

THE HOLY LAND OF THE HINDUS

WITH

SEVEN LETTERS ON RELIGIOUS PROBLEMS

SPEAKING AS AN ENGLISHMAN, I DECLARE MY CONVIC-  
TION THAT ENGLISH MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE IS THE  
HIGHEST MODERN EXPRESSION OF THE WORLD-WIDE  
NATIONAL LIFE OF OUR RACE. I REGARD IT AS THE  
SPIRITUAL COMPLEMENT OF ENGLAND'S INSTINCT FOR  
COLONIAL EXPANSION AND IMPERIAL RULE. AND I BELIEVE  
THAT ANY FALLING OFF IN ENGLAND'S MISSIONARY  
EFFORTS WILL BE A SURE SIGN OF SWIFTLY COMING  
NATIONAL DECAY.

SIR W. W. HUNTER.



*Photo by Thomson, Bedford*

AUTHOR AND WIFE IN NATIVE COSTUME.

# THE HOLY LAND OF THE HINDUS

WITH SEVEN LETTERS ON  
RELIGIOUS PROBLEMS

BY THE REV.

ROBERT LEE LACEY

*For Twenty-one Years a Missionary to India of the  
Baptist Missionary Society*

AUTHOR OF 'FAITH AND LIFE IN INDIA

'Ye also bear witness'

SHYAMKHAMBA BANSKRIT SERIES OFFICE  
P. O. Box No. 8,  
Bopalmandir Lane, Varanasi

LONDON: ROBERT SCOTT  
ROXBURGHE HOUSE  
PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1913

To  
MY BROTHER

## FOREWORD

**M**OST of the articles contained in this book have appeared in Missionary Periodicals. Some are descriptive, a little religious folk-lore is included and one or two appreciations of native character, but for the most part they deal with scenes and incidents of travel in the Land of Utkala and the Red Jungle Rose. The pictures of idols were, in the first instance, done by a native artist employed for many years by my father and were taken, I believe, from idol temples (the Puri idols excepted).

Of the seven letters at the end of the book, six were contributed to the EPIPHANY, a weekly paper published in Calcutta and edited by members of the Oxford Mission. Among the more cultured and intellectual natives of India the EPIPHANY appeared to us to be doing a great work.

I desire to thank all who have kindly consented to the reproduction of articles and pictures in their present form (many of the articles have been revised and enlarged), and to express my regret if anything is included consent for which has not been obtained.

R. L. LACEY.

PARK AVENUE, BEDFORD.

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
FOREWORD . . . . .	vii
I. THE LAND AND THE BOOK . . . . .	1
II. FACE TO FACE . . . . .	17
III. EARLY ONE MORNING . . . . .	24
IV. A SWORD UNSHEATHED . . . . .	29
V. FANCY DRESS . . . . .	33
VI. A LAMB FOR OFFERING . . . . .	38
VII. THEN AND NOW . . . . .	45
VIII. A PARABLE OF THE NEW FOREST . . . . .	52
IX. 'WHEN IT WAS DARK' . . . . .	58
X. GARLIC AND SANDALWOOD . . . . .	64
XI. THE LEGEND OF THE LOG . . . . .	70
XII. 'NO ONE WILL CARE' . . . . .	78
XIII. PILGRIMS AS PREACHERS . . . . .	81
XIV. SHAMELESS IDOLATRY . . . . .	87
XV. THE IDOL TESTED . . . . .	93
XVI. A SUCCESSFUL STRATEGY, AND A GIFTED GURU . . . . .	99

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
XVII. PURI PALAVER . . . . .	104
XVIII. WHISTLING FOR THE WIND . . . . .	109
XIX. A HOUSE BY THE LAKE . . . . .	112
XX. SAKHI GOPAL . . . . .	118
XXI. 'THINGS AS THEY ARE' . . . . .	126
XXII. ON A SPUR OF THE HIMALAYAS . . . . .	133
XXIII. IN DARK PLACES . . . . .	141
XXIV. 'AND AS HE SOWED' . . . . .	145
XXV. MULTITUDE AND SOLITUDE . . . . .	168
XXVI. THE LONG NIGHT . . . . .	173
XXVII. 'HE SHALL NOT FAIL' . . . . .	177
XXVIII. A FULFILLED SCRIPTURE . . . . .	182
XXIX. THE ROMANCE OF RANGOON . . . . .	189
XXX. 'THE BEST IS YET TO BE' . . . . .	204
SEVEN LETTERS ON RELIGIOUS PROBLEMS	
I. A MARVEL INDEED . . . . .	215
II. THE GITA AND THE GOSPEL . . . . .	219
III. PURI AND PURITY . . . . .	227
IV. THE CASE FOR BAPTISM . . . . .	231
V. THE BUDDHA AND THE CHRIST . . . . .	233
VI. THE STRONGEST THING OUT . . . . .	237
VII. THE PASSING OF BUDDHISM . . . . .	243



## ILLUSTRATIONS

	<i>Frontispiece</i> FACING PAGE
AUTHOR AND WIFE IN NATIVE COSTUME	3
'ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS' . . . . .	6
THE TEMPLE OF JAGANATH . . . . .	17
MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLE . . . . .	34
PARVATI . . . . .	50
URIYA MUSICIANS . . . . .	66
POOL OF THE SANDALWOOD FESTIVAL . . . . .	76
'THE LORD OF THE WORLD' . . . . .	82
IN CHARGE OF A PUNDA . . . . .	87
THE CAR OF JAGANATH . . . . .	89
'MAD UPON THEIR IDOLS' . . . . .	93
JAMBUBATI . . . . .	104
INDRADUMNA POOL . . . . .	109
IN PURI FOR THE CAR FESTIVAL . . . . .	116
A LAKESIDE VILLAGE . . . . .	131
ROBERT LEE LACEY . . . . .	131

	FACING PAGE
TYPICAL TEMPLES OF THE PLAIN . . . . .	145
SITALA . . . . .	150
SPECULATIONS ON SPIKES . . . . .	156
SIVAYANI . . . . .	169
'AS HOLY STATUES SIT' . . . . .	190
THE WAY OF THE YELLOW ROBE . . . . .	193
JAGANATH AND HIS BROTHER AND SISTER . . . . .	216
OUR EARLY HOME IN CUTTACK . . . . .	240
MAP OF ORISSA . . . . .	246

# THE HOLY LAND OF THE HINDUS

---

## The Land and the Book

THE Palestine of India is found in Orissa. In his masterly and monumental history of the Province\* the late Dr. William Wilson Hunter speaks of it as a province of about the same extent and population as the Scotland of his own day, and this defines the Holy Land of the Hindus strictly speaking. This territory is contained in Orissa, but Orissa, as descriptive of the whole area inhabited by the people who speak the Uriya language, is a larger country. The dimensions of the wider area embrace sixty thousand square miles, occupied by not less than eight millions of people, allocated for Government purposes (such at least was the case in the days of which we write) chiefly to Bengal,

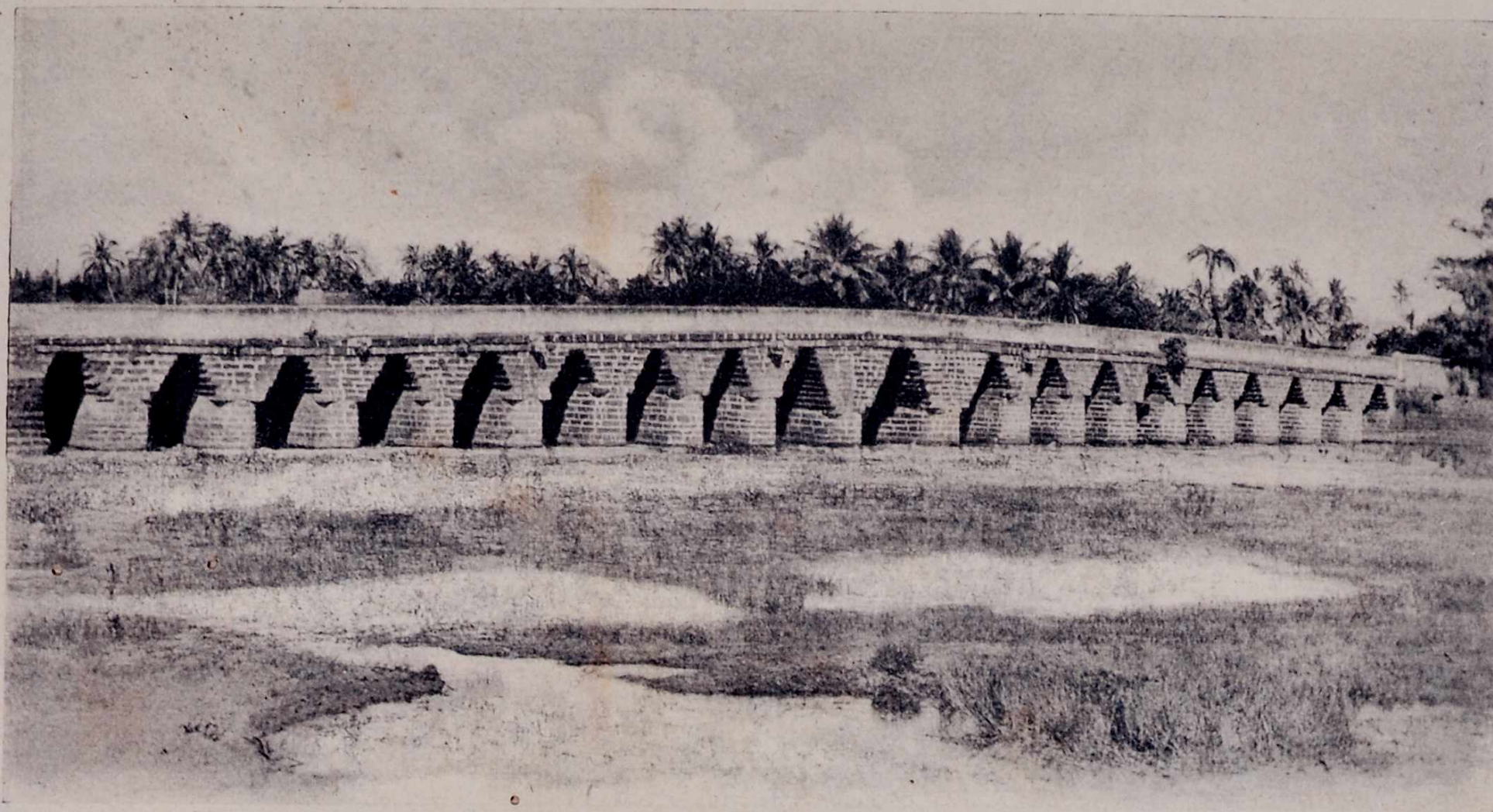
\* 'Orissa.' Two vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

## 2 THE HOLY LAND OF THE HINDUS

but also in part to Madras in the south, and to the Central Provinces in the west.

It is in this larger sense that we write of the Holy Land of the Hindus in this book (in two or three of the articles going indeed far beyond even these wider boundaries), but for the purposes of this first descriptive account we are content to confine ourselves to the *terra sancta* of the religious world of India as defined for us by Dr. Hunter himself, making large use of eloquent facts and figures found in the fascinating pages of his great history; for it is doubtful if any unevangelised tract of country even in the East has had a more wonderful religious history than this lesser Orissa, and assuredly in Dr. Hunter we have a well-equipped, stately, large-minded, impartial but most sympathetic historian. 'Orissa' endeavours to delineate the inner life of the province of which we write, and largely succeeds. From the nature of the case great space is given to purely religious subjects, for not only has religion been the main business long carried on here, but the history of religion is, in India, the history of the people.

Albeit the poorest of the provinces of India and, in some respects, the most backward, the fame of it has spread to the uttermost part of the country, and beyond to other lands.



"ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS."

The ancient texts love to dwell on its sanctity. It is 'the land that taketh away sin.' As the Utkala country the sages ceased not to sing its praises.\* 'Of all the regions of the earth,' says one of their number in explaining the various places of pilgrimage to his pupils, 'India is the noblest, and of all the countries of India, Utkala boasts the highest renown. From end to end it is one vast region of pilgrimage. Its happy inhabitants live secure of a reception into the world of spirits; and even those who visit and bathe in its sacred rivers obtain remission of their sins, though they may weigh like mountains. Who shall estimate the soul's gain from a sojourn in such a land? But what need for enlarging on the praises of a realm in which the gods themselves love to dwell?' This might be dismissed as the dream of a harmless old visionary, but our historian, at least, was not this, and his testimony is not less striking. 'There is not a fiscal division of Orissa,' he declares, 'without its community of cenobites, scarcely a village without fertile abbey lands, and not a single ancient family which has not devoted its best acres to the gods. Hundreds of monasteries dot the province, and enjoy an aggregate rent-roll of £50,000 a year. Every town is filled

\* Utkala is the ancient Sanscrit name of Orissa.

#### 4 THE HOLY LAND OF THE HINDUS

with temples, and every hamlet has its shrine. This lavish devotion extends into the hill country. In going up the Mahanadi I noticed that each rocky islet or wooded crag that rose from its banks was crowned not, as upon the Rhine, by the castle of a noble, but by a temple to some god. Even foreigners feel that they are treading on hallowed ground, and the villagers still tell how the image-breaking Mussulmans retired abashed before the sanctity of Orissa.'

Such was the theatre selected for the Christian Enterprise by a small body of believers once known as the English General Baptists, and such is the country which was accepted as new territory by the Baptist Missionary Society, and which they agreed to try and evangelise, when the denominations amalgamated twenty years ago. It is doubtful if, in selecting Orissa as the base of operations, the General Baptists ever grasped the extraordinary difficulties of the situation, or appreciated the unearthly power of the indigenous forces which would oppose themselves to the Evangel in such a realm. 'The twelve labours of Hercules were child's play compared with it,' writes Dr. Clifford, 'and the fight of Perseus with the Gorgon had not half its perils.' Certain it is they never acknowledged they

were defeated, and the denominational coffers would have been emptied of their last coin—without hope of any more—before they had retreated. For seventy years their chosen men carried on the holy war amid a felt darkness, and discouragements that would have proved crushing to less stout hearts. It was permitted them to capture a few bright trophies, and scarcely could one read ‘A Brief Sketch of the Rise and Progress of the Orissa Mission,’ and not feel proud of the first Missionaries, and their first converts. In its inception we mark the finger of God. Dr. Mullens—who was not a Baptist—declares, ‘The way in which the Gospel first took root in Orissa is without a parallel in India, and furnishes a striking illustration of the wonderful manner in which God sometimes fulfils His purposes of mercy to men.’ The more we think and read about it the more do their labours in the translation of the Scriptures, the preaching of the Gospel in the vernacular, the formation of schools, the preparation of Christian literature, the founding of a press, the training and spiritual culture of hundreds of famine orphans, and afterwards the planting of them in village settlements over the province appear beyond all praise.

The subject is too large to clearly apprehend or appreciate, however, unless we can focus



## 6 THE HOLY LAND OF THE HINDUS

somewhat the awful iniquity and idolatry of the province to which these first brave men had been led, and, by comparison, indicate the colossal difficulties with which we have had to deal from the first. This is not impossible. Any religious study of Orissa may well start with the problem of Puri.\*

The temple of Jaganath, at Puri, is probably *the* temple of India, and the secret of its popularity is not difficult to discover. (The present structure is the last of a series said to have been built upon the same site, and was erected in 1196 by Anang Bhima Deo, of the Ganga Dynasty.) Buddhism, Sivaism, Sun-worship, each in turn became the prominent faith of the province, and after a time gave place to some other creed. 'Jaganath was destined to hold a more permanent sway; and his priests, by skilfully working upon the Indian passion for pilgrimage, have for more than seven centuries made Orissa the *terra sancta* of the Hindus. He owes his long reign to that plasticity which admits the whole Hindu Pantheon within his walls, and which during seven hundred years has ever instinctively accommodated itself to the changing spirit of the times. In the very act of superseding Sun-worship and Sivaism his priests built temples to the wife of Siva

\* Pronounced Poo-ree, which is also the old spelling.



THE TEMPLE OF JAGANATH

and to the Sun within his sacred courts. A truly Aryan deity, he commanded the adoration of the upper classes. At the same time he enlisted the sympathies of the low castes by the equal sacrament of the Holy Food, and by a mythology which exalted a despised fowler into the revealer of the god.\* By the ingenious device of successive incarnations, Vishnu (Jaganath is accepted nowadays as his ninth incarnation) has made himself the centre of a whole cycle of religious systems, and secured the adoration of many races belonging to widely separated stages of civilisation. Without losing his own identity, he assimilated the attributes of nine of the most popular gods, and his priests keep a tenth incarnation in their hands—a weapon which they may yet utilise to bring the gross superstitions of the people into accord with the Theism which English education has now disseminated among the upper classes. In this way Vishnuism has always been able to effect a revolution in religion according to due course of law. It has constantly gone on adding and super-adding to its original ideal, building new temples to new gods without having to pull down the old ones, and combining the most radical innovations with the most unalterable conservatism.'

\* As told in 'The Legend of the Log.'

## 8 THE HOLY LAND OF THE HINDUS

Is the consummate cleverness of the Brahmans illustrated more conspicuously anywhere?

It may be yet more fully illustrated if we consider how pilgrims are procured for Puri. 'The arrival of the pilgrim-hunter,' records our author, 'is a memorable event in the still life of an Indian village. There is no mistaking the man. The half-bald shaven head, the tunic of coarse, dirty cloth, the cap drawn over the ears, the palm-leaf umbrella, the knapsack on the back, and the quid of narcotic leaf which he chews and rolls in his cheek as he strides forward, proclaim the emissary of Jaganath. He seldom shines in public exhortation, but waits till the men have gone out to the fields, and then makes a round of visits to the women. Skilled in every artifice of persuasion, he works upon the religious fears and the worldly hopes of the female mind, and by the time the unsuspecting husbands come home from their work, every house has its fair apostle of pilgrimage. The elder women, and some of the aged fathers of the hamlet, long to see the face of the merciful god who will remit the sins of a life, and are content to lay their bones within his precincts. Religious motives of a less emphatic sort influence the majority. The hopes of worldly reward swell the number. The fashion-

ableness of pilgrimage and that social self-complacency which springs from being in the mode, attract the frivolous. The young are hooked by the novelty of a journey through strange lands. Poor widows catch at anything to relieve the tedium of their blighted existence; and barren wives long to pick up the child-giving berries of the banyan tree within the sacred enclosure, and to pour out the petition of their souls before the kindly god.'

But have they not a good time after they reach Puri itself, say at the Car Festival? 'No one comes empty-handed,' Dr. Hunter reminds us. 'The richer pilgrims heap gold and silver and jewels at the feet of the god, or spread before him charters and title-deeds conveying rich lands in distant provinces. Every one, from the richest to the poorest, gives beyond his ability, and many cripple their fortunes for the rest of their lives in a frenzy of liberality. Thousands die on the way back, from not having kept enough to support them on the journey. But even when the unhappy pilgrim has given his last rupee, the priests do not suffer him to depart: some shrine still remains to be visited, some ceremony to be witnessed, or some blessing to be obtained. The devotee, in a fever of apprehension lest any of the objects of his

## 10 THE HOLY LAND OF THE HINDUS

pilgrimage should remain unaccomplished, gives a bond to be paid on his return home. An engagement of this sort is so inviolable, that the priests do not even think it needful to take it upon stamped paper. The poor shorn pilgrim probably never reaches his native country. But the next time a pilgrim-hunter visits the dead man's village, he produces the bond, and it is paid without cavil.'

From the first the truth has been told out by the Missionaries, and the above is not the worst. Some may still possess a little book entitled 'Reflections on Scenes beheld near the Temple of Jaganath: or, Meditations among the Dead. Written after seeing ninety pilgrims lying dead in one place during the Car Festival of 1825; with Illustrations of the extreme wickedness of Idolatry.' On the same occasion, one hundred and forty-three bodies were counted at another place. At such Golgothas were the corpses of their worshippers upheaped before their idols in the early years, and their bones scattered round about their altars. It is commonly reported that not less than ten thousand perished every year in the rains, of starvation on their way home, or by fell disease, the remainder carrying cholera to distant parts of the country, or sending it flying on the wings of the wind to the four corners of the earth.

Puri is a whited sepulchre to this day, and this is the truth about the Car Festival—

It is a glorious scene,  
At which the fiends might clap their hands for joy,  
And hold in hell a feast, to celebrate  
The happy tidings that a host of guests  
Were paving for themselves a broad highway,  
O'er which, with headlong and infuriate speed  
They might rush madly, in uncheck'd career  
To the eternal regions of the lost.

Nemesis will continue to overtake us until we have done something more to heal this open sore of India. 'One of man's most deadly enemies has his lair in this remote corner of Orissa, ever ready to rush out upon the world, to devastate households, to sack cities, and to mark its line of march by a broad, black track across three continents. The squalid pilgrim army of Jagannath, with its rags and hair and skin freighted with vermin and impregnated with infection, may any year slay thousands of the most talented and the most beautiful of our age in Vienna, London or Washington.' These are the words, not of a pious propagandist, but of a civilian and a statesman, and are they any the less true to-day when the facilities of travel are enormously increased?

It was in 1803 that a British company of soldiers, which had been marched up from

## 12 THE HOLY LAND OF THE HINDUS

Ganjam, stormed the Fort of Cuttack (the commercial capital of the province) and ousted the foreign Mahrattas. We read that at 10 a.m. on the 14th of October an English officer blew open one of the small gates, receiving a wound the same instant in the neck, and a storming party dashed into the heart of the fortifications. A few moments ended the struggle. The Colonel of the attacking party fell with a wound in his leg, two or three soldiers were killed, the Mahrattas leaped the ramparts and streamed out of the other gates, and the province of Orissa passed under British rule. On the same day the General, with a member of the Civil Service, formed themselves into peaceful 'Commissioners for the affairs of Cuttack,' and despatched an officer to take possession of Puri, and to administer it as if it had been an old-settled British district. 'Once, and once only, the foreign Mahratta soldiery ventured to turn to bay. A desperate struggle with ten thousand of them took place at Pipli,\* in which there was scarcely an officer but was wounded.' 'Yet let no man despise the achievement,' the historian adds; 'our whole history in India is a narrative of audacious victories won with a small loss against overwhelming odds.'

About twenty years after these exciting events

\* Pronounced Pip-lee, which is also the old spelling.



our first Missionaries reached Cuttack, and commenced that holy war in which the odds against us have been infinitely greater than ever opposed carnal weapons, and can only be described as stupendous.

But the great weapon of all spiritual warfare, the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of the Lord, had already been forged (the first strong blade at least) at Serampore by the father of Modern Missions, William Carey, assisted by his chief pundit, a native of Orissa. This blade only waited to be clasped. And in the Providence of God there came to Serampore, in 1821, seeking counsel of William Carey and his Colleagues as to the choice of a field, William Bampton and James Peggs, pioneer Missionaries, sent forth with their wives by the General Baptists who, having formed a Missionary Society in 1816 at Boston, in Lincolnshire, now—five years later—sent forth their first workers into the field. They reached Cuttack in 1822, and two years later were joined by Charles Lacey and Amos Sutton.\* On the 23rd of March, 1828, Gunga

\* Under God, the American Free Will Baptist Mission to India owed its origin to Amos Sutton, and continues to do a great work in Northern Orissa. A brief history of how our own Mission came into being, and an appreciation of the early Missionaries, and first converts, may be read in the 'Centenary of the Baptist Missionary Society' volume, to which Dr. Clifford contributes 'The Orissa Mission.'

## 14 THE HOLY LAND OF THE HINDUS

Dhor Saringy—‘the first stone taken from Jaganath’s temple’—was baptised by Charles Lacey.\*

In all the succeeding years converts have been gathered (although no such aggressive work had been known in the history of the Mission as that instituted of late years in the Sambalpur district, which has yielded, I believe, hundreds of baptisms), and the last report issued by the Mission speaks of a baptised church of 3,443 believers, and a Christian community of 9,721 souls.

If we seriously desire the evangelisation of Orissa, however, a very great work still lies before us.

England has dealt generously by Orissa in all that pertains to the material welfare of the people—how generously only those can form a conception who have consulted the necessary records. Under Mughul, Mohammedan, Mahratta, the country had bled to death, but she is recovering now, and on the way to become a fair province, if still poor. In respect to outlay, the floods and famines alone to which she is heir have cost the Government a mint

\* The story of the conversion of Gunga Dhor is told in ‘The Idol Tested.’ The first Hindu convert of the Mission was Erun, a Telegu, but Gunga Dhor was the first to be baptised among the Uriyas.

of money. 'Wars form the staple of Orissa history, but a great battle, to which even its long monotone of bloodshed affords no precedent, is now going on—a battle between the indomitable English will and the devastating rivers which have hitherto scorned the control of man.' But colossal embankments and great bridges, miles of canals and splendid weirs—triumphs of science and feats of skill that many of them truly are in Orissa—are not the best a Christian power may be expected to accomplish for a subject people. Indeed the historian clearly sees that the genius of the peoples of India is a religious genius, and any but a religious power may prove to be no power at all at great spiritual periods of the nation's life. Thus he is compelled to write, 'The truth is that these Indian races, to the spiritual side of whose nature our English Government is by its very position forced to shut its eyes, and for whose spiritual wants we can make no provision, have got a capacity of belief which, if worked upon by a really great leader, may yet be destined to blow in pieces our rule.' As Christianity captures India this last catastrophe is less and less to be feared, but Christianity *alone* may avert such a catastrophe, and then it would be discovered that not our rule but our religion was the salvation of India. Our

authority wrote for every enlightened man when, reviewing what are not inaptly called our Reproductive Public Works in Orissa, he declared, 'But the slenderest blade of grass has more elements of reproduction and duration in it than our most solid edifice of iron and stone. *It is by what we have implanted in the living people, rather than what we have built upon the dead earth, that our name will survive.*

Our care is for the living people.



MAIN ENTRANCE TO TEMPLE.

## II

### Face to Face

IT was still early in the morning of a Saturday in May when, looking out of a bullock-bandy, we beheld the world-famed temple of Jaganath in Puri. Dawning on the strained and eager eyes of the wearied pilgrim the sight would have been an ample reward for all the hardships of the way he had come, and he would have been prostrate in the dust. It awakened emotions in our own hearts, also, but of a very different kind. For seven hundred years now that temple had reared its colossal head over all this unhappy province of Orissa, indeed over the whole wide country, destroying in all this time its tens of thousands of poor devotees; and there it stood this fair morning, still a principal source from which a great part of India continues to be flooded with all manner of superstition, disease and impurity.

Mr. Heberlet had gone on before with a staff of local preachers to witness at the annual bathing festival, and we followed.

## 18 THE HOLY LAND OF THE HINDUS

On the following Tuesday afternoon we accompanied the little band into the town, and although unable to preach then we were glad of the privilege of 'standing up' with the brethren for a couple of hours beside a far-famed sacred tank where all the bathing was going on. By six the scene was a lively and impressive one. Besides a multitude of people already collected about the tank, and the great numbers bathing, streams were pouring in from all directions, all bent alike on 'acquiring merit' by dipping in the wonderful waters of the pool. Such as had done bathing sat about in all available places patiently awaiting the arrival of their gods. It made one sadly thoughtful. But a general commotion and loud tom-toming in the distance proclaimed that the gods were coming, preceded by a couple of fine elephants. Arrived at the pool these now stood on one side and the images, some fifteen of them, were carried by their bearers, accompanied by priests, to boats awaiting them in the water. In the centre of the tank is a small temple, and after the idols have gone round this shrine, they are taken in procession for a longer ride around the pool itself, in order possibly that a better view may be obtained of them. As their helpless images passed the infatuated people would try to raise

a shout, albeit only a wild, weird wail appeared borne on the air to God. Hear it again, and again, and yet again.

Five years ago it was impossible, even for money, for a white man to enter within the precincts of 'the country house' of Jaganath, but on Thursday we went very nearly all over it for the sum of one rupee. There is not much of interest to repay one for the trouble of visiting this place, but what is seen throws a light on the nature of idolatry in its popular form. Without and within were depicted scenes from the lives of the deities which clearly betrayed their characters, and of these the less said the better. This retreat of Jaganath is situated a little over a mile from the temple itself, which is also the length of the road along which the car of the great idol is drawn every year.

This same morning we called at the monastery of an old guru, or spiritual guide of the people, amongst whose favoured disciples were once numbered a couple of our converts, who had since passed through our College and become preachers of the Gospel. Mr. Heberlet had a long talk with this old gentleman, but he was still sore about the desertion of his pupils and gave us a deal of abuse. Yet it was easy to see why they left their old teacher. The old man



## 20 THE HOLY LAND OF THE HINDUS

had amassed a whole heap of our tracts and Scriptures and with the contents of all these he had not only acquainted himself but fully explained them to his disciples. They all knew about Jesus Christ, for the old guru had a reverence for His holy character and had many times plainly told them that He was incomparably superior to any of the gods of the Hindus. Indeed the teaching of the Gospel had destroyed his own faith in idols, though they still surrounded his establishment and constituted a principal source of its revenue. A centre of influence in all that district this old man was assuredly doing a work for which we had cause to be thankful.

Our last preaching beside the tank was on Tuesday evening, and at one time it seemed as if we should fare badly. We had often been confronted on previous occasions by a determined and very muscular opponent, an up-country man. He was pretty full of insolence and abuse, and generally had a pronounced following. Usually unwilling to learn, unable to teach, this man was qualified to oppose and obstruct. This evening it seemed as if nothing would thwart him in his determination to put us to silence. But in an unguarded moment, and, as it transpired, most unhappily for the success of his plans, he was induced to approve

a suggestion thrown out by one of the crowd that since it was impossible to make any progress in argument as we were then proceeding we should repair to the house of an old retired native magistrate adjoining the place, where it was probable we should get fair play. The old gentleman received us all very kindly—shaking hands with Mr. Heberlet and myself, and pressed us to be seated in his veranda. Soon, with the old magistrate presiding, our ‘case’ was being heard, with our opponents sitting opposite to us. Any number of people had followed us in and by this time we were surrounded by an interesting though now respectful and eagerly curious assembly of people. My senior brother was asked how he proposed to proceed. He said he would like to afford our up-country friend an opportunity of putting him three questions, and then he would like to ask him three in return. The three that were asked on their side were: Who is Jesus Christ? How came He into the world? How came you to know anything of the Creator of the world? Mr. Heberlet’s answers appeared to give satisfaction, and then in his turn he asked: What is sin? *There is no such thing as sin* came the immediate reply, and the hopelessly bewildered look on the face of the old magistrate was something to remember! But when he had

partially recovered himself he demanded from our friend from up-country *Then why do you say it is sin to kill a cow?* and a host of difficulties arose. Yet thankful for the opportunity afforded us to preach the Gospel we took our leave of our kind host and retired.

Before leaving Puri, in the still evening of a Lord's Day, we walked to the little English Cemetery to see the tomb of William Bampton. Remote now from the dwellings of men, in a solitary place by a lone sea-shore lies buried the man to whom was given the high honour of first planting the Gospel banner on these idolatrous heights. It was a prince of Missionaries who said 'I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith'; but how singularly appropriate the words would have been engraven on the tomb by which we were standing—of the intrepid, indefatigable, heroic Bampton, the father of our Mission. He has long ago fallen in the sacred warfare, but in the coming days when this whole fair province shall have been rescued from the cruel and desolating power of Jaganath, and won for our Lord Jesus Christ, Uriya Christians will stand on the spot that covers the dust of Charlotte Sutton and William Bampton, and praise God from their hearts for these first lives

laid down for the land of Utkala and the red  
jungle rose.\*

\* Utkala, as we have said, is the Sanscrit name for Orissa. The people connect the aboriginal name of the province, Odra-desa, with a small red jungle rose of the same name, which is revered as one of the five blossoms of heaven.

### III

## Early One Morning

NEMAPARA is twelve or thirteen miles across country from Pipli, but we cannot cover such a distance in India in the time it is possible in England, even on horseback.

Early in the morning of the day after our arrival we were on our way to Kanarac, where would lie our principal work for some days to come. How we should like to dwell on the way we travelled, the pretty and constantly varying features of the country-side, the picturesque little villages through and by which we passed. It is impossible not be interested and fascinated by many of them in these parts—the peaceful villages of the plain, nestling so coolly, in the heat of the day, in their shady groves of plantain, or under the spreading mango, or feathery tamarind tree. And often is one constrained to breathe the prayer that, not only peaceful in the appearance of the countless little villages that dot and cover all its surface, but peaceful also in its teeming

life may this wide, fair province soon become with that peace which comes down from above, and which is yet so far out of reach of the natural world at its best!

As we approached Kanarac the last bit of the way was unforgettable, tracing as we did a jungle path, and winding through many a sylvan scene with all its lovely, heavy foliage, often hanging down from overhead and sure to detain in its recesses the young botanist or naturalist. How numerous, too, the pleasant palms on every side—conspicuous among them the sentinel palmyra: here, the more slender, queenly coco-nut: there, forming a social little group, the neat areka; and on all hands the pretty, waving date.

A little time more, and with the Old Black Pagoda in view we are making tracks across the sand; and here, almost under the shadow of an old temple of the sun (for such is the Black Pagoda), and under an ancient banyan tree, we pitch our tent. To this spot are bound also all the sun-worshippers we have come here to meet, and all arriving to-night.

