A WELSHMAN IN INDIA

THOMAS EVANS

A Welshman in India

A Record of the Life

of

THOMAS EVANS,

MISSIONARY.

Edited by his Son-in-Law,

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London:

JAMES CLARKE & CO., 13 & 14, Fleet Street, E.C.

THE KINGSGATE PRESS, 4, Southampton Row. W.C.

PRINTED BY
THE KINGSGATE PRESS,
LONDON AND BEDFORD.

PREFACE.

The following pages contain the record, chiefly from his own pen, of a man whose long and strenuous life was devoted to the will of God in the moral and spiritual interests of humanity.

Early trials and the discipline of adversity, sanctified by early grace, laid the foundation of a strong and earnest character, that actuated the physical and mental gifts with which he was endowed. The open-hearted, open-handed, courageous and sympathetic disposition of the sailor was his throughout life. His simple faith and cheerful spirit made his presence, even in old age, helpful and welcome to those who knew him.

As a minister of Christ his loved work was preaching the Gospel, in the evangelical meaning of the term; but all that tended to its success, or removed hindrances to its progress, had his sympathy and support. His efforts on behalf of temperance and the anti-opium movement were proofs of the energy and desires of his later years.

"He walked the dark world in the mild
Still guidance of the Light;
In tearful tenderness a child,
A strong man in the right.

With weary hand, yet steadfast will,
In old age as in youth,
The Master found him sowing still
The good seed of His truth."

CALCUTTA, 1908.

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A WELSHMAN IN INDIA.

CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE, CHILDHOOD, AND EARLY LIFE.

NESTLING in the arms of Cardigan Bay, on the south of St. George's Channel, is a small sea-port, called in Welsh, Tref-draeth, and in English, Newport. It was there in a little cottage in Mill Lane, on Tuesday the 28th of September, 1826, at 7 o'clock in the morning, that I first saw the light of day. I am a true Cymro, both my parents being descendants of the orthodox Ancient Britons of Wild Wales.

At the time of my childhood there was hardly a word of English spoken in my birthplace, and I knew little or nothing of the Anglo-Saxon tongue until I left home and went to sea with my father.

Newport must have been a place of some importance in the time of the Romans, for there are the ruins of a fine old Roman Castle* of great size and strength. On the south side is a large pond which apparently formed part of the moat. Many a

* Probably Norman, built by the early Lords of the March of Kemaes, who exercised sovereign rights here.

happy hour have I spent on the green sward of this old ruin, floating little toy boats on the pond, and watching the larger craft in the lovely bay.

Ship-building was formerly carried on at Newport, and the builder, Havard, was well known for his strong ships of Welsh oak. At the time I speak of, several ships were built here, but afterwards when the harbour became silted up with sand, and only very small vessels could come in, the trade declined and the Havards are nearly all gone.

The town is very healthy and picturesque, with high hills on the south and the sea stretching away to the north. The population is in all about 3,000 souls, but most of the men are away at sea.

There were three chapels and one church in the place, the Baptists and Independents being the most numerous. The people are outwardly very religious and the Sabbath is strictly kept, nearly all going to some place of worship; and the Sunday schools, which are attended by men, women and children, are a great blessing.

PARENTS.

My father—John Evans—was a master mariner, and for many years commanded coasting vessels. He was often absent from home, so that we children knew little of him while we were young. He was religious from his youth, and up to the time of my birth he had done well in sea-faring life. Through my mother's friends he was put in command of a ship and he might have made a fortune had it not been for occasional indulgence in whisky. The

taste of spirits made him almost mad and once he took a single glass he could not stop. He made a complete wreck of himself and his fortune. I cannot allow that my poor father was a drunkard in the real sense of the word: the drunkard I take to be the poor sot who is ever more or less craving for drink and who cannot spend a day without the stimulant; but my father would be for years a total abstainer and avoid liquor of any sort. Then the taste for the poison would return and seemed to set him on fire so that he lost all self-control. For the time he was not in his right mind; he was possessed by the demon of drink and cared neither for himself nor for his family. But as soon as the spell was broken he most bitterly repented of his folly and sin, and his soul would be filled with agony and shame, while his conscience would be pained at the thought of the disgrace he had brought upon the cause of Christ and the misery he had inflicted on his wife and family.

This curse of drink to my poor father was one of the first trials of my youth, and never shall I forget the times I had to attend him on board ship, in his fearful fits when struggling to give up the whisky. He would get perfectly convulsed—he would become blue in the face, he would foam at the mouth and gnash with his teeth, and tremble like a leaf—so that I often thought he was dead. His craving for the drink was fearful and he would beg for a drop as if for very life. On one occasion at Milford Haven I was watching him. There was no drink on board, as I had thrown it into the

sea. I saw him looking wildly about the deck as if he would give the world for a glass of the poison. He saw the boat by the ship side and, quickly undoing the rope that tied it, he jumped in and was about to make for the shore, when I sprang into the boat at the risk of my life, got him on board again, and in a few days he was restored to his right mind.

These troubles brought so fully home to my young heart the fearful results of strong drink, and produced such a disgust for it, that I then resolved never to touch the poison, and to help to my utmost ability the cause of temperance.

I am thankful to say that my father gave up drink before he died. For some years after leaving the sea he lived a sober life at home, making the word of God and prayer his chief delight. Before I left home for India the second time, in 1865, he took me one day to the two favourite spots where he resorted for prayer and said: "My boy, look at that stone," and again, "Look at this tree; this is my Bethel. Here I meet with my God day by day." He died shortly after, and it is a comfort to think that he is a brand plucked from the fire by the grace of God.

MY MOTHER.

My beloved mother richly merits the praise of all her children. Through the sad failing of my father she had a hard struggle to provide for their necessities. For months she would receive no allowance from him whose duty it was to support

the home, and she went without comforts for herself in order to supply us with food and clothes. We were of necessity reared on very simple fare, but I never remember being without food to eat. How it came I know not; our mother's love and self-denial brought all we needed. She bore her trials in silence and never complained of my father's conduct to any one; she always tried to find excuses for him, hoped for the best and strove hard to make up for his sad defects.

On the mountain south of the town is a piece of land know as the "cumins" or "common." Here my mother secured a plot free of rent, and with her own hands cleared the land of stones and enclosed it. Close by, under an old cairn called "Carn-ffoi," was a small cottage, and in 1833 we left our house in the town and lived in this mountain home. Here was a large garden where we grew vegetables and a field that yielded potatoes and corn. We collected brushwood and fern from the mountain top for fuel. Thanks to the goodness of God and the activity of a loving mother we did not lack for plain fare.

My mother had had a poor education, for in the days of her childhood girls were not taught in Wales except in the Sabbath school. She was a member of the Baptist Church from her youth and a regular reader of her Welsh Bible. One most pleasant recollection I have of her is her custom of telling us Bible stories every night when her work was done. My two sisters and I had our favourite stories which were often repeated.

My special hero was Joseph, and the early impressions made by my mother's accounts of Scripture characters have never been lost. They stored my mind with Bible history and have helped me through life. My first and most efficient Bible teacher was my beloved mother, and she it was who first taught me the great fact that I was a sinner and that Jesus was my Saviour. She never taught me a form of prayer, but she would often say to me, "My boy, you must pray to God just as you feel you need His help."

Such was the teaching of my mother. May our Father God bless her memory as He has blest me through her.

MY WELSH BIBLE.

In 1833 my father sent me a large Welsh Bible with notes and illustrations, from which I delighted to read out aloud for hours together, especially on the Lord's day. Nor was I satisfied with reading; I used to imitate the old pastor of the chapel and often tried to preach a sermon. When I was about six or seven I conducted a baptismal ceremony in a pond, using the cat as a candidate; but pussy was an obstinate and very unsatisfactory convert.

On the side of the road close to our house was an old water mill used for grinding corn. The ponderous stones were kept in motion by a huge water-wheel which was often going night and day. There was no American flour in Wales in those days. Opposite the large wheel facing the mill was a bank where I used to sit for hours reading

aloud and preaching as best I could. The public road was on the other side of the bank, yet I was not disturbed in my boyish reveries, for, should anyone pass by, the bank hid them from me, and the constant rush of the falling water drowned all other noise so that I could hardly hear my own voice. I shall never forget the intense pleasure it gave me to sit in that quiet spot and exercise myself in play—preaching for hours. I was often so fully lost in my subject as to forget all around me, and not seldom my mother had to come and call me to meals. I loved to be alone with Nature and with Nature's God.

As far back as I am able to remember my chief pleasure was preaching—not simply to preach to myself but to hear ministers of experience. For the sermons of our old pastor, David Jones,* I had no great fancy, and yet at times they moved my heart deeply.

ITINERANT PREACHERS.

Many years ago Wales was full of itinerant preachers and nothing delighted me more than to hear that one was coming to Newport. These good men did wonders for Wales. They travelled about on foot or on horseback from one end of the Principality to the other, and preached all the year round. They were not merely local preachers or assistants, but were often some of the best pastors

* David Jones, minister at Newport 44 years, from 1802 till his death, September 1846. Llewelyn Lloyd Thomas was Rector of Newport for 51 years (1824 to 1875).

who went forth on preaching excursions to supply pulpits and build up the churches. The great apostle of Wales, Christmas Evans, did much good in this way when churches and ministers were few and feeble in Wales. Many of them preached in farm-houses and barns, and "the common people heard them gladly." The devoted Vavasor Powell, a clergyman of the Established Church, did much of this good work and was reported to his bishop for irregularity. The Bishop asked if it were true that he preached in unconsecrated buildings, to which he said "No." "But did you not preach at such a house, or such a barn." "Yes, my lord." "Do you call them consecrated?" "Yes," was the bold reply, "Every inch of this earth was consecrated when the Son of God set His foot upon it."

The itinerant preachers were men of great preaching powers. They were always hospitably entertained, and they received as a rule one shilling for a sermon and half-a-crown for the three Sunday services. These fees were not large enough to excite cupidity and yet they were a help to meet expenses, for these men generally preached five times in the week beside the Sunday engagements.

These good men I regarded as visiting angels, and so deeply was I interested in their preaching that I listened to them for hours, and often wept tears of joy. At times there would be two together which was a great treat to my soul; in such cases the best preacher, like good wine, came last. I

had my favourites among them, and the sermons of those who greatly pleased me I generally remembered by heart and would occasionally repeat them. It was impossible to sleep under these sermons. I would be all alive and waiting for the "hwyl" which I felt was sure to come. While the preacher proceeded quietly with the introduction I would sit by my mother's side, but as soon as he grew warm I would jump up in my seat and shout "Amen" with the others. These exclamations were not uncommonly heard in places of worship, especially when the preacher, as a messenger of light and love, depicted the reality of the cross of Christ and the healing fountain.

The Welsh word "Hwyl" is used for great emotion in the speaker, as he seems to sail along on the ocean of truth, and "hwyl" means a sail. In preaching, the Welsh language is far ahead of the English; it is like the rolling thunder or the trumpet blast and it stirs up the soul to its very depths. To me it is no small sacrifice to have to live and labour in a land where my dear old mother tongue is seldom heard.

WELSH HYMNS.

Singing Welsh hymns was another favourite pastime. The tunes were all in the minor key, and to this day no other musical key can open my heart. A good minor will at once strike a chord in a Welshman's breast that will set him all ablaze with devotion, while other music will fall flat on his ear. It strikes me that the minor music is

nature while the major is only art; the one is of God, while the other is manufactured.

Hymns in Welsh I could, while yet a boy, repeat by the score. In those days hymn books were rare and I learnt the hymns from others, chiefly from my mother. To this day some of these hymns are sources of joy to my soul, especially: "O fryniau Caersalem ceir gweled," and "Os gwelir fi bechadur," &c. The hymns have both gospel and heaven in them. Not many people know that hymns like the following are translations from the Welsh, "Hark the sound of love and mercy," "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah." Many other popular hymns used in England are from a Welsh source.

These hymns I sang, not only in meetings, but also on mountain tops, by running brooks, and on the murmuring sea-shore. They were my constant companions and a feast to my soul, and they tended much to nourish in my heart love to God and man.

The Welsh are fond of poetry and singing, but they have no comic songs. Numerous religious and moral ballads, sung generally at fairs and market places, had a great charm for me. One of the pleasures of my youth was to listen to the pathetic piety of these ballads sung in a minor key, and even after I returned home from India I found that the charm had lost none of its power.

The first Welsh hymn I learnt when I was only about three years old. My mother, one winter evening, had gone to chapel and had left me in the care of good old Margaret Davis, or "Peggy

Dafid," as she was called. It was cold, and I sat on one side of the fire and she on the other. "Well, my boy," she said, "do you know any hymns?" I said, "No, not a whole one." Then she said she would teach me one, and before my mother returned from evening service I had learnt the following simple child's ditty and have never forgotten it:

Mae bara yn y ty—A gwyse i wysgo'r plant;
Mae afon goch o waed I olchi'r pechod dua i bant.

The beauty and simplicity are almost lost in a translation but this is the sense:

There is bread in Christ for me, and robes to hide my shame.
There's a purple flood to wash the guilty in His name.

This child's hymn is full of gospel truth; the Saviour is set forth as the Bread of Life, as our Robe of Righteousness, and as the Lamb of God. This was about the first sermon I understood, and my first lesson in theology.

It was a common custom in Wales for children to spend the long winter evenings around the fire and one after another to repeat hymns. This was the custom in my home, and I could at one time repeat over a hundred hymns. I cannot tell how much I owe morally and spiritually to the influence of a home in which was no frivolity and foolish fun. I fear these good old habits are fast dying out, and that young folks of the present day would consider them dull and tiresome, but in the home

of my youth these evenings afforded real joy and pleasure to all.

MY SISTERS.

Ann was the eldest, but Margaret, who was two years my senior, was the dearer to me and was the constant companion of my youth. She loved me tenderly and always helped me out of my troubles. As children we were in great fear of certain vagrants, or "stragglers" as they were called, who were said to kidnap children. During the fairs at Newport, especially the annual gathering or "Fair Gerig," these stragglers would be seen, and my sister would be in dread lest I should be taken away, and would bribe me with apples to come home early. My mother would effectually check my waywardness by a threat that if I did not behave myself, I should become a straggler. I can well remember my horror when I once saw my mother tie up a bundle of clothes and a piece of bread, and say "Now, my boy, as you cannot be good at home you must try your luck among the stragglers." My sister Margaret would plead hard for me at such times. She would share with her "Tomas Bach" all her toys, and would give up her own comforts in order to help or please me. For over fifty years this affection never wavered; she nourished her mother in her old age, and never ceased to send loving messages to her "anwyl frawd," or "dear brother," though so far away.

Of my sister Ann I am sorry that I have not such pleasant recollections. She had a kind

heart but a bad temper, and the unhappy disposition of making closer friends of strangers than of her own family. While yet young she worked hard and saved a little money, in order to increase which she attempted a work which proved her ruin. Much against our wishes and remonstrances she opened a tavern called "The Plough," where she hoarded up the pence of the drunkard and the pounds of the fool. By giving drink to others she learnt to drink herself and, after saving enough money to enable her to retire in ease, her sad life was suddenly cut short. Late one night she was seen sitting by the fireside. Early next morning there was a cry of "Fire." The house was burnt to the ground, and she was consumed in the flames. Such was the end of an evil course. Alas, my poor sister!

EARLY EDUCATION.

All the educational advantage I had in my youth was confined to the free village school which was supported by a gentleman named Mr. Evans. The school was conducted by John Morgan, a stonemason, a man who had received no special training, but who by dint of good natural powers and a bad temper was able to teach us reading, writing, and arithmetic. I was young when I left the school and I never got beyond the multiplication table and could read and write very imperfectly in English, which to me was a strange tongue. My sisters went to the same school, and I remember taking a little bread for our mid-day meal, and our

coming home in the evening for our food. Those were hard times; my education both here and afterwards never cost my father a penny. Yet many of the boys who had money to squander are long ago gone, the sad victims of indulgences which at last proved their ruin. I thank God for my early poverty; if I did not learn much I was kept from a thousand snares by being poor.

The training of my youth was really at home and in the Sunday school. My mother did more for me, at least in moral teaching, than Mr. Morgan, and her efforts were supported by the instruction received from my Sunday school teachers.

The Sunday school in Wales has been the great and in many cases the only teacher of the people for years. Day schools were few and far between, but there were Sunday schools in every village and parish, and seldom could a child of eight or ten be found who could not read the Welsh Bible. This early training in the Word of God has given the Welsh people such a powerful grasp upon divine truth that neither the Church of the State nor the Church of the Pope has been able to gain any strong footing in Wales. They are very loyal subjects, but none will submit his conscience to the laws of men, for they are taught that in all spiritual concerns there is but one Master, even Christ, who is the sole Head of the Church. It is only necessary to look at Popish and priest-ridden countries to learn how the people are ready to submit their souls to any human authority. Well may the Welsh take as their favourite motto: "Bibl

i bawb o bobl y byd," i.e., "The Bible to all the people of the world."

EARLY RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS.

In my youth the Bible was my constant delight, and from the age of four or five I was impressed with a sense of my sins which increased as I grew older. I cannot remember what special means were used by God to quicken my conscience; possibly it was my dear mother's teaching, as well as my reading and the powerful preaching I heard. One thing I feel sure of, the Spirit of God worked early in my soul and made me feel the hidden evils of my heart. Before I was seventeen I was so often bowed down with the sense of sin that I could not rest or sleep. I told no one of my state, and often retired to solitary places to weep and pray. It was not so much the evil of sin as the guilt of sin that I felt. For years I lived under Mount Sinai, and could see the flashes of the broken law and hear the crashes of vengeance thundering forth until it appeared as if all were lost. I knew nothing of the love of God or the true way of life. My only hope was in self, and I strove hard for self-improvement and self-righteousness, and would plead hard with God to spare me on the ground of mending my ways and becoming a good boy.

Outwardly I was by no means what people call a "bad boy." I cannot recall any more wicked deed that I was guilty of than once, at the instigation of big boys, going out to steal apples, and once being tempted to catch fish on the

Sabbath. The apples gave me no small trouble, and they often reminded me of the forbidden fruit. I could never eat them, but left them in a ditch to rot. My constant dread was that my mother might get to know of them, and I felt that God knew all and would surely punish me. At times, after a season of prayer and weeping I felt relief and thought God was pleased with me, but as soon as I fell again into any naughtiness I would be as miserable as ever. Thus it went on for years; sin and repentance, fear and joy, falling and reforming, until at times I was weary of trying and ready to give up all for lost.

I had not yet been able to deny self and embrace Jesus only as my Saviour. Men will read of Christ, speak of Christ, pray to Christ, perhaps preach Christ, and yet cleave to self for salvation. I was like the young man in the gospel who asked Jesus what more he could do to get life. This is the natural religion of all men. It is seen among Hindus, Muhammedans, and nominal Christians. All cry out, "What must I do?" It is only the Spirit of God and converting grace that can possibly cast out the demon of self.

When I was about eight, my mother, as I have already mentioned, left the town and moved into a cottage on the mountain. This was a great benefit to me as it took me away from the evil influences of wicked companions, and my dear mother's strictness was a valuable check upon me. Another favourable circumstance to the nurture of early piety was our poverty. My playmates

fared sumptuously every day while I had often to content myself with barley bread without butter, and broth without meat, yet I was as healthy and as happy as they, and I can now see that I was thus kept from forming many evil habits.

In the quiet retreat of my mountain home there was another advantage which had no small influence upon my after life. I was able to be much alone. There were most charming and convenient retreats in the old cairn (" Carn ffoi ") behind my mother's cot where I spent many a happy season in meditation, singing and prayer.

On the summit of the cairn I had my stone pulpit where I could exercise my oratory undisturbed, as loud and as long as I liked. I was delighted to be alone with God and Nature. The blue vault of heaven above, the green-sward and purple heather beneath, and in front, as a rule, a congregation of innocent sheep, prancing lambs, and browsing cattle, while to the north was the deep, blue sea with its dashing waves. This dear old cairn was to my youthful heart a Bethel where I often saw heaven open and felt the presence of God. Never can I forget the precious hours of communion I had there when all alone with my Father.

> Sweet spot serene, to me the mount of God,
> When heaven itself with sacred joy seemed nigh.

CHAPTER II.

On the Ocean Wave.

TOWARDS the end of 1838 my father became captain of a coasting brig called the "Hinton," hailing from Cork, and belonging to Mr. Sullivan, a merchant. About this time my father wrote from Cork to my mother, asking her to meet him at the port of Llanelly, and added, "If Thomas wishes, he may come and try the sea." I was in raptures with the offer and gave my mother no rest till she promised to take me with her. In those days there was no railway in Wales and no coach from Newport. We walked thirty miles to Carmarthen in one day. How my mother found her way was a wonder, as there was no proper road over the mountains. We rested the night at Carmarthen which seemed a large city, and the next day we reached Llanelly. Here we found the "Hinton," and I was duly installed as cabin boy, which I thought was a grand position. But my dreams of the joys of the sea did not last long, and the rough voyage to Cork and the horrible sea-sickness made me long for home. But it was not now easy to turn back, and my father

warned me that if I returned I should be called a "fresh water sailor."

I was greatly astonished with all the new and strange things I saw at Cork. A soldier and a policeman I had never seen before. Although I could speak only a few words of English, I went about feeling myself half a sailor. The Irish were very kind-hearted, but there was no respect for the Lord's day. After morning mass the people went forth to all sorts of sport and amusement. This fact gave me a disgust for Popery, which has grown with me. My father and I attended a Protestant service conducted in an upper room of a house on St. Patrick's Quay, called a "Bethel." The Irish were very ignorant, very poor, and very dirty; three things which one always finds among the lower classes of Roman Catholics; I also found them very dishonest and untruthful. In the Welsh ports there is no night watch kept on board ship, but in Irish ports ropes and sails would soon be missed if not carefully guarded.

To make me proficient as a first-class seaman I was not spared by my father. I was often roused up from bed to go aloft to furl the main royal or top-gallant sails, and I have a vivid recollection of having a bucket of water dashed into my face when I was one night put on the look out and fell asleep. With such discipline I became in due time a real sailor and my father used to boast of his son's seamanship to others though he never praised me before my face.

I shall not dwell at length on my sea-life but nar-

rate some of its more interesting incidents in order to show how wonderfully the Lord watched over me.

MARVELLOUS ESCAPES.

On the 12th January, 1843, we experienced a terrible gale. We were running across from Cork to Wales, and when near the mouth of the Bristol Channel a terrific storm came from the north-west. The wind blew so hard that we took in all the sails and the ship ran under "bare poles," yet the main yard was snapped in two by the force of the wind. The brig ran well before the rolling billows being light in ballast, which was limestone.

About three in the afternoon a sea struck the ship on her starboard quarter which made her tremble like a leaf, and the ballast was thrown to the lee side of the hold and the ship was on her beam ends with her yardarms dipping in the water. The sea also smashed in the cabin sky-light and stove in the hatchways, so that there was about two or three feet of water in the hold. My father and I rushed on deck just in time to save the man at the wheel who had been washed overboard, but holding on to the wheel rope, we pulled him in. The order was given to "Loose the jib," but no sooner was the jib opened than it was blown into ribbons by the wind. Then my father cried, "Cut away the main mast." As soon as the weather-shrouds had been cut the mast fell with a crash, and the rigging, falling on my father carried him overboard, but he was soon rescued.

The ship now righted a little, but she was still

rolling heavily in the trough of the sea and would not answer to her helm. The next step was to try and shift the ballast to the weather side of the ship. Whisky was served out to the men to inspire them for the work, and most of them went below to "turn" the ballast which was soaked in sea water. I held a lantern and tried to help lift the stones when one of the men threw a stone at me which maimed my right hand for life. After four hours' hard work the ship righted, the helm was put hard up, and she wore round and swam like a duck before the waves. We began to breathe a little more freely and hoped for life. Early next morning the gale had abated, and one of the first sights we saw was a large vessel, bottom up and evidently with all hands lost, while through God's mercy we had been spared. About noon we found that we were running up the Bristol Channel, opposite Swansea bay. It was thick and hazy, and we were very helpless with only our foremast standing and the ship running before the wind. In this we saw a special providence. The wind suddenly veered round from N.W. to S.W. and enabled us to run into the Mumbles Roads without an effort, but no sooner had we dropped anchor than the wind again rushed round to the N.W. and blew a strong gale. But we were now safe in smooth water, thanks to Him who led us into the peaceful haven.

I consider this one of the special events of my life, in which I can trace the loving care of God in saving us from the deep. The ship was old,

she was clean on her side, and yet kept from turning over, and we, with one mast, were brought safely through a channel where scores of stronger ships had perished.

The second great deliverance I had at sea was in 1846, on board the "May Eleanor," a ship belonging to my own town. We were on the way from Limerick to London laden with Irish oats. The captain had been drinking hard all the time we were in port and had not been on deck since we left Limerick. One stormy night we were running under low sail and were approaching the Scilly Islands off Land's End. Near the Islands are the "Seven Stones," more or less covered with water. To warn ships of the danger there is a Light-ship near and we saw the light just as it was getting dark. We had to alter the course of the ship to avoid these sunken rocks. Just then the Captain came on deck and told the man at the wheel to keep the ship off about two points. The chief officer, Llewelyn James, remonstrated and said such a course would take us on the "Seven Stones." The Captain replied, "I am master of the ship, and my orders must be obeyed." The chief officer sent me up the foreyard to look for breakers on the rocks. I was not there above twenty minutes when I saw breakers right ahead, and I shouted out the warning. The ship was kept away, but so near were we to the rocks that the spray from them fell on board. The ship now passed between two sunken rocks while every moment, when she went down from the top of a big wave, we expected to

crash on the top of a rock, which would have smashed her like a match-box, and we should have all been lost. But God saved us; and I do not think that any other ship could have passed through such an ordeal. I look upon this as one of the special interpositions of the hand of God in my life.

These were not my only escapes from danger at sea. Once I fell overboard and was nearly drowned. Another time as I went round the "cross-trees" on the mast head I lost my hold and fell. Had I not caught the "backstay" I should have been dashed to pieces on the deck, but I gripped the rope and slid down, though with such force that nearly all the skin of my hands and legs was scraped off. Yes, and far greater escapes than these were the moral deliverances I had in the midst of great temptations. I look back with a shudder as I think how near the brink of ruin I stood more than once. By the time I left my father I was a converted lad with the fear of God in my heart, and I was enabled to "stand fast in the evil day."

I LEAVE MY FATHER.

I was some five years with my father, most of the time as a cabin boy, but he made me a thorough sailor. It was well for him that I was in his ship, for once and again he fell into the snare of whisky-drinking and by my firmness and care he would after a struggle get over his attacks. These experiences often nearly broke my young heart. Following the wonderful escape from the deep which I have narrated, he began drinking

when we went into Neath for repairs. Here my mother came to see us, and it was by her smashing the jars of whisky against the quay and tenderly watching over my father that he gradually recovered.

The time at length arrived when I was compelled to leave my father. He often treated me unfairly, and once in Cork harbour, for a trifling fault, he beat me with a rope till my body was black and blue, and I was laid up for many days. I felt the cruelty keenly and resolved to leave him on the first opportunity. We sailed for Newport, Monmouthshire, and on the morning when the ship was to return and all were asleep, I made a parcel of my clothes, got ashore, and went to the top of Stow Hill where I could see the harbour, but though other vessels left at the time of high water, the "Hinton" did not move. I remained on the hill all day but in the evening feeling hungry, and venturing into a friend's house for something to eat, as I sat down to tea, who should come in but Captain Evans? He seemed glad to see me and asked me to go on board. At first I refused and reminded him of his treatment of me, but when he promised never to beat me again, I returned with him to the ship. The next time he laid hands on me, some months after, I left him for good and all, and being young and efficient, I soon secured a berth as an ordinary seaman on double the wages my father had given me.

After this I sailed in several ships for some years first in the capacity of able seaman, and then as

chief officer. I will here give the most striking events of this period of my life.

CONVERSION AND BAPTISM.

From my youth I was under a deep impression of sin and strove hard to find the way of life, but I did not know that salvation was all of God and all of grace. When I was about eighteen years of age I found that it was no use trying to make myself good, for my goodness of one day faded like the morning cloud the next. What greatly helped me to find the truth as it is in Jesus was reading John Bunyan's "Sinner Saved by Grace." How strange it is that it is the grace of God to which sinners seem to look last; their own pride of heart causing them to look to self. Thus it was with me for some ten years. God was to me a Judge only, and my best efforts were directed to meet His demands, but all in vain.

Now, however, I began to see the true light in the face of Jesus Christ, and God became to me a kind and loving Father, and His love as a Father drew me to Him as a son. As soon as the true light dawned on my dark mind I felt a new creature in Christ Jesus, and I went home at once to make a public confession of my faith in and love to the Saviour.

In January, 1844, David Jones, the minister of "Bethlehem," Newport, immersed me in the name of the Trinity on the profession of my faith in Christ. I was baptised in a mill pond covered with thick ice and in the presence of a crowd of

spectators, and though I had to walk a long way to change I did not suffer from cold.

This was to me and my dear mother a day of solemn joy. My father was not at home, but he was glad to hear that his only son had publicly professed his faith in Jesus.

PREACHING IN CRONSTADT.

In the spring of 1848, I again went to sea as chief officer of the brig "Valiant." We took a cargo of rails from Newport, Mon., to Cronstadt, in Russia. The "Valiant" had a very stormy voyage across the North Sea, but we reached the Russian port in safety. We found an epidemic of cholera raging in the town, and seamen were dying daily of the disease. There were a number of Russian warships in the Cronstadt Roads and boats were engaged all day bringing dead bodies to the shore. The death rate in St. Petersburg went up to 1,400 daily. Many of the ship captains who went up to St. Petersburg in the morning were brought back dead in the afternoon. The first thing to be seen at daybreak would be the ensign at "half-mast," showing that death had been on board at night. It was a singular fact that anyone getting wet by the rain was almost certain to be attacked by cholera. As we retired at night we often wondered whether we should be able to rise in the morning.

There were several Welsh ships in port and as all the sailors were impressed with the solemnity of death, I started a Welsh service. A Welsh

captain placed his ship at my disposal and a Russian girl made a "Bethel" flag, that is a flag with a figure of a dove and an olive branch and the Welsh word "Pregeth" i.e. Sermon. It was here in a Russian port, with cholera raging, that I began to preach the gospel to my fellow men.

We had large and enthusiastic meetings for prayer and preaching, and I have reason to hope that not a few were led to Christ. The captain on whose ship we held the services was attacked and died in a few hours. He sent for me in the night and asked me to pray; he would have no doctor and said, "The Lord's will be done." Next day we buried the good captain on shore, and I painted a board with his name and placed it at the head of his grave.

A few days after this we had a violent thunderstorm, and, strange to say, the fatal epidemic at once disappeared. This seems to prove that the germs of this disease are in the air and are swept away when the atmosphere is purified.

One day I saw the Emperor Nicholas passing in a boat. He had come to inspect an iron ship in the harbour; an iron vessel in those days was a curiosity. I was greatly struck with the misery of the poor serfs. We had a number of them working on board our ship, to whom, or rather for whom, we had to pay four shillings each a day—but each man only received sixpence a day and a loaf of black bread. I often gave the poor fellows a piece of salt to eat with the loaf. Serfdom is now gone,

but it will take ages to raise the people of Russia in the scale of civilization. No wonder there are Nihilists in Russia; Nihilism is the *lex talionis* of oppression and cruelty.

THE HOLY LAND.

From Cronstadt we returned to the north of Ireland with a cargo of tallow and hides. I left the "Valiant," and went over to Liverpool, intending to go home for the winter. One day I met Captain Owen, of the ship "Susannah," of Cardigan, who was bound for Beyrout, in Syria. He asked me to accompany him as his chief officer, and as the prospect of seeing the Holy Land was a great temptation, I closed with the offer.

We had a rough passage out, and lost a mast in the Bay of Biscay, but we arrived safely at Beyrout, under Mount Lebanon, about Christmas, 1848. Lebanon was a beautiful sight with its cap of snow so pure and white. After discharging part of the cargo at Beyrout, we proceeded to Iskanderun to unload the remainder which was carried on camels to Aleppo. At Iskanderun is a pillar to commemorate the spot where they say the big fish cast Jonah on shore. Tarsus, the birthplace of Paul, is close by on the other side of the gulf.

From Iskanderun we came down in ballast to St. Jean d'Acre, a port near Mount Carmel, and known in Scripture (Acts. xxi. 7) as Ptolemais. Here we were to load wheat for England, but before we had finished, a heavy gale blew into the open bay which seaward has no shelter. We rode out the gale, but

another English ship dragged her anchor and went on shore.

When the gale was over and the waves still high, the captain, who was a timid man, wished to put out to sea. I objected that the ship was only half laden and the wheat might shift in rough weather and urged delay. The captain, however, feared the ship going on shore and gave orders to " heave short " and get ready to sail. Across the bay there is a reef of rocks which in calm weather is covered by water and a strong current running over it seawards. I warned the captain, but to no purpose. He said, " Heave up and set sail." One anchor was up, the other began to drag; the sails were set, but the wind was gone; the ship drifted and in a few minutes was at the rocks with the sea running high over them. It was now too late. A huge wave lifted the ship and left her bumping on the reef. Another wave took her off and down again she came with a fearful crash. Each wave knocked a hole in her bottom, and the ship was now fast filling with water.

The captain stood at the wheel quite beside himself, so I shouted, " Out with the long boat." The boat was on deck full of rubbish, but it was soon cleared and ready. We had a sick sailor in the forecastle for whom I sent. I then ran down to my cabin which was six inches deep in water and seized my Bible, watch, " Bethel " flag, and the money we had for the cargo. These I threw into the boat and ordered the captain to follow. He refused, so I made two men bring him, and he was

held in the middle of the boat. The ship was fast sinking and I said, "Push off, my boys, and pull away as fast as possible." We had not gone more than one hundred yards when down went the "Susannah," stern foremost, with a terrific plunge. Nothing was seen of her but the tops of her masts, and our hearts were full of gratitude that we were not in her. All this took place in about twenty minutes from the time she first struck the rock.

We could see crowds of people looking on from the shore, and in a short time a Turkish boat came out to our help. The sea was running high and we had the rocks to clear and the current to pull against, but we knew that with a hard pull and God's blessing we would reach the land. As soon as our boat touched the shore I leaped out and fell on my knees to thank God for our miraculous escape.

The British Consul at Acre was a Jew, but like a good Samaritan he placed his house at our disposal and fed and clothed us for about a month. He was a just and devout man, and like Simeon, was "waiting for the consolation of Israel." A lamp was kept burning in the chief room of the house in case the Messiah should come in the night. On the door-posts were nailed pieces of tin each enclosing a portion of Scripture. Each time a member of the house passed through the doors these tins were touched and kissed, or the hand kissed which touched them. The origin of the Mezuzah, as the cylinder of wood or metal is called, is found in Deut. vi. 9.

Our host was a Rabbi and a leader in the neighbouring synagogue, and he occasionally took me with him to witness the service on the Sabbath day. Some portion of the law of Moses was read from a rostrum in the middle of the building. Prayers were murmured independently by different members of the congregation, and from time to time a piece of tape inscribed with Hebrew words was wrapped round the fingers, arms and head. At the close of the service the huge rolls of Scripture were taken out of a cupboard in the wall and carried round the synagogue on the shoulders of boys, for the people to touch and kiss. Some of the rolls of Scripture were said to be 3,000 years old.

There was little real solemnity in the service and the whole ceremony was a vain ritual and devoid of heartiness and devotion. An incident will illustrate this. One Sabbath day the Rabbi appointed to read the Law had not arrived. Another took his place and was engaged in reading when the proper man entered. The man at the desk refused to leave, and an altercation took place between the two leaders. The congregation formed into two parties, each supporting its favourite, and there was a noise and scuffle throughout the synagogue. It seemed that the officiating reader was to receive a fee, and the fee was the cause of all the disturbance.

ALEXANDRIA.

After staying about a month at Acre, our friend the Consul made arrangements to send us to

Beyrout, where a steamer would convey us to Alexandria. A number of Turkish soldiers escorted us, as we were not allowed to travel alone. The first day we arrived at Tyre, where we saw the fishermen spreading their nets on the rocks to dry (Ezekiel xxvi. 14). The glory of the great city had been taken away on account of her sin. Wealth and luxuriousness always ruin nations, cities, and individuals.

