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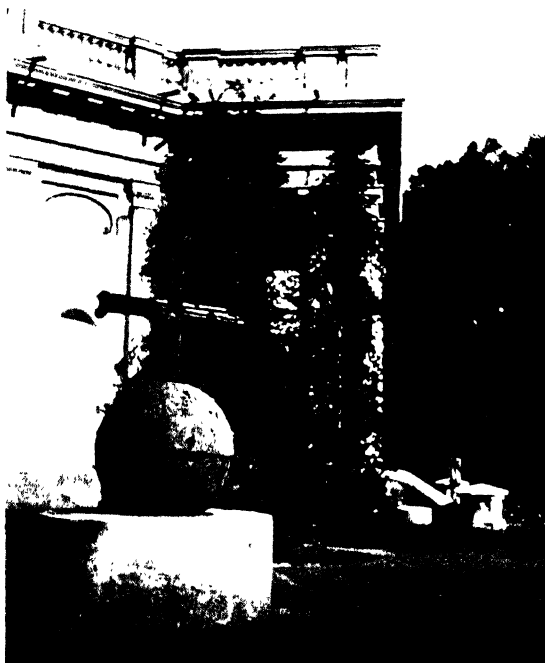
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THE S.P.G. AND
CAMBRIDGE MISSION TO DELHI
1852-1907



THE OLD ST. STEPHEN'S HOSPITAL

THE STORY OF THE DELHI MISSION



CROSS AND BALL, FROM ST. JAMES'S CHURCH, RIDDLED BY
MUTINEERS' BULLETS.

Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign
WESTMINSTER, S.W.

1908

PREFACE.

THE "S.P.G. and Cambridge Mission" has many claims, of diverse kinds, upon the sympathy and attention of English Churchmen. The founder of the Mission, the Rev. M. J. Jennings, Chaplain at Delhi, who himself began missionary work there, formed a local committee and called upon the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel to send missionaries, perished in the Mutiny along with several of the first converts. The present brief history of the Mission was undertaken last year as one part of the commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of their deaths.

Again, in the organisation for the support of this Mission there is an example of the manner in which the interest and the efforts called forth by a special mission may be combined with the aid given by a great Missionary Society. It is as the Chairman of the Cambridge Committee that I have been asked to write this preface. But it will be observed that during the first half of the period covered by the narrative contained in this book the Society for the Propagation of

the Gospel was alone responsible, and that when at length a body of men was sent out from Cambridge their part for a considerable time was to strengthen the work already planned and carried out, so far as insufficient forces had permitted, by an experienced missionary of that Society, and to develop it further in one or two well-defined directions. The responsibilities of the Cambridge Committee are now more extensive, but its co-operation with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel has only become closer than before. It should, also, not be forgotten by friends of the Mission at home, that residents in India contribute largely to its support.

Another feature of the Mission which has often struck visitors to Delhi, and which will be evident to readers of the following pages, is its many-sidedness. It is carried on by men and by women for men and for women, and has its evangelistic, pastoral, educational and medical aspects. No single writer could have done justice to them all. Canon B. K. Cunningham, Warden of the Bishop's Hostel at Farnham, who worked in the Mission as a young layman, and who, although he was compelled to return to England after three years, has always maintained a lively interest in it, has sketched the history of the Mission and given an account of several departments of

Men's work. The chapters on "Educational Work" and "District Work" have been written by the Rev. G. Hibbert Ware, who lately was Principal of St. Stephen's College. The chapters on "The Women of Delhi" and "The Medical Mission" are by Dr. Mabel Stevenson, who was in charge of the Hospital at Karnál at the time of the earthquake in April, 1905, and who, after doing brave and valuable work there for several months, in most trying circumstances, finally broke down under the strain. It is pleasant to know that she is now restored to health and preparing to go out again to India, though to another part of the mission-field. The chapters on "Zenana Work," "Girls' Schools" and "St. Mary's Home" are by Deaconess Julia, who, as the first Head of St. Mary's Home and in other ways, was a mainstay of the Women's work for five years, up to the spring of 1903, when her health failed. Since that time she has been in charge of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel Hostel at Wandsworth, and has recently gone to Johannesburg to start Women's work in connection with the branch there of the Community of the Resurrection.

V. H. STANTON.

TRINITY COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE, *February*, 1908.

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The following have kindly allowed us to reproduce their photographs: Messrs. Maull & Fox, Piccadilly, that of Rev. R. R. Winter; Messrs. Hawkins & Co., Brighton, Mrs. Winter; Messrs. Chancellor, Dublin, Rev. G. A. Lefroy; Messrs. Seville & Co., formerly of Leicester, Rev. F. Sandford; Mr. Thomas Fall, of Baker Street, Rev. A. C. Maitland; Mr. J. Dickinson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, Rev. R. B. Westcott.

CHAPTER I.

THE FOUNDING OF THE MISSION.

FOR twenty years prior to the year 1850, a devoted Baptist minister, solitary and unsupported, preached to unwilling ears in the bazars of Delhi, and stopped the passers-by to ask them about their souls and to give them tracts. "Those tracts," writes one of those who received them, "when I got home I put at once in the corner, considering them not worth reading." For several years also a Catechist of the Church Missionary Society, himself a Brahmin convert, and the second Indian to receive Orders in the English Church, paid occasional visits, journeying over from the neighbouring town of Meerut.¹ These were merely skirmishers in the great army—of those "whose names are justly revered among men, but whose actions are known only to God"—for in 1850 Delhi was practically unoccupied in the name of Christ. At that time the post of Professor of Higher Mathematics in the Government College was held by a leading citizen of

¹It is of interest to note that the first Indian to receive Orders in our Church (from Bishop Heber in 1836) was Abdul Masih, a Mohammedan and a native of the city of Delhi.

the name of Ram Chandra, and it is round this man that the story of the Delhi Mission largely centres.

Strangely enough, Ram Chandra owed the excellent education which had raised him to so high a position to the poverty of his early home ; for, at that stage of our educational policy in India, every student who attended a Government school received a monthly scholarship ; and his mother, left a widow with six children on her hands, was glad to avail herself of the opportunity to increase the family income by sending her youngest boy, then aged ten, to the school in Delhi.

The boy did well. In due time the school became a college, and Ram Chandra was appointed one of the professors. His religious position at this time was not unlike that of the vast majority of Hindu students. A Western education had destroyed his Hindu faith and, having renounced the idolatries of his fathers, he professed to find contentment in a vague belief in a One God. All "bookish religions" he considered to be absurd and false : the tracts of the good Baptist minister he spurned. Reading the Bible had indeed been suggested by the principal of the college, Mr. Taylor, who was himself a strong Christian man, but the professor understood him to be recommending the Book (in a phrase which has a familiar ring about it) as "history and literature". For the English Government officers Ram Chandra had a profound respect, but "surely," he argued, "they could not believe in Christianity seeing that they did not, as a Government, exert themselves to teach it". Thus did the Hindu

professor justify himself in his refusal to inquire with care into the Christian faith. The change was effected in an unlooked-for manner.

It happened one day that a Brahmin student at the college expressed a desire to see the English at their worship, and Mr. Taylor suggested that Ram Chandra might take him, on a Sunday evening, to St. James's Church. And so, out of mere curiosity, as he himself tells us, he went, and saw several English gentlemen whom he respected as being well-informed and enlightened persons; "and many of them kneeled down and appeared to be praying most devoutly". This simple incident made the deepest impression, and when Ram Chandra returned that night his whole course of life had been changed.

The Church, so writes a great thinker, has been sent to bear a threefold witness—the witness of the Word, the witness of the Life, and the witness of Worship; of the first two we know something—the third also, we understand, if we have watched 10,000 Mohammedans at prayer in the great Mosque of Delhi. But in this case the witness was borne by but a few score civilians and soldiers in India.

The Indian biographer of Ram Chandra describes how this simple sight turned his heart towards the Saviour of the world. "He who had kept the Bible and the tracts in a basket in a corner of the house now searches for and reads them; he pauses and reflects; he shakes off his prejudice, bewails his past ignorance, and questions his conscience as to the way of salvation. To find it he lays aside his mathematics and opens

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his heart in unrestrained prayer to God, through Jesus Christ, and then begins to reverence the Christian ministers as messengers from God though as yet he is too weak and nervous to go to them." ¹

In India, the step from conviction to baptism is long and difficult. Conviction and even open confession of belief in Christ involves no outward persecution; the Hindu is largely tolerant of diversities of faith and opinion; touch him, however, on the social side of life, let the inquirer pass, by the definite act of baptism, from the Hindu Brotherhood to the Christian Brotherhood, and his foes at once become those of his own household.

(Ram Chandra made no secret of his opinions, either in his home or amongst his students. Mohammedan maulvis and Hindu pundits flocked to Delhi from all quarters, and his house became the centre of religious controversy.)

"In these days," runs a contemporary record, "there is a great stir in Delhi on religious subjects"; and indeed there can be little doubt that an extraordinary wave of religious inquiry did sweep over North India in the early fifties. Pamphlet war was waged in Delhi, and the subject became the table-talk even of the Emperor Bahadur Shah, who sent for Ram Chandra and endeavoured to induce him to embrace Islam. The only recorded outcome of these palace visits was that "Ghulam Nisar, the son of the slave of the Emperor of Delhi, was brought with all his family to the Cross of Christ and freed from the bondage of sin".

¹ *Life of Ram Chandra*, by Rev. E. Jakub.



MIDGLEY JOHN JENNINGS, CHAPLAIN AT DELHI, FOUNDER OF THE MISSION.

The mental struggle through which Ram Chandra passed during this period is faithfully reflected in his journal. The following entry is typical of many others:—

“July, 1852. I, Ram Chandra, have cried and prayed to God my Saviour to make me an open Christian. . . . I am quite distracted how to do so. . . . The difficulty of marrying my daughters in Delhi troubles me greatly ; moreover, Dr. S —— had recommended me for a post in Calcutta with income sufficient, but when he heard of my turn towards Christianity he was quite against it. He wrote to me that I would become quite useless if I became a Christian . . . on the one hand are these terrible difficulties, and on the other I am hazarding my eternal salvation.”

All this time, though Ram Chandra had been regularly attending the services at St. James' Church, and often brought a friend and sat at the west end outside the dome, he had not as yet sought counsel with any European. In July, 1852, the final step was taken ; he and Chinman Lal, assistant surgeon in the Delhi hospital, who had in former years come under the influence of the great Scottish missionary, Mr. Duff, at Calcutta, gave in their names to the Rev. M. J. Jennings, the Station chaplain, and, on the 11th of that month, the birthday of the Delhi Mission, both men were received into the Church of Christ. We read that the announcement of their final intention “caused an excitement throughout the city greater than it was possible to imagine”. At the time of their baptism, St. James' Church was literally sur-

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rounded by natives and the greatest precautions had to be taken against the possibility of a riot; as a matter of fact "all behaved with the greatest decency and order".

It has more than once been pointed out that every advance of the Christian Church, so far as human insight can carry us, results from the prayers of some servant of Christ. So it is in the story of the origin of the Delhi Mission; for its real founder was not the Indian philosopher, but a chaplain of the East India Company, Midgely John Jennings.

Mr. Jennings was a Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge; in 1832 he had accepted an Indian chaplaincy, and, in spite of delicate health, the twenty-five years of his ministerial life were devoted, with only two breaks, to the work of keeping his fellow-countrymen in India in touch with God. More than this, he was one of that small body of chaplains of the Company who did much to foster missionary work at a time when Englishmen were much less sympathetic than they are to-day, and the missionaries were few and far between and often ill-equipped for their task. Not until 1851 was Mr. Jennings stationed at Delhi: yet the idea of a Mission in that city was to him no new one. Writing to his wife in 1857, a few days before his tragic death, he reminds her that "he came to Delhi with a single object in view, to get missionaries for the city". What a strong hold this had upon the mind of Mr. Jennings during the later years of his ministerial life is witnessed in the pages of his journal.

"I have learned one thing in my life," he writes, "that

it is not to great talent that success is always granted, but rather to steady perseverance after a worthy object. . . . If God grant grace on our efforts (in founding this Mission) there is no telling what may be the results hereafter."

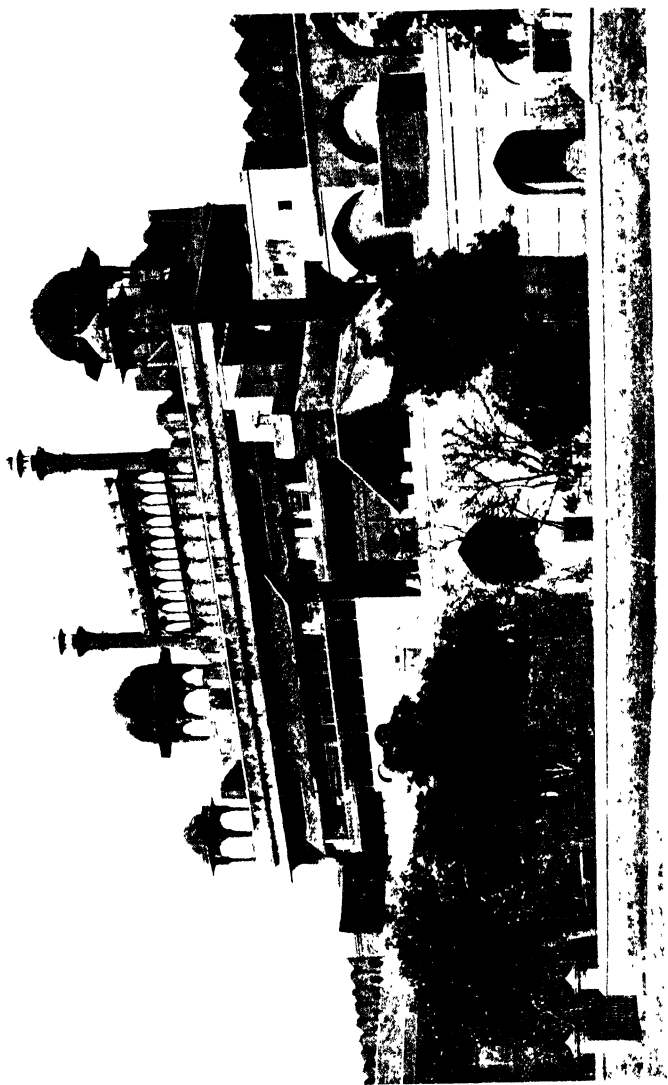
To Mr. Jennings then, the baptism of Ram Chandra and Chinman Lal came as a distinct sign of God's approval. "It was like God giving these men," he writes, "to our faith and prayers, to be offered to Him as the first fruits of a future harvest."

(Needless to say, on returning from baptism, Ram Chandra found that his wife and his brothers refused to see him; every door was closed against him; even his own servants came in a body and desired to leave his service; but these he reassured, quietly and tenderly, pointing out to them that there was no need for fear—he had no intention of changing his mode of life, "only he had accepted Christ as his Saviour". He continued to send a monthly allowance to his mother and to call on his old friends; and, steadily refusing to accept insult and ostracism, he gradually won his way back to a leading position among the citizens of Delhi. For nine years he had to wait before his wife joined him, but Ram Chandra stands out as a striking example of the fact which missionaries and converts would do well to bear in mind, that it is possible for an Indian Christian, by quiet perseverance and by consistency of life, to regain without the least compromise of faith a position of honour in the Hindu community.)

Mr. Jennings now felt justified in pressing his requests for help from England. The Mission had been

born, not in England but in Delhi, and Delhi had done her part by raising a sum of £1,500. To the appeal of Mr. Jennings the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel responded by voting the entire sum dedicated to India from the third Jubilee Fund of the Society, and in 1854 the Rev. Stuart Jackson, Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge, and his friend, the Rev. A. R. Hubbard, were sent out from home. Their arrival was followed by two years of quiet growth, and when, in September, 1856, the first report was published, the Mission had made remarkable progress. In addition to the two missionaries, the Committee now included seven chaplains, the Commandant of the Palace Guards (Captain Douglas), the Commissioner of Delhi (Mr. Simon Fraser) and three other members of the Government. It records, among other baptisms, that of the wife of Chinman Lal, who had remained faithful to her husband through these years of separation. Moreover, an extension of the Mission to Roorkee (a place 100 miles distant) was actually contemplated; the Home Society and the Bishop were being petitioned to this effect, and the Delhi Mission was ready to undertake its share of the expense. Schools were proposed, as subsidiary to missionary work, for European and Eurasian children, and a third—even a fourth—missionary was called for.

In view of such a report we are scarcely surprised to find the Bishop of Madras speaking of the Delhi Mission, not long before the outbreak of the Mutiny, as "one of the most hopeful and promising of our Indian Mission fields. The intelligent and well-in-



formed converts, . . . the superior nature of the school with its 120 boys, among the best I have visited in India, and the first-rate character for attainments and devotedness of the missionaries and schoolmasters, are making an impression which is moving the whole of that City of Kings."

(On 11th May, 1857, the great storm burst over Delhi, and during the following week every European man, woman and child found in the city was put to a horrible death) (Mr. Jackson had been compelled to return home earlier in the year, on account of his wife's health,) but Mr. Jennings and his daughter, Mr. Hubbard, Mr. Sandys and Mr. Koch, all met their death the day the mutineers entered the city. From one of the turrets over the palace-gate, Mr. Jennings had watched through glasses the troopers marching from Meerut. Captain Douglas was first murdered by the palace men who were not soldiers. They then murdered Mr. Jennings in the presence of his daughter, who pleaded in vain for his life, and finally murdered Miss Jennings, Miss Clifford and a married lady who was with them.

Early that morning Ram Chandra had heard rumours of what was impending, and went at once to see his friend Chinman Lal; they both knew that the time had come when they would be called to make good the confession of their faith, and they fortified themselves by prayer and Bible-reading. The mutineers, having killed all the Europeans they could find in the Daryaganj quarter of the city, came upon Chinman Lal, and killed him outside his dispensary, "because he

denied not that he was a Christian"). Of the death of Vilâyat Masih, the most prominent convert of the Baptist Mission, we have fuller details.

When the city fell, Vilâyat Masih called his family about him and said, "I am going to the Mission House to see what I can do to save the missionaries". He prayed with his family and then went out; his poor wife could not bear the thought of his going, so determined to follow him to see what would happen. As he passed through a bazar in the city, he was surrounded by four Mohammedan sepoy who knew him by name.

"Ali Vilâyat," they said, "we have you now just where we want you," and then drawing their swords they added, "now deny Jesus or die."

Vilâyat did not hesitate one moment, but, lifting his hand to heaven, he replied:—

"Deny Jesus? That I never will. Strike!" And they hacked him in pieces where he stood.

Others too were massacred, while a few escaped out of the city, but not one, so far as we know, denied the Faith. ♪

Ram Chandra's escape was due largely to the respect in which he was held; the mutineers sought for him, but some Hindu relatives had afforded him a hiding-place in the Zenana quarters of their house, and none betrayed him. There he remained for some days, in no little danger, and ultimately made his escape to a neighbouring village in the disguise of his Hindu cook. Being pursued, he fled to the jungle, and, after a month of adventure, at last reached the English

camp, where he remained until the re-capture of the city.

After some weeks of terrible suspense, the brief message was received in England: "The Delhi Mission has been completely swept away".

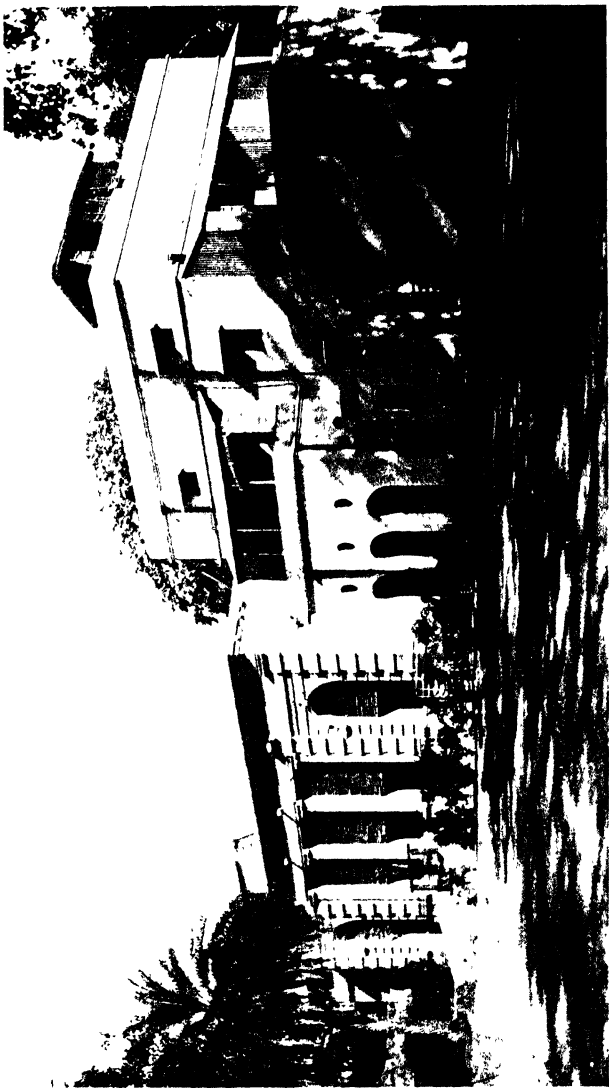
CHAPTER II.

THE REBUILDING.

THE visitor to the Church of St. James, at Delhi, can see the place outside the dome where Ram Chandra was wont to sit during the anxious months which preceded his baptism; he can also see a window inserted in memory of the chaplain; but of the horror of the days of the Mutiny few traces remain. Passing, however, through the churchyard, he would notice by the side of the path a great orb of hollow brass, surmounted by a cross, and the whole riddled with bullets. In 1857 that orb and cross formed the top piece of the dome; to the superstitious minds of the mutineers the sign was hateful, and its presence came to be regarded as of evil omen; again and again by volley-firing they strove to overthrow it, but the cross survived the storm.

So was it with the living Church of Christ—decimated by persecution, scattered and rendered shepherdless, it was not really “annihilated,” and this chapter records, not a new beginning, but rather the gathering and extending of the Church founded by Mr. Jennings and Mr. Hubbard—a Church stronger and more living now that it had received its baptism in blood.

(The news of the disaster was received by the Society
(12)



THE MISSION HOUSE, DELHI (FIRST OCCUPIED BY REV. J. SKELLION)

at home in a spirit of faith and courage. While the English press was crying out for vengeance and that Delhi might be blotted out, the Society was resolving—"God being its helper—to plant again the Cross of Christ in that city".) A special meeting was at once convened under the Archbishop¹; steps were considered "to prepare for a forward move"; the prayers of the whole Christian community were invited and an appeal was made for "clergymen and schoolmasters to go to Delhi". The advertisement has a strange look about it, issued, as it was, while the city of Delhi was still in the hands of the mutineers! But God did not disappoint His servants. Mr. Jackson had already been busy at his old University, and on 7th October, 1857, the day appointed as a "Fast for national humiliation on account of the Indian mutinies," Mr. Thomas Skelton, a Fellow of Queens' College, Cambridge, and now Prebendary of Lincoln, definitely offered himself for the work of restoring the Mission.)

At the Bishop's College, Calcutta, where he was obliged to wait for several months, Mr. Skelton found Sarfaraz Ali, a pupil of Ram Chandra at the old Delhi College, and one of the few Mohammedans who on the awful day of massacre had risked his life to hide away a family of Eurasians. Intercourse with Christians had awakened within this man a desire to become acquainted with their religion, and in due time Sarfaraz Ali was baptised and worked on the staff of the Delhi Mission until his death. †

(Mr. Jackson had given Mr. Skelton before leaving

¹ Archbishop Sumner of Canterbury.

England the names of four of the Delhi College students who seemed to have had leanings towards the Christian faith ; one of these four was Tara Chand, and, on arrival at Agra, Mr. Skelton found this student reading there for his degree, for the Delhi College had been suppressed. At Agra, Tara Chand had come under the influence of Mr. Valpy French, and, on the Sunday after Mr. Skelton's arrival, he made his open confession of faith and was baptised. Tara Chand is one of the few survivors of these days. After a course at Calcutta he took orders and worked, first at Delhi, and subsequently in charge of a congregation in Ajmere. He has given two daughters to the work of the Delhi Mission.

Thus Mr. Skelton "took courage and went forward". At Delhi itself Ram Chandra and the other survivors had already commenced work, and right warm was the welcome they extended to the English padre. "God has sent you to take care of us," wrote the widow of Chinman Lal in placing her carriage at the disposal of the new-comer. "We are yours and this carriage, too, it is not mine but yours."

In less than a week after Mr. Skelton's arrival, Ram Chandra brought the welcome news that a third pupil desired to come out for Christ and be baptised. This was Chandu Lal, perhaps the simplest and most lovable of them all. (In recalling the experience of these days, Chandu Lal tells how he and Tara Chand and some other pupils used to discuss with Ram Chandra why he had forsaken the religion of his ancestors and adopted an alien faith.

"This discussion," he writes, "we used to hold in the class during the time of teaching mathematics. We questioned him and he answered us. After some days' conversation I felt in my conscience that Master Ram Chandra's reasons were weighty. He then asked us to read the Gospel without arguing with him, and he gave us each a copy in English. I set to work to read St. Matthew's Gospel and by the time I had finished it, the moral grandeur and beauty of Christ's teaching, especially in the Sermon on the Mount, so transported me that I put this question : 'Should I not follow such an excellent teacher as Christ, whose like I have never seen or heard?' So I became a follower of Christ at heart. It took me several years, however, to take the bolder step of open confession.")

Chandu Lal met with great opposition at home, and, but for the grace of God and the sympathy of Dr. Balfour, the civil surgeon, and Ram Chandra, his faith had well-nigh failed him. "I shall ever esteem it a privilege," writes Canon Skelton, "to have had a share in the admission of these two high caste converts, Tara Chand and Chandu Lal, who continue to adorn the doctrine of Christ." +

The work of these first years was largely that of restarting institutions, selecting out of the confiscated properties of Mohammedan rebels and purchasing the house which still serves as the head-quarters of the Delhi Mission, and is excellently situated near the main street. The school also occupied a large share of attention ; it had already been re-opened under Ram Chandra, and its rapid growth necessitated constant

change of building until, even in Mr. Skelton's time, accommodation was found in the hired house where it still is, but which is utterly inadequate to meet its present needs.

In 1860 the Mission was strengthened by the arrival of Mr. R. Winter, and, on the appointment of Mr. Skelton three years later to Bishop's College, Calcutta, Mr. Winter took over the headship. Others, whose names should be associated with the building up of the Church during this period, are Mr. J. C. Whitley, who was afterwards transferred to Chhota Nagpur, of which district he became the first Bishop, and Mr. J. H. Crowfoot, the present Chancellor of Lincoln, who joined the Mission in 1867 and, though compelled by ill-health to return after four years, is still a Delhi worker.

