The Author in Indian Dress

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A MODERN JONAH

By

PAUL WOOLSEY

DEDICATION

TO

THE NATIONAL F.W.B. WOMAN'S AUXILIARY

and

Those faithful and devoted women
throughout the Denomination
who have acted as a spearhead
to the ever-increasing interest
in Foreign Missions

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE FACTS, incidents and impressions contained within these pages have been gleaned from personal observation, newspapers, periodicals, correspondence and many conversations with many people on many and varied subjects. These conversations took place in America, on the boat from New York to Bombay and in India from the Nilgiris to the Himalayas, from The Bombay Province to Bengal, on the plains and in the hills, in city, village and rural areas. They have been with Indian business men, government officials, villagers and Indian Christians. We have also talked with business men and missionaries from many countries. To all of these we gratefully acknowledge our debt.

In particular do we desire to acknowledge the information, the friendly interest, the kindly encouragement and constructive criticism given by Miss L. B. Barnard, The Senior Free Will Baptist Missionary, in regards to portions of the book.

Mrs. Woolsey has faithfully checked with me for errors both of fact and of presentation.

The Rev. D. R. Cronk has read portions of the work with comments.

To all of the above and many others we owe a debt which we are glad to recognize.

PAUL WOOLSEY

INTRODUCTION

HERE IS A BOOK to fill a real need among Free Will Baptists.

Our American young people are so imbued with the ambition to make money, they are so ingrained with the notion that life's greatest satisfactions come with the accumulation of material wealth, that Christian fields of service are receiving today but slight, if any, emphasis.

The reading of this book by young people and parents should help to change this. The author's verve and enthusiasm for Christian missions is contagious and challenging.

This story has been presented in a factual way, not in generalization or guesswork, but from the author's firsthand experience lived through, thought through. It has been written with clarity, full of human interest, and strong conviction that the life of a missionary is a life most worth while. It is not an autobiography nor is it a handbook on methods. It is a glorification of Christian missions. Mr. Woolsey, with a keen sense of humor, has never missed the fun in his daily work as a minister or as a missionary in India. Here he shares his fun and enthusiasm in happy fashion with his readers. Here is sensed the abiding joy, the deep satisfactions which one capable man has found in the missionary's profession.

I heartily recommend a careful reading of its pages by those who would be interested in a very human document; those who have the urge to do the most with the years of their lives in the service of their fellow men; those whose aptitudes and abilities point to the mission field, when that momentous question, "What shall I do with my life?" must be answered. It will be stimulating and helpful to young people just entering fields of service in the church. It will be appreciated by and prove a blessing to all those engaged in the service of the church whether as ministers, Sunday school teachers, F.W.B.L. leaders, W.N.A.C. officers, or as laymen.

It is presented with the utmost sincerity, and we are happy to recommend it to you.

AGNES BRINKLEY FRAZIER

Executive Secretary-Treasurer,
W.N.A.C. of Free Will Baptists

January, 1951

PREFACE

THERE IS NO EXPECTATION, hope or desire that this book should in any manner compete with any of the many books written about experiences in and impressions about India by both Missionaries and non-Missionaries.

No person can write intelligently about and give reliable conclusions concerning a people, country or things with less than a year for contacts and observations. It is more than a year since we wrote the following pages. It would be absolutely impossible to write about the same things in the same way today. Every page was written by a tenderfoot, by a newcomer, by one to whom everything was new and strange but also wonderful and bewitching. As I wrote about Missions and Missionaries I was fully aware that I would never be able to write from the same view-point again. The same was true about the people and conditions. Then I was a mere observer but now I have my loves and my pet hatreds, my likes and dislikes. Again, I wrote with a hope of helping both the ordinary lay member and the student possibly preparing for The Mission Field. They are just as new to the various subjects as I was. They must, if they are to see at all, see through the eyes of a tenderfoot like themselves.

I make no apologies for the introductory chapter about India. I had nothing but praise and sympathy for the young Government at that time. No doubt the Government in common with all governments has made many mistakes but the wonder is that it has been able to solve so many seemingly fatal problems and to have successfully withstood so many crises. Today, my admiration is even greater.

Chapters from Two through Five deal with our "Call" to, preparation for, our farewells and the journey to India. I have always been most secretive concerning my inward thoughts and conflicts, keeping many of them from even Mrs. Woolsey. In these chapters I have laid my soul and heart bare as I have never done before. I hope these personal experiences may prove of use to some reader in analyzing his own secret thoughts and fighting his battles with himself. It is to be desired that some discouraged reader will be encouraged to a greater effort. Again, in these chapters, as in those following, we have from time to time given experiences and incidents that should prove helpful to others.

We trust that church groups, young people leagues, Vacation Bible Schools will find these pages helpful as a source of both information and inspiration. We have written with the needs of our many Woman's Auxiliaries in mind. Again, we trust that the casual reader will find that his desires and needs are not entirely neglected. We believe that students in our Bible College and Christian Institutes will find the book useful as supplementary reading.

However, the book should prove most valuable to the great body of our people—those members who are not particularly interested in detailed facts and information along with statistics but who desire something that is more or less new to them and that is both interesting and informative. The reader must be the sole judge to what degree these objects have been fulfilled. It was not written to serve as a text-book but for general reading. May God use these pages to His Glory.

PAUL WOOLSEY

ILLUSTRATIONS

CHAPTER I

New India

THERE ARE A FEW PLACES on our globe that have been especially blessed by a benevolent Providence. Because of the fertility of the soil, a favourable climate, abundant water supply and other contributing factors, these places became the earliest abodes of civilized man.

The Gateway to India

Here, we find the seats of early civilization. The three most outstanding are the following: Egypt along the Nile River, Babylon and the Assyria in the Euphrates-Tigris Rivers' Valley and the Northern Part of India lying in the valley formed by the Indus and Ganges Rivers' systems. Here our early ancestors, soon after the Flood, founded great kingdoms with a remarkable degree of civilization.

For the past several centuries, each of these localities has been considered among the backward and retarded places of the world. Because of their favourable locations, the extreme fertility of their soil and the length of their growing seasons, they early took their places among the leading countries of the world. But due to many factors, they became conquered and oppressed regions. Places that were once the seats of learning and progress became noted as places of illiteracy and poverty. The conquerors became the conquered and the

oppressors became the oppressed. However, our times have seen the revival of learning and culture in each of these localities. Early History has dealt very generous with Egypt and Babylon. On the other hand we have only a most meager account of Ancient India. Here and there in the writings of the Ancients, we find accounts of the wealth and glory of India. However, five centuries B.C., it was mentioned as a renowned country of many centuries of glorious history. About the time that the Children of Israel, under the leadership of Joshua, were conquering "The Promise Land," the Aryans were carving out an immense empire in India. Fine and costly temples and huge and magnificent palaces, already centuries old, bore witness to an ancient and powerful race.

It seems rather certain that India was the principal source of much of the trade of King Solomon. The discovery of America, as is well known by every school boy, was the direct result of the search for a new trade route to India. Six years after Columbus discovered America, Vasco da Gama sailed around the Cape of Good Hope and reached India in 1498.

During the past four thousand years, there have been some thirty major foreign invasions of India and scores of minor ones. They have increased the general confusion, oppression, the demarcation of class and caste and the exploitation of both the inhabitants and the natural resources of the Country. They have, also, added much to the culture, literature, religions and customs of the people. These invasions, with their accompanying results, have proven both beneficial and harmful.

Without exception, the people of India are the most religious of the inhabitants of the earth. India is the original home of four of the ten major religions of the world. And has thousands and millions of adherents to four of the remaining six. These eight religions are divided into more than a thousand different groups and sects. Most of these have flourished in India for centuries; needless to say, they have often added to the general confusion of the ignorant and illiterate. The above does not include the hundreds of tribal religions that have been kept more or less intact down through the ages by the numerous hill and aboriginal tribes scattered throughout the length and breadth of India. Three such tribes with their religions and customs are to be found near Kotagiri, in South India, where we first located upon our arrival in India. Most of these various religions and groups are not only anxious to retain their own followers but are eager to obtain "new converts" from the others. Often the results are very confusing indeed. There are millions who are both studying and professing to believe the teachings

and doctrines of several religions with their radically conflicting beliefs and systems of thought. The only possible result is that thousands of the most promising of India's youths are becoming free thinkers and atheists.

It has been, differently, estimated that only five, eight or ten persons out of every hundred can read or write. Even India, after the partition and creation of Pakistan, has well over three hundred million people. The New Democracy of India entered into the family of free nations with many and varied difficulties and handicaps. In the face of these, no nation, in the annals of history, has ever made more real progress. In the first place, there is no national language. Her 300,000,000 people speak approximately 170 different languages and a much larger number of dialects. Although a large majority are nominal Hindus, there are millions of Mohammedans, Christians, Sikhs, Jains and Buddhists. There are also thousands of Jews, Parsies and of the various "Hill Tribes." The recent British withdrawal left, besides what was known as "British India, a score or more of large independent states and more than five hundred semi-independent states. All of which had their own rulers and governments. Most of these not only held different views but were divided within themselves. Part of the citizens desired the formation of separate and independent countries, some were anxious to unite with India and still others with Pakistan. In India, itself, there were many opinions as to best type of government. Some favoured a loosely connected federation of states, others a strong central government, some a Socialistic State, others a Capitalistic State. Some demanded a Communistic State, while there were millions in favour of a Hindu Raj. The social and economic theories and desires were just as many and as diversed. Some wished the immediate abolition of all favoured classes and castes; others wanted the status quo maintained.

The international problems facing the new country were just as intricate and difficult. Thousands and even millions of her nationals were in almost every important nation in the world: as coolies, laborers, students and business men. Most of her govermental assets were to be shared with Pakistan. Embassies and consulates had to be established in the leading countries and cities in both Hemispheres. Trade agreements and commercial treaties had to be negotiated. There were countries who had or thought they had reasons to fear a strong and free India.

In addition to these formidable and almost insurmountable difficulties there were those connected with the transfer of the government by the British involving both civilian and military property,

equipment, and supplies in every nook and corner of the land. There were the greater dangers of religious and communal troubles and riots. There were also the raids and acts of robbery by groups of dacoits, hooligans and goondas who had learned to fear the strong arm of the British. They had to learn the same lesson from the New Government. These and many similar problems faced the young nation.

For the first time in centuries, India was to know self-rule, and was to take her place among the nations of the world. Possibly, never before in her long history, had she been governed by the will of the majority of her people. Never before have so many national and international problems confronted the governments of the universe. The last world's war and the accompanying chaotic conditions have shaken, to their very foundations, the social, economic and political affairs of even the oldest and best established countries. Needless to say, a new nation, consisting of many religions, languages, classes and castes, faces and will face untold difficulties and almost insurmountable obstacles.

Independence Day, August 15, 1947, passed in peace and great rejoicing. However, during the first few weeks immediately following the birth of India and Pakistan, communal strife broke out in tremendous fury in various parts of both countries. It is true that official or semi-official figures indicated that less than three per cent of the population of the two countries were involved. But even that low per cent would mean that twelve millions have been affected directly. There are many nations in the world with a population of much less than that number. The fact that a greater per cent of the people was not affected speaks well of the cool judgment of leaders of the new nations. Although the Government survived this acid test, yet, these troubles have seriously effected both the Government and the people. Facilities of the Government, money needed to set the governmental machinery in running order and the time and attention of high government officials have had to be taken from their natural and intended use and used for, or on the refugee problem. Millions of dollars worth of taxable property have been destroyed. Many large property owners and business men have been made paupers. Millions are looking to the Government for the necessities of life. Epidemics have not only taken thousands of lives but have taken the time and energy of officials that were needed elsewhere and have cost the Government and the people billions of dollars. It has created a lawlessness and crime wave that have called for an "all out" effort on the part of authorities to suppress. Many a government has succumbed before much less

formidable obstacles. In spite of these tremendous odds against her, The New India is much stronger than she was on August 15. More than half of the refugees have been settled in new homes, and danger from epidemics, due to the refugee problem, is becoming less each day. On the other hand, it is true that billions of dollars worth of property have been destroyed. Some twenty-five thousand women, (so it has been reported), have been abducted. Millions in the two countries have left their homes. And thousands have perished,—some killed, many died of exposure, hunger or were drowned in the floods. Many more died from the various epidemics that swept the refugee camps. One of the greatest dangers to the new Government is a large class of displaced persons who have lost all and refuse to "start over again" and who feel that society owes them a living. Many of this class are bent on plunder and cannot be induced to engage in honest toil.

In the early days of the unrest and trouble, many persons predicted that the Government would not be able to cope with the situation. Of course, it cannot be denied that the nation has received a terrific backset. It will be years before India will recover fully from the loss of property and lives, from the loss of skilled laborers in key positions and the bitterness that has resulted from the recent troubles. It has, indeed, been an ordeal but in spite of these things many wise and useful acts of legislature have been passed and enacted into law. A series of giant dams on the model of our own T.V.A. system, have been authorized and the work on the first one has already begun. Much land has been made available to farmers. Before, it was a rare occasion for a farmer or tiller of the soil to own the land that he cultivated. State Colleges and Universities have been authorized; and a beginning has been made toward the education of the masses. Some have given the estimate of forty years as a reasonable time for this.

By far the greater portion of the inhabitants are both illiterate and undernourished and lack sufficient clothing and shelter. However, plans to remedy this situation are already under consideration. Three thousand years ago, the larger per cent of the burdens was carried on the back of coolies, men and women. The same is still true today. Many of the tools and methods used are similar to those used in the days of Abraham and David. India has a long way to go educationally, economically, socially and politically; but she has made a start,—a wonderful start.

Under the above conditions, one would hardly expect India to have made any appreciative contribution to World affairs. But the exact opposite is true. Already, in many quarters, she is the recognized leader of the Asiatic Countries. She has able statesmen to

represent her throughout the world and to look after her ever-increasing interests. She was easily among the first ten countries in the last general session of the U.N.O. India has received such world-wide recognition as is seldom extended to newcomers into the Family of Nations.

The paramount question confronting the church is what will be its place in New India? During the past decade more people have been brought to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ than during the entire previous history of Missions in India. We believe, that Christian teachings have played a tremendous part in the great awakening of India and her teeming multitudes. We must add here that regardless of what may be said about British Imperialism, her rule has educated the people in both business and government and has brought about a national feeling that has made united India possible. When the British came to India, there were hundreds of small and despotic states; she has left two large and flourishing Democracies. Christianity is in India to stay until Jesus comes. The Indian Church has suffered many blows since the early Apostolic Age when the Apostle Thomas is reputed to have come to India with the Gospel. But, today, she is on the March. Days of persecution may lie ahead but a zeal for lost souls is beginning to seize the members of the body of Christ in India. There do not appear any signs of persecution or discrimination against Christians by the present Government. However, there are groups, throughout the country, who will take advantage of every opportunity to persecute and destroy the Church. On the other hand, the Church has always thrived and prospered on persecution. It is only in the days of her worldly prosperity that she has failed to grow and advance. We are looking for a greater, better and more "Spirit-filled" Church in New India than was ever known in "Old India." May God bless and keep her.

CHAPTER II

My Call to the Foreign Work

I REMEMBER DISTINCTLY talking to the Rev. Raymond Riggs, the present Chairman of The National Free Will Baptist Board of Foreign Missions, in regard to Missions. We were in front of the Central Free Will Baptist Church of Oklahoma City, Okla., during the 1946 Session of the National Association. Brother Riggs stated his interest in Foreign Missions and how that at one time he had thought that God would call him to that work. I assured him of my interest in Missions and my concern about the spreading of the Gospel in Foreign lands. However, I added that I had never felt a definite call to that phase of the Gospel Ministry. Although I made the statement in all sincerity, I was, at that very time, fighting the call to India with my entire being. As I now look back over the thirty years that I have been a Christian and the eighteen years I have spent in the Gospel Ministry, I can recall numerous instances when I refused to face the actual fact that God was intimating that someday I would have to unequivocally accept or else reject this Call.

The above conversation took place immediately after lunch on Wednesday. Wednesday night was "Missionary Night." After stirring messages by Rev. and Mrs. Thomas Willey, our Missionaries to Cuba, the report of the Foreign Mission Board was given by the efficient Promotional Secretary, Rev. Winford Davis of Monett, Mo., the call was then made, to young people in particular, to those who were willing to dedicate their lives to special services for God, having been called thereunto. Never before in my life had I felt such a compelling urge. I was actually compelled to grip the back of the seat in front of me with both hands and hold on for dear life. Later, when we were wishing the fine group who had accepted the challenge "God's speed," I was forced to keep a close guard on my lips lest I should have spoken in spite of myself.

At that time I was in my thirty-eighth year and had been a minister for more than seventeen years. My speech defect which is so well known to all our people, had proven a tremendous handicap even among my own people. It had limited both the amount and effectiveness of my pulpit preaching. I often overheard such phrases as: "The Preacher who can't talk:"

"If I could understand him I just know that he is a good preacher."

"Isn't it a pity that he can't talk plainer?"

"I hope you understood Bro. Woolsey."

"In case you didn't catch what Bro. Woolsey was saying. . ."

"I caught enough of his message to know that it must have been good."

"I understood some things."

"Yes, Bro. Woolsey knows more about the subject than anyone else but I am afraid that the people couldn't get what he is saying."

"We had better use someone that everyone can understand." All of which was more or less true and was spoken with the best intentions. In order to keep going and to refuse to give up as I have been tempted to do thousands of times—I have developed the ability to laugh and joke concerning my defect and all of its accompanying embarrassment and unpleasantness. However, from my earliest childhood, I have been extremely sensitive. Thousands of times I have laughed and joked with tears flooding my eyes and "a sword piercing my heart."

No Christian can say anything on his own behalf except that he is a sinner saved by grace. I was born of devout Christian parents and reared in a Christian home, where the family altar and daily Bible Study were not considered as duties but as grand and glorious privileges. I attended church school where the Bible was not only taught daily but lived. Bible characters, Bible Passages and Bible quotations and Bible teachings were familiar to me throughout my boyhood. Receiving the call to the Gospel Ministry, I felt just as keenly the call to preparation. My father having died when I was a junior in high school, I worked my way through Tusculum College, often working until well past mid-night. I was granted license to preach sometime before I began my sophomore year in College. At the time of my graduation, I was the only minister of my local Association who had a college education. My family connections provided me a hearty welcome by all—both ministry and laity.

My father had served the Association as Clerk and Treasurer for almost a quarter of a century. My grandfather was recognized as the founder of the Association. Both my mother and my father's mother were active in everything that concerned the church. I was welcomed to the various pulpits of the Association but my speech defect and sometimes my college education, as well, proved to be almost insurmountable difficulties and obstacles. Time and time again my name would be placed before a church as a candidate as Pastor, only to be strenuously objected to by some, because of my speech. Although, I have never sought nor asked or even inferred

that I should like or even desire any pastorate, or other church work within the gift of my people—until I applied to the Foreign Mission Board—nevertheless, I felt these "rebuffs" keenly. And, although, I was probably wrong when elected as Field Secretary of Young People's Work and Supervisor of the Union Association, Field Secretary of the State Association, President of the Minister Conference, Moderator of the local and state Associations and to other like positions, I always wondered if the brethren did not feel for my handicaps and were attempting "to make it up" to me. However, in these capacities and as Superintendent and Field Manager of the F.W.B. Home for Children at Greeneville, I visited many of our churches in many different States. But, my "thorn in the flesh" was ever with me.

All of this came most vividly to my mind when I became aware that God was speaking to me in regard to labor in a far off field. If my speech had proven such a handicap among my own people, what would it not prove among people of a strange and different tongue and language? Again, I had no reasons or grounds to believe that Mrs. Woolsey had ever given a thought to the possibility of our going to a foreign country (although for years she had been President of the local District Convention of Women's Work). She and I had been all but inseparable during the decade that had relapsed since our marriage. Ours, indeed, had not only been a physical union but also a union of spirit, purposes, likes and dislikes. This had been noticed and remarked upon not only by friends and acquaintances but by the general public as well. Many have been the times, during the twelve years of our married life, that we have been taken for "Newly Weds." I was also certain that she had no "inkling whatsoever, of the inner conflict that was being fought within my breast. Likewise, I was sure, our foster daughter and her husband, the Rev. Daniel R. Cronk, both of whom had received and accepted a Call to India and were preparing to "go out" as soon as they had completed their preparation, had any idea of the struggle through which I was passing.

We four—Rev. and Mrs. Cronk, Mrs. Woolsey, and myself—left Oklahoma City for East Tennessee about ten A.M. Friday, following the closing session of the Association on the previous night. The car we were driving had seen service in at least two thirds of the states where Free Will Baptists had work. It had been driven some hundred and fifty thousand miles and had been in one major wreck and several minor ones. While Mrs. Woolsey and I were in charge of our Tennessee Orphanage and later of the Cedar Creek School in Greene County, Tennessee, we had frequently had

from twelve to fifteen in the car and the trunk filled with baggage etc. Many of our friends warned us against attempting a twenty-four hundred mile trip in such a "relic." However, we, as we had done so often before, commended ourselves into the hands of our Heavenly Father and started for Oklahoma City and the National Association, little dreaming that it would be our last for some time. In my early ministry, when often I had to rely on "hitch-hiking," I had learned that prayer was the surest insurance against mishap on the road. We made the twelve hundred miles in the heat of mid summer without not so much as a single flat—only putting in brake Fluid a few times. I could have foretold a different story for the return journey. Once again, there was a "Jonah" aboard. We were about four hours out of Oklahoma City—in the flat country—when we had our first flat. Our wrenches and tools refused to work so we had to walk to the nearest house and borrow tools. (I had used these very same tools time and time again before but they could not be used this time.) After some time, and more effort, we reassumed our journey. But no sooner than we were heaving sighs of relief, did our battery begin to discharge—a most disconcerting sign to experienced motorists on a long journey with night approaching. Just before we reached Little Rock, Ark., (it was then becoming dark), the lights developed a shortage and the battery box fell against the motor. An hour and a half in a garage and we were again on our way. Having spent the night at a tourist camp half way between Little Rock and Memphis, we started on what was supposed to be the last half of the journey. The other three had bright hopes for a pleasant and safe journey; but I knew that Mr. Jonah was still in "the hold" and that the "boat" was rocking dangerously. Within fifty miles of Memphis a tire blew to smithereens and as we were travelling at the rate of fifty or more miles per hour, the "boat" rocked perilously. Finally, the car was brought under control. After some delay, we again started toward "Tarshish." On leaving Memphis, Mrs. Woolsey took her turn as "Chauffeur." I may pause here long enough to state that I have had—during my life—all kinds of car troubles and accidents and knew that they were in no wise connected with Divine Providence and His Will for my life. However, I just as definitely knew that there was a *connection* on this journey. Some few miles out of Memphis, while Mrs. Woolsey was driving at a reasonable rate and we other three sleeping, the second tire of the day "exploded" on the brink of a long sloping hill. After crossing and recrossing the Highway "old lizzy" turned over "right dabslap" across the highway —blocking all traffic. Those false prophets who had said that

there was not room for a single additional dent in the car were sadly off the "mark." After some delay, a trip to the nearest town and a liberal supply of bailing wire, we were able to proceed to the next city where I used all the persuasion at my command to get a few temporary repairs done on a Saturday afternoon in "The South." While these were being completed, I resorted to a physician to have my two broken ribs "taped up"—otherwise the party escaped injury. We were about five hundred and fifty miles from home and not a sign of a brake—the brake line having been broken. Having patched the car and myself the best we could, we slowly made our way to a Tourist Home in Nashville where we spent the night. I was still far from taking a step that looked like "pure and undefiled" foolishness to me.

Having never had much of this world's goods and having had for years to depend upon my own resources, I have never feared poverty or hardships. My reluctance to yield to the "Call" was due to five major—or so they appeared to me—reasons. First, was my speech defect. Second, although God had often blessed my efforts in promotional work and in Conference Work and through the medium of the press, I had never felt particularly led into purely evangelistic work. Neither had I proven as adept in personal soul winning as many others. Third, I was nearing middle age when the learning of new languages and the adopting of new customs would no longer come easily and quickly. Fourth, for the past fifteen years I have had a severe stomach trouble that for months at a time would prohibit me from using solid foods. At times, I would suffer from severe spells of dizziness and weakness. Fifth, as I have already stated, I had no assurance that Mrs. Woolsey had any impression for the Foreign Field.

During the long night I scarcely realized that I had two broken ribs. My troubles were not physical. Again and again I laid the above reasons and facts before the Lord along with the undeniable truth that our Foreign Mission Board was hard pressed for funds and that if we offered ourselves to the Board and were accepted, it would probably mean that some of the fine young people who had dedicated their lives to the Work of the Foreign Mission Fields would be delayed after the completion of their studies. I called to mind the God-called and God-chosen young couple in the adjoining room—for whom I would have gladly given my last cent and life itself. I was by the side—on my knees—of Mrs. Cronk, the then Trula Gunter—when she told the Lord, "I will go where you want me to go." We had encouraged her in every way to prepare for the work. Again my handicaps were well known to every member of the

Board with all of whom I was acquainted. What would be their reactions?

However, a true servant of the Lord has no choice but to obey. Just before time for us to prepare for the long and dangerous (considering—the condition of the car), homeward Journey, I did what Jonah did after three days in the "Fish's" belly—I agreed to go to "Nineveh." It was the third day of my actual and conscious resistance. I merely mentioned the fact to Mrs. Woolsey that it looked like it was India for me—no more was said at that time. We made the three hundred miles over mountains without brakes and without mishap.

All youngsters are more or less day dreamers. When I was a boy, I dreamed of being a missionary, as I did of being everything else that was imaginable and some that were entirely "unimaginable." In the library at home was the "Life of John G. Patton," the famous Missionary to the New Hebrides Islands of the South Pacific. I read and reread this book many times during my boyhood. While in high school, I read the stories of the lives of such famous missionaries as: David Livingston, William Carey, Hudson Taylor, and numerous others. My mother had taken a great interest in Church Work from earliest childhood and at one time had seriously considered Foreign Work. Her younger brother had accepted the call to preach and had accordingly finished both College and Seminary Work. He felt the urge of the Foreign Mission Field and realizing the need of medical knowledge took the M.D. Degree in Medicine. Although he served the needs of the isolated settlers and towns of Montana and Idaho instead of the lands across the seas, this still created greater interest in Mission Work on the part of the entire Family. A First cousin—on my father's side—was a Missionary for eight years in China. My Grandmother Woolsey was a subscriber to "The Free Will Baptist Missionary Helper" for fifty years.

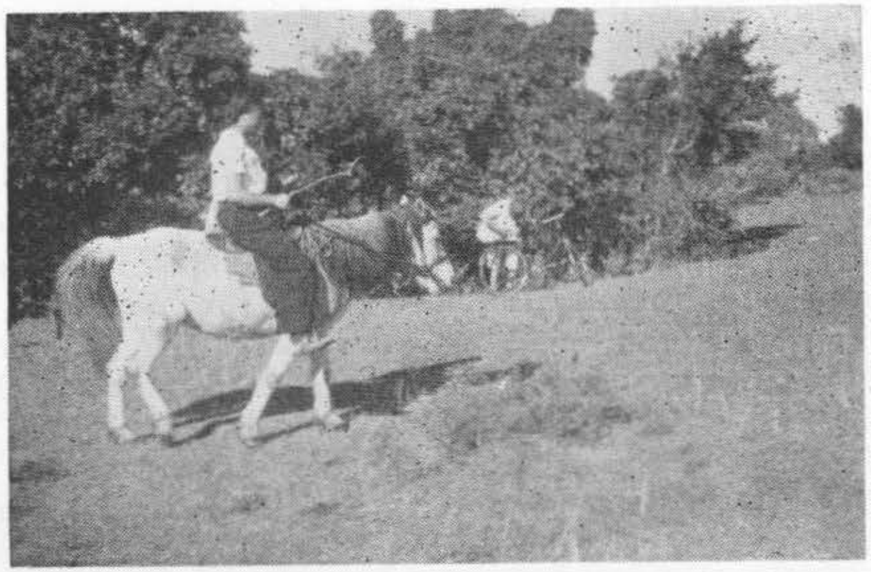
I vividly recall that once while "hitch-hiking"—it must have been the summer before I entered College—I had been given a ride by a Methodist Minister. During our conversation, I told him of my plans to enter the Ministry and mentioned that after attending college, I would like to attend Moody Bible Institute. At first, he was inclined to think some good Seminary would be better. He asked what phase of the work I was contemplating. Without thinking, I told him the work of a Foreign Missionary. Until this day, I do not know why I gave such an answer. While at College, I became a member and later an official of the College Missionary Club or Band. At my first "General Conference," (Eastern) in

1932, I heard the then Miss Marie Wilson tell of her call to the Foreign Mission Work. I became acquainted with Rev. I. J. Blackwelder, the Chairman of the Foreign Mission Board whose zeal for the work in other lands was well known.

As Supervisor of the Union Association for three years, it was my duty to keep the entire program of the church before our people. I found that for the most part our people knew little or nothing concerning our Mission Work and felt no responsibility toward it. Just before we were called to the Work at the F.W.B. Home near Greeneville, I had arranged a missionary itinerary among some nineteen or twenty of our churches for Miss Laura Belle Barnard who had recently returned from India. This was the first time that a Free Will Baptist Foreign Missionary had set foot in any of these churches. At this time, Miss Barnard was agonizing with God for laborers for His vineyard. Everywhere she went, she talked and prayed that God would send forth workers into the field already ripe unto harvest. Although, I was possibly wrong, it seemed that a goodly portion of these prayers were directed in the direction of Mrs. Woolsey and myself. For almost three weeks, we three were together night and day. I remember relating the story of one of our ministers telling the other that prayer was being offered daily that God would remove certain desires from the life of the second Minister. He replied that his friend should be careful not to get "The Lord and him messed up" as they had got along famously for scores of years. I pointedly applied this to Miss Barnard's prayers. Later, while we were at the Orphanage, Bro. and Sister Willey, our missionaries to Cuba, spent some time with us, and Bro. Willey and I visited several churches, two Quarterly Meetings and two Annual Associations. After Bro. Willey left, Sister Willey remained with us for several weeks and we attended the State Association together. As pastor of the Harris Memorial church, near the Orphanage, I had conducted a weekly Missionary Study Class for the young people for several weeks. During my stay at the Orphanage, Trula Gunter had heard the call to special work for the Master and after some time had yielded and began her preparation to answer the "call." Looking back on all these things from my office here in India, I can see the hand of God in all of these and similar instances. I had accepted without hesitation the responsibility of placing the Mission Program before the churches, the Association and the State Work. As pastor, I had fulfilled the same duty. As Superintendent of the Home for Children I had realized and, by the grace of God, had discharged my duty along this line. Directly and indirectly Mrs. Woolsey and I had freely con-

tributed of our means to this cause. But answering the specific call proved to be "a horse of a different color."

On returning home from the National Association at Oklahoma City in the summer of 1946, I began to consider the decision I had made in Nashville. In the first place, some six or eight months before I had told some of the school officials and at least one patron that I would probably not be available for school work the following year as I would probably enter Church Work that would take me out of the Community. Again, I could not have told the reason for the statement. However, I had been re-elected as Principal of the Cedar Creek School. I said no more to Mrs. Woolsey until several days after we had returned. This time I broke the ice by saying that we would have to make preparation for her while I was away. Her answer was to unequivocally state that her place was with me. That ended that. I at once wrote the Board offering ourselves as candidates for our India Field. There was not then, nor has there been since, even the slightest doubt as to our Call. For over a year now we have absolutely felt ourselves to be in the will of God.



Mrs. Woolsey, horseback, visiting villages.
Rev. Woolsey with cycle.

CHAPTER III

Preparations for India

WHEN WE DELIBERATELY DECIDED to make application to the Foreign Mission Board, we had both been elected to teach in the Cedar Creek School of Greene County. Cedar Creek is one of the larger elementary schools of the County and at one time had been a full four year high school. I accordingly informed the County School Officials of our plans and suggested that they elect teachers to fill our positions. As both teachers and Principals were exceptionally hard to obtain in the summer of 1946, they asked me to open the school and to remain as long as possible. Mrs. Woolsey agreed to teach until near the time of our departure. Before we came to Cedar Creek in the fall of 1945, the school community had been rather divided and the interest was at a low ebb. God blessed us with the undivided support of the patrons and the community including the large group of boys and young men who had just returned from the army. For some time, Cedar Creek had had the unenviable reputation of having unruly crowds at all public gatherings and school programs. Since the school is near the mountain section of the County and some of the students lived several miles "back in the mountains," there were many more older boys and girls than are usually found in a school of this type. From all reports "necking," hugging," "petting" and "fondling" had been rather freely indulged in during the previous school year. And if eye witnesses were to be accredited, members of the faculty were also included among the participants. As those who have had experience know, problems such as these are not as easily solved as we might desire. After the first week only three instances of this type came to our attention. One answer or rather part of the answer was a full scholastic curriculum; the rest of the answer was fully supervised play periods with organized athletics. Some twenty-five or thirty of the students rode a school bus that passed the school at least an hour before time for the school work to begin; therefore, I was always at the school an hour to an hour and a half before school hours.

Mrs. Woolsey in addition to her work as teacher, was sponsor of the girls' 4-H Club and coach of the girls' Basket Ball Team which won nineteen straight games. I acted as sponsor to the Boys' 4-H

Club and coach of their team (they won three fourths of their games in a year and half). During the time, I wrote two plays which were acted by the upper grades and were built around subjects in History, English, Geography etc. In addition, there was the work connected with a very active P.T.A. of over a hundred and thirty paid members and the night work connected with the activities of the young men of the community. Also there was our regular church work. I was a member of several local and State (Church) Boards and Committees.

We did our best to attend to these various duties while we were making preparations for India. We told no one of our decision for awhile.

The Cronks were conducting a Vacation Bible School and Revival at the Liberty Church in Washington County, Tennessee for the Pastor, the Rev. G. D. Dunbar. As soon as we knew that our applications were being considered, we called at the Dunbar Home to see Trula and Dan (the Cronks). These two knew the necessity of special preparation for Foreign Mission Work and our lack of such preparation. I had warned both many times, about the dangers of quick decisions and how we could be mistaken concerning the Will of God for our lives if we were not extremely careful. For these reasons and the fact that the approval of these two meant more to us than we would care to say, it was with a degree of anxiety that I plunged into the subject as we were sitting on the steps of the South Central Consolidated School near the Dunbar Home. Since then, we have received the good wishes of many of our loved ones and of many true and valued friends and a host of those faithful veterans of the Cross that have been associated with me for almost two decades in the Gospel Ministry. But nothing said or done touched us more and gave us greater encouragement than the way these two received the news and at once fell in with all our plans in a most hearty way. About this time I had a letter from that consecrated servant of God, Rev. E. A. Craft of Nashville, Tenn. For years he and I had been closely associated together in both the State and National Work. He had heard of our decision from one of the Board Members. He will never know, this side of the Pearly Gates, how his kind and timely letter strengthened and encouraged us.

Soon after this, The Annual Session of the Union Free Will Baptist Association convened with the Woodale Church in Knox County, Tennessee. One could truthfully say that I grew up in the various sessions of the Association. I attended my first session as a babe in my mother's arms at the Liberty Church in Washington County.

Since that time, I had a batting average of well over seventy-five per cent in my attendance record. For the seventeenth time, I was attending as a member both of the Association and the Ministers' Conference. As a Chairman of the Ordaining Council for fourteen years, I had either laid my hands on, or given the right hand of fellowship (to those from other bodies), to at least two-thirds of the ministers. I knew each delegate and visitor and had been in hundreds of the homes represented. For five years, Mrs. Woolsey had served the Woman's Auxiliary, which was meeting with the Association, as its president. So far, not a member of the Association knew of our plans. I was placed on the program of the Woman's Convention to discuss Missions. My own mother, who was in attendance, knew nothing of our plans. Before the meeting, I told a few of the leaders. As I told of the needs of the field, our call and that we had already offered ourselves to the National Foreign Mission Board, I looked down over the audience to see the tears flowing down the cheeks of that great man of God and my good friend, the Rev. George Dunbar. My Brother in the work and most able laborer in the Master's Vineyard, Rev. E. M. French, also showed signs of deep emotion. When I gained the courage to look at my aged mother, whose interest in Missions has always been second to none, she was smiling through her tears. By that time I was unable to further search the faces of friends and co-workers, least of all that of the presiding Officer, my dear and beloved companion. Soon after this, we attended a Sunday School Convention of the Northern Quarterly Meeting of the Union Association at Mt. Carmel in Hawkins County which is edged in by two mountains. The Brethren insisted that I fill the pulpit at the Eleven O'Clock Service. I have never been known as an emotional speaker, but as I looked down and saw tears in the eyes of those faithful servants of God: Marlin Vaughan and Herman Christian and others whom I, by the command of God and the Minister Conference, had ordained to the Gospel Ministry and in whose homes and pulpits I had been scores of times, and when I looked toward "Father" Morelock, the Dean of our Ministers, Bro. Light and others, the well springs of my heart and body overflowed. We had a most wonderful time in the Saviour's Love. My greatest objection or rather one of the greatest to accepting the call was that all of the Brotherhood would at once see, with me, the absolute futility of the mere idea of my going to the Foreign Field; the exact opposite was true. Everywhere we went the people praised God that He had called laborers into His Vineyard. All of this made us realize that God knew His business

and it also filled us with humility and praise to Him that doeth all things well.

I had been very frank with the Board stating all of our handicaps —which they already knew. I also told them what I believed then, and am not completely convinced otherwise even yet, that I was the least qualified man for this work in the denomination. The Board wrote most encouraging letters and churches and Ministers, that had been indifferent if not actually opposed to Foreign Missions, wished us God's speed and for the first time in their lives became supporters of this work. In my entire Christian experience which covered almost three decades, the Lord had never been so near and so precious. In another way, God put His approval on the entire business. Our people, as a whole, were extremely slow to realize the need of supporting the Foreign Mission Program. This was especially true of the Mountain Section where most of our Christian labors had been wrought. With one or two possible exceptions, none of the churches of this general section were regular contributors to the Mission Treasury. Many had never given a single solitary "red brownie" to the Cause of Foreign Missions. The Board's financial affairs were at a "low ebb." The Board would take care of all expenses of travelling and passports but could give nothing for equipment. They graciously gave me the permission to send a form letter to some of our people. My own treasury was as bare as "Mother Hubbard's cupboard." As yellow paper was cheaper than white, I bought the yellow. As it took only half as much (1½c) to send an unsealed letter second class as it did a sealed one first class, mine went unsealed. I had agreed to confine the majority of these letters to my own general section—a section that was not—for the most part—regularly supporting Missions. These form letters merely stated that we were going as missionaries and stated that there was some need of equipment. The figure mentioned was two thousand dollars. Mrs. Woolsey and I agreed that if half of that came in, we would take it as a sign that the Lord was in all the arrangements and was specially blessing us. Later, our good friend Rev. Dunbar wrote to some of the churches in the Local Association and one or two of the brethren mentioned the fact among other things in one of our papers. Not a single church was visited for this purpose. (We went to South Ga. to see Sister Barnard's Mother and spoke in two or three churches.) Likewise on the special invitation of our friend, Rev. L. C. Johnson, Moderator of the National Association and now President of the Free Will Baptist Bible College, Nashville, Tennessee, I paid a visit to Northeast Mississippi. Never before, as far as I know, have our people responded so quickly and without any visiting, special programs or any drive of any description in such a wonderful way. When money is needed for a special purpose, first, an itinerary is arranged, announcements are made, prominent speakers invited and no stone is left unturned to assure a successful end. This time, there was the simple announcement in an unsealed envelope.

The first money for this purpose was a check from that consecrated and benevolent servant of God, J. B. Reding of the Cumberland Association of Tennessee. It was for a hundred dollars and represented the tenth of his sweet potato crop (much larger than usual). Within a day or so came a check for twenty-five dollars from my good friend, Mrs. E. D. Parker of Nashville who was the Chairman of the Orphanage Board while we were there. The three largest contributions were $234.00 from Rev. W. R. Burton and his church at Rescue, Ill., $210.00 from our own church at the Orphanage, Harris Memorial and $200.00 from a friend in East Tennessee. Instead of the two thousand that we were sure we would not get, over twenty-six hundred dollars were sent. Again, God worked in wonderful ways, His marvels to perform.

During all this time we were continuing our school work and making preparations to leave. The Board authorized me to see about our passports, visas to enter India, our passage and other similar matters. Passenger ships had not yet reassumed their regular schedules which had been suspended during the war. The State Department was still slow in issuing passports to Foreign countries and these countries were still slower in the granting of permits to enter their lands. Some said that it would probably be six months before our passports would be issued. As all of our business with the Board had to be carried on through the mail and in turn the Secretary had to obtain the consent of each of the other four, who were scattered over the bounds of the denomination, it was November before we had the authority to apply for the passports. In the meanwhile we had written our Congressman and Miss Shippley, head of the Passport Division. They both assured us that our application would be given quick consideration. Our applications were presented one day and the passports were issued the next—quite a record breaker for a department known for its red tape and deliberation. Again, the Lord had undertaken and had proved that all things are possible with Him. Although God proves over and over that He knows better than we what is best for us, yet, we always become impatient and begin, like Peter of old, to doubt. After all, of the many proofs of God's Divine Providence in the whole matter from the very beginning, when our permits to India were slow in com-

ing, we began to fret and stew. We obtained or rather reserved passage on a ship sailing from the West Coast Feb. 22. She had been a troop transport ship during the war. This was to be her maiden trip as a passenger ship. In spite of all our prayers and entreaties with God, our permits failed to arrive in time and our reservations had to be cancelled. Ever since, we have been thanking God that we were not able to take "this bane and bone of contention" of Missionaries. From one end of India to the other we have heard stories of this ship and experiences on it. In the first place, there would have been the long cross country trip from our home in East Tennessee to the West Coast. The baggage alone would have cost between four and five hundred dollars not to mention our own tickets and expenses, etc. Besides, these ships invariably postpone their date of sailing. Even first class accommodations on this boat were indeed terrible. Dormitory style was used—men in certain rooms and women in others, sometimes as many as twenty to a single small room with one wash basin. One Missionary who came second class stated that the bunks in his compartment were four deep with a foot and half separating them. Second class fare was a hundred dollars above what we paid. The boat arrived in India three weeks late. After many unpleasant experiences, the passengers left the ship to carry with them the memories of the journey throughout the remainder of their lives. One old Missionary, who had endured the dirt, trials and hardships of life as a missionary visiting Indian Villages for a quarter of a century, said that this journey was the climax of his experiences. We arrived in India less than two weeks after those who came by "our first boat" after a most pleasant and comfortable journey, having had the best possible accommodations. Again, we were reminded that He knows so much better than we, what is the best for us. We are in no position to say what our journey to India will mean to the cause we represent but we can truly say that our lives have been enriched above all expectation.