Not a few will have read some description of the place and scene by previous visitors, and possibly a few may have read the interesting story of the Black Pagoda as Mr. Sterling tells it to us in his valuable little history of the

## 26 THE HOLY LAND OF THE HINDUS

province, bound up in the history of the Baptist Mission by Mr. Peggs. If so they will recall it was built nearly seven hundred years ago, and some suppose the entire revenue of twelve years produced by the province was expended on the work of its construction. Worship, however, never appears to have been held in it as it began to fall before it could be consecrated, and for long years it remained in a most dilapidated state. The great tower, probably shattered and thrown down in the first instance by some extraordinary force, either of earthquake or lightning, commenced the work of destruction in the long past years which many causes have concurred to accelerate—the more powerful to-day perhaps being the vegetation that always takes root under such circumstances, and which at the time of our visit was climbing over the whole old pile. One of the early Missionaries, coming here to attend this same festival many, many years ago, wrote Home, ‘I had entertained the mistaken idea that Hindooism originally was comparatively a pure system to what we see it in our day; and if any one entertains the same opinion, I would recommend them to visit the Black Pagoda on the Orissa Coast.’ There is a difference—wide and cruel oftentimes—between idolatry as we read about it within the covers of well and expensively

bound volumes in England and as we see it all here with our own eyes.

That evening we preached by the seaside, and returning to camp, what a weird spectacle it seemed—all about and around our tent under the banyan tree and beyond on all sides. Hundreds of natives had arrived while we had been away on the sands and now, in the darkness, innumerable little camp fires covered all the ground, and *that* was a noisy night.

It was two on Thursday morning—the very monkeys in the banyan overhead were barking and bounding from bough to bough—when we awoke. The wooden deity of the nearest village was passing, accompanied by the most inconceivable noise, and all the people followed in the procession, and ourselves and the preachers two hours later. There cannot have been less than seven or eight thousand people gathered on the beach. And this multitude had come from all parts of the province to this particular spot along the Coromandel coast simply to see the sun rise and give him a salute! ‘But can you not see the sun rise at home,’ I said to one man; ‘why come all this way to this particular part of the coast?’ ‘This is holy ground,’ he replied, ‘and such is our custom’; and so the shivering multitude waited at the gates of dawn. At half-past six a glorious sun (the same they had



## 28 THE HOLY LAND OF THE HINDUS

seen once or twice before) rose gloriously over the great grey sea. But it was very cold, the people had become very impatient, and having beheld all they came to see, they made a hasty libation, paid their little salute, and immediately the mass began to break up and melt away in all directions over the sand. Yet to not a few had the opportunity been given us to preach Christ Jesus as the Sun of Righteousness, the Light of the World.

## IV

### A Sword Unsheathed

PIPLI is a quiet, healthy, peaceful village of the plains, and we were sorry to leave it. Apart from wide doors of usefulness that had opened for us on all sides it is situated in a district that swarms all the year round with the tired—yet untiring—pilgrims to Puri, the very people in whose ears should be articulated that word of our Lord's, 'Come unto Me all ye that are weary . . . and I will give you rest.' And the Mission House was to stand empty. If only the people at Home could realise the need!

~~But~~ we had been ordered South, and South we had to go. After an unusually long stage it was pleasant to have reached the lovely Chilka lake on a Wednesday night, but so late that we could only admire the handsome Government bungalow at which we had arrived, the last and one of the best of the Bengal Presidency, for we were soon to cross the boundary line between Bengal and Madras. As we had journeyed on Wednesday it was evident we were leaving the

plains behind us as witnessed all along our course that day by piles and chains of hills rising dark and sombre on either hand, and but sparsely clad by vegetation. As the darkness came on, parts of the hills, here and there, would be seen to be on fire, producing sometimes a wild, lurid effect. On Thursday morning the lake (on the very banks of which our bungalow was seen to be situated) looked a picture, but hearing of the prevalence of cholera along its shores, possibly our appreciation of it was a little disturbed, and the same night we were passing over the boundary. It was late before we reached it, and by the aid of lanterns we took out our bullocks, reversed our carts, and commenced that slow, steep descent down the narrow, solitary side of the gorge which will be remembered by all who have passed that way. A few hours later, somewhere in the compound of a large untenanted bungalow, we lit our camp fires and commenced our midnight repast with famous appetites. Reaching Chatrapur next day, and leaving again at night, early morning found us at last at the Mission bungalow at Berhampore. •

Carts and men had all arrived on the preceding day, apparently in good health. Early on the morning we ourselves arrived, however, my attention was drawn to one of the cartmen

who lay groaning on the veranda. From symptoms I judged it was cholera, though his companions tried to dissuade me of the belief. One of our own people, I had him removed to the hospital without delay, but at one o'clock he was dead. As all arrangements had been made for us to proceed to the Mission House at Gopalpur (a few miles further away) on the following Monday morning (the Lord's Day only intervening) the carts were put in readiness. But on that same memorable Saturday I awoke at midnight, somewhat alarmed by the terrible earnestness of the tones of our native preacher's voice who, returning from the burial of Maguni (the man we had just lost) was announcing that another man was attacked and already dying of cholera. Fearing it would take an epidemic form we decided to unload the carts and dismiss the men, who also clamoured to be released. This proved to be a fortunate decision, for though the second case died only an hour or two after he had left our compound (he was a Hindu and his friends refused to take him to the hospital) the others escaped, and did not communicate the infection. Yet only a day or two later it was conveyed from another side, and raging with such unprecedented and terrific severity that within three months six hundred had succumbed to the scourge in

## 32 THE HOLY LAND OF THE HINDUS

Berhampore alone, and TEN THOUSAND perished in the district of which Berhampore was the chief town. The panic which invariably followed in its wake would surprise nobody who had seen its effects. It might well unnerve and terrify the strongest. 'Behold at evening-tide trouble; and before the morning he is not.' It was inevitable the sickness should invade our Christian villages, but while many were attacked, I believe not more than ten or eleven died in all this terrible visitation. Such was our introduction to South India—a vision of a sword unsheathed we had not seen before.

## Fancy Dress

**N**OISE, numbers and nonsense briefly describes some popular gatherings, yet not quite the one we write about to-day. These elements were all present, but there was something more, something worse. Commencing on a Thursday, it continued for a fortnight, and nearly every day some of us were at work among the people. Conspicuous among these were the weavers, a numerous class in Berhampore. Unfortunately the festival has a wide fame, and crowds are attracted to it from great distances. Introduced by a few religious ceremonies, it soon assumes the aspects of an uncommonly large fair, or vulgar show, with all its popular accompaniments. If this were all it would not matter so much. Below the surface lurk spirits of evil unsuspected by the guileless.

The proportions of this huge fair were a surprise to us, however, and some of its features new. It was in reality a monster masked show, in which the chief thoroughfares

## 34 THE HOLY LAND OF THE HINDUS

were lined with groups of clowns and bands of ascetics and companies of masked and disfigured persons, sometimes in orderly procession, but oftener otherwise; and these caricatured things chiefly Indian but not entirely. Two persons, attracting considerable attention, were adorned as Europeans and went about arm-in-arm, a supremely absurd spectacle in the eyes of the East. Another man was arrayed as a European photographer, and never tired of following us about, with all his apparatus, to take us from all sides. One evening a preaching company appeared and waved high and long a few torn and dirty tracts in the air, accompanied with much shouting. We were more pleased with a report that reached us that a couple were going about dressed like the Bible-women. They must often have been seen about the bazars and become familiar figures before this could be appreciated. The later developments were in favour of heathen incarnations, thus giving a strong religious colouring again to the whole show. To represent their gods and goddesses they had great unwieldy dolls of wood, hollow inside, and painted without red and yellow—favourite colours with all natives. During the last days these might have been seen any evening sailing down, like great buoys, over the sea of assembled heads.



PARVATI.



‘Behold our glory!’ said an enthusiast to me, looking all around him, upon one of these last days.

Such occasions are not usually the most propitious for preaching purposes. But some days the people heard well, and a brisk sale of our little tracts followed. Patience, good humour and perseverance are indispensable for a street preacher, and good lungs a distinct advantage at a fair.

The case of an old man, who attended one of our later preachings, lingers in the memory. He was well versed in the Shastras, or Hindu Scriptures. When I joined the preachers that evening he was in eager controversy with our friend Krupa. But Krupa knows the Shastras, too. I was to follow, and did so with the story of the woman who had an issue of blood twelve years, and had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing better but rather grew worse. How was it with them? Sin was the issue of blood, and how much most had suffered at the hands of poor imbecile physicians, who were powerless to the last degree to assuage such a sickness. Rather they were growing worse. Was there nothing for it but to despair and die? But the woman recovered. How? When she had heard of Jesus she came in the press behind—it might

## 36 THE HOLY LAND OF THE HINDUS

have been like the press all around us—and touched the hem of His garment. And straightway the fountain of her blood was dried up, and she felt in her body that she was healed of that plague. Is it possible that there is salvation for our souls, too, with Jesus? Can we know in our souls that we are healed of sin? Yes, if the virtue shall pass out of Him into our diseased life, and it assuredly will if we touch Him with the hands of faith.

The old man had not heard the story before, and it impressed him. He said he would come and see me at my house. Next day he tried to find his way to it but failed; but he was in earnest, and made inquiries again the day after, and this time succeeded. He told me he had come a long distance to this festival and his companions had returned home the day before, but he could not go with them. Since he had heard our words he had desired greatly to learn more of Jesus. Hinduism was a sham and hypocrisy; he knew it, and had suffered much, but grown rather worse. Could Jesus save him? Yet was he an old man and everything would have to go if he came out from among his people, and how about daily bread? The convinced, yet not converted, have many difficulties to face in India, and this among the most practical. We read together

part of the sixth chapter of St. Matthew—the last part, which seems to wonderfully anticipate cases of this kind. We talked over the verses for some time, and I told the old pilgrim what I thought Christ would have him do.

But a time is coming when *a nation* shall be born in a day—the Lord speed the day—and such odds against him shall harass and paralyse the secret disciple no longer. ‘Even so, come, Lord Jesus.’

## VI

### A Lamb for Offering

WHEN the iron-horse shall have supplanted for ever the country-cart a bit of the original India will have disappeared. The native marvels at our bustle and impatience and want of contentment with the ways of the country-cart much as we marvel at his capacity for sleep.

So leaving Berhampore on the afternoon of a Thursday we found ourselves in Russellkonda two days later. As the distance is something less than fifty miles the speed at which we travelled could not be considered express. The district through which we had come, though familiar in its general features, always looks fresh and picturesque with its tamarind trees shading the dusty roads, its mango topes and patches of sugar-cane. Much of this Goomsoor district is wild, however, with thick forests, especially to east and north. In fact, nearly half of its area is still primitive forest, in which wild beast and game abound, and

tiger, panther, bear and deer find a congenial retreat. We must sometimes have been close to each other. One moonlit night, indeed, a tiger was on the track of our carts as we journeyed to Gullery. A few days later my wife wrote that a man-eater had been killed in the neighbourhood—possibly the same creature that frightened our bullocks.

Gullery is the granary of Goomsoor. After a halt here of a day we travelled leisurely along a forest road to Romba, at the foot of the Goomsoor Maliahs. To such as are fond of sylvan scenery, with its appropriate sights and sounds, and not insensible to the strange witchery of nature's primitive face, the path along which we had travelled would appear one of the most delightful anywhere, though sometimes rough even on country-carts. A little forest villa, constructed almost entirely of wood, offers rest and shelter to the traveller at Romba, and to right and left nestle little Khond villages. It is hard to realise how utterly ignorant these same poor villagers are. We must assuredly begin at the bottom of all that is most elementary if we are to leave two ideas behind us here. Many would have thought our sentiments very crude could they have heard some of our talk in those villages that evening. 'We have come on purpose to

talk with you' we said, 'so let us all sit down here together.' Incredulity and curiosity looked out of their eyes at these first words. A few common civilities would introduce the main theme. 'But now you have heard of Jesus Christ?' 'Jesus Christ? No—we do not know Him.' 'But Who is it that sends you buffaloes and goats and wood to build your houses and food to eat?' 'We are only poor Khonds, Sir, how should we come to know all this?' 'But One is our Maker?' 'Who knows? We can't tell, Sir; knowledge is not for poor, jungly people. How can the Khond make out Who created him?' But we tried hard to leave an idea or two behind us, and more especially the name, the meaning and the promise of 'Jesus.' Will they remember? At least we may pray and hope and believe the promises.

Romba, I have said, lies at the foot of the Maliahs. The high lands, or Maliahs, as they are usually called, are the irregular chain of the Eastern Ghats that lie to the north and west of the district. There are three plateaux, the mean elevation of the central one being two thousand feet, though the highest peak in the Goomsoor Maliahs is probably nearly four thousand feet above sea level. The best forests of the district are on the slopes leading up into the Hill Country. I had long desired

to visit this wild and interesting part of our parish; though the people in the plains dislike the hills and dread the Maliah fever. More than one Mission has essayed to establish itself in the Khond Hills but failed, and the failure has been attributed to the malignancy of the fever. The experiment is once more being made, and all will pray that it may be crowned with conspicuous success. The late Mr. Wilkinson—who had already built himself a bungalow on a capital site at Udaya Giri—had sent greetings and welcome, but warned me of a terrible climb if I forsook the beaten track. It was a long time, however, since I had indulged in anything of the kind, and I was eager for a scramble. The early dawn of Tuesday brought the opportunity, after a cool night's travel. Securing a couple of trusty guides at Durgaprasad, we commenced the ascent in high spirits. But it was serious fun as we proceeded. A writer, describing the chief passes into the Maliahs observes, 'There are other ways up and down used by the hill people, but they are better unattempted save by a good walker and climber.' As we approached the summit I began to appreciate the sentiment. Once on the top we had no occasion to complain of the heat, and sometimes sat round a log fire at nights.

## 42 THE HOLY LAND OF THE HINDUS

Udaya Giri—‘ sunrise over the hills ’—is beautiful for situation, and belted by great blue hills that could tell some gruesome tales of bygone Meriah sacrifices. Doubtless many will have heard or read something of the horrible human sacrifices which were perpetrated by the Khonds, in former years, on the slopes of these same hills. One or two facts of which we were not previously aware came to our knowledge as an indirect result of this visit. But we were disappointed to find how large a proportion of the people of the villages about Udaya Giri, though called Khonds, were in reality Panos, a low caste people of the plains and notorious bad characters. It would appear they were chiefly responsible for securing suitable victims for the sacrifices, the Khonds purchasing them at their hands for sums varying from sixty to two hundred rupees. The prevailing idea appears to have been that such sacrifices would avert the anger of Bhobanee, ensure good health and good crops, but more especially the latter. It is calculated that at one feast, celebrated after the Baptist Mission had become established in Ganjam, over TWO HUNDRED victims were sacrificed. More than fifteen hundred were rescued by Government in the course of a few years. Some of these children were placed in charge of our prede-



cessors in Berhampore, and in due course left our Orphanages and settled in various parts of the district.

Neither had we previously heard that a rite so horrible in itself as the Meriah sacrifices sprung out of benevolent principles! Yet so it would appear. The story runs that one day the consort of the Khond Creator, as Umbally Bylee, was slicing vegetables, and accidentally cutting her finger the blood drops fell on soft barren mud which instantly became dry and firm earth. 'Behold the good change!' exclaimed the goddess. 'Cut up my body to complete it!' But regarding her as one of themselves the people declined to do her bidding: yet in order that it might be carried out they resolved instead to purchase victims from other tribes. This is the story of its origin in a few sentences. And so for long generations these lovely hills echoed the dying wails of the poor doomed children, and these groves witnessed many an agony of death. For at a short distance from every village was the grove likewise, composed of large forest trees casting a deep shade, and near to a rivulet called the Meriah stream. These groves were sacred from the axe, and haunted ground. In the centre was fixed a post at the foot of which, and bound to it, the victim was seated.

## 44 THE HOLY LAND OF THE HINDUS

Anointed with oil, ghee and turmeric, he was finally adorned with flowers and worshipped throughout the remainder of the day. At night the villagers resumed their feasting, and on the morning of the third day the victim was given a little milk. The sacrificing priest then implored the goddess to shower down her blessings upon the people by filling their homes with the voices of happy children, by increasing their cattle and poultry, and by adding to the fertility of their fields, so that by increase of wealth might come increase of worship. The poor creature was thereafter hacked to pieces—the whole consummated by all manner of horrible cruelties. ‘The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.’\*

Soon these things will pass into ancient history. But it is well to remember when hard things are being said against the powers that be that, under a divine compulsion, the British Government has done away with all this—and countless cruel rites besides.

\* The earth-god invoked by the priest at such times was called *Bhobanee*, the title of this sketch being suggested by a line of the hymn used, a transcript of which we possess.

## VII

### Then and Now

**P**ADRI POLLI is not a model village in any sense, but a farm settlement of Christians in rather a jungly district. The whole of the land, once forming part of a dense jungle, and often disputed in former years by wild beasts that infested its thickets, has been recovered by Christians. One of our old preachers, who helped to first clear the ground, and became the first pastor of the little community, loves to live in those pioneer days and has often told us the story of 1849—the year in which the village was planted. It must have been rough and adventurous work. The outline of the picture with which Missionary life is identified in the minds of a few—including one or two intelligent people—is a little house with a palm tree near the door, a group of half-clad and tawny children under a small arbour, and a poor old party teaching them out of a spelling book. Could they hear the old preacher's story it would help to dispel their

delusions. Like the jungle that still surrounds them the people have sometimes become rank and wild, and the thought has been of why cumbereth it the ground. It has been rough on its resident preachers and a thorn in the side of Missionaries. But in the bosom of the jungle are fountains of sweet water, and flowers, and delicious fragrance for beautiful witness. So here are true hearts and loyal to Christ, and such as strive to propagate the faith. This is what we are chiefly needing in every native community in Orissa. Not many are so inspired. We want more of the missionary spirit. One of our chief aims in this new departure of periodical conferences and conventions of all the associated churches in our charge is to create and make contagious such a spirit throughout our field.

So the meetings commenced on a Sunday, when a feast of fat things was provided for the spiritual hunger by three of our preachers. At the close of the day we gathered about the sacred table to partake of the Lord's Supper or, as we call it, the Night Repast. The pastor of the Berhampore Church gave the address on the occasion. 'Wherefore, whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord.' They have always

appeared to me delicate words to handle. I have heard a Missionary speak from them—but not as this pastor. With searching thoughts he seemed to find his way to the very heart of the text, and called it ‘tendency.’ It was this, and not isolated acts of our life, that constituted us worthy or unworthy. And, with bowed heads, many remained behind to partake of the emblems of love.

The Conference extended over five days, four of which were introduced by early morning prayer-meetings. The speaker at the first of these treated of the Holy Spirit, and the urgency of our need of Him in our hearts, and in the Church, and in all our work for Christ. ‘The Church is the Body of Christ, but only a corpse if not animated by the Holy Spirit.’ The thought was taken up once and again, and formed a conspicuous feature at this village conference. It was felt to be profoundly true, whether of the individual believer or the Christian Church. Only as the Uriya Church entertains in much larger measure this Holy Spirit can she put forth her strength to evangelise this fair province, and then lift up her eyes to regions beyond.

A prominent place was given to receiving the reports of the district churches. Delegates were present from these, and a report was also

## 48 THE HOLY LAND OF THE HINDUS

given of the work of the station where we were assembled. The truth is told out in these reports. Things pleasant to realise, and discouraging, are brought to our knowledge. Increase of members was reported from two of the churches, and inquirers and a convert from Hinduism from another. The first of these district conferences was held at the last church early in the year, and it was good to hear of the fruit it had borne. It was generally felt that the churches should undertake more evangelistic work of an aggressive nature, and the thing will be done when they shall have received the Spirit in fuller measure and possessed their possessions.

It was in our hearts one day to go out in a large body and preach the Gospel in an adjoining village. But overhead the inky clouds gathered that morning and the rain descended as it only descends in India, and it could not be. The next morning we visited a celebrated shrine in the vicinity. Long years ago it was a place of execution. It seems probable that in the days of Uriya monarchs many subjects' heads were decapitated here for trivial offences. Unhappily the even more innocent blood of fowl and sheep and goat is spilt there to this day to no good purpose. The butchery of these luckless creatures goes on every Tuesday, for

the evil spirits of false religions were ever lovers of blood and broken bones, and one of their kind is supposed to hold court here. It was a hideous shrine in a lovely spot. A rough, mud platform—with a common ant-hill at one end—smeared with filth and blood indicated the actual site. Over this was a common roof of thatch supported on slight bamboo poles. On either side were ancient forest trees, and the whole surrounded by a rough wall of stone. This, we were sorry to learn, had been thrown together by Khonds of the surrounding hills and may have indicated a survival of a more barbarous and cruel custom. To a few of these the Gospel was preached, and then some of us preached it later at a village not far distant from this place. It was a trudge to remember, but how good to get back to our own people and resume the conference sittings the same evening!

The subject was the Inner Man. When is he weak? And when strong? It was a practical subject, and handled in a practical way. Both speakers agreed that the causes of our spiritual weakness and languor should also discover to us the sources of our glory and strength as in Jesus, in prayer, in the Holy Scriptures, in spiritual exercise (an open secret of keeping good health), and unselfish service.

A discussion followed in which other points were brought out.

We were met in a village, and the topic of the next evening was, 'To what extent are village communities of Christians responsible for the extension of Christ's rule?' Three friends had come prepared to speak to it and declared their souls on the subject. The remark that impressed me most was one made by the junior evangelist, who asked if the time had not come for Uriyas to relieve foreigners of the responsibility of evangelising Orissa. It was the first time I had heard an Uriya say such a thing, and if only others would seriously contemplate it they may combine to create a new era in the history of the Orissa Church. Perhaps this last meeting was also the best, though the children would probably give the palm to a magic-lantern entertainment kindly given hereafter by a good friend.

Of old time this village has been a scene of guerilla warfare. It seems incident to home rule. But some of the villagers declared they would put a stop to this petty strife, and live in love and peace. So a few of the resolved rose up and slew a tiger called 'Dissension,' and a bear called 'Spite' which had taken up their abode with the people. The brutes





URIYA MUSICIANS.

were destroyed in a largely-attended committee of the villagers, and the conference was called to witness they were dead. We trust they are also buried.

A ganja smoker also brought me his pipe, and the remnants of the weed before the conference closed its sittings. These things have come to the surface, but we believe the half has not been seen. Yet in these we rejoice, and pray for more fruit and manifest blessing as a direct result of the seed sown at our first united conference at Padri Polli.\*

\* Still other days have come to Padri Polli, but we write of the village as we knew it.

## VIII

### A Parable of the New Forest

SOME of us lighted upon it—in furlough days—with all the surprise of a lovely discovery. After some eight hundred years the New Forest is still the New Forest. It is almost the last, too, of the old forests with which England was formerly so well clad. Charnwood is now without its trees. Wychwood is enclosed. The great forest of Arden—Shakespeare's Arden—is no more, and only a fragment of Sherwood has been spared. But the New Forest still stands nearly as afforested by William the Conqueror, full of old associations with, and memories of, the past. Here are still some thirty miles of moorland and woodland left uncultivated, over which we can wander as we please—withdrawn for hours in its sylvan solitudes, or losing ourselves in the deep recesses of its beautiful woods.

'Do' the New Forest in a Motor Car if you wish to be unpopular, walk if you wish to see

its beauties. Cycling is also very enjoyable in the Forest, Motors only—with their hideous noises and clouds of dust—somewhat spoiling the pleasure of it along the best roads.

We declined to 'do' all the show places, loving a quiet day at our cottage sometimes, with a book in the orchard, French cricket on the lawn with the girls, a game of chess with the boys, or a visit to some fernly fairy-land.

For rainy days we had our indoor games, and reading. Taking up a book one day which the boys had liked I became interested in a story about India, and a curious appreciation of Mahomedanism. The hero of the story—a white man—becomes a disciple of the Prophet to save himself from the murderous blades of his followers, and is thus exonerated by our author; 'The Faith of Islam had always struck him as a rational creed, moral and orderly, with the claims of a fair amount of antiquity behind it; and so now the assertion that Mahommed was the Prophet of God seemed not an outrageous one, looking at the fact that the stupendous creed founded or revealed by the Seer of Mecca held and swayed countless millions, who for sheer devoutness, consistency to their own profession, and unity could give large points to the cute, up-to-date

Christian, with his one day's piety and six days' fraud, and his jangling discord of multi-fold sects.'

This was a book out of a library, and I noticed this passage had been scored. In the opinion of our author the Faith of Islam is rational, moral and orderly, stupendous and (we even read) holy. God forgive him. For the Faith of his country, on the other hand, the Englishman feels contempt only. Yet we could wish our author (and thousands of white people besides) would be fair, if not friendly. Surely he should be able to distinguish between piety and perfidy. Piety is always beautiful, but cannot live with perfidy. Possibly there is one thing more stupendous than Islam, and that is our author's ignorance of it, unless indeed, which is not unlikely, his ignorance of Christianity be still greater than his ignorance of Islam.

I have been struck by a saying of the late Henry Fawcett about the beautiful country we visited. 'I have heard this remark,' said he, 'again and again by people who have been to the New Forest. They had said the first time they had seen it, How could we have been within two or three hours' journey of such a beautiful place, and never have seen it? We have travelled hundreds of miles in Europe to

study scenery, and yet never saw anything so beautiful as this.'

Is it not a parable?

Cultured people will be at great pains to purchase costly books and study Buddhism, Confucianism, Mahomedanism, Hinduism and other creeds, but scarcely give a serious thought to Christianity. Before contrasting two religions we should have some knowledge of both. Writes a close observer fresh from the East,\* 'One of the greatest delusions of Modern Europe is the hazy notion, born of Sir Edwin Arnold's poetry, Madame Blavatsky's conjuring tricks, and Mrs. Besant's whimsical theosophy, that the East is spiritually superior to the West. There are good and well-intentioned people both in Europe and America who genuinely believe that the religion of Christianity is actually crude, inferior and trivial in comparison with some mythical and entirely non-existent religious occultism guarded by the mysterious holy men of India. There is a still more numerous host among the white races which holds with a most careless and treasonable ignorance which it regards as a pleasing form of cosmopolitan tolerance, that Christianity is only one of many religions all

\* 'Other Sheep,' by Harold Begbie.

very much alike and all more or less similar in their service to humanity.

‘The truth is that an honest man who travels through India even with the most casual observation and the least effort to discover the fact of things, finds himself, must find himself, again and again, bowing himself in spirit with a new adoration in his soul and a fresh understanding in his mind, before the majestic beauty and incomparable sublimity of the Divine Christ. If, after my long journeys through India, one feeling is stronger in my mind than any other, if one illumination burns in my soul more luminously and more steadily than another, if one conviction is paramount and sovran above all others, it is that Christ stands in the history of mankind absolutely alone and unchallengeably supreme as the Light of the World.’

I will only add that, while in England, we have moved freely among the Churches, but never felt any ‘jangling discord of multifold sects’ complained about by our first author. Warmly welcomed among them we have preached from Presbyterian, Methodist (Primitive, Free and Reformed), Wesleyan, Congregationalist and Baptist pulpits, and received cordial support on Church of England platforms. They are all folds of the same flock,

and Christ Jesus is universally recognised as Chief Shepherd.

‘Christianity’—writes yet another author who has seen the truth and told it—‘is far away the best friend and benefactor the world has ever had, and yet too many in our day assail her with every possible weapon.’ She forgives them all, and if one day they find their way to her heart they will confess, ‘We never saw anything so beautiful as this.’



## IX

### ‘ When it was Dark ’

WE are back in India, after our first furlough, and appointed to labour in Puri, one of the idolatrous capitals of India; but sweet and fresh still is much of the memory of the first furlough. It was a privilege to visit previously unvisited counties, and speak and preach in village, town and city churches in all parts of the Old Country. And now on this distant field the memory of those opportunities, and especially of generous words of sympathy and goodwill almost invariably said by pastors and others before the deputation left, come back with a message of hope to the heart. Missionaries sometimes write of impressions received on furlough. For our own part (i) Good was it to be in England again, and pleasant the welcome and hospitality of English hearts and homes which received us in all parts of the country. Furlough bequeaths memories we shall cherish long years. (ii) British Churches believe in Foreign Missions, and their

pastors—almost to a man—are enthusiastic in their support. Had God given not a few of them the desire of the heart they likewise would now have been living and labouring in the foreign field. (iii) Yet do they need to preach more plainly and persuasively, especially in view of finances at Home and unlimited opportunities abroad, the grace and gains of *systematic* and *proportionate* giving as an important means of carrying out our Lord's last commission. (iv) Also we should never forget that among the four great and fruitful words of the Holy Ministry of our Lord is GO. And if Conversion is suggested by Come, Conformity by Follow, Consistency by Abide, surely Go should suggest Consecration at the least, and more consecrated lives would be unspeakably helpful to the Missionary Cause, even at Home. (v) Do we honour the presidency of the Holy Spirit in Missions? Otherwise the most perfect organisations will accomplish lamentably little. Pray, plan, push, persist, but *first* let us link our weakness with His power, and so shall we organise victory out of defeat and carry the Conquest of the Cross through the wide world.

But it was of a baptism I wished to write more especially to-day, and what followed. Fakir—whose baptism has cheered us a great deal since our return to India—is a convert of

the Sahu caste from Satiabadi (half way between Pipli and Puri). He came to see me first in Puri towards the close of February. The son of a country shopkeeper, Fakir attributes his first serious thoughts to reading in St. John's Gospel. This he picked up in the shop of a Christian neighbour of the same village. He brought the Gospel home, and read more and often in a little book he liked well. Seeing this his father bade him drop it and be a good Hindu. But with a voice daily calling to the light he felt this was not possible. And one day (like Abraham) he had left. For this man also, when he was called, obeyed to go out. And he went out scarcely knowing whither he went. I do not think Fakir knew any Christians outside the solitary family in one street of his native village. First he went to Cuttack, and then (bearing a letter addressed to me by Brother Bailey) he came to Puri. And here he stayed for three days, reading and hearing of things most necessary to be known, and making rapid progress in the new knowledge. He asked now for baptism. But while satisfied no ulterior motives could be at work, I felt he needed to think, and read, and hear, and pray more, and as I felt it would do him good to see Pipli, I gave him a letter to our senior preacher there in which I said if he would instruct him further,

and he still desired it, I would baptise him on my next visit to that station. While at Pipli a futile effort was made to induce him to return to his native village. And a few days later—before I could reach the Mission House—Fakir had greeted me on the high road and claimed the fulfilment of my promise. When, on the morning of the day for which his baptism had been fixed, he came to see me before the preliminary service in the chapel and I spoke of the mali (or badge of Hinduism) round his neck still, he broke it off at once and placed it in my hands. So I baptised him.

The Church of Christ being gathered in India is largely composed of men of low caste and no caste at all, very ignorant and uncommonly poor people as appraised by the world, yet are they 'elect,' and the real benefactors of their country.

A stirring chapter in the life of this young convert was closed a few nights later. As he journeyed once more to Puri, though in company now with a native preacher, he passed through his village in jeopardy of his life. Not that he was in the least aware of it. But greatly annoyed at his baptism, and having somehow heard that he was to pass through in the night, the villagers had prepared a surprise, in which hard arguments of the nature of sticks

and stones were to be freely employed to induce Fakir to retract on the spot and return to his people. How little they understood! Suddenly, in the quiet night, the storm burst. Where was Fakir? Asleep in the country cart. And was it only a curious coincidence that when he was roused out of his sleep they had reached a police station, and a constable was on duty? Yet so it came to pass. And now, with quiet and order restored, this man demanded to know why they pursued the accused, and how they could justify an attack of this sort. Whereupon Fakir was made to appear a renegade indeed, and baptised to boot! The constable asked if this were true, and gave the young man leave to make his defence. Wherefore Fakir used great plainness of speech that night, surprised his accusers, and satisfied the constable. (It was good hearing as the native preacher told me the story). And now 'Hands off!' said the constable. The Christians returned to their cart, and the bullocks started once more for Puri.

A fortnight later the missionary, the native preacher and the convert visited the village of the last-named again, and once more the news of his coming was the signal for the coming of all the others, but how different the scene, how different the spirit! All now were quiet and

eager to hear the message we had brought—a message for which the peculiar behaviour of one of their own number had now developed a quite peculiar interest. And as for hours they patiently stood and sat around the house that day to hear the Gospel which had won Fakir’s heart, we praised God for his presence and his testimony.

‘All that which the Father giveth Me shall come unto Me, and him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.’

## X

### Garlic and Sandalwood

I HAVE often wished Mrs. Besant would visit Puri. If she came with an open mind I predict, provided she was not satisfied to 'do' it pilgrim-like but truly desired and faintly succeeded in obtaining some inside view of things, she would be less enamoured of Hinduism before she left the unholy city.

There is a little couplet current among the common people which, being translated, reads,

Although with sandalwood you rub the garlic well,  
Can you by that remove its own offensive smell?

Mrs. Besant has employed much sandalwood, but you cannot reside in a city like Puri without much acute suffering from the unceasingly offensive smell of idolatry, and I marvel if Mrs. Besant can live more comfortably in Benares.

