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AMY CARMICHAEL
FROM THE FOREST

The story of an Indian girl,
written from the Dohnavur
Children's Holiday Home,
with its vivid description of
jungle life, will fascinate
young and old



This photo shows the peculiar brightness that was his. A guest persuaded the three who were the only foreign workers in Dohnavur at that time to let him "take" them. The Iyer agreed under protest. The third, sympathizing with his anti-photographic feelings said something mischievous. He turned in a flash to answer, and in that flash the only picture that really shows him, was "caught".

THIS ONE THING

Story of Walker of Tinnevely

By

AMY CARMICHAEL

Dohnavur Fellowship



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TO
FELLOW-LOVERS
FELLOW-SERVANTS

FOREWORD

DR. Temple, when Archbishop of York, wrote that his father was described by one who knew him as *granite on fire*. So might the man of this book be described, for he was just that.

The book is the kernel of a larger one, now out of print. It has been possible to deepen it here and there in a way impossible when it was first written. Walker of Tinnevely, known as Walker Iyer, or, to his inner circle, as simply the Iyer (Iyer is an Indian title of respect, in this case of affection also), did one thing—*This one thing I do*; he had no time to do anything else, for the vows of God were on him from the first day to the last. So the book is the story of a single-hearted man, very conscious of the vows of his God.

Indian friends, and others, have asked for the story again. It is written that Peter and John being let go from the clamour of talk came to their own company. There are some now who, weary of that same entangling thing, escape from it and come with an infinite sense of relief to their own company, where the things that are seen count for little and the things that are not seen count for everything. One of these, a man of to-day, has put the thought of his brother of yesterday into clear words: "History cries out against the notion that a vigorous corporate life can be achieved and a lasting impact can be made by any community which makes few or no demands on its membership."* *This One Thing* is meant for those who speak that language, breathe that air. It will have no voice for anyone else.

A. C.

Dohnavur Fellowship
Tiru-nel-véli,
S. India.

* Dr. Douglas Johnson, Inter-Varsity Fellowship

PHOTOGRAPHS

Taken by Murray Webb-Peploe, Thyaha Raj, Frances Beath, Terence Addenbrooke and Bertie Berdoe, except two (the tents and the burned-down house) which were recovered from old, faded prints.

PLACE-NAMES

Most Indian place-names have been so mangled that they do not give either true sound or sense. Tinnevely should be Tiru-nelvéli; Palamcottah, Paliām-Kōttai. The first conveys the thought of vast reaches of rice lands, to the Tamil, as a Divine gift, truly worthy of the prefix, *Tiru* (holy); and the second tells of warfare, the Fort of the Camp.

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Erratum: Page 128, Illustration, read VAISHNAVITE for VISHNUVITE

QUITE WITHIN THE MASTER'S HANDS

It was an evening bright with star-shine in South India, early in the 'nineties, and three friends were resting in their deck-chairs set out in the compound to catch the breeze which swept up from the sea and cooled the air after a fiery day. The talk, turned by some trivial event of the time, chanced to be about old ways of keeping the Lord's Day, and this was one of the stories told:

My great-great-grandfather was in business in Kendal, when one Saturday morning he discovered his partner had absconded with papers and money, and so he started in pursuit. He reached Lancaster that evening by coach and had to wait there, for he would not travel on Sunday; and he used to say he had never spent a happier Sunday. Next morning early he went off to catch the coach to Liverpool, for he felt sure his partner would try to escape from the country by the nearest port. He was running round a corner of the street, fearing to miss the coach, when he ran straight into a man and almost knocked him over. It was his absconding partner, with all the papers and money upon him.

The Tamil has a proverb expressed in six words which shows this: a pot of rice set to boil, the cook taking out a single pickle of rice, rubbing it between her fingers, knowing by that single pickle the consistency of the whole potful. Just so, the Tamil would say, this single small story shows the quality of the family of the boy born upon the 9th February 1859, fourth son of Richard and Isabella Walker of Matlock, Bath. Thomas was the name his parents gave him, but he was Tom, never Thomas, to his family. He had six brothers and three sisters.

He was seventeen when the change passed over him which is known by so many names, and stands for so much more than any one of them, taken singly can

express. Conversion was the word he used by preference; the definite ring of it suited his spirit. He was at Sheffield at the time, and one day, while attending a Bible-class taken by his Vicar, he was impressed by the subject, the parable of the two builders. After the class he went straight to his room, gave himself to God, and wrote to his mother to tell her he had done so. His father had planned a business career for him, but month by month his desire grew stronger to turn from all ways of earthly gain and to live for other ends. "It's no good, Pollie," he wrote to his sister, "I cannot be a fisher of loaves, I must be a fisher of men." His sister told his mother, who soon afterwards went to Sheffield to see him and he opened his heart to her. That talk led to his return home. In October 1878 he went up to St. John's, Cambridge, Henry Martyn's college, as he delighted to remember.

He took Mathematics for his subject and in his second year was placed in the first class with men who were to be wranglers of the year. So it was a disappointment when a bad spell of sleeplessness wrecked him just when he wanted to be at his fittest, and he came out as the first senior optime (first in the second class). This disappointment had an abiding influence. It made him very gentle with any, who, after honest effort, failed.

"Far too much time spent upon preliminaries; you are half-way through before you get to the point," was his criticism in later years of an otherwise excellent missionary biography, the point to a missionary, being, of course, entrance upon missionary work. So a few words shall cover his two years of curate life in London. He was greatly loved there, and tasted the joys of the winner of souls. Then there came a day when Dr. Moule, speaking in Exeter Hall, used the illustration of the servant giving his ear to be bored in token that he would not go out free. That word was as fire; it leaped to the heart of the young curate and it swept his soul that night. Thereafter it possessed him, it impelled him. Home, the home work which he loved, his will which unconsciously to himself





had not been wholly yielded, all went down before it. In telling of it, as he did sometimes when asked what had brought him to India, he always told it in the same way, no word rearranged; for like the child who faithfully keeps to the words which first opened the delight of a new story, so he seemed to hold as almost sacred the very wording of the sentence which had opened a heavenly vision to him, and had led him into obedience to that heavenly vision. This is how he told it:

It was at a meeting at Exeter Hall. Moule was speaking; he asked us to put both our hands quite within the Master's hands. And that meant doing anything, going anywhere; and so I am here.

He had already offered to the C.M.S., but there had been an inward choice as to his sphere of work which was recognized by him in that flash of swift intuition as not of the Spirit but of the flesh; it was now laid down for ever. "I decided that night to re-offer, this time for anywhere. I could not do otherwise when I had put my hands quite within the Master's hands."

Immediately came the test as to whether both hands were truly "quite within the Master's hands." The doctor passed him for Ispahan (Persia) or some fairly healthy climate. Nothing could have been naturally more congenial to him than Persia; "If the way opens as it appears to be doing, what a glorious privilege it will be," he wrote to his sister. But later to his mother, "There is a little doubt as to the station to which I shall be assigned. *Let my sentence come forth from Thy presence.*"

It was not to be Persia, but a place opposite in every way to that region of magnificent highlands and historical fascination. There are some fields which attract the ardent. Tiru-nel-véli is not one of these. On a missionary map it appears to be evangelized (many imagine that this is true), and so, although it is a door, the southern door, that opens into the whole vast land of India, there is no magic in the name, and no allure. It stands for

plain, hot prose. Only, and this outweighed all, there was a need, and he who was called to meet that need never doubted that his sentence had come forth from the Presence.

He was no plaster saint; he "was a man subject to like passions as we are"—the old words are refreshing in their simplicity—but he was true as steel, steadfast of purpose, and filled with a burning earnestness that nothing, not even the cooling influences of time, could chill. And he loved the beauty of the world, and could enjoy a joke. There was friendliness too, and willingness to do anything to help another, and great powers of loving hidden away under a reserved manner which at first put some people off. Perhaps everybody saw most clearly the Spartan side of his character, the side that comes out in the first letter to his mother from S.S. *Clan Grant*, 19th October 1885.

In those days the comforts of life did not include electric light or fans, or ices in the middle of the hot morning, or indeed any of the alleviations of tropical trials that later became almost necessities. But he writes of the appointments of the ship as "too good to suit my taste, I am tired of modern luxuries when I think of the Master who had not where to lay His head." All through his life he abhorred luxuries. In his copy of Brainerd the prayer, "Send me forth from all that is called comfort on earth," is deeply underscored.

A little prose poem written many years ago by Nathan Brown of Burma, Assam, and Japan, came his way about that time and put his deepest thoughts into words:

My soul is not at rest, there comes a strange and secret
whisper to my spirit like a dream of night, that tells me I am on
enchanted ground.

The voice of my departed Lord, Go! teach all nations!, comes
on the night air and awakes mine ear!

Why stay I here? the vows of God are on me, and I may no
longer stop to play with shadows or pluck earthly flowers, till
I my work have done and rendered up account.

And I will go; I may no longer doubt to give up friends and idle hopes and every tie that binds my heart to thee, my country.

Henceforth it matters not, if storm or sunshine be my earthly lot, bitter or sweet my cup; I only pray, God make me holy and my spirit nerve for the stern hour of strife.

Through ages of eternal years my spirit never shall repent that toil and suffering once were mine below.

II. (1885-7)

HE THAT THOLES OVERCOMES*

A JOURNAL, the pith of which helps to make this book, begins in Palamcottah (Palam-Kottai), headquarters of C.M.S. work, Tinnevely (Tiru-nel-véli), upon 1st December 1885. It was kept in obedience to an old C.M.S. rule and faithfully night by night, two or three lines or less, record the outstanding events of the day. During the earlier years the journal often turns inward, then it becomes entirely impersonal, engrossed in the work. The last pages have little that can be copied. You cannot put into words the sound of swift feet racing round the course; the last entries are just that.

In some missionary biographies the new worker is shown almost at once blessedly at work. He takes the language in his stride, at a spring as it were. But when a difficult tongue has to be mastered, the fact is different. This journal, at any rate, shows plod, not spring:

Quiet day, learning Tamil words, and trying to hear and speak. Very disheartened, for my ear so slow to catch the sounds. The Lord give me grace and patience. Evening, fireflies flitting brightly in the darkness. Great idol day. Beating of drums and tom-toms. They keep it up all night, working themselves into a frenzy. Bishop Sargent [with whom he was living] says they keep it up till one is supposed to be possessed by a demon who acts then as oracle; they sacrifice sheep, and drink blood as it flows from wound. . . . Tamil-learning again; progress very slow—a more determined set at my Tamil vocabulary. Have to work really hard to commit the words to memory. Insects a great hindrance to my reading, eye-flies by day and mosquitoes by night . . . Morning chapter encouraging. "Who made man's mouth?" Surely He can give me grace for this language-learning but I have made poor headway to-day. . . .

* From *Leaves from the Life of a Country Doctor*, by Crockett, (Moray, Edinburgh).

A new *munshi* [language teacher]. We went back to first sounds with him; he made me more disheartened than ever, while at the same time correcting many of my faults.

And so it goes on almost monotonously, but it is the monotony of honesty:

Day spent chiefly in reading. Progress very slow, I fear. Find difficulties in language constantly accumulating. This week has seen so little done. But "In patience possess ye your souls." . . . Floundering in Tamil; seem to make literally no headway; great stupidity with my *munshi*. . . . Felt heat dreadfully to-day, and so had my reading seriously hindered. . . . Almost too hot to enjoy my Bible. Alas, that the flesh should so prevail. . . . Hot, but not impossible to work. Bishop encouraged me about my Tamil, but I am far from satisfied myself. . . . Not very successful day, head heavy and heart hard; yet sun-gleams. . . . First Tamil examination. Did badly enough, but God's help not deficient. O for the tongue of the learned!

Years afterwards, this journal, with what its writer called its "groans," was produced for the benefit of a younger learner, then in the thralls of despair. Very patiently and seriously, with full belief in the efficacy of the proffered consolation, the writer thereof read these groans aloud. "So you see you are not the first one who has been tempted to be discouraged." "But *you* were discouraged because you had set such a high standard for yourself," the uncomforted student responded gloomily, to be quenched by a crushing, "You know nothing whatever about it!" And the journal was put away in disgust at the denseness which could not perceive that the two cases, his and hers, were exactly parallel.

There had been one break in the first year's work. The mountains, so near, were alluring to one who was at heart a mountaineer; so he went off for a day's climb. But, coming down, he slipped.

I was hurled, head first, down a steep, perpendicular rock. I knew then what it was to be face to face with death. I

turned over in the air, and expected to fall dead at the bottom, but I found myself lying in a pool of water in the valley stream, with my left leg badly cut and my right shoulder rather painful. I could not help thinking then, God has miraculously saved my life, and the text came to my mind, "I shall not die, but live, and declare the words of the Lord." I bound up the leg-wound tightly with my handkerchief, and climbed up the rocks into the jungle once more. Then I lay down fatigued, and thought I should never escape. God only knows all that passed through my mind as I lay there with swarms of tiger-flies sucking my blood; but one thing I know, I resolved that if ever I were delivered, my life should be more fully consecrated to His service. I made another attempt to get away, but now I found myself with steep rocks before me as well as beneath me, and I knew, at last, that unless God sent help I must perish where I lay.

Help was sent; a search-party found him, and twenty-seven hours after leaving the Bishop's little mountain house he was carried in, badly damaged but safe. "The one thing that shone out among the tumult of my thoughts was a lively sense of God's goodness"—François Coillard's words read later and often quoted, expressed him then. It was an abiding cause of thankfulness that he did not lose his life for the sake of a pleasure, however fine a pleasure.

"All I want is a truer heart, and a stronger faith, and a constraining love for the work of the Gospel," he wrote as he began his second year. The immediate work of the Gospel was still Tamil, and the journal "groans" are as profound as ever. For as the silenced, but not convinced junior had declared, the standard this student set was high, nothing less than the mastery not only of colloquial Tamil, a world in itself, but of the Classical, in which the ancient literature is written. And the ideal was no mere passing of examinations, but the freedom of the language, power to deal with men in it, power to use it in all its many phases as a weapon for the winning of souls. "Do you think I am coaching you for the examination?" he said once to the student he had tried to comfort before

and whom he was preparing for her final. "I am taking you far past what you require for that. But you will want it afterwards."

It is one thing, however, to pass an examination in an Indian language, and quite another to speak it so as to be easily understood. This difficulty was finally conquered; and one of the last of uncounted Tamil addresses—they must have run into thousands—was to a churchful of village children, whose delight when "Our Iyer," as they called him, preached, was explained in direct child fashion: "For it is very interesting, because then the sense is clear (Tamil, *shines*) to us." But the beginning held no promise of the future, and the journal groans again:

Rather humbled by silly mistakes in my Tamil. Things which I knew quite well. How unprofitable I am . . . Munshi impressed upon me the fact that all the reading in the world will not take the place of conversation and speech in Tamil, a fact to humble me. Much difficulty in understanding Tamil spoken. Feeling as usual deaf of ear and tied of tongue.

In the evening went to a preaching under a tree from branches of which a lamp depended. A little pulpit was set. Fair crowd of people sitting on raised mound under tree. Singing and preaching. K. [an Indian brother] and F. spoke, I just concluding; came away much humbled, finding that people, with whom I got a word here and there, did not understand me at all. Must seek to speak always with all. May God bless the meeting, for His Son was lifted up.

Here and there, but rarely, the journal has a word or two about other matters; the cold weather visitor was then, as sometimes now, a doubtful gain:

He will go away with rosy ideas, for he only saw the show part of the work. I should like to trot him out into the heathen towns and Brahman villages, where the darkness is almost unbroken. However, that cannot be, for there is only time for the sights. I should say that this tour will fail just in this point. He is pressed for time, and so can only visit the chief mission stations. At each of them the missionary will be sure to have on

his Sunday best for the occasion, and so he will carry away coloured ideas of missionary work. He ought to take a second tour, to see what is left undone. That would give the other side. We are thankful as we look back, and hopeful as we look forward. But it is quite a mistake to think that the Christian Church has made a very great impression on heathendom yet. Even in Palamcottah, for our hundreds of nominal Christians, we can show thousands of real heathen, and we are supposed to be in the very forefront of victory, while heathen Tinnevely Town, three miles away, reminds us forcibly enough that Satan still reigns in our midst.

During the months of study he took an English Bible-class for young men. Faith is not hard to the new missionary. He expects tokens for good, and when a young Mahratta, after withstanding all his father could do to draw him back, came forward asking for baptism, he was welcomed. "Hope he is true," is one rather cautious entry; in the opinion of those best able to judge, he was true, and he was baptized. "He has my special interest," is the journal entry the night before this baptism. What must the joy of that first sheaf have been? "Sweet first-fruits" are very sweet, the first-won spoils of battle something which can never be forgotten. For a time all went well; then, "saddened by unsatisfactoriness in Mahratta, seems certain he has fabricated wilful falsehoods all along," and a letter to his sister says: "One of our recently baptized youths, in whom I was greatly interested, has turned out a bad lot. Just one of those bitter drops which missionaries have to drink. Fair promise, and apparent sincerity covering over the fickle heart. I couldn't help weeping about him." He that goeth forth and weepeth—must it be always so? *It must.*

"The difficulty in a climate where nature is reluctant to read or pray, is to maintain proper communion with God. I always feel weary when bedtime comes and ready to lie down for a stretch; as Mr. L. said, it is prose, not poetry." Thus a letter; and the journal, "Did little, but tired enough by night;" for he was built for cold, not heat,

and "these little things," as he calls the smaller disabilities of life, were burdensome as they seemed to hinder service. "Find my powers of endurance decreasing," is a rather distressed entry; but the prayer of a certain Monday, following the joyful word "Truly a day in Thy courts is better than a thousand," was surely abundantly answered: "Only let me be strong enough for Thy work."

Towards the middle of May 1887, Bishop Sargent pressed the final language examination, knowing that the ten months' study had more than covered the required ground. The journal, however, fears as usual:

Somehow I lose all heart. A big struggle all this for me. . . . Eve of examination. Oh, to be of some use in fulfilling the missionary command. The Lord fit me for His Service. Feel more and more the difficulty of acquiring Tamil. Heat rather trying, but what cause for thankfulness. . . . Results of my examination known to-day. It pleased God to grant me an honourable pass. [His marks were 529 out of 600.] Truly God is good; and now, wisdom for my coming work.

It had not been an easy year. A letter to the sister at home tells something of the innermost:

I have been having rather a "down" time. Cessation from active service does not improve one's spiritual tone, and I find everywhere in myself failure and unsatisfactoriness. What I am feeling the need of is a real faith in the Person and Work of the Son of God, and a soul-absorbing communion with Him. Face to face with those who are ignorant of saving truth, you are obliged to see well to your own foundations. Love is our great object, love to Christ, producing love for perishing souls. May He shed it abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost who is given unto us. I enjoy my Sundays here thoroughly, such opportunities for laying study of other things aside and turning Godwards.

I am glad to hear of the mission stirs. These are times of great activity and privilege. Perhaps the danger lies now not so much on the side of lethargy as on that of neglecting the cultivation of personal religion. It is easy enough (at least so I find it) to go from one meeting to another, and to fill up the day busily

with multifarious occupations, but it is not easy to live in the spirit of prayer and in continual drawing from one's Bible. And, after all, it is not the great rush which accomplishes results, but the steady flow of spiritual power from on high.

I am just beginning to be thoroughly tired of inaction, and don't believe I can possibly endure another year of it. I must do something or other soon. However, God will guide. At least, I am having time to look into my own deadness of heart and unreality of life. I trust the outcome will be a more sincere faith and a more fervent love. I don't think I ever had such despondent times before, as I have here sometimes, and I suppose it is because there is too much opportunity for brooding. There is nothing like preaching Christ to others for strengthening one's own faith in Him. It is too terrible to think of eternal things, except as we kneel at the throne of grace, sprinkled as it is with the Saviour's blood. O that Thou wouldst bless us indeed!

Do some of these entries read a little like that distressing malady, *accidie*? It is true, as letters will show, that depression had an unkind way of clouding the sky at times. But that fatal torpor of the spiritual life was conquered, for "he that tholes, overcomes" is true in more senses than one. And the experience gained was used to help others. Some will recall the description of the afflicted monk:

He has a poor and scornful opinion of his brethren near and far and thinks that they are neglectful and unspiritual. He dwells much on the excellence of other and distant monasteries; he thinks how profitable, and healthy life is there, how delightful the brethren are, and how spiritually they talk. On the contrary, where he is, all seems harsh and untoward; there is no refreshment to be got from his brethren and none for his body from the thankless land.*

That kind of *accidie* did not come into the picture. It was always others who did well, he who failed. And all through his life he made much of them that feared the Lord.

* *The Spirit of Discipline*, Francis Paget, Introductory Essay, page 8.