(Before 1860 the missionaries commenced bazar or street preaching—a method of spreading the Faith which has often been adversely criticised. Has the street preaching of our Faith, it may be asked, any sanction in Scripture or in the early history of the Church? It leads, more often than not, to coarsest interruption and to blasphemy; its demand upon the powers of the preacher, physical, moral and spiritual is great. It has nevertheless been carried on in Delhi for forty years, because it has been felt that only in this way can the citizens of a great city, as they pass upon their daily work, ever hear the message of the Gospel. This preaching, moreover, has been productive of definite and visible results in the lives of several of the Christians of Delhi. (To-day in those same streets where once he reviled the Christ a convert from Moham-



ROBERT REYNOLDS WINTER, 1860-1891

medanism is proclaiming Him as the Saviour. If he were asked what first led to his change of faith, he would answer, "Bazar preaching, and the meekness, gentleness and fair-mindedness displayed by the preachers".

Thus the poor of Delhi have had the Gospel preached to them. The most remarkable feature, however, of those earlier years was the comparatively large number of converts called out from the higher castes. References have already been made to some of these, but no case is more striking than that of Pundit Janki Nath, whose story illustrates the difficulties which beset one of high caste who would publicly confess his faith.

Early in May, 1868, Janki Nath informed Tara Chand that after a long struggle he had resolved to offer himself for baptism, and shortly before the day fixed for the service he broke the news to his family. By every means within their reach his relatives determined to prevent such a disgrace. During the following three days over two hundred persons came to his house to persuade him to change his resolve, but in vain. His wife threatened to throw herself and her child into a well as soon as the baptism should have taken place, and the elder brother told Janki Nath that he would cut both his throat and his own. The threats seemed made in all sincerity and Janki Nath yielded so far as to agree to the postponement of the baptism. Attempts were then made to prevent all intercourse between the inquirer and the Mission, but Janki Nath managed to send word that his faith remained unshaken. He waited his opportunity and on Sunday,

October 4, without saying anything to his own people, was baptised at the evening service in the presence of the ordinary congregation. After baptism, he took supper with Chandu Lal and thus renounced his Brahmin caste for ever. Janki Nath had still, however, much to endure for Christ's sake. He ventured home, on receiving an assurance that he would be given personal liberty, but was no sooner there than he was kept in practical imprisonment. For three days no word of him was heard, and ugly rumours were abroad that he had been out of his mind when baptised, and that he was ill, and that he had renounced the Christian Faith. At last Tara Chand and Mr. Crowfoot felt bound to call at the house, and, after obtaining an entrance, they found him in a room full of people, lying on a bed heavily drugged. At the time they could do nothing, but shortly afterwards his brothers, fearing that their own caste might be compromised by his presence, cast Janki Nath out of the house. The poor wife tried for many days, by throwing dust over him and by other enchantments, to break the evil spell which, as she supposed, the missionaries had cast over her husband. It was only when he came out and publicly received confirmation that she lost hope and left him.

Janki Nath's own account of his life affords some insight into the mind of a cultured Indian Christian :¹ "I will ask you," he writes, "to condescend to travel with me in thought over the journey that I have taken. . . . Look at that bright spot a long way off where the road turns to the right. What is it? Can

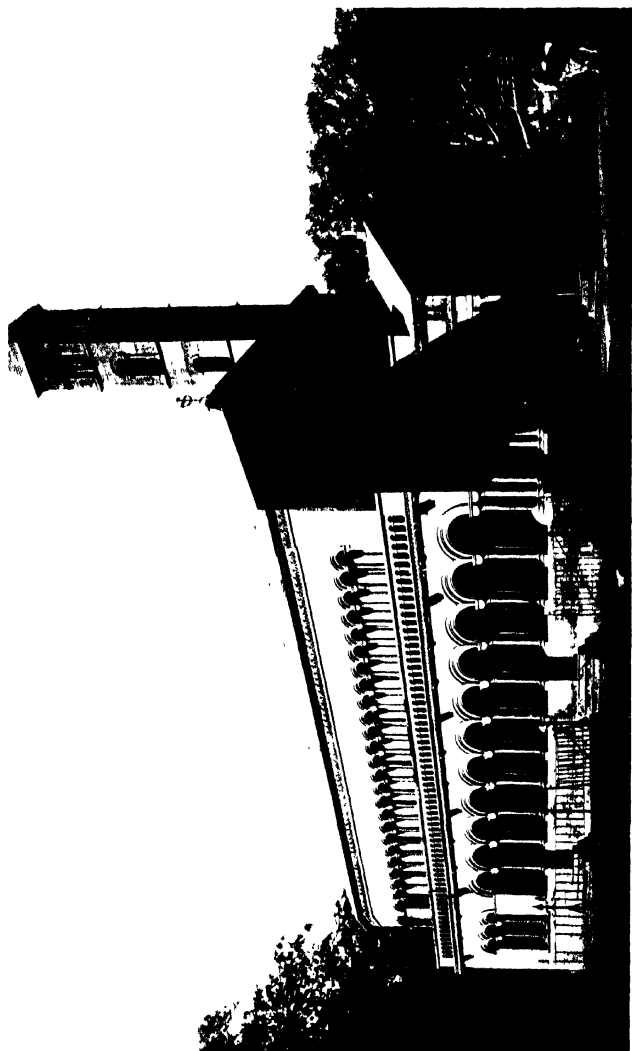
¹ See "From Brahma to Christ," *Delhi Mission News*, Jan., 1898.

you imagine? It is the gate which I passed through twenty-six years, five months and two days ago—the gate of baptism. It divides my life into two parts. I will give a short sketch of the first part. I was born in a Brahmin family which was much respected by the people and worshipped almost as divine. If judged by man's standard it was a very good family. I might have been proud had I the same mind now. One word suffices to show how I regard it. It was a *heathen* home. A heathen home is a whited sepulchre. In the eyes of man it may be respectable, pious, holy, but I have lived in it . . . inside there is corruption. My father-in-law, on the Holi Festival, told me to do a thing which I did at the time, but a voice within me told me it was wrong. . . . At the age of sixteen I had had little moral instruction. I did either what my relatives told me, or what my own evil heart prompted me to do . . . in several cases hardly half a dozen persons knew what I did wrong, and in thousands of cases only my God knew it besides myself. . . . In my case school life was a great help; I had learnt to read and when I found a St. Matthew's Gospel I became very fond of it. I also derived much information of Bible history from the Readers which were used in the class. When preparing for the entrance examination I formed friendship with a young M.A., who had been through the Mission School. About this time a friend of mine had to undergo a serious operation, and he died within a week. I thought, I might die, and if I die what answer shall I give to God for my sins? The Mission School friend took me to the

Rev. Tara Chand . . . thus I was led to inquire after the truth, and after three years' incessant search I came to the conclusion that there could be no salvation without the atonement of Christ. It is not easy to pass through the ordeal, but grace triumphed at last.

"After baptism I commenced my journey as a soldier. I believe my sins were forgiven but I did not become free from my sins all at once. I entered on a war, an incessant war waged within me day and night. For example I had to contend against one evil thought for seventeen and a half years. I remember the time, when I was standing on the roof of my house, one night the thought assailed me and I looked up to heaven and then and there I overcame it, by the grace that was at the time specially granted to me. In this journey I have been travelling with light for my feet. I have fallen into pitfalls often, but it has been by reason of neglect to observe some order or direction, not for want of light. I have now almost reached the top of Pisgah, whence I have the glimpses of heaven . . . I have yet many sins and I account for them in this way. I am like an earthen vessel in which something was kept for a number of years. The thing is poured out, but the smell remains, and not only its smell but a portion of the thing itself. The process of cleansing the vessel from inside is being carried on with the help of God the Holy Ghost.")

✧ The man who thus writes has for many years lived quietly in Delhi, spending much time in prayer and meditation, or, to use his own striking expression, "in



ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH.

conversation with the Beloved". Publicly he has continued to occupy the post, to which he was appointed by Mr. Winter, of head-master of the Mission School, and to occupy it blamelessly ; but we Western missionaries have yet to learn how best to get full value from this mystical, and, as we think, somewhat dreamy type of Eastern character. ✕

The missionaries during this period gave attention to the building of a Memorial Church in which native Christians could worship God in their own tongue.

Between the newly acquired Mission house and the main street of Delhi there lay a plot of ground at that time covered by small houses. This was secured, and on 27th March, 1865, the foundation stone of the new church was laid amid great rejoicing in the presence of a large number of Europeans and of native Christians, both of the Baptist and of our own Mission. The inscription placed under the stone was read by Captain Currie, who had been Commandant of the Palace Guards shortly before the outbreak of the Mutiny, and whose successor, Captain Douglas, had done much to help Mr. Jennings in his missionary schemes. The stone was laid by Dr. Cotton, Bishop of Calcutta, but, before the building was completed, Bishop Cotton had passed to his rest, and on 17th October, 1867, the church was consecrated by Bishop Milman "in the name of St. Stephen and as a Memorial of those of the Delhi Mission who laid down their lives in the Mutiny".

✕ To describe the building as Lombardo-Venetian in style conveys little to the mind of the reader ; the

illustration will help them more. The colonnade which runs along the sides of the church serves to keep it cool, while at the south-west end, the tall campanile, surmounted by a small cross, proclaims to all Delhi that Christ is worshipped as King.

At the west end are two fonts, one of the kind familiar to us, and the other for immersion in the shape of a coffin with the text written round it, "Ye are buried with Him by baptism into death, wherein also ye are risen with Him". It has always been felt that in the climate of India there is no reason why the normal rule of the Church in regard to baptism should not be observed, the more so as it removes a ground of offence to our brethren of the Baptist Mission. At the west door, behind the fonts, there is a large vestibule in which the heathen are allowed to stand, except during the celebration of the Holy Communion, and from which they can watch the Christians at prayer and so the Church has been enabled to bear her witness of worship—a witness no less effective to-day than on that day on which Ram Chandra sauntered into the English Church of St. James. †

(These years following on the Mutiny are devoid of stirring incidents, but it would be hard to name a period of greater importance in the story of the Mission. It marks the recovery of every branch of work started in the earlier days, the extension of the work in every direction, the raising up of a leader in the person of Mr. Robert Winter, the commencement of work amongst women, and, finally, the erection of a building calculated to aid in the development of the spiritual life



RAM CHANDRA.

of the native flock. The year 1867 saw the Mission in a position incomparably stronger than that which it occupied in 1857.

We are often reminded that the truest test to be applied to any man's work is the degree in which the work survives the withdrawal of the worker. That the Mission should so soon have recovered after its "complete extinction" speaks well for the wisdom and thoroughness with which the early pioneers laid their foundations.)

NOTE.—Ram Chandra died in Delhi in 1880. Speaking of his later years on the occasion of the Delhi Jubilee Mr. Allnutt said: "He was, in many ways, the most eminent Christian, certainly the most eminent lay Christian, whom the Punjab has yet produced. The influence which he exercised, especially during the latter years of his life, can hardly be exaggerated. His prime was largely spent in controversy with Mohammedans (in Hinduism, he once told me, he, though a Hindu by birth, felt no interest) and he was, as his opponents admitted, at once a fair and a redoubtable antagonist. A Kayasth by birth he had been excommunicated, as was inevitable at the time of his conversion. But gradually his consistent Christian life and his determination not to accept ostracism as debarring him from fellowship with his former caste fellows led to his gradually being, as far as the case permitted, received back into his caste, and I have been assured by his caste fellows that without compromising his position as a thorough Christian, he was at the time of his death virtually the head of his community in Delhi."

CHAPTER III.

THE CAMBRIDGE MISSION TO DELHI.

THE years from 1867 to 1877 were characterised by a remarkable movement towards the Christian Faith on the part of the Chamâr, or shoe-making community in Delhi. This movement was largely due to the organising power and personal energy of Mr. Winter, yet his very success gave rise at a later time to some of the gravest problems which the Delhi Mission has had to face. It will be convenient therefore to defer to a separate chapter a review and criticism of the Pastoral work of the Mission.

The year 1877, at which we take up our story, is memorable, not only because it marked the crisis of this movement among the Chamârs, but it was also the year in which the Mission from Cambridge arrived on the scene.

The Cambridge Mission to Delhi in 1877, like the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel Mission of 1854, owed its origin to the working of God's Spirit upon a variety of men, unlike in their gifts and opportunities, and like only in the open ear and the consecrated heart. Thomas Valpy French, Fellow of University College, Oxford, who had already seen



BROOK FOSS WESTCOTT, REGIUS PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY AT CAMBRIDGE,
1870-1890.

long service as a missionary in the Punjab, was at this time Rector of St. Ebbe's in Oxford, and Brooke Foss Westcott was Professor of Divinity at Cambridge. By different experiences these two men were led to the same conclusion that, in the words of Dr. Westcott, "the universities were providentially fitted to train men who shall interpret the faith of the West to the East and bring back to us new illustrations of the one infinite and eternal Gospel". Each man was to give proof of the sincerity of this belief; within a year Mr. French was chosen to be first Bishop of Lahore, and spent the rest of his life in the service of the Church in India, while Dr. Westcott gave no fewer than four sons to India, the youngest, Basil, destined to lay down his life in Delhi. But if to these teachers belongs the honour of a great idea, it was a younger man, Edward Bickersteth, a Fellow of Pembroke College, who translated what might have remained a splendid dream into actual fact.

Edward Bickersteth was born in 1850, his father, afterwards Bishop of Exeter, being then Vicar of Christ Church, Hampstead. At the Vicarage, the son had often met with Mr. French, while at the University he had come directly under the strong influence of Dr. Westcott. How much he owed to the influence of these older men and how much was the outcome of meditation and prayer we have no clear knowledge; certainly Edward Bickersteth made the idea of a Cambridge Brotherhood in India his own; the fact that with one exception the whole of the first six men who went out had been won by his own personal influence

testifies to his enthusiasm. In a paper read before the Cambridge Church Society in 1876, he summarised some of the advantages which would ensue from the proposed scheme. "The chief reason for the non-success of some Missions" he held to be "the occupation of immense regions in which the stations are placed at enormous distances apart, so as to be totally unable to exercise the smallest moral influence one upon another." A fundamental principle of permanent success is to occupy a limited tract of country and to endeavour to evangelise that. Close upon this concentration of energy would follow the securing of a tradition and continuity in work done, and the power of subdivision of labour; and most important in his estimation was the fact that with such a band of men opportunity would be given for united religious exercises. Without wishing for one moment to deny the special presence of God with the solitary worker in His cause, he held that "to most men no greater help could be given than such opportunity". It was striking to notice that even a St. Francis Xavier, after one of his great missionary journeys, refused to set forth again until he had time to recruit his spiritual force by staying awhile in the retreat of his college.

"Lastly," he said, "there will be the connection of the Mission with Cambridge. It will be something real and not merely sentimental for workers in a distant land, to feel that they have the sympathy and first claim upon the support of their University at home. It may be hoped with reason that for some years, until the time come that the whole be handed over to

Indian teachers and the Indian Church, such a Mission will secure a supply of University men. Substantial aid will be given by research carried on at home in our libraries and colleges, and such I believe may be unhesitatingly counted on. On the other hand, the missionaries may rightly claim the pleasure of knowing that they are, however inadequately, doing something towards performing one of the most sacred duties of their University."

After long and careful thought, Delhi was selected as the site of the Mission. The influence of Mr. French had naturally been cast in favour of the Punjab; the claims of Amritsar, Alwar and Multan were carefully weighed and finally put aside; for one thing the Church Missionary Society with which Mr. French had always been associated occupied these fields, and while heartily sympathising with the University movement, they were not prepared to accept what was then the novel idea of a Community Mission, called a "Brotherhood". Ultimately application was made to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, who welcomed the Cambridge scheme, and whose wider constitution enabled an arrangement to be made whereby the nomination of the missionaries was vested in a committee of Cambridge professors while the Society contributed grants in aid. Sir Bartle Frere, who had just returned from a tour through India in the suite of our present King Emperor, represented Delhi as being one of the most hopeful openings he had seen, and reported that Mr. and Mrs. Winter were "both much overtaxed". Meanwhile Mr. Winter, hearing of

the Cambridge proposal, had himself written to Bishop Johnson, the Metropolitan, who heartily advocated Delhi as a fitting centre for a University Mission. The Government College at Delhi had just been closed, "would the Cambridge Mission fill the gap? If they would do so, most of the young men in the city would pass under their influence." This suggestion was quite in accord with what had been considered the peculiar province of a University Mission—namely, "in addition to evangelistic labour, to afford means for the higher education of young Indian Christians, and through literary and other labours to reach the more thoughtful heathen".

Delhi therefore was chosen and though the Mission has not realised Sir Bartle Frere's expectation of being "a second Tinnevely," Cambridge has never had occasion to regret its choice.

On St. Andrew's Day, 1876, Bishop Lightfoot preaching on Hebrews xi. 8 : "Abraham the father of missionaries," concluded with a strong appeal to the University for support in the new venture, and on 30th October, 1877, Edward Bickersteth, accompanied by J. D. M. Murray, of St. John's College, left England ; we read that in the train between London and Dover the father engaged in prayer with his son and his companion, and it was then, in answer to Edward Bickersteth's request, that he chose the words *For My sake and the Gospel's* to be their guide and inspiration. The words have ever since been preserved as the motto of the Cambridge Mission ; they are printed in their original character on the first page of all its reports,



EDWARD BICKERSTETH, FIRST HEAD OF CAMBRIDGE MISSION

and they are cut into the coping stone of the grave of its first Head in the little village churchyard of Chisledon in Wiltshire.

“For My sake and the Gospel’s”—the words have formed the sufficient consolation for all, whether out in India, or at home, who have given up parent or child for the work of Christ in Delhi.

In the following year Mr. Murray was invalided up to Simla and ultimately was forced to return home, having been threatened by blindness, while Mr. and Mrs. Winter, after working for eleven years without furlough, had at last felt themselves free to go home. Consequently Mr. Bickersteth nearly found himself in the state, which it had been hoped a University Mission would render impossible, of “an overburdened missionary who bears alone the manifold cares of a whole station”. Help was given at this critical time by one not yet in Orders, who was afterwards to return and work till death as an honorary missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, one to whose love and gentleness students in Delhi owe much—“Alec” Maitland of Trinity College, Cambridge.

In 1878, Bickersteth was joined by the Rev. H. F. Blackett, Scholar of St. John’s College, and the Rev. H. C. Carlyon, Scholar of Sidney-Sussex College; and the arrival of the Rev. S. S. Allnutt, also a Scholar of St. John’s, and the Rev. G. A. Lefroy of Trinity College in the following year brought the Mission staff up to the number of six, as had been originally intended. “So had the Lord heard the prayers offered

up with fervent faith, and been pleased to send out in three successive years these men 'two and two before his face,' into the city whither He Himself would come."

(In 1882, Bickersteth was compelled to go home and, though his berth for the return passage was actually booked no fewer than three times, he was finally prevented from returning by the call to go out as Missionary Bishop to Japan. The headship of the Cambridge Brotherhood was taken over by Mr. Lefroy, and when in 1891 Mr. Winter died, literally worn out by thirty-five years' labour and increasing anxiety for the flock, the headship of the whole Mission was transferred to Mr. Lefroy and afterwards, on his appointment as Bishop of Lahore, in 1899, to Mr. Allnutt.)

The great gift which Edward Bickersteth bequeathed to the Delhi work was spiritual intensity; we shall see in another chapter how this was to show itself in the call on the native Church to more open confession of their faith and stricter rule of daily life.

"Results, as far as results are granted," he wrote, "will be in proportion, generally speaking, to the spiritual character of the agents. Increase your centre power, that is, be more filled with the Spirit . . . live more in the sense of the Unseen, let Christ dwell in your hearts through faith, and then by perhaps only two or three such agents more good might be done in a short while than by fifty ordinary Christians."

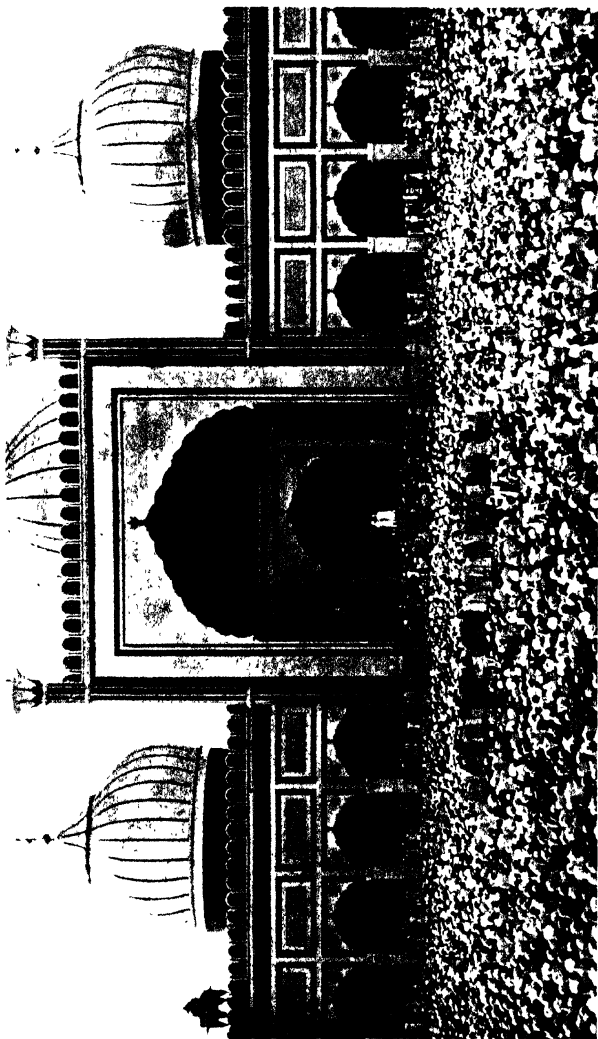
It is, however, in the life of the Brotherhood itself that the influence of Bickersteth has been most apparent and most lasting. He was wont to speak of "the Life and the Work," the phrase was constantly on

his lips. To him the order of the words meant much, for work must be the outcome of life. A visitor to Delhi recalls the impression made upon him one night in the hot weather by seeing "Bickersteth walking up and down the parapet seemingly praying over the city from a place where he could look down upon it". Bickersteth lifted the Delhi Brotherhood to a high level of consecration, and made the little chapel in the Mission House the centre of its life. There over the altar the great promise stands, "The Kingdom of this world is become the Kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ," and there day by day the brethren lay their joys and disappointments and hopes at the feet of God. To Bickersteth and his successors in the headship is also owing that splendid combination of a life, ordered by the very simplest rules, with completest freedom for the development of each man's individuality and entire absence of a vow or pledge of adherence for any given period. The note of "Brotherhood" is real; the members are indeed, in the words of the motto adopted by Bickersteth for a paper on the subject, "Fellow soldiers—Fellow workers—Fellow citizens"—each member adding something of his own to the fulness of the common life in Christ.

CHAPTER IV.

WORK AMONGST MOHAMMEDANS.

A UNIVERSITY Mission in Delhi, though primarily occupied with educational and pastoral work, could not well ignore the claim upon it of the Mohammedan world. Indeed no faith, except Judaism, has greater claim on the regard of Christendom than the faith of Islam, for none other approaches so nearly to it. If St. Paul turned first to the Jew, it might be expected that the missionary in India would turn first to the Mohammedan. The appeal might fail, as St. Paul's to a large extent failed, yet it should be made. And, as India is the key to the Mohammedan world, so Delhi is the key to the Mohammedanism of India; for Delhi, it could hardly be forgotten, was the ancient capital of one of the most splendid, if not the most powerful, of Mohammedan Empires, and it is to this day the object of deep Mohammedan sentiment. But how was the duty to be discharged? Bazar preaching offered some opening, but those of the better class, whom in particular the Cambridge men desired to reach, would not frequent such preachings, nor are the noise, and rough and tumble of the bazar in any way suited for controversy which requires sustained thought



JAMA MASJID DELHI

and must be largely of a technical nature. A better way was found, as often is the case when God leads, by what seemed at the time a mere accident. One evening, while Mr. Lefroy was preaching in the central bazar, there was occasion to look out the various, and, it was argued, the conflicting accounts of the crucifixion in the Gospels. The Mohammedan complained that he could not see for the badness of the light, to which Mr. Lefroy casually rejoined by asking why they could not meet under more suitable conditions. The unexpected result was an invitation to meet in one of the larger mosques in Delhi. The missionaries went, thinking to find some score of Mohammedan inquirers ; on the contrary, the mosque was packed with about 300, while at a table covered with copies of the Koran and other books of reference, sat about half a dozen Mohammedan maulvis. The meetings, thus commenced, continued for some time. A subject, such as the nature of sin, the path of Salvation, the Person of Christ, the Miracles of Christ and of Mohammed, would be agreed upon beforehand, and then for half an hour at a time the Mohammedan and the Christian would expound the doctrine of their respective faiths. In this way a door was opened for positive teaching before immense audiences, amounting at times to over a thousand, which showed remarkable attention and interest. The experience of these meetings determined the Mission to push on with the building of a preaching hall for which Mr. Bickersteth had in his day begun to raise money. In 1890 this hall was dedicated to the glory of God and

in memory of Edward Bickersteth. During the time of Mr. Lefroy's headship, except for periods of political excitement, when the Government would request the Mission to exercise an excessive caution, addresses were given at the Bickersteth Hall every Friday, Friday being chosen as the day on which all the mosque schools, where the theological students receive training, are closed and when the largest audiences can be reached.

No attempt was made at these meetings to arrive at any conclusion; the tribunal to which the Christian apologist again and again referred his opponents is that of their own conscience, which, if purified by an earnest will and humble prayer for guidance, would surely be enabled to know of the Doctrine whether it be of God. To what extent such appeal had effect will only be revealed at the Judgment Seat of Christ. That it has not altogether failed is manifest, and there are few things in the story of Delhi Christians more pathetic than the painful struggling into fuller light of now this and now that follower of the Prophet. One such example is the blind Mohammedan maulvi, Ahmad Masih.

This man had been for long a most determined opponent of the work in bazar and his violence had at one time been so great as nearly to call for police intervention. Latterly, however, he had been considerably quieter, and at that first meeting in the mosque to which allusion has been made, Ahmad Masih occupied the position of president or chairman. The Mohammedan controversialist having got into some

difficulty, this chairman, to the astonishment of all present, rose and said it was as well people should know that for some time past he had been thinking seriously on the Christian faith, and that if no more argument were forthcoming he would take the padre's hand and leave the mosque to become a Christian that night. A scene of intense excitement ensued, and after four exhausting hours the missionary was compelled to leave the hall alone.