As is the case with so many who have accepted the call to the Gospel Ministry and Christian Work, we had "no certain abiding place." During the decade we had been married we moved five times not counting the four moves already made in India. Just before our marriage I had a house pattern "sawed" and ready to build (with the building site). Twice I entered into oral agreements to purchase a small home. Each time the other party said that they would like to be released. Two other times I had tried to purchase certain property but was thwarted. It was not in the plan of God for our lives that we should take "root" in any certain place. Under

these conditions, we had the minimum amount of household goods. Although, we had a fair income for two people with few obligations, the church enterprises that were so dear to our hearts and the expenses of attending various Local, State and National Associations over the entire bounds of our work had a prior lien on all of our earnings. Therefore, with the exception of the first year of our married life we had done little buying for ourselves apart from personal effects. We were warned by Missionaries and also by our dear Sister Barnard to bring with us everything that would be needed for our stay here. At that time clothes, soap and all kinds of personal things were extremely hard to get in America. In fact, they were not to be seen in the show cases and counters. One had to use all of his or her persuasion to help the clerk or manager to remember the hiding place under the counter, or in the store room. Mrs. Woolsey was determined on two particular pieces of equipment—a feather weight electric sewing machine and a light portable apartment size electric washing machine, neither were on the market. We began looking around and seasoning our efforts with Prayer—an excellent "seasoning." Many of the dealers told us that they had been looking for these articles for their own wives on a "must order" but had not been successful. One place had a waiting list of twenty-eight hundred names for the electric "Singers" and was getting two a month. On hearing my plea backed by our passports and every letter and scrap of paper that I had that might have the remotest bearing, he filled out an emergent order and we were in possession of another needed article. We obtained the washer in much the same way. I recall that the first order we sent through the local Roebuck Mail Order Store (an emergent order) was for $130.00 worth of equipment. Both we and the local manager thought we were fortunate indeed to get half of the order. We visited all of the near-by cities and some not so near. It was wonderful how God rekindled the memories of the various managers. Sometimes visit to the head office worked wonders.

Before the War I was constantly congratulating myself on the fact that mine was the average height and size and that I could obtain the desired style, size and color in almost any clothing store for any article of clothing. However, during the War and the months that followed, the greatest scarcity existed in these very same sizes. As I had a fair supply of clothing at the beginning of the War, I did not attempt to make many purchases during the War, with the result, that when we began to prepare to go to India my wardrobe was completely depleted. Mrs. Woolsey's was more or less in the same condition. Many were the times, that we narrowly escaped

an accident as I suddenly slammed on the brakes because some article in a show window had caught our eye. Since I was nine years of age, I have had trouble with my teeth. For years there had been a sign "to rent" where my lower "jaw" teeth had once dwelt. Although, I well knew the need of getting my teeth pulled and "store" ones in their stead, I did not feel I could afford the money at this time. However, some of the twenty-six hundred dollars that came in was marked for personal needs. Within a two weeks' period I had my upper teeth removed, a new plate and a fine but expensive lower partial in my mouth. If I had taken the first boat this would not have been possible.

On February 22, 1947, we sold at public auction the few household articles in our possession. With very few exceptions, every article brought more than we gave for it, some more than twice as much—in many cases after a decade of use. So did the Lord bless and lead in every effort.

The Author and Senior Missionary, L. B. Barnard

CHAPTER IV

Farewells

SOON AFTER WE HAD BEEN ACCEPTED by the Board, I wrote Bro. Davis, the Promotional and Executive Secretary of the Board, that we would like a conference with him and the Chairman Bro. Riggs of Michigan. Sometime before or about the middle of November, I received a letter from him stating that both he and Bro. Riggs would be at the State Association of Alabama at Leeds, Ala., and that Friday night was to be Missionary Night and asked if we would be able to be there. I didn't get the letter until nine o'clock, Thursday Night, having stayed at the School to do some work, as I quite frequently did. After a hurried conference, Mrs. Woolsey and I decided we would risk driving down Friday, although it would mean "pushing" a car that should no longer be "pushed." We "juned" around that night and before day the next morning, I was out securing two teachers and seeing the others. Although we had a long hard journey, we made it without a single mishap in time to eat and "wash up" before the meeting. Bro. Riggs presided over the Meeting. Bro. Damon Dodd, at that time connected with our Cuban Mission, was the Principal Speaker of the evening. For the first time, Mrs. Woolsey and I were presented to a congregation as members of our ever-increasing Foreign Mission Family. We both made combination speeches of greetings and farewells. At the close of the services, there was a dedication service. Again, the response and interest of these people were warming, to our hearts. The next day we returned home ready for our duties on the Sabbath.

While in Alabama both Bro. Riggs and our good Friend, Rev. R. B. Crawford, the National Executive Secretary, insisted that we come to the Bible School for a semi-formal presentation and farewell which the President, Rev. R. L. Ennis, had so kindly suggested should be held in the College Auditorium. For some unknown reason this occasion was called a "public audition." This time we decided not to tempt Providence but to make the trip by rail—A decision we were to regret. We both were well known to the membership of the five Free Will Baptist Churches in Nashville and those near by. In our various visits and labors, we had visited these churches many times and had labored with many of the leaders

in Orphanage Work, State Work and National Work as well. We were met at the station by The Rev. J. L. Welch, Pastor of Cofers Chapel, Nashville. My acquaintance with Bro. Welch dates back to when I was a young minister still in College. It was he, who inspired me with a zeal for our entire work. God used this earnest laborer in His Vineyard to create within me an interest in every phase of our work in every nook and corner, where there was or might be Free Will Baptist work. I may add here, that my interest in my own denomination did not detract, but added to my love and concern in and for the Church Universal. We spent a wonderful day with Bro. Welch in his home and at the Bible College, where Sister Welch was Secretary. In the evening, representatives from eight or more local churches, along with the student body filled the auditorium; among those present was the Rev. John McLean from the Union Association, who was a student at the Bible College. Brother McLean was well past forty when he answered the call to enter the ministry and had two boys, one in high school. Bro. McLean had not had the opportunity of attending school to any great extent in his youth. But he and his good wife left their little home, sacrificed the little they had accumulated, and, taking their two boys, enrolled in the Bible College. There are few people to be admired more than the McLeans. Bro. Ennis presided over the meeting and presented Bro. Davis, the Promotional and Executive Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board, who in turn, presented me. Among those present were many whom we had labored with through the years, and most of the fine student body of the Bible College. Again, we were made to rejoice that we ever said: "Lord, we will go where you want us to go." I have had more occasion to praise the Lord in the last year and half than I did in the other thirty years of my Christian Life. I have been able to do little, if anything, but, Oh! what has He done for us! I am sure that many of our friends to whom we bid goodbye on that memorial night will be seen by us no more until we shall sit together around the Lord's table in Glory. Some two months before this time, we had attended the State Association at the West Nashville Church. We had met with the committees and groups and served on them, that had laid the plans for the State Association and had been with each annual session and had served the Association as Treasurer two years, Moderator two years and as Field Secretary. Knowing that this would be our last Association for some time, joy and sorrow struggled for pre-eminence in our hearts, but joy conquered. Although, final arrangements had not been made and no formal announcement issued, yet, it was generally known that applications had been filed.

These were extremely busy but happy days. As we were hoping to be able to leave almost any time, the Holidays were spent visiting loved ones and friends. Again, the Lord was very near and dear. I had said goodbye to the Cedar Creek School at the beginning of the Holidays. It is one of the great mercies and miracles of God how young people grow on one's love and entire being. God has never blessed our home with children of our own flesh and blood but has given us abundant opportunity to love and to receive the love of children. Both at the Orphanage and in the school room as well as among the young people of the various churches, God had poured out his blessing upon us. Most of all He gave us Trula.

Rev. and Mrs. Cronk were in Columbia Bible College, South Carolina, having completed the courses offered in the Bible College at Nashville. They insisted that we visit them before we left. Also, there was an army surplus store or distribution center near, and in Columbia itself many things were available that could not be had for love or money in our section. Accordingly, we had wonderful fellowship in the Lord with this fine couple. Just a few days before we left, Trula was able to come over for a few days. As she took the bus back to College and her husband, all our hearts were full, but through it all the joy of our common Saviour sustained us.

Miss L. B. Barnard of Glennville, Ga., had first sailed as a missionary to India in 1935. During her long forced furlough —because of the War, she had travelled, on the behalf of Missions, throughout the breadth and length of our denomination. She had also taught at the Bible College and wrote her Book on Missions "His Name Among All Nations," which is particularly adapted to the needs of Christian Institutes and Mission Study classes in the churches and schools. Sister Barnard's aged and remarkable mother was—and still is—living in Glennville, Ga. Determining to take Sister Barnard direct and firsthand news of her home folks, we wrote the Pastor of the Glennville Church, Rev. E. C. Morris, clerk of the National Association and he immediately made arrangements for us to visit the three churches near and in Glennville. We found Mrs. Hagin, Miss Barnard's mother a mature matron, whose interest in church, her large family (she had reared six "sets" of children including three of her own and three of foster or rather stepchildren and had outlived her third husband), in the affairs of the community and nation and her home, was as keen as ever. Her fame as a cook is recognized far and wide. Again, the fellowship with this dear family and the church folk was both dear and sweet. The old "ford" made both this trip and

the one to Columbia without mishap. God was now in the arrangements.

I was engaged in a few nights of evangelistic services with the Pastor, the Rev. P. A. Paxton, at the Little Free Will Baptist Church at Cedar Creek. One afternoon as Bro. Paxton and I were talking about the things of "the Kingdom," a taxi from Greeneville, some eleven miles distant, drove up to the house with a telegram from New York stating that our visas had arrived and that we were booked on a ship due to leave New York in a week. Never before or since have I experienced a thrill that so electrified my entire body, soul and mind. We had been packed but had to unpack and were camping using the equipment we were taking with us as we had sold our household goods more than a month before. The neighbors as well as our folk came to our rescue and over two thousand pounds of various things were packed and shipped to New York—with the exception of some things we were taking in the suitcases and the various items that had not been purchased until the last minute. We had always had to hustle to get ready to leave for the annual session of the national association when we would be gone for only about a week. Now, we were going ten thousand miles away and would be gone for at least five years, and in all probability, would not be able to run into "the five and ten cent store" along the way nor very often during the five years. By the time we were ready to leave for New York, we had received another telegram stating that the ship would not be able to sail until some days, (actually it proved to be a week later—first, it was three days, later, two more days, etc.) Then came the goodbyes and final visits to members of our families and our friends, the Stanleys, and the children at the Free Will Baptist Home for Children. Our night spent there will long be remembered. We had been closely associated with the Stanleys and the orphanage work during their first term of three years. Later, we had been at the home as superintendent and head matron for two and a half years, and almost a half year longer as field manager. Some of our happiest, as well as some of our most trying experiences, had taken place at the home. The boys and girls were most dear to us. Since that night in the home, many have been the times that we have keenly felt the prayers of these boys and girls holding us up before the Throne of Grace.

On Monday evening, April 7, 1947, we boarded the train for the metropolis of the world. My mother, who was in her seventieth year, along with my only brother and two sisters, Mrs. Woolsey's father, stepmother and five brothers and sisters, along with two aunts and some friends, were at the station when we left the county in which

we were born and had passed our entire lives. Within the past few years, thousands of the boys and men of the county had departed from this same station—many of them against their will and wishes. Many of the returned soldiers who had served in India warned us that we would soon be tired of our decision. My invariable answer was that we wanted to go. We have been here for almost a year and our constant prayer to God is that neither the policy of the country or any mishap will keep or hinder us from fulfilling His Will here in India. If someone would appear in my office tonight while I am writing and would offer us two tickets back to the States and sufficient funds to repay the board, every penny spent on our salaries and other expenses and to repay the friends who had so generously helped us, we would feel no regret, as we should have to say, "No, not for ten thousand such worlds as this." God grant that He will finish the work He has begun in our lives.

Tuesday morning, we passed through the capital of the greatest country in the world—"our own, our native land, the land of the free and the home of the brave." We may never see the capital of the U. S. again, but whether we do or do not, we are looking forward to being citizens of the capital of the heavens and the earth, the new Jerusalem. About noon of the same day, we arrived at Penn Station in the capital of the world, New York. Although we had never been in New York before, we had no difficulty during our two days' stay there. Plenty of good food for the body and a never-failing supply of spiritual food for the soul is a combination that cannot be beaten, but can beat any situation. After a hearty meal, we visited the office of the Foreign Mission Board of the National Association of Evangelicals. Here, we made final plans for sailing. This office, which is particularly for the help of the missionaries of the Evangelic Protestant denominations that are members, is doing a wonderful service for all missionaries that call on it for aid. Each of the other ten passengers had been in New York for days, some of them for weeks. The executive secretary of the mission office kept us notified by telegram. In fact, if the boat had not been delayed in the first place, we could not have taken it, as at that time our permits to enter India had not come. The day that the Evangelic Mission office received a cablegram that our visas had been granted, it obtained passage for us on the freighter, Sir John Franklin, and telegraphed us accordingly.

Not only did this office see to everything concerning our permits and passages, transferring of our baggage from railroad to dock, but also obtained most suitable rooms for us at the most nominal prices for the two days and nights we were in New York. The first

night was spent at the New York City Bible School—that well-known fundamental Biblical institution for the studying of the Holy Word of God. The second day and night was spent at the Sudan Interior Mission. Here, we had wonderful fellowship, both with returning missionaries and those like ourselves, who were "going out," some for the first time. Those "putting up" at this "haven of rest" enjoy all the blessings of a "big family." Meals are served in family style in the large, commodious dining room. Mrs. Woolsey and I had a large private "living" room and a bed room with "soft and downy" beds and a private bath. No charges were made—one paid what he could spare and felt he ought to. God was still blessing in every step.

We had sent one late box by express the day we left Greeneville. Two hours before we had to be on the ship it hadn't appeared at the station. On my urgent request, I was permitted to go to the receiving room, where I saw it on a truck coming in. It had not been labelled or "officially" received, but I claimed it and all regulations were suspended and I was soon on the way to the docks with it. Another piece of baggage that had been sent some days before was not accounted for at the ship's leading office. However, when we arrived in Bombay, it was one of the first parcels of our equipment to be spied. God was still overruling.

Having seen somewhat of the city and having had a most enjoyable and profitable time, we sailed from the New York harbor on Thursday afternoon, April 10, 1947. In common with all those leaving the American shores from this port, our last glimpse of anything that could be said to be part of continental United States was of the Statue of Liberty with all its meaning for the human family.

In our ignorance of ships and travelling by sea, we had thought that accommodations on a freighter would be inferior to those on a regular passenger ship. We were happily surprised. We had to ourselves an excellent stateroom, 16 x 10 ft., with fine beds with good springs, a private bath, etc. The food was excellent. Again, we praised God.

CHAPTER V

The Voyage to India

ALL OUR FRIENDS had been most kind to inform us what was in store for us in the way of sea sickness. My sister told us that at first we would be afraid that we would die; then we would become afraid that we would not die. My brother, who had been on a sub chaser for more than two years, contributed to the general information by stating that there were "no exemptions in that war." Again, we were sailing in early spring, time of winds and rains. To make bad matters worse, I was informed that with my well-known stomach trouble that I had just as well be prepared to alternate my time between my bunk and the railing of the ship or port hole. We had a pleasant voyage over peaceable and calm waters. Mrs. Woolsey missed only one meal. As for me, I had never eaten heartier or felt better in my life. Most certainly going toward "Nineveh" was much better than going towards "Tarshish."

We, the passengers on the Sir John Franklin, were, indeed, a congenial family. Seven of us were in the service of the King of Kings, going as heralds for our Lord, missionaries. One was the young two and a half year old daughter of the youngest missionaries. She was, beyond question, the queen of the ship. Everyone, officers, crew and passengers, paid her voluntary homage as her most obedient vassals. The four remaining passengers included a young married couple going to Hong Kong, where the groom was to fill a position in a bank. A young Christian Chinese engineer, who had been studying and traveling in the U. S., was returning to his own native land. The fourth and the last of the passengers was a young Indian merchant, a member of a wealthy family of International merchants, who lived in Karachi, then India, now Pakistan. He was very friendly to Christianity, but very nationalistic and patriotic. He could hardly wait for the time when a new and free India would take her place among the nations of the world. We have often wondered what has happened to him, since so many of his class have left Karachi.

The officers and passengers ate together in the officers' mess hall. We boarded the ship just before noon on Thursday. Lunch was ready to be served. The two at our table that first day were the Rev.

and Mrs. M. Branch, Methodist missionaries. Mr. Branch was sixty-nine and his wife seventy-one. She had made her first trip to India forty-two years before and he had gone out two years later. Theirs was one of the hundreds of happy marriages between missionaries who became acquainted on the field. They had been retired seven years before, when they had returned to America. Neither was willing to sit around twiddling their thumbs. As pastors were almost as scarce, during the war, as the proverbial "hen teeth," especially in the northeast part of our country, Rev. Branch and his wife accepted the pastorate of two village churches not too far apart, preaching at each twice every Sunday. During this time, a drunken driver collided with him, completely demolishing his car and leaving him half dead and unconscious. For days he had hovered between life and death and had sustained an injured foot and knee that caused a most pronounced limp. Mrs. Branch, because of age, was hard of hearing and no longer robust. As their Board would not send them out, they went out on their own to take charge of two high schools and, as Bro. Branch earnestly assured me, to do village work in their spare time. They both were very spiritual, but were full of life and good clean fun. Their four children were all married and settled in homes of their own. Sometimes, our wives were not certain whether everything we said and did was in fun or not.

The cabin joining ours was occupied by Captain and Mrs. Freeman of the Salvation Army and their young daughter Patty. This young couple was well educated, talented and congenial. Captain Freeman was a minister and a trained hospital laboratory technician and Mrs. Freeman was a trained nurse. In common with most members of the Salvation Army, they were accomplished musicians. Both were full of the true missionary zeal. They are settled at the Catherine Booth Hospital in Travancore State, Southeast India, and are engaged not only in the work of the hospital, but that of personal evangelism as well.

The other missionary was a nurse returning to China. Having been kept away from China by the war, she had spent some time in Africa. She was interested primarily in the art of healing the physical body and, although she attended our services, did not seem to be too concerned about the affairs of the "Kingdom." However, if anyone was the least indisposed in any way, she was on the job at once. Upon our arrival in Bombay, she arose and walked, before breakfast, two miles in the severe heat to attend Holy Communion at St. Thomas' Cathedral (Church of England).

The officials of the company to which the ship belonged were

devout Christians. They had given orders to the ship's officers to show every respect to missionaries. However, none of the officers of our ship, except the chief steward, who was a Roman Catholic, were Christians. The chief steward had great influence with the captain, who was born a Dane and who had only recently become an American citizen. He saw that the nightly card and gambling games in the mess hall, into which most of our cabins opened, were discontinued. He insisted that we make free use of the food box and the refrigerator day or night—which thing, we most heartily did. Nothing was said about services on our first Sunday out. In fact, both the Branches and the Freemans had let Sunday "slip up" on them unawares. It is extremely easy to lose track of the days of the week while at sea. Mr. Branch and I were sitting in our deck chairs conversing, when I mentioned something about Sunday. He was soon seen hobbling to his cabin to spend the day, in what to him, was an appropriate manner. A little later, I also had a laugh on Captain Freeman. After talking with the passengers and the chief steward, I obtained permission from the ship's captain for Sunday morning services on the deck and mid-week prayer meetings in the mess hall. Several members of the crew as well as each of the passengers, joined us each Sunday morning in these services. The prayer meetings, while not as well attended, were wonderful times of sweet Christian fellowship. We will never forget three Sunday morning services. We printed enough copies of the order of each service including the songs and responsive readings for all present. The first service was conducted by Rev. Branch while we were in the Mediterranean Sea along the coast of Northern Africa. This was an ideal setting for a Christian service. Apostle Paul travelled this sea, both as the first foreign missionary, and as a prisoner going to Rome to appear before Caesar. Today, the northern coast of Africa is, for the most part, barren and unproductive, inhabited by Arabs who, for the most part, are poor and uneducated. However, this was once a flourishing territory and the seat of early Christian culture and evangelism. Here, Origen 185-253, the first great Christian theologian after St. Paul, and the outstanding early Christian apologist, was born. We were on this Sabbath morning near the site of ancient Carthage, the capital of a great empire and, for years, a rival of Imperial Rome. This was the city where St. Augustine had his great awakening to his spiritual needs. With the exception of Apostle Paul, he influenced the doctrines and teachings of the Christian faith more than any other man. He also stood forth for a separation from worldly things for all Christians. The second Sunday service was conducted by Captain Freeman. We were then

in the Red Sea and a few hours before had passed the peak in the distance, which is believed by most Biblical Scholars to be Mt. Sinai, where the ten commandments were given to Moses. Great were the benefits received as we recalled the significance of what happened to God's people in these places. I conducted the last Sabbath morning service before we anchored in the harbor at Bombay the next day. These were glorious times in the service of the Lord.

On leaving New York we sailed north until opposite the north coast of Newfoundland and then followed the "great circle" across the Atlantic. It is hard for a "land lubber" to understand why a route that consists of sailing hundreds of miles, at first, in the opposite or almost opposite direction should prove to be the shortest. To the average person, the shortest route should be the one directly across the ocean from New York to Gibraltar, but the direct opposite is true. Many times, seemingly short cuts in Christian service prove to be both longer and more dangerous. The weather, although cool, could not be said to have been cold.

While we were in the Mediterranean Sea, our ship received several signals from British warships guarding against ships bringing illegal Jewish emigrants to Palestine. At that time, the Palestine question was acute; but has become more so in the last few months. The three best known and most widely represented religions of the world look to Palestine as the Holy Land, the Jews, the Christians and the Mohammedans. It gave birth to two of these and indirectly to the third. The Jews and the Mohammedans claim it as their homeland. We, who are the followers of the Lord Jesus, cannot but be tremendously interested as the Bible is fulfilled before our very eyes. All of this should encourage us to greater zeal for the Master and to an all out effort in this "last lap" of the race, for the souls of men.

Our only stop from New York to Bombay was one of only a few hours at Port Said, Egypt, the gateway between the East and West. Here, the West ceases with a suddenness and completeness that is breath-taking; and the East begins with all the time and all the customs of all the past centuries. All our lives we had been accustomed to the progressiveness and aggressiveness that is characteristic, not only of the western civilization, but of Christianity itself, which had its origin in the east. Here, in Port Said, time was of no account, cleanliness of no virtue, and in the part we visited, the truth was not regarded. No sooner had our ship anchored in the harbor, than traders and hawkers swarmed over the ship like flies in Egypt in the time of the Ten Plagues. We had been repeatedly warned by the chief steward and other officials to be sure and not leave our rooms for a single moment without first fastening the

portholes and locking the doors. An Arab swore by Allah that nowhere else in the universe could such sandals be bought for thrice the mere fraction of their real worth that he asked. He asked five dollars for a pair of homemade sandals, made out of half-tanned leather. I offered him two dollars, for which price I finally obtained them after I had become weak from exhaustion. Captain Freeman was offered a purse for nine dollars that was genuine snakeskin. He had heard that if an Arab swore by the "Beard of the Prophet," and by "Allah," his word could be relied upon. After a long period of haggling, the snake skin purse was purchased for five dollars, only to have changed into a very cheap grade of ordinary pasteboard. Captain and Mrs. Freeman, the young Indian merchant, Mrs. Woolsey and I, went ashore together. As we did not have too much time and wanted to see as much of the city as possible, we decided to take a late model carriage made from the relics of Noah's ark and drawn by a pre-historic horse. We asked the fare. It was only a mere eight measly dollars, our merchant friend said "no" and we started down the middle of the street, walking as if we would cover the entire town in the matter of minutes with the drive, a guide and some dozen street Arabs following us and screaming at the top of their voices. Our friend finally made an agreement for us and we all "piled in"—piled is right—but no sooner were we seated and the driver raised the price. Out we piled and down the street we trotted until the driver had made all manner of apologies and another trade was consummated at $3.00. We, in our royal carriage, "did the town proper." This mosque and that mosque, this school and that school, this bazaar and that bazaar were admired. Our driver had to vie for the right of way not only with similar vehicles, motor cars, and innumerable host including the rich, the poor, the lame, the halt and the blind, but with beggars lying in the midst of the street, and with hawkers. Even some determined business men were cooking and selling their concoctions in the very midst of it all. Our driver all the time was yelling and using his whip on beast and man. Our nostrils were treated to a variety of smells, odors and goodness knows what else they should have been called. Since then, we have been in scores of bazaars and they all have grounds for laying claim to the grand prize, but we will have to cast our vote for our first one.

CHAPTER VI

First Glimpses of India

TWENTY-FIVE DAYS were consumed in the voyage from New York to Bombay—record time for a loaded freighter. Not a single mishap or unpleasant incident to mar our enjoyment occurred during the entire time. Mrs. Woolsey and I referred to the voyage as our

On Our Arrival in Kotagiri

"honeymoon," eleven years deferred. During each year of our married life, we had utilized any vacation that came our way by attending associations, local, state and national. Although we enjoyed them tremendously, they were times of loss of sleep, physical, mental and spiritual times of stress and demands. This was the first "real vacation" we had had in our lives and both enjoyed it to the limit. New sights, new experiences, a new and deeper relation with the Lord, excellent quarters, marvelous food, ample leisure for both reading and resting and wonderful and congenial Christian fellowship combined to make this, our first voyage, an entirely enjoyable one and a real vacation time. A day or two after our arrival, we were to learn how fortunate we had been as we listened to entirely different stories from other newly arrived missionaries. Indeed, we had reason to say, "The Lord, He

is good and His loving kindness and goodness are marvellous to behold."

Sometime before day on Monday, May 5, 1947, the good ship, Sir John Franklin, anchored in the harbor of Bombay. Near the docks is a beautiful gateway known by the appropriate name, "The Gateway of India." Although Calcutta, on the east coast, is the largest of the two cities, Bombay is the center of trade and concourse with the west. While Bombay is both eastern and Indian, it appeared clean and modern after Port Said. In Bombay is to be found the best and the worst of both West and East. In art, literature, education and culture, works of both the Orient and Occident are produced and reproduced. Large and beautiful cathedrals of gothic architecture, less pretentious but attractive Protestant chapels, Hindu temples of untold cost and wealth, magnificent mosques, small and simple mission halls and small private temples are seen on every hand.

We arose early Monday morning to finish the last-minute packing and be ready to set our feet on India's soil for the first time. India, that was to be our constant home for at least the next five years. Soon, we were to learn that there was no dock available for our ship and that although we could go ashore as soon as the immigration officer had checked on our passports, visas, etc., it might be several days before we could get our baggage unloaded. Later, we were told that it would be five days before we could get our belongings ashore. We had two letters awaiting us from Miss Barnard informing us that she had intended to meet us herself but could not get away. Our destination was Kotagiri, in the Nilgiri District in the Madras Province, a four-day journey, including a day layover in Madras—a distance of eight hundred miles. Miss Barnard's health was such that it would almost have been suicide for her to attempt the long and tedious journey, in the very midst of the hot season. Also, it would have been an unjustifiable expense. However, we were soon to discover that, although our dear Sister Barnard watched over every penny of the mission fund like a hen over her brood, she was more than willing to forego not only the comforts but what many would consider necessities of life and suffer untold hardship in order to help and do for others. This same letter informed us that she had sent a young Indian man, the son of our Mr. Mulli, a worker and teacher in our mission. Willie Mulli had already been gone from home over a week when we reached Bombay.

We found Willie a young man between twenty and twenty-five years of age with a pleasing personality and an excellent command of English language. He had served in the Indian army during the war and had been stationed in Bombay and proved to be an

excellent guide. As he had friends in Bombay, his expenses were slight. He is typical of so many Indian Christians, raised in a Christian home. His grandfather was the first to accept Christianity in Kotagiri, being twelve years of age. He, Willie, was a Christian by heritage and training. He would not have thought about beginning a day before kneeling and praying, but he did not appear to have had any deep and abiding spiritual experience. He was a devout Christian as opposed to Hinduism, Mohammedanism or any other religion. Each Sunday saw him at Sunday school and preaching. He neither smoked nor cursed. Yes, in comparison with many a church member in America, Willie is a good Christian. As at home, so is it here in India; Christian culture has too often been substituted for regeneration. There is outward conformity, but not dynamic force from within generated by a passion for lost souls.

Early Monday morning, a number of row boats (sampans) appeared alongside of the ship. As they had come out early, the boatmen hadn't had their breakfast. It was a good thing that Mrs. Woolsey had eaten her breakfast before she saw these boatmen prepare and eat theirs. They had a small bucket with charcoal as a stove on which they cooked their rice in the muddy and contaminated water of the harbor. The rice was eaten with hands crusty with dirt. Unless they received a commission for some errand, they remained alongside the ship all day in the boiling tropic sun, bareheaded and without any means of shade, making any ablution or attending to any call of nature in plain view. Many of these boatmen were stripped to the waist; some were in their birthday suits, notwithstanding the fact that the sun was hovering around the one hundredth mark in the shade. For the first time in our lives we were to know what is meant by the term "tropic heat." We had been most fortunate in our journey or voyage across and had neither suffered much from either severe cold or heat. It is true that we passed through the Red Sea, which is referred to by many as "the fiery furnace." But the Lord was with us during our crossing, as he was with the children of Israel, almost four thousand years ago. It is true that at times it was uncomfortably hot, but we had a breeze almost the entire length of the Red Sea, which is very unusual. Here, in the Bay of Bombay, neither the breeze nor wind could reach us, and as the ship was riding at anchor, there was not even the ripples caused by the motion of the ship. We spent two nights in the harbor and, although the ship was fortunate enough to dock on the third day at noon, instead of the fifth day, by the time the luggage had been hoisted from the ship's

hold to shore, the customs office was closed. So we spent another night on board. This last night was a most proper initiation to the heat of India. With the warehouses at the docks all around and a huge British warship with tanks, guns, etc., to absorb the heat and to cast it off, and one freighter and a passenger ship, all edged against us, the heat must be felt for it cannot be described.

As soon as we had satisfied the immigration officer, I went ashore on Monday. In fact, I went along with the officer in his boat. As I had not yet met Willie, I made this first excursion into this great sub-continent alone. It is said that one's first impressions concerning things or places are the most lasting. My first impressions defy description. They were so many, so different, so conflicting and came crowding one upon another in such a way, that the resultant conclusions were so confused, that they are still a conglomerated mess in my mind. On the way to the shore, it dawned on me that I had not the smallest coin of the realm in my possession. The officer's English was quite a bit like my Hindu is at the present time; it may do fairly well to show off in the drawing room, but is worse than useless for general conversation. I finally made him understand that I wanted to change American money for Indian currency. He couldn't make the exchange for my smallest bill and didn't know the rate of exchange for the handful of silver that I offered. I had a general idea of the rate and made him understand that I was giving him more than the established rate. He decided to trust me. (It does not usually pay to trust the other fellow about money matters here in India) and I stepped ashore with enough to take a taxi to the offices of the Inter Mission Organization and of the American Express Company, which is a well-known international banking concern.

I found the offices of the Inter Mission and the American Express in the same building in adjoining rooms. At that time, I knew little about either. I doubt if there are any two other organizations in the entire breadth and length of India that are rendering more vital services to missionaries. The Inter Mission office looks after the interest of the thousands of missionaries in India and Pakistan. There are possibly more than a score of workers including heads of the various departments and their clerks in the offices of the Inter Mission. Their services to missionaries include information as to the purchase of all kinds of supplies and equipment, finding of suitable lodging for newly arrived missionaries at reasonable rates, seeing to the transfer of credits of missionaries who have come out to teach in the schools and colleges and those children of missionaries going home to finish their education, advising in the

matters of purchasing of mission property and similar matters—keeping records of the various mission schools, hospitals and other institutions with detailed data about each, helping to coordinate the efforts of the various welfare services so badly needed in this country, organizing missionary efforts in times of famine, flood, riots and other public disasters—assisting in the obtaining of passage home and permits for those desiring to enter the country and a thousand and one other services, too numerous to mention. Most of the larger missions are members and pay a small annual fee according to their work and staff in India. Non-members have access to these services, for many of which there are no fees and for others only nominal ones. The entire staff is composed of missionaries from the various member missions. Many of these have been in India for years and have had experience in every type of mission work.

The American Express Company is an international banking company with offices in not only every important country of the world but in every city of large commercial interests. Although this is a business concern frankly in the money-making business, throughout the years they have earned the reputation for rendering every type of service in the most efficient manner. Their services, at extremely reasonable fees, include the following: the securing of reservations and tickets for trains, buses, airplanes, ships and boats, seeing to the "putting" of all baggage and luggage through the customs, the exchanging of money and the cashing of checks, drafts, money orders, etc., the advancing of money and also the rendering of numerous free services in the way of information, etc. There are other international banking houses that render like services, most of whom have orders to show the utmost courtesy to missionaries. Our dealing with the Inter Mission office and the American Express have been most pleasant and beneficial.

On this first excursion into Bombay and to the above-mentioned office, I was commissioned by two or three others to do certain errands for them also. I did my first shopping in India. I found then, my findings were later substantiated by further experience, that the leading shops in the main business section of the towns or cities, which "cater" to missionary and "European" trade, usually have "one price." But in the bazaars and Indian shops the "asking price" may prove more than twice the "selling price."

I was appalled by the numerous, almost innumerable, number of beggars of all types, ages, sex, dress, (or lack of dress), physical conditions and methods of applying their trade. These included little half-naked, dirty boys with little monkeys, unkempt, under-

nourished and emaciated children of all ages and of both sex, men and women with all manner of deformities of limbs and bodies, "holy men" who had taken the beggar's oath—beggars of all kinds and descriptions. It seemed as though both the cradle and the grave had been robbed and that the homes, the hospitals, the asylums, the by-ways and the hedges and the highways had all furnished their quota to this pitiful and often nefarious trade. The only thing that saved me from an organized assault of these beggars on my first trip in Bombay was the fact, that I had only one robber or beggar, at the time, to contend with, my taxi driver. Of course, my manner, dress and everything about me cried out to one and all, that I was a stranger on my first few months I was in India, I was almost overwhelmed with attention by not only beggars but by all and sundry. It is generally agreed that one's length of abode in India can be judged by the amount he is willing to pay for service and commodities and the size of his tips.

Neither on that first day, nor any succeeding day, have I ever permitted my sympathy to carry me so far away as to become the victim of the outright beggars. Many, of course, are in dire need, but the system itself is rotten and many of the beggars are among the wealthy of the land. I have, on a few occasions, given fruit or food, but if one does not care to be thronged by scores and hundreds, he must deny himself even this joy, except, on rare occasions. The fact that no one else is visible at the time is no safeguard at all. On that first day and the succeeding days that we were in Bombay, I went around and stepped over scores of sleeping people lying on the sidewalks, steps and before buildings. Some were in the shade of the buildings, but many had made no attempt to escape the tremendous heat of the tropic sun. (This was during the "hot season.") I have seen the same and similar spectacles at nights. Thousands in India know no other bed than mother earth or the cold or hot and hard sidewalks of the cities of the land, no other cover than the canopy of heaven.

Another thing that took my breath that first day was the numerous and widely separated types and means of transportation that met my wondering and wide-opened gaze. Automobiles, from the latest and most expensive models to old dilapidated relics of an almost forgotten day, street cars, city buses and trams, lorries and trucks, jeeps, motorcycles, hundreds of bicycles, horse-drawn carts or tongas, ox carts, rickshaws and hand carts, coolies bearing their huge burdens on their backs or heads, along with a never-ceasing stream of crowding and thronging humanity, vied with each other for the right of way in the streets and alleys.

The second day, Mrs. Woolsey and I again visited the city. This time we were accompanied by Willie, who proved not only an efficient guide, but a life-saver, when it came to dealing with taxi drivers, hawkers, peddlers, etc. One of the places of interest visited was "The Victoria Gardens," some four or five miles out from Bombay. Animals, birds and plant life of all kinds were in abundance. The museum on the grounds contains reproductions of the art, sculpture, and architecture of India, depicting every phase of Indian life, culture and civilization, both now and of ancient times, including the various religions of the land. The hour or so spent here proved to be a wonderful introduction to the habits, culture, civilization and religions of India. I believe that the Holy Spirit led to this brief study that later was to prove so beneficial.

Our ship reached the docks a little after noon on Wednesday, May 7. However, by the time our things were unloaded, it was too late to get them through the custom offices that afternoon. Great was our relief and thanksgiving to find, upon returning from a tour of Bombay, all of our baggage safe and sound in the dock's warehouse. Even the box that we could not trace in New York, greeted our eyes and made glad our hearts. I had brought both a motorbike and a bicycle along from America. The only material available for making the crate was not the best and the weight of the contents and the type of treatment usually given crates during the loading and unloading on trains and ships, were such as to give us grave misgivings. However, this crate, along with every trunk, crate and piece of baggage made the entire journey or distance from Greeneville, Tennessee, to Kotagiri, India, without damage to anything. From the time our baggage left our home in Greene County, Tennessee, until it was unloaded at Shamrock, in South India, it had been handled, to our knowledge, at least one dozen times. Again, we had much for which to be thankful. From the time it was loaded on the ship in New York until unloaded at Shamrock, it, (our baggage), made every connection that we made—rather a record from what I can find out and from what I have seen.

Ever since we first planned to go to India, we had heard about customs and duties. Sister Barnard had written that it was one thing that could be handled in no other way than by and through prayer. We heard stories how custom officers would jerk out the contents of a suitcase or trunk that had taken much time, labor and ingenuity to pack, and strew them all over the floor, leaving you to repack the best way you could. From what we could learn, there was no way of knowing before hand what duties would be imposed or even what article might be confiscated. As we had eighteen different

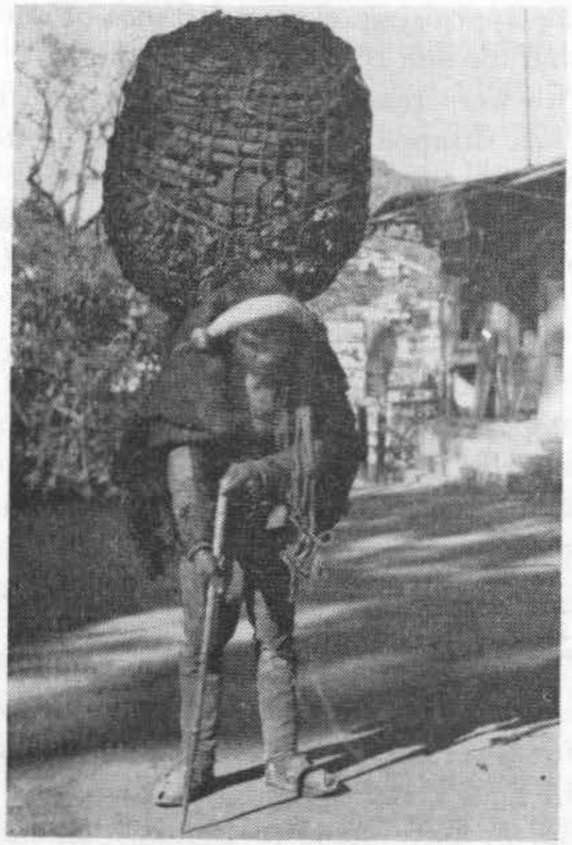
pieces of well-roped baggage, besides a few carried in our hands, our anxiety was only natural and was the subject of much prayer. The representative of the American Express met us at the warehouse at 10 a.m., Thursday, which is an early hour for any official or semi-official business in India. By the time we had conveyed everything to the custom's office and gone to two or three other buildings to fill out various forms, it was time for the office to close for noon, not be reopened until two o'clock. In India, one will soon get use to going to three or four different offices, in separate buildings for the same business, only finally to have it transacted in the first office that was entered some hours or even days before. One thing that the customs' officials are uniformly careful about is a motor vehicle of any kind. The crate containing the motorbike had to be carted to the appraising office, a distance of one half mile. I had never thought that the sun could be half so hot.

By the time we were ready for our baggage to be examined, the afternoon was fast disappearing. Just ahead of us was an Indian merchant and his wife. Later, we were to learn that the officials were "laying for them." Every single, solitary article, garment and piece of clothing were taken separately and given the most minute scrutiny. Not satisfied with the first examination, close as it was, they started on the second. At this time, I appealed to an official. He, at once passed every parcel, trunk, grip and crate without having a single one untied or unlocked. I have heard of many instances where only one or two of a series of baggage was opened and checked, but this is the only instance that I know of where two thousand pounds of baggage were passed without a single grip or trunk opened. With thankful hearts we paid the very nominal duties and went on our way rejoicing.

The next two days we spent at the home of Rev. Brickenstaff, head of the accountant department at the Inter Mission offices. They have been in India for three decades and are affiliated with the Christian church. His wife runs a rest home for missionaries who are entering or leaving India, or have come to Bombay on business. Here, we met several missionaries from various parts of the country, including doctors, ministers and teachers. The fellowship here and the information gleaned, along with the inspiration and insight into the various fields of missionary labors proved of great value both then and since.

It was Friday night before we could obtain reservation for Madras. We had planned to go second class, but found that with our baggage allowance that, by the time we had paid the difference on the baggage that we were permitted to take on the two types of

tickets, that we could save money by going first class. In this way, we had a compartment on the train all the way to the nearest railroad station to Kotagiri, by ourselves. As it was in the very midst of the hot season, this proved to be a wonderful blessing. We left Bombay anxious to see Miss Barnard and to arrive at our destination. It was almost five weeks from the time we left the scene of our birth and labors in East Tennessee, until we reached Kotagiri, in the Nilgiri, in "The Hills" of South India. The highest elevation in or near Kotagiri is 6500 feet, but it is so far south that frost and snow are almost, if not entirely, unknown.



Coolie carrying 2 mds. (160 lbs.) up the mountain to Landour—the home of the Hindi and Udru Language School

CHAPTER VII

Begging and Beggars

WE HAD BEEN INTRODUCED to begging by the beggars themselves while in Bombay. Our trip by rail to Kotagiri was an additional eye opener. Almost every day, for what will soon be a year, our education along this line has been increased. It is not necessary to leave one's house to be approached by beggars. We would classify begging in India under at least six different heads or divisions. First, are the professional beggars who are to be numbered by the millions. This class, itself, may be subdivided into four groups. At the top of the profession,—begging is truly a profession here in India with all the tricks, "ins and outs," knowledge, methods and techniques of the trade—are those who reduced begging to a science and have made it one of the most lucrative of trades or professions.