And they made much of him. Even so, he had candid friends: "Was told to-day some noticed my cold and reserved manner" is a journal entry. There was probably cause. He could be frosty, indeed frigid, and bleak as a cliff on a sunless day. But he was truly humble-minded. That note ends, "Lord, make me genial in Thy service."

Most mission stations give good opportunities to learn to thole and so to overcome. One such, only a trifle, but remembered, and worth telling because of its happy ending, was offered by the missionary prayer-meeting. There is nothing more open to attack than such a meeting. If the devil cannot stop it altogether his delight is to dull it. It can be entirely ineffective because there is no vital unity among those who meet to pray. It can be lacking in anything approaching fervency and urgency. It can be exceedingly flat. This new missionary found the weekly prayer-meeting held in the Bishop's house heavy going. There was no singing at all, and it occurred to him that a hymn-book he had found helpful at home might help there. So he sent for a dozen nicely bound copies, and after making sure (as he believed) that no one objected, he handed them round. But some did object. It was an innovation, and all do not appreciate innovations. Religious ruts are comfortable. Why disturb them? The offending hymn-books were hurriedly withdrawn.

But this was not the end of the story. The prayer-meeting changed its mind, and so thoroughly, that years afterwards a friend recalling the incident, forgot the little space between rejection and acceptance, and remembered only the tactful way in which the change was introduced. No one but he who, feeling distinctly baffled, put his "nicely bound hymn-books" out of the way in his tin-lined box, remembered those hours, when the opposer of life and warmth in a prayer-meeting (who must have been much gratified) had doubtless a good deal to say.

Dr. Zwemer, valiant missionary to the Muslim world, found in a Rhenish mission-house in Sumatra the perfect words for such an hour.

He translated them thus:

Light of Eternity, Light Divine,
Into my darkness shine.
That the small may appear small
And the great, greatest of all,
O Light of Eternity, shine.

That the small may appear small—how small ruffled feelings are—and the great—humility, love—greatest of all, O Light of Eternity, shine.

III. (1887)

CAMP

At that time India was a very peaceful land. Men of the I.C.S. were going about continually, riding, or driving in their little bullock-carts, "fathering" their people, who trusted them, and called them, in the Eastern way, "father and mother." In those days there was less office work, and much less red tape. Disputes were often settled under shady mango trees on the outskirts of a village. There was peace everywhere.

Only twice, in the South, during some fifty years was that peace broken. Once a sudden flare up of caste feeling led to the burning of thatched cottages—they looked like Guy Fawkes bonfires along the rim of the horizon; and some headless bodies were strewn here and there on the village streets. This was soon ended. The other was more serious. Agitators from the North incited the Moplahs (a sect of Muslims) to loot their Hindu neighbours on the other side of the mountains and forcibly convert them—the alternative was the village well into which they stuffed those who refused. This also was soon ended. Apart from these two small eruptions of the Etna which is India, life flowed peacefully.

As many know, India lives for the most part in villages, and in this corner of the South, in country towns. Here the religious life of the land goes on as it has gone on for centuries, not much affected by new influences. Many an old-world village was like a pool with big ancient trees round it; drop a stone into the pool, and there is a ripple; wait, and in a little while all is still again.

Spiritually speaking, this is true even now, with this difference: when there has been an opportunity to show love in action, there is a new willingness to listen to the

Gospel message and to buy Gospel literature. Truly "Work is love made visible." But if there be obedience to the heavenly vision, then, among the orthodox castes, there is, as there always has been, serious trouble. And the grief of it is that it is impossible not to sympathize with those who see their cherished caste rules broken and their gods forsaken. If only India would resolve to be as China and Japan are, with regard to religious freedom, all would be different. So far, she has not done so.

Politically speaking, nothing could be more untrue than to think of things as being what they were fifty or sixty years ago. But Matthew Arnold's familiar lines may even yet prove to be in point,

The East bowed down before the blast
 In patient, deep disdain;
 She let the legions thunder past
 And plunged in thought again.

Tiru-nel-véli with the kingdom of Travancore fills the southern tip of India; it is divided from Travancore by the Western Ghats, a splendid range of mountains which sweeps in semi-circles down to the sea, dropping suddenly all but into the Indian Ocean. The wide plain is cut into unequal parts by a river (called the Solon by the Greeks in the days of Ptolemy, but, long before that, and now, the Tamra-parni—the Copper-coloured, as the name means): a rushing, beautiful river in flood-time, at other times a waste of sand with a trickle of water in the middle. On either side of the river there is, in the season of young rice, a broad ribbon of emerald—"living green" is the only descriptive word. Great evergreen trees stand in groups about the river-bed, and lead in noble avenues to towns which are almost as wholly Hindu as they were before the name of Christ was heard in India. Each town has its temple with the massive carved towers peculiar to Southern India. The temple is surrounded by a high wall, striped red and white. Often there is another outside the inner wall. There is usually a pillared hall (or

halls), leading to the central shrine. The place is full of secrets. No Christian is allowed into the innermost shrine. Round about the outer wall is the Brahman quarter. At a little distance live the other castes, cluster after cluster, till the outermost is reached. In some of the towns there are a few Christians, but the greater number come from beyond the green ribbons that follow the little rivers which flow from the western hills. In the south the oasis ends in terra-cotta coloured sand, dotted all over with tall, straight palmyra palms; in the north there are miles of black cotton-soil.

Except for the result of mass movement work which affects mainly one caste, and except for the comparatively few Christians from other castes, the district is Hindu in religion, with here and there settlements of Muslims. Of the nearly three thousand temples, forty-two are regarded as specially holy, and pilgrims from the far north may be met in the hostels attached to such temples. To this very ancient, very orthodox, community, or group of communities, now came a man sent of God, burning with ardour, and with no thought in his heart but to give his all for the sake of these to whom he was sent.

Camp life, with four or five young men in training for the ministry, began on 5th July. The day before was given to preparation, packing of tents and *saman* (impedimenta of all sorts). And that day this prayer from Bishop Andrews (1555-1626) was copied down upon a half sheet of paper and slipped into the back of the journal: "Be Thou, O Lord, within me, to strengthen me; without me, to watch me; over me, to cover me; under me, to hold me up; before me, to lead me; behind me, to bring me back; round about me, to keep off mine enemies on every side." "Lord, go before," is the last entry, written just as the jingle of bullock bells in the compound told that all was ready for the start: "If Thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence."

The first week's journal is like a thumb-nail sketch of life as the itinerator finds it. The colours were left to be painted in when their true values were determined.

Hints haunt me ever of a More beyond;
I am rebuked by a sense of the incomplete,
Of a completion oversoon assumed—
Of adding up too soon.

The words might have been his own. His tendency was always to *meiosis*.

Camp régime followed a fairly constant rule. In order to reach people who began work early in their fields, it was necessary to be off by sunrise. So, long before the stars had set, little lights began to glimmer in the two or three tents where the Iyer and his band of young men were sleeping. However early the start, there was quiet first. At about six o'clock the camp boy brought a teapot of tea, a rack of toast and two or three plantains, as bananas are called in India. Then there was prayer together, and they were off.

Sometimes there was a mile or two of walk on the road, or they followed one another single-file along the narrow ridges that run between the unhedged acres of sloppy rice-fields and make convenient paths. There might be chances for talk with peasants in the fields; or, in the quarter of a village where the craftsmen forgathered, a meeting might be possible. Sometimes the more leisured folk who spend the first hour of dawn in ceremonial bathing in the nearest stream (regarded as sacred), and in the worship which is part of the morning ritual, would be sitting on their verandas, and there would be talk with one or another. Or the band would stand at the corner of some friendly street and preach to any who cared to listen, mixing their speech with much singing or chanting in the Indian way.

Noon found them back in camp for a bath, and a meal of curry and rice, cleverly cooked by the camp boy in a makeshift kitchen, where three large stones made the

fireplace, and a kerosene oil tin, the oven. Then there was prayer over the morning's work, and Bible study; and, while the men rested, their leader read or studied Tamil till tea-time in the late afternoon. After tea the band went out again.

This time usually street preachings with long conversations afterwards, were possible. "They could tell us of no way of salvation, so we told them of Jesus," is a line from the journal. It was always like that:

None other Lamb, none other Name,
None other Hope in heaven or earth or sea,
None other Hiding Place from guilt and shame
None beside Thee.

"Lord, shine forth, let them see Thee, let them know that this is true!"

The time for the evening meal varied according to the distance the campers had to walk, but it was generally soon after sunset. Then there was stillness. Seen from a little distance the lantern-lit tents looked like a cluster of glow-worms in the early dark. "And there was a Voice from the firmament that was over their heads, when they had stood and had let down their wings"—that was true of at least some who kept that evening watch. And so the day closed as it had opened, in quietness. "Oh, for souls! Freedom in Tamil, power to win souls—Lord, give me these" is the burden of all the journal prayer of that first week in camp.

This was an ideal day: all days were not ideal. The Holy Spirit had not said of all in that evangelistic band, Separate them unto Me for the work whereunto I have called them. So there was travail over some, and their young leader had to be often on his knees.

But he soon learned, for he was very humble, that India had something to give him, perhaps chiefly patience. He was one burning note of energy and will to work, a difficulty was simply something to be overcome as quickly as possible. Patience is not easy to such a man. But

India cannot understand the impatient; quiet persistence she can understand, but not the hurry that sometimes rides roughshod over the gentler graces of life. So, patiently, as is her wont, she taught her new missionary patience.

Tamil was still as engrossing as ever. "Disheartened again over Tamil; can't write idiomatically a bit" is a journal entry; and to his sister he writes: "It takes such a long time to get into the ins and outs of these Indian languages, and then, though you may know how to speak and what word to use, there is the enormous difficulty of proper pronunciation. However, on we go, trying and struggling. When I reach Palamcottah, I shall, I think, spend five or six weeks there, for I want to have my munshi again and go on with Tamil study. I am only a stammerer in it yet, and it is an endless kind of language which requires a lifetime's study to do it justice."*

There was a break caused by illness, then a fresh tour with the ordinary routine and the varying experiences common to all such work: crowds, attentive and the reverse; visitors to the tent, hopeful talks, and hours when it seemed as if words fell without effect; contact with Christians in the different camping villages; reading and prayer with the members of the itinerating band; and that which was meat and drink to their leader, his own private Bible-study in Hebrew, Greek, and English. Often a day's record ends with prayer, prayer for power to exalt Christ, to be filled with the Spirit; that his witness may be purified, empowered; that he may be given the love that yearns over souls, that passion for souls that was his Lord's.

* His munshis were among his dearest friends. They were learned men, faithful in affection and very lovable. Let no one come to India who is not prepared to love her people. We British have done much for India, more than she as yet recognizes; but we have not loved enough. And it is love that she values far above material things. To that call she responds. A Tamil Classic (A.D. 700-1200) frequently deals with friendship. This is the noble way it touches on disappointment in friendship:

When those to whom with strong desire we clung as good, prove otherwise, keep the sad secret hid—cling to them still. The growing grain has husks; the water has its foam; flowers, too, have scentless outer sheaths of leaves.



Palamcottah temple tower and pool, dominant still, in one of the chief centres of Christianity in the South.





This is the outer wall surrounding the temple of a little country town, wholly Hindu, near Dohnavur. Within it is another massive wall. These walls in their height and length give some indication of the unshaken strength of Hinduism.

After some months' work among the scattered villages, the band went to Tiru-chendur, a strong Hindu fortress on the sea coast: "Much rude opposition, though some spoke kindly. Saddened, for here idolatry appears in the very faces of many. Oh, for the mind of Christ," is the journal entry now, and it goes on:

Out round the town. Much opposition again, but got quiet hearings. Visit from the temple poet, and an old man, a Vedanti [one skilled in the school of Pantheism known as the Vedanta system], a very pleasing man, but quite set on his idea of religion. Evening, out again, first in the Brahman quarter, where they listened to me kindly, then on to a new station, where we were followed by some young Brahmans and others, with printed papers from Madras against Christianity. Much time consumed in answering them, after which we were left in peace to pursue our preaching course, the people evidently regarding us with no feeling of friendliness. The Lord turn their hearts. Have felt to-day that it is a real fight with Satan. O to be strong in Christ.

A home-letter tells the story of that morning in more detail. The disturbance reached its climax on the last morning of their stay in the town:

We had crossed one of the long Brahman streets into a little shepherd quarter close at hand. The Brahman youths followed us in force, this time not for a counter preaching, but bent on a more direct and active molestation. A scene of confusion ensued. They attempted to drown our Christian lyrics by boisterous shouts and songs. Stones were flung, one of which struck me in the back; a young Brahman took a handful of earth and threw it up in my face. I singled out an old Brahman who was standing near, and tried to explain that they were quite mistaking the meaning and purpose of our preaching, for we were friends, not foes. He was somewhat wrathful, but eventually quieted down, and he and I conversed together.

At last the band came away and knelt down together in the little rest-house where they were quartered, and

prayed, Lord, grant unto Thy servants that with all boldness they may speak Thy word. And the home-letter ends, "Will not you unite your voice with ours in the old missionary prayer, 'Rule Thou in the midst of Thine enemies' in Tiru-chendur, in Tinnevely, in India at large, in every land?"

IV. (1885-89)

EARLY LETTERS BETWEEN 1885 AND 1889

To his mother:

There is such need of workers. Tinnevely is not half the Christian province which people represent it to be in England. Let me give you an example. Just across the river is the town called Tinnevely, with a population, I am told, of some 23,000 [now 60,000]. Of this number, excluding the Mission workers, only eight are professedly Christian. Think of that eight out of 23,000. The other large towns in Tinnevely are of a similar stamp. If anyone tells you that Tinnevely is now a Christian province, please undeceive them at once. The streets here are full of people with the marks of Vishnu and Siva on their brows. Thank God for what has been done but how much yet remains to be accomplished!

To the Hon. Secretary of the M̄pwap̄was, a band of keen young men whom he had left behind, of whom many became missionaries:

My desire for you all is that you may be out and out for Christ and on fire for the extension of His Kingdom. The labourers are so few, and those few so weak, "Pray ye, therefore." I will not stay to fill my letter with descriptive details, for I must get to my task in the shape of Tamil exercises. All I need say is that my impressions about missionary work are intensified tenfold now that I am in the midst of heathendom. We must all be up and doing. The world is perishing with hunger, and yet in the Father's house there is bread enough and to spare, and the Master bids all true disciples "Give ye them to eat."

I have not seen the C.M.S. periodicals this month, but I understand they contain notices of our little company. I am rather afraid of publicity, as it opens up the way for pride. May God keep you all very humble at His feet, seeking, above all, to shine for His glory, first and foremost, in the home and in the house of business. I do not believe that God ever blesses

in missionary work those who forget to glorify Him in their lowlier and smaller spheres. . . .

Let the Mpwawas look out for the jewellery of their friends, and beg something for the missionary box; or, to be still more practical, let all the members think of little useless luxuries which they can forgo for the sake of the great Master's work. We can deny ourselves for Christ's sake, that we may have the luxury of giving to His cause.

To his mother he wrote again:

England is asleep. If there were less waste of time in political affairs, the more earnest care for the polity of Christ, and the glory of His name, this would be a different world. I do pray that God will bless abundantly the C.M.S. meetings to be held throughout England at the beginning of the year, and will thrust out a whole army of workers into the world's wide fields.

I am glad that some people are getting their eyes opened to the fact that pleasure-garden entertainments are not conducive to spiritual improvement. It is a pretty confession to make to the world that we have no joy in our religion, but must seek it at broken cisterns. As a young missionary lady said to me once, speaking of such things during our voyage out, "I find Christ enough." Surely, to the Christian whose religion is not all a sham, there ought to be more joy in praising his Saviour and listening to His words, than in all the paltry, artificial amusements of the world. It is the whole truth: Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. Let people say what they will about being narrow and straitlaced and too particular, and so on. Why should we not confess with all humility and joy that we find in God Himself our highest good and our greatest bliss? If there be a God who loves us, surely it is only reasonable to suppose that the highest attainable privilege of man is to know Him, and to love Him, and to be like Him. *Having loved this present world* is the test which we must write up over the other system, no matter under how much ecclesiastical patronage it may be carried on. "My joy shall be in the Lord" was the decision and determination of Bible saints.

I am reading 1 Peter, where the two linked thoughts running through the whole are suffering and glory. The sufferings of

Christ and the glory which should follow, our sufferings and the glory which shall follow. The darkness of suffering is gilded by the light of the approaching glory. If we are truly partakers of Christ's sufferings, we shall also be partakers of His glory. It was wonderful grace which brought Peter to be a witness of the sufferings of Christ. How thoroughly once he had been ashamed of the suffering Jesus. But now he had learnt the lesson that such suffering was not shame but glory, and this first epistle is full of the glory of this changed mind. He had been converted now from his shame and failure and weakness, and so strengthened his brethren for all time with his bold and sanctified expression of the truth. "If any man suffer as a Christian" (he does not deny that Holy Name now), "let him not be ashamed."

And to a friend:

I am learning lessons and doing the little things of my novitiate as they come to hand. It is one thing to labour with fair success at home and quite another to work in the missionary field. Out in this part every missionary, no matter how experienced before in home work, has to win his spurs. I have to win mine before I can be called a missionary indeed. Tamil is not learned in any fair sense of the word by sitting still, it is a real struggle. I like the language very much, and trust that in time I may learn to speak it with comfort and ease; but it will need much practice before that comes to pass. . . .

Only, my dear brother, seek grace for yourself and your fellow Mpwawas to be very low. Don't be carried away by rush of engagements into a sense of impatience, or into hot feelings of friction when things don't go smoothly. You know the spirit in which I say this as one of yourselves, least of all, the servant of all.

The people listen on the whole willingly, at our open-air services. But they are so blind; Satan, the god of this world, has had his way so long in heathendom that the blindness of souls is of a very desperate character. Only the other night, after our preaching and concluding prayer, I heard a poor heathen man crying, "Siva! Siva! Siva!" Poor souls, to trust in such a god as Siva, whose abominable deeds, according to their own books, are execrable.

To one tempted to spiritual depression he wrote often, knowing as he did the fatal onslaughts of that enemy of the earnest soul:

I feel quite as strongly as you on the subject of personal unworthiness; but, if you will allow me to say so, I think you talk a great deal too gloomily. Surely we ought to be thankful and joyful. Our Saviour is not a hard slave-driver, but a loving Master. Instead of wasting time bemoaning our unworthiness, we should often do better to be on our knees thanking Him that it is His righteousness, not ours, which God looks upon. The true remedy for prayerlessness is an honest effort to right the wrong by determined prayer. We wrong a gracious God by gloominess in religion. Sit as low as you will before Him, but at least rejoice in His salvation. Seek to be glad and content with His will, and to fill the sphere which He assigns so as to glorify His name. I feel sure that we need to watch carefully against anything like bitterness in our religion. We may groan because of sin, but at least let it be in private, and let others see only the light and the joy. The fact is, we want a great deal less of looking at self, for self-esteem is really at the bottom of these things, and a great deal more of looking at Christ. Day by day we are to trust and to labour. To-morrow is as distant as eternity, for anything we know. We have the sentence of death in ourselves, that we may trust wholly in God who raiseth the dead. So here is a little sermon for you from a lonely mountain spot in distant India, coming from one who knows what the depths are from experience.

The Mpwapwas, many of whom were his spiritual sons, were much on his heart:

All the publicity which, as a band of missionary workers, you have attained involves with it a great responsibility. You must see to it, therefore, that you slack not in the good enterprise, and that the life and the conduct of every Mpwapwa may be such as to commend the Gospel of our God and Saviour in all things. Let the voice of Jesus be the call that urges us onward and forward, and let the glory of the Saviour be our one desire and aim. To obey Him and to spread far and wide His glorious Gospel is that in which true manliness consists. Do seek,

therefore, that your meetings may not merely be pleasant social gatherings (I trust they will be that), not merely a rendezvous for those who wish to consult together as to parish and other work; but a real means of grace in which you shall find the great Lord of the vineyard Himself present to bless and refresh you. Every week ought to find you growing in missionary knowledge and warming to missionary work. To know what is being done on the foreign field, and to bear up the workers and the work in the arms of faith before the mercy-seat, these are by no means secondary things: brethren, pray for us. We can't afford to be divided. If every one of us be ready and willing to be least of all and servant of all, we shall be able to put up with many seeming slights.

That I may have wisdom to proceed aright, fluency of speech in the Tamil language, a yearning desire to win souls for Christ, and grace to be both in life and service all for Jesus, let me solicit earnestly your individual and united prayers.

Try as a little company of God's young men not to get too many irons in the fire. It is much better to have a few and make them really hot. It is your privilege, I take it, to pay special attention to one, the missionary iron. If I mistake not, it is the best conductor of heat amongst all the irons of parochial machinery. If it gets well heated, it has a wonderful influence in warming all the rest. Attend well to it; make it very hot.