Not long after this another incident occurred, unimportant in itself, but full of meaning in the land of India. While one of the maulvis was speaking, this blind man, who was as usual on the platform, leant forward and asked Mr. Lefroy to give him a glass of water. In Delhi, so tainted is Mohammedanism by Hindu ideas of caste, the action meant much and the man intended it to mean much; and when the water was fetched and, in the presence of hundreds assembled, Mr. Lefroy filled up the glass and handed it to him and he drank it off, there were many who regarded the act as an acceptance of the Christian faith. But the struggle was long and uncertain in its issue; one day the man would be opposing in bazar, though with none of the old heartiness or bite, and on the next day closeted for hours at the Mission house asking for baptism. At last the spiritual pressure became too much and Ahmad Masih claimed to make his confession of the faith on the next Friday at the Bickersteth Hall. It was arranged on the ground of personal safety that the matter should be kept quiet; his intention, however, became known throughout the city

and on Thursday night he found it needful to escape from the mosque and to take refuge in the Mission compound. On the Friday crowds began to gather round the preaching hall earlier than usual and when the Mission band, reinforced by one or two visitors from the Dublin Mission, brought down the blind maulvi, the pressure became very great.

Mr. Lefroy gave his lecture as advertised and all the time he was speaking a well-known Mohammedan preacher was declaiming fiercely from a mosque which stands on the opposite side of the street ; large crowds collected and excited parties kept entering and leaving the hall. The strain was very great for every one ; for the blind maulvi it proved too great, and, when at length he did stand up, he fenced about for a few minutes, asked some questions on the subject of the lecture, and then broke down, made a halting confession of the Mohammedan faith and was carried off in triumph. The man or woman who has faced in blind helplessness an angry Mohammedan crowd may be the first to cast a stone at him.

Next morning saw the poor man once again at the foot of the Cross, bewailing with tears his want of courage, and, after many months of probation, Ahmad Masih was baptised at the ordinary evening service in St. Stephen's Church. There was indeed another failure into which we need not enter ; enough has been said to give some idea of what it means for a Mohammedan of Delhi to confess Christ, and this Ahmad Masih has now done in the face of insult, and even of violence, for more than ten years.



GUL MAHOMED AND HIS CHILDREN.

the apostasy of a parent from the Mohammedan faith. The main features in their decision are of interest. For one thing, the court held that "the father has the same rights in regard to the custody of his children (that is, the right of 'supervision') as he would have, had he remained a Mohammedan". The question was then considered as to the *actual custody* of his children. This would by law belong to the grandmother in regard to a boy "up to the age of seven" (but the boy being over seven, the law could not apply to him) and in regard to the girl "up to the age of puberty". Custody of the girl therefore belonged to the grandmother, but on the grounds of *equity* the court decided that for the little girl to be brought up in a Mohammedan house by a Mohammedan grandmother and at the same time under the supervision of a Christian father, would be thoroughly unfair, and accordingly both children were handed over to the care of the father. This ruling is to all missionaries in India one of the most important given in modern times.

Gul Mahomed has gone to the St. John's Church Missionary Society's College at Lahore, where he is preparing for Holy Orders, and many will watch with prayerful interest his future ministry.

These cases illustrate some of the difficulties attending work among Mohammedans in North India; the main value, however, of this branch of the Delhi work is to be gauged, not so much by actual converts as by the better mutual understanding which has resulted from it, and the spirit of inquiry which has been roused. Mohammedans of Delhi know more now than

formerly of the life and work and person of Jesus Christ according to the Christian story; that is something gained; when we think of the deeply rooted prejudice against our Faith inherited from past ages, it seems much.

The work has in some degree been continued by Mr. Purton, Mr. Ghose, an Indian priest, and the blind maulvi, but it has not been found possible to carry on the campaign from the Bickersteth Hall with the same regularity and effectiveness as in the days of Lefroy.

Mohammedan work requires special study, and the spiritual strain of almost incessant controversy must needs be severe, yet it is sad and strange that more Cambridge men have not heard the call of God to glorify among Moslems the Name of His only begotten Son.

CHAPTER V.

PASTORAL WORK.

THE first Delhi missionaries had been charged to bear in mind that their great work was to be "the conversion of souls and the establishment of a Christian Church which may eventually be carried forward by the agency of a native ministry".

If the original memorandum setting forth the objects of the Cambridge Mission in 1877 laid special stress upon educational work, the educational work which it had in view was primarily that "of young Indian Christians and candidates for Holy Orders". Evangelisation, and the building up of the Church—this is the twofold duty of every mission, and Scripture gives emphasis to it under a variety of metaphors; the sword and the trowel are to be weapons in the hands of those who would raise the city of God; those whom the Lord Christ sends forth are to be not only "fishers of men" but to feed and tend the flock. Schools for Christian boys and Christian girls, the discipline, the organisation, the worship of the little church, these do not make exciting reading, yet on their efficiency depends the growth of Christian character, which is the one sure test of Christian work.

In the case of converts from the educated classes of the community the problems of pastoral care do not press so urgently, for among the student class the growing up into the character of Christ has been a long and steady process, the character of Christ is already known and recognised as something to be aimed at, as the standard by which the Christian will be judged, and baptism is but the final and hardest stage in a long journey. Among the uneducated classes, on the other hand, baptism is generally the first, and not necessarily a difficult step ; the hardest part of the Church's work in these cases begins only after baptism—the teaching in the Christian Faith, the building up in Christian character of those who already bear the Christian name.

If, however, the Christian missionary experiences his greatest difficulties on the pastoral side of his work, it is on that side that he receives the least intelligent sympathy from good people at home. The story we have to tell is a story alike of triumph and of failure, and, by God's great mercy, of strength gained through failure.

As far back as the early seventies it became apparent that the class which demanded Mr. Winter's special attention was the Chamârs, or leather workers in the various parts of Delhi. These Chamârs form one of the innumerable subdivisions of the Sudra, or lowest of the four great castes into which Hindu society is divided, and, seeing that their trade demands the constant handling of the skin of dead animals, they are regarded as unclean. In Delhi city the community

numbers some ten or twelve thousand, and forms about a fifteenth part of the population of the city ; they have their own rules and customs in regard to food and marriage, and, although they are an out-caste people, it does not follow that a Chamâr can easily break off from his "brotherhood". As regards religious belief these people are followers of certain prophets who arose in the sixteenth century and who seem to have combined the monotheism of Mohammedanism with the pantheism of Hinduism ; in practice, however, the Chamâr is generally an idolater ; a peculiar feature of his religion is the belief that without a Guru, or master, there is no salvation or knowledge of God.) This tenet renders the Chamâr easily liable to be led away by false teachers, though on the other hand it is of good service to the missionary, as he points to Christ as the true Guru.

Signs on the part of some of these people of a desire to attach themselves to Christianity were noticeable even before the Mutiny. On Mr. Skelton's arrival several families came under his instruction, while a considerable number joined the Baptist Mission. In 1873 some twenty-six were baptised. Chamâr schools were started, and Mr. Winter divided up the city into several districts or parishes, and over each of these he placed a native catechist or reader, and, where possible, a European missionary—an arrangement which has worked well and has come down to our own time. During the next few years there were signs of something like a mass movement ; within twelve months ninety persons had given in their names for baptism,

and in 1877, when Bishop Johnson, the Metropolitan of India, paid a farewell visit to Delhi, preparatory to the formation of a separate diocese of Lahore, over 200 Chamârs received confirmation in St. Stephen's. Altogether 800 were gathered into the Church.

We must fully recognise the fact that it was not the beauty and spirituality of the Christian faith which attracted these numbers to the Church ; it may indeed be questioned whether at any time, in any country, not excluding our own island, any general movement towards a faith has taken place amongst uneducated masses without the aid of some powerful secondary cause. The tyranny of caste people over poor degraded out-castes, the moral effect of a great famine, the desire for education and social advancement—we can trace these subsidiary causes at work in Delhi, as in many other places, in 1860 and again in 1877. It would be unfair to stigmatise these motives as altogether low and unworthy. The Christian Church in India, in contrast to Hindu Society, comes forward as the champion of the poor, the oppressed and the out-castes, and men judge Christianity by its fruits. Moreover, these causes, or most of them, are constantly at work in the various parts of India, yet the result is not always and everywhere the same ; “the Spirit bloweth where it listeth,” we hear the sound and see the results, and with gratitude we recognise the Divine working. From want of experience, however, mistakes were made.

St. Paul had permitted, it appears, a Christian man to remain with his “unbelieving wife,” “for the un-

believing wife is sanctified in the husband". It had been so in the case of Ram Chandra, of Chinman Lal and of others. What wonder, then, that Mr. Winter allowed the Chamârs to be received, trusting that eventually the heathen wife and children would accept the husband's faith. The mistake, as Mr. Winter acknowledges, was due to the fact that the missionary did not sufficiently grasp the enormous difference of life and social customs between the higher and lower castes; and the Chamârs themselves fostered the delusion. When asked why their women-folk did not come forward, the invariable reply was, "Oh, they will follow us; where we are, they are; they are more ignorant than we; have patience and they will come too". As a matter of fact the men seldom tried to influence the women at all; there was no deliberate insincerity in this, but a misconception of the nature of our Faith. In Hindu Society there are many recognised "paths of religion," and a man is at liberty to follow one or other of these "paths" without bringing his wife or children, and indeed without any interference whatever with the ordinary domestic and social customs of Hinduism. Christianity presented itself to the Chamârs as a particular "path" along which they were free to walk if so inclined—not as a distinct Faith and a separate Brotherhood.

The problem of how best to strengthen and develop character in a new-born Christian Church, difficult enough in itself, was thus rendered doubly so by the particular circumstances of these Delhi Chamâr converts.

Whether Mr. Winter was influenced by general theory or by the experience of other missions there is no evidence to show. The fact remains that he avoided any segregation and left these Chamârs entirely among their own people. It is fair to add that when the Cambridge Brotherhood joined Mr. Winter they at first heartily concurred in his policy, believing it to be, as in theory it is, the highest and the wisest. Under the teaching of sad experience the conviction had to be modified. Instead of being the leaven which should leaven the whole lump, these nominal Christians differed as a matter of fact in life and character but little from their heathen neighbours.

The more earnest among them were conscious of this, and themselves begged for some form of separation, and, for this and other reasons, a new system was introduced which continues down to the present time. There was no idea of taking the converts away from their trade or out of the city, or of forming a distinct Christian quarter; but a *Basti* or small collection of houses with an open courtyard in the middle, was acquired, and families of Christians were invited to take up their abode in it. The experiment was first tried in that part of the city where the work was strongest, namely, the Daryaganj district, and families were found prepared to accept the simple conditions which would at least mark them off as belonging to the Christian Brotherhood—to observe Sunday as a day of rest—to use Christian rites exclusively at times of birth, marriage and death—to abstain from the use of a certain degrading drug, similar in its effects to opium.

The effect of the experiment was soon apparent. On the one hand, the heathen Chamârs were not prepared to acquiesce in members of their own community thus breaking off the social bonds of intercourse, especially in the matter of the betrothal of children : and, on the other hand, the Christians felt that they were in a difficult position. They had advanced so far as to rouse the suspicion and the hostility of the heathen, yet they had not made such open and final severance from their old caste as would free them from its claims and secure them from the temptation of being invited to share in its idolatries and feasts. Questions of casuistry were constantly cropping up as to what was, or was not, consistent with the more distinctly Christian position. Each member was inclined to be liberal in the concessions which he made to himself and severe where his neighbour was concerned. Clearly this halting between two positions was unsatisfactory and the bickerings which resulted threatened the very life of the little community.

The solution of this problem came, by God's grace, from the people themselves. They felt that to go back would be to deny Christ and to expose themselves to the ridicule alike of Christian and of heathen ; they must take another step forward and clear themselves from all connection with the idolatries of their old brotherhood. The elders of the community must be convened and then, standing up before them, those who could choose Christ must "raise their hands," as the saying is, in token that now once for all they meant to be free to lead true Christian lives, and must



GEORGE ALFRED TITROY, FIRST HEAD OF COMBINED S.P.G. AND
CAMBRIDGE MISSION.

risk being called upon to sacrifice the privileges of caste membership which they and their forefathers had enjoyed. To do this required no little courage.

Through the long hours of a summer night in the year 1884 the great scene was enacted. The description of it given by Mr. Lefroy,¹ who was then in charge of the Daryaganj district, will enable the reader to understand what occurred.

"We got down to the Daryaganj Basti just before midnight, . . . there was no moon and the little courtyard was lighted only by 'glims' of the feeblest nature. We found that some two hundred of the Chamârs had already arrived and were sitting together, while the Christians were massed together a little apart."

There were, of course, as always in India, where time is of no consideration, various preliminaries to be gone through; and about 1-30 A.M. the business of the evening began in earnest.

"The first move was on the part of our catechist who gave a short *résumé* of the events which had led to the present meeting, and thanked them all for having responded to the summons, and then called on our Chaudri and the other men to do their part. This they did simply and well. Standing up they one after the other expressed their appreciation of the comfort which they had enjoyed and the consideration they had met with in their old connection, but regretted that they had now reached a point in their new life as Christians which made it impossible for them to continue on their old terms of fellowship, and they therefore wished to say that for the future, while they were, and

¹ See *Occasional Papers* of C. M. D., No. VII.

always would be, glad to reckon many individuals as personal friends, they would have nothing to do with the Chamâr Brotherhood as such; they would not recognise its authority or attend its meetings. So far all went smoothly, and this declaration was even received with favour as an outspoken frank confession which it well became them to make. . . . Then there was a lull and we waited anxiously to see what turn things would take; it was a question whether they would break up, leaving the step already taken to work its influence quietly and gradually, or whether they would proceed to sift out the Christians.

“It was interesting to watch the way in which decisions were gradually matured among them and then found expression. The whole process was essentially natural, and we enjoyed an insight into the internal workings of the Panchayat system of the country which does not fall to the lot of many Englishmen. As a rule, the presence of the latter gives a forced and artificial character to the entire proceedings of the meeting, but here, under the influence of strong feelings, they plainly forgot us—sitting as we were quietly in the darkness and somewhat to one side—and followed instinctively their wonted procedure. Silence would reign for a time, or silence only broken by the murmuring of low voices as all the heads clustered together in little knots, usually round some one more or less prominent person, and discussed the matter in dispute, then as opinions took clearer shape the voices rose to louder utterance till the comparative silence was succeeded, first by a buzz, and then by something like a roar. Everybody,

having found what he believed to be the true solution, hastened to convey it in no measured tones to his neighbour ; then again out of the uproar order once more evolved itself as some one of the more prominent personages, raising himself slightly on his hips or throwing himself forward on his knees, addressed by name some other notable and propounded his view of the right line of conduct to be pursued. Clearly the general feeling of the meeting was strongly in favour of 'sifting out the Christians,' the process to be performed by setting in the midst a pot of Ganges water (which takes the place of our Bible in an oath), and calling on all those who were supposed to be Christians to come forward and raise it to their foreheads in sign of worship, at the risk of being summarily ejected from the caste if they refused. One or two preliminary difficulties had first to be solved. In the first place it was a question who should call upon the Christians to stand forward ; ultimately it was decided that each headman of a district should call out one by one the names of those who lay within his jurisdiction. They next asked us to oblige them with a little Ganges water for the purpose of the test, to which we replied that the article being in no demand among us was unfortunately not to hand. A boy lifted a pot and disappeared, taking by a curious coincidence the direction of the nearest well, and in an incredibly short time for covering a distance of over forty miles re-appeared with the holy fluid !

"Now at last all was ready, and after a few minutes of anxious suspense, for there was no question that a

real crisis in the life of our little congregation had come, the calling out commenced. Designedly or otherwise it happened that the first five names called were those of men of very weak character, low esteem, and poor position among both their old and their new caste-fellows, and it was with less surprise than sorrow that we saw them one after the other step forward in obedience to the summons and raise the water to their heads. It was done rather amidst the half-suppressed jeers than the real approval of the Chamârs. On our part we made no sign, except that as each stepped forward I also advanced to the middle with a pencil and paper, and, as he lifted the water, wrote down the name as a formal recognition of his act. But this again was a process the reverse of speedy, and meantime there was a little bye-play going on near where we were sitting of the deepest interest, and on the result of which turned the real success or failure, from our point of view, of this part of the meeting. Among the men who had taken their place from the first as Christians there was a young fellow on whose line of conduct that of many others depended. He was a well-to-do and active man, much respected by all, Christians and Chamârs alike, a Chaudri, or headman, already in his own right, and with the prospect of a second chaudriship in reversion from his father. . . . Much then depended on him; and, while the case of the five men to whom I have already alluded was going forward, fitfully and tediously, vigorous efforts were being made by his old associates to withdraw him from the compromising position which he occupied. . . .

We first saw an old friend come and engage him in earnest conversation, evidently urging him to go over to the ranks of the Chamârs; and then, as he withdrew unsuccessful, his father himself got up and moved towards him. I could not resist the temptation of being present at the interview, and again quietly slipped into my previous place by his side. It was a moment not to be soon forgotten. Both of them were men of strong wills, and showed it in their faces; and as the father stooped down and looked his son full in the face for a few moments no word was exchanged. Then: 'What are you doing here?' 'In my place with the Christians.' 'Come with me at once.' 'I can't.' 'Take up the Ganges water.' 'Never.' That was all; and then, with a look of the deepest resentment, the father withdrew. To appreciate the effort this must have cost it should be remembered (in addition to what has been said above about his own personal position), how strong are the bonds of filial obedience in India, and how entirely the father looks to his son to keep up the fair name and inherit the privileges of the house.

This was the turning-point of the latter part of the night's business. Even now they hesitated to call upon him openly, and . . . when at last his name was called he stood up, and quietly and firmly said that while he had no wish to follow the lead of those who had separated themselves from the Chamâr brotherhood, on the other hand he was before all else a Christian, and Christian he would be, whether this should bring upon him exclusion from the caste or not. You may

imagine how happy and thankful we were to hear such open manly words. And behind him all the rest, who stood in a position of semidependence to him, being members of the clan of which he was by his old right Chaudri, stood firm. At 7.30 A.M. the meeting broke up, and we adjourned, with all the Christians present, to our little chapel near by for a short service, to which the events of the preceding night lent, as you will readily believe, a very special solemnity and meaning."

When a similar test had been applied by Chamâr groups in other districts with varying results, it became evident that action of a more general character than bringing discipline to bear upon a few open offenders was necessary. If the Church was to be a living body at all it must exercise the power which the Lord gave—to bind and to loose—the power to declare the conditions of membership in the Society of Christ. Under the guidance of the Bishop of Lahore, that great missionary, Dr. Valpy French, three points were ultimately laid down as the lowest standard possible for Church membership:—

1. That all Christians with unbaptised children bring them for baptism and put their wives under instruction with a view to baptism.
2. That they form betrothals for their children only among Christians.
3. That they attend no fairs or ceremonies in connection with idolatrous practices.

The final scene took place at a mass meeting, or Panchayat, of Christians, held in the compound of the

Mission House on 25th May, 1887. These conditions were formally sanctioned; all were called upon to submit, and the lapsed were given one more opportunity. That, too, as Mr. Allnutt writes, was a "memorable meeting, deeply solemnising and affecting". On the whole, however, the result was encouraging, and, though 290 out of the 990 which comprised the congregation had to be cut off from Church Communion that night—there was cause for rejoicing in the fact that so great a number stood firm, and deliberately chose Christ as their Master, knowing now what it meant to do so. It remained to labour both to win back the wanderers from the fold, and to maintain for the future, by strict discipline, the higher standard of life and morals which had been asserted.

Of late years there has been nothing resembling the general movement on the part of the Chamârs towards Christianity which marked the seventies, yet many, and latterly an increasing number, of those who had lapsed have sought re-admission into the Church; this has been done openly in the face of the congregation, and in cases where the child had been married or betrothed to a heathen, the parents have been required to bring forward the heathen partner for baptism or to break off the connection.

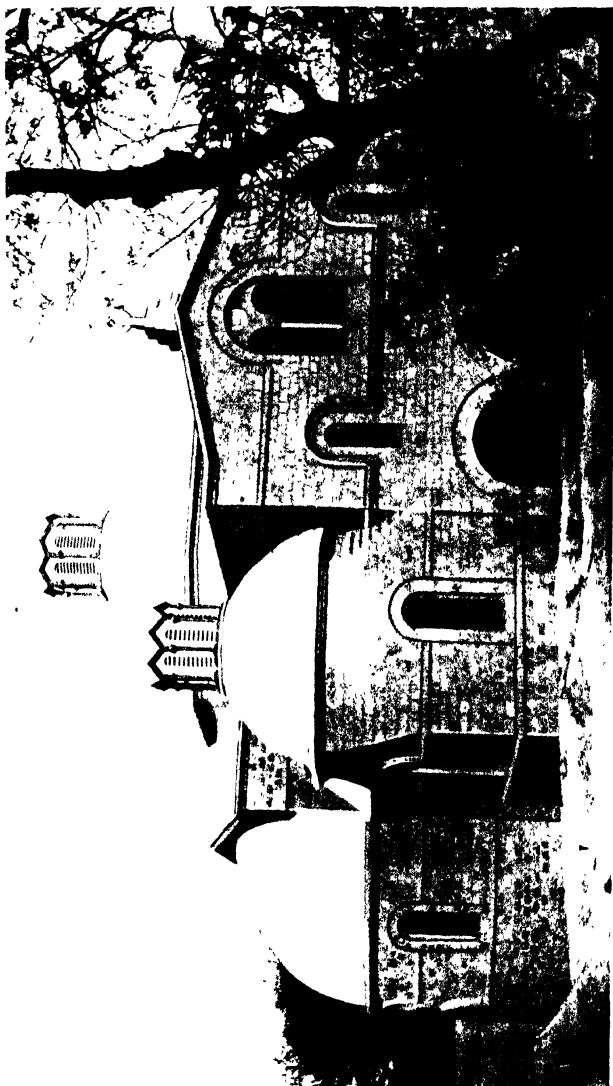
It may occur to the reader that in their prohibition both as regards mixed marriages and partaking of food offered to idols, the Delhi Church has failed to act in accordance with St. Paul's views as stated in his letter to the Corinthians. The fact, however, that, as the outcome of much prayer and the teaching of experience,

the missionaries, in apparent contradiction to Pauline practice, have been led to take a stricter view in the nineteenth century at Delhi, is a reminder that the Church of Christ is a living Church—living by the power of the presence of the Spirit of God, who, as need arises, will guide into truth.

The Basti system has now been adopted in all the districts under the care of the Mission. That is to say in each district the Mission has acquired land and on that land there is a community of houses. In these houses the Christians live, with a catechist or reader among them, who unites the functions of rent collector, basti-school master, and preacher. Attached to each basti is a schoolroom where services are held on Sundays and Thursdays.

The present Archbishop of Brisbane, in describing his recent visit to Kalan Masjid basti, which is under Mr. Allnutt's care says :¹ " The Mission room was a shed open on one side to the air. At one end was a table and a stool ; from a central beam hung a lantern, and that was all the furniture of the place ; for folk sit on the ground in India, and not many can read or write. We arrived as they were standing for the Creed. After that they squatted, about forty adults all told, swathed in their blankets ; while the catechist, a warm hearty man, gave a short address. To our right and centre as we faced them were the Christians, to the left, just inside, were the inquirers and heathen. After the address we all sat on while Mr. Allnutt chatted kindly to his flock, individually but publicly.

¹ *Delhi Mission News*, April, 1901.



HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, MATLANI AND MILMORTAL

For you do not observe ceremonies in a basti, and everybody knows everybody else's business. Alluding to something which had been said of temptation overcome, he pointed to a man, and calling him by name said, 'That is for you, you know; God can raise you out of that grievous sin and suffering of yours, and give you a new heart'. Before the whole congregation, conceive it in England! There could not be a more touching proof of the trust and affection of the people for their spiritual father. After all, twenty-three years' work has its visible rewards."

No one pretends that "the basti system" is a final or ideal solution of the difficult problem which has been set forth in this chapter, yet it seems to avoid the danger on the one hand of complete shelter under the wing of the Mission, and on the other hand of absolute isolation amidst surrounding heathenism.

In November, 1905, a great forward step was taken in the consecration of a second Indian church in the poorest district of Delhi. This building was erected as a memorial to Alec Maitland who had laid down his life in the Mission work in 1894, and it was consecrated by his own greatest friend, Dr. Lefroy, in the name of the Holy Trinity. The church is a beautiful building, Byzantine in style, and built of the blue granite of which the historic Ridge outside Delhi is composed, the capitals of the pillars and the mouldings of the windows are of red Agra sandstone and the general colour effect is good. At the time when the growth of work at Delhi necessitated the building of three new churches the Mission found in one of their

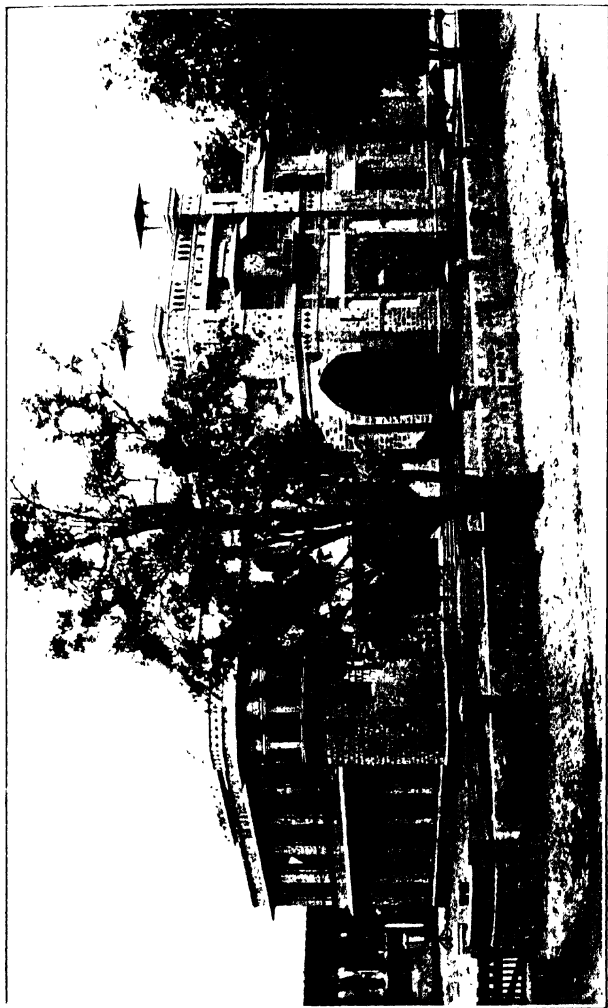
own number, Mr. Arthur Coore, an architect of remarkable power and insight. There are no seats in the nave, not even kneeling stools, only some plain cloths spread on the stone floor. The women sit apart by themselves, shrouded in their *chaddars*, or veils ; most of the congregation instead of kneeling up in Western fashion prostrate themselves in prayer. A recent visitor was especially struck by "the homely character" of the service and the absence of anything like stiffness or formality. "It would be wholesome," he writes, "if we could produce something of this feeling in our English congregations." It was an anxious question whether the three local basti congregations, each of which has hitherto had its own separate life and character, would respond to the opportunity of a larger and fuller life. On the whole the result has been encouraging, thanks in no small degree to the patience and tact of Mr. Kelley who was placed in charge of the new Church. In this connection the reader may wonder at the failure of the Mission to raise an Indian pastorate, and may ask whether in the early Church the same importance was attached to the intellectual equipment of its pastors as is done by our fathers in God to-day. In Delhi the men who have the moral worth to receive ordination lack the intellectual qualifications, and those who have the latter seem to lack the moral worth. At St. Stephen's Church, where the congregation is of somewhat higher social status, the plan has been adopted of holding from time to time what they happily call "a Season of Refreshment" for the deepening of the spiritual life of

the faithful. The Delhi Mission with all its failures has not been unmindful of the great truth that our Holy Faith is in its essence neither a philosophy nor a philanthropy, but a Life—the Life of Jesus Christ—and that Life will be unveiled to the peoples of India mainly through those Indians on whom His name is named.