Be that as it may, we have no brief to abuse the faith of the people among whom we live and labour—for we love the people at least—and compare notes and write of things as we find

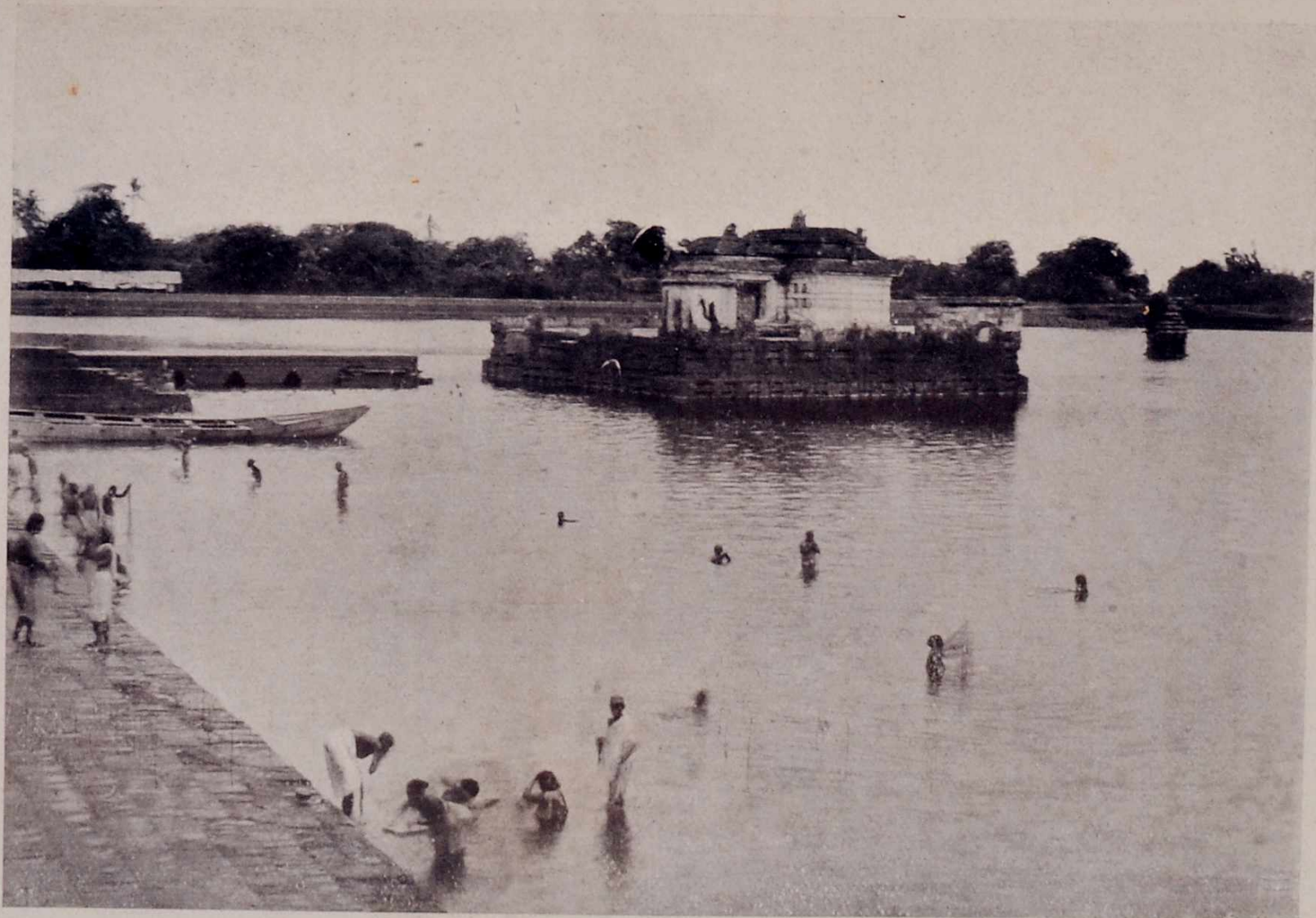
them, and to-day of the Sandalwood and Bathing Festivals, two hardy annuals of Puri.

The Chandana Jatra—held for twenty-one days in May—was largely attended and picturesque in some of its aspects. Chandana is the Uriya word for sandalwood, and with sandalwood certain images were smeared every day at the expense of the proprietor, the pilgrim paying for other privileges. Towards evening their palanquins would be carried on the shoulders of their servants to the idols' temple, the images would be brought out with little ceremony, placed in the palanquins prepared for them, garlanded with flowers and, to the accompaniment of clanging cymbals, carried down the main thoroughfare en route to a sacred tank half a mile distant. The rajah's tusked and gaily-attired elephant would usually head the procession, throwing out his trunk to left and right as he marched along for any admiring spectators who would like to place a copper—or larger coin—at its extremity. This he would always secure, and dexterously twisting his trunk over his head place the coin in the hands of the man sitting on his back. And so the crowd would daily clamour past our principal preaching place on its way to the tank (one of the pretty spots of Puri). Arrived at the water's edge, the idols would be placed on gondolas of a sort and,



amused by the dances of a nautch girl, rowed around while the crowds gathered and gazed from the banks. After this the images would be lifted into a little temple that rises out of the water, smeared with sandalwood, receive the offerings and worship of the people, and be conveyed back to their temple by night and light of torches. And yet we are unable to appreciate the picturesque aspects of such a spectacle as we reflect on the capacities and powers and gifts of man—made in God's image—prostituted in idolatry. 'My glory will I not give to another' saith the Lord, 'neither My praise unto graven images.'

The Bathing Festival followed in June. In reality, this lasts but a day—albeit a great day in the Hindu calendar—whereon the three popular idols are beheld, being bathed, on a raised and covered platform specially built for this purpose within the walls of the great temple itself. To look on such a spectacle is accounted the highest merit. The next day the idols are said to be down with fever, alas, and remain too ill to see people for fifteen days. The same story is repeated and believed every year. What actually takes place is that all soot from smoky lamps, dirt and filth that have accumulated on the images during twelve months (for the inner sanctuary of Jaganath's temple is the abode of



POOL OF THE SANDALWOOD FESTIVAL.

unclean birds and darkness so gross that eyes need to get accustomed to it before they can distinguish the idols at all) is now scraped off, and the gods daubed afresh in order to appear in all their recovered 'glory' at the Car Festival that follows.

Of the Car Festival itself—one of the most celebrated and worst in all this idolatrous country—we write later, but one or two facts may be related here. As all who read know 'Jaganath' and 'the Car of Jaganath' have passed into synonyms for ruthlessness. Of course no devotee is now permitted to immolate himself beneath the wheels of the clumsy Car, but how much still prevails that sadly needs to be suppressed. Its enormous popularity is largely due to the fact that paid agents find their way to all parts of India and diligently canvass the country for pilgrims unceasingly, leaving no sort of stone unturned or method unemployed in order to discover and secure their credulous victims. Of these by far the larger proportion are women, and a large part of these widows. Also the belief obtains in all parts of the country that Jaganath is the ninth incarnation of Vishnu—very god for the age that now is, and lord of all the world. Balabhadra and Subhadra (brother and sister of Jaganath and brought out with him in their own cars every

year) are also believed in some sort to represent the Creator and Destroyer (Jaganath being Preserver), and so you have the Hindu Triad in the Puri idols.

It is estimated that from sixty to seventy thousand pilgrims have been in Puri this month, and amongst these (as nearly always) cholera has made cruel havoc. Probably not less than a thousand have perished in the town alone during June and July, and hundreds have died in the district. When at its worst one hundred and fifty are said to have died in a single day. 'The harvest shall be a heap in the day of grief and of desperate sorrow.' Aye, how are their sorrows multiplied who have exchanged the Lord for Jaganath. We read in a native Scripture,

Now Jaganath is he who reigns o'er all the earth;  
By whom all things were made and living things had  
birth;  
His fingers fashion all that live and none to him a form  
can give.

'But there he sits,' they will say! So difficult is it to believe to see the salvation of the Lord, and so easy to see and believe the idols their fathers always worshipped.

Not less culpable than idol-worship is the man-worship one sees at such times, and a

revolting sight it is. Dazed with the glory of the heavenly vision, St. John tells us he fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which showed him those things. You remember his reply. Similarly, the pilgrim will sometimes prostrate himself before the priest of Puri; but this man rather likes it than otherwise, and even teaches such perfidy is true piety.

Yet how much of pathos often mingles with the perfidy. A high-caste woman from Rajputana came once to the door of a Mission House at Puri, carrying an almost dying child, and begged the Missionary to take it, or give her a little money, for she was perishing with hunger. 'A year since,' said she, 'I left my happy home, accompanied by my husband, children, parents, brothers and sisters. We have visited every celebrated temple between Cashmere and Cape Comorin, and Jaganath was the last; but (holding up the dying child) this is all I am taking back. One dropped here and another there, and I only am left.'

We cannot think Mrs. Besant was that woman in a 'previous' birth.

## XI

### The Legend of The Log

‘IN the first boundless space,’ say the priests, ‘dwelt the Great God, Whom men call Narayan, or Parameswar, or Jaganath.’

But without venturing beyond this world’s history, the first indistinct dawn of Orissa tradition is said to disclose Puri as the refuge of an exiled creed. The doctrines of Buddha obtained shelter here, and the Golden Tooth of the founder is said to have remained for centuries in Puri, then the Jerusalem of the Buddhists, as it has for centuries been of the Hindus.

Jaganath is said to have made his first historical appearance in the year 318 A.D., when the priests fled with the sacred image, and left an empty city to Red-Arm and his buccaneers. For one hundred and fifty years it remained buried in the western jungles, till a pious prince drove out the foreigners, and brought back the sacred log.

The following is the Legend of the Log.

‘For a long time in the Golden Age men had been seeking for the god Vishnu throughout the earth. So the good king Indradumna sent out Brahmans from his realm of Malwa to the east and to the west, and to the north and to the south. And those who went to the west, and to the north, and to the south returned; but he who went to the east returned not. For he who had gone to the east had journeyed through the great jungle till he came to the country of the Savars, the old people of Orissa, and there he dwelt in the house of Basu, a fowler of the wilderness; and Basu, seeing the man to be a Brahman, had forced him by threats to marry his daughter, and thus bring honour to his tribe. This the Brahman did, and abode in the villages of the ancient people.

‘Now Basu was a servant of Jaganath, the lord of the world, and daily he went into the jungle to offer fruits and flowers in secret to his god. But one morning, moved by the prayers of his daughter, he took the Brahman with him, binding his eyes by the way, so that he might behold the lord Jaganath in his holy place, and yet that he should not know the way thither. Then the Brahman, having received from his wife a bag of mustard-seed, dropped it as he went blindfold through the

forest till he reached the shrine, and the old man unbound his eyes. There he beheld lord Jaganath in the form of a blue stone image, at the foot of the undying fig-tree. Presently the old man left him, and went to gather the daily offering of flowers. Then the Brahman prayed to the lord of the world. And as he poured out his heart, a crow that sat rocking herself upon a branch above fell down before the god, and suddenly taking a glorious form, soared into the heaven of Vishnu. The Brahman, seeing how easy the path to eternal bliss appeared to be from this holy spot, climbed into the tree, and would have thrown himself down; but a voice from heaven cried, "Hold, Brahman! First carry to thy king the good news that thou hast found the lord of the world."

'At the same moment the fowler came back with his newly gathered fruits and flowers, and spread them out before the image. But, alas, the god came not, according to his wont, to partake of the offering. Only a voice was heard saying, "O faithful servant, I am wearied of thy jungle flowers and fruits, and crave for cooked rice and sweetmeats. No longer shalt thou see me in the form of thy blue god. Hereafter I shall be known as Jaganath, the lord of the world." Then the fowler sorrow-



fully led the Brahman back to his house, but the blue god appeared no more to that poor man of the ancient people.

‘For a long time the fowler kept the Brahman captive in the wilderness; but at last, moved by the tears of his daughter, he allowed him to depart to tell that the lord of the world had been found. When the king heard the good news he rejoiced, and set out with his army of 1,300,000 footmen, and a vast company of wood-cutters to hew a road through the great jungle. So they journeyed eight hundred miles, till they reached the Blue Mountain. Then the king’s heart swelled within him, and he cried, “Who is like unto me, whom the lord of the world has chosen to build his temple, and to teach men in this age of darkness to call on his name?” But the lord Jaganath was wroth at the king’s pride, and a voice was heard from heaven saying, “O king! thou shalt indeed build my temple, but me thou shalt not behold. When it is finished, then thou shalt seek anew for thy god.” At that same moment the blue image vanished from off the earth.

‘So the king built the temple, but saw not the god; and when the temple was finished, he found no man on earth holy enough to consecrate it. Therefore king Indradumna went to heaven to beg Brahma to come down and

consecrate the temple. But Brahma had just begun his devotions, and could not be disturbed. Now the devotions of Brahma last for nine ages of mortal men ; and while Indradumna waited in heaven, many other kings had reigned on earth. The city that he had built around the temple had crumbled into ruins, and the lofty fane itself was buried under the drifting sand of the sea. One day, as the king of the place was riding along the beach, his horse stumbled against the pinnacle of the forgotten shrine. Then his servants, searching to find the cause, dug away the sand, and there was the temple of lord Jaganath, fair and fresh as at the time of its building.

‘So when Brahma’s devotions were over, and he came down with Indradumna to consecrate the shrine, the king of the place claimed it as the work of his own hands. Therefore Brahma commanded that witnesses should be heard, and first he called upon the crow. But the crow was busy with her devotions, and cried, “Who art thou that callest me?” “It is I, Brahma, the master of the Vedas ; and dost thou, poor carrion-bird, dare to despise my summons?” Then said the ancient crow, “Which Brahma art thou? I have seen a thousand Brahmas live and die. There was he with a thousand faces, whose existence

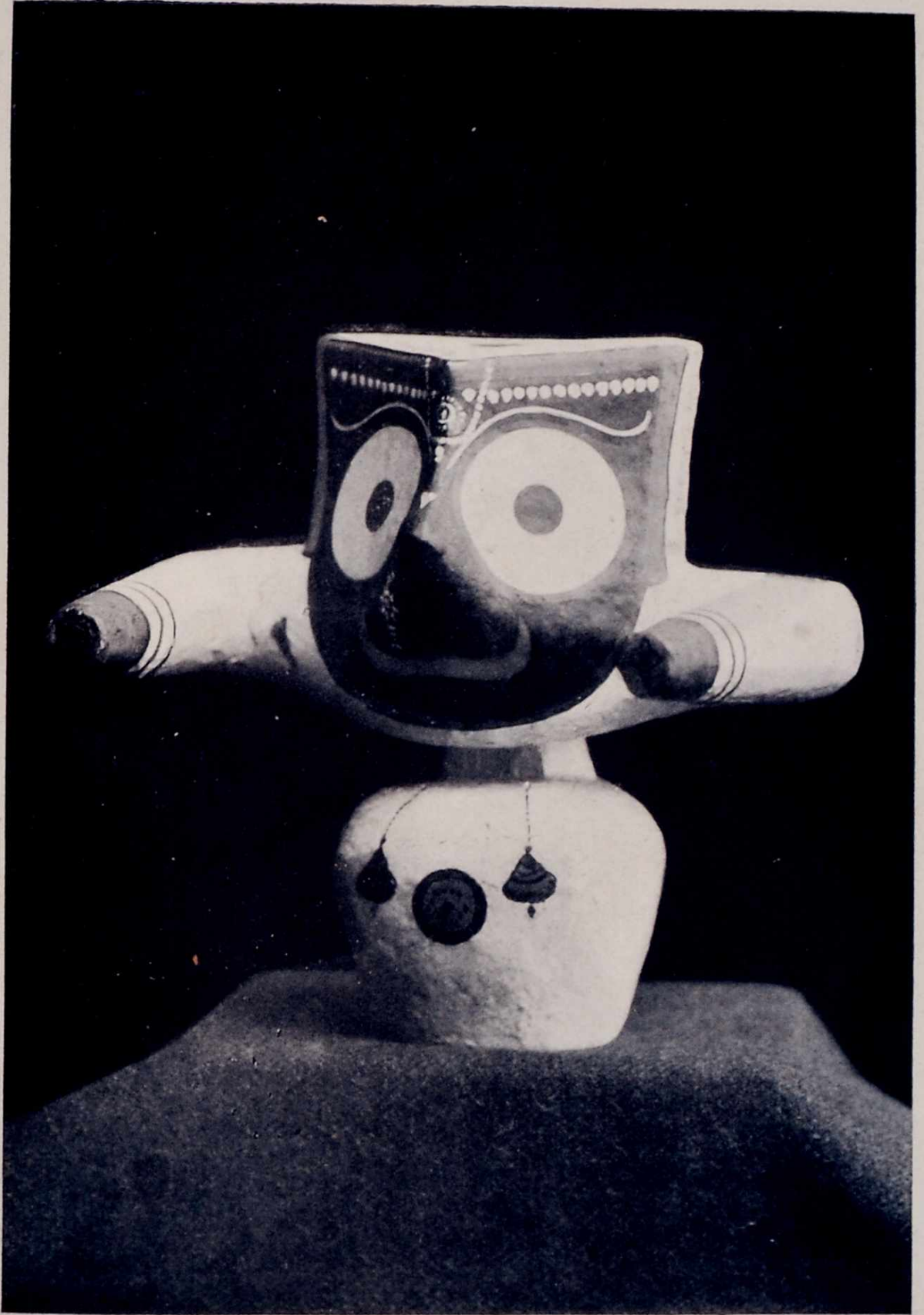
was as a period of five days to me." Then Brahma entreated the crow, and she declared that it was Indradumna that built the temple.

‘But for all this Indradumna found not the god. So with austerities and penance he ceased not to call upon Jaganath, till the lord of the world appeared to him in a vision, and showed him his image as a block of timber half thrown up from the ocean upon the sand. Then the king, with his army and 5,000 male elephants, tried to drag the block with crimson cords to the temple; but he could not until, chidden for his presumption by the lord Jaganath in a vision, he summoned Basu the fowler to his aid.

‘Hereafter the king gathered together all the carpenters in his country, and gave them lands and villages as the price for fashioning the block into an image of lord Jaganath. But when they put their chisels on the wood, the iron lost its edge; and when they struck them with their mallets the mallets missed and crushed their hands; till at last the lord Vishnu came down in the form of an aged carpenter, and by signs and wonders declared his power unto the king. Him the king shut up alone in the temple with the block, and swore that no man should enter for twenty-one days, sealing the

doors with his own seal. But the queen longed to see the face of the god, that he might redeem her life from barrenness. So she persuaded her husband; and he, opening the door before the end of the promised time, found the three images of Jaganath, and his brother and sister, fashioned from the waist upwards. But Jaganath and his brother had only stumps for arms, while his sister had none at all, and even so they remain to this day. Then the king prayed to the god; and being asked to choose a blessing, begged that offerings should never cease in all time to come before the images, and that the temple should ever remain open from daybreak until midnight for the salvation of mankind. "So shall it be," said the voice. "But they are matters which concern me. Ask for thyself." "I ask, then," said the king, "that I may be the last of my race, that none who come after me may say, I built this temple; I taught men to call on the name of Jaganath." Thus it fell out that the good king Indradumna was the last of his line.'

There are other legends of the Divine Log, but possibly the above from Dr. Hunter is the more commonly believed and widely circulated. The terrible legacy of idolatry—with all its sorrowful entail—looms larger in the outlook



"THE LORD OF THE WORLD."

of one living in the land than legends such as this, but room can be found for it. In daily contact with the remorseless reality, however, there is little appreciation of its romance.

To-day the image of Jaganath is a block of wood standing about six feet high. In its core is said to be concealed a holy something, the mystery of which is carefully guarded. When after the lapse of a pretty regular period of years (usually about twelve) the old block is changed for a new, this something is secretly transferred to the new, but the person who transfers it is said not long to survive it. The face is a grotesque caricature, and as the image has neither shoulders or neck, the arms issue from the head. By his side are his brother, Balbhadra, and his sister, Subhadra, equally ugly.

## XII

### ‘No One Will Care’

WALKING down the main street of Puri with one of our children during the progress of the Car Festival one day, my wife's attention was arrested by the interest taken in them by an old pilgrim. It was clear she wished to speak but was wondering if she might. Giving her salutation, my wife commenced to talk by asking the old lady if she were well. She salaamed, and her reply took the form of the words, ‘Is that little child a boy or a girl?’ Hearing it was a little girl she sighed and said she had hoped it was a boy, and felt sorry for the Missionary lady. But learning the little girl had brothers, she was pleased and replied, ‘Then it is well.’ More inquiries followed, and after a little while my wife discovered the old lady had come, quite alone, hundreds of miles—travelling on foot for more than twelve months—and that she was a widow with no children and no relatives.

‘So that if I never return to my native place

no one will miss me,’ she said, ‘no one will care.’

‘At first,’ said she, ‘I had a little money, and when that was gone I just held out my hands to the people I met along the road, eating when they gave, and going hungry when I had no food.’

‘But what can have induced an old lady like you to leave home and village and come on so long and perilous a journey quite alone?’

The old pilgrim hesitated a few seconds as if asking herself if she should confide the real reason to a white woman; but reassured in her mind, speaking slowly and almost in a whisper she made reply, ‘I came to look upon the face of Jaganath, for I had heard how those who are so favoured as to look but once upon his face receive immediate pardon of all their sins, and have peace in place of unrest in their hearts. That is why I came.’

‘And have you looked upon his face?’

‘Yes.’

‘And have you got the pardon of your sins, and is there peace in your heart?’

‘No! O no!’ And the poor old face was full of sadness.

‘What will you do then—where will you go for this peace?’

‘I know not. It was lies all they told me



in my own country, and now who knows where and how I shall be able to find peace?’

But her friend knew, and spoke of her only Saviour, the Lover of her soul, and peace and pardon He alone can give.

She listened wonderingly—even eagerly—but she had grown weary and hopeless and could only reply now, ‘It is too strange, too wonderful; I am unable to understand it. I have never heard of Jesus Christ, and now I am so old.’

So they parted—one to wearily retrace her steps to a home she might not live to reach: the other to pray that God’s Holy Spirit might Himself become her Teacher, and bring her into the light, and peace, and forgiveness for which she so longed and so laboured.

## XIII

### Pilgrims as Preachers

IN Puri itself all the usual festivals have been held, but of two more especially—a Heathen and a Christian—we feel we should write a few words. In all respects they were a great contrast, not least in numbers. On the great day of the Car Festival perhaps forty-five thousand people were present; on the last day of our own Feast about forty-five. But we have much to learn from the pilgrims of India, and no two hours were more profitably spent by the Christians than certain two in conference upon the subject: ‘What does the Car Festival Teach Us?’ Puri is a pestiferous place on occasion, but as in the natural world you will sometimes see beautiful flowers growing in unsavoury places, their fragrance nowise tainted by the poisonous odours exhaled around, so here are lessons of patient faith, real devotion and suffering love taught us by these pilgrims—lessons often sadly mistaught by ourselves. Share with us, then, a few thoughts suggested by devotees of Jaganath.

The preachers who had laboured chiefly among the pilgrims were also our principal speakers at the Christian Festival which followed. (i) The open hand and cheerful gifts of the pilgrims was a marked feature. Whatever the motive, the *fact* was plain to all, and this fact is conspicuous by its absence in a great many of our churches. Perhaps the gifts of the poor are most eloquent of all. That not a few are forced to drop a great deal that they would prefer to carry away was admitted, but there is the other side, and you cannot help seeing it in Puri. Give us givers. (ii) Every company of pilgrims was in charge of a punda, or guide of pilgrims. The punda had found and fetched them. Elsewhere we have described the spirit which actuates this man and the methods he usually employs, and only point out now that all this catch is the fish of his net, the fruit of his toil. A great haul, truly. Throughout the year he is hard at work in every part of the country inducing all sorts and conditions by the recital of all sorts of lies to take this pilgrimage; and the Car Festival is the punda's Great Carnival. And poor India, still dubious about the preacher, accepts almost any story from the lips of priest and punda. One man told us he had come to Puri to eat of the holy



IN CHARGE OF A PUNDA.

food which his punda assured him was served by goddess Lakshmi herself, and was astonished to find it being prepared and distributed pretty much as in every other place! (iii) Yet it is doubtful if there could be any Car Festival without the women. That they are one of the strong pillars which support idolatry in India is freely confessed, but they are more than this. The comparatively few men to come to Puri at this time are chiefly brought by the women, and the devoutness of these women is as great as their credulity. A family scene which occurred on the great day in front of the cars while the idols were being brought out of the temple was graphically described. An irate husband, shocked and humiliated by the utter grossness and indecency of the sight his eyes beheld of these three great, unwieldy, painted, ugly idols which passed for gods being tugged and pushed and shoved about, and heaved and hoisted after the rudest fashion—and in broad daylight there could scarcely be a more humiliating spectacle—used great plainness of speech on the fraud which had been practised upon him by the punda (who had described all this very differently), aided and abetted by the women. Was it for *this* he had borrowed Rs. 150, and saved and suffered! For THIS! THIS! He declared he

would never have come but for the women. (iv) Truly this objective of the faith and devotion of most Hindus is as utterly unworthy of them as is the devotion and faith of most Christians of the True Lord of the World, even Jesus Christ. Yet Jaganath is more truly worshipped by many a pious Hindu than is our Lord and Saviour by many a professed Christian. (v) There are few more pathetic scenes in Puri that anyone can behold than some usually seen when the cars of the idols are being dragged the first day. Old, decrepit women, the fair and delicately-nurtured, low caste and high, weak and strong, without respect of station and class for once—all—all desire to have a share in pulling the cars. Active Endeavour! Is not this also the need of the Church? Helpers! Are we helpers? 'Salute Urbane, our helper in Christ.' O for more Urbanes, especially when the novelty of it has worn off! (vi) Not only have the cars to be dragged three parts of a mile on the great day to the country house of the idols, but they have to be pulled back to their temple nine days later. This year the return of the cars was easily accomplished. Through slush and rain and over heavy roads the great cars were dragged back by devotees of a day (in this case). Devotees overcome difficulties. Give

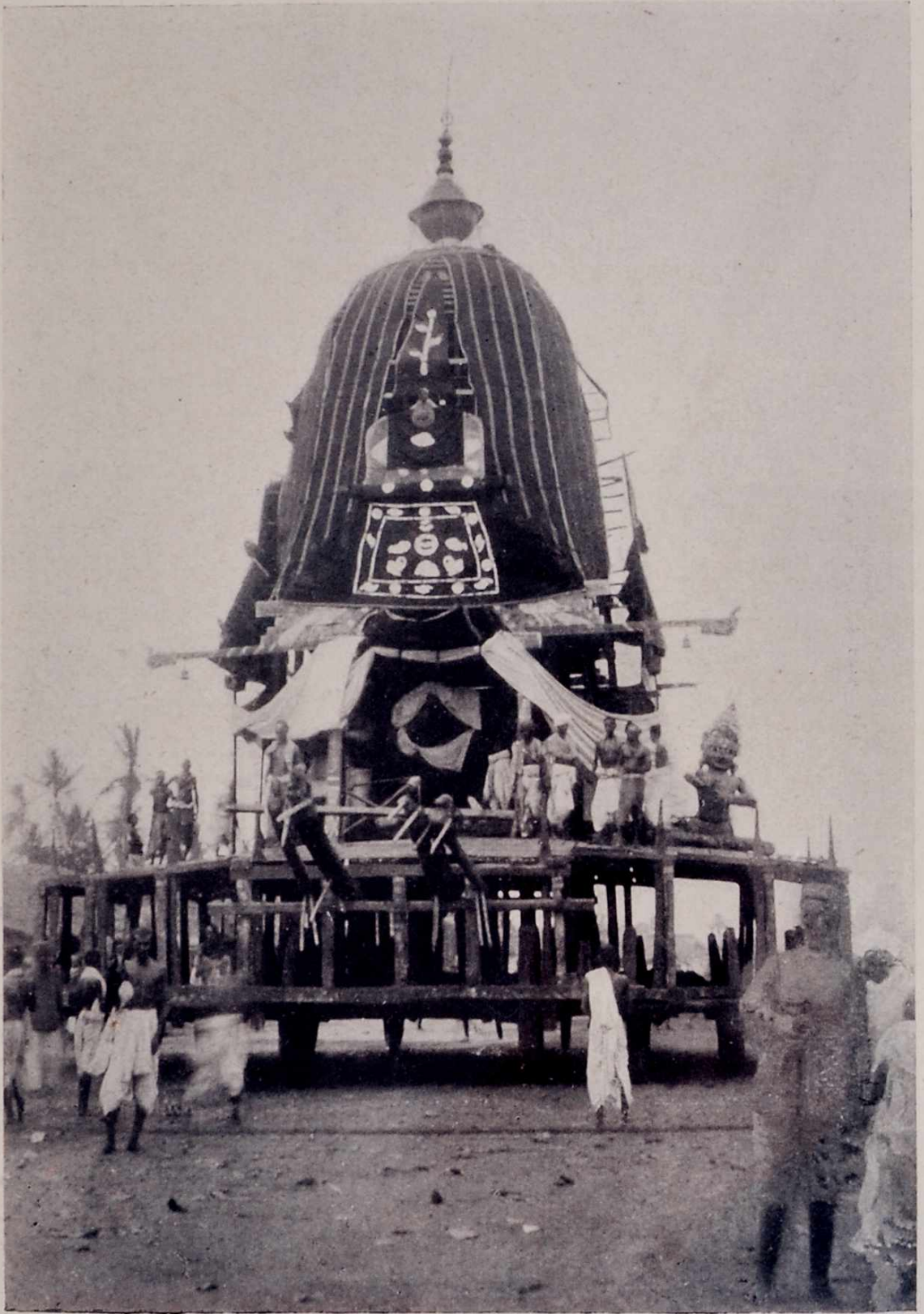
us durable ones—devotees unafraid and that can be relied upon day by day.

We beg for the prayers of all believers that the Word preached and the Tracts and Scriptures sold among these pilgrims from time to time may meet with such success and reward as we are promised. ‘As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall My Word be that goeth forth out of My mouth: it shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.’ That Word is being constantly preached, and preached in the power of the Spirit. I have seldom seen our preachers worsted in controversy even in the streets of Puri, and we preach the saving and distinctive truths of the Gospel. O the puerility and shamelessness alike of this idolatry! Yet only the truth will slay the lie. ‘Whatever royalty or power the kingdom of evil seems to have to our eyes as we contemplate the prevalence of lust and worldliness and cruelty and selfishness all around us, it is in truth but a transitory show; there is no real power in it, because its doom is spoken and its overthrow is certain.’

## 86 THE HOLY LAND OF THE HINDUS

Believing in prayer with all the heart, we plead once more that our readers will not cease to pray for God's blessing on the Native Church in Puri, and that its unceasing tide of pilgrims may be guided into the Way, the Truth and the Life.





THE CAR OF JAGANATH.

## XIV

### Shameless Idolatry

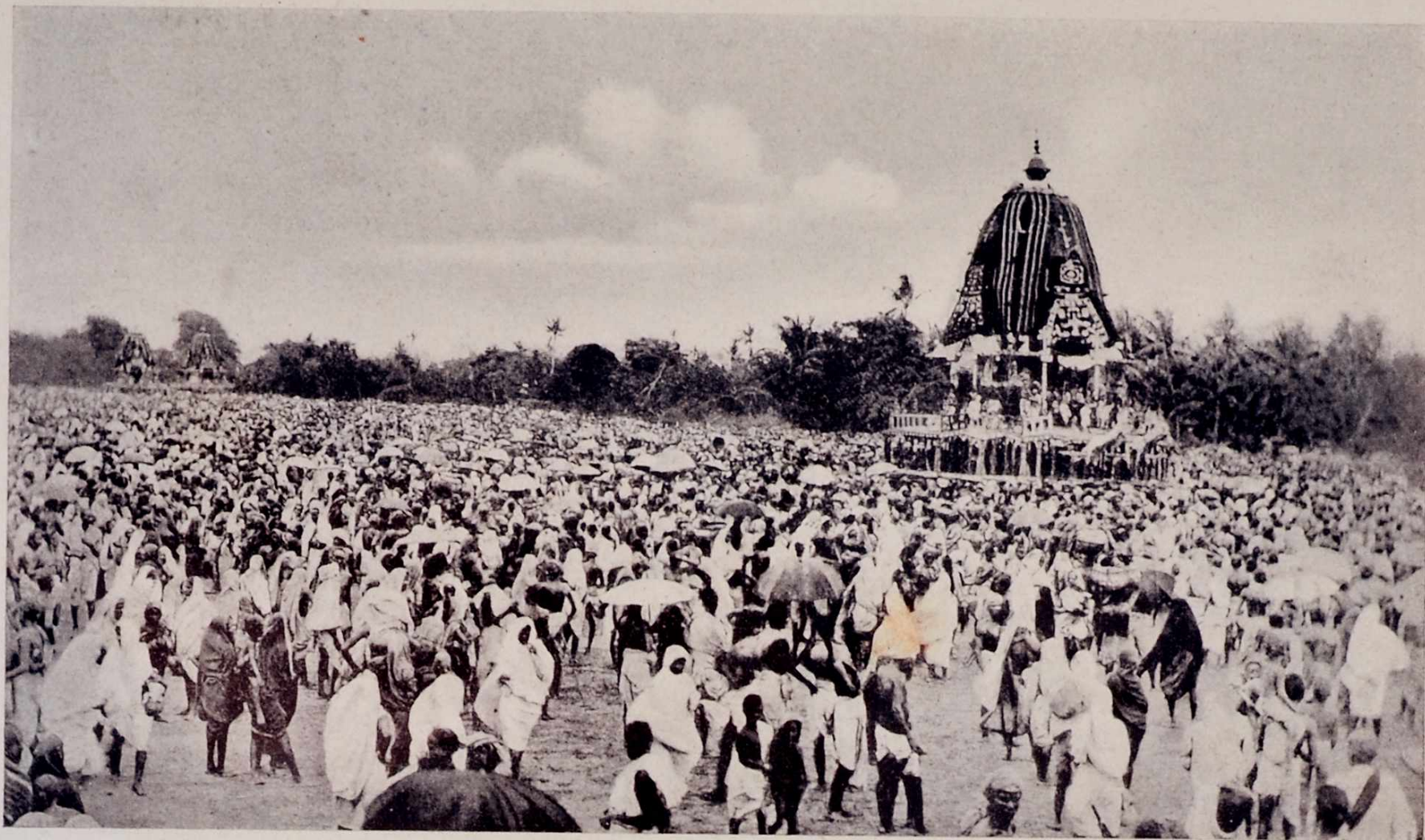
IS there a more unholly city in India than Puri?