Beggar in Kotagiri

There are beggars, not because they are in need of the bare necessities of life, but because it brings them the greatest returns of any trade or profession in which they might engage. They have learned through very profitable experience that most of all the people of India are deeply religious and that meeting the needs of those seeming to be in want is a serious religious obligation to countless millions. The religious writings of all the great religions are full of admonitions to be kind to the poor and to give to the needy. The word of God tells us, "Give to him that

asketh and from him that would borrow turn not away." Christians or at least professed Christians will throw this statement into the face of missionaries and other Christians when they want something for nothing. The "wealthy beggars" are quick to grasp every situation for their own profit. Talking on this subject with a travelling companion, we discussed a news item telling of an investigation of a news-reporter who had discovered numerous large property-owners among the beggars of a certain city. My companion, an Indian Gentleman from Bangalore in the Mysore Province or State, told me about an "unusually poor and needy beggar" to whom many gave who did not make it a habit to give to beggars. Great was their surprise when it was discovered that he was the owner of two of the larger business buildings in the City. This knowledge made it impossible for him to continue his "trade" in his own city; therefore, he disappeared. Later, he was found begging in a different city.

To be included in this class of professional beggars are those who do not actually beg themselves but have from one to two, in rare cases, scores of beggars working for them. They give these slaves a mere pittance, enough just to keep them alive, while they grow fat on their pickings. Their workers range from tots that can barely lisp to the old, halt and lame. Of course, these vultures must work under cover and there is reason to believe that the government will by special effort and ever increasing watchfulness, drive these buzzards from the carcases of their unfortunate victims. Sometimes, even mothers train their half-naked babies to appear at the windows of each passenger train while they stand behind a door, building or tree with a stick in hand. At least, we have taken them for mothers, but it is to be hoped that we were mistaken. We have repeatedly heard, but have no tangible proof, that children, women and men are deliberately mutilated and disfigured in order to be able to appeal to the sympathy of the general public.

On our first train journey, from Bombay to Madras, at a certain station, a little boy between three and four, (so he seemed), came to the window of our compartment and stretched out his hand in a begging attitude. Upon the shaking of my head, he rushed to a man, half hidden, who cuffed him on the side of the head and sent him back to our window. About that time, a train guard came along and gave him a cuff and sent him running back to the tender mercies or the cuffs of the first man. May the one who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," come into the heart and lives of these people, and then will be accomplished the work that neither the

police officers or the train guards can do. One of the principal stocks in trade of the professional beggars is their never failing patience. What if the first hundred spurn their outstretched hands? There are hundreds more to come by the same place.

Due to youthful marriages, exposure, lack of sanitation, ignorance of medical knowledge and the most primary rules of health, the scarcity of hospitals and competent physicians and the superstitions of the people, thousands each year, are born in India, with deformed bodies and incurable diseases both physical and mental. Although, the public and government are awakening to the need of the blind, deaf, lame and to those of incurable diseases, facilities for the care of these persons are pitifully inadequate, and in a large part of India are entirely non-existent. A large per cent of the few institutions that are scattered over India, for the care of these unfortunates, are provided and operated by missions or religious bodies. For every one of these unfortunates who is cared for in an institution, there are twenty who have no other means of support except begging. Too often the money given to these beggars is worse than wasted. I have seen many deformed people in America but was not in the least prepared for the awful, grotesque, inhuman, disproportionate deformity that met our eyes on every hand. Frequently, these unfortunates are in the snares of unprincipled rascals who fatten themselves on the earnings of these wretched people who are left hungry and half-naked. On the first day that we were in Bombay, a woman followed me for an entire block and until I entered a taxi she held in her arms a twisted misshapen mass of what must have been a distorted human form. That has been months ago, and I have seen hundreds of these miserable persons, who have an immortal soul but I will never forget the horror that seized me on that occasion. Many resemble pictures in fairy books of demons, imps, etc. more than they do the crowning work of God's Creation. The wages of sin is death to those that indulge in it, and many times a living hell to their children unto the third and fourth generation. I have seen no other one thing that so clearly shows that India, as a whole, is a stranger to the Son of God and that so definitely emphasizes her need for His Gospel and for Him.

The fourth group of professional beggars is the one which is composed of those who have joined the profession because of disaster—many times through no fault of their own. Each year thousands join the ranks of the beggars because of famine, flood, epidemics, communial troubles and many other unfortunate calamities. In order to render justice to the former British Government

and to the present "Centre" Government of India, it may be well to digress long enough to say a word about the political divisions of India. Besides, the provinces that formed British India, 551 states have acceded or joined the New Indian Democracy. In this number is included, the large independent state of Hyderabad which has, for a period of one year only, acceded the management of its Foreign Affairs and made some concession concerning transportation and communication to the Government of India. There are large states like Mysore and Travancore that have retained the right of local self-government; and numerous semi-independent states, many of which have already united with some province or with one another. The above political condition has made it difficult both for the former British rule and for the new Government to do anything about the "begging problem." The New Government is growing in power and influence and seems to be aware of the importance of dealing with this and other vital social problems. The income of millions in India may best be described as a marginal income, just enough to enable them to eke out a mere living, if living it can be called. Therefore, when disasters and calamities sweep over them, they follow the path of the least resistance. As the result, the class of professional beggars is constantly being increased by new recruits.

There are literally thousands, yes millions, that cannot be classified as professional beggars but who throng the streets, the bazaars of the cities and villages, the temples and the countryside asking and receiving alms. These differ from the first group in that they will and do perform other work and tasks. A goodly per cent of this latter class is composed of children. Probably, as many as two hundred children approached Mrs. Woolsey and me begging during the week that passed from the time we arrived at Bombay until we reached Kotagiri. Soon after our arrival in Bombay, a little boy nine or ten years of age, with a long haired, sneaking looking monkey in his arms and on his shoulders, accosted us for a handout. Our no's and shakes of our heads were like pouring water on a duck's back. He followed us for about a block. All the time both he and the monkey were becoming bolder until at last the monkey touched my shoulder. All monkeys are born thieves. Upon this I turned and with pointed finger and determined voice bade them, boy and monkey, to be gone. The boy had almost become insolent but his attitude immediately changed to one of respect as he said, "nice man, very nice man," and went on his way.

From Bombay to Madras, we passed through numerous districts with a large population of the very poor. At every stop, that was

every whipstitch, the windows of our compartment were overclouded with dark and dirty faces with grimy hands, out-stretched. The train guards would pass by, striking right and left and often hitting their mark. But as soon as the guards had passed on, they would be back in full force, usually augmented by additional recruits. Most of these children were not professional beggars but some of them would, no doubt, later, be initiated into the fraternity. I am almost insanely fond of bananas and the point of satiation has seldom if ever been reached by me. I had bought four dozen of this, the most delicious of fruit, but as they were rather ripe and the weather exceedingly warm, they were fast reaching the point when they would no longer be eatable. One particularly bright eyed but forlorn little chap caught Mrs. Woolsey's fancy. I prevailed on her to, at least, wait until the train started before she became so free with my beloved bananas. As the train gave that well-known "first jerk" which is calculated to un-joint a "loosely connected man," she gave a banana or two to her protege. At the time, as far as we could see, there was not another child in sight. Before the train could get under way, a young "Coxey's Army" was swarming around our windows at the risk of being dragged under the now moving train—good-by bananas. There are many persons who have to depend on charity and help from others during off seasons and in time of famine and public disasters. In too many places, there are not organized welfare organizations with sufficient means and personnel to meet these needs. Therefore, many fall into the habit of temporary begging. each year and month, various government and welfare organizations are increasing both their scope and methods of handling this problem.

One of the most acute questions of the begging problem is the one dealing with those who follow the trade in the name of religion. Many of these are, no doubt, conscientious and live self-sacrificial lives. But, sad to say, only too often the exact opposite is true. It is reported that many of the "sadhus" or "holy men" are literally rolling in wealth. As to this, we cannot say. However, we have, often seen the fear, void of respect or love, in which these "holy men" are held by the people. Most of these men leave their hair unwashed and uncombed and their bodies unwashed and covered with meagre and wretched clothing. I have seen these men, usually alone or in couples, enter the bazar empty handed and scarcely a cent upon them, either in money or in goods. Later they were seen going out at the far end of the bazar loaded down with rare carpets and beautiful skins, works of brass, silver and gold and many things of real worth and value but not at all necessary for a full

stomach and warm clothing and shelter. I have seen them stand under the window and call to a housewife whose only answer would be a shake of the head, there upon, they would call out in anger and make their way up the narrow stairs to soon descend bearing their "gifts" with them.

Most of the villagers and the ordinary people live in dread of the curses of these people and will, many times, part with their most cherished possessions before they will risk the dire threats that may be pronounced against those most dear to them. There are many who have taken the "poverty vow" and are true to it. These will accept food but not money or valuables. It was officially estimated that the railroads of India lost hundreds of thousands of dollars last year due to the free rides of sadhus and "holy men" who demanded free rides as their just dues. Not only the train guards but the train inspectors as well as some Station Masters, (the last two groups are educated), are afraid, often times, to ask them for their fares, not to say anything about putting them off the trains. Then, again, they are afraid that the masses will be stirred up against them. Although last year was the best year that these men have ever had, their days are, we trust numbered. That goes for the group that is always receiving and never giving, not even religious teachings and inspiration.

For some time before we left America, we had, with regret, noticed the ever increasing tendency, on the part of many workers, to expect a "tip" over and above their regular pay. Certain employers encouraged this and both they and their employees expected the "tips" to exceed the "salaries." However, we were not at all prepared for the system of "buckshee" asking and receiving that first made our acquaintance in Port Said. It has most earnestly and more or less successfully been presenting itself to us ever since. The boy, who carted my baggage from the warehouse to the custom's office, stood around as though he meant to camp there the rest of the day after I had paid him the agreed price. The American Express man who was present took in the situation in a glance and gave him two annas, (four cents), and he at once went about his business. Even the taxi drivers—as some do in some American cities—feel very much "put out" if a "buckshee" is not added to the fare. In Landour, where the Language School is located, you buy wood not by the truck or wagon load but by the loads that the coolies carry on their backs. One morning, a wood carrier came to our door with a load of wood for which he wanted six rupees—about $1.85, I finally made my *last* offer of three rupees and eight annas, which he accepted. However, I gave him eight annas "buckshee" which made the four

rupees. No Indian is satisfied, if he is a laboring man, unless he receives a "buckshee." No matter if you pay double the standard price, he will ask and expect this part of his pay. I early learned to pay for any service in two different parts. Saying, "Here is what it is worth, this is your pay, and here is "a buckshee."

Nine cases out of ten, they will take it and go away happy. On the other hand, if you give twice the combined amount of the "pay" and the "buckshee" in one amount as pay, they will never be satisfied until you give them a "buckshee" if it is only one anna. The eggman, the paper boy, the butterman, the milkman, etc., all expect "a buckshee" once or twice a year without fail. This type of begging is one of the most degrading things here. It causes misunderstandings and almost constant friction. The house servants and even employees of the local and central governments are not exempted from this evil. It is encouraged in more ways than one. One of the tutors', at the Language School, basic salary was seventeen rupees for one hour per month. I thought that was reasonable enough. But, lo, and behold, to this there was added a "dearness allowance," so much for a "Provident Fund," a certain per cent for the way the tutorial period was organized, until, the total was twenty-nine rupees, almost a third more than the original amount. The same is true of clerks, government officials, school teachers, etc. This is a step above begging for a "buckshee" to be sure; but, this practice encourages the other.

At every turn and at every single solitary corner there is always from one to many who stand ready to point out the way, open the door, hand you your paper or cane, if you carry one, get you a taxi, call a coolie, tell you where a newspaper can be purchased and so on, worlds without end. All of this is done in hope of a generous tip. As soon as you alight in a railroad station, a swarm of "boot blacks" from "knee high to a mosquito" to old men, are around you, against you, on you and under you. If you should yield to temptation and say "no" in a kind tone, you will be followed for blocks, and if you sit down, they will begin working on your shoes with the hope that you won't have the heart to go off without giving them something. At every railroad stop, if you are not careful, someone will jump into your compartment and begin sweeping it with the faith that you would not be so callous as to enjoy the "lick and promise" that he is giving your room or compartment, without placing an anna or two in his outstretched hands. There are those, who hang around every bus station and the rail depots ready to show anyone where the ticket office is or other similar information. They will follow you until the last hope of receiving

anything has faded away. If you hire a taxi and are not careful, a self-appointed guide will be likely to hop in the car with the driver. Here again, you are under no obligation, but there is much hope on the part of your "guide."

India is a land of notes and chits. If your house boy wants an afternoon off, he is likely—if he can write—to write a high sounding, very respectful and pleading note. If you send a word to a friend, you write a note and he writes one in return, stating that he has received yours. If a very respectable *citizen* would like to have you and others to help him defray the expenses of his son or daughter in school, or, even, to help him pay his grocery bill, he will get him a very nice looking note book. Having written a nice article about his deep appreciation of what you and others are going to do for him and giving in detail the unexpected bills caused by sickness, loss of work, etc., and stating at length the dire consequences to him and his, if you shut up your bowels of compassion against him, he comes around armed not only with the book and a place for your name and amount and the date, but with testimonies, report cards or doctor's certificate. This type of begging is not as frequently practiced as some of the others, but is not a rarity by any means.

The natural intelligence of the inhabitants of this land will compare favorably with those of any land in the world. The people are quick to learn. Often coolies and laborers who have never seen inside of a school and can neither read nor write, can often speak from three to five or six different languages. Some of the greatest thinkers of our day are citizens of India. However, it is still a land of contrasts: the lowest and the most sublime, the oldest and the latest, the richest and the poorest, the most ignorant and the wisest. If both the need for and the desire to beg can be eradicated, a great battle will have been won.

CHAPTER VIII

Early Impressions of Types and Individuals

THE UNITED STATES is called the "melting pot," because people of many different languages and from various countries have come to its shores and, both they and their children have been assimilated and have made wonderful American citizens. In our country, there are few who do not have the blood of several different nationalities in them. Here, we have some 170 languages and many different racial strains that are bound together as one nation. To understand the work of missions in India, one must have some knowledge of her people and of their relations to one another. It is, indeed, little that one can learn in one short year. People that have spent a lifetime here are frank to say that their understanding and knowledge of the people are very incomplete. However, we can truthfully say that we have met more diversed types of people this past year than during the rest of our life combined.

We had never had the opportunity, before we sailed for India, to become acquainted with any of her citizens. We went aboard the Sir John Franklin, the freighter that was to carry us to India, just before noon on Thursday, April 10, 1947. At one of the tables in the mess hall, was a party of four whom we took to be Indians. After lunch, three returned to shore and we soon made acquaintance with the fourth. "Kerbe" Kripalani was a member of a family of international Indian merchants of Karachi. He was twenty-eight and had been away from India for several years, serving as manager of the family store in Trinidad. I have seldom seen a person more particular about his dress and appearance. He wore western clothes and spoke almost perfect English. His pet hate was the British and their management of India. For the first few days he wore a chip on his shoulder, but as soon as he was assured that no one had the least desire or intention to discredit either India or her citizens, he became very friendly and sociable. He was a little inclined to boast of what India would do both at home and abroad. The partition of India must not take place. He visualized not only an united India, but "the Greater India," that would include Ceylon, Nepal and

possibly Burma, as willing members of the great Indian commonwealth. He had little, if any, sympathy with the communists, but visualized a nation more or less after the pattern of the United States, with free enterprise, free public education and abundant opportunities for all. He would not knowingly eat beef, but if told that the meat in question was lamb or pork, he would satisfy his hunger without further investigation. However, he would quickly deny that he was a Hindu. He recognized the existence of an Almighty God, Creator and Ruler of the universe. Captain Freeman had several rather animated discussions with him concerning the Christian faith. However, when we made arrangements for our Sunday morning services and mid-week prayer meetings, and I had assured him that neither coercion or the giving of offense was part of our plans, he attended each and every service. He brought along his own copy of the New Testament and took his turn in reading at the mid-week services. "Kerbe" was polite and good company and, although he was oversensitive concerning the prestige of India, I was very much impressed with my first Indian acquaintance. Soon after we said goodbye in Bombay, the partition of India took place and his home city of Karachi became the capital of Pakistan and many of the non-Moslem population fled from the city. We have often wondered what has become of him.

Politeness and courtesy as is seen in the east, are rebukes to the brusqueness and often plain rudeness that are, too often, characteristic of the west. Regardless where they are to be found, businessmen have found that these attributes, politeness and courtesy, pay big dividends. However, when we had our first dealings with the Indian businessmen at the American Express at Bombay, we were made to feel that we were conferring a great favor upon them and that nothing made them so happy as to be of service to us. Although we were aware that this was part of their stock in trade, yet, we were both pleased and delighted at such treatment. We have found the same type of service rendered in like manner in many places in India. In Kotagiri, there is a Hindu merchant from Sind in North India (now Pakistan). He operates a large general store and caters to the missionary and European trade. The description of St. Nicholas in "The Night before Christmas," minus the beard, fits Ramchand to a "T." He is short, he is round, his "fat little belly shakes when he laughs, like a bowl full of jelly." His eyes are twinkling and his face beaming from morning to night. There is no bank in Kotagiri. Therefore, he will cash your check, for a fee. If you want a rail ticket from the nearest station, some twenty miles distant, he will send by the bus driver and have it ready for your

use. He does not open on Sunday, although the Indian bazaar knows no difference between the days of the week unless it is one of the numerous festival, or feast days. He is a "one price" merchant. Ramchand delights to please people, if he can do it, and at the same time make a profit for himself. Kushiram, in Landour, North India, also caters to missionary trade. He, too, can be polite when the occasion demands it. If the article he has for sale can be bought in any near-by shop, his price is comparatively reasonable. Otherwise, the sky is the limit. He delights to specialize in articles that are not available elsewhere.

We have mentioned William Mulli before; but as he was the first Indian with whom we really became acquainted after we reached India, and is typical of a great number of the young men of India, it will not be amiss to describe our reactions then and since. William can speak five languages fluently. The first time we saw him was when he came aboard our ship just before noon on the day following our arrival in the Bombay harbor. We invited him to lunch, at our expense, (the time of his arrival may not have been entirely accidental), with us in the mess hall. He was perfectly at home and his table manners were impeccable. Later, he was invited by the Rev. and Mrs. Brickenstaff, where Mrs. Woolsey and I stayed while in Bombay, to remain for tea one afternoon. Again, he proved to be an acceptable guest. We found that Willie had no job. His father as the teacher of our Kota school drew about ten dollars a month, his older brothers were married with homes of their own, William enjoyed a game or two of badminton once or twice a day and few other similar occupations. Oh! yes, he was looking for work. But even Christians, in India feel the stigma of performing tasks below their class or caste. On the day following our arrival in Kotagiri, Miss Barnard, head of our Indian work, gave a tea, in our honor, inviting the six Indian workers of our mission or work in Kotagiri and also William and a sister of one of the Workers. During the tea, Sister Barnard asked William, who was sitting near the cookies, if he would please pass them around? Mr. William, politely refused. William is fairly well educated and was amply capable of teaching in his father's place while Mr. Mulli was bedfast with the flu. But instead of pinch hitting for his aged Dad, he did manage to come to the Mission House to ask for an advance on his father's small remuneration. The lecture he received at that time may have helped in the decision to take a job in a near-by city. William proved to be a most efficient guide and helper during our first week in India but we found him to be without any great sense of responsibility.

It will be many a day before we shall forget the smiling pleasant and courteous head clerk at the branch Post Office near a language school we attended during our first year here. Here, was a government official that had the education, (he spoke and wrote both English and Hindi). He had personality (no one could help liking him). He had knowledge of his work, (He knew the postal rules and regulations and had most of the knowledge desirable in his type of work at his fingers' tips). He also knew how to get what he wanted. He talked several of us into writing letters to the head office which resulted in the little Post Office remaining open all winter for the first time in history. But my, what a rogue! For weeks, I paid him eight annas for letter forms that should have cost six annas. One time he collected a fee for a registered parcel from Mrs. Woolsey but she failed to obtain a receipt. The next day I paid the fee again and picked up the receipt. A friend of ours had a registered letter that was sent up from the main Post Office but instead of holding it until my friend could be notified, it was returned. Upon request it was sent up again and our Norwegian friend was told that he owed a rupee to a coolie for going after his mail. Not understanding the English language like his own, and not being too well versed in the workings of the postal system, he would have paid the rupee but didn't have the change. He was told that he could pay later. On thinking it over, he decided to demand a receipt and to make request for a refund from the head office. When he entered the office to pay the rupee, a Post Office Inspector was present. Upon the rupee being tendered and a receipt demanded, the clerk knew nothing at all about the whole matter, the Norwegian had simply misunderstood him. One day, I was sending several small parcels to America, some by air mail, some by ordinary mail, some were to be insured and others were not. He asked me to come inside and sit at his desk while we fixed everything. I had occasion to open my pocketbook and in replacing the contents, I inadvertently left a five rupee note on the table. When I started to leave, I noticed it and starting to pick it up said, "This is mine isn't it?"

"Oh! no," was the reply, "that belongs to the Post Office." I put it in my pocket, saying that he must be wrong and to make an inventory of his records and to let me know if there was a shortage and we would talk the situation over. I have heard no more about the Post Office's five Rupee Note. In the face of above incidents, he had the face to ask for a Christmas gift. He is politeness itself. Always brings a chair out for us, tips his hat to Mrs. Woolsey and

inquires after our health in the most solicitous manner. He is my very good friend.

There is a lawyer in North India who has been educated by missionaries in mission schools and colleges. He has travelled in England and Europe, having studied in Germany. During the summer months he was in a Hill Station—most of the time he was in the pay of some mission. He was regular in his attendance at the regular Sunday Evening Services of a Pentecostal Group. One evening, after the season was over and most of the people had left the Missionary Settlement and returned to their work on the Plains, Mrs. Woolsey and I were returning from the "bazar" in company with an ex-actor and now a minister and missionary of the Assemblies of God of Norway when we met the lawyer. I had never met him before but he and the missionary had attended the same services throughout the summer. The Norweigian took him for not only a Christian but a Christian Worker and asked him if he was still enjoying the full blessings of the Lord. That was the spark that set the woods on fire. That was a beginning of a harangue of such a nature that it is doubtful if even many law courts have ever had to suffer the like. At the time, we three missionaries were seated on a road side bench overlooking the Ganges and Jumna Rivers' Valley and, for almost two hours the "merry go round" went around and around our bench. We learned many things that afternoon: of all religions, Christianity is the biggest farce of all. Everyone but pure idiots knew that Christ was not even a historical character. Westerners are "all the bunk." Next to India, Russia, beyond and doubt, was the ideal country. He quoted and misquoted religious writers, philosophers and the great men of the world. My friend knew little of history, philosophy or ethics but he knew the "Word." He did his best to hold up his end of the discussion while I sat grinning. From time to time the lawyer would try and "rope" me "into" the conversation but so far God has not called me to "street" arguing. finally, he turned and began to converse with some passersby. Thereupon, I gave my friend a little advice about answering a fool according to his folly and the lack of any constructive or valuable results from such a discussion. Lo and behold! I was overheard and here he came back with "I heard what you said and agree with most of it but. . . . ." I merely laughed him "out of court" and we went on our way. Some weeks later, as I was sitting on our front porch, who should I see coming but "our friend." He stayed for four hours and we discussed every subject under the sun without once getting into any argument. This time he was most friendly in his attitude toward Christianity. Again, I was reminded

that quiet and sincere reasoning, seasoned with silent prayer, is many times, more effective than trying to silence the enemy's gun by a greater blast.

We arrived in Madras, on our way from Bombay, early Sunday morning. As we had to register at the American Consulate, etc., we were forced to postpone our journey to Kotagiri until Monday. We had not the least idea where we might find suitable lodging at reasonable rates. Strange to say, Willie Mulli was much better acquainted in Bombay than he was in Madras. A Salvation Army Officer, whom I approached, directed us to the A.P., (American Presbyterian), Guest Home. Unfortunately, our taxi driver knew neither the place or the street. We three, Willie, the driver and myself, (Mrs. Woolsey gave us moral support), took turns inquiring the way. Of course, we received plenty of answers. The only kind of ignorance that is disgraceful in this country, is confessed ignorance. However, we finally succeeded in locating the place about eight in the morning. We discovered that although the Guest Home was owned by a Mission, mostly for missionaries, it was operated by an Indian and his wife. Although, I was born and reared in one of the Southern States, I can truthfully say that racial prejudices are not among my besetting sins. I learned the first lesson from my parents and then from the Saviour that God created all men and that Christ died for all. From our earliest childhood, we both were taught that all honest toil was honorable. The manager and his wife who also did all of the work both of cooking and caring for the rooms and the various needs of the guests, had five small children, the baby was very sick and fretful. Another guest, a Nazarene Minister, and I were solicitous about the family and in general treated him as we would any other brother, (he was a Christian). He told us that we were the first to express sympathy and speak encouragingly to him. He seemed to be very touched,—we did not give or offer him money. I do not know how much truth was in his story but far too often, missionaries are inclined to display a show of superiority and authority that have never had any place in the work of the Kingdom of God and most assuredly do not have any place in a free and independent India. One would think that missionaries would be the first to show consideration for others, many times the opposite is true. People who have left country, home, comfort and ease for the sake of the "Kingdom," too many times, display qualities unbecoming to followers of the lowly Carpenter of Nazareth.

Our first three months in Landour were spent at a boarding house operated by an English lady. Thirteen missionaries in the same house did not prove to be unlucky. We were a congenial family with

our family prayers each evening and several other joint occupations and interests during our sojourn together. We consisted of two married couples, a young married couple from Norway, Mrs. Woolsey and I, (for some time we were taken as newlyweds in spite of our twelve years of matrimonial "ups and downs"); two young ministers from England, six young ladies from the same country and one from Scotland. Our landlady's staff was composed of two Hindu, three Christians and three Mohammedans. They were all most considerate of our needs. Anyone who has the least knowledge of the tension between the members of the different communities of India during the weeks immediately preceding and succeeding Independence Day, will have some idea of the friction that would arise between members of the different communities working together in the same household. In addition to this the Landlady, although a fine lady and a Christian, was a typical specimen of those members of the white race who feel keenly their divine right to a benevolent rule over the lives, time, customs and even thoughts of all non-members of the Caucasian Race. There are many missionaries, even from America, who have similar ideas. In the first place, it renders the missionary unfit for any but a limited service and in the second place, it is strictly a non-Christian characteristic. For years, the people of India had looked forward to the time when they would be a free nation. Particularly, did the servant class vision a time when they should be the equal of any man. Of course, political freedom does not give, at least, not necessarily, economical and social equality. But, how were the servants of India to know this?

One young man had conceived the splendid idea of inviting an Indian Minister, who was also a teacher in the Language School to come out to the house every Sunday afternoon and conduct a service in Hindustani for the servants. Unfortunately, this young man was of "the big I and little you" type and was also very certain that he not only was always right but one should be delighted to be led out of darkness by him. Soon the Mohammedans had absolutely stopped attending. The three young Mohammedans were proud of their religion and Nationality. Before Independence Day, there were some twenty-five hundred Mohammedans in this city. Every Saturday afternoon and every Muslim holiday, our three boys would brush their red caps and polish the brass button on top: and walking as if they owned all of the city and half of India, would march off to the bazar. The red caps are worn by the Muslims and they are known as the "Red Caps." One of the three, was a great tease and enjoyed "pulling the leg" of people. Many were the times that he did something just to hear the Landlady "rave." They were

extremely happy on Independence Day and took a great hand in all of the celebration. Near the close of the season, the young Missionary mentioned above, suggested that we give a party for the servants. These three were quick to tell him that they would be conspicuous by their absence. A Norwegian Missionary, who lived in the house and had several rolls of movie films and had offered to show them was asked to invite the servants to come. Not only every one of those working at our guest home came but those from the near-by houses as well. Some were religions films, the rest were places and scenes taken on the way out.

Soon after August 15, Sikhs and Hindus began to drift in from Pakistan with horrible tales of killing, looting, destruction and misery. As the days came and went, our Muslims became more and more uneasy. Their red caps were not to be seen, their chests were not so extended, and their heads were not held, hardly, so high. They began to want to leave. As they became worried and more excited, their work was not as satisfactory and their nerves were on edge. The Landlady had only one way of handling servants that did not render the best possible service,—they received a "proper bawling out." She didn't seem to recognize the fact that she was not living any longer in British but Free India. They had always resented such treatment but now desiring to be released above everything else, and knowing that the house would be closed within a few weeks in any case, they broke out in open rebellion. One morning, they got their things ready and told her that they were leaving then and there. For the first time, I was glad that I could understand very little Hindustani—little Hindustani was *enough*. To the Landlady it looked as though they were breaking their contract and "running out" on her in the hour of need. To them it only meant "going while the going was good." A Mohammedan teacher in the Language School came by and persuaded them to remain until after lunch. In the meanwhile, the Landlady had asked her boarders not to give the customary token of appreciation that is given by the "guest" at the close of the season. Most of the guests agreed. We had been to the Language School and were met some distance from the house with the same request. I didn't say what I would or would not do, but Mrs. Woolsey said she thought that I had made myself sufficiently clear. Some of the others asked me what I was going to do. I told them. They later asked the Landlady to release them of their promise which she did. The servants left the Guest Home between one and two o'clock. The next morning, over two thousand Mohammedans were rounded up at the point of the spear and marched to a camp from which they were sent, about a month later to Pakistan. This action, drastic as it was, saved their lives as an organized plan to kill the entire Muslim population had been conceived. We knew three Mohammedan teachers in the Language School that were placed in the camp. We met and spoke to one of them as he and three others were being driven by a Nepalese soldier with a eight or ten foot spear. Our three Mohammedan servants had escaped in the nick of time. We have often wondered if they reached Pakistan in safety.

The cook and headwaiter at the Guest House was a Christian and my very good friend. This friendship showed itself in form of very large servings, seeing that there was nothing in my food that would upset my stomach and seeing that special dishes of my favorite food were placed at my plate in lieu of the things I could not eat. His solicitation extended to the hawkers, peddlers, and tradesmen that might overcharge me or take advantage of my ignorance. He was of average weight but exceptionally well-built for an Indian. He talked from the lower regions of his abdomen and sounded like "big bear gruff." He had been with the Landlady for years and was a most faithful servant. He knew English well. The Landlady knew Hindi and spoke it fluently; but if she made even a slight mistake, the cook, as soon as he found her alone, would make the correction. He was very dark and although he was born and reared and had lived all his life in the city, he was often taken by the disorderly crowd who were at the head of the communial trouble and who were not citizens of the town, for a Muslim. On several occasions he was almost mobbed before the towns-people, who knew him well, could identify him. The Landlady finally, sewed a large red cross on his sleeve, after which he was not questioned. Mrs. Woolsey and some of the "guests" thought that the cook was partial to me but they, undoubtedly, did him a great and grave injustice.

CHAPTER IX

Hawkers, Traders, Peddlers and Tradesmen

The paved roads, automobiles, large department stores along with the radios and newspapers have regulated the peddler and house to house salesman to a back seat in the United States. It is true that they occupy the back seat here in India but they are also in the front seat, in between and all around. If one received a penny for each hawker or peddler he saw, each day, he would indeed be on easy street. In the bazars of the cities, towns and villages, on the road sides and at every public and semi-public gathering, even in the supposed sanctuary of his own home, a person is at no time far from the person and presence of these enterprising people. There are the regular tradesmen that come to your house, including the eggman, the breadman, the vegetableman, the milkman, the "sweets man," the fruit man and often the meat man. If for any reason they fail to call, worry not. As soon as you step out you are likely to meet them until your pocket book is as flat as a flitter and also slightly embarrassed. If you fail here, you have the bazar. We hear much about scarcity of food and goods of all kinds; however, for "a price" they can usually be found.

At first we hated to see a hawker or peddler coming but now, if we have any time on our hands, nothing is more fascinating than to see the "stately hawker," twirling his walking cane in his fingers, coming, marching up the walk followed by his coolie actually bent double under his load. The fact that we do not have a cent to spend on his wares does not detract from our anticipated joy. We have the Kashmire hawker with his fine rugs, carpets and hand work. The Tibetian with his beads, small carved things of wood, of brass, silver and gold—the Bengali hawker with his tables and articles of sandal wood—those from the native states of Central India with things of ivory—those from the hill tribes and various mission stations with their lace and embroidery work and the ever increasing number with everything imaginable. There are things from the United States, England and Australia, including ready made clothes such as women's hose, underwear, gloves, men's socks, belts,

shirts, etc., all kinds of combs, soap, razor blades, cosmetics and almost anything you want. But just wait a minute.

First add the exporter's profit to the original selling price, augmented by export tax, the import duty, the wholesale merchant and the peddler or hawker's profit in this country. Now you have a fair idea of what you may expect. A small cake of ivory soap sells for about fifty cents.

We were initiated by the hawkers at Port Said, Egypt, when a group swarmed upon us like vultures on a dead carcass. To tell the truth, when the ordeal was over, we were more dead than alive. At Bombay, they did not once dream of permitting us to come ashore before we were given the privilege of being "skinned alive." As soon as the custom's official had given us the "go" signal, the hawkers laid before us the opportunities of a life time,—to hear them tell it. We are looking forward to vacations from the work, from the heat and from our studies but have no promise of being deprived of the services of these friends of missionaries.

On our train journey from Bombay to Kogagiri, we had the opportunity to exchange several millions of dollars,—if we had brought so much with us,—for everything from as many as ten to fifteen newspapers from as many newsboys at every station to fruits of all kinds, many of which we had never seen. There were magazines from the U.S. anywhere between two months and two years old, Indian Magazines. All the large papers and periodicals are printed in English, some in both English and Indian language. Biscuits,—the English name for cookies, a poor substitute for good old Southern biscuits are scons,—patent medicine, cosmetics and so on "worlds without end" were to be had. The "hawkers" has plucked the word, "no" out of his garden, he has no more idea of the meaning of "no," than "a hog has of Sunday." If he is a small operator along the railroad, he will, most likely, be carrying his wares in a large, flat, shallow basket on his head. If the train has only a few minutes stop at a particular station, a decided shake of the head may suffice; but if, as usually is the case in India, the train has some time at the station, shaking the head has exactly the same effect as striking a match to kerosene. If the door to your compartment is not locked, before, "you can say Jack Robinson," they are inside. If you are not interested in their offerings, you will soon be wishing that you were on the "outside not looking in."

We had not been long at Shamrock, in Kotagiri, when here came a hawker, followed by his panting and puffing coolie. We all informed him that we were not interested in buying anything at that time. That was perfectly all right with the "gentleman" who had

already taken off his shoes. Most of the Indians wear sandals and always remove them upon entering a house. He was standing respectfully just inside the open door. But if there were no objections, he would show a few of the things he had; there was no reason to buy anything. He was assured that we were busy and did not have the time to look upon them. That too was O.K. by him; but if we didn't mind, he would unpack a few things as he rested, (as if he had carried the heavy load). We could, if we cared too, give them a "once over" as we were going from one room to another. He soon had Sister Barnard and Mrs. Woolsey near him getting an eye full as he carefully unpacked and attractively arranged his rather charming assortment. As I never did care to, openly and publicly, play the "second fiddle" to the ladies, I was soon elbowing them to one side. Soon we found ourselves inquiring the price of this and that trying not to show any special interest in any particular item. The prices were, of course, quite out of reason. After he had finished showing each article, he unerringly laid to one side, those things that caught our different fancies and had aroused, as we thought, our secret interest. He began to extol each of these things of interest; and to listen to him, the like had never been seen before, neither would it ever be so again. Although, we very well knew the price, we asked it again, and just as if he didn't know that we knew, he told us again. We could not pay it neither did he expect it. He then insisted that we make an offer, just any offer, it didn't make any difference. Therefore, we offered half his price or in some cases only a third. In turn, he made a new offer. The process was simplicity itself,—he came down and we went up, until only a small amount separated us. We were then invited to "split the difference." If we did, there was a sale; otherwise there was none.

One day, when a Friend of Miss Barnard's who belonged to the Australian Telegu Mission near Bangalore, was visiting us, two hawkers arrived. Mrs. Woolsey and I were then preparing to leave for North India. They were from the Punjab and their wares were from Kashmir,—so they said: Just as every one in Port Said, Egypt, that could speak a word of English was "from Brooklyn," so everything for sale that is not from United States or England, here, just has to be from Kashmir. Miss Peters, Miss Barnard's Friend, at once engaged them in conversation. The question of partition and the establishing of the new country of Pakistan was then on every lip. The men at once owned that they were Muslims but said they were against "partition." Of course, they were then in a part of India that was almost a hundred per cent for an undivided India. The talk then turned to religion and Christianity. One never knows when

the seed, which is the word of God, may lodge in a receptive heart and later bring forth fruit to the glory of God.

While the conversation was progressing, the unpacking and arranging of the various things he had to offer were progressing just as fast. He had an unusual beautiful variety. The ladies purchased a few small souvenirs. Both Miss Peters and Miss Barnard were very interested in a cute little hard wood table. The asking price was forty-five rupees. No one confused this with the selling price. After some exchange of offers, the ladies departed from the field of contest,—a wonder to behold! Not to be outdone, I took up the gauge of battle. There was a beautiful goat hair rug with wonderful designs that had caught Mrs. Woolsey's fancy and for which there had been a few exchanges of offers. I started bidding for the two articles together, beginning with the lowest combined offer. They had "planted and I was watering." I, finally, purchased the two articles for considerably less than he had first asked for the table alone. I then resold it to Miss Barnard for a rupee and a half less than half the first price. No, I will never make a "hawker."

One afternoon, Mrs. Woolsey and I were calling on Mrs. Bailf, when a hawker appeared. She and Mr. Bailf are overseers of the Hill Mission that carries the Gospel to several of the hill tribes in and near Landour and to the surrounding small and semi-independent Hill States that do not permit missionaries within their borders. The workers of the Mission are Indians. Mrs. Bailf and her husband were, for years, connected with the United Presbyterian Mission Board but the Hill Mission is interdenominational. She is an extremely conscientious woman and has the highest regard for the truth. This incident occurred after the Muslim population had been evacuated and many Mohammedans had been forcefully relieved of their merchandise. The "hawkers" and merchants, who took the place and often literally stood in the shoes of their predecessors, had little, if any capital invested in "their stock of goods." They could therefore afford to sell for less,—sometimes they wanted more. This particular salesman was a little old white-headed man in the Punjabi dress with the long coat and tight trousers and a most pious and sanctimonious look on his face. He was very extravagant with his description of his merchandise. He offered her a large string of beads of "pure ivory" for two rupees or about sixty cents,—of course, they were of "pure bone." Mrs. Bailf requested him, "Brother, stop your lying, you would be so much better off if you wouldn't lie." He must have taken her words as praise, because article after article increased in "value" and "worth." However, this was bad business on his part as her attention was taken from his

wares and placed upon his moral and spiritual needs. As we left, she seemed about to the place where she thought a little private prayer meeting with him would be good for his soul.

Soon after our arrival in Mussoorie, we became acquainted with a Muslim Dukandar, (Merchant). He was a born trader and was, possibly, the tallest and best built Indian that we have yet seen. He had a pleasant and imposing manner. Although, he had his shop in the bazar, he liked nothing better than to take a little coolie that was less than a fifth as large as he and load him with a hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds of merchandise and start straight up the mountain for a house to house canvas of the missionaries and other summer residents. Long experience had taught him just the type of things that would catch their eyes and the kind of "yarn" that would catch their ears. The *new comers* were his special meat. I had the honor to be chosen as one of his victims. The first time he came to our house, we were setting out for the school. But lo! and behold, that very same day, he "just happened" to meet us on our way from school. At first, he insisted on showing us his little tables and other things, "made by his own hands." And as he must have money for food, (he was an extremely wealthy man), he would sell them for the smallest fraction of their real and true value. As we did not fall into his plans of making a shop out of the narrow path that was the only possible road on the mountain side, he invited himself to follow us to the house. When that proposition failed to meet our approval, he stated that he would call at the house again in a few days. The "few days" proved to be only one. The very next day, just before lunch, our friend, straight and stately, came marching up the path with the uttermost ease and dignity, followed by his poor coolie bent almost to the ground by both the bulk and weight of his burden. Although, Mrs. Woolsey and I, being the lambs of the flock, (the others had been at Landour for at least two months and most of them also had been there the year before), were especially marked for a "shearing," he was not at all disinclined to perform a similar operation on the other members of the household. Ever since we entered India, a certain type of small tables with folding legs and separate tops with remarkable carvings, had greatly appealed to us. Although, we prided ourselves that we were not showing any particular interest in his assortments of tables, he at once began to concentrate on them. He *informed* us that as we were new comers and as he was much in need of the money, he would make us a special offer. This he most certainly did, twenty rupees for a little table, more like an American stool. This was not much more than three times the regular selling price in the bazar.

Which price I did not know. He offered two for thirty-five rupees. By the time lunch was served he was offering the two for twenty eight rupees ($8.00). We had to go back to school immediately after lunch. He had sat patiently on the porch while we "took" our time at the table. He showed consternation as we came back out with our umbrellas and books. (In this country it is permissible to go without clothes but not without umbrellas.) He placed himself in our path and started to resume the "trade." As we went around him and started down the path he reduced his price to twenty-five rupees. I threw back an offer of fifteen rupees for the two over my shoulder. Imagine my elation and surprise when the offer was accepted. Also, picture my feelings, when a few days later, I priced them in the bazar and found that I could have purchased the two for fourteen rupees but I would have had to carry or have them carried up the mountain and look at the fun I would have missed. I remembered the words of the Indian Merchant, who was a fellow passenger on "The Sir John Franklin," "the customer is always the loser."

After August 15, 1947, when communal bitterness began to spread over Pakistan and North India, anxiety began to seize the minority groups, especially, if they were Hindus, Sikhs or Mohammedans. As Hindu and Sikh refugees began to pour into Mussoorie from Pakistan, the Muslim population and particularly, the Muslim merchants, began to fear for not only their business and money, but their lives as well. The merchant mentioned above appeared worried. Soon after, August 15, while on a "business" visit at the house he said that he was closing out his business and going to New Zealand. Of course we thought it was another of "his gags." But regardless of his intended destination, it was plain that he was disposing of his stock as fast as possible. A few days before the Muslims were placed under police protection, he called at the home of a wife of a British officer with a very beautiful and expensive Persian rug which the lady had admired and for which he had refused four thousand rupees. He left it saying that if she wanted to, and he was still alive, she could later give or send him a thousand rupees for it. The next day he was crowded with many others, into a military truck to be conveyed to the camp. Whether intentionally or not, the truck was forced over the edge of the road and the merchant was killed. The lady later paid the thousand rupees to his brother.

The "dudh wallas" or milk peddlers, or, as we would say, the milkman or the dairyman, appear at the back door of the various houses each morning. A little milk and quantities of water can be made to furnish many a household. Just before he arrives at a

house, he opens his milk can and stirs it well with a finger that had never known the first rule of cleanliness. Of course, milk is never used without boiling, neither is water. As none of these tradesmen ever follow a reliable schedule, and both the time of their coming, and the quantity and quality of their products may vary from poor to "worse than bad." We prefer to use the powdered milk which we find both cheaper and safer.

