right to property and home. They begged us to advise them as to what course they should pursue. We could only say, “Follow Christ, and He will provide.”

Still another young man used to visit us at the mission house at night to read the Bible and to propound questions — a Nicodemus, it is true, yet one upon whose heart the grace of God had fallen, and caused a desire to accept the truth.

One day, the inspector of public schools, a portly looking Brahman gentleman, who spoke English fluently, called for a short visit. In the course of his call, he asked for a New Testament, and desired us to select certain portions of special interest for him to read and study. After a few weeks, he returned the book with thanks, and then asked me several questions about what he had read.

Many similar instances might be related. The heathen are not all poor and ignorant; some of them are teachers, lawyers, physicians, men of ability, with excellent positions. Many from these classes are seekers after truth; but "how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach, except they be sent?"

Seldom in America will a man come to a preacher, and confess his desire for truth; but there are thousands in India and other heathen lands who do this. As a financial

investment, it pays better to put one's money into foreign missions than into home missions; for to save a soul costs less money in heathen lands than it does in America.

A WHOLE VILLAGE CALL FOR HELP

One afternoon, we were preaching to several thousands of people in a market place. They had given excellent attention, and we were about to sing the closing hymn, when a Hindu priest drew near to say there were a number of questions he wanted to ask about the Christian religion. To avoid public controversy, something that Hindu priests often raise for the purpose of confusing the minds of the people, we courteously invited him to our home, and promised to reply to all the questions he wished to ask.

The next morning, bright and early, he arrived with three of his disciples, and several hours were spent in reading the New Testament in Marathi. Then they carefully looked through our songbooks, and finally asked for books to take home with them. We thought we might never see them again, but prayed that the word spoken might fall into good ground. In about two weeks, the same priest returned with a large

band of followers, pleading with us to visit their village, as they had all decided to become Christians.

“COME OVER . . . AND HELP US”

In some instances, men have brought letters of invitation signed by long lists of villagers, to come and visit them. They have walked long distances and waited several days, hoping we would return to their place of abode with them. Then they have sent postals and letters, but we have not been able to go nor to send any one. Who ever hears of such instances in civilized lands? In other cases, they have offered us land, buildings, and wells, if we would only come and instruct them. They know that Christianity is uplifting, and they ask only for a teacher to show them the way.

In many places, the cry is to-day, as it was in the days of the apostle Paul, “Come over . . . and help us.” We had a native schoolmaster stationed in a small village, which we visited from time to time, as such a native preacher or teacher often serves as the connecting link between the people and the missionary. This man arranged for a preaching service for us at a certain place

and hour. The house was too small for those who came, so we assembled outside in the court. There, beneath the stars, we told the old, old story. As soon as the service ended, a high-caste man requested a private interview. I consented, and he told me of his great desire to follow Christ. I prayed for him, and instructed the master to help him all he could, promising to meet them both again soon.


Imagine my surprise a few nights later, when I was called up at eleven o'clock by the master and this young man, the latter asking for baptism. He had walked fourteen miles to accept Christ thus publicly.

The young man remained with us a few days, in which time we had a public baptismal service at the lake. We had instructed him that it would be necessary for him to cut off his sacred thread, the sign of a high-caste man, also his sacred lock of hair, or *shandi*. To this he readily consented. When we drove to the lake for the service, I took my scissors with me, as usual; but to my surprise, these sacred signs of Hinduism were already cut off, the young man himself having removed them. How gladly we baptized him when we saw this expression of

his sincerity and bold faith in Christ! It meant very much to that young man to part with those signs of his old faith, but he counted all things as naught for Christ. He afterward suffered great persecution from his own people; but he held fast to his faith, and eventually married a Christian girl. So far as we know, he is still loyal to the truth.

When Spirit-filled missionaries learn the language of the people, they may see great ingatherings almost anywhere in India. "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord."

Was It Worth While? ✓

UR weekly village bazaar, or market day, came on our rest day; so we could not purchase our week's supplies in our own town. On this account, we did our marketing at Deolghat, a village five miles distant. In February, 1900, the famine which afterward proved so severe had just begun in Central India. Rain had not fallen for several months; grain was scarce, and those who had it for sale demanded unreasonable prices. A missionary brother accompanied me to Deolghat bazaar in our two-wheeled bullock cart, or tonga. We drove to the edge of the large crowd at the bazaar, unyoked our bullocks for rest and feed under a large tamarind tree, and sauntered off to do our marketing. We had gone but a few steps when we saw a wretched-looking creature, a tall, skeleton-like black man, squatting on the public highway, and drew closer to get a better view. Multitudes of Hindus and Mohammedans were passing, but none seemed to notice this man.

Our sympathies were stirred to the depths, and we could scarcely believe our eyes. He looked more like an animal than a man; his body was nearly nude; his nails were long and claw-like; he wore less than a yard of cloth, a dirty rag; his hair was alive with vermin; we could count every rib; his stomach was basin-like and empty; his knees seemed like huge bony balls,—a ghastly sight, filthy, helpless, degraded. He was far too weak to stand alone.

FIRST AID

Solid food would not digest in such a stomach, yet he was starving. When he saw us pause to look at him, he touched his forehead to say "Salaam," and then his empty stomach to show his great need. One could not resist his pathetic appeal. We bought him a measure of parched peas; but how could a skeleton receive them? He had no pockets, for he wore no clothes. Spreading a clean white handkerchief on the ground, we poured the peas into it, and gave them to him; then with a sigh we turned away with the thought, "He will die in a few hours."

After filling the tonga boxes with our purchases, we sang a hymn. This drew a crowd of listeners about us, and we told them of Jesus and His power to save; for these large markets afford splendid opportunities to preach, dispose of tracts, and win the hearts of the heathen.

Before leaving the market, we went again to the place where we had met the man in need; and when we found him, a new thought presented itself. Christianity was being challenged. Hindus passed by, but did not help; Mohammedans did the same. There were no Christians in that vast throng of human



THE WAY WE TRAVEL OUR COUNTRY ROADS

beings save us two missionaries. Should Christianity and her representatives pass by, and leave this needy man to die like a dog? The heathen system of religion had brought him to this sad state, and now, indifferent to his great need, its people moved on unconcerned. "Actions speak louder than words;" and here was an opportunity to hold up Christ to the masses in a practical way, and possibly to save a soul from death. We asked the beggar his name; and in a pitiful voice he replied, "Rama." He had no home, and slept beside the road, or wherever night cast her mantle of darkness over him.

"Will you get into the tonga, and go home with us? We have milk, clothes, and shelter for you, and will give you all the care you need," we said.

Rama quickly signified his willingness to go, and grasped his hoe (his only possession, which in his weakness he could scarcely lift) the closer, as if it might some day help him earn his daily bread.

AN EARTH DIGGER

All heathen in India belong to some special caste. On inquiry, we found that Rama was a *wadari*, or earth digger. These people

are very ignorant and poor, and roam from place to place, living in low grass huts or in small tents made of ragged patchwork. For food, they snare rabbits, quail, and other small game; they also relish roasted rats and lizards. They do not attend school, and are considered of so low a caste that they do not need to know letters or their ages. They need not know much in order to dig earth; so the Hindus leave them to themselves, to live and die as ignorant as they were born.



A FEAT OF STRENGTH—LOADED
WITH IRON CHAINS



A "SADU," OR "HOLY MAN"

We helped Rama to the front step of our tonga (he could not sit up on the seat, so sat on the floor), drove home as quickly as possible, gently assisted him to a little house near our carriage shed, and gave him some bags for a bed, and a blanket for covering. He drank a bowl of warm milk, and we said, "*Nezar*" ("Good night"), and left him to rest.

On making our rounds in the morning, we found Rama shivering with the cold, although, to our way of thinking, the day was warm and sultry. He had so little fuel to feed the engine of life, that his condition was far from normal. His flesh looked parched and dry, like a piece of old leather.

We propped him up beside a tree in the warm morning sunlight, and read to him a short Bible chapter; but he said he did not understand. We talked about God, the Father of us all; but he had never heard "Our Father which art in heaven." He was not stupid, but ignorant of all that Christian men hold in common. We prayed for him, and left him to bask in the sunshine.

As soon as our orphan lads had their noon-day meal, we called the older ones to help us make Rama more comfortable. First we

cut off the long locks of hair; then, using plenty of soap, warm water, and a scrubbing brush, we gave him a good bath, cut his long nails, and rubbed about a pint of coconut oil over his parched body. For several days, this treatment was repeated, until the old skin peeled off, and new appeared. We gave him clean clothes, which made him very comfortable.

Once Rama wandered off to the bazaar, or market, practically crawling on his hands and knees. While there, he begged raw carrots to eat, which made him deathly sick.

The mission boys daily prayed for Rama; and in a short time, he began to show signs of improvement. For many weeks, he was unable to walk, having entirely lost the use of his knees. One night, with assistance, he attended our boys' evening devotions. That evening, special prayer was offered. Rama sat in wonder, and listened to all that was said. We sang the chorus,

"I love Jesus. He's my Saviour.
Jesus smiles, and loves me too."

Suddenly a gleam of light passed over Rama's countenance; he had caught the spirit and meaning of that song. It did him good,

gave him a new hope, a new desire; so we repeated the song again and again. Then we asked, "Do you want this Saviour too?"

"Yes," was the quick reply.

We all knelt, and unitedly and earnestly prayed that Rama might be converted to Christ that night. He prayed for himself, and said, "O Lord, make me happy too." Suddenly the Spirit of God touched his spirit, and the great change took place. By faith, he became a Christian, and confessed and accepted Christ, our Redeemer.

Rama has never been the same since that night. Old things passed away, and all things became new. Then he followed Christ in baptism, took a bold stand before the world, and has since prayed and testified as well as given his offerings to the Lord.

DAYS OF FAMINE

Famine pressed in upon us from all sides, until we were surrounded by hundreds of starving people who cried for labor and bread. Water was very scarce, and we gave it out a cup at a time. We employed about five hundred of these poor people for eight months. Rama willingly joined their ranks, and labored with the rest for six cents

a day. He was able to testify for Christ and what had been done for him, thus proving a valuable witness before many souls.

During this famine period, the missionaries in the country gathered the boys and girls who have since become such a noble army for Christ in the church of India. Among the young people, we gathered in one Shanti-Bai, who became a Christian shortly after coming to us. Her brother and aunt also joined our ranks. For a few days, Shanti-Bai attended our girls' school; but to her it was irksome. She preferred her old work, laboring in stone and mortar with the others of her lot.

It was difficult to find places for all these people. Rama had a little loft over the sheep



AN INDIAN WOMAN COOKING BREAD

pen in our barn, where he slept happily and peacefully. He had grown as fat as an Eskimo, and was always ready to do any kind of work. He made his own bread, if not the best in the world.

One day, he had better bread than usual; and when we inquired the reason for this, he told us that Shanti-Bai had made it. He had concluded that a woman could make better bread than a man, and had engaged Shanti-Bai to make his bread always. I am sure no one could object to this plan.

A CHRISTIAN WEDDING

As the famine drew to a close, and the people were soon to depart to their respective villages, it was decided to celebrate the occasion with a Christian wedding. This was a novel thing in these parts, as nothing of the kind had ever taken place. Rama and Shanti-Bai were the honored couple. Surely the mission could afford to give Shanti-Bai a new *sardi*, or dress, costing about fifty cents, and Rama a white suit and a red turban. The wedding was solemnized in the large front hall of the mission house, the place used regularly for meetings. Every-

body was invited, although no cards were sent out.

When the day arrived, the place was crowded with animated faces. The room had been decorated with cartloads of green boughs and pink oleander blossoms. The wedding march was a gospel hymn. The boys and girls sat in a solid phalanx on the floor, clothed in their red, white, and blue costumes, while they chanted beautiful Christian songs in their native tongue, clapping their hands together on the chorus, in which their voices swelled with delightful rhythm and unison. What a happy moment! Happy, yes, very happy, never to be forgotten!

The couple were self-possessed, and answered all the questions readily. The prayer and benediction over, congratulations were in order. As the happy pair turned toward the audience, I first shook hands with the groom and then with the bride; but the occasion was too much for her, and suddenly, to my amazement, she threw her arms around me, and cried, "Oh, papa! Oh, papa!" The audience joined in a hearty laugh, and everybody offered congratulations and good wishes.

The couple were treated to English bread and jam, then escorted to their new home in

one of our mission houses. They were delighted with the goat's hair blankets, brass ware, and other useful articles presented to them by their many Christian friends. Thus they began life anew.

For several years, they have been walking in the narrow way. Their humble but happy Christian home has been blessed with two children. The boy died; but the little girl lives, and is being trained as a Christian child. These parents labor for their daily bread, attend the services of the house of God, and have the common comforts of life. How much better off they are to-day than they used to be! "He that winneth souls is wise."

“One Sows, Another Reaps”



THE word of God teaches us to “sow beside all waters.” At times, we may be tempted to think it almost useless to work among certain classes of God’s fallen creatures, who may not readily receive the message, and whose indifferent attitude leads us to conclude that they are beyond the reach of the gospel. There is no greater mistake than this.

We should never forget that “God is no respecter of persons;” that every man, whether black or white, has a soul to be saved or lost. Perhaps the reason why more are not reached, is because of some failure on our part in the use of the means provided. It is our business, then, to “cast the net on the right side of the ship;” and with the divine blessing on our labors, we are sure to inclose “a great multitude of fishes.”

No one was ever caught in the gospel net whom God could not bless and use for His own glory. The chief business of every Christian should be to save souls; but, alas, how few who profess Christ make that their

first business! We have proved repeatedly, in our mission work in India, that it pays to sow the seed at every opportunity, though we may never foresee "whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

The tendency of the natural heart is to endeavor to win the most attractive to Christ, those who have education, position, and wealth. But Jesus, our model, was ever as eager to lift up the leper and the beggar as the rich man and the Pharisee.

THE BEGGARS OF INDIA

In many of the large towns in India may be found a certain class of human beings pushed outside the city walls, and not permitted to live alongside of others. These people are usually very poor, and their ostracism makes it all the more difficult for them to get on in the world. Pride and selfishness exalt one and put down another, but the religion of Jesus Christ raises all to one high yet humble plane of common interests. Selfishness never thinks of the welfare of others, but only of its own; and it is this evil thing that drives a certain class of poor creatures outside the city walls, treats



INDIAN PLOWING WITH BULLOCKS AND NATIVE PLOW

them as outcasts, and cuts them off from every advantage or opportunity of gaining happiness and improvement.