By the by, I cannot tell you how thankful I am that all the variances are settled peaceably. Let the division be not in the ranks at home, but in the fact that some are taking the field, and so become "Associates" indeed, in the blessed work of winning the heathen for Christ. This is the only division we ought to admit, and this is really not division, but closer unity. When some of you, like myself, if God grant you the honour, are far away from home and friends, you will discover that there is a union far closer than any which is cemented by fleshly ties; it is the union which binds spirit to spirit, quite independent of material things; in other words, it is the communion of saints.

I do not forget the need of the work in England, and I am deeply interested in the open-air services and other evangelistic agencies; but the stir of action at home is sure to keep the work glowing there. The danger is to be indifferent to the claims of the distant and unseen.

Sometimes I look back, in pleasant memory, to the happy

THIS ONE THING

work at home. It was work which I really loved, and for which I was perhaps better fitted than I am for the difficulties of missionary work. But the call is loud and the volunteers are few; and to me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ. Already Palamcottah has a home feeling about it to me, though I hope one day to be literally homeless, itinerating for Christ's sake and the Gospel's:

I only pray, God fit me for the work;
God make me holy and my spirit nerve
For the stern hour of strife.

V. (1888)

LORD, DO THOU WORK

“THE Hindus in South India are getting very active. They are flooding the country with Hindu tracts written against Christianity in the most objectionable form. Further, they are raising funds and sending preachers all over the Presidency to preach publicly against the doctrines of Christianity. It shows, at least, that they are feeling the force of the Christian attack. But it is sad to see men publicly preaching, not to show the way of salvation, but simply to abuse a Gospel which comes to them with messages of life and peace. It shows how earnest we should be in testifying to the truth of God. With so many heathens still unevangelized and with nominal Christians to be stirred up, there is no need to be idle, as you may well conceive.” This was written in the hot month of March 1888, a month when the flesh does not find itinerating work easy. Follows the familiar round of packing and unpacking; striking tent and pitching tent; riding (for he had a country pony for a while and rode, till, finding it separated him from his men, he gave it up); travelling by bullock-cart or on foot; finding sometimes “a crowd springing up as if by magic,” sometimes no one who would listen at all. And there was Tamil study and the teaching of Indian workers, sometimes cheering, sometimes disappointing. Enquirers came to the tent for talks; “curiosity-gazers” came still more often. It was one of the two specially hot seasons of the year, and towards the end of March an attack of fever ended in what might have proved a bad breakdown. “Alas,” mourns the journal, “that outward circumstances so interfere with holy things. So hard to enter into the spiritual when the body is out of sorts. O for a heart set above physical weakness, set on Christ!” But as soon as possible the

threads that had to be dropped for a little while were picked up again, and a letter tells of work round about Pannai-villai* on the eastern side of the district:

Over the river is a temple where there is a great yearly festival; there seems some doubt about its origin; some say that Hanuman [the monkey god through whose prowess Rama's queen, Sita, was delivered from the demon Ravana] found a jewel Sita dropped there [when Ravana was carrying her through the air to Ceylon], and stopped to pick it up. During last night and most of to-day scores and scores of bandies and hundreds on hundreds of sheep and goats passed this way, and a continuous stream of people. Their only object seems to be to enjoy themselves and have a good feast. It was to these passers-by that we preached this morning.

As the people streamed back from their festival we had a running preaching for about two and a half hours. I noticed that on the top of most of the returning bandies [bullock-carts with arched mat roofs] the dried carcasses of the slain goats and sheep, or portions of them, were tied. How helpless we are to effect anything.

The pastor seems much respected here. It was pretty to see him greet and invite, with loving concern, the Brahmans. They came and heard quietly and courteously. The chairman, a Brahman, made a long speech, in the course of which he said, "We Hindus don't know our own religion. We have fallen; we have adopted idol worship; the golden gate is shut in these days. But if the Christians have one Saviour, in the Vishnu incarnations how many have we got! We must look into our Vedas and see if there be any way of light." God bless these educated Hindus, trying to hold the impossible though they be.

Meanwhile in the neighbouring village, devil-worship was going on; the idol was garlanded and lights were burning, and a man was going to dance with strings passed through his pierced sides.

Such scenes as that of the devil-dance were a contrast to the Brahmans' lecture-room; but the kaleidoscope of Indian life deals in contrasts. Sometimes a word dropped from Hindu lips was caught up and treasured. "One man

* Pan rhymes with fun.

said, as he left the morning preaching, 'They have both milk and honey.' I am getting concerned about the itinerating work. We preach and preach to hundreds and hundreds of people but find little or no response. There must be something wrong in our mode of work, or way of putting the Gospel, or in ourselves, chiefly the last, I think. Anyhow, there is want of touch somewhere. I am wondering what to do."

There is no glossing over anything felt as inconsistency, want of earnestness, or want of love: "Have to grieve over falling into petulance and temper. No excuse, though little things come to try. . . . Have to reproach myself with grievous failure both in walk and conversation. Heavy heart."

This kind of self-judgment was frequent. "I have read many missionary biographies," said a thoughtful Indian, "but the missionary always seems to be perfect. He doesn't seem to have anything to overcome." It was not so with this missionary. He heard of the illness of a man who lived a little distance away, and not knowing that the illness was serious, he did not go to him in the blazing heat of the afternoon, but waited till the cool of the evening. When he went to the house he found the man was dead. "Have to reproach myself bitterly for the neglect. How indifferent I find myself to spiritual welfare of perishing millions around," is the journal note. He was fretted by the curiosity of the people who pressed about him continually and made privacy impossible, and he found himself becoming irritable under the long continued aggravation of noise, smells, and general confusion. But the Lord upholdeth all such as fall, and lifteth up all those that are down. The very intensity of his contrition sent him the more earnestly to his Lord for pardon, peace and patience. There was always prayer for the searchlight: "Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart. Was led to see the unreality of my walk and to desire a simple walk of faith." And He who fulfils the desire of them that fear Him, drew near to His servant: "A day of more

definite religious convictions. O that they be deepened. Lord, make me holy"—it was his constant prayer.

The year closes thus: "Thousands have heard. Lord, who hath believed our report? Spirit of Grace, clothe and anoint us."

VI. (1889)

THE BURDEN AND HEAT OF THE DAY

“I SUPPOSE it is the same all the world over”—this is from a letter to his mother to whom he turned constantly, eager to share all his thoughts with her—“the whole world is more and more decidedly taking sides. On the one hand there is more true missionary spirit and more out-and-out Christianity than ever there was, and on the other hand there is more open-mouthed infidelity. People are feeling that they must be either one thing or the other. There is no longer a middle path. It is good that it should be so. It is a sign of the times. It speaks of the coming end. ‘The darkness is passing away, and the true light is now shining.’ Darkness and light are beginning to be seen in the essential difference of their character, and to be more and more widely separated the one from the other. Soon the Kingdom of Light and Heaven shall be perfectly manifested. The great final conflict will come, and Satan shall be cast out and Christ shall triumph. ‘He must reign.’ Europe seems arming for war, but the Lord reigneth. All these kings and hosts are grasshoppers before Him. If He blows upon them, they will vanish away. All things progress towards the coming event. He that shall come will come.”

A few days later came suddenly the first great sorrow:

English mail; news of dear mother’s death. So unexpected. What a mother! How it takes me back to the morning when I left her for India; how gladly she gave me for the Master’s work. And now no more here, but There. We also bless Thy holy Name for all Thy servants (especially for this Thy servant) departed this life in Thy faith and fear; beseeching Thee to give us grace so to follow their (her) good examples, that with them (yea, with her) we may be partakers of Thy heavenly kingdom. [And he wrote to his sister] I should like to be with

you all at this time. But dear Mother gave me gladly and unreservedly to that missionary work which admits of no opportunities to indulge private affections.

Eight years afterwards his father passed on. He coached a fellow missionary in Tamil in the afternoon of the day the news came, and she noticed his drawn white face and was troubled. But he did not speak of what must have been filling his mind till the lesson was over; then he told her, "I knew you wouldn't have let me coach you if I had told you before; and Tamil comes first." Not even the sorrows of love could be allowed to interrupt the service of love.

During the intervals of life, whenever opportunity offered, he went on with his Tamil. Soon Sanskrit was added, as of value towards understanding Indian thought. And something in English was usually on hand, missionary biography—spiritual tonic, he called it—scientific treatise, history, travel, poetry. And always there was the early morning time spent in quietness far from the noise of archers in the places of drawing water.* At all costs that hour was kept intact. "If you can't get up early enough to get it in the morning, go to bed earlier. Don't sit up talking or writing letters," he used to say; and what he said he did.

Camp was, as always, full of the usual:

To-day is market-day here; some of us are going out to preach. The other day we saw one of the famous Hindu car processions. After the car, and following in its track, two men were performing penance; one was dragging himself on his chest for a very considerable distance along the path the car had taken; the other one was rolling from side to side over every inch of the ground. The people make vows to do this kind of thing to remove sickness, etc. I wish I could think that it was under a sense of sin, as we read in missionary books. But I can't. In fact, my opinion is that sense of sin is a very rare article indeed in India. It is merely with the idea of removing sickness or averting disaster.

* Judges v. 11. R.V.

"I wish I could think, but I can't."

The face of things appeareth not the same
Far off, as when we scan them right at hand.

If Euripides had been a missionary, could he have expressed a missionary truism better? More often than not, the journal notes are like this:

A crowd soon assembled and heard us attentively, but O for heavenly power to reach the heart. These upturned faces, quiet and emotionless, make one long to see them disturbed with real anxiety about sin and eternity.

For that Divine disturbance he most ardently longed.

Then as to the Christians; the mass movement of the past had left a difficult heritage. Some had gone back into Hinduism, many were living half-heathen lives. One day, to his grief, he found a little group of sixteen families who had been going on with idolatry in their houses for several years unknown to anyone. "Mixed marriages are a great cause of weakness here. Had a long talk with the Pastor about it all." The reason for the mixed marriages was that in South India conversion did not (and does not, except in rare cases) involve a clean break with Caste.

As a make-weight in another happier place, "We formed in procession and marched with singing to a neighbouring village. Good open-air preaching, two of congregation taking part. Afterwards marched back singing to village headman's house, where in courtyard a large company assembled for prayer-meeting. I spoke on need of individual consecration, and then a member of the congregation spoke on preaching to the heathen. He used an amusing but good illustration, likening European missionaries to first cock-crowing; catechists and schoolmasters to neighbouring cocks which take up the cry; and ordinary Christians to the cock-world at large, joining in the chorus of preaching to the heathen."*

* This illustration of the cock-crowing was often quoted with relish. There were quite a number of missionary cocks in the district then. The Schaffters and Kembers, long since in the land of eternal Sunrise, the Ardills, Prices, Storrs, Breeds and Douglasses, of whom most have passed on, all took their share in the "cock-crowing," and all were the Iyer's beloved friends and comrades.

More and more clearly as the months passed, journal and letters show the invisible tracks of that messenger of Truth whose first duty to the novice is to show him the truth. For, however sincerely he has tried to understand the conditions of his field, and however disinclined he may have been by nature to dress up facts in fiction, the new missionary usually finds that he has all unawares nursed some illusions which have to be surrendered before he gets far on his road. Eventually, if he be made of the right stuff, he becomes keener than ever; but something has gone and something has come. His adjustments are different from those of a year or two ago. The call he hears now sounds with another voice, less sweet perhaps, but far more insistent. He knows now, knows it intensely, that the call of a land is not its conscious desire, but its awful need of God. The sound of his brother's blood crieth unto God from the ground; he has stood in the secret place with his God and heard that cry from the ground. But the letters only tell what letters may—never the innermost.

You complain about the deadness of souls and work at home. How would you not complain here, where all the influences are against you as a spiritual worker, and where men's consciences seem to be utterly dead to holy things. In England at least you have the satisfaction of knowing that the conscience even of the most ungodly is speaking on the side of the truth which you teach; but here there seems little or no conscience to touch. However, that is God's part of the work. Ours is simply to witness in faith.

Books and reports give you but little idea of the real state of things. You need to be behind the scenes and to view things in their proper light. Occasional visitors cannot do that, and so they give expression to strong utterances either for or against missionary work. Some people look out only for the bright side, and others only for the dark side. The reality is generally a fair combination of the two.

And again, from the heart of a Hindu town:



Outside the temple door of the "city compassed" that day.



The Brahman street of the town. It was one of the few Brahman streets open to friendly intercourse. But no Christian man, and few women had ever crossed the threshold of those little low houses.

One of the doors leading into the outer court of the temple.



We find them everywhere so indifferent to their souls' interests. One is tempted to ask, Can these bones live? and is driven back upon the old prayer, Come from the four winds and breathe upon these slain, that they may live. The Hindus have a deep-rooted objection to anything foreign in the way of religion. They are so proud of their own, that they will not see the folly of it, and, alas, one must say, the filth of it. You find intelligent men worshipping gods whose history, according to their own books, is one tissue of sin and crime. It is the old story, the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them that believe not. It is partly, I think, that they have lost all sense and conception of what true holiness means. To them wisdom, so called, is everything. I have often noticed that where we should use the word "holiness" in Christian phraseology, the Hindu uses "wisdom." We say, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." But the Hindu philosopher says, "Without attaining high wisdom no man shall be absorbed in Brahma." What is sin with us is only "ignorance" with them. And, I take it, that is one reason why they don't loathe sin and long for the religion of salvation and holiness.

Few indeed loathed sin or longed for holiness. But though the Hindu view of sin is different from the Jewish or Christian, there is a light that lighteneth every man that cometh into the world. All know the difference between right and wrong, and when there was opposition to the Gospel, the Iyer was convinced the reason lay not in lack of power to understand, but in lack of willingness to obey. Sometimes a cloud of sophistry darkened the air, or a tangle or argument, twisting and twirling, made for a dizzy confusion, but, "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God, or whether I speak of Myself," he would quote gravely, cutting through the maze of words with that single sword-blade word.

"And it is the same, I believe," he said one day, "when a Christian doesn't go on with God, but seems stuck. There's been a refusal somewhere. All turns on obedience." And then came words on the lines of "Search the ground of the heart," and prayer, which, if not framed on Jeremy

Taylor, followed him in spirit: "*And now, Lord, who hast done so much for me, be pleased only to make it effectual to me, that it may not be useless and lost as to any particular . . . Lord, do Thou turn me all into love, and all my love into obedience, and let my obedience be without interruption.*"

On, and still on went the itinerating band; scores of places are mentioned in the journal. On through the glittering heat of March, April, May; on, in some degree of relief after the light rains of June began, till July, when "A little tired; very tired; dead tired; not diligent; feeling of weariness and lassitude" tell what it must have been. For missionary endeavour is not a picnic, but sheer hard work:

Brahmans heard well and in numbers, also others. Evening; Brahmans came in crowds to hear, but at last interrupted and spoke ungraciously. Conversation followed, and trust it was not in vain. The flesh does rebel at being accused of preaching for pay. Have need of patience. Feeling anxious about the preaching, and not up to much. First to the Brahman quarters; a large crowd, but some objected and it got noisy. By a mistaken idea of ours, some of our friends got too near their temple [hence the disturbance], and the scene was getting noisy when I called off my friends. Then planted ourselves at top of public street hard by. Some of the younger Brahmans followed and started rival meeting raising noisy cries. We quietly kept to our own work and our own message, and after a while they desisted. O for wisdom and patience and love.

A note written at this time in a small mud room where even between meetings privacy was impossible, and the clamour and chatter of voices seemed to intensify the heat, says simply, "Not much time for Bible-reading; but rest and peace like a sweet calm in one's soul." Rest, peace, and sweet calm were needed for that work. The next entry is, "On the way here, pained to the heart by blasphemous words about the Lord Jesus, uttered in derision in the streets. Contradiction of sinners."

"To God be the praise for a quiet and freer course for our witness" is a happy entry on the next page, but this

was followed soon by, "So tired." In much tediousness of spirit he held on for another week, and then was carted into Palamcottah, half unconscious with typhoid fever.

"The worst of it was I could not pray," he said long after that illness. "But little drawing of heart after holy things," the poor journal confesses in very straggly writing. "I could not think of a single word; and I don't know what I should have done if it had not been for the prayers that came without effort into my mind. Every night the beautiful Collect came; how it comforted me—*Lighten our darkness, we beseech Thee, O Lord, and by Thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night, for the love of Thy only Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ.* It said everything I wanted to say, and said it perfectly."

Bishop Sargent died during the hill holiday which followed this illness. It was strange to find the bungalow deserted. It was like a tumbledown nest without the old Bishop.

Almost at once the journal fills with "many anxieties about the Tamil Christians." But they were not unexpected anxieties. "In my last talk with Bishop Sargent I asked him what he felt about things in general. 'I'm not sanguine, I'm not sanguine,' was all he said, shaking his head sadly. He would never say much."

VII

LETTERS FROM CAMP

“AFTER being out in the hot morning sun, and then riding home some miles to one’s tent, one does not feel inclined to write superfluous matter,” so a letter written from the camp begins. And truly South Indian missionary life, whether of the itinerating kind or other, does not lend itself to writing. If it be hot your brain matter seems to liquefy, and you are, to put it gently, very damp. If it be “cold,” there is probably a tearing wind. You cannot shut it out without shutting out the light. (This is as true in a bungalow as in a tent, for windows usually have no glass.) So your papers, unless carefully weighted, fly about in bewildering confusion, and carry your ideas with them. Then to help you, there are occasional dust-storms, when everything you touch is gritty, and always there are interruptions, and often you are too tired to be really sensible. Night is the best time to write, but a light attracts *puchies* (all manner of things, flying, jumping, crawling). Even so, as a great warrior was to say in later days, of another kind of warfare, “It’s a grand life—if you don’t weaken,” and one of the Camp letters touching on the secular aspect of it, recommends it as “admirable discipline to luxurious Christians, who think that they could not possibly exist without this favourite picture or that particular diet. This lesson learnt, a great many costly pictures and superfluous dainties would find their way by a kind of natural alchemy into the treasury of the C.M.S., or, I would rather say, the treasury of the Lord. But itinerating life has its own peculiar charms; and if I took up my parable, I should not call it *Marah* (though good water is hard to get sometimes), but *Elim*, for it has many a well-spring of Christian joy and is shaded by many a palm-tree of particular providence.”

To one tempted to introspection he wrote:

Your text in my birthday book, as you may possibly remember, is "In the Hand of God." There is no safer place than that. "No man shall pluck them out of My Father's hand." And it is not merely in His Hand, but indelibly fixed there: "I have graven thee upon the palms of My Hands." We must look, therefore, not at our own oscillating and wavering state, but at the strong Hand which holds us; not at the ruinous tendency within us, but at the safe bulwarks without us and around us. There is no doubt or uncertainty about it. "The righteous"—those who cast themselves on Jesus' righteousness as their one and only hope—are in the Hand of God. And our work is there too, a feeble unsatisfactory thing, but in the Hand of Omnipotence. I know full well, from often repeated experience, all your feelings and sense of despair and doubt and unworthiness, but we must not give way to them. We stake our all on Jesus and His precious Blood and the power of His endless life. And they never lose who risk their soul's salvation there. You little know all the doubting and shakings which I have experienced in India. Why are God's dealings thus? Why does the everlasting Gospel make so little headway? Why is the Christian Church so weak and dead and dark? These and a thousand other doubts and fears, besides those personal ones which I have already mentioned, rise up within one's mind. But doubt is of the devil: faith is of God. And one anchor-truth holds firm, even in darkest hours—if Jesus is not the world's true Saviour, at least there is none other. In other words, it is the cry, the out-leaping cry of Peter, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." After all, it is the internal evidence for the truth of the Gospel, rather than external arguments, which is soul-convincing. It is when we taste and see that the Lord is good that we realize the companion truth, "Blessed is the man that trusteth in Him." So we will trust and hope and, by God's grace, love; for we are in the Hand of God. May you realize this new year much of the blessedness which springs from such a consciousness.

And again to the same tempted one:

I think you make a mistake about yourself in taking dark retrospects. What is the use of looking inwards, except to humble ourselves and get us to the dust? Who dare write

anything but failure over a single day of life? But, surely, instead of useless complaints, we should seek to remedy, in God's strength, what is wrong. Is it neglected prayer? Well, let a definite time be set apart and jealously kept for prayer. Is it a neglected Bible? Well, it is in our own hands. Let us seek time to read it. Above all, there must be more looking Christward. He is our righteousness and our salvation. Then why do we seek righteousness in ourselves? I think that you take morose views. There is the Word, there is the Throne of Grace, there is the Fountain and the Wardrobe. Vain self-accusations (though who does not need to accuse self?) do no good. We must seek new grace for each new day.