Accompanied by a native brother or two the Missionary stands to-day almost in the shadow of the temple of the great idol, a native air is sung and he addresses a moving crowd always suspicious, often contemptuous and sometimes openly hostile. There is the clang of the temple bells, the clamour of surrounding spectators; there is a weird chanting of freshly arriving pilgrims; and out of all this dissonance there rises one solitary voice proclaiming a spiritual God, a moral religion and emancipation through Jesus Christ. 'It is good for us to be here,' and plainly our duty. Yet day by day the preacher must brace up his mind, and then fling himself against staring wonder and scornful argument and open opposition.

From year to year more and more is being seen and said of Puri. A few years ago it was easier to get from Calcutta to Peshwar

than from Calcutta to Cuttack or Puri, but all this has been changed. To-day the Tourist, the Chief, the Antiquary, the Sightseer and the Innocent Abroad are often here as well as the Pilgrim. Each looks with curious eye on all the rest, and most are amused with the Evangelist. It looks so hopeless ! Sometimes he is the only Protestant, for while not uninfluenced by much that is picturesque and pathetic in this Holy Land of the Hindus, and of historical and antiquarian interest, he takes the Word of God not less seriously than the traditions of the country, and for him at least Jaganath stands for Idolatry naked and unashamed—and Idolatry is so great a disrespect and dishonour to the God of us all, and in the history of every people has proved itself so actively and invariably inimical to their welfare, that he holds we cannot support it without being convicted of spiritual high treason. For a Christian there is no more pathetic picture than the picture of a people ' Without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world,' and despite all her traditions Puri itself is still such a picture in miniature.

Describing the characteristic carnival of this idolatrous capital as he saw it in his own day



"MAD UPON THEIR IDOLS."

Dr. Hunter writes, 'For weeks before the Car Festival, pilgrims come trooping into Puri by thousands every day. The whole district is in a ferment. By the time the great car has risen to the orthodox height of forty-five feet, the temple cooks make their calculations for feeding 90,000 mouths. The vast edifice is supported on sixteen wheels of seven feet diameter, and is thirty-five feet square. The brother and sister of Jaganath have separate cars a few feet smaller.\* When the sacred images are at length brought forth and placed upon their chariots, thousands fall on their knees and bow their foreheads in the dust. The vast multitude shouts with one throat and, surging backward and forward, drags the wheeled edifices down the broad street towards the country-house of lord Jaganath. Music strikes up before and behind, drums beat, cymbals clash, the priests harangue from the cars, or shout a sort of fescinine medley enlivened with broad allusions and coarse gestures, which are received with roars of laughter by the crowd. And so the dense mass struggles forward by convulsive jerks, tugging and sweating, shouting and jumping, singing and praying, and swearing.'

\* These cars are demolished after each festival, and built anew each year.

Why the indecency of the priests? It is all a-piece with the character of the carnival. The 'lord of the world' is out for his nine-days' dissipation and debauch away from his wife! For 'A Sacred Song' in the native language portrays the true inwardness of this so-called Car Festival, and the real meaning of the parts played by its principal actors. And although we read, 'O Horri! the accumulated sins of ten millions of generations are banished by a visitation of thy black adorable face,' and again, 'O how beautiful looks the dark adorable face which the encircling crowds are beholding, and beholding are saved from the troubles of earth,' yet is Jaganath more truly described in another verse of this poem as without shame, and convicted before the end is reached of duplicity, incest, cowardice and adultery, his chief accomplices in all this shameless iniquity being his brother and sister. Yet many worship these unclean idols as symbolising the Hindu Triad! We are glad to believe that thousands of pilgrims coming from distant parts of India are wholly ignorant of all the unclean signification of this Car Festival of which, from year to year, they are often devout admirers. As we move freely among the people we find the belief widely and deeply cherished that black sin like this

of Jaganath's—and the worst devilry—is freely forgiven a beholder of his black face at this festival. Yes, and at other times a dole to a brahman, the repetition of a name for God, a dip in reputedly sacred waters and the soul is saved! 'Now the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God,' but when the natural man becomes fortified by such monstrous falsehoods as the foregoing the difficulty is infinitely increased, and the devil discovered as very strongly intrenched indeed in popular Hinduism.

Yet even in Puri all pilgrims are not as gullible as priests and pundas could wish, and people are not wholly insensible of the arrival of little David. 'Just where the great pilgrim highway from the north enters the main street of the sacred city is the book-room and preaching-hall. Within sight of the mighty temple at the other end of the street stands this little building, like David confronting Goliath, and we have faith to believe that when the present parleying one with another is at an end we shall see the giant laid low in the dust. God speed the day, for the crash of that fall will be heard all over the land, and the armies that now defiantly confront the soldiers of the Cross, uttering great swelling words of vanity, will be as the Philistines

when they saw their champion fall to rise no more.'

So writes a Missionary on the field to-day, speaking for every well-wisher of the entire country.

And thou, belovéd Orissa, we have golden hopes of thee!  
Yet the true Lord of the Universe shall reign in black Puri;  
The banner of the Cross be lifted where no Christian feet  
    have trod;  
And Bhobaneswar yet shall hate her thousand shrines for God.  
The pure celestial river be the only sacred flood,  
And but one glorious caste be known—the Christian Brother-  
    hood.





JAMBUBATI.

## The Idol Tested

CAN any good thing come out of Puri? At least it helped to produce the first convert to the Faith of the Gospel among the Uriyas, Gunga Dhor Saringhy. The first light which he received appears to have come from a tract on the worship of Jaganath. It shook his faith in idolatry. But although before he met any Missionaries his trust in popular observances appears to have been shaken, it was by no means destroyed. While in this state of mind he visited Puri in the hope of seeing God. The morning after, not having neglected his ablutions and devotions, he hastened to the temple and devoutly besought the god to give him that night a manifestation of his glory in dream or vision. But no appearance was vouchsafed. Complaining next morning to one of the pundas (or lesser priests) of the temple he received the reply, 'But don't you know that Jaganath is absorbed in deep meditation and needs to be aroused before he can attend to your prayer?'

Use some special means to awaken the god from his profound repose.' 'Cry aloud,' said the prophet of Jehovah on Carmel to the worshippers of Baal twenty-eight centuries earlier (although Gunga Dhor had no knowledge of the story), 'Cry aloud; for he is a god, either he is meditating, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awaked!' Yet the irony appears much more severe to us than it would have done to them. For the priests of Baal acted on the taunt; their cries were louder, and we read they 'cut themselves with knives and lancets till the blood gushed out upon them' in the hope that their self-inflicted torture and the sight of the blood would rouse the attention and kindle the pity of their lethargic god. Gunga Dhor, we have said, knew nothing of all this, but he appears to have thought that although more risky it might be a wiser course to punish the god than torture himself, and equally efficacious in rousing his attention. And so proceeding to the town he procured a piece of rod-iron some inches long, and had it well pointed at one end. Again he returned to the temple and went through his accustomed devotions. Carefully watching his opportunity (for he was believed to be a devout worshipper) he began to revile the idol (much in the same way as good Hindus when displeased

lay all the blame of their calamities on 'the rascally gods'). It proved fruitless. So watching his opportunity once more (unobserved by priest or pilgrim) he several times thrust his weapon into the idol, and again reverently made request that in a dream or vision of the night Jaganath would reveal his glory. But the night passed, and, in the language of the Scripture narrative, 'there was no voice nor anyone that answered.' The next morning Gunga Dhor left Puri, to which as an idolater he never returned.

In a conversation with Gunga Dhor Dr. Buckley (one of our earliest and finest Missionaries, to whom I am indebted for suggestions and facts made use of in this article) inquired very particularly as to the reasons which induced him to adopt this drastic method of testing the divinity of his god. In reply he mentioned several stories from native Scriptures of sages and others who were said to have obtained the blessings they sought from their gods by abusing and maltreating them, and he reasoned that what others had obtained in this way might also be obtained by himself. He was clear and forcible also on another point. He had read other Christian books besides the one first mentioned, and he could in no wise reconcile their teaching with the teaching of the Hindu Shastras. Which was true? The

Christian books presented much evidence he could not disprove, but at that time there was not a solitary native Christian in all Orissa, and he felt he could not give up Jaganath, in whom all his people trusted, till he had used all possible means of satisfying himself of his divinity. Was it not a perilous experiment? And his reply was what we should expect to hear from one who had not yet been delivered from the dread which idolatry inspires. He had passed through a strange conflict of feeling in which anxiety and alarm had, for a time, predominated. 'Perhaps the god will destroy me on the spot,' he argued. 'If so, that will be evidence of his divinity; if, on the other hand, he should graciously grant my request, that will be sufficient proof: but when neither wrath nor grace was manifested, I was convinced that an idol was nothing in the world.'

He was baptised—the first of all his people to put on Christ by baptism—so long ago as the 23rd March, 1828, by Charles Lacey, who, in narrating his baptism described it as 'the first stone taken from Jaganath's temple,' and added, 'the chain of caste is broken in Orissa (for to be baptised is to become a pariah and lose caste at once) and will be mended no more for ever. Glory! Glory to God in the highest!' As soon as this man had found the one pearl

of great price he began to publish it abroad, and from his baptism to his death—a period of thirty-eight years—he was occupied about preaching the Gospel.

His call,  
His consecration, his anointing, all  
Were inward, in the conscience heard and felt.

One story I heard of him has never, I think, appeared in type. It was told by a native preacher at one of our district conferences. Gunga Dhor, it would appear, had a voice like quiet thunder. One day he had been singing in the native bazar the praises of Christ as a preliminary to preaching. None gathered or appeared to hear or heed in the least. Hurt, because he felt it as a great indignity to his Master, and also pained because they were deaf to the loveliest news which could be told upon earth, Gunga Dhor rolled in the red street in his white clothes. Immediately a crowd gathered; he got up and preached away for all he was worth to greatly impressed people. We are more circumspect to-day. Indeed the fine susceptibilities of not a few who are descended from this singular but strong man would be shocked by the mere recital of such a deed as we here relate. But for this man to be singular was not to be

## 98 THE HOLY LAND OF THE HINDUS

stupid. To be singular after this sort was to betray an exquisite sensibility, and reminds one of a story told of Bishop Phillips Brooks. Discovered prostrate on the floor of a little cabin one day it was thought by one who had come in noiselessly that the Bishop was ill, or perhaps dead, but he prayed, 'O Lord Jesus, Thou hast filled my life with peace and gladness. To look into Thy face is earth's most exquisite joy.' So was it with Gunga Dhor. And they would not even hear of it! O what they were missing! What they were losing!

## XVI

### A Successful Strategy, and a Gifted Guru

**N**O power upon earth has produced so many Human Dreadnoughts as Christianity. India has contributed her contingent. In a little book published by the Christian Literature Society \* you may read of almost fifty (and a great many others could be added to the list) of any of whom any country would be proud. The absorbing interest attaching to the very first converts gathered to Christ in any land cannot decrease, but special honour will be paid to their memory all down the ages. 'Thousands and tens of thousands as years pass away may walk in the same path, and rejoice in the same blessed hope, but the memory of the first who did this will always be fondly and affectionately cherished, and in the case of Gunga Dhor,' writes one who knew him well, 'the special interest felt in him on this account was greatly

\* 'Sketches of Indian Christians.'



increased by his eminent endowments, his noble and generous qualities.'

But other names also will always be held in honour in the land of Utkala and the red jungle rose, and among these not least the names of Bhobani Mahanty and Shem Sahu.

While still living in idolatry Bhobani obtained tracts which were diligently read. Disallowed, after a while, to peruse them in his own house, what time he led the cattle away to graze, under the hedges, in the fields, away from his family, he continued to read his tracts and Scriptures. One day they burnt up all his little books. But they almost suffered the loss of their Shastras in return. After contending with persecution and difficulties that would have daunted and defeated less stalwart souls (and this is still the lot of almost all converts to the faith of the Gospel in India to this day), he walked one day into a flowing river and baptised himself into the name of Father, Son and Holy Spirit! (Clearly the man saw the duty and beauty of baptism as hosts more highly favoured are unable to see it, but the Spirit only was his Instructor.) A little while after, upon a public profession of his faith, he was also baptised (in 1836 or 1837) by Charles Lacey. Of small stature, and weak physically, he was always of a robust mind and strong

faith. After his conversion his Hindu neighbours determined that his wife at least should never accompany him into the Christian fold. Time after time they instructed her not on any account to consent to do so. In distress, going to the house one day he called aloud to her to come, but she declined. Well aware of the cause, standing in the porch of the house, he thus addressed his fellow-villagers in a clear voice: 'So be it. You have persuaded my wife not to accompany me. So be it. When *your* wives go to the pool to bathe, however, I shall choose one out of their number, and persuade *her* to accompany me instead!' 'Take your wife away!' they replied; and he did.

To instruct the lately rescued Meriah Orphans (to whom reference is made in a previous article) in 1838 Bhubani came from Cuttack to Berhampore. In April of that year the Berhampore Church was formed, and the Lord's Supper first observed there. The Church consisted of eight, of whom four were European and four Native members. Among the latter were Erun, the Telegu, Pooroosotum Chowdry, the poet, and Bhubani and his wife. Of these Bhubani was the Preacher, and while (as always) his preaching appeared as foolishness unto some, it appealed to the hearts of many others. And his life was eloquent as his lips. For fifty-

four years his name remained on the church roll, and throughout this period he bore a stainless character. His wife died one day in June, 1889, and her husband followed her five days later.

Servant of God, well done;  
 Rest from thy loved employ;  
 The battle fought, the victory won,  
 Enter Thy Master's joy!

Of the Gifted Guru of our Mission—still busy about his 'loved employ' as Teacher and Preacher, Translator of the Holy Scriptures and other books besides, a Living Epistle beloved of all when the writer left Orissa—we purpose to say little here. Yet among Apostles of the Uriyas a first place will be given to Apostle Shem Sahu.

We were never more impressed by him than when, years ago now, we welcomed him to the Churches of the Puri Parish as Evangelist—Delegate of the Conference, and assuredly he did us good. Each Church was privileged to hear more than one address from his lips, and in Pipli Chapel as many as seven were delivered by him and two sermons besides. It is surely a gift to be coveted to speak the truth in love after the manner of this gifted soul, and to speak withal so wisely and so well.

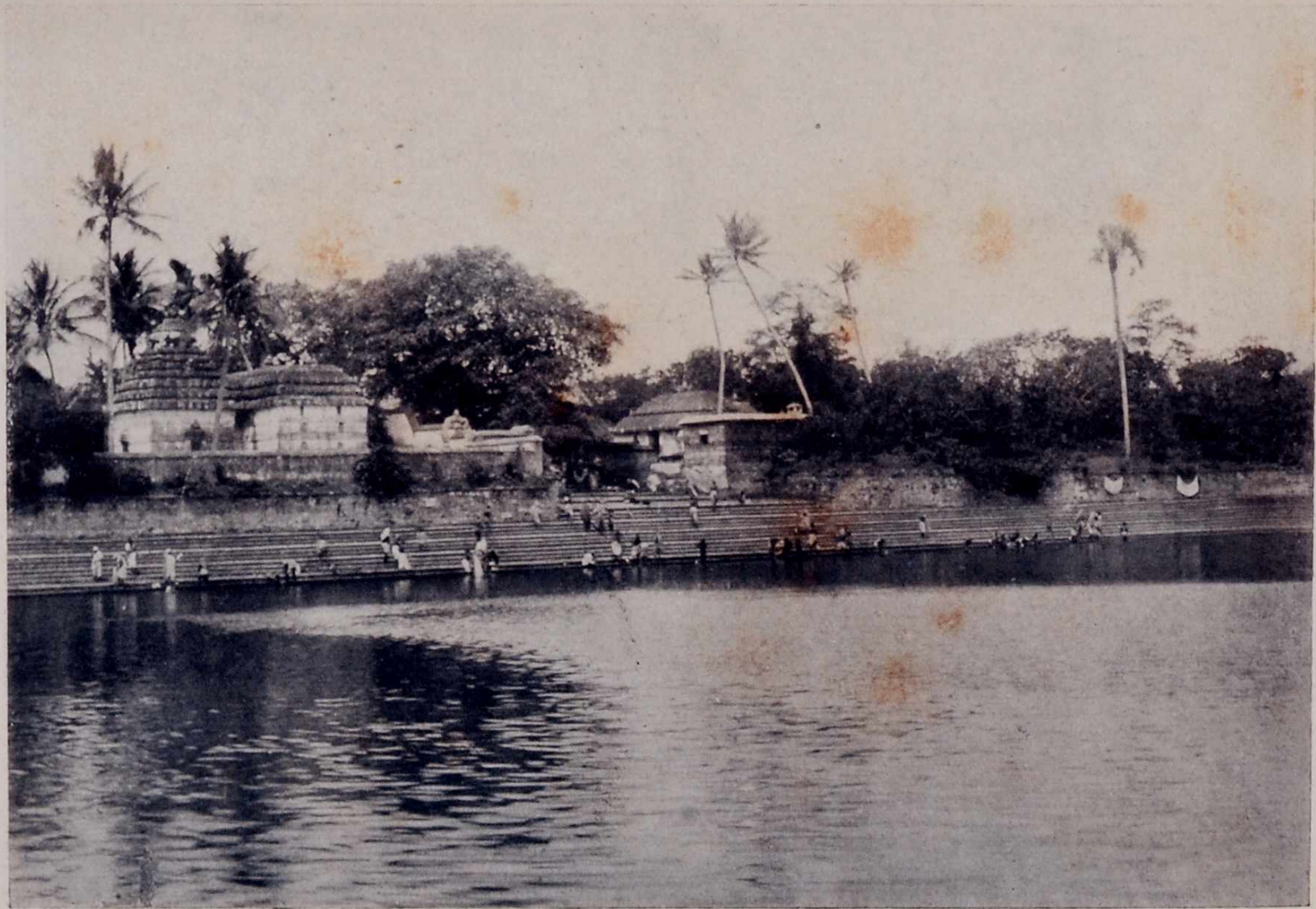
Delightful too was the simplicity of language invariably used—and language choice as it was simple—and the sanctified ethics never absent from his discourses. ‘Honour such.’

## XVII

### Puri Palaver

THE Indradumna pool is one of the pretty spots of Puri. Priests gravely inform you that below the surface of its placid waters—but coming to the surface to be fed by pilgrims—live some of the turtles which helped to build the temple, and became so hot over it that seven hundred years have scarcely sufficed to cool them off properly.

Within easy reach of weary feet—but situated at a spot sacred to all good Hindus—stands a very ordinary little temple. Near by, pious pilgrims are told, was washed up by the sea the original log of wood which was first shaped as Jaganath; this temple being built to mark the spot. On guard within we behold Honuman, the Mighty Monkey of Hindu Mythology, usually attired with a piece of filthy cloth only and daubed red. He stands ever on guard that no tidal wave or other action of the restless ocean may surprise poor mortals and obliterate for ever so sacred a spot.



INDRADUMNA POOL.

Yet poor pilgrims are being repeatedly surprised by cholera, and perish like flies. Usually the scourge comes at the yearly carnival before they go—and spurs the exodus—but if *their* bequest to the unholy city, its victims are often priests, pundas and temple parasites. The pilgrim-carcass is devoured, but in a black, fell swoop of the plague the vultures likewise perish and, some years, alas, very many who are not vultures. In the course of a talk with a native railway official one day while the epidemic was raging we were told strange thoughts were afloat, and among them the installation of the electric light in the temple! The pundas naturally protested. The fact is great numbers of pilgrims—women more especially—are freely filched of their jewellery, and more valuable possessions, in the darkness they must traverse in order to arrive at the inner shrine of the idols, and the electric light would prove very inconvenient for their guides. Still some were for electricity, and so there was a division of opinion. If Serampore boasts of a modern Car, built of iron, and specially prepared by contract (though with shame and grief we record it) by a European firm of Engineers in Calcutta, why should not Puri have electric light? It would be installed with alacrity by not a few European firms where revenue counts for more than

righteousness, and always will until our national practice becomes Christianised as well as our national profession.

So some of us may still live to hear of the electric light in Jaganath's Temple, and others may live to see it if they will pay for the privilege. Only to-day the pundas protest and, as we have seen, with some show of reason. But the other party see money in it likewise and urge it on that account. Meanwhile the pundas have said, 'Jaganath is not here—he's off—offended by this talk of electric light.' This is a good card to play, for if Jaganath is gone, the glory is departed, and why any more of Puri? If the pundas industriously circulate this story of the departure of the 'real' Jaganath, it will effectually banish every thought of electric light, for what boots it if the electric light appear and Jaganath disappear?

In this citadel of idolatry divine honours are paid not only to the idol-in-chief but also to the man-in-chief, who may be said to come next to the idol. In fact the Raja of Puri is a sort of flesh-and-blood Jaganath in the estimation of innumerable pilgrims. Sick and sated with the adulation and adoration of countless sinful beings like himself this young man is reputed to be shy (he might be inordinately rich but is said not to care for money), and it is not easy to



come face to face with him, even for the more wealthy class of pilgrims who would smother him with costly offerings. Greatly daring I had expressed a wish to see him one day that I might carry the Gospel message to him, a message of which he had possibly greater need than even the poor creatures grovelling at his feet. By the courtesy of his Manager my wish was made known to him, and he consented to see me. Sadly was I disappointed to receive a letter from this source the day after his promise had been made, saying, 'The Raja sent for me this morning and he wished me to tell you that as before he would be very glad to see you and have a talk with you. But he expressed very strongly a wish that religious matters should not be introduced into the conversation.' So the Gospel was not to be preached by word of mouth. Obtaining permission to leave it in type, however, I was pleased to go. It was pleasant to find the Raja happy to shake hands (the holy man of the orthodox type is still defiled by our touch), and he did it nicely. He is still a young man—not burdened with pride—and talks freely in Uriya. As we left he accepted a volume of some of the best tracts issued from our Press. Also I left with him the little Life of Christ which has sold in tens of thousands in all parts of Orissa in the last few years.

Puri is probably one of the hardest places in India in which to sell books, yet is this a labour of love and great promise. Few are the conversions in which the Word in Type has not played some part. And a little book will go anywhere—gets into cabin or palace; reaches those otherwise unreachable by human means; waits its time to be heard; never tires of speaking; travels farther and cheaper than we can; is unaffected by climate, untouched by fever; once started calls for no salary or remuneration of any sort; costs nothing to feed or clothe; never changes its voice; is undismayed and unafraid.



IN PURI FOR THE FESTIVAL.

## XVIII

### Whistling for the Wind.

LIVING by 'the wild white surges' roar' how pleasant is a quiet day in the country sometimes, with its pastoral sights and sounds, its benediction of peace. Such a Lord's Day we spent lately at Joypur, 'the place of victory.' Desiring to strengthen a brother's hands in the Lord our own spirits were refreshed. We were eight at morning worship, eight at eve. At the former a native brother spoke quietly from the words, 'Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you.' This is accomplished by (i) Study of God's Word, (ii) Meditation, (iii) Prayer, and (iv) Christ. We live far from God because we neglect to approach Him by these avenues. Not least weighty were his words on Meditation.

We may question with wand of science,  
Explain, deride and discuss,  
But only in meditation  
The Mystery speaks to us.

The Mystery of God in Christ. All have heard of Him by the hearing of the ear, but our eyes

behold Him in the face of Jesus Christ only, and hear His words. Later in the day a second preacher gave us the story found twice in the pages of the Old Testament, basing his own remarks on Joshua xv. 16-19. If only believers possessed their possessions! 'Thou hast given me a south land' said Achsah, 'give me also springs of water' (the Holy Spirit). She was not denied, for we read, 'He gave her the upper springs and the nether springs.' It is all ours! How would our life be refreshed and enriched if only we accepted all God has to give. O the promises and possibilities of faith!

On the brief tour of which we write the nights were as beautiful as the days. A good part of a night—the moon walking in brightness—we spent in a country boat, gliding over the placid waters of the lovely Chilka. All slept, I believe, until we beheld the sun when it shone in the morning, and made land at Satpara.

Birds are a great attraction of this beautiful lake, and a sight sometimes. Forsaking colder regions in October they wing their way over here, and through a good part of our cold weather may be seen in battalions and cackling colonies over the surface of the water. Beautiful 'bags' and, for the most part, edible, they were shot in large quantities in past days but get more shy as people do more shooting.

Carrying no death-dealing pieces we could only admire as we passed by flocks of these wonderful waterfowl.

Satpara itself is a pretty islet, and not least conspicuous of its features the huge banyan trees found in prodigal profusion on every side, still spreading themselves out in old age. The oil-tree and jack-fruit likewise flourish. But we were chiefly interested in the fisher-folk, closely related to the class from which our Lord selected His first disciples. They listened well—with the others—bought books and said they would read them. The Spirit help all to do so with eyes of the understanding, and eyes of faith. O that in Satpara also, as once in Samaria, not a few may avow, 'This is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the World.' After a quiet Sunday with four or five believers here also we left 'the seven places (as the name implies) on a Monday morning by 'Kathleen,' the pretty little cutter of the Salt Department. As we were nearly becalmed it took the greater part of the day to cover the sixteen miles of water to Kalupara Ghaut. Hearing an old waterman whistling a good deal on the cutter I asked the reason. 'He whistles for the wind' they said. Whistling for the wind! Preaching to the dead! Futile the endeavour unaided by the Spirit of God. 'Come from the four winds, O Breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live.'

## XIX

### A House by the Lake

THE last Lord's Day of October (of our last year in the country) was a wild and stormy one, spent by the writer and his wife at Khurda. After doing damage out at sea (the coast was strewn with wreckage for many days after) the cyclone struck our seaboard parish, and deluged the country with water. A friendly Raja who had shown us hospitality only a few days earlier by the erstwhile safe and tranquil waters of the Chilka Lake, and who had arrived in Puri a day or two before the cyclone, sent us an urgent message saying his temporary hut was uninhabitable, and asking to be allowed to occupy for a few days the more stable Mission House. We were only too glad to oblige him, having so recently been his guests at Rombha House, his pretty property by the Lake. Here the late Viceroy and successive Governors of Madras have been entertained, and many humbler folk besides.

There is an old story of Rombha House, and

the man who built it, which makes strange hearing to-day. At the beginning of last century a Collector of Ganjam built himself this goodly house by the Lake. Well and strongly built of hewn stone (with extensive offices, and stabling for twenty-four horses, besides elephant stalls), the floors were originally of grey marble, and the fittings of the interior as perfect as the best workmanship of Calcutta in those days could make them. His district establishment was located at Ganjam, nine miles off, but the Collector's head official appeared only once a week at Rombha for the transaction of business, the other days being passed by this gentleman in the lap of luxury, his house always full of guests, his stables full of horses, and his yacht on the Lake. In those days very little revenue from Ganjam found its way to the seat of Government: and very evil reports of this officer's administration reaching Madras, reproofs and warnings came at last in quick succession, with urgent orders for the submission of his long-delayed accounts. Then the Collector loaded his yacht with these papers, ran her on a rock, and reported to his Government the lamentable accident which had deposited all the district accounts at the bottom of the Lake while he was crossing it for purposes of business. It was resolved to make an example of this



unjust steward: he was dismissed from his post and desired to make over the charge of the district and treasury to an officer who was appointed to succeed him, and was charged to make full report of what had actually passed. But the land journey from Madras was seven hundred miles, the only mode of travelling in those days was by palki and bearers, so that nearly a month was required to bring the new officer to the spot; and though in due course he appeared and claimed to be put in charge, the man in possession calmly ignored him, and he was obliged to report that he had failed to assert his authority. At length, however, means were found to coerce this monarch-of-nearly-all-he-surveyed, and lay bare his evil deeds. It then appeared that he had largely misappropriated public money, and in particular that he had built his house at Rombha with the funds allotted for the employment of starving people during a famine. The Court of Directors dismissed him from their service, refused him his pension and caused the Rombha house to be sold by public auction. There were no bidders, and a Madras firm owning sugar works at Aska bought for £150 a property on which £20,000 had been expended. The sequel to this story is also a strange one. Greatly annoyed at being deprived of his pension, and determined not to

lose it, the old Collector is said to have adopted the rôle of a crossing-sweeper in London, always in sight of the India Office! Ashamed of this spectacle of an old servant of theirs in rags in the streets of London, the Court of Directors at length restored his pension; and next morning he drove down with four horses to return thanks to his Masters, and to show that he was as wealthy as any of them!

In the *Lady of the Chilka* we visited Breakfast, Bird and Deer Islands, also Berkuda, a little place about a mile long, where the Raja has built himself a beautiful house, fitted with electric light. Breakfast Island is little more than a tiny room roofed in upon a rock, built originally by the aforesaid Collector, but lately repaired and restored. It probably marks the spot where the records disappeared in the placid waters of the Lake, and is possibly the room where official business was transacted in the one day set apart for such trifles. Bird Island, alas, is largely forsaken of the beautiful birds which appeared to make it their favourite resort in past years, and is said to be infested nowadays with any number of snakes, which may account for the exodus of the birds.

The natural history of the Lake itself is a curious and interesting one. It extends from Puri to the neighbourhood of the town of

Ganjam, a distance of nearly fifty miles, with an average width of ten miles. Separated from the sea by a narrow sandy plain, it is bordered on its inland side by a varied and beautiful margin of hill and woodland. The Lake is fed chiefly by a branch of the Mahanuddi river, and during the rains its surplus waters cut their way to the sea at the narrowest part of the sandy plain by a channel which remains open to the tide for the greater part of the year. This year it had silted up and was closed, no egress could be found for the waters which had poured into the lake, and there was imminent peril of large tracts of low-lying but cultivated territory being inundated and utterly swamped, to the ruin of the cultivators. To our neighbour in Pipli, the Government Engineer of the district, was entrusted at very short notice the responsibility of cutting a fresh channel to the sea whereby the waters could escape and the situation be saved. The first attempt was abortive, but presently a breach of sixty feet wide had been made, and so great was the volume and force of water that dashed tumultuously through that the next morning this channel was discovered to be five hundred feet wide, and a few days later nearer half-a-mile.

The Chilka is, in short, the largest example



A LAKESIDE VILLAGE.

of the effect of forces which appear to be in operation all along the Coromandel Coast. There is not to be found a single stretch of shingle beach, I believe, between Cape Comorin and the mouth of the Hooghly. The coast line is everywhere sandy and flat, and the prevailing set of the sea during many months of the year piles the sand along it to a uniform height, forming a barrier through which the rivers cut their way only so long as they maintain a current of sufficient volume to sweep away the sand thrown up by the surf. When the flow in the river-bed is insignificant, the bar is closed by a sandy beach, and backwaters are formed parallel to the shore wherever the level of the adjacent land invites the overflow of river water. There are consequently many lagoons of varying size along the twelve hundred miles of coast between Puri and Cape Comorin, all owing their existence to the same causes which, favoured by exceptional conditions here, have pent up in the depression between the hills and the sea-shore the beautiful Lake which we call the Chilka.

## XX

### Sakhi Gopal

**S**AKHI GOPAL, friendly reader, is the name of a country station on that section of the East Coast Railway of India that runs through the land of Utkala and the red jungle rose, commonly called Orissa. But it is more than that. Sakhi Gopal is also the name of a very popular idol. And as a goddess has given her name to two of the chief cities of India—Calcutta and Bombay—so our little country station is really called after a god. ‘Gopal’ is one of his numerous appellations, and ‘Sakhi’ the common word for witness. His temple is besieged on their *return* journey by pilgrims of Jaganath, who will call upon him (Gopal) in the world to come as witness to the fact of their pious pilgrimage.

It was on a sleepy day of September that I had made my way to Puri station, and taking a ticket to Sakhi itself fell in with a native lawyer of the South country. He was in the carriage before me, and beaming in reply to a

remark I addressed to a third party appeared eager to establish friendly relations. Hearing I would alight at Sakhi Gopal he asked if I had heard its story. Pleading ignorance, he told me the substance of this which follows.

Once upon a time (the word for 'history' in this country might be translated 'once upon a time') an ancestor of the speaker's, like a pious Hindu, went on pilgrimage to a city of the North. His own home was in the South, but from the uttermost parts of India came pilgrims to this shrine. The ancestor (a brahman by birth if an old man) was accompanied by a nephew, a very ugly youth. But as a great brahman could not travel alone the uncle had need of the nephew. And so, friendly reader, after they had journeyed together many days the brahman came to cherish a sort of affection for the ugly boy (travelling also towards years of maturity) who served him so well, and the boy was not slow to establish himself in the good graces of a wealthy and well-disposed man. Now it chanced that the brahman had a beautiful daughter and the youth had yet to wed. 'But who would ever give his daughter to so ugly a product as thyself?' asked the uncle one day, and the nephew replied, 'Aye, only the Gods could show such clemency, *and*

*thysself.* 'Speak of it no more' ordered the irate relative, and the youth was silent.