After a night's rest at Tyre, we travelled on mules to Sidon, and next day reached Beyrout. Here a British steamer called and conveyed us by way of Jaffa (Joppa) to Alexandria.

In Alexandria we were placed under quarantine rules for fourteen days. We were quartered in rooms in a large building like a prison, with high walls all round and a Turkish soldier in charge of us. We had miserable fare, consisting of bread and eggs and a kind of curry, which was served to us at the end of a long pole, as if we had been lepers.

We slept on bare boards, raised like a platform and the Turkish soldier slept in the same room on the floor. This man was very particular in the exercise of his daily devotions; morning, noon, and evening he would spend several minutes in repeating his prayers. His earnest reverence made a strong impression on my mind, and I took a solemn vow that if ever God spared me to reach home I would try and obtain a college education to fit me to be a missionary to the heathen. Here in an Egyptian prison, influenced by the piety of

a Turkish guard, was I led to consecrate my future life to mission work.

For years I had a desire to be a preacher of the gospel, but was afraid lest God had not called me to the work. I longed and prayed to know if it was His will, and asked for some sign to show me the way. But no voice came, no sign was given, until this shipwreck and imprisonment in a foreign land. Now the message came with much clearness: "You are free, your life is spared, go and preach the gospel." This was to me a great comfort, for it seemed as if the way was now opened to serve the Lord fully.

When quarantine was over, a number of Turkish officials came into the room, closed all the doors and windows, and lighted a fire in which they burnt tobacco, pepper and sulphur. The room was filled with a pungent smoke which nearly suffocated us, and having been well fumigated the doors were opened and we were told to go. We were glad indeed to be released. I have no very vivid impressions of Alexandria. I remember seeing the grand square, Cleopatra's needle, the people of all nations that lived there, and the big and vicious mosquitoes. Several men of the "Susannah" soon left the port, and after a time I secured a free passage in a British ship bound for Liverpool.

A HAPPY MEETING.

I thought of writing home to my mother, but deferred it as I was so soon to return. Had I known of her intense anxiety I would certainly

have written, but my idea was to go home and take her by surprise, which indeed I did. A report of the loss of the "Susannah," had reached Newport, but there was no tidings of the crew and many thought we were all lost. My dear mother was in a sad state, and had well nigh given up all hope of seeing her only boy.

Our ship arrived in Liverpool in June, 1849, and from there I hastened to my home in Wales. After leaving the coach which took me from Haverfordwest, I walked up the mountain-side with a Leghorn hat and fancy neck-cloth, looking more like a dandy than a sailor. It was over eighteen months since I had been home, so that I was somewhat changed. Approaching the town I met a lady friend who knew my mother and had just been to our house. She turned with me and said, "I must come back with you, to see the great joy." At a turning in the road just before reaching the house, I waited, while my friend went in and met my mother in the garden. She said, with a smile, "Have you any news of your son?" My mother replied, "How can you smile at my sorrow?" At this time I walked up and stood before the house, but my mother did not recognise me, and quietly said, "Who is that?" Just then my sister Margaret came out of the house, and when I smiled she knew me at once and shouted, "Thomas, Thomas, my dear brother." Poor mother seemed stunned and amazed, and as soon as I said "Mam" (i.e., mother) she rushed down to the road, fell on my neck, and our tears were

mingled with joy. For about half-an-hour she would not let me go and kept looking into my face, and asked, "Is it you, my son?" "Are you truly my son, Thomas?" "Am I dreaming?" "Thank God I can see your face once more." And thus she wept for joy and gave vent freely to the flood of sorrow that had filled her troubled heart for so many months.

The sun of a June afternoon shone brightly on that happy event, and truly it was a bright and beautiful day never to be forgotten. Such a meeting is seldom given to mortals here below, and the joy was almost more than we could bear. Even now after so many years, when I look back upon it my soul is thrilled with joy and thankfulness. My beloved mother is now gone, she died in April, 1884, but thank God we shall again meet, not on a mountain top, but in the land of life and love, where there is no parting, no sorrow, no sea, no night, and no death.

CHAPTER III.

In College and Pulpit.

THE people of Newport were glad to see me, and many predicted that I was to become a preacher. They said, that like Jonah, I had run away, but the ship had been wrecked, and my duty now was to be a minister of the gospel. About this time (1849) there was in Newport a young minister from Pontypool College, whose name was Lot Lee. He encouraged me to preach, which I did as best I could. My first sermon was in a private house, and my first text was Psalm vii. 12. An old Christian present said, "This is a Boanerges; he will do."

Mr. Lot Lee gave me lessons in English grammar, and at the recommendation of the Church, he sent an application to the Committee of the College at Pontypool for my admission as a student in theology. I went on with my studies and received calls to supply vacant pulpits on Sundays. In some of my preaching itinerations I was accompanied by a good and loving deacon by the name of David James. He was like the apostle John, beloved by all who knew him.

Once I was invited by the Rev. William Thomas, "Blaenwaen," to preach for him, and feeling

diffident at going alone, I asked David James to accompany me. Mr. James suggested that we should go on the Saturday, stay at one of the farm houses, and I could preach next morning in "Zoar," a branch of "Blaenwaen," the mother church. We arrived at the Gronant Farm on Saturday afternoon, and Miss Rees, the daughter of the house, came to the door to welcome us. At once I felt a strange thrill, and thought I saw my wife before me. In a short time I was in love with her, and I afterwards found that she also was strangely struck with me. Mr. William Rees, the father, was the owner of Gronant, and had been a deacon at "Blaenwaen" for many years. He was one of the old school, and was not slow in speaking out just what he thought.

On Sunday morning at breakfast the old gentleman said to my friend, Mr. James, "So you have brought a young sailor-preacher with you." "Yes." "Well, can he preach?" "O yes, very well." "Ah well, as long as he turns his hair up in that style, he may preach like an angel, but the people here won't care for him." This was said before me and it did not put me at any ease; I said nothing, though I might have told him that my hair stood up in spite of myself.

During the night there had been a fall of snow. We went to the little chapel, and as there was an opening in the roof, just above the pulpit, some snow had fallen on the reading desk, which I had to remove before arranging the books. Then looking up to the ceiling, I said "I see you good

people here always have light between you and heaven." This seemed to please the congregation. Then I added, "May the true light shine into our hearts, and warm our souls this cold morning." I then proceeded with the service. My host seemed kinder to me at dinner than he had been at breakfast. Some years after we became great friends, and when I proposed for his daughter, Margaret, he said, "What can I say?" If you can support her, I don't object." And he added, "See that she is kept in due subjection as women ought to be!"

Before describing my college career I may be permitted to write my ideas of the so-called

CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN WALES.

Wales has always been the land of freedom and independence, and of nonconformity to the proud pretensions of priests and prelates and the power of the Established Church. Established! How? Why? By whom? By a licentious King, and used as an engine of state and king-craft. Priest-craft is the "jackal" of the lion, the King, to help to carry out his selfish and often sinful purposes, as was the case with Henry VIII. True, there is some good in the worldly Establishment, as there is good in Popery, and Muhammedanism. But it is an unhallowed connection, and it is disloyalty to Christ, the only Head of the Church, for any human power to presume to infringe on the authority of the Son of God.

The so-called "Church," set up by a worldly

King and governed by a secular Parliament and carried on by worldly principles, cannot be of God. It is "of the earth, earthy," and the sooner it sinks into its native dust the better for the world.

It will soon be demolished as the battering rams are from within. As long as the blows were given from without there was but little chance, for the building is strongly held together by a golden tie of high emoluments, and it has the advantage of position by its connection with the crown. But now, as the battle is within (the late Archbishop Tait having forged a strong instrument of State—"The Public Worship Bill"), the High and Low Church combatants have a fair chance to knock down the stately fabric.

The Established Church has been a curse to Wales. Think of Bishops and Rectors being sent to fatten on rich livings and not knowing a word of the language of the people; and the people being taxed to support men who did nothing for them. Old Mr. Pugh, the parson at Newport when I was a boy, cared more for his pack of hounds than he did for his parishioners.

Let me give a picture of the State Church as I saw it. Before entering Pontypool College I was asked to supply for a Sunday at a Baptist Church at Maenchochog, a village in the mountains. A public house was the only place where a visitor could be taken in, and here I was lodged.

On Sunday morning I came down and sat by the fireside thinking of my sermon, when suddenly in came a big man with a red nose, followed by

a large black dog. He had on an old black coat, an old hat with the top sunk in, while his toes peeped out through an old pair of shoes. At first he hardly noticed me, but gave the table three hard raps with his stick, and shouted out, "Peggy." When Peggy came, he said "A quart of ale." As soon as he drank it he sat down to smoke, and turning to me asked if I had come to preach. I said, "Yes." "Well," said he, "I am also a clergyman, but I have little to do," and he added "Look at my toes. That rascal of a shoe-maker at Haverfordwest will not send my new shoes." He then began to use abusive language to his dog. I asked him how long he had lived here, and he replied, "For several years." "What do you do?" I enquired. O well, not much, I ring the Church bell every Sunday morning to let the people know that I am alive." "Have you no service?" "No, none except on Christmas day or when the Bishop may happen to come," and he added, "Who am I to preach to, all the people here are either Baptists or Independents, but they sometimes come to Church as a favour, when I ask them at Christmas, or when the Bishop calls."

This "shepherd" had another pot of ale and then went out, and I heard the bell going for about a minute-and-a-half in a little white-washed building close by. He came back, rubbed his hands, and said, "There, my work is done!" and added, "Peggy, now for a pot of ale." Three pots of ale before eight in the morning! He was now very communicative and told me that his two

daughters attended the Baptist Church, and that he would have come and heard me preach if he had had his new boots.

Now this parson was paid £400 a year by the parish, and the money was extracted from farmers who built their own places of worship, who paid their own ministers, and who made £80 and £100 a year in hard work, whilst he, poor wretch, spent his time in loafing about from one ale house to another, and was not able to keep a decent suit of clothes on his back, or shoes on his feet.

Near Llangloffan I once went into an old building with the roof partly off, benches broken, and the leaves of the prayer book scattered about. At Cwmgwaen, near Newport, I remember when a boy attending a funeral in the Church. When we arrived we found half the roof was off; the half which had the roof on was full of sheep, the other half was full of snow.

Let me explain that these are illustrations of the "Church in Wales," not the "Welsh Church." Let me give another instance. The late Mr. S. Jenkins once told me that during a preaching tour a farmer took him to see the Church near his house, and he was astonished to find the building half full of bags of malt. He asked the farmer the meaning of it. "O," said the farmer, "this is home-made malt. We farmers hide it here from the excise officer; as no one comes here it is quite safe." Imagine the State Church being turned into a malt store and a den for hiding contraband goods!

Such an indignity should be removed, and the Church in Wales should be disestablished and disendowed like the Church in Ireland. If it is not fair for Irish Catholics to support the English Church, is it fair for Welsh Nonconformists to have to do it? The day will surely come when this burden shall be rolled off, and the cause of Christ in Wales shall have "free course and be glorified."

COLLEGE LIFE.

After preparatory lessons and a good deal of preaching in Welsh, I, now twenty-three years old, was admitted as a student into the College at Pontypool in January, 1850. The College building is situated near the town on a most charming spot called "Pen-y-gaen."

Dr. Thomas Thomas, the Principal, was a noble man in body, mind, and heart; he impressed all the students with profound respect and fear.

The classical tutor, Mr. George Thomas, was quite a different man in some respects. He was a bachelor, rather rough looking, but as humble as a child. A man truly without guile, but of deep and clear intellect. He was loved by all, but feared by none.

At first my college life was not congenial. The students were not so good and devout as I expected to find them. They were fond of practical joking and of "taking the rise" out of young students, at which I was so grieved that I seriously thought of leaving. It is possible that these hard "rubs" are good for one in some ways. Anyhow I found

that the study of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and the company of a number of high-spirited students were not conducive to the cultivation of piety.

The senior student, John Rogers, was a fine fellow, a thorough Christian gentleman. He died young (of consumption) after brief pastorates in Swansea and Margate.

My chief friends were Sydney Young, and John Lloyd. Young was a clever fellow and a good man at the same time; and although he seemed consumptive and always ailing, he is still alive and a minister at Abergavenny. Lloyd was a thorough Welshman of no great ability. He was a good and devout fellow, and an acceptable preacher in Welsh, but he could never master the English language. He too had not a robust constitution, but he lived to a good age and led a useful life as a preacher. Some of the students were, I fear, unconverted men who afterwards did not prosper.

I had not much taste for the classical languages or for mathematics. My great delight was theology and "sermonizing." I often vexed dear old "George" by neglecting my Latin lessons. The excuse was frequently that I was indisposed; not in health, let me explain, but in my desire to learn Virgil.

When I was at Pontypool there were no railways. A coach ran once a day between Pontypool and Newport, and it often had but one or two passengers.

Most of the students went out to supply vacant pulpits on Sundays. We had to start early on

Saturday, as the journey on foot was often twenty or thirty miles, preach three times on the Lord's day and walk all the way back on Monday. For this exercise we seldom received more than five shillings. At one village twenty-five miles off, we had only three shillings and sixpence, which was hardly enough to compensate us for the wear of our shoes. There was one church and only one where we received a sovereign, and this was considered a great prize. Most of the students managed to pay for books, clothes, and washing, from the Sabbath earnings. There was no fear of our growing rich with such emoluments, and the healthy exercise of these long walks was most beneficial.

My popularity as a preacher, I now feel, did serious injury to my studies in College. Having been to sea, I was called the "Sailor-student," and was often sent out to supply pulpits. I was invited to the same churches again and again, and would therefore have to compose fresh sermons which took up much time and attention.

I fear that in College I did not grow much in grace, if I grew in knowledge, but the discipline was good in rubbing off forms of pretended piety and awkward demeanour before our fellows, while the mind was expanded and cultivated and the heart established in the truth of Christ. There was one special temptation which assailed my mind at College. I was almost led to disbelieve the divinity of the Saviour, and the source of this error was my own pride. My pride said: "Do

not believe what you do not understand." What a subtle temptation is this. Do we understand a blade of grass or a drop of water? If we are not to believe more than we understand where is room for faith?

TOURING IN WALES.

The Theological Colleges in Wales are supported mainly from contributions made by the churches, and the students have to go out for two months in the summer vacation and collect funds. This is a tedious and difficult process, and being considered a "good beggar" I had more than my share of the work.

It was my lot the first year in College to be sent to collect in Cardiganshire, where the Baptists are weak compared with those in other counties. Here I met with incidents of many new and strange kinds. In the rural parts of the county the social and domestic habits of the people are so primitive and so free from the shams of civilized society, that they often shock one's sense of delicacy and propriety. On one occasion I had to go to a village in the midst of bleak mountains, with only sheep tracks to guide me. Suddenly a thick fog came on, and as I could not see two steps in front of me, it was useless to proceed. With my wallet of clothes and reports on my back I sat down and feared I should have to stay there for the night, as it was about sunset. I cried to God, and after a while the fog partly lifted and I saw a light in the distance. I made for it as best I

could and after a long tramp arrived at the very farm house where I was expected. The family had gone to bed, but a servant girl sat up for the "student," and a light had been put in the window to guide me to the house.

I was weary and hungry. After a drink of milk, I asked for my room, and then discovered that there was only one bedroom in which all the family slept. I was taken upstairs and could see by the faint light of a tallow candle that the place was a large dormitory and some of the happy sleepers were heard snoring away in well-earned repose. I was shewn to the "minister's bed," which is a spare bed kept for the special use of itinerary preachers and only used for these occasional visits. I soon found that the bed was damp and that a number of rats in the straw below the blankets were disturbed by my intrusion, I accordingly got up and slept in a chair for several hours and then before morning laid down in my clothes on the bed. When I awoke the dormitory was empty and all the family busy at work below. I had to perform my toilet downstairs, where there was a wooden bowl of water and a cloth, but no soap or looking glass. I was treated with great kindness and respect, and made a hearty breakfast on barley bread and fresh milk, but, not relishing the domestic arrangements, I passed on to the next village where there was a fresh scene of rural simplicity awaiting me.

After preaching in the little chapel, I was invited to lodge in a house occupied by a widower and his grown up daughter. There were only two bed-

rooms upstairs with a thin wainscot between. The daughter had given me her room and the father had arranged to sleep downstairs. I was just dozing off when I heard a noise at the window, as if a handful of small stones had been thrown against it. In a few minutes another shower came, and they continued until they brought the rustic Juliet to the window. The first words I heard were, "Don't, John, don't. The minister is here. What will he think?" The voice below was beseeching her to come down, but the girl implored him to go away. The impetuous John was not, however, going to be denied a closer interview, minister or no minister, and when the girl had gone downstairs I fell asleep and did not wake till the sun was up.

It was formerly a custom in Wales to treat courtship as a stealthy commodity, to be carried on only in the darkness of the night. Should a young pair of lovers be seen walking together in the light of day they would be considered "bold," and would be the talk of the neighbourhood. But to sit up late at night when no one could see them, was thought nothing of. I am glad to hear that a more sensible custom of courtship is being practised now and the young women of Wales are not ashamed of their lovers.

PASTORATE AT PONTYPOOL.

Three years was the regular course for a divinity student at Pontypool College, and I left at the end of that period. I had received several

" calls " but the most pressing was from the church meeting at the Tabernacle, Pontypool, and for some months before my college days were over I was regarded as the pastor-elect.

This church is one of the mother churches of Wales, and the old chapel at Pen-y-gaen near the college was one of the most primitive places of worship in the Principality. The Tabernacle was a comparatively new building, but a much larger and more handsome edifice than Pen-y-gaen, and was situated in Crane Street, in the central part of the town. There was a congregation of about a thousand people, but a serious disadvantage in the ministry was a mixed service of Welsh and English. The older people wanted Welsh, and the younger ones English. Pontypool and the country around was, in a linguistic sense, in a stage of transition, and thirty years afterwards the old solid Welsh was nearly all gone. But it will die hard, as it is greatly beloved of its children especially in the pulpit.

My dear mother was present at my ordination and it was a day of joy to her to see her sailor boy a minister of the grace of God. At the service my College Principal, Dr. Thomas Thomas, delivered the charge to me as the new pastor. The Rev. Edward Evans (my predecessor), of Merthyr Tidvil, gave the charge to the church, and the Rev. D. D. Evans, of Pont-rhyd-yr-un, gave an address on the " Nature of the Christian Church." I was much impressed with the solemnity of the service and the responsibility of the work

for which I was set apart. There was a secret feeling, however, that the hills of Cambria were not to be the scene of my labours for very long. I had striven to put out the missionary fire; and now I had settled down quietly in my own country, the voice within whispered, "What of your vows in Alexandria?" "What of the heathen?" These and other questions came up in spite of all efforts, and I could neither answer nor stifle them.

I was much beloved by the Church in the Tabernacle, and the people were very kind. The church seemed to prosper under my ministry, and several were baptized and received into fellowship. One root of bitterness sprang up: an old deacon who had usurped too much authority while the church was without a pastor, tried to keep everything in his own hands and refused to give any account of the monies received and expended; he was accordingly excluded and his duties given to another. This, however, did not prevent him from annoying us and from attending the church meetings where he tried to stir up strife and bitterness.

MARRIAGE.

I was now engaged to Miss Margaret Rees, and I informed her of my intentions to go abroad as a missionary. She at first was astonished and provoked, and said she would never leave her native land for a heathen country. But when I told her that I felt God was calling me, she consented to go with me.

We were married on Monday the 14th March, 1853, in the old chapel of Blaenwaun, by the pastor, Rev. J. P. Williams. It was a quiet wedding, and after staying a few days at Caermarthen we went to our new home in the "Parsonage," at Penygain, Pontypool. I had now another temptation to remain at home, but my mind was not at ease, and I kept hoping the missionary fire would subside, and prayed the Lord to open up a plain path before me.

CALLED TO MISSION WORK.

After spending about two years in this unsettled state I felt at last constrained to yield to the voice of conscience, and offer my service to the Baptist Missionary Society. My wife was now prepared for the change, though not in favour of it. I thought and prayed much, and consulted my friend, Dr. Thomas, who advised me to apply. I sent in my application and resolved to leave the issue entirely in God's hands. If the Committee would accept me I would go, if they refused me I would take that as an indication of providence that I was to stay. In reply to my application a letter came asking me to go to London to be examined by the Committee. I went, was examined, and was accepted for India.

Now I saw my course was clear and I felt happy that I was in the way of duty. But there were three difficulties before me. My mother, my wife's parents, and the church must know of my resolve and might raise objections. The die, however, had

been cast, the Rubicon was crossed, and there was no retreat, nor did I wish it.

I returned from London to Pontypool on a Saturday. On the Sunday night, after the service, I asked the members of the church to remain as I had something to tell them. I began by relating my experiences in Alexandria in 1849, and my promise to give myself to the preaching of Christ to the heathen. This feeling had been growing more and more. I had tried hard to suppress it, but had failed. I had suffered in my peace of mind, till at last I felt constrained to offer myself to the Missionary Society. I had now to tell them that I had been accepted and should soon be sailing for India. I also thanked the church for all the love and kindness they had shown, and told them I would have been glad to stay, but duty impelled me to go.

The news came like a clap of thunder, and I do not think there was a dry eye in the chapel. At last an aged and beloved deacon, Francis Williams, speaking under great emotion, said, "My brother, it is the Lord who calls you, and we cannot hinder you." Shortly after there was a farewell meeting, and the church wished me "God-speed," and presented me with a valuable gold watch as a token of their affection.

At "Sea View," the sorrow was great and pain of parting was acute. My dear mother was deeply affected and said, with tears, "You are my only son. I love you dearly. Wait till I am dead, and then go." After a few days there was a calm

and a spirit of resignation in her heart, and God helped us both to bear it. When the day of parting arrived she said, "I give you both up to the Lord. Go, and God be with you."

CHAPTER IV.

MISSION WORK.

JOHN Mackay and William Sampson were accepted for mission work at this time, so an Englishman, a Scotsman, and a Welshman were going out to India together. We all studied the Hindu language for about two months in London, under Mr. George Small, a retired Indian Missionary.

There was a good man in Pwllheli, in North Wales, whose great ambition had been to build a ship large enough to trade to India in order to be able to send out missionaries. The Lord gave him his desire. He built a ship of about 1,000 tons, and called her the "William Carey." In this ship he sent out a number of missionaries free of cost.

When all arrangements had been made we left for Liverpool: the beloved Mr. Birrell and other brethren there commended us to God. I went down to Pwllheli with Mr. William Jones, the owner of our ship.

THE VOYAGE TO INDIA.

On the 19th March, 1855, the good ship "William Carey," in charge of Captain Hughes, left Liver-

pool for Calcutta. As we were losing sight of the shores of dear old Wales I felt very sad and home-sick. My mother was ever before me, and my sister Margaret, the loving companion of my youth —both left, as I thought, never again to be seen on earth. Little did I dream that a heavier trial was at hand. It is a mercy that we do not know the future.

All went well until the 13th April, when my dear wife was taken ill and complained of great pain in the head. We had no doctor on board and none of us knew the cause of the illness, which proved to be malignant fever, which was not long in accomplishing its fatal work.

At first I was not alarmed and had no thought of danger. But the sickness was unto death. Day by day the pain in the head increased, till at last my loved one became unconscious. I was now most anxious, weeping and praying, and doing all I could, which was little, as I knew not what to do. On the 18th April she roused from her stupor, opened her eyes and saw me crying. She quietly said, "Don't cry, I am not afraid to die, if it be God's will. All is well." These were her last words. About eight o'clock that evening she passed away. Next day, after a solemn service, all that was mortal of my dear wife was committed to the deep. The terrible plunge sounded as a knell in my ears for days after and left me lonely and sad. But I thought of that time when "the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised incorruptible."

This was the first great affliction of my life, and the blow came so unexpectedly that I felt it terribly. It seemed to me as if every hope had perished and I had nothing more to live for. I am sorry to say I could not submit, as I should have done, to the hand of God, and I earnestly prayed God to let me die.

The death of my dear wife revealed to me that I had been guilty of loving her more than the Creator, and my selfishness was brought before me with all its reality. In the midst of my deep sorrow I thought I heard a voice from above, asking, "Have you lost your all?" "Have you no God?" These questions came home to my selfish and stricken heart with great power, and I felt deeply ashamed of myself, and God graciously forgave me after confessing my sin. I was thus taught some severe lessons which I hope I shall never forget. The fiery furnace was very hot, but no hotter than necessary, and my trial was a proof of God's love to me.

The friends on board and the captain showed great kindness, and the rest of the voyage was on the whole prosperous. When we came up the Bay of Bengal we nearly lost the ship on the coast of Orissa, but a merciful providence watched over us, and after a voyage of four months we arrived safely in Calcutta on the 17th July, 1855.

LIFE IN INDIA.

I found India very different from what I had expected. I imagined that missionaries lived in

huts in wild jungles and on rough fare. Instead of this I found them dwelling in palatial residences with retinues of servants. Large houses are necessary to health in India, and caste prejudices require a separate servant for each branch of work. I also found that the cost of living is far greater than in England, and that not half the comfort is obtained with all the servants, mansions, horses and carriages.

The first to come and meet me on board was Mr. James Thomas, of the Mission Press. I was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, of the Intally Mission House; Mr. Mackay was the guest of Mr. Beeby in Circular Road, and Mr. and Mrs. Sampson lived with Mr. and Mrs. Pearce at Alipore. The Baptist Mission had some excellent workers at Calcutta—men like John Wenger, the translator; C. B. Lewis, the man of literature; George Pearce, the preacher in Bengali; Thomas Morgan, of Howrah; and Andrew Leslie, minister of the Baptist Church at Lower Circular Road.

After remaining a week in Calcutta, Mackay and I left for the north-west, while Sampson joined the staff at Serampore College. "Father" Thomas arranged for our passage by steamer up the River Ganges. We could not travel by land on account of the outbreak among the Sonthals. Our journey to Allahabad cost us Rs. 200 each, and Rs. 8 each per day for food, and occupied one month. My expenses came to Rs. 440. What a change the railway has produced. One can now go from Calcutta to Allahabad in fifteen hours, and a second

class ticket costs Rs. 20. The railway in India is a grand missionary, and a powerful caste breaker. The pious Brahmin is too miserly to take any but a third class ticket and has to sit shoulder to shoulder with the Pariah.

We went up the great Ganges river in the height of the rains, and the country was flooded. When about 300 miles up we could see no land, only the tops of trees here and there. The villages were built on mounds, and surrounded by water for three months of the year. We were on deck all day, where it was very pleasant.

Our first place of call was Cutwa, where Mr. Supper was missionary. John Chamberlain began work here in 1804, and here Mr. Carey's son had built a house, but the mission never succeeded, and has since been given up.

We called at Monghyr, and went and paid our respects to the good brethren, Parsons and Lawrence. Here for the first time I saw a native service, and met that good man, Sujah Ali. I little knew then that I should afterwards spend ten years in the house occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Parsons.

On our arrival at Allahabad we met Mr. Smith of Chitowra, the town where I was appointed to labour. We called on Mr. Edmonstone, the magistrate of Futtepore. He was a good and most generous Christian. He was converted in India, and became a Baptist through reading the Bible and the works of Dr. Carson. We spent a Sabbath here, and made the acquaintance of Gopu

Nath Nandi, a native Christian preacher. This good man was caught by the mutineers, in 1857, and it was to him that Ensign Cheek said, "Babu, be firm, do not deny the Saviour." Cheek was killed, but the babu escaped.

On the Monday we left by dak gharries, and changed horses every ten or twelve miles at the various staging bungalows. These dak bungalows were very convenient, as we could obtain a meal of curry and rice and a refreshing cup of tea for one rupee a head, and one rupee for the use of the room. After a cold bath and a rest we would resume our journey.

The poor horses were miserable looking creatures and were often overworked. Sometimes they were so jaded that they could hardly move, and the drivers resorted to all manner of contrivances to get them to start, and when started, to keep them going. They would try flattery and terms of endearment; when this failed they would give the horses gali or abuse to the third and fourth generation. I have known them light a fire under the horse and employ ropes to pull the beasts into a trot.

AGRA.

We came thus to Agra, the city of the great Akbar Sha, on the River Jumna. Here are many grand monuments of the past glory of the Moghul reign—the Fort, Ram Bagh, Imam Dowla, and above all, the Taj Mahal, unequalled in the world for its great beauty. It was the tribute of Sha

Jahan to the memory of his favourite wife, who was called the Taj, or crown of the Court. Some twenty-five miles off is the celebrated Futtepur Sikri, where are the exquisitely beautiful tombs of some of Akbar's Vazeers. Also five miles from Agra is the celebrated tomb of Akbar, at Secundra. What millions of money were spent over the dead at the expense of oppression to the living.

At Agra I met Mr. Richard Williams, missionary and pastor of the Cantonment Baptist Church, also Mr. John Jackson, pastor of the Civil Lines Baptist Church. I did not stay long here, as Mr. Smith wished to hasten to his station at Chitowra, a village about ten miles east of Agra. We reached it late in August 1855. I was glad to be at the end of my long journey and to begin my life work in India.

Richard Williams had commenced mission work in Chitowra and had baptised a few converts. After him Mr. Smith was sent, who baptised a number of weavers, built a weaving shop, a chapel, and two bungalows. He obtained English looms and employed an old soldier named Wiggins to teach the converts to weave, English fashion, by which they could earn double the money they could by the rude native loom.

My first duty was to learn the language. I secured the services of a pundit, named Paramanund, to teach me Hindi. He had been a Fakir or Hindu devotee, and was an opium eater, but he had an excellent knowledge of the vernacular and was a good teacher.

At first I was very pleased with all I saw at Chitowra, but soon found that there was a great deal of shallowness and insincerity in the native Christian community. The Lord's day was disregarded. Most of the people cared nothing for the religious services, and it was clear that many were disciples only for the loaves and fishes. Some of the church members had gone back to idolatry and others had been excluded for breaking the commandments. I became very uneasy and suspicious of the work and was glad to be transferred in January 1856 from Chitowra to Muttra.

Muttra is the birthplace of the popular god, Krishna, and therefore is considered to be a very holy city—full of gods and full of sin; full of priests and full of abomination. The natives have a true saying, "Firath motha, Log Kotha," that is, "The most holy place is the most sinful," or literally, "Abundance of pilgrims, abundance of sin."

I repaired the mission bungalow, built by Mr. Phillips a mile outside the station, and made this my home. My Hindi teacher, Paramanund, came to Muttra with me and I had also a native preacher named Joseph Fieldbrave. The only Europeans in the town were a magistrate, a doctor, and an engineer.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

I have now a very special mercy to relate. When I knew that Muttra was to be my station, where as yet I could not converse with the natives,

I greatly dreaded the loneliness, as I thought my late sorrow would prey upon my mind. But, strange to say, I was never less alone in my whole life. The Lord seemed to show me what He could do for me, and I never experienced such deep joy and real pleasure. He filled my heart with this peace, and for nearly a year I lived in the immediate presence of His smile. It was like heaven on earth to experience such raptures, and I had no wish to see any human being. God seemed to commune with me, and say, "Why not rest in my love?"

Here I learnt the lesson that the soul is made for God and God only can make it happy. I felt also very humbled that I had been so foolish as to seek my chief joy in the creature, and not in the Lord. How gracious of God thus to shine upon me when I had in a great measure ignored and forgotten Him! This precious experience was like the Mount of Transfiguration, and like Peter I wished to build my tabernacle and remain there, but as in the case of the apostles, I had to go down to the plains and mingle with people of the world and fight the rough battle of life.

WORK IN MUTTRA.

I strove hard to get a knowledge of Hindi, and found it an advantage to have no one I could speak to in English. I took down every word I could not understand from the preachers who spoke in the bazaar morning and evening. I learnt much by the ear; I thank God for a correct ear and a

fluent tongue. In about six months after my arrival in India, I began to preach in the bazaar. I was in a measure driven to it by this circumstance.

I was accustomed to read a portion of the Bible before the preachers spoke. One day I arrived at the meeting place alone and began reading a chapter, expecting them every minute, but the chapter was finished, the crowd had collected, and there were no preachers. I gave a sigh and the suggestion came that I should preach. The attempt succeeded better than I expected. Afterwards I preached daily, and although I blundered, the people understood me, as was evident by their attention.

A white face was seldom seen. Our magistrate occasionally invited me to dine with him, but the worldly atmosphere was not congenial, and I did not care to go, nor did he invite me after the following incident. If the Christian is faithful to his flag he will not be wanted in worldly society. I felt I had not been faithful, but resolved to be if again invited.

Being again asked to spend the evening I at once introduced religious conversation, but saw it was not relished. I felt, however, that I had as much a right to talk about my work as my host had about his. There was also present a young engineer, a Mr. Clarke. Both he and the magistrate tried to turn the conversation, but they failed. As we sat down to dinner, I said "Mr. ——, shall we ask a blessing?" "O yes, if you wish it." After dinner I let them talk for a while, and again I

asserted my right to speak of religion and missions in India. About nine o'clock I said, "It is time for me to go home. Shall we have family worship first?" The magistrate seemed flurried, but said, "If you wish it." I said, "Yes, please," and asked for a Bible. There was no Bible at hand, but one was found after a good search. I read and then prayed for ourselves and our friends, and asked God to be pleased to awaken those who seemed not to care for their souls.

This was the last time I was asked to dine with the magistrate, and I was not sorry for it, but felt glad I had been able to show my colours as a Christian. About fifteen years afterwards, Mr. Clarke, the engineer, was at Benares and heard a friend of mine speak of Mr. Evans. "I wonder," said he, "if this is the Mr. Evans who made old ——, of Muttra, bring a Bible and go on his knees in family prayer. I did admire his courage, though not a religious man myself."

I went on with the study of the language, and engaged a pundit, named Makan Lal, who was a better teacher than the Christian opium eater. With him I read through the Ramayana three times, as well as several other Hindi books. The Rig Vedas, the history of Krishna's private life, greatly shocked me, but I read it to obtain facts about the vicious god. I would often ask the pundit how he could possibly revere such a god, and he would answer "Kya bole, sahib?" (What can I say, sir?)

One day my pundit seemed very sad. I asked

him what had grieved him. He was reluctant to say, and at last he said "Sir, I am greatly distressed about my wife, she is unfaithful to me." He then added "I am sorry I married a Muttra woman, for they say they are the descendents of the 'gopis,' who had permission from Krishna to have as many men as they pleased, and the consequence is there is not a chaste wife in Muttra." What a confession!

I once gave my pundit a copy of the New Testament to read. It was a Hindi Testament published by the British and Foreign Bible Society, in which the word "Baptisma" for baptism is used instead of "doobki," i.e., immersion. Some months afterwards I asked him what he thought of it. He said he greatly admired the character and teaching of Christ, and they had no such god or teaching in their books. "But," he said, "there are some words I do not understand, such as the word "Baptisma." I explained that it was from a Greek word Bapto, "to dip." "Then why is not the sense given in the Hindi?" I had to tell him that some people say it means to sprinkle. "Then why not give that meaning?" he said "I suppose you do with your shastras what we do with ours; when we do not wish the common people to know the meaning of a certain word we leave it in the original Sanskrit to blind them." I felt the man had a grievance I was not able to remove, and that one departure from the simple truth of God's word has been a great obstacle to many.

When Dr. Underhill visited Muttra he saw a finely

carved idol under a tree and expressed a great desire to possess it. I promised to do what I could to secure it for him. The idol was placed by the side of a much frequented ghat built by an old Brahmin, who had spent a vast sum of money upon it. I first of all made the acquaintance of the old man, and then asked him if he would mind selling the idol under the tree. He refused. I asked him what he got for spending all his money on the ghat. "Only a name," said he. "Well, if you will let me have that god," I replied, "your name will go very far, it will go to England. I will send it there and the people will know who gave it." This seemed to please the Brahmin, and he said, "I will give it to you; but you must keep quiet about it. Bring a cart about eleven to-night, and four strong men to lift it, and you may take it away." It took me two months of diplomacy to obtain this promise; but the old man was as good as his word. I took the cart and brought the image to my house. It was in a very dirty state, but most beautifully carved. After a good scrubbing with soap and water it looked very artistic and no doubt would have been highly prized in England; but in the Mutiny the house was looted and burnt and this idol and a number of stone deities from Jaipur I had collected were all destroyed.