He was happy in his home-people and shared his life freely with his sisters telling them about the thoughts and doings of the day:

There is a little word I have been thinking of at the beginning of Joshua iii: "Go after it." If we set out on this new year with the Ark of Christ's presence to lead us, and go after it, all will be well whatever comes. May you know much this year of the experience of "going after it."

To-day is the Hindu Thivali, a sort of Feast of Lamps, held in honour of their god Siva. They go in for fireworks (crackers, etc.) and illuminations, and make it a time of special festivity. It commemorates Siva in his character of fire-god. But Hindu festivals are rather fairs than religious holidays. They drag their gods on large cars through their streets, and so on. But as for seeking the God who made them, and calling on His Name in solemn worship, so far as I know there is nothing of the kind at all. Hindu worship consists of going to the temple, while officiating Brahman priests anoint the idol with oil, garland it with flowers, wave incense before it, and present offerings to it. This is called *Swami tharisanam* (the vision of God). What a vision of what a god! Their prayers are the daily recitation of certain prescribed stanzas, and not at all the uplifting of empty hearts towards the Divine supply. One seldom finds a sense of sin, a seeking of salvation, a sincerity about truth and light. But we are coming to a real missionary age, I trust, in which heathenism will be attacked with something like that vigour which is called for by the exigencies of the case.

I don't know whether I said much in my last letter about a letter from the Home Committee asking me to be Superintendent of the Tamil Church. It will mean a tremendous responsibility. It is no light task to superintend fifty-five thousand Christians, specially when along with it you have to introduce and write a new set of rules. No actual step has been taken yet, but I shall have to begin in real earnest by and by. Meanwhile, until things take a more definite shape and are handed over to me, I am quietly going on with my itinerating work. You will not forget to pray, I feel sure, that all needful grace may be given to me, and wisdom for the arduous work before me.

We all rejoice to hear of the work of Uganda. But the history of the Tinnevely Mission makes me dread anything like making too much of a mission-field. When we begin to praise ourselves, God allows disaster to come and humble us.

Sometimes a home-letter described a day's desk-work:

I had rather a large budget of letters to answer this morning before breakfast. The cheap post is very convenient; but oh, the toil it brings to anyone placed in a position of responsibility! I dread an accumulation of unanswered letters, and so try to clear them off and deal with them as they come.

He tells how when a man in England wants to write a book about missions, he sends a "regular plague of troublesome questions to be answered. One question was, Is a special form used for the admission of catechumens? And there were other equally superfluous matters—a long string of about fifty cross-examinations. I came to the conclusion that if we missionaries wasted our time often over such red-tape, we should never have any catechumens at all."

And after the duties of chairmanship of Council had been taken up he wrote of the Church Council:

I had close work to-day at the new regulations for Council. What a pity that such elaborate organization is needed. One wonders how the pastoral department was managed in Apostolic times, whether they had pastorate committees at Ephesus and Corinth. Anyhow, St. James was the chairman of the Council

at Jerusalem, though I can't imagine that Council making money grants for the repair of deacons' houses, etc., etc.

He had begun to study the Acts of the Apostles as a pattern book for missionary operations and had found much spoil therein, as a Camp letter had said. The "much spoil" contrasted strangely sometimes with missionary procedure. It was then that the question rose for the first time: *Are you sure that you are turning the wheels in the right direction?*

VIII. (1890)
HEIRS TOGETHER

AMONG the missionaries of the Church of England Zenana Mission was one much beloved by her companions. Bertha Hodge was her name. B., she is hereafter in the journal. Her sweetness and gentleness and great patience made her a restful help, meet for one whose convictions and indomitable nature were often to lead him into windy weather. The journal says simply: "A new Epoch; our wedding day. May God bless this union and make our lives bright with His Presence and peace." The wedding-day ended in a night's journey by bullock-cart to Kuttalam, one of the sacred places of South India, and ten happy days were spent there, in rest and walks up-stream to the beautiful mountain falls. But no missionary can rest for long at Kuttalam; the temple and the pilgrims are a perpetual call, and all around are villages, and nearby is a town, Southern Benares by name, whose temple with its huge tower, once struck by lightning and split down the centre, dominates the countryside. So, very soon, the journal pages fill as usual.

In later years when some little Indian children, who became dear to their Iyer, clamoured for a story, he used to tell them what happened one day at Kuttalam:

Well, I'll tell you a story: Once I was helping a poor sick Bishop, when suddenly I felt something like a live red-hot needle creeping slowly along my skin. I couldn't go out of church, because I had been told I might be needed any minute to help the poor Bishop; so I had to stay and go on with the service, and try not to let anybody know anything was wrong. So I looked like this [straightening his face into stoic calm], and nobody knew till the end of the service; and then I went to the vestry and shook down—a great big centipede!

The children were sure Mrs. Walker must have known, and one day rushed in force to ask her. But she shook her head. Nobody knew.

And she too, had her story, as exciting in its way as the centipede story:

"One night a rat got under the mosquito net of our bed and ran about all over us. And the Iyer jumped out and thinking only of quickly ending that rat, called to me, 'Don't let the rat out!' But I didn't like to be shut up in the net with the rat!" The story ended there, too suddenly the children thought. Poor rat!

From this time on, whenever it was possible, husband and wife worked together. They loved children, and as they had not any of their own they poured out everything they had to give upon the people of India and upon the Indian children who, later on, were given to them to love. Nothing was ever kept back.

There was a meeting of the missionary clan in December for Council; a friend who was there, writes:

One thing I remember, in which Walker and I joined heart and soul, and that was a protest we sent home against the manipulation of missionaries' reports so as to show only the rosy side. It wasn't a nice thing to have to do, and we had difficulty in getting a unanimous vote from the Missionary Conference; but we did it, with good results.

Upon December 31st, as usual, there is a clear look back: "Another year gone by, brighter than the last; but oh, so full of imperfections."

It was always like that in journal as in life. Never once through the years is there a trace of what one has called the meanness and vulgarity of self-satisfaction, the absurdity of self-centredness and self-advertisement, the ludicrous littleness of unreality. "God be merciful to me, a sinner," was the journal word to the end.

WE MUST COMPASS THE CITY

EIGHTEEN hundred and ninety-one produced many letters written with a fine pen, in ink now faded, and with much economy of space, upon the very thin paper of the time; but to the Indian missionary at least, these letters are fresh with the freshness of young spring leaves. Every little character-sketch, every small story, is a fragment from the real. We can see, and hear, and feel, as we read; and we wonder, as we turn the flimsy and slippery pages of those well-worn letters, where all the people are now of whom they tell, and how their contact with that ardent life affected them.

We had our first preaching without interruption [he wrote after some village work] but our Hindu friends were on the lookout for us, and when we moved to our second station they were all assembled in force. When they attempted to interrupt, I told them that we could not allow that; but if they wished to hold a preaching of their own, at a little distance, I would gladly come and listen. This little ruse had the desired effect. They only wanted to show their cleverness by asking questions about the Bible from Hindu tracts. So my friends passed on and had their preaching undisturbed, and I sat down with a great crowd of Hindus all around. I was plied with question after question. They did not seem to care much about the answer, so long as they could ask the questions.

After another address a man interposed again:

He said that, of course, there is one God and one Veda; but you may find the true God and true Veda in Christianity and Hinduism alike, for they teach, among other things, that we must be good and truthful and upright. I replied, "No; put your Hinduism right away at the other end of the village, for we can't allow it to stand in the same corner with our holy Gospel." [This would be said so earnestly, so lovingly, that it

would not offend.] He persisted that one and both were good; but we pressed him about atonement for sin, and about the holiness of the true God, so different from the character of Vishnu, whose emblem, the trident, was painted on the foreheads of our auditory. To know what real indifference to true religion is, you must itinerate in a heathen country.

The life now being lived was full of chances to get to know the Christians as well as the Hindus, for it was lived under conditions as nearly like theirs as possible:

Living, as I am doing here, right in the midst of the people, I wonder how they ever manage to get privacy; for their mode of life differs so much from the English fashion of every man's house being his castle. Certainly ours is the more conducive to private religious exercise, and I can't help thinking that Indian publicity does much to prevent their growth in grace [and should make us tender in our judgments, he used to add]. Still, God's work is not dependent on customs or circumstances, as one has found by experience.

The letters of the time tell of the very ordinary; he was travelling with a friend across country by night to avoid the heat of the day.

I hear his bandy go crash, bang, smash against the rough loose stones. Cries of surprised dignity proceed from within. Let them sympathize who know what is the sensation of being suddenly jerked from a comfortable sleep by the pitchings of a springless cart. Bandy travelling over a cross-country path is far from a bed of roses; the jerks and jolts and lunges beggar description. And it suggests a problem of equilibrium to watch the angles of inclination which the bandy assumes on the side of the bank so as just not to upset. . . .

[It was] a day of plagues with me. The room in which I was staying swarmed with insects, and I was obliged to take off my boots and put them in the sun to get rid of their secreted population. Finding it impossible to sit still, I paraded the room backwards and forwards, in enforced patience, for the sun was too hot to allow of my going outside. The people crowded round the doors and windows and stared with open mouths; they had not seen a European for many years. In vain did we beg for

a little respite from stares; it was [for them] like watching an imprisoned animal pacing his cage. We tried to speak to the people of higher things, but no, they would only stare, and stare, and stare. Wasn't I thankful when four o'clock came and we could go out to our preaching. We got a grand crowd, and as it was Census Day, spoke to them of the Lord's Census in the Lamb's Book of Life.

Often the night after such a day was not very restful:

Unfortunately some bullocks were tied up just outside my tent door, and they were munching straw and making sundry noises all night, so much so that they broke my rest five or six times. However, itinerants have to take everything as it comes, so I was thankful for what sleep I could get. It doesn't do to be too comfortable in this world.

The Lord's Day was still the star of the week:

Oh, the luxury of Sunday. It is like drinking of the brook by the way. Mine was a very happy one to-day. I had leisure for Bible gleaning, and got a dip into the missionary teaching of the Book of Joshua. The fifth chapter showed me the equipment needed for missionary success, and the sixth chapter showed me how to take the strongholds of heathenism. The itinerating missionary finds his marching orders clearly laid down in that chapter.

(1) Compass the city: day after day, month by month, going round the district with prayer and faith and the "witness."

(2) Take up the ark: the showing forth and displaying to view of the Lord Jesus Christ—in His glory, in His atonement, in His revelation of the Father.

(3) Blow the trumpets: the clear ringing note of the Gospel. We itinerators need to be like those priests who went on continually and blew the trumpets. While the sound of the trumpet was heard, no voice of man or word of human wisdom was allowed to interrupt.

(4) Shout with the great shout: the shout of faith and victory.

After getting this helpful gleaning, and having a time also over the Greek Testament, I got ready for the evening work. We gathered for prayer, and then proceeded to the neighbouring Brahman street, about half a mile away. The Brahmans there

are Vaishnavites [worshippers of Vishnu]. They heard well for some twenty minutes; but I watched their faces, and could see that they had but little interest in what was said. But here again it was for a witness unto them. The message of the Gospel and the preaching of the Cross, though foolishness to them, was set before them. However, I was taught to-day that, whether the people hear or whether they forbear, we must compass the city and blow the trumpets.

ISAAC ON THE ALTAR

JULY saw three of the itinerators ill at once. It must have been a trying time, but it was utilized for indoor work, such as hymn translation and the usual official correspondence. "Cares and anxieties of the work pressing upon me," the journal says. September brought a personal anxiety: Mrs. Walker was ill. "Cause for alarm and yet thankfulness," says the journal. A home-letter reiterates truth, which was to be a rock-bed of confidence through the long distress which followed: "We have the deep conviction that the Father never makes mistakes in dealing with His children. The heavenly Potter must shape us as He will. It is a good thing to rest in His love in perfect assurance that all must be well." And in December, when the trouble was growing more acute and the choice had to be made, not for the last time, between the flesh and spirit, it was the same. "We are both ready to do whatever the Master shows to be right. You need not talk about it, but just pray that guidance may be given to us at this time." And he spoke of his strong views about a missionary's duty to his work—to the souls for whom Christ died.

Among the duties of life was soon to be the examination of fellow missionaries in Tamil; and the different records, as his press-copy letter-book shows them, suggest an examiner as interested as any examinee could be in the result. This is how a failure is dealt with: "Health has been against him, as you know. We are more than sorry not to be able to pass him in all his subjects. He is a conscientious man, and will, I am sure, remedy his defects." "It was hard to have to plough him," he said one day in recalling this incident; "he was such a good fellow. When he got my letter telling about it, he wrote back, 'I bow to the Truth'—Truth with a capital letter—fine, wasn't it?"

Those who did not know the private story of his disappointment at Cambridge wondered sometimes at his kindly attitude toward failure; but those who knew it wondered more at the gracious ways of God, whose secret ballast is such a steadying thing. He was always thoughtful for those going in for examination. There was one who was distracted by the sharp, interminable squeak of squirrels abounding in the roof of the bungalow, so he arranged to have somebody to drive the little creatures off; and when the examination was held in a friend's house, he asked that a cup of soup might be taken to the candidates during the morning. "It will help them through." To a more than usually nervous and unbelieving examinee he gave a slip of paper just before the examination. Scribbled upon it in familiar handwriting were these words:

Calm, though this mortal body quail
 Before the strain and stress;
 Calm, for Thy hand doth never fail
 Thy child to soothe and bless.

Three days later, when the ordeal was safely over, another slip of paper, with more scribbled writing was the first intimation that failure had not been the result:

Calm, though the strain and stress are gone
 And nervous tension cease;
 Calm, though success is ever prone
 To rob the soul of peace.

All through the months there had been increasing anxiety about Mrs. Walker. A home-letter tells how the choice fell: "It is settled that B. sails in the *Goorkha* on April 2nd. It is all in God's hands, and we are content to leave it there. If by His goodness (and His mercies are great) she gets stronger in a year or so, I shall hope to take four months' leave next year and come and fetch her out again. But it is hard to see far ahead, and needless, too."



Pannai-vilai bungalow. The corner to the left by the door in the wall, is the place where husband and wife kept guard. A bullock cart with a roll of straw on the mat roof, was part of life in those days.

The house which the villagers burned down. The tall Ali Baba-like vessels are used for storing rice.





Camp. Much of the Gospel work was done from Camp. The tents were pitched under the trees near a village. The Iyer and his wife are standing to the left. The women's band is to the right.

And now the journal is an impersonal record of places visited, and things done, till upon August 22nd the entry is briefly, "Office work. Wrote to B." The mail before had brought grave news. Another letter written that day tells as much as a letter can:

You have probably heard how serious B.'s case is. It is a most anxious time, and is like putting one's Isaac on the altar. But the Master has an indisputable right to do with us just what He will. It is walking by faith every day; one cannot see ahead; but doubtless He has provided some better thing for us, which we know not of. One's soul has to wait for Him and for His will amidst the throng of many duties. If it were not for the grace and rest which He gives, flesh and blood might well quail. I expect more definite information by next mail. Better, far better walk with God in the dark than walk alone in the light. I am prepared to stay or come away, as He may direct.

Verses he underlined in Whittier tell the inner story:

Know well, my soul, God's hand controls
 Whate'er thou fearest;
 Round Him in calmest music rolls
 Whate'er thou hearest.
 What to thee is shadow, to Him is day.
 And the end He knoweth,
 And not on a blind and aimless way
 The spirit goeth.

Nothing before, nothing behind;
 The steps of Faith
 Fall on the seeming void and find
 The rock beneath.
 And that cloud itself, which now before thee
 Lies dark in view,
 Shall with beams of light from the inner glory
 Be stricken through.

"September 15.—Arrived at Palamcottah (from camp). Office work. Packing for England." Thus the journal, and overleaf nothing of detail, only two or three lines of larger writing, covering fifteen months at a stride.

During that time there was one day that was never

forgotten. Mrs. Walker had just been through a major operation. The result was not known when he had to preach in his old church in London. He took for his text the words, "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Ten years afterwards in speaking of it he said, "I experienced then what it was to be given victory over anxiety."

On the voyage back to India with his wife, now recovered, he took Bible Readings in Joshua with his fellow-passengers, one of whom remembered this quiet word: "And it came to pass after these things, that Joshua, the servant of the Lord, died. *After these things*—what that summed up! *After what things shall we die?*"

XI. (1894)

FIRST MISSION TO TRAVANCORE

THE year was lightened by a rare joy. A beautiful Tamil poem,* *The Journey of Salvation* was published by the Christian Literature Society, Madras. The Church and the whole Tamil people had now what it had never had before, a Tamil Christian classic.

The poet, learned, noble, and very lovable, was one of a little coterie of distinguished Christian men whose friendship had meant much to the Iyer from the first year of his life in India. The heart must be cold indeed, that does not respond to what India so generously offers, a love that is quick to see and to welcome sincerity of love. They have all passed on now, those friends of early years. The passing of the poet, perhaps dearest of them all, was peaceful. For some days he had lain unconscious, and when one who loved him well went to see him, it seemed as if there would be nothing to do but look and go away. There was quiet weeping round his bed that day; "It is useless," said one sadly, "he can neither see, nor hear, nor speak." The fine old face was still and closed.

But his friend had brought a single word written in large Tamil characters, thinking that perhaps if he could see nothing else he would be able to see that, and find comfort. It was the word *Iyesu* (Jesus). She waited a while, then taking his hand in hers, guided his finger round the curves of the Tamil. Long, long ago the little child had learned to write by tracing the Tamil characters with the top of his forefinger in the sand. Now as the finger-tip of the old hand traced the familiar forms, it

* The poem is based on the Pilgrim's Progress, but it is Indian in the colour of the thought, and follows the canons of Tamil Epic poetry. In the opinion of scholars it is a work of great merit. The poet chanted it aloud, stanza by stanza, to the Iyer in the early mornings of some weeks when he was in headquarters; the Iyer delighted in it, believing that its beauty could draw the more thoughtful to consider the Gospel of salvation. It has been used to the blessing of many.

was as if something awakened within him. He opened his eyes and smiled.

This year saw also the first mission tour in Travancore. A group of keen C.M.S. men were there at work, and they wanted help for their scattered congregations. So hearing in this call a cry from Macedonia, the Iyer and his wife went over to help them.

The mountains which border Tiru-nel-véli on the west, open here and there, and these passes lead into a lovely land, the garden of Southern India. The traveller, trundling along by bullock-cart, or restfully punting in open boat on the calm lagoons set among myriads of palms, everywhere sees something of interest; he might be a thousand miles from the Plains of Tiru-nel-véli, all is so new and so delightful to the eye. But for these travellers the one thing was the work in hand, and as usual prayer fills the journal:

Raise up Thy power and come among us. May the Spirit of God deepen the work and make it real. May it produce fruit that will remain. Lord, breathe upon these slain that they may live. Let God arise. I long to see God at work in men's hearts. Lord, when we are weakest, work Thou. God, the Holy Spirit, strip the work of what is forced or unreal and use His own Bread in His own way for the salvation of souls. God the Spirit, come Thou, work Thou. . . . Many dedicated themselves with tears; and now it is in God's hand. Lord, give fruit that shall remain.

Passing from one place to another meant entering into the special problems of each:

God, give strength and wisdom here; for it is clear not all are in sympathy. Thank God some are. No after-meeting; felt the whole thing too large. Lord, undertake for me. Feel out of element. Everyone is very kind, but long for simplicity. Difficulties I had feared, however, are disappearing. After-meetings very solemn time. God has made Isa. xlv. 2 true to me throughout this mission. [I will go before thee and make the crooked places straight.] Many visits to-day, chiefly young men; some of them evidently in earnest about the Christian life. . . .

And now the results are with God. May there be fruit unto life eternal.

The next meetings were held in a town said to be a very Sodom, but the Lord worked there:

Many stayed for after-meetings, and there seemed to be real impression. God increase and deepen it. Seemed real touch. Much response; people thawed and stirred. God make it a lasting work. Don't feel at home here [is the next mission note]; but God has helped me marvellously hitherto, so that we may not doubt now. Don't like the society claims here. Long to be shut up to God's work.

"Society claims" may be a strong word for the little interrupting demands of ordinary life, but they definitely did interrupt the one thing on which this missionary's heart was set. In a later year, when he was in the midst of meetings to the Syrian Christians, he was invited to stay with missionaries, but declined; as he wrote to his wife, he did not want to have to put on his "very shabby little black coat in the heat. I much prefer being among the Syrians. It would be rather awkward to come home from an after-meeting and find you had kept everybody on the polite stretch waiting for dinner. You remember our unhappy experience at Cochin. A native house is Paradise in comparison with what we had there."

At the last places visited there were "Some real tokens. And now the mission is over and the work with God." This is the final entry on October 1st, after nearly two months in Travancore. "With God" was always a word of rest.