But there came a day when a kind providence gave the brahman the desire of his heart—the prayer of long years was fulfilled—and he stood in the sanctuary of Gopal's temple in the City of the North. What generous emotions stirred his soul! And in return for the favour of the gods he vowed in the sacred presence itself his nephew should be denied no earthly gift. 'In the presence you have said it—Gopal has heard—and I *claim your daughter as my bride*' instantly replied the youth! It was a bargain! Gopal was Sakhi—God was Witness! Alas, and alas, for beauty and the beast.

After the days of their pilgrimage were ended they set out once more for their home in the South. Dissimilar motions now stirred their breasts. The old man was not without anxious forebodings (for good reasons enough!), while the youth saw visions and dreamed dreams. The future was all a golden hope of love and quiet life in the sunny South.

What need to dwell on the experiences of the long journey? They reached the South Country. And the youth was hopeful and waited awhile. He might have waited till grey hairs came! But albeit love suffers long,



it likes to possess its possessions later or sooner, and one day the young man would not be denied and had audience of his uncle. The brahman looked sick and sorry, and indeed—and indeed he would like to honour his word but—*the family would not hear of it.* ‘Not hear of it,’ our hero replied, ‘with the compact sealed in the presence of the god! It must be! It *will* be!’

Those were the days, friendly reader, of the Panchayat—the council of five—still the native court for the settlement of disputes in country districts. So to the Panchayat the youth appealed. Aryan elders squatted on the floor, pan and pinkah (light refreshments) were distributed, and satisfied with other provision made for their comfort they bade the young man state why he had called them together. Now members of the Panchayat are usually staid and stolid, but love is eloquent and ingenuous, and we may suppose they were deeply impressed by the story they heard. The brahman made the poorest defence and urged there was no case because no proof. At least this gave the Panchayat an idea, and they bade the youth produce his witnesses. ‘God is my Witness,’ he said. ‘Fetch him,’ they ordered, and a second later were startled to hear him declare ‘I go! But swear to me,’ he demanded, ‘that *you will*

*take his evidence.*' And they bound themselves by a solemn oath. He was gone.

A few hours later and the youth had started once more for the city of the North and its temple famed throughout India. In those 'days such a journey was fraught with no little hardship and a few tracts of country traversed in jeopardy of life itself. But the hundreds of miles he trudged appeared to the lover like a long walk, and one happy morning he passed again under the peculiar arch which admitted into the very presence of Sakhi Gopal. A life-sized and well-carved image of Gopal as a cowherd (in polished black stone) confronted him, and he prostrated himself at his feet. He reminded him of the circumstances in which he had last worshipped at his shrine, and especially brought to his memory the vow of his uncle and the mode of its ratification in his own presence. The story of the refusal after their return to their own country followed, and he concluded by the declaration that if Gopal refused to accompany him to give the evidence which alone could win for him his bride he would bring his wretched life to a speedy close, for live without her he could not.

Not only was his prayer heard, but Gopal promised to accompany him forthwith. 'Thou

shalt lead, I will follow,' Gopal added, 'only if thou disbelieve and look back once I proceed no further.' Exhilarated with such success he agreed unconditionally to these terms, and eager to consummate his joy turned his face homewards the same day. He would rest by day and sleep by night and take such food as dire necessity compelled, but never looked back! That this idol was an incarnation of Vishnu the Preserver and actually followed in his steps he never doubted. And so, behind and before, they journeyed day after day until at length they reached the bed of the Rushculia river in Ganjam. But what was this? He noticed the soft, yielding sand of the river bed, fine and dry, left no trace of his footsteps, and how should Gopal know which way he had taken? Without waiting to give it a second thought he had looked round and Gopal stood in the river bed. 'And here I stop,' said he! His devotee was at his feet like thought, but the image had become immovable in more ways than one. The most pitiable entreaties failed to elicit another word, and the poor pilgrim wailed aloud. In his despair, voicing his resolve to put an end to his life, he rose to his feet and—Gopal spake. His yea was yea, and his nay nay. Still his prerogative was to preserve life and this should not be destroyed.

Where he stood there he stayed, but if the young man would summon *to his side* the members of the Panchayat he would give his evidence.

Again hope flamed. Had they not bound themselves by a solemn oath to take it? Nothing had been said of the *place*, and bring them to the Rushculia river he would. *And he did.* Such evidence could not be gainsaid. God was Witness. Sakhi—Gopal! He won his case and with it his beautiful bride.

It is hundreds of years ago since it happened, albeit two hundred families descended from that union live in the South country to-day to sing the praises of Sakhi Gopal.

Such is the story.

We had almost reached Sakhi Gopal, where I was to leave the story-teller. 'Do you believe the story?' I inquired. His face wreathed with smiles and, like a Hindu, he replied, 'You can believe it or not as you like!' And so, friendly reader, please yourself. Only I noticed, albeit he said he had never seen this once animated image, and although in the direct line of descent, the lawyer did not alight at Sakhi Gopal to pay his homage at a now famous shrine.

A week later I was in the neighbourhood again, and in conversation with natives of the

place found the same story (with slight variations) was commonly told and believed among them. 'But,' I said, 'the Rushculia river is more than a hundred miles from this place, and your story leaves Gopal in its sandy bed.' 'To be sure,' replied a young brahman, 'he lay buried for years but was dug out at last and conveyed to this place—fit residence and retreat for any god—by the pious Rajah of Puri five hundred years ago, and his temple in the City of the North is empty to this day.'

A little crowd had collected and I began to preach.

## XXI

### ‘Things As They Are’

IT was a Monday morning, and as, seated at the large table of a reading room in the City, we perused a paper, a hand was laid gently on the shoulder, and a voice inquired, ‘Have you read “Things As They Are”?’ Alas! we had not; we had only heard it made a sombre picture. ‘I was reading it yesterday,’ continued the inquirer, ‘and it made me feel creepy.’ We replied there *was* a very dark side to India, and a sight of it should prove salutary to some. Little more was said, but a few days later we had purchased Miss Amy Wilson-Carmichael’s book \* and soon read it. If a book is worth reading it is usually worth buying, and ‘Things As They Are’ is a book to possess.

India is a country of contrasts beyond most, and the same conditions do not obtain in all parts of it, but there is a good deal in common.

Some will be revolted by this book, some

\* ‘Things As They Are’ (Morgan & Scott, Ltd., Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C.), 6s.

stimulated, some profoundly depressed, some unspeakably thankful for the courage it displays, and all readers of it, we trust, made more purposeful and prayerful, more sympathetic and patient, Missionaries themselves being cast more consciously upon Him Who alone doeth great marvels.

After years in the country, we published lately a few plain addresses,\* in one of which reference is made to a great Missionary of the past in the following words: 'Abbé Dubois understood Hinduism as probably no other man ever did. For the best part of his life he lived with the natives of India, and by contact—long and close—with the people, rather than by study of their ancient religious literature, was able to speak of their actual life in all its aspects as few others have qualified themselves to do. I am persuaded no indictment of their religion we could ever frame would be half so terrible as that furnished in the *facts* with which his unsurpassed book on the country abounds.' The conviction deepens. 'Things As They Are' is also painfully eloquent in its *facts*, and these, even more than its impressionist style and literary grace, will constitute its value as missionary literature.

\* 'Faith and Life in India' (Baptist Mission House, 19, Furnival Street, Holborn, London, E.C.), 1s. net.

Seldom, indeed, has the truth about the caste cruelty, the unholy temples, and much deified devilry besides, been set forth so vividly. Yet the unafraid are afraid to tell all they could; but you hear it in the country itself. Said a Hindu to a friend of mine as they passed one of the chief temples, 'It would make you sick, Sir, to go in there.' I have stood by the side of a native preacher in the main street of Puri and heard him declare that as he walked down there one day he observed a Brahman, of good family once—a white leper now—seated with beggars. And asking the cause, he replied, 'I contracted it in sin in the temple.' Seated by the chief Magistrate of this temple-city one day, I heard from his lips the narrative of a crime—in which a person who was worshipped as a god was instigator-in-chief—so almost unthinkably foul and filthy that the devil might have devised it. We need not multiply instances, but if only most had access to the story of their work as related by India Missionaries themselves, and would be at the pains to read what they write, we might often learn of Things As They Are—things most necessary to be understood if we are to do our duty to India by the Gospel.

'This work in India is one of the most crucial tests the Church of Christ has ever been put to. The people you think to measure your forces



against are such as the giant races of Canaan are nothing to.'

'The dead weight of heathenism, the little appreciation of one's object and purpose, and the actual, vigorous opposition of the powers of darkness, make it a real fight, and only men of grit, of courage, devotion and infinite patience and perseverance will win.'

'Some years ago England was stirred through and through by revelations which were made as to the bitter cry of wronged womanhood. In India the cry is far more bitter, but it is stifled and smothered by the cruel gag of caste. Orthodox Hindus would rather see their girls betrayed, tortured, murdered, than suffer them to break through the trammels of caste.'

'I have known cases of young Ministers dissuaded from facing the Missionary Call by those who posed as friends of Foreign Missions, and yet presumed to argue: "Your spiritual power and intellectual attainments are needed by the Church at Home; they would be wasted in the Foreign Field." Spiritual power wasted in a land like India! Where is it so sorely needed as in a continent where Satan has constructed his strongest fortresses and displayed the choicest masterpieces of his skill? Intellectual abilities wasted among a people whose scholars smile inwardly at the ignorance of the average

Western! Brothers! If God is calling you, be not deterred by flimsy subterfuges such as these. You will need the power of God the Holy Ghost to make you an efficient Missionary. You will find your reputation for scholarship put to the severest test in India. Here is ample scope alike for men of approved spiritual power and for intellectual giants. And so, I repeat, if God is calling you, buckle on your sword, come to the fight, and win your spurs among the cultured sons of India.'

The above paragraphs placed at the heads of chapters by our authoress—chosen from the writings of Missionaries who saw the truth and who told it—are so apposite, so sane and so serviceable that they merit not only the widest possible publication but to be prayerfully pondered by us all.

'Things As They Are.' Black enough! Yet not so black as Things As They Were, or without promise of Things As They Shall Yet Be.

Some time after writing the above we read 'Overweights of Joy' from the same powerful pen, and would fain persuade all to read *both* books. It is scarcely less impressive. And these 'Overweights' come to us all on the Field in conversions, and baptisms, and in many other ways. Not least in the *baptism* of believers. 'It is a thought clothed in a transparent deed.'



*Photo by Wilkinson, Norwich*

*R. L. Lacey.*

It is even better. A striking confession of personal faith, we esteem it a vital part of the will of our Lord, and, in itself, a powerful testimony to the truths of the Gospel. And while climatic conditions may be a little more favourable to its administration in the East it is not less safe, impressive and binding in all parts of the earth, and administered as it should be, we do not know of a more solemn and beautiful rite in all the Church.

If Baptists are a peculiar people they are only peculiar in this that they are following Christ in Baptism. We allow the claim of the New Testament to be the only standard and book of rites, and therefore, in all matters of religious belief and practice, we take it as our guide. The only rite of baptism prescribed and preached and practised by our Lord and His disciples is the immersion of believers as carried out by Baptists to-day.

In so vast a country as India, a country, moreover, where the difficulties are still so great in the way of a man openly receiving baptism, it is not always possible to record as they occur many instructive effects which may yet play their part in a great whole. It is said that in building Plymouth breakwater, hundreds and thousands of tons of stone had to be thrown into the sea before there was the slightest

appearance of any change on the surface ; and in India the hidden work which cannot be tabulated, and can hardly be observed, is not less important and encouraging in its promise for the future than is the actual increase of the Christian Community. Yet how refreshing and rewarding these 'Overweights' that come in conversions and public profession of faith *now*, and such joys have we experienced in Puri itself. And again and again as we have administered the rite, and seen it administered by others, have we felt that Christian baptism was a Divine Ordinance.

## XXII

### On a Spur of the Himalayas

IN a celebrated gallery of Indian Officials and Others \* there is a picture of the planter as a farmer-prince. The planter lives to-day, we are told, as we all lived fifty years ago. Be this as it may, we have lately spent four happy weeks on a tea-garden on a spur of the Himalayas, and the artist's picture attracts us. 'Let us soothe ourselves by contemplating the planter and his generous, simple life. He is something placid, strong, easeful. Without wishing to appear obsequious, I always feel disposed to borrow money when I meet a substantial planter. He inspires confidence. I grasp his strong hand; I take him (figuratively) to my heart; while the desire to bank with him wells up mysteriously in my bosom.' Such is an outline; and royal hospitality is still royally dispensed under old roof-trees in the gardens.

Our artist can find some use for a Missionary even, and if we are not favoured with a full-

\* 'Twenty-One Days in India.' By George Aberigh-Mackay.

length portrait, here is a suggestion which occurs in a chapter called 'Baby in Partibus,' a pathetic picture in other respects. 'The Empire has done less for Anglo-Indian babies than for any other class of the great exile community. Legislation provides them with neither rattle nor coral, privilege leave nor pension. Papa has a Raja and Star of India to play with; mamma the warrant of precedence and the hill captains; but baby has nothing—not even a Missionary; baby is without the amusement of the meanest cannibal.' This is without prejudice, for a similar touch occurs when our artist is doing the District Magistrate and Collector—one of the braves of the gallery. 'The Collector never ventures to approach Simla when on leave. At Simla people would stare and raise their eyebrows if they heard that a Collector was on the hill. They would ask what sort of thing a Collector was. The Press Commissioner would be sent to interview it. The children at Peterhoff would send for it to play with.' Poor Collector.

The features of the wonderful climb up the mountains by means of the Liliputian train which conveys us all from Siliguri to Darjeeling—a distance of fifty miles—are now so familiar to not a few that they almost fail to excite interest or surprise. Yet to most people of

the plains the fresh beauty and infinite variety of it all can never fail to soothe and refresh. The tropical vegetation, the sweet, cool ravines, the dark, mysterious gorges, the laughing waterfalls and solemn precipices and, as we rise higher and still higher, the ways of that wizard of the hills—the mist—and the cloud-effects are equally impressive; our little train, undismayed and unafraid, ascending ever until it reaches Ghoom, at an altitude of 7,407 feet above sea-level. The track looks as if it had been laid for a toy-railway—the gauge being but two feet; yet the line is substantial enough, consisting as it does of steel rails weighing  $41\frac{1}{4}$  lbs. to the yard, and laid on sleepers of timber. One of the finest mountain roads in India climbs and crosses and crosses and climbs the beautiful heights with the rails, a road which is said to have cost the Government some £6,000 per mile, while the line cost about £3,500 a mile.

And ever as we rise—below and beside and beyond—the eye rests on hillsides terraced with tea, ever fresh and green in these Himalayan haunts. One longs to be a planter and always come home to tea, but man cannot live by tea alone. Its manufacture is the staple industry of the Darjeeling district, and is conducted almost entirely by means of European



capital, and under skilled European supervision. The discovery of tea in Bengal is said to date from 1826, when the plant was found growing indigenously, and thirty years later it commenced to be cultivated on these hillsides. The outturn to-day must be many millions of pounds. The first plants, put down fifty years ago, are thriving still, and tea appears to live to almost any age. (The Emperor of China is said to drink tea from leaves of trees two thousand years old—or rather he worships it—it being far too sacred to drink simply!)

As we have said, the highest point reached by the Darjeeling-Himalayan Railway is Ghoom, and we descend into Darjeeling. From Ghoom a picturesque figure has lately disappeared in the old witch who used to meet every mail train to beg, but her place is filled by a dwarf from Tibet.

In Darjeeling itself we were chiefly attracted by two very dissimilar scenes.

One was the Sunday Market. This is one of the curious sights of the Himalayas. At midday the hills on all sides have furnished their quota of gaily-attired natives, and it becomes such a multicoloured picture as only the East produces. This weekly market practically supplies all native wants, and to it women, loaded with jewellery, and men, in their

smartest attire, flock. Here we meet Lepchas, Bhooteas, Tibetans, Nepalese, natives of the plains, East Indians and often a few Europeans. Among natives the Mongolian type of feature prevails, but distinctive traits in dress, face, and gait are discernible, and dialects differ. But all hill tribes are said to cherish a common prejudice against water, and appear to wash seldom. Some are dreadfully dirty and wear their clothes until they drop off. It is said, in fact, that hill people reckon their age by the number of suits of clothes they wear out!

On our spur we saw little of Bhooteas or Tibetans, but the hardy Nepalese have pushed out the Lepchas who are the real aborigines of these altitudes. It would be difficult to say what is the religion of the Lepchas; the Nepalese are the Hindus of the hills, and other tribes are chiefly Buddhists, but possibly Animists or Spirit-Appeasers would describe them more correctly. Clearly they believe in a host of spirits, and make offerings to them of flowers and bits of coloured rag. Prayers are also produced on strips of calico, fixed vertically to poles, and exhibited in conspicuous places. But the claims of religion lie lightly on the hills.

One day, in the course of a chat with a Lepcha woman, we gathered not a few of her

people had embraced Christianity, somewhat to her sorrow. Yet many a white woman in India would sorrow with her. It was the pathetic romance of a missionary meeting that once attracted, just as a song of heartbreak set to a melting melody appeals to a concert audience. But she has arrived in the East, and thinks she is wiser now. 'She reads reviews and sometimes she finds in their pages that it is sacrilegious to disturb the heathen in his religion, and that the modern Missionary is a mistake. She even discovers that there is a glamour and an ancient grace about Hinduism and Buddhism which she has never felt in her own religion because she has never brought her brains to bear upon that religion at all. So she talks learnedly about the philosophy of Confucius, and the esoteric charm of Theosophy, and the pain of that Cross upon which hung the Saviour of the World touches her not at all.' Has she not come to the pretty and picturesque East, moreover, leaving behind her the sad-coloured West and all its associations?

O! land of picture, scent and song!  
Forget the sad-coloured West;  
Dream in the garden of fair Ceylon,  
Content to be India's guest;  
And never heed the passionate cry  
Of an Eastern world's unrest.

Yet, yet, if so be that you have ears to hear—

Hark! What is that? Through the brilliant throng  
 Where sorrow seems unknown,  
 From distant jungle and palace gate  
 Comes the sound of a stifled moan—  
 A sobbing breath that is wrung from despair,  
 'Tis the Eastern undertone.

You may also hear it—if you will—up here.

But the vision beautiful of these mountains is the vision of the snows, and this alone is worth a long journey. Writing of it from Tiger Hill—itself well over 8,000 feet above sea-level—some one has described so perfectly what we also saw and felt that we would not omit a solitary word. ‘Early next morning I caught my first view, and I literally held my breath in awe and admiration. Six or seven successive ranges of forest-clad mountains, as that whereon I stood, intervened between me and the dazzling white pile of snow-clad mountains, among which the giant peak of Kinchinjunga rose 20,000 feet above the lofty point on which I stood. Owing to the clearness of the atmosphere the snow appeared to my fancy but a few miles off, and the loftiest mountain at only a day’s journey. The heavenward line was projected against a pale-blue sky, while detached patches of mist

clung here and there to the highest peaks, and were tinged golden-yellow or rosy-red by the rising sun.'

Our last view—on a sweet, fresh Lord's day morning, *very* early—was memorable and fascinating as our first one, and these are memories to cherish.

The strength of the hills is His also, and the loveliness of the unsullied snows.

## XXIII

### In Dark Places

WE have been spending a few days at Baghmari (in our large parish), visiting the Hot Springs and preaching at the Fair and villages around. As the word 'Baghmari' shows, a tiger was once killed at this place, and once upon a time—at least so we heard on this occasion—an uncommon hero was also reduced to ashes here, and here a deer was likewise shot by the celebrated Ram Chandra himself. All this must have been a very long time ago, for the district is sufficiently destitute of deer and tiger now, only hordes of mosquitoes plaguing you to-day. Never go to Baghmari without your net, reader, unless you desire to perish also!

The Hot Springs are interesting, like so much else in this district. They are suggestive of nothing so much as a huge cauldron, always a-boiling. On a cold morning you may see the steam rising afar off. At least once in the year (about the 13th of January) large numbers of women are attracted to the Springs, married

women without sons. They come with offerings to the idol Hotakeswar, offerings of a few grains of husked rice, perhaps a copper or two, a few flowers and invariably a bit of betel-nut. All this is cast into the water which has overflowed the natural basin of the Springs (but which has not been allowed to escape into the surrounding fields) with its bed of soft mud. No sooner has an offering reached the mud than a woman is after it, if happily she may recover the *betel-nut*, her own or another's. *This* clutched she is radiantly happy, for surely a son will be born to her now! (And doubtless thousands of women have had sons born to them after a visit to the Hot Springs, but not by favour of Hotakeswar.) In past years women only congregated here, and it was a great *day*. Now Hotakeswar has become a Fair, and lasts for a month. But it affords a fine opportunity of preaching, and selling tracts and Scriptures to the thousands attracted to this spot from all sides.

The Brahmans of course tell a story about the origin of the Hot Springs. In the early days great Mahadeb himself was here absorbed in one of those age-long religious and contemplative exercises we sometimes read about in the Shastras, and which no earthly spell could break, a bloodthirsty demon being at large

meanwhile. What could be done? It was prophesied that a son to be born to Mahadeb (but still unthought of save in prophecy) would slay this monster. But who would break the spell? For it was also prophesied that flames proceeding from Mahadeb would instantly devour the breaker of it. In this extremity came Kamadeb from above. *He* did it, but was immediately enveloped by fire. On the very spot Mahadeb struck with his weapon the earth's crust and the point of it penetrating to the lower regions there burst forth this hot water, putting poor Kamadeb out of his pains for ever, but creating Kamadohono Kundo, or the Well of the Burning. After this a son was born to Mahadeb, who became famous as the Slayer of the Demon.

Others said, 'No—it is all a story—that steam is the breath of Mahadeb's nostrils.'

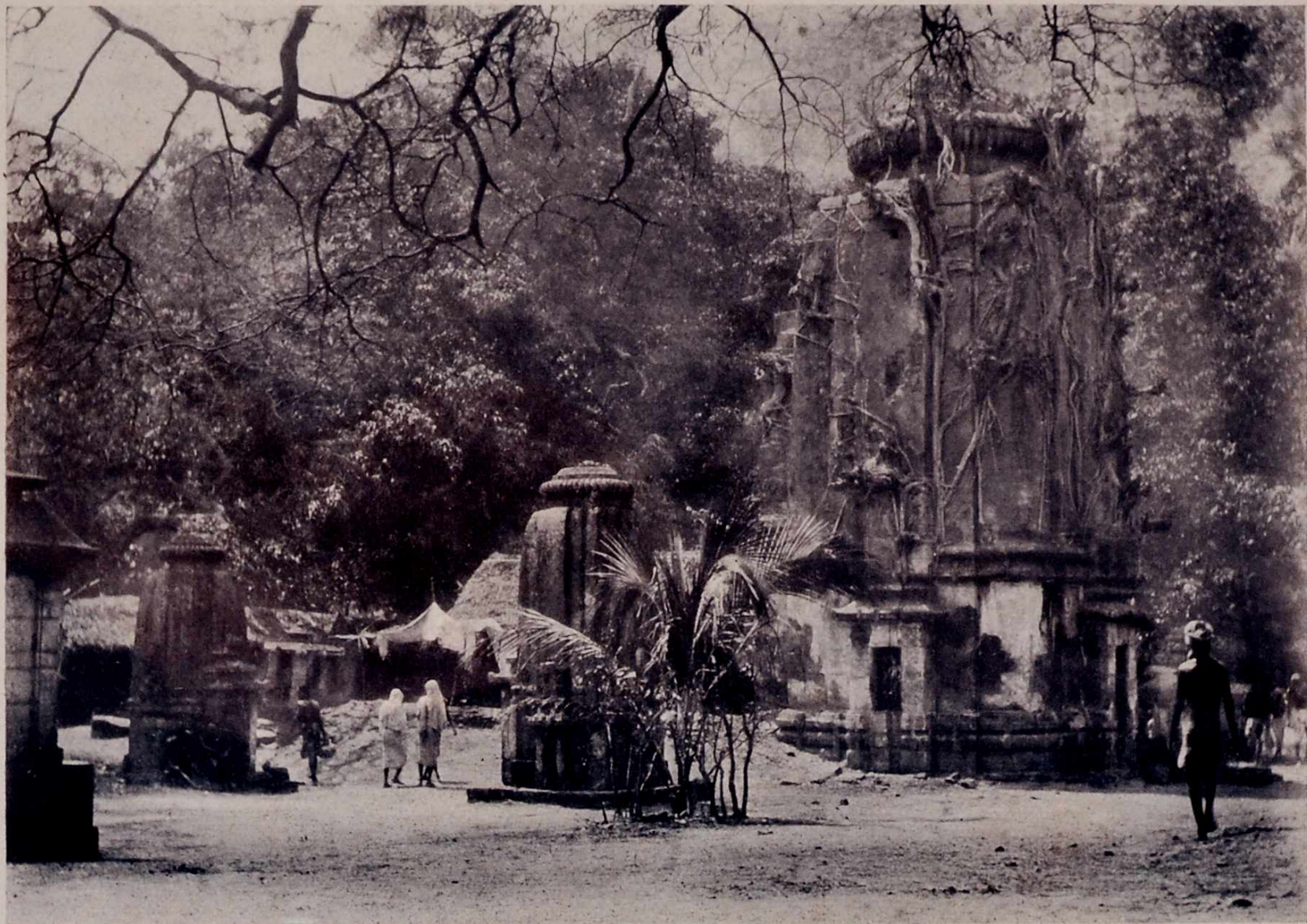
But why 'Hotakeswar,' you ask. The word means God the Hinderer. Well, after the above exciting episode Mahadeb appears to have departed, leaving his *symbol* behind him in a once primeval forest. And one day Ram Chandra—following the chase—shot hereabouts a fine deer. It fell, and where it fell it lay, and none could lift it! Interested, if also astonished, it occurred to the hunter that for every effect there was a cause, and search being made the



cause in this case was soon discovered in the said symbol of Mahadeb. Prayer was made to it, and after prayer they lifted the deer without difficulty. So this was why the temple was built, the symbol made an idol and called Hotakeswar.

‘Notwithstanding,’ writes one very truly, ‘the people of India found not the true God ; and so while the hopeful promise of their early religion has ended in a jungle of debasing idolatry, their later national history presents a picture of corresponding degradation.’

‘Is it dark there?’ asked a little boy of his mother one day after his father had left for a tour in the district. Yes, very, very dark, usually. Yet, as Hudson Taylor has said, there are spirit-prepared hearts hidden away in the darkness, and only as we are in touch with the Spirit will He lead us to such.



TYPICAL TEMPLES OF THE PLAIN.

## XXIV

### 'And As He Sowed'

IN a lecture on 'The Gospel of Robert Browning,' a fellow-missionary points out that to Browning indifference and lack of energy is the one thing which is unforgiveable, and assuredly there is no excuse for it in such a land as we are writing about.

And the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost  
Is—the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin.  
*How strive you?*

Variouly! 'Sir,' wrote an Indian youth to me, 'your work is missionaryship,' and while he betrays a youthful love for long words, Missionaryship is a good and useful word. It includes all things. The Foreign Mission Field has been described as a great school of character. At least scope is afforded in it for every sort of capacity, and no equipment is without its appropriate value. While in the field of which we have been writing our labours have been chiefly Evangelistic, almost all the usual

features of Organised Mission Work are represented, and have been steadily prosecuted. Still we rejoice that in the years spent in India we were largely occupied about the work of the Evangelist, and from year to year the story has been told (in part in words of Native Preachers themselves) of this fruitful and fascinating toil and the good and spiritual results accomplished by 'the foolishness of preaching.'

Many of the brief paragraphs that follow (and each, we think, may prove of interest) are translations from vernacular chronicles of cold weather itineracies furnished by Native Evangelists associated with the writer in the work of preaching the Gospel between the years 1890 and 1906, given in chronological order.

We were specially impressed on the tour of which we speak, remarks Krupu Sindhu Mahanty one year, by the fact that in much the same way that Missionaries and Preachers are busily occupied about their work, the enemy and his emissaries are intent upon *theirs*. Perhaps there is scarcely a village in the whole of the Ganjam district from which some have not gone on pilgrimage to Puri this year. At certain places along the road which we took, especially near Rombah and Burcool, the

pilgrims formed an unbroken line for nearly two miles, and so great was the crush in parts that it was with the utmost difficulty we could get accommodation. And this was not only a matter of a few days. Every day, for a whole month, this procession was coursing along to Puri. To these crowds we preached the Gospel, and although many of them would sometimes collect to hear the Word, it was clear their minds were set on going to Puri. We discovered, moreover, that some of the pilgrims from the Goomsoor district possessed copies of the tract *Christ Tested*, a tract printed and distributed in those parts by the enemies of the Cross. The tract is a scurrilous one, and contains only abuse of Christ and the preachers of religion. In the eyes of such as possessed this tract we became only an object of ridicule. After we had been preaching for some time in a certain village a youth came up to us, saying, 'Now you have had your say, listen to me for a little while.' Producing this treatise he began to read selections of it before the people. But we had to interrupt him to point out that many of its quotations from the Bible were inaccurate, many other statements were clearly untrue, and that consequently the writer was a falsifier. To which they replied that this could not be, since the Government which

printed our tracts published this one also, and that it would decline to publish falsehoods. We explained that this was not the work of Government, but of a company which took care to conceal its name. It was pointed out also that whereas the books issued from the Mission Press (and not printed by Government) contained the name of its Superintendent and all particulars, it was not so with this tract. Once more, unlike our own books, it appeared to have been circulated privately. These considerations seemed to suggest that the author feared to give all the facts publicity. The people afterwards acknowledged that this was true.

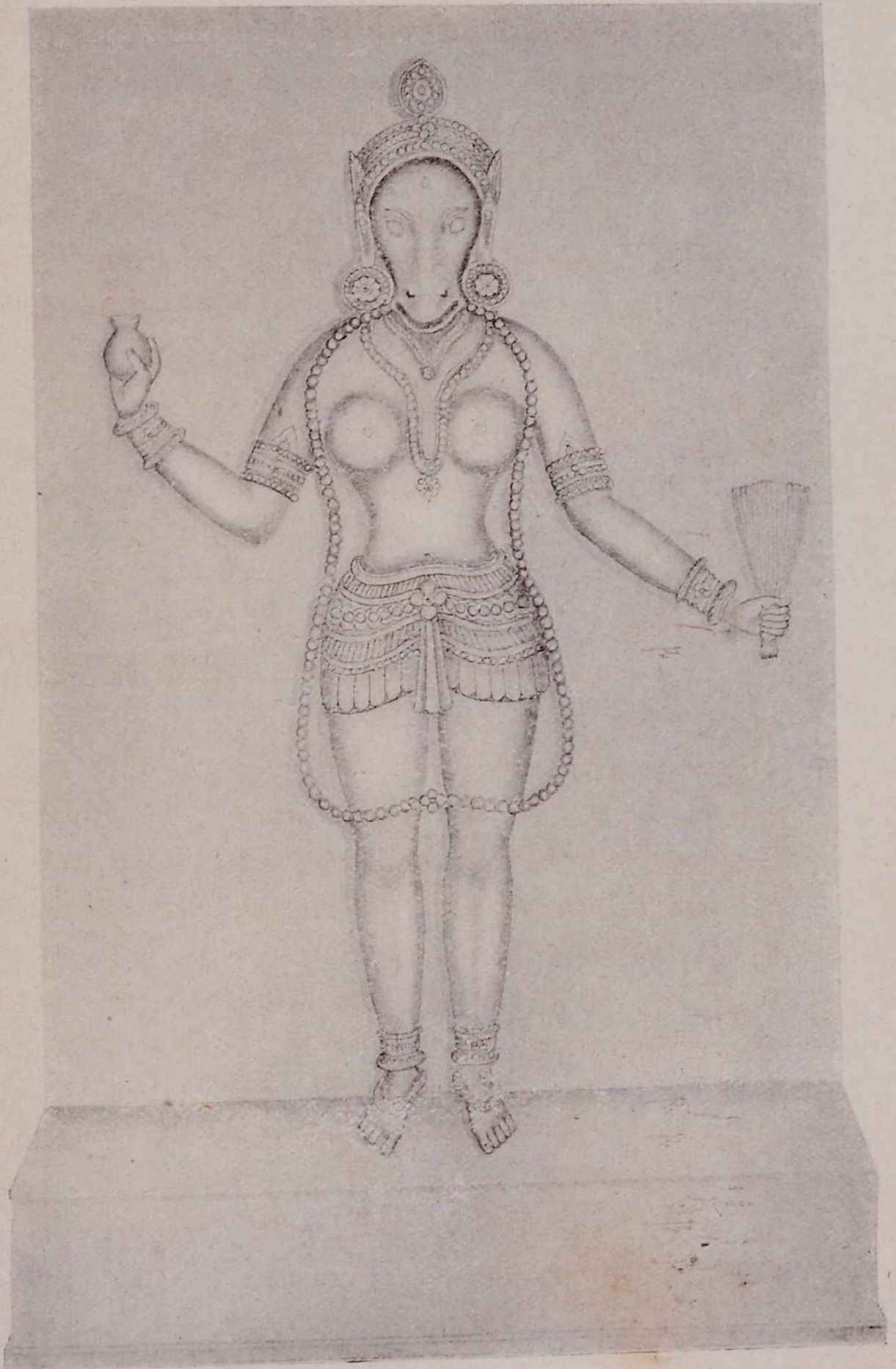
Cyprian Santra sends a brief account of work done at a conspicuously heathen festival commonly known as 'Tarini.' This unclean festival is in honour of a goddess who delights in blood, and in return for shed blood is said to bestow all manner of favours. She sits in her temple on the top of a hill—down all sides of which on certain days in the month of April the blood of poor butchered goats and other creatures may be seen descending in streams. The women especially from all corners of the district visit this shrine of blood in large companies. So our Bible women likewise

followed in the steps of their less fortunate sisters. They complained that the smells were so great and sickening that it was almost impossible to keep about their work. They did so, however, and were rewarded by earnest attention from scores of the pilgrims. Almost simultaneously with this festival another was being held in the same neighbourhood. It is computed that not less than 15,000 must have been present at ‘Tarini,’ and 12,000 at the latter festival. The Berhampore Car festival found us plenty of work later in this same year. Three cars were in evidence. One the property of a late raja, the second belonging to the town and the third owned by a priest of reputed wealth. All were tawdry in appearance. The bravery of the show was further diminished by heavy showers of rain. Sometimes we took up our stand under the shadow of the cars, when the enemy would open fire promptly. It was the exception, however, to have our listeners dispersed. The common people heard us gladly, the faces of many becoming familiar by their oft coming. There is no ‘garden house’ for these luckless idols of Berhampore, as at Puri, and so they are provided with three little tiled sheds for their outing. Many priests would disdain such accommodation. Meantime the streets are gay,

and more especially as the day for the return of the gods to their temples approaches, the number of pilgrims greatly increases. A dense crowd assembled in the bazar this year. The excitement culminates as the head of the cars is reversed and the return march is heralded. Alas! that all its course should be indicated by great wet blotches, showing only too plainly where the cars had halted for an hour, and the sweet milk of the coco-nut poured out, a vain oblation to lifeless images.