CHOWBEES.

The Chowbees of Muttra are supposed to be a religious caste, but in fact these are religious

imposters and are full of all villainy. The name Chowbee means one who has read the char (four) Veds, but most of these men cannot read, nor do they know the meaning of the name they bear. They are in the habit of robbing the pilgrims who come to visit the temples. Gangs of these villagers are conducted from shrine to shrine by the Chowbees who extract all the money they can from them. They have been known to give the pilgrims sweets mixed with the intoxicating seeds of the Datura plant and while they are under the influence of the drug, to rob them of everything. These gluttons are willing to entertain English visitors by telling them they will eat eight pounds of Muttra-Ka-pera in consideration of a little bacshish.

On one occasion I heard of one of these men forcing money from a woman who had been bathing in the river. He had taken Rs. 30 from her, which was all she had. I charged him with theft, and from shame of exposure, he gave the money back with a curse.

Another incident about these men must be recorded. One day I was preaching in the bazaar and a band of pilgrims passed who were being led to the various shrines by three or four Chowbees. They halted to see and hear me, but the Chowbees said "Chalao-Chalao," (Go on, go on). But they would not go. I turned to them and said, "Now, my good friends, as you have seen the holy city of Muttra, return to your village. If you stay here these men will rob you of all you have." I then told them of Christ, the Saviour of sinners,

who gave true salvation without money and without price. The head man said to me, "True, sir, true. We will go home." And they turned to go. The Chowbees cursed me and cursed them, to which they said "The Sahib is right, now the Chowbees curse us because they will not get our money." I consider it a great missionary feat to turn back some fifty Hindu pilgrims, and save them from the clutches of these religious pretenders.

The town of Muttra is overrun with monkeys, which are a great annoyance to the people. The country people usually carry their money in their puggris or head gear, and these monkeys drop down from the houses seize the puggris, jump back to the roof and extract the coins. The men buy sweets and throw them up to the monkeys who after a time throw down the puggri and money.

I once saw an amusing sight. A farmer had a cartload of grain on the road. About six monkeys kept the man engaged in front of the cart, while twenty others were throwing out the grain on to the road. When they had secured enough they let the man proceed while they quietly sat down and had a feast.

One good thing may be said for the monkeys: they kill the snakes. They catch them tightly by the neck and rub the head vigorously on the ground until it is rubbed off. As the monkeys are considered sacred animals they are fed by the natives but never killed.

One day as I was going to preach in the bazar I saw a crowd of people before a Banias shop and

a fakir or devotee trying to extract money by inflicting injuries on his body. He was demanding Rs. 50 from the crowd, but nobody had given him money, and they were in great dread of his curses. They came to me and begged me to help them. I asked them if they wished me to drive him away. They said, "Yes, sir, please send him away." I dismounted from my pony with a riding whip in my hand. The man was piercing his cheek with a large needle and was driving another through the fleshy portion of his arm. I enquired "Do you feel no pain?" "No," said he, "I know not what pain is." I gave him a smart lash with my whip. This startled him and he gave me a fierce look. I gave him a second lash, then a third, which made him jump clean off the ground. He then flew off like a wolf which had lost its prey. The people were astonished and delighted. They said, "Oh, sir, are you not afraid he will curse you?" I said "No, let him if he can. And if these fellows try and extort money from you again, hand them over to the police."

Muttra is one of the chief holy cities of India. They would appear to come in the following order:

1. Benares dedicated to Shiva.
2. Muttra dedicated to Krishna.
3. Gaya dedicated to Buddha.
4. Puri dedicated to Juganath.

In Muttra, Krishna was born, and here he is said to have killed the monster, Kuns, and many demons. I have a strong conviction that much

of the early history of Krishna is taken from the history of Christ. The Prem Sagor relates first the announcement of his birth, second the miraculous birth, third the wicked King Kuns feared him and wished to kill the child, fourth the father ran away with him from the wrath of the king and hid him in Gopul, fifth he killed a black snake which poisoned the river. All these events and many others are so similar to the early life of Jesus that the resemblance cannot be accidental; and the names Krishna and Christ are alike.

No doubt an early writer obtained some tradition of Christ and used it in describing a Hindu god. But it is sadly corrupted as it proceeds. Strange to say, as Christ is "the fulness of the Godhead bodily," Krishna is said to be the bodily incarnation of Brahm, the great god of the Hindus.

But what a contrast between the holy and harmless life of Christ and the foul and degrading life of Krishna. If Krishna (the vile) was the highest type of an incarnation that the Hindus could imagine, what a proof we have that Jesus Christ is no imaginary character, but indeed and in truth the Son of God. Not only was such a life as His impossible to sinful man, but the conception of such a life was beyond the reach of man's thoughts. As water cannot run above its own level, so man cannot imagine a being better and holier than himself. This is truly a low standard of a god. "They that made them are like unto them, and so is every one that trusteth in them."

CHAPTER V.

THE MUTINY.

MANY reasons have been given for the revolt of the Sepoy Army in 1857, but there are two which in my opinion were the main causes.

1. The policy of the East India Company. They did not put their trust in God but thought they held the country through the native army. This army was made up chiefly of bigoted Brahmins from Oudh, and low caste men were not allowed to enter the ranks. The Company gave these soldiers all manner of privileges; powder and guns to fire salutes to the gods at festivals, and costly offerings to place on temple shrines. The Company in this way pleased the Sepoys, but strove to keep the missionaries out of the land and to exclude the Word of God. This made the natives suspicious and they could not understand how Christian rulers could oppose their own religion and pamper another which they did not profess. How strange that this very army at last proved the destruction of the East India Company as a punishment for sin. "Them that honour Me I will honour, and they that despise Me shall be lightly esteemed."

2. Lax discipline was another cause. The

English officers as a rule did not know the language of the natives and the soldiers were drilled in English. The officers took no interest in their men, and were given to pleasure and sport. The Sepoys in a large measure were left to themselves and had too much liberty. There are other causes of the Mutiny which I might give, but I will confine myself to relating my personal experiences of that exciting time.

About a month before the Mutiny a Sepoy told me that I would not be able to preach much longer, and that all the Christians would shortly be killed. It was evident from this that the spirit of revolt was abroad and that there was a time fixed for the outbreak.

The first intimation I had was the strange fact that the post had not arrived from Delhi for three days. Then I heard a rumour in the bazar that the Sepoys in Delhi had mutinied. On the 14th May 1857, as I sat reading in my study before retiring for the night, the peon of Mr. Boyce, the district engineer, who lived close by, rushed into my room and placed a note on my table. It read thus:

"The Sepoys in Delhi have mutinied, and all Christians there are killed. The rebels are marching down on Muttra and are expected to-night. If you have any weapons, bring them. I will call for you. We go to the magistrate's house to consult what to do."

Such was the note. At first I thought it was a joke. I sent for the preachers who told me that

they had heard news to the same effect. So I dressed myself, and in a few minutes Mr. Boyce called for me.

We drove to Mr. Thornhill's house and found all in confusion. After a short consultation we resolved to arm ourselves and stand a seige if the mutineers came. There were eight men and four ladies to show fight to a host of rebels. What fools we were! But there were five lakhs of rupees (£50,000) in the treasury which could not be left, so we kept guard all night with loaded rifles. It was well for us the mutineers did not come.

Next morning I went to my house and had a long sleep. The magistrate sent a sowar with a note saying I had better not stay there for if the rebels came I would be the first man to be killed being so well known. I went again to his house and found several English patrols from the salt line between Muttra and Delhi had come in with various stories. The magistrate was most anxious that all should go to Agra and repeatedly urged us to go. Then orders were received from Mr. Colvin, Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, asking Mr. Thornhill not to leave his post as he expected the disturbance would soon be over.

I went to the magistrate and asked his permission to escort a lady to Agra, who was afraid to go alone. I could not believe that matters were so serious as they actually were, and hoping to be soon back again at my station, I simply took with me a carpet bag. I left my house in charge

of a Christian watchman, who not long after had to run for his life, when the Mission House and Chapel were both burned to the ground.

We arrived in Agra early in the morning of the 16th and found our friends there in a state of great alarm. After another day or two, further news came of the revolt at Meerut and the massacre in Delhi, and the impression was that the rebels would soon march down upon Agra. We also found that the native regiments we had in the station were by no means reliable and that they were only waiting a fair chance to revolt.

The authorities now saw that it was full time to turn out the native guard and send a company of English soldiers into the fort. It does indeed appear strange that at such a crisis as this our only places of defence should have been left in the hands of our enemies, but so it was, until panic aroused the authorities to a sense of danger.

As news came in of new mutinies at different stations, Mr. Colvin, the Lieut.-Governor, decided to send to Muttra for the five lakhs of rupees in the Government Treasury, and two companies of Sepoys went on this duty in charge of English officers. The native guard at the Muttra Treasury were not willing to give up the money, but after some quiet talk with their comrades they consented to put the money into the carts sent for it. When the officers gave orders to march back to Agra the Sepoys fired at them. One was killed on the spot, but the other (a son of Mr. Colvin) narrowly escaped, spurred his horse, and galloped with all

his might into Agra. Muttra was soon in a blaze, all European residences were burned down, the jail was opened, and the money was carried off to Delhi.

Mr. Thornhill, the magistrate, and the few Europeans that were with him had a narrow escape of their lives, but found their way into Agra. An attempt was made to rescue the treasure, but as the troops from the native states near Muttra did not prove faithful, our officers did not succeed.

It was well for us that the news of this mutiny at Muttra reached the authorities in Agra before the native regiments got a clue of it, for we afterwards found that the understanding was, that as soon as the Agra troops would hear of a successful revolt in Muttra, they would rise in a body, burn down the station and march off to Delhi. We had in Agra the 44th and 67th Native Infantry, and only about six hundred English soldiers in the 3rd Europeans, with a battery of artillery under Captain D'Oyley.

Now came an important crisis. The authorities wisely resolved to disarm the native troops at once before they could hear of the mutiny in Muttra. At three o'clock in the morning of the 1st June a notice came round to all the English residents to hasten off at once to the " rendezvous " appointed in case of a sudden alarm.

This was all we were told, and we knew nothing of the cause of this alarming order; our fear was that the native troops had mutinied during the night. I shall never forget the sad scene of con-

fusion and alarm I witnessed that morning as family after family hurried into the premises of the " Mofusselite Press," where we were assembled. Ladies and children were huddled together in the greatest terror. The men were asked to take up arms to be ready for defence. Some of us knew but little about shooting and I remember Mr. French, afterwards Bishop of Lahore, saying that he would be much more useful in comforting the ladies and children than in handling a gun, about which he knew nothing.

For about three hours we were kept in an agony of suspense, but about the dawn of day we were told that the danger was over, for the native troops had now been disarmed.

The two regiments had been ordered out in the presence of our few English soldiers and the Artillery. They were ordered to pile arms.

This was a very critical moment, far more critical than the authorities were aware of at the time. At the first order the Sepoys demurred to obey, and they seemed petrified with fear. The second order was given to pile arms, and again they refused. They were now told that if they would not obey the third call, the artillery would open fire on them, and an order was given to light the port fires. The regiments had been so arranged that one volley from the battery would have done terrible execution. This they no doubt could see, and as they were ordered to pile arms the third time, they cast their muskets down on the ground (did not pile them) and appeared to be in great

alarm. The muskets were quickly taken up and carted into the fort, and the Sepoys were told they could go on leave until they would be wanted. No doubt most of them went straight off to Delhi.

And now mark what a very narrow escape we had that morning. When the one thousand seven-hundred muskets, taken from the Sepoys were examined in the fort, it was found that every one was loaded and capped. They had kept ammunition by them and had loaded their guns in the lines before they came on the parade ground. Thus they were all ready for action, while our few English soldiers stood before them with empty muskets!

Had the Sepoys, instead of casting their guns on the ground, opened a volley on our soldiers, they might have shot them all down before our men would be able to load, and in the confusion make a rush at the guns and secure the Artillery. And if this had been done not a single Christian in Agra would have escaped from a terrible death, and the fort with all its munitions of war would have fallen into the hands of the mutineers.

Such was the imminent danger from which God was pleased to deliver us on that critical morning, the 1st of June. The panic in Agra was now so great that little or no business was attended to except preparation for self-defence. Officers who had escaped from regiments that had mutinied at various stations, magistrates, clerks, missionaries, patrols and others came flocking in from day to day.

A Volunteer Corps was formed to help in the defence of the station. The public roads were patrolled night after night to guard the European houses, for we knew not how suddenly the city people might massacre the Christian families.

Some of the civil officers had proposed that all Christian ladies and children should be allowed to go into the fort for protection, long before the Sepoys were disarmed, but this request was refused lest it should cause a panic among the natives.

For a whole month and a half we were kept in a state of mental torture, living in unprotected houses, constantly in danger of a cruel death. Not a few slept close to the European barracks, as they were afraid to sleep in their own houses. At Agra, night after night we saw houses in a blaze and we expected our own to be set on fire, nor could we trust the very men who professed to protect us and our property. I thought of the Irishman's warning, who said to a friend in like danger, "And sure don't you go to sleep, or you will be killed in bed, and when you get up in the morning you will find your throat cut." I quite remember the sense of pleasure I used to have in the mornings that my throat had not been cut while I slept. In the beginning of July, when there were rumours of a strong rebel force marching down on Agra, permission was given us to go into the fort.

THE BATTLE OF SHANGUNJ.

We were now approaching another crisis. First of all the Sepoys of the Kotah Contingent, which

had professedly come in to help us, broke out into open rebellion on the 4th of July. On the following Sabbath day we found that some 5,000 rebel troops from Neemuch and other stations were close to Agra on their way to Delhi. The enemy consisted of some 4,000 infantry and 1,000 cavalry, with 12 guns. They consisted of the 72nd B. Native Infantry, the 7th Gwalior Contingent Infantry, the first Bengal Native Cavalry, the Malwah Contingent and mutineers from Neemuch, with fragments from other mutinied regiments.

We did not know whether they intended to attack the fort or not. It was thought best not to give them a chance, but to go out and fight them in the open. We had but 600 European soldiers, a field battery, and about 150 volunteers to tackle about 5,000 rebel troops. The odds were about eight to one. Yet British pluck did not shrink from the contest, and if our gallant band had been properly led there is but little doubt but what we would have beaten the foe. Our Commandant might have been at one time a brave soldier, but he was now too old for service at such a crisis as this, and it was quietly rumoured that if his good wife had gone into the field in his place, she would have done much better.

The enemy had halted in a village called Shangunj, near Sassiah, about three miles from the fort on the Futtepore Sikri Road. Our force left the parade ground at one o'clock and reached the village about half-past two when we engaged. It was found that they had the shelter of walls and

houses to protect them, while our men were in the open plain exposed to a terrible fire for over two hours.

Captains D'Oyley and Pearson in charge of the Artillery, fought bravely until the former received a mortal wound, and during the engagement three of our tumbrils were blown up.

Brigadier Polwhele was then asked if he would allow the troops to charge the village. His reply was, "What do you think? Is it well to do so?" Major Thomas, a brave officer, rushed into a lane, turned his horse across the road to shelter our men who were about to assault the village. His horse was riddled with bullets, and he was shot in the leg; advantage was not, however, taken of this opportunity. Our bugle sounded the retreat and our brave troops, while on the verge of victory, had to fall back and make the best of their way towards the fort, leaving over a hundred dead and wounded on the field of battle. The officers suffered much. Majors Prendergast and Thomas, Captains D'Oyley, Lamb, and Alexander, Lieuts. Pond, Fellowes, Cockburn, Williams, and Bramley, were severely wounded, as well as many gentlemen of the Volunteer Corps. They were followed up by the foe till they were near the fort. The rebels then opened the prison, let out about 3,000 prisoners, told them to set fire to the station while they marched off to Muttra and Delhi. We afterwards heard that they had no ammunition to attack the fort.

That was a busy and exciting day in the fort at

Agra. From the high ramparts we could see the progress of the battle and after a contest of four hours our hearts were sad to see our troops retreating. From time to time our wounded men were brought in on cots and left at the fort gate. A number of us were engaged in carrying up these poor fellows to the hospital. It was indeed a sad sight to look upon, and it made one's heart sick to listen to the moans and groans of these dying soldiers. Doctors were busily engaged cutting off shattered legs and arms, or sewing up wounds, while the air was charged with a wail of woe from the wives and children of the wounded as they were gasping their last breath, lowly whispering, "Water, water," and some moaning the sweet name of "Mother, mother."

When our defeated soldiers entered the fort, the excitement was terrific. Mothers looking for their sons, wives for their husbands, and children for their fathers, while many of them had been told that their loved ones were dead, and left on the field of battle.

That awful Sunday night, the 5th July, I can never forget. We quite expected the rebels to attack the fort that night, and if they had we should have been badly off. They did not venture so far but did all the mischief they could. They marched into the station, and most of the prisoners liberated from the jail joined them in looting and burning the houses. The Mission House, where Mr. Parsons had been living, was burnt to the ground, and my mare was taken from the stable.

Agra is a large straggling town, about five miles long from the end of the civil lines to the end of the cantonments. Nearly all the houses are thatched bungalows. As soon as it was dark a terrible conflagration began, and before midnight there was one continuous blaze lighting up the heavens from one end of the town to the other. All the houses were burnt down with the exception of two or three near the fort.

From the fort walls we could see the rebels and budmashes rushing about from house to house, and in the lurid light of the flames they looked like imps from the lower regions in their desperate work of destruction. The property destroyed by fire that night was estimated at £50,000. How thankful we were that our lives were spared and that the rebels could not reach us. Thank God for the dear old Agra Fort!

CHAPTER VI.

Life in Agra Fort.

AGRA Fort is a strong looking edifice and must have been impregnable against the weapons in use when it was built, but its high sandstone walls would soon crumble before modern artillery. It is very extensive—about three miles in circumference. It is well protected on one side by the River Jumna. There are high bastions and well guarded massive gateways. Within are grand palaces, a magnificent marble mosque for the use of the court, and the great Jumma Musjid for the use of the soldiers. There is also the Sher Mahal, or mirror palace, and the Diwani-khas and Diwani Am, courts of justice, beautifully constructed of marble and inlaid with precious stones. Here also was the historic Peacock Throne.

But these gorgeous palaces were of little use to us now. We needed shelter and safety. Not long after the Sepoys were disarmed the authorities gave us permission to enter the fort. No one was allowed to take in chairs and tables; only "charpoys," or country beds, our boxes of personal property and a few cooking utensils were permitted. The old guard at the gate, however,

allowed us to take in extras if we called him "Sir" and greased his hands.

The people had flocked into Agra from all sides, and, including the soldiers, we must have numbered two thousand, all living in close quarters. In the fort are a number of squares with several rooms on the ground floor and first story. The rooms upstairs had a long open verandah which was partitioned off with jamps or grass screens, and these served as rooms. In one of these I lived, and as the room was twelve by fourteen feet, I shared it with Messrs. Scott and Williams, of the American Presbyterian Mission. We had only space for three charpoys and table. But the room was in a good position, near the Royal Marble Court or Diwani Khas, and we remained there about seven months.

Little did the Muhammedans who built the fort think that it would prove an ark of safety for 4,000* Christians. But so it was, and I shall ever look back with thankful joy on that old fort where I found safety and a wife.

It was a great relief to be inside the fort, for there was no certainty of life outside. Our worthy Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Colvin, was the last to

* On the 20th of July a census was taken of all the Christians in the fort. There were:—

Europeans	2,000
East Indians	1,545
Native Christians	855
	4,400

Of the above, 797 were females and 1,117 children.

run in, and it was a run for life. Some were killed in their own houses, and others on the road. The whole population were like so many wolves ready to devour the Christians.

Mr. Colvin did not live long after this. With the best intentions he issued a proclamation announcing that if any rebel soldier gave up his arms, he would be pardoned. This was a mistake, and when Lord Canning heard of it he condemned it severely. This rebuke so worked upon Mr. Colvin's mind that, added to his terrible responsibility, it produced a fatal illness. He died on the 9th September, 1887. I was at his funeral, and Dr. Farquhar, who attended him, said that he died sweating blood, so great was his mental agony. His grave is in front of the armoury in the fort. The memory of the Hon. John Russell Colvin will long be revered by all who knew him and is a rich heritage to his posterity.

These are the missionaries who were in the fort during the Mutiny:—Church Mission: Messrs. V. French, Leighton, Schneider, and Hornby. American Presbyterian Mission: Messrs. Scott, Fullerton, Ullmann, and Williams. Baptist: Messrs. John Parsons, J. Harris, John Gregson, and myself. Several priests, nuns, and Roman Catholic children.

When we were allowed to go into the fort, on the 3rd of July, the authorities refused admission to the native Christians. The Rev. Mr. French and other missionaries protested and said that they would stay out also if the native Christians were not

admitted. This protest succeeded, and the Government were only too glad afterwards that they had so many native Christians to help them, for they were the only reliable natives at that time, and they did good service both as domestic servants and soldiers for the batteries.

We first thought that we would have to depend upon the Government Commissariat for our food, but this was only for one day after the battle, when we narrowly escaped being poisoned wholesale. The chief baker was a Muhammedan who thought he would quietly dispose of the "Kaffirs" by putting a strong dose of arsenic into our supply of bread. A Hindoo lad, however, gave us warning in time. The baker was put in prison, where I had a talk with him; he would not confess his crime, but he was hanged, and the bread cast into the river. We had also to be careful of our drinking water, for an attempt was made to poison the wells also, though the criminals were not detected.

When the city people saw that we had retired into the fort, they said it was to blow ourselves up by setting fire to the magazine. As, however, they found that we were resolved to live on, and might after all come out alive some happy day, they began to open a bazar near the fort gate, where we could get a supply of food without the risk of going into the city, where several had been shot at.

The city rabble had looted the English houses before they set them on fire, and no doubt they thought they had secured a rich spoil, but when

they found that the fort had not fallen into the hands of the rebels, and a few days after when we sent out a small force to inspect the station, they were smitten with fear lest the property of the English should be found in their houses. They made haste to cast it away; books, crockery, cutlery, and broken furniture were scattered all over the station, and other goods were thrown into the river. Some of these articles came floating down so near the fort walls that they could be recognised by their owners, and while it was mortifying to them to see their property drifting past, yet it was amusing to hear the remarks that were made. One would say "Hallo! there goes my sideboard," and another "That is my dressing table," and another say "There goes my almirah," &c. For two or three days the swollen river was strewed with furniture floating away before our eyes. It is but right to state that the Government afterwards gave a fair compensation for the loss of all private property in the mutiny, but nothing could compensate for many of the precious family relics and tokens of love that were now lost for ever.

As to our manner of life in the fort, though we were a good deal crowded yet we were quite as comfortable as could be expected under the circumstances. We were greatly grieved at the constant evil reports we received of the suffering and sorrow endured by Christians at the various stations in the North-West, when the Sepoys had revolted. We were also very much troubled by the rumours that came from time to time, of rebel forces

marching down upon Agra. The one wish of all hearts was to hear that Delhi had fallen. But, alas! we were destined to pass weary weeks and anxious months before that joyful news could reach us.

One or two strange facts proved that the confidence of the people in the stability of the Government had been shaken. For months we could get as many as twenty annas in copper for one rupee in silver. This was done because it was easier to hide the silver than the copper, and secondly if the English Government failed, the copper would not be of the same value as the Government had put upon it. Notes of hand for houses demolished in Delhi and Agra were sold for less than half their value. Some Europeans bought them up, paying Rs. 500 or less for notes of Rs. 1,000 in value, and made a fortune in exchange afterwards. No doubt the people thought the British Raj was about to end. The Brahmins had announced that the Shashtras foretold the occupation of India by the British for a term of only one hundred years, and June 23rd 1857 completed one hundred years from the time of the Battle of Plassey, when Lord Clive established the power of England in India.

MY WORK IN THE FORT.

My chief work was to attend to the sick and wounded in the hospital. At regular intervals all the male residents of the fort were mustered in order to be ready to bear arms in case of need. Major Montgomery was the officer who inspected us. Once on parade he asked me what I was

doing. I replied that I was attending patients in the hospital. "Oh," said he "that is a fine excuse. We can't dispense with an able bodied man like you." I assured him it was no excuse as I had received orders for this duty, at the same time I told him I was prepared to fight if he needed me for that work. I was never called upon to fight, but I was called out one night on what turned out to be a false alarm, for which I was not at all sorry. We had Sunday services and prayer meetings, and Mr. Parsons and I often went into the bazar to preach.*

In the hospital I was put in charge of an officer who had been wounded in the Battle of Shamgunj. Major Prendergast, and Captains D'Oyley, and Lamb died of their wounds. Captain Williams, whose leg had to be amputated, recovered after much suffering. He was a brave soldier, but like many more was given to drink. He had cases of gin under his bed which I took possession of at the doctor's request, and gave him a little at a time as he required it. At first he was very angry at my refusing him drink, and told me he would knock me down if I did not supply it more liberally. I said "I am just now your master and you must obey; and I am your friend and will give you all that is good for you." When he found he had to submit, he would flatter me and finish by saying "Now be a good fellow and give me some gin."

* "As we had no almanack we forgot the days, except when the Baptists held their meetings—every Wednesday and Friday, in a place in the square."—*Mrs. Coopland, in "A Lady's Escape from Gwalior."*

He had a very rough manner even to the lady visitors that came to see him."

After lingering some months the Major died. The doctors had a consultation as to the immediate cause of death, the shot in the heel or drink. If he died of his wounds his widow would get "blood money." The doctors were charitable and said he died of his wounds.

A BATTLE AND VICTORY.

Our time of sad suspense was now, however, about to come to an end. Delhi had been assaulted on the 14th of September and by the 20th our troops had full possession of the city. This joyful news soon found its way to Agra, when a Royal salute was fired from the ramparts of the fort to announce our grand victory. We were also cheered to find that after a long contest against overwhelming forces our brave troops under Havelock, Outram, and Neill had routed the rebels in Lucknow, relieved our suffering garrison in the Residency, and avenged the horrible massacres of Cawnpore. Beside all this, hearing that "a flying column" had been despatched from Delhi in charge of Col. Greathed to pursue the fugitive rebels and to march to the aid of our forces in Oudh we felt that our deliverance from the fort was at hand.

Little did we then know that a strong besieging force was rapidly marching upon Agra. The native state of Dholpore is about thirty miles south of Agra, and in a fort at that place a large body of

rebel Sepoys from Gwalior, Indore, Mhow, and other stations had assembled. They had been there for some time and seemed to have been in doubt what to do or where to go, but as soon as Delhi fell in September, a number of the fugitive rebels hastened to Dholpore to join this force, and to urge them to march at once on Agra, capture the fort before relief could come from Delhi, and make a fresh stand there against the English. By the end of September there were about 4,000 of the Delhi rebels waiting at Muttra to see if the attack of the Dholpore force on Agra was likely to succeed, and if it had they would no doubt have marched at once for Agra. The Dholpore rebels had with them siege guns, and a large supply of ammunition; and had they been joined by the rebels then at Muttra the Agra Fort would have had poor chance of successful resistance. Had the fort, in this crisis of the mutiny, fallen into their hands it would have proved a second Delhi to be conquered over again. As, however, kind providence would have it, the mutineers were foiled in this military movement. The Dholpore rebels began to advance on the 6th of October, and on the same date Col. Greathed with his flying column was only about thirty miles north of Agra. We did not think that the Dholpore force would have come in so soon, even if they came at all. However, a request was sent to Col. Greathed to bring his column into Agra for a few days as we feared that danger was at hand. This column consisted of 3,000 men of all arms, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, about half

Europeans and half Punjabees. The column arrived in Agra on the 11th of October, and in this timely relief we have, I think, a striking evidence of the hand of God. On the very morning, yea, and at the very hour Greathed's column was marching on one side, the rebels from Dholpore were quietly coming in on the other side of the station. We were so delighted at the arrival of the column that we lost all idea of foe or fear, but no sooner had our force pitched their tents on the parade, about a mile from the fort, than the rebels opened fire upon them from a masked battery close by.

Half an hour before I had been out on this parade ground, and while sitting at breakfast in the fort we suddenly heard the roar of cannons. At first we thought it was a salute, but those accustomed to the whizzing sound of round shots soon found that it was an attack. The rebels did not at first know who they were attacking supposing that this camp contained only our small volunteer force, which they could soon polish off and then proceed to bombard the fort. Our troopers quickly mounted and our guns opened on the enemy's battery. The contest was sharp and short, for as soon as the enemy found out who they had to deal with, they lost heart and shouted "Are! Bap! Dili ke bullum walle-aye. Bhago!! Bhago!!" i.e. "Oh! Father! The Lancers from Delhi are come. Run! Run!!" And run they did with might and main, but they did not escape a terrible drubbing from our troops.

Col. Cotton, now in charge of the fort, rushed

out with a number of our fort troops, and though the battle had already been won, yet our men chased the enemy for many miles, and cut down a large number on the way. Their tents, stores, ammunition, and guns, were all left on the field. It was calculated that there must have been five or six thousand men, some hundreds of whom were cut down in a few hours, while we did not lose a single soldier. They had fourteen siege guns; one of these was very large and was decorated with garlands and wreaths of jessamine flowers; we were afterwards told that the Brahmins had been doing poojah to this gun, and that a holy fakir had prophesied to the troops that after three rounds from this great "Deota" the walls of the fort would fall flat down and the English would all be killed. But the fakir proved a false prophet, and the poor "Deota" instead of knocking down the fort walls was captured and conveyed to the fort with the other cannons. Thus by the providential help which arrived at the very nick of time, the rebels were scattered, the scheme of the Sepoys to make a fresh stand in the Fort of Agra was frustrated, and we were saved the horrors of a siege, and it may be, the doom of a terrible massacre. As soon as the rebels in Muttra heard of the defeat of their comrades in Agra they at once made arrangements to cross the Jumna and march off to Rohilkhand, for now the last hope of success for the Sepoys in the North-West had vanished.

The morning after the victory we went out to see the battle-field, and I never wish to see another.

Scattered all round were the bodies of men and animals. Some had been shot down, others cut up with swords or lances, while some had been blown asunder by the explosion of powder in their own pouches. Coolies were covering the dead as fast as they could with earth, while jackals and birds of prey were busy at work. Muskets, matchlocks, swords, sabres, javelins, daggers, and pistols were scattered on the ground, and the soil was saturated with blood. In a small mosque close by, where fifty Sepoys had fled for refuge, there was a heap of dead bodies, and thus this last rebel force that came against us was scattered and destroyed.

The following incident is worthy of notice, for it shows how God can save at the last moment, those who put their trust in Him. The Baptist Mission in Agra had a sub-station in a village about twelve miles off. The Christians had come into the fort in the month of May, but one old native preacher, whose name was Thakur Dass, said "I am an old man and who will kill me? I will stay here and trust in God." He was not touched until the day of our battle in Agra, on the 10th of October, when some wicked men resolved to kill him. He was taken out of his house, bound with cords, and about to be slaughtered when he asked his murderers one favour and that was to allow him a few minutes for prayer, to commit his spirit into the hands of God. This favour was granted and while he was yet in the act of prayer a loud cry was heard "The English are coming!" This created a panic, the would be murderers fled and left the old man,

bound, on his knees. He was soon let loose and returned to his house unhurt, and lived years after this to preach the gospel. Now, mark the strange working of providence. It was not our soldiers who caused this panic, but fugitive rebels defeated in the Battle of Agra who, rushing away for their lives, were taken by the people to be our troopers coming out to chastise the villagers. It was this mistake that saved the good old man's life. Truly, God can deliver out of the lion's mouth.

After this victory and the fall of Delhi, as well as the relief of Lucknow, we felt that the dark clouds of this terrible storm were fast passing away, and that the time for the restoration of the British power in India was drawing nigh. The natives became wonderfully civil and polite, for they also could see that the dawn of day had again broken on the English "Raj" in India, and true to their nature they began to worship the rising sun. We who were in the fort now felt that we had a new lease of life, and a number of young people began to make domestic arrangements for future comforts.

MARRIAGE.

Little did I think that I should find a wife in the Agra Fort; but so it was. Miss Rhoda Helen Rowe was the grand-daughter of Baptist missionaries by both parents. I often visited Mr. Rowe's quarters in the fort and had known the family before. Then I began to take the two sisters, Rhoda and Hannah Rowe, for morning walks, and before long I found myself in love with Rhoda,

and thought her the greatest jewel that could be found in the world. I spoke to my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Parsons, and they highly approved of the attachment, which confirmed me that I was right. The parents consented and the engagement became firm and fast on both sides. On the 6th February 1858, we were married in the beautiful Marble Hall in the fort, by Mr. Parsons, of Monghyr. He and his wife were my greatest friends.

Miss Rowe made me a most loving wife, and was a tender and wise mother; she was esteemed and beloved by all who knew her. She was a "lady by nature," as a friend in London once said, and, above all, she was a real child of God.

FIRE IN THE FORT.

Before the wedding I had been preparing new quarters in the same square, and had furnished a room, bought new clothes and collected several books, so that we had a fairly comfortable home. I felt quite set up again, and hoped, when the storm of mutiny was over, to return to my station with my wife, who was full of missionary zeal.

About two in the morning of the 3rd April 1858, we were roused by the cry of "Fire!" I jumped from my bed, and saw nearly half the square in a blaze. The grass mats which shut us in were all in flames. I tried to pull some of them down in order to cut off the fire from our side, but the wind blew the flames towards me and I had to leave them. I rushed into my room and just had time to snatch up a Bible and a few spoons lying on the

table which I threw down to the courtyard, and my wife and I ran off in our night clothes for our lives.

The dry straw screens blazed like tinder and the fire soon spread and burnt out. It originated through the carelessness of a man below who had left a candle burning in a wooden candlestick. I saved next to nothing and had no clothes to put on except those that were with the dhobie.

On the other side of our square was a powder magazine containing some tons of gunpowder, and there was great fear lest the fire would reach it and blow us all to atoms. Several ran to the gate to try and get out of the fort. One old lady, hearing of the danger, begged of the sentry to let her out. The sentry was an Irishman and he asked her where she wanted to go to. "Oh," said the old lady "let me out, let me out. The fire will get to the magazine and we shall all be blown up." Paddy replied, "Och shure, now be aisy. No good running away. Let us all be blown up to heaven together like Christians and not be killed by those murthering hathen."

The fire raged fearfully, but by the good will of God it did not reach the powder. The wall was very thick, and we were spared. The God who saved us from the rebels also saved us from the fire.

Kind friends came forward and supplied us with articles of clothing till we could get new outfits. This was the second time I had lost my all in a fire. I had brought from Muttra my "Bethel" flag, but it had now gone. My loss was over Rs. 3,000, for which Government gave me for

compensation Rs. 1,500, but no compensation could make up for all my books and sermons and many precious tokens of love from relatives and friends.

PUNISHMENT OF THE REBELS.

For about six months executions were taking place outside the fort. It was a sickening sight to see the penalty of the law being carried out. The Muhammedans did not care for death as they thought their souls went direct to paradise. One officer devised the plan of sewing their bodies in pig skins and throwing them into the river! This would shut them out of "bihist" or heaven, and produced great fear.

Some of the rebels were blown away from a cannon's mouth. The cannon was loaded only with powder, and a board was fixed to the mouth. The victim was tied with his back to the board, and when the cannon was fired he was blown to pieces. The sight was awful, and those who witnessed it were sorry afterwards.

It is profitable to trace the Lord's hand in the affairs of life, and it was abundantly manifested in the Indian Mutiny. There was the accident or collision between two gharries in Calcutta which saved the place from a wholesale massacre. The report of a native Christian in Monghyr saved that station. The putting of shot first and powder afterwards in the gun commanding the bridge at the Hindon gave our troops a chance to cross over. The flying column came into Agra just in time to save us. Then all the time in the fort we had the

blessing of good health. Had we been attacked by any epidemic, what terrible havoc there would have been.