The Sabzi Walla, vegetable man, comes daily (usually several of them), during the season. Those of us who stayed beyond the regular season had to go to the bazaar for our vegetables. Also, in the summer and fall most of the vegetables came from the little hillside farms. We lived between many of these farms and the bazaar. During late fall and winter, all fruits and vegetables had to be carried up from the plains. The worth of any article, including food, has no bearing at all on the price. The price is regulated by one thing only; the highest possible amount of money that can be obtained for the article. There were two sabzi walla(s), father and son, who came regularly to our house after we had left the boarding house and were keeping house. They were Christians, at least while they were dealing with Christians. Some of these traders followed the teachings of Paul: "Be all things to all men." They were always saying that their price was as low, if not lower, than the average price in the bazaar. One time we checked on them and found that they had overcharged for onions. Being brought face to face with it, they replied that they would cheat a little but they wouldn't cheat much. My private opinion was, and still is, that the only restraining factor was the limit to which their customers could be influenced to go. But, as they were very polite and would usually add, after any statement concerning price or quality, "You know we would not lie," and would grin in a most bewitching way. We continued to patronize them, not only while they continued to come around, but also later, when they set up a stall in the bazaar. At least they were pleasant rogues and the same could not be said of all, especially, after food became exceedingly hard to get.

Mrs. Woolsey soon learned to look over each tomato, lest the "poochies" had taken their abode therein, to pick up the beans and break them to see if they were tough, to pry into any bunch of vegetables to see what may have been included, to feel, smell, and turn each article over and over, to see if it was edible, to count carefully, if she was buying by the dozen, and to watch the scales with an eagle eye, if she was buying by the pound. She soon discovered that the least let up in vigilence was made at the price of spoiled food, short weight and unfair charges.

Nothing gives such a spice to life here in India as one's dealings with these hawkers, tradesmen, etc. However, nothing is more disgusting and more aggravating at times, than these people. But often, one is able to make contacts with and through them, that opens the way to a greater service.

It would be almost criminal to fail to make mention of the lakri walla(s) or wood carriers. Here in India, although in many sections wood forests and jungles are full of dead and dying trees, limbs and branches, the law (following the European pattern) prohibits a person from cutting his own dead trees without a government permit. Not only must a person have a permit to cut wood but he also must have a license to sell it. Although some wood dealers have mules on which they carry their wood, by far the most of them carry the wood on their backs. One maund of wood, 82 lbs., sells for from two to five rupees. During the communal disturbances, when wood was very hard to get, it sold for as high as twelve rupees a load. The average during the summer of 1947, at Landour, was three rupees a load. No hotel or boarding house furnishes a fire. There is usually a fireplace or grate in your room and if you want a fire, you can buy the wood. One morning in July, a woodcarrier came to my door at the boarding house with a load of wood on his back. As it was the rainy season and rather cool at times, we had been wanting some wood. The asking price was six rupees, the selling price three and a half rupees, and then I gave a buckshee of eight annas. The wood was dead but not dry, punky, but not solid, unfit for any use but burning and entirely unfit for that. It would melt away if sufficient time was given, but burn, it would not. We were much more fortunate with the next wood we bought. I bought some twenty-eight or thirty maunds of good solid half-dead and fully dry wood at two rupees per maund.

One's education concerning these vendors, hawkers, peddlers and tradesmen, is never completed. When he thinks that he has learned some of the tricks of the trade, he is proven to be a novice indeed. In America, we have the saying, "Seeing is believing." It will most certainly not hold water here. Of course, everywhere, but in the mountains and hills, wood is usually hauled in ox carts and lorries, or trucks.

CHAPTER X

Traveling Experiences

This is the land of the oldest, best, the latest, and the worst. I am sure that in India one can find every mode of traveling that was familiar to Abraham and the patriarchs, and every way that has been known to the succeeding generations. The animals used for traveling include asses, mules, horses, ponies, camels, oxen, buffaloes, yaks, elephants, etc.

In one short year, one cannot expect to see all the vehicles and things used for the transportation of people and things. Those we have seen, (we have ridden in many of these), are: the sedan chair, the dandy, the kundee, the rickshaw, the tonga, ghora ghari (horse cart), the bullock cart, ekka, the phaeton, larhu, the thela, the bike rickshaw, the motor car, the lorry, the bicycle, the motorcycle, the motor bike, the chariuter, the tram or streetcar, buses and trucks. India is not only a peninsula but has hundreds of rivers. It is natural that many of the people should spend much of their time on the water. Others find it a cheap and pleasant means of traveling. To describe all of the various kinds and types of vessels used on the water is too great a task, but one will find all kinds of ships, steamers, cargo boats, sailboats, motorboats, flatboats, houseboats, crude rafts, shell boats, sampans, etc.

Ever since I can remember, I have been putting my foot in hot water and causing self-embarrassment and mortification as well as looking crazy. But never, in my born days, have I felt so mortified as I did when I made my first, and I trust my last, trip in a dandy. The dandy is on the order of the sedan chair. It is a chair fastened to the middle of a long pole with a breast yoke across each end. It is usually carried by four men. The dandy itself is a load for two. In July, 1947, we traveled from Kotagiri in South India to Mussoorie and its suburb, Landour, in the United Provinces of North India, in the foothills of the Himalayas. We reached Mussoorie on the fifth day of constant traveling, the first twenty-two or three miles were made by bus. The twenty-three miles from Dehra Dun to Ken Craig, the end of the motor road, were also made by bus over the route known as the circular road. The last three or four miles were covered in a dandy. It had been five days and nights since we had

slept in a proper bed or sat at a table. Naturally, we were tired, dirty and hungry. In Dehra Dunn, we met I. C. Das, a teacher at the language school and, who later became one of our tutors or "pandits." He advised us against trying to walk up the mountain to our boarding house as the sudden change in altitude and temperature in our worn-out condition would likely prove too much for us. We, therefore, permitted ourselves to be persuaded to hire a dandy each. Four miles are not to be laughed at on level ground, but in the mountains it is something else. I was reared at the foot of the Unaka Mountains in East Tennessee, and had climbed over the mountains from my earliest boyhood. However, I never became able to judge distances in mountains; it always seemed twice as far as it really was. I have had people from the city with me who would declare that one fourth of a mile was five or six miles. The path from Ken Craig to Upper Landour is upgrade every step of the way; at places, the incline is unusually steep. Having started our four trunks, three suitcases and a bedding roll up the mountain on the back of coolies, we stepped gently into our waiting "limousine." With a heave, a ho, and a jolt, we were lifted to the shoulders of our human steeds and were off. I, a mountain "hiker" and fairly strong specimen of the human family, had permitted four fellowmen to hoist me to their shoulders and take off, right up the mountainside. Mrs. Woolsey also had always been exceptionally strong and had done her share of walking. At last I gained the courage to look at her out of the corner of my eye, but her head was down and her eyes fixed steadily on her hands. She finally looked up and gave me a sickly grin. I stood it, or rather sat, until we had covered about a quarter of a mile then, while the dandy was on the ground during a rest period, I hopped out and thereby regained part of my lost manhood. At first my carriers tried to ge me back into the contraption, but on my assuring them that their pay would be just as much, I was rather grudgingly permitted to walk along with them. They seemed to think that they would lose caste if their fare was seen walking. As soon as we came near the lower or "Big Bazaar," I had to crawl back into my prison, as the dandy men did not dare walk through the bazaar with their passenger walking for fear that the people would think that they were not able to carry their burden. Three different times I was permitted to walk for a spell. Mem-sahib, (Mrs. Woolsey), of course had to remain in captivity until our destination was reached. We both agreed that we had had "two rides in one," our first and last. Of course, there are many old, many sick, and many weak persons that must use a dandy. No dandy carrier has any prospect for a long life; at the best, his earning years are

few. However, to patronize him is to help him make an honest living. There are many who will not try to do that. Almost every house in Upper Landour has a dandy. There was one at Hamilton House, which we rented for the fall and winter of 1947-48, but we never had any desire to use it. Many people, particularly young Indian men, ride around in the dandy for the mere pleasure it gives them. This is a sad comment on the human family.

In the big bazaar of Mussoorie proper, there are rickshaws. Since Mussoorie is a resort town, not only for missionaries and European businessmen and for officials, but is also the favorite summer home of many rich Indians and government workers, the rickshaws here are the best, and the most ornamental that we have seen in India. They are similar to the better looking buggies of fifty years ago in America. They have shafts but only human steeds are ever between them. Although they are made for two, I have seen an entire family being pulled and pushed up the steep hills of Mussoorie. In other towns and cities there are the single rickshaws. In the north all the rickshaws have solid rubber tires, but many of those in the south have the iron tires similar to our wagon tires,—also, the same type of wheels are used. In few places of South India, the rickshaws have been outlawed by law. So far, there is nothing to take their place in the hill stations. Even in the south, rickshaws are to be seen in nine cases out of ten. Indeed, the rickshaw man's lot is a hard one but not more so than those in hundreds of other different jobs. These jobs should be abolished as soon as suitable employment can be found elsewhere. Also, in many places, due to the lack of suitable roads and other things, there are no other types of conveyance. However, there is but little doubt that in the old caste idea the members of the upper castes are to be cared for and handled as the most delicate and precious substance by the members of the lower and out castes. This is partly responsible for these jobs and conditions. Christian teachings concerning love for one's fellow man and that God is no respecter of persons, and that all should work, and bear their own burdens, have done, and are doing, much to change the thinking and the economical and social systems of the country. Of course, the movement is not strictly a Christian one, but we believe that such teachings are the parents of these movements. Thousands of Hindus, Mohammedans, Sikhs and others have been educated in Christian colleges and universities, as well as in the grammar and high schools. Until recent years, Christian institutions have carried on a great part of the higher education of the country.

The rickshaw bikes are to be found in many cities and towns of

India. They are single and double rickshaws fastened to and towed by bicycles. On level and paved streets, they travel at a good rate. The next to the last day of the year, 1947, found us in Madras on our way to Kotagiri for the second time. We had received an urgent telegram from Sister Barnard of our Kotagiri work asking us to come south if possible. After some hesitation, due primarily to the unsettled conditions, we decided to make the trip. Having to spend a day in Madras and being urged time and time again by the boys with the rickshaw bikes to take a ride, we decided to do so. Although we had spent two days in Madras some months previously, and had seen a great deal of the third largest city of India, we had not been in the principal Indian bazaar, nor had we seen the famous Hindu temples of the city. We climbed in and were off for a tour of the sites that were not too far away. Unlike most of the rickshaws in the south, these had rubber tires and the riding could not have been easier. Our only discomfort came from fears aroused by the methods our boys used in dodging traffic and usurping the right-of-way held by others. They reminded us of taxi drivers in the states. Although it was almost mid-winter and had been real cool in Landour, we found it very warm, in the nineties, in Madras. By the time we arrived back at the station, our drivers had worked up a healthy sweat.

A goodly percent of the archeitecture, art, and sculpture of any country is based on religion and religious concepts. However, in India there is little of either, apart from those things having to do with the worship of the people. Our own country is dotted with churches from one end to another. But the temples of India outnumber the churches of America ten to one. We find the large, beautiful, and costly cathedrals in the large cities and the little plain white churches in the rural areas in the U. S. In the mountain sections, I have often preached in log churches made from hewn logs, in churches boxed up with slabs and once in a mud-daubed log church with no floor. Here, we find a great variety of temples, ranging from those costing millions, to the little isolated temple on a solitary hill that covers only a few feet of ground. One of the largest and most costly Hindu temples in all of India is in Madras. As we passed it, I had our drivers to slow down. It was built in the storied fashion, one story after the other. There were literally thousands upon thousands of images and reproductions of their religious scenes all over the outside. In fact, there was hardly a vacant place on the entire outside of the temple. I would not dare make an estimation of the cost of the temple, but I dare say that it was more than the united income of millions of poor Indians during

their entire lifetime. Some will deny that idolatry, superstition and ignorance, plays a part in the religions of the east; but all one needs to be convinced is a sight of one of these temples. We passed several other temples and sights on the way back to the station.

People that are used to the modern, up-to-date, luxuriously seated, air-conditioned, drawing room on wheel buses of the Greyhound, and other famous lines in America, would no doubt "be taken back" by the sight of the buses in India. I have yet to ride in a bus here with glass windows. They are opened half way down the sides, there are curtains, sometimes, that can be put up in the case of rain. This is not as difficult as it seems for if it is during the rainy season, it is quite likely to be raining or going to rain. If it is at any other time there is not much likelihood of rain. The buses here usually consist of used army trucks or lorries with custom built beds on them. Neither the chassis nor the bodies could be expected to long endure the weight of the hordes clamoring to ride them each trip, or many of the so-called roads over which many buses must travel. After my first trip in one of these buses, I expressed the opinion that Mrs. Woolsey would never be able to ride in one. In the States, buses had been our pet hate. At the most, forty or fifty miles in one would make her sick, a thing that autos and trains never did. A few miles over mountain roads in a bus demanded an emergency stop. However, she is able to ride these excuses for buses without trouble. She claims that is due to the fresh air. There is plenty of air but the fresh part might be open to a debate. Most of our bus rides have been in the hills and mountains. It is not at all unusual for the bus driver to suddenly stop and back up in order to make a short curve. This usually happens several times on each trip. All Indians are great talkers on one and every occasion and upon any and all subjects. Many of them talk English, but if they do not and do not care to talk to some other passenger, they will talk to you regardless of the fact that you are not understanding a word. And as they usually talk with their hands, arms and entire bodies, matters are rather complicated if they are sitting by you.

One thing cannot be explained but it most certainly can be experienced. In India, there must be from one to a dozen offices for every business or semi-business. The shop is not judged by the amount of its business but by the number of its offices and by the number of people staying, not necessarily working, in them.

The bus offices are no exception. Many times, there is a booking office (that doesn't book). A ticket office, (usually the fare is collected on the road), a complaint office, a reception office and several sub stations' offices, even in a small place. One day, you

must have booked a seat the previous day, or you don't get a seat. The next day, they are not booking at all, but you must take your chances at the time for the bus to depart. One day, you may purchase your ticket a week ahead, the next day the office will not sell a ticket for a bus that is leaving in a few minutes. Now you must catch the bus at the stop in the bazaar, tomorrow, you will probably have to go to the main station the following day, you may be able to catch it at the post office. How does one know where and when to go and what to do? That is the point; he does not know. What is the reason? That is what cannot be explained, but it most certainly can be experienced at the most inopportune times; on the other hand, you will always find the officials friendly, polite and very courteous. Almost without exception, I have been given a choice seat and treated with the utmost cordiality.

The streetcars, or city trams, are built on the British and European style, but they are operated and rode on the Indian style. The buses, the trams and even the streetcars are first, second, or third class. There are many streetcars and trams that are all three together, the "first floor" is first class, the second, second class, and the third, third class. There are laws concerning the numbers of persons who can ride in a given bus. The laws were never too strictly enforced and here of late the sky is the limit. They are crowded and packed in like sardines and even the top is sometimes covered with people. Many of the buses and trams are worn out. Each day, many must be discarded. As replacements are not always available, it means that those remaining must carry heavier loads than ever with the results that they will soon have to be discarded also. Every bus, every streetcar, tram and lorry have, of late, been carrying the national flag, but recently the leaders have started a movement to educate the people in regard to the proper use and care of the flag.

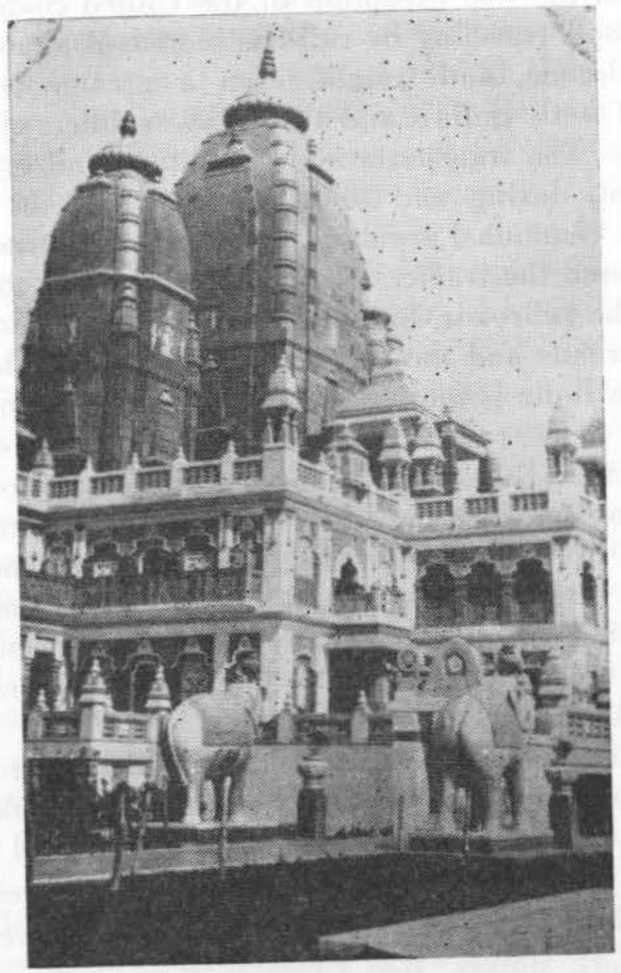
In some parts of India, the rickshaws and the tongas, horse drawn taxis, outnumber the motor taxis ten to one. In fact, in some places there are few, if any, motor taxis. Even in the largest and most progressive of the cities of India, there are more tongas than cars used to transport the public if you exclude the trams and streetcars. These tongas are covered carts on two wheels and will carry from four to eight people, and are drawn by a single horse each. The fares of the taxis in the larger cities are regulated by law, (sometimes). But the public is usually left to make the best possible bargain with the tonga driver. It usually proves to be a bargain for him. We rode in our first tonga the day that we disembarked from our ship. When you want a tonga, step out in the street and beckon to one driver and you will have from four to a dozen, all demanding

that you give your trade to them. However, if your first man has a good pair of lungs, he will outyell the others and you will be off for your ride. Nothing important happened on our first tonga ride in India besides the fact that it helped to introduce the country to us, and us to a small part of the country.

Many have been the times that I have helped to celebrate the fourth of July, but never before did we celebrate it just the way that we did in 1947. We left Kotagiri for Mussoorie July 1, with our second class tickets and we thought with reservations, also, with ample cash for the trip. It is never wise to travel with too much cash. When we reached Madras, we found, due to error, that we had no reservations from there to Delhi and would not be able to get them for eight days. As it was only a few days until the Landour language school was scheduled to reopen after the mid-summer holidays, we could not delay. Therefore, we were forced to go first class, for which we had to pay double the second class fare. When we reached Delhi, we were still some two hundred and fifty miles from Mussoorie and would have to hire all our things carried up on the backs of coolies from the end of the bus stop. The unexpected expenditure had left me with little cash. As we had to spend most of the day in the city waiting for our train, we decided to see if we could cash a check. I had both my check book and deposit slip and my passport for identification. To our surprise, the banks were closed,—a holiday. On our asking the occasion for the holiday, they replied that it was the "Fourth of July, American Independence Day." They have literally scores of holidays and festivals of their own, but they could not afford to overlook one of a friendly country. We had hired the tonga to take us to the bank, which was not very far from the rail station in Old Delhi. We decided to try the American Embassy which was several miles away, in New Delhi. The temperature was around a hundred and five. The poor horse soon became wet with sweat. We wound our way through bazaar after bazaar and at last reached New Delhi, a most beautiful, well-planned and, for India, comparative clean city. The buildings are well built and imposing. The driver did not know the exact location of the American Embassy and my brand of English was not understandable to everyone. However, at last, we found our place to learn that as it was July 4, the last man had just left. I could think of one more place to try. The American Navy Attache Headquarters. By this time, the poor horse was almost past going and we were on fire, almost. After roaming around that entire part of the city, we found the place and, although the offices were closed, we located a major who was kind enough to cash our check and we

were ready for the long, hot trip back to the station. Somewhat to our surprise, the driver, the horse, the tonga and both Mrs. Woolsey and I survived the ordeal. We celebrated by having a good fourth of July dinner at the Spencer restaurant before taking our train for Dehra Dun. We had enough of the Tonga to do us for many a day, also, plenty of Delhi's well-known heat. I can honestly say that I was hotter that day than I have ever been before or since.

NOTE: Since this was written we have both seen and ridden in modern up-to-date buses, modern for India, and have seen much hotter weather.



A Hindu Temple

CHAPTER XI

Incidents on Trains

TEN YEARS AGO, India's railway networks were far beyond those of any other Asiatic country both in mileage and in efficient service rendered. During the last decade, World War II and the economical and political condition of both India and the world in general have permitted few replacements and almost no expansion. However, the other countries of Asia and the entire world are much in the same condition, with the sole exception of the United States. Again, the number of people traveling by rail has increased almost 500 percent in the past decade, and freight, even a greater percent. Troop movements of both India's and the Allies' soldiers during the war were constant. The transportation of military and civilian supplies and equipment, during and since the war, and the relocation of refugees from communal troubles along with the evacuation of the British, increased the traffic. All these, in addition to the ordinary demands on the railroads, have created a strain on both the rolling stocks of the roads and the services rendered the public.

Traveling in India is more difficult today than at any time during the late war. Some routes have been discontinued, on others, the number of trains have been reduced, while due to the political situation, trains and cars have been added on some routes. Due to the condition of the rolling stock, the political tension in some places and the crowded trains on all routes, most trains are running constantly behind schedule and many times they are unable to make connections. In the last few months, journeys that once took days, now take weeks.

Shortly after Independence Day, the communal troubles, which were later to involve more than twelve millions of people directly and four times as many more indirectly, broke out in all their fury in Pakistan and North India. Priority of the refugees, the troops needed to quell disturbances and keep peace, and the welfare workers including doctors, nurses, Red Cross workers and social workers, to the services of the railways made it very difficult for civilians to obtain accommodation or transportation on trains.

This trouble came at the time that the missionaries should be returning to their stations on the plains from the various hill

stations, where they had gone to escape the tremendous heat that few white people can endure without a physical breakdown. In Landour and Mussoorie, at this time, there were probably two hundred and fifty missionaries attending the language school. Some three or four hundred Protestants were on their vacation, besides, possibly, two hundred Roman Catholic missionaries. Altogether there were eight hundred to a thousand missionaries and hundreds of other whites, who were on their vacation, not to say anything about thousands of Indians. Most of these people were anxious to get to their homes and stations and work on the plains. For more than three weeks, the curfew was in force in Mussoorie and Landour, only being lifted long enough for people to buy food, if they were fortunate enough to find any. In order to get to the bus station, one had to get a military guard. Coolies were almost impossible to get. Their price for a trunk was seven and eight rupees, where they had carried them a week or so before, for one rupee. Many missionaries hired coolies at this tremendous rate and made the four-mile trip only to find that the bus operators had cancelled all trips. An acquaintance made his seventh trip down before he finally got away. One group, consisting of fourteen missionaries, were stranded at a railroad station not far from Mussoorie, for ten days. The restaurants could obtain no food and therefore, were not operating. However, the manager of the station's restaurant, turned over the facilities of the place, and they were able to secure potatoes; this was their main food for the ten days. A group, including some friends we had known in America, made a two days' trip to their station in Pakistan, in six days, after they had been forced to postpone their departure five times. The horrors that met their eyes and were told us, does not need to be reduced to writing. One lady told me that on the top, the outside, of one refugee train, the official estimation was more than a thousand people.

We were not on the road during this time when the trouble was at its worst but we heard many tales of horror. Even during the last week of December, when we left for South India, the rail stations were very congested and isolated cases of violence and numerous incidents of theft and robbery were being reported, while we were sitting in one compartment at Lucknow, we talked with an Anglo Indian, who told us about seeing a lady friend, also an Anglo Indian, to her first class compartment only to be notified the next day that her dead body had been found on the side of the tracks. We talked with both missionaries and Indians who had had baggage and other belongings stolen from them. We reached Dehra Dun, where we were to board the train, some hours before our

train was due. The station was not badly crowded until near train time, when they began pouring through the station by the hundreds. In the first place, the train was two hours late, and in the second place, our five persons, second class compartment had seventeen people in it for awhile. We had waited for a couple of weeks to get our reservations. Here, your names are placed on the outside of the compartment reserved for you. I had learned by sad experience, that reservation or no reservation, that if you wanted a berth, you must be ready to climb into your compartment as soon as the train comes into the station, regardless of the time it may leave. I had my coolies engaged for some time before the train came. By that time the mob had gone half-mad, crowding and pushing and running up and down the tracks. We found our compartment and although only three other names were listed with ours on the register, people were already pouring into it. I managed to push my way in, and taking as good a position as possible, stood ready to receive my baggage, as it was thrown to me. Usually, the coolies will not only arrange the baggage in the compartment, but see that you are comfortably fixed. However, we were taking no chances that night. I finally succeeded in getting Mrs. Woolsey into the train. The baggage that we seventeen people had, was enough to fairly well fill our compartment, if there had not been a single person in it. The inmates, excluding us, consisted of three families and their children and servants. They were all the people of the middle class. In addition to the three families, there was a soldier boy. One of our companions was a Sikh of both education and culture, who had been forced to leave his home in Pakistan. At our first stop, he saw that only those for whom the compartment had been reserved, remained, along with those belonging to them. That left seven grownups and two children. But, as the two servants slept on the floor and the two children with their parents, Mrs. Woolsey and I had our berths. We thought it was still crowded, as it truly was, but we had oceans and oceans of room compared with what we had during the rest of the journey to Madras.

This Sikh family was composed of the husband, wife, the two children and the two servants. He spoke perfect English and had all appearance of a man of importance and influence. I have not seen a more ideal family in America, India, or elsewhere. The two little girls must have been near the ages of three and five. They obeyed the slightest nod of either parents; at the same time, showing the utmost love, affection and devotion for them. The parents' love and interest in the children were noticeable at every turn. Between

the parents, to two servants, a man and a woman, and their own good manners, the two little girls were kept as clean as could be and as neat as a pin. This was accomplished on a dirty Indian train. The wife bore the same relationship to the husband that the children bore to the parents. The servants showed the uttermost respect and love to and for the entire family. However, it was most apparent that the husband, father and master was not in the habit of speaking twice. I have never felt safer in my life, although the Sikh apparently wore his kirpan, or sword-like knife, that is carried by all Sikhs and no doubt would have used it at a moment's notice. At every station, all during the night, people would knock at the doors and windows demanding entrance. After so long, the Sikh would first tell them in English that the compartment was full and to go away. He would repeat it in Hindi or Urdu. One group was particularly insistent and when they continued to pound at the doors and windows, after they had repeatedly been told that there was no room, our fellow traveler raised up from his bunk, reached behind for his weapon and said in a loud voice in English, "I will make them stop." I have no doubt but that he meant exactly what he said. Those on the outside wanting in must have had the uttermost faith in his ability and willingness to carry out his threat for they ceased their importunities and departed to a less dangerous territory.

Taken as a whole, the Sikhs are among the cleanest, the healthiest, the strongest, and bravest in India. It could also be added that when once aroused, they can be the most determined enemies, the most ruthless and implacable of all the races of India. The original home of the Sikhs was in Western Punjab, now part of Pakistan. It was here and across the border in India, that the communal troubles first broke out in all their fury. Today, many of this war-like race are a people without a country. As they have always proved to be a thrifty, progressive folk, it will be a happy day for India when the last member of this race has been relocated.

One of our most interesting experiences in India was that of watching this Sikh family dress and fix their hair. Men, women, boys and girls, among the Sikhs are very proud and most careful of their hair, which is always worn long and is usually a glossy black. The men keep their hair wrapped into a roll or knot on the top of their head, and always wear a turban around their heads. A small Sikh child, even up to eleven years might well be either boy or girl, as far as hair and clothes go. The men also grow heavy beards and moustaches. Talk about women in the United States taking time and pains with their hair, I just dare any American woman to take either more time or to be more careful

with her hair than did our Sikh friend the next morning. He groomed his hair and beard for at least one solid hour. His hair reached well below his waist, our grandmothers would have, indeed, been proud of such hair. He combed and he recombed, he rubbed and he rerubbed; he finally oiled it. Now, he was ready to begin on his beard and moustache. He rubbed, combed, twisted, twirled and oiled, until I wondered just how much more he could stand. Then began the task of putting on his turban. First, went the cloth around his head and under his chin, then he wound the turban around his head. He had faithfully learned the rule, "If you don't succeed, try, try, again." Although I am satisfied that he was a master hand at the business of winding a turban around his head, he had done and redone the job several times before he was at last satisfied that it could not be improved, and called it a day. His wife and woman servant went through much the same process with "Mrs. Sikh" and the children's hair. Care of their hair and of their beards is a most important religious obligation with all Sikh men.

Although we had wired to Lucknow some days before, we found that we had no reservations from there to Jhansi. Added to that fact, the train was already at the station ready to pull out and was across a switch yard on another track that had to be reached by going over a long arched bridge or through a tunnel. As I was getting desperate, I voted for the tunnel, as it was much shorter. We soon learned that it was no way for Mrs. Woolsey to travel but it was then too late to retrace, and we made the best of a bad mess. As was to be expected, the train was full to overflowing, but we were fortunate to find an English gentleman and two or three Anglo Indians holding a compartment for an English family, who were leaving for England after not only years, but probably generations in India. They were more than anxious for us to enter their compartment as it was daytime and people would be swarming in at every stop. We were asked to spread our luggage about and take up as much room as possible. It was a very small compartment, about 8 x 7 feet, but at one time, during the day, there were twenty-one persons in it, and oodles and oodles of baggage. Just as the train started, a group of English, Anglo Indian and Indian people flocked to the compartment to say goodbye to their friends and no doubt, relatives. Tears were in the eyes of these British, who had been taught from their youth to never show any sign of emotion in public, especially, in the presence of strangers. They were leaving their real home. England will never seem as much like home to Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, as the place they left in India. However, it will not be so with their two children, a little spoilt boy, who had his poor

mother worn to a frazzle long before the first day of their long journey was over, and who must have been four years of age, and his older sister of some nine or ten summers. A few miles out of Lucknow, we passed the compound which, in all probability, had been the home of their ancestors for generations. All the servants, friends and acquaintances that were not able to see them off at the station were lined up by the side of the tracks in front of the compound. Again, I saw a well-bred gentleman and his equally well-bred wife fight to keep the tears that were so prominent in their eyes from rolling down their cheeks. I had never seen the family before, and I will never, in all probability, see them again. But as they bid their friends goodbye, and enjoined the young Anglo Indian boys to attend to their private devotions, and not to forget the need of the church, and as they waved at those by the side of the tracks, I turned my own head, for tears, ready to break over the dam, were in abundance in my eyes. The Kellys were not missionaries, but were the better type of Christian civilians of British nationality in India. Their talk with the Indians, who were in our compartment, was natural and without that superior quality that too often mars the relations of the two peoples.

One old Hindu gentleman, who was in the compartment for a few miles, bowed his head, cupped his hands and prayed to Mother Ganges as we crossed that river. We arrived at Jhansi at about 5:00 p.m. and was to leave for Madras at 1:00 a.m.

Two bits of very interesting news awaited us there. First, we had no reservations and it was doubtful if we would be able to find room as all the trains coming out of Delhi were crowded and that the compartments would be closed and locked at night. The second was like unto the first, namely, that the train was three hours late. The lateness steadily increased until it was seven and a half hours late. Although we had been forewarned and had accordingly brought our food with us from Mussoorie, we had eaten five cold meals straight. Therefore, having ample time, even for the most formal and sumptuous banquet, we decided to eat a good hot meal at the station's restaurant. In all larger stations throughout India, one will find the Spence's restaurants, which are a chain of British restaurants of the highest type. We were hardly seated at a table when a grinning waiter, there are few waitresses in India, came around. Upon our inquiring if he had anything to eat, (one does not ask what they have to eat in India in these days) he was very quick with his reply, "eggs." Now, although I am very fond of eggs I cannot eat one under any circumstances without dire results. When I asked him what else they had, he looked at me as though I

had completely lost my senses. I then asked about toast. The government's regulations forbade the serving of only bread. Mrs. Woolsey took two eggs and toast with coffee, I took coffee with nothing. By this time we were ready to lay down our beds. Here, everyone carries his bedding and bed covers with him. A boarding house may furnish some type of bed, but you are expected to have sheets, pillows, etc. We found the waiting rooms full to overflowing. Mrs. Woolsey reported that every bench, chair, floor space and even the dining table were occupied with sleepers in the ladies' room. Some time before I had made friends with the overseer of the men's waiting room by giving him a few annas. He now dug out two large reclining chairs that he had hidden away and brought them outside. We got our blankets and made it just fine outside of the station. Although this was in the plains and it had been plenty warm during the day, even though it was the last of December, the nights were extremely cool. A drop of thirty to forty degrees in the temperature is not at all uncommon within a twenty-four hour period. Often, a difference of fifty degrees, or even more, has been registered. The train was reported finally to be due at seven a.m. In order to be there in time to try and secure room in the compartment for the next two days and nights, we got two coolies, our baggage and went out to the track where our train would come. It arrived at eight thirty, full to the brim. Later, as we left the station, we saw some people still running up and down the tracks trying to find a place where they could only stand. Among them were some Europeans or Americans. We had the foresight to have previously engaged the good offices of the train inspector and the two guards. They finally found a compartment where the inmates had only signed up for three of the four berths. Over the protest of at least two of the three adults who occupied the compartment, we were installed. The two that opposed our entrance were reserving whatever space that there was supposed to be for some friends, but they were not registered. No sooner had we got settled than here came a gentleman and two women who were going to attend the All Women's Conference of India at Madras. The first conference of its kind in Free India. On seeing the crowded condition of the compartment, they went off for better pickings. But, as there were absolutely no pickings of any kind, the women came back and the man elected to stay at the station. The two ladies were of the Indian middle class and were very agreeable, after they once survived their "huff." One of the occupants was a fine gentleman from Bangalore. The least said about the others, the best mended. Although the man had a good job, and seemingly had plenty of money, their children were as far

from clean as it could possibly be. They were sprawled all over the little bunk space that there was, and their children roamed, messed and nauseated others at will. To be charitable, one must own that there was no lack of will. The Bangalore gentleman stood it for a while, and then gave orders for them to pile up their luggage, rearrange their selves, and make room for the rest of us. These people were friends of one of the two ladies, but I must say, that they had little in common. For some time I managed on some baggage on the floor, but my stomach, my back, my mind and, in fact, my entire being, urged me to immediately rise above the situation. This I did by crawling up among and amidst the different packages on one of the upper berths. Here I remained for the remainder of our stay in "The Black Hole." Mrs. Woolsey reduced our food bill considerably. Having risen above the situation I managed to store away a considerable amount of food. For the bigger part of our journey in this train, there was little, if any, water in the bathroom. If the compartment was a mess, the bathroom was a dozen grand messes—enough said.

The man from Bangalore kept on until the water system was fixed, after a fashion, and we took turns getting someone to clean the room and bathroom. This was one of the smallest compartments I have ever ridden in, even on an Indian train. Mrs. Woolsey finally found solace in a book, "The Six Days," by Henry Van Dyke, the author of "The Other Wiseman," and other books of a religious nature. The "Six Week Days" is a most fundamental and Christian work, dealing with the everyday needs of the Christian and how the teachings of Christ meet these needs. Our friend was not a Christian, but he saw me reading my Bible and asked me if I was acquainted with the book. As he did not give the name of the author, I did not at first recognize it. However, as soon as he pulled it out of his suitcase, I remembered it as one of the outstanding religious devotional books that I had read and enjoyed in the past. He said that this was the only book that he always carried with him and that he had read it many times. Our prayer is, that even yet, it may be the cause of bringing him to the saving knowledge of God which is in Jesus Christ the Lord. There are thousands upon thousands in this land who are not only friendly to and in sympathy with Christianity, but are also intellectual believers, but have not experienced the "New Birth." Sad to say, this can also be said about thousands who are known as Christians. However, this most certainly is not a condition confined to India, but is prevalent throughout the world and is eating the heart out of the spiritual life of the church.

We arrived in Madras, 4:30 a.m., on the morning of December 30, about nine or ten hours late. We had missed our connections to Kotagiri by more than eight hours. We had left Mussoorie on Christmas morning. Physically and mentally exhausted as we were on arriving in Madras, it seemed as if we just could not go on. Great is the care of our God for His children. We remained in the general waiting rooms for the second and first class passengers for a couple of hours. My sister had sent us twenty-five dollars as a Christmas present, with strict instructions to use it for our own personal "extra" needs. In accordance with these instructions, I changed our second-class tickets to ones for a private first-class compartment on the eight o'clock train that evening which would reach the nearest rail station to Kotagiri about nine the next morning. We also transferred our baggage and selves to the secluded first class waiting rooms on the second floor, away from the general traffic of the station. After a good bath and changing into clean clothes, we sat down to the first real meal for more than four days. The food, the dining room, the service and all, were most excellent. We spent the morning resting, reading and silently praising our God. After lunch and another short rest, we toured the large native bazaar and places of interest in two bike-rickshaws. We fully enjoyed every moment of it. After returning from the tour, we were walking around and stumbled onto the annual fair and exposition of the Madras Province. We looked through some of the booths which reminded us very much of the fairs back home. We also visited some that were just as interesting, if not more so, that were most assuredly not similar to the booths at home. We saw some Indian magicians and fortune tellers which we shall describe later. The crowning sight of the fair was the handicap races in the public stadium, which is on the grounds where the fair was held. This is the best stadium that I have seen in India or America.

There were old men's races, sack races, bullock cart races, bicycle races, obstacle races, relay races, etc. It did our hearts good to see old and young, Indians, Moslems, British, Anglo Indians, and members of many other different races and groups engaged together in the best kind of fun and good will. We were just from a place where hatred, mistrust and race and religious prejudices had caused untold number of deaths, unknown amount of property destroyed and had generated differences and raised barriers against good fellowship that will endure for years. Having eaten one of the best meals of our entire stay in India with our first ice cream in India, we boarded the train for Kotagiri.

CHAPTER XII

Other Train Experiences

We spent thirty days of our first ten months in India on trains, or waiting for trains. Our traveling was done in the days just preceding and following Independence Day. Missionaries, who have spent a lifetime here, tell me that they have never found trains so congested, time tables so unreliable, waiting rooms and stations so crowded and the reaching of given destinations so uncertain, as they were during this period. We must say that most difficult situations were well handled by the authorities and the members of the military. When we decamped from the train at Old Delhi in the early part of 1948, soldiers, three deep, were lined up on the platform and the entire large station was well patrolled. Although there were literally thousands of refugees in and near the stations, there were not any disturbances of any kind, as far as we know, the day we spent there. The air was tense and not too savory a character followed us for a block or two and moved as Mrs. Woolsey moved her purse, or as I kept an eye on him until I turned, looked him in the eye and we deliberately crossed to the other side and retraced our steps to the station. Although we have heard numerous opinions to the contrary, we have found the members of the Indian army to be quiet and efficient.

On our first train journey in India, we, without knowing it, followed the universal custom in India, even if it is contrary to train regulations. Willie Mulli, who met us in Bombay, traveled third class. The first night out from Bombay, Willie, becoming disgusted with the crowded conditions, odors, etc., of his compartment, slept on the top of the train, developing a severe cold. We had a compartment to ourselves, so I told him to bring his bed to our compartment the next night and sleep on the floor. This he did two different nights. Although he was not in any sense our servant, yet, he performed for us many tasks that are usually done by servants of all well-to-do Indians during a train journey, getting our water, coffee, food, looking after our baggage when we were out of our compartment, and, believe me, someone had better look after it. Along with these more menial tasks, he acted as our guide and interpreter. Since then, we have slept in several compartments (train

compartments), where there were almost as many servants sleeping on the floor as there were employers sleeping in berths. All trains have servants' compartments between or near the compartments of the two upper classes. However, for many reasons, many travelers want their servants in the compartment with them. Few Indians, in medium or better circumstances, ever travel far without a retinue of employees or servants. On one of our trips between Madras and Landour, we shared a second class compartment with a middle class Hindu, his wife and two small children. From all appearances he was secretary to an important looking gentleman in the first class compartment adjoining ours. It seemed as if they were connected with the government at New Delhi, the capital of India. The next compartment was a servants' compartment. In it, there was a young man who appeared to be above the servant class but just below that of a full-fledged secretary, who attended the gentleman who was traveling in the same compartment with us. In addition, our fellow traveler had two other servants, one of which always slept on the floor of our compartment at night.

Throughout the east too much importance seems to have been given to the number of followers or semi-independent people that one has in his retinue. We read in Genesis that Abraham had between four and five hundred members of his household. New India is accepting the idea, that every man should be valued according to his own personal worth to society and not according to the number of followers he may or may not have. However, it will take time for this idea to be freely accepted throughout the country by all of the people. Customs of generation cannot be discarded over night. Many times we have seen a servant followed by coolies with baggage arrive at a train compartment. When the baggage had been deposited, another man would come and inspect the arrangements give a few orders and depart. He was a little higher in rank of servants. At last, the Secretary or Manager would come and see that the finishing touches were made. The compartment then was ready for the traveller himself. Many missionaries have drifted into the habit of having everything, even to the most minute details done for them by servants. In fact, missionaries employ servants by the scores. There is much, of course, that can be said for the practice, but I am of the personal opinion that it is one of the outstanding weaknesses of Missions in India. One of the popular claims of missionaries is that they have wonderful opportunities for teaching their servants. That this, to a certain extent, is true no one would doubt but the master—servant relationship is hardly the proper

vehicle for the conveying of the Gospel Message of equality before God, which we all have through and in Jesus Christ, the Lord.

During our first train trip, we became acquainted both with the brooms of India and those that wielded them. Miss Barnard had written us to be sure and bring brooms with us as they could not be had for love or for money in this land. As we had neither room nor saw the sense of carrying a common ordinary broom half way around the world, we filed this advice away for future reference. We have had ample opportunities to refer to the files. We boarded the train in Bombay at night and immediately locked our compartment, a necessary operation. At the first step the next morning, a sweeper with his broom appeared, asking if we wanted the compartment swept. Being anxious to see how it would be possible for one to sweep with the thing he held in his hand, we bade him to get to work. His broom was some twelve inches long with no handle and consisted of a small bundle of something that looked to me, very much like river weeds. These brooms and their sweepers do not disappoint one in the least; they are just as efficient or inefficient as they appear. These train sweepers are employed by the Railway to keep the trains inhabitable (?), but most of their income is derived from the tips they received from the passengers. It is seldom that a third class compartment is swept. The others are cleaned as often and as well as the tips of the various travellers warrant. Besides, the train employees, there are many sweepers at most stations who are ready to sweep, that is to give a "lick and a promise" neither is very promising, in hopes of a good "buckshee." What sweeping is done, is usually done with those whisk brooms. When we began housekeeping in Landour, I, not wishing to engage a sweeper, first swept with a stiff brush without a handle. Since that time, I have stepped up in the world and now have a proper push broom with a long cane handle. Many a missionary lady dreams at night not of the America meat roasts but of the lowly and humble broom.