CHAPTER VI.

EDUCATIONAL WORK.

INTO the question of the advisability, or otherwise, of having introduced a purely Western system of education into India we are not called to enter ; the credit or blame for that lies at the door of the Government and not of the missionaries. One point should, however, be made clear ; we have as a matter of fact educated an Eastern people in Western ideas of economics and of freedom for a period of seventy years ; we have trained a people, by temperament intensely religious, in arts and sciences which are destructive of the fundamental religious ideas of the Indian. Under these circumstances it is scarcely reasonable to express surprise that "unrest" should be a feature of our time. The Englishman can point with satisfaction to all that England has given to India—a noble civil service, blessings of peace and of justice, mitigation of the horrors of famine, railroads, canals and electric trams—and as he watches the increasing restlessness of the educated Indian, he may ask in all sincerity what it is that is amiss. Yet to the Indian the very question is offensive, and the reply comes from the heart—and an exceeding bitter cry it is—"Ye have taken away my priest, and the gods



COLLEGE BUILDING

wherein I trusted, what is this then that ye say unto me, what aileth thee ?”

In the story of the Delhi Mission we have to consider the part which educational institutions have played or are likely to play in the conversion of souls and the building up of the Church of Christ.

First, then, what is the educational work at Delhi. St. Stephen's College and St. Stephen's High School may be regarded as its most characteristic features.

In the original design of the Cambridge Mission, educational work had a prominent place, though no such institution as the existing college was then planned. It was supposed that there would be ample scope for educational work in the training of candidates for Holy Orders and in the superintendence of the studies of young Indian Christians, who, while receiving the greater part of their instruction in the Government College, which then existed, would reside in a hostel under the care of the Mission. There was other work, too, to be done, to which it was hoped that the Cambridge Mission would devote itself, such as the production of Christian books and the delivery of lectures designed to win the more thoughtful of the non-Christians.

Circumstances, however, caused this programme to be considerably modified. The Cambridge men found certain educational institutions already flourishing and more particularly the St. Stephen's High School. This school, it will be remembered, had been founded before the Mutiny by the Rev. M. J. Jennings, chaplain of Delhi, and had continued its excellent work, almost

without a break, up to the arrival of the Cambridge men in 1877. It was a large and important institution, consisting of one central school with several branch schools, and contained altogether about six hundred boys.) This central school was lodged in a hired house in the Chandni Chauk, the principal street of the city. The site was the best that could be found, but the building has proved unsuitable for its purpose. All the floor space has had to be utilised for classes, and it has been impossible to avoid noise and overcrowding. Even the structure is now unsafe, a fact which compelled attention one day when a piece of the roof fell down among the boys. An appeal has recently been sent out in order to raise a sufficient fund to secure a new building in thanksgiving for the restoration of the Mission after the Mutiny.

(In 1879 Mr. Winter handed over the charge of St. Stephen's High School to Mr. Bickersteth, and the carrying on of this work was the first distinctively educational undertaking of the Cambridge Mission. The school has continued up to the present time to be the leading school in Delhi; its numbers now stand at about seven hundred boys, of whom the great majority are Hindus.)

Among the branch or preparatory schools is one known as the St. Stephen's Christian Boarding School which is for children of the Indian Christians. This school has for many years occupied a fine building in the compound of the Mission House, and many of the boys in it—as in the corresponding school for girls—are maintained from England by parochial

branches of the children's guild of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, known as the "King's Messengers". This Christian school is an attempt to solve the problem which we have considered in regard to the pastoral care of the Indian Christians. It is not right that tiny Christian boys, say at the age of six, should be placed amongst hundreds of Hindus to face contempt and petty persecution, and be made familiar with the moral atmosphere of Indian Zenana life. On the other hand it is not wise that Christian boys should be altogether sheltered and prevented from bearing their witness to a pure life. St. Stephen's Christian Boarding School is of the nature of a compromise whereby the boy is separated until he has reached a certain standard and then is sent to the central school. Seeing that the Christian boys only number fifty or sixty, the large proportion of them who find their way into the school athletic teams is a witness to the value of the faith in the development of the whole boy.

The Cambridge Mission had not long undertaken the charge of St. Stephen's High School when a series of events led them to establish a college. The chief of these was the closing, on financial grounds, of the Government College in Delhi. The Bishop of Lahore, Dr. French, immediately urged the Cambridge Mission to step into the place thus made vacant. In India, in order to found a college, it is not necessary to start with large buildings and a full staff of lecturers. A college may be made to spring out of a high school by simply adding each year, for four years successively,

one new class leading up to the degree examinations of the university. This is possible in India, because the final examination which closes the high school curriculum is the university matriculation examination and the colleges attached to each university are not collected in one place, but may be situated anywhere in the province. Now, St. Stephen's School had, a long time before, obtained permission to open classes to train boys for the B.A. examination of the Calcutta University, but had never used the privilege. The way, therefore, was open, and the pupils were ready to hand. Accordingly, at the beginning of 1881, university classes were begun; and in this modest way St. Stephen's College commenced its existence.

Two years later the college classes had progressed so far that they were located in a hired house near to the school, and soon acquired a new dignity, for the University of the Punjab was created about this time, and St. Stephen's was one of three colleges attached to it. Our readers will easily understand, however, that for some years the Mission School and College were hardly recognised as separate institutions. Mr. Allnutt, to whom not only the college but the cause of higher education generally in the Punjab, owes much, continued to be principal of both for ten years, and only resigned the charge of the school when the erection of the present college buildings opened a new stage in its history.

The site which was chosen for these buildings was one of the finest that the city of Delhi could afford; it stands on one side of a huge open space,



CHRISTIAN BOYS' BOARDING SCHOOL.

opposite to St. James' Church, and just inside the famous Cashmir Gate by which the British army entered Delhi in September, 1857. For the design of the building the Cambridge Mission was indebted to the generosity of Sir Swinton Jacob. The style was one which was largely employed by the greatest of the Moghul emperors, and is known as the Moghul style of architecture. The beautiful grey granite quarried out of the famous Ridge, a low hill standing a mile away from Delhi, lends itself perfectly to this style; and the mass of grey colour is relieved by carved bands of the red stone for which Agra is famous. The foundation stone was laid by Sir Charles Elliott in June, 1890, and the building was finished in December, 1891. Experience has shown that the possession of so worthy a habitation has added greatly to the strength and stability of the college. Whereas in the years previous to the opening of this building the number of students was hardly ever above fifty, in the year after that event it rose to over seventy, a height which was maintained and exceeded in after years. During one period of its history the college had to face rivalry of a serious kind. Advantage was taken, by some leading citizens of Delhi, of the retirement, in 1899, of Mr. Allnutt, from the principalship, to establish a second college in the city under the name of the Hindu College. This institution was professedly founded on the principle of giving a university education at very low fees, far below those in St. Stephen's. It admitted a considerable number of students belonging to the Mission College, including some who

had found reason to dislike its discipline. The second principal of the Mission College, Mr. Wright, had to wage a constant warfare against acquiescence in a low standard. In the end, though unfortunately he did not live to see it, the cause for which he fought prevailed. The principles on which St. Stephen's was worked were justified. Its numbers rose once more ; and the college entered on the present year (1908) with one hundred and twenty students, the highest number ever recorded on its books.

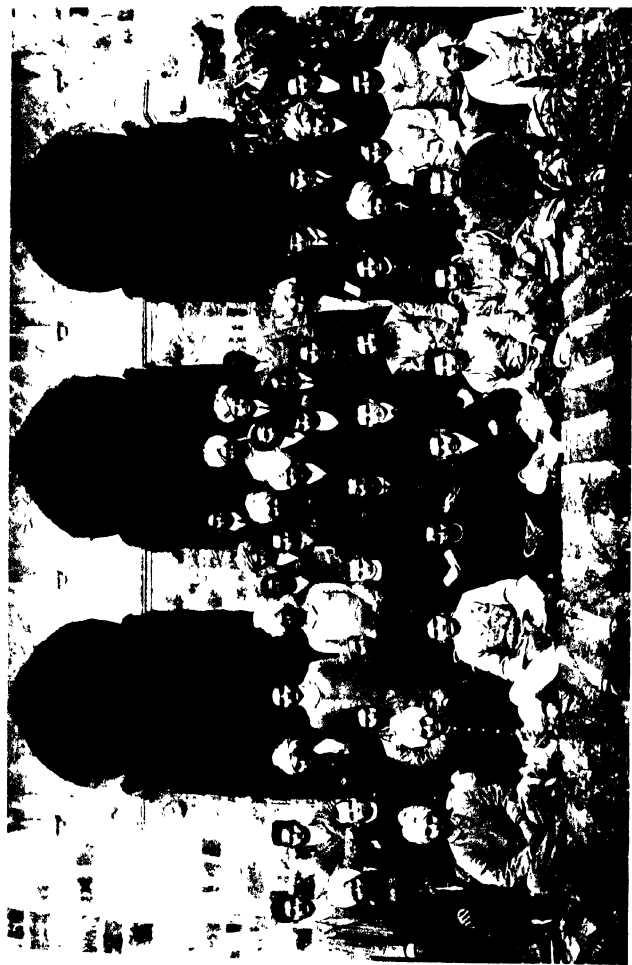
An important addition of recent years is the hostel, or boarding house, for resident students. The first portion of the hostel was erected at the same time as the new college buildings, on a piece of land at the side of the college but separated from it by a road. The front has a pleasing appearance. The material is the same as that of the college, but the red Agra stone is more visible. At the time of its erection it was supposed that only those who had no place to live in the city would care to submit themselves to the discipline of a boarding-house. For some years this proved to be the case, the boarders being all students from the country or from towns other than Delhi. Their numbers rarely exceeded a dozen. But in course of time the advantages of living at the hostel became more and more evident. The student who endeavours to pursue his studies beneath his father's roof labours under great difficulties. The tradition of most homes in Delhi is not on his side ; there is an initial difficulty experienced in getting a place quiet enough to read in, whereas the women

of the household, being in the majority of cases illiterate themselves, can scarcely be expected to understand the conditions which the son of the house requires for his pursuit of learning. In many cases claims are made upon the boy's time, in the service of the household, which are quite incompatible with his scholastic duties. Consequently the number of resident students has tended to increase and of late years about one student out of every three of the whole college has boarded in the hostel. When Mr. Wright died in the midst of his work in 1902, friends in India and in England raised sufficient money to make a substantial addition to meet the growing needs of the hostel. Such however has been the increase of students that the building is not yet large enough for present requirements ; and a further enlargement is being undertaken.

Up to the end of 1904 the relation of the Cambridge Mission to the college continued to be the same as it had been from the beginning. A certain number of the members of the Mission staff taught regularly in the college ; but they lived in the Mission House, which is some distance away. At the end of 1904, however, a portion of the Brotherhood, consisting of those who were professors in the college, took up residence in a house which was secured next to the college hostel. This step broke, indeed, the tradition which had hitherto been strictly maintained, that all the members of the Brotherhood in Delhi should live together, but it cannot be questioned that the change has done much to promote the interests of the college.

To commend the Christian Faith to the students of India something more is needed than lectures on Christian doctrine; a life lived with them is more persuasive than words preached to them. Moreover the closer fellowship with the staff of Indian Christian professors which has resulted from the move has been of even greater value than the increased facility of intercourse with the students. For example, one of the first outcomes of the change in residence was a common meal at which all Christian professors, both Indian and European, met every day. Those who have lived in India will know how rare such social intercourse is, how difficult it is to attain, and yet how supremely valuable.

One of the special objects in view at the commencement of the Cambridge Mission was the higher education of young Christians. Though it cannot be said that this work has had a conspicuous place, yet the possession of St. Stephen's College has enabled the Mission in some degree to carry out this intention. There is not, indeed, in Delhi or the neighbourhood, a great number of that class of Christians which desires a college education. Such as there are in other parts of the province are naturally attracted to Lahore by the advantages which that city, as the seat of government, offers. The proportion of Christian students at St. Stephen's College has rarely been higher than one tenth of the whole. Nevertheless, in several instances their quality has been such as to reflect credit on the college. On one occasion a Christian student of St. Stephen's was head of the whole province in



ST. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE BOARDERS.

the English M.A. examination. Another Christian student is now headmaster of the Baring High School at Batala, the leading school for Indian Christian boys in the Punjab. Another, Mr. Ghose, has for some years been working as an ordained missionary in Delhi and is a professor in the college. These and other instances could be brought forward to show the value of St. Stephen's as a training place for the service of the Christian Church.

In endeavouring to estimate the missionary influence of this branch of work, it must be recognised that the influence has to be brought to bear upon students of very different religions, and who take up very different attitudes towards Christianity. There is an immense difference between the faith of the Hindu and of the Mohammedan ; and among the members themselves of these two great groups, especially among the Hindus, there are many shades of opinion. Some are orthodox, that is conservatives and sticklers for old customs and beliefs ; others are largely Anglicised in their practices and opinions. Again there are great differences in their previous knowledge of Christianity. Some have come from the Mission School and have already had years of instruction in the Bible and in our Faith ; others receive their first introduction to Christian teaching when they enter the college. Consequently it is easier to quote particular instances than to speak in general terms of the religious influence of the educational work of the Mission.

These are a few general statements, however, which may be offered on the testimony of those who have

given themselves to this work. ' One is that the daily study of our Faith in the lecture room bears fruit in many cases, in growing reverence for the Person of Christ, and serious consideration of Christianity whereas a large number of Hindu students have never made a deep study of their own ancestral faith, and are generally unaware of the sharp contrasts which exist between the two religions. Again, it is noticed that as the students advance in their College career they relax more and more those rigid rules about eating and drinking which tend to form a barrier between one class and another, and especially between Indian and European. To those who have never been in India it may seem a small matter that by the time a student has reached his third or fourth year he has generally overcome his reluctance to eat outside his own caste, so far as to partake of certain kinds of refreshments provided by his European professors and served on their plates, yet those who know the country will understand how great a change this betokens. The climax of the happy relations produced by this relaxation of the old rule is reached at the annual reunion of old students of the college, when all the invited guests, Christians, Hindus and Mohammedans, will be found sitting down together at the same tables and partaking of the same food, demanding as a concession to the old-fashioned ideas no more than that the food shall have been placed on the tables in the first instance by a Hindu.

Our readers will be more interested, however, in cases where definite religious convictions have been

the result of the teaching given in St. Stephen's. From the beginning of the college up to the present time not one student has actually been baptised. A number have professed, and apparently with sincerity, conviction of the truth of the Christian religion. But it is impossible to be quite satisfied with the reality of such conviction in the case of any person who does not come forward for baptism, for in India, in a quite special degree, baptism is the supreme test of a man's sincerity. The Hindu religion is so elastic and vague in its doctrinal profession, that there is almost no article of belief which a Hindu might not hold and yet remain, in the fullest sense, a Hindu. To be baptised cuts a man off, once for all, from his old religion; and baptism is therefore regarded on both sides as the one act whereby a man ceases to be a Hindu and begins to be a Christian.

There have been, however, among the students of the school and college, at least two cases, in which conversion appeared to be so real that nothing but death prevented the full consummation of the work of grace. In the first of these cases the death was surrounded by a mystery which was never cleared up. A boy of about seventeen had given unusually clear evidence of sincerity, and had announced his intention to be baptised; three days afterwards he was found dead in his bed. It was not disputed that he had been poisoned with opium. The theory that he had administered it with his own hand served to close the official inquiry, which could not have led to any certain result. But he may well be numbered

among those who have confessed their Lord by death as well as in life.

The other story is sadder. A Hindu student of the college had been regular in reading the Bible privately with Mr. Allnutt, and had displayed remarkable earnestness in his inquiry into the claims of Christianity. At the end of his second year he expressed his settled desire to become a Christian. There were, however, two difficulties in his case, difficulties which confront a large number of Indian students who have leanings towards Christianity. The first was the fact that the moment he was baptised he would be cast out of his father's house and thrown destitute upon the world. It would be impossible for the Mission to let him starve, yet it would be undesirable to induce young men to believe that by submission to baptism, they became sure of employment or support. The only solution appeared to be to urge the man to secure a post with a regular income and then come forward to be baptised. The other difficulty was due to the fact that, like most other Hindu students at college, he was already married. By Hindu law, the moment that he was baptised, his wife would become a widow and be subject to all the hardships which widowhood entails on a Hindu woman. The only escape from this situation would be to induce her to become a Christian with him. The wife was not, however, at that time with him, but in her father's house, and it was not in his power to bring her to his own house.

The first attempt to secure the man's wife failed through the opposition of the astrologers. He was then



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H. C. CARLYON,

W. S. KELLEY,

urged to be baptised without her, but refused. Next his father died and confession of faith in Christ became easier. Moreover, a second attempt to bring his wife home succeeded ; and she began to be regularly taught by Christian women. Once more, therefore, he was urged to confess Christ in baptism and put his trust in God ; and once more he shrank back.

A few months only elapsed and he returned to the Mission. This time the hand of death was upon him, for he was ill with consumption. He said that he had no peace and longed to die a Christian. He came to stay in the Mission compound ; and as he seemed to the doctor to have a few weeks to live, he began to be prepared for baptism. Four days later he suddenly died, still unbaptised.

This is not, however, the only kind of tangible result which educational work produces. The progress of the Kingdom of God has been likened to leaven as well as to the mustard seed. A few examples of such wider influence may be given. A Hindu boy in the school, belonging to the Kayastha caste, announced that he would not attend the marriage of his sister, if one of the objectionable "náches," which are a feature of such occasions, was to accompany the ceremony. His elders refused to make the concession he asked for, and the boy, with some like-minded companions, stayed away. Again, on an occasion when discipline had to be exercised in the college on a certain number of students who had all alike been guilty in a matter which could not for some time be unravelled, one of the offenders made a voluntary confession, and showed signs of real

repentance. This was regarded as a remarkable thing for a non-christian to do. On another occasion a student of the college refused to allow his own marriage to take place until he had taken his degree, and when the ceremony was performed, he declined to have any of the usual idolatrous accompaniments. Other such examples might be given to show that the college and school exercise an influence for righteousness upon those who are not yet named by the name of Christ.

Before closing this account of the educational work of the Cambridge Mission, a few words may be said in regard to its future prospects. The college has risen from a modest beginning and has now attained an important place in the Province and University of the Punjab, whereas owing to the untiring efforts of its first principal it is now lodged in a worthy home. An event has recently taken place which proves that the college has taken root in the country and which augurs well for the future. The principalship has been committed into the hands of the man who for years was the leading Indian professor in the college, Mr. S. K. Rudra. This step has already been justified by the sequel, as the number of students has never been so large as it now is, nor has the college ever stood higher in public esteem.

But we cannot be content with this, the question we desire to answer is: What place is St. Stephen's College to take in the evangelisation of India? Such a question can admit of no immediate answer. "Elias must needs first come"—and that is true of the presentation of the Saviour to every heart and every

nation. Where there is no sense of sin there can hardly be any desire for, still less any realisation of, a Saviour. This "sense of sin," is absent in the average student of India, both Hindu and Mohammedan; his self-satisfaction is profound. It is just at this point that our Mission schools and colleges afford such a splendid preparation for the Gospel. The boy who from the age of seven up to the age of seventeen has had set before him daily, at Mission school or college, the life and teaching of Jesus of Nazareth, possesses an ideal; and knows that he falls far short of attaining to that ideal. Moreover, it is true not only of the students of Delhi, but of a great number throughout India, that their standard of ethics is the teaching of Jesus Christ. The Indian National Congress opens with prayer which, except in name, is Christian.

The end of all missionary work is surely the building up of the character of Christ in India; conversion and the forgiveness of sins in baptism are needful steps, but these come in some cases at the end—as in others at the commencement—of a long process of growth.

"There was a noise and behold an earthquake, and the bones came together, bone to his bone. And I beheld, and lo, there were sinews upon them and flesh came up and skin covered them above; but—there was no breath in them." Such is the state of educated India to-day. Educated India, the Bishop of Lahore has told us, is "waiting for something". Is that "something" a more earnest obedience to the word of God? "Prophesy unto the Wind, prophesy, son of man, and say to the Wind, Thus saith the Lord God :

Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live."

To this end we pray and work, and sooner than we expect will the Spirit move over the great mass of Indian students, and they shall "stand upon their feet an exceeding great army" of our Lord and His Christ.



I. SANDFORD, 1892.

V. C. MATLAND, 1894.

I. C. L. THONGLER, 1898.

CHAPTER VII.

DISTRICT WORK.

THE district which has been allotted to the Delhi Mission to evangelise contains over three millions of people. The city of Delhi contains only two hundred thousand, so it is obvious that, if city and country were to be treated alike, the responsibilities of the missionaries towards the district outside Delhi would be far greater than those towards the city itself. Circumstances have ordained, however, that the Gospel in India should be preached first of all in the cities and afterwards in the villages, and indeed the example of St. Paul himself can be quoted for this plan of concentrating in the large centres of population. Nevertheless, the Delhi Mission has not altogether forgotten the masses living on the lands outside the towns of the Mission district, nor its duty to give to these also the message of Salvation.

The villages of the South Punjab are inhabited by a number of separate tribes and castes. As a rule the agricultural members of any particular village belong mainly to only one of these classes. Thus the cultivators in one village will be Mohammedans, in another Jāts, and so on. The Hindu agricultural population around Delhi belong principally to the castes known

as Jāts, Gujars, and Ahirs. These castes are regarded as equal, as the visitor may discover from the fact that the members of all three will drink water from each other's hands. Their customs, however, and their characters differ to a considerable degree, some villages of the Gujars, for instance, having an unenviable reputation for cattle-lifting and other forms of robbery. These races, though now completely Hinduised, are not of the same stock as the Hindus proper ; and their origin is a much-debated question among ethnologists.

A village does not contain exclusively one class of persons. Where the cultivators are Hindus, it will have its Brahmans, or priests, and in all cases it must have its Banias, or merchants. Without these the farmer could not find the cash to pay his land tax at the time of harvest, or to buy grain at the time of sowing. In some parts the Brahmans are found in such large numbers that they are themselves cultivators of the soil. Every village will contain, moreover, representatives of other castes, engaged in menial occupations, while in many of the villages near Delhi, Chamārs, or shoemakers, closely akin to those who make up so large a part of the Church in Delhi, are found in considerable numbers.

The Jāts are the predominant race in the greater part of the area in which the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and Cambridge Mission work. They are a race whom to see is to respect. They are physically sturdy and well-built, hardy from being exposed to the sun, handsome in countenance, frank and open in manner, with the air of men capable of

meeting anybody on equal terms, yet with a native politeness most engaging to the English visitor. Their courage is well-known and they furnish some of the best regiments of the Indian army. Even their crimes may be said to bear witness to their virtues; for the charge brought against the Jāts is, that the districts where they predominate yield a large percentage of crimes of violence and of murders arising out of blood-feuds.

On the other hand, they are an ignorant people; and their ignorance makes them the easy prey of the money-lending Banias, and in matters relating to morals the slaves of the Brahmans. It cannot be said that the Jāts are a religious race. Though, like other Indians, they are ready to talk, at any time, on the profoundest mysteries of our being, their religious duties sit lightly upon them, and their attitude towards their idols is one of naïve irreverence. Towards their own spiritual guides, the Brahmans, their behaviour is not much better, and yet, in spiritual things, the Jāt remains in bondage to these teachers whom he derides.

Work amongst the Jāts commenced early in the days of the Mission. The plan of campaign is simple; the missionary goes round from village to village, taking tents and camping for a few days in any village where favourable results seem likely to ensue. This, however, is a form of missionary work which can only be carried on in the cold season, for, during the hot weather, it is impossible to live in tents. On such tours the missionary will sometimes meet with striking experiences. The following incident, which we give

in the words of Mr. Allnutt, illustrates one aspect of the religious life of the country-folk of India.

"As I was on my way home from visiting a neighbouring village, I saw a strange and moving spectacle. In the distance there came in sight what seemed a prostrate body in the middle of the road. On coming nearer I found that it was the form of a woman, slowly crawling along, and measuring her length on the road as she went. I drew up as I came up to her and began to question her. She told me she was a Brahman woman, the wife of a man who was about a hundred yards behind her on the road. She had journeyed in this way from a far-distant village in the North-West Provinces and was on the way to the Jarvâla-Mukhi (fire mouth), a celebrated place of pilgrimage in the Kangra district, at the foot of the Himalayas. Altogether her pilgrimage could not be less than 500 miles, and that at a rate, she told me, of about two miles a day! I had often heard of this method of performing a pilgrimage, but, as it was the first time I had ever witnessed the sight, I could not fail to be very much affected by it. Poor thing, her arms and legs which were quite bare, were worn hard and leathery by the constant rubbing along the roads. I asked her why she was undertaking all this pain and toil. She replied again and again, clasping her hands upwards, 'Uska darshan' ('To see Him'). To gain salvation by so doing? 'No, only to see Him.' Oh, the pity and pathos of it! What a wealth of devotion displayed, and so largely (though who could dare to say entirely) thrown away! All she

would be able to see with her outward eyes when she reached her destination would be the flame of ignited gas, which superstition makes people believe to be the Divine exhalation of the god Agni (fire)."¹

When the missionary is visiting in the larger villages—and this he is able to do in the hotter weather—he will make his way to the Chaupāl, which the reader may compare to “The Ten Bells” or “The George and Dragon” of an English village; where each group of men sits round its large pipe or hookah.

In the Chaupāl the village politics or the latest scandal will form the chief topic of discussion, or some soldier on leave will tell tales of the wonders of far-off lands. When the missionary “padre sahib” arrives, he is almost invariably made welcome by these kindly Jāts, while the local politician, generally of the younger generation, may heckle him on the latest cause of discontent, or the origin of sin, or the reason why we allow one court of justice to overthrow the verdict of another court, or why the English eat beef, or he will talk of the golden age in the past, which the seniors know well enough never existed.