The fort was like an island in the midst of the seething rage of an ocean of furious foes. Yet we had few privations, and many privileges. I never saw the power and beauty of the Psalms of David until the time of the Mutiny. The language is so appropriate for those in "the day of trouble," and the promises of God were sweet and encouraging in the midst of danger and death.

Before closing this eventful chapter let me draw aside the curtain and give you a glimpse of our domestic joy. On Lord's day the 30th January 1859, in the house known as The Benevolent Institution, Agra, was born our boy named "Aneurin Rowe Evans." This was a new start in life. I felt proud and happy in being a father, and we both realised the great responsibility we had entered upon in becoming parents and in training a child for God.

CHAPTER VII.

RETURN TO MUTTRA.

ON the 25th February, 1859, I returned to Muttra. The Mission House and Chapel were in ruins, and all I found of my former property was an empty tin box in the house of a bhisti (waterman).

I will now give three stories relating to the incidents of the Mutiny at Muttra.

I. THE REBEL SWEEPER.

After I left my house in Muttra for Agra, an old sweeper who had been dismissed for theft, came with a sword in his hand and asked for me. The chowkidar told him the Sahib had gone to Agra. "Ah," said he, "well for him. Had he been here I would have cut him to pieces."

Shortly after our return I met this sweeper in the road, and he knew not that I had heard of his desire to kill me. I asked him if he had any work. He replied that he had not. "Come over to my house then." He came at once, thinking no doubt he would be employed. I told my chowkidar to tie his hands behind his back and stand guard over him.

The fellow began to tremble and whine and asked

what he had done. I said to him, "You failed to do what you wished. You found I was gone when you came to cut me up in the old house. Now you are in my hands, and a note to the magistrate will hang you. Now, one of two things—you confess your crime and ask pardon, or you go to the gallows."

The man flatly denied the charge, so I told him I would write to the magistrate. When he saw I was in earnest, he said "Yes, sir, the devil tempted me. I had no wish to go; the devil made me go." However, I thought the devil should have his due, and that the sweeper should not throw all the blame on his friend. So I said, "The devil I cannot catch; I hold you to be the guilty party; and if you do not confess all, you are a dead man."

At last he said with feigned sorrow and tears, "Ha, Sahib, such main ne kya" (True, sir, I did it), and expressed sorrow and said he was a bad man.

When I told the chowkidar to undo the rope, the sweeper fled like a man chased by a tiger, and I never saw him or heard of him again. He knew that his confession would condemn him, but he trusted in my word and that saved him.

II. THE DEATH OF PARAMANAND.

This man was my Hindi teacher, a preacher and an opium eater. Instead of coming into Agra with the other Christians, he went with his wife, child and goods to stay with a Brahmin in the city of Muttra. The rebels from Neemuch, on their way

from Agra after the battle of Shangunj, stayed at Muttra for some days. The Brahmin either through fear or for the sake of the man's property, reported that he had a Christian in his house. Paramanand was taken by the rebels. He denied Christ, which did not save him, and he was cut up in the street and his body thrown into the river. His wife and child escaped to Agra.

After my return to Muttra I sent for the Brahmin who had betrayed the Christian, and told him all I knew about the affair. He denied his guilt, but I would not take his denial. I said to him "I don't wish to have you hanged, but as you have proved treacherous and made a wife a widow, will you give the widow Rs. 500 or be reported to the magistrate? One of these you must submit to." He saw I was in earnest and paid the Rs. 500, and I let him go. I also obtained a small pension for the widow from Government though she was not a Christian.

III. THE STOLEN GOD.

Among those who welcomed me back to Muttra was a Brahmin, named Chowli. He told me they had all been in great trouble and had been robbed since I had been away. The Brahmin had lost about Rs. 2,000, and "worst of all," said he "the robbers stole my god." "What," I said, "stole your god?" "Yes, Sahib, there was some gold about it, and the thief stole it. I had worshipped it all my life and my father before me. It was our Isht dev (i.e. household god) and it is gone for ever."

I laughed and said, "Well, Chowli-ji, this is strange; your father and you worshipped a god that a thief could steal. A god that could not deliver himself nor save your property after all the reverence you have shown him. Now I ask you seriously of what use is such a god." His reply was "Ram jane" (Ram knows).

I have often told this story in the bazar where the Chowli was known and the people have always laughed at the story of the stolen god. It is strange how they will laugh at their own gods, yea, and curse them too, if the gods don't give them what they want.

WORK IN MUTTRA.

To learn Hindi was my great work. I read with a pundit the Prem Sagar, Brigbilas, an account of Krishna, the Ramayan, the account of Ram. Every Indian missionary should be acquainted with the Ramayan. It is a store house of material with which to demolish the gods of India, though intended to be in their favour. At last my pundit said, "Sir, you need me no longer; you know Hindi as well as I do."

I considered bazar preaching very important work and I was there morning and evening. I also visited the surrounding villages on preaching tours. Every year I attended the melas at Bhuteswar, on the other side of Agra, and Goverdhun and Brindabun.

The 7th Hussars, commanded by Col. Constance, came to Muttra, and as they had no chaplain, I

conducted a Sunday service and visited the men in the hospital. This was a splendid cavalry regiment. The men were picked troopers, and had such gentlemanly behaviour that it was a pleasure to deal with them.

Not long afterwards I baptised several of the men, and we formed a small church and administered the Lord's supper. Let me relate a short account of one man in this regiment who was

A TRUE CONVERT.

John Pratt was a trooper in the Hussars and had been to sea in his early days. He was a godless fellow and a fearful swearer; his common oath was: "By the Holy Ghost." I met him first in the hospital where he was so ill that his life was in danger. He was very anxious about his soul as he thought he had committed the "unpardonable sin." He asked me if I thought he could be saved. I said "Yes, if you repent and believe, you can be saved." At last light broke in on his soul and he could thank God that through Christ he had been pardoned.

Pratt was instrumental in leading to Christ a comrade named King. Soon afterwards the regiment was moved to Meerut, and I was delighted to receive a letter from the two men asking me to go and baptise them. I accordingly went to Meerut to make arrangements. I called on Col. Constance, who was pleased to see me, and when he heard I had come to baptise two of the men he said he would like to be present and gave an order for the whole regiment to attend.

The ceremony was performed in a large tank by the roadside, near the church. All the soldiers were out; convalescents from the hospital came on elephants; several people in carriages stopped to see and hear; and a large crowd of natives gathered round the tank.

I read a portion of Scripture, prayed and spoke. Then Pratt, with eyes full of tears, addressed his comrades with great power. He told them he had been well known in the regiment as the ringleader of all evil, but was now sorry for it. He said "I have to ask your pardon for trying to lead you to the devil; I now wish to lead you to Christ. If you only knew His love you could not help loving Him." He then with great courage knelt down on the grass and offered a most solemn prayer—for himself and King, and for the whole regiment. I then took him down to the water and immersed him in the name of the Triune God on profession of faith in Christ. King followed to the water; I spoke a few words and baptised him also.

It was a most impressive service and many strong men shed tears. Pratt turned out a fine, bright Christian. Some time afterwards his regiment went home and he gave himself to the ministry. The memory of his happy life has often cheered me in the midst of my discouragement in mission work in India.

BAZAR PREACHING.

My chief work in Muttra was preaching in the bazars. The city is full of learned pundits who

are zealous for their gods. These men have often opposed me in my preaching; here are a few instances of their manner of opposition and style of argument. Most of them only cared to parade their learning, and if they could raise a laugh against the missionary they were delighted. I believe my answers to their foolish questions often came from heaven.

THE DEAD GOD.

One day, as I was preaching to a crowd, I saw a great stir in the street, and asking what it was, I was told that a very great and learned pundit was coming to annihilate me and my preaching. He was a blind man, but looked very shrewd and clever, and he came with some friends.

He began by telling me it was wrong to preach against the idols. "For," said he "they are images of the gods, and are a help to the ignorant to know and worship them. Now, sahib, let me put a case before you. Suppose your father were sick and about to die, and had been very kind to you. He calls you to his bedside and says, "My son, I am going to die, but I wish you to remember me. Here is my picture; hang it in your room, look at it daily, make a salaam to it, and it will help you to remember your father. Now, sahib, I ask, would you not do this for your father's sake? So with the idols, they help the poor people to remember their gods. Now what answer have you to this?"

I replied "If my father on his death bed were

to ask me to look at his likeness daily, I should do it, but not while he lived. My God is not dead, nor is he sick or absent. But from what you say your gods seem to have grown old and sick, and died; and you have only pictures and images of them left. Now, Pundit, you are a wise man; leave these dead gods and come and serve the ever-living and true God."

The pundit saw he was worsted in the argument, so he pushed his way through the crowd and disappeared.

DEITY IN A BRICK.

Another pundit one day came to me in a pompous manner and said "Padri, sahib, do you believe that God is everywhere?" I said "Yes." Again he asked. "Then there is no place where God is not?" "No." Then, triumphantly turning to me before the crowd, he said "Well, sir, if God is everywhere, God must be in an idol, and if God is in idols, it is right that we should worship them."

The people expressed approval of this argument, and looked to me for an answer. In a moment an idea struck me as the best answer to use. I saw a large brick at my feet, I took it in my hand and said, "Pundit-jee, what is this?" He said, "That is burnt mud." "Is God in this burnt mud?" "Oh, yes, it is full of God." I thanked him, and asked, "Have you a rupee with you?" "Yes." "Let me see it." As he held it in his hand, I asked, "Is God in the rupee?" "Oh yes, this

also is full of God." "Well, which is biggest, your rupee or my brick?" "Oh, your brick is a thousand times larger than my rupee." I said "True, therefore there must be a thousand times more of God in my brick than there is in your rupee, and therefore my brick must be a thousand times more valuable. "Yes, it must be," said the pundit. "Well," said I, "If it is, take the brick and give me the rupee." The people shouted with laughter, and the pundit saw he was defeated and went away.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

Sometimes the Brahmins are very insolent, and purposely so, and try and make the missionary angry. One day a fellow came up to me in the bazar and said, "Do you take upon yourself to be a religious teacher?" "Yes," said I, "I try to teach." "Now let me test you," said he, "What is the distance between truth and falsehood?" I said "One is as far from the other as the East is from the West." He gave me a look of contempt, and said "I see you know nothing." Then he put his hand on his face between his ear and his eye and looking at me, said "Now do you see?" I had to confess my ignorance, and he said "What a fool you are. Don't you see that the distance is the breadth of four fingers. All you hear is a lie, and all you see is true."

This gave me an opportunity. I said to the man, "Well, well, how sad that you people are such liars that you can believe nothing you hear. Is

this all that your religion has done for you? It must be all false, and the sooner you forsake it the better."

GOD AND CHRIST.

On one occasion a man said to me "Sir, you tell us to worship one God and yet you speak of two, God and Jesus Christ. Are they two Gods or what?" Looking to the heavens, I said "Do you see that cloud? What is it made of?" "Water, sir." "Well, what is the difference between the cloud and the rain?" "The cloud is high up and we cannot reach it, and the rain comes down to water our fields." "Just so, such is the difference between God and Christ. God is far above us, but in Christ he comes down to us, like the rain, to refresh and fructify our souls."

I also illustrated the same truth by referring to the sun. It is 93 millions of miles away, but the light of the sun comes down to earth and by it we work, and grow, and live.

Natives cannot stand being laughed at, and although I had sometimes to turn the tables on them to get rid of some foolish questions, I had always to remember that I was a fisher of men. A man of sense who was anxious to know more of the truth and to learn the way of life, I always treated with respect and kindness.

MY SECOND GREAT SORROW.

Our last days in Muttra were marked by deep grief. Our darling boy, Aneurin, was growing up

in health and was an intelligent and lovable child. In November 1860, when I was on a preaching tour in Delhi, smallpox made its appearance in the city and our baby fell a victim. After a hard struggle with the malady he passed away on the 27th of December. It was a terrible blow. I had fondly hoped that this child would grow up to serve the Lord when I should be dead and gone. But it was not to be; and I would not wish him back to this world of sin and danger.

He was buried in the cemetery at Delhi, close by the grave of brave General Nicholson, on the right as you enter the gate.

CHAPTER VIII.

DELHI.

MR. JAMES SMITH, the missionary in charge of Delhi, having applied for leave to go for a voyage to Australia, I was asked to carry on his work in conjunction with Mr. D. P. Broadway. I did not much fancy the change of station, but, feeling it a call of duty, consented to go. So we returned to Muttra to pack up for Delhi, where we arrived in January 1861.

FAMINE.

The famine was sore in the land. The rains of 1860 had failed, and famine relief was started both by Government grants and public subscriptions. I was asked by Government to become secretary of the "Famine Fund," and I was given *carte blanche* to draw all I needed to give work and food to the starving people.

Three asylums were opened to house and feed the poor; one for 5,000 was in charge of the magistrate, another for 7,000 was under Mr. Broadway, and I had charge of about 5,000 people in another. The expenditure was about Rs. 300 a day, and five lakhs were spent during the year, and all was drawn through me on the Delhi bank.

It was hard work, but a work I delighted in, though it told upon my health. It was a sad sight to see so many human skeletons. Every morning carts were taken outside the gates of the city to pick up the poor wretches who had crawled in from the country during the night. Many would be found dead. We had to be careful not to let them eat too much at first or they would die at once; congee (water boiled with rice) was the best food for a few days. The few who could work received extra for it, but most were too feeble to do anything.

In the midst of these famine relief measures I had to supervise the building of a Mission House, or rather to rebuild an old house riddled with shot in the Mutiny. It stood in a straight line between the Cashmere Gate and our troops on the Ridge, close by the Commissioner's House, Ludlow Castle, and the Metcalfe Estate. I bought the house of the Delhi Bank for Rs. 700, and as the labour was free, the whole building cost the Mission only Rs. 1,500, while it was actually worth Rs. 10,000.

A BRIBE.

It was discovered that the *bania* (grain dealer) who supplied flour to the asylum mixed impurities with it, so he was discharged. As secretary, I was asked to appoint another man to supply the food, which cost Rs. 100 a day, and consequently a number of men applied for the post.

One morning a leading *bania* came to my house

with a large basket of fruit and sweets as an offering. I asked what it was. He said, "*Padri, sahib, dali ap ke waste*" (A present for you"). I felt it and found it very heavy; there was a bag of money at the bottom. "What is this?" I asked. The *bania* said "Sir, a little present of Rs. 500 if you give me the contract to supply food for the Zubzeemandee Asylum." This was too much for me. My Welsh blood was up. I pushed the man out of the room, and threw the basket and its contents after him. His servant gathered up the articles, and the man went home and did not get the contract.

This opened my eyes to the bribery and corruption there must be in the land. If it paid a man to give me Rs. 500 for a contract to supply food for the starving, what thousands must be spent and taken in Government contracts and cases of litigation?

FAMINE ORPHANS.

There were a large number of famine orphans in Delhi who were drafted off to various orphanages and mission schools. A good man, Colonel Wheler, came from Barrackpur for some of these orphans. He said he did not wish for the healthy ones who would be taken by the ordinary institutions, and asked for those who were weak, lame, and blind. I gave him sixty, and told him he could have Rs. 2 a head for their monthly support. "No, thank you," said he "I want no money, I only want the orphans." He took them away and

set up an orphanage at our old mission station, Chitoura, and fed, clothed, and instructed them until 1875, the year he died. He was a good man indeed, and a brave soldier of the Cross, who was not afraid of conducting services among the Sepoys of his regiment.

A WONDERFUL DELIVERANCE.

There was great joy in the Mission House on the 23rd July 1861, when our little babe Rhoda Mary was born. She was called "Rhoda" after her mother and grand-mother, and "Mary" after my mother. Sweet names for a sweet child. This dear infant was a great comfort to us, and strange to say, not long after she was the means, under God, of saving our lives. This great deliverance happened in August.

We slept in a room with a single beam running along the centre of the roof, which supported the rafters and the whole weight of the roof which consisted of two layers of bricks and mortar.

One night the baby was very restless and would not sleep; she did not seem to be in pain, but try all we could she would not rest. I dozed off, and about two in the morning my wife, who was sitting up with the baby, woke me and said there was a noise in the roof. I looked up and said it was nothing and went to sleep again. But baby would not rest. Again my wife roused me and said there was a noise overhead. I looked up and saw the beam bent in the middle as if about to fall. I sprang out of bed and took my wife and baby

into the next room, where the baby soon fell asleep. I called the servants to help me to move the furniture, and just as the carpet was being taken out, down came the roof with a fearful crash. The huge beam fell first, immediately over the spot where our bed had been, and the whole room was full of broken masonry and timber. One of these bricks would have been sufficient to kill any one of us.

Our heathen servants fell at our feet and said, "Your God must be great to deliver you in such a wonderful manner." Yes, truly it was He, and He only who delivered us from such a death, by means of our little babe. When the roof fell in I felt as if I were on the verge of eternity, and had looked over and stepped back again.

THE DELHI CHRISTIANS.

Most of the converts in Delhi were from the Chumar caste, people who had nothing to lose and everything to gain by becoming professed Christians. With such a class one should be very careful before baptising them. To build up a church of "wood, hay, and stubble" is a great mistake, for the work will be "burnt up," and the gospel dishonoured. It is a great responsibility to baptise men who have given no proof of conversion to God, for it not only brings reproach on the name of Christ, but it also helps people to deceive themselves.

These converts were mostly utterly ignorant of the evil of sin and of the wickedness of their own

hearts. They lived according to their heathen customs; many in idolatry and fornication, and few cared for the services of religion.

There were also a few respectable Muhammedans but they were as unreal as the rest, and no doubt assumed a Christian name either from fear of punishment for deeds done in the Mutiny or in the hope of Government favour.

As long as they continued to receive help from the famine fund they attended the Sunday services. But as soon as the help was withdrawn they grew careless. At Poorana Killa, where there was a church, I could get none to attend, and, when I called them together they proceeded to make stipulations. If I agreed to let them associate with their idolatrous friends, to help them in time of need, and to aid them when they had cases in court, then they would attend chapel on Sundays! I told them I would comply with none of their requests and that the religion of Christ was itself a rich reward. This they could not see, and plainly told me that if they were not assisted with money they would not be Christians, and that they had been baptised for this purpose.

These people caused me great sorrow. After I had been in Delhi eight months I had time to know these converts well, and I wrote home a faithful account of their character. For this I received no thanks, but was told that I should be more kind and considerate to them, and should "nourish them as a mother nourisheth her children." To this I replied that were they "children" born

of God I would most gladly nourish them but I was not disposed to train a brood of vipers. I doubted if among them all there were ten righteous men. My estimate was confirmed afterwards when they brought serious disgrace on the name of Christ.

I am thankful to have known Bhagwan Das, Soojat Ali, Nain Sook, Subha Chand, and others who gave indisputable proof of love to Christ, but the great majority were simply *mutlabees* who cared only for bodily advantages.

What we required in Delhi was a preaching place in the central part of the town, and I am grateful to say a site was given in quite an unexpected way. Government wished to show some acknowledgment of my services during the famine and asked me what I would accept. I at once asked for a site for building a native chapel in the city, and a piece of land in the chowk or main street was granted. The chapel was built and is still in use. It is a fitting memorial to our brethren, J. McKay, and Walayat Ali, who were massacred in the Mutiny.

SIMLA.

In the summer of 1862 I went for a few weeks rest to Simla. The first sight of the Himalayas and the peaks of snow was magnificent. There was no Viceroy in Simla in those days. Sir Hugh Rose, the Commander in Chief, was at that time residing there, and I had an interview with him about drinking in the army and the advisability of regu-

lating the sale of liquor at the canteens. He said the colonels of the regiments had charge of the regulations and they found the canteen revenue to be very profitable. It is a well known fact that canteen sergeants make a small fortune in a few years. Drink is the devil's own net to catch poor souls. But, thank God, in recent years much has been done to mitigate this terrible evil.

CHAPTER IX.

Return to England.

THE fever which I had contracted in Agra returned frequently in Delhi, and no doubt it was aggravated by the heavy work connected with the famine relief. I had just commenced to build the new chapel in the Chandni Chowk when I had to leave everything. Mr. W. Etherington, of Meerut, took my place, and we left Delhi for Calcutta in March 1863.

There was no railway then. The bridge over the Jumna at Delhi was being constructed. We went by dak gharri to Agra, and there remained a day or two with Mr. John Gregson. Then we proceeded by dak gharri to Allahabad, and stayed a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Robin Gordon. The new chapel was not finished, and Mr. Jos. Gregson had left.

We continued our journey to Benares and stayed with Mr. John Parsons, who had just lost his beloved wife. He was so resigned, and was as usual very kind to us. He was my model Christian and my model missionary; I always called him Gurujee (honoured teacher). Such another fellow-worker I never expect to see on earth.

We reached the railway at Mogul Serai, after

crossing the Ganges at Benares, and went by train to Monghyr. Here we stayed with Mr. Lawrence. From Monghyr we came to Calcutta and for a few days before embarking were hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Rowe.

VOYAGE HOME.

On the 1st April 1863, my wife, our child Rhoda, and I went on board the ship "Cicero," of Liverpool, with Captain Thompson in command. We had a long and tedious voyage. We were a month in the bay of Bengal, mostly becalmed. After that we encountered a gale which carried us down to Mauritius and Madagascar. Here we met baffling winds for some days, but rounded the Cape in safety. I had intermittent attacks of fever between Calcutta and the Cape, but after that it left me.

We had a pleasant call at St. Helena, where we took in water and a supply of fresh provisions. This was in point of time our half-way house, as we had been two months on the ocean. At last, on the 10th August, we arrived in Liverpool, and stayed with some friends at Everton. On Sunday we went to Pembroke Chapel and heard Mr. Birrell, the good man who bade me God speed when I left for India in 1855. It was a pleasure to be once more in God's house and to worship with our fellow countrymen.

DEPUTATION WORK.

At my home at "Sea View," Newport, my beloved mother could hardly contain herself to

see her son once more, and my sister Margaret was equally delighted. I felt like a boy to be home again; and we did not forget Him who had permitted us to meet. My wife was an object of great curiosity, for the simple folk thought that only black people could be found in India. One gentleman who should have known better said, when my wife was introduced to him by Dr. Thomas, as "Mrs. Evans, from India." "Oh, indeed, she is very fair for a Hindu." The doctor replied "Yes, and her child is fairer than yours."

My first address on Indian missions was given in Pembroke Chapel, Liverpool, before a large gathering. I went about for a month or so with Mr. Trestrail, in Worcestershire, and afterwards in Wales. In order to be well equipped for the work I prepared addresses on the following subjects:—

1. The claims of India upon the Churches of Britain.
2. The Mutiny of 1857.
3. The Customs and Manners of the Hindus.
4. The Missionary and his work.
5. The difficulties of Indian Missions.
6. Our Encouragements to proceed.

In 1863 I began my deputation tour in Wales. I found that my Welsh was rusty and the Hindi words came out along with the "Cymraeg," but soon it all came back again.

My first meeting was in "Calvaria," Dr. Price's chapel, in Aberdare. The huge building was

filled with 2,000 people, and there were many unable to gain admission. About six other meetings of a similar character were held in the vale of Aberdare. This was the beginning of the campaign, and applications poured in from north and south for the services of the Welsh missionary from India. My dear wife and little Rhoda accompanied me, as a rule, in all my journeys, and I may say without boasting that the Welsh churches everywhere gave me quite an ovation. One most important result was that my visit was the means of raising the annual contributions of Wales from £1,500 to £3,000.

We had in Wales a wonderful minister, Dr. Daniel Davies, who was totally blind. He lived in retirement in Cwmafon with his daughter. It was he who suggested a method of raising subscriptions for mission work. At a meeting in Cwmafon I had been asked to sing after the service. Dr. Davies said to the congregation, "If the missionary is going to sing an Indian hymn, you should give him something extra for the mission." I said "Yes, give me ten extra subscriptions and I will sing." I succeeded. After this I made it a custom to ask for new subscriptions before singing. I preached and lectured for nothing, but I considered that Hindu singing was a luxury which should be paid for. This proved to be a great success, for, instead of giving the usual penny in the collection, scores became annual subscribers to the mission of 2s. 6d., 5s., or 10s.

On the 28th April 1864 the annual public meeting

of the Baptist Missionary Society was held in Exeter Hall, London, and I had been asked to speak. My old friend, Dr. Thomas, of Pontypool College, conducted the opening devotional services, and Lord Radstock, an earnest evangelist, occupied the chair. I spoke on the subject of a missionary learning the language and getting in touch with the people. I showed what enmity there was against the gospel and the ignorance and moral condition of the Hindus. The great work to be done was then sketched and some encouraging facts related. Dr. Angus followed me, and the closing address was given by Chas. H. Spurgeon, who was the most popular preacher of the day.

The winter of 1864—65 was spent in Cheltenham and from there I was sent off on deputation to Scotland where I spent two months conducting very successful meetings. At Dundee an incident happened which is worthy of record. The South Baptist Churches there were "Campbellites" and never gave to mission work, so it was customary for our deputation to go to the Congregational Church. But on this occasion, owing to the neglect of the secretary, no notice had been sent, and nobody knew of my coming. I enquired if there were any Baptist Churches in Dundee and was informed that there were, but that they never gave money to missions. Being determined to try them I secured permission to use two of their chapels, and spoke plainly on the importance of mission work and our duty to support the labourers in the foreign fields. The people of Dundee took my

words to heart and gave me £30. The secretary at the Mission House was delighted at the result of his neglect.

Before leaving Wales the churches united in presenting an address, a Bible, and a purse to my wife and self. The meeting was held on the 26th July 1865, in "Calvaria," Dr. Price's chapel, in Aberdare, where I began my work of deputation.

In dear Wales we found abounding love and kindness everywhere, but our leave had expired and we had to return to our life work in India. Before we sailed we went to London and stayed a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Trestrail, at Upper Norwood.

THE VOYAGE OUT.

In August we left London in the "Shannon," one of "Green's" ships, commanded by Captain Daniel.

We had a number of passengers on board, and being the only minister, I preached every Sunday, while my convivial friend the doctor read the prayers. On the whole we had pleasant companions. Our Rhoda was a great favourite and my wife made some friends. Board ship is a place where people's characters, often the worst side, are shown prominently.

Our leading lady on board was the wife of a general, and she was coming out to live with her daughters in a hill station. She had a strange mixture of principles. At one time she was so religious that she begged me to conduct morning

prayers in the saloon, and at other times she would organise dances and theatricals among the young people. She took too much upon herself to please the Captain, and at last her conduct led to an open rupture. One night the lady had arranged for some theatricals on deck, but the Captain, expecting a squally night, ordered the preparations to be stopped. My lady was highly offended, came out of her cabin, and asked the Captain what was the meaning of the order. The Captain told her he was master of the ship, and advised her to go to her cabin and stay there. Relations between them were naturally strained for the rest of the voyage, but when we were going up the Hoogly before reaching Calcutta, I prevailed on them to make friends.

Another interesting passenger of a different class was Miss L——, who came on board as an invalid, and was going to stay with her uncle in Calcutta. She was a good and pious girl, but her health did not improve on the voyage. One Saturday night she appeared to be seriously ill, and called her brother, the captain, the doctor, my wife and myself to say Good-bye. A lock of her hair was cut as a keepsake for her brother. She called me to her bed and told me she should die that night and gave me a special message for the sailors to be used in my sermon on the morrow. We were all in tears and there was sadness throughout the ship. My wife sat up with her that night, and fully expecting her to die before the morning, I went into my cabin to prepare a funeral sermon. But

she did not die. She told us afterwards that in her sleep she had a vision and was told that she had a work to do in India. She gradually regained strength and lived to become the wife of a distinguished judge in the United Provinces and the mother of a family.

We were three months on the voyage, and with a good ship, a kind Captain, and God's mercy we were brought safely to Calcutta.

CHAPTER X.

CALCUTTA.

ON arriving at Calcutta we resided for a short time with Uncle Rowe, where my wife's mother and sister were staying. I fully expected to have received orders from the Mission House as to my location, but no word had come and I knew not in what direction to turn. While I was in a state of uncertainty, a door opened close by for me to enter.

CIRCULAR ROAD CHURCH.

The Rev. Andrew Leslie, the pastor of the Lower Circular Road Baptist Church, was in a feeble state and was showing symptoms of unfitness for preaching. A pastor had been sent for from England and I was asked to remain and officiate until he arrived. I consented on condition that the church should telegraph to London for permission. This was done, and the Society agreed.

The church furnished the pastor's house for us, and bought a carriage and horse for our use, and gave me Rs. 50 a month for extra expenses. Indeed they were very kind, and especially so the senior deacon, my old friend Mr. Isaiah Biss.

There were some fine men in the church in those

days. I have grateful memories of the following: Dr. Wenger, W. H. Jones, W. Greenway, Robt. Scott Moncrieff, O. Cutter, T. Ledlie, the Finks, the Belchamber brothers, Josiah Rowe, Geo. Beeby, and Arthur Sykes.

Our Society then had in Calcutta, Mr. Leslie, C. B. Lewis, John Sale, G. Pearce, and T. Morgan. In Serampore were Denham and Trafford, the tutors, and John Clark Marshman, the great journalist and editor of the "Friend of India." It may well be said that the Baptists were a far greater power in India than they are now.

The church at Circular Road had a mixed membership, and the pastor of a congregation with such divers elements had to be very discreet to avoid all offence. I tried my best to preserve the spirit of friendship, and generally succeeded. My preaching also was acceptable, if not popular. Several times at my weekly lectures Babu Keshub Chundra Sen, the leader of the Bramo Somaj movement, was present. I baptised a good number, and among them a bright and active Christian, Mr. Livingstone, the Principal of the Government College, at Berhampore.

PRAYER ANSWERED.

Among those I baptised at Circular Road was a Mrs. W—— who had a large family and a lazy husband. They were living in a boarding house in Dharamtola and owed the landlady Rs. 150. They were told that they would be turned out of the house if the money was not paid on a certain day.

In the morning of the day Mrs. W—— went to Miss Leslie and told her all her trouble. Miss Leslie came to our house and repeated the sad story to my wife. She said, "We have told the Lord all about it, and we feel that help will come to-day, but how it will come we don't know." As they were talking in the verandah I was sitting in my study, and a voice seemed to say to me, "Go and get the money." It was a strange sensation, but I felt bound to go and felt sure of getting the Rs. 150, though where to get it I knew not.

Breakfast over I told my wife I was going to get the money and, while driving to the town, the thought occurred to go and ask my friend, Mr. Moncrieff, for his advice. I reached his office in the Strand before he had arrived, but he soon came, and asked me into his room. I told him my story, and he went to his desk and took out a Rs. 100 note. He said it had been sent the night before in payment of an old debt which had been crossed out of his books. He threw it towards me and said "Give this to Mrs. W——." I was surprised and thankful.

I called on another friend, and he gave me Rs. 50. Now, I thought, I have the money and will go to the boarding house, but on my way, calling to tell my friend, Mr. Biss, of my success, he was delighted and gave me another Rs. 50 without asking. I hastened to Mrs. W——, found her in, took out the notes and laid them on the table. She was astonished, and asked "What is this?" I said

"The money to pay your rent." "Who sent it?" she asked. I told her God had sent it. She burst into tears, and the children seeing the mother in tears, cried also. Mine could not be restrained. They were tears of gratitude to Him who answereth prayer.

Some people think they should not trouble God with their temporal wants. Is He not a Father? and a father careth for all the wants of his children. May we have stronger faith to cast all our care upon Him, "for He careth for you."

THE ORISSA FAMINE.

The rains had failed in Orissa in 1865, and a terrible famine ensued in which it was said that 300,000 people died of starvation.

The hand of God was very evident in this great famine. Two things were specially worthy of notice:

1. The country was the land of the great Indian god, Jagarnath (The lord of the world). But the God of heaven would let the people see that this idol had no power over the clouds and could give no rain.

2. The boast of the Brahmins. There had been a partial stoppage of the rains in 1865 and rice had become very dear. The Brahmins told the people it was because of their scanty gifts to the god. The people believed and gave largely in the hope of a bountiful harvest in 1866. The Brahmins were satisfied and said "Now the god is pleased and there will be plenty of good. Think not that

the great Jagarnath will suffer his people to want." But it was not to be. Mr. Miller, a missionary, who saw it, told me that the starved people would lift up their skeleton arms and curse the Brahmins and the god, and say that they had been deceived by both, and asked "Where is the food now?" It is a strange fact that the clouds passed over Orissa and came up country, but not a drop of rain fell on the land of Jagarnath.

The Government was quite deceived by the report that there was a large store of rice in the country which would be brought out when the demand arose. But there was no store. At last, when the people began to die in thousands, Government got alarmed and sent ships laden with rice from Calcutta and Burma. But strange to say these ships were wrecked at False Point and sank in the presence of the starving millions on the shore. This was as if God said "No, I will not feed you. Look to your own gods and see what they can do for you in the day of adversity."

I preached a sermon on this subject, and it caused a mild sensation for the time, as it showed up the evils of the opium traffic as well as the sin and folly of idolatry.

We experienced a great sorrow in Calcutta in the death of our darling Edgar, who died at the Parsonage in July. His little grave is in the Circular Road Cemetery, and this is the verse chosen by my dear wife for his tombstone:

> "We asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest it him, even length of days for ever and ever."—Psalm xxi. 4.

This was the third little one of our family in heaven. But our Father who took him gave us another. Our dear son, Ernest Rowe, was born 1st September 1866, in the pastor's house. May he live for God. May he be led in the way in which he should go through life, and at last be received into glory.

Before leaving this account of my stay in Calcutta I should like to narrate

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT,

illustrating God's special care for his own people in times of trouble. It happened one day in June 1876. I was on a visit to Calcutta and was returning one afternoon from a friend's house, when I felt a sudden impulse to visit the cemetery where some ten years before I had laid in the grave the body of a beloved child. As it was rather late and I had some friends to see I did not at once yield to the desire. I turned back, but somehow I could not proceed, and I thought I heard a voice say, "Go to-day, go now." I observed the call and went, feeling curious as to what these feelings meant.

It was almost sunset, and the calm and quiet sultry evening added solemnity to the scene as I wended my way through the great city of the dead. My first thought was to go straight on through the centre of the cemetery and come out near the spot where the little grave was situated, but I decided to reach it by taking the path by the north wall. On this path, close by, all of a

sudden as I went I saw the figure of a solitary lady, dressed in deep mourning, bending over a newly made grave, and sobbing as if her heart would break.

I stood still in solemn awe for a moment. She seemed so overwhelmed with grief that I feared to disturb her, and yet I could not pass her by. I literally felt spell-bound to the spot and yet feared to approach the sad soul I so much pitied, though with a strong desire to go up to her and try and comfort a heart so bowed down with sorrow. I moved on quietly towards the grave, and stood close by the bereaved mourner, who was so absorbed in her grief that she neither saw nor heard me. After a short pause I ventured to say, "Dear mourner, excuse the intrusion, I could not pass you and I feel I am bound to speak to you, for your distress seems so great that my heart is full of sympathy. I see that you are in deep sorrow and I wish to comfort you if I can. Don't look down to the cold grave; it is all dark and dismal there; try and look up to the bright sky, see the golden tinge of the setting sun and know that as sure as that sun which now is about to set will rise again on the morrow, so sure is it that your loved one will rise again, and that if you and the departed one are the Lord's you shall again meet in the land where death is not known."

As soon as I began to speak she seemed quite startled and could only sob. After a few seconds, looking up to me with eyes full of tears, and quivering lips, she said "Oh yes, I am in great

trouble. What shall I do? My dear, loving husband, he died after a few days' illness. And I am quite a stranger here. I have come to see his grave for the last time for ever. To-morrow I go on board a steamer for England, and never, never again shall I see his grave. Oh, I am so sad. What shall I do?"

I said, "What was your husband, and where is your home?" To this she answered "He was Captain of the S. C., and my home is in P——, in Wales. I had guessed from her accent that she was Welsh, so I said "A wyddoch chwi Cymraeg?" (i.e., Do you know Welsh?). The sound of her native tongue quite startled her, and she gave me a look of surprise, as if half afraid to speak. Then she said in pure Welsh "Oh, yes. I know Welsh well. Are you a Welshman?" I said I was, and that I felt as if God had sent me there to comfort her, though I had come to see the grave of my own dear child. Then I said "I hope you know the Lord Jesus." "Oh, yes," she said, "I do, and so did my husband, we are both children of God, but I am sorely stricken now. My husband had no fear of death. He was quite prepared to go. Shortly before he died, he sang

> In the swelling tide of Jordan
> Jesus will my head sustain.