Except in the deserts and during unusually long and hot dry seasons, there is usually an abundant supply of water in the numerous wells, streams, springs, and rivers. Many places have adequate water systems. However, due to the hot weather, filth, overflowing floods, germ carrying insects of all kinds and the lack of caution and the right use of disinfectants, most of the water is polluted. Indians, who have become more or less immune to it throughout the centuries, drink the water often without noticeably bad results, except in times of epidemics. Europeans and Americans cannot drink the ordinary water unless it has first been boiled without

running grave risks of diseases and even death *itself*. For the above reasons and due to the excessive heat on the plains of India throughout the entire year, drinking water is always a problem on a train journey of any distance. Before coming to India, we had been warned to never, under any circumstances, drink water that had not been boiled. For new comers, this is a mandatory obligation if they do not desire to run grave and unnecessary risks.

We arrived in India in the first of May when, in the greater part of the country, the hot season was at full blast. In the harbor at Bombay, while waiting to get our baggage ashore, we were constantly at the drinking fountain. The heat and our habit of perspiring freely made drinking water number one on our priority list, while we were in Bombay and during the train trip to Kotagiri. At every station, large or small, hundreds piled out of the train and made for the water fountain or village well that is near every station. They drank and bathed and attended to other ablutions in full view.

Food is often a problem for the new Missionary. This was particularly true in my case. Onions are used in many Indian dishes. In fact, few Indians ever prepare a meal without onions. I cannot eat anything with onions in it without becoming sick, which sickness usually lasts for days, sometimes for weeks. This, coupled with the fact that the food of even people of well to do circumstances, are not prepared under conditions that would meet the approval of western standards of health, creates an awkward situation. Many of the younger generation and those who have travelled extensively prefer both European food and to eat European style. On the other hand, many missionaries and other foreigners learn to prefer Indian food cooked in the Indian way and some even eat Indian style. Although, Indians usually eat with their hands, all those above the coolie and lower classes are cleaner in their eating than some who use forks and knives. The difference seems to be largely a matter of preference. My first Indian tea was delicious but my weak stomach failed to measure up to the demands upon it, and a soup diet for a six-week period followed with a loss of thirty pounds. My stomach and my speech are two thorns in the flesh that are always present with me. On the other hand, I fail to see how I could very well dispense with either. Contrary to the customs of American trains, Indian trains are stopping all through the day long enough for passengers to eat a good meal in the restaurants that you find in all of the better stations. However, on the other hand, there are no dining cars on the trains, that is, not usually. However, they are planning to give more and better dining services on the trains themselves.

One of the first things that a traveler from the west purchases upon arriving in India, is a bed-roll. There are few people, besides, the very poor that do not own one or more of these bed rolls. They serve as bed, as suitcase, trunk, and are the first thing to be put upon the list of things to be taken on a journey. It is surprising how many varied things one can carry in these same "carry-alls" by which name they are commonly known. Of course, pillows, sheets and blankets are among the must for a carry-all. One always takes his bedding with him, even, if he is planning to remain only over night. Books, paper, food, clothes, gifts for friends, curtains, shaving kits, medicine and first aid equipment, and goodness knows what else find their way into the all-sufficient carry-alls. Many people make long journeys with no other baggage.

When we reached the station to catch our first train in India, we were greatly surprised to see hundreds upon hundreds of these carry-alls, ready to be put aboard the train with the rest of the baggage. I honestly believe that we were the only ones that did not have one. We have remedied that lack by two new carry-alls. I seriously doubt if either of us would think of traveling without one. How we made our first trip without one has always been a mystery to us.

To our agreeable surprise, we found the waiting rooms at the stations much superior, on the whole, to the waiting rooms of similar sized towns in the Southern States of the United States. Each of the larger stations have from three to six or more waiting rooms: one for the women traveling first class, one for men with first class tickets, one for women and one for men who are traveling second class and, at least, one for those traveling third class. Also at the larger stations, there are "retiring rooms" with private baths which can be reserved ahead for a most reasonable fee. The thing that Mrs. Woolsey and I disliked most about these waiting rooms was the fact that we had to remain in separate quarters. However, I found, early in our travels that a tip would overcome any objections that the woman in charge might have to my spending a part of my time in the Women's room. Reclining chairs, benches, writing tables and dining tables are to be found in most of these rooms. We have spent several restful days in these same waiting rooms and have met some fine people and made many friends in them. These traveling acquaintances include both Indians and European business men as well as Missionaries. Once, while in a wating room in Delhi, Mrs. Woolsey made the acquaintance of a lady recently from the United States and who was on her way to Mussoorie to teach in Woodstock School. She was a Mennonite from Indiana and has a brother, who is a medical missionary here in India. As she had not

been long in India and was not use to traveling here, she remained in our company until she reached Woodstock. There had been some mistake, which happens only too often, and from Delhi to Dehra Dun, she had been booked as a Mister and given a berth in a men's compartment. Indians of the so-called better or orthodox classes will not take their wives in the same compartment with strange men without some compunction even today. It is true that there is not as much prejudice as formerly in this matter, and what is left is fast being broken down. However all trains still have women's quarters where only women can ride. On this trip from Delhi to Dehra Dun, Mrs. Woolsey and Miss Yoder were the only women in a compartment of some, seven men, besides myself. They were occupying lower berths and I an upper one. Two of the older men seemed rather upset about riding in the same compartment with women. A younger man explained that although Indian women would probably feel out of place, "European women did not mind." I then arose, introduced one of the ladies as my wife and the other as a friend. That seemed to satisfy all concerned.

If you have a first class compartment, no one will think of disturbing you by coming into your room to ride. However, they will not hesitate to do so if you are riding in a second class "den." During the day, each compartment is supposed to accommodate from two to three times as many as at night. But I have ridden with twenty-two in a four berth compartment during the day and as many as seventeen, for at least awhile, in a five-berth one at night. However, if one complains to the train inspector he will usually see that only those holding reservations for the berths be permitted to remain during the night. But as so many have tickets that were not able to get reservations and one never knows when, for one reason or another, he may be in the same boat, he hesitates to enter a complaint. Some are willing to accept standing or sitting room in a compartment to which they hold no reservation tickets; but others will, without the slightest compunction, rush to secure the berth for which you hold a reservation ticket, and as possession is nine tenths of the law in any country, you have just about lost a berth.
*Note—this is no longer true.

Once, we entered our compartment rather early and as there were no others in it at the time, we proceeded to take it easy until several men had rushed in and taken possession of all the berths. Even a fool can learn by experience. Since that first time, I have only voluntarily surrendered my berth to those whom I felt were badly in need of it, but so far I have not again been "cheated" out of my just dues.

Some of our happiest and most profitable experiences have been those that came our way traveling on Indian railways. But our greatest joy during these, sometimes tiresome and tedious, if not dangerous journeys, has been the knowledge that our Heavenly Father was watching over and protecting us, and that the Holy Spirit was with us, yea, with us, every step of the way. No way is too hard nor dangerous if it is the way of obedience. No one has fully enjoyed his or her Christian experience until he or she has been placed in situations that demand the uttermost trust and faith in the Lord Jesus. It is hard to exercise faith unless there is, to our human eyes, a definite need of faith. Those who have received the most, are those who rejoice the most. Usually, those that stand most in need of His Grace and are aware of that need are those who ask and receive. The thing that often makes a Missionary's life one of trust and faith is the absolute helplessness that is often his. Need and time for prayer are the crying needs of the Christians of today. Often the more difficult a situation the easier it becomes for a true Christian because in time of dire need he more fully realizes the folly of depending on his own strength. Happy is that Christian who always takes the Lord Jesus with him wherever he goes and whatever he does.

CHAPTER XIII

A Few Excursions

WE HAD BEEN IN KOTAGIRI only a few days, when I had occasion to go to Ootacamund, commonly known as Ooty. Ooty is some twenty-one or two miles from Kotagiri and is the seat of the Nilgiris District Government and is some thousand feet higher than Kotagiri. It is the largest of the three principle "hill stations" in the District. Kotagiri is the smallest and Conoor, although smaller than Ooty, is important from the Missionary view-point, as there are several Christian schools and Missionary Rest Homes there. My first trip to Ooty was made by bus, my first bus ride, excluding the tram rides in Bombay and Madras. We had found a taxi, sent from Kotagiri by Sister Barnard, waiting for us at Mettaplayam, upon our arrival at that station on our way to Kotagiri. Since that first trip to Ooty, I have made several trips by bus in the hills of both South and North India. But at that time I was woefully ignorant of the mountain roads, the thick jungles, the ordinary Indian bus, the average Indian bus rider and a thousand and one other things. One of the boys at the Mission House went to the head bus station to book a seat the day before but although a few days before that, no one could obtain a seat on the bus unless he was booked ahead of time, they had decided that turn about was fair play and no one was being booked but if he was at the station in time, he might get a seat. Accordingly, I "arose before times" and was fortunate enough to obtain the front seat by the side of the driver.

On this morning, there were still seats in the bus when we started. About three miles out, the bus was flagged and almost a dozen Indians came pouring out to the bus with numerous bundles and packages. I thought that "Coxey's Army" was upon us; but we were to have only one more passenger. The others were only servants helping and seeing their master off. Some six miles from Kotagiri, we passed through several tea estates. Tea is one of the principal exports of India. Most of it goes to England, that land of constant and consistent tea drinkers. When at a Boarding House, in Landour, we were domiciled with several English Missionaries. Our hostess also was English. Most of them made tea in their rooms, immediately upon arising in the morning. Tea was served at breakfast;

however, as some could not drink enough then, although goodness knows one should have been able to float a ship in the amount of tea served each morning, tea was carried to their rooms. At the ten o'clock intermission at the Language School, the same Britishers could be found around the tea table drinking as though they had not had tea for ages. Tea was again served at noon and in their rooms immediately following. There was the regular four o'clock tea that no Englishman will ever pass up and tea after prayers in their rooms before retiring. Most Missionaries learn to be avid tea drinkers before they have so-journed in India many months. I can hold my own with all comers, Indians, English, Canadians, Australians or Americans; on the other hand, Mrs. Woolsey has never developed the tea drinking habit. If you mention the fact that ice-tea is served in the United States, to the English they looked at you as though you were a dangerous refugee from some insane institution. The hotter the day, the hotter is the tea. On this first trip, I was most intrigued by the large tea plantations. Thousands, even millions of coolies are engaged on these tea estates. Many a famous English House of the present day has its origin in some of these very same estates.

We soon passed the tea estates with the hundreds of small farms in the valleys in the distance and entered the jungles. Although there are four hundred million peoples in an area less than a third as large as that of the United States, there are thousands of square miles of jungles throughout the entire country. Wild animals, such as: tigers, lions in some places, jackals, monkeys, various types of snakes large and small, and birds along with many other animals abound in the jungles. Not very long ago a tiger was seen prowling around in the jungle within the bounds of Kotagiri. On rare occasions, some wild animals will dart across the road in front of a bus or car. As yet, I have not seen any such incidents, where dangerous animals were involved but have heard of several.

The mountain road from Kotagiri to Ooty is narrow, steep and full of very sharp turns. The roads are kept in condition by coolies. They are similar to our rock roads in the States but I must say that the method of crushing the rock and spreading it on the roads is entirely different. Finding suitable rock quarries, where sufficient rock could be found without the removal of too much dirt, where the huge drilling, crushing and loading equipment could be set and that reasonably close to the roads to be rocked, were always matters of much concern and a careful search on the part of the County Road Officials back home. These questions provide no problem here. There is abundant rock on the side of the roads, the coolies, many

of them absolutely naked except "a gee string" crush the rock with their crude hammers, the rock is carried in baskets on the heads of the coolie women and placed on the road after it has been piled and measured. Often whole families including boys and girls not more than six or eight years of age are engaged in this work. Ten miles an hour is an excellent average for a bus in these hills. These hills are from five to eight and a half thousand feet above sea level. On this, my first bus trip, I was surprised when the bus stopped and the passengers began to "alight." They were simply attending to the "calls of nature." Some even turned their backs to the bus, not many, and one man actually stepped behind a tree.

Just as we entered Ooty, I saw the largest "dhobie village" that I had yet seen. A "dhoby" is the washerman. The dhobies usually live together in a "suburb" on the edge of the main town or city, near a stream. As we looked down on this village from a high hill, it looked as if acres of ground were covered with recently washed clothes. Women usually do the family's wash but many of the professional "washers" are men. Washing machines are neither used nor wanted. A stream, a pond, a river, or any other body of water, big or small, is the washing tub. The rocks large or small in and beside the "tub," are the washing boards. The grass, the ground, the roofs of the building are the clothes' line. If you want to test the durability of a garment, send it to the dhoby. If it is returned intact, it may well be considered an excellent garment. The dhoby also irons the clothes. For some time starch has been exceedingly hard to find. Sometimes a good dhoby is also a good ironer. Happy is the man who has such a dhoby.

Five times, after we reached Ooty, the driver pulled up to a bus station and stopped for passengers to alight. Each time I was informed that it wasn't the place for me to leave the bus. Ooty has a population of less than forty thousand, but many bus stations, all for the same bus lines. So do the other places, we have visited. I had brought a motor bike with me from America. Here driver's license, motor license, and registration of the vehicle are all required of the little innocent motor-bike. Having located one Government Office, I began a round of seven different offices in four buildings, only to find that I would have to bring my bike along with me. Every officer was very kind and showed me the uttermost courtesy.

Having some time before catching the bus home, I visited the bazaar. Although I had been in a few bazaars in Bombay, this was the first time that I had had the opportunity and time to really "take in" a bazaar. I am of the opinion that the business districts in our larger cities appear just as strange to people from the East as the

bazaars of the East appear to Westerners. This trip was made in the summer time, and as there are no glass show windows in the bazaars, the flies were as thick as fleas on a dog's back. The lanes through the bazaars are usually very narrow and by the time the shop keepers on both sides bring their wares a little closer to the center of the traffic, the lane, for the thousands going to and fro in the bazaar, is small indeed. Food, cooked and raw, fruit and goods of all kinds were everywhere and looked as if they were from everywhere. Again, I was a marked man as I was clearly stamped as one making his maiden trip. Therefore, at first the hawkers and merchants desired me for a victim. However, my only purchase were a few dozen bananas which I ate as I enjoyed the view and scenery. The large Government Flower Gardens and Park at Ooty are one of the show places of this section. As Ooty is the largest and the most popular, especially, among business and government classes, of all the "hill stations" in this section, it has many beautiful mansions and public buildings.

Not long after I had made the excursion to Ooty, Mrs. Woolsey went to the same city with Sister Barnard. Their visit included a call on the Todas, one of the three original tribes of the Nilgiris, who live just outside Ooty. At one time, this tribe along with the Kotas were very numerous throughout the hills of South India. Now they are very few in number. If the government, a few years—previously, had not been concerned on their behalf, in all probability, they would have been extinct by now. In most of the villages of this tribe, there are very few children as most of the women are barren. Ignorance of the primary rules of hygiene has proven almost fatal. Mrs. Woolsey found that the natural beauty of the women was far above the average of any other Indians she had seen. She could not say the same about their small huts with doors only two or three feet high.

As the people of India are among the friendliest in the world, so it is very doubtful if any other country can boast of so many places of beauty and interest. In no place in this great country, is any one far from some place noted alike for its beauty and rarity. Again, there are few if any civilizations more ancient than that of India. The ruins of great and glorious civilizations of by-gone ages are on every hand. It is indeed hard to remain long in India and to remain loyal to the scenery, wonders and the various sights of one's own country. Not far from Coonoor, which is only fourteen miles from Kotagiri, is the remains of the palace of one of the most famous kings of South India. We saw, in a distance, the great clift or

precipice from which his prisoners, war, civil and political, were thrown to their death.

We had not been in Kotagiri many weeks before, we planned our first hiking or pleasure jaunt. A Rev. and Mrs. Fisher and a Miss Marjorie Peters, a friend of Miss Barnard, invited us to join them on a trip to some place of interest quite a distance out of town. Miss Peters had spent the night at Shamrock in order to be close at hand for an early start. We were at the Bus Station, the first several miles were to be made by bus, at the appointed hour but the Fishers who had planned the trip were not to be found. The Sun usually takes about ten minutes, in the hot season, after sun up, before the zenith of its heat is felt (????) I, being the man of the party, made hasty trips from one end of the bazar to the other, from one side of the town to the other, puffing and blowing like an old fashioned steam engine as I took the hills at a run. As it happened, as it does only too often, the morning bus that we had planned to take had been removed from the route. We were returning to Shamrock when we finally located the Fishers. After a hurried consultation, it was decided to take a bus some six miles out and hike over the mountain to a noted dam and water tank that lay between two mountains and supplied two or three towns or cities. By the time we had reached our mountain, the sun was really going to town. Mrs. Fisher was past middle age, short and inclined toward stoutness. The rest of us were fair to medium hikers. Finally, the top was reached and we found ourselves at a loss to which trail to take. A three fourths naked wood cutter was applying his trade near by. Our companions asked the way in poor Tamil. (Telegu is their Indian language.) After repeating it, two or three times, he was made to understand and gave the directions in very good English. We found the tank and dam to be a wonderful feat of engineering and constructing skill. We enjoyed both the wonderful scenery and the Christian fellowship of our companions. Miss Peters was an Australian and was temporarily in charge of a large station of a Teligu Mission. She was an extremely close friend of our co-worker, Miss Barnard, and was one of the wittiest persons we have ever met. She was also a sincere Christian and had a constant and deep passion for the lost. She never skipped an opportunity to put in a good word for her Master. She has since been re-called home due to severe sickness in her family. The "Fishers" were English down one side and up three or four. Although they had both been "out" for years, they had only been married some five years—the first marriage for both, and seemingly a happy one. Mr. Fisher had the most pronounced Oxford accent that I have ever heard. At first, we could

understand each other equally well. He has been connected with Christian Mission Schools and although retired, he is a most valuable man to have in a community, particularly in a community largely made up of missionaries resting and catching up with odds and ends before going back to exacting work and terrific heat of the Plains.

Coonoor is only fourteen miles from Kotagiri and is recognized as one of the most missionary towns, in the Nilgiris. However, it was near the close of our second stay in Kotagiri before we had an opportunity to visit Coonoor. Miss Barnard was spending the last ten days of her rest period at the Brooklands Missionary Rest Home there. On the day we were to visit Coonoor, twenty minutes before bus time found us at the station. The legal capacity of the small bus we took was only sixteen besides the driver. We started with twenty eight and I was satisfied that not a single additional one could be squeezed in. That only proved that I have a lot to learn. We were not out of the little town before three more had climbed aboard. At one time there were forty in the bus, every inch of floor space was taken by sitting Indians. Contrary to sitting Americans or Europeans, an Indian will take less room sitting than standing, their legs entirely disappear and they will thus sit by the hour. For the first and only time in India, a bus load of travellers were, for the most part, quiet. Only a half-hearted grin now and then disturbed (?) the quietness.

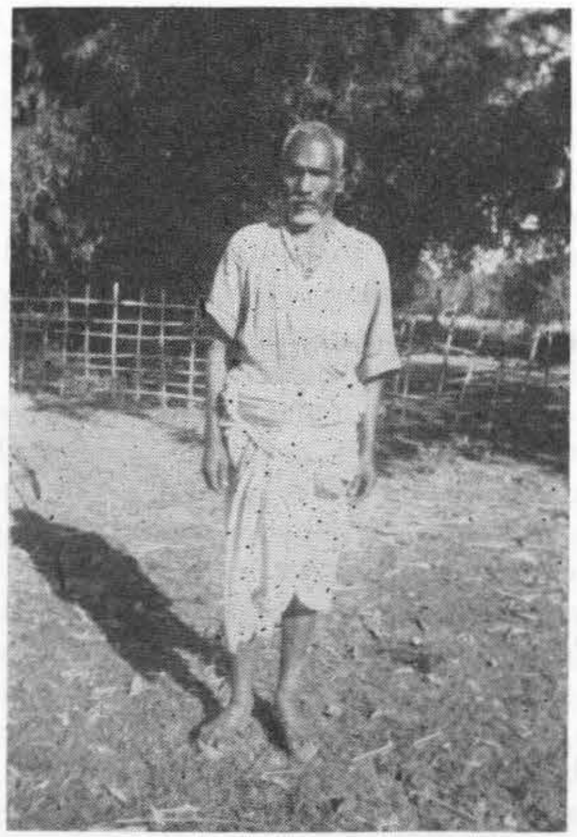
Anyone could spend weeks in this town in a most profitable manner. The few hours we spent there gave us a better idea what is in store for the better India of tomorrow, if communal trouble, strife and the like do not hinder the progress of the country. We saw an Agriculture Experiment Farm, with offices for the Fruit Specialist, the Grain Specialist, etc. This bespeaks a better day for the Indian farmer, many of whom are, today, using the same methods and tools used thousands of years ago. The Pasteur Institute where all kinds of experiments in medicine and germs, etc., are carried on in the huge well equipped laboratories, is proving, and increasingly will prove, a wonderful asset to the health of the people and to medical science that in so many places in India is known for its absence. Possibly, the most fundamental and spiritual school for Missionary Children, in all India, is Hebron School in Coonoor. This school is known throughout the Country for its wonderful work both in the scholastic and the spiritual realms.

Quite a bit of our stay in Coonoor was spent in Sims Park. We counted trees, shrubs and plants from twenty-nine countries, in every part of the world growing side by side with those native to

India. It reminded us of the people of all races and nationalities that have come to India only to fall so in love with the climate, the people, the scenery and many other things, that they have remained here.

We once more visited the bazar. Although we have now seen scores or even hundreds of Indian bazars, the attraction is none the less. Here, you can see the best and worst, the most beautiful and the ugliest, the healthiest and the most diseased, the latest and the oldest, the most sacred and the most irreverent, the costliest and the most inexpensive in every field and concerning everything in India.

Since all of our time, so far, in India, has been spent in two hill stations, we have been permitted to see and to visit many Missionary Rest Homes. There are thousands of the most consecrated and most successful Missionaries, in all India, engaged in the operating and the conducting of these Homes. No one, this side of the Pearly Gates, will ever be able to estimate what these homes have meant to missionaries, spiritually and materially.



Father of one of our Indian Christian workers

CHAPTER XIV

Christian Missions in India and Their Work

SINCE THE FIRST CENTURY A.D., if tradition is to be trusted, there have been Christian Missions in India. The Mar St. Thomas Church or the Syrian Church had become sterile and corrupt when trade and concourse were resumed between Europe and Asia Minor on one side and India on the other, near the close of the Dark Ages. St. Thomas, one of The Twelve and better known as "doubting Thomas," is reputed to have been the first Christian Missionary to India and to have succeeded in establishing a spiritual and live awake Mission in the State of Travancore in Southwest India. Although, there is little, if any, authentic proof that St. Thomas really visited and established a Mission in India, no other plausible explanation of the origin of this church has been given. For centuries, this church had been so tainted with heathen practices and had so lost its first love that it was an important factor as representative of Christ in India. However, last century saw a deep and sincere revival among the constituents of this church. The leaders of this church have become among the most evangelical and missionary-minded of all Protestant Christians in India. If a church, established centuries previously to the Protestant Reformation, can be called a Protestant church.

The first religious meeting that I attended in India was the Union Missionary Conference in Kotagiri the day we arrived there and the following day. One of the speakers was Archbishop Abraham, head of the Mar St. Thomas Church. His message was outstanding for its zeal for the lost and for the simple Gospel of the Christ. The reformation, in recent years, in this, the oldest Christian Body in India, is in my way of thinking, one of the miracles of Modern Missions in India. Since I heard him, Bishop Abraham has died, respected and honored by Christians of all Missions in India. If this church had been a true Missionary Church down through the ages, Christianity in India would not, in all probability, today, be one of the smaller religious bodies. However, it is to her credit that she is now back to the solid Rock which is Christ, the Lord.

It is not our intention to give, even in the briefest outline, the history of Missions in India. Even to list the names and locations of the different Christian denominations and groups and give their stations in India, would take more space than is allotted to this Chapter. May it suffice to say that besides representatives from most of the known groups many "faith" and Independent Missionaries are in India. There are scores of orders of the Roman Catholic Church from many countries. Some of these, particularly those from the countries of Europe, are as opposed to Protestantism as they are to the native religions of India. Many of the Protestant Missions return the compliment with interest. "Russelites" or "Jehovah's Witnesses," the Seventh Day Adventist Church, the Mormans or "Latter Day Saints." The Christian Scientists and many other similar groups are to be found on every hand. Many of these groups do not recognize other groups to be Christians, and converts are continually being made from one branch, so-called, to another branch of the Christian faith. The results are, often, nothing more or less than simple chaos. Many of the Protestant Missions have united and formed the Christian Church Council of India, but there are, probably, more groups of Christian Bodies outside the Council than in it. The C.C.C. has been accused of being a Modernistic Body. Personally, I have failed to see the justification for the charge. It is true that some of the member missions are from groups that are known in America or Europe to have Modernistic tendencies but, on the other hand, it is just as true that others are from groups that are just as well known for their Fundamentalism. The aims of the Council are not doctrinal but intended to aid in division of territory, publication of needed literature and to aid in making available both information and materials needed by the various Missions. I have seen and read more fundamental and spiritual articles in their publications than otherwise. It is my private opinion that a man or woman that is not ethical in all his or her dealings is a very poor Christian and has absolutely no business on the Mission Field. Some Missionaries are unethical and totally disregard, even, the established work of Sister Denominations. Some groups find it easier to obtain converts from members of established Indian churches and groups than from the non-Christian groups. Such methods, although engaged in by only a few, tend to not only weaken and to bring chaotic conditions to the Christian Church of India, but they create doubts and hesitancies upon the part of those non-Christians who are almost persuaded. If the object of the Missionary is to convert those that do not see eye to eye with him every point, it would seem that he might find sufficient material to work upon in

his own country. The outstanding weakness in Foreign Mission work, is, in our opinion, the disregard for the field and teachings of others. There is vastly too much of, "I am of Paul, I am of Apollos and I am of Cephas," and too little of, "I am of Christ." On the other hand, we find much of the Spirit of brotherly love and Christian fellowship among the Missionaries of the various Missions.

The different types of Missions are manifold. There are Missions that are strictly and exclusive evangelistic even to the exclusion of any organized work or specific field of endeavor. Their workers go from village to village and from district to district. To correctly guage the results and accomplishments of this type of mission work is almost impossible. Also, this kind of work is likely, possible without intent, to give rise to the dangers and practices mentioned in the foregoing paragraph. More of this type of work might be done by many of the Missions to advantage without necessarily endangering the establishment of spiritual and wide-awake churches. In fact to take root in a certain village or locality can defeat the missionary purpose of the Mission. However, the command, "to feed my sheep" is even more important here than in the homeland.

The total lack, until recently, of educational facilities for the poor children of the villages and for the working classes everywhere, has led many missions to place emphasis upon the education of the people. I have no statistics before me, but it is my impression after talking to Missionaries, Indian Christians, Mohammedans, Hindus and others, that by far, the greater per cent of the educated non-Christians of India of the older generation received their education in nominal Christian schools. Many of these schools, though largely supported by Christian churches in the other lands, not only failed to give positive Christian teaching but, for various reasons, sought both non-Christians and members of other religions as members of their teaching staffs or faculties. Some of the greatest opponents to the Christian faith in India are those educated in these so-called "Christian Institutions." One cannot well, and would not if he could, separate Christian education from Mission work. Some of the greatest and most spiritual accomplishments by the church in India have been wrought in the field of Christian education. However, these larger and more advanced institutions have very exact and demanding requirements that all the members of their staff must reach. Too often those selected are chosen because of their scholastic attainments rather than their qualifications for, or, even their desire to be missionaries. Too often they are only nominal Christians with their interests in education and not Christianity. Some have taught for years at home and a new environment with

a delightful sea voyage with all expenses paid, good pay and the advantages of a change, all have combined to induce them to offer themselves for the positions. They will frankly tell you that they came out to teach, not to do mission work. This does not only apply to some of the members of the teaching staffs of the colleges and universities but to the high schools and even, to the grammar schools and to both schools for Indians and Anglo Indians and those schools that are primarily for the children of Missionaries. Judging from those we have met, we feel safe in saying that fully seventy-five per cent of those coming out to teach are at least in sympathy with evangelic Christian missions. It would appear that some of the remaining twenty-five per cent are modernists, some merely indifferent to missions, and some actually opposed to active aggressive missions. From all accounts these three groups are steadily on the increase and will soon be a direct threat to the work of Missions in India, if their influences are not counteracted by missionaries with the passion for lost souls in their hearts and lives.

As free public education for the masses is the avowed aim of the Government, many of the Missions that have been primarily concerned with educational work, particularly in the villages, have already begun to turn their efforts and time more to evangelism and social welfare work. After all is said and done, if the church is to remain true to the teachings of its founder, she must place emphasis on "soul winning." In fact, education, even Christian education, as important as it is, should never be considered more than a by-product of Christianity. No Christian denomination can be justified, even at home, much less in the foreign field, in engaging in anything that does not have for its ultimate goal the salvation of the lost.

No phase of the work of Christian missions in India is to be more commended that that of medical missions. Possibly, there is no greater need of them anywhere in the world. Every successful village missionary must be somewhat of a doctor if he is a man and somewhat of a nurse if she is a woman. Christ did not, neither can His followers wholly separate the needs of the soul from those of the body. The history of Medical Missions in India includes some of the greatest achievements not only in medical science but in the winning of souls that have been wrought by the church. One of the first missionaries that we met on landing in India was a Dr. Schudder, member of the third or fourth generation of one of the most famous missionary families in all India. Among these have been many skilled and gifted physicians and surgeons, most if not all, of whom have been a credit to both the medical profession and the

Christian missions. Although their labors have been mostly in Travancore and other parts of South India their fame has not only spread throughout India, but throughout the world as well. Soon upon our arrival in Kotagiri, our senior missionary, Miss Barnard, introduced us to a Miss Pauline Jefferys, well-known as an expert eye, ear and throat specialist. Miss Jefferys, who had been a member of the staff of the Schudder Hospital until she was forced by her physical condition to leave the plains for the hills, was not only a capable doctor, but was most faithful in administering to the spiritual needs of her Indian patients. At the time we met her she was ailing from many ailments, some of them rather serious, but she seemed to be one of, if not the busiest person in Kotagiri. In spite of her illness and responsibilities she was one of the most humorous persons we have yet met. She is now in the states for a much-needed rest.

In former days, medical missionaries were few and consisted mostly entirely of men. Now every Mission of any size is more than likely to have one or more qualified Medical Missionary and quite often it will be a woman doctor. The large Community Hospital at Landour, established especially for missionaries, is staffed at the present, entirely by women. The Resident Physician at Woodstock High School, a school largely patronized by Missionaries, is also a lady at the present time. Although the emancipation of women of India has begun, even today, there are very few women in India who would willingly submit herself to a male physician alone. Soon after coming to Landour, we became adquainted with Miss Dr. Alexander, head of the Reform Presbyterian Mission Hospital at Montgomery, Punjab, (now in Pakistan), and senior Missionary of that church. We found her to be most devout and tremendously concerned about the lost. The need of nurses and doctors as Christian missionaries in India is one of the crying needs of the hour. Also they are, at the present, received both by the Government and people better than any other class of Missionaries.

However, in some cases, at least, the same thing can be said about some doctors and some nurses as about some teachers and educators, —they are primarily concerned about their profession rather than the proclamation and propagation of the Gospel of the Son of God. Even profane and irreligious people find their way into the service of Christian missions. There was a lady nurse who was a missionary to China who came out on the same ship as we. She was most concerned about the health of all on board but it seemed to me that at least once or twice she failed to carry her "high balls" as well as some. I have known of a few cases, since coming to India, where

a Mission, desperate for addition to their medical staff, engaged persons that were not even nominal Christians. Since the evangelical missionary may, in the future, be curtailed in his activities, it is more important than ever that the medical missionary be a devout and consecrated person whose first and primary aim is the furtherance of the Kingdom of God. From the present trend, one might reasonably come to the conclusion that it is more than likely that the medical missionary will be welcome in India long after other types of missionaries are frowned upon.

Just before "Independence Day" there was some unrest and anxiety as what would be the status of missionaries in Free India and Pakistan. Immediately following that occasion, the communal trouble resulted in plagues and sickness of all kinds. The large per cent of the medical staff of the various missions placed their services at the disposal of the two governments. Both governments, through their heads, have expressed their appreciation of the tremendous services rendered by these missionaries. It will be years before India can hope to supply sufficient numbers of adequately trained doctors, nurses and social workers. Until arrival of that, so it appears now, far distant day, medical missionaries will, most likely, be heartily welcomed in India. The healing of the soul and of the body has always gone hand in hand. One of the most difficult tasks of missionaries is the one of finding natural and unforced openings to discuss, to sympathetic listeners, their spiritual needs. A Medical Missionary has abundant opportunities for this very thing. We doubt the wisdom of anyone coming to this or any other Mission Field without some knowledge of first aid treatments and how to card for the simple ailments of the human family. We would not forget in this matter as in all others, that free access to the "Great Physician" is the first prerequisite of all missionaries.

One would probably be conservative in saying that ninety-five per cent of the Christians in India are from the various hill tribes, "the out casts", and the lower castes. The economic conditions of many of these are precarious at the best. Many of them are living or rather existing on the minimum marginal income, sickness, famine or any other unfortunate visitation make it impossible to live without financial aid or assistance. One of the problems that always confronted missionaries is one of increasing the earning capacity or to teach better methods of growing, or preparing food stuff to the poor Christians and also to the poor Indians of the villages. From these needs, have risen missions that experts in farming, in the skilled trades such as carpentry, weaving, mechanical drawing and crafts of all kinds. Much of the tremendous progress of the poorer

and lower classes of India in the past few years have been due to the model farms, the trading, and mechanical schools and similar undertakings of various missions. To teach a young or recent convert the art of earning an honest and decent living for himself and his family cannot be said to be foreign to the principles of the teachings of the Master. At the present, we are assisting Sister Barnard in helping to finance a young boy who is attending such a school. Gopal finished our little school in the "Sweeper Valley" of Kotagiri and also the upper grades of another school. Although his father is a Hindu, I recently received a letter from Gopal stating that he prays and reads his Bible each morning and evening and that he loves the Lord Jesus. The head of the school writes that he is making remarkable progress. His father makes, possibly, thirty rupees, (about $9), a month. Gopal's earning capacity will soon be much more than that and, besides, learning the rudiments of a useful trade, he is learning the greatest lesson of all that about the Lord Jesus Christ.

Although we see both the need for and the wonderful work done by the different missions along these lines, we realize that too often this can become the point of departure from true Christian evangelism. We have seen those who are first business men and women or skilled and trained specialists in the various fields and trades and afterwards they are missionaries and Christians,—often very casual ones at that. Again, it is the old problem of keeping first things first. In every case, the first and foremost consideration in the qualification of a proposed missionary should be a consuming zeal and burning desire for the lost.

Scattered throughout the length and breadth of India are numerous Independent and Faith Missions. Some of them have a staff composed of several workers but for the most part, they are small. Often, they consist of two or three missionaries only. Sometimes, there is only a single missionary. Many of those missions and individuals are doing a wonderful work. However, when no responsible body is behind a work, too often, there are opportunities for impostors or for those loose in their moral or business relationships, to impose upon innocent people both in the homeland and on the field. Not long ago, such an instance was brought to our attention. There arose the possibility of a Denomination whose work, up until this time, was small in India, engaging the services of a man who had been engaged in one of these Independent or Faith Missions for years. Glowing reports of his abilities were received by the Home Board from both America and India. The Board was looking favorably upon his application and asked their representatives in India to

contact him previously to his engagement by the Board. Upon investigation it was found that his work had been done within the field of another Mission and that although his work had had a mushroom growth it soon died down. Also, that when he was about fifty years of age, he married an Indian girl of the other Mission, who was only fifteen years of age and soon took the baby that was born to them to America, leaving the young wife stranded. (She had to go back to her father's home.) On the other hand, as we mentioned before, some of these independent missionaries are doing a most wonderful work. One such instance, out of many is that of the Dipti Mission on the border of Nepal in Bihar. However, I learned during the fourteen years that I served as Chairman of the Ordaining Council of the Union Free Will Baptist Association of Tennessee, that it always paid to check very carefully all persons who had never been under the care of or affiliated with any responsible Denomination or group.

It is almost universally recognized both by the missionaries and the leaders of the Indian Christians, that the time has come when the Indian Church must assume more and more of not only the management of the affairs of the local churches but that she must take her part in the further establishment of the church in India. Some of the outstanding leaders both among the missionaries and the Indian Church have been advocating an United Church for all of India. A "United Church" of South India has been formed—however, many groups have failed to join the merger. The various affiliating bodies retain more or less their individual characteristics. Many Missionaries and many leaders of the Indian Churches as well are looking at the venture with anxiety. Of course, there is the historical danger of a large, powerful church becoming rich, worldly and corrupt. Again, there must be taken into consideration the communal situation with its religious and political angles. India has always been a land of definite and marked lines between the various groups that go to make up her population. Many Indian Christians feel that if Christianity is to survive and grow in New and Free India that all Christians must pool their strength and resources. Again, we have the danger of depending on human rather than Divine agencies. Many of the missions are turning over their property and a larger amount of the leadership to their Indian Christians. The results have been both good and bad. Responsibility has brought forth examples of real ability and true devotion as well as those of glaring incompetancy and lack of spiritual gifts. The danger in the merger movements, as we see it, is that the Christians of India may become a communal and political group instead of one crusading

against sin and evil. The tasks and decisions facing Missions in India are such that cannot be solved by finite mind of man but must depend upon Divine solution.

At an Indian Village—Author in pants

CHAPTER XV

Brief Sketches of a Few Senior Missionaries

God has ordained that human individuals with all of their shortcomings and mistakes should be the medium of the spreading of the gospel on this earth. Possibly, the quickest and the clearest insight into the workings of missions in India can be gained through glimpses of some of the individual workers of these missions. Our acquaintance with most of the subjects of these sketches have been short and more or less casual. Therefore, although our observations and conclusions will faithfully portray our opinions and beliefs, our judgment may prove to be faulty. The facts, to the best of our knowledge, are true.

During our second sojourn in Kotagiri, we had the honor and privilege of attending a tea given in honor of the eighty-fifth birthday of a dear old saint of God who first came to India approximately half a century ago, from England. She is honored and respected in missionary circles throughout the Nilgiris. I will never forget a compliment paid her to us by the "Badaga" man, who was teaching us in our study of Hindi. He is a "secret believer," but has never openly accepted Christ, nor has he been baptized. The dear old lady in question had come puffing and blowing into the room, having walked the distance from her abode to Shamrock, where we were then living. The house is on an unusually steep hill just at the house. After a hearty "How are you my dears?" she had "pottered" out to see after the flower garden which was her special delight.

It was then that our "pandit" said, "that is a real good woman, I have known her for fifteen years." This was the unreserved and unqualified statement of all who knew her. She could lay no claims to learning or any special skill, or even the primary knowledge of any of the sciences. Although she had been in India for nearly fifty years, she knew little about any of the many languages of the country. She had never been the efficient head of any of the many missions, neither had she been the author of any work of the country or its inhabitants. As far as we are

aware, she has never been the head of any of the missionary rest homes where she has worked during the past half century. Although there is no way of knowing this side of the Pearly Gates, we believe that when God bestows crowns to his almost innumerable host of Indian missionaries, that this unassuming and trusting soul will in no wise be least.

She came from honest but poor English folk and at an early age began to work in the homes of the gentry near her home. The forthrightness and faithfulness that has characterized all of her activities soon gained for her an enviable position in a wealthy and well-known home of that section of England. The simple story of her call to India, her faith in both the call and the necessary provisions for answering the call, the long journey around the Cape of God Hope in a small sailing ship with an ungodly crew and her experiences upon arriving here, would do more, in my estimation, to stir up within us that simple child-like faith that is so necessary to a Christian worker than any thing except the teachings of the Lord on faith and the famous faith chapter, Hebrews 11. Although some of her beliefs and practices may be similar to some of those held by groups that are often considered to be extremists and fanatics, there is nothing extreme nor fanatic about this child of God. Not being versed in natural laws and original causes, she goes straight behind them to God Himself. God honors her trust with direct and positive answers to her requests because she asks nothing doubting that her Heavenly Father Who sees and knows the need will, without hesitation, speedily grant her petitions. If it is raining at church time, this saint tells her Heavenly Father that she wants to attend services but at her age cannot go out in one of our tropical downpours. The rains cease for a few minutes and as soon as this child of God is seated in her pew, the elements are again busy. You will, no doubt, call these and many similar incidents coincidences; I much prefer to call them the goodness and kindness of the Lord unto one of His own. I have had educated and very intelligent persons tell me that if they wanted to know the exact spot for digging a well, they would ask "Auntie." She claims no power of divination, but simply asks her Father to guide them aright in this important matter. It is a most important one in many places in India. Again, there is a remarkable "coincidence." She has learned the secret of following Paul's admonition, "Whatever ye do in word or deed do all in the name of Jesus Christ." And, "Whether ye eat or drink, do all to the glory of God." She has indeed proved a blessing to all whom she has contacted.

It is doubtful if any other task is more exacting and trying than

that of running a rest or guest home in India. Too often there is a lack of conveniences. Then, there is the necessity of teaching an Indian cook to cook English dishes and then to forget that and learn to prepare American food. There is also the matter of a large number of servants who, too often, are neither trustworthy, nor can they be depended upon to remain on the job. The question of obtaining and replacing furniture and other equipment and needs of the guests, many of whom are not only physical wrecks, but nervous wrecks as well, due to the heat and demands on the plains, are not to be forgotten. All, taken together, call for infinite patience and tact. And if, as in the cases of the missionary rest homes, it is the plan not only to administer to the worn out physical bodies and soothe the frayed nerves, but to give renewed spiritual inspiration to quicken and relieve the tired minds, then the worries and responsibilities are appreciatively increased.

Miss Laura Belle Barnard, the senior Free Will Baptist missionary in India, served her apprenticeship as a missionary in a missionary rest home. Our comparative short stay in India has been divided between two hill stations, Kotagiri in the mountains of South India, and Landour in the foothills of the Himalayas. Both of these are noted throughout India as places not only of escape from the unbearable heat of the plains during the hot seasons, but seats of missionary and religious conferences that give emphasis to the entire missionary movement. Miss Coil formerly operated both "Queen's Hill" and "Spring Hill," the two outstanding missionary homes in Kotagiri. She still operates "Spring Hill, although she is, in all probability, more than her three score and ten years. She mothers all of her guests and not only distributes physical comfort and solace, but spiritual blessings as well.