If the missionary wants an opening he will speak on varying forms of religion, and ask what it is the English worship. The commonest answer heard in the villages round Delhi is that the English worship nothing, or this will be corrected by some soldier or Government servant to the effect that the English worship the sun, for are not the courts closed on Sunday, and is not that day observed in various ways? Mr. Carlyon has more than once been told that the English worship

¹ *Delhi Mission News*, January, 1897.

the engine, for have they not bound the earth dragon with iron bands, and does not the engine wait before entering the station until the signal has done poojah! Strange and amusing would such answers be if they were not eloquent of the inadequacy of the witness of the British Rāj during more than half a century to the faith of Christ.

Superficial as this work of ours must be in the many villages of the Delhi district, it is encouraging to find how far the slight personal touch does go. The Bishop of Lahore, as he visits along the frontier, finds among his escort a Jāt of the Delhi district who talks of the *Padré Sahib*; while Mr. Arthur French, now working in Natal, recognises among the Indian coolies several Jāt faces, and finds that they too will speak with affection of Mr. Carlyon.

Why is it that the Mission cries in vain for the men to take up this kind of work? They do not need to be men of intellectual power, but men strong in body, quick in sympathy, not wanting in humour, men—to quote the phrase of an African—"with the Light upon their faces"; there are many such if they would but hear.

This work of itineration among the Jāts was for some years carried on from Delhi. It was soon felt, however, that it would be more effectively done if the Mission were to have a fixed centre somewhere in the midst of the district in which the Jāts chiefly lived. Accordingly, a branch of the Cambridge Mission, to consist ultimately of three men, was projected at Rohtak, a town of some importance in the right posi-



MAIN STREET OF KARNAL.

tion for such a purpose. The lack of missionaries in Delhi, however, was such that it was not until 1895 that Mr. Carlyon, who had been foremost in urging upon the Cambridge Committee the importance of establishing this Branch Mission, and who had asked to be allowed to devote himself to it, could be spared for the work. An unused female hospital was secured and altered sufficiently to form a residence. A chapel for the Hindustani Christian congregation of Rohtak, attached to the house, was constructed, and opened for use at Easter 1895. Since that date the spiritual needs of the Christians of Rohtak have been continuously supplied. It is sad, however, to record that the number of the Cambridge band has never been large enough to spare the three men intended for this Mission; and often, especially since 1900, when Fred Thonger laid down his life in this village work, the post has been occupied by a solitary missionary.

Though there has been no lack of devotion on the part of those who have held this outpost of the Church, the particular class for whom the Mission was designed has not yielded a large number of converts. Those who know the Jāts best do not expect that, in the early stages of the work, individual conversions will occur frequently. The force of character which a man in such a community must have, in order to become a Christian, is hardly to be expected on a large scale. Rather it is anticipated that when the work reaches a certain stage, conversions will take place in groups, as has been the case with other castes and in other parts of India. And it is for this con-

summation that the little band of workers at Rohtak is hoping and praying.

The first fruits of this race have already been gathered in. So far as is known, Mr. Crowfoot was the first to receive a Jāt into the Church, while in the early seventies, a Jāt fakīr, Jumna Das by name, was baptised by Padré Jakub, an Indian clergyman. Jumna Das was remarkable for his knowledge of the Bible, and until his death in 1898 he bore quiet and consistent witness to the faith in his native village. Again in 1884 another leading Jāt, belonging to a village near Rohtak, was baptised, at the cost of being immediately turned out; he afterwards took service under the Mission as a reader.

Among the Jāt Christians at the present time perhaps the most remarkable is one, Nigaiyur, a farmer and an important man in his village. He was baptised by Mr. Carlyon in 1896, and his baptism made a great stir in the community. Unhappily, he did not at once give up his caste notions sufficiently to eat with the Christians. This no doubt lessened his difficulties, but it made it impossible for him to enter on the fulness of the Christian life; for a man could not come forward for confirmation, unless he was prepared to partake with the Christians of the Holy Communion. His general influence for good, however, has been great, and he has helped the work of the Mission in various ways, and has of late taken a bolder stand among his fellow Jāts as a Christian.

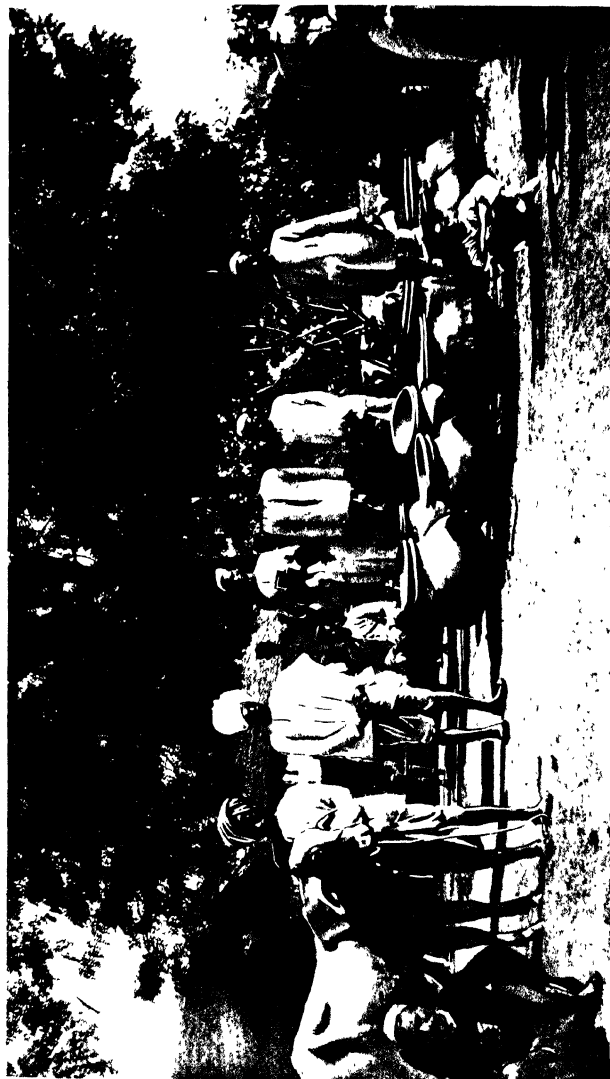
Rohtak has been spoken of as a place where a congregation and mission organisation have grown up

to a large extent through a deliberate effort to make it a centre for the evangelisation of the villages. The same might be said of several other towns in the South Punjab which fall within the scope of work of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and Cambridge Mission. There are, in fact, four of these country centres, Rohtak, Karnal, Riwari and Gurgaon. Each of them has a congregation of between fifty and a hundred Christians; each has its Church and its staff of Indian workers. The congregation at Gurgaon, a village twenty miles south of Delhi, consists to a large extent of boys belonging to the Industrial School, which is situated there. The school contains about forty boarders who are taught shoemaking, tailoring and carpentry. The girls at the industrial school in Delhi do the ornamental work on the "uppers" of the native shoes and these are sent down to be made into shoes by the boys at Gurgaon. In addition to the pupils there are ten former pupils who work all day in the workshop executing orders which are received by the Mission. The other three have developed into typical Mission stations, similar to though on a smaller scale than the Mission at Delhi. The fine church at Riwari is a monument of the labours of the Rev. T. Williams, who was in charge of this station for many years, until his death in 1900. The Church of the Ascension at Karnal was one of the three churches consecrated within three days by the present bishop in 1906, and designed by Mr. Coore. As with the new church in Delhi, so with this one, there is nothing in it which will get dirty or shabby, or want constant repairing or paint-

ing, everything is, in that expressive Hindustani word, "pucca," and the church should look as tidy and clean in a hundred years' time as it does to-day. Riwari and Karnal are occupied by missionaries of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and not by those of the Cambridge Mission, and each of them has at least one priest. During the winter the men at these centres endeavour to preach the Gospel in the numerous villages around, exactly as has been described above in the case of Rohtak.

In the district round Delhi, as in Delhi itself, the greatest success of the Mission has been amongst the Chamârs, the caste of leather workers. Many of these live in the villages, working at their trade and bringing the shoes into the market at Delhi. In the villages they also perform menial services, and, in return, enjoy certain privileges and a recognised place in the village system. As a rule they live by themselves in a particular quarter of the village ; for they are despised by the Jāts and other landowners, and their long continued state of subjection has left its mark upon the class and gives them a character which compares unfavourably with that of their sturdy and more independent neighbours.

One of these settlements of Christian Chamârs is deserving of attention. Five miles beyond the Kutab Minar, the great tower familiar to visitors, lies an insignificant village called Fatehpur. Many years ago the Gospel message was received with unusual eagerness by the Chamârs of this place. As years went on, it was found possible to secure a piece of land at one



PREPARATIONS FOR LEAVE AFTER CONSECRATION OF TATHPUK CHURCH, 1905.

end of the village, on which to build a Christian settlement. There are now a dozen houses, each with its Christian family enclosed by a wall which separates them from their heathen neighbours. Within the enclosure is the school ; and outside on another small plot of land stands the Church of St. Paul, a solidly built structure, capable of holding more than its present Christian congregation ; this building was consecrated in 1906. Most of the wood-work belonged to a small chapel which had been erected by the Bishop of Calcutta as a witness to the Christian faith at the Delhi Durbar of 1903, and after the Durbar it was presented to the Mission and transported to Fatehpur. For the rest, it is creditable that 300 rupees was raised by these Chamârs who can often barely keep body and soul together.

There is, however, a special feature in regard to this Christian settlement. The Chamârs at Fatehpur, besides working at their trade of shoe-making, are also tillers of the soil. In former years they were not recognised as owners of the lands they cultivated ; but when they had brought their plots of ground to some degree of cultivation, by the peculiar laws of the agricultural villages, their neighbours, the Gujars, who alone were recognised as owners, could turn them off and compel them to begin again on less desirable portions of ground. To obviate this injustice, attempts were made by the Mission to acquire a piece of arable land, which the Christians could cultivate as tenants, with the prospective right of purchasing the plots they should occupy. The legal difficulties were many, but,

after negotiations extending over many years, the Mission secured a hundred acres of ground, and became landlords to the Christian agriculturists of Fatehpur. In seasons when there is not much to do in the fields, the Chamârs can work at their shoes, while their earnings make them to some extent independent of bad harvests and also give them a good chance of ultimately purchasing their cultivated plots and becoming landowners.

This Christian settlement at Fatehpur is one of the bright spots of the District work. It has been fortunate in having been under the direction of a Christian native who though he is not even possessed of the intellectual qualifications for teaching a school, has none the less been a true shepherd to his little flock. His sterling character has made him respected by those under his charge, and he is held in esteem by his non-Christian neighbours.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WOMEN OF DELHI.

IN the account which has been given of missionary work in Delhi, there has hardly been a mention of its women. In the history of no other Mission would it have been equally possible to write so much of a city and its evangelisation with nothing but a passing allusion to half its population. The women of Delhi—where are they? What does the silence mean? The answer lies in the well-known term “Purdah”. The meaning of “purdah” is “curtain”; we are familiar with Bishop Montgomery’s simile of the veiled Christ walking in the streets of Delhi, waiting for human hands to remove the covering that He may be seen by His Eastern brothers. May we not say that the curtain which shrouds their homes is the veil that shrouds Him from His sisters? Enter the house of a Mohammedan gentleman—in the outer part are the men’s quarters, the occupants of which are engaged with their daily duties and recreations, or are entertaining their friends, nor is there any lack of life and interest. But there is no atmosphere of home in the place, no wife or daughter to be seen. If you are a man this is all that you will ever be permitted to see

of your friend's life. But if you are a woman you may go further, and gain a glimpse of the other side of the family. If you make your way to the women's quarter, the Zenana, you will find it shut off by a doorway over which hangs the "purdah," which is usually a piece of heavy sacking. It looks harmless enough, that ragged dusty strip, but what does it represent to those doomed all their lives, as their name, "purdah nashin," denotes, to "sit behind the curtain"? An impassable barrier, shutting them out from health, interest and occupation, from work and pleasure, education and enjoyment, and from nearly everything that goes to make up the joy of living. No woman's hand may push aside the veil and pass out to see the beauty of the world and feel her kinship with God's creatures; on a few rare occasions, such as a marriage or great family function, she may be swathed in a thick sheet, the "burkha," seated in a closely covered sedan chair or carriage, and conveyed to a friend's house, but not until she is safely inside the precincts of the Zenana may she remove her covering. She then finds herself in surroundings almost identical with those of her own house. No man may set foot beyond the purdah, except a husband, father or some near relation, or occasionally a servant. When, as often happens, many sons bring their wives to live under the one parental roof, the advent of the husband is the signal for the sisters-in-law to scatter. It is counted a sin for Mohammedan men or women to see each other's face, if they be not included in the narrow bonds of relationship laid down by their religious code.

The result of all this is a race of women physically weak and undeveloped, a prey to tuberculosis and to many nervous maladies. Mentally stunted, incapable of application or reasoning powers, they live out their colourless lives. They do not feel their loss, or want to be free, because they have no conception of what freedom is. Only now and again does the advent of some "free" woman, such as the Zenana missionary, bring a wistful look into their eyes. "How different you are, if only we could be like you!" are expressions often heard. But the results of the system are not merely monotonous and joyless lives. The pious Mohammedan says that the seclusion of Islam's women has been ordered by the Prophet in order to keep them pure and innocent. Does that curtain avail to keep out the devil? Ask the Zenana teacher. She will tell you that the greater part of the day is spent not merely in useless chatter, but in quarrelling, slander and intrigue. Ask the doctor. She replies that some of the weariest hours of the week are spent in Zenanas, watching deterioration, physical, mental and spiritual, from childhood upwards; listening to talk that even from baby lips is often tainted with impurity. Hear the testimony of sons from such houses. "The worst evil I ever learnt was at my mother's knee. Purity is unknown and impossible in a Mohammedan house."

Women are not admitted to the public worship in the mosques, and are given little encouragement to practise religion in their own homes. The Koran teaches the Mohammedan to look forward to having the society of his wives on earth replaced in heaven

by the companionship and service of the celestial "houris". Mohammedan women find it difficult to say what they can look forward to in the future state. They have not even any assurance that their prayers here are ever heard by the God to whom they are offered. Nevertheless, they are more devout than the men, more regular in their stated prayers, and they keep the many fast days with rigorous austerity.

It is a dark picture but it is not altogether without sunshine. Thank God, human life is never entirely devoid of this. Flowers force their way through the chinks in the stones of prison courts. These prisoners of Delhi are loving and lovable, capable of great endurance, of passionate devotion to husband and child; they can display a spirituality, a power of prayer, a living faith in the God of whom they know so little that puts Christians to shame. If only they had the chance, how they would develop!

We have spoken of the Mohammedan Zenanas, for it is there that the seclusion of women is carried out to its full extent. The "Purdah System" is of Mohammedan origin; but it has been adopted in large measure by the Hindus, specially by those of the richer classes in Delhi. But it is never carried out by them to the extent observed by strict Mohammedans. Among Hindu women social intercourse is limited to women of their own caste and clan, but the many domestic and religious festivities of Hindu households afford opportunity for much friendly intercourse. Beside this house to house visiting women are, as a rule, allowed to go out of doors to attend worship in

the temples, shrines and places of pilgrimage. Bathing plays a prominent part in all religious ceremonial. There are daily ritual ablutions in the house, and in the bitterest days of the Punjab winter you will find the women shivering in the flimsiest of cotton raiment. Then there are numberless pilgrimages to the sacred rivers and springs, to the Jumna, or to the celebrated Tanks of Thanesar. On many days in the month the Chandni Chowk is thronged before dawn with women on their way to bathe in the Jumna. They troop along in gay noisy crowds, chanting the monotonous refrains of the particular god whose worship they are about to celebrate.

Though she may not be bound tightly by "purdah," there are other chains, equally galling, for the Hindu woman. To begin with, it is reckoned a misfortune, a sign of the gods' disfavour, to be a woman at all. The Hindu boy in his morning prayer returns thanks that he was not born a woman. The girl gives thanks that the gods have made her what she is. It is a well-known fact, that to have many girls in a family is considered a serious trial for the parents. When a boy-child is born there are rejoicings and merriment in the household. If a girl is born all is quiet, a message is taken to the father that "nothing has been born". This however must not be looked upon to mean that girls are disliked; the disaster is a financial one. The father is bound to provide each daughter with a suitable husband in marriage before she reaches her teens; wedding ceremonies involve such heavy expense that for a man who is not rich the possession

of several daughters mean financial ruin. Not to marry them means disgrace and ostracism from his caste; to do so involves him in debts that a lifetime may not suffice to repay. Little wonder that the third or fourth daughter in a family is often named "Manbhari" *i.e.*, "The heart is full".

From birth onwards religious custom and caste rules hem her in on all sides, and cause untold misery. Religion rules the Hindu woman's life, down to its most minute details. Eating, sleeping, clothing, each act of daily life is governed by ceremonial law. Few in any class of society have an intelligent knowledge of their faith. The religion of the vast majority resolves itself into a slavish adherence to the minutiae of ceremonial, and a blind dread of evil spirits. The fear of these latter is all-pervading and seems to obliterate any sense of the higher Deity who works for good. To cheat or evade the demons, is the main object of worship. It is a common thing for women to allow themselves or their children to sicken and die from diseases in themselves curable, which they regard as the result of "the Evil Eye," and therefore as hopeless. Often the efforts of the doctors are unavailing to persuade them to submit to the simplest treatment. "How can you resist evil spirits?" they say, "it is our fate; there is no help." The times that press most heavily of all are those of sickness and child-birth. Then there are the evils of child-marriage and its outcome, child-widowhood. They are not so intense in the Punjab as in some other parts of India, but they exist and produce grave results. It is needless to

dwell on them here ; physical suffering, weakened constitutions, terrible mortality. It is a common thing for the girl-mothers to lose the first two or three of their offspring at birth or soon after. As regards child-widows, though not often subjected to the hardships and privations common in other districts, they have nevertheless the dreary prospect of a life devoid of all the joys that go to make up women's life. Perhaps sadder still is the lot of the childless wife, who is scorned and despised and is liable at any moment to be superseded by another wife, or to be turned adrift into the world.

We lay stress on the dark side of the life of the Indian women, not so much because of its darkness, as for the cause of its darkness. The most far-reaching evils which she suffers from, are those brought about by religious belief. "Why suffer so needlessly?" asks the white woman of her dark-skinned sister. "It must be, it is our religion," is her reply. Further argument is useless. With weary monotony the one answer is reiterated: "I have spoken, it must be, it is our religion".

The moral is this. Help must reach India through the Christian Faith. Unless we can attack the root of the matter, and supplant a false religion by the true, any attempt to alleviate misery, or remedy the evils, will end in failure. Christ alone can save India.

CHAPTER IX.

ZENANA WORK.

OF all the different ways in which missionary work is being carried on among Indian women none is so familiar by name to English readers as "Zenana Work". It is doubtful, however, whether this term is generally understood by those who use it.

The Zenana, as we have already seen, is the women's part of the house which in both Hindu and Moham-
medan dwellings is separate from that in which the men live. Here will be found women of all ages together with numerous children. This is explained by the custom according to which a son, on his marriage, instead of setting up a separate establishment, brings his little wife to his father's house where together with his brothers' wives and his young unmarried sisters, they are ruled, often with a rod of iron, by the mother-in-law. They are here closely secluded and forbidden by the iron law of custom to leave the house except very occasionally and then closely shrouded in the inevitable "burkha" or carried in a vehicle with curtains drawn all round. What sort of life do these women live? What are their hopes and fears and pleasures? And how is the good news of a higher and purer life and more perfect happiness to be brought to them?

In the villages and among the hill tribes the life of the people is rough and arduous but it is more healthy and natural than in the crowded and dirty Zenana, where idleness reigns supreme and where the family life is arbitrarily divided by the separation between the men and the women of the household. Here however kind or affectionate the husband may be, the idea of any sharing by his wife in the outside interests or pleasures of his life never occurs. At the best she is to him only like a child to be played with or decked with jewels, but never to be thought of as a help-meet. A wife may never pronounce her husband's name or sit down to share a meal with him. A few years ago a member of the St. Stephen's community in Delhi was reading with her "Munshi," teacher of the language, a story which contained an account of a Christian family in which father, mother and children lived together in peace and unbroken harmony. The Munshi, a recent convert from Mohammedanism, anxious to bring forward the best characteristics of those who since his change of faith had indignantly cast him off and disowned him, laid down the book. "Ah!" he said, "that description is of Paradise, such a home could not exist in this world." "What do you mean?" inquired his pupil. "I am glad to say that I know many such, indeed I might say that it is a true description of what my own home was." "Well," was the reply, "that could not be in this country. I had a good wife and was more fortunate than many, but if you go into any family among our people you will find only quarrels, jealousies, gossip and idleness, whether they be

rich or poor." It was a sad but true picture. The pupil of this maulvi was then in charge of one of the branch houses of the Delhi Mission. His amazement at learning that she was responsible for feeding, clothing and superintending a household of nearly fifty souls was only equalled by his surprise when, as they read the Gospels together, he asked for the explanation of some difficulty, and on receiving it said, "Just to think that I am learning from a woman! If any one had told me such a thing, I should not have believed it."

But if there is little mutual companionship in the home life there is often real affection between parents and children; though little attempt is made to train the children for the duties of life, the link between parents and children is often closer than that between husband and wife. "He will see his own child crying for food and eat it all himself," said a miserable wife of her selfish husband, "and it is not likely he will trouble about a stranger like me!" The thought of the English teacher having left her home and associations and come across the "Kala Pani" (the black water) for their sakes sometimes appeals to them more than anything else. The question is not unfrequently asked: "Have you not a father and mother and brothers and sisters in England? Then why did you come here and leave them all?"

The saddest feature of family life is the practice of child marriage with its consequence of early widowhood. This is the darkest blot in Indian home life and one which only an educated and enlightened public opinion



PRISCILLA WINTER, 1860-1882.

can remove. Much has been said and written on this subject ; and in other parts of India the cruel customs by which the lot of a widow is made so bitter press more heavily than in Delhi. But at the best the life to which the widow, who is often only a child, is condemned is one which must arouse feelings of pity and indignation. She is doomed to a life of perpetual hardship, and looked upon with scorn by all the other members of the household—for is it not clear that it is through some fault of hers that this calamity has come upon them? Scanty food, rough clothes, frequent fasts, and exclusion from all occasion for merriment or rejoicing in the family circle, are the life-long portion of the little widow to whom remarriage is strictly forbidden, and who became a widow at such a tender age that she could hardly understand the blow that fell upon her. What mother in this country can think without emotion of such a fate befalling one of her own little girls? Yet there are in India millions of widows, and, though many of the educated Hindus condemn this terrible tyranny, custom in this most conservative of lands is against their desire for change and it is a brave man who can withstand it.

Let us now glance at the beginnings of Zenana Work in Delhi. In 1862 Mrs. Winter, whose name must be for ever associated with the commencement and growth of this undertaking, began her work in Delhi. Having first turned her attention to schools, in 1863 she introduced the Zenana system. Workers were sought for at first among Anglo-Indians and others already in the country, and were trained by

Mrs. Winter for their work. In 1869 the foundation stone was laid of St. Stephen's Home, which was to be the head-quarters of these workers, and in 1871 the Home was opened. Soon workers began to be sought for in England and by degrees the work has grown to its present proportions. At first the teachers found it difficult to win an entrance to the Zenanas. Suspicion and apathy barred the way, whilst few of the inmates wished to learn, and though the visits of an English lady were found to be a welcome interruption to the monotony and dulness of their secluded lives, the men feared for the result, and inquired with contemptuous surprise, "What do you want to teach the women for? You will try to teach the cows next." Now, however, things have changed. Even in Delhi and amongst the Mohammedans, who cling more firmly than the Hindus to the old ideas, there is a gradually increasing desire for education, and the present difficulty is to provide enough teachers to visit all the Zenanas which are open to them.

We may notice here how the different branches of missionary effort help each other forward. Sometimes it happens that attendance at the Mission Hospital in time of sickness awakens the desire to learn more of the wonderful things first heard of there. They are led to ask—What can be the motive which leads these English women to devote their lives to ministering to those who have no claim upon them? What makes them gentle, patient, skilful? Stranger still, are there not these native dispensers, and nurses who seem to have caught something of the same spirit, and who are

strangely unlike others of similar caste among their countrywomen? Then too there are the daily Bible lessons in the hospital, and the bhajans or hymns, all telling of new and wonderful things—a Father, a Saviour, a Home. So not infrequently when the patient leaves, the request is made, “Send us a Miss Sahiba to teach us more at home,” and thus the case is followed up and the Zenana teacher comes in where the doctor has opened the way.

St. Stephen's Home stands in a large compound half a mile from the Mori Gate of the city and on the slope of the famous ridge. It has accommodation for seven workers, including the head of the Women's Community, and has also a small chapel, too small for the needs of the Community and which it is hoped may be replaced before long by a larger one so as to accommodate all the women workers of the Mission from other stations near Delhi. This is the headquarters of the Zenana workers. We will try to give our readers some idea of the way in which the work is carried on.

It is the month of April, so “hot weather” hours obtain, and at a few minutes before 6 A.M. a string of vehicles draws up in front of the verandah of St. Stephen's Home. Formerly a carriage resembling a box on wheels, with shutters instead of windows, was shared between two or three workers, but this could not penetrate into many of the narrow “Galis” or lanes of the city. Now carriages are superseded by rickshaws, each drawn by one man, which are more convenient. In a short time each of these has received

its occupant, and the first halt is at St. Stephen's Church, about three quarters of a mile from the Home, where Mattins is said at 6 o'clock in the hot weather and at 7 in the winter, and on Thursdays there is an English celebration intended specially for the members of the Mission and for those of the native congregation who speak English. As the little congregation comes out of church some turn homeward, while the Zenana workers pursue their way through the streets which are full of a noisy throng who do the principal part of their day's work in the cool hours of the morning. The first pupil's house is in a narrow lane where a door in a blank wall admits the teacher to the home of a wealthy Mohammedan family. Entering the courtyard she takes her seat either there or in one of the little rooms opening on to it, generally on the string bed which is often almost the only article of furniture, and the lesson begins. Pupils, as a rule, have two lessons a week of an hour each, the subjects taught varying according to their attainments; the most common are reading, writing and arithmetic in their own language, or, if these have been already mastered, it may be English and needlework. The latter is very popular, especially fancy work—and knitting. Sometimes the pupil's ambition flies higher, and one girl, whose father was the author of some Urdu novels, which treated from a Mohammedan point of view women's lives and interests, expressed her desire to read Chaucer. Generally, however, the instruction given is of an elementary type and in all cases the lesson begins or ends with the reading and

explaining of a passage from the Bible, and only on the clear understanding that this shall be allowed in any house visited. At first the Bible lesson is as a rule listened to carelessly or if otherwise it is followed by controversy, as Mohammedan women are generally much better instructed in their own beliefs than the Hindus. But little by little interest grows, and now and then the teacher has the joy of seeing that the old truths are beginning to find a resting-place in her pupil's heart, indifference or captious objection giving way to a desire for light. The teacher watches her pupil tremblingly, knowing the struggle which must be before her if interest is succeeded by conviction and true faith brings with it the necessity for open confession of Christ in Holy Baptism.