But, oh, it seems so hard to bear the parting."

She now told me her history, how she had been married only sixteen months, had come out to India with her husband and had hoped to return

home with him. He was only a few days ill. He had a beautiful dream about heaven before he died and had committed her to the care of God. He had been buried just a week and she had come to see his grave for the last time. "But," she added, "how good God is. I was here alone in my sorrow and my heart was breaking with grief and God sent you, my own countryman, and a Christian, to comfort me."

I now asked her if I should pray in Welsh, which was done, and then I sang the beautiful Welsh hymn, "In the swelling waves of Jordan." She could now join in the hymn, though with a tremulous voice, and could rejoice in the God of her salvation, and could leave the precious dust of her loved one to the care of Him who said, "I am the resurrection and the life." She left the grave, blessing God for His consolation in the day of trouble.

CHAPTER XI.

ALLAHABAD.

I WAS sorry in some respects to leave Calcutta as the friends had been very kind to me, but in November 1866, Mr. Albert Williams, the new pastor, came out, and I made over the charge to him, and in December we left for our new field of labour at Allahabad. This important city, situated at the junction of the Jumna and Ganges Rivers, is now the seat of Government for the North-West Provinces (now the United Provinces). It contained 143,693 inhabitants, and is 600 miles from Calcutta.

Mr. John Jackson, the pastor of the English Baptist Church, was ill and had to leave. An earnest appeal came from the church, through Mr. Robert Carr, the senior deacon, asking me to undertake the pastorate. Being a missionary to the people of India I refused to act as pastor to an English church, but consented to supply the pulpit and carry on my own native work. This arrangement was accepted, and a furnished house in Elgin Road was placed at our disposal.

I was now strong, and felt able to do double work and so undertook too much. The following duties crowded upon me; three English sermons weekly,

bazar preaching daily, treasurer of the Bible and Tract Society and the Colporteur Fund, hon. secretary of the Indian Home Mission to the Sonthals, and guardian to the children of Mr. H. Crawford.

The result was I had to work like a dak horse. After close application to my work all day I was often up till one and two in the morning with correspondence and accounts. At last my eyes began to fail and I had to get the help of glasses. But the worst was yet to come.

In 1868 I was preaching at the Magh Mela with no proper shelter for my head, when I was prostrated by a sunstroke. This laid me up for months and nearly killed me. But my work was not done yet. By the kind attendance of Dr. Hall, and a restful change for some time at Dinapore, I got better. But never was my head quite right again or my memory so strong as before, though I went on with my various duties as well as I could.

I found a true friend and a great helper in the church, in Mr. Carr. He was the prime mover in all good work and did much for the Master. He had money, and, better still, he had a heart to give. I shall always remember with gratitude his many acts of kindness in Allahabad.

ANNUS MIRABILIS, 1869.

This was a wonderful year for many reasons.

1. The terrible heat. I never experienced hotter weather in India. Passengers died in the trains, and drivers and guards fell at their work. The great heat produced great drowsiness, and

if a person gave way to it, he succumbed. Everything was hot, the chairs, the beds, and the books. Night brought little change of temperature, and consequently only partial rest. I often sprinkled water on my bed and pillow to try and cool them.

2. Cholera. This dreaded disease made its appearance in the native city and civil station. Many soldiers and Europeans died, and among the victims was Mr. Henry Crawford, who left his children and property in my charge..

3. Dengue Fever. This strange malady is said to have visited India about fifty years ago. It travelled up by regular stages from Calcutta, on the line of rail, and prostrated whole families in the town of Allahabad. I heard of one house with fourteen people in it, all helpless in their beds. I had a severe attack of it lasting three days; the prostration of body and depression of mind that ensued were distressing. For more than a month after I could not lift a cup to my mouth or stand on my feet. I feel the effects of it in my shoulder joints to this day.

INDIAN HOME MISSION.

The year 1870 was a healthier and brighter one in many respects, but the sunstroke and fever had left their mark and somewhat restricted my activities. The work in the church, in the bazar, and in the villages and melas was carried on in spite of all difficulties.

One hopeful branch of mission work was established while I was at Allahabad, and that was

"The Indian Home Mission to the Sonthals." The Sonthals are a primitive people living in a tract of rocky country extending from Bhagalpur in the north, to the confines of Orissa in the south. They in no respect resemble the Hindus and care not to associate with them, but live a simple agricultural life and are accustomed to the use of the bow and arrow for hunting game. It was the Sonthal insurrection of 1855 that first drew the attention of Christian people to this wild mountain race. Attempts were made to teach them the way of life, but no Christian knew their strange language, and, until that difficulty could be removed, little good could be done.

Lt. E. C. Johnson, who had given up his commission in the Indian Army in order to preach Christ to the heathen, spent months in itinerating among these people in 1865 and 1866, and having acquired sufficient knowledge of their language to speak to them freely, he was very anxious to establish a mission for the Sonthals. In the beginning of 1867 Mr. Johnson was joined in the work by Messrs. Boeroesen and Skrefsrud, and in the month of August that year they fixed on the spot on which to settle down among the people and build a mission station. Having sought divine direction as to the right locality, the missionaries piled up a heap of stones, asked the Lord to consecrate the place, and called it "Ebenezer" (Hitherto hath the Lord helped us). This was fourteen miles west of Rampur Hat.

They had but scanty means at their command,

but, being men of faith and prayer, the work went on and prospered. In less than twelve months a mission station with schools and bungalows was built and paid for by funds collected in India. A training school was opened for pupil teachers, and in November 1868, four young men expressed a desire to become followers of Christ. At a Conference held in 1869 it was resolved to form a managing committee of gentlemen in India to raise money and direct the affairs of the mission.

The committee consisted of laymen and missionaries in Calcutta, Benares, and Monghyr. Mr. Carr was appointed treasurer and I became secretary. In Allahabad we did all we could for the Sonthal mission in stirring up interest in the work and soliciting contributions. On the last day of 1867 and the first day of 1868 a very successful fancy bazaar was held in the Khooshwo Gardens. This was organised chiefly through the exertions of Mr. Carr. There were in all six stalls, presided over by several lady friends, the band of the 107th Regiment attended, and the bazaar was opened by Lady Drummond, and His Honour the Lieutenant Governor was present at the opening ceremony. There was a large attendance; the articles found a ready sale, and at the close the sum of Rs. 4,021 was realised for the benefit of the mission.

BAZAR PREACHING.

Allahabad is a fine place for bazar preaching. The spacious Chowk (or square), with its raised plateau, being the principal mart of the city, is

pray first that God would revive His work in our own hearts, and then that He would make bare His arm and save souls who came to hear the gospel. It was also arranged that an enquirers' meeting should be held at the close of the Sunday evening service. At the end of the week of special prayer, when one Sunday evening the net was cast forth, we found seven souls anxious to find the Saviour.

The next step was the opening up of house to house prayer meetings on Friday evenings. This was done with fruitful results. Then I proposed a special service weekly to meet the enquirers; at the first service the number was ten, at the next it had increased to eighteen, while at the last we had thirty-two souls seeking salvation, several of whom afterwards rejoiced in the peace of Christ.

The congregations on Sundays more than doubled, and it was difficult to find sitting accommodation. On the last Sunday in April nine persons were baptised. And so we felt the Lord was with us again.

CHAPTER XII.

SECOND VISIT HOME.

IT was a hard struggle to carry on my various duties during the hot weather and rains of 1872, though with Mr. Carr's help in church matters, and of the native pastors and catechists in bazar preaching and mela visiting, I was able to accomplish a great deal. But my memory was failing, and my mind and body needed a complete change, and I was compelled to report my state of health to the Mission House, in London, and apply for leave.

THE LORD PROVIDES.

The committee agreed to my going home, Mr. J. H. Anderson came out from England to relieve me; but a difficulty presented itself when I calculated the expenses of the voyage. The rule of the Society was to the effect that missionaries going on furlough were to draw full allowances, but no travelling expenses. This virtually precluded a man and his family from leaving the country unless he had private means. I possessed no private means, and had saved nothing out of my scanty allowance, I sold my books, my horse and conveyance, which had cost me Rs. 600, and they

realised Rs. 300. This was all I could muster for the passage money. What was I to do?

My first thought was to write to the Lieutenant Governor who was a good man and knew me. But my heart smote me and seemed to say, "Why not ask your Father first?" I took the case to God and felt comforted. Strange to say, the next morning a letter came from a friend in Mussoorie, enclosing Rs. 100, with which he asked me to buy something for the children.

This was a speedy answer to my prayer. I wrote and thanked my friend and said I felt that it came from God, as I needed it, and I felt sure the Lord would provide the remainder. By return post a second letter came from my friend, saying he was glad to have the honour of supplying help; he enclosed Rs. 200 and hoped that was the sum I needed. It was exactly the sum. Thus the money was provided by our Heavenly Father in answer to a prayer of faith.

To add to all this the church at Allahabad presented me with an address of appreciation, which I shall always cherish, and a gift of Rs. 500. The agent of the East Indian Railway also granted us a free pass to Bombay. On the 10th March 1873 we left Allahabad, and a large number of dear friends came to the station to say good-bye.

THE VOYAGE HOME.

In Bombay I preached in the Bellasis Road Chapel, and had the pleasure to breakfast with the celebrated Dr. J. Wilson, of the Free Church

Institute. He was a most able and devoted educational missionary.

We left Bombay in the P. & O. S.S. "Peshawar," on the 16th March, and had a splendid voyage home. Captain Puckle and his family, and a few friends were on board, but the company on the whole was not choice. We were charmed with the Suez Canal, which had been opened in November 1869. Malta had a fine harbour reminding me of Milford Haven, both are land-locked and have plenty of water for the largest ships. We arrived at Southampton on the 16th April.

My friend, Dr. Todd, of Tudor Hall, came to meet us at Clapham Junction, and took us to his hospitable home, where we remained for the May meetings. I had been asked to speak at the annual public meeting of the Baptist Missionary Society, at Exeter Hall. Dr. Underhill, the secretary, warned me not to speak longer than half-an-hour as an Exeter Hall audience would listen to no one over that time. When I had been speaking for half-an-hour, I told the audience that my time was expired, but there were shouts of "Go on," so I continued for an hour.

WALES ONCE MORE.

After the London meetings we hastened down to Pembrokeshire to see my dear mother and sister again in "Sea View." How delighted we were to meet, and what happy days we spent together! We found the home cottage too small for us, so

we rented "Spring Gardens," near the sea, for the summer, but I was often away on deputation work both in England and Wales.

While in Newport I preached several times and held temperance meetings in different parts of the town. The beer-shop keepers dreaded and hated me, but this did not prevent me from speaking against drink.

TENBY.

My dear wife went with me to several places in Wales on deputation work, and in order to be more central we decided to spend the winter of 1873—74 in Tenby, South Wales. My wife had not been well and her condition gave me great cause for anxiety. She rallied somewhat in Tenby, but I felt that some great trouble was near. I was assured of this in my dreams. I have never had any serious afflictions in life but that God in mercy warned me of them in dreams.

Early in 1874 dangerous symptoms supervened. Mrs. Rowe, her mother, came down from London, and a friend, Mrs. Kinsey Thomas, nursed her during the illness, but despite kind attention and nursing, and all that Dr. Chater could do, my dear wife received her summons from above. At one in the morning on the 12th February, she quietly breathed her last, with Mrs. Rowe and myself only with her in the room at "Croft's Cottage."

It was a terrible night; but our Father God supported us. Next morning I went into the

adjoining room where my dear children, Ernest and Hannah, were fast asleep, and quite unconscious of all that had taken place. The scene to me was most heartbreaking, and I felt more for these tender, motherless children than I did for myself. Dear Rhoda, at the time, was at school at Walthamstow. We little knew when she returned to school after the Christmas holidays that she had seen her dear mother for the last time.

The funeral was on the following Saturday, and, although it was a market day, there was a large assembly, including seven ministers of various denominations. The service was read by the rector of the parish. On Sunday evening the pastor of the Baptist Church preached a special sermon with reference to the death, and at the close of the service we sang that beautiful hymn, "For ever with the Lord," the last hymn sung on earth by her who had now joined the heavenly choir.

My sainted wife lived close to God. She was a tender mother, a loving wife; kind-hearted and good to all and loved by those who knew her, from the native Christians in India to the numerous friends she made in England and Wales.

While I had been away from Tenby, Mrs. Thomas had frequently visited my wife and was kind and attentive to her during her illness. This lady, who had been to India, was the widow of a Mr. Thomas (formerly in civil employ as an engineer), and now kept a school. As I had to go about on deputation I was glad to send my children to her. She took the tenderest care of

the little ones, and when I returned to Tenby I made my home in her house. Her kindness to my late dear wife, her care for my dear children, as well as her own personal excellencies, soon commenced a friendship which ultimately resulted in mutual attachment and loving esteem.

After some months a request came to me from the committee to return to India in the autumn and take up the duties of the mission at the station of Monghyr. It was Mr. Lawrence's dying request to the secretary "to send Mr. Evans to Monghyr," to carry on the work in which he had been engaged there for over thirty years.

This brought matters to a crisis between Mrs. Thomas and myself, and as the time was short for her to give up her school and prepare to go out to India, she had to make arrangements with all haste. It is singular that it had been her long cherished wish to return to India to engage in mission work. She had applied to both the Baptist and the London Mission to be sent out for Zenana work, and had not been successful, as the Lord had another post for her to occupy.

Our marriage was hastened, and took place at Aylesbury, on the 8th August 1874. The house in Tenby having been given up, we took up our temporary abode at Builth, and had our dear children with us for their summer holidays. Before we left Builth we arranged for three of them to go to the Mission School, Walthamstow Hall, while the rest would accompany us to India.

We paid a short farewell visit to "Sea View."

The parting with my dear old mother was very trying, as she felt it would be the last time she would see her son. But thank God for the hope that through God's grace we shall meet in the better land. My dear sister, Margaret, was also very sad. She came down with us to Fishguard and ran after the coach as it was leaving. The Lord bless my sister!

SECOND RETURN TO INDIA.

Our friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Parry, of Islington, entertained us for the few days we remained in London before our departure. Our greatest trial was to part with the three children whom we were leaving behind at school. It was a hard struggle between duty and desire; our duty was to go abroad, and our duty to the children was to educate them in a healthy climate. So we trusted our loved ones to our Father and He kept them all in safety, and not only so but they were led to God while we were far away. This was His crowning mercy to us as a family.

On the 10th November 1874 we left London for Calcutta, in the S.S. "Navarino," with our children. Dr. Todd, Mr. Baynes, and other friends came on board to see us off. Nothing of great importance happened on the voyage, and I will only record regular progress:—12th, the pilot left us at Start Point; 13th, Lord's day, passed close to Cape St. Vincent; 15th, passed the Gulf and Rock of Gibraltar; 18th, dangerously near the rocks of Galita Island; 19th, passed Malta, sea running high;

23rd, reached Port Said and took in coal; 24th, in the Suez Canal; 25th, left Suez about eight at night; 29th, in the Red Sea, preached from Ps. cxix. 9; 9th December, arrived at Colombo, Mr. St. Dalmas was married to Miss Ferguson; 21st, arrived at Calcutta; 31st, reached Monghyr.

CHAPTER XIII.

MONGHYR.

THIS is a town of 35,000 inhabitants, in the district of Bhagalpur, in the province of Behar. It lies on the southern bank of the Ganges, 300 miles north-west from Calcutta.

Mr. Daniel Jones, from Pontypool College, who had arrived at Monghyr about this time, assisted me in preaching and mission work. He was an amiable young man, who worked well, and was soon able to speak Hindi. He will make a most useful missionary.

As in Allahabad, I had both English and vernacular work in Monghyr, and the Mission House was the centre of activity.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

Here we had a membership of about fifty, but nearly one half of the members were non-resident and lived at the indigo factories in the district. At this time Monghyr was a great resort for Baptists, and there were many Government pensioners residing there, who were good and pious people, several of whom left money and houses to the mission.

Among others there were three families of the

Christians—John, Alexander, and Henry. John Christian was an accomplished Hindi scholar and the hymn writer of the North-West Provinces. He wrote a life of Christ in verse, as well as one hundred *bhujans*. His factory was at Bungaon. Alexander Christian lived at Putterghat. He had a generous disposition and was very liberal to the cause of Christ. On one occasion he gave Rs. 10,000 to the Monghyr Mission for the support of native preachers. He also had a noble-minded Christian wife.

A most useful and prominent member of the Monghyr English Church was Mr. Herschell Dear. He was a German Jew, converted in India. He began life on about Rs. 20 a month, was steady and diligent, and successful in his business. When the East Indian Railway came to Jamalpur he undertook contracts to supply timber, until he became the largest timber contractor on the line. It is said that he was worth fifty laks of rupees. Strange to say his wealth did not spoil him. It made him neither proud, nor covetous, nor yet a spendthrift, but he made excellent use of his money. Towards the building of the new chapel in Monghyr he gave Rs. 26,000. He built a hospital which cost him Rs. 32,000, and a clock-tower for Rs. 30,000. He contributed largely to the mission funds, and gave liberally to Protestant missions all over India. He was very kind to the poor; his monthly charities amounted to about Rs. 2,000. To me and mine he was always a true friend.

Mr. W. H. Jones was the senior deacon of the church. He was a pupil of the "Trio," of Serampore. Carey, Marshman, and Ward, seem to have left their stamp on all who were taught by them. They were wonderful men. Mrs. Dwyer was one of the most useful members of the church—deaconess, treasurer, and chapel keeper.

There were services twice on Sundays, a prayer meeting with an address on Wednesdays, also a good Sunday school, under the superintendence of Mr. Daniel Jones. I commenced a Sunday evening service at the Railway Institute, Jamalpur; Mr. Jones and I preaching there alternately.

I baptised a good number at Monghyr, and with the single exception of a cranky old miser, all the people loved me. My hope is that good was done by my labours among the English speaking people of the station.

THE NATIVE CHURCH.

The native church in Monghyr was formed by the apostolic John Chamberlain, in the year 1816. He came to India in 1803, and died at sea in 1821, when he was forty-five years of age. He was a noble man of God. After him, Andrew Leslie carried on the work for twelve years, from 1820. He was succeeded by Mr. John Lawrence, who remained in Monghyr for forty-four years. His colleague was the angelic John Parsons, who gave us a good translation of the New Testament in Hindi, and compiled our Hindi hymn-book.

Monghyr produced two famous native converts.

One was Nain Sookh, a converted Brahmin. He was a man full of faith, love, and good works, a model convert; and his memory is fragrant in Monghyr to this day. The other is Soojat Ali, a convert from Muhammedanism, who formerly belonged to Calcutta, where he was converted. He was a holy and devout man, and had a poetic mind. Several of our native hymns were composed by him. But he was an "Eli," who did not correct his own children.

When I came to Monghyr there were about fifty members in the native church and about the same number of nominal Christians. A good and upright old man named Pursan, was the deacon. His father, Hinjon Misser, was the first convert in Monghyr, baptised by John Chamberlain in 1819.

The Monghyr converts were considered about the best in Upper India, and they ought to have been with such noble teachers; but sad to say I did not find them at all satisfactory. As long as they were poor and received everything from the mission they were fairly good; but no sooner did they grow rich than they began to kick and refused to support their own church.

I made a strenuous effort to get them to contribute to their pastor's salary. After canvassing the members, all they could promise was two pice in the rupee, and one man, a pleader (who owed his all to the mission), said that this would be too large a proportion for him to give as his income was between Rs. 700 and Rs. 800 a month! I told them plainly that such conduct was utterly

unchristian, and that if they would not do anything to help themselves they deserved to be left alone. If they would not walk after being carried so long in the lap (sixty years), let them sit down in the mud and bear the shame of it. The one great grievance was asking them to give any money to support their own church. They said they would govern themselves, but not give to the funds. At last resolutions were passed to the effect that they would give a portion of the native pastor's pay, but they wished the native chapel to be made over to them as their own property. This the Society refused to do, and they did nothing but appoint one of their own number as pastor, who supported himself as a clerk in the municipal office. This man died, and his brother (another clerk), was appointed to the pastorate. This cheap form of ministration was compatible with their parsimony, but as a consequence there was leanness of soul and little spiritual life in the church.

THEOLOGICAL CLASS.

This class was formed on the 1st May 1877, and, on the unanimous recommendation of the missionary conference held in Monghyr in October, it received the approval of the parent Society in London, which sanctioned a monthly allowance for necessary expenses. The Evangelistic Theological Training Class, as it was called, had for its object the imparting of Scripture knowledge, more especially to the preachers and school teachers at the station. Besides those engaged in mission

work, the class was joined by a few young men desirous of improving themselves in knowledge of the Scripture.

During the first year's session course attention was given to the following topics. The elements of grammar in Urdu, or Hindi; the geography of the Holy Land; evidence of the divine character of Christ; Judaism and Christianity; the parables of Christ; and the life of Paul. Twelve young men formed the class in the first session; including two preachers of the Monghyr Local Mission, one colporteur, the second master of the day school, the son of a former native preacher engaged in secular work, the son of worthy Subba Chand of Rona, a native of Nepal (converted through the labours of J. C. Page), a young man from Patna, and four others belonging to our native Christian community.

I worked hard at this class for three years; some of the young men were attentive and profited by the course of lessons, and no doubt the preachers were benefited. On the other hand there were disappointments. One student, the son of a preacher, having put his hand to the plough, looked back. Another young man was excluded from the class and the church through immorality. Some of those who became candidates in the class used the training to fit them for secular work where they could get higher pay. The ambition of the young men of Monghyr seemed to be to become pleaders and make plenty of money at the courts. And so the class failed for want of men of the right

spirit, after so much time labour and money had been spent upon it.

I tried in other ways to improve the minds of the people in the city. A *Gyan Subha* or "knowledge society" was established, where papers on various questions of interest could be read and discussed in public meetings. This, however, did not last long. The *Nusha Nasah Subha* or "Anti-drinking society," was also started. This organisation, I believe, helped to keep many from the temptations of drink.

Native Sunday schools appeared to be a success both among the Hindus and Muhammedans. They were set up in connection with primary day schools and we had about five hundred who attended and learned passages of Scripture, the catechism, and sacred hymns. This good work still goes on, but the attendance, I hear, has considerably declined.

For two or three months in the cold season we went out preaching in the villages. I usually attended the following melas every year:—1, Sonepore, on the Gundak River, opposite Patna; 2, Caragala, near Sahibgunj, a market for Nepal; 3, Singeswar Shan, in the Bhagalpur district; 4, Kablas, also in the Bhagalpur district; 5, Baidyanath, in the Sonthal Pergunnahs; 6, Magh mela Allahabad; 7, Janakpur, the capital of Mithila or Tirhut, where the marriage of Sita and Ram was celebrated.

At these melas we sold many thousands of gospels and tracts. While in Monghyr I sold and distributed no less than 20,000 copies of gospels

and tracts, and I could record many instances of good being done through these silent messengers.

THE MISSION PRESS.

In 1879 a lithographic press was started in Monghyr with the object of supplying the people of Tirhut with Christian literature. As I consider this one of the most satisfactory features of my work in Monghyr, I may explain the rise and scope of the undertaking.

According to the census taken in January 1881, the population of Tirhut amounted to nearly fifteen millions. All who are able to read from among these people use chiefly, and in most places exclusively, the written Kaithi character. The name Kaithi is derived from the writer caste who are called Kaiths, and who are the secretaries and accountants in nearly all farmer families in Tirhut and Behar. Government have therefore thought it necessary to adopt that character in the judges' and magistrates' courts, as it is used throughout the district, not only by the Hindus, but also by Muhammedan zemindars and merchants in all commercial transactions.

Kaithi is probably derived from the Nagri character, the language used by the Brahmins in transcribing their religious works. The Kaithi is in fact a running Nagri hand, changed so as to enable the writer to proceed with his work freely without the necessity of taking up his pen after each stroke of the letter, but the difference is so great that Kaithi reading people cannot read Nagri any

more than English children can read the old black letter English.

From the above it is evident that it was little or no use to give books in Kaithi type (the character in which portions of the Bible were printed before I went to Monghyr) to the people of Tirhut, and still less so to offer them the word of God in the Nagri character of the North-West provinces. More than this, the Tirhut people must have books in Tirhut Kaithi, which, though it does not differ much from the Kaithi used in Behar, yet is puzzling enough to prevent the people reading it with ease. To meet this peculiar want the Press was started, as with the exception of the small German Mission Press, at Mozufferpore, there was no press in the whole of India engaged in printing Christian literature in the peculiar character known and read by the people of Tirhut. I received about one thousand rupees worth of type from Government and obtained Rs. 500 for a new type press. We secured the services of a man from the midst of the people themselves to act as writer of all our Scriptures and tracts. When the revised typed portions were transferred from the prepared paper to the stone, we were able to strike off 10,000 copies or more of each form. Babu Prem Chand was a valued assistant to me in the press, and had given up a good secular appointment in order to engage in mission work.

The work received the approval of Dr. Wenger, the Bible translator, and Mr. John Christian, who himself had lived in the midst of the people for

over forty years. The Mission Press was carried on in a very inexpensive manner, and achieved much for a vast and densely populated portion of India.

The following is a list of the Scripture and tracts that were issued by the Monghyr Mission Press for the people of Tirhut, from its commencement in 1879 to September 1881.

Sermon on the Mount (in Tirhutya), 1,000 copies; Dharma Darpan (a short catechism), 1,000; Bhajnavali (hymns), 2,000; Amrit Purya (four songs of praise), 2,000; Binae Mala (sixteen hymns), 2,000; Gyan Singar (in Tirhutya) (Garland of Truth), 2,000; Ram Pariksha (Character of Ram), 3,000; Gyan Kakahra (Religious Primer), 1,000; Bhram Prakash Patrica (Errors of Hinduism), 1,000; Zemindar ka dristant, 500; Dhrama Bichar (Investigation of Truth), 2,000; Sermon on the Mount (with notes), 2,000; Kaithi Alphabet, 2,000; Dharma Tula (Religious Truth), 2,000; Gospel of Mark (with foot notes), 2,000; Gospel of John (with foot notes), 2,100; Ram Pariksha (second edition), 5,000; Sat Guru ki Bulahat (The Teacher's Call), 2,500; Zemindar ka dristant (second edition), 2,050; Satya Shatak (One hundred songs by Mr. Christian), 3,100; Prashan uttar, 2,100; Bhajnavali, 2,100; Dhram Dohavali, 2,050; Gospel of Matthew (with foot notes), 5,050; Guru Pariksha, 3,050; Bhram Prakash Patrica (second edition), 2,000; Satya Guru ki Bulahat (second edition), 2,000; Sermon on the Mount (in Tirhutya, second edition), 2,000; Shiva Pariksha, 2,000; Gospel of Luke (with

foot notes), 5,050; besides a number of leaflets for free distribution.

SCHOOLS.

We had one good day school in Monghyr where children were educated up to the entrance examination. Mr. Dear took an active interest in its support. As we had to pay Rs. 200 to masters and received only Rs. 50 from the very low fees, the school was not a financial success. The conduct of some of the native Christians discouraged Mr. Dear and he withdrew his support; in consequence we had to fall back on a school of a lower standard, and ultimately on vernacular schools for Hindu children.

The above is a brief sketch of my work in Monghyr, the results of which I must leave to the Master of the Vineyard. There were encouragements and disappointments, hopes and fears, joy and pain; but through them all the pillar of cloud and fire afforded its protection and light.

As long as the cold season lasted I could work well, but no sooner had the hot weather set in than I found the bad effects of the sun stroke returning and my head again troubled me. This compelled me to take refuge in the hills.

MUSSOORIE.

In the summer of 1882 I went up to Mussoorie to supply the pulpit of the Union Church for Mr. John Gelson Gregson, who had gone to England. This was a happy season and I hope good was

done. We met many new friends and among them some dear Christian people. Besides my regular work in the Union Church I had services twice a week with the soldiers in Landour. Of all the religious meetings held in Mussoorie that season, the Bible readings, held twice a week, were the most profitable to many of us. The readings were conducted in private houses, one in "Woodlands," in Mussoorie, and one in "Abergeldie," in Landour. Dr. Pringle and Major Walkey, R.A., rendered much help at these gatherings. At the close of the season, in October, the friends of the Union Church gave me an address and a purse of money in proof of their gratitude and esteem.

In 1884 we returned to Mussoorie from Monghyr, and lived in the "Oaks," a large house kindly placed at our disposal by Mr. Dear. I had been compelled to apply again for leave for the hot weather, as I could not stand the heat. On the 3rd of April my beloved mother died at Newport.

During the year I issued my Hindi book on idolatry, and collected money to pay for the printing of 5,000 copies. It is called the "Moorat Moodgar" or Idol Hammer. This was my second book written in Hindi.

In the spring of 1885 we removed from the "Oaks" to "Undercliffe Lodge," as the doctors had warned me against returning to the plains. During my residence on the hills I enjoyed excellent health and was capable of any amount of work, but I could not expect the Missionary Society to allow me to reside permanently in a

hill station and draw the salary of those who were bearing the burden and heat of the plains. I sent home two medical certificates stating that I was unfit for further service in a hot climate. I accordingly proposed to the Society that I should be kept in full work, living in the hills in the summer and in the plains in the winter. My letter was considered by the Home Committee and it was decided to place me upon the superannuated list of missionaries, and to allow me to draw a pension after the 31st of December. I was at liberty to reside in whatever part of India I preferred, but my application to remain on the active staff could not be entertained.

Such a reply was unexpected. It was not a pleasant position for a man physically strong to be superannuated, and it was a new experience for me in the midst of a busy life to be suddenly "put on the shelf." But the world is wide, and there is much work to be done in it, and, at any rate, we know that there is no shelving in heaven.

CHAPTER XIV.

OOTACAMUND AND RANGOON.

DURING our stay in Mussoorie, Mr. George Pearce, one of our missionaries retired at Ootacamund, requested that I should go and help him, and after the receipt of the Society's decision, in August, this now seemed the path of duty. A gift of Rs. 1,000 from Mr. Pearce to cover our travelling expenses made the way still more clear, so we resolved to go.

We had a long journey of about 2,000 miles in the train, and it took us nearly a week of constant travelling. There were nine of us in all; my wife, myself and seven children. We left Mussoorie on the 2nd November and after halting at Dehra Dun and Allahabad, we went on and on through Itarsi, Dhond, Mummar, Arkonum, and Mettapolliem, and arrived at Ootacamund in the middle of November 1885. Mr. and Mrs. Pearce gave us a hearty welcome to our new home and provided a house for us at " Wood End."

Ootacamund, on the Nilgiri Hills, is a lovely place. The climate is temperate, the scenery is charming, and for flowers it is unequalled in the whole of India. It is the seat of the Madras Government from April to October; and May, when

every house and hotel is full, is a very gay month, with picnics, balls, garden parties, gymkanas and races.

Coonoor, another station on the Nilgiris, was much quieter socially, and there was a strong contingent of residents attending the services in Mr. Stanes' school room. This gave rise to the saying "Gay Ooty and holy Coonoor."

I found there was no real Baptist Church in Ootacamund. Old Mr. Pearce had been in the habit of conducting a morning service each Sunday in a school room with an average congregation of twelve, half of them being children. The lessons were read by an old lady, and Lazarus, the pastor of the native Baptist Chapel, acted as verger. Mr. Pearce was almost blind and his memory failing; under these circumstances the meetings were not very edifying.

My introduction to the "work," on the first Sunday morning, was very disheartening, but in a short time I succeeded in filling the room, especially at the evening services. The people, I fear, came more for novelty and curiosity than ought else, as they belonged to other places of worship.

There was no room for a second Nonconformist building in Ootacamund and no prospect of establishing one. For some years the Union Evangelistic Hall, in Etienne's Road, had been the meeting place for all Christians outside the Established Church; and when the chaplain of St. Stephen's was inclined to ritualism many

churchmen also attended. The hall was built in 1855 for the famous Samuel Hebech, a remarkably earnest missionary of the Basel Missionary Society. There was no pastor in charge, but the pulpit was filled every Sunday by a member of one of the missionary societies or an evangelical layman. My relations with the friends at the Union Hall and Mr. C. H. Pelly, the chaplain of St. Stephen's Church, were most friendly. I had the pleasure of baptising by immersion in the lovely lake, Mrs. and Miss R——, and three natives. This, I understood, was the second Christian baptism that had taken place in the lake.

For one with small means and a large family, I found this a dear place to live in. We had to move into "Woodbourne," a larger and more convenient house than "Wood End," and an old gentleman, retired from the Madras Secretariat, resided with us. We kept cows and sold milk and butter, and received a small sum in monthly subscriptions from the congregation. And so we managed to pay our way, and kept out of debt; but it was a great struggle, and my wife had to work hard. The Lord helped us as He has always done.

I persevered with my work, preaching twice on Sunday and once in the week. We had a Sabbath and day school, a Band of Hope, also cottage meetings, and Bible readings. I preached in the market through an interpreter, but this was too slow a process for a Welshman, and I had some interesting public discussions with leading

Muhammedans. The Ootacamund Temperance Society was started and we had some crowded meetings in the season. I hope some good was done, but I could not feel at home in South India; I could not speak to the natives in their own tongue, and saw no prospect of permanent success.

In June 1887 the venerable Mr. G. Pearce died in his 89th year. He had been a Baptist missionary in India since 1826. He was born in Kent, on the 16th March 1799, and, after studying at Stepney College, was appointed a missionary at Calcutta and laboured there and in other parts of Bengal for several years. He was afterwards in charge of a Theological Class at Alipore and Serampore, where he did some excellent work in training native Christians for the ministry. He retired to Ootacamund in 1874.

As we were deliberating about returning to Northern India, strange to say, a telegram came from the American-English Baptist Church, Rangoon, Burma, asking me to supply the pulpit for the winter months. To this request I consented and spent three very interesting and I hope profitable months in Christian labour in Rangoon. Had the place not been so hot I should have remained as permanent pastor, as the church wished it, but the doctor told me I would never stand the heat and rainy season in Burma.

The Baptist Church is a noble building, and was filled with an attentive congregation each Lord's day. I am glad to hear that the awakening which commenced that winter went on during the

year and members were added to the church by baptism. I gave lectures on the Mutiny and other subjects in order to raise money for the church funds. At the last lecture Mr. Crosthwaite, the Chief Commissioner, was in the chair.

I was very pleased to have the opportunity of seeing something of the work of the American Baptist Mission, the result of the labours of Dr. Adoniram Judson and others, commenced more than sixty years ago. Rangoon itself is chiefly occupied with educational work, and our American friends carry out this department of their mission very efficiently. The colleges and graded schools are quite full, and the scholars are saturated with Christian teaching. One is struck with the freedom from the trammels of caste. Christian and Buddhist scholars were not only at the same desk, but at the same table as boarders in the schools.

The American Mission Press is another powerful institution for good in Burma. From here went forth more than half a century ago, the Holy Bible, translated by Judson; and the same press on a greatly improved scale, and with steam power, is still issuing editions of that precious volume and many other works for the enlightenment of the land of Buddha.

The work of this Missionary Society among the Karens is wonderful. Among the various tribes of Burma, the Karens stand out in bold relief as living and loyal converts to Christ. It did my soul good to hear of all the Christian labour and liberality of these practical and voluntary workers.

for the Lord. Oh, that we could see such instances of devotion among our converts in India.

I was able to secure a large number of Hindus to listen to the preaching of the gospel in their own vernacular in the Rangoon bazar all the time I was there. Besides the coolies who come over in thousands from India, and carry back lakhs of rupees as savings, there are numbers of sepoys and police who would listen to preachers in their own tongue, and amongst whom Christian literature could be freely sold and distributed. One special pleasure I had in Rangoon was to preach on several Sundays in Welsh, on board Welsh ships in the harbour.

I consider Rangoon, as well as the whole of Burma, a most promising field for Christian labour in the East, and from all I could see, that land will become a Christian country long before India is converted to the Lord.

CHAPTER XV.