The United Presbyterian Mission in the Punjab (both West Punjab, now Pakistan, and East Punjab, now India) is one of the larger and older missions of this part of the country. Some of the missionaries in this mission are members of the third, or even the fourth generation, that have served their church, God and the people of India. For years, until the county and state began to provide adequate facilities for the education of those children living in the mountain, or near mountain sections in Greene County, Tennessee, my home county, the United Presbyterian Home Mission Board operated grammar and high schools in that section, thus providing both scholastic and religious training for those in need of such opportunities. The Ballantyne sisters, Margaret and Mary, taught in several of the schools and helped in the Sunday schools and churches. They were extremely good friends of our family.

Mary, who is now a missionary to Japan, taught in the Cedar Creek High School of Greene County, together with my older sister, Edith. Margaret taught my two younger sisters and my only brother. They came from a well-known Punjab missionary family. Margaret was born here in India and lived here until she was nine years of age. Some time after we came to Landour, Margaret Ballantyne arrived for her vacation. The Ballantynes are from the old school of missionaries who love God first, and human beings next, a close second. The kindness yet firmness, the humility yet the perseverance, the understanding yet the devotion of this type of missionaries could well be followed by all.

Next to Doctor Alexander, Rev. and Mrs. Dale White are the senior missionaries of the Reformed Presbyterian Church. They are sister and brother-in-law of the Ballentynes. Mr. White is the secretary and treasurer of his mission. Although not personally acquainted with the Whites, I had heard Mr. White deliver a commencement address at Camp Creek High School in Tennessee, and had possibly met Mrs. White while she was visiting her sisters in Greene County. Soon after arriving in Landour, we called on the Whites. During the remainder of the summer and fall, we made several mutual calls and became more or less acquainted. We found them to be kind and considerate as well as consecrated and devoted both to God and duty, but absolutely uncompromising with sin and the forces of evil. The headquarters of the R. P. missions are in Montgomery, Punjab, now in Pakistan. Here they have a hospital, a school and other missionary enterprises. The Whites' home is in Montgomery. Their chief passion is telling the story of the Cross and seeing the salvation of the lost. Each winter finds them in their car with a trailer, tent and camping equipment, going from village to village and from place to place preaching and teaching. Their position demands that they give much time both to the oversight of their mission field and to the work of the Indian pastors and the native workers. Mr. White is also one of the leaders of the missionary conference of Northern India that meets in Landour each summer.

Too often missionaries find, or seem to find, that their duties, responsibilities and work, consume so much of their time that they have little time left in which to see to the personal guidance of their children. Some times the results are little better than chaos. The British have ruled for almost three centuries in some parts of India, including the rule of the East Indian Company. Many wealthy civilians and businessmen from England and elsewhere have come here. Missionaries, with their homes and institutions built, usually

by the mission, along with their equipment and salaries, have been a source of awe to the villagers. The cash income of the average villager in the rural sections is apt to be far less than a hundred dollars for the entire year. Due to the above, the average Indian child of the village is more than likely to regard the missionary child as "The Young Lord," or Sahib. If the child in question is not carefully guarded and trained, he is liable to develop an unwholesome and dangerous case of the superiority complex. Although the missionaries, as a group, are cultured and refined people, their children are, too often, in our way of seeing things, not the best models of children trained in Christian homes by Christian parents. On the whole, we have found Indian children to be more respectful to their parents and elders. By many this may be held to be only a matter of minor concern, but I am convinced that it is one of the major weaknesses of modern missions in India and no doubt elsewhere also. I may add, sad to relate, that the feeling of superiority, which is so foreign to the teachings of Christ and such a detriment to the missionary effort, is not always confined to the missionary child, but many are the times that his parents are also tainted with the same disease.

Our friends, the Whites, had reared, for the most part in India, three children, the eldest having died at the age of sixteen. The youngest son was a senior in the Woodstock High School when we became acquainted with the family. Active in both the scholastic and extra-curricular activities, he was not only a very popular member of the student body but was in every way the model of young manhood. The relation between him, his parents and other adults was natural, pleasant and ideal. He was withal a sincere Christian, but not a "kill joy" in any sense.

One of the outstanding Christian educators of Northern India is the present principal of Woodstock School. Mr. Ewing was a former president of Foreman's Christian College in Lahore, Pakistan, and the nephew of the founder and for many years, the head of Ewing College at Allahabad, India. A member of a well-known family of American Presbyterians, noted as ministers and Christian educators, both in America and India, Mr. Ewing is a most able expounder of the Word of God, both to adults and youths, an able administrator and leader of young people in things spiritual as well as in things scholastic. Although our personal contacts with him have been few and casual, we have had ample opportunity, considering the shortness of the time, to study the man, his work and his methods.

Upper Landour is almost wholly a settlement of missionaries, who come each season or year, any time after the first of April and,

for the greater part, leave before the last of September. Some come for language study, some to send their children to Woodstock School, some for the missionary conference, some for medical treatment. And one and all come to escape the terrible heat, all but unbearable to all Europeans, (a term used for all members of the Caucasian Race), of the Indian plains during the hot season.

We remained in Landour, with the exception of six or seven weeks, during the entire fall, winter and spring of 1947 and 1948. During this time the only Sabbath services in English in Landour were those conducted in Parker Hall of Woodstock School under the direction and supervision of Mr. Ewing. The high school itself was in recess from the first of December until the first of March. During this period we lived in "Hamilton House of the American Presbyterian Board of Missions which was, with their other houses and numerous property in Landour, under the general supervision of Mr. Ewing. We leased Fir's Cottage, the property of the Kellogg Church Board, of which Ewing was chairman, for the summer and fall of 1948. These and other contacts gave us some opportunity, at least, of forming an idea of the man and his work.

I know nothing of his original ancestors and their nationality, but he has the physique and features of a Scotsman. He is possibly six feet and 2 inches in height, well built and active, about middle age and of an imposing demeanor. In his office, in the pulpit, or at one of the many functions on "The Hill" during the "Season," he appears to good advantage. He is quiet, courteous and efficient. The Woodstock School, the Presbyterian Board, and Kellog's Memorial Church employ scores of teachers, missionaries and workers and hundreds of Indian labourers as caretakers, carpenters, road builders and repairers, wood cutters and carriers, etc. Here, everything must be done by hand, most of the burdens, light or heavy, are carried on the backs of men. The roads, for the most part, are only mountain trails and the terrific downpour during the raining season demands that walls be rebuilt from time to time at various points along the trails. I should judge that at least three fourths of the houses have walls either in front or behind to prevent landslides. Many of them have walls on three or more sides. Some of these walls are more than a hundred feet in length and often, almost half that in height. These are needing constant watching and repairing. Building is a tedious and slow process. All materials, even heavy beams and sills, are carried by men. All the timber here is sawed out of the log by a one or two-man rip saw, a tedious and hard job. One is constantly hearing of someone falling down the "Khud" and injuring themselves, and meeting their death. To our knowledge there were

three major such accidents and numerous minor ones during our first year at Landour. Most of the caretakers of the buildings are Brahmans, (not of the higher castes). They are deemed to be more honest and better qualified than the Indian Christians that could be obtained for the positions. Not a happy picture of missionary activities, but too often the truth. Of course, there are arguments on both sides of the question. I have met Brahmans and other Hindus who have been in the employment of missionaries for almost half of a century. Many of the missions have their non-Christian workers busy at their tasks on the Sabbath as well as on any other day. On the other hand, there are many of us who are utterly opposed to this custom, both on principle and policy. Most of the houses are plastered on the inside, (many on the outside as well), with mud and then white washed. The houses must be gone over, both inside and outside every year. One can readily see that overseeing a large missionary establishment or institution of any kind is a man-size job. It is often true that most of the evangelic work is carried on by missionaries and missions who are smaller and do not have these other duties—another matter for thought.

Even in the mountains and backward sections of America we have seen where home missionary efforts have either failed or been greatly handicapped by the policy of depending upon the mission staff for not only the leadership in every undertaking, but the actual carrying out of all their plans. Any country or community is apt to look upon the outsider as more or less an intruder and is likely to view his activities with suspicion, or at least, be slow about accepting the stranger in their midst as one of the group. We have always held that if a mission work is to be successful and lasting it must pass beyond the mission stage as soon as possible and become, at least in part, the work of the local people. In too many parts of India, Christianity, particularly the growth and spread of Christianity, is too much in the hands of people who are members of a different race, with different color, customs, dress and language. In Free India, more than ever before, the people are dubious about accepting people and following their teachings, who are not only aliens, but alien in their customs and habits as well. This is not only a natural reaction, but a sane and healthy one as well. The importance of the necessity of Indian ministers and of Indian Christian workers taking the lead in the actual and personal dispensing of the Gospel message cannot be overemphasized. An incident which is even now taking place in a village about thirty miles from Mussoorie and Landour illustrates this in a most impressive manner. One of the Hill mission workers and the pastor

of the Gospel Hall, for the servants and coolies of the hillside, had his annual vacation in February. At the time it was very cold here, and the meager salaries of him and his wife could hardly provide for the extra fuel, food and clothes that the severe cold made advisable for his large family. Since they were both free from their work, they decided to go down to a village where the cold would be less and everything much cheaper. As they did not have the bus fare, or rather, could not afford it, they walked the first fourteen miles, twenty by road, and took a tonga the rest of the way. During the two weeks of his stay in the village he preached each afternoon. Of course this village had, no doubt, been visited by missionaries and Christian workers, but there had not been an organized consistent effort to evangelize the village previously to this time. There were a few nominal Christians in or near the village. God blessed the effort in a wonderful way. A large room was obtained for regular weekly and Sunday services. In a little less than two months some twenty had been baptized. The Christians, with their families, number some seventy-five souls and the movement is steadily growing and gathering momentum. Indians along with the majority of Easterners, as well as many from the West, are enthusiasts, and many are the times that they permit their enthusiasm to color the telling of any given incident. The head of the hill mission was *overjoyed* to hear the reports of the pastor. But she was indeed delighted when one of the new converts who had been an exceedingly wicked man made the trip to Landour and told her what the Lord had done for him and his neighbors and pleaded with her to visit them and to see what the Lord had done. She agreed to go the next Sunday taking the three Indian workers with her. God willed it otherwise, and the time to go found her in bed and the workers went by themselves. One of the workers, who is also in charge of the community shop, a missionary enterprise, during the summer, is a very level headed person and is not easy to become unduly excited. Again, there were wonderful results and noticeable friendliness on the part of the non-Christian population. The work seems deep, spiritual and abiding, but so far, not a single missionary of the mission has visited the group. Many a missionary has spent his entire life in India and has not seen half the visible results that God has given these poor and, by our standards, unlearned Indian workers.

The Hill Mission is an independent and comparatively new work, designated to reach the coolies and hill folk of not only the hillside, but the many hill villages scattered over the surrounding mountains. The heads of this mission spent a lifetime almost, as missionaries of

the United Presbyterian Church. The wife has a severe and critical heart ailment, is subjected to severe colds and other ills. She cannot walk any noticeable distance even on level ground without a tremendous effort and pain. Of a necessity, most of her work is done at her home. Each day the workers come to her house for prayer and Bible study except when they are on a preaching tour. In the last year over a hundred souls have been baptized, each having had months of personal instruction. Many of these live in villages that were totally heathen. Few large missions with their staff of trained missionaries and almost equally well-trained Indian workers can boast of as large, as wide, and as firmly established harvest as God has given this dear soul and her workers. It has been our privilege to assist in several services and other ways, and to have visited both the missionary and her workers. I believe that her method, under God, will prove the successful and Divine approved method of missionary effort in India in the days and years that are to come. What she has had to do because of necessity, will possibly become the methods of God-called missionaries in the future.

We have already met and become acquainted with missionaries of all types, training or lack of training, personalities and lack of the same, different outlooks on life, varying talents and abilities. Some of them would take their places as leaders of men in any community or age. Others are humble and undistinguished, as far as the world is concerned, followers of the more able leaders. Some are noted for their courage, self-sacrificial spirit; while there are those with a narrow and selfish viewpoint. There are those who have turned their backs on positions of power and trust. One can also find those who seem to be doomed to failure, both in America or Europe, and in India. There are those who know and desire to know nothing but Jesus and Him crucified. There are those whose own interest must always come first in their minds and in all of their activities. However, God is doing what he has done through the ages, taking men and women with all of their inabilities, weaknesses, shortcomings, and lack of faith and molding them into an effective fighting force against the sin, ignorance, and wickedness of this world. We are comforted when we pause to think that it is not the faith and worth of some, neither is it the weaknesses of others, but it is the unsearchable truth of the Word of God that shall through the Holy Spirit by the atoning power of the blood of His Only Begotten Son, purchase unto Himself a pure and undefiled church in India.

CHAPTER XVI

Types and Individuals among the Younger Missionaries

WE HAVE JUST HEARD that four hundred and fifty "new" missionaries from the U. S. alone have recently been granted their visas and that those who are not yet on their way to India will soon be leaving for this country. If this news is true, it goes to prove that the present government is not, at present at least, hostile to the missionary effort. Although we rejoice to hear of this great band of recruits in the Master's army, we cannot but wonder what kind of missionaries they will prove to be, whether they are God-called, God-prepared and filled by Him with His Holy and Divine Spirit. This land needs missionaries, it is true—but just not another missionary. Some of the young people pouring into this and into other mission fields appear to be seeking the great adventure of their lives. Some have offered themselves to their Board in a mass consecration service when their enthusiasm was high. Some wanted a job with some traveling to it. Some are members of missionary families and to be a missionary was "the only thing there was to do." On the other hand, some of the most consecrated children of God that have ever answered the Great Commission are among the young missionaries who are offering themselves wholly and unreservedly on the altar of service in foreign fields.

We have met young missionaries whom we would place in each of the above classes. During the last half of the 1947 session at the Landour language school, a young married lady, who had just come to India, was among those studying the language—that is, she was supposed to be studying the language. She had married a son of a family who had spent their lives in this country while he was preparing to follow in the steps of his father and mother. She never failed to take the advantage of an opportunity or, to make one, as far as that goes, to tell everyone that would listen that she wasn't a missionary but the husband was and she would add that she, for one, was not interested one way or the other in Christianity. She was, I think, a nominal Christian. She told how her mother and father-in-law did not seem to like it because she would play with

the dog or cat during the time of their evening prayers. Her husband and his parents could have their prayers if they wanted to, but for her part, she would take the cat. I may add here that the fact that one of two is called and is willing to accept the call with all of its implications, is not enough. Both must be agreed. Then, with all the grace of God one can appropriate to himself, or rather, that the two can appropriate to themselves, the work on the mission field will take every ounce of faith, energy and determination that they can muster if their work is to be in the least profitable to all concerned—God, the people to whom they minister, and themselves. Let no one go to the foreign mission field if it is possible for him to do something else and live with himself while he is doing it.

There are young, enthusiastic missionaries, who come out burning with the laudable desire to preach or teach the "new social gospel." That there is such a need in this land, no one can deny. But the sad thing is that the poor and uneducated masses have been loaded with rules, traditions, and practices that are supposed to alleviate their unenviable position until what they need is not additional aids from the outside, but complete freedom from the things within, the freedom that is only found in Christ, the Lord. Too many young missionaries, old ones as well, are too often inclined "to get the cart before the horse." They would like to see the results of Christianity at once, trusting that Christianity itself will follow. They try to make the by-products the end or principal object, rather than the results. It is true that no one who is thoroughly imbued with the love of Christ can, or should, ignore the needs and sufferings of mankind. Attending to these can well be part of the story of the Christ of Calvary. I heard one young man state that the people of the Indian villages were not ready to receive the Gospel message, but after their social, economical and physical conditions were improved, then would be time enough to preach Christ. He would not bother himself with preaching or religious teachings until he had accomplished the other. Unfortunately, this young man is not alone in this belief.

Youth is the time and age of extremes. Too often young people cannot be content with the less glamorous but more enduring middle ground. We have just mentioned the extreme that borders on modernism and materialism. The other extreme which borders on fanaticism and dogmatism coupled with bigotry, is often more harmful and dangerous to the missionary effort as a whole than the first. We have in mind one young man who opened a mission in an Indian town that already had several established churches and work. Of course there was plenty of work that no one was touching.

As far as I know, neither the man's Christianity nor his sincerity was ever called into question. He regarded neither the feelings of his brothers in the Christian faith nor those of other faiths. For a short time he hurdled all opposition and it looked as if he would do in months what the older missions had not done in years. It had been decades since either the Hindus or the Mohammedans, as a group, had publicly and unitedly opposed a mission to the extent of driving it from the community. However, the man in question was forced to leave. Many Christians who had been alienated from other groups were left as sheep without a shepherd. Those who had accepted Christ for the first time did not feel at home with another group of Christians. It may not have had anything to do with the spiritual drought that has been the portion of the town ever since, but one cannot help but wonder.

One very sincere and determined, but inexperienced young man, had a great truth (so he must have thought), which everyone should accept at once without hesitation or question. For some time we all bore patiently with the young man, for from all appearances, he was doing what he thought was not only right, but absolutely necessary. At first, non-Christians listened to him, but soon they openly showed their dislike and contempt. Finally, we were all forced to leave him strictly alone. A more sanctimonious martyr has seldom if ever been seen.

Our first three months in Landour were spent in a guest house. There were thirteen missionaries, all in the language school, and none of whom had been out as long as two years. Among these was a Norwegian couple who had been married less than a year. They, along with us, were the only married missionaries in the house. We became slightly acquainted while living in the guest home, but our real acquaintance began after we, both couples, had leased a house each and had begun keeping house. They were several years our juniors in years. He had spent about a year in a German concentration camp during the German occupation of Norway. His future wife had spent several weeks scouting out in the woods in the dead of the severe Norwegian winter, hiding from the Germans. He was a goldsmith by trade and somewhat of an amateur painter. They are members of the Assemblies of God of Norway. Many of their beliefs are those that I have always held to be radical, but there is nothing radical about these two. We have had Bible Study, prayer and discussion together worlds without end. But, as we have never intentionally ridiculed the beliefs of each other, we are not only the best of friends, but have high regard and respect for the beliefs and integrity of one another. Last fall, our friend almost lost his wife

and their infant son. This is one serious danger that faces all married missionaries in India. Heat, diseases, filth and at times lack of proper food, properly prepared, as well as, in many places, lack of proper and adequate medical attention and suitable hospital facilities, all combine to increase the dangers of childbirth and the rearing of infants and small children. Just recently, a medical missionary and his wife, who are located on the border of Tibet, started with their infant from their station to a language school. Some of the canned baby food proved to be poisonous and before they could reach help it was too late and another young life had been sacrificed for the cause of Christ in India.

Our Norwegian friends are not only consecrated Christians, but are ideal missionaries. They both are very friendly and people of all classes and stations in life are drawn to them. Their talk of the Saviour and His love comes naturally at all times and with all people. Although not a trained teacher, he is teaching art at the present in Woodstock. Due to the sickness of his wife and baby and some other things, his expenses have been unusually high and as the school could not get an art teacher out from America, he is filling in for the present. He is a champion swimmer, as well as a champion skiier. He places Christ first in all things. All he asks of any one is that they be sincere and believe in salvation through the Blood.

A young couple of the American Presbyterian Church came out to India the fall before we arrived. The husband was a member of an old missionary family and had spent much of his youth in this country. They both seemed consecrated and devoted to the cause of Christ. At the close of their first year in the language school, they were delayed in returning to their station on the plains because of the communal trouble that was then raging with all of its fury. They, with scores of others, were stranded on the hill here for more than a month. They finally completed arrangements for going down and started down the mountain with their coolies for the bus line some three or four miles distant. Hardly more than a third of the way down, they stopped to rest, leaning or sitting on a railing, as almost all the trails have the mountainside for a wall on one side with the precipice on the other. The railing, which was of wood, gave away and the lady fell some feet to a trail below. She was rushed to Landour Community Hospital which fortunately, was close by. It was found that she had suffered a fractured skull and other severe injuries of the head and minor ones of the body. For days the doctor and nurses all but despaired of her life. They had to graft both bone and skin. After several weeks in the hospital she was

released, but her face and head were sorely disfigured and her husband was advised to take her at once to America for surgical attention by a noted specialist. Accordingly, he left with his wife for America by air the last of December. By the middle of the following March they were back at their station in Northern India. After all there was little that could be done for the wife, but they are both looking forward to a life of useful service for Christ in India.

A lady friend of Miss Barnard's, who was in Kotagiri for a rest while we were there the first time, impressed us both as being an able representative of the ideal missionary type. She was not yet middle aged, but had behind her several years of successful labor for the Master north of Bangalore. She was an Australian with an imposing personal appearance and a pleasing personality. She had a wonderful store of native wit and an outright manner that was quite refreshing. It has been said that next to grace and faith, a saving sense of humor is the most necessary attribute for a missionary. I am of the sincere belief that missionary casualties due to nervous breakdowns, and many of the other mental and physical diseases that are only too common among missionaries in India, could be depleted by at least half if a strong faith in the goodness and power of the Heavenly Father was seasoned with a clean, pure and natural sense of humor. To me this quality in a true child of God is a sign of strong faith and a clear conscience before God and man. I have known Christians both in America and India who, from all appearances, thought that the facial muscles used for smiling had been slipped into the human body by Satan and that joy was a thing to be suppressed and not expressed. It would be my advice to such to stay in America, or wherever they are, as there are enough things to subdue and suppress the spirits of this people.

This friend of Miss Barnard was known for her habit of calling a spade a spade. Although she was most outspoken, she seldom gave abiding offense. She was firmly of the belief that one should grasp opportunity by the forelock and she therefore neglected few chances to talk about her Christ to those that neither knew nor recognized Him. It seems, from what I heard others say, that members of her mission were apt to take advantage of her willingness to serve and more or less imposed on her. About the year after we came to India, she was called home due to severe illness in her family. She was capable, both as a personal evangelist and as executive administrator of a mission station or field.

The fact that when a Hindu, Sikh or Mohammedan accepts Christianity he is usually cut off from his regular method of making a living and has to depend upon other means, tends to cause him to

look to the local missionary to provide that means. Until recently, in most missions the selecting of Indian pastors, religious workers, Bible women, teachers and other Indian workers in and on behalf of the mission, was entirely in the hands of the missionaries. Often it was in the hands of a single missionary. This policy has, far too often, tended to create a dictatorial attitude upon the part of the missionary and a servial one on the part of the Indian Christian. I have in mind one young lady who had been born and, for the most part, reared in India. She was therefore an expert, as missionaries go, in several Indian languages. Her parents, uncles, aunts and brothers and sisters are, or had been in positions of trusts and responsibilities in various parts of North India. She is herself at the head of one of the missions of her church. One summer she served as an official of one of the numerous schools in India that employs several Indian language teachers. Some of them left during the year, over half did not return the following year. How much was due to their avowed disapproval of some of the methods of this official is of course unknown. Some pupils and teachers were changed as many as a half dozen times within a few weeks. Another cause for criticism on the part of the Christian teachers was that she frequently accompanied a non-Christian teacher (a Hindu), to the bazaar, theatre and other places, (one of her sisters was said to have married a Mohammedan). The lady in question felt free to constitute herself the guardian of the morals of others, but was much displeased to think that anyone should display the audacity of disapproving any of her activities. She was also an exponent of the mass Christian movement, in which whole villages, to the last individual, accept Christianity. Strange to say, she was a member of a church that is known by its almost radical opposition to anything that pertains to this world.

India will never be won by the merits or demerits, by the strength or weakness, by abilities or by the inabilities of missionaries. That can only be done through the Christ that died for them. God takes our weaknesses and yea, even our failures, and in spite of them, we are used by and for Him. The young people that are representing Christ in India are, as a whole, as consecrated, as devoted and as Spirit-filled group as have ever entered the mission field. May God continue to call and to qualify young and consecrated lives to this needy vineyard.

CHAPTER XVII

Indian Christians and Some of Their Problems

IN MOST COUNTRIES a group of ten million people would be a large and considerable community. It is less than three percent of the population of India. Except in Christian villages where the Christians have been gathered for religious, economical, social and educational reasons, the Christians form a very small minority. Although there are many groups that outnumber them in India, the Christians are usually ranked after the Hindus, Sikhs and Mohammedans in the classifications of the people of India. The number of Christians in the professions, business, government and other walks of life, usually far outnumber their percentage in regard to the total population. Before Independence Day many claimed that this was due to the rule of the British. There are two Christians who hold ministerial portfolios in the present central government of India. At least one of the Indian governors of one of the larger and more important of the provinces is a Christian—not including several important Englishmen whose services have so far been retained by the present government. Considering their number an unusual proportion of the nurses, teachers, doctors and welfare workers are Christians. The influence of the Christian community is also shown by the fact that although there has been considerable pressure from some groups, that so far the Christian holidays have been retained. All this is more important when it is realized that there is no Christian party and at the present no united church or policy of the Christians in India. These results have not come from any pressure or organized influence, but from merit and need. In some places during the communal troubles in North India, Christians were actually sought to accept the positions of sub-magistrate and under positions because of the known fact that as a whole, they were impartial and fair judges and officials.

There is a much darker picture of Christianity and Christians in India. Many of the Christians come from the lower classes of the Indian society. For generations the members of these classes have, too often, been denied the advantages of education and economic

independence. Also their morals and standards of living have often left much to be desired. They had little if any voice in the government, or even in the affairs that most closely concerned themselves. Many of the members of these groups in former years were taught that to steal, lie and to indulge in other immoral practices in a way that would defy detection, were virtues indeed. Often, nay usually, the pay for their services was a mere pittance; in return they gave the minimum amount of services and often employed every known kind of subterfuge in order to do as little as possible. Christ, Himself, referred to Christianity as leaven which gradually leavened the whole. The conduct, habits and morals of those who are converted to Christianity from these groups are noticeably changed and transformed at once. But on the other side of the ledger the convert has to struggle for years, often throughout life, against the weaknesses that have been inherited from past generations and have been indulged in and cultivated in his own early life. Many times a member of this group finds it much harder to apply himself to learning, a thing that has been entirely foreign to him and his, than does the members of the more fortunate groups. Again, in former days, members of the upper classes were often interested in thwarting the attempts of the new convert to improve his condition. Members of his own group and even of his immediate family, regarded him as a traitor and renegade. We trust that the above will be increasingly rare in New and Free India. It seems that as far as the government is concerned it will be. These and other conditions combined, too many times, to make the convert too good for his own station and not good enough for any other. In old India there were different codes of conduct and morals for the different classes, but each year, even each day is seeing the falling away of these barriers, for which every true friend of India is truly thankful and grateful. Privileges that have been the precious heritage of certain classes for centuries have gone "with the wind." Others are fast disappearing.

There is doubt if any group within India has had more influence on the moral and social, as well as on the economical and educational life, than the Indian Christians during the past half century. There was a time, it may be true today in some places, when the Christians were looked upon as imitators of ways and customs foreign to India and her soil. By some they were considered as traitors to the cultural, religious and philosophical life of the country. Today even the opponents of Christianity recognize that the Christian faith is here to stay. By the vast majority of the citizens of India, Christianity and Christians are given more regard

and consideration than Islam and several other religions. Some say that it is because of the scarcity of their numbers. However, during the past decade the number of Christians in India have increased a hundred percent. It is true that at one time Islam, which is also foreign to India, increased much faster but it was, to a large degree, owing to the sword and conquest. There are those who would compare the Mohammedan converts under Islamitic rule to the Christian converts under the British, but the greatest gains have been during the years that the British have been withdrawing from the country. The Christian faith and the influence of Christians are felt throughout the land. To fully understand the place of Christianity in the India of today and its possibilities in the India of tomorrow, one must know somewhat about the weakness and the strength of the individual Indian Christians scattered here and there over the country.

For convenience we will group the Indian Christians into six different classes or groups. There are honest Christians in each of these groups but they were at first influenced by the various conditions, facts and reasons listed below. I may add that in all probability the Christians of India are just as sincere and faithful to the teachings of Christ, on the whole, as any Christians of any other country. Our remarks in this connection are not given as criticism, but to help you understand some of the problems and difficulties of the Indian Christians. The first group is composed of the hereditary Christians, or those, who have been born into Christian homes and have from their youth been partakers in Christian culture and Christian training. Even in the United States many are Christians because their parents were before them. Here you are, a Sikh, Muslim, Hindu, a Parsee, or a Christian, not altogether and sometimes not at all, because you are an observer or even a believer of the religion in question, but because you were born into that community. As the term Jew usually means more than a religious belief, or even the lack of such a belief, so do the various terms here designate the group to which the individual belongs and not his personal beliefs. For instance, all Anglo Indians are Christians regardless of their personal lives. The European may be a most profaned atheist, yet, he is a Christian. The drunken, licentious soldier of yesterday was a Christian. Christianity is judged by these persons no less than by the missionary, or the most Christ-like Indian Christian in the land. In the west we lay stress on the individual. Throughout the East, the emphasis is upon the group. The true Easterner is true to the

beliefs and practices of the group. The ideal Westerner is true to his own thoughts and beliefs.

Thousands of the members of this first group of Indian Christians are sincere followers of Christ and are awake to the responsibilities of true discipleship. Some of the members of the third and fourth generation are taking their places as leaders in their local churches, communities, and in their denominations. Many of the leaders of the Indian church are from this group. While this can possibly be said of the majority of those who are born in Christian homes ,there are others who have continued to put on the more external Christian Graces, but have no personal and real knowledge of a Saviour who has saved them from their sins. I am well acquainted with an Indian who was born in a Christian home and in a Christian village. His father was the pastor of the local village. His maternal uncle was the first Indian Bishop of his church. He was thoroughly educated in Christian schools and colleges. For the past twenty years he has worked with and for missionaries. He has many likeable ways; however, he loves to take the truth and do anything under the sun with it as long as he thinks his ends are being served. He likes to have friends, friends that can be used to his advantage. During the time that the communal trouble was very real in this part of the country and it was dangerous to be a Hindu among Muslims and equally as undesirable to be a Mohammedan in the midst of Hindus or Sikhs, our friend was indeed our friend. He was a Christian in a thousand clung closer to us than a drowning man to a straw. No sooner was the danger gone than he shed many of his religious scruples and laid his plans to obtain a job in a city government which he did, although he was the only Christian in the group. However, this same individual can be most accommodating and helpful and is a model of politeness and propriety, whenever he desires to exercise these virtues.

I have met several young men who are Christian in their manner and even in their personal habits. They conform, as do their counterparts in America, to all the outward requirements of the Christian faith, but are unable to understand a life that is lived for others and for Christ. Again, many seem to think that being born in a Christian home and receiving a Christian education meet all the requirements of the Christian faith except a few acts of outward conformability.

For economical as well as religious and educational reasons, in the past many Christian villages have been built and established. At one time to become a Christian in India, meant not only to be excluded from the home but to be denied any means of making a

livelihood. Therefore, there are many Christian villages throughout India. Missions and Missionaries often assisted these villagers to a better standard of living. Often opportunities for education were afforded their children. Sometimes these and other reasons have influenced people to cast their lot with the Christian people. The second group of Indian Christians may be said to be those whose lot is for one reason or other cast among Christians. Sometimes, children who have been orphaned by one of the many plagues or calamities that are so common to the poor are received into Christian villages or homes or by missionaries. Sometimes, when most of the people of a village become Christians, the residue become Christians sooner or later for various reasons. Again, when the greater part of a hill tribe becomes converted to Christianity, rather than be separated from their tribe the remainder will also "embrace the faith."

"Rice Christians" was once a familiar term in India. It is used very often even today, with what justification it is hard to say. It is true, that the poor have been particularly drawn to Christianity down through the ages. While He was here on the earth in the form of sinful men, the Son of God attracted the poor and common people. So it has always been true that the first in any land to accept Him, has not been the rich and mighty but the humble and the poor. India has been no exception. For years, not only were the means of obtaining a decent living denied the poor, but the temples and religious shrines were closed to the millions of India's out castes. For the past year, one famous temple after another has thrown open its doors to those who have for so long been denied the solace of the religion of which they were considered a part. Even during years of abundant crops, many of the poor are living on the border of starvation. As yet the wonderful dams, which are to be built throughout India and will not only furnish the power so sorely needed for the development of the tremendous resources of the country, but prevent the frequent floods, are on paper. Almost annually some parts of the country are visited by destructive floods, which leave thousands homeless and pennyless. Epidemics and plagues are often wiping out whole villages and making destitute the inhabitants of many more. Although the postwar inflation has struck India as it has all other nations and the high prices are working a terrific hardship upon the poor, yet their condition, bad as it is, is not as desperate as it has been in past years. However, the lot of the poor is indeed hard and many times his is a desperate case indeed. The poor are constantly looking for deliverance from their troubles. As in many other countries and other ages, the poor have found

comfort and solace in the best friend that the poor have ever known. A large per cent of the Christians were once to be counted among the very poor. It is only natural that the poor and ignorant should long for the loaves and fishes that are often distributed among His own. Also, in case of famine or flood, the Mission always stands ready to lend a helping hand. Of course this is done without regard to religion or community but the needs of its own are known much quicker. Also the missions are most always engaged in building and repair programs which demands the employment of a large number of labourers. The pay of the Missions is prompt and usually represents the top prevailing wage for any given work. These and similar conditions have often created the suspicion that some times the converts are more interested in the loaves and the fishes than the Kingdom of God. Even if they can see no immediate material advantage, it appears to them that the Mission has a never-ceasing flow of money, equipment etc., If they only knew how desperate the Foreign Mission Board was because of a depleted treasury and the demands upon it beyond their ability to meet. However, all of this is far beyond their ken and if they were told the real state of affairs, they would not understand in the least. In the east, particularly in the past, the man is not acclaimed so much for what he is, or does, but for the number of followers and size of his retinue. It is also customary for the poor to attach themselves in some manner to the service and protection of others. These and other similar conditions have given grounds for the term "Rice Christians." Most Missions take great pains to explain that although often Christianity has as its byproducts better economic and social conditions that the Christian faith deals primarily with the things of the Spirit. Although the various missions are still called upon for relief work in times of catastrophes such organizations as the Red Cross and various governmental welfare agencies are now performing much of the work of this nature which once fell to different religious organizations and to the benevolent rich. Of course the Government has always given grants etc., in case of desperate needs.

One of the first things we were warned against was the loaning of money, particularly to Indian Christians. Many of the middle classes and most of the poor are in debt most of their lives. To be able to borrow money is taken as a sign of respectability. Few that owe money, even to the banks, or regular money lenders, ever think of paying the principle. The interest is extremely high as the risk is great. Experienced missionaries will give money to the Indian Christian that is in desperate need but will seldom loan money. One young man, a Christian who has had a good Government job

for several years wanted to get married. Many a poor man spends more, if he can get it, on his marriage than he can hope to make in the next several years. Frequently the groom feeds and feasts hundreds and even thousands of guests. The cost of a respectable wedding is great indeed. Many Christians, despite the teachings of the missionaries and many of their own leaders, indulge in this practice. He may not have a piece of furniture or even the humblest of places to which to take his bride. Nevertheless, the groom will often mortgage the future of both himself, wife and unborn children in order to put forth a good foot on his wedding day or days as the case may be. The young man just mentioned first approached a Missionary. His request for a loan being denied he then applied to a young Indian Christian who lived at a hotel and had often entertained the prospective groom for days at his own expense while he was visiting friends in what had once been his home town. I doubt if the income of the second man was much if any greater than that of the groom. Upon being told that he was not in the position to lend him the money for that purpose, he informed him that it was his duty as a "Brother in Christ." Having been entertained free of charge for three days and given the money to pay his way back to his place of work, he left in a great "huff." The second man represents a fine class of Indian Christians that are charitable in all their dealings—but who realize that they are God's stewards.

In the U.S. there are those who fully, by their actions,—believe that when they are in Rome they should do as the Romans. They look upon Christianity as an insurance policy. Other look upon it as a coat to be put on or off at will. These may be said to be Christians for convenience. However, many times—these develop into real Christians and have a real work of grace wrought in their hearts. This class of Christians has its counter-part in India. Until recently and even now in places the problem of obtaining an education for all but the members of the privileged classes has been a most difficult one indeed. The only hope for many have been the mission schools. Although these schools, for the most part, have opened their doors to children of the different communities, the preference was usually extended to Christian families. Although no one can know the heart of man, sometimes there are reason to believe that the best policy may be behind certain moves. In the better known hill stations during the course of a summer, there are likely to be more than a thousand from among the ranks of missionaries and Christian workers. Many of the various workers and hawkers become Christian for the season. Naturally, these are from the lower classes, and they may have come from a Christian—

village, but there is often no claim of Christianity during the off season. On the other hand, there are always the group of Christians who follow the missionaries to the hills partly for a livelihood and also to attend the many Hindustani services that are being conducted throughout the season.

India is the home of speculative philosophy and the people are continually searching for so-called spiritual truths. There are intellectual believers in Christianity. Some of these have never openly joined the church, others have. They accept the ideas and principles of the faith, intellectually. There are others, to whom Christianity appeals because they approve of the western way of living. A major advantage of the Christian faith is that it is neither Occidental nor Oriental but meets the needs both equally as well. As elsewhere this class is dangerous to the church. There are those who would welcome it as a cult, but it must be enthroned in the hearts of men.

Although the Indian Church is not entirely free from her "Modernists" and "Free Thinkers" on the whole, the membership is more "Orthodox" than that of Europe and America. During the past half century some of the outstanding spiritual leaders of the church Universal have been Indian Christians. In many quarters there is rising such a zeal for the salvation of the lost of their fellow countrymen on the part of Indian Christians that many are encouraged to look for such an ingathering of souls that the Indian Church has not yet seen. The true Church of India is made up if this last group, the born-again Christians. The hope lies in the fact, that most of the leaders of the Indian Church are from this group. Personally I am of the opinion that by far the largest number of Indian Christians are from this great army, who have been made clean through the Blood of the Son of God. We shall later give brief sketches of some earnest and true Christians that we have met.

CHAPTER XVIII

Early Attempts to Preach Christ in India

MANY WERE THE TIMES during our first year in India that we felt more or less frustrated in our desires and efforts to actually be doing something to advance the Kingdom of God in India. Many times it is easier to attempt some difficult task for the Lord than it is to patiently wait for His Time and for His Will. We have both always held to the opinion that a person that drew pay for work that he or she had not performed was a thief. We were both very anxious to begin working as missionaries at once upon our arrival in South India in the late spring of 1947. However, almost total ignorance of not only the customs, habits, languages and religions of the people, but an equal amount of the lack of knowledge of approved missionary methods and procedure was the lot and portion of us both. For years we have pleaded that all servants of God should be ethical to the ninth degree in their relations with one another. In Kotagiri, there were three Indian Churches, an interdenominational hospital, a Union Church besides the work that Miss Barnard was carrying on which consisted of two small schools and two Sunday schools and regular visitations among the lower castes and in a near-by Kota Village. Sister Barnard insisted that we feel free to work, talk and preach, which we more or less did. However, as we were only planning to stay in the south for a few weeks before leaving for a Language School in the northeast part of the country, we were rather reluctant to take any steps that might react after we were gone. Nevertheless, we made two to four preaching tours a week and helped the best we could with the two Sunday schools. Due to my speech handicaps, I have found it to work to the best interest of all concerned to write out an outline and go through it once or twice with my interpreter. Even if I did not follow the outline too closely, it served as a guide. Since I have now begun to use a little Hindi, a good plan in my case is to use well-known Bible Passages and the Flannel Board as much as possible. Since there may be several languages that are in use in any given community, few missionaries ever are entirely beyond the need of an interpreter at all times.

There are all kinds of interpreters. Some are ideal, faithfully translating the message in the spirit that it is intended. Others are just as sincere but are poor public speakers. There are some who will take your talk as an outline and develop it into a message of their own. Still others either with intent or through ignorance will so distort your message so you would hardly recognize it. Some old missionaries advise all new comers not to try to preach or teach until they are able to do so without an interpreter. There are those who speak the languages well but seldom preach except through an interpreter. Also there are a few successful missionaries who have never learned any of the languages of the country. There are others who have become very fluent in a number of languages who have never formally studied the languages in any school or under any qualified teacher.

We used some six or seven interpreters for the little teaching and preaching that we did during our first year in India. The first thing to do on a non-announced preaching tour is to gather your audience. The first few times I went out after arriving in Kotagiri, my interpreter was an old gentleman, and although he was a fair interpreter, he could not get an audience. After a few times, I learned to help get an audience by going to the doors of the houses and wherever a human being might be and "salam" and motion and begin beckoning with both hands. I found that I could double or treble the crowds that the old gentleman could get. Although you are talking through an interpreter, I soon found that you could improve the interest and attention of your audience a hundred per cent if you gestured freely and talked like you meant it. Most Indian talkers are most free with the use of their hands while talking. In fact, at least half of their talking seems to be done by and with their hands. Most Indians profess to believe in one true God. (they may worship many gods) and nearly all, if not all, believe in a life, many lives after death. They are not in the least surprised by anything that appears to be supernatural. In groups of any size, you will find those that will agree in entirety to what you say. Particularly among the lower classes, you will find many that will say that they believe in Christ. However, they also believe in Ram and Sita. Hindu Dieties. Since Independence, the authorities in some states and provinces have frowned upon street or bazar preaching. However, this is hardly a hardship, as it is a matter of only a few minutes to gather a crowd in some house, on some porch, or in a yard, even though, in many cases, the owners are Hindus or members of some other religious sect. Neither in America or India have I been too fond of street preaching. No doubt it has

its place but in India it has too often resulted in unprofitable debate and sometimes in unregenerated converts. Indian Christians are beginning, more than ever before to have prayer meetings and services in their homes and to invite their neighbors who are not Christians. Personally, I feel that it is proving to be an improvement upon the former method.

In preaching through an interpreter, I have found it to be advantageous to make a written outline of the intended message and go over it with him before hand, especially, the applications of the message. I soon found that the people appreciated abundant homely illustrations and comparisons. It is not at all unusual to have listeners that are far more widely read than you. On the other hand, the majority of your audience is probably unable to read or write. But they have listened by the hour to many speakers on many different subjects; a large per cent of which was no doubt religious. The capacity of even the uneducated Indian to retain and remember what he has heard is most remarkable. If you return to a place where you have spoken a week or even a month before, upon questioning you will usually find that there are many in the audience that remember your former speech better than you, if you do not refer to notes.

One thing that confronts one upon planning a preaching tour is the time of day that will be best. I soon found that it was much better to trust my own judgment than that of the interpreter. However it is hard to say that any given hour will prove best for that particular day. At first I sent word that I would be at a certain place at a certain time but later found it was just as good if not better to come unannounced. I soon found that if I wanted the women in the audience as well as the men, it was best to be accompanied by Mrs. Woolsey. Usually the best time in the villages to gather the entire family together is just after the evening meal. One can usually get a group of men and children in the early morning before they go to their work. Some times about one in the afternoon proves to be a good time. However, one of our most successful days in reaching the people was when we began at ten o'clock and visited five villages in succession until about four in the afternoon. We had the majority of each village including men, women and children. The villagers are usually very friendly and will bring out a stool or a rug for one to sit on and will extend every mark of courtesy and hospitality, often offering "dainties" which you do not dare refuse and hardly dare to eat. Few people in the world appreciate pleasant and smiling faces and clean fun more than Indians of all classes and stations in life.