In the course of a little more than a fortnight spent in the Goomsoor tract by two preachers and a colporteur, we read of thirty-three villages being visited and the opportunity embraced of lifting up Christ before large numbers of people assembled at the general market. But this narrative by Poornanand Mahanty (himself left as a baby by the roadside to perish in a year of famine, but rescued and brought up by the Mission) is chiefly interesting by reason of its witness to three earnest souls seeking for Jesus Christ. Two of their number were friends, who sought out our preachers and talked with them long and seriously. Nicodemus came to their tent under cover of night also, and gladly carried back to his house a copy each of the Old and New





SITALA.

Testament for which he had previously paid. Who shall number the increasing army of Christ's secret disciples in India? Missionaries and native preachers stumble across one here and there, but by far the larger proportion are unknown to us. Yet silent but penetrating as the light their combined influence may yet help to create the New India of which Christ Jesus shall be Chief Guru. The other case of which mention is made in this brief narrative is that of a brave man who has since come right out of Hinduism and put on Christ by baptism. This public confession of our Saviour has nearly cost him his reason, and stripes and kicks and insults innumerable. 'Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace but a sword.' Should he ever die to Christianity again he must die hard. Instead may the Lord be pleased to hear and answer the prayer of His Saviour-Son, 'Holy Father, keep through Thine own name those whom Thou hast given Me.' Of the same period is another brief chronicle, written by the pastor of the Berhampore Church. He tells his story in two short chapters. The first speaks of a short tour of seventeen days in Ganjam, in the course of which twenty-nine villages were passed through. In some of these there was a row as soon as the Christian

commenced to preach, but even rows may serve beneficent purposes and make monotony impossible. Opposition creates interest and kindles inquiry, and inquiry is no friend to Hinduism. Three souls more of the serious caste were seen or heard of during this short itineracy, two of the number being Brahman youths who had been reading some of our books. Chapter two takes us once more into Goomsoor, a district for any preacher. Two of our brethren work together, and itinerate for nearly a month. Forty-nine villages are visited, and the big market of the district. On one occasion at least most unexpected hospitality is extended to them by some reputable Hindus at a place not far from Russellkonda and who, it transpired, esteemed them chiefly for their work's sake. Many timid inquirers of high caste are met before the tour closes, all paralysed by fear of the results that would follow an open profession of the truth. So Ananta Das writes, 'Will as many as read these lines kindly remember all such in their prayers?' Many of these men are convinced. They may never get into our statistical tables, but there they are—and in many of them our Lord may yet see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied.

. . . . .

It is said a good brother once proclaimed in his report that there was no work like this under the sun. A native correspondent gave wider publicity to the statement, accompanied with the remark that Missionaries must be making a very good thing out of it all! I go farther. I am satisfied there is no work like it under the moon. At least such was our experience towards the end of one March month when daylight only waned into moon's pale glory. The change alone, after enduring the heat and burden of the day, was a delight. Preaching by moonlight has also this signal advantage that you probably address a greater number than could be found together during any hour of the day under ordinary circumstances. It was getting hot on this occasion under canvas, but with our tent pitched under a friendly tope, we found it quite tolerable. Six times we made our way to a little hamlet, not two miles from Russellkonda, where lived our last declared convert. Four of these visits were arranged for the middle of the day, when the labourers ceased their work for a time and found their way back to their homes for rice and respite. At such times we made our way to the village school-house direct, and were made welcome. Jampolli possessed no chair, so we all sat on the floor. This had one dis-

tinct advantage—undeniably we were all on the same level. Some of the discussions which ensued on these occasions were spirited, and I trust we may yet see tangible results. One evening Mr. Long exhibited the Magic Lantern (still most magical out here) and I preached with the slides for texts. The convert among his people (not forsaking the homestead) hired a crier to publish the news in adjoining hamlets, with the result that we had a great gathering.

. . . . .

Again Ananta Das writes of a tour taken in the country south of our principal station and in the course of which some fifty-three villages, six markets and six forts of lesser rajas were compassed. At one of the latter they received hearty welcome, and a controversy was conducted in the royal presence between the preachers and the pundits. The prince declared himself on the side of the preachers, and on a second occasion listened with evident interest to the recital of the Gospel narrative. In token of his pleasure the Christians received gifts of food, cloth and even money. This did not please the brahmans, who came to protest. But the raja said they were always receiving (and a brahman tires never of gifts) and he did not see why the other teachers should be

denied. Tracts were left behind—and truth in this palace. Leaving Mandasa the brethren turned their faces towards Parla Kimidy. As they journeyed they conversed with a few or preached to the many as occasion served. At Parla Kimidy the cart road was left and they found their way on foot into a place where a preacher of the Gospel had never come before, and the people wondered to see them. After nearly six weeks of absence Berhampore was once again reached. The writer of this report observes that even as in the time of our Lord fear of being put out of the synagogue operated as a powerful, and usually effective, check to an open avowal of faith in the Messiah, so in these parts to-day a great fear paralyses many who otherwise have learned to trust and love Jesus Christ.

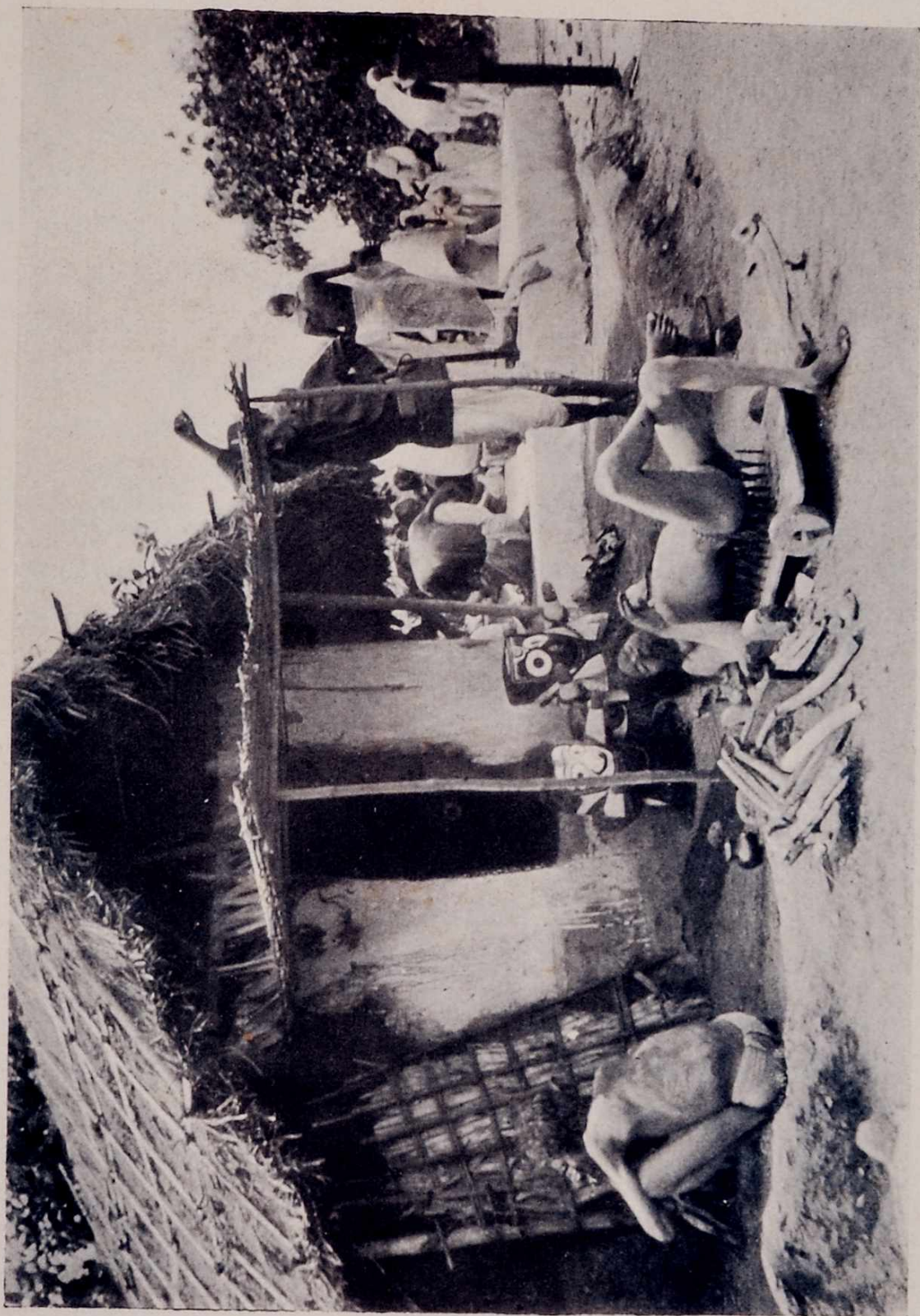
. . . . .

Nor is this all. The delusion obtains to this day with a few that the Gospel has only to be preached in heathen countries to be received with open arms. Yet is it opposed in every land under the sun, and wins its way only because truth is always more than error and more strong than guile. The blind receive their sight and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up and the poor have the Gospel preached to

them, and so the pristine glory abides. Two sorts of opposition in India become more and more clearly defined. The opposition of indifference and the opposition of the craft. In the former may be numbered many whose national religion is Christianity, but who do not hesitate to violate in conspicuous ways some of its most sacred tenets. This goes a long way to explain the slow progress in certain parts. There is also the opposition of the craft, or brahmans, and they oppose not without good reason. Countless times have we been face to face with Demetrius, a silversmith, and though he never spake to other brahmans in our presence saying, 'Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth,' we were aware that he could see plainly that things would soon be in a perilous plight if the people became Christians. But we are not discouraged as we contemplate the future, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.

. . . . .

Cyprian Santra sends two brief accounts of tours extending over December and some part of January and February. The first occupied a full month and took the preachers northwest of the district. They were detained for some days in Aska and discovered here more



SPECULATIONS ON SPIKES.



than one disciple, but one especially. This man only hesitates to put on Christ in baptism, and this largely for fear of breaking the heart of an old mother who would be inconsolable if her boy became a baptised Christian. Here we get a glimpse of another kind of difficulty to the out-and-out acceptance of Christ by the young manhood of India. There is little doubt that this man will come out after the death of his old mother. But the difficulty with many is even more serious. An old father may have to be consulted, also the brothers and sisters—many of whom may be looking to the man who would become a Christian for their main support. They would oppose to the bitter end his baptism. Perhaps he could weather the storm for himself, but could *they* weather it after he went out? Would it be right to leave them to sink or swim, as it chanced? But with entire families and villages becoming Christians this otherwise formidable difficulty is slowly being removed, and we can afford to wait until the set time shall have come. Mention is made in this particular record of six people who hesitate only to be baptised—it may be for similar reasons to these already indicated.

. . . . .

And now the party consisted of three

preachers and a colporteur, but it was the last journey undertaken by the latter, save to the bourn from which no traveller returns. Speaking at an annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society the Earl of Harrowby once said, 'Their remuneration is not large, their life is a trying and very anxious one. Staying at home, we can have little idea of what this colporteur's work is.' The noble Earl was right, and some of our nobility upon earth may be found among the colporteurs that compass every country. Lakhyana is the second colporteur we have lost during our residence in Berhampore, and in each case the fatal disease was contracted in the district as the book-man went about his work. A company of *five-and-twenty* people came to the preachers on this tour, and testified to placing reliance on the truth as it is in Jesus.

. . . . .

While at Home on furlough the writer published and circulated a tractate—'The Holy Land of the Hindus'—which was first and last a plea for Orissa. 'The strategic significance and vast importance of this territory for Christian warfare have never been clearly recognised and so the ground never properly occupied.' Especially was it argued that a brother should be stationed in Puri—one of

the idolatrous capitals of India—where the first and last Missionary had lived and died and was buried more than sixty years ago. Asked by the Committee to occupy this post, in faith and utter dependence upon our God Who 'is able,' I could only accept the proffered appointment, and sailing from Liverpool on the 30th of October arrived in Puri on Thursday, December 16th, 1897. Throughout the first year solitary, yet not alone, I felt at seasons deeply dispirited and dismayed in the place—and sorely humbled—perhaps for the best. But *our sufficiency is from God* and He is our Hope. Among our native Christians Puri is regarded as the great stronghold of the Enemy. And 'our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world-rulers of this darkness.' And so here if anywhere we need to use the old and tried weapons of spiritual warfare, and very especially the Sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God. It is now more than seven hundred years since the temple of the great idol of India was built, and its popularity has been of a national sort. Unhappily pilgrims are never absent from this place, and come in their thousands from all parts of India, although the teaching of their Vedas and other Scriptures, the often deeply pathetic and always fruitless

and oft-repeated experiences of nearly all pilgrims to Jaganath, and the Word of God are dead against it, and only men whose god is their belly batten on gains filched from their hapless victims. It is not to be supposed of course that in such case priests and pundas permit us to pursue our preaching in peace. Often is it far otherwise. The troops are marshalling, and men are taking sides, not for debate, but for battle. So long as theories are deemed visionary and unpractical they may be preached in peace, but the Holy War is always in progress here. Alluding to an episode of a Car Festival preaching when he stood by our side Dr. George Howells wrote, 'As the cars were being dragged by the excited multitudes past our Book Room the brahmans ordered a halt. Addressing the few Christians present they pointed in swelling triumph to the enthusiastic crowds assembled in glory of Jaganath. That the great Jaganath—'the lord of the world'—who a century ago ruled in such undisputed sway through the length and breadth of this great land should now condescend to halt before a Christian Book Room only some twenty feet square and recognise in these few Christians opponents worthy of the name is a sign of the times which may well give us courage. Yet 'the little one shall become a

thousand, and the small one a strong nation.’ Some of us may not live to see it but this we believe, that ‘Every one that is of the truth’ heareth our Lord’s voice, and the called are unafraid.

True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God,  
And those who can suffer, can dare.

One cold weather soon after we reached Puri two preachers and a colporteur journeyed towards the Chilka Lake, also going as far as Nuagada in another direction and, like their Master and His first disciples, preached in all the towns and villages which lay in their route. A month was occupied in this way and fifteen rupees’ worth of tracts and Scriptures sold. One of their number was struck one day by the likeness suggested by one of their hearers of Hinduism to a spider’s web. To wriggle out of it is a matter of the utmost difficulty. Many struggle nobly, but the web is too strong for them and extricate themselves they cannot. At least you and I can have little conception of the insidious strength of those deadly threads in which the fly is caught. Sometimes we watch the strife with a painful and prayerful interest, and as one here and there extricates himself we shout aloud. Still the average brahman

could give the spider points, and it is only too clear it is a death trap for most as things are. But the cruelty and iniquity practised on all sides in this country in the name of religion shall cease and nothing is too hard for the Lord. The same cold season a colporteur, two students from our College in Cuttack and an evangelist were at work to the east of the district, and in the course of the thirty-two days they were out visited six markets and ninety-four villages. As the word was preached more than one hearer broke the mali (a badge of idolatry) from his neck and cast it away. There are nominal Christians in India, but thousands upon thousands who are only nominally Hindus. In a village of brahmans only, for instance, the preachers found an old man who had treasured a Sanscrit copy of the Gospel by John for twenty-seven years and loved it so well that he had committed every word of it to memory. But outwardly he was still a Hindu.

· · · · ·

Away in the country, about thirteen miles from everywhere, friendly reader, is Bonamalipore. From Pipli you may approach it on foot, in a tonjon or by country cart. Should you select the cart you would probably suffer a day or two thereafter from impaired

digestion, as the road is rough on a country cart even. A Babu friend had kindly placed at my service his tonjon and bearers, but the native preachers walked. Unaccompanied by wife or child I felt more solitary than usual. At least it was some comfort to reflect no great black-faced monkey would try to carry away baby. One tried it when we came last time. Bounding down the branches as my wife held baby in her arms at the tent door the creature would have scared her and had her drop the child in precipitate flight, and failing once he tried a second time. Then we appeared on the scene and it was the monkey that fled. Coming home in the dusk a few days later I alighted on twenty or thirty of these long-tailed, black-faced folk sitting on either side of a red road, and walked between as they sat tight. They abound in country places.

. . . . .

Writing of his experiences (and these are the last for which we shall be able to find a place here) one of our keenest evangelists, in one of the last cold weather tours the writer was able to direct before he left India, says difficulty was experienced in places owing to field work calling away the men of the villages, but in this extremity they turned to the women

and found eager listeners. The Stories of our Lord's dealings with the Woman who was a Sinner, the Widow of Nain, the Canaanitish Woman, Martha and Mary and their brother Lazarus, and not least the Story of the Cross, and the glorious Resurrection, appealed to them forcibly, and some wept tears of joy as well as of sorrow, saying, 'Their Lord is unlike our lords, for the stories of ours bring fear, but these joy,' and as Scriptures and tracts were selected for them they purchased them gladly. 'This for my son,' said one, and a second 'This for my husband,' and 'This for my grandson' a third, and so forth until many little books were sold. In contact with the men later one practical difficulty was found everywhere (the same we are sadly familiar with all over the world), the difficulty of practising the Gospel. In other words, the fear of the world was stronger than the love of the truth, and as a result while there was a general confession of the power of the word preached, its fruits were not forthcoming. O for vision to pass into verity! An illustration of the attractiveness of the ideal allied with the passion for idolatry was observed when the preachers came across a company of worshippers of the *picture* of our Lord. This picture was worshipped in place of an idol, but its worship-



pers declared that they bowed down to no other. It was pointed out it was no less a false worship, for idolatry is always false. This sower of the seed rejoices that while they preached to people who had heard the Gospel before, their attitude of thought and mind was more distinctly Christward. But they failed to perceive how the Atonement separated from sin and brought salvation. And truly the Word of the Cross, and the Power of His Resurrection, are truths so dissimilar to anything found in Hinduism that it is not surprising they present peculiar difficulties. They are but imperfectly apprehended by not a few professing Christians, apprehended not at all by very many. Yet is the message of Calvary the dynamic of God for professing Christians as for sinful idolaters. At least we strive to speak such words as shall lead men to the Cross itself, where the Holy Spirit is able to do the rest. In the country very many are in this position that they have disbelieved the old but not fully believed the new religion, and they cannot do so until they are further instructed. 'Instruct us' they say, 'and we will become Christians.' Such is the cry of not a few dwellers in these plains. And it is the old cry of Macedonia newly uttered. Who hears it? Who will heed it? Heard and heeded, and we may hope to reap. But heard

and unheeded the fields almost white unto harvest will languish.

And so, through the years, our best energies have been given to our main work of preaching the Gospel. In the streets of many towns, at innumerable markets, in the native bazar, near busy thoroughfares of the people, in hundreds of quiet villages, at all fairs and festivals, in remote hamlets and by solitary homesteads, and in distant and jungly parts of the district the same Gospel of grace has been plainly preached. Proclaimed in this way by many voices, illustrated by parable and narrative and enforced by the counsels of saving experience, it is impossible that our labour of love should prove fruitless or be in vain in the Lord. Caste, custom, caution, such are the counsels which on every side oppose themselves to the reception of the truth in the love of it. But not as in the days of the fathers or with the blind fury and passion of past years. This is our witness. In the travail of the present is the hope of the future. No leprosy of doubt can paralyse our faith. Love kindles love again in hearts where sin had stifled it, and all was cold and dark. Christ breathes life through His Gospel into souls that had

died, and life and truth and love combined in  
Christianity must triumph in all India.

Not ours the mighty record, the red shaft  
Of tropic daylight flashing on the night;  
But the slow breaking of the clouds, the mist  
Fading, and passing in the deepening light.

## Multitude and Solitude

THE religious fair is a picturesque and popular aspect of Hinduism, yet Khandagiri is almost the last place one would associate with such a crowd as we picture. There is such a quiet brooding over these hills, they appear so wrapped in silence and sleep, that one would fain spare them the rude awakening at the fair. It would appear to fall yearly, and was in progress at the February moon. A Saturday and Sunday were the high days, and as the last hours of the former merged into the latter the dolorous cry of the jackal was lost for once in the blare and flare of a carnival of noise and night.

Few of our readers will have visited the famous caves of Khandagiri, in the Puri district. This name is given to the locality, but belongs properly to the western elevation only: the other peak, Udayigiri, containing the greater number of caves. They range in character from mere holes in the hillside, scarcely big



SIVAYANI.

enough for an ascetic to squat in, up to large and magnificent caves, with numerous chambers, pillared verandahs and rich ornamentation. Rock-cut dwellings appear to have been a favourite device of Buddhists, and it is believed these are among the earliest excavations of all, except perhaps the caves in the Barabar hills in Gaya. The best authorities are said to assign them to the three or four centuries preceding the Christian era. The largest of all is the Rani Naur, or Queen's Cave. It is in two stories, and consists of a central part with a wing on each side. Each story contains a number of cells, and has a pillared verandah. The upper story is in better preservation. At one end stand two large armed figures, wearing kilts and boots. Along the inner wall runs a fine sculptured frieze evidently representing a continuous story, though it is a little difficult to make out the meaning of it now. First comes a man fighting elephants with a club, attended by bacchante-like women with wreaths. Then there is the story of the abduction of a woman by some warrior. First he leads her away by the hand, her coyness being well-represented by her attitude; then is shown a fight for the possession of the woman between two soldiers armed with shields and swords; finally the victor carries

her away in his arms. After this is represented a hunting scene; a king shooting an antelope with a bow, held vertically, while his horse is led behind him, and women and attendants follow in his train. Beyond this come scenes of peace, love and rejoicing; much obliterated by time and decay. All conjectures as to the meaning of these sculptures have been fruitless. They are evidently meant to tell a story; but what that story is nobody can say.

Besides this story in stone another story of the place is told by one of our old converts from Hinduism living in Pipli. Before his conversion he had taken upon him the vows of a recluse and fled to Khandagiri. In those days (more than fifty years ago) the caves were still occupied by a curious crowd, but became such a menace to good government, such a cover for 'lost, stolen or strayed' and 'wanted by the police,' that the Government swept the place clear of every refugee, and they are not likely to be occupied again. Yet, doubtless they must have fallen on evil days. The old man who tells the story was a good Hindu once and only abandoned the life of a recluse as a vision of duty came to him in some words from a native Scripture :

This way of righteousness is blest beyond compare—  
To dwell in thine own house and do thy duty there.

And a yet more excellent way was shown to him in the Gospel, and he was found obedient to the heavenly vision.

But let us return to the fair. The hearers were strangely moved by the preaching one Sunday evening, and when the white man had left, a little company gathered about the native preacher and would have paid him honours usually reserved for brahmans, saying they adored Christ. At the least they would have touched his feet with their fingers, and pressed many hospitalities upon him. The honour was paid to Christ in the Christian. How would the first Missionaries have waked to wonder could they have looked upon that scene! What a revolution from the days when the very shadow of the despised Christian was defilement! 'The old order changeth, giving place to the new.'

Supposing we were addressing a few peasants another morning I was surprised to see a fair brahman standing close beside me. Offering him a tract, I urged him to purchase it as a guide in things most necessary to be known. 'How so?' he replied, a little startled. If it was a guide we needed he could describe one. And when, in beautiful Sanscrit verse, the glowing ideal had been almost perfectly portrayed, I inquired, 'Will you tell us now



where we can find such a guide?' But now the learned was found ignorant, and being at a loss what to say, with a smile and a low salutation he departed. Hindus are much given to idealising, Hinduism not much to realising. Yet, as I tried to show the people who waited to hear a little more, in Christ Jesus is perfectly realised the very Guide so well described for us in the exquisite Sanscrit of the pundit.

After preaching in a village at the foot of the hills ere we left, I asked if little books of the sort we carried had ever come to them before. 'A white man riding upon an elephant came many years ago and scattered copies,' replied a villager. 'Where are they to-day?' I asked. 'Who can say?' Only four or five copies were sold by us, but as they were paid for they are likely to be valued far more than many scattered from the eminence of an elephant. Also, I trust, more likely to be read. For experience proves that Christian literature for which even a very small price has been paid will be valued and read far more than the book which costs nothing; although there are occasions when we realise that to extract the coin would be to ruin the opportunity, and act accordingly. In the past cold season book sales in the district amount to nearly two thousand copies.

## XXVI

### The Long Night

SOROT SINGH was a pathetic figure. His father came of a soldier caste, and had possessions as a Hindu. His flocks and herds were not lost after he became a Christian, but his wife fled, leaving him with four little daughters, and blind Sorot. His only boy would, under ordinary circumstances, have been the pride of the family but—he was blind. And sad as this made his father, it was sadder, sadder a thousand times for poor little Sorot himself. Born to freedom, a wide horizon, a beautiful world, the glorious sun, the glowing, shimmering radiance, the hot, entrancing noons and bloomy, purple nights of India, he was robbed and spoiled of his heritage in it all; and darkness, only darkness had been his lot from a day when he was a little fellow two-and-a-half years old. So the tragedy of his life came early, and he was bereaved to the day of his death.

The cruelty practised upon Sorot as a little

child was due to ignorance, and pleads the cause of Medical Missions as only such cases can.

Sorot was not blind from his birth. He saw once; saw all I have described. But one day—a little fellow of about two-and-a-half years of age—he began to complain of pains in his head. Other symptoms followed, and it was felt by the family unusual measures must be taken. In their grief and extremity they naturally applied to their ignorant native doctor. He came to the house, saw the little patient, and decided to make an operation not uncommon in India; but so exquisite was the pain and injury inflicted upon this sensitive child that blindness resulted. The grief and anguish of the parents on account of this calamity which had befallen their *only* little son it would be difficult to convey in words.

And then—as it seemed to the mother at least—things went from bad to worse, for the father became a follower of Christ, and lost caste. She forsook the family, and so Sorot lost his mother as well as his sight. But the daughters were worthy, and became eyes for little Sorot as well as a comfort to their father.

Later, the mother came back, but gave little help to anybody. After some years her great concern was to get her blind boy married, but

in this she had little sympathy from the family. Yet because her heart was set upon it, a bride was found for Sorot, and he was married.

And then a day came when the father was to die and—as he thought—leave no responsible head and support of the family behind him. As he wept, one of his daughters prayed that in His mercy God would give her the brains and strength of a man, and this prayer of Rotnomoni's was most graciously answered. Three of the daughters were afterwards married but Rotnomoni has remained single, with more aptitude for business and strength of character than most men. Also to-day she is an active Endeavourer, and does more this way than many women I know. I think she must have refused many offers of marriage—a most unusual thing in India!

But more sorrows came to Sorot. After a few years his wife left him, and a son she left behind her only made matters worse. But the long, dark, solitary days brought solace to Sorot in his religion, and what he had learned in suffering he would sometimes teach in song. He had a wonderful gift in prayer. Yet was he a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and sometimes the burden laid upon him seemed greater than he could bear. He aged fast, and was often ill, but always tenderly nursed by

Rotnomoni, who became the head of the house by virtue of her gifts and character.

Sorot had been ill for weary weeks we found on our return from our last furlough, but had prayed, his sister said, that he might live to welcome us back before he passed away. We went to see him, prayed by his side, and came away with sad hearts, but little thought of how soon the darkness would be past. Yet only a few days later he beheld the King in His beauty and the long night was gone.

I have not known a more pathetic and persuasive pleader for Medical Missions, I say again, than blind Sorot Singh; and he being dead yet speaketh.

## XXVII

### ‘He Shall Not Fail’

‘TELL us what you have been doing since your return’ comes a mandate from Oxford, and in obedience to the same I sit down to write a few lines this morning.

It is little more than six months since we returned to India, and the first thing was a train journey from Bombay to (almost) Calcutta. This occupied two nights and two days (it was a little run of eleven hundred and forty-nine miles), was accomplished without any discomfort, and greatly interested us.

It was the cold weather when we reached Orissa, and the time of year for itineracies. In four companies we dispersed over the country and, as the habit of the dispersion is, preached everywhere. Most preachers in India are also hawkers of the best cheap literature, and of tracts and Scriptures we sold almost two thousand copies in these itineracies. In the country I had a long talk one day with Fakir, the Colporteur, himself one of our last

converts in this district. He was not discouraged. As he moved freely among the people he noticed that they could pronounce the *name* of Jesus Christ more correctly to-day than they could a few years ago; hostility diminishes, and in place of it the hospitality of the common people is being extended to our Lord, and our little books and tracts accumulate in the huts of the poor. *Their thought is being slowly Christianised.* In view of the prepossessions of the Hindu mind this is a slow, slow process, and yet of the first magnitude. As a thoughtful writer suggests, it is by such slow, steady influences that God ordinarily works on the masses of mankind, so that in masses they may move slowly towards the goal which He intends them to reach. None the less, meanwhile, does His Holy Spirit work with speedier effect on individuals. One illuminating flash of His Spirit is able to change every conviction of the past in a moment, and in a moment to reveal the truth. 'And instances of individual conversions have long since ceased to be rare phenomena in India; indeed they are more common than it is possible to account for without supposing the supernatural aid of the Holy Ghost. But we are able to see a richer harvest ripening for us under the warm sun of Christian influences which, in some of its many forms,

finds its way into every corner of the land. And though well content with these first-fruits of Indian Christianity which are seen in individual conversions now, we can only find the complete satisfaction of our longings in the ever-nearing prospect of a wholly Christian India in the future.’

At the close of the cold weather itineracies the Orissa Missionaries assembled in Berhampore for Annual Conference, and from this Assembly my wife and I returned to a parish almost as large again as the parish we had left a few days earlier—and *it* was a big one! In other words, at Berhampore the whole of the Khurda sub-division of Orissa (being in the administrative district of Puri indeed as far as Government is concerned, but for Missionary purposes always superintended from Cuttack in past years) was transferred to our care, and so to-day our charge is a parish with an area of 2,473 square miles, with 5,000 towns and villages, and a population of 1,071,297 souls, and ourselves the only European Missionaries in it! Compare that with the ordinary parish at Home—and there are larger in India—and you will marvel at the success that is being achieved. The audacity of it! Yet *yours* is the audacity, and *yours* the responsibility. Are you doing your full share in the discharge



of it? Few are. 'Leaving out of account,' writes the Secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, 'the multitudes who repudiate or ignore religious obligations, the communicants of the Protestant Churches of Great Britain and Ireland are contributing year by year half-a-farthing in the pound of their total wealth to that task which ranks first among the duties of the Church alike in obligation, in magnitude and in urgency.' Think of it. And yet in a late copy of the *Times* weekly edition to reach India a General of the British Army writes complaining that the sum annually contributed by the English people for the conversion of the heathen is *enormous*! £2,000,000 for Foreign Missions and £170,000,000 annually for drink! And yet we are grateful to the General if only for the effective reply from Mr. Pitt Bonarjee (himself the brilliant son of one of the first Brahman converts to Christianity in India) which his letter has called forth. After exploding the 'enormity' Mr. Bonarjee writes, 'But about the work itself. I freely admit that deplorable facts are frequent in Missionary enterprise. But any one who is conversant with Church history knows that in all times deplorable facts have been present. A great many of the converts of the early Apostolic Church proved indifferent. When Christianity

was first introduced into heathen England were all the converts exemplary Christians? And will Sir Alexander Tulloch say that because they were not that Mission work in early heathen England was a failure, and should have been withdrawn? If Christian people in Rome of the fourth to the seventh centuries had reasoned as does Sir Alexander Tulloch, England to-day would still be worshipping Woden and Thor, and Englishmen would now be painting their naked bodies blue.'

'Your space forbids my dealing with the subject as fully as I would like,' writes this son of India, 'but I say deliberately that Mission work in India is, under God's providence, a success; and I am absolutely convinced that the salvation of her millions depends on her becoming a Christian country.'