TEMPERANCE WORK.

IT was during my residence in Monghyr that I took up the study of the Indian excise administration. Intoxicating drink I had regarded with horror from my earliest years, having seen enough of its evil in England and Wales to determine me to speak and work against it as long as I lived. In India, the manufacture and sale of liquor is under Government control, and as a loyal Briton, as well as a friend of the people of India and a Christian missionary, I could not support a policy which secured extra revenue at the cost of impoverishing and demoralising the people.

My chief point of attack was the "Outstill system" of excise, especially in Bengal; but in order to show its defects I will shortly explain the three systems most commonly used. There is:—

1. The Farming system. This seems to have been the first method of excise adopted by the East India Company and very probably was in vogue under the Moghul rule. A large plot of country is farmed out to a contractor who gives the highest sum to Government, for the exclusive right to manufacture and sell liquor within a prescribed limit or circle fixed by the executive excise officer.

The contract is given by public competition, which is very keen, and the purchaser necessarily pushes the trade in order to recoup himself and make as much profit as possible. It is a mischievous system for the people, but it saves Government all trouble and expense, and brings to the treasury a lump sum without any official labour.

2. The Government Central Distillery system is entirely under State supervision. A plot of ground is fixed upon in a central locality. This is enclosed by a high wall and looks much like a jail. Inside this enclosure a number of stills are erected for the manufacture of country spirit. The liquor, before it is distilled, is made from fermented rice, from the saccharine flowers of the Mowhar tree, and from crude sugar and molasses. The stills are let out to native contractors who engage to work them at their own cost and pay a tax to Government on each gallon produced, according to the strength of the spirit. This "still head" duty varies from Rs. 1/8 to Rs. 3/4 per gallon. A native officer and a number of police are in charge to see that no liquor leaves the distillery without a permit. The advantages of the Central Distillery system are that it ensures wholesome liquor which is too costly to be purchased by the mass of poorer people.

3. In the "Outstill system," a licence is given to a certain number of people who open up stills outside the Central Distillery, at a certain monthly rent paid to Government. A public auction is held at the magistrate's office, once a year, to grant

these licenses. The highest bidder with his own still may manufacture as much spirit as he likes and sells as much as he can. The monthly rents range from Rs. 300 to Rs. 1,500, according to the position of the still. This system had been in practice but was abandoned in favour of the Central Distilleries, as it was found to be productive of much evil to the people.

In 1877 the Outstill system was reintroduced into Bengal, under the Lieutenant Governor, Sir Ashley Eden, who wished to increase the excise revenue. As the Government Distilleries in Bengal were closed one by one in the years 1877 to 1881, hundreds of outstills were opened. In 1872 there were 1,021 outstills, but in 1878 there were 3,711, in 1879 4,981, and in 1881 as many as 5,657. In the district of Monghyr, where there were but eight Government distilleries, they were gradually superseded by 300 outstills. Financially the system was a grand success, but socially and morally its revival was one of the greatest calamities that happened to Bengal, and it increased drinking and drunkenness to an alarming extent.

I appealed to Lord Lytton, and the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal, but to no purpose. I felt like the "voice of one crying in the wilderness," until Sir Rivers Thompson became ruler of Bengal. He, being a man who feared God, heard the cry of distress, and nobly sought to introduce reforms. A commision to investigate the Bengal Excise systems was appointed in 1883—84, and measures for improvement were recommended; but they

were very inadequate. I wrote to the papers in England, Mr. Samuel Smith asked for further information, and a number of good men at home became interested in the subject. Finally the Anglo-Indian Temperance Association was started in London, with Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., as president, and Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P., as secretary.

TEMPERANCE TOUR, 1888—89.

During the summer of 1888, Mr. Caine wrote and asked me if I would accompany him through India to stir up interest in temperance work, and to enquire into the excise system of Government. Being officially free from the Missionary Society, and earnest in the temperance cause, I readily consented.

On November 11th, I met Mr. Caine at the Apollo Hotel, Bombay, and after two meetings in that city travelled on, holding meetings, and in some cases forming temperance societies, at Surat, Baroda, Ahmedabad, Mussoorie, Lahore, Amritsar, Ludiana, Agra, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Benares, Allahabad, Patna, and Monghyr, arriving at Calcutta on the 1st January, 1889.

On the 7th, leaving Mr. Caine at Calcutta, I left in S.S. "India," for Madras. On the 13th preached on board and next day landed at Madras, where some large meetings were held in the Patchappa College Hall and Davison Street Church, although I was by no means sure of a cordial reception, as I thought the people after expecting an M.P., would not care for a missionary, but I

had no reason to complain and met with a most hearty reception in the city.

I continued my tour in South India, and visited Kumbakonam, Tanjore, Madura, Trichinopoly, Erode, Coimbatore, Salem, Cuddapah, Bellary, and Bombay. On 8th March Mr. and Mrs. Caine left for England. I then proceeded to Jeypore, Agra, Muttra, Aligarh (where the meeting was held in a Muhammedan College), Philibhit, Dehra Dun, and arrived at Mussoorie on the 25th of March 1889.

To sum up, Mr. Caine and I succeeded in addressing nearly one hundred public meetings and visiting almost every large centre of population throughout British India. Upwards of forty temperance societies were formed in consequence of these meetings, and were affiliated to the Anglo-Indian Temperance Association. Many others were subsequently established and there were soon afterwards seventy affiliated branches.

ABKARI IN PARLIAMENT.

In the light of all the facts collected by Mr. Caine during his Indian tour it was decided by the Committee of the Anglo-Indian Temperance Association that a motion should be brought forward in Parliament condemning the excise policy of the Indian Government. A day was balloted for and secured. On Tuesday, April 30th 1889, Mr. Samuel Smith moved and Mr. Caine seconded the following resolution:—

"That, in the opinion of the House, the fiscal

system of the Government of India leads to the establishment of spirit distilleries, liquor and opium shops in large numbers of places, where, till recently, they never existed, in defiance of native opinion and the protests of the inhabitants, and that such increased facilities for drinking produce a steadily increasing consumption and spread misery and ruin among the industrial classes of India, calling for immediate action on the part of the Government of India with a view to their abatement."

A long and interesting debate took place. The Government, through Sir John Gorst, Under Secretary of State for India, met the resolution by a direct negative. Sir John Gorst concluded his speech with these words:—

"He did not say that the excise system in India was perfect, or that it was not still capable of improvement, but he would ask the House to reject with scorn the resolution of the honourable member for Flintshire, which directed against the efforts which the Government of India had made to reform the system, unmeasured and unmerited censure."

The motion was also opposed by Sir Richard Temple, an ex-Governor of Bombay, and Sir James Ferguson, Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs, who rightly characterised the resolution as a very severe vote of censure on the Government of India. In spite of this opposition the resolution, so far from being "rejected with scorn," was carried by a majority of ten—113 members voting for, and 103 against. Upwards of one hundred members paired,

so that about half the House recorded their opinion on the resolution.

Great assistance was rendered in securing this vote by the various temperance organisations of the United Kingdom, who brought the matter through their respective branches under the notice of a considerable number of members of Parliament.

The resolution was sent out to India together with a dispatch upon the subject prepared by the Secretary of State in Council. These were forwarded on the 16th May. On the 3rd June, Mr. Caine moved for the following return which was not opposed by Sir John Gorst:—

"East India (Abkari Department). Address for return of any dispatch or other papers sent out from the India office to the Viceroy of India with regard to the resolution moved by the honourable member for Flintshire and carried by the House, on 30th April."

This dispatch was printed and circulated to the English and Indian press. Every newspaper in India commented upon it, and the resolution and dispatch formed the main topic of discussion at the large number of meetings I attended during the next winter at every centre of influence throughout India.

Without any special charge in Mussoorie, my time was fully occupied during the summer in writing on the temperance problems of India. On August 1st I sent a letter to the Secretary of State for India, and on the 25th September I addressed

the Viceroy on the subject of the Abkari systems of Bengal and the North-West Provinces. In these letters I gave my experiences of the working of the Outstills, the Farming system, and the Central Government Distilleries, and recommended the adoption by Government of the salutary principle of local option, either through municipal committees, village punchayates, or by the majority of the votes of the householders.

TOUR OF 1889—90.

In October 1889 I arranged with Mr. Caine to devote the whole of the coming cold season to a lecturing tour throughout India on behalf of the Anglo-Indian Temperance Association. We had by this time many live societies and strong committees able and willing to carry on the cause of temperance in the districts, but we could not rest content till the whole of India was permeated with branches of the association and till every thoughtful Indian was propagating our principles.

I commenced my campaign of 1889—90 in Lahore, on the 25th October. The public meeting was held in the Rungmahal, under the auspices of the Lahore Temperance Association. The Rev. Dr. C. W. Forman presided, Agni Hotri, the secretary, read the report, and about 500 persons were present, chiefly students of the Government and Mission Colleges.

At Amritsar, on October 30th, I was received by the well known and venerable missionary, Rev. Robert Clark. Our meeting was held in the City

School Hall. Mr. Ishwar Dass, an influential banker, was voted to the chair. I spoke in English and Hindustani. The hall was crowded with educated Hindus, scores of whom flocked forward at the end of the meeting to take the pledge.

On October 31st, at Ludiana, we met in the native chapel, Rev. Edward Newton presiding. The greatest interest was evinced by a large gathering and at the close from 130 to 140 signed the temperance pledge, among whom were the pick of the young men of Ludiana. I have since heard that nearly 200 joined the society. I noted a new feature—the increase of grog shops in the Punjab, hitherto the soberest of all the districts of British India. There are now 120 liquor shops in Lahore and 106 in Amritsar, while the number in Ludiana has nearly doubled itself during the last ten years. In these years the consumption of country spirits in the Punjab has increased from 300,000 to 600,000 gallons, while during the last twelve years the revenue from country spirits, i.e., from stillhead and sale of licenses, has increased from Rs. 480,000 to Rs. 812,000. Quoting from the last excise report of the Punjab:—"The increased income on country spirits during the last ten years has been 83 per cent., and in consumption 71 per cent."

At Amballa I could not arrange a meeting of natives, but spoke to a large gathering of British soldiers. I found a strong temperance feeling prevailing throughout the whole cantonment, which was very encouraging. I failed to get up a meeting at Delhi, but at Agra, on November 4th

and 5th, we had two splendid meetings. St. John's College was crowded with advanced students. I spoke in the vernacular, and was followed by Mr. Potter, B.M.S., and Mr. Bose, B.A., a student, who spoke with great energy and eloquence. Sixty-six took the pledge.

At Cawnpore I held a meeting of the scholars of the Memorial School in the City Theatre Hall. I spoke, and then the well known barrister, Nil Madhab Bonnerji. In this city there is much drunkenness, and repressive measures are greatly needed.

At Lucknow, on November 8th, at six o'clock in the evening, the Rifai-Aum Club Hall was filled with an audience composed of Hindus and Mussulmans. Raza Husein Khan, a large landowner, who presided at the meeting last year, when Mr. Caine was present, took the chair. He was supported by Prince Mirza Surya Jah, the grandson of the late King of Oudh; and our staunch friends, Hamid Ali Khan, and Pundit Bishan Naryan. I spoke both in English and Urdu for about an hour, after which resolutions in favour of "outstills" abolition were carried with acclamation.

Next day I made enquiries about the condition of things at Oudh. I have attended a great number of Melas or religious festivals during the past thirty-four years, but have never yet seen any grog shops open at them. I hear, however, that this is now done in Oudh, and I am astounded to find that this year both Brahmins and Rajputs, the highest castes of Hinduism, have taken the Abkari

contract in Lucknow, outbidding the low-caste people, who had it last year, by Rs. 63,000, as against Rs. 50,000 for Lucknow city. This shows that the drink trade, lately looked upon in Lucknow in much the same light that brothels are looked upon at home, is beginning to rise in the scale of respectability. If the higher castes of Hindus once enter the liquor trade it will give a tremendous stimulus to the traffic all over India.

At Allahabad, on November 12th, I addressed a large meeting of Hindu students at the C.M.S. Divinity College Hall. Most of these young men were students of Muir College and Allahabad University. Pundit Bishan Char Nath presided, and gave a very able speech. The meeting was full of life, some very cordial resolutions were passed, and at the close fifty young men took the temperance pledge. Next day I held a temperance meeting in the Cannington Chapel, for soldiers and other English people. The Rev. Mr. Waugh presided, and eight took the pledge, and on the 14th the Muir College Debating Club called a meeting and had a very large attendance. The Hon. Ajoodhya Nath presided. As a result of my visit 101 members have been added to the Temperance Society in Allahabad, besides eight Europeans. In Allahabad one of the largest liquor contractors is a Brahmin.

At Benares we held a crowded meeting in the Town Hall. Mr. Ram Kali Chowdry, president of the Benares Temperance Society and an ex-judge, took the chair. The Rev. Arthur Parker gave an

interesting *resumé* of the great temperance movement started in Benares. Then Mahunt Kesho Ram Rao gave a powerful address in Hindi, after which I spoke, and was followed by several native gentlemen, among whom was Raja Shiva Prasad, C.I.E., who began by trying to defend the policy of the Government, and who ended by joining the society. The next day, November 16th, we had a grand meeting in the city, about 3,000 assembling under a huge pavilion lent by Dr. Lazarus. The work here is real, native, and expansive. The Mahunt is full of zeal and has enormous influence among the people of the place, as may be seen in the fact that chiefly by his efforts 50,000 persons have abstained from drinking in the course of a very few months. It is encouraging to find a Christian missionary and a Hindu religious ascetic working side by side in the common cause of temperance and sobriety. The Mahunt is a man of great culture, and knows English thoroughly. He has lived in Benares nearly all his life, and told me that thirty years ago, when he began his religious work, there were only four liquor shops in the whole of Benares, whereas to day there are over one hundred. Since the Mahunt took up this effort a few months ago the excise revenue of Benares has fallen Rs. 18,000.

At Patna a large meeting was held in the Behar Training School, the audience being chiefly students from the colleges. Although the meeting lasted two hours, and the evening was very hot, not one left till all was over. Dr. Ram Kali Gupta

took the chair, and gave a scientific address on the evil results of alcohol as a beverage. The next day, Mr. Girling, the engineer of the Government steam saw mills, kindly put up a large canopy for us in the Bazar of Patna, and sent two men round the city to announce the meeting by beat of drum. The meeting commenced at half-past three, when we had an immense crowd. Speeches were all in the vernacular, by Mr. Broadway, the well-known Baptist missionary, and his colleagues, as well as by myself. I am glad to find that there is a decrease of nearly Rs. 50,000 in revenue from liquor in the Patna division. It is quite time that some reduction took place as the increase has been very alarming of late years.

I arrived at Monghyr on November 22nd; here for some years I was agent of the Baptist Missionary Society. At the meeting I was honoured by the official attendance of the deputy magistrate and the police, to take note of everything I said. It is something new to me to be watched as a dangerous character, under magisterial and police supervision. It is very amusing that a humble temperance lecturer should be looked upon as in any way a danger to the State.

At Hooghly I was met by two native gentlemen, who made me their guest and took me at once to the meeting where we had about 500 people. Here, as at Monghyr, the magistrate was present; but he took the chair, gave me his cordial support, and urged the people present to sign the temperance pledge. The audience cheered him most heartily,

and over seventy signed at the close of the meeting. Hooghly is a great seat of learning, to which many students resort.

At Serampore, Surendra Nath Bannerji, editor of the Calcutta "Bengalee," took the chair, and a temperance society was formed for the first time. Next day we had a full meeting in the Town Hall, at Howrah, when Surendra Nath Bannerji spoke, as well as myself, and upwards of one hundred took the pledge, and passed resolutions, forming a society.

At Calcutta a crowded meeting was held in the Albert College Hall. The Rector of the College, K. B. Sen, M.A., brother of the late Keshub Chunder Sen, presided. The Rev. K. S. Macdonald, and Surendra Nath Bannerji spoke, and I followed. Upwards of two hundred students signed the temperance pledge, and a resolution was unanimously carried forming a Calcutta Students' Total Abstinence League. Other meetings followed, and on December 1st I preached a temperance sermon at the Baptist Chapel in Circular Road.

On December 5th I arrived at Dacca, after a long voyage on the Ganges. The largest public hall in the place, the Bengal Theatre, was crowded long before the meeting began. There was over 1,000 inside, and hundreds outside listening at the windows. We had some influential European and native gentlemen on the platform. The following resolution was unanimously carried:—

"That this meeting accords its hearty thanks to Mr. Thomas Evans for the services he had rendered

by his presence and address to-night, and recognising the great need of a united and strenuous effort being made to stay the progress of intemperance in the land, and declares its opinion that a total abstinence society should be forthwith established in Dacca."

This was one of the most enthusiastic meetings I ever attended in my life, and it closed with three cheers for Messrs. Caine and Smith, and the Anglo-Indian Temperance Association.

December 6th, I had a great number of visitors, and among them a deputation from the Sylhet Temperance Union, a purely native society, with 400 members. An excellent work has been going on there for some time among the students.

December 7th, I was busily engaged from seven a.m. till ten and from two till five on the verandah of Mr. Wright Hay's bungalow taking written pledges. Upwards of three hundred joined, and a great many more were unable to come forward owing to the crowd. I took all I could, and then had to go to a second meeting especially devoted to the legislative aspect of the question. It was held in the same Theatre. The Rev. Wright Hay took the chair, and made a splendid speech. It was impossible to get the people into the hall; I suppose 1,000 went away. A remarkable address was given in English by a young Muhammedan lad, about fourteen years of age, who received quite an ovation. The meeting over, I had to go to another hall to receive an address presented to me by the officers of the Sylhet Temperance Union, where

we had a most interesting meeting. Dacca had also presented me with an address at the meeting in the theatre.

On December 9th I returned to Calcutta, greatly cheered with my visit to Dacca. I spent a day or two visiting some of the officials who are especially concerned with the Bengal excise, including Mr. Secretary Cotton, and Mr. Westmacott, the Excise Commissioner for Bengal. They received me very courteously, and we had a very interesting conversation. The Government seem now to be more earnest about the abolition of the outstill system. If it is carried out in its integrity it will probably take three years to shut up all the outstills, and substitute central distilleries in their place. The next day I had a meeting of the students at the General Assembly Institution. About five hundred were present, and a very considerable number joined the Students' Total Abstinence League.

At Jubbulpore, Mr. Nundy met me at the station and took me to his hospitable house; he is a native Christian gentleman, the leading barrister here, and held in high regard by both the native and Christian communities of Jubbulpore. We had three meetings, at one of which he presided and made a vigorous and telling speech.

From Jubbulpore I went on to Bombay, to the meeting of the Indian National Congress. This brings to a close the first half of my journey, and we have every reason for thankfulness to God for the great success of our efforts. I believe that they have been a great stimulus to societies already

formed, and have resulted in the establishment of others.

At the National Congress the following proposition was moved by Rev. G. M. Cobban, Madras, and seconded by Mr. Dinsha Eduljee Wacha, Bombay. Proposed:—

"That this Congress do tender its sincere thanks to Messrs. Caine and Smith and the members who voted with them in connection with the debate on the Indian Excise question, in the House of Commons; and while fully appreciating what has been done by some of the local governments towards the improvements of their system of Excise and Abkari, do express the earnest hope that no further time be lost in giving full effect to the resolution of the House of Commons."

On the 26th I presided at a meeting, at the Money School, convened to hear Mr. Frederick Sessions, who had come to India to study the drink question, with a view to place the facts before the British public.

In January and February 1890 during my tour in the Madras Presidency, total abstinence societies were formed at the following places:—Madras City, Cuddalore, Kumbakonum, Nagapatam, Tanjore, Trichinopoly, Madura, Salem, Palghat, Coimbatore, Cuddapah, and Bellary.

Many native gentlemen of position and learning took part in the meetings and became presidents of the societies. Many names were enrolled, at Madura two hundred students. At Kumbakonum, Mr. Streenivassa Oiengar, a large landed proprie-

tor, said that in future he would not suffer his trees to be tapped but would sell the fruit though it must involve a loss of income. I wish the same course might be followed by lovers of morality who are landed proprietors..

I would call the attention of the Gooty authorities to the fact that a drink shop has of late been opened on the highway between the railway station and the town. I also found in Cuddapah a large enclosure for people to drink close by the Government High School. This is a terrible temptation for students, and I am astonished that the Collector of Cuddapah should allow it.

I was much indebted to all the kind friends, and among them to the "Hindu," throughout Madras, who gave me such cordial aid during my Abkari crusade in the South of India.

TOUR OF 1890—91.

During my two previous runs through India I attempted more than I could well do. This season my work was confined to the Punjab and the N.W. Provinces, and though my journeys covered a distance of some 3,000 miles, yet I was able to give sufficient time to each station visited to organise on a firm footing, as well as to hold public meetings.

I find it most advantageous to get hold of the leaders of the people personally and set before them their individual responsibility in the cause of temperance, as well as get them to promise to advocate both by example and precept the work of total

abstinence. This I was able to do by a stay of a few days at each place, and with some rare exceptions I found all the best and foremost men of native society most ready to help in the crusade against the demon drink in India, and it is no small gain to be able to form a personal acquaintance with such men. I induced some who were given to drinking habits to abstain and to come out as advocates of temperance. The good results of personal visits are sometimes of greater value than a public meeting, the applause and excitement of which too often passes away as the rustle of a breeze through the forest, with little or no practical effect.

I was glad of time to reorganise some of the societies which were passing into a moribund state; also to form new associations at Lahore, Amritsar, Ludiana, Amballa, Saharanpore, Mohradabad, Bareilly, Lucknow, Fysabad, Gya, Patna, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Agra, Muttra, Meerut, Dehra Dun; in all twenty-two new societies with 2,876 pledged members in the Punjab and North-West Provinces. So with names enrolled before, we have now in these two provinces, chiefly in Benares, some 45,000 natives who have become pledged abstainers.

This is but a drop in the ocean, compared with the seventy million people who populate the Punjab and the North-West Provinces. Still it is not a bad beginning in a good work carried on by two or three persons. Apart from the movement so successfully carried on among the lower classes in Benares, most of the others are educated and high-class members of Hindu society. The Muham-

medan element is weak,—not because they do not drink, but because they are ashamed to acknowledge the necessity for pledging themselves against the use of that evil water "shur ab," which is so strictly condemned by their religion. In fact, the same sort of shame keeps others as well from joining.

It is no small matter when one is engaged in a crusade against a popular vice, to meet with sympathetic hearts and helping hands. I have been favoured by both. My beloved missionary brethren have, with but one or two solitary exceptions, received me with open arms and aided my work with loving hearts, and to them all I would return sincere thanks. It is now a rare thing for any missionary in India to taste intoxicants, whereas when I came out thirty-five years ago, it was but seldom one could find a teetotaler even among missionaries. The American Methodist Mission sets us all a noble example in abstaining, and indeed all American Christians are far ahead of Europeans in this matter. I am indebted to missionary brethren of all denominations I have met with, during my travels, for much of the opportunities and of the success of my temperance campaign; if they support the work it is almost sure to succeed. Then, as to native gentlemen, with the few exceptions of those who have formed drinking habits and who are not willing to abstain, I have always received the greatest cordiality, a good deal of useful help, and the most hearty thanks for my labours. I could often wish our

people in England could see the deep interest which so many of the people of India take in this much needed social reform, as well as hear the heartfelt expressions of gratitude to the members of the Anglo-Indian Temperance Association for their noble effort on behalf of the millions of the country.

What we most need is for the people of India to adopt the work as their own, and carry it on independently of foreign aid. We have already a start in this desirable direction in the promising temperance movement of the Kayastha community. These people were the greatest drinkers of liquor in the whole of India, but of late years they have inaugurated quite a reform on these lines, and if the movement continues to progress as rapidly as it has done for the last three years, we may soon hope to see the whole community (about two-and-a-half millions) total abstainers. I rather think that the movement set on foot in India by the Anglo-Indian Temperance Association has had something to do with the origin of the Kayastha movement, and that movement, combined with ours, will be the means of stirring up other castes and classes in India to still further spontaneous and indigenous efforts to check the flood of drink which threatens the demoralization of India.

TOUR OF 1891—92.

This commenced at Dehra Doon on November 11th. The large mission school was well filled, about four hundred present, many standing at the doors. The Mahant, i.e., the chief Hindu Priest,

was in the chair. The first speaker (all in the vernacular) was the Rev. J. D. Bate, who showed that the indulgence in liquor was condemned by the scriptures of the Christians, the Hindus, and the Muhammedans. Dr. Durga Prasad took up the physiological aspect of the evil habit. After him came the eloquent secretary of the Association, Mr. Jyatis Swarupa, one of the finest solicitors of Delhi, who spoke on the social side of the drink question. I summed up, after which a number came forward to take the pledge.

Three encouraging facts came out. The first is that, through our efforts in Dehra, two liquor shops, that used to be a perfect pest to the neighbouring tea gardens have been closed. Secondly there is a diminution of gallonage issued from the Government distillery in Dehra. And next, the officers of the Association are to meet next Sabbath day with the various head-men of the native councils, called Panchayats, to put before them the necessity of a strong and united effort to crush out the excessive drinking habits of the people of Dehra, and proposing to make a rule to exclude from the privileges of caste all those who indulge in strong drink, as well as to form distinct organisations to meet the case of the various classes of the community.

It is clear that the respectable people of Dehra are getting to be ashamed of the drinking notoriety of their town, and they seem resolved to wipe out the stigma by strong social measures of reformation. They seem to wince under the in-

famous charge of being number one drinkers on the excise report of the North-West Provinces, in which the consumption of liquor and population are compared.

The next day at Saharanpore the large mission school in the native city was more than full by six p.m. The Rev. A. Kelso presided. Mr. Dhurni Das, the leading lawyer, opened with a lucid and telling address in the vernacular.

Then the Rev. Mr. Malcolm gave a sketch of his temperance work in America, and said that in the thirty-eight States where the sale of liquor was prohibited there was not only prosperity and peace but little or no crime, and the prisons are empty. He had recently come back from that country, and could, on his own recent observation, vouch for the great benefit the temperance movement did in his native land, and though no doubt there was more or less of smuggling in the prohibitive States, yet it was a fact that the prohibitive law did prohibit, and one proof of it was the fact that bad characters avoided those States, while good men were drawn there. After a speech from myself the meeting closed, and thirty-three new names were added to the list of abstainers, and among them some of the leading natives of the city.

As my friend Mr. Caine wished that I should visit Madras, I resolved to direct my steps southward as soon as possible, and take the stations of Ajmere, Ahmedabad, Poona, Sholapore, Bellary, and Cuddapah on my way, as I intend to return from Madras to Calcutta by sea, spend January

1892 in Bengal, and then work my way up towards the North-West and the Punjab in February and March.

It was also Mr. Caine's wish that the famous Mahant Kesho Ram Roy, of Benares, and I, should not expend shots on the same targets, so that now we shall be able to cover more ground and do more damage, I hope, to the strongholds of drink.

Ajmere, November 14th. I find much distress here. Only six inches of rain fell this year, instead of twenty-four, the average fall. I hear that 80,000 cattle have died through want of fodder, and that the ryots, who have only their fields to trust to, are in great want. The Governor General's Rajputana agent is here, and relief works are in hand.

There is a Society here, promoted by the Rev. J. Gray, missionary, and we had a good meeting in the native Christian Church, where I spoke to a mixed audience of Europeans and natives, and several took the pledge. After the meeting a European came forward to me and said, "Do you remember a Mr. A——, barrister-at-law, sending to you for two pledge cards some ten years ago?" "Well," said he, "one of those cards was for me, the other for the barrister, who said he would take the pledge if I would do so. We both needed it, and it saved us both from the vortex of drink, to which we were fast being swept." This was a cheering incident to me, and the gentleman concerned is now doing what he can to save others from the evil from which he himself was delivered,

as every abstainer should do. About a dozen pledges were taken after the meeting.

On Sunday I preached to a number of railway officials and workmen, in the Railway Institute.

At Ahmedabad, on November 17th, the Mission School Hall was quite full of the élite of the place, with our noble friend, Rao Bahadur Y. N. Runchore Lall, C.S.I., in the chair. We had several native Government officials present, some of whom said that a flood of new light had been cast upon the drink traffic that evening. The friends here employ a man to go forth to lecture on temperance in the vernacular.

Next day I paid a visit to the large distillery outside the city. The contractor is a Parsee, a Mr. Pestonji Nusserwangi Gin Wallah, who is bound down to a "minimum guarantee" of Rs. 132,000 annually for the liquor he turns out. This, I presume, is still-head duty only on the gallonage distilled, the licence to sell being about the same amount or more. I found that he pays Rs. 2/6/0, duty per gallon for the out-turn, and that the amount daily distilled is 480 gallons, but the demand is less than the supply, so that the distillation is not carried on throughout the year. The liquor here is manufactured from Mowhah flowers, which the contractor can buy at about one rupee per maund of 80 lbs. The contractor keeps his own shops for the sale of the liquor, of which he has nineteen in the city, and fifty-four in the district. The retail price of the liquor per bottle is ten annas; six bottles to one gallon. All

the liquor issued is twenty-five deg. under London proof, and the daily issue for sale is from 300 to 400 gallons. The distillery building is put up by Government, but the apparatus is supplied by the Parsee contractor, for which he has paid Rs. 36,000. I calculate that the contractor must have from four as. to six as. per gallon profit, and as he issues at least 300 gallons per day, if we take the lower rate of four as., or 6d. per gallon profit, his daily profit must be over £7. But if in addition he has to pay retail license, it would be about £3 per day. Not bad profit for one man to make. No wonder that the trade is a popular one when the distiller makes a clear profit of some £1,200 a year from it. I am told that the present contractor has held the contract for the last ten years, though it is only given for two years at a time.

Before half-past five this afternoon, the High School Hall was crowded. The president, the Hon. Runchore Lall, C.S.I., took the chair. I urged: (1) That alcoholic liquor is not needed for our health or comfort. (2) That it is most expensive to the purse, the character, and health. (3) That it is very dangerous to indulge in it as it gains steadily on those who use it. (4) That it is ruinous in its results to property, to body, and to soul. Our chairman said that if such meetings could be held all the country over, the people of India would give up the drink.

Poona, November 21st. At 5.30 p.m. the native theatre was crowded to the doors, with over 1,500 people. On the stage were the secretary of the

Society, Mr. Namjoshi, and the Hon. Rao Bahadur Y. N. Ranade, judge at Poona and member of the Bombay Council. Mr. Gopal Hari Desh-Mutch, one of the leading Brahmins of the city, was voted to the chair. I urged that they need not wait for official reform; let them reform themselves by example and by precept. Poona is the stronghold of the Brahmins; let them respect their own holy books, in which the use of intoxicants is condemned. It is a sad fact that many Brahmins have taken to drinking habits, and as a matter of course the lower classes follow. The Hindus think much of what is called "puri," that is, religious merit. Let them, by abstinence from alcohol, and the rescue of others from the dark river of drink, accumulate real and lasting merit—sacrifice for others' good—which they say is the highest honour of the gods themselves.

The Hon. Mr. Ranade said it was an irony of fate that Englishmen should come to India to warn Hindus against indulging in that which was forbidden in their own Shastras. He strongly advised all present to join the band of some 1,500 native teetotalers in Poona, and wipe out the disgrace which the drink was to them as Hindus. No less than 132,419 gallons of native liquor had been consumed in Poona in 1887, and 156,195 gallons in 1888, which brought in a revenue of over £50,000 to the Government.

The Rev. Mr. Fox referred to the increasing number of grog shops in Poona. The next speaker rose from the centre of the crowd. He said he was

a "Beni Israel," or Jew, that he had been a total abstainer for fifteen years, and was resolved to be so till death. He urged all Hindus to abstain, and said they should all thank God for the good people who came to warn them against this great evil. When I said there was no time to take down new names, but if any wished to join let them put up their hands, a forest of hands went up, and a shout of "All, All."

At the meeting at Sholapore a new mode of proposing a vote of thanks was adopted, and it took a very practical form. It was to petition the magistrate of Sholapore to shut up a liquor shop which was situated so close to one of the town schools that it was within the same enclosure. Further, the friends here resolved to start a periodical in the vernacular to advocate the cause of total abstinence, also to employ a lecturer to go about to expose the evils of drink. Our good friends at Sholapore are ahead of any society we have in their zeal and energy, and Mr. Nagpurkar is the moving spirit.

In driving to the station I was told of a sad case of a merchant who had become a drunkard. He had lost his property, his character, and his caste. Strange to say we met him at the station, and we got him to confess his bad habit, and then and there to take the pledge.

November 24th. At the second station from Sholapore we found a great stir, as the young Rajah of Akalkot was to be installed the next day. The Dewan, or prime minister of the king, was there

to welcome the official guests, one of whom travelled in the same carriage with me, who told the Dewan who I was. He wished me to go along with the others to the town about ten miles off, but this I could not do. He told me that the young Rajah, whose name is "Shaji," was quite willing to give up the indemnity of Rs. 2,400, paid to him by the Bombay Government, if he could shut up all the liquor shops in his State, as the excise was in the hands of the British Government. The Dewan, V. R. Kelkar, Esq., is a shrewd Maharati gentleman; he wished to know if the Indian Government did not object to my temperance work on the ground of loss to the revenue. How well the natives understand the objects of the Government in promoting the excise in India.

Bellary, November 25th. Had a large meeting in the Wardlaw College Hall. Mr. Sabhapathi Mudeliar said some progress had been made. There were some 300 members, and more than half the grog shops and the toddy shops had been shut since the temperance work began. One feature was the co-operation of several Muhammedans.

I was asked to speak a word of encouragement to the Muhammedan gentlemen present, in Urdu. About eighty new pledges were taken.

At Cuddapah, a hot and sickly place, the Rev. W. H. Campbell met me at the station. We had our meeting in the City School Hall; about seventy took the pledge.

Madras, November 27th. Called to see our friend Mr. Organe, who helped to arrange for my journey

through the Madras Presidency. Called at the office of the "Hindu," and settled the programme for my tour.

Ootacamund, November 28th and 29th. Preached in the Union Hall at eleven a.m. and four p.m., to good congregations. On December 1st the Masonic Hall was crowded when I gave an evangelistic address. December 4th, slept at the railway station of Erode, where I was told cholera was raging. I left early by the South Indian rail for Trichinopoly and was met at the station by Mr. Thompson, the Wesleyan missionary. The Rev. Mr. Adolphus, president of the temperance society, called, and I was sorry to find nothing done since Mr. Caine was here, when such enthusiasm was shown. On December 7th, the Town Hall was well filled. After my address, it was proposed: "That the Association be organised *de novo*."

Madura, December 8th. Dr. Van Allen and some half-a-dozen leading native gentlemen awaited my arrival at the station, garland in hand. After the last place it was most encouraging to find the life and zeal manifested in the work here. Next day, at six-thirty p.m., a meeting was held in the large building, put up for the examination of the Madura students. It was packed, and contained, I should say, nearly a thousand people; half were the leading people of the city, and the other half students. The chair was taken by Rao Bahdur Rama Subhya, B.A., B.L., the principal lawyer of the city. This was one of the very best meetings I have yet had on my tour. I put Madura down

as A.I. in the temperance work in the south of India.

December 11th. I gave a lecture to the students of the Madura Christian College on the Indian Mutiny; and in the evening I lectured to the members of the Y.M.C.A., when we had also some hundreds of students and the leading people of Madura present.

I am requested by Dr. Chester, of Dindigul, to give that place a wide berth, as cholera is raging there. An American lady of the mission had just died, and the whole place was reeking with the most virulent type of the disease. I stayed longer in Madura, where we have the same plague, though in a milder form.

December 13th. Both morning and evening I preached, through an interpreter, to crowded audiences, many Brahmins present. Next day I delivered an address to about 200 students in the Mission High School.

Tanjore, December 15th. I was met at the station by a deputation of native gentlemen. A crowded meeting was held in the hall of the reading room, as the College was taken up with examinations. I find the pledge books a great help to bring these Brahmins up to the scratch. About fifty took the pledge, and new officers were chosen. A young prince of the palace, K. B. Saroad, was at our meeting, and took the pledge. The Students' Association has been at work, as the secretary told us. It is worthy of remark that during the lifetime of the late Rajah of Tanjore, who died in 1855, not a liquor or toddy shop was allowed within

the walls of the city; while now, under a "Christian" Government, there are liquor and toddy shops in every street.