Many have been the times that while we were talking in a building or room various men of the village would come and stand at the windows or doors when they would not enter. Sometimes they would listen for a few minutes and then go on about their business. Other times they would remain throughout the entire service. Mere preaching without being followed up by personal visits, talks and teachings rarely proves either very profitable or lasting. Personal morals, habits, customs and even rules of health and personal hygiene as well as the means of obtaining a livelihood, position in the community and the relationship with their fellowmen, depend largely upon their religious faith. Therefore, it is extremely unwise to try and hasten so important a decision as one that will so largely change one's entire life in this world and in the world to come.

Among all people in all countries, singing is one of the best ways to gather a crowd and also to convey your message. Many missionaries find that hand organs, trumpets, violins and other musical instruments are means to an end. But care must be taken that they do not become the end also. As I cannot sing in English, to say nothing about any of the languages of this country, often I have had to depend on a single voice of an aged interpreter which had long before become broken because of age. The ability to sing both alone and to direct others aside from the personal knowledge of the Lord and a strong, deep and abiding passion for the lost, is one of the greatest assets that any missionary can have and should be cultivated by all who are preparing for the field. An added asset is the ability to play various musical instruments. When I have had a few good singers with me, my task has been made much easier. All Indian children love to sing and it takes only a few minutes to have them singing simple gospel choruses in their own language, provided there is someone to teach them. I have yet to see the parents object to their children learning these simple choruses. These are sung again and again by the children long after both you and your message are all but forgotten. The simple gospel truths in them may often, under the leadership of the Holy Spirit, do more than a lifetime of preaching. Of course, in places where one goes regularly, one can usually have a chorus of bright eyed youngsters, who are most proud to have a part in the service. Often it is easy to get the older ones as well to join in the singing. Indeed they will often do so without an invitation.

It is only natural that when the preacher is a stranger to the people and their customs and their ways are equally as foreign to him that queer and sometimes awkward situations will rise. One time at the close of a service where all were seated, I raised my

hands over my head as a sign for the congregation to rise for the benediction or closing prayer. I called on an Indian Christian to lead the prayer. Most Indians are excellent imitators and this brother raised his hands as I had done. During his long prayer, sensing something out of the ordinary, I glanced out of the corner of my eye to find that every one in the house was standing with their hands raised well above their heads, many of those present were coolies and Hindus. A Norwegian friend was present and thinking that it might be a custom of my denomination, he raised his hands with the rest, but noticing that as soon as the audience arose I had lowered my hands, he soon let his fall to his side. He confessed that during the remainder of the prayer he covertly looked to see the different manner in which various ones were following this new and strange custom. He has often demonstrated for my benefit the various postures and antics of those who were trying to the best of their abilities to follow the leader. However, I trust that God will bless this following, as they thought, a Christian custom to the awaking of some soul. On one other occasion a devout but simple convert imitated each gesture and move I made in all sincerity and seriousness. I had to forego any further gestures or bodily movements to keep the brother from stealing the show. One time I read a biblical passage and the interpreter read it after me and our small non-Christian audience repeated it after him. Again, what appeared to be a simple minunderstanding may have been the Holy Spirit working in a mysterious manner His wonders to perform.

It is not unusual for a group that you have visited for the first time to insist that you return and preach to them again. However, this does not necessarily mean that they are unduly impressed or interested. Of course there are here as well as in America and elsewhere those who seem to be anxious to count numbers but all the more conservative missionaries are slow in baptizing a new convert and receiving him into the visible body of Christ. Ordinarily the Indian pastor, Bible woman or a missionary spends months or even years in teaching and explaining the word of God and what it really means to be a Christian before the convert is enjoined to take any formal step. During the late fall of our first year in India, one day an Indian pastor who had worked for various missions including two branches of the Baptist faith came to our home for the purpose of asking me to administer the ordinance of baptism the next Sunday. I refused at first telling him that it would be best for him to do his own baptizing. However, upon his insisting and learning that in this case the teaching and Bible study had been going on for over a year, I was about to agree when I saw Mrs. Woolsey

looking at me as though she would like to advise caution on my part. I inquired further and found that there were no facilities for immersion. In accordance with my interpretation of the Word of God and the usage of our denomination I have never administered any other form of baptism other than that of immersion. On the other hand I have been careful not to offend one of God's own or any one else over any doctrine less than that of the plan of redemption and salvation. Nevertheless, I have preached and taught the ordinance of baptism by immersion, for all who have been converted as a sign of conversion but not as a step of conversion. I agreed to attend the baptism service and read or pray and help in any way that I could. It later appeared that the pastor was also a strong believer in immersion but felt that the baptism should take place at this time nevertheless. But he much preferred that I would perform the ceremony. He insisted that I would preside over the preliminaries which I did. At the last moment having called the candidate to the front and having asked the customary questions and received the answers he side-stepped leaving me to perform the ceremony but not to be outdone I gave a general charge for Christian living and then extended the water in the direction of the pastor nodding my head in a gesture of command upon which the pastor performed the task. This in my way of seeing it was rather a clear example of beating the devil around the stump. Of course, in the case of those I have prepared for this important step, all necessary preparations would have been made previously to the occasion.

Some of the most satisfying services or gatherings that I have attended in India have been those where a few Indian workers or Christians have been gathered together for study of the Word of God and the discussion of problems. Having attended several such services in south and in north India, I believe, that it is in such work that God is really using missionaries. Again, I am impressed with the need of Indians carrying the Gospel to Indians.

One Sunday, an Indian pastor and his helpers had to be away, so he asked me to take the service. An Indian Language teacher being present, I asked if he could act as my interpreter the next Sunday. He at once agreed and suggested that we invite another Missionary to take part in the Service. As he was a fine fellow and a personal friend of mine, I gave my consent. Early on the morning of the Service, the interpreter sent me word that due to another meeting, the one I was to conduct was moved up an hour. As the time of service was at such a time that the Christian servants in a near-by Hospital and other places could attend, I sent word that I doubted if I would be there before the regular time and also went to

see my friend. As I had expected he had also been notified of the change in time. When we reached the church about forty-five minutes after the revised time, there were only the Indian Gentleman and a few of his friends, much "put out" because we were late. I immediately found out that they had the Service arranged, to prayers, three or four Scripture lessons, etc., etc. I at once took the chair behind the pulpit ignoring the gestures to take a seat down in front. As it was then about the usual time I ask them if they would be so kind as to ring the bell. The crowd was just arriving. Although I was shown a program I smiled and proceeded to ignore it completely. I called on my friend to say a few words and then proceeded with my message. The Indian Gentleman was an excellent Interpreter and God blessed us with a wonderful service. We had the largest audience that I have seen in that small church, but if we had permitted the time to be changed we would have worshiped with one family that did not regularly attend at that place. My friend was much surprised at the manner that I seized "the bull by the horns." As is always my custom when I first go to or visit a new place, I had been, up to that time, keeping myself much in the background.

CHAPTER XIX

A Glorious Day Testifying for the Lord

"MANY TIMES, TO TARRY AT JERUSALEM" is harder than to go into all the world, preaching the Gospel to every creature. From Landour, after the first few months of our language studying, I wrote Miss Barnard, head of the Immanuel Tamil Mission, in South India. I stated that Mrs. Woolsey and I both realized that we needed to spend the winter studying the language, instead of going straight to Purnea District as we had talked about doing but wondered what our people would think about us postponing setting up a new station. I also stated that both Mrs. Woolsey and I often felt the urge to be in the midst of carrying the blessed story of the Cross to those standing in such need of it. Miss Barnard wrote back and advised the continuation of our language preparation stating that sometimes the waiting was the hardest thing to do.

It is now, as I am writing this, some ten months since we left our home for India. Most of that time has been spent in travelling, studying and getting settled. But we, in the midst of these things, have had abundant opportunity to testify for the Lord. God led us to arrange for three prayer meetings and three preaching services coming from New York to Bombay. These were the first religious services to be held on our boat. We have written some forty odd articles, appearing in five church papers and three newspapers, sent out 440 form letters, one hundred and seventy-five postcards and over 250 personal letters and some three hundred photos, most of which we took ourselves, also between six—seven hundred feet of movie film. In addition, we wrote a two hundred and fifty page work on the work in America, and up until now, some two hundred pages on India, her people and needs. However, it was never our intention to spend even part of the first year in such pursuits. But the Will of God be done. We have travelled more than twenty-five thousand miles during the last ten months. Although we have taken part in two Baptism services and have made several preaching tours here in India, we have not had the opportunity to carry the Gospel to the villages and the people as we would have liked.

Therefore, we were very happy indeed when Sister Barnard suggested that we might borrow Mr. Mulli from his teaching at the Kota, Aggal, School and make a tour of some two or three distant Badaga Villages and another Kota Village. As long as she was able, Sister Barnard had visited these villages regularly although, the last one is a distance of sixteen miles and all but five or six miles must be made on foot as the Mission has no jeep. When we landed in India, we had some money which we intended should go on a jeep but our travelling has taken it. This trip means an eighteen mile walk, if you count the mile to and from the bus station here in Kotagiri. This morning, I was up at 4:30 shaving and making preparations, Mrs. Woolsey was soon cooking a hurried snack over a hot plate. Having eaten a hasty but tasty breakfast, daylight found us almost ready to start. When we arrived at the bus station, Mr. Mulli was pacing up and down the street looking and waiting for both of us and the bus. His brother-in-law, "David," who lives some three miles from here, soon appeared—ready to go with us. It did my heart good to see Brother David as we had gone out together a few times when we were in the South before going North.

As we are leaving for the North again in a few days, this was to be our last chance to testify for Him who has done so much for us, here in the South except, at the "Sweeper's" Sunday school and the Sunday evening Bible Class with some of the young men. God answered our prayers by giving us a most ideal day, enough sunshine for the taking of pictures and enough clouds and refreshing winds to keep it pleasant. As it was some eight miles from where we alighted from the bus to the Kota Village, we had intended to go there before the sun should be coming down in its power and before the Kota men, who are skilled laborers, should go to their various tasks in the near-by towns and cities. Man "proposes" but God "disposes." Mrs. Woolsey was carrying the kodak and I the "movie." As we alighted from the bus and were preparing for the long hike, I suggested to Mrs. Woolsey that she take the photos of us three starting out. No way of collecting crowd, at a short notice, is half so good as showing a camera. All Indians delight to have their pictures taken at all times and in all places. As it was still early in the morning, the entire village came out. We took a few pictures and the others started on but I called them back and told them that our first preaching stand of the day had been prepared by the Lord Himself and who were we to gainsay Him? We sang, prayed, preached and used the fannel board. As there were two or three Christians present, our fellowship was good and we trust that those three hundred men and women who knew not the Lord in that village, were closer to

a saving knowledge than ever before. Brother David is a whole-hearted Christian worker; everyone he met, even if it did not call for a stop, was favored with a word about the Master or a verse of a Christian song or hymn in the passing. We managed to take several movie pictures of those we met.

Ten o'clock saw us still hoping to reach the Kota Village as soon as possible. But again we stopped to take a few pictures at a Badaga Village and the entire Village including the school was all around us so that moving about was a most difficult business indeed. Again God literally compelled us to tarry until His Son Jesus Christ was once more held up before a dying and a sin-cursed world. There must have been seventy-five or more children here besides twice that many women and men. The workers left their work, the children their school, and we our plans. Bro. David preached and I showed pictures and told through Mr. Mulli the story of Moses as a babe and how he later received the ten commandments with suitable illustrations for each of the commandments. Did the parents grin when I showed the pictures with the fifth commandment, "Thou shalt honor Thy Father and Thy Mother" and threw in a few words on the subject "to boot?" Bro. David then taught the children a half dozen easy Christian songs with their parents standing by as proud as peacocks and grinning from ear to ear. It is doubtful if the Gospel made much impression on the older members of the village who had been steeped in the practices and teachings of Hinduism all their lives. But many of the children will remember the Bible stories and teachings as told and shown by the pictures, and the songs they learned the rest of their lives. And again, we were there less than two hours, but the children will, without intent, bear witness to the Saviour for many days to come. Although, as far as we know, there are no Christians in that village, there are scores of secret believers in almost every village. Recently a young woman of a Badaga village even dared to confess Christ openly amidst the direst of threats and was baptized after the worst of beatings. Bro. David was one of three or four who were used by God to convert her and was set on by a group of the Badagas and given a beating. He is still praising God that he was counted worthy to suffer for his name. He has been threatend with death if he should repeat his visits to that village, he is now going to other villages. The people in this Badaga Village were most cordial and invited us again. Some were threshing grain by the ancient method of driving yoked oxen, bullocks in this case, around the treadmill. This is the way that the grain was threshed on the threshing-floor of Ornan the Jebusite which David, the king and Sweet Singer of Israel bought

in order that he might build an altar upon it. Later the temple was built there.

In all of these villages or rather in their near-by fields, cabbage, potatoes, peas, greens and many other vegetables are grown. They do much of the weaving and making of cloth and other occupations similar to those carried on by all our ancestors who were the pioneers of the United States. This was the last village that could be reached by any type of motor vehicle or, possibly, even by ox cart. The Village is on the hill side of what is a series of high hills. Having said "so long" to the hospitable villagers we began to climb in earnest. At the top of what proved to be an unusually high mountain or hill for this section, we found a huge tree under whose branches and the shade furnished thereby, we spread the abundant and delicious lunch that Mrs. Woolsey had prepared and packed. Although she had prepared for only three, there was plenty for all. It was now past one o'clock and we had to be back to the bus route by four o'clock or soon after. Therefore, we only talked a few minutes with the men of the next village. They were making a very inferior grade of soft bricks in about the same way that the children of Israel made bricks for Pharaoh during the Egyptian Bondage. This was a Tamil Village.

All the members of the Kota Tribe resemble each other very much. There are seven Kota Villages in the radius of a few miles. None of them are large. As far as is known, there is not a single Christian in any of the villages. Almost fifty years ago, two Kota men accepted Christ and were about to be baptized but for some unknown reason renounced Christianity and since that time, there have never been a single convert. However, for some time, the Free Will Baptists have been conducting a day school, Sunday school and making regular visiting trips, at the Kota Village of Aggal near Kotagiri. It is to be hoped that the seed planted within the breasts of the children will some day bear fruit to the salvation of not only this village but of the other six as well. As we neared the Kota Village, today, we saw some of the best looking sheep we have yet seen in India,—we are not bragging, and an immense herd of buffaloes that were not beautiful, fat, clean or in any way attractive to the eye. The women were making pots, water jars and other earthern vessels. In all probability, they were, today, making the same type of water-jars that Rebecca had when Abraham's servant came to her city seeking a wife for Isaac.

Usually at this time of day, one would find few if any Kota men in the village but today all of them must have been at home. Soon Bro. David had the bigger part of the whole village, with the ex-

ception of some near by making bricks, gathered around him. He sang and preached a few minutes and after saying a few words I began preaching using the "Flannel Board." Soon those that were not already around us had "joined the group," including those making bricks. That is all but the foreman or boss of the crew. Thereupon, he came down and requested us to leave, as, so he said, not a single man would do a lick of work as long as I was talking and showing the pictures. As soon as I was told what he said, I was for leaving but Bro. David set up such a howl and several others joined in that the head men decreed that we were to go on with our preaching which we most gladly did. The foreman went back to making brick but he proved to be a true prophet, as not a single one of his men did a single lick of work until I had finished and Mrs. Woolsey had taken their pictures both with the Movie camera and her kodak. As a sort of appeasement, she took the brick foreman making brick. As a punishment he wouldn't let his men in the picture, they had already been in two or three groups as Mrs. Woolsey had to divide them into three or four sections to get all of them in the pictures,—some ran from one section to another, Bro. David along with them. It was after two o'clock when we finally started home.

During the trip from the Kota Village to the main road and bus route, I counted twenty-two temples and shrines that could be seen. Some of them were beautiful structures, but not large, with all kinds of carvings and images on them, some were very small plain temples, some only simple road side shrines. One shrine consisted of only one medium size stone with carvings on it; both the stone and the carvings were very ordinary. Another shrine consisted of a little shelter of brushes about three feet by three with a fork, such as Satan is usually portrayed as holding in his hand, a stone, a garland around the stone and absolutely nothing else. May God speed the time that churches and the true worship of the Son of God will take the place of these shrines and temples.

Although we were little late for the bus, had it run according to schedule, God was continuing to overcome in our behalf so we soon caught a bus to Kotagiri, arriving Home between five and six o'clock. A good hot bath and a good supper, did for our bodies what the experiences of the day had done for our souls. We were very happy about the entire happenings of the day. We had, possibly, been enabled to talk to and pray with between five and eight hundred people of all ages. Surely the efforts of the day had not been in vain. We were able to contact many more people than I had been able to do in any one day before and on the whole they showed much

the best interest of any groups that we had yet contacted. What our eyes have seen, what our ears have heard and what our hearts have felt, constraineth us to pray and to entreat others to do likewise, that "the Father of the Harvest will send forth laborers into his vineyard for the Harvest is plenteous and ripe but the laborers are few." The incidents of the last few days have given all the God's workers in this vineyard a solemn warning that their labors may not be appreciated in the future. May God again overrule.

It is now exactly twelve-thirty and twenty full hours since my day began. I can now retire, not with any realization of anything accomplished by us, but with the deep and abiding conviction that, as unworthy as we are, He has seen fit to say, "Go and I will go with you."

CHAPTER XX

Miss Barnard, the Senior Free Will Baptist Missionary in India

ALTHOUGH NOT THE LATEST ARRIVAL among Christian denominations, the Free Will Baptist Church is comparatively young in comparison to some of her sister denominations. The original Free Will Baptist Church was organized more than a quarter of a century previously to the Revolutionary War, in eastern N. C., about the close of the same war, "the Benjamin Randall Branch" of the church was organized in New Hampshire. In 1833, the Free Will Baptist Board of Foreign Missions was formed and sent out the First Missionaries of the church to India in 1835. Although many of the Associations in the southern States were nominal members of the General Conference of Free Will Baptists, they did not furnish a single missionary and gave very little support to this phase of the denominational work. Consequently, when the northern wing of the church merged with the northern Baptists, the Mission work in India and elsewhere went with it. At this time the southern churches were mostly rural, small and the membership was comparatively poor. It was more than twenty-five years before the National Association was organized in 1936, during that time there was no National or General Conference. The work of reuniting and unifying the work is still in progress.

The First Missionary to be sent forth by the New Unified Association of the South was Miss L. B. Barnard of Glenville, Ga. Glenville is a small rural town in the extreme southeastern corner of the State. For several years the Free Will Baptist Church here has been recognized as one of the best belonging to the denomination in the State. Some of the leading laymen and laywomen not only of the State but of the entire denomination are or have been members of this church. Some of the outstanding ministers and leaders of the denomination are or were from this general section. Rev. J. R. Davidson whose brother is still an official of the Glennville Church was originally from the Glennville Community and was a former Pastor of the church. Since that time Bro. Davidson has served the denomination as Moderator of the National Association, as Sec. of

the General Board of F.W.B., as Chairman-Treasurer of the National Educational Board, as Secretary of Board of Trustees of the Bible College at Nashville and as Business Manager for the same institution. He has also served some of the outstanding churches in different States as their pastor. Linton Johnson, Moderator of the National Association and President of the Free Will Baptist Bible College of Nashville, Tennessee, was a former pastor of the Glennville Church and was reared not far away in the same section of the State. I. J. Blackwelder, the First Secretary and Treasurer of the New Foreign Mission Board and for several years one of the denominational leaders, was just from across the border in Florida and was for some time a member of the same Association as the Glenville Church and is now pastor of a church in the same part of the State. Probably no other man, in the early stages of the new interest in Foreign Missions, did more to awaken the people to the importance and need of this phase of the church work than Rev. Blackwelder. Many other state and national leaders were either from this section or have labored there.

Miss Barnard is a member of quite a remarkable family. Her mother has mourned the loss of three husbands and each was a widower with children when she married him and she had children by all three. One can tell no difference between the children and step-children. Even the members of the family are likely to pause and consider before they give an answer. Mrs. Hagin, Miss Barnard's Mother, still looks after the affairs of her home and is keenly interested in the doings of her children and their families. She has retained her interest in the affairs of her church and denomination. Mrs. Hagin married Mr. Barnard while she was a young girl still in her teens. Young as she was, she at once took over the duties of a house-wife. To this union our Senior Missionary in India was born some years after the turn of the century. Most of her early years were spent in or near Glenville. Among her relatives were several ministers and the entire family is religiously inclined. At the early age of fourteen, she professed faith in Christ, was baptized and united with the Glennville church. Although Miss Barnard's family was of the respectable middle class, there never was too much money to throw to the wind. One cannot imagine a child of Mrs. Hagin growing up without knowing somewhat concerning the art of honest toil. Her fame in cooking and other arts connected with excellent housekeeping is almost legendary in her community. Our Senior Missionary early learned the fundamentals of these useful arts from a masterhand.

Having finished her high school course and learning the art of

typewriting, stenography and kindred subjects, she later entered Columbia Bible College from which institution she holds a degree. She has also attended Summer Schools, etc. Although there are many who are possessors of more formal learning and higher degrees, in the denomination, it is doubtful if the denomination can boast of a more polished scholar or one who loves learning more for its own sake. However, these qualities have drawn her closer to God than otherwise. Her work both at the Bible College in Nashville and in the Christian institutes held in many different States, along with her many articles for church papers and her book, "His Name Among All Nations," have proven her one of the most efficient teachers and able writers of the denomination. In addition to her teaching, she served as Secretary to the President while at the Bible College and proved that her knowledge of office work and bookkeeping was far from smattering. Although usually of grave deportment and serious disposition, she can and will, on occasion make use of a sparkling wit and keen repartee. But such is her zeal for the cause of the Kingdom of God and her passion for the lost that her greatest enjoyment is in the triumphs of the church.

Her passion for the lost has been deep, constant, abiding and aggressive. At the time that she yielded to the call to India, her denomination had no missionary program worth the name and little interest was displayed anywhere within the denomination in "the Macedonia Cry." She not only prepared herself to answer the call in faith but proceeded to make arrangements to reach the country that was to conquer her heart and demand her uttermost service regardless of illness, indifference on the part of her own denomination, hardships, insufficient funds and many problems and heartaches that will remain locked in her heart until they shall be revealed by God Himself. In fact other arrangements had been made and even matters of passport, passage, etc., were completed or in the act of being so, when the Free Will Baptist Board of Foreign Missions, upon the authorization of the Association, formally elected her as its first Foreign Missionary and assumed her support. This was the realization of one of the most intense longings of her heart and the answer to many a prayer. Although God had opened the way, yet she longed to see her beloved church take up this duty that had been neglected for so many years. She, in company with a few others, knew that the denomination could not expect the full blessing of God upon its various undertakings until she had put her shoulders to this vital task.

Although from half to two-thirds of the various local associations were not affiliated with any organization, there were two larger

conferences with member associations from several states. One of these was "the General Conference" or Eastern Association and was composed of some Associations from Ga., Ala., Tenn., North Carolina and Texas and possibly one or two other states. The other was the Co-operative Association including members from some of the states west of the Mississippi River and one small association each from Ill., Ohio, and Ky. Less than two decades ago, these two organizations numbered fewer than one fifth as many members as there are now in the National Association.

There were a few consecrated women here and there who had been members of the Women's Missionary Society of the Old General Conference, who had never lost their interest in Missions. My grandmother was one of these. A few of the young ministers, particularly some of those who had attended the College at Ayden, N.C., here and there began to advocate Foreign Missions. In the Annual Session of Eastern General Conference at Vernon, Ala., in 1930, a Board of Foreign Missions was organized with I. J. Blackwelder as Chairman and Treasurer and was authorized to receive funds for Foreign Missions and to devise a plan whereby the denomination could begin to help this cause. In accordance with these instructions, an Indian Evangelist by the name of Paul was adopted and his salary of $10 a month promised. At this Association or Session a public offering of $25 was received. Two years later at the Session in Bryan, Texas, the Board reported total receipts during the year of about $85 and made up the balance, $40, due Paul in a public offering.

Previously to her election as Missionary by the Board and her consecration to the work in an impressive service in the Session held in the Black Jack Church in eastern N.C. Miss Barnard had visited a few churches and meetings and had created much interest in Missions. This consecration service was similar to the one at the Laying of the Foundation of the Temple after the Babylonian Captivity. Amidst the praise and joy were the tears and weeping of those who remembered the glory of our former Mission work and mourned the years that were wasted by the locusts. Many a Free Will Baptist dates his conversion to the Foreign Mission Program from that hour. That day marked the beginning of the end of active opposition to Foreign Missions. Although the hearts of the people were as one that day and many a vow and promise were made in all good faith, many years were to pass before the majority were to become consistent, intelligent and faithful supporters of the Mission Program. However, the door had been thrown wide open and each passing year a great

host enter to swell the ever-increasing number of Foreign Mission supporters.

Soon after the Session at the Black Jack Church, Miss Barnard sailed for India. Upon arriving at her destination in Kotagiri, a hill station in the Nilgiris, South India, she at once began serving God in a Missionary Rest Home while she surveyed the field for possible spheres of labor. She had not long nor far to look. In Kotagiri there was a community of a few hundred of the "Untouchables" to whom most if not all of the Hindu Temples were, at that time, closed and among whom there was no regular or organized missionary work. There was no school available for their children. With these people, our Missionary began our new work in India. In the following chapter, we will briefly tell the story of the labors of our Missionary and her helpers in this and near-by villages. May it suffice here to say that in addition to regular mission work, our Sister Barnard has taken a commendable lead in such civic improvement as sanitation in the homes and streets and similar projects.

Five years after she had left to usher in a new era for Free Will Baptists, she returned to her native land, her physical strength wasted from the tremendous demands of her work upon her energies, and her body weakened by tropical diseases. In addition to her labors on the field, her able and ready pen had been working overtime to put the need of the people before the denomination and to stimulate and create greater zeal and interest in the whole Mission Program that had grown by leaps and bounds during the time that she was in India. One year after the departure of our senior Missionary for India, the Foreign Mission Board secured the services of Rev. Thomas H. Willey a veteran Missionary to South America, who at once began work under the banner of Free Will Baptists in Panama among the Indians. Just one year afterwards, the Board engaged the services of Miss Bessie Yeley, a Free Will Baptist from Ohio, who was working in Venezuela under a Baptist Board. Thus for four years in succession the Board increased its Mission and staff by one every year. For the first two years, the rate of increase was a hundred percent, the third year fifty percent and the fourth year thirty-three and a third percent. Native workers are not included or the rate would be much greater. About the time that Miss Barnard returned to America on her first furlough, the Willeys entered Cuba and opened a work there that has had a most miraculous growth.

In less than a year after Miss Barnard reached home, the United States entered the Second World's War and she was unable to return to her field of work for which her heart cried with unutterable

longings until 1945. Although her long stay in America was through duress, it is more than possible that God used her to greater advantage than any will ever know. She travelled with her burning Missionary Messages in almost, if not all, the States where the National Association had member associations at that time. Thousands of Free Will Baptists heard their first missionary message delivered by a Free Will Baptist Missionary. She travelled many times alone, through remote mountain sections where the laity and ministers were opposed to the mere mention of Foreign Missions. In some places there was strong opposition even to a woman speaking from the pulpit. Everywhere in her wake she left individuals and churches awake to the needs of those in foreign lands, who had never heard the story of the Cross. In many places earnest zeal for the entire program of the church was created and a spiritually renovated group left behind. Many times in single services, sinners found peace in the Saviour's love and the cold and indifferent returned to their "first love." Although, a physical wreck, our senior Missionary, depending upon the Lord for the needed strength not only day by day but hour by hour, threw herself body and soul into the new National Program that was bringing to life the "dry bones."

Nothing that the denomination has done has proven more beneficial to the local associations and individual churches than the Christian Worker's Institutes that have been conducted in every nook and corner of the denomination. The principal courses of the Institutes are Missions, Purpose and methods of the Sunday school work, Young People's Work, Women's Work, outline of the various phases of the National Program, Personal Evangelism, Church Music, etc. The Institute Work started with one group of four teachers. There are now scores of qualified and certified teachers for this work, scattered throughout the bounds of our church. Miss Barnard was one of the original teachers in Institute Work. The first Institute was conducted in the Monett Church and sponsored by the Missouri State Association during the latter part of July and first of August in 1951. Throughout the remainder of that year and during the greater part of the next, Miss Barnard was engaged in teaching in Institutes in many states, often teaching during the day and doing Itinerary work on behalf of Missions and other phases of the Church Program at night. Much of the success of the Institute Work in these early days was doubtless due, to the ability, the earnestness and above all to the spiritual zeal and burning message of our Sister Barnard.

A little more than a year after the first Christian Workers Institute, the Bible College was opened in Nashville. Tennessee. The

Institutes have proven to be recruiting stations for the College ever since the beginning. As valuable as Miss Barnard's work was both in the visiting of churches as a returned Missionary on furlough and as equally as important if not more so work in the Institutes, her greatest contribution, in a lasting way to the interest of Christ and the denomination while she was in America, was, in all probability, that of a teacher in the young and untried Bible college at Nashville. Here she proved a most valuable member of the faculty under the two first presidents, Revs. Johnson and Ennis. She has inspired many a student with a never-dying zeal for the salvation of the lost in every country on the globe.

During these years she found time to write a much-needed textbook for use in Bible schools and institutes of the denomination. It was written to satisfy the needs and demands of the teachers of missions in the church. The book is also ideal for study by Woman's Auxiliaries, Young People's Leagues and other church groups, and is most interesting and instructive for reading in the home by members of all age groups. The book, which bears the title, "His Name among All Nations," is so written that it is instructive and interesting to all, regardless of church affiliation. It is a scholarly and able work showing much research and careful, painstaking work in the preparation of the manuscript for the press. For years our denomination has suffered greatly for lack of suitable textbooks for schools and church groups. Inspirational and doctrinal books have been just as rare. It is to be hoped that our senior missionary may also prove to be the pioneer that opened this needed field to our people just as she has in the missionary endeavor.

After years of unceasing efforts and prayer, the way was opened for Miss Barnard's return to India. For the past three years, although constantly suffering from poor health, she has faithfully carried on the ever-increasing work, and now has six workers in the two schools and other work. Great as has been her personal efforts and as satisfying as has been the results, in all probability, the services she has rendered the denomination and the cause of Christ in the arousing of the missionary spirit among our people and the inspiration she has provided for scores of our young people to carry the work into all the countries of the world in these latter days, will prove the greater.

CHAPTER XXI

F. W. B. Indian Workers and Friends

WE ARE NOT IN POSSESSION of sufficient information and date to deal adequately with this subject. There are several who should be included in these short sketches about whom we have no certain information. There have been few missions indeed whose comparative success or failure has not been more or less due to the qualifications, the spirituality and loyalty both to the mission and to Christ, of the native Christian workers. In any age, and in any country, a foreigner is just that. Not only does he have a foreign nationality, but usually his language, his education, his clothes, his customs, and even his thinking, are foreign. It is true that some times people will follow a foreigner quicker than they will one of their own. However, that in itself can prove a liability rather than an asset. Again, no matter how fluently one may speak a language other than his own, he can never be certain that the terms he uses are the best to convey his ideas. He is often denied access to places and to people that a person of the locality can enter and meet without difficulty. Again, he is a marked man and everyone is on his or her guard. It is seldom that the approach can be made as natural and as casual by the foreign missionary as by the home worker. Here in India, it is still in most areas impossible for a foreign missionary man to gain access to women and often the women have only little better success. As most missionary work starts with women and children, an Indian Bible woman is essential to any mission. Up until recently, and even now in most out-of-way rural districts, most missions have found it necessary to at least provide schools with the lower elementary grades. Although missionaries have proven, often, to be excellent teachers for the upper elementary grades and for high school, it is most necessary to have a teacher of the district for the younger children. Again it takes years for a missionary to understand fully the customs and the rules of the complicated joint-family system. If he ever gains the confidence of the people, he will be called upon for advice and help that will be almost impossible for him to give without the aid of a capable Indian assistant.

For the past decade, or rather for the past quarter of a century, the nationalistic and patriotic instincts of the masses of India have been awakened until the results are national independence. During this time, the people have naturally become more critical of outsiders. Since independence, this trend may or may not become more pronounced. For all of these reasons, and for the simple fact that there are never enough workers, Indian Christian co-workers are a must to almost every mission. The mission will be judged, and the missionary as well, by the local people, according to the ability or lack of ability of the workers. The question of evangelists, catechists, Bible women and teacher, is the one that proves the hardest to solve. There are many possible solutions that have been suggested, but we do not have time to deal with them now. Every effort at the present is being made to have as few paid helpers as possible, to use every means available to make each and every work as much self-supporting and independent as can be. However, the necessity for Christian Indian workers is just as great as ever, if not more so. The need is for co-workers, not for paid hired servants who have little or no interest in the work.

Among those who have been connected directly or indirectly with the Free Will Baptist Missions in India during the past twelve or more years are many fine Indian Christian brothers and sisters. It has been our privilege to meet and to work with several of these. Immediately upon her arrival in India, Sister Barnard began her work in a missionary rest home in Kotagiri and at the same time to look around for a suitable sphere of work. It lay almost at her feet. Straight down the hill from the rest home was a long, narrow valley known as "The Sweepers' Valley." Through this valley ran a narrow stream which carried much of the waste of the town. Here, in their miserable huts, lived the then considered "Untouchables," now the scheduled classes, or Harijans. No one was making any systematic effort to reach these people with the Gospel. Their social and economical status was just about as low as it could well be. From almost the first Sister Barnard and her Christian co-workers received a welcome that was almost pathetic. These people were literally dying for a little bit of love. Their knowledge of the most primary and ordinary rules of health and personal hygiene was remarkable for its absence. The boys and girls were not provided with the most meager opportunities for even the rudiments of education. In 1937 a day school was opened for these people by the Free Will Baptists. More than a year previously to this a Sunday school had been started with twelve children the number of our Lord's Disciples. By the time the day school was opened the

Sunday school had almost a hundred enrolled. Needless to say, all of these activities called for the services of qualified and devoted Indian workers and co-laborers in the Lord. The first and foremost of these was Mrs. Mary Kanaka.

Mary Kanaka was one of those rare and gifted persons who, from the first meeting, becomes a friend and mother to all regardless of their condition or station in life. When she first became connected with the Immanuel Tamiel Mission, (first, the Westfield Mission), the name of the Free Will Baptist Mission in Kotagiri, she could neither be called an old person nor yet a young one. She was at the period in life when a natural dignity rested upon her, but she was still young enough to be full of enthusiasm for the work of the kingdom and to have enough natural vigor to tramp an endless number of miles over the hills and mountains in and near Kotagiri. Our missionary, Laura Belle Barnard, was just from America in the prime of life with a strong physical constitution and unlimited zeal for preaching the gospel to those that had never heard the glorious message of Jesus and His love for all, even for the outcast and those forsaken by their fellow men. In Mary Kanaka, she found a companion whose zeal for carrying the Gospel and whose love for lost sinners and the poor and outcastes of this world matched her own. With her zeal and love for the lost, Mary Kanaka had almost boundless tact and knowledge of the fears, the secrets and the troubles of the people to whom she ministered in love. She was not only an able Bible woman and an efficient advisor in all matters pertaining to their daily lives, but she also was an able teacher. Due to her ability and the faithful supervision of Sister Barnard, the little school in Sweeper Valley at once became recognized as one of unusually high standards for a school of this type. This was in spite of the fact that these children of the so-called low or outcaste parents were not supposed to be capable of learning. Mrs. Kanaka was more than an efficient worker and co-laborer, she was friend, companion and at times almost a mother to the missionary. Seemingly, her entire life was wrapped up in the work. Every success and every failure was taken to the Lord in prayer with equal faithfulness. Since her death in 1941 the mission has had several faithful and qualified Indian brothers and sisters on its staff, but it is doubtful if the place of Mary Kanaka has ever, or will ever, be entirely filled in the mission. Her prematured death was a great loss to both the mission and to her friend and companion, Sister Barnard, not to say anything about the loss to these to whom she had been a mother in Israel. However, God had permitted her to live long enough to see thirteen of the group to whom she and

others had so faithfully proclaimed the power of the Gospel of the Son of God to save sinners, publicly accept Christ and be baptized. One of her first students in the little school was soon to take her place as one of the teachers and workers of the mission. She was Esther Pakkiam. Mrs. Kanaka's assistant in the school at this time was a fine young Christian woman who remained with the mission until her marriage with a young Indian Christian in 1943.

After the death of Mary Kanaka, the mission was able to secure the services of Calvin Mulli, first, as the head of the little school in Kotagiri and later in the Kota school, some two and a half to three miles distant. He has also served as evangelist from time to time and has been a constant teacher and worker in the Sunday school. When I first met him he was about seventy years of age and was as slender and as straight as a bean pole, and was walking the six miles or more from his home and back over a mountain to the Kota school. In addition, he acted as interpreter for me several times a week. From 1938, the mission began regular weekly evangelistic visits to the Kota village of Aggal. Members of this tribe were among the early settlers of Kotagiri, as its name implies. Today, the Kotas live in seven small villages in the Nilgiri Hills. Although there are many secret believers among them, there are no professing Christians among the thousand people who live in these seven villages. The Kotas are not Hindus and do not worship images. Their temples have no images. Their worship is much more like the simple animalistic worship of the aboriginals than it is like the complicated Hindu system and worship. Because of filth and lack of personal hygiene, a few years ago there was danger of this tribe becoming extinct. As far as I am aware the Free Will Baptist Mission was the first, at least in recent years, to begin continued and systematic work among these people. The fruit of Mr. Mulli's labors among these people, particularly among the children, is yet to be seen.

Mr. Mulli's father was the first person to embrace Christianity in Kotagiri, being twelve years of age at the time. Mr. Mulli grew up in a Christian home, giving his heart to Christ at an early age, and was educated in the Methodist Mission School, of which church he is a member. Although he has never proven to be the most successful evangelist, or even interpreter, he has, down through the years, been a capable, successful and beloved teacher. His services to our mission have indeed been great. And although he is still carrying on his work, it is becoming increasingly clear to all that the active years, or probably days of service of this servant of God are numbered. Mr. Mulli, as I knew him, had his faults in common

with all members of the human race, but his heart and life was, and I am sure still is, in the work. There have been two other men connected with the work in Free Will Baptist work in and near Kotagiri. But as their term of services were limited, and our information concerning them very meager, we will not attempt to describe their labors.

It was some time before a Bible woman could be found that met all the requirements, after the death of Mary Kanaka. Sometimes previously to our arrival in Kotagiri, Mrs. Salomi Samuel had joined the mission staff as the Bible woman. Salomi is well past middle age and is in rather indifferent health. However, the handicaps of age and health are more than offset by an abiding love for the lost and a thorough knowledge of the people and their personal problems and family histories. Of all the members of the staff she appears to possess more of the grace and love of God. In size she is only a miniature woman, being less than five feet in height and comparatively light in body. But her small and frail body contains a spirit that shrinks from nothing. Twenty-five years ago, when she should have been in the prime of life, she must have been a most wonderful worker. However, we can still say that. Her assistant and companion is little Kamala, a niece of Mr. Mulli. Kamala is a sweet Christian girl, but is rather shy and retiring, and makes a wonderful helper for the more aggressive Salomi. Another asset of little Kamala is the fact that she is willing to fit in wherever she is needed. If there is need of a helper at the mission house to prepare material for the two schools or the two Sunday schools, if one of the four teachers in the two-day school is away for any reason, or if there is a confidential message to be carried, little Kamala will cheerfully assume the responsibility. Although so far she has not developed the more aggressive characteristics of leadership, she is a most valuable person to have connected with a mission. Of the six workers connected with the mission in Kotagiri, with the exception of her uncle, she had the best command of the English language. And although I would not have told him so, once she forget her shyness, was by far the best interpreter.

As I met the workers for the first time I was attracted by their seeming culture and neat and attractive appearances. However, another thing caused me concern. Two of them were well advanced in years and were developing ailments common to their ages. The other four were all attractive young ladies who might be expected to contract marriages at any time. Although this is not always an easy task in India, for Christian girls.

The three teachers of the Kotagiri school in 1947 were three

young ladies. The youngest of these is Esther Pakkiam. In every respect she is a product of the mission. Although her people were "caste" they were extremely poor and lived on the edge of the valley community. She attended the mission school and later was encouraged and aided by the missionary to attend an upper elementary school in the town. She was later sent to high school. Although still young, Esther has proven to be an asset to the staff. And the fact that she came from the ranks—that she is a product of the mission, has been, and is, a source of pride to the missionary concerned and to the friends and members of the mission. Esther is yet in the formative age but should prove a valuable recruit to the army of God. Her younger sister, Grace, is entrusted from time to time with tasks for the mission. An older brother has been for some time the cook and man of all work at the mission house, as well as an official in the Sunday school. His struggles through the years are an example of the trials of many a young Christian surrounded by those that know not Christ.

The other two teachers are aunt and niece. The niece is the older of the two and principal of the school. Both Ruby, the principal, and "Big" Kamala, are exceptionally good teachers for the place and pay that the mission pays them. They both, along with Esther, assist in the Kotagiri Sunday school. All in all, the staff appears to be above the average. Of course, problems and difficulties rise from time to time, as they do at home.

The mission has not attempted to organize a church of its own, but have recommended its various converts to the three churches in Kotagiri. Even among the Christians, caste distinctions cannot always be avoided. The demand by the people of "The Valley" for a church of their own cannot, in my opinion, be much longer denied. Since the first group of thirteen was baptized in May, 1939, many more have taken a similar step.

Just before coming north the first time, I baptized two young men in their early twenties who had been members of our Sunday school for years. One of them, John Raju, was one of the house boys at the mission. Although handicapped by the lack of education, he is interested in Christian work and should make a useful worker.

During our first year in India we have had several Christian language teachers and have used several Christians as interpreters and have had somewhat to do with some four or five Indian pastors. Some of these have been connected with other missions and some have been independent. It stands to reason that any conclusions reached in so short a time cannot be final. But we have seen two extremes that are too prevalent. A group of the older Christian

workers are inclined to always agree with the missionary while in his presence. Naturally, this often gives ground for secret criticism a very unwholesome practice. On the other hand, there is a group who refuses to affiliate with any mission. This, in itself, would be correct if they would establish work of their own. Too often they go from one group to another conducting a few services, probably without the consent of the mission concerned, and sometime without the previous knowledge of the local pastor. As is true many times in America, those who are responsible to no group are often a law unto themselves.