## XXVIII

### A Fulfilled Scripture

‘**H**E feedeth on ashes: a deceived heart hath turned him aside, that he cannot deliver his soul, nor say, Is there not a lie in my right hand?’ says the Word of God about the idolater; and the longer one lives in India the more sadly true these words are found to be.

Larger crowds than anybody expected to see have surged in streets of Puri lately; but now the last pilgrims have departed, and the last Car Festival that some of us will ever see is over. Trying to recall a familiar passage of Scripture, it is said a boy once wrote, ‘A sower went forth to sow, and as he sowed he fell by the wayside, and thieves sprang up and choked him.’ In a ‘previous’ birth was that boy a pilgrim to Puri? No, gentle reader, I am not a believer in such things myself, but a good deal could be said in support of the boy’s version. A pilgrim went on pilgrimage, but priests and pundas persecuted and plundered

this pilgrim, and presently he left Puri a poorer person. It happens over and over and over again, and always this history is repeating itself. This, too, is a people robbed and spoiled, 'they are for a prey, and none delivereth, for a spoil, and none saith, Restore.'

A feature of the Barhudar—the return of the cars to the temple—was the unusually large and orderly crowd of almost pure Uriyas. No such crowd of Uriyas could be collected outside Puri, or in Puri itself except on the auspicious day the cars are pulled back to the temple. Arriving on the main road in my bullock coach as Jaganath's own car was being dragged, but wishing to pass it without delay in order to reach our Gospel Hall which lay ahead, I left the coach and was threading my way through the pleased but excited crowd when a devotee of the great idol recognised me and shouted at the top of his voice, 'Sahab! Sahab! Sahab! What will you do now?' 'Leave Jaganath behind,' I replied. Astonished at such audacity, I left him repeating my words, and was preaching in front of the Gospel Hall as the great car passed.

A day or two later, seated in this building, I was speaking in English with four bright Telegu youths who tried to persuade me—as they had also been persuaded—that the great

idol was indeed God because his enormous car moved without any human aid! I assured them that it did not, that I had walked by its side and seen the people pulling; but although they had probably helped to pull it themselves, they were hardly dissuaded. And so having changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the likeness of an image, they had become vain in their imaginations, and their foolish hearts darkened; and this is precisely the Nemesis which overtakes even devout idolaters. Good Hindus exalt faith to the skies, but trample truth under foot.

It is curious, but not uncommon, to come across highly educated and even degreed people at such a feast of ashes as this. Not all of these are insincere. One we met held that the Gita was as good as the Gospel, and that all wisdom is enshrined in Hindu philosophy. Also he thought that Christ Himself would possibly have been a Buddhist had he lived in Buddha's day, in this showing that—like his hero—he was uninstructed. For the character of Buddha we have great admiration; but alas! as Dr. Chadwick says, the Buddha sits for ever on his lotus leaf, and the lotus is not a stimulant but a narcotic. Also Buddha's medical prescriptions, his explanation of earthquakes and eclipses and his guesses at geography are

fatal to his claims to Omniscience, whereas our Lord's have yet to be disproved.

A scholar in disguise also interested us. In the pale yellow robe of a sadhu, he stood by one day while we preached the Gospel. In answer to a personal word addressed to him in Uriya, he replied in English, and soon showed that he had not lived in the shallows of thought only. Possibly other Missionaries were less favourably impressed than myself, but I trust there is hope for such. We may resist the Spirit of God for years (to our own unspeakable loss), we may deeply displease Him by our insincerity, and intellectual and moral cowardice, but until the Spirit of God is quenched we should not despair. When is this? He alone knows; but there is a perilous possibility of it in every life.

The educated native has yet to learn that Christ desires no compliments. These are not always insincere, but seldom acceptable. 'There is but one religion, and there never has been more than one; it is the religion of truth. Even Christ never spoke of Christianity, but of truth.' India will not admit this yet, and country, custom, and especially caste are, in her affections at least, far more to be desired than truth. As one of her own sons (and a brave man, too) has lately told us, 'A man can

be anything as long as he does not openly abuse the rules of caste. He may be a moral wreck, a great swindler, a downright liar or even a jailbird. He may be anything, only he must not publicly abuse his caste observances. But when a man becomes a Christian out of honest religious research and conviction, the whole Hindu world turns against him, and hates him to the bitterest degree.' Yet India will be won for Christ; and as a gifted Missionary who loved her well suggests, 'O! what a new life to this fairest of Eastern lands, when she casts herself in sorrow and supplication at the feet of the Living God, and then rises to proclaim to a listening world

Her deep repentance and her new-found joy.'

But to return to the Car Festival. As nearly always the common people heard the Gospel gladly, and even gratefully, albeit that apostolic seal—'What will this babbler say?'—was often placed upon our preaching. On occasion filthy smells, fierce faces, scathing and sarcastic words, and the Puri shout would be raised in order to scatter our audiences, and these devices sometimes succeeded; but at other times a long address would be heard without an interruption. A fair force of our Students, Native Preachers and English Missionaries was

on the field, and the work and witness of some of our Uriya Preachers was very effective.

One day a little boy in the country told my wife that he had received a cuff on the head and a fine of four annas from his teacher because a Christian tract was seen in his hand; and this is only a letter in the alphabet of Hindu hostility. Of tracts and other little books, Scripture portions and Gospels in various vernaculars, almost a thousand copies were sold to pilgrims. This represents endeavour. At such times an interdict is put upon Christian literature, for it is said that all the merit of a pilgrimage to Puri is forfeited if pilgrims soil their hands with our books; and nowhere is the hostility of Hinduism better organised, and more bitter, than in strongholds like Puri. Of course the teaching of all our books is plainly antagonistic to Hinduism in general, and popular idolatry in particular, and purchasers cannot escape unnoticed.

In view of all this we are not dissatisfied with our sales, but wish they were much larger. Praise God these little books are charged with the dynamic of truth, but to release the forces more effectually we plead for the prayers of God's servants, prayers that the Holy Spirit shall make the truth operative in the thought and life of the people.



‘We speak,’ one writes, ‘of work done against the force of gravitation. If the magnitude of a force can be estimated in any sense by the resistance which it has to overcome, then verily there is no land under the sun more calculated than India to display the grand forces of God’s omnipotent grace. For here it has to face and overcome the combined resistances of the caste system, entrenched heathenism and deeply subtle philosophies.’

The longer one lives in India, and the more one sees of the true inwardness of Hinduism, the more heartily one subscribes to such words. Praise God it can, and will be done. Thou, Who alone doest wondrous things, work on!

## XXIX

### The Romance of Rangoon

WE did not contemplate it at the time, but the dream had long been cherished, and when, on a grey morning towards the close of January, we found ourselves in the Hooghly on board a British India boat sailing for Rangoon direct, the dream was coming true.

Once in port all was commotion again, and soon we trod the soil of Burma. Its increasing population now numbers 10,000,000. Besides foreigners, who include Chinese, Europeans and natives of India, there are said to be many distinct races in Burma. But eight millions of the people are genial, impulsive, light-hearted Burmese. They are strong Buddhists, knowing no personal God, doing homage to Buddha, without caste, and glorying in their hill-capping pagodas and picturesque monasteries. The numerous hill tribes include the Karens, the Chins and other peoples who in general are Animists or Spirit-Appeasers. Among the

Karens and Muhsos have been found strange traditions preparing them to receive the Gospel.

The Buddha is vastly interesting, and the Buddhism which prevails in Burma appears to be of a purer type than that found in Siam and Ceylon. All things Buddhist appealed to me, friendly reader, yet would I not 'retire into the Yellow Robe' for reasons I will state presently.

But that Gautama Buddha has captivated Burma is plain, and the country worships his memory, if not his image. But I think it worships his image also. Certain it is that images of Buddha are *the* relics of Burma, and no souvenirs compare with these. They are made in three varieties, and anywhere from an inch to sixty feet in height! We saw one in Rangoon forty-six feet high, and a picture of one sixty feet. Five Missionaries standing in the palm of the hand of this latter Goliath would scarcely have made a decent David, but—we know what will happen! Of the three types of Buddha adored by the Burman the favourite represents him as he is believed to have obtained Buddhahood, 'With ankles crossed, as holy statues sit.' There is the erect position in which he proclaims the Law, and there is the reclining attitude in which he attained Nirvana. Nearly all these images are constructed of either glass, marble, alabaster, metal or brick, chiefly ala-



"AS HOLY STATUES SIT.

baster, and their construction is a meritorious industry. Are not all these images idols, and popular Buddhism a form of idolatry? A cultured Buddhist would repudiate the thought, and as idolatry is practised in India we saw little of it at the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, the Golden Glory of Gautama. The Buddhist offers gifts and homage, not worship. Yet among the common people it merges into virtual if not actual idolatry, and the image of the mortal who waved his hand over the mythologies and gods of the popular faith of India and they disappeared into the formless chaos, is become the only idol!

The Shwe Dagon Pagoda is the most sacred of all places of Buddhist worship, and is said to be built upon the following relics of the four successive Buddhas, or Enlightened Ones of the Earth (Gautama being the fourth, and a fifth is to follow): the water-strainer of the first, the bathing-robe of the second, the staff of the third, and eight hairs of Gautama. From the centre of the platform on which it now stands and with a circumference at its base of about 1,350 feet, this profusely gilt, solid brick pagoda rises, with a gradually diminishing spheroidal outline, to a height of about 321 feet, crowned with a gilt iron network umbrella (in the shape of a cone) which is covered with solid gold plate, richly studded

with jewels and hung with gold and silver bells. While on the platform a trustee showed us a model of the pagoda in miniature, a bejewelled toy which cost Rs. 20,000 and which was specially built to hold a tiny bit of bone (upon which we also looked) of the fourth and favourite Buddha, the last priceless deposit of this most sacred fane. The base of the main building is surrounded by sixty-four small pagodas (according to the number of periods the Burmese compute have passed since the beginning of all things) with four larger, one in the centre of each side. And not only is every lesser shrine furnished with an image in alabaster of Gautama, but idols are scattered about the base of the building like autumn leaves of some gigantic tree.

We also visited various religious houses, sacred to the monastic orders of both sexes. My brother had lived in one of these monasteries up-country for ten months when first he came out to the country in order to acquire the language more speedily and accurately, and he was not unfavourably impressed. You are welcome to go everywhere! (How one appreciates this after India!) So we inspected almost every place about a Burmese monastery, and chatted freely with monks and nuns alike. More shy than the monks, the nuns are yet without shamefacedness, speak with you



THE WAY OF THE YELLOW ROBE.

naturally and nicely, and are not afraid to laugh. As with the monks their heads are clean shaven, they are simply robed, never touch money, are fed by the people, and spend their days reading their religious books. Vowed to celibacy so long as they live in these retreats, they may yet walk out of them any day they like, and the yellow robe is put off as easily as it is put on. One of the picturesque sights of Burma is the string of begging monks threading its way through the quiet villages at daybreak, never needing to use any importunity, for the bowls they carry are immediately filled by willing hands who thus early accumulate merit. Only two meals a day are served in these religious houses, at seven and at eleven in the morning, and no food is touched after the second meal. Water they take of course, and even tea—without milk!—but no solids. And ‘the glory of the people of Burma,’ we read in an eulogistic article, ‘has always been in their religion, and above all in the Brotherhood of the Yellow Robe’; and again, ‘the monk, especially the monk of many years’ standing, is still the most respected being in all Burma, vastly better housed and fed, mendicant though he be, than are the villagers who build his monastery and supply his food.’ And we read in *The Soul of a People*, ‘If you would know what a Burman



would be, see what a monk is : that is his ideal.' Yet is this ideal largely a vegetative one, and the pious Buddhist a person self-absorbed. *The Soul of a People* is a picture and not a portrait. Even this people is unable to realise Buddha's ideal of life, and as they can never realise the ideal, our author idealises the real. It approximates to the truth as nearly as *The Web of Indian Life* to native society in India.

Buddhism is founded, of course, on the older Hindu philosophy, but is a purer and more attractive creed in many ways. Later Hinduism found a place for Buddha and exploited him as the ninth incarnation of Vishnu, but he is supplanted nowadays by Jaganath as her priests saw he would pay better than Buddha, which is probably the chief reason why Buddhism was chased out of India as a heresy. But while there is a good deal in common between these creeds, there is this great difference: that whereas Hinduism is largely God without religion, Buddhism is largely religion without God. Yet has not Buddhism taken a fresh lease of life, and does it not make strange conquests in fresh fields? While there may be some ground for the surmise, there is no cause to be disconcerted. Sooner will the silver moon eclipse the glorious orb of day than the Light of Asia eclipse the Light of the World.

On our return voyage to India we found more than one white man on board our ship who had supposed that Christianity was founded upon Buddhism! It is your uninstructed Christian who becomes a Buddhist, and I have noticed that Europeans who have specialised in Buddhism—and every other Ism—often do not know in the least what Christianity is. They know it is the common heritage, and—they are not common people!

But the subject is a deeply interesting one, and possibly few personalities are more attractive than the personalities of the Buddha and the Christ, and Dr. Reynolds has educed some instructive analogies.

In its origin, first let us remember, Buddhism was a philosophical method rather than a religious faith. But after the death of its founder it became invested with the fascination of a personality so unique and unworldly that on a stupendous scale it has occupied the thoughts, stimulated the speculations and, in some measure, satisfied the aspirations of mankind. And truly the mortal who was capable of the Great Renunciation, who lived the after life of the Buddha, and who thought such thoughts was a man of very great qualities. Let it be remembered that he lived in the sixth century before Christ, sitting at the feet of India's old teachers

and believing with them that the infinite Brahma was above all characteristics, and the highest felicity for man was imaged in the depth of undisturbed sleep, when he loses all desire and all vision, and is beyond the reach of all pleasure or pain. Sometimes these old teachers would emphasise the obliteration of all desire as the chief end of man, and at other times extol the possession of the knowledge that there is no finite self at all. *Desire corresponds with ignorance of this highest reality, whereas a knowledge of this highest reality corresponds with the extinction of desire.* Some of the old Hindu theology Gautama discarded, but the italicised words convey the essence of his teaching. As he reflected, long and laboriously, he grew profoundly pessimistic, developing into the father indeed of the Pessimists and Agnostics of all ages. He taught that behind the sorrowful present lies a measureless sorrowful past, and an equally immeasurable future full of sorrows for him who does not put an end to sorrow. But he gave a new and weird elevation to man, by removing out of his path and from the range of his contemplations the deities innumerable who were believed by his contemporaries to contribute to emancipation. The gods themselves were stamped for him with the character of impermanence and ignorance and passion,

and man was left alone to fight his tremendous battle with sorrow and death by the attainment of a knowledge not yet secured by the gods.

Sorrow was with Gautama the direct consequence of the sense of individuality and consciousness of desire thwarted or ungratified. Cessation of sorrow was only to be secured by freedom from all these causes of sorrow, all the appetites which prolong the illusion of one's separate interests : and Buddha endeavoured to bring his followers to his own placid view of the boundless evils of life by the practice of a virtue which aims at the obliteration of desire. Desire was the radical source of every calamity from birth to death and after death. He taught men to lose self, not in the bosom of the Eternal Being, but in the ocean of Non-Existence.

Thus the Buddha's holiness was the extinction of the most essential characteristics of human nature ; while Christ's was the purification of all those characteristics.

The end set before the pious follower of Buddha was to renounce the highest possibilities of man, and to descend to the passionless calm of some purely vegetative existence which contemplated nothing, desired nothing, feared nothing, enjoyed nothing, expected nothing, suffered nothing ; but the end set before the humblest follower of Jesus is to think deeply,

to desire the greatest uplifting, to master outward sorrow by inward joy unspeakable, to triumph over illusion by reality, to live for and die in Christ, in blessed hope of beholding His glory, sharing His immortality and being like Him for ever.

To the Buddhist this universe is an awful fact, whose tyranny is to be subdued by the intellectual apprehension of its impermanence and illusion. Moral duties are taught without any reference to the Giver of any law, or to any Creator, Deliverer, Lord of the Human Spirit or Lover of the Soul. Much honour is due to him who has unriddled the mystery of suffering, but none to Him Whose laws constitute the basis of the moral universe. The most iron fate links action with action, and refers every possible condition or circumstance—all alike wretched—to some perversion of will in the present or previous lives. But this chain of causation is not to the Buddhist an act of a Supreme Will, or the behest of any Moral Being. Prayer cannot alter it, and no power outside of man can help him in the least. *Work out your own salvation by self-obliteration and obedience* is the last word of Buddha. Buddhism has no Gospel for the ignorant or young, and holds out no hope of deliverance except to the wise and prudent, to the learned and strong. It has

no conception of pardon, or redemption, or atonement.

Thus the contrast between the Gospel of Christ's Salvation and the Law of Buddha's Deliverance is so great that words cannot measure it. The moral culture which schools the mind into utter passivity and indifference to all things and persons is the very opposite of the spiritual culture which loves and rejoices in all the works of God, which embraces all souls, and persuaded that God's will is our highest welfare seeks ever to be reconciled to it.

The Buddhist admires and adores the memory of Gautama the Buddha because while he was without knowledge of God he is supposed to have revealed the way out of the cycle of birth and death. The Christian adores and worships the Son of God because He left the bosom of His Father and ours, and by reason of His incarnation and death upon the Cross to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, has been highly exalted and received the name that is above every name. In His own hand He holds the keys of death and Hades, and delivers man from death eternal by the gift and fulness of eternal life. *He asked life of Thee, Thou gavest it him ; even length of days for ever and ever.*

‘Verily Buddhism,’ declares Dr. Reynolds,

'seems to us to be an exceeding bitter cry for that which Christianity has to offer. It proclaims the misery of man, but has stumbled in its explanation of that misery. It proclaims the evil of sin, and though it leaves no place for forgiveness and has no conception of a Redeemer, it vaguely asks for pardon, justification, and eternal life. Its willingness to accept a noble ideal of manhood when made known to it is a mute prophecy that when the True Man is revealed to it, it will call Him "Lord of All." Verily our Lord would have said to Gautama, "Thou are not far from the Kingdom of God," and Gautama would have exclaimed, "Lord, to whom shall we go, but unto Thee?"'

Burma's rich resources are being touched to-day by the magic wand of Commerce; Christianity is slowly transforming society with its teaching and life, a new Burma is coming into being.

No English Baptists are at work in this country, but we can scarcely close this article without the story of the conversion to Baptist principles of Adoniram Judson, the Apostle of Burma (and one has said it were no waste to have spent all the money Missions have cost if they gave us one Judson). It would appear (so we heard again in Rangoon) that the

American Missionaries were to be the guests on arrival in India of Carey, Marshman and Ward, the Baptist pioneers of Serampore. But the Americans were not Baptists themselves, and their hosts would be sure to inquire why not, with the New Testament in their hands. So on board, the Judsons and their Colleagues studied New Testament baptism, only to find they could not remain Congregationalists if they were resolved to preach and practise on the Mission Field what they found there on the subject. They became Baptists, Adoniram Judson being baptised shortly after his arrival in India by William Carey in a chapel in Calcutta, where the writer had the honour of preaching only a few days before sailing for Burma. This was in 1812, and the American Baptist Missionary Union was raised up in the first place to support the Judsons, who now left the Congregationalists and became the first Missionaries of the above Society.

In Rangoon the Superintendent of the Press of the American Baptist Union kindly placed in our hands the last published Report of this Society (a handsome illustrated volume of 470 pages), from which we gather it had at that time 1,793 churches in Burma alone, with a membership of 46,762, not less than 3,667 of these being added by baptism in the last year.



It is among the Karens, however, that the largest success has been achieved, no fewer than 709 churches being found among these hill people, with a membership of 41,186. The Karen population of Burma is about 700,000, and these have contributed more than nine-tenths of the converts of Burma. The movement towards Christianity under their native leader, Ko San Ye (a man who in his unconverted state was regarded by the Karens as a prophet, and who since his conversion to Christ has been widely used of God to arouse the people to seek after Him of Whom their traditions speak), yields a great many converts to Christianity every year, and spreads to other hill tribes.

‘Buddhism,’ to conclude in the words of Dr. Reynolds, ‘grasped the idea of humanity as a whole, and this proclaims a nearer approach to Christianity than any other religion. It has embraced Aryan and Tartar, Chinaman and Turkoman in its arms; but Christianity has appealed to every kind of man. In Him Who is One with Father, the Aryan and Semite, the Barbarian and Scythian, the Saxon and Celt, the Philosopher and the Child have found their deepest unity. Surely it is not too much to hope that the Christian Church may yet convince the Buddhist millions that not Blind

Destiny but Infinite Love enwraps this universe, that the fear of endless transmigration from eternity to eternity is an unsustained delusion, that there is One in Whom are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.'

### XXX

## ‘The Best Is Yet To Be’

IT is twenty-five years ago. I was leaving College, sailing for Orissa, and went to say Good-bye to the Professor.\* For years he had lived a solitary life. How we revered him. But to approach him alone was more difficult, and the secrets of his heart were seldom disclosed. For almost an hour we talked of the country for which I was to sail so shortly, a country in which he was likewise deeply interested. His own brother had given his life for Orissa as a Missionary. And greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life. The Professor also had seen visions and dreamed dreams, but his loveliest dream had been of Orissa, and being a poet, and the dream much upon his heart, it had long ago found beautiful expression in words. I had never seen a copy of ‘Orissa : A Dream,’ until that day, and then, as I was leaving his study, he selected

\* The late Professor T. Goadby, B.A.

a few of his poems and sermons to give me, and the dream was among these. Everything he wrote was chaste and memorable, but some of us will cherish this vision most. By kind permission it is here reproduced.

In day-dream musing, on the banks I roamed  
Of the wide, fitful Mahanuddy : saw  
Pictured in peaceful depths grass, tree and sky ;  
Heard from afar, above its rippling flow,  
The coo of turtle-dove, the tinkling bell  
Of buffalo ; felt the soft breath of the air  
Laden with perfume from a thousand flowers,  
And fanned by foliage of the feathery palm.

Again I paced on the same banks within  
Shadows of great high mountains, where the roar  
Of tumbling waters echoed through the vale,  
With shouts of strange birds, and the dolorous cry  
Of jackal. The proud river, turbulent now,  
Rose high and swelled, and poured its furious waves  
Swift towards the gorge, and leaping on the plains  
Revelled amid the ruin it had wrought.  
Voices of wailing broke above the flood  
From hapless peasants whose wrecked homestead swayed,  
Grass-roofed, like anchored rafts, in the wild sea—  
The frail uncertain refuge of dear life.

So the calm, quiet stream of life divine  
In human souls, the effluence of God,  
Flowing as through the Eden of the world,  
In clear depths mirrors the sweet peace of heaven ;  
But stirred and swollen by superstitions dire,  
By torrents fierce of passion and of sin,  
Lost is heaven's image ; death and woe are borne  
In hapless ignorance of delusive hope,  
In wrestling agony of dark despair,  
Upon the turbid wave.

## Thoughts of the day

Return in mystic slumber of the night ;  
 Fair dreams are woven, and the waking wish  
 Crosses faith's golden warp with storied thread.  
 A vision opens of the far-off scenes  
 Of earth's millennial years, of Eden won  
 Again and peace divine. Methought I saw  
 A tawny multitude innumerable  
 Throng to the house of God ; and from the lips  
 Of the vast host of happy pilgrims heard  
 The trembling strains of holy joy thrill forth  
 Melodious, like the voice of many waters,  
 Or roll of thunder in the clear blue sky.  
 Through all the land the blessed music ran,  
 Girdling the hills with song, filling with praise  
 The forests' hidden depths, and every dale  
 O'erflowing, every home, till earth and heaven  
 Resounded as with bridal harmonies,  
 Or angel-anthems o'er a new-made world.  
 Among the festal company I asked :  
 'What means this general gladness and delight,  
 And the loud notes of jubilee?' and thus  
 Spake one of kindling speech and fair aspect :  
     'It is our time of holy festival,  
 The glorious consummation of desire,  
 The God-given issue of our prayer and faith ;  
 It is the triumph of the Lord of Life  
 O'er all Orissa's plains and purple hills ;  
 The birth-hour of a new and blessed day  
 For all her sons and daughters. The last trace  
 And vestige of idolatry are swept  
 Clean from our life for ever. Nowhere stands  
 One idol-temple, nowhere rears on high  
 One shrine of Siva, Vishnu, Jaganath,  
 Save as a crumbling ruin of the past.  
 Gone is the darkness of the early years  
 That brooded on the sea-made shore, the peaked

And rounded mountains forest-crowned, the land  
Of Utkala, and the red jungle rose.  
The day of ransom comes at length in joy  
Unspeakable ; Orissa's cup brims o'er,  
The one great Saviour reigns, sole Lord and King,  
From mountains of Morbhanj, the seat of clouds,  
To Chilka's changing lake ; from Balasore,  
The ocean-born, to the wild hills of Boad,  
All heathen symbols perish. Lifted high  
The Cross of Calvary draws trembling hearts  
To Him who died for man ; the trident falls  
Of the dread All-Destroyer,\* and shall rise  
No more ; and, like Ixion of old fame,  
Vishnu is broken on his mystic wheel,  
His flag trailed in the dust. Pure is the soil  
Of Utkala to-day. The sacred caves,  
Rock-hewn on Khoordah's solitary heights,  
Retreat of Buddhist monk in the first dawn  
And twilight of the world, deserted long,  
Deserted still remain ; no hermit comes  
The lonely tenant of a lonely cell.  
As Siva's desolate shrines hard by the lakes  
Of Bhubaneswara, as Kanarak,  
Fair temple of the sun, as Yama's halls,  
King of the Dead by Baitarnai's stream,  
So is great Jaganath, Lord of the World,  
Dethroned in his own city by the sea,  
His proud pagoda but a mouldering wall.  
For evermore his glory and his shame  
Have passed away. His cymbals clash not now ;  
Hushed is his throbbing drum-beat, and the voice  
Of clamorous priest ; no eager pilgrim seeks  
His sacrament of food ; no surging crowd  
Sways to and fro about his ponderous car,

\* A trident surmounts the towers of Siva's temples as wheel surmounts those of Vishnu.

## 208 THE HOLY LAND OF THE HINDUS

Nor rends the air with frantic *Hurri Bol!*\*  
 No hecatomb of human victims falls  
 For him in homicidal pilgrimage  
 Struck down; nor blood of wheel-crushed devotee  
 Stains the hot sand. No dead unburied lie  
 A horrid feast for harpies, where the kite  
 Battles with gory beak, and fierce wild dogs  
 Hold carnival. Beside the moaning sea  
 No funeral pyres blaze, none comes to die  
 Famished and weary at the Gate of Heaven.†  
 Not more forgotten Buddha's golden tooth,  
 Basu, the fowler, and his blue-stone god,  
 Or Tamluk ‡ tombèd in the drifted sand,  
 Than the great Jaganath, Lord of the World.  
 Fallen is his power, perished his mighty fame;  
 His gates all broken down, his walls a heap.  
 Bright-flowering parasites his crumbling towers  
 O'ertop and wreath with many a gay festoon,  
 Mocking by their fresh beauty his decay.  
 The monkey grins and chatters in his courts,  
 Where danced the shameless harlot; and the gusts  
 Of the drear night-wind howl and revel where  
 Waved the broad fan and swelled the hymn of praise.  
 The flap of unclean wings, the hoot and scream  
 Of birds ill-omened desecrate his shrine.  
 Thrice happy by his fall is all the land  
 Of Utkala, and the red jungle rose.  
 'O day that tarried long! O golden hour  
 Of bliss delayed! Orissa rises now,

\* Say 'Hurri!' (In pronunciation of the name alone is great merit.)

† On the south of Puri, with temples and tombs behind, and the sea in front, is Swarga-Dwara, the gate of heaven, where pious pilgrims die.

‡ Tamluk, now a village, was once the ancient capital of Orissa.

Shakes her dark-flowing locks, puts on her strength  
 Divine, and joyfully walks forth in garb  
 Of praise resplendent. Not more brightly gleams  
 The liquid lustre of her diamonds  
 Gathered from crystal depths of glassy stream  
 Than flashes from her radiant countenance  
 The holy rapture of this happy day,  
 The jubilee of God, the festival  
 Of earth and heaven. Not as Puranas tell,  
 Inspired by fear of priest and man's despair,  
 The last days of wide-spreading ill are come,  
 Breaking down ancient caste, and all alike  
 Are common and unclean by sin defiled:  
 No; but the Holy Shastras of the Lord,  
 Charter of our soul's freedom, are fulfilled;  
 Heaven's kingdom breaks with power upon the world.  
 Orissa joyful enters. In one host,  
 Marshalled by Him unseen, are blended now  
 Barbarian wild, subdued by tender grace,  
 Joy-loving Aryan, brimming o'er with joy  
 In God, a new and holy brotherhood;  
 The Savar terrible, rude worshipper  
 Of shapeless stone; fierce predatory Kol,  
 And valorous Khond, brave, hospitable, bold  
 In chase and war, who to the grim earth-god  
 Oft offered human flesh; the timid Bhuiyá,  
 And wandering Malhar, haunting jungle dense;  
 Leaf-wearing Jowang of the hills; Uriya,  
 Lover of rice-field and the sunny vale;  
 Plundering Mahratta, scornful Mussulman,  
 Supple Bengali, Santal dark, transformed—  
 Brahman and Sudra, Rajah and Babu,  
 Priest, ruler, merchant, outcast—all made one  
 In the one church and kingdom of our God  
 By the one Spirit filling all in all.  
 O brotherhood divine! the hope and crown  
 Of human aspiration, the sure goal



## 210 THE HOLY LAND OF THE HINDUS

Whither all sorrow of sin-severed hearts,  
All years of envious hate and bloody strife  
O'er-ruled by sovereign grace, all patient toil  
Of hands upheld of heaven, have surely led;  
Thy hallowed bond Orissa's children binds  
In one communion, one vast commonwealth  
And family of God! Blest day of grace,  
Salvation dawns at length on all the land  
Of Utkala, and the red jungle rose.

'Now far and wide resounds the name of Christ  
O'er every other name victorious,  
Rehearsed in song by many-voiced choirs,  
The ransomed of the Lord. In happy crowds  
They come, with joy and gladness on their heads,  
Sun-browned and tawny, dark and fair they come;  
From bamboo cottage, gilded palace-hall,  
From bungalow, from palm-leafed gipsy-tent,  
From homestead nestling in the mango's shade,  
From hut that hangs on brows of beetling cliff,  
From fisher's hamlet by the wind-swept beach,  
They come; from net and loom, from plough and barge,  
From court and camp, forge, anvil and bazar,  
They come; the welkin rings, the eloquent air  
Trembles with praise, the mountains and the hills  
Break forth in song, the torrents shout for joy,  
Valleys remote reverberate the strain  
Sonorous, forests clap their hands, the winds  
Lift their trumpet-voices loud and clear,  
In ecstasy the jubilant rivers roll,  
Rock, glen, lake, grove, the general chorus join,  
And ocean, too, stills his eternal dirge,  
And bounding wave on wave, the echoes glad  
Bears round the ransomed world.'

He paused; my ear,  
Charmed with the tidings, listened yet awhile.  
The vision faded; and the glimmering ray  
Of early sunrise on my opening sight

Broke, and the song of birds hailed the bright dawn.  
So I awoke, and lo, it was a dream.  
But through the day thought wandered o'er the sea;  
I saw the teeming thousands of the hills  
And plains bow down before Orissa's gods;  
I heard again the plaintive cry for help  
From the small mission-band, death-thinned and sad,  
Tending with tears the struggling church of God;  
And saw the wrinkled brow and whitened locks,  
Mute suppliants for rest, foretokening  
The shadows of the tomb; I mused above  
Lone graves on Mahanuddy's shore, and his  
Who fell in youth the friend of trusty Khond.\*  
And from that hour deepened the calm resolve  
To speak and labour, hope, believe and pray  
That Christians of the sea-girt English isle  
May cease not to send forth, and to uphold,  
Heralds of Christ in Jaganath's domain,  
Till all his hideous idols perish; till  
Siva's red trident, Vishnu's mystic wheel,  
Sink, and on high the Cross of Christ is raised;  
Till all Orissa knows the Saviour Lord,  
And, to the one pure caste of faith advanced,  
Yields holy service to the Holy God;  
Till the loved house of prayer crowns every height,  
And truth's bright Shastras lighten every home;  
Till Sharon's rose adorns the happy land  
Of Utkala, and all the jungle smiles.

‘THE BEST IS YET TO BE.’

\* John Orissa Goadby.

**SEVEN LETTERS ON RELIGIOUS  
PROBLEMS**

I

A Marvel Indeed\*

A FRIEND has called my attention to some letters which appeared in the *Epiphany* in the course of July and August, and related to Krishna and his latest incarnation in Puri. One of your Calcutta correspondents writes: 'The birth of Sri Krishna was more full of marvels than that of Christ, and if anyone has any doubts he can still find marvellous things in Puri, where he still exists.'

A few of us exist in Puri besides Krishna, and if you will allow a friend of the place and people to bear his testimony in your columns I should esteem it a favour.