Nagapatam, December 16th. Little or nothing has been done here, and were it not for the kind help of Mr. Pedro, of the Blue Ribbon Army, I doubt if we could have had a meeting. The audience was chiefly Christian, and some fifty Hindus.

At Kumbakonum, on December 16th, I had a good meeting. I tried to sleep at the railway station in the waiting room, but what with the heat and the noise I had little or no rest. This South India work is not only a labour, but a suffering. Beside, cholera is now raging more or less at every station, but God is my refuge. I was delighted to have a peep at the dear old sea in Nagapatam, and I saw it again at Cuddalore and Madras.

At Cuddalore, on December 18th, kind friends were at the station, with a carriage ready to take me on to the Travellers' Bungalow. We had a splendid meeting, one hundred of the leading men came forward to take the pledge.

Madras, December 20th. I preached at the Y.M.C.A., and in the evening in the London Mission Church. At Calicut, on December 22nd, the Rev. Dr. Leibendorfer, of the Basel Mission, met me at the station with a number of the leading natives of the place. At six p.m. the large Town Hall was crammed full of the educated citizens of Calicut, with a Raja in the chair.

Palghat, December 23rd. Nothing had been done here, so I organised a new Association. Mr. Barrow, principal of the College, is an old temperance advocate. A native physician here, Mr. K. V. Chathu Kuthi, of his own accord has been engaged in temperance work for two years, and has induced some hundreds to give up drinking habits. One way in which he succeeds is to tell his patients that unless they give up liquor he will not give them medicines, and many comply.

Ootacamund, December 25th. I preached a Christmas sermon in the Union Hall. I am glad to have this change and rest in my dear daughter's house. Thank God who kept me through all the perils of the plains, where the fell malady raged all round and cut down so many.

The Murree Brewery here a few years ago was flourishing, but now it is shut up, and the big buildings and the plant all sold off by auction, for the brewery has failed to pay. Why, I don't know, but am glad that one large fountain of poison has been closed. Some lakhs of rupees had been spent upon it, and now it is defunct. Probably the traffic went down. May it still go down and down.

I left for Coimbatore on January 2nd. Here the Rev. Mr. Long, of the London Mission, is at the head of a live temperance movement. A public meeting was held in the Government College Hall. I was glad to know that a number of liquor shops had been closed here, but there is still room for contraction. The district comes in as number five

in its excise revenue, and I have reason to believe that only shops which did not pay had been closed. The excise revenue from the Coimbatore district is over Rs. 550,000!

Bangalore, January 5th. My first visit to this large station. As this was the "Week of prayer," the missionaries were not able to aid me in my special work, but I found some native gentlemen of position, who readily took up the idea of a Temperance Association for Indians, and a public meeting was held in the "Mayo Hall." I found here traces of work nobly done by Col. Hill, who for years was Civil and Session Judge. He formed a society, and got as many as 3,000 pledges taken by natives, but when he left the good work fell through, which seems strange in a place full of missionaries.

Only the military cantonment here is on British soil. All the rest is the land of the Raja of Mysore. I am truly glad to hear that the young Prince of Mysore is a total abstainer, and that now there is no opium cultivation in the State. By the treaty made by the British Government in 1881 with Mysore, the cultivation of opium was prohibited, which was a loss of £30,000 to the Raj.

Madras, January 11th. Our staunch friend, Ragoonath Row, with other friends, met me at the station. The public meeting in the Memorial Hall was well attended, Colonel A. S. Grove in the chair. A meeting for the Hindus in the Triplicane Literary Hall, was held next day; Dewan Bahadur Rughunath Row, C.I.E., presided. He gave a

stinging speech, and put the Triplicane Society to the blush, by telling them that they had done nothing for the good cause of temperance. "Mr. Evans had brought a terrible charge against the Brahmins of South India, which was a scandal to them all. Had it not been true he would prosecute Mr. Evans for libel, but as it was only too true he felt ashamed of his caste; and yet what little did we do to wipe out the stain?" I adapted my speech to the Hindu audience, and the charge took, and made them wince as I told them that they compromised their national traditions and religious principles in order to court the company of drinking Europeans. It was a good meeting; fifty took the pledge. I went on board the Clan line steamer, "Sinclair," to sail next day for Calcutta.

January 16th. Left Madras in fine weather. The sea breeze and the rest is most refreshing after the rush of railways and the excitement of public meetings. I am glad I have this rest and sleep to fit me for my work in North India.

January 20th. Arrived in Calcutta, where I endeavoured to see friends to arrange for meetings. But it is a dull, dead ditch for all practical temperance work.

Dacca, January 22nd. A big meeting in a large hall, with over 1,000 persons, chiefly students. I was not a little surprised to find that my chairman was my old antagonist, the secretary of the excise committee in Bengal in 1884, Rai Bahadur Abhoy Chundra Doss. He was for forty years in the Bengal Excise Department, and so, above all others,

knew the ins and outs of the Excise systems in Bengal. He frankly stated that the noble efforts of Mr. Evans moved the Bengal Government, under Sir Rivers Thompson, to appoint the Excise commission in 1884, which resulted in the condemnation of the outstills in Bengal. He gave a strong testimony to the great good done to his country by the patriotic efforts of Mr. Caine and myself, while, at the same time, he said all he could to shield the conduct of the Government. He is now pensioned and his tongue is at liberty to give expression to the real thoughts of his heart. About one hundred pledges were taken.

January 23rd. A public meeting was held in the same hall; all the verandahs were full, and about 2,000 present. The principal of the Muhammedan College presided, and a flattering resolution on my work and that of the Anglo-Indian Temperance Association was adopted. I addressed myself chiefly to the students. It was a fine meeting, and 172 new pledges were taken, and among them some of the leaders of society in Dacca.

Mr. Hay, of the Baptist Mission, is a host in himself. His influence with the Dacca students (about 6,000) is great and beneficial.

January 24th. Preached three times, twice to Hindu students, and once to the Christian community. Next day left for Calcutta; all day on the river and all night in the train, a long, wearisome journey. There is little or no life at Calcutta. I had a long interview with Mr. Westmacott, the Excise Commissioner of Bengal. He was

very cordial, and said that the outstills, which had numbered over 5,000 in Bengal, had been reduced to under 1,000, and that the revenue of late years had gone down about four lakhs of rupees. He also said that the outstills in Behar could not be closed. He seems to me to be in favour of checking the traffic. He has a scheme to do away with all country spirits, and introduce Shajahanpur rum instead, which would be dearer and not so injurious to health. I think Bengal is fortunate in its present Excise Commissioner, and I am glad he is against poisonous drugs.

Visited Serampore and on February 1st I arrived in Bhagulpore, a large "Sudder" station. Next day we had a full meeting in the spacious hall of the new Jubilee College. Forty pleaders of the court were present. A leading lawyer, Mr. Soorji Narayan Singh, B.A., B.L., was voted to the chair. He said he had known Mr. Evans for twenty years, and that they had all heard of the good work he was doing for the country. He said, "The whole of India is deeply indebted to the Anglo-Indian Temperance Association, and especially to Mr. Caine and Mr. Evans."

At Monghyr we have a society, and a membership of 300. It greatly grieved my soul to find that the curse of drink has broken in upon the native Christians in this place, and that one of them is a liquor contractor for this city. The native church here is in a most deplorable condition, after all that has been done for it for half-a-century.

Gya, February 5th. Had our meeting here in the hall of the native school. Mr. Prem Chand, of the Baptist Mission, was in the chair. One of the Brahmin priests and a native doctor spoke of the evils of drink, and the need for all to abstain. I spoke in Hindi.

At Patna I fear there is but little life, but now that Rev. Daniel Jones, from Agra, is come, I hope he will push on the work. I visited the distillery and chundoo dens, and enquired into the trade of liquor and Indian hemp.

Benares, February 9th. At four p.m. we had an out-door mass meeting of 2,000 people near the Town Hall, where Dr. Lazarus had provided a large canopy and a band of music. Our president, Munshi Ram Kali, took the chair. After him a Benares pundit spoke, then the Mahunt, and I followed. The proceedings were in Hindi.

February 10th. There was a second mass meeting of over 3,000 people. In the midst of my speech a man in the crowd lifted up his hands, and shouted, "Oh, sir! oh, sir! Never, never will I drink again." This caused a sensation. I asked others, and they said, "Never, never." Then I said, "How many will now solemnly promise not to drink?" In reply a perfect forest of hands went up, and there was a loud voice as of thunder, "All, all, all." Then I said, "Now I want to see the other side. Let all who intend to drink put up their hands." Not a hand was raised. I again said, "Come, drinkers, be true to your flag. If you resolve to drink, up with

your hands." But there was no reply. I am told that this meeting has moved the whole city, and people ask, "What is this great movement? It runs like the Ganges, and carries all before it." I feel sure that a most salutary impression was made, and that these appeals to the masses are not in vain.

February 11th. I went early with a friend to the Government distillery, and made full enquiries about the outturn. I also visited the Benares drug depôt, and gathered facts about the trade in ganja and bhang.

Fyzabad, February 11th. First meeting in the new Town Hall. Not a big, but a select number, who knew English. I find that the excise revenue here has gone down since last year by Rs. 10,000. The Excise report for 1888—89 shows the net receipts of the excise were Rs. 214,272; for 1889—90, Rs. 187,205; this is good.

February 12th. We had a rattling mass meeting in the "Chowk," i.e., the City square. Some 2,000 people were present. Mr. Bowman, of the Church Missionary Society, Mr. Elliott, of the Wesleyan Mission, and I spoke. A deep impression was produced.

Lucknow, Sunday, February 14th. Preached twice. Next day held a meeting of the Kayastha Temperance Society, in the Jubilee College, Horgovind Dyal, M.A., in the chair. He is one of the chief leaders of the present Kayastha reform. The Kayastha numbers 222,000 people. After my address several native gentlemen spoke, and a

Pandit recited verses. Several pledges were taken. On Tuesday I was out nearly all the day at the distillery, and in search of chundoo shops. At six p.m. I spoke at the Rifa-i-Aum Hall, but it was a small meeting.

February 17th. A splendid meeting of "Evans Kayastha Temperance Club," in the hall of the C.M.S. College. Though this was held at eight a.m., as I had to leave at ten, there was a good attendance. Mr. Elliott, of Fyzabad, gave a suitable address and so did Pandit Bishan Naryan, and I finished up. It was all in the vernacular. These young people are worthy of support, for they all work as far as they can in the good cause.

At Cawnpore had two meetings.

Agra, February 19th. A splendid meeting in the Victoria College Hall, Munshi Chandi Prasad occupied the chair. For a wonder the magistrate came, and he gave his clerks also leave to attend. As he was there I did not spare the Government. He spoke after me, and tried to defend the Government, but said he sympathised with our work. There were several other short speeches, and fifty-seven new pledges.

February 20th. A busy day; I had three meetings. At noon I spoke in St. John's College, three p.m. lecture in Agra Government College, four-thirty p.m. "Kayastha Evans Drink Destroying Society." Munshi Chandi Prasad in the chair. Several speeches delivered and poetry read. Five hundred copies of a poem on the evils of drink in Urdu were distributed.

Muttra, February 22nd. We had a fine meeting in the hall of the Government High School, at which the great banker of the city, Seth Lachman Dass, C.I.E., presided. Sixty new pledges were taken.

Delhi, February 24th. A most enthusiastic meeting was held in the Town Hall. Pandit Banke Lall presided. Fifty new pledges were taken. This is a pure Hindu movement, and it includes abstinence from flesh as well as liquor. Busheshwar Nath is president, and they have a Temperance Hall of their own. Next day I addressed the students of the Cambridge Mission, all of whom voted for a society, with the principal, Mr. Allnutt, as the president.

I visited Meerut, Saharanpur, Akbala City, Amritsar, Lahore (where some 2,000 assembled), and again at Amritsar on March 9th 1892.

TOUR OF 1892—93.

I began the drink crusade this season at Rawalpindi, the extreme north of our possessions in India. I had three crowded meetings in the American Mission High School. The result was the formation of a society with over one hundred members.

Rawalpindi is now about the largest military station in India and it has 5,000 troops under the command of General Ellis. I lectured to the soldiers and gave addresses to Christian converts. In all I had six meetings in the station in four days.

Jhelum, November 21st. This is a considerable native city situated on the River Jhelum, one of the

five great waters of the Punjab (Panch—five, ab—water). Here I received a most cordial welcome from all creeds and classes. Dr. Johnson, an American lady missionary, entertained me. She is a lady of vast energy and exceptional talent, and she is a blessing to many on account of her skill and Christian kindness. The chairman of our meeting was a descendant of Indian royalty, Raja Jehad Dad Khan, C.S.I., a true friend to the Government and to the temperance cause. It was an enthusiastic meeting and nearly a hundred took the pledge. On the following evening the chairman entertained the temperance workers, and invited twenty-five gentlemen to meet your humble servant. It was a superb repast; the Indian dish *palaw* was served up in various forms, there were about a dozen varieties of curry, numerous sweet-stuffs and we finished with tea *à la russe*. Two young princes of the Royal House of Kabul were present. One of them told me that the Amir derives over Rs. 60,000 annually from his Abkari department. Our host, who was well versed in Indian history, told us that, although the late Muhammedan Government in India had its Abkari, not a rupee of the revenue was allowed to go into the State treasury. The system was conducted with a view to restrain the use of drink, and the revenue was considered bad money. This was a hard hit from a noble Muhammedan at a Christian Government.

Gujrat, November 23rd and 24th. This is the chief town of a district of that name in the Punjab.

We had here two crowded meetings in two of the largest halls in the place. The native District Judge, Khan Ahmed Shah, who took a great interest in the work, presided on both occasions, and the proceedings were in the vernacular. The effort resulted in the formation of a strong society of three hundred members, all of whom took the pledge, the chairman taking the lead.

Sialkot, November 25th and 27th. This is an old and large military station on the confines of Kashmir. I gave a lecture to the soldiers which they much enjoyed. We had two good temperance meetings in the halls of the two Mission Schools. At the first meeting a Hindu barrister, who had been to England, presided; at the second meeting the Rev. Dr. McKee, of the American Mission, took the chair. They were a great success, and secured for us one hundred and eighty pledges with the promise of more to follow.

Wazirabad, November 28th. The Mission School Hall, where our meeting was held, was overflowing with the audience. Sirdar Meher Singh Chachi, in the chair, gave a good speech, and the meeting lasted for two hours. I spoke in Hindustani, and in the course of my address I astonished them all by dipping my handkerchief in alcohol and setting fire to it, to show the combustible nature of strong spirits. One hundred and twenty pledges were taken at the close of the meeting, and more will be taken at the schools.

Gujranwalla, November 30th. This is the birth-place of the most celebrated Hindu king of the

Punjab, Rajah Runjeet Singh, who was called the "Lion of the Punjab." He was the bravest and most successful Sikh ruler of the country, but I discovered here the sad fact that he died of strong drink. The demon alcohol that conquered Alexander the Great also killed the Lion of the Punjab.

The two meetings were held in the open air in the centre of a large garden kept up in memory of Runjeet Singh. Thousands attended, and the chair was taken by Abdul Guffoor, Esq., Assistant Commissioner, who was in entire sympathy with the cause. Four hundred pledges were recorded and a new society was formed.

To show how drinking is becoming a common custom in this country, I may mention that during my stay at Gujranwalla a wedding was celebrated at a neighbouring village, where, in order to entertain the guests, Rs. 1,200 were spent on native spirits, and Rs. 600 on European liquors. Several became helplessly drunk. It is now, alas, fashionable to provide liquors for weddings. This was not the case some years ago.

Lahore, December 1st. In this capital of the Punjab we have a strong Association. The three temperance societies have amalgamated, with Rev. J. C. R. Ewing, D.D., as president, and Ruchi Ram, M.A., as secretary. We commenced our campaign with a procession through the city with flags flying and a band of music. Every now and then we halted at a corner of a street to deliver speeches or sing. We did this in front of several liquor shops. A bottle of spirits was purchased from one

which I smashed before a crowd, declaring the contents to be rank poison, fit only for the gutter. There was great excitement, and the people asked, "What is this? Is the Government going to shut up the grog shops?" Several showed their sympathy with our object. One man ran into a shop and bought a quantity of flowers and scattered them over us, saying, "Thus may your path be full of flowers."

On the 3rd we had an immense open-air mass meeting, with Dr. Orbiston in the chair, and singing and speeches and great excitement. There is no doubt that the work in Lahore is advancing; tracts have been written and printed, a temperance paper is being started, and a new Temperance Hall is to be built. Ten years ago the Excise revenue of the Punjab was hardly ten lakhs, now it is nearly twenty lakhs. The report tells us that 200,000 gallons of native liquor were sold last year. With such an increasing flood of alcohol in the province, it is time for something to be done to stem the tide.

Ferozpore, December 6th. The Town Hall was well filled for the meeting; fifty-two pledges were taken, and a temperance society formed. Mr. Maya Das, Extra Assistant Commissioner, was in the chair; he is a good specimen of a native convert. A collection was made to meet the expenses of the Society, and I drew up rules for its guidance. This was my first visit to Ferozpore.

In December I had large meetings at Amritsar, Jullunder, Ludiana, and Amballa. During the past four years the number of liquor shops in this

district has gone up from thirty-three to sixty, and the revenue from drink and drugs from Rs. 59,528 to Rs. 75,366.

During my tour in the Punjab I held twenty-five meetings where I addressed about 16,000 people, formed seventeen new temperance societies, and took 2,051 pledges. After this I went up to Mussoorie for a few days rest for Christmas, and on December 26th attended the Indian National Congress, at Allahabad, and visited the distillery, opium and chundu shops, to obtain statistics.

I left Allahabad after staying a week extra, in consequence of the death of Mr. W. Summers, M.P., from malignant small pox. As the people were busy with the Congress at the time I held only one open-air meeting, in the bazar, with our friend, Oudh Behari Lall, M.A.

I reached Calcutta on January 10th, 1893. I tried to arrange for meetings here, but failed, and went on to Dacca.

On January 13th, I went in company with Babu Anaub Nath Mitra to visit the liquor shops in the city, and obtained much excise information from a large shop in Patna bazar. Two crowded meetings were held, at which over one hundred took the pledge.

Fureedpur, January 14th to 16th. I had a most cordial welcome at this, my first visit to this place. The Band of Hope which was organised about five years ago now numbers 400 members, of whom 127 joined at my meeting, when we had a thousand present, with Babu Ambica Charun Mazumder in

the chair. After the temperance meeting I told the audience that I would preach there next evening. I was glad to find that 600 of them came to hear the gospel and gave great attention. This is one interesting feature of our temperance work; it opens up free course to the gospel, for the people say, "The man who does his best to save us from our social evils must also be our friend in religion." I consider Fureedpur, after Dacca, one of our most promising stations in Bengal. I spent a whole night and a day on my way to Barisal. This is new ground, and I hope it may prove fertile and productive of much good. On January 20th, there was a congregation of over 1,200 in the College Hall of the Brogo Mohans Institute, named after the father of Aswini Kumar Dutt. This enterprising Bengali gentleman has organised a number of benevolent works in connection with this institution: (1) The Little Band of Mercy, (2) Little Brothers of the Poor, (3) Moral Improvement Society, (4) Debating Society, (5) Fire Brigade, (6) The Lahore Firm, (7) The Fine Arts Branch, (8) The Financial Branch, (9) The Minor Brothers, (10) The Diversion Class. This is a striking movement and education and temperance take the lead.

We had a splendid meeting, which a local paper described as "full of red-hot enthusiasm." A Bengali poet, a leading Brahmo, who was present, read and distributed a poem in which the drink demon is warned to quit the country as his days are numbered.

"In this new hero, Mr. Evans, he has met a formidable foe."

I wish it were so, but I fear the idea is more poetic than real.

January 21st. The second large meeting was held in the College Hall of Behari Lall Roy, who also has started a school and college of his own. What with these two institutions and the Government High School, Barisal is highly favoured educationally. We had a larger audience than the night before, and after the speaking 234 pledges were taken. An impetus has thus been given to the work here, and with the Rev. W. Carey, Babu Behari Lall Roy and Bau Babu Aswani Kumar Dutt taking a lively interest in the movement, there is hope of future progress. Next day I preached in the hall of Behari Babu's Institute and from 400 to 500 came to hear the gospel.

Krishnagar is one of the largest stations of the Church Missionary Society in Bengal. Rev. E. T. Butler, the resident missionary, is a staunch teetotaler. Though the weather was wet we had a good audience in the Mission Church. The second meeting, January 25th, was much more largely attended and the élite of the station were there, including Raja M. K. L. Roy Bahadur. The chair was taken by Mr. E. F. Handley, C.S., the district judge, who gave a good address.

Calcutta, January 27th to 30th. I found the metropolis a dry and hard ground, and after a protracted effort I failed to arrange more than one temperance meeting in the London Mission College at Bhawanipur. The veteran teetotaler, Mr. D. Sutherland, of Darjeeling, was in the chair and gave

a good opening address, and I spoke as well as I could to a handful of people in a large hall.

As for Calcutta itself, the only bit of life left in the temperance work is in the Old Mission Church, though I am glad to hear that all the missionaries and Zenana ladies are total abstainers and are ready to help. Our Indian friends, both Christian and non-Christian, take but little or no interest in temperance work, which is to be deplored.

Serampore, January 31st. A good meeting was held in the hall of the Public Library, with Rev. E. S. Summers, principal of the College, in the chair. The secretary, Dr. Bose, when asked to give a report, frankly said, "We have done nothing, I am sorry to say, and I have no report to present."

Berhampore, February 1st. We had a crowded meeting in the Mission School Hall, where Mr. Brojonath Seal, M.A., principal of the Government College, presided. After my address forty-eight took the pledge, and office bearers were chosen for the new society. A temperance association started by the Rev. Mr. Phillips has been doing noble work here for many years. The new society has no less than five missionaries to support it, and I am expecting it to do great things.

Patna, February 7th. We had a good meeting in the Behar National College, with Rev. Daniel Jones in the chair. There is little native interest in the work here, except among the Kayasthas.

Benares, February 8th and 9th. Two large open-air meetings were held, at which Babu Jeydu

Prasad, the Mahant, Kesho Ram Roy and I spoke. Some thousands of people assembled, and 150 pledges were taken.

Mirzapore, February 10th. This is new ground. A splendid meeting was held in the large hall of Farzand Ali, who became president. Two hundred names were given in. I had one meeting for native Christians at Allahabad, and came on to Lucknow, on February 16th. Here I had the pleasure of meeting Messrs. John and Ebenezer Smedley, iron masters in Derbyshire and temperance leaders, who this winter are on a deputation visit for our Association. They addressed a meeting in the Ruffs-i-am Hall, but owing to a thunderstorm, the attendance was small. They left that night for Benares.

February 17th. I had a good meeting at the Christian College Hall, of the "Evans' Kayastha Temperance Club." Rev. W. A. Mansell was in the chair, and several new pledges were taken. The aims and objects of the club are to prevail upon the Kayastha community especially, and upon the public at large, to discourage drink, and to induce them to abstain from drugs of every description.

Cawnpore, February 18th. A fairly good meeting was held in the Church Mission Hall, when thirty-five pledges were taken. Rev. F. Westcott was elected president. Pandid Prithi Nath, the patron of our society, has nobly promised to support a temperance preacher for the district. This is an excellent movement; there should be such a preacher in each city in India.

Etawah, February 21st. My first visit. A fine meeting was held in Hume School Hall, when sixty-five pledges were taken. A society was started called the Etawah Kayastha Temperance Association.

Agra, February 23rd to 26th. I had two meetings here; one in the Havelock Chapel, for soldiers, and the other in the hall of the City Kayastha School. The second was a great success; Munshi Chandoe Prasad was in the chair, and among the speakers was the pleader who had taken part in the late murder case in the native State of U——. He said that drink killed the Raja of U——, before he was thirty-five years old. It was also the cause of the death of his best minister, who gave mortal offence by advising the Raja to consume less alcohol. This so enraged him that he ordered the minister to be killed. This was done by two of the Raja's servants, for which one was hanged and the other was transported for life.

Muttra, February 27th and 28th. I had two good meetings in the Government School Hall. At the first resolutions were passed: (1) To form a strong working committee; (2) to apportion special work to each member of the society.

The second meeting was for the Kayasthas, when Munshi Radha Prasad, Babu Muncholia Lall, Babu Mollie Lal, and Corporal Harris (of the 5th R. I. Lancers), spoke. It was a new thing to see a soldier addressing natives on temperance, but it had a wonderful effect and gave a tone of genuineness to the meeting.

After spending a fortnight in the tea gardens in Dehra Dun, I reached home early in April.

The Annual Report of the Anglo-Indian Temperance Association for 1892—93 contains the following remarks on this tour:—"Mr. Evans has confined himself to the Punjab, the North-West Provinces and Bengal, finding full occupation in these provinces for his wonderful energy. He is entirely at home in the vernacular, and evokes more and more enthusiasm as each year rolls by, in every great centre of population he visits. He has concluded a five months' campaign, covering upwards of 3,000 miles of travel by rail, road and river, never failing in a single engagement, addressing a quarter of a million people in sixty or seventy mass meetings, taking thousands of pledges; besides attending a large number of committees and private conferences rendered necessary for the formation of societies and their affiliation to the parent society. Mr. Evans receives no salary from your committee for these unique services to the cause of temperance in India, contenting himself with a modest sum for his travelling expenses out of pocket. Your committee desire to place upon record their deep appreciation of Mr. Evans' valuable services, and their gratitude to him and to his family."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE OPIUM COMMISSION.

ON the eve of my departure for the Temperance crusade of the winter 1893—94, I received a telegram from Mr. J. G. Alexander, the private secretary of the anti-opium members of the Commission, asking me to come to Calcutta in order to proceed to Assam to make enquiries into opium consumption. I felt this a call to an important duty, but hesitated to comply, having arranged my programme. However, after an assurance from Mr. Alexander and Mr. Wilson that the committee of the Anglo-Indian Temperance Association would approve of the proposal, I consented.

Opium is a sister curse to liquor, and the study of the cause and remedy of these two evils had been my hobby, outside my direct mission work, for many years. The advent of the Royal Commission was an opportunity that occurred only once in a life-time, while the temperance work could be carried on year after year.

At the end of November I visited Dhubri and Gowhati, and made enquiries among all classes regarding the eating and smoking of opium. A

tea planter of thirty years' experience told me that opium was ruining the people of Assam, and it was the curse of the labourers on the tea gardens, eighty per cent. of whom were slaves to the habit. He said that one reason for importing coolies from India is that the people of Assam are rendered useless through taking the drug. He could point out villages in North Lakimpur, where thirty years ago hundreds of houses stood, and now there are not twenty, all through the ravages of opium. I interviewed a Tehsildar, i.e. sub-collector, and he, too, strongly condemned the use of the drug.

To show how largely it is used in Assam I would mention that though the population is only about four millions, and that of Bengal about seventy millions, yet the opium revenue to Government from Assam in 1891—92 was Rs. 1,872,811, and the revenue from opium in Bengal for that period was only Rs. 2,085,116. The Punjab, with a population over ten times that of Assam, spent only about Rs. 500,000 on the drug. Assam therefore is pre-eminently an opium eating country, and I regret that the Commission did not visit the district and see for itself the deleterious effects of the drug on the people.

After visiting Assam and Calcutta I went to Gya and Patna, to study the condition of opium growing in the North-West. Here is a list of the average expenses incurred by the ryot in cultivating one bigha* of poppy in the town districts and in the

* Bigha—a third of an acre.

country. The figures are given by my friend, Mr. Prem Chand, of Gya.

	In town Districts.	In the Country.
Ground rent (half year)	Rs. 4·8	Rs. 4·8
Managing	10·0	1·0
Cost of Seed	0·10	0·6
Ploughing	12·8	10·0
Sowing	1·0	1·0
Hoeing	4·0	3·9
Watering	11·4	9·8
Gathering	7·8	6·12
	Rs. 51·7	Rs. 36·11

Such is the cost; now consider the income. One bigha will seldom produce more than five seers of opium. If it is of the best quality it brings in Rs. 5 per seer, while the seed brings in another Rs. 5. This makes a total of Rs. 30, to meet an outlay of Rs. 45, or in other words a dead loss. Then the risk of cultivation is great. If hot winds set in before the drug is gathered it will not issue readily from the capsule. If rain falls when the opium is exuding there is a loss and deterioration of the drug. If a shower of hail falls at the time of flowering, the whole crop is destroyed. Nor is this all. The native under-officials, who measure the opium lands and inspect the fields when the fruits are ripening, have to be fed by the cultivators (ryots). And, worse still, when ryots take the drug to be weighed, if they do not bribe the man who keeps the accounts, they will either have short weight recorded or be told that the drug is of an inferior description. So in every way the poor ryot is oppressed by opium cultivation.

The question naturally arises, "Why then do the people grow the poppy?" There are two answers to this question. First, the cultivators receive an advance of Rs. 9 per bigha, at a time of the year when they are most in need. This is given without interest, and is a great inducement. In the second place the people are in many ways annoyed and threatened if they do not devote some of their land to opium cultivation, and they obey under pressure. I do not think the higher officials are aware of the great oppression imposed upon these poor people, and, indeed few know it, and I should not have known it, were it not for the personal inquiry I made from the people themselves. If the cultivation of opium pays, why do not the large land holders cultivate? Why do not indigo and tea planters take it up? They invest in crops that are profitable to grow, and leave the poppy to be cultivated by the poorest of the poor. Surely when the Government charges in Calcutta Rs. 20 per seer, in Dacca Rs. 30, and in Assam as much as Rs.37 per seer, it would be but just to give the poor cultivators enough at least to prevent them from losing on the industry.

From Patna I went to Lucknow to enquire into the effects of opium there. No provincial city in India is so largely given to the vice of opium indulgence as this city. The Muhammedan court was corrupt, and though the old king would not allow a liquor shop within ten miles of the city, yet opium held its fatal sway. It was used not only by the king and all his servants of state, but the

evil habit prevailed like a plague, so that the very ladies of the harem indulged in it as well as the children. The sad results of this are painfully visible to this day; there are here still a number of families descended from the late court of Oudh, and though they have been pensioned by Government, most of them are in a miserable state through the curse of opium. Families, also, which at one time were rich, are reduced to abject poverty from the same cause. One of the most intelligent citizens of the place told me that at least fifty per cent. of the Muhammedans of the city indulged more or less in opium. He took me to see some of the worst of these, and the sight was simply shocking; young people under forty had the look of old men of eighty, withered and shrivelled up, with gaunt, jaundice-coloured faces, bloodshot eyes and emaciated bodies. As a rule they are beggars, and if they can manage to get sixpence a day they spend fourpence or fivepence of it on opium.

A strange and significant movement has taken place among them. They have heard that the British Government has sent to enquire how it fares with opiumists in India, and they have sent in a petition to the Commission begging to be supplied with a free daily dose, as they cannot give up the habit and cannot work to get food. The petition I have seen; it is signed by hundreds, and many intend to appear personally before the Commission to show their own degraded state and secure the pity of the members. In one clause of the document they beg that *no opium be sold to any*

who are not already confirmed victims, for, as they say, they would not have others suffer the misery they have endured. This as an object lesson should tend to convince the Commission of the absolute need of suppressing the traffic.

In November I returned to Calcutta to give my evidence before the opium Commission.*

* See Appendix.

CHAPTER XVII.

LANDOUR.

ON account of his wife's health Mr. Evans found it necessary, in 1895, to pay a visit to England. He sailed in the "Clan Grant," and was met at Tilbury Docks by his son, Rev. E. Rowe Evans, of Neath. On reaching London he was invited by the committee of the Baptist Missionary Society to undertake deputation work. This he did with his usual enthusiasm, for some months. With a large map of India he visited numerous churches and stirred up interest in the work of missions. A special feature of his work was the introduction of the "penny-a-week" system of giving to missions. This was carried out in Wales with some measure of success. The promises at the public meetings were numerous, but the difficulty was to secure persevering collectors in the churches to regularly gather the pence. He secured promises for 10,000 pennies which would add over £2,000 to the income of the Missionary Society. He calculated that if each Baptist in Wales gave a penny a week to missions an annual sum of £22,000 would be realised.

In August 1897, Mr. Evans was asked to accept the pastorate of the Baptist Chapel in his native town, Newport, Pembrokeshire. With the consent of the Baptist Mission he accepted the call and

officiated for one year. The year was fruitful in spiritual blessing to the church, and his own health and that of his wife were greatly improved, but he could not remain in charge longer than twelve months. He found the preparation of sermons in the Welsh tongue, after being so many years in India, was a great strain, and his uncompromising attitude in refusing to have men connected with the drink traffic as officers of the church caused him no little trouble. During this last trip to his native land he was grieved at the indulgence and amusements of Christian people, and at the neglect of family worship and Sunday observance.

In the autumn of 1898 Mr. Evans returned to India, and after spending the cold weather in the plains, he settled in Landour, Mussoorie, in the spring of 1899, and was appointed Chaplain of the Nonconformist troops.

From this time to within a year of his death he actively co-operated in every kind of Christian work in this hill station. Conventions, conferences, Bible readings and hospital visiting occupied much of his time, but perhaps his name during these last years at Mussoorie will be most prominently associated with the Kellogg Memorial Church and the Wynberg Orphanage.

KELLOGG MEMORIAL CHURCH, LANDOUR.

The Rev. S. H. Kellogg, of the American Presbyterian Mission, was a well known missionary in Upper India, where he had worked for many years. Like Mr. Evans he had taken up residence in the

hills, and had been a fellow worker in the Union Church, Mussoorie, but was principally engaged in the revision of the Scriptures. On the morning of May 3rd 1899, Dr. Kellogg met with a bicycle accident which terminated fatally, and the news of his death caused great sorrow throughout the station. Some years before, a lady, a great admirer of Dr. Kellogg's preaching, had commenced the collection of a fund for the erection of a Presbyterian Church at Landour. The money was made over to Dr. Kellogg and he lodged it in the bank until such time as it might be needed. A meeting of the friends of the deceased, consisting chiefly of the American missionaries, and including Dr. and Mrs. Valentine, was held, and it was resolved to erect a building for public worship, to be known as the "Kellogg Memorial Presbyterian Church."

The services at the Landour Depôt were for many years conducted in a building originally intended for a racquet court, and subsequently converted into a theatre and gymnasium; it was by no means adapted as a place for conducting divine services. Mr. Evans had been in charge of these services and he was unanimously elected secretary of the committee of the Building Fund. He undertook the task with his usual readiness and from the commencement to the completion of the work he carried on the entire correspondence, which was no slight undertaking. Owing to his acquaintance with Sir Bindon Blood, of the Meerut Command in the United Provinces, Mr. Evans was

able to interest him in the project, and succeeded in securing from Government through his influence the present beautiful site on which the church stands, in addition to a substantial building grant. The correspondence with Government was no small part of the duty that devolved upon him as secretary; he had to write many letters to friends of the enterprise, not only in India, but also in England and America, and issued instructions to the builders, contractors and bankers. When the work was completed he made over all the papers to the committee of the Allahabad Presbytery, now in charge of the church, and that committee unanimously decided that Mr. Evans should retain the chaplaincy to the Nonconformist troops in the new building as long as he was able to do so.

The dedication services of the Kellogg Memorial Church in Landour were held on Sunday, May 31st 1903; the morning service being devoted to prayer and that in the afternoon to thanksgiving. Mr. Evans conducted on both occasions, and Rev. E. S. Woodside, Dr. Halcomb, Dr. Wherry, and Rev. E. S. Summers took part. From that date to the end of 1905 Mr. Evans continued his ministrations in this building.

WYNBERG ORPHANAGE.

The Wynberg Training School and Orphanage was started in a humble and obscure way about seventeen years ago. The leading spirits in the movement were Mr. Arthur Foy and his wife, of Cawnpore; Mr. Jahans, Mr. Alfred Powell and

Mr. F. P. Lindeman. This "Christian Brotherhood," as they called themselves, published a religious periodical and had a varied programme of Christian work, but the only item of permanent effect appears to be the Training School and Orphanage.