Such a group of beggars, illiterate, scantily clad, and very poor, had made for themselves outside the city wall low mud houses, and thatched them with cotton stalks and jungle grass. Just about sunset, when the people returned from their day's toil, and while their scanty evening meal was being prepared, we used to visit them, and sitting with them on logs and straw mats, read the Bible and sing and pray. We usually took as large a company of Christians as possible for our service. The poor people seemed to appreciate our visits, and endeavored in every way to make us as comfortable as they could with their scanty conveniences. We were deeply moved by their need, and longed to lead them into the light of the gospel.

A HINDU PRIEST

One day, we observed an aged man among these beggars, and by his salmon-colored gown and long hair, knew him for a Hindu priest. During the meeting, he gave special attention; and after the service, I felt impressed to tell him I wished he could read

for himself our precious Bible, which is like a bright lamp in a dark night, enabling us to see the path ahead. To my surprise, he quickly responded, "I can read it." Then I pointed out certain portions to him; and although it was scarcely light, he made out the words very well indeed. I asked him if he would constantly read the Bible if I gave him one.

"Oh, yes," was the quick reply.

By this time, my curiosity was somewhat aroused, and I ventured to ask him more about himself. He offered no objections, and replied freely to my interrogations, tell-



A HINDU PRIEST AT WORSHIP



SHUUKER, A DEVOTEE OF SIVA

ing me that he had been a Hindu priest for twenty years. But it was late, and we had practically held two meetings that night, so we hastened home, praying earnestly that God would bless the seed sown that day.

FASTING FOR VICTORY

At such times, fasting and prayer always bring rich returns; so we denied ourselves for Jesus' sake, and pleaded for special victories. The following day, after marking certain portions of the New Testament, we carried a Bible to this inquirer, and had the pleasure of hearing him read from it. He was delighted with the gift, and promised again to make it a special study. About that time, many Bibles were distributed in that locality to those who showed a desire to know more about the word of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Can you imagine our joy when, a few days later, the old priest came to a Christian service in our home, bringing his wife and children with him, and formally announced that through reading this Bible, he was convinced of the truth of the gospel, and his one great desire was to become a Christian? We prayed for them, that their sins might

be forgiven; and they all professed to accept Christ as their personal Saviour. It was our habit, as soon as believers had really taken the one great step of repentance, to baptize them, in order to bury the past, and cut off their heathen associations.

We were to leave that station for another, and arranged for the old priest and his family to accompany us for the baptism. We gave him the name of Samuel at that time; for in some ways, he appeared to us like an old prophet, in his long robe, and with his long hair and beard. Samuel gave up his tobacco pipe, and his opium and hemp smoking; but he had many a struggle with the enemy over these habits. Soon after the incident recited above took place, we began special seasons of prayer daily at 6 a. m. Samuel was always present, and took great delight in the early morning devotions. His life was very consistent, and from the first, a model to some who had been longer in the way.

THE RESULTS OF EARLY INFLUENCES

But there was a secret in Samuel's life; and for some time, he did not disclose it to us. Did we not say that "one sows, and

another reaps"? This had been the case in Samuel's experience. One day, as I sat in a quiet spot talking with our old Christian brother, he opened his heart, and told me the secret of his conversion. He had cast off the garb of the Hindu priest; and with my own hands, I had cut off the symbols of Hinduism; and to us, Samuel was now in every respect a real brother in Christ. Perhaps our kindly attitude toward him had inspired confidence, so that he wanted us to know him as he really was.

Years before, when he was yet a little boy, he had worked for a minister of the Church of England who was evidently a sincere Christian, and desirous that all about him accept the God he loved and served. This man had taken a great interest in Samuel, which grew into a real friendship, and he had improved the opportunity to sow the seed of truth in the heart of the young lad. There were several years, he said, when he considered entering the service of God; but the work of repentance had not gone deep enough into his heart, his better judgment was overcome, and he had spent most of his life in the service of the devil, wandering over the country as a *sadu*, or priest.

Thus to smother the sacred influences which still strove with him, and to dispel all light, he had sold himself to the enemy, and became a heathen priest. He acknowledged that the whole system was only one of deception and black arts.

BECOMES A "HOME FATHER"

The quiet dignity of this brother, and his kindly influence in our work, led us to assign to him the very important position of "home father" in our boys' orphanage school. It was a pleasure to listen to his mature exhortations to his countrymen. His arguments were solid and convincing; and for months, he was a real support in the establishment of God's kingdom among his people. But gradually his health gave way, and he sickened and died. We did not realize how highly we had esteemed him, until he was gone.

The funeral service held over his remains was a very impressive one. When Christ returns, we shall confidently look for Samuel among those who now sleep in the dust of the earth.

The seed was sown in youth, and gathered in old age, but just in time for the garner of the Lord.



BOYS AND GIRLS IN THE KALYAN MISSION

Beaten for Christ's Sake

BLESSED are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."

As far as we could ascertain, missionaries had never preached the gospel in Floodtown, where we decided to open a new mission. It was a well watered, rich, and prosperous district. Large areas of cotton, grain, and fruit were cultivated, and the annual income was abundant. The heathen residing in these towns and villages lived on, quite undisturbed in the practice of their fiendish rites and superstitious customs. Without doubt, some, perhaps many, of the upper classes had come in contact with the foreigner, and understood that his religion was very different from their own; but no glimmer of light had reached the masses of the people.

Our first effort among them was the disposal by sale of small portions of the Scrip-

tures, tracts, and leaflets. Not many, however, ventured to purchase these; and the few who did so were very shy, lest they bring the censure of their caste people upon themselves. As we frequented their daily bazaar to purchase goods, they often drew themselves aside, as if our shadow or touch might possibly break their caste or defile them. At first, the sensation of being regarded as altogether unclean is not very pleasant; but at such times, these words are a comfort: "As He is, so are we in this world."

That unseen but conscious evil power so often realized by the child of the living God in heathen lands, was very prevalent in this field of labor. At times, we observed the snarling criticism of several as we passed through their streets, and by their shrinking from us, were constantly made to feel that we were not wanted. The situation was depressing, and often convinced us that we were working against the strongholds of Satan.

Sometimes we formed a small circle in the main thoroughfares of the town, and, as best we could, presented the gospel message; but as often we felt it come back in our faces. For a long time, it seemed as if

absolutely no impression was being made on these stony hearts. Our only hope lay in the little companies of children we had collected in different parts of the town, and these among the lower castes, where we endeavored to carry on school work in a very simple manner. The children seemed to feel our affection for and interest in them, and in nearly every instance, responded in a satisfactory manner.

Since no real impression was being made upon the people of that town, we decided to visit some of the smaller villages in the outlying districts. Whether or not we were merely a curiosity to the villagers, we cannot say. But we were sure our efforts among them were not altogether in vain; for many of them, coming into town to the regular weekly market, would greet us with smiling faces, as if they regarded us as friends. A few gradually lost their timidity, and came to our house to ask questions and get acquainted.

When the cold season came on, we planned to visit several distant villages in our district, and at least introduce ourselves and our mission. On one of these trips, we gathered a comparatively large congrega-

tion. We sought to be very discreet in all we said, so as not to be misunderstood, and for a while held their undivided attention; but almost in an instant, there arose a murmur, and we felt that they too were against us. Suddenly a stone struck one of us on the head.

With as little notice of the incident as possible, we proceeded in our remarks, when another missile fell, then another and another. Thicker and faster they fell, in a perfect shower, so that the listeners dispersed, and we were left in the midst of the excited, angry crowd. It would have been unwise to run, as they would have thought us cowards and guilty of misconduct; so we stood our ground as best we could. At first, we thought that perhaps it was only a boyish prank; but when we saw men engaged in the affair, we knew they were angry because we were preaching.

It was a satisfaction to us to know that we had been very careful in all we had said; but as in the days of the apostles there was a class of unbelieving Jews who stirred up the people, so now there were those who were stirring up against us the minds of our Hindu brethren who desired to listen. It



P. R. SHINDI AND FAMILY

He is one of our Marathi S. D. A. preachers.
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was the Mohammedans who threw the stones, and who, jealous lest we convert the Hindus, sought thus to insult us openly. Many times we tried to reach the people of that place, but nearly always had to leave in a shower of stones.

For a time, we thought we must not be easily discouraged, and should persist; but after being bruised with stones several times, we concluded to let this village rest for a time. The report of the treatment we received in that one place spread from village to village, and doubtless emboldened others; for it was often our lot to be pelted with stones while conducting a gospel service.

One afternoon, three of us missionaries planned to visit a near-by village for the first time. As usual, we were all dressed in the white suits customary in the tropics, and wore white sun hats. Our carriage top also was white; and as we drove into the village, I imagine we presented a neat and attractive appearance. But not so when we drove out.

The village was built upon a hill, and was approached by a road that circled around it. As we drew near, we heard the bells in the temple ringing at the opening of the eve-

ning worship, accompanied by the blasts of conchs and the beating of a tom-tom, and had to wait for the noise to cease before we opened our service. No sooner had we begun to sing than from all sides the men of the village flocked to us in great curiosity; and in less than ten minutes, we had a large congregation, intent on learning the reason for our sudden appearance. It was not long before they were satisfied.

The bells and the tom-tom had been used to wake up the slumbering village idol, as is done twice in twenty-four hours. We thought of the address of the apostle Paul on Mars' Hill, "Whom . . . ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you." We occupied a similar position, and were addressing a people who were, like the Athenians, "in all things . . . too superstitious." So we announced our text, "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep," and endeavored as tactfully as possible to lead the people to see the absurdity of their effort to wake up with a daily clamor their handmade idols of huge blocks of stone. Then we pointed out to them the wonders of creation, and that all these are the work of the living God, who alone is worthy to

be worshiped, and who has said, "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me."

In the midst of our remarks, a high-caste boy stepped forward suddenly, and in a most commanding tone shouted, "*Buss! Buss!*" meaning, "Stop! Stop!" He said it with all the venom of a heart full of sin. When we did not *buss*, but proceeded with our remarks, the young commander again came forward, and the shout of "*Buss! Buss!*" rang out on the twilight air. By this time, the congregation had increased in size. To add to the embarrassment of our position, droves of buffaloes, cows, bullocks, and goats were halloed through the main street directly in front of us. There we stood, with hand uplifted, talking to the angry multitudes on the hillside. Clouds of dust rose from thousands of feet, boys were shouting at their flocks and herds; and no sooner had the cattle passed in front of us than down came a brick, which we escaped by stepping back.

We hoped to persuade these people by kindness, but the very devils seemed stirred among them. Suddenly they rushed down the hillside with stones, clubs, bricks, handfuls of cow manure, and pelted us well with

whatever they could grasp. We saw no reason for such a demonstration, and stood our ground in the public highway, with the hope of leading them to a better turn of mind. But, no; the light had fallen upon them that the gods they worshiped were only gods of earth and stone, and they were furious. Conscious that our lives were in danger, we jumped into our carriage, and drove away amid a storm of oaths and missiles.

Our hearts melted within us in pity and sympathy for these deluded souls; but they would not receive us, so we had to leave them. It is a pleasure to add that some time later we visited that very town, and talked to the people about Christ and His power to save, and all we had with us was our Bible, songbooks, and lantern. They did not refer to their former treatment and our rude reception in their village; and we were careful not to mention it, nor in any way to leave the impression that we were in the least afraid of them.

On the evening of our second visit, we gathered a company in their village rest-house, and told them of the plan of salvation. They listened till a late hour; then we de-

cided to sleep there, and using our coats for a cover and our books for a pillow, lay down without bed or blanket, and slept as well as in bed at home. They knew who and what we were, and seemed overcome by our kindness. Since that time, that particular village has been open to the gospel. Some determination was required on our part to gain this village, but love conquered. Not a bit more easy was it to gain admission into other villages in that locality. One instance will illustrate.

Desiring to bridge over, if possible, the wide chasm of national customs and color, and wishing to become all things to all men, if thus by any means we might save some, two of us agreed that we would dress as natives for a few days and go out among the people, hoping thereby to get nearer to them, and possibly make them feel that we did not regard ourselves as better than they. Two of our native Christian young men, who served as schoolmasters in our mission, accompanied us.

We planned a trip on foot that would last for several days, and possibly weeks, and therefore went equipped for such an absence. Each carried over his shoulder a blanket,

neatly folded. We also had two lanterns, and cloth bags containing rice, flour, and a few other things. Great simplicity was our aim; and although it meant discomfort and self-denial on our part, we did not mind it if we might thereby learn a better way of approach to an indifferent and hostile people. With this idea in mind, and in this simple Eastern fashion, we four started out full of hope and prayer.

The first day, we walked about ten miles over dusty roads in the hot sun, and about



BOMBAY'S LONG-HORNED BULL

Spread of horns — 5 feet, 11 inches

Length of horns — 3 feet, 4 inches

four o'clock in the afternoon came to a small village situated on the high banks of a large river. After eating a light lunch for our evening meal, we called the villagers together, and conducted a service. The chief men of the town gathered for this meeting, and every one seemed pleased.

We had thought of spending the night near an old temple on the river bank; but as we started to go, a tumult arose among the people, and they became so excited that we could not gather one distinct sentence uttered by them. They stopped us by main force, and said we must not leave their town that night. For a few moments, we persisted; but when we saw that trouble would result, we planned to remain where we were. Then they built a big fire in the middle of the town for a light, brought a long spear and several torches, and in great excitement chattered away till midnight.

We pretended we were not concerned, and lay down in the resthouse and tried to sleep. Our ten-mile walk and the late service had somewhat worn us, and we were exceedingly weary. We could not tell what was in the minds of the people; but one thing was cer-

tain,—they proposed to keep us shut up in their village and in that resthouse that night.

Whenever we opened our eyes during the night, we saw a watchman looking at us — and it is not easy to fall asleep under such circumstances. Daylight the following morning was most welcome. We ate our food and prepared to leave. But lest they should misunderstand our mission, we again preached to them, said “Salaam,” and departed. That day, we did not go many miles. We crossed the river, and held services in a village on the other side. Here we had a pleasant day. For the first time, many came, and listened to the glad tidings. It had been very hot and sultry, and we were glad to wade nearly up to our necks in water as we crossed the river. On the banks of this river, we prepared our evening meal, washed and dried our dirty garments, and decided to spend the night in a third village, a little farther down the stream.