Constantly through the journal there is mention of the clergy of the Syrian Church who attended the meeting and came for quiet talks. From the blessing then received—for the message was life to many of them—grew those conventions held afterwards for the people of the Reformed Syrian Church; meetings so great and so greatly blessed, that for some the word "He that soweth bountifully" is always connected with the sight of the preacher

standing on the slightly raised platform, among those thousands of listening people in a huge mat shed set in a dry river-bed, his face white with fatigue after the tremendous exertion of a long interpreted address, his hands held out in entreaty. And there was no sowing of mixed seed.

XII. (1895-6)
THE CASTLE OF SILENCE

“O FOR more reality, for more Christ!” this is one of the first entries after the work of the Palamcottah office began again. The immediate duty to be undertaken was the reading and putting into shape of matter contained in thousands of brittle slips of palm leaves scribbled all over with fine yellow lines of intricate Tamil. These were the Tamil documents belonging to the mission, and they had to be thoroughly overhauled, a work demanding good sight, time, and long patience. A year or two afterwards, when someone was wondering at his quiet persistence in trying to get at the heart of Tamil financial circumlocution, the Iyer said, “You wouldn’t wonder if you had seen the documents we had to tackle at the office. These are nothing to those.”

But office work was the least of the cares of the time. The real care was something that could not be laid down when the office door was shut.

For an earnest attempt was being made by the C.M.S. to purge the Church Rolls. Upon the Iyer chiefly, as Chairman of Council, the responsibility fell to go into this difficult matter of weeding out those who were living as Hindus, though their names were still in the Church registers. This meant much prayer, and toil, and often painful interviews; for many resented it, and few understood: “Downhearted about state of Palamcottah church and congregation; Lord Jesus, come back and set all wrong right. Conference with some offended friends,” is a journal note.

That particular talk ended peacefully, but it was not always so. Difficulties multiplied as the days went on, and there was much soreness and little desire to co-operate in prayer or in action. The Iyer’s name became

anathema to the unspiritual; and Henry Martyn's, "This therefore I desire to keep ever before my mind, that I must get to the Kingdom through much contempt" found him just where he was. So indeed did many other words from that same journal, and they were underlined in his little old copy of Sargent's *Life* published in 1862. For "it is the Master's will that the safety of the flock should be largely bound up with the pain and the pains of the man sent to shepherd them," and such shepherds have a way of finding one another. They found one another in Henry Milner's "*To believe, to suffer, to love, was the primitive taste,*" of which Martyn writes, "I do not know that any uninspired words ever affected me so much." Such words seemed to walk down from the book shelf and out into the room where that primitive taste was being tasted again in the difficult life of this modern day.

For the years '95 and '96 held some strange experiences. AGONIA—Robert Stewart of China had sounded forth the word to the student campers at Keswick two years before: "Christ suffered in agony: so must we. Christ died: so perhaps may we. Our life must be hard, cruel, wearisome, unknown. So was His." And Ragland of India had said in the early days of Tiru-nel-véli work—how often the Iyer repeated the words to himself—"Of all plans for ensuring success, the most certain is Christ's own—becoming a corn of wheat, falling into the ground, and dying." Walter Smith's strong lines were to meet him later:

But all through life I see a Cross,
 Where sons of God yield up their breath:
 There is no gain except by loss,
 There is no life except by death,
 And no full vision but by Faith,
 Nor glory but by bearing shame,
 Nor justice but by taking blame,
 And that Eternal Passion saith,
 "Be emptied of glory and right and name."

The chairmanship of the Church Council of the C.M.S. had certain secular duties attached. The Chairman was virtually Paymaster—an unscriptural position for a missionary, so at least this missionary felt. "You have often to pay unspiritual people to do spiritual work—would the Apostles have done that?" he questioned and the question persisted: Is what I am doing of value to my Lord? To refuse to carry on in the appointed way, to attempt to sift out the unsuitable pastors, schoolmasters, catechists, was practically impossible. To try to penetrate through layers of self-satisfaction to the conscience of men led straight into a windy storm and tempest. So did revision of rules and customs which in any way touched Caste, for caste feeling colours warp and woof of the web of South Indian life. There was a torrent of remonstrances, therefore; much bitterness, finally furious anger.

Nothing is more evil and more petty than to rake up old unkindnesses. The unkind were surely sorry before they went hence. But there is no new thing under the sun; and one who finds himself travelling on the same road may be helped by hearing of a forerunner whose feet were hurt on the flints; so something should be told of how this forerunner suffered and was comforted.

After months of opposition to every spiritual endeavour, what the writers called "An Appeal of Lamentation" was written by the aggrieved upholders of things as they were, and sent to the Mission authorities in London, and to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Seventy-four pages of obloquy went into that Appeal. Somebody managed to copy it and sent the bulky packet to the Iyer. "Go into the Castle of Silence," he used to say about such matters. The Castle of Silence held a silent soul that day. But words were spoken there, comfortable words: "*It is written of the Son of man, that He must suffer many things, and be set at nought. The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his Lord. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his master, and the servant as his Lord.*" It was thus he was comforted with the comfort that "is not so much

the consolation of grief as the encouragement which banishes depression." And when he came out of the Castle of Silence, though his face was very white, and his eyes like dark fires, yet there was a comforted feel about him. He could smile again.

But no opposition, misunderstanding, or calumny, would have moved that servant from the place in which he was set, if only he could have felt clear about the trend of things. The trouble was that he could not: "I could not go on turning the wheel in the direction in which I saw it turning, so I had to drop it," he said afterwards. The Vows of God were on him—it was that. But to drop the wheel involved long correspondence and tension of spirit; and a word he seldom used was pressed out of him after a day of mental strife: "I feel that I have reached a point when my obedience to the Committee is in danger of clashing with my obedience to God. Will you believe one who is writing after much prayer and thought and *agony* of soul on the subject?"

That letter, after the long waiting of those days before airmails were dreamed of, brought at last an answer of peace, freedom to drop the wheel, freedom to live to seek souls, and a loving benediction: "May the Covenant God, Jehovah, uphold you in your work always."

XIII. (1897)
ONLY A VOICE

THE last paragraph of the last chapter belongs in time to this chapter, for the letter which brought the answer of release and of peace was written early in '97. The year had opened with a vivid hour in the little English church of Palamcottah. The punkahs were waving sleepily upon that Sunday evening; and the congregation, a few missionaries, fewer civilians, and some Indian friends, had settled down for the sermon. The preacher gave out the text: "*The powers of the world to come.*" The words were read with piercing solemnity; they cut through the sleepy air like a knife. All sense of time, place, and people, passed suddenly; there was nothing left to think about but those great and solemn Powers, the Powers of the world to come. A certain nervous mannerism in the speaker was forgotten; the personal and trivial were forgotten; this present world with its puny powers seemed as nothing, a shrivelled leaf; only the Eternal was important—that was the sense of the hour. It deepened life for at least one who heard. But the preacher never knew.

That night a journal note was written which pulls the curtain back: "Sermon preparation; much emotion of soul and even pain of heart in preparation. Preached on Heb. vi. 5 as a New Year's message. Holy, awful Powers of the eternal age—Lord, help me and all to yield ourselves to Thee, and live in the light of them this year and evermore; not for this present evil age, but for the coming Eternity."

A few months more had to be spent in turning wheels, and then in July the family moved out to Pannai-vilai, a day's journey by bullock-cart from Palamcottah.

Pannai-vilai—the name seemed to describe the place, or perhaps the work to be done there, Pannai (pronounced

Punnai) means *cultivation*, vilai, *dry ground*. The villages half-buried in sand were not drier in situation than their inhabitants were in spirit; and the almost wholly Hindu towns and villages planted on scorching lands, were for the most part, aloof and hard. All that could be done for them appeared to be an attempt to cultivate rock.

But from those sands and from that rock was gathered some true fruit, and from that fruit more fruit is being gathered now.

The Iyer took with unruffled calm the blame that was lavished upon him "for giving up such an influential position." It was all in the day's work; and with equal calm he ignored the buzz of talk. The announcement of a local newspaper, that the Rev. T. Walker used to be a hard worker but had now retired to the district to pray, echoed the chatter of the time. But he had some surprises. The most understanding letter came from an S.P.G. missionary, who naturally saw many things from an opposite point of view; but truly "from the circumference even opposite lines run to the centre," and this friend wrote, "Perhaps you will be able to do more for the Church now that you are only a voice crying in the wilderness." Often, in the years that were to come, when it seemed as if strength had been spent in vain so far as his own Tamil Church was concerned, the Iyer would quote, half wistfully, half happily, "'A Voice crying in the wilderness!' Well, it is something to be allowed to be a voice."

There was still a certain amount of mission business connected with conference and council, and sometimes a page in the journal reads like a walk across a sandy desert, with, at the end, the sudden charm of an oasis; for the return home from Palamcottah to "the wilds," as a guest, who found the place hard to discover, described it, was always a delight. One such oasis-line reads: "Reached Pannai-vilai, 5 p.m. Revising mission Litany (Tamil); evening, picnic tea by watercourse. Quiet, calm, and rest." Such pleasures were rare enough to be immortalized. It was a breathless evening just before the rains, but the

water had not dried up in the channel, and its soft gurgle among the water-weeds and grasses made music for the three on the bank who had not heard water-talk for months. Then little leaping silvery fish, with blue lights along their backs, scurried up the stream; and overhead, against a sky of pink and pearl, white egrets flew homewards. After the noise and glare and rush of ten hot days, it was quiet, calm, and rest.

We are going on our way quietly here [he wrote soon after that peaceful hour]; the work is opening out. Each evening has been given up to visiting the heathen, chiefly in their own homes, to plead with them to seek salvation. Next week, D.V., we hope to begin little missions in the Christian congregations. Satan is busy trying to blind eyes and harden hearts, and only the power of the living Lord can overcome him.

The power of the living Lord did overcome him. One of the first conversions brought a joy that never dimmed. A noted devil-dancer was delivered from that fearful bondage. Day by day Mrs. Walker patiently taught her till she was ready for baptism. She was given the name Sundarie—beautiful—and she was beautiful in life, and eager in witness. Often in an open-air meeting it was her voice that caught the attention of the crowd. "Look," she would say, holding out a skinny old arm discoloured by a long scar, "I served my demon faithfully; I whirled in the dance till he possessed me and then I spoke his words. The people gave me eggs and coconuts and silver coins. They flung them at my feet and said, Prophecy! My demon was mine and I was his. But did he preserve me from evil? No! A mad dog bit me!" and out would shoot the old arm again. "It was a fearful bite. I all but died of it. Who healed it? My demon? No, the God of the Christians, the one true God. His I am now and Him I declare to you. He is the only God who can do wonderful things. He saved me from sin and death. Come to the God who can save!"

There were other conversions which led out into faithful

service. Not one of the first little group, fruit of seed sown in Pannai-vilai, withered on the stalk. That sheaf is now part of the eternal harvest. But the journal does not speak of such joys. When it was written time had not proved them.

December 12th of that year was kept sacred for prayer for India and Ceylon. It was the first of such days observed generally in India, and the journal note says: "Solemn day. O for more desire; O come, Great Spirit, come." To the writer of that journal it had been a special day spent alone with God, except when he came out of his room for prayer with others. He was the last man ever to press anything of the kind upon another; but for himself he had proved the inward gain to be won from days spent without the interruption of meals or talk.

December 31.—"Another year gone, and so little real work and progress in holiness. The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," is the last journal note. So the year ends.

XIV

THE GIANT IS NOT AWAKENED

"WHEN I was musing the fire burned, then spake I with my tongue"—that was what lay behind the words that went forth from Pannai-vilai, sometimes in the form of a message to fellow-workers. One such was called *The Giant is not Awakened*. "Oh, to live near to God, and so be able to write lovingly and truly," is an entry after a note which tells of the tearing up of something written; and the prayer which prefaces a manuscript book of Bible notes might have been written on the first page of every magazine article or book of later days, for it was the constant prayer of the writer:

*O Lord,
Help me to speak
In all the earnestness of faith,
In all the truthfulness of hope,
In all the tenderness of love,
In all the faithfulness of truth.*

This is the message:

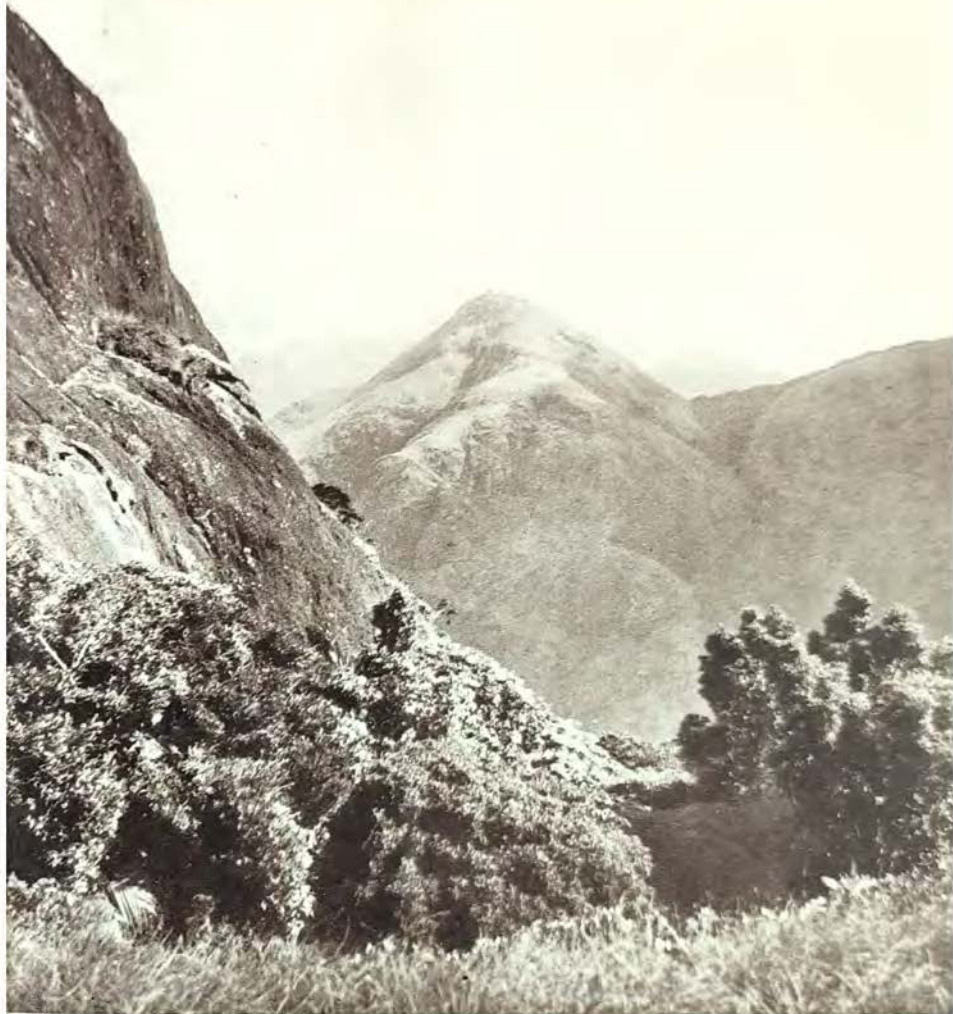
Many of us have read, in the mythological literature of this country, the famous story of the awakening of the great warrior-giant of Ceylon. He is represented as sunk in the deepest sleep. Effort after effort was made to rouse him to consciousness and life. Musical instruments were sounded in his ear, but the clang of trumpets and the clash of cymbals failed to disturb that heavy slumber. Messenger after messenger returned to the king with the unwelcome news "*The giant is not awakened.*"

This land of India, with its mass of heathen cults and superstitions, lies stretched before us like a sleeping giant. We stand appalled at the very vastness of the task before us. India has been drugged by the poison of subtle philosophies and by the deadly draughts of degrading superstitions, till she seems beyond the power of all our efforts to awaken and arouse. We

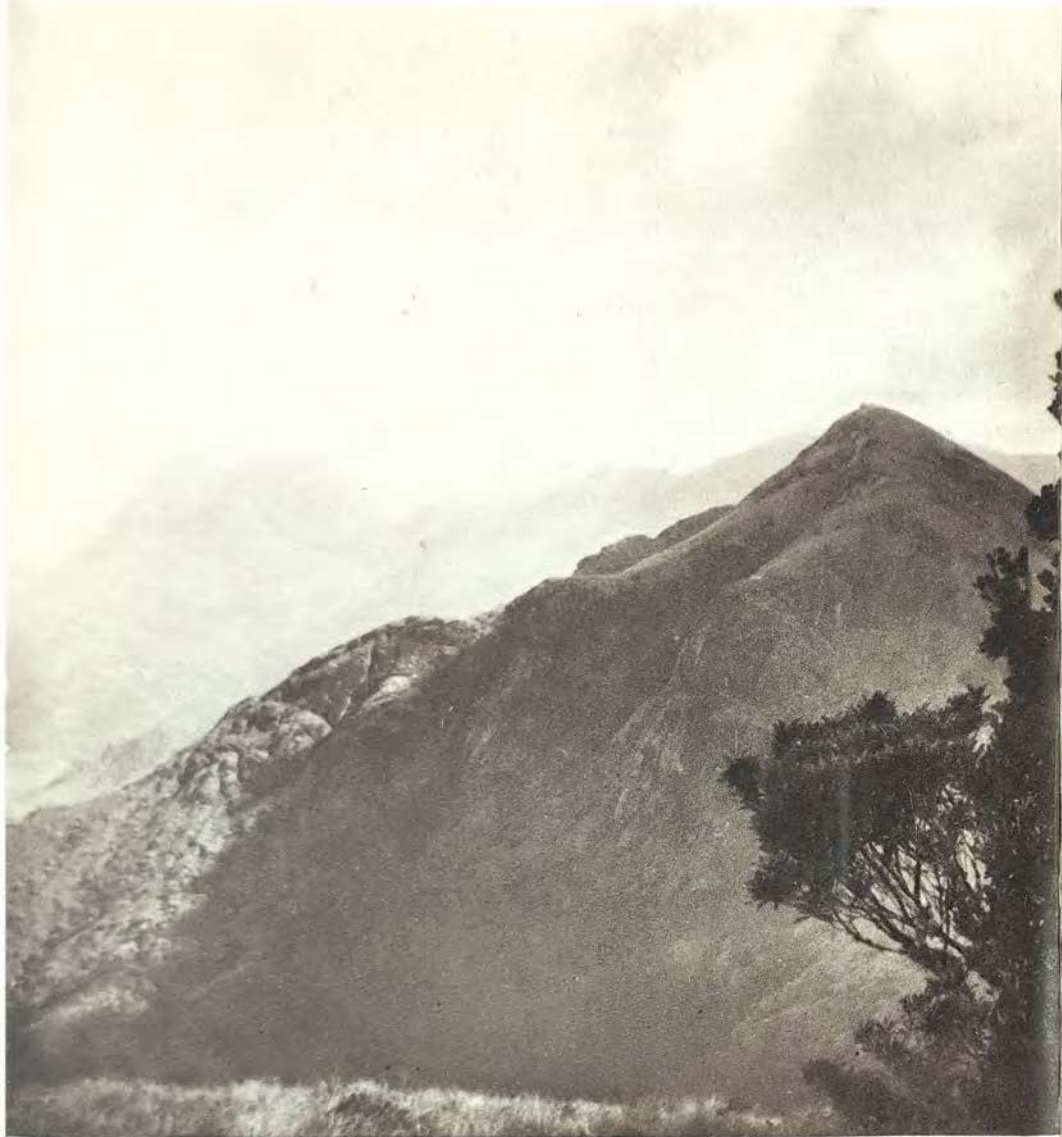
have covered India, or at least large portions of it, with a perfect network of Christian colleges and schools and congregations. Thank God for all that has been accomplished in the past. Praise Him for every true and earnest convert who has learnt by experience the power of Christ to save from sin. But, as we look round on whole districts where little or nothing has been done to evangelize the people; as we see large cities where, in spite of earnest effort for many years, idolatry still reigns supreme and Satan smiles at our unsuccessful efforts; as we behold, with sinking hearts, the strong fortresses of Hinduism still frowning down upon us, proudly conscious of their strength; and as we look at our Christian congregations (where, by God's mercy, they have been firmly planted) bearing often but a feeble and uncertain testimony, and lacking sadly, by their own confession, the true Fire of God, the Power of the Holy Ghost; shall we not face the truth, "*The giant is not awakened*"? What, then, is the remedy?

Is it not worth our while to call a halt and ask the question? Are we so busy with our multiform labours of philanthropy and love that we have no time to stop and think? India can show a missionary army of hard-working men and women. Go where you will throughout this land, you will find the Christian workers incessantly busy at their work. And the cry is heard from every quarter, "Over-work. Too much to do." No charge of idleness can be truly laid against us, as a whole. But how is it that so much of our busy energy appears to be expended all in vain? Holy Scripture, personal experience, the voice of conscience, all these alike suggest at least one answer—we have neglected largely the means which God Himself has ordained for true anointing from on High.