Some of the ablest and most successful of independent Christian workers are those who make a comfortable living in one of the trades and witness for Christ at their places of business, and on Sundays and in their spare time. I know of one young man in South India who has his income from his work and does much efficient Christian work whenever and wherever he can. He often went out with me, or rather I went out with him, while we were in the South. He was a friend, a companion and a co-worker; he was not a hireling, a servant or one who was afraid for his job. Personally, it is my belief that what was too often the old relationship must give away to a mutual partnership in the work of the Lord.

CHAPTER XXII

Farming and Allied Occupations

BOTH THE CENTRAL GOVERNMENT and the governments of the leading states and provinces are giving much attention to and expending huge sums in the interest of agriculture. In most parts of India, with the aid of irrigation, the growing season can be extended to all of the twelve months of the year. All vegetables, most grains and fruits can be, and are, produced in abundance in India. She also ranks high among the nations in the production of jute, hemp, tobacco, cotton, tea, and many other products. At the present time, there are agricultural experiment stations and farms throughout much of the country. There are many model farms where up-to-date and scientific methods are used with modern machinery. Nevertheless, farming in India is still very backward and the methods, on the whole, are obsolete and antiquated. On more than ninety percent of the farms the buffalo or bullock, furnishes the power, as he did three and four thousand years ago, when the power is not entirely that of men and women. Until recently, seldom has the tiller of the soil been its owner, also. Many farmers have never been introduced to the use of commercial fertilizers. Although the soil of India is, on the whole exceptionally fertile, this fertility has been largely depleted in many areas because of the lack of the knowledge of scientific farming. For centuries the poor have almost completely depended on rice, barley, other grains, and a few other foods and fruits. Even today the average villager will eat few vegetables, although nearly all kinds of this wonderful food can be grown in many places during the entire year. Too often the failure of the rice crop almost means starvation. During the short time we have been in India, we have seen scarcities of rice, the grains, and some other food. There has been, on the whole, plenty of green and fresh vegetables. In recent years, an ever increasing number of the villagers and the poor of the cities have begun to eat at least some vegetables, but they still form a very small percent of the food for the poor.

Throughout the greater part of the land, the Zemindary System

of land ownership and farming has been in use for centuries. At the present, both the central government and the provincial governments are liquidating this by law. However, it will take some time; and to do away with the methods due to the system will take even longer. In most cases not only the land which the farmers cultivate, but the villages in which they live, belong to the Zemindars. In many aspects, this type of farming may be compared with that of much of Europe during the Middle Ages. In many cases, the Zemindars not only dictated the farming, but all of the activities of the entire village. As he or his representatives often constituted the local law enforcing authorities, the farmers are entirely under his control. On the other hand, many of the Zemindars live in faraway cities and as long as their overseers pay them the desired rents, they leave local matters to the headmen and chiefs of the villages. Never in history has farming developed to any great extent under absentee-ownership. The method so common in Europe during the Middle Ages, and the earlier part of our own era, that of dividing the holdings of the tenant farmers into small strips in various places, prevails in many sections. This custom makes the use of modern machinery out of the question.

One soon becomes use to the customs that have been familiar in the East for thousands of years. However, they are sights for wonder to the newcomer. On our initial trip from Bombay to Kotagiri, via Madras, we saw numerous farmers plowing the soil with either a buffalo or a yoke of buffaloes pulling a wooden plow by their yoke or yokes. Many of the tillers of the soil wore nothing but a shirt, others a loin cloth. We saw the entire family digging up small plots with crude hoes or spades made of thick iron with very short handles, woodcutters cutting wood with axes that resembled iron wedges with rather crude and extremely short handles. I brought a small American ax out with me. At first the boys at Shamrock preferred their own axes, but it was not long until their axes were enjoying a rest and mine working overtime. On this same trip from Bombay, we saw the people harvesting grain, not with the modern combines so common in our western states, or the huge reapers drawn by modern tractors, nor even with the horse-drawn machines, or our old-fashioned cradle, but the slender and small sickles, such as the ones used by the reapers of Boaz when Ruth came to glean in his fields. Since then, I have seen the oxen and buffaloes tread out the grain on the threshing floor.

In the Punjab and many other sections, modern systems and methods of irrigation are in use. However, in many parts of the country, the more crude and primitive methods are still in vogue.

If there should be a stream with low banks, these are usually dry during the hot season, small ditches leading to the near-by fields are dug and the water is retained by a rock and a little soil until it is needed. More often a well with a mouth many feet in diameter is the source of the water supply. Sometimes a yoke of oxen is used to draw the water, other times the power is furnished by humans from the smallest to the largest. If the irrigation is not controlled by law, as it is, if it is a large system, there are often disputes as to the extent of using water for this purpose as it is very scarce in most of India at certain times during the year. However, India is well supplied by numerous rivers and although many of these have high banks which make simple and crude methods out of question, there is plenty of water if rightly used and distributed to irrigate most if not all of the land. In some places, there is no need of irrigation, but in most of the country the yield of farm products can be at least doubled by scientific methods of irrigation. The large dams which the government has already authorized to be built on some of the larger and more important of the rivers, will go a long way in providing adequate facilities for proper irrigation of the land.

Fruit of almost all kinds known to the human family are grown in India. Many of them are indigenous to this country. The year around fruit is available on the markets. Some of the largest and finest, as well as the most delicious, fruit that I have seen or eaten has been in this land. Although there are many fine orchards in this country, I am of the opinion that considerably more than fifty percent of the fruit is grown on trees, bushes and plants that are not in regular orchards and are not cultivated. In many localities, pruning, spraying and fertilizing the trees are unknown. Since so many of the fruit trees are indigenous to the soil it has never been deemed necessary to bring them under particular and careful cultivation. If this was done throughout India the exporting of fruit, already a big item, would be increased many times. The health of the population would no doubt be much improved if one and all would increase this important item in their diet.

The many agricultural experiment stations and research laboratories, most of them of comparative recent origin, are doing wonderful work in exploring the possibilities of controlling diseases of food producing plants and trees and in methods of increasing their yield. The greater task is yet in front of them, that of inducing the general public to take advantage of their knowledge and experiments. The East does not take as kindly to change and new methods as does the West. People are often satisfied to live in the

same kind of dwellings, work with the same tools and carry on the same customs and beliefs that their ancestors did not only hundreds, but thousands of years ago. Again, it is much the same as a man holding a biting dog by the ears, "he can't hold him forever and he doesn't dare to let him go." Most of the farmers are operating on a minimum margin of income and cannot afford even the small outlay to start the simplest improvements. Again, the average unskilled laborer has never been taught to think out methods and plans for himself. In fact, he has been discouraged from doing so. Again, so many are in such a hurry to put their products on the market that they do not permit them to develop fully. On the other hand, if they are dealing in pounds they are apt to let the produce become too old and tough. Cucumbers are always sold by the pound. Unless the producer is badly in need of a few annas, he is almost certain to let them become overripe.

One of the outstanding needs of the farmers in general is better living quarters. The average rural village consists of one or two-room or mud bamboo buildings with roofs of straw, thatch, or the like. On the plains, and even sometimes in the mountains or hills, there are few flues or chimneys in the homes of the poor. They cook on the floor or a few rocks, and the smoke goes out at the small opening that serves for the door. Or, as is more often the case, remains in the room to stifle the members of the family. The most common fuel is dried cow or buffalo dung. Any day in the year you can see the women and children of the poor gathering this material, so badly needed on their fields and crops, and placing it in a basket and carrying it to their homes. Fortunate indeed are those who have livestock of their own. It is a strange and somewhat pitiful sight to see a line of women carrying baskets of manure on their heads in the twilight after a hard day's work in the field. But the frugal meal is yet to be prepared. Sometimes there are from fifteen to twenty members of one family, as it is very likely that the grandparents, some cousins, or other relatives, are sharing the meager but hospitable means of the home. The average villager is not known for his personal cleanness nor that of his home. As the results of these conditions and often an insufficient diet, whole families and even villages, sometimes districts, are all but destroyed by epidemics and plagues.

The government is making a heroic attempt to remedy these evils. The missionaries have done a most wonderful work in this field in the places they have been able to reach. It is to be hoped that the combined efforts of those interested in the betterment of the living conditions of this, the largest section of India's population, will be

successful. One of the main reasons for these conditions is the lack of education on he part of the masses. The government is inaugurating a sysem of free and compulsory education throughout the country justas fast as possible. We trust that nothing will be permitted to hider these laudable intentions. The government is also planning, as soon as possible, to help the farmers to secure title to the lands which they till. These two improvements, investing the title of the land in those who tend it, and the education of the masses, should go a long way toward the betterment of the conditions o the rural population. In the Christian villages, cleanness and education have long been instilled, to a greater or less degree, in the hearts and minds of the people.

Another industry closely allied to farming is that which deals in wood, limber and timber. Following the European and British pattern, the cutting of timber for fuel, or for other commercial purposes is strictly supervised by law. No one is permitted to cut a tree although it is dead and on the individuals own property, without a permit from the local authorities. This is not granted until a personal investigation has been made and a fee paid. Not long ago a missionary who had not been in India but a few months, was staying in one of the houses belonging to his mission. A tree in the front of the house was damaging the foundation and wall of the building. Upon receiving permission of the mission, he proceeded to have it cut. He consequently paid a fine of five hundred rupees. Except in certain prescribed areas, a permit to cut a live tree, unless it is endangering property, is rarely granted. However, certain trees of quick growth are marked by the inspector to be cut by a certain time. Often the cutting, or at least the taking of the contract, must be done by one holding a license for such purposes.

There are, no doubt, many sawmills in India, but with one or two exceptions, the ones we have seen are those entirely run by manpower. Near Landour are many fine and large trees including species of pine, white and yellow, the spruce or hemlock, hardwood similar to our oak and ash, cedar, maple and a tree resembling the poplar, as well as a great number of trees that are not to be found in our country. Some of these trees have many hundred feet of timber in them. Lumber is a most scarce and dear material. All kinds of furniture and other wood products are very high. I have known ordinary firewood to sell for about four dollars for every maund, eight-two pounds, the usual price is about a dollar for dry wood and half that for green wood. Due to the regulations concerning the cutting of timber and wood, much of the wood used here in Landour and Mussoorie is either carried on the back of

coolies from miles back in the jungle, or on the baks of ponies. By the time the owner of the wood, whether it is the government or a private owner, receives his pay, the licensed contractor is taken care of and the cutters are paid, there is little indeed left for the Lakari Walas, or wood carriers. Most of these carry a maund, or eighty-two pounds of wood on their backs for miles up and down mountain ridges over rough mountain trails. We find it much cheaper to cook and heat the house by electricity. Back to the human sawmill, a large tree several feet in diameter is felled with a narrow saw that would scarcely be used to make tobacco knives at home. Sometimes, it takes a day for the woodcutters to fell one of these huge trees. The actual sawmill is a saw somewhat similar to a bucksaw in the states. I have known it to take the sawmill boss and his men a week to saw into planks sills or beams, one single large tree. It is indeed hard to look with composure on a coolie with his heavy staff carrying a heavy green sill 16′ by 12′ by 18″ up and down these steep mountain trails. It is an everyday occurrence to see coolies with ankles and knees with enlarged or broken joints and crooked or twisted backs. I have had old broken-down men and boys, who were still mere babies, beg me to let them carry my load when I wanted to carry them.

With the exception of the poor, and the few, comparatively speaking, who use electricity, the greater part of the people in North India use charcoal for cooking purposes and many even use it for fires, by which they imagine they are keeping warm. Charcoal is burned in the near-by villages and brought by coolies to the various houses to be sold. Sometimes a poor coolie carries his heavy load up and down the trails and streets the larger part of a day looking for a customer. Other times, the demand is great and the supply is insufficient.

CHAPTER XXIII

Housekeeping in India

WE LEARNED soon after landing in Bombay, that almost all the modern equipment for housekeeping could be found in at least some homes in some of the larger cities. That is, almost all, with the exception of a broom. Yes, I mean the ordinary broom, made from broom corn or similar material. Before we left America, our senior missionary, Miss Laura Belle Barnard, had written us to bring an ordinary broom. Mrs. Woolsey was following these instructions about various articles to the letter, but I put my foot down when it came to carrying an ordinary fifty-cent broom for over ten thousand miles half around the world. I said that we could get along somehow. I spoke a "mouth full"—we have been getting on somehow—just how, no one will ever know. If one has the money he can buy cars, refrigerators, electric and gasoline engines and the like here in India. But don't let him be misled into believing that there has to be brooms. That is what I preached only to invite another, "I told you." More about these brooms, or the lack of them, will be met later in this chapter. Oh yes, you have heard all you want to hear about the brooms; well, so have I.

Just like Caesar, as we have written before, India is a land of contrasts. Here in one and the same day one can live in every age from the dawn of history until the present time, and in every state and condition of civilization from that of the cave man to the highly synthetic and all but artificial man of today. However, the most common, the cheapest, the easiest to find and the easiest to replace of all machines is man. The whole economy of India is built around this truth. Only two or three days ago we saw eighteen coolies, (men and women) dragging a twenty-ton (40,000 lbs.) road packer along a mountain trail to a place where they were building another stretch of asphalt road. During our first year in India we have lived in four different houses with their different methods and equipment for housekeeping and have seen every method to none.

In spite of all the efforts of the government and the welfare workers who are awake to the need of better sanitation, probably more than seventy-five percent of the people never make use of a latrine or toilet. It would be safe to say that ninety percent of the

twenty-five percent that do, depend upon the "sweepers." For centuries this work has been done by the lowest of all castes—the sweeper caste or outcastes. For years Gandhi was the outspoken champion for these peoples. The present government is pledged to remove the last remaining fetters from them. Still, as sanitary toilets are the rare exceptions, the "sweeper" is a mock for the larger part of those people who are conscious of the bare primary rules of personal hygiene. These "sweepers" are often women. All but one of the houses that we have occupied during this first year in India have been such that the service of a "sweeper" was a must. I should make it plain that the caste restrictions, not necessarily the work, are to be abolished. Practically every private and every guest house which uses the services of a "sweeper" has a bathroom for every bedroom. Some of these bathrooms are fortunate enough to have a wash tub (not bathtub) in them. I was a visitor in one mission that had been built for several years, but had never had any provision for washing more than a wash basin of ordinary size. The missionary in charge of the station said that she was certain that her town of forty thousand didn't afford one single wash tub not to mention a bathtub. Being in need, yea, great need, of one of these wash tubs, I spied some in a shop and pounced on them with joy. I was soon informed that they were not bath tubs but construction fixtures that were used for mixing concrete. However, I managed to leave the shop with the knowledge that if I took the vow to remain unwashed it would no longer be of necessity but of free choice. These aforesaid bathrooms have holes for the water to leave and for the rats, snakes, lizards, scorpions and all of their kinfolk to enter—a most happy and pleasant arrangement. I may say that the only necessary requirement for a sweeper is that he does not know how to sweep. What about his brooms? In Hindi, instead of sweeping the floors one gives the broom to the floor. I suppose the reason is that nothing else will have the broom. I cannot say that I can blame them. The one requirement for these brooms is that they must not have a handle—otherwise, they can consist of anything from sticks, grass and branches, to leaves. I speak the truth and lie not. After a few trials Mrs. Woolsey regulated the sweeper to the domain of the bathroom and with the aid of the Indian broom and a push broom with a crooked handle and soft brush, she made the declaration of joining the grand and glorious sweeper brigade. The only drawback being that I, a conscientious objector, was drafted against my will and without my consent. The houses in which we lived had floors of concrete—all of my fingers are crossed. They are called concrete. (Shamrock's floors were of fine concrete.)

The so-called concrete of these other floors was like the burning bush—always being consumed, but never consumed. These floors gave up sand as the head of the villager gives up lice. Again, they were forever breaking up, and being carried out bit by bit—still, there was none the less.

As were flies in Egypt in the days of the ten plagues, so are deries or carpets in India. Of course, fine rugs are to be found not only in all well-to-do homes, but most of the older mission stations and homes. From Bible times India has been known for her fine rugs and they are still to be found in large quantities. But as they are in great demand for export trade to all parts of the world, they are very expensive. Looking at them in the better shops one can better sympathize with Mother Eve. Back from the land of dreams to sad realities, we must once again let our fagged minds rest on this bane of housekeeping, deries. The condition of the average floor of the middle class (the floors of the poor are portions of mother earth), is of such a nature that deries would seem obligatory—if for nothing else, to keep down some of the dust, many times a false hope. Most of these deries are made from jute, which seems to be a cross between fibre, plant, and wood, that does not take kindly to the refining process. The colors of these deries, whether they are natural or man made, are atrocious. (I have been wanting to find a proper use for "atrocious," since my history professor used it in a written comment on my writing and spelling in an examination paper.) They can accept, retain and send forth more dust at any one given time than any other germ breeder in the world. Most of the more energetic missionaries have their sweepers to dust the duries each day, many making no exception of Sunday. I used the term "energetic missionaries" with malice and forethought. It takes many more times the energy to get this work done properly as it does to do it yourself. Of course, the question comes, "why don't they do it themselves?" A new missionary is apt to sin against his seniors by thinking, at least privately, that of all the communities in India, the missionary caste is the more "hide-bound" by "caste rules" and the like. As one begins to adopt the same attitude, this opinion must of necessity undergo a subtle change. One eternal and unchanging thing about these duries is the fact that after they have undergone a "good beating," they return to their places on the floors with greater determination and "down-right" ability to give forth a steady and undiminishing and continued flow of dust. They are washed from time to time, but all of the washing and beatings that are unwillingly bestowed upon them,

merely enhance their dirty appearances. In spite of this lack of appreciation on our part, the faithful duries continue to serve us with unbated aggravation.

That "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach" is a proven fact here. Due to the climate, lack of proper methods for storing and preparing the food, and the general absence of adequate health rules and practices, along with the widely prevalent sickness and epidemics, the missionaries, almost without exception, sooner or later, succumb to the various stomach diseases and those of the digestive system. Thus, his heart is affected in more ways than one. The Hindi word for the plain old dish towel is "Jharans." For some time we were ignorant of the real meaning of the word and particularly, to its important place in housekeeping in India, but when we were enlightened, mostly by experience, we were able to fully appreciate this feeling poem by a harassed missionary:

HOUSEHOLD PESTS NO. 1—JHARANS

They told us of the plague that comes with a swoop,
And cholera, too, that's quicker than croup
But never a word about jharans.

They told us that smallpox would seem like a curse,
And leprosy surely was something much worse
But never a word about jharans.

Of scorpions, black, they told quite a lot,
And said we'd have swarms of mosquitoes to swat,—
But never a word about jharans.

"Your books will be eaten by white ants," they said,
"And brown ants will pester, and black ones and red"
But never a word about jharans.

They told us about the omnivorous rats,
And cobras and jackles and lizards and bats,—
But never a word about jharans.

They fully explained that, not even in fun,
Could we go without topies (hats) whenever there's sun.—
But never a word about jharans.

"In torrents the rains always come," they declared,
Of mildew and mould they revealed all they dared,—
But never a word about jharans.

They even suggested that those who aspire
To speak Hindustani, some brains would require,—
But never a word about jharans.

There's reason enough for the silence discreet,
I know fully well why they always delete
Every word they might say about jharans.

I boldly assert that some of our zeal
Would quaver and waver at what they'd reveal
If they told the truth about jharans.

Jharans to pilfer and jharans to lose,
Jharans to bring home the sugar and meat,
Jharans to dust with and jharans to burn,
Jharans you know that will never return,
Jharans to wrap up the rasins and dal ,
Jharans I fear, that are used for "rumal" (handkerchief).
Jharans consume all the money you save,
Jharans are known to make sane people rave,
Jharans bring worry, and jharans bring strife
Jharans, I say, are the bane of my life.

Julia Norton Clemes

I do not know the author of the above poem personally but can testify to the fact that every word from the first line about the well-known dangers and disagreeable things faced by every missionary in this country to the last words about jharans is the truth and nothing but the truth. This poem contains more of the physical things (they may develop into mental and spiritual problems of the first degree) that confronts the missionary than many books written for this expressed purpose. It is full of humor, but the facts contained therein are the shoals on which many a promising missionary breaks her life and work, or at least, decreases her usefulness. Many times it is at this point where we stand most in need of the grace of God. Many missions are modernizing their mission stations in order to eradicate the servant problem and similar ones and to release the missionary for the work whereunto God has called her. The fact that so many servants give their employers reasons to suspect or doubt their honesty is, in itself, a cause of an unwholesome attitude. I have heard missionaries say that no servant in India can be trusted under certain conditions. I

trust that God may declare my work in India finished before I reach that point.

With or without a cook, preparing a meal is often a task to be remembered. During our short sojourn in India, we have had cooks. We have stayed in guest homes, which is often a mixed blessing. We have cooked by electricity. We have used the ancestor of the old-fashioned American "step stove," the Indian brick and mud stoves without ovens and the small "churahi," or "bucket stove," which is about the size of a gallon and a half to a two-gallon bucket, in which charcoal or coke is burned. The one thing that is absolutely essential for an Indian cook is plenty of smoke. Your true Indian kitchen never has a trace of a flue or chimney; the smoke sometimes escapes through the door and window, if by an accident, there is a window, but more often to the joy of the cook, it remains in the room. In America, on mountain trips, I enjoyed a certain amount of wood smoke in the food. But to have black coal soot and smoke in every dish for every meal for every day makes one desire to be able to appreciate smoke as an Indian cook does. Tables, shelves, and cupboards in a kitchen are not only surplus material, but a downright abomination to most of them. The floor, be it stone, wood, concrete, brick, sand, or dirt, is much better for all purposes. Very few can understand the need of water that is more than lukewarm in which to wash dishes and the rinsing of them in boiling water is simply something out of this world. One missionary who has been in India for twenty years said that she has had only one cook who she could get to rinse the dishes. That missionary was not Mrs. Woolsey. No, not on your life! To start a fire in an Indian stove is an art and to keep it going is a miracle. On our arrival in Kotagiri, our senior missionary had a little stove of the type mentioned above, with the oven almost burnt out and a glaring crack in the back of the fire box. As though sufficient smoke couldn't come through these avenues, the door to the fire box was contantly kept opened. I, in my blissful ignorance, thought that this was due to the difficulty of cutting the wood with the Indian axe. I am of the opinion that there has been an infringement on someone's copyright. Either the American iron wedge used in splitting wood is stolen from the Indian axe or the axe has had its pattern taken from the iron wedge; I know not which. To help the boys, I took my American axe and cut the wood so the door to the fire box would shut. I honestly believe that they kept it closed until I had left the kitchen. I am of the opinion that other hints on housekeeping can wait.

CHAPTER XXIV

Gandhi and Christianity

IN THE LAST FEW MONTHS which have passed since the death of Mr. Gandhi, more articles and books have been written about him and his work than about any other person in the same time dead or living. Anyone desiring to know anything concerning his life and works are referred to the many books and articles on the subject. However, it is imperative that all new missionaries should know something about this hero of India and the bearing of his life and teachings on Christianity and Christian teachings in India.

I recall even now with what shock we listened to the cook at Shamrock as he related the story of Gandhi's death early on the morning following his murder. My shock was not only due to the fact that a great life had wantonly and needlessly been taken at a time it was greatly needed, but also because of the possible political reaction. After August 15, 1947, the people of Pakistan and India had seemingly lost all sense of proper balance. It appeared that the only human, apart from Divine intervention, that could restore this balance, was Gandhi. In fact, he had already done much in this direction.

Naturally, before coming to India I had both read and heard much concerning Gandhi. Several years ago, many prominent missionaries and church leaders gave the opinion that Gandhi's public acceptance of Christianity was imminent. I am of the opinion that they came to their conclusions without definite or specific reasons. However, on the other hand, there cannot be any doubt that Gandhi was tremendously influenced by the life and teachings of Christ. As in later years, Gandhi became more outspoken in favor of Hinduism as versus Christianity, many missionaries seemed to think that they had been led into the wrong belief. Be that as it may, most orthodox missionaries came to the conclusion that Mr. Gandhi, with his often repeated admiration for Christ and His Teachings and his public declarations that for him Ram (a Hindu Diety) was the best expression of The Divine, could in no wise be considered an advocate of Christ and His teachings. Also, his many activities on behalf of inde-

pendence had brought him many times into conflict with the British government and law and order. His pacifist beliefs had led him into a position during the war that many did not think patriotic. For these and other reasons, my opinion concerning Mr. Gandhi was rather mixed when I came to India. At the time we arrived, the British government was already busy with the business of transferring power to the Indian Assembly. The most important, as well as the most dangerous question, was the one regarding Pakistan. By closely following the newspapers I soon came to the conclusion that of all the leading men of both the Hindus and the Mohammedans, Gandhi was the calmest and the most farsighted. As partition became a settled matter and feelings in both India and Pakistan began to run high, the leadership and statesmanship of Gandhi became more and more pronounced. I have always been interested in history, law, and government, and took my major in these subjects while in college. It became increasingly clear to me that Gandhi was one of the world's ablest politicians and statesmen. I have not changed my opinion since I have read scores of books and articles about his life and works. From a worldly standpoint no one could be the political, the religious, the social, and the economical leader of over three hundred millions of people, seventy-five precent of whom were Hindus, unless he was himself a Hindu. That Mr. Gandhi was the leader of his people in all of these fields appeared apparent to me. No purely religious or philosophic person has ever had the tenth of the following during his lifetime, as did Mr. Gandhi. As far as I am aware, apart from the force of arms, there has never been anyone who wielded the influence over so many of his fellowmen as did Mr. Gandhi during his lifetime.

Although many no doubt will disagree with me, it seems clear to me that one of Mr. Gandhi's greatest assets as a leader was his ability to accept the second or third best if the first best could not be obtained. This is a necessary quality of a great statesman. It is not necessarily so concerning a great religious teacher. I am of the opinion that Mr. Gandhi deserves to be called, "The Father of India." I also believe that he did more than any other human being to lift the millions of the so-called outcastes to a higher level in the social and economical scale of living. Apart from religious virtues the pacific and non-violent policy of Gandhi was the only possible ones that could have obtained his ends, both as to the treatment of the underprivileged by the more fortunate and as to independence. I have no reason to believe that he did not think it the only right policy, also.

Western press writers and authors have often failed to see or to recognize one of the world's great statesmen, social and economical leaders. But instead have found a mystical sage. Many of the so-called leaders of the Christian church compared Gandhi with Christ. They did not stop here, but declared that he was the outstanding Christian of his age. Mr. Gandhi would have been the first one to deny the charge. Many Christian ministers forgot to preach Christ and began to preach Gandi. Some over-anxious and over-optimistic would be proselytes even went so far as to try to obtain converts by substituting Gandhi for Christ. I honor the memory of Mr. Gandhi as one of the greatest men of his age, or of any age. But to compare him with the Savior of the world, the only begotten Son of God, and to claim for him a relationship that he denied while alive, is to confuse both Christian and non-Christian. The above has wrought much confusion in the hearts of many an Indian Christian. Neither are the claims appreciated by the orthodox Hindu. It may be that at one time Gandhi was almost persuaded to become a Christian. But the fact remains that he lived and died professing to be a Hindu. I have heard some say that Mr. Gandhi did not accept many of the views of many strict and orthodox Hindus. Be that as it may, Christianity has no right to claim Gandhi, great man as he no doubt was.

Some time after Mr. Gandhi's death, I listened to an Indian Christian talk on the subject, "Has Gandhi Gone to Heaven?" A few weeks afterwards I wrote the following, using along with things I had gathered here and there, some of the things he gave in his address.

Has Gandhi Gone to Heaven?

This question will be dealt with from both the Hindu and the Christian viewpoints. There are no words or terms in the Hindi language, or in the Hindu Sacred Scriptures that will adequately express or convey the meaning of such terms in the Christian religion and in the Bible as: Eternal Life, Heaven, Salvation, Sin, the Resurrection and Atonement. The Hindi words such as mukti, (salvation); swrg, (heaven); pap, (sin), etc., are not capable of giving the true interpretation to the Christian words for which they are usually used. Therefore, the two viewpoints cannot be considered together.

Has Gandhi gone to swrg or the Hindu heaven? Just as there are various schools or systems of thought of Christian Theology there are different and diversed schools of Hindu philosophy and thought. Not only the Veda but many commentaries on the Veda

have been canonized. For the sake of simplification, Hinduism may be divided into two main or principal classifications. The first may be said to be more or less pantheistic or theosophic in nature. In a general sense, the second may be said to be polycladous, or polymorphous, in nature.

Mukti, or salvation, means to become God. In swrg, or heaven, there is no God nor services, but a place of enjoyment for a period. Gandhi, while living, in common with everyone, consisted of three parts: first, the five elements which constitutes the physical body; second, three invisible but real and potent elements that form the subtle body; third, the atma, or soul. After his death Gandhi's physical body ceased to exist. All Hindus will agree on this point. A physical body is one of the temporary homes of the subtle body, and the atma. The subtle body, in an abstract sense, may be said to be desire. It is destructible and may, or may not, cease to be at the death of the physical body. What has happened to Gandhi's subtle body which embodied his hopes and desires? Gandhi's atma, or soul, in common with all souls, was, and is, indestructible. Where is it now?

Swrg is a place, or state, or condition, or rather all three, where the atma will be set free from not only the physical body, but also from all desire, or from the subtle body. The atma upon its immediate release from the two bodies may, or may not, become part of the great atma or the soul of the universe. Before the question of the whereabouts and state of Gandhi's atma can be properly discussed, it is necessary to know somewhat concerning the history of the three parts of a life (according to Hinduism).

There are two distinct phases in the creation or formation of a living organism. The first is the meeting and union of the atma with desire, or the subtle body. When the atma has once accepted desire, the second step, that of meeting and accepting physical body, becomes the logical conclusion. Desires can only be satisfied and fulfilled through and by the medium of a physical body. The atma is therefore handicapped and limited by both the physical body and by desire. The ultimate goal for a soul is to be freed from both the physical and subtle bodies. Desires and their fulfillment often result in pap, or sin. Mukti, or salvation from pap or sin can never be obtained until the atma, or soul, is freed. If Gandhi was a man, he consisted of these three divisions. As has been said all Hindus will agree as to what has become of the first division. It may take hundreds or thousands of years for the atma to become free. If Gandhi's atma and Gandhi's subtle body, or desires, are together, they must be in some physical body. An atma and the

subtle body cannot exist for one moment apart from a physical body. When they leave one body, which they do at the time of death, they, at that very identical moment, enter into another physical body which has been prepared for them. If desire had not ceased to exist previously to his death, Gandhi's atma and subtle body entered, simultaneously with his death, into another physical body.

According to Hinduism, all atmas, or souls, will be ultimately saved. There may be any number of series of eighty-four lakhs (84,000,000) of existences. These existences may be in any physical body belonging either to the animal, or vegetable kingdoms. The present existence is influenced and governed by the previous life or existence. The works, penances of the present existence, will largely determine the next existence, including its form and activities. The last desires, thoughts and words greatly influence the immediate succeeding existence. Therefore, it is customary for a member of the family, priest or religious teacher, to stand by the side of the deathbed reciting passages from the Hindu Scriptures and offering prayers. Portions of the Veda and other Scriptures are often placed on the forehead, chest and other portions of the body. The present existence is to some extent, possibly due to the last desire and hopes of the previous existence. It was reported, a short time previously to his death, that Gandhi expressed the desire and hope that he would be reborn in Pakistan so that we would be able to do for the Moslems of Pakistan what he had been able to do for the Hindus of India in the interest of communal harmony. Immediately preceding his death, the press was full of his hopes that before long he would be able to proceed to Pakistan to carry on his noble and self-appointed task of bringing about peace and harmony among the members of the different communities.

It is only when desire has ceased to exist that the atma is freed from the subtle body at the time of death. If there is one single unfilled desire another existence is mandatory. If Gandhi, at the time of his death, had one single desire for himself, or for anyone or anything, he has not, according to the teachings of the Hindu Scriptures, gone to swrg or the Hindu heaven. It is only those who were born Brahmans who, if they have met the other requirements, can go to swrg immediately on leaving their present existence. Gandhi was not born a Brahman. It is in the lights of these and other things, that the individual must draw his own conclusions concerning the first part of the question.

There are those who believe that Gandhi was not a man but an incarnation; that he was God appearing, or seeming to have taken the form of man. If this was true, according to the Hindu viewpoint, all his desires, his activities, and even his existence, merely appeared to be and in fact were not.

Has Gandhi gone to the Christian heaven? We will use the term, "Christian Heaven" to mean wherever Christ is. Has Gandhi gone to be with Christ? Gandhi is considered by the majority of people, both in India and in the other countries of the world, to have been "the father of new and independent India." That he was the greatest spiritual leader of his time in regard to the number of his followers, many would be ready to grant. It may well be the consensus of the historians of tomorrow that Gandhi was the most universally acclaimed person of the twentieth century.

According to his own writings and public statements on many different occasions, Gandhi was greatly influenced by the life, teachings and death of Jesus Christ. Many persons of many different countries and religions have compared the efforts of Gandhi for the oppressed, his doctrine of non-violence and his emphasis on intrinsic values as opposed to mere material ones with the teachings of Christ. Many also have and are comparing his life and death with that of Christ. He has been called, "the 20th Century Jesus Christ." The Hindus, who had been drawn to the teachings, life and death of Christ are now beginning to say, "We now have the embodiment of the teachings, doctrines, life and death of Jesus in our own Gandhi, an Indian and a Hindu. Why should we follow the 'Christ of others' when we can follow one of our own who embodies his virtues and his teachings?" Not only Hindus, but many Indian Christians as well, are looking to the life, teaching, and death of Gandhi for the meaning and the interpretation of the Life, Teaching and Death of Christ.

From all over Christiandom, letters have poured into India comparing Gandhi with Jesus Christ. In many of these, he has been called, the greatest Christian since Christ. In others, the most Christ-like person in history. An Indian Christian Bishop has stated that Gandhi, after Christ, was the greatest Christian of all. A famous missionary of the Christian faith and equally well known as an author, has been reported to have made a similar statement. Politicians, statesmen and churchmen have flooded the press with similar or like sentiments.

There are few who will deny that some of the teachings and principles of Christ were probably better practiced and lived by Gandhi than by many professed Christians. The term "best Christian" can only be applied to a Christian. A non-Christian cannot possibly be the best Christian, for he is not a Christian. Was Gandhi a Christian? The two principal criterions are the personal

profession and the meeting of the necessary requirements. Gandhi on numerous occasions expressed his admiration for Christ and for His teachings, but added that for him Ram best expressed the Divine. We may consider this as the answer to the first criterion. Who is a Christian? The answer is a follower of Christ. Christ, Himself, said, "He that would follow Me, let him deny himself, take up his cross daily and follow Me." Again, He said, "He that loveth father or mother, brother or sister, lands, or houses more than Me is not worthy of Me." Again, "Except ye be born again (the experience by which Christ enters the individual's heart) ye cannot see the Kingdom of God (that is to be with Christ)." Who will go to Heaven? The Christian Heaven? Or who will go to be with Christ? The soul does not die. This is acceptable both to the Christian and to the Hindu viewpoint. As death leaves a man, so will the life beyond find him. A Christian is with Christ before death, at death, and forever after death. If a person is with Christ at death the same relationship will continue. If he is not in Christ at death he will not be in Him after death. There is neither need or space to discuss the resurrection here.

According to press report, Gandhi's last words were "Ram, Ram," (a Hindu Diety or God). Gandhi made no profession to have been "in Christ" previously to the time of his death. If he had been in Him at the time of his death, it is reasonable to believe that his last thoughts would have been of, or about Him, Jesus Christ. The Hindus place great stress upon the beliefs, thoughts and desires at the time of death, as do Christians. Since his last words were "Ram, Ram," from either the Christian or Hindu viewpoint, the inevitable conclusion is that Gandhi was not in Christ at the time of death but rather "in Ram." Apart from religious beliefs the logical idea is that he is yet in Ram whatever that may, or may not mean.

CHAPTER XXV

Some Personal Conclusions

ONE THING has kept hammering away at my conscience, that is the fact that in the past, many missionaries have confused the terms "to Christianize" and "to Westernize," "to make disciples for their mission" and "to make disciples for Christ"; "to establish a foreign mission in India" and "to establish an Indian church"; "to lift the convert above his fellow citizens" and "to enable him to help lift his fellow citizens"; "to train him to work for the missionary" and "to train him to work for Christ and India"; "to create a dissatisfaction with conditions" and "to create a desire to improve conditions"; "to make servants and followers" and "to develop coworkers and leaders"; "to impose on the converts their doctrines and beliefs" and "to insist that they 'work out their own salvation with fear and trembling' "; "to change existing conditions" and "to improve conditions."

Many times outward changes only hinder a true change of heart. After all, it is not the outward appearance but the inward condition that matters. However, the wisdom and the mistakes of the past belong to the past. Today, there are far more non-Christians in India than Christians that wear western dress, eat western food, speak a western language, live in western homes and have many western customs, many of which they would be better off without. A cynic could hardly refrain from saying that the missionaries, along with others, have accomplished in a large measure what they set out to do, namely: to westernize India. However, she is not Christianized. We are apt to forget that the cradle of Christianity was much the same as India was a hundred years ago. As is too often the case, the veneer is adopted to the exclusion of the real product. We are too concerned with outward conformity and forget the necessity of the inward urge.

I am becoming convinced that in the life of a missionary, prayer and waiting upon the Lord come first and that actual missionary work is only a by-product and will take care of itself. In fact, it matters very little if the regular missionary work is ever done in the regular missionary manner. Human methods, at the best, border on

the trial and error method. Man proposes but God disposes. Pre-conceived ideas and pre-conceived plans can be alike, dangerous to the usefulness of a missionary. God wants system in His work but it is His System and not ours.

By location, resources, heritage, government and intention, it would seem that India is destined to take a leading part in the affairs of the countries of Asia and also of the world. The people of India have always been very religious. It remains to be seen whether they will continue to live up to this, or whether they will become materialistic or communistic to the exclusion of the spiritual. It is believed by many that a new religion built around the teachings and personality of Mr. Gandhi will be built upon the remains of Hinduism. One thing is certain, that the orthodox Hinduism of a hundred years ago will have to undergo many changes and adaptations to continue to be the moral, social, economical, as well as religious, code of the majority of the citizens of Free India. Mohammedanism, as the "real state religion" of Pakistan, can hardly be expected to become a growing, aggressive, and progressive religion in India. It is not likely that the religious longings of the people will ever be satisfied with either the capitalism of the west or the communism of Russia. There are those of us who see both need of, and room for Christianity in the India of tomorrow. Christianity is not a vehicle, nor is it a cradle for capitalism, communism or any other political or economical theory. It is time that we give up trying to serve the interest of any system or group aside from the interests of the kingdom of heaven. "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that be God's."

The missions will no longer be practically alone in the fields of education and welfare for the poorer and lower classes. The government is fast taking over these fields, as it is right and proper that it should. Up to now, Christianity has been justified in India, largely because of its educational and social services. These are wonderful services, but they are mere products, by-products, of the real end of Christianity. The fate of Christianity no longer rests with a handful of foreigners who were often tolerated because of the economical, social and educational benefits they bestowed upon the country. The picture is now very different. Consecrated and devoted Christians with a passion for the lost from the ten millions of Christians in India will, under the leadership of the Spirit, carry the story of the Cross to every nook and corner in the land. For many years, the missionary has been assisted by the Indian Christian. From now on, the missionary may have the privilege of assisting the Indian Christian. After

all, the Master has said, "He that would be chief among you, let him be the servant of all." May we make even better servants than leaders. It is a wonderful opportunity to serve Him that died for us. May, by His Grace, we prove worthy.

I have always been afraid that a large, strong, and united church is in the immediate danger of becoming a rich, powerful, worldly and dogmatic church. It is natural for a weak and poor church to depend upon the Lord for leadership and deliverance. An United Church is less likely to feel the constant need of Divine help. Denominational lines, as they are in America and Europe, may not be desirable in India. Yet to lay down beliefs and usages for even ten million people is not a human but Divine task. It may be said that they are laid down in the Bible. Yes, but we doubt if it is in the plan of God, for there to be complete similarity in beliefs, practices, and worship. Some of the most learned and devout followers of the Lord, advocate an United Church. I do too, in the Spirit and in the world beyond. As I look back over the history of the church, I find that in times, that the church was united under one over all organization, her spiritual condition was desperate, and her missionary zeal all but non-existent. In times of worldly hardships, she has spread throughout the world. If an United Church in India, or for that matter in the world, comes about naturally and without coercion, well and good, but let us put our minds to the task wherein we are called and within the group that God would have us labor.

The next few years in India will, no doubt, be a time of transition in every realm of activities from government and religion, philosophy and ethics, to social and economical functions, down to the customs and habits of the lowest member of the smallest and most insignificant hill tribe in India. Christ is now on trial before the people of India. There no longer need to be the feeling that interested parties would have them accept Christ for their own selfish interests or are desiring to bring pressure and coercion. Christ is now standing on His own merits before India's millions as He has always desired to do. Not because of the force of a foreign power, not because of the services of highly trained and efficient workers, nor yet for commercial reasons, will the people of India be called upon to answer the question, "What shall I do with Christ?," but out of their own great need of and longing for Christ and His ability to satisfy that longing.

More and more the efforts of missions in education will be confined to the training of converts for special Christian service. Yes, it seems as if the time is here for the final disappearance

of the missionary sahib and the appearance of the Christian brother and servant. May God bless the efforts and services of the latter more than He was ever able to bless those of the former. It is with firm faith and high hopes that we look forward to a new and greater day for the Christian church in India. Even if missionaries should be evacuated to the last individual, a possibility that does not seem very probable, there need be no fear for the cause of Christ in this country. Even actual persecution, which does not seem likely at the present, would not destroy the church of Christ in India. We trust that the time will soon come that the work of foreign missionaries will no longer be needed in this country, but that Christian missionaries from India will be able to carry their messages to all the surrounding countries. For centuries India has been receiving the teachings and principles of Christ, may she soon take her place among those who are carrying the message to others.

Many of the noblest souls and the most consecrated of the servants of Christ have given their lives, talents, and their entire beings to the cause of Christ in India. Many of the most skilled and talented sons and daughters of the church have been contented to use their skills and talents for the uplift and the salvation, or rather the uplift through salvation of the oppressed, the sick, and outcastes and the needy in body and soul. Some of the greatest disappointments of the church have been experienced in this country. On the other hand, many of the glorious triumphs of the Son of God have taken place on her soil. It is a rare privilege to be blessed by God with the opportunity to see, to feel, to participate even in a small way in the coming of "The True Church" (that which is in the hearts of men and women and children) into "its own" in India. The work that God has begun in India and the other countries of Asia will be completed in His own way and time. May God use each of us to His glory in this, His task.