In going to this third place, we had to pass by the one we had first visited. We did not mind this, for we were in the public highway, and on a government road. It was about sundown. The roads were deep with dust, so that whenever we stepped, our feet

were buried almost out of sight. I have never seen such roads anywhere else. No sooner had we come in front of the village where we had been detained the previous night, than a company of men came out with clubs, and commanded us in rough tones to turn into their village again. We said "No," and pursued our course up the hill, walking single file, as the road was narrow. It took a few moments for notice to be given in the village; then about fifty men, each armed with a club, came after us. I first heard the whack! whack! of their sticks as they beat the native masters who were in the rear of the line, followed by the remonstrance of my fellow missionary. Then I, who was leading the line, felt several sharp cuts of bamboo clubs on my back, arms, and head.

Fearing lest we should be killed, we yielded with as good grace as possible, and turned back with them. But the angry mob did not seem satisfied to beat us and drag us carelessly; they persisted in tearing off nearly all our clothing. They led us to the resthouse where we had been detained the previous night, and threw us in with a great air of bravado. The legs of our poor na-

tive boys were bleeding, and we missionaries were stiff and sore. But there was nothing we could do; so with torn garments, dusty bodies, and palpitating hearts, surrounded by that angry mob, all yelling at the top of their voices, we sat down on the mud floor and silently looked at them.

The whole town heard the uproar, and in a short time all turned out to see what the excitement might be. No doubt some will wonder how we felt, and if we kept our patience under these circumstances. It was no time to think of revenge; the angry natives, in their state of frenzy, would have made short work of us. So we kept as cool-headed and quiet and pleasant as possible. Personally, I wanted to live a while longer, and I knew that the quieter I was, the sooner they would become more sane. Some pretended they were sorry, and asked if they should get us water or milk to drink; but we refused to accept anything, fearing they might try to poison us. After such rough treatment, it seemed the most inappropriate thing in the world to seek to entertain us with oily tongues.

They set a watchman that night also, and looked with wild and unsympathetic gaze

upon us in our helplessness. We thought of Paul and Silas in the Philippian jail, and longed to conduct ourselves as wisely as they. The previous night, we had slept but little; and now with bleeding legs and swollen bodies, we slept less on the vermin-infested mud floor of the native resthouse. One old heathen stretched himself on a cot to rest; and every time he turned over in the night, he called upon the name of his god for help, shouting out, "Ram! Ram!" This did not add slumber to our weary eyes.

With thankful hearts we beheld the light of the next day. As soon as possible, we dispatched one of our native masters, telling him, in English, to go straight home, and have one of the missionaries return in a carriage for us. Had the natives known our plan, they would not have allowed the man to go. Then we requested the head man of the village to provide us with a bullock cart, in which we might start for home; but he paid no attention to our request.

One of the laws under British rule in India is that any European in need of a conveyance shall be provided the same, paying a small sum for its use. We tried to impress this upon the mind of the head man,

but to no avail. We were too sore to walk, and had little heart to undertake it after the severe treatment of the night before. Finally we made a bold effort, and lightening our burdens by leaving our foodstuffs behind, we sauntered off, and up the hill from which we had been so unceremoniously dragged the day before.

Just before we left, however, four of the chief men of the town departed in a cart drawn by a fine pair of young bullocks — an act suggesting trouble ahead of some sort. We had reason to think that orders had been given to keep us there, and to watch all our movements. No sooner had we reached the top of the hill than a large, powerful, black native, with club in hand, came up and demanded that we return to the village. A few positive words expressed to him our citizenship, and our determination to press homeward; so he allowed us to pass on. There were several villages on the way home, and we felt sure those four men in the cart ahead of us would, if possible, make trouble.

We had gone perhaps two miles or more when we saw another village. With repressed voices, we hurried on, hoping we might pass unnoticed and unharmed. But,

no; as soon as we came up fairly in front of the place, out came three strong-bodied *mahars* (low-caste fellows), each with a stick in his hand, and catching us with a jerk by the nape of the neck, pulled us into the center of the town, and before a large crowd of men seated in the *chowdie*, or resthouse. Then they demanded to know who and what we were. We kindly but positively told them we were missionaries, that we had molested no one, and that our aim was to do the people good. They bade us be seated. We asked why they had arrested us in the public highway. To this they made no response, so we said "*Salaam*" and departed.

With quick step we hastened homeward, dreading the next village we had to pass, and all the while longing for our missionary friend to drive up with the carriage for which we had sent. Presently we came to a clump of shade trees and sat down to rest, thanking God that our lives had been spared. Soon our carriage came, and took us home, and thus ended our anxiety.

Doubtless a query has arisen in the mind of the reader as to the reason for all this trouble, and the unfriendly attitude of the

villagers. Some might think it was due to the native costumes we had worn, but that was not the case. We afterward learned that an old Hindu priest in the first village had recognized us, and before our entrance, had lied to the people about us. No matter what we said or did, they believed the priest; in fact, they as much as told us that the reason they beat us was because they had been told we were spies for a band of fifty robbers hid away in the mountains. The old priest well knew that we were the servants of Jesus Christ; and he feared that his religion would be exposed, and perhaps his gain lost, if the people received us. Hence all our difficulty and suffering.

From this account, no one need think that such treatment of missionaries by the natives is common. The hand of British rule in India does not allow that. The whole affair came to the ears of the European superintendent of the district police. He visited us, and insisted on our taking several policemen and arresting those villagers. He would not let us off, claiming that if they were allowed to treat missionaries in that way, it would be but a short time before other Europeans would be insulted, and such de-

fiance of British rule would never do. We readily saw the point, and consented to do as he requested.

With a police force, we rode up to the village, and they arrested about fifty men, taking each name down very carefully, thus frightening the natives well. Then we went to the superintendent of police, and begged him to drop the matter, promising that if any disturbance occurred again, we would report the matter to him. Of course, the news spread throughout the district, and had a salutary effect upon the minds of the natives. Since then the gospel has been proclaimed in all those villages, and no one has been molested; but that field is still considered one of the strongholds of Satan, and the people are hard to move.

In closing, let me say that one does occasionally read of missionaries being roughly handled by native mobs in different parts, and once in a while one is killed. In one instance in my own experience, poison was placed in a beverage served me by the natives, because I had discovered some of their wrongdoing. But usually the lives of missionaries are as safe in India as in the homeland.

A Free Camel Ride



THOUSANDS of men in America do not wish to have the gospel preached to them; and if they could have their way, all the churches would be closed. This only reveals their sinful condition. Of such as these the Saviour said: "Ye will not come to Me, that ye might have life," and, "Men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil." Conditions in some lands are quite different from this, and many souls really long for preachers and teachers. They have had their own way long enough, and are heartily sick and tired of it.

Many instances might be given of earnest requests to come and preach Christ in India. The following is one of these, but as yet no one has accepted the invitation:

Some years ago a young high-caste Hindu, Tazaram Rai Budahamal, attended a mission school in North India. He did not become a Christian, however, although he was convinced of the superiority of the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. Tazaram was an

exceptionally intelligent young fellow, and not only made a thorough success of all his studies in the English language, but after leaving school succeeded in obtaining a high position in the India service of the British government. He set his heart upon the accumulation of earthly treasure, and secured the object of his effort.

Not long afterward, however, a great calamity befell Tazaram, illustrating in a practical way the lesson of the parable of the man who built his house upon the sand. When the winds blew, and the floods came, the house fell, and great was the fall thereof. For it was a flood, so common in some parts of India, that swept away all of Tazaram's earthly store. With his wife and nephew, he escaped, a downhearted but much wiser man.

Discouraged and downcast, he turned his attention in another direction, and hoping to make another fortune, went to Southwestern India, the land of Goa. At the end of a year, however, the tide of circumstances proved to be against him still. About this time, a friend in the Forest Department of the government suggested a new scheme. Ready for a third venture, Tazaram applied

to the government, and secured a large tract of land about one hundred and sixty miles from an English railroad.

A CALL FOR HELP

In the hope of getting cheap labor, Tazaram corresponded with a missionary who had a number of famine refugees and native Christians in his charge, and who lived about



ON CAMEL BACK

sixty miles from Tazaram's village. Tazaram begged the mission to send workers among the ignorant heathen in that locality, and promised that poor native Christians could get employment on his large estate. I believe he went so far as to offer land to the mission if they would only heed the call.

There are no good roads, no post offices, and no markets in those parts. A *chowke* (police station) visited once a week by a native *sepoy*, or police, is the only boast of the town. "Bittergaon" was the Indian name of the town where Tazaram settled. He soon changed the name to "Bettergaon"; so instead of Bittertown, the name would signify Bettertown. This illustrates his progressive spirit.

Not long after Tazaram's request for help was received, a missionary accompanied by a large squad of native converts paid a visit to Bettergaon, and were entertained by Tazaram. They were greatly pleased with him, his offer, and the whole country. Had he been a Christian man, no doubt many native Christians would gladly have accepted his proposal; but having been made free through Christ, they would not become entangled

again in a yoke of heathen bondage, by serving under a Hindu gentleman.

So the missionary and his men searched on several miles farther into the jungles till they found a vacant place that suited them much better. Application was made to the government, and a large tract of land was secured on certain conditions. The government also granted these people a loan of money, cattle, and carts. When these matters were satisfactorily adjusted, about one hundred men and women, among the poorest on earth, moved to their new home in the wild forest. They called their village Tharan-poor, or Salvationtown.

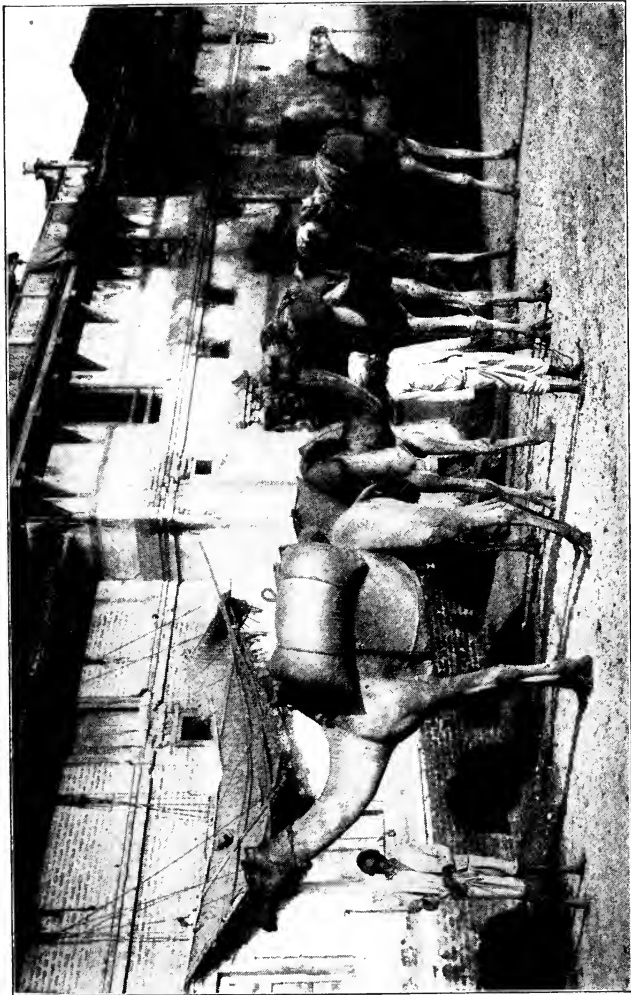
Several times a year the missionary visits this native Christian village. During the heavy rains, however, this is quite impossible, as there are no roads, and the jungles are overgrown with tall grass and reeds. The missionary usually carries his gun, and succeeds in killing several wild animals. On each trip to the village, he visits Tazaram, who, although disappointed not to have all these people under him, still rejoices that his efforts to help civilize his fellows in those parts have not been altogether in vain.

This missionary casually mentioned my name to Tazaram, and said that I was much interested in just such undertakings. To my surprise, I received a most cordial and urgent invitation from Tazaram to visit him at Bettergaon, and I began to plan at once how I could make the journey.

TRAVELING BY THE SHIP OF THE DESERT

My home was about seventy miles from Tazaram's village, in a state known as "The Nizam's Dominions." (The Nizam is a prosperous Mohammedan ruler in Central India.) The roads were very bad; and with no traveling conveniences, I wondered how I could best cross rivers and mountains, and penetrate dense jungles. Finally I concluded that camels would be the most practical means of travel. I consulted with Captain Farrell, who lived in the same town as I, and he kindly offered two camels to me for their feed. A camel lives on jungle leaves and a small quantity of soaked grain twice a day.

As I had never driven a camel, and these beasts are often ugly and unruly, Captain Farrell appointed a day to teach me how to drive. The camel he chose was a huge



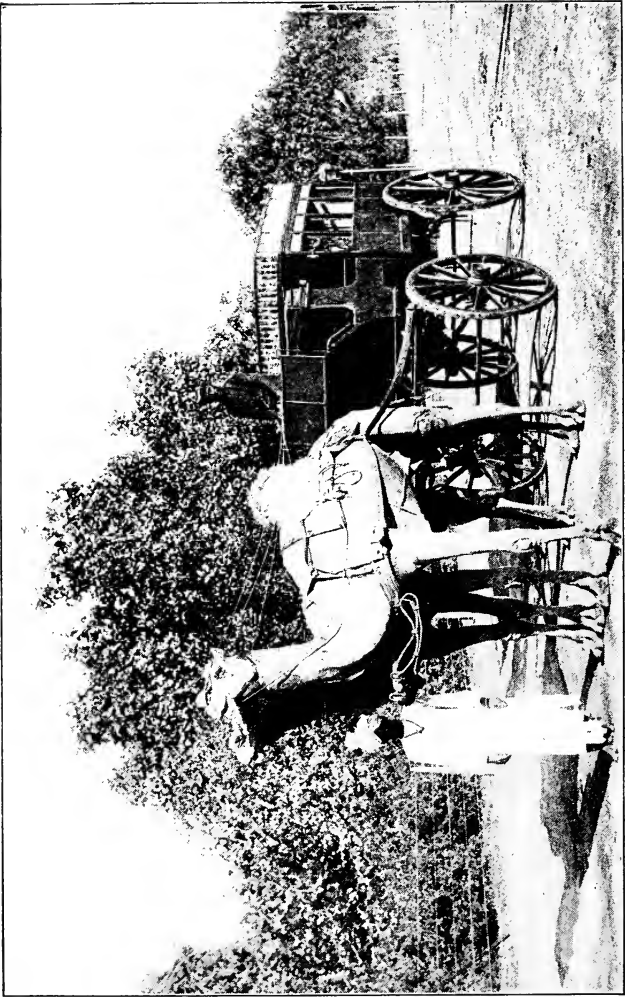
INDIA CAMELS LADEN WITH GRAIN

young fellow, full of life. The driver strapped on a double saddle, and we were ready for a trial. Just as the captain was mounting, the creature leaped up with an ugly grunt; and soon the captain was rolling down an embankment. For a moment, my spirits were dampened, and I questioned the wisdom of learning to drive on that fellow's back. But when we found that no injuries were sustained, we took courage and mounted together.