We have not given prayer its proper place in the plan of our campaign. Has not much time been spent in the school, the office, the village, or the zenana, and little, very little, in the secret chamber? Fellow missionaries, we have toiled much, but we have prayed little. The energy of the flesh, of our intellect, of our position, of our very enthusiasm, this has been allowed to usurp, to a lamentable extent, the place of the one power which can rouse immortal souls from the slumber of eternal death—the might of the living God, the energy of the Holy Ghost. How many a day passes by in hundreds of missionary bungalows in one ceaseless, busy stream of work, without any



Among the mountains near Dohnavur.



Faintly, in the distance, is seen the double head of the mountain which gives its name to the Potala of Lhasa. It is accounted one of the three sacred Potalas of the East.

time for quiet intercourse with God, except the few brief minutes snatched in the early morning before the rush begins, or the short space allowed in the late evening by exhausted nature. How many of us plead for India as Robert Murray McCheyne pleaded for his Dundee congregation, never ceasing to pray for them, even when sickness drove him from them for a time, and turning the very shores of the Sea of Galilee into an oratory, till God opened the windows of heaven and poured down upon them showers of blessing? Or again, how many of us pray for souls around us in this heathen land as Robert Aitken prayed for those congregations in which he carried on his mission work, spending hours upon his knees after a day of busy preaching, beseeching God, with strong crying and tears, to save the souls of men? We all know the importance of prayer and can preach discourses on its efficacy; *but do we practise what we preach ourselves?* Let us recall two scenes from Scripture history which reveal to us quite clearly God's plan for the awakening of men.

A lad is lying in the prophet's chamber, still and motionless in the deep sleep of death. The servant of the man of God, in obedience to his master's bidding, runs in eager haste and lays the prophet's staff upon the face of the child, apparently expecting that the first contact of the rod would restore the dead to life again. The result is told in graphic language, pathetic in its simplicity and truth: there was neither voice nor hearing. Then came the man of God himself. But as he looked upon the scene before him, it was the still and awful scene of death. What will Elisha do? His rod has wrought no miracle. His servant's rush of haste has done absolutely nothing. Notice well the words which follow, *He went in, therefore, and shut the door upon them twain, and prayed unto the Lord.* What the eager haste could not do, what the touching with his rod was unable to effect, the power of prayer could bring to pass; and therefore he got him to that inner chamber and prayed unto the Lord, His prayer was fervent, believing, and full of yearning sympathy.

We may well pause to ask whether we have not failed in getting into loving touch with those amongst whom we live and work. Let us lay stress upon the fact that the rush and the rod of office produced not even the shadow of a real change, and only ended in the sad confession, *The child is not awakened. Fellow workers, we may run about our work in one long rush of busy labour,*

we may take our wand of missionary office and place it in every zenana and wave it at every street corner; but if that is all we do, Satan will rejoice and we shall be ashamed before him. Lift up your eyes and look on the fields. Is it not true to-day that India is not awakened? Let us go in, therefore, and shut the door and pray unto the Lord.

Come this time to that graveside scene at Bethany. A Greater than Elisha is standing there, One who is mighty to rouse and save. One word from Him, Lazarus, come forth, and the thing will be accomplished. But before the great awakening could take place the Almighty Son of God must pray. "And Jesus lifted up His eyes and said, Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard Me. And I know that Thou hearest Me always." The will to raise the dead might be there, the stone of difficulty might be gone; but the eyes must be uplifted, the power of God must be invoked, the Father's energy must be claimed by earnest and believing prayer. The disciple is not greater than his Lord. Some of us are full of pity for the heathen round about us. We have laboured hard, following in the wake of good men gone before us, to take away the stones of prejudice and superstition, which have blocked the way for centuries to India's spiritual resurrection. *But still Lazarus is asleep.*

What lack we yet? To a large extent we have forgotten to lift up our eyes and seek the resurrecting power which God gives only in answer to earnest and believing prayer. It is the old story so familiar to us all. Why could not we cast him out? Master, why could not we awaken the sleeper? Christian workers, let us give ourselves time to ponder well over the clear and decisive answer, as it falls from the lips of our great Captain and Leader: "Because of your unbelief. This kind goeth not out but by prayer." Yes, there is no doubt about it. *Here is the key to the whole position. India will never be awakened except by prayer.*

Do not many of us need first of all a personal awakening? We have got into a routine of work, and can show an honourable record at the close of every day, of business accomplished, visits paid, classes taught, addresses given. But in the light of eternity are we satisfied with that? *Have souls been really sought, yearned over, loved, and won? Is ours fruit that will remain?* We may even persuade hundreds, especially of the

poorer classes, to accept baptism and enrol themselves as Christians; but are we sure that they are God's converts and not merely the manufactured article? Are we ourselves working with the Fire of God, and not merely using the artificial fire, the strange fire, of our own fleshly energy? *Are we awake ourselves?* When Zechariah was aroused as a man that is wakened out of his sleep, what did he see? He saw the golden candlestick with its pipes, through which the oil flowed from the olive trees; and he learnt in that vision the secret of spiritual power, Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts. Are we missionaries and Christian workers all awake to that vision and that power? If we are, and only if we are, we may hope to prosper in our work and to see India aroused. We shall never evangelize this country, in God's sense of the term, by flooding it with legions of Christian workers, but only by having living witnesses, workers who are wide awake, and who know by personal experience how to find and use the holy oil. To such the promise of a faithful God will stand: "Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain."

Do we not need, all of us, a stronger faith in God's power and willingness to save, and a spirit of more earnest and believing prayer? Awake ourselves, by God's great mercy, we shall want to see God's arm awake and His power at work. We cannot do better, then, than get us to the dust before our Master's feet, there to importune Him and to give Him no rest till He make India a praise in the earth. To this end it is ours to pray for a great awakening in these latter days. Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord; awake, as in the ancient days! Will all readers of this appeal join us in prayer and lay hold of God's power and blessing for India in His appointed way? *Better, far better, do less work, if need be, that we may pray more; because work done by the rushing torrent of human energy will not save a single soul: whereas work done in vital and unbroken contact with the living God will tell for all eternity.*

AMONG THE VILLAGES

IN a land where millions have never heard of the royal love of the King of kings, these millions so entirely in the dark, come first in need. Two years later the Iyer would write of an invitation to work among Syrian Christians—a most inviting field, “It is quite true that I was invited to go to Travancore altogether. But I should consider myself disloyal to my missionary call if I left the work of bringing heathen to Christ for the sake of helping sheep to get a little fatter. All I can do is to help in such work occasionally, and in such a way as not seriously to interfere with my own proper work.” To his own proper work, then, he set forth in the early weeks of the year.

The first camp was at Alvar-tope (Alvar—a Tamil poetess; tope, a grove) a village on the banks of the Copper-coloured river. Upon the opposite side of the river there is one of the strongest of the southern forts of Hinduism; a fort, so far, impregnable. Meetings, talks, especially private talks in the tent, and much prayer for the people on both sides of the river, filled the days. The first to be vitally touched and eventually converted was a young man who became a witness and a winner of souls.

The series of meetings by the river-side closed with an open-air meeting in the moonlight, lasting till nearly midnight, to which numbers came from the neighbouring villages. Except for a single small lamp there was no light but that pure light which turns the sand to snow and the palm leaves to silver plumes. It fell upon the faces of the listeners, lighting every feature and showing up the Hindu marks on the forehead; it fell, too, upon the face of the preacher—a face so earnest, so full of a passion of earnestness that it was sheer prayer: “*I am a prayer.*”*

* Ps. 109, 4, Delitzsch.

O to save these, to perish for their saving
Die for their life, be offered for them all.

It was like that.

Sometimes to turn over the pages of the journal is to turn the handle of a door that leads straight into an inner room which opens upon other rooms, and all the walls are covered with pictures. There are slight pen-and-ink sketches there, and outlines sometimes half rubbed out; oftener there are canvases crowded with colour, varied as life, and clear as if painted yesterday. One of these has been shown, but it should throb with the sound of a voice to be real at all. Here are two others:

The first, a crowded church in early evening, packed with Christians sitting on the floor—the men on one side, the women on the other; while squatting outside, near the open doors and windows, are the mothers whose babies are restless, and the children, tired of proceedings inside, who want to play.

It is close upon the after-meeting time, when, to those who have only dimly understood, will be slowly and patiently unfolded all they can open their hearts to apprehend, with a view to their accepting what they can understand. The preacher stands among them and pleads with such a note of entreaty in his voice that it seems as if it must soften the hardest clod of clay, and pierce the dullest conscience, and cause all within the soul to spring up in response. There is silence, that strange hush of the Spirit which is not dead quiet, but a tingling, living thing; and it holds the people—they cannot move, they sit and wait. Again the voice speaks, beseeching; still that solemn hush, not a movement in the crowd; till slowly a woman rises, stands a moment irresolute, then makes her way alone to the door, crosses the belt of moonlit sand, and is lost in the shadow of the village.

That woman led the meeting. The spell was broken; up scrambled the people, chatting lightly to each other, and dispersed. But there was one troubled of soul: "One

visitor at tent at night; anxious," the journal says. The Shepherd found His sheep that night.

The second picture is painted in a shimmer of yellow sunshine. A dozen women, one of whom is very young and bright, are struggling in vain for words that will say all that is in their hearts. There is a confusion of voices till the young, bright woman laughs aloud because she has found that which will speak for her, and she points out through the blaze to some palmyra palms growing near; "I was a rootless palmyra; now God has given me roots."

There was just one break in the daily routine of life in Camp; it came after tiffin in the early hot afternoon, and lasted for half an hour; it was kept for reading aloud. Sometimes the book was biography—this is underlined in an old copy of Brainerd: "*All things here below vanished, and there appeared to be nothing of any considerable importance to me but holiness of heart and life and the conversion of the heathen to God. When I was asleep I dreamt of these things; and when I waked, as I frequently did, the first thing I thought of was of this great work of pleading for God against Satan.*" Sometimes it was poetry. Milton was the poet of the time. The stateliness of *Paradise Lost* and *Samson Agonistes* used to contrast curiously with the life round the tent or little mud cottage—life uncadenced, and uncloistered, elemental in every mood and tense. And yet there was kinship between book and life, for the campers were truly conscious of Thrones, Dominations, Princdoms, Virtues, Powers. And among the Dominations was all that is meant by spiritual wickedness in high places. Again and again in hours of conflict words like these came with mighty assurance:

Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive
Such a discomfit as shall quite despoil him
Of all these boasted trophies won on me,
And with confusion blank his worshippers.

DAGON MUST STOOP

EVANGELISTIC work in Southern India falls sharply into two divisions. There are castes which tolerate Christians in their midst. There are castes which, like all Muslims, refuse to do so. *Not peace but a sword* is a word that describes what follows open confession in one of these communities. There are a few exceptions, where life as an open Christian has been possible, but they are so few among the millions of India that they only emphasize the fact of the sword. There are secret believers hidden away in many a Hindu and Muslim home. He who knows the tremendous cost of full obedience is the tender Judge of these His hidden ones; but secret belief is not the aim of the ambassador of Christ.

Near to the village of Pannai-vilai is the village of Great Lake. It has a temple with a high wall round it, a Brahman street, and the usual caste quarters. No girl or boy, man or woman, there, had ever become a Christian.

There was one, a girl of gentle but steadfast character who had been taught about the Lord Jesus and loved Him very much. She told her people. They lit a fire in the courtyard, "If you persist in that talk, first your Bible then you will go into that fire." A girl of her own age had been poisoned by arsenic because she wanted to be a Christian. A young widow of her own clan had disappeared; her body was found buried under the dwelling-house floor. It was vain to say that the threat of the fire was a mere threat. Openly to follow the Lord Jesus Christ was a thing forbidden. One night she felt she must be free to follow. She rose, moving quietly lest her silver anklets should jangle, she went into the courtyard and paused. For several years, according to the custom of her caste, she had not been out of the house. She had

forgotten the way to the bungalow, though as a child she had known it. But she was helped. "As the appearance of a light" was that which led her through the tangle of lanes, across a narrow stream, through a grove of palms to the mission-house. Standing outside the veranda in the dim dawn she cried, "Refuge! Refuge!"

These are the journal notes about her matters:

September 6, '98.—At daybreak a girl came to take shelter, wishing to be a Christian. All day her friends and relatives about; had two interviews with her, but she refused to go back with them. She is of age to choose for herself and seems in real earnest. But these cases are difficult and heart-rending. All very tired. Looking for guidance to God to be kept from wrong steps or mistakes.

September 7.—The girl's people all about T.'s side of house [T. is initial letter of Tamil for younger sister]. Her mother had a long time with her. Some leading men asked to see her, but as she had just had her mother, asked them to defer till to-morrow morning. The Lord reigneth, and we have committed the whole to Him.

September 8.—Long talk with the girl's people again.

September 10.—Another long interview between the girl and her friends in presence of the Revenue Inspector. She kept firm. Police head-constable came to take her deposition. Took it.

Then the mission-school in the village and the teacher's house were burned down. No Christian was allowed to live in the village. The Brahman street, always more or less closed, closed entirely. No Gospel work could be done within a day's journey of that offended place. To those who can read between the lines, these few sentences are full. To those who cannot, they may be almost empty. What they hold is something so packed with confusion and calm, anxiety and restfulness, fear and triumphant faith, that the conflicting sensation, if described, would leave the reader bewildered.

Outwardly it was anything but restful. The bungalow was an open place, with great doors, not one of which

would lock properly, and there were large and numerous windows in much the same condition, unglazed, of course, but fitted with venetian shutters. These shutters had to be nailed up on the women's side, as there were always people crouching underneath ready to spring through, seize the girl, and carry her off. All along she was very quiet, repeating over and over when most hard pressed, "The Lord is my Light and my Salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the Strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?" But there was something in the agonized clinging to the Lord, her Redeemer, for whom she had to suffer the loss of all things precious to her, that made those who watched her think of the picture of the girl on the rock with the angry waves leaping towards her, while she looks up and clings to the sign of her redemption.

It was necessary for her to sleep where the Walkers usually slept, in the upper room, reached by an outside stair, as the lower rooms were not safe; so they left their room and slept on the veranda guarding the foot of the stairs. Those in that upper room used to watch in the early morning the figures of men and women stealing through the shadows of the trees, till they were close under the house; they came in twos and threes, till sometimes thirty or forty were grouped about, waiting for an opportunity to do what they might have done easily, despite the guarded stair, had it not been for the protection of God. Once they all but succeeded; a long talk with the mother was concluding when three men rushed the door and nearly had their way. When force failed, they tried magic; and in all four points of the compass charms were buried in the sand to draw the deluded heart back, and bewitched dust was thrown up in the air in the hope that some particle of it might be inhaled and effect a change of mind. They tried poison, of course; but there was diligent care, and neither the girl nor the one who was taking care of her drank a drop of poisoned water or touched any poisoned food.

The Poet of South India, who had never before seen a

woman, and hardly ever a man, of the caste to which these girls belonged, confess Christ openly, was greatly moved by the fortitude of this young girl. He came to her baptism and chose her new name, whose meaning, Jewel of Victory, said what he felt about the work of the *Karia Kartar* (Doer of Things), one of his favourite names for our Lord.

And the Doer of Things continued to do. The Pannai-vilai household had hardly time to draw breath after the storm over Jewel of Victory, before another girl from the same exclusive caste, led by almost as clear a sign as that which had helped the first to find her way to the bungalow, came one early dawn, and clapping her hands to waken the sleepers on the veranda, called as the other had done, "Refuge! Refuge!"

The furore which followed was fierce, but the second girl, like the first, was sincere, and nothing could persuade her to deny her Saviour. Her people would not allow her to live as a Christian at home; so she had to leave all and follow. Jewel of Life was her baptismal name.

Such conversions, and the storm they raised, led to questions. Some felt that nothing could make it right for a girl to forsake her family. Others felt that our Lord's words, in St. Matthew x. 37 and elsewhere, showed that even this might have to be. About that time a girl in another part of South India took refuge with missionaries who sent her back to her people. One of those concerned in this action wrote to the Iyer asking him what he felt about it. He answered frankly:

I think that the general principle upon which we should act, and it seems to cover all cases, is this: when anyone comes of her own accord, professing a desire to be a Christian, we should keep her at least for a time, to find out whether she is sincere. In a special case special arrangements for housing may have to be made [so that her caste rules may be observed and the way left open for her to return home if she wishes], but that does not affect the principle. If we find she is sincere in her desire to learn of Christ, then, of course, the temporary keeping becomes

permanent. But if we send her back, it is almost like thrusting her down again into heathendom, however good and right our intentions.

I also think that, in the case of girls coming of their own accord, we should not give them up unless forced to do so by Government. I think we may, in our desire to be law-abiding, err on the side of giving up souls too easily. We do not approve of the law, at least I do not in these cases; and should only yield to it if forced. The age-limit is too high.

I merely state these things because my opinion was asked, but not in the least to reflect upon what you may have done in this particular case. Hindu homes are often awful places, and souls are precious in the light of Calvary. I know you will feel practically with me in this; I also know how perplexing these interviews are at the time. You may also in this case have had other facts before you than those with which we are acquainted.

We are all praying for this girl, and have been doing so since we heard of her coming, and God hears prayer.

He always stood with fellow missionaries when they found themselves in trouble over a convert for whom the choice lay between "Diana or Christ." There was one who took her stand as a Christian for whom he fought a losing battle. "It is ten years ago this month, since poor A's terrible ordeal began," wrote a comrade of the C.E.Z. soon after his passing, "and I have been going through it all again. You know what he was, what a splendid, brave unselfish defender. How well I remember how he came with us day after day to that hot, crowded court, and how bravely he stood up for us."

He suffered over that girl. She had witnessed courageously in Court, had been carried off the Court-house steps by her people, hidden (and, as all who knew her believed, drugged), and married by force. When next she appeared in court her bridegroom was with her. That meant that she was no longer free to be an open Christian, nor indeed, even if she had been free, could she have done anything about it. Something had happened which had changed her. She was not herself any more.

Nothing is more wretched than a Court case. The scales

are weighted beforehand. Anything may happen. "You haven't a chance in a thousand, for *you* have to fight with clean weapons and *they* are free to fight with poisoned weapons," said an Indian Christian lawyer to one who was forced to go to court in defence of a helpless girl. Then to complicate things is this: you care for those whom you are compelled to oppose. How gladly you would bring them only peace. But when freedom of thought is forbidden, sooner or later there comes that bitter division, not peace, but a sword.

Sorrowing with those who had taught that girl and loved her, grieving for the poor girl herself, the Iyer quoted sadly, "This is your hour and the power of darkness." There is a mystery too, in such defeat; it silences easy talk. We see not yet all things put under Him.

But the scales were never wholly weighed down on Dagon's side. Sometimes it was as if a visible interposition turned the captivity of some trembling soul. There was one who heard the Gospel message only once, but she believed it, and it was in truth the power of God unto salvation to her. In full assurance of joy, she spoke of the Lord Jesus Christ to her people. She was immediately very cruelly handled and spirited away. The mission party left the eastern part of the district and went to Dohnavur on the west. For three years nothing was heard of her. Then something happened of which they knew nothing. The townspeople heard of what was being done to her, for it was beyond ordinary bounds in cruelty. There was talk in the bazaars. A temple devotee who had been possessed by a demon, as she and all who knew her believed, but who had been saved and set free to serve during the first year of work in Pannai-vilai, heard this talk. To her simple mind there was only one thing to do and she did it. But how she did it no one knows. All that was ever known was that in the casual and unannounced way of India she appeared one afternoon at the Pastor's house at Pannai-vilai with the girl like a little bird under her wing, and asked the Pastor to protect her.

He could not have protected her even for an hour, but as he was pondering the matter in deep perplexity and some fear, two bullock-carts drove up. The Iyer and his wife, who a week or so previously had gone to Ceylon, upon returning to India had been guided to travel home by a roundabout way and see old friends in Pannai-vilai. Boat, train, bullock-cart, directed surely according to a Divine time-table, brought the help that was needed at the moment of need. For "Thou, Most Upright, makest exactly plain the path of the just."*

The relatives came. The girl stood firm. Her guardian, the uncle who had so mishandled her, said at last, "Take her." Two days later she was safe at Dohnavur.

Sometimes even here, even now, Dagon must stoop.†

* Isa. xxvi. 7, Vulgate.

† Her story is told in *From the Forest*, and the devotee's in *Before the Door Shuts*, Oliphants Limited.