It often happens that during the lesson the other inmates of the Zenana will gather round to listen, and, distracting as are the interruptions so caused, the teacher welcomes the larger audience for her Bible lessons and can sometimes gain their attention by singing one of their favourite bhajans set to a native melody, in which the women speedily learn to join and the words of which furnish a text for some lesson about the things of God. They would gladly continue to listen, but time is up, and the teacher must go on to her next pupil.

Again she takes her seat in the rickshaw and is soon traversing the crowded streets in order to reach the next house where she is expected. So the morning passes away, in each house the routine being more or less the same, though the pupils vary much in age, and

intelligence. Sometimes there will be quite a little school in a large household. In one wealthy Hindu family in Delhi for years past a native Christian teacher has attended as daily governess, her pupils being a party of little girls of various ages, grandchildren and nieces of the head of the family, who are sincerely attached to their teacher and whose progress does her much credit. An English teacher visits too at regular intervals, supervises the work of her Indian helper and examines the children in the various subjects taught.

After five hours of this work the last lesson has been given and the heat has now become so great that it is dangerous to be any longer out of doors. The teacher therefore turns her face towards home, where breakfast awaits her, only the universal "chhoti haziri," or little breakfast of tea and toast, having preceded her early morning start. In the course of her morning's work, there was much to discourage her, the listless apathy of the Hindu pupils, or the captious arguments and opposition of the Mohammedans, the lack of quiet for teaching, the crying babies, the ceaseless chatter and constant questions of the inquisitive women who keep asking, "How old are you?" "Is your father alive?" "What! so old and not married! Why?" At the very moment when it really seemed as if all were listening intently to the Bible story being told, the remark will be heard: "She has lace on her petticoat—just look! Did it cost a great deal?" Then there are the quarrels, the gossip, the idle purposeless lives, and in many cases the dirty and squalid surroundings, worst of all

the great barriers of Purdah and Caste with the iron laws of custom which seem to rise up on every side. How many times when some remonstrance has been ventured upon or some improvement suggested the answer has been, "Yes, what you say is very true, but it is different for you—for us 'Dastur hai,' it is the custom." What more can be said? But there is a bright side too. In many cases there is the true and lasting affection between teacher and taught, the increasing interest and delight of the lessons after the first drudgery is over, and the joy on the part of the teacher of being able to bring some brightness and friendship into these monotonous lives.

This brings us to the question, What sort of person should the Zenana teacher be? What qualifications, physical, mental and educational are required of one who undertakes this difficult task? It is work the fruits of which in most cases the worker herself will see little, but which in future generations will be made evident. To begin with, she must be strong, for with the exception of medical work, there is no missionary task which makes greater demands upon physical strength and endurance. It is true that the actual number of hours spent daily in the Zenanas seems short to any one coming straight from home, but we must remember the conditions under which they are spent. In the hot weather an early start is made; in winter the hours are from nine to three. Again, we have to remember the intense heat, the smells in the narrow streets and often in the Zenanas, the noise and confusion both outside and inside. To

be added to this is the strain of the constant encounter with ignorance and prejudice, and all this in a trying climate. The worker in the Zenanas needs to possess refinement which always appeals to Indian women, as well as tact, quickness to seize an opportunity, and patience, and above all, as the underlying motive, the desire to bring souls to Christ. The technical requirements are not great, as the pupils can only receive elementary teaching, but it is an advantage to the teacher to have had experience in imparting simple instruction in an interesting manner, so that she may help the often grown-up beginners through their initial difficulties.

Some years ago in Lahore, the writer accompanied on several occasions a native Christian lady on a round of visits to her Zenana pupils. These included Hindus, Mohammedans and Parsees, all of high caste or belonging to wealthy families, and many of them better educated than the average Zenana pupil. In one rich Hindu house the pupil was a young wife whose husband was shortly expected home from Cambridge, where he was then about to take his degree. Beautifully dressed and adorned with many jewels the little wife explained to the visitor her anxiety to make good progress in English before her husband's return. She displayed with pride a kodak which she had lately received as a present, with which she had already produced some rather fearful portraits of the other inmates of the Zenana. Unlike the women's quarter in most native houses, the large apartment was furnished with heavy incongruous furniture from Maple's, and the walls

were adorned with coloured advertisements, calendars, etc., setting forth the virtues of Pears' Soap and Mellin's Food, while a small old-fashioned bedroom looking-glass occupied a place of honour! Sweetmeats and fruits were pressed upon the visitors and at last we took our leave, much attracted by the charming little wife, who could not have been more than sixteen or seventeen, but wondering somewhat sadly how the husband from Cambridge would settle down again into this curious medley of East and West, and what sort of future awaited the anxious wife. From there we went to a Mohammedan family where three delicate and refined-looking girls were ready to receive their teacher and seemed to enjoy their lesson. Here again we heard of a brother studying medicine in Edinburgh, and as we looked at the mother and sisters, who were strict Mohammedans, we realised the inevitable break between the old life with its beliefs and ideals and the present surroundings of the medical student. As we thought of how far he would have drifted from his family traditions and customs before his return, we longed that the bond of a common faith in Christ might unite them all. Here, as in each house, the Bible lesson was given by the Indian lady who could herself remember the time when her parents became converts from Hinduism. The Scripture teaching was conveyed in a clear, simple and persuasive way.

But to return to the work at St. Stephen's Home at Delhi. After the mid-day breakfast and intercessions in the little chapel on behalf of missionary work all over the world, there will be in the hot weather the

necessary siesta, followed by an early tea. Then there is perhaps a language lesson in Urdu or Hindi with the Munshi, or the worker sets off again to some place in the city or suburbs to visit her "Basti" or district, returning in time for dinner or for a walk or drive which is taken for recreation. The short evening is generally spent by the workers together. Compline is said at 9.30 P.M. So ends the day, for when all are astir by 5 o'clock in the morning, early hours at night are imperative.

One other department of women's work in Delhi must not be passed over without a brief mention, and that is the regular visitation of the "bastis" as they are called, or small enclosures scattered about through the city, in which the poor Christian families generally live.

In the early days of the Mission it was found desirable to gather the scattered converts together into groups, relationship or the following of a common employment generally tending also to this result, and there are now in Delhi a number of these little settlements, in which all or at least a large proportion of the inhabitants are Christians and most of them Chamârs or shoemakers. This class is much looked down upon and despised by orthodox Hindus, its members being as a rule poor, dirty and very ignorant.

In each of these Christian bastis a little schoolhouse has been put up where weekly instructions are given to men and boys by one of the members of the Mission, while the teaching of women is entrusted to one of the Zenana workers, who pays a weekly visit, and gathers

SABZI MANDI BASTI



the women around her for a simple Scripture lesson. She also visits the sick in their comfortless houses, and keeps in touch with and looks after any newly-married girl or confirmation candidate who may have recently left school or come from a distant village on her marriage to one of the families living there. It is work which, like district visiting at home, calls for much patience, tact, and physical endurance, but which is of the greatest importance. The writer once had charge of a little basti in which lived about fourteen families—all relations—and all, from quite tiny children to grey-headed old men and women, engaged in the making of the universally worn embroidered shoes. Her weekly visits used to be productive of mixed sensations, the warm greeting always received and the hope of doing something to help and build up these sheep of Christ's flock outweighing the trials of heat, dirt, smells, and the difficulty of gaining and holding the attention of the women while the short lesson was given. In the little courtyard opening from a narrow lane, the women are found hard at work, each outside her own door, while the men work together in one hut, called the shop, soling and making up the red or black uppers embroidered by the women. Immediately the word is passed round, a charpai (bed) is brought out and spread with a dubious-looking cotton rug, upon which the teacher takes her seat, not without misgivings, while the women gather round with their work in their hands, and the proceedings begin. Two or three bhajans or native hymns are followed by some short prayers, and a simple lesson illustrated by large

pictures; then there is a little catechising or repetition of creed, and commandments, followed by another bhajan in which all join. Another important part of the proceedings is to advise as to the treatment of the numerous babies presented for inspection, who are often suffering from the prevalent ophthalmia, to insist upon the necessity for cleanliness in such cases, or to give the much-loved "chithi" or letter of recommendation, which though quite unnecessary, is dear to the native heart, to some sick woman to be presented at the hospital next day. Though the efforts made to teach them such things as will give them a firmer grasp of their faith or better idea of order and seemliness in their daily life seem to be slow in producing result, there is no doubt that there is improvement. This may be readily seen by comparing the Christian women and children even of the poorest class with their heathen neighbours. Social intercourse and a friendly exchange of visits between the English missionaries and the wives and daughters of the educated members of the Indian congregation are also promoted, and their real refinement as well as their friendly feeling and courtesy make this visiting a pleasant task.

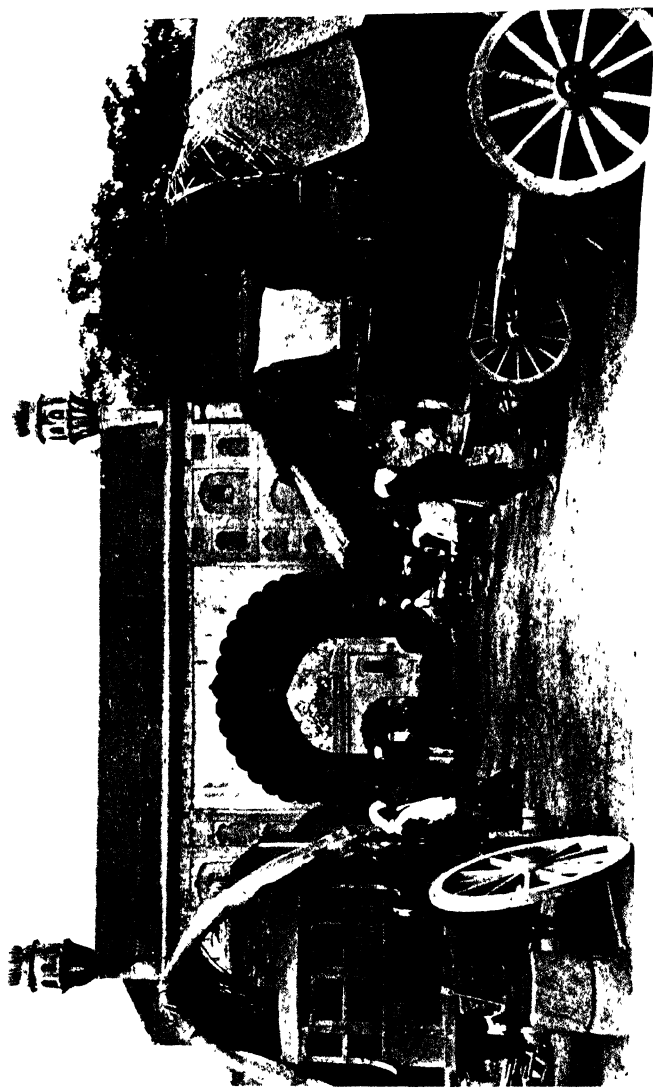
The question is often asked, "Do many Zenana pupils become Christians?" "Is the work successful?" The answer must be "No," if success be measured by the number of those who openly embrace Christianity. Nor can any one who knows all that is involved in such a confession wonder that those, who in their hearts believe, often lack the courage to confess

Christ with their lips. For in the case of those of high caste or belonging to a respectable family nothing less than to forsake, or to be forsaken of, all is demanded of those who would follow Him. The convert is cast off by her friends and looked upon as worse than dead, as having brought shame upon the family, and is a prisoner in her own home or helpless if she escape from it. What is she to do? and where shall she go? Few people realise the position of an Indian woman under such circumstances or understand the perils which would surround her, did not the Mission House or Converts' Home open to receive her. She is as a rule unable to earn her own living in any honest way and ignorant of the most ordinary affairs of life, never perhaps since childhood having left her home. What can become of her? This question will be answered in speaking later of St. Mary's Home, but enough has been said to give an idea of the position which confronts an Indian woman of high caste when she has to make the great choice: on the one side home such as she has known and perhaps loved, husband, children, friends, all that to her represents respectability and position; on the other side the call to emerge from her seclusion and face an unknown world. Little wonder if she hesitates. Let us not blame her and talk of lack of moral courage, but let us pray both for her and for those who, knowing that if their teaching prosper the result must be to place the pupil in a position of such dire difficulty, realise that only the strong faith in Him Who says: "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not

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worthy of me " can give Indian women courage to face the issue.

But these cases are few. More often the lessons are given, perhaps the same houses visited for years, real interest aroused in the Bible teaching but nothing more happens, and the question remains, Is it worth while? Surely yes. Even though in this generation the results are not seen, or not in the way that the missionary most desires, yet her work is not lost. Bonds of sympathy established between teacher and pupil, affection given and returned, new interests and occupations to fill the dreary, idle days, new ideas of God, truth, gentleness, unselfishness, new thoughts of the responsibility of a mother towards her little ones, the breaking down of prejudices and superstitious fears—are all these nothing? May we not believe that the seed which is being sown all over India will assuredly bear fruit in the happier, nobler and more wholesome lives of future generations of Indian women as well as in an ever-increasing band of those who have counted it joy to give up all for Christ?



OLD GATEWAY — ENTRANCE TO NEW HOSPITAL AT KARVAL.

CHAPTER X.

THE MEDICAL MISSION.

TO the Delhi Mission belongs the honour of having founded the first Medical Mission for women in India. It was the natural outcome of the teaching of its founders, especially of Mr. and Mrs. Winter. The ideal put before all workers by Mr. Winter was that they "should try to come before the people, not merely as preachers of a new religion, a capacity in which they care for us little enough, but that, as friends and sympathisers, we should aim at benefiting the whole man". Of Mrs. Winter it has been well said that "there were few to whom the healing and saving of the bodies as well as the souls of our fellow-men were such a passion and a burning desire." "I see but two things," she wrote at the head of a paper read before a missionary conference, "misery—and God!" With keen insight and ready wit she made the former a means to reveal the latter. Through the medium of the Divine art of healing she has enabled many a Delhi woman to look back upon her sufferings with deep thankfulness, inasmuch as they have been the means of bringing her into contact with a hope for her life, present as well as future. During the first two years of her

married life, Mrs. Winter carried on medical work herself, having obtained some practical knowledge from her father. This mainly consisted in nursing women in their own homes, especially during an outbreak of cholera. On several days of the week she went to visit the Hindu women assembled to bathe in the Jumna—Delhi's sacred river. There is a water gate in the city wall, leading down to the small temples, priests' houses, and bathing steps that border the western banks of the river. Just within the gateway set apart for women she, with an Indian woman helper, would seat herself in the morning. Here the women readily gathered round her, to obtain the simple remedies she supplied, and to hear her talk. In this way she made friends not only with city women, but with many strangers who flocked in from the country at the times of the Hindu pilgrimages and festivals. Having made a start, Mrs. Winter was anxious to find better qualified agents to develop and carry on the work. In those days few women had been able to secure adequate medical training, and many years elapsed before a qualified woman doctor could be found. From 1867 onwards, however, women workers were employed who had sufficient knowledge of the elementary branches of medicine to be able to render efficient help in times of sickness. In 1870 the first dispensary was opened in the city, a native house being adapted for the purpose, and a year later a house was taken in the Chandni Chowk to serve as a temporary hospital. In 1872, under the direction of Mrs. Littler, a first attempt was made to train Indian woman

as nurses. Classes, both for theoretical and practical instruction, were started for Christian and Moham-medan women. Much help was given by the Civil surgeons, who held half yearly examinations for the nurses. Mrs. Littler's work was cut short by her death in 1873, and her place was taken by Miss Goltz, who in turn was succeeded by her pupil, Miss Engelmann. At this time a Bengali medical man, Dr. Bose, offered his services, and for the next two years a male department in the dispensary was carried on by him. In scanning the record of these early years of work two facts stand out prominently, the dauntless courage and unfailing energy of the workers, and the hopelessness of the task of rendering help to patients in their own homes. The same is true to-day, and the doctors have many a tale to tell of lives lost through ignorance and prejudice where timely removal to a more favourable environment might, humanly speaking, have saved their lives. The crying need was for a well-appointed hospital, and in 1880 a site, the gift of the Government, was procured in the Chandni Chowk. This need, undoubted as it was in the eyes of the workers, was not recognised by the people for whom they worked, and for years it was a question how far the women could or would avail themselves of the opportunity offered to leave their homes and place themselves amid such novel surroundings for treatment. The workers themselves were not sanguine: one writes "At home people may think the site too small, but we shall never get a large number of patients, as it is contrary to their prejudices".

Could she but have seen that hospital twenty years later, enlarged and yet crowded, she would indeed have rejoiced that her fears had proved vain.

Mrs. Winter did not live to see her hopes realised, for it was not until after her death that the hospital was actually built. It was mainly as a memorial to herself, in the city to which she gave her life, that the money for its erection was raised. A considerable sum was given by Indian gentlemen. The foundation stone, on which was an inscription recording Mrs. Winter's work, was laid on 8th January, 1884, by H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught, and the building was formally opened on 31st October, 1885, by Lady Dufferin, as "St. Stephen's Hospital for Women and Children". It lies in the main thoroughfare, the Chandni Chowk, hemmed in on either side by the closely packed shops of the bazar, Jain temples, and narrow alleys running among nests of densely crowded dwellings. One wonders at the amount of good work and the large measure of success attending it that has been accomplished there, but of the cost to the workers it were well not to speak. The redeeming features of the place are its central position, and the open stretch of the "Queen's Gardens" at its rear. The green playing fields of the Boys' High School have earned the sobriquet "Hospital lungs".

Work was carried on here for six years by Miss Engelmann, under whose guidance the hospital was planned and built. The year 1891 marked a new era with the advent of the first qualified woman practitioner, Dr. Jennie Müller. From this time forwards

the endeavour of the Mission has been to adopt the only right course, that of placing medical work entirely in the hands of fully trained workers. The increased facilities offered to women for the study of medicine have made this possible. One of Miss Müller's first works was to develop the training of native agents. Some of the better educated Christian girls were chosen to learn dispensing, and one or two were sent to the Government Medical College at Agra to study medicine, and after becoming qualified returned to act as hospital assistants. In 1893 Miss Mildred Staley joined the medical staff. Miss Müller resigned St. Stephen's to her care, and went to Karnal. Of her work there mention will be made later on. Very soon the cry, which in later years has become monotonous in its iteration, began to be heard, "No room in hospital". In 1895 structural alterations and the addition of a new frontage of three storeys mended matters for the time, but ever since there has been a continuous struggle to manufacture space that did not exist, and to devise accommodation for the increasing number of patients who sought admittance. In the following year the first trained English nurse joined the Mission, Sister Roberts, and relieved the doctors to a large extent of the heavy burden of training the Indian nurses. Thus step by step the various branches of a well-ordered hospital were developed. Few years have passed in which some additional call to undertake outside work has not made a fresh demand on Mission resources. The years 1898 and 1900 were marked by famine, and the

efforts of all had to be directed towards the relief of patients suffering from starvation. Among the Mohammedans the suffering was acute. Too often a "purdah-nashin" family would be found slowly dying within Zenana walls. The men of the house used to desert, and leave the womenfolk to starve. Few of these dared to emerge from seclusion to seek help, or even to send their children to beg for it. An organised system of relief was set on foot: cases were sought out and investigated by the district nurses, and rations of food supplied from a fund specially collected for the purpose. Apparently no effort was made by the Mohammedan community to provide for their own people.

Another instance of the way in which the Medical Mission has come to the front in times of emergency occurred in 1905, during a severe epidemic of plague. The Government organised an isolation hospital for the cure of patients, but asked the Mission doctors to take charge of the women's side. The latter appealed to their staff of Indian Christian nurses for volunteers. It is a sterling testimony to the prevalent tone among the latter that of the in-patient staff all, with one exception, responded to the call, and for several months those chosen cheerfully put up with a lonely and uncomfortable post, not unattended with personal danger, and for no reward. At the close of the epidemic a "welcome home" feast was given at the hospital in their honour, and it came as a genuine surprise and delight to each nurse to receive at Mr. Allnutt's hands a badge of honour in memory of her

services. This took the form of a silver cross, with the words engraved on it, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me". This plague epidemic afforded a further testimony to the influence exercised by the doctors. In the statistics of the number of preventive inoculations performed, we find that a far larger number of patients, men as well as women, offered themselves for treatment at the Mission than at the Government hospital, although equal facilities were provided in either institution. When asked why they applied at a women's hospital, the men frequently replied that they knew and trusted the missionaries, and would submit to any remedy recommended by them.

Thus the work grows and develops, but the hospital building, alas, has refused to follow the example. Corridors have been turned into wards, patients lie out on verandahs, cots are squeezed into every stray corner. Elastic St. Stephen's has used up its resources. "We must have a new building." It has been a hard matter to compass; wiseacres shook their heads and counselled retrenchment of work. We might as well place weights on a lad's head and tell him not to grow. The work must grow and prosper, or else be choked and languish. Patients continue to flock in, many from such long distances that they cannot be turned away. In 1905 the doctors spent their spare time scouring the city and its suburbs, seeking land whereon to build. At last a site was secured outside the wall, but sufficiently near to a growing population. The next step was to sell the old hospital, the site of which was valuable for

business purposes ; this was accomplished in 1906, and a substantial sum was obtained with which to begin the new building. By the close of the year the foundation stone had been laid by Lady Minto, and as we write the work of building is going ahead, and a two storeyed brick hospital is rising, with accommodation for fifty patients, and a full staff of English and Indian workers.

Having thus briefly sketched the origin and growth of the Medical Mission, let us turn our attention to the work as it now exists. A glance into the Dispensary at the patients assembled on a busy morning will give some idea of the classes benefited. Seated side by side in the waiting-room will be found women of all ranks, rich and poor, from the high-born Brahmini to the low caste Chamâr. The one shrinks back, conscious of her inferiority, lest her touch should defile her neighbour. The other gathers her skirts round her to avoid chance contamination, and in virtue of her privileges demands instant attention and first consideration from the doctors. It is a rude shock to her feelings to find herself in a place where caste avails nothing, and where suffering is the only passport to attention. "You have given wrong medicine," she clamours at the dispensary door. "I saw you take some from the same bottle as for a Chamari just now ! And I—I am a Brahmini—I must have better than that." "Her cough is as bad as yours" is the reply, "you have each got what is good, the doctors know their work ; caste has no rights here." She goes off bewildered. However the medicine is good, and she comes again ; as she waits she hears from the Evangelist

of Him Who for men's sake emptied Himself, and a glimmer of the truth makes its way into her mind. There are to be seen rich Mohammedan ladies, swathed in burhkas, borne in "dholies," *i.e.* little covered-in chairs carried on poles by two bearers. A visit to the outer world, even if it be but a hospital, is an event eagerly looked forward to, and affords topic for endless conversation. Tall Hindu villagers come in; they have been tramping country roads since the early dawn, baby athwart hips, and bundle of provisions on head. Here and there scattered among the crowd a strange type of face, head-dress, or dialect, marks the traveller from a distant province. The Kashmiri or Pathan from the North, a Rajput or a Bengali. Not infrequently some new jargon bids fair to defy the efforts of the whole staff for its interpretation. The ills that bring the patients are manifold, but surgical troubles and eye diseases are most common.

This out-patient dispensary is open five mornings in the week. Work begins at 7 in the summer, and somewhat later in the cold winter months. The patients assemble in an outer courtyard, and while they wait the Evangelist and Bible-woman are busy among them. Native hymns, "bhajans," are sung, and Bible stories read and explained with the help of pictures. It is no easy task, among squealing babies, romping children, and mothers who have little more idea of order and quiet than their offspring. New-comers are clamorous for instant attention, fresh arrivals disturb the listeners. In spite of hindrances many of the women are glad to listen; sometimes they ask permission to

come even if they do not need treatment. Meanwhile in the consulting room beyond two of the doctors are hard at work; in busy seasons the daily average of attendances reaches three figures. In the Dispensary two or three dispensers are employed. These are Indian girls who have been trained by the doctors; and they do their work well. The person whose duty it is to dole out the medicine to the patients needs a wealth of patience. Few of these latter can read, so labels of instruction are useless and with each bottle careful verbal directions are given; sometimes the patient listens, sometimes not; she often regards what is spoken as an incantation to enhance the value of the drug. The directions are repeated "Now, have you understood?" "Understand!" is the reply, "I'm only a woman, how should I?" After further explanation and exhortation she goes off, only to return shortly saying, "What am I to do with this?" Perhaps she comes back a few days later to tell how she used the cough mixture as a liniment, tied the prescription paper on the aching limb, and wonders that she is no better!

Now for the in-patients. The wards are quite a change after the din and racket downstairs. By rights they should contain about twenty-five beds, but, as we have said before, they are elastic. This is the domain of the nursing-Sister and her staff of Indian nurses and probationers. The routine is largely that of an English hospital, but is complicated by many difficulties. Patients are shy and frightened, and unused to obeying orders. Troops of relations crowd in and want to interfere. A nurse turns her back for a minute to find



on her return that the splint has been removed from the broken limb, the typhoid patient is being invited to feast on pastry and pickles. At a critical time in the treatment an urgent message comes to say that the patient's child is dying, or has fallen down a well, and the mother is needed at once; a few hours later the child comes running in, hale and hearty, and the woman remarks unblushingly that she felt homesick that morning, and wanted an excuse to get away. The mysteries of caste and custom have to be considered. The Hindu will not bathe on this day, the Mohammedan on that. One will only take dry medicine, another can only use external applications. As for diet the doctor has usually to give up all "fads" and let her patients eat what they will. The greater number of patients come for surgical operations, and there is a well-appointed theatre stocked with modern instruments and appliances.

Christian teaching is given daily. The day begins and ends with prayers, and at the morning service a short Bible lesson is given. All are free to attend or not as they please, but most do so readily. Here and there a bigoted old Mohammedan lady will insist on having a screen round her bed; but after satisfying her conscience she sees no harm in putting her head round the corner if she cannot hear well. Once a week the service is taken by one of the clergy. On one occasion the nurse began screening off a purdah lady, in readiness for his coming. "No, don't trouble," she said; "I want to see your *Padré*. He is a *Guru* (holy man) and does not count." During the day the

Evangelist visits the patients, talking and reading to those who care to hear. In this way systematic individual teaching can be given, and the quiet leisure of convalescence proves a favourable time for seed-sowing. We have few results to speak of, but as one woman after another returns to her distant home, bearing with her the remembrance of Christian example and teaching, we may believe that the labour is not lost.