READY FOR THE JOURNEY

The simple method of guiding the camel by a little rope tied to a ring in one side of the animal's nose, was soon explained; and after one or two turns about, I felt prepared for the future with my camel, and in two days I was ready for the long trip. I had a large pith sun hat for protection against the sun, wore a white drill suit, took a lunch basket of rice, flour, salt, onions, butter, etc., also a blanket for a bed. I might have taken more, for the camel easily carries a very heavy load on his back.

The captain thought best for me to take two men and two camels, so I consented. It was intensely interesting to my family



CAMEL CARRIAGE

circle, especially to my little boy and girls, to see the two huge camels kneeling at the door while my basket and dress suit case were tied to their backs. Then came the handshake, the "God bless you," and the good-by kiss. When I mounted into the saddle, the camel grunted as if angry, and preferred to lie still and chew his cud a while longer; but a gentle jerk of the rope informed him he must obey his new master and be off. The children screamed with delight to see me rise so high in the air, and soon we disappeared from view, passing through the town, and then turning off toward the jungles and Bettertown.

How strange this method of travel seemed — so ancient in style, yet to us so novel and interesting! The air felt clearer than usual, the view was more enchanting, and the strength of the huge fellow added a certain feeling of security. But you must know that the motion of the camel is very different from that of the horse or the elephant. He does not step like these animals, but has a peculiar method all his own. The fore and hind feet on the same side are thrust forward, then the two feet on the other side, so that first the rider gets a jerk on one

side, then a jerk on the other; and no matter which way he sits or how he adjusts his body, he soon arrives at the conclusion that it is impossible to exist under such torture of all his muscles. One or two miles is sufficient, he thinks; but as he proceeds, his entire body aches. He becomes numb and sore and heartily sick of it, and actually feels as if the flesh all over his body were being pulled from the bones. Muscles that seldom if ever have had exercise before are now brought into use. They work and work, and swell, and get sore, and remain so until they lose all sensation, and finally go to sleep, wake up, and get sore again, until at the end of twenty miles the sufferer scarcely knows whether he is half dead or unusually alive.

NEW EXPERIENCES

Cautiously the traveler makes the camel sit down, and pulling his feet from the stirrups, he tumbles off like a football. Then he stands up, almost afraid to move his tired body. Finally he lies down on the ground, and stretches out, preferring oblivion to anything else in the world. But, repeating this experience several times, one gets accus-

tomed to it, and finally can really enjoy a camel ride.

The camel will walk or trot in the road, go in a footpath, step over brush heaps, rocks, and mud puddles, enter gates, and go in and about almost any place big enough for him, and seems afraid of nothing but a stick. If you hit him, he will whine like a big, lazy schoolboy. It's a joke to make him think you will hit him. He really seems tender-hearted, yet wise. His wisdom makes him pretend you are cruel to him, even when you compel him to kneel to mount.

The sensation of the rider when his camel gets up, is that he will first pitch forward, headlong, and then backward, and that his backbone will snap in two.

My camel came to a stream of water, and stretching out his long neck, drank up all he wanted; then he waded in and marched to the other side, and forward tirelessly, up hills, through valleys, and over dusty roads. Camels sometimes travel eighty miles in a day, and once at work, are ready for any amount of it.

We passed town after town and village after village. The cultivated fields of cotton, sugar cane, and corn, as well as the fruit



NATIVE DRAWING SAP FOR MAKING TODDY

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orchards, were beautiful to look upon from such an exalted position. We rode through the towns, made inquiries, asked for water at the village wells where people were filling waterpots, and greeted everybody we saw with the "Salaam" of all Eastern lands. We saw the natives climbing the palm trees by hundreds, and catching the sap as it dripped into little black earthen jugs to be made into toddy, the native liquor of the country. The dogs growled in the roads as we disturbed their peaceful slumbers, while herds of goats, sheep, buffaloes, and cattle stood with fixed gaze until we came too near, then turned tail, and ran for dear life in all directions — a most amusing sight, although the owners of the cattle were quite disconcerted.

Now and then the camels would stretch out their long necks, and break off the tender, tempting twigs of the trees. It was most interesting to watch them as we drove beside the mango trees, which were laden with green fruit that looked like huge apples but was very acid to the taste. Casting wistful glances, my camel came nearer and nearer, and finally stopped and sampled these mangoes, crunching them down with a relish, the frothy juice oozing out both sides of his

mouth. A few times, I willingly gave the good fellow his liberty, and greatly to his satisfaction, allowed him to eat greedily.

At sundown, we usually halted at the village inn, or *chowdie*, a mud hut about twelve or fifteen feet square, thatched with grass or cotton stalks, and only high enough in the center to allow us to stand erect. These *chowdies* have no windows, and are open on one side. My old man, the camel driver, called the head man, or *Parteil*, of the village, and bought grass and grain, also buttermilk or curds for ourselves. It was impossible to get a bath in such surroundings, although it would have been refreshing, to say the least. The natives generally take their daily bath on their front doorsteps, but we had not learned their ways.

PITIFUL, UNWORKED FIELDS

Thus day by day we pursued our journey. From the tops of the hills, we gained excellent views of the surrounding country. At one place, I counted about twenty villages,—villages containing thousands of human beings, but no schools, hospitals, courts of law, or other marks of civilization. Thousands here live and die, and never see a white

man, never learn to read, do not even know their own age. Lost in the darkness of heathenism, they work, eat, and sleep, suffer and die, with no knowledge of the light of the gospel. Their lives are full of sin and bitter toil; little children herd cattle and grind grain, growing up like the flocks in the fields, to pass some day into the grave, with no knowledge of a Saviour or a hereafter.

I talked with many whom I met, and tried to make them feel that I cared for them and was interested in them. I have always found such people susceptible to human affection and true kindness, but the few heralds cannot penetrate every corner of the field.

Finally we reached Bettergaon, where Tazaram, dressed in European costume, welcomed me, and insisted that I have a glass of hot milk to drink. Seating me in a comfortable chair in a shady spot, he gave me a fan, provided a wash of cool water, ordered dinner for me and my camel driver, and gave the camels their provender. Education and good society had made Tazaram another man. I felt at home with him at once. He treated me as kindly as any Christian man

could have done. As he is a Hindu of high-caste birth, he could not allow me to eat with him or touch his food or water.

I saw his many fields of plantain trees, cotton, saffron, and other crops; but what most concerned him was the problem of helping his neighbors to a better life. He hoped to get missionaries willing to live among his people at Bettergaon, and open schools and do medical and evangelistic work. Although not a Christian himself, he seems not far from the kingdom of God, and evidently has more faith in missionaries than in any one else. He offered me several acres of land and any assistance if I would but move my family there and begin work. Really I desired to accept the offer; but I was in duty bound to other work, and hence had to refuse.

From this place, I visited Salvationtown, eight miles farther on, in the wild jungles. On my way thither, I saw trees that had been barked by tigers sharpening their claws on the trunks; I also saw blue bulls large as moose, wild deer, and wild boar. We reached the village about dark, but visited the great *Sussarkund*, or waterfalls, before we went into our quarters. These falls are sixty feet

high, and the walls of the river at this point are eighty feet high. A huge tiger den can be seen just below the falls, on the river banks. Wild pigeons and stately cranes flew about over the stream. The buffaloes and cattle are often destroyed by the crocodiles and large fish so plentiful there, as they go down to the river's brink to drink.

Turning toward the village proper, we startled a large flock of peacocks roosting in a big tree, and they flew past our heads with wild screams, displaying their beautiful feathers in their flight. A huge mud house, with a double grass roof, had been erected in the village, for missionaries, and here we halted for the night. The missionary in charge of the village was there, which made it all the more pleasant for us.

A CHRISTIAN VILLAGE

The native Christians in this little town are very poor; and until they had harvested their first crop, life was hard for them. After a plain but tasty repast consisting of fried onions and wheat cakes, called *chipatties*, a number of men collected on the open veranda of the house, and we held evening prayer with them, and retired for the night.

Our slumbers were disturbed only a few times, and then by the howling of wild animals in the jungle about us.

Among the men were a schoolmaster and a preacher, also a carpenter and a shoemaker. They told us they were very poor, and we promised to send every man a coat. This was done a few weeks later; and after that, we sent them two lots of secondhand clothes, which they seemed to appreciate.

Before we said good-by, they wanted us to accept a live chicken; but we thanked them and gave it back. They told us they were greatly bothered by the invasions of wild animals, which destroyed their stock and watchdogs. They go a distance of twelve miles for the mail and provisions; and should they need a doctor, they must go twenty miles.

When the time came for us to leave the place, we mounted our camels and set forth, in the same fashion that Abraham followed thousands of years ago. Some of the friends accompanied us a distance out of town; and before the final "salaams" were said, the missionary shot a deer, which would furnish fresh meat for them for several days.

The path was the same as that by which we came, but we saw many new sights and met new faces. It took seven days to make the trip of one hundred and twenty-five miles, and two weeks of rest to regain our normal condition physically; but we had gathered practical information that we could have obtained in on other way. Between our mission home and Salvationtown, save Mr. Tazaram, we did not see one single mark of civilization or Christianity. We passed hundreds of villages that had never heard of Christ, and thousands of men and women who will have died before the gospel can come to them. Cholera, plague, smallpox, and famine are sweeping them off the earth faster than all the missionaries can preach. Who is responsible? "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few."

Work at Kopergaon



FOR several years, native preachers had labored for the Master at Kopergaon, a typical Hindu village not far from the city of Ahmednaggar, and lying in a fertile valley covered with fruit orchards and well cultivated fields of cotton, corn, wheat, and pulse.

Kopergaon was evidently built by the Marathas, who, for protection from their Mohammedan foes, built high walls around their towns and villages. Some of these walls are composed of huge blocks of cut stone, placed side by side without cement or mortar, and many of them are from twenty to forty feet high, with several circular towers at the corners and along the sides. These towers are reached by long flights of stone steps on the inside of the wall, and in olden times were used by the military and police forces. In some of these walls, which are from twenty to fifty feet thick, are rooms for ammunition and barracks. The tops of the walls are made flat, and topped with a sort

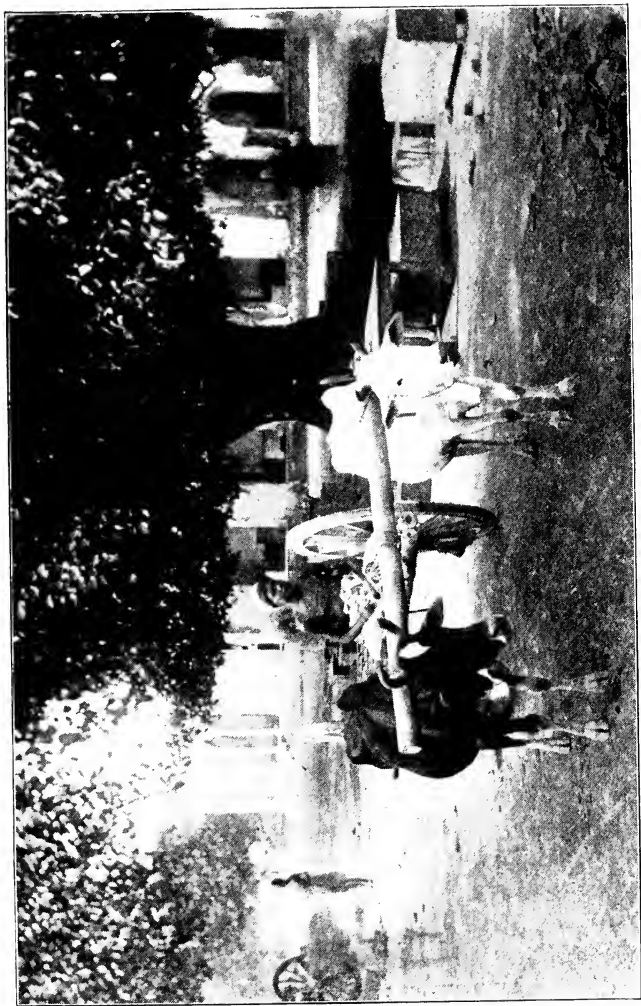
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of crown work full of holes, through which guns may be aimed at an enemy.

Each of these walled towns is entered by two enormous gateways directly opposite each other. The gates are made of heavy planks and crudely wrought iron, and the strength of several able-bodied men is required to open and close their heavy leaves. They are bolted at night on the inside by long beams, held in iron sockets. The wall above the gates is finished as an arch.

Just inside the gates, and on either side, are open rooms about three feet from the road, the floors of which are made of large, flat rocks. In these rooms are always found the elders of the town, accompanied by inspectors and watchmen, so that no one may come in or go out unobserved. Here, too, all the gossip of the day is carried on.

In form, the town of Kopergaon is square, with one long main street perhaps twenty feet wide running through the center. All its streets are swept every day by hand; so, on the whole, it presents rather a neat appearance. The town is divided into sections, the more influential and higher castes living in well built houses near the front gate, and the artisans and lower classes occupying less



A VILLAGE SCENE

prominent places and those near the rear gate. Shoemakers, outcasts, and scavengers are not allowed to live within the town walls, but have their own quarters outside.

Not far from the center of town, on the main street, the daily market is held. From about seven a. m. to eleven a. m., fresh vegetables, fruits, etc., are exposed for sale, and again from three p. m. till sunset. Kopergaon contains several deep wells; but most of the water used by the people is taken from the Godavari River, on whose banks the town stands.