(XVII)

CLIMBING UNAWARES

THERE was a time soon after freedom to serve untrammelled was granted, when John the Baptist's words about the friend of the Bridegroom who standeth and heareth the Bridegroom's Voice, seemed in a new way to express the happiness of this liberated life: *He that hath the bride is the bridegroom: but the friend of the bridegroom which standeth and heareth Him, rejoiceth greatly because of the Bridegroom's voice; this my joy therefore is fulfilled.* But upon that, questions rose instantly. If I am a voice crying in the wilderness, am I a true echo of the Voice I heard with such a thrill of joy? If so, why are not greater things seen? Why is there not far more evidently the manifestation of the glory of the Lord? Where am I? Am I making any progress at all in my own soul in power to reach the souls of others, or am I merely marking time?

Sometimes the simplest things help such moments. It was so then. A simple little song, simple as the song of a bird, came to the relief of that earnest humble heart. It was about "the staircase in ancient houses, long-winding and strangely dim," and of how

It is faith that is needed in climbing,
Faith, rather than length of limb.

But there's light at the different landings,
And rest in the upper room,
And a larger range of vision,
And glorious thoughts to come.

How much of our life resembles
Time lost in going upstairs;
What days and weeks seem wasted,
But we're climbing unawares.*

* C. A. Fox.

How much of life seems wasted, time lost in going upstairs, but as we go on, thank God, by His grace we are climbing. And if only we do not faint we shall see: I had fainted *unless* I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me, He will ponder the voice of my humble desires—that was the comfort which came.*

Shortly after this time of soul-searching and very sweet solace, the Keswick Council wrote asking the Walkers to be their missionaries. This was a surprise. There had been a time when the Iyer had watched the Keswick movement with half-doubtful eyes. Would the Convention end in being merely a religious "talky-talky," a spiritual picnic, or would it lead men and women out to the needy fields of the world? When it began to do so, he began to believe in it. But neither husband nor wife had ever attended the Convention. Both had learned what they lived and taught of the life more abundant, not from man at home, but direct from their Lord, in South India. So they were surprised, and hesitated awhile. They consented at last, hoping for more prayer of the vital sort because of this link with that great gathering of the Lord's people.

A tour to Northern India, because of a Conference to which the Iyer and Mr. Carr were delegates, filled the closing weeks of the year. "We must have had our pulses felt and tickets examined by at least a dozen plague inspectors on the way." Conferences were not in the Iyer's line. "Too much talk, too little prayer. I had a vivid dream one night that an old clergyman rose and asked the Conference to give all the time set apart for discussion to prayer. But nobody seconded him. There was just dead silence and then everybody began to talk

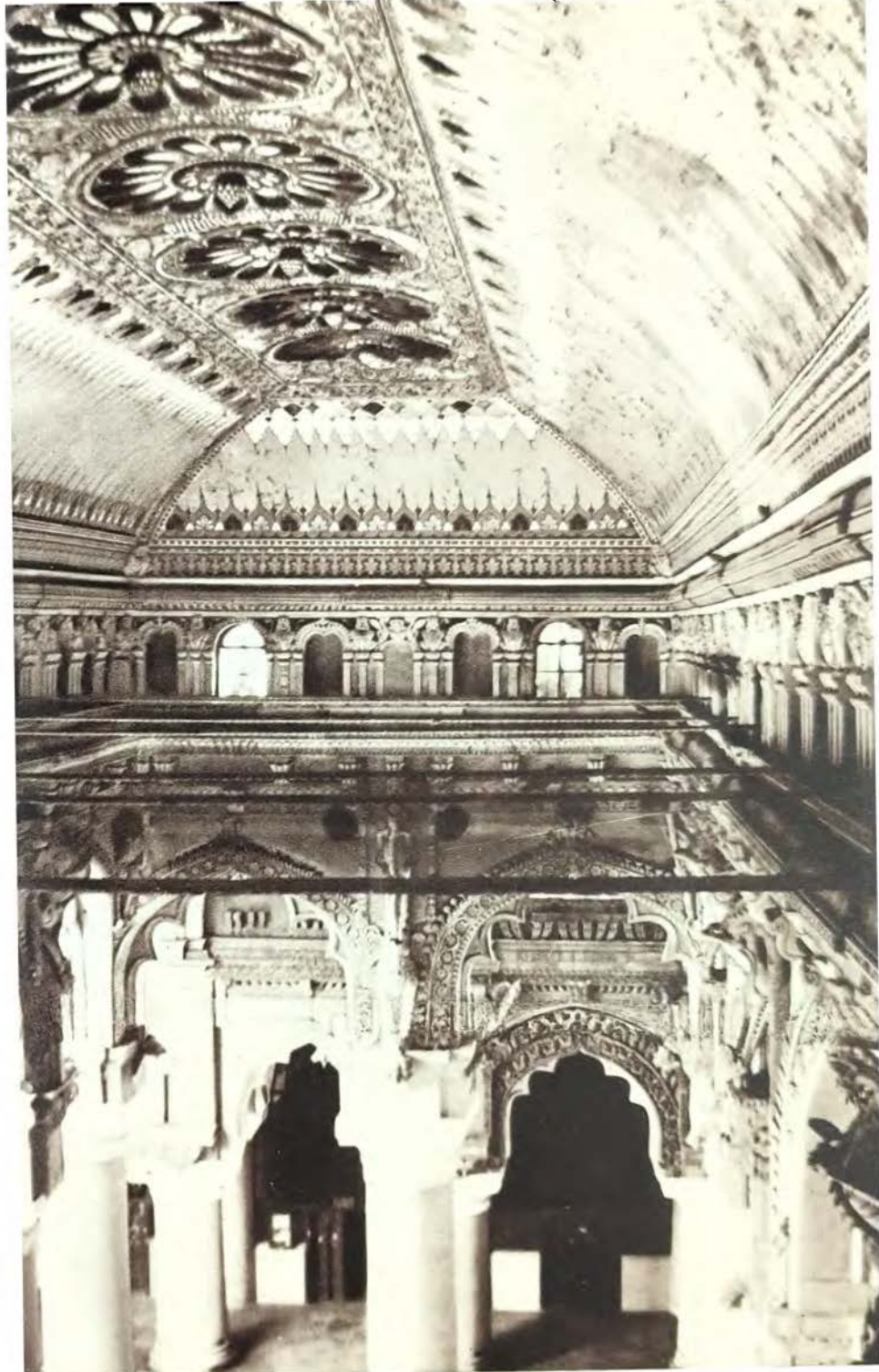
* There is, I think, in the spiritual life, an experience somewhat like that of which a trawler in the west of England told me. He said that sometimes through a dark night, when on the deck, the air is dull and heavy, and there seems to be a dead calm, there may be wind enough astir, not many feet above the sea, to catch the topsail and carry the sloop along; so that at daybreak it is found farther on its course than the men, for all their keen sense of seafaring, had ever thought it could be.—*Paget*.

again." There were chances for contact, however: "Pray for me. I know one man at least who is hoping to get spiritual blessing. Ask that I may be given wisdom to testify and to find out missionaries longing for deeper blessing." And there was a good hour in the Taj Mahal when four missionary friends sang together, "All hail the power of Jesu's Name." Then, after 4670 miles of travelling, home.

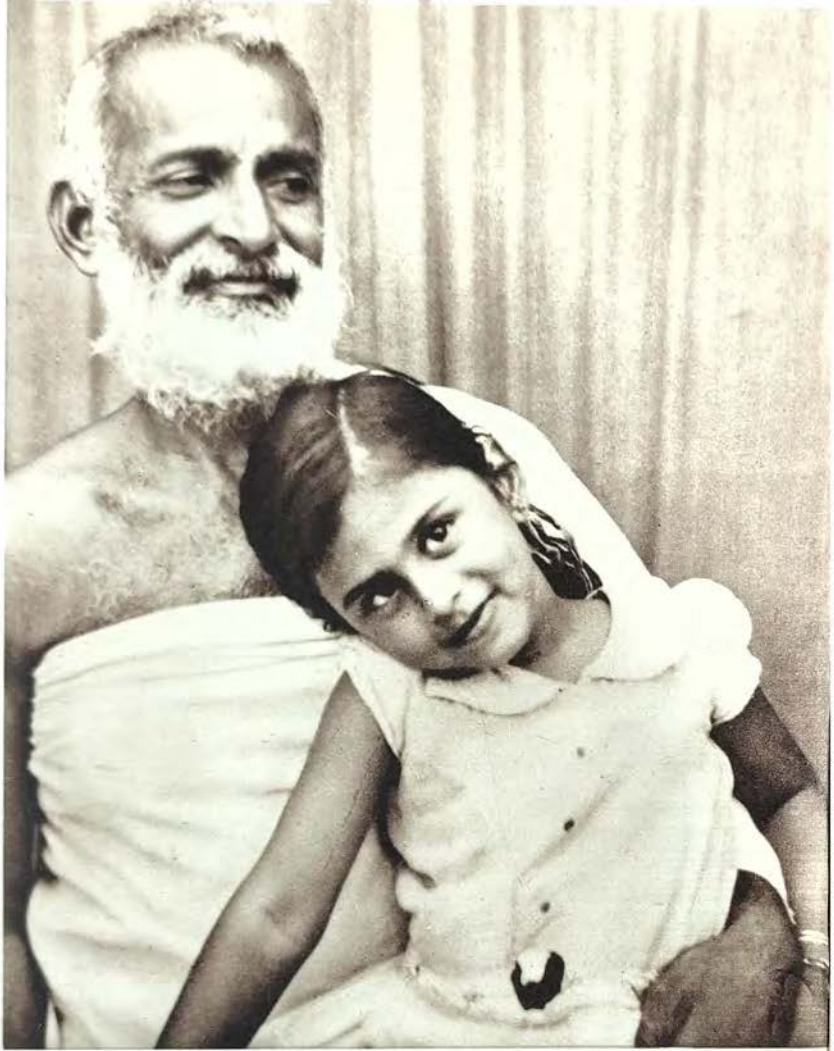
And then came the solemn searching hour when the year was reviewed with much humility. Among the many books he gave to a fellow worker was his own special copy of *The Imitation*. A prayer from that book may show the colour of his thought at such a time, save that the last two words were never his: "O Thou Light perpetual, passing all lights created, pierce from above with shinings and lightnings all the inwards of my heart. Purify, make glad, clarify and quicken my spirit with its power to cleave to Thee, in jubilant ecstasy."

For jubilant ecstasy he never prayed: rather, he was at home in the question, "What have I done, Lord, that Thou shouldst give me any heavenly consolation?" But he had a way of resolutely turning from thoughts of personal worthiness or unworthiness, and resting his heart upon some great Scripture, certain that, whatever were the shifting sands of feeling, that Rock stood firm.

"Have you noticed how many '*Fear nots*' there are in the Bible?" he said one day. "We are not the first people who have been tempted to fear because of our sin and our weakness. The word runs from Genesis to Revelation like a golden thread: 'For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not, I will help thee. Fear not, thou worm, Jacob.'" *Thou worm, Jacob!* he would repeat with relish. He liked the taste of those words.



Throne Room in old Palace, Madura, taken from outside, through a window high up in the wall.



The old grandfather who "remembered those days," and his little grandchild.

GOD GIVE SOME TRUE WHEAT

"THIS is C.M.S. Centenary year. I am afraid of it. These flourishes of trumpets are open to serious question. O for self-humiliation before God for all the great Undone, and for real sorrow of heart over the great Unreached. By all means let us praise God for His mercy. But let us realise our own remissness." ("Down in the dust is our proper place and attitude," a later letter says.)

A home-letter tells of the first tour of the year:

We are all out in tents. This village is the headquarters of a pastorate, and the congregation is famous for worldliness and pride. It is the region of black-cotton soil, and the people are chiefly busy over cotton-growing, so that we can only get at them when they come from the fields at night. We have been preaching sin and repentance, and there seems some movement, but how deep it is one cannot yet see. I am tired of the half-conversions which are the order of the day in most places, in England as well as India, and am longing to see something like the reality of the '59 revival. Three of our Alvar-tope friends are with us, amongst them one of the converts baptized on the Day of Prayer. They are witnessing brightly and boldly.

The day after we arrived, a Hindu of respectable caste, from a neighbouring village came to see me. He was secretly enquiring after the way of truth. He professed to be willing to follow Christ, so I sent him home to confess his faith there. The next morning he came back. His friends had turned him out and refused him food. So for four days he has been staying with my Tamil fellow workers. His people have been after him several times, but he seems quite firm. Pray for him that God may make him a real disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. So far as we can see, he is in earnest. It would have been worth while coming for this one soul, but may the Lord give us many more. It is nice to have a little band of witnesses round us. Besides ourselves we have these three men from Alvar-tope, all in the dark a year

ago, and another man from Pannai-vilai; he is here on other business, but is testifying boldly. It is just like a little cloud of promise; but how one longs to see the whole heavens black with clouds and rain of blessing.

The year had opened, as the letter tells, with a very happy time: a band of young men, chiefly converts from the Poet's Grove, came over for ten days' Bible study; and a Tamil friend came to help in the evangelistic work of the afternoons. Soon the bungalow was besieged again; for a lad from a neighbouring village came for refuge. He had been turned out by his people, who, however, as soon as they found he was earnest enough to cast in his lot with Christians, did all they could to retrieve him. "Lord, keep him every day," is the prayer of the journal after a long, difficult interview.

That year the first of many proposals came which, if accepted, would have led to what is called "promotion." An I.C.S. friend wrote in September 1912: "I have several times maintained that when selecting a Bishop, the choice ought to have fallen on Mr. Walker. The best man should have been chosen. He would have been acceptable to all classes of the Indian Church; he should not have been passed over." It did not appear in the same light to the one who was "passed over." Apart from the call of his true vocation, there was an inward restraint; "The fact is I never could; you see I have those awkward things, convictions." He never forced "those awkward things" upon others, but he never concealed them. To a man who was the opposite of chameleon-like, leadership in the Church as it is to-day, would have entailed something his soul abhorred—compromise; or if he refused to compromise, constant strife. He was not a lover of strife; "how he hated it, and yet no one was firmer, no one bolder when he had to fight," writes an old comrade. But to spend one's strength in conflict within the household, when the foe pressed all around, seemed to him an impossible thing; and he turned from any position which would have involved it as a frequent duty, and gave all his strength to

saving souls and to leading them on into life more abundant; or, going deeper, to the fulfilment of his one ambition to be a corn of wheat falling into the ground and dying. Upon the eve of his last journey, a fortnight before the final sowing, someone sounded him upon an ecclesiastical question and his relation to it; his reply is remembered: "I have not changed my life-purpose: 'Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.' "

Camp was the next, always welcome, undertaking: "Open-air preaching by lamp-light to large crowd: one man tried hard to argue; but we would not, and were able to finish quietly. Preaching for men and women separately [this was a place where English women had never before been seen]. Good hearings, but the world is in the hearts of men. We found the people very hard and careless. O for God's life!"

After camp came a week in Palamcottah for a mission taken by Dr. F. B. Meyer, whose message left a deep mark upon those who responded to it in sincerity and raised the standard for the church at large, whether it responded or not. That, except in a few cases, there was little response was a disappointment to the loving heart of the preacher, who had hoped for so much more than he saw. Years afterwards he referred to those meetings and told how he had grieved over them. But sometimes the servant must follow his Lord to the place where the claims of Love are refused. Only so can he fully share in the fellowship of His sufferings. The special word entrusted to that servant was an appeal to the Christians, who flocked to his meetings, to break loose from three of the great hindrances to spiritual life which are manifest in the church of South India—put briefly these are caste, debt, and worldliness.

The next camping season was to be the richest of any, for it reached souls prepared by the Lord, the Spirit, and the fruit abides; but it did not appear at the moment, and the entry after a day's work in the village we have called

Uncrowned King, which held, all unsuspected, some prepared to crown Christ as King, is only: "Large crowd, most of whom heard very well."

A home-letter tells a little of the place:

This is a village by the main road. We can see the Tuticorin lighthouse flashing in the distance at night. In the daytime we have a breeze which makes the heat of March more fairly tolerable, and renders this a healthy camping place. We expected to find it very hot and trying; but God has graciously sent this little breeze from the Indian Ocean to temper the heat. All around, scattered at somewhat rare intervals, are heathen villages. The people are so dead and indifferent. It is sad to see them living, and sinning, and passing away into the darkness, just as though Christ had never died for them. We are going out morning and evening to testify to them. O for the power of God, turning them from sin and Satan.

The next move was to the north:

Reached Panni-kulam at 8 a.m. after very tiring night, bandy-man not knowing road. It was necessary to walk most of the night and find the way, guided by stars. Bungalow all dirty and had to sweep it.

That bungalow was indeed "all dirty" and as everyone was asleep the tired travellers found no one there to help to sweep a place clear for a few hours' rest. The top of a table proved to be the best bed. Next day the caretaker came full of apologies, "We did not expect you so soon." The little incident was turned to good account next day in a mighty preaching to the Christians about the Lord's Return—"Lest coming suddenly He find you sleeping." And a new Tamil lyric of many verses was born. It had a stirring refrain:

O let us leave off sinning,
The Lord Jesus is coming!
O let us all make ready,
The Lord Jesus is coming!

Some did seem truly to begin to make ready for the coming of the Lord; impromptu meetings, held under the

trees in the compound, went on all day long. Then the band, by this time a band of men and women, returned to Pannai-vilai, where "people seem to be sticking" as the Iyer wrote sorrowfully. "God has blessed some, but the vast majority are hardening their hearts against His truth. It is becoming a question how much longer we ought to stay here. For nearly two years we have been preaching a full salvation. If they won't have it, I feel that we must move on. But God will guide us."

The return to Pannai-Vilai had brought sorrow over the man for whose sake alone it would have been worth while to come, as a letter had said. The man had small-pox, and believing the disease had seized him by order of the revengeful goddess of small-pox, he went back to Hinduism: "Grieved to see his state. Never count a convert safe till he is safe in heaven." But all that care could do was done to establish the converts in the Faith; and there was much teaching of the little group of young men who came out one by one.

"A gracious token of God's goodness in the shape of £50, in answer to prayer" is a happy journal note. Conversions from Islam and Orthodox Hinduism are bound to mean an empty purse. It is some time before the new missionary realizes this. He (or she) is sent out in faith that the Gospel will take effect and souls will be saved. But when that prayer is answered, in India at least, there is often need for another kind of prayer, for it is quite impossible to say to one cast out and homeless, "Be ye warmed and filled," and leave it at that.

We are feeling rather at a deadlock just now [a home-letter says]. The Christians will not, most of them, obey God and forsake sin. At one time it looked as though a real movement was on foot, but it did not make headway. They want to serve two masters, and no man can do that. It is only a little company of individuals over whom we can, in any true sense rejoice. The heathen too, are very indifferent, and doors seem closing. It looks as though the time were coming for us to carry the witness elsewhere. Pray that we may have special guidance

from God in this matter. I have a youth newly come to me for training in evangelistic work, and another one is coming tomorrow. This may lead on to new paths. It makes one look up for Divine leading. Every step needs ordering from above, To be led of the Spirit is the life of true happiness and joy.

Sometimes hindrance to blessing was found in the lack of unity among Tamil fellow workers, who found it easier to love their English leaders than to love one another. Once, just before setting out for a new campaign, suppressed feelings came to light. G. and P., two leading Indian workers, were not speaking to one another; had contrived to avoid speaking to one another for weeks. This was shattering. All plans were dropped and the Iyer gave the day to prayer and effort to get the wrong put right. Almost immediately afterwards a young Hindu turned from idols to follow the Lord Christ; and another, whose conversion had been the cause of great disturbance, came through the ordeal of seeing his relatives, who followed him to camp; he held firm: "God keep him. Good gatherings and a door of utterance. The Lord cleanse and use the work of the last nine days! O for more power and grace!" Then some meetings for Christians: "A good deal of chaff. God give some true wheat."

And now a call came which sent this servant to his knees. It was from the leaders of the Reformed Syrian Church of Travancore—the ancient Church believed to have been founded by St. Thomas; and the burden of that call was, Come over and help us. After that letter came, many hours were spent in earnest waiting for light upon the path: Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk; for I lift up my soul unto Thee.

FIRST TOUR TO SYRIAN CHURCH

(I) I GAVE THEM TITUS III. 8, 9

THE story of the three months with the Syrians could be so written that it would sparkle from the pages and delight the heart of the reader. But there are some who care more to follow this wrestler through that which was truly a wrestle, than to be delighted. It is possible to do this because of his letters to his wife as he passed from place to place, written, of course, with his accustomed devastating truthfulness.