The School began at Jaberkhet, Landour, on the 9th February 1890, with only a few pupils. The object of the promoters was the training of the character quite as much as the development of the minds of the children; to secure the most needy pupils and educate them on a thoroughly Christian basis. As this was a missionary enterprise and not a financial speculation, it was necessary to find teachers willing to devote their services to the work of teaching at the least possible expense to the school, and to appeal to the public for funds. The first lady superintendent, Mrs. West, acted in that capacity without any remuneration and remained attached to the school till her death in 1894.

Before the school had been established many months the quarters at Jaberkhet were burnt down, and all the furniture and books destroyed, but happily no lives were lost. This event elicited much helpful sympathy and brought many friends to the rescue of the school, which during 1892—93 was moving from one temporary abode to another, yet was fighting manfully for existence. About this time Mr. Evans joined the committee, and realising the immense need for a Protestant Hill School he threw himself with vigour into a cam-

paign for collecting funds to enable the school to occupy a permanent building of its own. The appeal was published in nearly every newspaper, and Mr. Evans, with his well known aptitude for begging, solicited his friends old and new, far and wide, for donations. The response from all sides was most liberal, and as it included a generous donation from Mr. H. G. Meakin, of Poona, the committee were in a position to purchase a most suitable residence known as "Wynberg." A dormitory for boys was added, and in 1895 two adjoining houses, "Cedar Hall" and "Constantia," were purchased, and this collection of buildings now constitutes the "real estate" of the institution.

Since the school was opened in 1890, over 600 children have attended. The reports of the Government Inspectors are satisfactory, and many of the ex-pupils are creditably occupying honourable positions in the service of their fellow men and women.

For twenty years Mr. Evans was connected with the trust of the Baring Institute, an institution that gave accommodation to a religious book depôt and the Mussoorie branch of the Young Men's Christian Association.

At the end of 1905 Mr. Evans went to Kachwa, near Mirzapur, for the winter, and passed through a severe illness, after which he never recovered his wonted strength. He returned to Landour in the spring of 1906 but failing health and the infirmities of age compelled him to resign the chaplaincy. In occupying the pew instead of the pulpit he lost

none of his interest in the soldiers and friends who attended the church. Throughout the year his increasing bodily weakness was evident, but he retained his genial and kindly manner and youthful spirit, and was delighted to meet and converse with missionary workers from stations he had known a quarter or half a century ago. Many of his friends were impressed with the beauty and ripeness of his Christian character. At the inauguration of the Soldiers' Furlough Home that year he took part in public prayer. That prayer was full of beauty and simplicity, and it was remarked that it was the language of one who lived near God. He seemed to have premonitions that his residence at Landour this year might be his last. On the first Sunday in October he presided at the monthly communion service at the Kellogg Memorial Church, and spoke then of the possibility of his never living to be present again on such an occasion. Two Sundays later, when the services of the season were brought to a close, after the Rev. J. S. Woodside, a veteran even older than himself, had summed up the experience of the season, he led the congregation in thanksgiving and prayer.

In November 1906, with his wife and two daughters, he went to Moradabad intending to stay there for the winter months, and for a short time his strength seemed to rally. On Sunday evening, November 25th, he attended the service at the Methodist Mission Church, and retired to rest that night apparently well, but very tired. On Monday morning he was not so well; the doctor was sent

for, but his condition was not considered serious. Next day he grew worse; his pulse was found to be very weak; he appeared not to recognise those around him, and was indistinct in his speech. He remained in this state till Thursday 29th November. That morning the portion of *Daily Light* was read to him, commencing with "I shall be satisfied with the goodness of Thy house." At the close of the reading he repeated, "Satisfied, satisfied." Later on he was asked if all was well, and he faintly replied "All's well." These were his last words. At midday he became unconscious, and at three in the afternoon he passed peacefully away.

Although nearly a complete stranger in Moradabad the friends connected with the local Methodist Mission and many others showed the utmost kindness to Mr. Evans in his short illness and to the bereaved family in their sorrow. The funeral was conducted very simply next morning, when he was laid to rest in the station burying ground, containing the tombs of many who died in the Mutiny.

A stone with the following inscription now marks a newly made grave.

THE RESTING PLACE
OF THE MORTAL REMAINS OF
THOMAS EVANS,
Missionary.
Arrived in India, 1855.
Fell asleep in Jesus, Nov. 29th, 1906.
AGED 80 YEARS.

"Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection; on such the second death hath no power."

CHAPTER XVIII.

REMINISCENCES.

THE true characteristics of a man cannot be judged by well worded obituary notices, but in order to complete this closing chapter of an eventful life, three representative resolutions on the decease of Mr. Evans are given before quoting from those who were more intimately acquainted with him.

The first is the resolution passed at the Fifth Triennial United Conference of the Baptist Missionary Society, held in Calcutta, February 1907.

That we desire to place on record our sincere appreciation of the long and arduous life and service of our brother, Mr. Thomas Evans, who, after a sojourn in this country of over half a century, entered into rest in November last.

Our brother was a very thorough missionary and his labours were many-sided.

He was a very capable open-air preacher and a most successful colporteur-missionary.

His services in our English Baptist Churches at Delhi, Calcutta, Allahabad and Monghyr were greatly appreciated and much blessed.

He was a man of a large heart, and very tender sympathies. In him the widow and orphan ever found a ready friend and helper, and the poor among the natives were often made glad by his liberality.

Of late years when compelled to retire from the active

service of our Society, he still devoted himself unsparingly to all causes of social and religious progress and reform. In all his labours he was wisely and efficiently aided by his wife, with whom in her weakness and sorrow, as well as with the other members of the family, we desire to express our heartfelt sympathy, at the same time rejoicing with them in the heritage they enjoy from his faithful life and example.

The second resolution is one passed by the committee of the Anglo-Indian Temperance Association in London.

The committee of the Anglo-Indian Temperance Association desire to place on record their deep sense of the loss which the Temperance movement in India has sustained by the death of the Rev. Thomas Evans, who was so closely associated with the founder of the Association (Mr. W. S. Caine) in establishing branches all over India, and who rendered other conspicuous services to the organisation in its earlier years; and they further desire to convey to the relatives of Mr. Evans their heartfelt sympathy in the bereavement which has fallen upon them.

The third reference is a minute of the board of management of the Christian Training School and Orphanage, Wynberg, Mussoorie, dated December 19th 1907.

The Board has heard, with deep regret for their loss, of the death of Rev. Thomas Evans at Moradabad on 29th November 1906, at an age exceeding eighty years. Within three weeks of his death he sent the Principal his report on the Institution for the year, in his capacity of chairman of the Board, a position which he had occupied for the past four or five years to the great advantage of the school. He joined the Board in 1893 and has ever since distinguished himself by his zeal and success in aiding to collect the necessary funds and otherwise promoting the interest of

the institution, of which he had become one of the most enthusiastic and optimistic friends. Mr. Evans spent the best part of his life in preaching the glorious gospel of the blessed God, having been for many years an agent of the Baptist Mission, and was always a fearless and faithful upholder and propagator of the truth committed to him.

The Board desires to express its appreciation of his lofty character, and especially of his services to the Wynberg Institution, and to express its deep sympathy with his widow and bereaved family. His last report, showing as it does the spirit by which he was animated in working for the school, and bearing a special interest as one of the latest, if not the very latest production of his pen, will be printed, as usual with the annual report of the school.

In Calcutta the news of his death was received with profound sorrow. Arrangements were being made for the meetings of the All India Temperance Conference, and Mr. Evans was invited to be present and give an address. Owing to his feebleness he was unable to attend, but he forwarded to the secretary a letter to be read at the gathering which proved to be his last message to temperance workers. He wrote:—"My heart is fully in the work, and I hope my effort for the last thirty years in India has done a little to promote the good movement. For a long time it seemed that the power of the Excise Revenue was too powerful to produce any real reform, but thank God we see signs of improvements at last, and I hope the present Excise committee will result in some good to the good cause we advocate.

"Our strong plea should be for the total abolition of the Farming and the Outstill systems—and I think we should make a stronger effort to con-

vince all Christian people of their duty to give the movement their personal and practical aid to wipe out the curse from all our churches.

"To me it seems strange how any real Christian can in any way aid and abet such a degrading traffic. There are two things which we should all bear in mind:—

"(1) That the example of Christians by indulging in any way in strong drink acts powerfully on the people of India; and further, (2) natives think that any who drink do so to get drunk, which is the one idea of natives who indulge—so that if we drink at all we prove a stumbling-block in their way. Let those who profess to love God bear this in mind, and for Christ's sake abstain altogether."

At the last meeting of the conference a resolution was passed expressing sympathy with his relatives and referring with appreciation to his splendid services to the movement and the loss sustained by the temperance party in India.

The large mass meeting at which this resolution was passed was held in the Congress Pandal, on Saturday December 30th. It met under the shadow of a great and sudden grief. Mr. Samuel Smith, the veteran leader of the temperance cause in the United Kingdom, and a life-long friend of the people of India, had come out for a short visit to the country and was to have read the opening address, but he passed away the night before. Mr. Smith's unfinished address was read by Mr. William Jones, M.P., the resolutions were passed

from the chair, and the huge meeting dissolved in respectful silence.

As a missionary Mr. Evans was inspired with enthusiasm and devotion of a more than ordinary kind. He came to India to bring to the natives a knowledge of the true God. He soon acquired the language, and daily in the streets he preached a simple gospel of the Cross of Christ, and his preaching attracted and held large crowds. He emphasized the sin of man, taking very homely illustrations out of the very lives of the people, theft, lying and fraud, and told them the only remedy. The people heard and understood and remembered, even if they did not like the plainness of his speech. His disappointment with the native Christians was a trial to him in many stations. He taught them, exhorted them and entreated them to live a consistent life, and many were helped. As in the days of the prophets the law is "Line upon line, precept upon precept," and this was the only course to adopt in dealing with Indian congregations.

His energy was remarkable. At large melas he has been known to take several boxes full of books and portions of Scripture, and sell them all. His work at Allahabad and Monghyr, included English and vernacular preaching, teaching a theological class, superintending the Mission High School, temperance lecturing and correspondence.

His visits to England in 1863—4 and 1873—4 were memorable for the enthusiasm aroused on behalf of mission work wherever he went. His tours

through the Principality have been described as a series of crowded meetings and heartfelt ovations; and they were not due to merely popular excitement, since there are missionaries in the fie'd at the present time who received their call to work through the lectures of the missionary from India.

A characteristic incident might be related of one of his visits to London; it is told by his colleague, Rev. J. D. Bate, in "The Missionary Herald."

"At the annual meeting of the Young Men's Missionary Association, which was held in our chapel in Walworth Road, the minister of which was the late William Howieson, in the spring of 1869, the representative of our Missionary Society was Mr. Thomas Evans. As there were to be several speeches, some of them by ministers very distinguished in those days, the chairman said when introducing the deputation that in justice to the other speakers, and having regard to the clock, he must ask the deputation to bring his remarks within 'ten minutes.' Mr. Evans at once sprang to his feet, and said that he declined to be bound by any such restriction—that he had travelled all the way from Tenby in order to fulfil that engagement, and that he should not stop until he had finished; that the other speakers could be heard any day, while he would soon be returning to India! He spoke an hour and a half, and the late Charles Cook, then of the old chapel at Maze Pond, in those days our 'rising star,' had to reserve his message for some more 'convenient season.'"

He showed sympathy with the sick, the unfortunate and the bereaved. As soon as he heard or saw in the paper a notice of a bereavement in a family he knew, he sent a small pamphlet entitled "Words of Comfort and Consolation." This tract was given or mailed by him to hundreds of people. He was ever ready to relieve distress, and although he did not take the coat off his back to give to a ragged visitor he often took one from his almirah. If he could not meet a case of pecuniary need he went to those who could afford to give, and made them feel that giving was a privilege. None ever appealed to him in vain. Sometimes his good nature was imposed upon, but he often said he would rather it were so than that he should turn away a really deserving case.

The young missionary placed under his charge, with the novelty of the situation worn off, found in him a friend to cheer and encourage him in his work. At one time one such missionary had been sent by the doctor to Mussoorie to recruit his health after an attack of illness. As it was his first year in the country he was studying the language, but found it difficult to secure a qualified man as a pundit. His visit to Mr. Evans is described in his own words. "Some one suggested that I should consult Mr. Evans and I immediately started for his house. Fortunately I found him in and when I saw his kindly beaming face all awe of the veteran missionary fled. In a few minutes he made me feel quite at home. 'How much Hindi do you know?' 'Oh, not much,' I replied, 'during my

illness I seem to have forgotten all that I have learned.' 'Well, let me see,' he said, and off he went for a Hindi Testament, and there and then put me through my facings. When the reading and translation were ended he began to converse with me. 'What is your age?' 'My brother is at school,' was my reply. I mistook the word bây for bhai, from which my then knowledge of the language can be estimated. He procured the best available pundit for me, and I came away from my first visit laden with a number of Hindi books and a hearty invitation to return whenever I wished. I went again and again and each time came away feeling that I had gained something to make me more fitted for my life work in India, Thus began a friendship which lasted to the day of his death."

Missionaries of all sorts and conditions called upon him during the season at Mussoorie. He welcomed each one in his friendly manner and showed the deepest interest in each person's work, no matter to what church or society they belonged. Young missionaries always received kindly counsel and advice, and departed with the benediction "God be with you, my brother, and give you every blessing in your work."

About a week before his death he dictated a letter to a fellow missionary giving his thoughts on the purpose of mission work in India. "It is possible," he said, "that we expect too much from our converts. We need to have more patience and deeper sympathy. Nevertheless all genuine efforts put forth for the Kingdom of God must produce

some fruit in due time. He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet. If we are not weary in well doing we shall reap in due season, like the husbandman who has to wait for the harvest. Christ himself did not have many followers. Carey and Judson had to wait seven years for their first convert. Let us labour in faith, fully believing that the harvest will come in God's good time." These words may at first appear like platitudes of the pulpit, but are they not divine truths upon which every worker in the Kingdom of God must base his efforts?

As a preacher to his own countrymen he was much appreciated. His ministry at the Union Church, Mussoorie, and the Kellogg Memorial Church, Landour, was helpful to many who had come up from the plains for rest. His doctrine was of the evangelical school of the last century. He was an admirer of C. H. Spurgeon and Alexander Maclaren, and he never tired of quoting incidents in the life of Bunyan and other old divines. In his early days in India he was very outspoken on matters of national righteousness, and he was called a "fighting iconoclast." He traced the Mutiny to the inconsistency of representatives of a Christian Government offering gifts of money and cloth to idols and idol temples. He thought he saw in the Orissa famine the retributive justice of God on India for her connection with the opium traffic. And for years he prophesied that no blessing would come to a nation that encouraged drink among the natives.

In glancing over a number of his sermons—many of which were neatly written in books, and some were printed for distribution, it is noticed that wherever he takes his text he soon comes to the central facts of life—sin, salvation and the love of God. In the background of all his discourses there is a deep sense of the broken law, but in the foreground he was always setting forth the grace of God. "The longer I live," he wrote in 1902, "the more I love to dwell on these two topics—the lost sinner, and the great and loving Saviour." At the end of more than one of his sermons, he added the invocation, "The Lord bless this sermon to the glory of Christ." His later sermons were full of the Saviour; His incarnation, transfiguration, crucifixion, resurrection and ascension were favourite themes for his Sunday morning talks. Some of these as well as a series of articles on the kindly considerateness of Christ, appeared in the "Bombay Guardian" during 1901—4.

His pulpit doctrines and his life's practice were derived from the Scriptures themselves. From his early days on the cairn at Newport, to his last days in his home in Landour, his Bible was ever by his side if not in his hands. His life was sanctified by the Word. Those who roused his indignation most were the "higher critics" and "down graders" who tried to belittle the beauty and truth of the Holy Scriptures.

It was in his home life that Mr. Evans will long be remembered by many. His heart was ever over-flowing with love and sympathy for others,

and this cemented a happy family circle and built up an extensive friendship. He was one of the best tempered men to be met with. One who lived with him for a few years said that in all his intercourse with him he never saw his temper ruffled. His evenings with his family and friends were ideal gatherings. After the day's exacting labours, sometimes in the worst of weather, he would throw off every burden and become as merry as a child. His fund of anecdotes and stories was always at command on these occasions, and his humour and laugh were infectious. And when the evening's diversion was over he would bring out the Bible, read the portion and sweetly and solemnly offer prayer. Morning and evening the family altar was maintained, and the exercises were not hurried through, as in some cases, but were the outcome of true religion. And thus, up to the last, in the pulpit and in his home he would

"Point to higher worlds and lead the way."

He had a Welshman's natural love of song. It had been his comfort in his lonely missionary journeys. He would break out with the strain of some familiar Welsh tune in train, in boat, or by the wayside. He was an enthusiast in native singing, and much of the good singing among the native Christians in his former stations was due to his inspiring lessons. But the songs of his native land were those he loved best. His great pleasure at special family gatherings was to join in the well known hymns of praise in English;

but the height of bliss was not reached until, with closed eyes, head back and a radiant face, he would burst forth with a silvery voice, in the song, "O fryniau Caersalem."

No wonder that from such a home have gone forth servants of Jesus Christ to follow in their father's footsteps. His son, Dr. Elgar Evans, at an early age expressed a desire to become a missionary, and after receiving a medical training at Edinburgh, he was appointed by the London Mission, in 1902, to Kactura, near Mirzapore.

His daughter, Margaret, was married in 1895 to the Rev. Frank Russell, of the Canadian Presbyterian Mission, Central India, and with their exertions and under the fostering care of Miss O'Hara, a noble mission work has grown up at Dhar.

A short reference should lastly be made to the career of his son, Ernest Rowe Evans, of Neath. Born, as already noticed, in Calcutta in 1866, he was educated at Blackheath College. When only nineteen years of age he accepted the pastorate of the Baptist Church, at Llantarnam, where he remained for four years doing useful work. At the close of this period he removed to Merthyr, where he laboured until he accepted, in the spring of 1892, a call to Neath. Here he was remarkably happy and successful in his work, and was instrumental in building up a strong and living church at Orchard Place. His activities were not confined to his own communion, but to churches of all names and to philanthropic agencies of all kinds he gave his strong support. His popularity as a

preacher and lecturer was so great that his services were in request from all parts of the country. Like his father he was particularly active in temperance work. With a commanding presence, a graceful manner and a large heart he was loved by everybody. He died on the 31st August 1899, at the age of thirty-three. He left a widow and three children to mourn his loss, but it is no exaggeration to say that the whole town and district of Neath mourned the departure of this gifted preacher of the gospel.

APPENDIX.

ROYAL OPIUM COMMISSION.

The following Report is taken from the *Englishman* of the 24th November, 1893 :—

The members of the Commission were Lord Brassey, chairman; Sir James Lyall, Mr. R. G. C. Mowbray, Mr. Arthur Pearce, Sir William Roberts, M.D., Mr. H.J. Wilson, Sir Charles Bernard, secretary.

The first witness examined at yesterday's sitting of the Royal Opium Commission was the Rev. Thomas Evans, who, in answer to questions put by the President, said:—"I have been in India for thirty-eight years. I have been engaged in mission work until lately when I retired. For the last few years I have been especially engaged in the promotion of temperance work among the natives of India.

My chief attention, with regard to the Indian 'abkari" department has been devoted to the question of strong drinks. At the same time I have not mixed up, as a missionary, with the people of India for the last thirty-eight years without having had numerous opportunities of discovering that the use of opium is as prevalent a vice among them, if not more so, than the indulgence in alcohol. Indeed, in many cases opium finds free admission into wealthy families where strong drink would not be tolerated.

The Shastras of the Hindus, as well as the Koran of the Muhammedans, strongly prohibits the use of alcohol; while, as far as I am aware, opium is not thus forbidden. I heard yesterday from a native gentleman of high caste that this drug is more or less in use among all classes of the people of India. The simple fact that opium produces such a large

amount of revenue to the Government is at once a proof of its popularity. In the N.-W.P. alone no less than Rs. 748,270 was realised by way of opium revenue in the year 1892, while in Oudh there was the sum of Rs. 108,753; and in both cases there was an increase over the previous year.

The revenue from opium and hemp drugs in the Punjab for 1891—2 was Rs. 619,595, and for 1892—3 Rs. 649,330. This same sort of increase is seen in nearly all other parts of India, and especially in the Central Province.

As to the use for which the people of India generally consume opium. While no doubt many use it medicinally, yet I am of opinion that this is not the general reason. It is common to hear of poor mothers giving it to their children in order to put them to sleep while they are away at work, and of late years this practice has greatly increased in the case of women who are employed at the various factories. I am told by a reliable authority that great havoc is made among little children by the over-doses of opium given them. Then if a wife is jealous of her husband it is a common practice to resort to opium to put an end to life. But from all I have been able to gather in my intercourse with the people, I find that the drug is chiefly used on account of its aphrodisiacal properties.

As to any special cases that have come under my immediate notice and with which I have had to do, I can just now call to mind the following instances. One case is that of the pundit who taught me the Hindi language and whose name was Paramanund; he was a Christian convert at Agra, and during the Mutiny was killed at Muttra. This man had been for years, while yet a Hindu devotee, in the habit of eating opium. Every possible effort was made to cure him of the habit, but in vain. I have often seen him walking along by my side with his eyes closed, and it was with the greatest difficulty I could keep him awake while teaching me the language. He himself often said that he deeply felt the disgrace of his position, but that he could not possibly live without his daily dose of opium.

Another case was that of a young Brahmin, a fine Sanscrit scholar. He became a convert to Christianity at Allahabad in the year 1870, and he often preached with me in the bazar. I was not at first aware of his opium propensities, although I could see a strange restlessness in his eyes and some eccentric conduct. At last it all came out and his sad story was that some years before an old woman had persuaded him to take opium as a preventive from cold. The dose went on increasing by degrees until at last he had become a slave to the habit. I did all in my power to get him to relinquish the vice, but was compelled at last to give him up as a hopeless case and turn him out of the mission.

Another case was that of a tinman in Allahabad. This poor victim looked so emaciated and wretched that I one day asked him if he was ill. He said, 'Yes, and I cannot be cured.' I answered 'Why?' His pitiable reply was, 'I am a *kaidi* (prisoner) shut up in the prison of *afeem* (opium) and cannot possibly find a way out.' I pitied the poor fellow, and in order to induce him to make a strong effort to conquer the vice I offered him five rupees if he kept from the opium for five days, and I asked his masters to watch over him. He held out for three days and then broke out saying that no amount of money could compensate for the horrible craving for the drug which made his life a burden.

A common expression with opium eaters when they cannot get the drug is to say 'sub budden tut jata hai,' that is, 'the whole body is going to pieces.'

Such is the agony of the fearful opium crave that the poor victim who suffers from it will beg, borrow, or steal in order to secure a fresh supply of the drug. Such, in brief, has been my observation of opium victims, though of course the instances above given were extreme cases. But opium, like alcohol, is a crave which grows on one insidiously and like a deadly hydra, folding its shiny coils round its victims by slow degrees until at last the fearful craving crushes its votaries to death.

I have found that, as a rule, opium habits are formed in

early life, mothers administering it to their children. Then there are other cases in which men take to the indulgence of opium and bhang and ganja and charus, when they resolve to lead the life of religious ascetics, as nearly all devotees in India indulge largely in stimulants, which among them is not considered a disgrace, for they are freed from the trammels of social life.

As to the question whether opium victims ever give up the habit, I would not say that there are no exceptions, yet as a rule they do not give it up. In proof of this I may state that during my travels through India for the last four years, to promote temperance work among the natives, while I have been able in connection with the Anglo-Indian Temperance Association to organise about 130 anti-alchohol societies which include about 100,000 members, I have not been able to find a single person willing to give up the use of opium, and I have often been asked to say that members need only sign against liquor. As far as my experience goes I do not think that five per cent. of confirmed opium eaters, and not one in 1,000 of chundu smokers, ever relinquish the evil habit till death sets them free.

Smoking opium appears much more deleterious than eating or drinking it. The fumes of the poison seem to affect the lungs and through them the blood with greater virulence than is the case when otherwise taken. We well know that the smoking of chundu (which is clarified opium) is much more injurious than that of eating or drinking the drug. This may account for the fact that the Sikhs in the Punjab and others who use opium as a drink with their food, do not suffer nearly as much from its evil effects as those do who smoke it.

As to the question whether opium is a preventative from the effects of malaria or not, I am not competent to give a reliable opinion, but if it be so, it seems strange that our benevolent Government which supplies cholera pills free of charge to people living in places where that sickness prevails, should not be equally liberal in supplying opium pills to its poor subjects residing in malarious districts. And further,

if opium is such a powerful prophylactic, how is it that, while the Chinese in Burma may enjoy the boon, it is strictly forbidden by law to allow the native Burmans either to sell or to purchase it?

Another mystery about this question is this, that while it is supposed that opium is good to those who live in British territory, strange to say, the subjects of native States are forbidden to enjoy this boon by the cultivation of it in their own native country! The Government of India has made a treaty with the States of Mysore, in Southern India, by which the cultivation of opium in that country is strictly prohibited, and if I am not misinformed, the same restriction is enforced upon other Native Princes in India.

With regard to the closing of chundu smoking dens by the order of Government, I am sorry to say that order has been sadly neglected, and it may be that the chief reason for that is the issue of a confidential circular, circulated at the order of the Commissioner of Excise in the N.-W. P. in July 1892. That confidential circular I will now read.

'Confidential. No. 1 of 1892. Date 26th July, 1892.

'From—T. Stoker, Esq., C.S., Commissioner of Excise, North-West Provinces and Oudh. To—All Commissioners and Collectors, North-West Provinces and Oudh.

"Sir, You are already aware that henceforth the chundu and madak smoking is absolutely prohibited on the premises licensed for the sale of the drug. It is impossible to doubt that this prohibition will be followed by the opening in many places of unlicensed places of resort where smokers can obtain the facilities which they require, and that such places will have to be kept under observation, both for general reasons and also with a view to prevent the use of illicit opium.

'As the law now stands, the authorities have no power to suppress consumption on premises when opium or its preparations are not sold. There is nothing in the law to prevent any one opening a saloon for the accommodation of opium smokers who bring their own chundu. He can supply pipes and lamps and service, and charge a fee for

their use, and the law cannot touch him unless he is detected selling opium or its preparations, or found in possession of more than the legal quantity. On this point the opinion of the Board of Revenue is that it is not altogether advisable that such places should be suppressed. Collectors should watch such establishments carefully so as to prevent the sale thereat of illicit opium. The known conditions of chundu smoking render the maintenance of some common place for the consumption of the drug an almost absolute necessity. No effort should be made to suppress such places, as it is better that they should be known, and thus be liable to supervision.'"

The result of indulgence in opium is well known to be degrading and disastrous. The body with all its complicated functions becomes semi-paralysed. Langour, listlessness, and laxity of nerve and limb set in as a natural consequence of opium poisoning. The brain is clouded over by the fumes of the deadly drug, and the moral nature is lowered in tone and character, and becomes so defiled and corrupted that the keen sense of right and wrong is in a large measure annihilated.

As to the question whether or not the cultivators object to using their fields for sowing poppy, I have reason to know that they would rather not do it.

During a residence of ten years in Monghyr, a place surrounded by opium cultivation, I often asked the people if it was their own wish to plant the poppy. The answer, as a rule, was to this effect. 'No, sahib, it is a great trouble, and expensive too, but what are we to do, it is the order of the Sircar (Government) and we are bound to obey.' Besides this, is it not a fact that the Opium Department have a staff of highly-paid officials whose duty it is to visit the villages and to offer large advances of money to those who will consent to cultivate opium? It may not be too much to say that this is the bait which hooks on the cultivators to this work and that without it the probability is, that few, if any, of them would of their own accord give up their fields for poppy planting.

I have every desire, as a loyal subject, to give the Indian Government all possible credit for its good intentions, and I deeply sympathise with its financial pressure. But one cannot forbear asking why not be consistent and say, 'We need the revenue, and therefore we cannot give up the opium trade or the liquor, or the hemp drug traffic.'

This would be straightforward. But, better still, if the Government could see its way to renounce all revenue derived from the vices of its subjects, knowing that that which is morally wrong cannot be politically right, then it would act a noble part, that would command the approval of the Most High. Great Britain lost nothing, but gained by the payment of twenty millions sterling for the emancipation of its slaves in the West Indies, and if our Government in the East Indies would but follow that noble example, the Great God who commands the wealth of the universe could and would more than repay the loss, and cause the financial as well as the political basis of our British rule in India to be established in righteousness, and to be fixed upon a rock as firm as His own eternal promises to reward all those who put their trust in Him, who is the King of Kings and Lord of all.

To Sir James Lyall. Those who keep chundu shops have been partly encouraged by this circular to which I referred. The meaning I attach to the circular is that chundu smokers took encouragement when they heard of it, notwithstanding the fact that the circular was confidential. These 'confidential' things are very apt to leak out and people who are concerned contrive to find out everything very quickly. It may be that these shops cannot be suppressed by the law as it stands at present, but efforts should be made to suppress them. Let the law say that chundu dens shall not be allowed.

Mr. Evans read the following extract from his diary:—

Chundu shop.—We now went down a most filthy narrow lane, and there saw a shop for selling chundu. The owners are Jhanquo Khalef and Syed Abdul Janur. The licence fee per month is Rs. 125. There is a second chundu shop

in Begum Bazar belonging to the same people. Close by the first shop is the smoking den; they rent these places. Pay Rs. 3 for the chundu shop, and Rs. 4 for the big den, about forty feet long and twenty broad. We went there about nine a.m., and the place had then thirty smokers inside; most of them lying down, some asleep. In the evening they told us that some fifty or sixty come, and among them one woman of a bad character. The chundu is prepared in the shop on the other side of the road, and is sold at about Rs. 50 per seer to the smokers, most of whom can only afford to get one or two annas' worth per day. Some smoke as much as four annas' worth daily.

Mr. Evans.—Has not the Government issued an order to close all opium-smoking dens? How then do you keep this?

Shopman.—That I don't know and don't care. I was told when I took my licence to sell chundu; that I could have a smoking den if I only put it twenty-two feet apart from the chundu shop. I have done that and now I can have as many smokers as I like in my den.

Mr. Evans.—Who told you that you could do this?

Shopman.—The excise officer, Babu Harr Mohan. So I am quite safe as the den is twenty-two feet away from the selling shop; you may measure it if you like.

I am glad to know that this confidential circular was condemned and cancelled, and recalled by the Secretary of State. In saying that Government should give up the revenue derived from the vices of its subjects, I do not mean that poppy cultivation should be left alone; that course would never do. It should be prohibited, but allow sufficient opium to be manufactured for medical purposes by restricting a certain portion of land for poppy cultivation. As to how this small quantity of opium should be distributed so that the people who require it medicinally should get it. I would supply hospitals and medical stores with opium, and they could sell it on medical certificate which both European and native practitioners would be in a position to give.

To Mr. Fanshawe.—The provinces which came within my

experience were Agra, Delhi, and Calcutta. I was also ten years in Monghyr and seven years in Allahabad, but my experiences have been chiefly in the N.-W.P. I have had no personal experience with regard to the consumption of opium by Rajputs and Sikhs who are said to use opium as a matter of race. My information is from what I have heard in regard to them. I have not, so far as my experience goes, observed the habit among the natives living in malarious districts of taking opium as a preventive to illness.

Speaking of the habit being taken to in early life I meant that as a rule opium is administered by poor women, mothers, to their little children to put them to sleep when they themselves go to work, and the children are thus early inoculated with the opium craving. Some children may give it up, others take to it again, but they go on from their boyhood. I am not quite sure of the state of native opinion, but what I think about it is this, that natives addicted to the opium habit would be against giving it up; those, on the other hand, who are not addicted to it would be very glad to have the thing abolished. I do not think that there is a general feeling against the opium traffic among the Muhammedans, who are more given to opium than Hindus. The agricultural classes and cultivators would, I think, be in favour of abolishing it. I would not apply what I said with regard to the use of opium as an aphrodisiac to cultivators and villagers; as a general rule, I would distinguish between the evil effects of opium in the interior and in towns where the baneful effects are much larger. I do not know anything of native opinion with regard to the practice of opium eating and opium smoking.

To Mr. Mowbray.—I was not aware that the confidential circular which I read to the Commission was moved for and presented to the House of Commons. I found it very much easier to induce the people of India to join anti-alcoholic societies than anti-opium societies. As to whether the feeling is stronger in favour of opium than of alcohol, the conclusion I came to is that the opium habit is harder to give up. I have not tried to form an idea how one could prohibit

the use of opium among the people; it would be a very difficult work and would take years to accomplish. My personal knowledge of Burma is confined to a visit of three months about three years ago.

With regard to the fact that opium smoking is more common among the Muhammedans than among the Hindus, I think this is because alcoholic drink is forbidden the Muhammedan by his religion, but though it is forbidden they go in for it as fully as the Babus of Calcutta. I do not think that if opium was prohibited they would fall back upon alcohol. Possibly some of them might.

To Mr. Lyall.—The members of the Anti-Alcoholic Society were addicted to alcohol in the proportion of about one-half. Many were not. There were some of the highest Brahmins in the society.

To Mr. Wilson.—The greatest part of this association consisted of educated, high-class Hindus, a great many of whom had been addicted to alcohol. When I spoke of opium being prohibited to a great extent, I referred to its cultivation, but not to its consumption. It is British opium. I did not find the cultivation of poppy popular in Monghyr; at Gaya I also heard this from reliable authority. As to what crops might be cultivated in place of the poppy, the natives have found out recently that the cultivation of sugarcane is much more paying, and they have learnt that opium cultivation is much more risky and a single shower at an inopportune moment causes great damage and loss. They have also found that it requires their best lands, frequent manuring, and a great amount of labour in collecting it day by day. I think that sugarcane and wheat are the best crops that can be substituted. It is not the ryot who cultivates the crop who gets the profits, but the Government and the native officers of Government employ. The opium is purchased from Rs. 4 to 5 per seer, and it is sold in India at from Rs. 16 to 20 by native officers of Government, I mean the native underlings. I cannot say in what way it is done, nor can I say who they personally are. The Government get persons to induce cul-

tivators to lay out their fields under poppy. It may be that these people are paid partly by salary and partly by commission, or that they get *backshish*. It is my impression that they think it is the order of the Sircar (Government) that they should sow poppy. I think that both compulsion and inducement are used, but I think money is the most potent part of it. If the ryot refused to cultivate poppy, I think the tehsildar and patwar would so annoy him that he could not exist in that place. He could not afford to displease them because he would be so harassed. These people have a direct pecuniary interest in the cultivation of opium and they have powers which I am sure they can make the ryot feel.

In answer to further questions put by Mr. Wilson, he said.—I came to this conclusion from conversations I had with cultivators and others at Monghyr, but the persons I speak of may be dead and gone, so that I cannot produce them. As to the question put by Sir James Lyall, a tehsildar would have no direct connection with the matter, but the people would be under the impression that he had; any request made by an official comes to the ryots of India in the light of an order; they look upon it as a *hukum*, and they are afraid to disobey it. The tehsildar could interfere if he liked, but whether he would or not I cannot tell. The people, however, think so. The visit to Dacca referred to in the extract from my diary, read to the Commission was on the 13th January 1893, before the cancellation of the circular, I think.

To Mr. Pearce.—There were no women in the den. There were a few young people there. I learnt on enquiry that one woman of immoral character frequented it. I have no doubt that the zemindars, who are all powerful, put pressure on the ryots.

To Sir William Roberts.—I have for thirty years mixed very freely with the natives—Hindus of the better class. The opium eating habit is more common among the Muhammedans than among the Hindus. I cannot tell what proportion of the adult male population eat opium. I should say

about twenty-five or thirty per cent. of them. The practice is more prevalent among the upper classes, because they can better afford it. I did not see any of the evil effects of opium upon them. Opium smoking has recently been put down by an order of Government, and that has diminished it somewhat, but before that it was on the increase. (Witness here gave a description of the process of chundu manufacture in India, and concluded his evidence by saying that the people in India used it fresh from the pot after preparation).

Printed by the Kingsgate Press, London and Bedford.