Large droves of water buffaloes, cattle, goats, and sheep, which are cared for during the day by low-caste boys, are housed in Kopergaon every night. During the heat of the day, the cattle graze along the sides of the river, or browse in the babul forests and jungles. It is interesting to see large droves of these buffaloes lying on the sand bars of the river, and rolling about in the water.

Kopergaon is a sacred spot to the Hindu; and each year, thousands of pilgrims visit it to worship at some of the many shrines and temples erected on the river banks or out in the bed of the stream. A number of Brah-

man priests make a good income from these deluded pilgrims, every one of whom must pay a small sum to one of them for his services. The priest says prayers for the pilgrim, shaves his head and beard, daubs a little vermilion or a few "sacred ashes" over him, and sends him forth to another place of deception. Thus many weary souls wander from place to place, frequently until they have spent large sums of money.

We welcomed the orders that sent us to work at Kopergaon. While living there, we made our residence part of the time in the public resthouse outside the walls, and part of the time in a tent. My stay of several months was a very busy time. Usually I arose about six a. m., and after a light breakfast, visited our village school, conducted by a native Christian master. Those who attended this school were from the lower castes, and consequently not permitted to attend the government school.

A native Christian medical man was placed in Kopergaon to care for the sick, and I also gave some time and attention to this work daily. One day, a man called me to his door, and said, "Sir, please look at my wife's eyes." I did so, and found her totally blind. Then

he wanted to know if I could cure them; and when told there was no cure for blind eyes, he said: "If that is so, I do not want her for my wife. I want a wife who can see, and shall get me another." Of course, I remonstrated with him, and tried to show him how necessary it was that he love her the more, and protect her; but he did not look at it that way. However, he did not put her away while I was there.

Many were badly afflicted with itch, due to their unclean habits of living; but I found that if they would take a daily bath in the river, using common laundry soap, they could get rid of this trouble.

IGNORANCE AND DEGRADATION

Many low-caste and out-caste fathers and mothers pleaded with me to take their children and put them in school. Some of these children scarcely ever had a full meal to eat, and often begged me to provide work for them. They seemed ready and willing to do almost anything if only I would help them to a better condition. Often I was at a loss to know what to say to these needy people, who seemed to look to me for help, and who could not understand why their lot

was so hard, when others had education and the common comforts of life. They had become so used to deprivation and poverty, as well as to insult and unkind treatment by the upper classes among their fellow natives, that they would merely say, "It's our *nasheeb* [fate], and cannot be helped." I endeavored to help them to see that if they would begin to pray to the true God in the name of Jesus Christ, and forsake all sin and idolatry, He would hear their cry, and in His own wise way send relief; but it seemed hard for such a degraded class to believe. False systems of religion have held



THE BARBER



THE "BHEESTY," OR WATER CARRIER

millions of human beings in ignorance, and led them into such wrongdoing as is almost impossible to imagine.

While at Kopergaon, I had the use of a small horse and carriage; and with this convenience, the native preacher and I were able to visit the surrounding villages. The roads were crooked and unkept, many of them being mere cart paths through the grainfields. Often they led over jagged rocks and through the sandy or muddy river bottoms. Still the horse and carriage saved our strength; and in the hot sun, it was always easier as well as safer to ride than to walk. But whenever it rained very hard, and the river was swollen, we had to postpone our visits to the outlying towns until the river fell again. In some of these small places, we gathered large congregations of eager listeners, and found it a pleasure to tell them of Bible truths.

A TYPICAL SERVICE

In one part of Kopergaon, we managed to win the confidence of a considerable number of people; and when we discovered their receptive attitude toward our message, we put forth an extra effort in their behalf.

Early in the morning, we called on them, and requested that they gather that evening at the resthouse. Just after sundown, we began the meeting.

It would tax the patience of some American preachers to conduct a service amid such surroundings. In all directions, old men were squatted about; little groups of women chatted among themselves in subdued tones; from a dozen to twenty naked urchins, some of them with sore eyes black with flies, were playing, crying, eating corn bread, or rolling in the dust on the ground. Two or three dogs with litters of puppies were moving here and there; goats, buffaloes, and bullocks were tethered close by; and a number of green parrots were screeching in their small iron cages suspended from the low eaves of the thatched houses. Now and then some stranger entered the court, surprised to find such a company assembled, and a sahib (European), clad in a clean white suit, addressing them in their own tongue.

When a dog became too familiar, perhaps some old man would poke it with his staff, and with a yelp it would go limping off. In the course of an hour, a dozen similar in-

terruptions might occur. At times, the missionary is tempted to think he cannot endure it; again, that work carried on against such odds does not pay, and that the effort will prove fruitless. But after a few weeks of such work in that one town, I was surprised to find a number of persons who had absorbed more of the teaching than I had supposed possible. Of their own accord, they desired to give up Hinduism, and accept the gospel. Such results always buoy one up, and stimulate to further effort.

After some weeks of patient effort at Kopergaon, it was my duty to ask how many would take a public stand for Christ. To my surprise, about thirty-five came forward, and confessed that they saw the light of gospel truth as we had presented it, and were ready to break caste and be baptized.

After more careful examination and a public call to the river banks, I baptized this little company. Just above the spot we had chosen were several huge idols in the river, and the Hindus were bowing down to them. Where we stood, there were no idols, but a little group of humble men and women with faith in the one true and living God and His Son Jesus Christ. That river which

the Hindus worshiped became the watery baptismal grave of a number of souls that day.

The contrast in the two groups and in the object of their meeting was marked. Many witnessed a baptismal scene for the first time in their lives, and went away in all directions to tell what strange things they had heard and seen, and of the Christian missionary teaching the people who were accepting Christ and taking upon themselves the public sign of that acceptance.



PAUL, "OUR BHEESTY," OR WATER CARRIER, AT THE KALYAN MISSION HOUSE, AND THE WATER BUFFALO WITH THE MUSSUK ON HIS BACK FILLED WITH WATER

The news spread like a prairie fire, not only to the near-by villages, but also to the large market places all over that district, creating a deep sensation. From among that baptized group, we received one young man who became an active worker among his own people, and whose whole aim was to lead them into the light of the gospel. Such work requires much labor, wisdom, and fortitude. Time also is an element in the development of Christian character. The personal responsibility of the missionary becomes greater when some accept Christ; for if these sheep are not properly fed and cared for, many die or are devoured by wolves.

CALLING FOR PROTESTANT MISSIONARIES

One sultry afternoon, I sat in my small room at the Kopergaon resthouse, when a native stranger came to the door, and respectfully presented me with a *chit*, or letter, written in the vernacular. I read it carefully, and found it was a hearty invitation to cross the Godavari, and come a distance of seventeen miles to a village down the river, where a company of men were calling for a Protestant missionary. I asked the bearer of the note to come in and tell me all about his

people, his village, etc. He did so, and I found it an interesting story.

He said a man had come to their village and reported that I was teaching the people at Kopergaon, and that many were accepting the gospel and being baptized. He also said that for a long time, many of his people had known a little about Christ. One day a man in a long robe came to them, saying he would make Christians of them, and would give them books and a school. Their expectations were aroused, and they thought they saw a way to benefit themselves and their little ones. Believing that after they had been properly instructed, they would be free from the yoke of caste and of Hinduism, and knowing no difference between Protestant and Catholic missionaries, they walked into the net spread for their feet. Some of their friends had told them that Christianity was much better than heathenism; so, after a certain amount of instruction in the catechism, and learning certain prayers and signs, they were sprinkled.

But they had no Bible to read; and when I put one into the hand of the stranger who brought the letter to me, he said, "That is God's book; no one but the 'father' may read

that." I assured him that the Bible is for all to read. Then he told me that his people were not baptized as I was baptizing at Kopergaon. The man in the long gown had first rubbed oil on their chests and backs, and then put salt in their mouths; after that, he made the sign of the cross on their foreheads, and they were called to the confessional once a week. He further stated that unless the women went to confession, the "father" would beat their hands with a stick; if the men did not come and say their prayers, they must each pay a fine of from four to eight annas. This was harder than Hinduism, he thought.

In their former religion, no man had a right to talk alone to their women; and to them, the confessional for women looked very much out of place, and they could not keep up such a custom. Neither had they been fined, as Hindus, if they did not say their prayers. They had hoped to be bettered by Christianity, but now they felt they were worse off than before. The letter requested me to visit them, and help them if possible. I could not leave my post alone, so sent my salaams, and promised to visit them very soon.

The bearer of the letter remained at Kopergaon only one night, and then started

home on foot. I could not help following him in my thoughts those seventeen miles, and purposed to visit that village as soon as I could; but as I had all I could do at home, my plans could not be immediately carried out.

It was not long, however, before a company of seventeen men, determined upon the accomplishment of their purpose, came to Kopergaon to see me themselves. Matters now assumed a serious aspect, and I began to correspond with other missionaries about the opening. These anxious men promised me land, and buildings in which to live and conduct schools, also a good well of water, if I would but come to their village. The offer was a tempting one, and I greatly desired to accept the invitation and make the most of the opportunity. But I was in duty bound to receive instructions from the superintendent of the mission before I could undertake any new work. He was carefully informed of the new developments in my field, and replied that on a certain date, four of us should meet for a conference at Kopergaon, and then the matter would be considered.

At this conference, several more men from that village presented themselves, anxiously waiting for a hopeful promise. When the superintendent asked me what I thought best to do, I promptly said, "Go to them at once, give them Bibles, teach them, and as soon as we can, baptize them again, and accept them into the fold."

Here matters took another turn; for the superintendent gave me positively to understand that the last ruling of the bishop had been that as the Catholics baptized men into the name of the Trinity, we could do no more, and therefore we must not rebaptize those from Catholicism.

I confess I did not agree with the bishop, and I still longed to leave Kopergaon, and go down the river to that flock of sheep in the wilderness who were calling for a shepherd. These people had refused to follow the priest. As I must not disobey orders, I did not go to them; and so far as I know, no Protestant missionary has ever visited them.

In a few days, I received a postal card and also a telegram urging me to come; but my hands were bound by rules that I could not disobey. I sent my final salaam and declined their offer. Whenever I think of

that opening, and those poor people, my heart yearns over them. The work still went on at Kopergaon; and when I was sent elsewhere, another man took my place and taught the people.

Up to the time I left, only the men of Kopergaon had received my instruction, save the little that one poorly qualified woman had done in house visiting. The station master was a bigoted caste man; and if our native preacher attempted so much as to go on the railroad platform, even to meet the missionary at the train, he was sure to get a bill, fining him three or four cents. This was a plan to keep low-caste men out of the way of the high-caste. As Kopergaon was a holy bathing place, caste rules were enforced more rigidly than where European influence was more largely felt.

There are still many "diamonds in the rough" at Kopergaon, and in all its surrounding villages and hamlets.



A YOUNG WIFE LOADED WITH SILVER JEWELS

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The Famine

INDIA has three distinct seasons,—the cold, the hot, and the wet, or “monsoon.” Of course, a country extending over thirty degrees of latitude, possessing such vast chains of lofty mountains, and washed on two sides by the sea, must possess a variety of climate. “Such is India, varying from ‘furnace heat’ in May and June at Agra, to intense cold on the high plateaus. The average summer temperature in some places is ninety-five degrees in the shade; and at places like Jacobabad in the northwest, it rises as high as 115 degrees in the shade; while in many places, during the hot months, the thermometer registers 150 and even 160 degrees in the sun.

“In estimating the climate of India, four conditions must be kept in view; namely, the latitude, the altitude, nearness to the desert, and nearness to the sea. The slopes of the Himalayas have a cool climate. At Utakamand, in the Nilgiri, the elevation and the sea breezes keep the summer temperature down to sixty degrees. The country

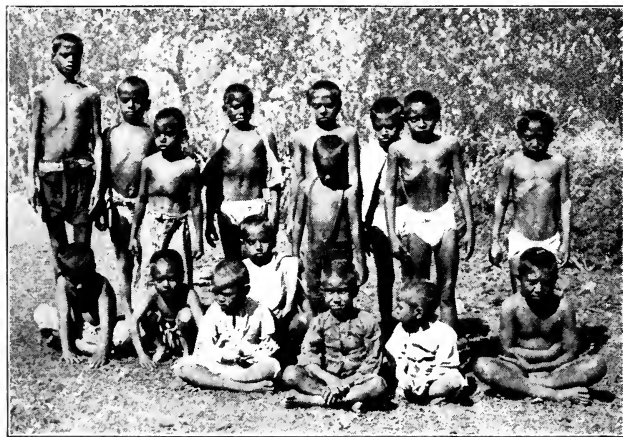
south of the Satpura Mountains is cooler than the valleys of the Indus and the Ganges, and the east coast is hotter than the west.

“The hot season lasts from March to June; the wet season from June to October; and the cold season from October to March. The rainfall in parts of India is greater than any other place on the globe. The water brought up from the sea by the southwest monsoon, or periodical wind blowing off the Arabian Sea, from July to October is enormous. On the Malabar coast, the annual rainfall sometimes amounts to 480 inches; while in Assam, as much as 600 inches have fallen in a single year.

“The rainy season does not occur at the same time all over India. The failure of the monsoon is followed by the awful famines which from time to time visit the country, their severity and extent depending upon the lightness or entire suppression of the annual rainfall, which in turn is governed by the periodical winds which bring the moisture in from the sea.”

It is said that India has a famine about every twenty years, sometimes severe, sometimes slight. History has recorded these sad calamities upon this particular country. Dur-

ing the year 1900, very little rain fell in India, and the outlook was forbidding. Cotton, corn, and other crops had been planted as usual. These came up but a few inches, only to be scorched in the hot sun. The grass grew but a little and withered. The farmers and herdsmen all over the country, who are entirely dependent on the annual moisture of the monsoon rains, were downcast while they discussed the gloomy outlook for that year. Many of those brawny old Hindu farmers actually wept as they looked upon their vast fields of blasted grain.



A BAND OF HUNGRY BOYS

The Bible says that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and indeed these poor men were heartsick. The previous year, the rainfall was abundant, and corn had been sold at the rate of one hundred and twenty pounds for the rupee, or thirty-three and one third cents. The poorer classes had sufficient, and few begged their daily bread. But soon prices began to rise, and all food-stuffs became very expensive.