Before leaving the hospital, let us take a look at the nurses. They are clad in pink galatea and white aprons, and their bare feet and white veils harmonise with their Eastern surroundings. Some of them have strange histories. There is B——, once a Mohammedan purdah woman. She came as a young wife to the dispensary for treatment, and became influenced by the teaching. One day she told the Evangelist that she wished to be a Christian. "All I hear here is of love," she said, "we have no mention of love in our religion." She stuck to her purpose, and in the end went to St. Mary's Home to prepare for baptism—a step which involved severance from all ties, from husband and from child. After baptism she asked to learn nursing, and became a capable and useful worker. Here is another bright-faced girl, head nurse in her ward, and the life and soul of the nurses' quarters. When about fifteen years old she was brought to the hospital by the police, a pitiable object covered with bruises. She had been found trying to throw herself down a well, to escape the brutality of her husband. R——, too, began hospital life as a patient. She was a

Hindu widow, and was rescued from a life of misery and shame—very stupid and morose did she seem when she first came, but after months of care she began to brighten up, and then asked to learn, and was baptised. She will never make an ideal nurse, but if a specially tiresome and uncouth patient is giving trouble it is usually R—— who is called in to manage her—and towards such she shows great patience and tact. Her past sufferings have given her the power of sympathy. Such is the raw material to be turned into nurses, and it entails much hard work and patience on the part of the doctors and nursing Sisters. Most of the women turn out well, and what better object lesson of Christian womanhood can we hold up to the Indian women than one of their own sisters, like to them in race and thought, yet with a character transformed by the power of Christ, spending her life in the service of her people?

The nurses undergo an apprenticeship, extending over two or more years. During this time they are taught nursing in all its branches, and attend lectures and classes, and do the manual work of the hospital. Many of them hold certificates in midwifery which are granted after examination by the Government College at Lahore. That one who was a few years ago a purdah woman, or a Hindu villager, should pass a public examination signifies much. A second band of nurses do district work. These are older women who can be allowed to go out alone in the city. Most of them are married and have houses of their own; they carry on an extensive maternity practice under the supervision of the doctors, and are sent to nurse

patients in the Zenanas. They are trusted and loved by their patients as family friends. Women who are shy of the English doctor will send for the nurse, so that the latter is often the first pioneer of Christianity. One of them used regularly, several times a week, after a hard day's work to tramp off to a distant suburb to hold a Bible class for some poor and ignorant patients. When asked about them she replied: "They are just the people for me, a poor working woman, to teach. They would be too ashamed of their stupidity to let you come, Miss Sahib, but I go and tell them the same things over and over again; we understand each other, and God gives me the patience. Some day He will bring them near to Himself, but He works slowly in India."

The doctors themselves have many patients in the Zenanas. Only a small proportion of women are able to attend the hospital, and still fewer to become in-patients. There is also a large midwifery practice. It is this last that reveals the saddest sights, the most extreme suffering. So many evil customs are attached to motherhood, both in Mohammedan and Hindu households. The care of the mother lies with midwives, an ignorant and degraded set of women whose trade is hereditary, and the tortures they inflict on their patients are unmentionable. In a Hindu home the mother, from the hour of child-birth, is isolated in a dark room or shed; as contact with her means ritual defilement, no one will cross her threshold to give her food or water or render any help. Should fever supervene, which not infrequently happens as the

outcome of neglect, her plight is aggravated. She is supposed to have fallen under the influence of an evil spirit, and is subjected to starvation, if not worse, in order that the demon may be exorcised by hunger! Numbers die of exhaustion. I found such a one in raging fever, who had not been allowed even a drop of water for five consecutive days; with her dying breath she resisted all efforts to administer stimulants or food, believing that by receiving it she would become permanently possessed, and condemned by the laws of transmigration to be degraded in her next existence to the life of a snake. If superstition can produce this endurance, what heroism might not such a one attain, if won for Christ? Many of these customs, if traced back to their origin, will be found, like those in the Jewish law, to be based on wise principles of health. The isolation at child-birth, for instance, was doubtless ordered to ensure quiet and freedom from chance infection for the mother. But the letter of the law alone remains, crusted over with superstition, and dominated by the paralysing fear of evil spirits. From the professional point of view Zenana practice has few attractions. But, though the doctors can expect few cures among their cases, they accomplish much which is not entered in reports. The women find in the doctor a friend and sympathiser, one who tells of hope that can stand the test of pain. "I thought you loved my sister; yet, when she may be dying, you dare come to her with a smile!" exclaimed a Hindu schoolmaster. "True! but have I not come straight from our church, where I was praying for her ;

she is in the hands of God who loves her, all will be well," was the reply. "That is religion worth having," he answered, and when the sister recovered he began to read the Gospels with her.

We may sum up the work in the words of the Great Physician Himself, "Go and tell John what things ye have seen and heard; the blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear—the poor have good tidings preached to them".

There are branches of the medical mission in other stations than Delhi. Work was begun in Karnal in 1880 by Deaconess Zeyen, who opened a dispensary in the city; and visited patients in the Zenanas. From 1893, when Dr. Müller took charge, the work grew apace. She secured two large houses in a central part of the town, and by planning and building, converted the crazy buildings into "St. Elizabeth's Hospital," with accommodation for sixteen patients. In 1902 further additions were made, and a new surgical wing and operation theatre built. Visitors to St. Elizabeth's find their visit a novel experience. A pilgrimage up the crooked main street of the city leads to an alley so narrow that a carriage can hardly pass. At the top is a tall red house, looking little less dilapidated than its neighbours. Steep stairs and a wooden doorway lead to an open courtyard, like that of any other Zenana, but here the resemblance ceases, for the squalor and desolation of the Indian Zenana is replaced by the various departments of a hospital, cheery, bright and orderly. A large airy ward, with broad terrace in



ST. ELIZABETH'S HOSPITAL KARNAL, 1906.

front, on which the patients lie out in favourable weather, consulting room, dispensary, nurses' quarters; every nook and corner of the Eastern house has been turned round and utilised, The work carried on here is similar to that in Delhi, but until 1905 the doctor was the only resident missionary; since that time a nursing Sister has been added to the staff. Dr. Müller remained in Karnal till 1903, when she left to take the headship of St. Stephen's Hospital. Of what she accomplished in those years it is hard to speak. "We have lost our mother," said a women when speaking of her, and patients and friends treasure her memory, and recount her doings as those of the "Great doctor".

The earthquake of 1905 left its mark heavily on St. Elizabeth's. The wing occupied by the missionaries was rendered unsafe for habitation, and much damage was done to the actual hospital. The only part of the building that stood the shock was that built under Dr. Müller's supervision.

[Miss M. Stevenson, M.D., who was in charge at the time of the earthquake, remained at her post during the trying time which followed. Her health at length broke down, and to the great regret of all she was compelled to return to England at least for a time.—ED.]

In the end the disaster has brought its compensations. Owing to the generosity of friends in England, enough money was raised for the erection of a new hospital. For this a site has been granted by Government, outside the city walls, a large enclosure screened by high walls and shady trees, which was built for a "serai" or public inn in olden times; here blocks of

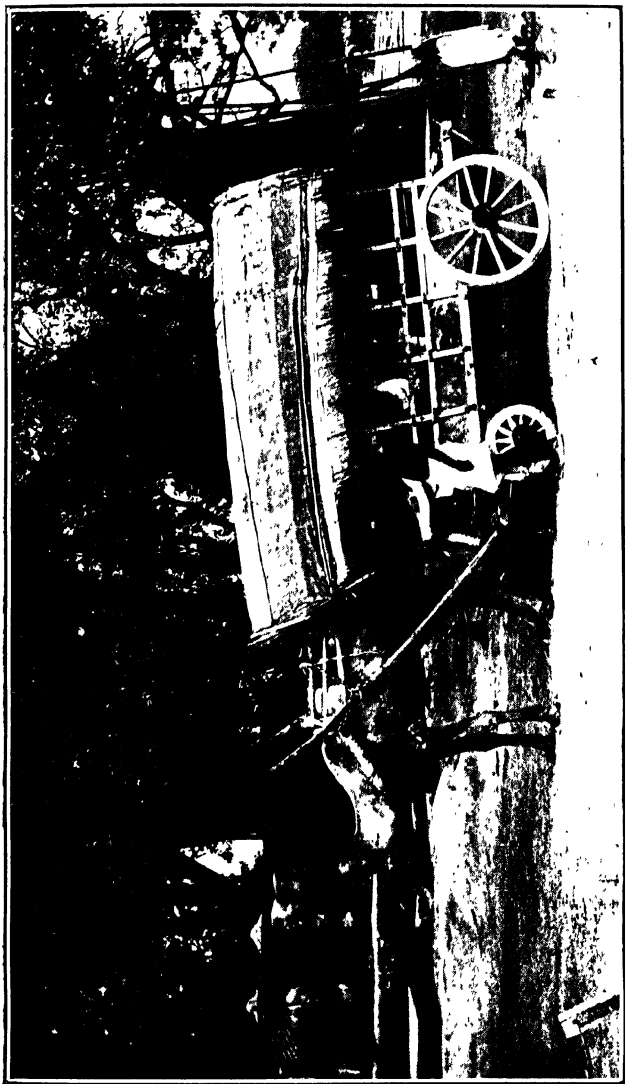
brick buildings are now being erected for twenty-five patients, and for the missionary and nursing staff.'

An attempt has been made to establish medical work in other stations. Dispensaries were carried on for some time at Panipat by Dr. Müller, and at Rohtak by Dr. Hull. Both of these are now closed for lack of workers. It has long been hoped to build another Branch Hospital in Rohtak, but for the same reason the work hangs fire. Mrs. Ferguson Davie (*née* Hull) on her marriage opened work in Rewari, where she found splendid opportunities for work, and has left a flourishing dispensary, and a house fitted for the accommodation of several in-patients. Everywhere the story is the same, "Ample opportunity, ample encouragement; few funds, few workers".

So much for city work. But the townspeople are only the fringe of the population which is committed to our care. Of the three million souls that make up the "parish" of the Delhi Mission, only 300,000 live in the towns described. The rest are country-folk who throng the densely populated villages that cover the wide plain. Here, as in the towns, among the Mohammedans will be found the purdah system in full force; if possible, the seclusion is more rigorous, and ignorance and bigotry are more marked. The Hindu women, on the other hand, especially those of the Jāt and kindred castes, live in greater freedom. They share the agricultural life of the men, and do hard manual labour in fields and cattle-sheds. They lead a strenuous life, and in years of drought and dearth have a hard struggle to obtain sufficient food. The tall

graceful lass of twenty, who goes to the well at sundown with a tower of earthen pitchers poised on her head, or returns from the reaping field, with her baby astride her hips and her store of golden grain, becomes in a few years bent and aged. By the time she is thirty the village beauty has become a wizened and wrinkled old woman. To a stranger the women often appear uncouth and stupid. But if one lives among them, and learns their strange jargon that changes from village to village with bewildering complexity, they will be found shrewd and intelligent in their own way. They will tell you frankly that they have no time or thought for anything but their home duties, their children, their cattle, their spinning and reaping. They must be met on their own ground, and only by sympathy and patience can they be led to think of higher things. The efforts that have been made to reach them have so far been spasmodic, and have been undertaken by the city workers in their rare moments of leisure. From time to time "camping tours" have been made from Rewari, Rohtak and Karnal, usually by one of the doctors and a native nurse, who have sometimes been accompanied by an Evangelist or Bible-woman. With one or two servants, and a waggon piled high with necessities, the little company makes its way from village to village, pitching tents for a few days at a time. Here the doctor holds a daily dispensary, giving medicines, performing small operations, and trying to persuade the more serious cases to travel to the town for hospital treatment. The Evangelist spends her time among the

women who assemble at the Dispensary, or more often in the village itself. In the case of a fresh village she frequently has to begin with the men. Until they are satisfied of the *bona fides* of the strangers, and know what they have come to teach and do, they will allow no access to their women. So their confidence must be gained first ; once that is done they often listen and learn with an eagerness amazing to those accustomed to the indifference and apathy of the town dwellers. The next step is for them to collect their women-folk and ask that they may be taught. A constant request is for schools to be founded in the villages, for in many places there is hardly an individual who can read or write. "Teach our children what you like, your faith, anything ; only come and teach." Here is the story of a village in the Karnal district that may be taken as typical of many others. It was included in one of the camping tours by a doctor and Evangelist in 1904 and was a typical Hindu stronghold, its people being staunch idolaters, and very uncouth and suspicious. On Sunday morning, when the dispensary was closed, the doctor went out to visit some of the women. Many seemed friendly and invited her into their houses to talk, but each time she was repulsed and sent away by the men of the house as soon as they became aware of her presence. Sore at heart, she was preparing to leave, when a knot of men accosted her, asking her to accompany them ; she followed with some hesitation and found herself carried off to the house of the chief priest of the place. Here were gathered a dozen or more of the head men of the village, who had come



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to take stock of the stranger and hear what she had to say. There were first many questions on medical subjects to be answered, especially about plague and the measures taken by Government for disinfection and preventive inoculation. "A God-given remedy!" they say one to another, "so she believes in a God of healing, we like her words, we do not hear such things in the State hospitals; there there is no word of God. —Well, tell us about your God. Have you a sacred book? Read from it." The opening verses of St. John's Gospel were read. The faces of the old men lit up, "Oh! that is what we want! We read things like that in our own books" (pointing to the pile of Sanscrit volumes piled at one end of the room); "but nothing plainly, and this is the knowledge we wait for. God is light. We want light." The priest sat in a corner, alert and watchful, taking little part in the conversation, save now and again to put a question or suggest a difficulty. After further talk he expressed a definite wish to learn more, and during the few remaining days of the visit came regularly to be taught by the Evangelist. But their women remained hidden. A year later a second visit was made. We were welcomed warmly, and found that the teaching of the former year had been remembered, discussed and acted upon. One of the men, a leading farmer, openly confessed before his fellow-villagers that he had given up all idol-worship, and that he and his family prayed daily in the name of Christ, morning, noon, and evening. This year he opened his house to the missionaries, and invited the Evangelist to teach a large company

of his women relations who had been gathered together for the purpose. On a surprise visit paid a few weeks later he was found at work building a house to be set apart for the missionaries' use. "You come with tents," he said, "and say you can only stay a few days; if we give you a house you will have to stay a long time and teach." The house still waits occupiers, alas! there are no workers who can go. This is only one example. Let those who think the Punjab barren soil for the Holy Seed come and share a cold weather tour in the villages—they will find their doubts vanish. The fields are white unto harvest.

Since this chapter was written news has been received of the death, on January 4th, 1908, of Miss M. E. Hayes, M.B., who had worked for upwards of two years in Delhi and Rewari. As soon as the news reached England Miss Annie Harding, L.S.A., who had previously worked in Delhi for a short time, volunteered to return in order to take the place of Miss Hayes.

CHAPTER XI.

GIRLS' SCHOOLS.

VISITORS to Delhi when inspecting the work which is carried on by the members of the Mission are shown the Christian Boys' Boarding School in the Mission compound, and the great High School with its many hundreds of scholars; they hear of schools for poor boys in different districts of the city, and lastly they see St. Stephen's College with its fine buildings and increasing number of students, and they realise that for the boys and young men of the city, at least, a great work is being done. "But," some one asks, "what about the girls? Are there as many girls also being educated by the Mission? and are the Mohammedan and Hindu parents of Delhi as anxious to secure these privileges for their girls as they evidently are for their boys? Such is far from being the case, though much progress has been made during the last few years.

Comparatively few parents are anxious for their daughters' education. Most regard it as unnecessary, if not harmful, as likely to render them dissatisfied and useless in the ordinary household tasks, and for them there is not the inducement of some small clerkship or other post under Government, the attainment of

which by their sons is the goal of so many Indian parents' ambitions. However, though on nothing like the same scale much important work is going on both in boarding schools for Christian girls and day schools for Hindu and Mohammedan children. The necessity of Christian education for women if India is ever to be won for Christ has been often insisted on and is too obvious to make it necessary to dwell upon here. It was early recognised in Delhi. In 1858, Mr. Philip Egerton, then Deputy Commissioner, raised £900 which he invested for the purpose of female education. A school was opened in which some of the pupils were of the highest Mohammedan families, while others were of the poorer classes, but the great difficulty was the lack of teachers. We are told that the first was a native Mohammedan woman, who was herself instructed by Mr. Skelton through a curtain, as she was a purdah woman, and her own attainments were of the slenderest. This was in 1860 and seven years later the first grant for the purpose was made by the "Ladies' Association" of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel which undertook to support four teachers; since then the work has gone forward steadily. There are now three kinds of schools for girls in Delhi, each of which we should like to introduce to our readers. First in importance and almost first in order of time is the Victoria Boarding School for Christian Girls, situated in the same compound with St. Stephen's Home, to which we will pay a short visit. Entering by either gate of the large compound a broad drive brings us to the school, which in out-

ward appearance scarcely does credit to its high-sounding name. It will be a happy day when the supply of even more pressing needs makes it possible for the authorities to consider the question of new buildings for this important school. We see a row of long low buildings, one storey high, opening on to a wide verandah with a small garden in front of it and a fair-sized play-ground at the back. At the nearer end are the rooms of the two English ladies in charge, which are hotter in summer and colder in winter than any others known to the writer, and the roof of which entirely fails to keep out the rain! From these open the schoolroom and dormitories which are furnished, or rather unfurnished, in native fashion, for, while everything necessary for the children's well-being is provided, here, as elsewhere in the Mission, pains are taken to avoid accustoming them to European habits, and so unfitting them for subsequent life in their own homes. This school which was commenced in 1868 accommodates fifty girls who range in age from six to seventeen. The greater number of the girls are daughters of catechists and readers from Delhi and from the various out-stations of the Mission, and every endeavour is made to give a useful education which may fit them to become wives for the Christian men. The two English teachers have several native assistants, most of whom have been brought up and trained in this school. The subjects taught are much the same as those taught in our elementary schools, with needlework and cooking, and English for the more advanced. Formerly Persian and Hindi were included, and English was

taught throughout the school, but latterly it has been found better that a thorough foundation in Urdu should first be laid, and English, if desired, taken up later. The religious instruction is careful and thorough and every year a class of candidates for confirmation is held, weekly instructions being given by one of the members of the Cambridge Mission.

Leaving the Victoria Schools we find another boarding school about three-quarters of a mile away in one of the suburbs of the city. We may here remark upon the value of boarding schools for Christian children, as affording fuller opportunity for the building up of Christian character. Many of the children have behind them generations of heathenism and their inherited weaknesses and faults can only be eradicated by constant care and watchfulness. The Bikanir Kothi is an old native house, surrounded by high walls and encloses a good-sized garden. It is an industrial school for the children of the poorer members of the Christian community, and includes some orphan girls who at various times have come under the care of the Mission. The house is old and there is a prospect that the land upon which it stands may soon be required for railway extension. It is proposed therefore to move the school away from Delhi and establish it in Karnal or some other out-station of the Mission where land is cheaper, and where suitable buildings could be erected or adapted at moderate cost. Since 1895 useful work has been carried on here. About forty girls can be received, their ages ranging from seven years, those still younger being cared for in



St. Mary's Home. The instruction given is from the three R's up to Standard V., together with thorough Scripture teaching and needlework. The girls make and mend their own clothes, as is also the case in the Victoria School. The morning's work begins early, and the elder girls take it in turn to rise soon after dawn to grind the flour required for the day's consumption, for which purpose a primitive stone mill is used which is turned by two girls. Another party is told off to cook the food, consisting of various kinds of grain and rice, vegetable curry, chapaties (*i.e.*, flat cakes of flour and water baked on an iron plate), and meat two or three times a week. School hours are limited to three, then after a short time for recreation the girls settle down to work. The principal industry is the embroidering of the uppers of shoes, the teacher being a native woman who is an adept in this art; and as many of the girls are of the Chamâr or shoemaking caste, and will eventually marry Chamârs, proficiency in this work is much valued as enabling the wife to add to the family earnings. Spinning, lace making and a kind of native embroidery are also taught; and it is hoped that weaving may ere long be introduced, which would enable the girls to weave their own yarn. By making the material required for their own clothes they would effect a saving, and would also learn a useful industry. At about six o'clock comes the evening meal, followed by an hour or two of play which affords ample evidence of the healthy state of the children's lungs; then come prayers and bed. Each child spreads her little bed on the ground, wraps her-

self in a razai or quilted counterpane, and is soon fast asleep.

Work in this school is more arduous than in those of a higher grade, as the material to work upon is very unpromising. The children are of low caste, and possess little power of learning, and often a girl of twelve or thirteen is received who has to begin at the beginning with those of half her age. Bad habits, too, and a poor physique call for much watchful care, but the moral and physical improvement which is observed in the girls after a year or two makes the work most encouraging. Those who are orphans often remain in the school until their marriage, while others at about fifteen return home, and a few who seem suitable are sent to the hospital to be trained as nurses, or they may become assistant teachers.

These girls have often had sad experiences of life. The story of one received a few years ago is a fair sample. Esther was a pretty, refined-looking Mohammedan girl of about fifteen, married to a Bhishti or water-carrier, whose treatment of her was so cruel that in despair the poor child resolved to take her life and was rescued in the very act of throwing herself into a well by a lady belonging to the Baptist Mission. She was taken to the hospital where for some time she remained in a weak and nervous state. When better, she was received at the Bikanir Kothi, but it was long before she could forget her past sufferings, and Esther lived in dread of being forcibly carried back to her miserable home. If any stranger entered the compound she would run and hide, and could with difficulty

be persuaded that no danger threatened her. The husband, however, never claimed her, dreading no doubt the punishment of his many cruelties, and in due time Esther was baptised and confirmed, and became one of the most promising girls in the school. The present writer well remembers walking to church with her one Easter morning and hearing for the first time from her lips the story of her past life. As she looked at the gentle face of the speaker, full of brightness and peace and still young, it was difficult to believe that she could have known such suffering, and that the happy years of school life could so completely have effaced its traces. A year or two later Esther married a respectable young man at Cawnpore where she has since lived. Her former marriage had been rendered void according to Mohammedan law.

Let us turn now from the boarding schools for girls to the day schools which are carried on in various parts of the city for non-Christian children. It is found impossible to mix Hindu and Mohammedan girls in the same school, so separate arrangements are to be made for the children of each religion. Entering a Hindu school we find some twenty or thirty children of varying ages sitting on the ground reading, or writing on wooden boards which rest on their knees, or swaying to and fro while they repeat aloud their lesson which has to be committed to memory. A steep stone staircase leads to another room in which are the "infants," in charge, like the class below, of a native teacher. Their bright-coloured clothes and jewellery and the pretty but pathetic faces make a

pleasant picture, and on questioning them one is often surprised by quick and intelligent answers. This work, though entrusted to native teachers, is supervised and directed by the English ladies of the Mission. The years of a Hindu girl's school days are shortened by constant interruptions. A marriage or a death in the family and numerous religious festivals interrupt the teaching, while at eleven or at the latest twelve "Purdah" claims another victim and the little girl can attend school no more. Yet, in spite of all, good is done, the regular Scripture teaching which has been given has often come back in after days to those who as children had paid little heed at the time. There are at present three Hindu schools in Delhi with about 170 pupils. The Mohammedan schools are not so encouraging, the children as a rule being less bright and keen to learn, and having less energy than the Hindus; they generally, however, stay a little longer as they are not married so young, fifteen being the favourite age. Here the children wear tight fitting trousers of some bright cotton material, with a long "kurta" or jacket and muslin "chadar". In both cases arrangements have to be made to escort them to and from the school, the Hindu girls being allowed to walk in charge of a woman employed by the Mission, while the Mohammedan children are carried in a curtained conveyance called a "dhoolie". A Scripture examination is held each year by some member of the Mission and the Government Inspectress examines yearly in the other subjects taught.

The maintenance of a proper supply of teachers

for Mission schools is difficult. We have first to remember the universal custom of early marriages that prevails even among Indian Christians, though with them the age is higher than among their heathen neighbours. Yet so strong is the feeling that to have a daughter over sixteen or seventeen still unmarried is a disgrace to the family, that it is hard to persuade parents to allow their daughters to become properly trained as teachers, and, even if they are qualified, in a year or two a marriage is arranged and the young teacher gives up her post. Sometimes, after marriage, teachers are employed in the city schools, but this is an undesirable arrangement and a recent letter from the English superintendent of such a school complained of the difficulty of carrying on the work satisfactorily when her head teacher's attention was divided between her large class and the claims of her three weeks' old baby, which accompanied her daily! Many of the present teachers sadly lack intelligence in their methods, and it was always a puzzle to the present writer to understand how a native ever learned to read. The plan pursued seemed to be to make the pupil commit to memory the first two or three reading books in a purely mechanical way. An examiner one day, surprised at the fluent way in which a class of children read the appointed passage, took a piece of paper with a hole in it and placed it over one word on the page. Not a child recognised it and it was evident that none of them were reading at all but were merely repeating the words from memory. A hasty glance at the picture with which the story is illustrated gives

the clue, and the pupil begins to recite, and often puts in words which are not in the book, or leaves out those that are. This process, however, ends in time in reading though it is hard to say how.

One day in St. Mary's Home the giving of a simple Scripture lesson to the little children was entrusted to the native matron, and it was suggested that they should commit to memory a passage of the Bible. Sounds of very emphatic repetition were heard, and when lessons were over, the English head in charge of the house inquired of the children what text they had learnt. All replied simultaneously and with great emphasis: "Firaūn ki bēti ne us se kahā ki jā," "Pharaoh's daughter said to her, Go". "And who was Pharaoh's daughter?" was the inquiry. No one knew. "To whom did she say Go?" Still silence. Further questions elicited the fact that this passage had been taught to them without note or comment.

Real progress is, however, being made. The teachers' training class in the Victoria School, which was begun in 1901, is producing fully trained teachers who hold the senior or junior certificate gained by those passing the Government vernacular examination. These girls are senior pupils of the Victoria School, and during the time they are working for their examination they live in St. Mary's Home, where classes are held for them, while at the same time, like pupil-teachers at home, they teach in the school for a certain number of hours a day. It is gratifying to hear that while six years ago there was not a single certificated teacher in the school there is now only one who is not certificated,

and the four pupil-teachers who were preparing for the examination at the beginning of 1906 were allowed for the first time by the Inspectress to draw Government stipends, or, as they are called, scholarships, which are a great help towards the cost of their training. A new feature is the introduction of Kindergarten methods, which has now become one of the subjects for this examination, and it is hoped that some of those who are preparing for educational work in India will qualify in this subject.

The Mohammedans in Delhi are lamentably indifferent if not actually opposed to the education of their daughters, and within the last year this opposition has been rendered more acute by one of the panics which arise from time to time. A report was spread that the Mission was kidnapping girls to make them Christians, and the assertion was widely believed, with the result that the Mission School was deserted and has had to be temporarily closed, while, so far from the Mohammedans taking the work into their own hands, they are said not to have a single girls' school of their own in all Delhi.