In your comments on the letter to which I now refer, and more especially on the words I have quoted, you inquire, 'What are the marvels to be seen in Puri except a marvelously ugly idol?' I do not know, Sir, if you have ever looked upon the face and form of the Puri Jaganath, but I was very close to

\* To THE EPIPHANY, Sept. 9, 1899.

him for a few minutes on the great day of the last Car Festival. It would serve no useful purpose to try and 'represent' this image 'in its true light,' but any unprejudiced person who has seen it will bear me out when I say it is one of the most clumsy and hideous caricatures of 'the human form divine' that was ever perpetrated, and is only excelled in its unabashed ugliness by the images which receive divine honours from the pilgrims along with it, I mean the images of Jaganath's brother and sister.

But there is one thing more marvellous in Puri, Sir, than these marvellously ugly idols, and that is the unbounded credulity of countless thousands of pilgrims who appear to have taken Jaganath seriously and continue to regard this idol as very God to this day. This is a marvel indeed. I do not think there is anything quite like it in the religious annals of the world, and it appears impossible to account for it on any other hypothesis than that Hindus are prepared to believe what is directly contrary to the evidence of their senses, and anything in the world that their fathers believed before them. True, more than seventy-five out of every hundred of pilgrims to Puri nowadays are poor widows, the cheerless monotony of whose lives is relieved by a



JAGANATH AND HIS BROTHER AND SISTER.

religious pilgrimage, but this takes no account of multitudes besides who can have no such excuse to offer. What are we to think of educated and cultured Hindus (like your Calcutta correspondent) who still profess to see 'Sri Krishna' in Jaganath, and write of 'the marvellous things in Puri where he still exists?' Surely such should cherish a more worthy conception of Deity. And they do. But—as Dr. Fairbairn has said—it will not do to have *two* conceptions of Deity, a private conception for the School, and a public conception for worship and the State. For there is no law, he declares, so inevitable as this, that if a man is content with a lower God in worship than he has in his thought, the God of his thought will be lowered to the level of the God of his worship, and die a mere impotent abstraction. It is to be delivered from this impotent abstraction of a God that the educated classes of India need to pray.

There is a saying in Orissa that the deer, attracted by a mirage, sped after it only, alas, to perish for its pains. It is scarcely fair to compare Jaganath to a mirage, for the latter is a beautiful cheat at least. But if Jaganath stands for anything it is jugglery—shameless and sacrilegious—yielding enormous profits to the priests and pundas of the place, albeit at

an awful cost to the pilgrims. Millions of rupees have been worse than wasted and countless thousands of precious lives sacrificed in the fruitless and pathetic pursuit of this tremendous cheat—the very last Car Festival being responsible for a thousand deaths from cholera in Puri alone.

And so in the name of our common humanity, Sir, and in the name of the spiritual brotherhood of believers in the True Incarnation, Jesus Christ, I appeal to your six thousand intelligent readers to discard for ever the idol of Puri, and do all in their power to dissuade their friends and fellow-countrymen from the fatuous folly of a pilgrimage to Jaganath—a pilgrimage which can only yield a bitter harvest of regrets and remorse, and the fruits whereof are only too often poverty, disease and death.



## II

### The Gita and the Gospel\*

**Y**OUR suggestive article on 'Decay and Growth' made helpful reading and embodies truths which cannot be too plainly asserted at this critical and formative period in the spiritual culture and development of New India.

'There is in reality,' as you so forcibly express it, 'nothing more deadening and destitute of real good cheer than the congregation of the wicked. Their society is unrefreshing even if it is exciting or interesting. There is something irksome and unpleasant in the presence of a man whose light we feel is burning low, and who has set himself in no good way. That dismal 'downwardness' of character seems to drag us down with it. It is like the company of slaves compared with the society of the free. Such men are under a dull tyranny which makes them either heavy and tongue-tied, or unsteady and boisterous in their gaiety, as slaves are

\* THE EPIPHANY, June 14, 1902.

wont to be—the mirthless laughter of servitude that is trying to forget itself. They may perhaps amuse or excite the surface of the mind for a time, but they cannot solace.’

Caste will never pass for character in the estimation of an educated people, and sin is ever our failure in the presence of a test which is the very condition of our higher manhood. But there is succour in the salvation of the Man of Asia, and the Son of God. This is the message of Christianity, and India itself could covet no sweeter Gospel.

Hitherto she has cherished her *Gita*, and tried to nourish her more intellectual and spiritual life upon *it*. Occidentals have bestowed not less pains in the elucidation and exposition of doctrines than the most devoted Orientalists, and scholars are agreed it represents the loftiest flight of Hindu philosophy. Of late a mis-directed loyalty has sought to rally its forces in a great effort to resuscitate the *Gita*, in hope that its doctrines and spirit would effectually overthrow the more aggressive and redemptive purposes of the Gospel. But the conflict being waged is no new one, and if history repeats itself there is little doubt of its ultimate issue. As, years ago, we were reminded in your own columns, this difference between a religion of intellectual knowledge, or *gnosis*, and one of

faith, or *pistis*, was long ago known to the Christian Church. It is no new experience for her. In her infancy she had to contend with enormous theosophical systems, like that of the Gita, and chiefly of Asiatic origin. The professors of these systems called themselves the Gnostics or Knowers, and despised Christianity as a religion of mere faith. Each of them had its tremendous and elaborated account to give of the universe, couched in high-sounding verse or prose, which it considered to exhaust all the possibilities of knowledge. They also, like the Gita, enjoined minute and arduous ascetic discipline as the right preparation for reaching the height of intuition. They flourished for a time, attracted many disciples, and passed away, while the religion of faith survived and spread. Why did the former pass away? Because the object of their belief was an intellectual one and mainly speculative. They were religions of the head rather than of the heart, they could not feed the soul, and so they were found wanting, and expired with the next turn of the wheel of philosophic thought. Just because they were religions founded on philosophies rather than philosophies founded on religion, they went out of fashion with the particular system they built upon.

It is worse than useless to try and restrict

the fullest and most unprejudiced inquiry into the typical teaching of the great world-faiths. Indeed there is no doubt that if Christianity is the only religion suited for all the world, a knowledge of the religions of the world will make this all the more apparent. Only then will it be seen that it alone is possessed of the truths and principles which are needful to make a religion suited to all mankind.

What is the teaching of the Gita about God and our relation to Him, about sin and succour, about life and immortality, about faith and love, and the home that lies beyond?

‘According to the Gita, God is the soul of the world; its material cause as well as its efficient cause. The world is His body, framed by Himself out of Himself. A consequence of this doctrine, a consequence which is distinctly taught again and again, is that God is all things, as containing all things. Everything that exists is a portion of God, and every action that is performed is an action of God. The doctrine knows no limitations, and is incapable of being exaggerated. The basest animals that creep on the face of the earth have not merely been created by God for some good purpose, but are divine inasmuch as they are portions of God’s material form; and the most wicked actions which men, vainly fancying themselves

free agents, are ever tempted to perform, are not only permitted by God, but are actually perpetrated by Him, inasmuch as they are performed by His power and will, working out their ends through the human constitution, which is a part of Himself.' Contrary to Christianity, 'it nowhere exhibits any sense of the evil of sin considered as a violation of law, as defiling the conscience, and as counteracting the ends for which man was created. It makes no provision for the re-establishment of the authority of the Divine Lawgiver by the expiation of sin in such a manner as to render forgiveness compatible with justice. It teaches nothing and knows nothing respecting the forgiveness of sins. The salvation it teaches is not a salvation from sin by means of a new birth to righteousness, commencing in this present life and perfected hereafter, but merely a salvation from the necessity of being born again in repeated births by means of the final emancipation of spirit from matter. The moral system of the Gita fails therefore in the most essential points—the vindication of the justice of the moral Governor of the Universe, and the restoration of harmony between man's moral nature and the constitution of things under which he is placed.'

It follows from the above that the book of

which we are speaking teaches nothing and knows nothing of a Saviour, declaring man must raise himself by himself, and this chiefly by posturing and regulation of the breath. In place of the obedience of faith and doing of the truth to which, in the Gospel, we are constrained by love, the Gita substitutes the Yoga exercises which, declares a distinguished Sanscrit scholar, conscientiously observed can only issue in folly and idiocy.

In short, and in truth, the philosophy of the Gita (i) allies to a naked pantheism an unphilosophical and unholy polytheism; (ii) is full of debasing ideas of God; (iii) denies the eternal distinction between right and wrong, declaring there is no difference between God and man, virtue and vice, cleanliness and filth, heaven and hell; (iv) upholds caste as a divine institution; (v) is unscientific and contradictory in its doctrines; (vi) suggests as our highest aspiration and achievement a system of physical and mental exercises which, conscientiously carried out, could only issue in idiocy, and (vii) stands for ever convicted of the terrible indictment of one of India's own sons that of all forgeries the most flagitious and profane is that which connects the name of the Almighty with an untruth.

‘The style of the composition is flowing and

elegant, but the philosophy taught is unsound and the doctrine immoral. It is poison administered in honey.' Such are the plain, strong words of Bishop Caldwell and, there is little doubt, such is also the deliberate verdict of the scholarship of the age on this loftiest flight of Hindu philosophy.

It has been said God's three great books are Experience, or the Providence of God; Nature, or the Works of God; and Revelation, or the Word of God; and the products of every great unrevealed faith bear most eloquent and pathetic testimony to man's need of God's *third* great book, a book without which there could be no redemption of man as man, or the one saving Faith welding into the Commonwealth of Christ the spiritual brotherhood of the wide, wide world.

Yes, our sin is our failure in the presence of a test which is the very condition of our higher manhood. 'The man who has sinned becomes associated with the fact. He is under condemnation and feels it. He is shut off, held down, from that reach of attainment which is seen in holiness. The worst punishment of sin is the flaming sword which bars the way to the highest. From this experience rises the need for something which shall set the sinner free not only from the power of sin,

but from all its associations. In order to rise, a man wants to feel that he is as free as though he were innocent.' By faith in the Atonement of our Lord this *is precisely his attitude before God*, and such has proved the efficacy of this Atoning Sacrifice in the experience of countless thousands of believers all over the world, that they have been born again as new creatures, old things have passed away, all is new. Here is a word worth more than all the Gita: 'He that believeth on the Son hath eternal life, but he that obeyeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him.'

Said this Strong Son of God, Immortal Love, in the days of His life upon earth, and in His Gospel He is saying it to all upon earth to-day, God 'anointed Me to preach good tidings to the poor, He hath sent Me to proclaim release to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.'

Poor, broken-hearted, blind, bruised, behold your Saviour with arms of love outstretched to welcome you, and come to Him without delay, for He hath also promised, *Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.*



### III

## Puri and Purity\*

IT was with interest I read the letter of your Chinsurah correspondent on 'The Temple at Puri' in the *Epiphany* of 21st of January, but it can only be called a plea for religious indecency, and is in striking contrast to a letter lately received by the writer from a clergyman who was in Puri a few days ago. 'One of the earliest impressions of my childhood,' he writes, 'was the story of the Jaganath Car as one of the dreadful things of heathenism.' He had always associated with it the thought of human sacrifices, which made it still more dreadful, but 'not half so dreadful in my judgment,' he now writes, 'as the sacrifice of character and purity of thought occasioned by the obscenity and wickedness' of Puri. Curiously enough (in the light of your correspondence), this clergyman proceeds, 'Why cannot the British Government for the sake of India's children, whom she is bound to protect, cover such things or efface

\* THE EPIPHANY, Feb. 18, 1905.

them.\* And in conclusion he inquires, 'If good Hindus would refuse to co-operate, then would not the world have a commentary on Hinduism which would reveal it in its true colours?'

Well, let it be said at once to the credit of not a few Hindus, that they appear heartily ashamed of it all, and would love to bury Puri out of sight if they could. Meanwhile the British people only know a little about Jaganath and his temple, the Viceroy himself being refused admission into it only a year or two ago. Why? Possibly on account of the revolting indecency of things his eyes would have looked upon on all sides. 'No!' replies a traditionist, 'the holy fane would be polluted by contact with a white man!' But does any educated person believe it? Yet so long, Sir, as the moral sense (to say nothing of the spiritual instincts) of the Hindus is not un-

\* 'The most deplorable corruption of Vishnu-worship at the present day,' writes Dr. Hunter, 'is that which has covered the temple walls with indecent sculptures, and filled their innermost sanctuaries with licentious rites. It is very difficult for a person not a Hindu to pronounce upon the real extent of this evil. None but a Hindu can enter any of the larger temples, and none but a Hindu priest really knows the truth about their inner mysteries. But between Vishnuism and love-worship there is but a step, and this step has been formally and publicly taken by a large sect of Vishnavites.'

speakingly revolted by the worship of the linga, by the disgusting image of the black goddess Kali, fabled to be the consort of Siva, by the shameless idol in Puri, so long, I say, as their moral and religious sensibilities are not outraged by these things, and many other abominations, so long will Hinduism continue to illustrate on a painfully large scale what the letter of your Chinsurah correspondent also illustrates, namely, the sad moral confusion to which idolatry gives rise.

For twenty-one years at least the writer has been a humble and daily worshipper at the feet of the True Jaganath, which is, being interpreted, Lord of the World. 'In the beginning,' we read in Holy Scripture, 'was the Word (only another name for the same Lord), and the Word was with God, and the Word was God' (St. John i. 1). But in this Asia of ours (for He was born in Palestine, and Palestine is in Asia) 1905 years ago He became incarnate in the Child Jesus, growing up later into a strong and beautiful manhood, and living among us for thirty-three years.

And so the Word had breath, and wrought,  
With human hands, the creed of creeds,  
In loveliness of perfect deeds,  
More strong than all poetic thought.

O when will India awake to the truth that

Jesus is Jaganath indeed, the Glory of the East? To say this is only to assert the truth in its positive degree, but Jesus was undoubtedly a Child of the East. The comparative degree of good is better, and the comparative truth about our Lord—the larger truth—is that He was not only a Child of the East, but Son of Man.

Thou seemest human and divine,  
 The Highest, Holiest Manhood, Thou :  
 Our wills are ours, we know not how ;  
 Our wills are ours to make them Thine.

*Divine* as human, and here is the superlative quality of this truth. And the superlative of better is best. Jesus is God! This is the best! ‘The effulgence of His glory, and the very image of His substance, and upholding all things by the word of His power’ (Hebrews i. 3). Only such a Being is worthy to be called JAGANATH. Will India—and the World—ever worship at the feet of this Holy One? At least Himself hath said, ‘Every one that is of the truth heareth My voice;’ and God grant that your Chinsurah correspondent and millions of India’s sons and daughters be found among the number.

#### IV

### The Case for Baptism \*

**M**AY I also add one or two words only to your reply to Mr. D. N. Bannerjee's very thoughtful letter on Baptism.

Our only hope lies in the obedience of faith. If not active denial, the neglect of baptism is no confession of Christ, but may prove a disinclination unto death. Baptism is the seal of our obedience, also the first great public test and testimony of the Christian life. 'Ye are My friends,' said our Lord, 'if ye do the things I command you,' and our confession of Him in the waters of baptism is among the clearest of His commands. If the Hindu refuses to obey it, or simply neglects to do so, it is probably out of fear of man. But to refuse to obey Christ out of fear of man is one of the most insidious forms of unbelief and often results in spiritual death. It is here we come to the root of the difficulty. In no true sense can we be friends or disciples

\* THE EPIPHANY, Aug. 26, 1905.

of the Master while our life is saying 'NO' to His behests.

'At the present time in Bengal,' declares a recent writer with great truth, 'there are many who like to say that they believe in Jesus, but do not want to be baptised. The fact is that if a Hindu says among his own people that he believes in Christ, and abstains from idolatry they do not much mind. But if he is *baptised* they understand that he really means what he says; they consider that he has confessed Christ, and has really left Hinduism and become a Christian.' So at the present day baptism is the great test as to whether one means to confess Christ or not; and to inquirers, therefore, it may be the truest kindness to say, If you mean to be saved, be baptised also.

And so, friendly reader, if in the past you have failed to do so, in this day of your opportunity, we beseech you to confess Christ in this beautiful rite of baptism, and then one day you, too, shall rejoice with a joy unspeakable and full of glory when *He* shall confess you before the Father in heaven.

## The Buddha and the Christ\*

THANK you for calling attention to 'How Christianity appeals to a Japanese Buddhist,' the welcome and arresting article contributed to the *Hibbert Journal* by the Professor of the Philosophy of Religion in the Imperial University of Japan.

The writer's description of Buddhism as it prevails in Japan to-day is indeed one to startle those who only know it in its southern form, and its latest developments are an astonishingly far cry from primitive Buddhist teaching.

Yet it is plain Buddhism is a plastic creed, and differs widely in different parts of the world. China, Mongolia, Tibet, Burma, Siam and Japan, each have their peculiar type of Buddhism, with quite distinctive features of their own. Indeed there is very little in common between some of these types. For instance, it seems not possible to compare the Buddhism of Tibet with that of Japan. You

\* THE EPIPHANY, March 17, 1906.

can only contrast it. In the Dalai Lama, the veritable Pope of Buddhodom, the Adi-Buddha is supposed to be incarnate. His story is a striking parody upon that of the Pontifical See of Christendom. The worship, the ceremonial, the ecclesiastical orders strangely correspond with those of the Roman Church. This is a far cry from the religion of Japan.

Yet lovers of accuracy will desire to distinguish between things that differ, such as primitive Buddhist teaching and some of its latest startling developments, albeit the Professor avers these latter are only the result of a process of evolution. Most people will never be able to see how faith in a Supernatural Person, for instance, could possibly be deduced from the doctrine of Gautama Buddha.

And there will always remain this fundamental and eternal difference between primitive Buddhism and primitive Christianity, that whereas the former adores a beautiful but dead Hero, the latter worships a living and spiritual Lord. Buddha's death, as Dr. Reynolds points out, was a notable event in the history of Buddhism as the hour when a complete and final dissolution of the personality of Buddha took place. Gautama in death received final manumission from the servitude and cycle of change, the repetition of birth and death. Such



repetition is the primal curse of all existent beings, but was evaded in his case by the cessation of every desire, and his perfect knowledge of the causes of suffering and the way to escape from them. He *is not*, in any sense in which the idea of existence can be predicated by us. This is the crown of his glory. The moment when his knowledge obtained this lofty fruition of its interminable strife was that from which Buddhahood originates. The method was revealed, the example given, the triumph secured. His objective death was the starting-point of a subjective immortality in the hearts of his followers. The absolute completeness of his death was, therefore, a reason for the highest satisfaction of his followers; and the aspect it assumes in the legends of many nations invests it with consummate interest. But while Christ died for our succour, we all know He rose again from the dead upon the third day, and ascended to the right hand of the Father, where (after bestowing upon earth the Holy Spirit) He intercedes for us to-day. The Lord's Day falls once in every week to preach to the world the Gospel of the Resurrection.

Very heartily do we welcome such words and such a spirit as Professor Anesaki's.

Curiously enough your paper with 'A Lesson

from Japan,' reached the writer as he was transcribing a few notes of a recent brief visit to Burma (where the Buddhism of Buddha still prevails in somewhat primitive form), and among the last words I had written were, 'Its willingness to accept a noble ideal of manhood when made known to it, is a mute prophecy that when the True Man is revealed to it, it will call Him Lord of All,'\* and here, in Professor Anesaki, we have a cultured and representative Japanese declaring, *We Buddhists are ready to accept Christ!*

Not yet, not quite; but still the dream of a Christian Japan is not so Utopian after all! God grant that it may come true in very deed shortly.

Meanwhile I heartily subscribe to your words, 'Nor do we believe that the singularly gracious figure of the Buddha, so sweet, so strong, so pure, came into the world without having a great purpose to fulfil in God's designs, or that the ideal which his followers have victoriously upheld for so many centuries can ever be lost. And as we read nearly the last words of the Professor's—'To express my personal conviction in short, it is enough to say where there is the faith in Buddha, there may grow the faith in Christ'—we humbly thank God, and take courage.

\* The words of Dr. Reynolds.

## VI

### The Strongest Thing Out \*

I TRUST you duly received my wife's letter, and a few little books which were sent at the same time. As they were chiefly religious I am not sure that *you* at least will ever look at them, for to your eyes religious truth appears to have no form nor comeliness, and when you see it there is no beauty that you should desire it.

But I am not going to preach, only write you a few lines, while in the spirit of it, about things you may seldom read in letters from your friends.

Will you try to read one or two of the addresses? But if they savour of effeminacy throw them away. There is nothing effeminate about real Christianity—it is the Strongest Thing Out—and the very thing you need to fortify and otherwise build up your womanhood.

Our Faith makes its appeal to the whole man,

\* To a Young Lady on the Hills.

and often fails because it is made to less than a whole man, and the same is true of woman. Shall I tell you of an easy test of manhood? Call a young fellow namby-pamby, and see if it puts him off all things religious. If it does the cap fits. As if faith in God, love of truth and the worship of Christ made a man weak instead of strong! I admit there is a sort of religion which hugs itself and is no good out of a Church, with no sympathy for natural and legitimate aspirations of healthy-bodied and broad-minded people; but why profess we are unable to distinguish between the real thing and a counterfeit?

Depend upon it the worst hypocrisy and unreality are found not in religious but worldly society, that society of which you confessed yourself often sick at heart. Not seldom, face to face with the utter want of virility, and practical apostasy of our people in India, have I felt humbled indeed. Once I heard a sermon on Why we are not Christians, and the preacher told us plainly that while he had heard lots of excuses he had never been able to discover more than one reason, and that was lack of courage.

But are not all English people Christians? By no means. What, do you inquire, is a Christian, and what is Christianity? Put in

few words I would say, A Christian is one who accepts and confesses God in Christ. And 'If ye abide in My word,' our Lord says, 'then are ye truly My disciples.' But I have tried to make it clear in the addresses, and there we also discuss principles and processes of Faith as related to life, and I trust things are made plain.\*

Believe me, nowhere is there so much bitterness in life as where there is care only for its sweets.

Crown Christ, give Him His royal seat, and you, too, will one day acknowledge—

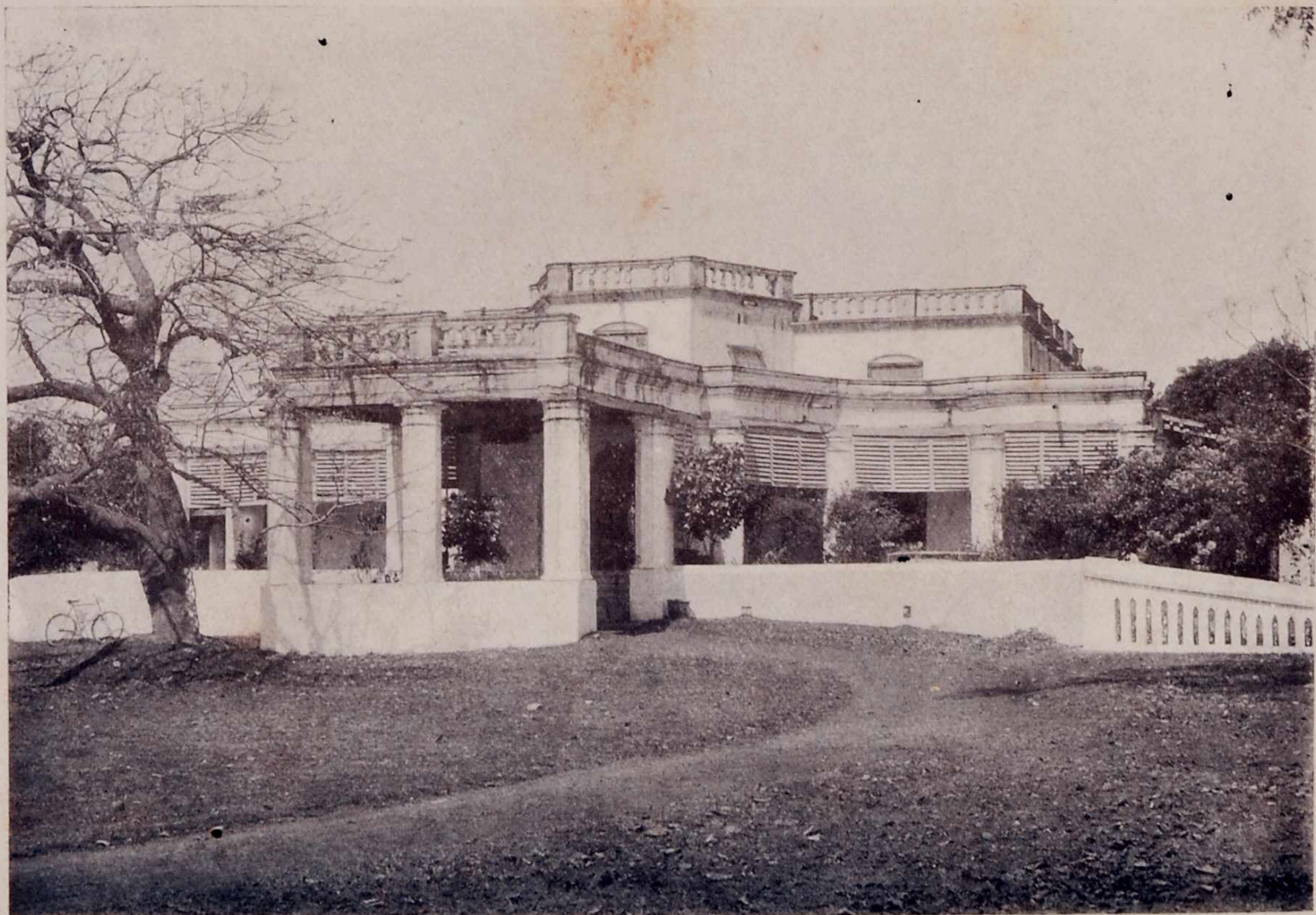
And I knew at length that if only  
 We give Him His royal seat,  
 The earthly music will take its place  
 And tremble around His feet—  
 Sweeter than ever because to our heart  
 The Master is still more sweet.

Did you notice that passage in my wife's letter in which she speaks of the fine courtesy of a Hindu gentleman? You may hate colour, but be sure the concern of Christianity is with character and not colour, for our Lord looks not upon the outward appearance.

The other day I was reading of a fashionable lady of the eighteenth century—the Duchess of

\* 'Faith and Life in India.'

Buckingham—who might have been an ancestress of yours. One day she was taken by Lady Huntingdon to hear George Whitefield preach, but she did not like him. She candidly confessed in one of her letters her unfavourable opinion of the Methodist preacher. 'Their doctrines,' she writes, 'are most repulsive, and strongly tinged with impertinence and disrespect of superiors in perpetually endeavouring to level all ranks, and do away with all distinction. It is monstrous to be told that you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches who crawl on the earth. This is highly offensive and insulting, and I cannot but wonder that your ladyship should encourage sentiments so opposed to good breeding.' Good old Duchess! At least she was not afraid to speak her mind, although in doing it she showed she had yet to learn the alphabet of her Faith. We may talk like it before our conversion to Christ, but never after, for our Lord makes even the superior person aware that there is no difference between men in their need of redemption, in their acceptance of pardon and peace. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanses us from all separation. One of our Cabinet Ministers in England, speaking lately of the above incident, says we have travelled very far since the days of the Duchess, 'but I do



OUR EARLY HOME IN CUTTACK.

not think we have in India. Do not many of the white people still speak and write very much in the same way about the native? The same Minister says the desire to recognise the equality of every living being before Almighty God (in the Old Country anyway) is largely due to the fervour and to the faith of Methodism, and of Methodist preachers like Whitefield and like Wesley. But we owe it chiefly to the Christianity of Christ, and this is one reason why it is not popular in Society.

Do you remember the story of the lady who asked our hostess—who had shaken hands with somebody in a shop—and asked in a tone of shocked sarcasm, ‘Who was your friend?’ But this is caste, and there is no caste in Christianity. ‘Ye are My friends,’ said our Lord, ‘if ye do the things I command you.’

Sick or healthful, slave or free,  
 Wealthy, or despised and poor,  
 What is that to him or thee,  
 So his love to Christ endure?  
 When the shore is won at last,  
 Who will count the billows past?

‘After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb,



## 242 THE HOLY LAND OF THE HINDUS

clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.'

One day may *we* also be found in this glorious crowd in heaven.

## VII

### The Passing of Buddhism\*

NO candid reader of your paper will say you are prejudiced against Buddhism. Praise of the character of Buddha has repeatedly appeared in your pages, and the last contribution of the writer's appearing in your columns heartily endorsed words of tribute paid to this great soul.

It does not follow we are Buddhists. We are disciples of Christ, and believe if Buddha had lived in our Lord's day he would have followed Christ also. I have said this lately to two thoughtful people, one a Buddhist and one a Hindu—and each has suggested in reply that, on the contrary, if Christ had lived in Buddha's day, He would probably have been a Buddhist. Is such speech wise or otherwise? True, Buddha, like our Lord, laid claim to unusual enlightenment, yet his medical prescriptions, his explanation of earthquakes and eclipses and his guesses at geography are fatal

\* THE EPIPHANY, August 4, 1906.

to his claims. To say this is only to state the truth, and any of your readers who wish to pursue the subject further are referred to a little monograph entitled 'Buddha ~~and~~ his Religion,' and still procurable (I trust) for one anna only from the S.P.C.K. Press, Vepery.

The fact is Gautama Buddha lived six hundred years before Christ, in times of comparative ignorance, and like the learned and literate of his day was yet without knowledge of a great deal which is now the common property of fairly well-educated boys and girls. 'The times of ignorance therefore God overlooked,' we read in Scripture, 'but now He commandeth men that they should all everywhere repent: inasmuch as He hath appointed a day in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by the Man Whom He hath ordained; whereof He hath given assurance unto all men, in that He hath raised Him from the dead' (Acts xvii. 30, 31).

All we have said of Buddhism we believe to be true, but we also feel its significance has largely disappeared, and as a world-faith it passes away. In this belief we do not stand alone. Such is the deliberate opinion also of a prominent Buddhist scholar, Mr. Maeda Gun, as expressed in the *Shinkoran*, the leading exponent of Buddhism. He writes (and we do

well to weigh his words): 'The world is agreed that religion has two main objects in view, one subjective, the imparting of faith and comfort to each individual who professes it; the other objective, the reform of society generally. Now looking at the whole Buddhist world it cannot be said that there is any religion (in the Buddhist world) which is sufficiently powerful to mould the belief and comfort the hearts of Japan's rising generation, and as for religion undertaking to reform society, nobody thinks it possible. Instead of helping the progress of the nation, Buddhism acts as a drag on that progress. It is quite manifest that our religion is a religion of custom and empty ceremony. To the higher cravings of mankind Buddhism makes no response. It is a religion only in name, all its significance has disappeared.'

With such a fine code of morals as Buddhism possesses why is it unable to reform the individual and to transform society? Is it not because (to use the words of Robert Browning) it is destitute of the real God-function? For, argues the poet—

No mere exposition of morality  
 Made or in part or in totality,  
 Should win you to give it worship therefore:  
 And, if no better proof you will care for,  
 —Whom do you count the worst man upon earth?

Be sure, he knows, in his conscience, more  
 Of what Right is, than arrives at birth  
 In the best man's acts that we bow before :  
 This last *knows* better—true; but my fact is  
 'Tis one thing to know, and another to practise;  
 And thence I conclude that the real God-function  
 Is to furnish a motive and injunction  
 For practising what we know already.

Such a motive and injunction is provided in  
 the Faith of the Gospel in the love of the  
 Saviour, and the Holy Spirit is able to make  
 operative in our thought and life the saving  
 truths of Christianity.

MAP OF ORISSA

and portions of adjoining districts where the Oorya language is spoken.



Mission Stations underlined thus Piplee

English Miles



# OUR GREAT DEPENDENCY

# FAITH & LIFE IN INDIA

By ROBERT LEE LACEY

---

## CONTENTS

A City of Certitude—The Largest Note in the World—A Far Country—Sin and Holy Scripture—The Sifting of Simon—Calvary—The Glory of the Gospels—Government and God—The Holy Land of the Hindus—Christmas Day—The Old Native—"According to Your Faith"—The Copying of Christ.

---

## PRESS NOTICES

"In reading, we find ourselves taken into the deepest confidence of a keenly observant missionary, who at once strikes into the heart of the most outstanding difficulties in the way of the proclamation or acceptance of the Gospel in India. Perhaps because he speaks as one actually born in the Holy Land of the Hindus, Mr. Lacey has certainly made some matters plain which are understood by very few who have never left this country."—*The Christian*.

"A unique book, containing most instructive descriptions of Hindu peculiarities."—*Christian Commonwealth*.

"This book has in it a touch of true inspiration."—*The Local Preachers' Magazine*.

"With passionate faith in Jesus Christ as the answer to India's every need, the author lifts Him up before its educated men with convincing argument and earnest appeal. Not a chapter of the thirteen but will be found instructive and profitable by Christians and non-Christians alike. It is a capital book to place in the hands of an educated Hindu seeking the truth."—*Indian Witness*.

"Written in a singularly pure and nervous style, the book is eminently readable."—*The Christian Patriot*.

"We trust that this volume will be widely read by the members of our home Churches as well as in India."—*The Baptist Magazine*.

"Each of the addresses is a faithful and forceful presentation of Gospel truth, while the relevancy of the treatment and the aptness of the illustrations and its Indian local colouring make each a complete and interesting study by itself. We know of none better for putting into the hands of nominal Christians and of earnest Christian men and women who are cut off, in country stations, from the opportunities of receiving that spiritual stimulus that the regular ministrations of a good preacher afford."—*Indian Evangelical Review*.

---

**Price 1/- net. By Post, 1/3.**

---

BAPTIST MISSION HOUSE, 19, FURNIVAL STREET, HOLBORN,  
LONDON, E.C.