In Central India, during the famine, corn was sold at the rate of sixteen pounds for thirty-three and one third cents. Large quantities of grain were stored away in pits all over the country, and the Hindu grain merchants seized the opportunity to make this misfortune their gain. There was no established law to regulate prices; thus many millions were at the mercy of a few, who had it in their power to consider the poor and lend to the Lord, or to oppress the poor. They chose the latter and more natural inclination of their selfish hearts.

In some parts of India, the famine had really begun in 1897, and many had actually starved to death; but in 1900, it had become so widespread that the government was scarcely prepared to meet it. In spite of all

the criticism that may be offered, the British officials in every instance did their utmost to provide employment for all classes in actual need, and those who were too weak to work were freely provided with daily food.

It is said that millions of people always live on the verge of starvation in India; and any one who has been a resident of that country even for a short time cannot doubt the statement. The common day laborer earns but eight cents a day if a man, and four cents a day if a woman. This is the usual standard of wages when grain is at its normal



MAKING COW DUNG CAKES FOR FUEL

value. Millions of people in India never save a penny for a "rainy day," and actually live "from hand to mouth" in the true sense of the term. The majority are in debt to the money lender, who receives high rates of interest on his money; for in India, as everywhere else, "the love of money is the root of all evil."

CATTLE COMMITTING SUICIDE

It was a sad sight when the downhearted and discouraged farmers went into their fields and pulled up the partly grown cornstalks by the roots. It had grown but eight or ten inches, and then died. Every one knew that no more could be sown for at least twelve months; so these tiny bundles of fodder were carefully stored away for the many cattle dependent on them. Water in all the wells gradually grew lower, and after a while, dried up altogether. Instances were observed where cows in search of water walked repeatedly around these dry wells, bellowing as they went; then, placing their forefeet upon the curbing, plunged down headlong, and were dashed to death at the bottom.

As grain became scarce and very expensive, the low-caste women were frequently

seen in the fields with baskets and brooms sweeping up seeds of any kind that might have fallen the previous year. After winnowing this grain out by hand, they would grind it in their hand mills, finally making it into bread. Cattle ate the leaves of the banyan and babul trees. In fact, all the trees that had any green leaves were hacked to pieces to be fed to the starving cattle. Many people boiled the leaves for food as well, though surely it was not a very nutritious diet.

Children from the lower castes collected bones, and after crushing them with stones, ate them. A carpenter's son gradually wasted away. He had scarcely any clothing on his emaciated body. Finally he tied a knot in a rope, and placing the knot over his stomach, tied the rope at his back, and thus went about our town begging for food. One day, after we refused to assist him, he sat down in the middle of the public highway, and actually ate the dust of the street. We helped him some, but could not provide for all such cases.

Such pathetic sights are painful to witness, and arouse all the sympathies of the human heart. The government advised missionaries

not to make a practice of giving out money without something in return; but of course, this rule could not be insisted upon in the case of children. Government relief camps were opened all over the country, and labor was provided for all who were able to work. Stones were gathered from the fields, and broken into small pieces with hammers, to be used in building roads. Thus millions of men, women, and children found employment. The wages paid were but a trifle, however, and in many instances scarcely enough to keep them. Many were too weak to work after reaching the relief camp, and it was quite impossible for them to sit in the hot sun and break stone all day; so large numbers were compelled to give up, lie down on the ground, and starve to death.

The people of India do not use glassware and crockery as much as we do, but they use brass and copper instead. These metals are generally sold by weight, and may be disposed of at any time. In their straitened circumstances, the people exchanged all their household utensils for bread.

Then, too, they are fond of jewelry, and usually wear quantities of it; but now this was also gladly sold. Those who were able

to purchase at such a time were sure to take advantage of the dire need of the people, whose goods were always sold at great sacrifice and loss. Clothing, cattle, farming implements, and even their small holdings of land were disposed of for bread. Frequently children were sold. Thousands of discouraged souls left their homes, and wandered wherever inclination led, in search of food and water.

Gradually the police became responsible for these people, and they were driven from place to place, or herded together like cattle. They were sick in mind and body, and many of them became careless and indifferent to all ties of home and kindred. Thus they forsook one another, and families became separated, never to be reunited.

In some cases, the weaker members of the family were driven out to beg and shift for themselves, while the stronger ones carefully preserved the little that remained for their own needs, and so pulled through. The temptation to steal was naturally great; and scarcely anything was safe, even under lock and key. The mission lost cattle, fowls, and much valuable household stuff. In one instance, thieves dug out the frame of the

cookhouse window in the mission compound, and stole several large copper kettles and seventeen brass plates, the property of our boys' orphanage. All day long these poor people congregated about the mission house, pleading for food and water. Many of them lost all sense of fear, shame, and consideration for others. In fact, they had little or no hope of life, and seemed not to care what became of them.

Water was not to be found even in the deepest ravines in the jungles; and wild animals prowled about our houses at night, endeavoring to get a drink from our water jars placed out in the wind to cool. As the mission house windows had strong iron bars in them, we felt perfectly safe inside.

The government excavated deep pits in the river beds, and thus provided a limited supply of water for us. These pits were all protected by police both day and night; and what water we obtained by hauling it in barrels was kept under lock and key, and carefully given out to those under our care. Not a drop was wasted. Large numbers of people not only did not have water with which to bathe, but for months at a time did not even have enough to drink. Their cloth-

ing became filthy, and their bodies diseased and alive with vermin.

Epidemics of cholera, plague, and other diseases were the natural result. Many sickened and died without care or medical attendance. Government officials were not anticipating anything so widespread, and hence were unable to cope with it properly. Were another famine soon to prevail over such a vast area, past experience would enable officials to deal with it more promptly and successfully.

Many of the educated natives were placed in responsible positions, handling large sums of charity funds. This became a source of temptation; and in certain instances, much was squandered that should have been dealt out to the needy under their charge. Some of these men were unfeeling and cruel, and the people were wronged and oppressed by them.

THE LABOR OF MISSIONARIES

Missionaries of all denominations endeavored to gather as many orphans as they could into their schools; but in some instances, the high-caste Hindus declared they preferred to see their children starve to death

rather than become Christians. The world was informed of the pressing need in India at that time; and as fast as sympathizing friends responded to the call, assistance was rendered to all, without regard to color, caste, age, or sex. Those who bore the responsibilities of those famine days will never forget their peculiarly trying experiences.

It was indeed a time of human helplessness, and drove us constantly to seek wisdom and help from above. Many missionaries not only overworked, but denied themselves even the necessities of life. It has been said that "when virtue is overdone, it ceases to be a virtue, and becomes a vice." But not until too late did some learn that they had gone too far in their labor of love, when they were forced to lay down their lives, victims of fever and general exhaustion.

Not only did human beings die, but cattle, birds, and every living thing that could not get water. One result of this condition was great swarms of flies, which collected about our dwellings until we could scarcely eat. At mealtimes, we stationed two native boys with napkins to drive the flies away. In one instance, sixteen of our orphan boys could not eat their rice, because of the flies. There

was so much decaying flesh on all sides, that the fly became indeed a deadly pest.

One day, several orphan boys had been to the jungles for firewood; and on their return, they hastened to tell us they had seen a man who evidently had starved by the roadside, and whose body had been partly devoured by jackals. Another time, our Hindu cook started for his home in the village. The night was dark, and he could with difficulty see his way. Suddenly he was startled by a moving object in his path. Halting to get a clearer view, he discovered a baby girl,



A LOADED DONKEY

which had been thrown out in the street to die. The cook picked her up, and brought her to the mission, where she was kindly cared for. To-day she is a bright Christian young woman in a mission school in Central India.

While out for a walk with several mission children one day, we heard a pitiful cry, which sounded as if it came from the ground. Where could it be? Only a heap of thorn brush was near. Again we listened, and at last discovered a baby boy in a hole in the ground, covered with cow manure and a heap of thorns. Large black ants were crawling over its naked body, and soon would have begun to eat its flesh. How it came there we never knew. It was taken to the mission house, and as tenderly cared for as if it had been our own. Thus in the providence of God, many lives were rescued; but while the missionaries were saving all the lives they could to educate and uplift, wicked Mohammedans were collecting youths to train for anything but good.

A cargo of American corn was sent to India in the good ship "Quito," and I had the privilege of distributing thousands of pounds of it. A regular time was appointed for the people to assemble in the public road,

and the corn was given out in teacupfuls. We might have helped more people with this corn; but as the cattle died off with hunger and thirst, it was impossible to haul it in bullock carts to our mission, a distance of twenty-eight miles.

During the famine, we hired many to bring stone, lime, and wood. At one station, we thus employed nearly five hundred persons for eight months; and after converting all this building material into houses, we were led to thank God for what had been accomplished. That eventful year, we gave out for labor several thousand dollars, and relieved much suffering.

Meetings were daily carried on for the people in our charge; and before the year closed, I had the pleasure of baptizing a large number who had become Christians.

During the year 1900, and out of those awful famine conditions, many acquired a knowledge of the true God; and we trust that some of these will be among those who shall finally be saved.

Susie and the Sugar Plum



AS usual, we were very busy about the mission. There had been no rain for several months, famine stared us in the face, and the natives on all sides were downhearted and full of fear. No wonder, for they always lived "from hand to mouth," and had little or nothing laid by to meet such an emergency. Many of the older people had passed through more than one famine, and the sad tales of poverty and starvation they related to one another were most pathetic. In times of drought and scarcity, families had lost their worldly possessions, and had been separated, never to meet again.

Nearly every day, the poor natives came to the mission house pleading for help, till we were at our wit's end to know what to do. In most instances, they wanted work; but we had no work for them. Among others who came into the mission compound was a thin old *kunbee*, or Hindu farmer. A half-starved little girl, wholly nude, slowly followed on after the old man. She may have been four

years of age; but she looked like a little, dried-up old woman.

The man and the child were not so bold as some, and did not venture very close to the house, but sat down in the yard, flat on the ground, in regular native fashion. The poor old farmer looked tired, hungry, and worried. He called to us, and asked if we gave work to poor people, and if we had anything for him to do. We said we sometimes helped needy cases, but that we had no work to offer any one just then. He looked quite disappointed, then related his sad story of need.



A Typical Indian Boy



Susie

His wife was dead, he had no food in the home, and he was about ready to lie down and die. He had that one little girl; and with a fond glance at her, and then a pleading look at us, he said, "Will you take care of her if I give her to you?" We gladly promised to be as father and mother to the child. The old man's heart was too sad for conversation. He loosened his hold upon the bony little thing, who had quietly slipped up close to his side; then passing his hard, crooked fingers over her little face and head, he turned away to leave.

We saw that it was hard for him to part with his poor little girl, even to leave her with kind friends, and we pitied him. As he started off, we called the child to us. Evidently she was frightened, and had begun to feel that her father was to leave her. She gave a loud scream, and started toward him. "I don't think she will stay with you," he said.

"Oh, yes, she will," I said, and then I began in childish language to talk to her. Our white faces were new to her, and she really was afraid. We bade the father be seated, and wait there a moment. We wanted this child to train for Christ, and meant to get

her, as she was to be given away. We ran into the house and brought out a big lump of *gool*, or raw sugar.

The famished little waif grasped it with delight, and then we asked her to come with us for more. We told her we had clean clothes, and plenty of food for her, too. She looked up at us with a pleased glance, as much as to say she almost believed what we said; and without a moment's hesitation, she gave me her hand, and came into the house with me. Her sad-hearted parent never said good-by, but slowly walked away in silence. He glanced back several times to get a last look at his child, and thus the tie was broken. He had given away his all.

While we sympathized with him, we were glad of our treasure. She came from a good class of people, and her father had given her to us of his own free choice. She wanted to come, after she had received the sugar plum, with a promise of more. The Hindus did not want her; they would not spend a penny on thousands of such. Little girls were too plentiful in a nation of three hundred millions; they had many more than they knew what to do with. But we saw grand possibilities for that young life trained in the true

faith, and educated in our mission schools, and were glad to get her. We knew that when some of the good people of America heard of her and the other little waifs in our care, they would gladly sacrifice for their support; so in faith we welcomed this child and many others to our family circle at the mission in those days.

The child was now inside our big stone house, sucking away at another piece of sugar. We feared she might run out, and scream for her father; so we fed her well. We asked her name; and she said, "Sukie." This we changed a bit, and called her Susie.

She was dirty and uncouth, and one could count all her ribs. We called a native woman to clean her up, first removing several brass rings from her ears, and one from her nose. Then she was taken to the bathroom, and given a "proper" wash in soapsuds. Her hair had never been combed; and although it was nearly black next to the head, the ends were sunburned to a reddish brown. When the attendants tried to comb her hair, they found a large sore spot on the back of her head, covered with a knotty, matted mass of hair. In the sore were numbers of vermin eating their way into the flesh, and making

it raw and painful. Again we thanked God that Susie had fallen into our hands. Her hair was all cut off, and her head properly cleaned, and saturated with coconut oil. After her warm bath, her whole body was also well rubbed with oil.

Imagine how Susie must have felt to have a clean white *sardie*, or dress, at four years of age, after running nude all her lifetime. A smile came over her thin little features — and that smile was reward enough for all our efforts to clean her up. A brown goat's hair blanket was given her, and a tin cup and plate. At night she slept on the floor among a lot of other little girls who had been taken in under similar conditions. A natural sympathy existed between them, and they respected and loved their white foster parents.

For some time, Susie was weak and delicate; but good, warm buffaloes' milk, and plenty of plain corn bread, soon made a change in the thin little frame, and she became well and plump.

As soon as she was strong enough, we assigned her to a class in school. At first, one of her eyes was quite weak; but with care and treatment, she came through all right. Susie was fond of books, and soon learned to read

very well. It was almost amusing to see her seated on the hard stone floor, her legs stretched out straight, and a Bible on her knees — such a little girl, and such a big book. In a few months after she entered the mission school, you would scarcely have recognized her as the same child. Instead of looking older, she looked younger, only plump and fat.

THE BLESSED FRUIT OF LABOR

It was not long till Susie learned the plan of salvation, and was able to answer any simple question put to her about the true religion. Soon she began to pray, like our other Christian girls; for our mission girls are taught to pray even before they are converted. We think it a good plan for them to start on the right road at once.

Susie confessed her sins, and gave her heart to Jesus; and her prayers and testimonies helped make our meetings what they were. She always wore a smile, and every one loved her. When others gave in their names as candidates for baptism, Susie gave in hers also, and was baptized. Her faith grew fast, and she had not been with us long until everybody knew where she stood.