Yet, in spite of this discouraging fact, after thirty or forty years' endeavour to supply education to the Mohammedan girls of Delhi, it is certain that the more enlightened Mohammedans feel that, if only to preserve their children from Christian influence, and if they would not themselves be left behind in the race of life, they must educate their daughters as well as their sons. We will close this short account of female education in Delhi by quoting from a procla-

mation made by the Society for the Promotion of Islam in Lahore as far back as 1885, which shows that even then this fact was to some extent realised :—

“ Oh, reader, a thing is taking place which deserves your attention, and which you will not find it difficult to check. Females need such education as is necessary to save them from the fires of hell. The Qurān and the traditions teach this necessity, and two great philosophers say, ‘Home is the best school’; but to make it so women must be taught. We are doing nothing, but are trying to destroy our children. Although we are able to teach our own girls, yet wherever you go you find Zenana Mission schools filled with our daughters. There is no alley or house where the effect of these schools is not felt. There are few of our girls who have not read the Gospels. They know Christianity and the objections to Islam. Whose faith has not been shaken? The freedom which Christian women possess is influencing all our women. They being ignorant of the excellence of their own religion, and being taught that those things in Islam which are really good are not really good, will never esteem their own religion.”

CHAPTER XII.

ST. MARY'S HOME.

ST. MARY'S Home is, so far as the women's side of the work is concerned, the youngest child of the Delhi Mission, and in the few years of its existence has already reached the point when one wonders how it was ever possible to get on without it.

In the year 1899 the idea first took shape of providing a Convalescent Home for the patients of St. Stephen's Hospital, whose wards were even then overcrowded, and, situated in the hottest and noisiest part of the city, afforded little help to the patient struggling back to health after some severe illness or operation, and who needed fresher air and good food rather than a prolonged stay in hospital. For this the site available in the same compound with St. Stephen's Home and the Girls' Boarding School seemed suitable, as it was well away from the city and afforded plenty of air and space. Another pressing need was that of a training home for young teachers, where they could live and pursue their own studies, while they also taught for a certain time daily in the Boarding School close by. It was further proposed to add to these two departments the much-needed Converts' Home where

women rendered homeless and in danger might be protected, and trained to support themselves or to take a share in Mission work. Money came in fairly well, the work was begun, and on 19th April, 1900, half the proposed block of buildings was opened and dedicated by the Bishop of Lahore. The part finished consisted of a front block containing two sitting-rooms, two bedrooms, a large workroom, and a chapel large enough to hold about forty people. A door at the end of the central corridor leads into a quadrangle round three sides of which runs a deep verandah, and into this open the rooms for convalescents and others. The house was hardly ready when all the available space was occupied, and it was with great thankfulness that it was found possible to complete the whole plan within another year. This provided accommodation for fifty inmates, together with a lady in charge of the home, and an extra room intended for any member of the hospital staff who could occasionally come up for a night's rest away from the noises and heat of the Chandni Chauk, the main street of Delhi in which the hospital is situated.

Among the first inmates were three young teachers and some convalescents or chronic patients from the hospital as well as one or two children, who having been left friendless and in the care of the Mission had hitherto found a home in the hospital, and were now transferred to St. Mary's. It would be best to speak separately of each of the three classes of inmates for which the home was designed, convalescents, teachers, and converts. A fourth department was soon added



which had not been foreseen when the building was begun, namely, an orphanage or crèche for the reception of infant children left destitute from the terrible famine of 1899.

The supply of teachers for Mission schools is, as has been seen in the account of the girls' schools of Delhi, always a difficulty. For various reasons the number of trained Christian teachers is quite inadequate, but a step in the right direction was taken by the endeavour to select some of the more promising senior girls of the Victoria School and to train them for service in the Mission. As the plan adopted has been already described, it need not be referred to here, except to mention that these young girls formed part of the mixed population of St. Mary's Home.

It was soon found that the original purpose of the house, that of a Convalescent Home, was somewhat overshadowed by other uses. Convalescent cases were not numerous, the reason being that, in the case of non-Christian women at the hospital, who had braved the supposed risks of becoming in-patients there, even if the invalid herself was willing, her friends were often in a great hurry to get her home again. Nor would they wait until she was fit for removal, much less allow her to go to another place in order to secure the little appreciated blessings of fresh air and rest. The poor woman who has only half recovered is often hurried home to cook for her husband, who will not endure the inconvenience of waiting longer for her, or fears that this proposal involves some subtle design for making his wife break her caste.

Thus the majority who came from the hospital to St. Mary's Home, were either Christian patients or chronic cases, who were there to find a home for the rest of their lives, and so set free the beds for more urgent cases. Among the first of these was Deoki, a young woman crippled with rheumatic arthritis, and quite unable to stand, whose gentle influence and ready helpfulness soon made her "charpai" in the corner of the verandah the resort of all who wanted sympathy. Many a squabble was brought to her to be adjusted, for she was ever a peacemaker, or a bit of sewing to be done which the owner's more clumsy fingers could not manage. Deoki was a devout communicant, and on the great festivals loved to be carried from her bed to a carriage, and so to church, where sitting on a low stool, her happy face showed how much she valued the rare privilege of being there. Another patient was the wife of one of the catechists, a man of good Mohammedan family, whose old prejudices still so far survived that his wife and daughter-in-law continued, contrary to the usual customs, to wear a burkha, or long garment covering the wearer from head to foot. This they did after their conversion to Christianity, and even came to church in it, as they were unable to face the idea of appearing before strangers without this emblem of respectability and modesty. This old lady, who had been very ill, and whose home was in one of the most stifling lanes in the city, delighted in the openness of St. Mary's Home, and unlike most of her country women, who have little appreciation of the beauties of nature, would sit for hours looking at the little garden in the centre

of the courtyard, and saying : " Ah, if I could always live here I should never be ill ".

One more must be mentioned, though her sad story has already been told. Kariman a child of about twelve years, had spent two years at the hospital, where she was received paralysed and unable to move except by dragging herself on hands and feet. Betrothed in infancy and taken to her father-in-law's house long before the age at which marriage is legal, *i.e.*, twelve years, Kariman's husband had soon tired of her and had sold her to another man. Then as she became unable to work from illness she was brought to the hospital, where, through all the weary months, she lay on her little bed, cared for and tended as she had never been before in her dreary life. When at last she began to improve and could walk about a little, the old woman appeared who had brought her to the home and demanded her discharge. She was getting well now, she would be able to work, and so was again of some value. But the doctor refused to send the child back to the terrible life she had lived before, and strong in the knowledge that a breach of the law had been committed both in her early marriage and in the transaction by which she had been bought and sold, she defied them to claim her. Angry and frightened the old woman departed, and poor little Kariman once more breathed freely. Soon after this she was baptised, and transferred to St. Mary's Home where for a time she gained ground and began to attend school, but her bent figure and head drawn to one side showed what she had undergone. She grew cheerful, however, played with

the little children, and treasured a doll which opened and shut its eyes—a gift from England. But soon the apparent improvement ceased—school had to be given up, and the last months of this sad life were spent lying motionless on her bed, the much-loved doll beside her, and tenderly cared for until the end came; and the child who had known little but cruelty and suffering in this life found rest and home at last.

It was not long before the necessity of having some place in which women converts might be received, taught and prepared for holy baptism, and trained to earn their own livelihood became apparent. And here a few words may be said in answer to the objection often made by those unacquainted with the conditions of women's life in India. What is the need of converts' homes? Why not let these women remain in their own family and witness among their own people to the reality of their faith by their altered lives? Does not this plan tend to make Christianity seem a foreign religion, associated in native minds with Western ideas, manners and clothes, the effect of which is to divide families, and so to retard the growth of a National Church in India? All this is true, or would be so were there any choice in the matter, but as the history of one or two of the inmates of St. Mary's Home will show, the ideal of the Christian man or woman, continuing after baptism to live in his or her home, striving there to win others to Christ, is at present an impossible one, because their presence in their home would no longer be tolerated. In the case of converts of low caste or in the villages this is not

always so; but even for such, when living beyond the reach of regular and frequent instruction, it is often found a great advantage if they can be received for a time in such a home, to be taught and prepared for holy baptism, and to learn to understand more fully from the lives and examples of those about them the meaning and beauty of the Christian life.

The high caste convert, on the other hand, needs not only further instruction but protection from the anger and vengeance of the relatives who have cast her off. When once outside the walls of the Zenana where is she to turn? It is impossible to imagine a more helpless being. She is unfamiliar with the outside world, and is penniless and ignorant of any means by which she can earn money. A native matron in St. Mary's Home, who had been in "Purdah" till she was nearly forty years of age, when she together with her husband became a Christian, was aghast at being asked to take a young girl to the station to see her off. "But the ticket, Miss Sahiba," she said; "I could not take a ticket, I do not know how!" The same woman, though the mother of grown-up sons and daughters, could not buy her own clothes, as she confessed she had no idea whether any material was good or bad and had never been accustomed to make the family purchases. It is easy then to see to what perils such a one is exposed and how great is the need of help at the moment when she is taking the step which must cast her adrift from the old life while she is still so unfit to stand alone.

A brief account of one of the converts thus received

will give some idea of the difficulties to be faced, which in her case were not lessened by the fact that she was not of high caste, but a Mohammedan woman of a respectable but quite obscure family. Bismillah's first contact with the Mission and with Christianity was brought about through her attendance at the hospital for some complaint which did not necessitate her becoming an in-patient. Sitting in the courtyard with the other women who were waiting their turn to see the doctor, she had listened to the Scripture stories that were told by the native Bible woman, looked at the pictures, and joined in the "bhajans" which the teacher sang. Bismillah got better, but still went to the hospital on one pretext or another, really to hear more of these new and wonderful things. Then one day she went to the doctor and told her of the desire which had long been in her heart to "be a Christian". When inquiries were made Bismillah owned that she had said nothing to her husband, whose anger she feared, and she expressed her wish to receive further instruction with a view to baptism. A few days later she arrived at St. Mary's Home, shrouded in her burkha and with her child, a little girl of two years, in her arms. It appeared that she had come without her husband's knowledge, as she feared to be stopped; so information was immediately sent to him, and very soon he appeared, accompanied by his brother. A painful interview followed; the husband at first tried persuasions and promises; he offered to give her anything she liked if she would only return; then with growing anger he poured out reproaches and threats.

"Will you," he was asked, "take your wife home and let her become a Christian as she wishes?" "Never!" was the angry reply, "I would sooner see her dead. I will never have a Christian in my house. Let her give up this mad idea and not bring disgrace upon her family." Then suddenly snatching the child from her arms he left the house. Day after day he returned, making now no pretence of affection for her, which, indeed, he never seemed to have felt; but urging her to think of the disgrace and shame of the step she was about to take, then threatening her life and refusing to let her see her child. Still Bismillah held to her purpose. "I cannot give it up," she would say. A secret warning was received that a plan was on foot to seize and carry her off whenever opportunity offered, and at last it seemed wiser to send her out of Delhi for a time. To make a long story short, Bismillah was at last baptised, her marriage according to Mohammedan law thereby becoming void. She returned to St. Mary's Home, and was employed in looking after the little children of whom we shall presently hear. The sequel is worth telling. A year later the husband died suddenly, and the child was taken to the house of a distant relative. When the news reached Bismillah the longing for her child, which she had never seen since it was first parted from her, awoke with renewed strength.

"I must get my child," she said, "no one can say now that I have not the right to claim her, and she will grow up amongst strangers if I cannot get her now." So accompanied by an old catechist, himself a convert from Mohammedanism, and the head of St.

Mary's Home, but trembling at the prospect of the encounter, the mother went to claim her child. As she entered the "basti," or enclosure surrounded by small houses, almost the first object that met her view was the little one in the arms of a woman, and, wonderful to say, the child, in spite of the long separation, immediately held out her arms and cried to go to her mother. But in a moment a crowd of angry men surrounded the little party, and the woman with the child disappeared. Bismillah's companion explained her errand, and for a minute or two fair words and half promises were given in reply. But then the truth came out: "Is she not ashamed to come here?" they said. "Let her come back to us and she shall have her child and welcome, but we will never give it up to be a Christian." Persuasions failing, a threat of legal proceedings was next resorted to, but was received with mockery. "Go into court," they said, "if you will, but you will never get the child." And so, indeed, it proved. A few weeks later the self-constituted guardian of the child appeared in court to answer a summons to produce her. His answer was that the child was dead! No evidence of the fact was forthcoming, no one even pretended to believe the statement; but all the inquiries that could be made and the search that was instituted were in vain, and from that day forward no further tidings could be obtained, though it was probable that the little one was safe and well in some distant village, while her guardians rejoiced in their victory over the poor mother, and in their successful defiance of the authority which it is impossible to

enforce in the face of determined bigotry and opposition. Many another instance might be given, but this one case is sufficient to show something of what awaits an Indian woman who has courage to follow the dictates of her conscience and to leave all for Christ's sake, and we need only add a few words as to the after-life of such converts. In every case the attempt is made to fit them for some useful means of earning a livelihood. For the younger ones, and especially if they have already received some education and are fairly intelligent, there is an opening in the Mission hospital where they are trained as nurses and midwives. Some become Bible-women or teachers in the city day schools for Hindu or Mohammedan children, and for some employment is found in the home itself, in cooking for the large household or in caring for the children and invalids; while others marry and go to homes of their own in Delhi or elsewhere. The teaching and guidance of these women, varying widely as they do in creed and caste, in age and mental capacity, as well as in temper and disposition, makes great demands upon the tact and patience of those in charge of the Home, and sad disappointments are experienced when one of whom high hopes have been entertained yields to the persuasions of her relations and goes back to the old life. So long as she has not been baptised, home is still open to her if she will return, and for a Mohammedan, even after baptism, return is easy. It is only necessary to repeat the short formula of the Mohammedan faith: "There is but one God and Mohammed is the prophet of God," and the wanderer is received once

more into the Mohammedan home. Return is not impossible, but it must be return without Christ, and the missionary watches tremblingly the conflict going on in the heart of an inquirer when the first excitement and enthusiasm are over, and when it becomes apparent that life as a Christian will be a hard one, and when the tempter whispers: "Come back. It is not yet too late." Which voice will prevail? Those placed in such a position need the prayers of us at home, as well as those—a still larger number—who in the seclusion of the Zenana are in their hearts convinced of the truth, and long to, yet dare not, confess Christ. How shall those who are not naturally courageous or steadfast, but clinging to the familiar customs of their narrow life, leave all for Christ's sake except in the strength of Him Who says: "My strength is made perfect in weakness".

We must turn now to the remaining branch of the work which is carried on in St. Mary's Home. Here are "the children," including babies, from the few weeks' old infant to the boys and girls of seven or eight who run about the compound and whose faces show little trace of past misery and want, though such signs are not altogether wanting. These are a legacy of the terrible famine of 1899 to 1900, which, if less severe in the Punjab than in some other parts of the area which it affected, left many children orphaned and destitute, who must have perished had not timely aid been at hand. Some were deserted by starving parents, who were not without hope that some one might take compassion on them, but in most cases it was im-



CHILDREN, ST. MARY'S HOME.

possible to trace the parentage of the children that were found by the police wandering about, or lying half dead by the roadside. These children, if old enough, and when sufficiently recovered from the effect of long privation, were placed in one of the Mission schools, but the babies still remained. What was to be done with them? The hospital was not the place to give them a permanent home, and it was soon decided to add them, too, to the fast growing and miscellaneous family of St. Mary's Home. So to that part of the building which remained to be completed was added a large dormitory which with its long rows of tiny beds with red and white covers, and its walls brightened with many pictures and doors opening into the deep verandah, was soon filled with baby inmates. Two young Mohammedan widows who were among the converts living in the home were trained to take charge of the new contingent. Little or nothing was known of these waifs who came one by one to fill the large bright room, and to flourish in this atmosphere of peace and plenty, but it was easy to see the difference between the high caste child with its refined features and comparatively fair skin, and the thick lips and dull expression of the chamâr or sweeper's child. Here, however, there is no caste distinction; all alike find a home, love and care such as most have never known. The present writer well remembers the surprise of a Mohammedan gentleman, who was agent for the Nizâm of Hyderabad. During the Durbar of 1903 the Nizâm became for a time tenant of St. Mary's Home and his agent came to look at the house

beforehand. He was shown the accommodation prepared for these little ones, which to English eyes included nothing more than the barest necessities. "Do you tell me that these are orphans," he said, "who have no claim upon you? What can make you take such trouble for them!"

The story of little Dhapo, who was found one evening in the font of St. Stephen's Church, where she had lain stupefied with opium all through evensong, when she narrowly escaped being shut in all night, has been told elsewhere. She was the first of the little band, a sturdy little girl of about four, but weak from want of food, and at first she could only sit or lie in the verandah with no energy to play or move about. Then came others, who were generally announced by a note from the deputy commissioner and handed in without much ceremony by a tall policeman in blue tunic and yellow trousers. There was little Hayāten who soon became the pet of the house, a tiny bright-eyed girl who would say when asked her name, "One name is Hayāten, and the other is Shiny Eyes". There was the little cripple girl who ran about as fast as any one, when provided with a tiny pair of crutches. Azizan, who had lost one eye, and Piru, whose grey eyes and pale face probably indicated that he came of a Cashmeri family, and who looked strange amongst the rest. St. Mary's Home has its little flowers in Paradise also, for in the cemetery outside the walls are two tiny graves, where were laid to rest two infants of a few days old, who when brought in were too exhausted by exposure to recover, but who were received into the

fold of baptism, and gently cared for till their short lives were ended. So the number grew, and though after the famine was over there were fewer requests for admission, and most of the original children have now been passed on to school, the need still exists, and often the Mission is called upon to receive either the orphan children of some poor Christian family or some little waif from the street for whom no other home can be found.

It can easily be understood that to provide for these little ones involves a considerable strain on the funds of the Mission, though this is lessened by the kindness of those friends at home who help in a very acceptable way by undertaking the support of a single child. This may be done by a school or parish, and surprise is often expressed at the small sum which covers the cost of one child yearly, *i.e.*, £3. This is due to the fact that great care is taken, while sufficient nourishing food is provided, to bring them up as far as possible in native habits with regard to food and living. The day's routine begins with prayers in Hindustani in the chapel or the home, at which all the inmates are present if possible; the children, if old enough, file in, their bare feet making no sound on the tiled floor. They join eagerly in any familiar prayer, and sometimes attempt to sing, though not with the happiest results, as time and tune are not regarded! Then comes the morning meal, generally dal (a kind of lentils) and rice. Each dish is filled, and the children sit in a long row in the verandah. No tables, tablecloths, knives or forks are required, and a visit to the

tap when the dish is empty makes "washing up" a speedy process. Two hours lessons for the "elder babies"—then play—a midday sleep, and more play, or sometimes a walk. The little boys wear blue cotton jackets and trousers, the girls pink frocks and tiny white muslin chaddars, and red shoes on their bare feet, which though put on with much pride at starting are generally carried home in the hand, the owners being really much happier without them. Then comes the evening meal of curry and rice and chapatties; three times a week meat is provided, and on Sundays a favourite dish of "khur," that is rice and milk spiced and sweetened.

Evening chapel is followed by bed, and soon all are asleep. In the very hot nights the beds are moved out to the verandah or large quadrangle to catch whatever breath of cool air may be stirring.

It will be asked, "What is to be the future of these children, and how long will they remain in St. Mary's Home?" We may answer that the years there will prove of great value both for the strengthening of their enfeebled constitutions, and because it is thus possible to begin from an early age to form right habits, and to correct inherited faults. These little ones, moreover, are, as soon as is practicable, baptised and learn to know and love their Father in Heaven.

At the age of eight or nine they are transferred to whichever school seems most appropriate, in order that they may be fitted to maintain themselves, the boys learning a trade, and the girls, if quick and intelligent, become teachers or nurses, or learn some handicraft,

such as shoe embroidery, which will enable them in the event of marriage to add to the family income.

Now we must leave St. Mary's Home, and as we do so we hope that our readers' interest may have been awakened or increased in the varied work which is going on there. No branch of the work is more encouraging and hopeful than that just described, *viz.*, the training of children of every caste and various creeds to take their part as faithful members of the Church which received them in their forsaken infancy, and to help forward, by their labour as well as by their steadfast and faithful lives, the progress of Christianity in their own land.

EPILOGUE.

ON 12th July, 1902, was completed the fiftieth year from the time when Mr. Jennings first established the Mission of the English Church. Within six months of this date the streets of Delhi witnessed two processions, each of them unique in the history of the city. The one inaugurated the Coronation Durbar of King Edward, Emperor of India ; it presented to the eye of the spectator a pageant of unsurpassed splendour, and newspaper correspondents endeavoured with poor success to describe the pomp and magnificence of the scene. The other, which took place in July, 1902, marked the Jubilee of the Church's work in Delhi. Through the same streets there passed a thousand Indian Christians. For that procession, needless to say, there were no correspondents and as an outward show it was scarcely worth describing, but those who had spiritual insight realised that this procession, rather than the other, was fraught with far-reaching consequences for the peoples of India.

Long before dawn the Christians gathered at St. Stephen's Church from the several *bastis* in the city, and from the suburbs and neighbouring villages, while Karnal, Rewari and Rohtak sent their representatives. At six o'clock the procession started, each group with



JUBILEE PROCESSION, 1902.

its banner and device, headed by the various choirs, the clergy and the bishop, while in front of all was carried the cross. This Cross had been presented by the leading Indian Christians, as an offering "to the glory of God and to commemorate the Jubilee of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel Mission in Delhi," while on the reverse side was inscribed the motto of the Emperor Constantine "In this sign conquer".

The procession was of necessity arranged in accordance with our Western ideas of order and reverence, and, as a matter of fact, it seems to have made an impression on the citizens of Delhi who watched it pass with silent respect and no little wonderment. Hymns and bhajans, or religious songs of Indian composition and sung to Indian tunes, were taken up by the congregations. It was remarked, however, that whereas the hymns had the help of cornets and other musical instruments, the bhajans needed no such help, for these were heartily taken up by the whole body of the people and especially by the poor. One who took part in the procession writes: "the singing of the bhajan *Jai Prabhu Jesu, Jai Adhirājā*, 'Victory is thine, Lord Jesu; victory, King Supreme,' could not be forgotten; the measured cadence of the tune was taken up more and more heartily, until we felt the truth borne in upon us that this was indeed the vanguard of an ever-victorious army; no hurry, no eager emotion, simply the resistless onward march of Him who is going forth conquering and to conquer".

On returning to St. Stephen's as many as could do so, crowded into the large tent which had been erected

in the compound for a Service of Thanksgiving and the Bishop preached on the words of the Fatehpur banner: "He went forth conquering and to conquer". After the service came a feast, and after the feast fireworks and illuminations. On the next day, which was a Sunday, the Rev. Tara Chand told the story of the early days of the Mission and on Monday the members of the Mission staff were fêted by students, and were presented with an address expressing the congratulations and thanks of their "sincere and grateful well-wishers, the non-Christian ex-students of St. Stephen's College".

Since that day, as has been already mentioned, three new churches have been consecrated and opened for service in the Delhi Mission—The Church of the Holy Trinity in Delhi, the Church of the Ascension at Karnal, and the Church of St. Paul at Fatehpur. Such a conclusion to fifty years of intermittent work affords ground for honest thanksgiving. In these three churches no seats have been provided, the Indians squat on the floor and prostrate themselves in prayer according to the manner of the East; the prayers however are not the short ejaculations of the East; they are the lengthy and largely unintelligible prayers of the Anglican liturgy. Their use illustrates one of the difficulties raised by the spread of Christianity in India. The attempt to amalgamate the new with the old and to combine the habits and customs of the West with those of the East can hardly be productive of satisfactory result; nor can we hope to achieve any real success until the day when we have

an Indian ministry and Indian theologians. Delhi has produced neither; a few pastors and many catechists have been "raised up," but these have to a large extent been Westernised. Converts have been "given to us," but Christianity has not yet been interpreted by Indian thought. It seems plain, that, until Christianity is "Indianised," India will not be Christianised.

What then of the future? Does hope lie in the ingathering of masses of lower castes whether in the South or in the North? or is it through the National Society (an echo within the Church of the *Swadeshi* cry) that Christianity will be presented in Indian dress to the millions of India? or again, are the Mission schools and the Mission colleges with their daily presentation of Christ, to be the means by which the spirit of Jesus Christ will leaven and regenerate the nation?

These are questions which we cannot answer. Whatever be the answer which will eventually be given to them, our duty remains the same. It is in order to enable our readers to realise the nature of this duty and to share the high privileges which its accomplishment involves, that this book has been compiled.

*"We bless Thy Holy Name for all Thy servants
departed this life in Thy faith and fear".*

Midgley John Jennings	Priest	} Killed on May 11, 1857
Alfred Roots Hubbard	"	
Daniel Corrie Sandys	Catechist	
Louis Koch	"	
Chinman Lal		
Vilayat Masit		
And many other Christians.		
	Year of Death.	
Miss Johnson	1869	} Who have died in the service of the Mission.
Miss Henderson	1880	
Miss Jonnochy	1881	
Priscilla Winter	1881	
Miss Orr	1885	
Robert Reynolds Winter	Priest 1891	
Folliott Sandford	" 1892	
Alexander Charles Maitland	" 1894	
Richard Papillon	" 1895	
Frederick Charles Faulkner Thonger	Deacon 1898	
Mary Tarachand	1899	
Robert Basil Westcott	Priest 1900	
John William Thorp Wright	" 1902	
Mary Roberts	1903	
Helen Caroline Purton	1907	
Marie Elizabeth Hayes	1908	
Herbert Field Blackett	Priest 1885	} Whose health first gave way at Delhi.
John Davidson Monro Murray	" 1894	
Edward Bickersteth	Bishop 1897	

PLAN OF DELHI

Scale of One Mile
0 1/2 1

SABZI MANDI

PAHARI

PAHARGANJ

ENGLISH QUARTER (CIVIL LINES)

CEMETERY

HORI KATE

RAILWAY STATION

QUEEN'S GARDENS

TOWN HALL

PALACE

GVERNMENT VICE-ROYS

JAMA MASJID

Baptist Mission

Darya Ganj

DELHI GATE

MATHEW CEMETERY

1 Boys' High School
2 St. Stephen's Hospital
3 Mission House
4 Boys' Boarding House
5 College
6 College Boarding House
7 Matford House
8 Bickelath Hall
9 Kanan Majid Basti
10 Mirkan Gany Basti
11 Darya Gany Basti
12 Sabzi Mandi Basti
13 Paharganj Basti
14 St. Stephen's Home
15 Girls' Boarding School
16 S. Mary's Home
17 Girls' Industrial School
18 Site of new Hospital is in this neighbourhood

**NATIVE
CHRISTIAN**

London Security Gang' Area

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