Several years have rolled by since then, and Susie is a fine, healthy, Christian young woman. She lives in a mission school in Central India, and is doing good work. She has learned to grind flour in the stone mill, cook, wash, and sew. What a change in the life of that heathen child! All her life, her heart will swell with thanksgiving for what God and His servants have done for her. It would do your heart good to hear her pray, speak, and sing in meeting. She is one of our brightest daughters in the native church in India.

From the moment we gave her the lump of sugar, Susie has been detached from all her past, and attached to the mission. Her old father may have died in the famine from which she was rescued. He has never been to see her; and so far as we know, she has never shed a tear for him or her people. The years she has spent in school have fitted her for a life of usefulness and service for Christ. While these lines are being penned, this young woman is better fitting herself for the Lord's work among her native sisters.

Let any who may read these lines, always remember that offerings contributed for such work bring forth compound interest.



C. V. KALLE AND FAMILY, ONE OF OUR GROWN-UP BOYS
WHO IS NOW COMPOUNDER AND PREACHER

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Answered Prayer



OD has given some wonderfully reassuring answers to the prayers of His servants in foreign mission fields. To them He has given a special call to do a special work, and doubtless He delights to encourage their hearts and strengthen His cause intrusted to them.

We have already seen how Kasho, a young native convert, spent three months in earnest prayer to the end that missionaries might be sent to a certain town. The Lord answered his prayer, sent the men, and established His own work in that place. Souls have been saved there, and the work of the Lord still moves on. While living at that very station, and laboring daily among the people, I was constantly impressed to undertake a certain line of mission work. I consulted several other workers upon the matter, but did not secure their coöperation or approval. Feeling that "in the multitude of counselors there is safety," and that doubtless my own desire actuated me more than the desire of the Lord, I decided that perhaps it was best to drop

the matter altogether. But I could not drop it; for the plan was always in my mind, and day by day the need for that special work seemed greater. Still everything in the world seemed against it. Would it not take money? And I did not possess a cent for such a purpose.

In order to test the matter, I wrote out in detail the plan with which I had been impressed, and literally obeyed the command of the Lord, "Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret;" trusting the promise, "And thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." Placing on a chair the paper on which the plan was written, I made the special request: "O Lord, if this is Thy plan, and if we should take up this special work, then be pleased to prove it to us by sending the needed money, even if it takes three months. If the money never comes, then we shall be sure Thou dost not require it of us."

There I left the whole matter, my heart at rest in the peace of faith, content if the answer came as a refusal, and went back to my daily tasks without a concern as to the matter. About three days after that, a cable-

gram came, and with it an order for over one thousand rupees, or about \$325.

I was indeed thankful that this special request had been answered in a special way, and that God had thus proved His willingness to do "exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." The way of duty now seemed clear, and I undertook the work without a doubt or a fear. And whatever of difficulty was met in its prosecution, I was always able to look up, and say, "Lord, Thou didst give us this duty, the plan, the



ON THE WAY TO THE DISPENSARY

(Carried in this manner thirteen miles, went away smiling.)

call, and the means." The cablegram was evidently sent about the time we were pleading with the Lord for clearer light and guidance. "Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."

BY PRAYER AND FASTING

At another time, one of our native Christian families had some personal difficulty in their home, resulting in gossip, and finally in a separation. This was sad indeed, and likely to hinder greatly a revival that had just begun among us. We knew that the heathen would rejoice, and would ridicule this family and the whole Christian community, and say that we were no better than they, and that it would be better not to become Christians. Heathen men beat their wives and keep them shut up, but Christian men may not lawfully beat their wives.

I endeavored to settle the trouble by advising the distracted persons, but without success; for they both had grievances, and both preferred separation to constant trouble. We knew that this state of things must not continue, or the whole mission would suffer, and the Spirit of God would be grieved away from our work. The more we prayed,

the more this scripture suggested itself to us: "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." We had never met just "this kind" before; but our hearts responded to the challenge, and if it meant fasting and prayer, we were ready for it. So we set to work on our knees to straighten out the trouble that threatened our church, realizing that the forces of evil were strong against us, and that we were indeed in a battle.

But the Lord gave us His spirit of prayer, and we were assured we should prevail. For a week, we ate only enough to keep our strength for the work; and at the end of that time, feeling that "the iron was hot," so to speak, and that we must "strike," we quietly approached the contending parties, and in a few cautious words showed them that they were both wrong, and that they should beg each other's pardon and make their hearts right before God. Then we laid down the burden; for we had pleaded with the Lord, and were sure He was even more interested in the outcome than we. At once, without argument, they saw their wrong, and, after prayer, agreed to consent to live together as Christians. The wife made a good supper, the father clasped his little boy

in his arms with all the fondness of days gone by, and so far as we know, that family have lived together united and happy ever since. God answers prayer.

PRAYER BROUGHT VICTORY

A native stonemason had been engaged to do a certain piece of work for the mission; but before he completed it, the monsoon rains came, and in the middle of the night, we were aroused by an awful crash. At once we thought of the wall of the new building; but the night was dark and wild, and we did not go to see. In the morning, we found that the wall of the building in process of construction had fallen flat to the ground.

Then we called the mason, and questioned him about his work. He agreed to complete the job, and leave it in good condition, but asked for an advance of money. Very reluctantly we complied. Again, in the next heavy shower, his work fell. Now we tested his materials, and found that he had mixed white clay with the lime. Of course, the adhesive quality of clay was not equal to that of lime, so the whole thing gave way when it was tested by rain.

Again we called the mason, and after remonstrating with him, refused to let him go on with the work or to pay him. He was angry, for he had been detected in his wrongdoing. Had the rain not fallen just then, we might not have discerned the defective work until the roof of the building had been constructed, and an even greater loss sustained.

Soon a defiant letter came from the mason. He tried to intimidate us by saying that if the money he claimed was not immediately forthcoming, he would prosecute us. What money we had all belonged to the Lord, and we were but His stewards. It was not worth while to deal with that deceptive mason; so I spread the matter before the Lord, and especially asked Him to block every plan of the enemy. We had no desire to parley with him either in court or out of it. I confess that my request seemed a bold one, but I knew that my object was right. That season of prayer brought the desired victory. The mason never came to us, nor wrote us again, until he came to apologize for his conduct, and proved his sincerity by sending us a tray full of delicious fruit. Thus again we proved bending the knees before the God of prayer

a better plan than trying to adjust matters by litigation.

“Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!”

THAT WHICH IS LEAST

The mission owned a large herd of fine buffalo cows, which supplied our mission school with fresh milk for the children, and curds for the older ones. A fine lot of butter was also turned out twice a week, and sold for grain. In India, the cattle must be constantly watched, as the pasture is not fenced or hedged in. One day while the *gowlie*, or herdsman, was taking a noonday rest under a shade tree, our cattle wandered off into forbidden pastures.

The native *sepoy*, or police, are ever on the alert for stray animals, whose depredations are among the most common annoyances in a land where fences are seldom erected; so when our cattle were discovered out of place, they were driven off to the pound, and it would cost more than the month's wages of the herdsman to get them out. Just as we were about to begin our regular afternoon service, the *gowlie* came in,

greatly excited, to tell us his troubles. We replied that he was responsible for the care of our cattle during the day, and for their safe arrival at night; therefore he must return them by sundown.

We knew he had no money, but we also knew that the mission could not afford to pay for the negligence of its servants, and if we excused him, we should have no end of trouble all the year. A congregation were waiting in the meetinghouse for service, and the *gowlie* waited at the door, not satisfied with my reply. He wanted me to pay the fine and free the herd. I was perplexed. The cattle must be cared for and milked that evening, and I had also to minister to that waiting congregation.

Deliberately I took time to closet myself in prayer, and said, "O Lord, if Thou canst afford to pay for all these cattle now in the pound, amen." There we rested the matter, assured that all would be well. I went to the meeting, and the Lord met with us and blessed us. The cattle came home all right, and the bill had been paid. The *gowlie* borrowed the money himself, and paid for them. But even in this little matter, I learned anew to cast all my care upon Him, knowing that

“He careth for us,” and that in moments of trial and testing, He hears, answers, and delivers.

Three of us missionaries agreed to buy, on the installment plan, a certain property for the Lord’s work; and as rents were counted on the principal, we felt quite safe. It took three years to pay the first half of the price asked for this property; and at the end of the third year, the man who sold us the place demanded the second half of the money within three months’ time. This demand seemed unreasonable; but we knew that if he chose, he could foreclose, and we should lose all we had paid, with many important improvements.

We had not a cent of mission money on hand; but we began to pray, believing that God would direct us, and were impressed that we should trust Him, and not reply to the letter until we could pay the last farthing. We felt that we should test God and ourselves, and follow our impressions in the matter, though it meant that we must raise as much in three months as we had previously raised in three years. Finally we argued that it was not for us, but for the Lord and His cause; and if He could meet the demand in three months, He could meet it in one. So

we laid the matter before the Lord, and left it completely in His hands.

We agreed to pray daily at the family altar for the full amount in a month, and not a day passed but we did as we had agreed. Then to help answer our own prayers, each emptied his pocketbook into a small box to start the fund. All together we had two dollars in cash. We gladly gave all we had, and trusted God for the rest.

That was a month of most importunate prayer. Nearly every day, a little came in, some of it in most unexpected ways and from unlooked-for sources; and to the glory of God, at the end of one month, we saw that we had as much money as we had gained before in three years. Not a cent had been borrowed, neither had we written to our friends for money. God, who knew our dire need, and saw our faith, would not suffer us to be defeated when it was for His glory and the upbuilding of His work that our request should be granted.

At the end of the month, we had a special thanksgiving service together. Then we wrote to our creditor, and said, "Please do not wait three months, but come at once and get the full amount due you on the property."

One more instance: The heathen parents of some of our children sent for their little ones through the court. We had taken these children in time of famine, and had cared for them for several years, and it was hard indeed to think of parting with them. They had become Christians, and their relatives were heathen. For them to quit our school after the training we had given them, and return to heathen homes and villages, would be detrimental in every way, and our labor would be practically lost. But what could we do?—Nothing but pray most earnestly. We had a long and tedious journey to make with these children to attend court,—almost eighty miles in springless bullock carts.

However, we made the trip; and on the day appointed, and at the proper hour, we were at the court with our little charges. Not one of them wanted to leave the mission school; and they, as well as we, had prayed most earnestly. When we came before the English judge in court, he called for the parents who claimed the children. To the surprise of all, not one of them was present to press his claim. The judge very kindly advised us to take the children home with us,

and not give them up without written orders from the government. This was another special answer to prayer.

Many other instances might be cited where in sickness and danger the Lord looked upon us in mercy, and delivered us in answer to prayer.

“They who trust Him wholly,
Find Him wholly true.”



KALYAN MISSION BUNGALOW

*What It Means to Give India
the Gospel*

IT is not enough to send a few loyal representatives of the message among so vast a population as that of India; neither is it sufficient to give out a few books and tracts, and then look for a great harvest of souls. The field is immense, the work great, and time is an element of success in all large undertakings.

While it is true that many of the heathen in India desire help, and are ready to be taught, there are many more who are quite satisfied with their present condition, and are always ready to cry out, like some of old: "What have we to do with Thee, Jesus, Thou Son of God? art Thou come hither to torment us before the time?"

Many years ago the missionary did not have free access to the people in India. Not so to-day. Since the British government practically controls the whole of India, every door is open wide for the spread of Bible truth. Thank God for this. But there are still difficulties to be met, and these must

not and cannot be overlooked. As we face them, our hearts should be drawn out in prayer that God will go before His messengers, and prepare the way before them. Has He not said, "I will go before thee"?

CASTES

Probably the first and greatest hindrance to the spread of the gospel in India to-day is the old and iron-bound caste system. The word "caste" is used in such an indiscriminate manner in America that it loses its true meaning; whereas in India it is always used in the exclusive sense, having a specific and positive force. No other people on the face of the earth are so bound about by caste rules and prejudices as the benighted peoples of India, particularly the Hindus. In Europe, America, and some other lands, society is more or less divided into clans and cliques, according to education, wealth, official position, color, language, and attainments; but these are not the constituent elements of that seemingly impregnable system called *zarth*, or caste, in Hindustan.

In our land, an individual belonging to a very ordinary stratum of society to-day, may to-morrow, by his personal endeavors and

strength of character, be received into the society of those he once did not, and perhaps could not, associate with. Not so in India. Caste in this pitiful land is altogether a question of birth, and has nothing whatever to do with wealth, education, position, or personal character. No wonder that poor persons in India are fatalists, and believe in *Nasheeb*, or fate. Many of them desire to rise; but it is their "luck," as they say, to be born in that lower scale of human society, from which, they are taught, there is no escape.

It is true that the best classes of society are usually found among the upper castes; but if a man is born a fool in a high-caste family, he is more honorable than a wise man, no matter how great his attainments, in a low-caste family. One frequently sees beggars who are high-caste people and honored by all, and rich low-caste men who are dishonored by all.

There are practically four great castes in India: first, the sacred *Brahman*, including the priests, or Brahmans, who are also the philosophers and men of letters; second, the military or protecting class, commonly called the *Kshatriya*, or protectors from

evil; third, *Vaisya*, which includes merchants, tradesmen, husbandmen, etc., who are considered the nourishers of the state; fourth, the *Sudra*, who, proceeding from the feet of Brahma, are servants to the higher orders, mechanics, etc. These four castes are said to have sprung from the head, heart, thighs, and feet of Brahma. Besides these orders, which are divided into families under a great variety of rules, there are a number of mixed castes, occasioned by mixed marriages; and lastly, the outcastes, who are held in utter detestation by all.

Hindus sometimes say there are twelve and one half castes, and each one of these twelve and one half have twelve and one half castes more; and so it goes, like an endless chain, until there are actually hundreds of castes in India, and scarcely anybody knows where the system ends.

BONDAGE OF CASTE

The Brahman is high and lifted up in his pride, conceit, and self-esteem. He is a god to all beneath him; and most pitiful of all, the man of a lower caste, as well as the high-caste man himself, believes this to be actually so. The abuse to which this spirit



A BAND OF BEGGARS

of self-esteem is carried is painful in the extreme. For instance, the high-caste man is very particular to take his daily bath, and repeats his prayers all the while he is bathing. This over, he at once hobbles on his wooden sandals to his house for his morning meal. If perchance the shadow of a low-caste man should fall upon the high-caste man, he must take a full bath all over again before he eats, because that shadow has defiled him. From this, one can readily see with what contempt the high-caste man looks upon one of an inferior caste. A low-caste man must never go upon the housetop of a high-caste man until the people have vacated the house. Thus the people of India are ever in absolute bondage to thousands of customs and rules. Nothing but the grace of God in their hearts will ever change these conditions.

One day a native Christian accidentally touched a yoke of oxen pulling a cart containing a barrel of water. The driver, a high-caste man, became enraged, beat the Christian, and according to caste rules, had to empty all that water out upon the ground. Even the missionary must use great wisdom and precaution in his associations with the natives, not to cause ill feeling, and thus

hinder the work of the Lord. Sometimes indiscretion has caused serious trouble.

How different is all this from the spirit of our Master, who said, "One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren." "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another." Instead of being a sign of love, which unites, the sign of Hinduism is caste, which divides. Until this difficulty is overcome, little progress can be made. I regret to say that some have made a compromise by tolerating caste in so-called Christian missions of India. In such circles, the Hindu has kept his old creed, simply adopting a new name.

The education of the higher and the lower castes in the same lines of thought has a great tendency to equalize the people. The medical missionary plays an active part in the breaking down of caste prejudices. When a high-caste man in great pain presents himself at the medical missionary dispensary for treatment, it frequently happens that the nurse or assistant who waits upon him is a converted low-caste man. Thus little by little, old-time prejudice vanishes, and the way is opened for the gospel.

For the purpose of submitting their representation to the secretary of state for India through the proper authorities, a representative meeting of the depressed classes of the Dharwar District was convened in the Bengeri Theater, Hubli, under the presidency of Mr. R. B. Rodd, the first unofficial president of the District Board of Dharwar. The chairman said the chief reason for convening the meeting was to give the depressed classes an opportunity of expressing their views on the present political situation and of bringing to the notice of government the several disabilities under which they were rendering honest services to the government and the country at large. He earnestly solicited the high castes, even among the depressed classes, to give a helping hand to their low-caste brethren.

The meeting considered a resolution, which read: "This meeting prays the government of India to pass an enactment that no caste distinctions should be observed in government offices and public institutions, as the same are against the declared British policy of equality and justice."

The resolution was proposed by Mr. Sadashiv Malkajee, Dhar railway guard, who

said the practice of regarding the depressed classes as untouchables had crippled their growth as a society, was detrimental to the interests of the nation, and was a great stumblingblock in their elevation. He was at the same time glad to acknowledge that some sympathetic officials were helping them a good deal, but they were only a minority as compared with the remaining number of unsympathetic persons, who went on treating them as untouchables. Mr. Gopal Bhivajee Pal, a mahar contractor of Hubli, seconded the resolution, which was passed.

It was also resolved "that this meeting begs government to reserve sufficient number of posts, in the government services, for members of the depressed classes according to their qualifications, as that privilege is at present practically denied to them notwithstanding that they have a population of five crores and over, which is about fifteen per cent of the whole population of India."

"That this meeting solicits government to create special electorates or introduce a system of special nominations for the depressed classes to enable them to send their representatives to public bodies, viz., village panchayats, town municipalities, Taluk and Dis-

trict Local Boards, and the Provincial and Imperial Councils, if they are fitted by education and other qualifications; and this meeting further assures government that a number of persons able to represent the depressed classes, can be found among them even to-day."

FALSE RELIGIONS

Perhaps the next greatest barrier to the spread of the gospel is the system of false religions extant in India. We find not only the religion of the Hindus, with its thirty-three million gods, teaching the transmigration of souls through eighty-five thousand births for the elimination of sin from the soul of man, but also the faith of Islam. The Hindus are largely vegetarians, and hold all life as sacred, even the life of an egg. Not so with the Mohammedan, who even kills and eats the sacred cow. While both these false systems cater to all that is low and degraded in the unregenerate human heart, they live and thrive side by side. The Hindu declares that all roads lead to the celestial city, and the Christian religion is therefore all right for the Christian, but that his own will lead to the same end. The Mohammedan

says that "God is God, and Mohammed is His prophet;" therefore all should become Mohammedans.

Besides these already mentioned, we have Zoroastrianism, or the religion of the fire worshiper. The Parsi belongs to this class. His religion consists in saying kind words, thinking kind thoughts, and doing kind deeds. He worships the sun, the moon, the stars, fire, air, and water.

Again, thousands of scattered Jews are to be found in India. Having lost sight of Jehovah, they have copied many customs from the Hindus, but still call themselves "Yehudyloke."

The Eurasians, whose fathers were white men and whose mothers were natives, usually speak English, and follow English customs. They form a class by themselves, and are either Protestants or Catholics.

Many other classes might be mentioned, but enough has been said to show the motley mixture of religious beliefs with which the missionary must battle in the spread of Bible truth.

In facing a nation of three hundred and fifteen millions, there is no hard and fast rule of attack. One must look to God continually,

and walk softly, feeling his way along a new and untried path, and trusting God's Holy Spirit to guide him.

LANGUAGES

The multitude of languages presents an obstacle, it is true, but not so serious as those already mentioned. To learn a language, or even several of them, is not an impossible task. By consecration, concentration, and hard study, any language may be acquired so accurately that the gospel may be clearly proclaimed in it. Half the difficulty with many who fail lies in the fact that their desire to preach the truth to the heathen is not strong enough. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and when the heart is full of the love of God for lost souls, and an opportunity is afforded of learning a way to present that love, ere long love will find words to express itself freely and fully.

In America, we speak of easy methods and short cuts in the acquisition of certain kinds of knowledge; but there is no easy way to learn a language in India. In fact, as one sits beside his native *pundit*, or *munshi*, studying those strange sounds, he is often tempted



THE MEDICAL STAFF OF WORKERS AT KALYAN MISSION

to become discouraged. When he thinks he is making rapid progress in certain lines, he may wake up to the fact that he is all wrong, and that he has not exactly caught the proper accent after all. A certain lady wanted to tell the servant that a wildecat was in the cupboard, but she said a wild sheep was in the cupboard. A slight mistake, it is true; but such mistakes are often embarrassing in the extreme, and a great hindrance to a timid person.

Native methods of teaching are very different from Western methods, and the student is often puzzled to understand what the teacher is attempting. Sometimes the young missionary finds that his teacher is learning more of English than he himself is learning of the Hindu dialect. Unexpected difficulties arise; and after a while, each man maps out a way of his own, and pursuing his own method, soon gains marvelously, to the surprise of teacher, missionary, and friends. After one dialect has been acquired, the acquiring of another, or even of several, is not so difficult, if health and strength permit.

But until one dialect is thoroughly acquired, no definite work can be done among natives. Millions of them never learn to

speak our language; and if they ever have Christ presented to them, we must speak to them in their own tongue. They will not burden themselves to learn our language; so the responsibility, after all, rests upon us who go to them.

By many, the climate of India is considered a hindrance to the preaching of the gospel. But God made the people, and God made the climate; and the same God, through His Son, said, "Preach the gospel to every creature." So when God calls and sends to a certain field, He evidently intends to stand by the one sent, until he faithfully delivers the message.

During the last one hundred and fifty years, missionaries of various creeds have done much to solve many difficulties, and recruits may learn valuable lessons from former workers and those now in the field. Many of the pioneers in this difficult field "loved not their lives unto the death." To-day India is advancing. British rule has brought many blessings and great opportunities for the peoples of this grand and beautiful country.

In the face of seeming difficulties, it is always best to lift up the shield of faith and proceed for victory. Caste may appear as

immovable as the mighty rock of Gibraltar. However, all things are possible with God and to those who put their trust in Him. Many have been won from all castes, and to-day are found side by side at the Lord's table. The old systems of false philosophy are crumbling; and where they have failed to bring hope and comfort, there are many ready to plant the cross of Jesus. The many languages that present such a jargon of discordant sounds are gradually being modified by Christian thought, and to-day many tongues are learning of the one Jesus Christ, and say, Hallelujah! Amen!

The apostle Paul said, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me;" so with the heaven-called and divinely equipped missionary. He does not stop at caste systems, false religions, strange languages, trying climates, and insurmountable difficulties, but he sees Jesus, "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," and ever hears the words that fell from His gracious lips, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me." To Him, "faith laughs at impossibilities, and cries, It shall be done."

Healing in the Jungle

BY THE EDITOR



THE Bombay Presidency in western India is a great and important mission field. The territory fronts on the Arabian Sea one thousand miles, with an average breadth of one hundred miles. The population numbers twenty-seven millions. Two principal languages are spoken — the Marathi by eighteen million, the Gujarati by nine million.

The largest city, and one of the finest and cleanest, in India, is Bombay, with a population of one million. This city is the western gateway to India. It has many beautiful and up-to-date buildings, broad, clean streets, well kept and spacious parks, and generally good sanitation.

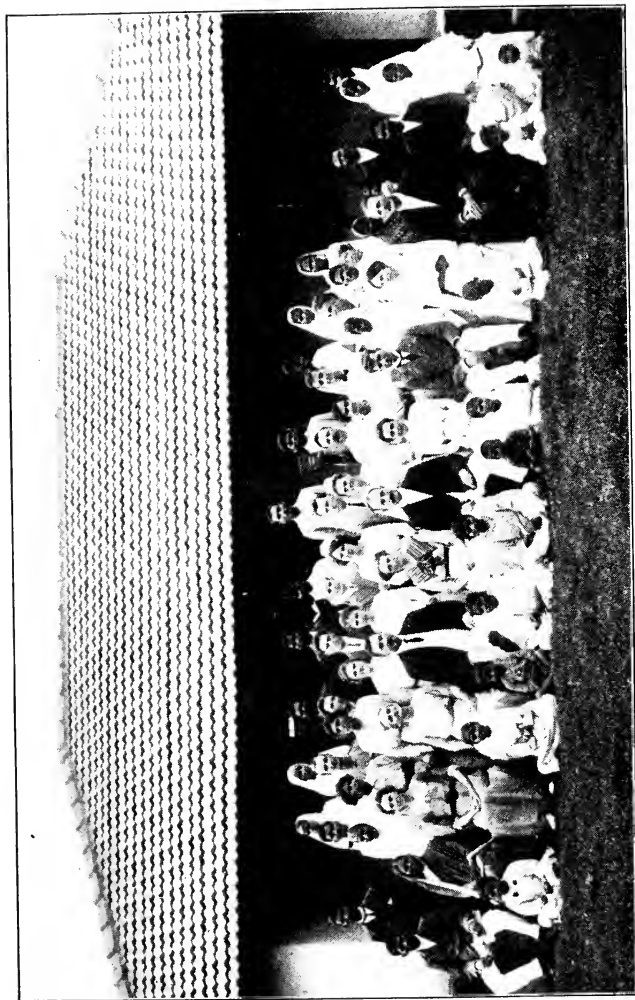
Religiously, the people in this field embrace twenty-one million Hindus, five million Mohammedans, 500,000 Jains, 150,000 Roman Catholics, 50,000 nominal Protestants, and 80,000 Zoroastrians, the descendants of the old fire-worshipping Parsis from before the days of Cyrus the Great. In the center of a beautiful park stand their "towers of silence,"

on the tops of which are placed their dead to be devoured by vultures.

Bombay is the headquarters of our mission work, where there is a growing native church.

Forty miles northeast of Bombay is our Kalyan mission, in the midst of the deepest, darkest heathenism. At the head of this mission — indeed, the beginners of this mission — are Pastor and Mrs. M. D. Wood, the latter of whom is a physician. This is the first Christian mission established in Kalyan. These devoted workers, with their helpers, are taxed to the utmost. Dr. Wood conducts “one of the largest and best medical dispensaries in all our mission fields.” It was opened in February, 1913. Here is a description of a morning at the mission, by Pastor Arthur G. Daniells, in 1915, two years after its establishment:

“We reached Kalyan early enough in the morning to see the work of the day start. There was a great crowd waiting for the doors to open. Before beginning the medical work of the day, the missionaries gathered in the large waiting room. A native brother connected with the mission then read a Scripture lesson, gave them a twenty-minute talk about the gospel, and offered an earnest



OUR KALYAN MISSION YEARLY MEETING, 1916
(*Bombay Presidency Workers*)

prayer for them. . . . Then the dispensary work began. Between fifty and seventy-five persons received attention that day. Some were disposed of in a few minutes, while others were in a serious condition, needing the most thorough, skillful treatment."

A record is kept of the name, age, sex, religion, and ailment of every person passing through the dispensary. In the year 1914 there were 16,421 patients treated, and 978 homes visited. These patients represented 85 villages. There were 312 minor surgical cases. Diseases range from leprosy to simple sore throat. In connection with this work were given 312 gospel talks, 11,820 pages of literature were distributed, \$325 was expended, and \$482 received. In 1915, the treatments increased to 21,423.

The workers also carry healing and blessing to villages far and near. In one town sixty miles distant, a dispensary is conducted, the railway authorities granting Dr. Wood a free pass in a first-class compartment, in recognition of her work.

Pastor Wood conducts two schools, with an attendance of forty, and preaches in Marathi to the people of many surrounding villages.

Another report of a visit to Kalyan, by Pastor W. T. Knox, in 1917, indicates commendable growth. While he looked on the sick who came, one woman totally blind was relieved of the cataracts that had robbed her of sight.

Two miles from the dispensary is a tract of nine acres belonging to the mission, on which good buildings have been erected. Here Pastor Wood was then conducting a school of about thirty. These children live within the compound, and are housed, fed, and clothed at a cost of about five rupees (\$1.60) a month each, and are given what is equivalent to about four grades of school work. Those who give promise of developing into workers are passed on to the advanced school at Lucknow.

Here we leave them sowing beside all waters, seeing some of that seed develop and bear fruit to the glory of God and the rejoicing of their own hearts. Seed in some soils takes long to germinate and grow. But this is left to God, whose word will not return void, but who will bring some fruitage from the jungle sowing in His own good time, that both sower and reaper "may rejoice together."

For the Quiet Hour

IN these times of change and uncertainty, such devotional and consolatory volumes as those described below are eagerly read by the thinking man or woman. They bring quietness and calmness, restfulness to the heart, and at the same time inspire to higher standards of living.

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