It was a critical time for the Reformed Syrians. Not only were they entangled in litigation with the Jacobite Syrian Church, but some ardent preachers had gone among them with the one urgent word, "Come out of Babylon" (meaning by Babylon the Reformed Church which was earnestly striving to set its house in order); and the leaders had asked for help to deal with the situation which was exceedingly distressing and confused. The Iyer went to them year after year for twelve years, and they never ceased to be grateful to him, even though he refused to speak against those who were disturbing the peace, as some had hoped he would. He always stayed as a guest in Syrian Christian houses, and learned to know and love the people. But the strain of those mission tours was very great. The travelling was by slow bullock-cart. There was no privacy between the meetings and he was one who greatly needed his scallop-shell of quiet; the huge crowds with their tremendous pull upon every faculty and every emotion, the sense of the vastness of the opportunity, the shortness of the time—all this told upon the preacher, especially when, as in the first and several other tours, he was alone.

The masses of people (from 10,000 to 15,000, in later years to be 25,000, not counting the children, who, of course, accompany their parents) were composed of households of "name-Christians," to quote the Indian word, religiously inclined, as even nominal Christians often are in India. But there were always some true Christians in the crowd, and a small group of leaders thirsted for the spiritual good of their people.

The language of Travancore is Malayalam, so the preaching was by interpretation from Tamil into that language. *Metran* means Bishop; *Achan* and *Kattanar*, clergy. A *pandal* is a shed made of palm leaves, or palm-leaf mats fastened on poles. It may seat a dozen, or many thousands. Here the people sat on the sand of the dry river-bed, men on one side, women on the other.

The Iyer found the Syrian Christians, as his letters will show, different in character from the Tamils. If the Tamil be, as he is often called, the Scot of the East, the Syrian Christian is the Italian.

January 13.—I am now on the banks of the Rana River, and only eight miles from my destination. I have seen no signs of anyone to meet me, so I expect my letter, written nine or ten days ago from Pannai-vilai, has not reached the Metran yet. It is a poor look-out for my posts, isn't it? But though I have had no welcome from man, *Daily Light* for this morning says, "Peace from Him which was, and is, and is to come." And the Lord's "All hail!" is worth all else beside.

January 16.—I am feeling more and more the need of Divine wisdom and strength. Yesterday we had a prayer-meeting in the old Metran's rooms. He is a lovable old man, and, I believe, anxious for the good of his people. The two Metrans, some Achans, and myself were present. I spoke in Tamil, on the conditions of prayer, and then there was prayer all round.

January 17.—Last night the church was crammed again with a large crowd outside. I thought it well to check the excitement, and I think I was right. It is like an atmosphere of electricity, and a spark would set it all going. I told them I wasn't afraid of noise, but that noise would not convert them, and that it was all nothing unless they forsook sin and turned right round to

God. I don't mind what else they do, if only they do that. But, so far, I have had no anxious souls coming to visit me; and what is it all worth unless they come to Christ?

To-day I spoke on practical, everyday things, for it seems to me that this is sorely needed. How I wish they understood Tamil, and that I knew more about their real state and needs. Pray that I may be clearly guided step by step.

January 18.—As I told last night the story [Dr. Gordon's] of "How Jesus Christ came to Church,"* I could scarcely go on. I felt it tremendously myself. And at every sentence the people were moved; it seemed just like playing on a responsive string. I left out the last part of my address, and returned to that story. Emotion would have run riot if I had pressed it further. So we had private prayer; and I asked any who wished, while all closed their eyes, myself included, to stretch out their hands to Jesus Christ for salvation. I don't know how many did it—not very many, I fear—but God knows what happens sometimes in solemn moments, and I tried to lead them to Christ.

January 20.—We had a last service at Maramana this morning, especially for Christians. The word seemed to grip, and we had a decidedly solemn close. After silent prayer for consecration to the Lord, I asked for that lyric which we used to have when we were in Travancore before—"Praise, Praise!" This always stirs the people. Shouldn't I like to see a Tamil congregation stirred! It would mean more with the comparatively unemotional Tamil. I got young Werky to close with prayer, and he just poured out his heart, not without tears. Well, the services there are over, except that I am to go later on, D.V., for a week's meetings with all the Kattanars. I took the opportunity at the last meeting to urge Christian love, and to warn the people against a fault-finding, seceding spirit.

From the next centre of work he writes:

January 23.—I find the Syrian Christians too full of questionings. They want to know everything, and are inclined to query and argue about the meaning of verses. I think this will prove

* The story cannot be recovered now, but it was something to this effect. Dr. Gordon dreamed that the Lord Jesus Christ came to church, listened to the preaching, at the close gave the preacher a piece of paper on which was written His analysis of the sermon: Ambition, so much; desire for vain glory, so much; self-love, so much; love of the praise of man, so much; the fear of man, so much; pure love for Christ and souls, so much—and the last was the least.

one of their dangers in the future, and expose them to error. When a man's mind runs on the bent of a mere scholastic debating about theological terms, instead of on that of practical obedience to what is clearly the main drift of God's will, he is sure to be a weak-kneed Christian. We must do God's will, and then we shall "know of the doctrine."

January 24.—I am trying to preach practical religion to the converted. This is what they seem to me to want. They have got to a certain point, and are sticking; and their zeal is expanding itself in curious questionings rather than in practical holiness and evangelistic zeal. Pray that my message may help to steady them, and to lead their energy into practical channels. . . . I can only pray that God may fulfil His own purpose in bringing me here. It is a case of being more and more "cast upon Thee," for I have no human adviser who can help me.

January 25.—I have just been interrupted by a lot of young men who came for a prayer-meeting. They confessed that their divisions are largely the cause of the lack of power; and we had a friendship-making, and a time on our knees, ending with "Jesus' Name is victory." Oh, it is the spirit of love which is wanted! Lord Jesus, come quickly. I feel drawn out to love all God's people. May the Holy Spirit come down upon all true Christians in a baptism of love and power.

January 27.—It is so difficult to know where one is, in the work, for nearly everyone says, "Oh, I was converted three years ago" [when revivalist meetings were held]. But the ebb of the tide seems to me to have left people hard. I find that they expected me to teach Christians and not to preach to the unconverted. I don't see how you can separate the two. If the Christians were in a healthy state, conversions would be going on. What I find in Travancore is a crowd of people, thinking themselves converted, and coming to meetings to enjoy Scripture teaching, but sadly lacking in practical godliness, and with little or no zeal for the conversion of others. There seems to me an absence of real power, and it distresses me. Looked at from a missionary's point of view, I should say that it is a bad time for a mission, and that the people are not prepared for it. And yet God has brought me, and must have a purpose, and so I must go on day by day. We had three or four earnest men in for a prayer-meeting yesterday, and one of them brought a backslider with him, who, I trust, was restored.

This morning's meeting was a searchlight meeting for Christians; and we went into practical matters like neglect of prayer and Bible-reading. It seems to me that practical godliness is the great need of the people. Pray that the services may leave a lasting mark on the home-life and practical conduct of these Syrians.

I find it very hard to manipulate these huge crowds. It is so hard to get at individuals in them. And directly the meetings are fairly over, they have to sort themselves, light up their torches, and go home in bodies. So I have been contenting myself here with getting response in companies, and not asking anyone to stay behind when the meetings are over. I shall learn as I go on, D.V., how best to conduct the meetings and help souls. For size, the meetings remind me of Moody's London Missions; but he had an army of experienced workers to get at souls when the preaching was over, and take them out into the enquiry room. . . .

February 2.—Pray that the practical teaching which I am trying to give the people may really affect their lives. Even yet, I do not know God's full purpose in bringing me here. Still, if some souls are born again, and if Christians are helped to live a holy life, it will be worth while. I have never had a fuller consciousness that He is watching over me. I feel special help vouchsafed in all physical things. He helps me to bear the noises [certain noises of a sort most trying to endure] and talking [perpetual and loud], and yet feel quite quiet. He is keeping me in health and strength. So far, I have not had the slightest trouble with my voice. He is hearing the prayers which you are all offering up, and supporting me in a very real sense.

February 3.—We had a solemn meeting last night, and I had an after-meeting for all who had raised their hands on the last two days, or for any others looking to Christ. They are so much more emotional than the Tamils that it is difficult for me to gauge it all.

We had our last meeting for Christians to-day, a very full one, and I pegged away at private prayer again. It seems to have hit many. We had dedication afterwards, and then some testimonies. It was all quiet, free from excitement, and I hope that it is a good sign. It seems to me that the people are as much in danger from excess of emotion here as the Tamils are in danger from lack of it.

Once more the work begins at a new centre.

February 6.—O for the manifestation of the Holy Spirit's power everywhere! The world needs it tremendously. Somehow there seems a block to it almost everywhere.

February 7.—Last night we had a very solemn meeting, and I gave an opportunity to any seeking souls. Thank God, there were some; but oh, how many are indifferent, crowding to hear, but not willing to give up sin. The moment I had finished praying, some of the converted men struck up prayer of their own accord; they pleaded for the unconverted. Then came my trials. They are not accustomed to quiet after-meetings. It seems to me that it is a case for either taking after-meetings in the mass (which is most unsatisfactory), or not taking them at all. One has just to go forward trusting the Lord. He knows the circumstances, and can help. And, praise Him, He knows every heart which is hungering for Him.

February 8.—We had a solemn service last night, and sent them home with earnest warnings; but except for a quiet time on our knees, did not attempt an after-meeting. In the very early hours of the morning I was suddenly roused from sleep to find the whole ground quivering with an earthquake. You have probably had the same shock.* It seemed to last several minutes at least. I felt perfectly quiet under it, and then subsided towards slumber again. Not so the people. There were shouts and cries and prayers all over the place. These seemed to be a tremendous commotion. After a time they came thumping and knocking at my doors and windows, so I had to light a lamp and get up. My room soon filled with men, some converted and some unconverted. They quite connect the earthquake with the solemn warnings I have been giving here. I told them last night in the pandal that I could do no more, and must just leave them to God.

One of the Christians said, "This morning's meeting must be for the unconverted." A large crowd assembled. We had a very solemn time and I told them that God was giving them another chance and a special warning. Afterwards I called on any who wanted to turn to Him to stand up. I then got them to the front

* The shock was felt at Pannai-vilai. The Christians thought the Lord had come. They rushed to the house of the one woman in their midst known to be converted. As she was still there (not caught up to meet Him) they concluded all was well and, much relieved, went to bed.

of the table where I stood, and we had an after-meeting before the whole pandal, in public. I felt that, after the earthquake, anxious souls ought not to shirk publicity. We were at it till nearly twelve o'clock.

I believe they will long remember the earthquake and the meeting which followed. Most of the unconverted are very hard, for they know the truth. Thank God for those who have been led to Him. God's children are stirred a good deal here, and the earthquake has strengthened their faith, and made them feel that He is with His servants.

February 12.—Numbers of the Jacobites have been hearing the Word as well as the Reformers. Several individual cases came to my room yesterday and got spiritual help. If it were not for the divisions of the people, there might be lots of blessing here.

One great relief was there were no reporters to "write up" the meetings. It is an untold mercy to escape parade in print. I believe *that* offends God very often and mars the permanence of the work. To work on quietly, and trust God for fruit which shall remain, I feel more and more sure that this is the right way.

February 27.—The great spiritual movements of Travancore have not got very deep yet. It seems to me that instead of preaching above-your-head doctrine they want a John the Baptist with plain repentance. In some places they have said of my teaching, "Oh, we know all about sin and salvation; give us something higher." I tell Philipose (their faithful leader) when they practise the "lower" teaching, we will go "higher." In one place they wanted the Book of Revelation expounded. I gave them instead Titus iii. 8, 9: "This is a faithful saying, and these things I will that thou affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God might be careful to maintain good works. These things are good and profitable unto men. But avoid foolish questions, and genealogies, and contentions, and strivings about the law; for they are unprofitable and vain."

(2) VICTORY THROUGH OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST

In the Introduction to Westcott's Notes on the Gospel of St. John, a book the Iyer valued exceedingly, this legend is told of the voice of the Lord at Sinai:

When the Lord gave the Law from Sinai He wrought great marvels with His voice. The voice sounded from the South; and as the people hastened to the South, lo! it sounded from the

North. They turned to the North, and it came from the East. They turned to the East, and it came from the West. They turned thither, and it came from heaven. They lifted up their eyes to heaven, and it came from the depths of the earth. And they said one to another, Where shall wisdom be found? . . . And each one in Israel heard it according to his capacity; old men, and youths, and boys, and sucklings and women: the voice was to each one as each one had the power to receive it.

Something like this was happening now in the beautiful land of North Travancore. The voice of the Lord was going forth and each who listened heard it according to his own capacity. The voice was to each one as each one had power to receive it. And the echoes of that voice are sounding still. Who can measure the spiritual in earthly scales? To the man who through those three months stood alone in the Secret Place with his God, often "dazed and amazed with overmuch desiring, blank with the utter agony of prayer" it sometimes seemed that little was being done. He could not see (can any man see?) that which was happening in the heavenlies.

Early in March he returned to Maramana, where the largest meetings of the series were held. Meetings for the clergy of the Syrian church were planned for his second visit.

I am preparing addresses from 1 Timothy for the Kattanar's meeting. It seems to me to suit the need of the Syrian Kattanars exactly. There are some of the "Six Years Party" here. They believe that Christ came spiritually when they all waited for Him on the sea-shore [some years ago]. He was seen only by "believers." They think they have heaven in a mystical fashion now. Poor beggars! I believe Travancore is capable of generating and fostering every heresy under the sun.

March 7.—We had a tremendous crowd at the pandal, and I asked for decision. Towards the close of my address a sudden wave of feeling came over the assemblage, like one of those gusts from the mountains upon the Lake of Galilee. I closed the address at once, and got the people on their knees. It was a long while before it subsided; and then I had a time of dead silence before God, and pressed for decision.

March 10.—I wonder what changes the earnest men will ask for in the conference [to consider further reform]. One of them wants to discuss them with me beforehand, but I decline. I tell him that it would not be honourable to be here on the Metran's invitation, trusted by him, and yet talk behind his back of the errors of his Church, or prepare weapons against him. I feel sure I am right; I do think that Christians nowadays need to be more honourable and straightforward. So I have lost a good opportunity of handling the reforms. Never mind: I tell them to present before the conference anything and everything which is against their conscience, and that I will answer the questions addressed to me openly before the Metrans and leading Kattanars. I hate the way of dropping a word of doubt in secret places.

But the difficulties in this direction were many, and so were difficulties from an opposite direction. For the Iyer held to it that he was in Travancore to labour and to strive according to the active force of his God which wrought within him in power, to the end that the people might be not only evangelized but perfected—"that we may present every man perfect (mature) in Christ." And he would not turn from this to denounce those whom he felt were mistaken, or church custom which he felt could be bettered, "As I expected," he wrote to his wife, "I seem to be pleasing nobody. But that does not matter. If God fulfils His purpose, that is enough; and if souls are saved, that will be fruit unto life eternal. . . . What does it matter what people think? I shall have all sorts of things said about my work here. A. will not be satisfied. B. will not be satisfied. C. will be much dissatisfied. But if God makes my sojourn here a blessing to my own soul, as I believe He will, and also uses it to the good of others, then His name be praised."

And again he wrote, "From man's point of view, failure will probably be written over my work. My own prayer is: Lord, fulfil the purpose for which Thou hast sent me, whatever it be; and make me willing to seem a total failure, if so be that Thy Name be glorified." And

later, after a difficult time of refusal to turn from the greater to the lesser, "But God brought me at this epoch, and so even these other matters seem small beside that fact. I have a deep conviction that He has some purpose, and that is enough."

March 13.—We had a little preliminary meeting for the clergy last night, and to-day have had two regular meetings. I am taking a chapter in 1 Timothy at each meeting, at least, practical lessons from each chapter. This morning we had the Minister's Conversion to God, and this afternoon his Carriage in the world—Prayer, Purpose, Principles, Preaching, Purity. It was sad to contrast St. Paul, "a teacher of the heathen (Gentiles)," with this old Syrian Church which has not been a teacher of the heathen and has scarcely begun to think about them yet. [This has changed. The Syrian Church has now its own mission-field.] I believe God has been speaking, and I have had personal dealings with several of the younger men who confessed that they were not converted. Many of the older Achans have not yet turned up. But still, I had about fifty ordained men to talk to to-day, including the two Metrans. Do pray for them. These quiet meetings are much more to my liking than those crowds in the pandals; and I think God has more chance of working in the quieter atmosphere.

March 15.—I have only one more clerical meeting. I trust there is real blessing among the young men, some of whom profess to have been converted. I had two of them last night, who both professed to yield to Christ, and I had another two before. One young Achan seemed to be in doubt about it all, and I could get him to do nothing. Turning away I dealt with another. Afterwards I said to the former one, "How long are you going to be in doubt?" To my surprise he said at once, with his voice and manner quite changed and his face lighted up, "I am ready to thank God for saving me. I was thinking and praying about it while you spoke to the other man, and now my doubt is gone." It seemed a genuine case of sudden yielding and assurance. It is the young men who have been helped chiefly. The man who brought the last pair to me is one who was converted during our Cottayam mission before [the mission of 1894]. It is a pleasure to deal with these boys and young men. Pray for them.



These belong to a later generation of children, but are just the age the little ones were to whom the Iyer told stories in the evening.





Mrs. Walker loved the babies.

I do wonder what's in this bag.



March 16.—They tell me that all the deacons from Cottayam, both from their Institution and the C.M.S. Institution (students in theology, etc.) have decided for Christ. I had a praise-meeting with them last night. This is indeed something to praise God for, since they are the clergy of the future. Two of them belong to the Ainar Bishopric in the Cōchin State, a very dark Bishopric, where the Gospel is scarcely preached. It is quite separated from the Metran's jurisdiction, though they are on friendly terms of communion. If they carry the Gospel light there, it will be splendid.

The heat and sun-glare by that wide sandy river-bed had by now become excessive and the effort of speaking was doubled. There was a day when the tired throat "gave out without the least warning. The only thing I can think of is that the sun must have drained me. Having to speak again that night made it worse, and I got up quite husky yesterday."

March 29.—It is fiery hot here, but God has wrought a miracle on my throat. I committed it to Him, and began in a very shaky way on Tuesday night. He gave me the verse, "The inhabitant shall not say, I am sick;" and as I stood up to speak, I rested on that word. Every time I have spoken since, the voice has got clearer and stronger and is practically all right now. I did not get beyond the condition, "if it be Thy will." I was sure of God's ability, and gave myself to His will.

On one sad evening the Iyer tried to discover if any among the crowds of Christians had ever in any way done anything for the Hindus in whose midst they lived. "I am almost tired of speaking about disobedience to God's command. There is much knowledge of high doctrine but very little practical obedience. Many question everything and *do* nothing, a very easy self-satisfied sort of Christianity."

March 30.—Yesterday and to-day the heat has been terrible. It is like living in a fiery furnace. . . . Hundreds had to stand outside with their umbrellas in the blazing sun. I astonished them by making the men make room for the women inside the pandal. It was the last thing they would have done without

compulsion. Philipose and Co. were at their wits' end with such a surging crowd. But, finding that an interpreter's voice could not possibly reach everyone, I sent a second interpreter to stand on a stool half-way down the pandal; and, directly I began to preach, we got perfect quiet. The second interpreter repeated the words of the first one. Then for about one-and-a-half hours they listened in silence in the heat to a message about the Second Coming. I had intended it for Christians, but was led on to speak a last message to the unconverted; and, as I spoke, one of those big waves of feeling to which I have often referred, came down, or rather passed over the great meeting, and there were cries all over the place.

We had the last service at 4 p.m. It was one for testimony and praise. There was a continual stream of testimony for about three-and-a-half hours, men and women. It would have gone on for hours longer but I finally made those who wished to testify stand up in a body, and repeat with me 1 Cor. xv. 57, a Bible testimony which included everything. Then we closed.

This series of meetings eventually led to blessing to the whole Reformed Church, and many members of the Orthodox Church were blessed also. Through the influence of the Iyer, a young graduate of the Reformed Church, a sincere man and very able, was sent to Wycliffe College, Toronto, where Dr. Griffith Thomas was principal. There he was grounded in the faith. He returned to an awakened people and for many years was their beloved Bishop. The longing of the Iyer to see the church become missionary was also fulfilled, and a comrade, who accompanied him and his wife on a later mission, took up the first general offering dedicated to this purpose. She went from row to row of the people who were sitting on the sand, holding out her topi (large sun-hat), into which thousands of outstretched hands dropped the little silver coins of Travancore. So the five months' toil was not in vain in the Lord. A vital work is now being carried on by the men and women missionaries of the Reformed Syrian Church.

XX. (1900-1)

THE ONLY REAL TRAGEDIES ARE SPIRITUAL TRAGEDIES

THE next move after the Travancore work was to Dohnavur (*vur* pronounced *voor*) in the far south, for a few months' work.

It was a delightful arrival. The south-west monsoon had cooled the air and covered the mountains with veils of light mist so that they looked like the mountains of home.

The whole place was charming: the bare barn-like bungalow, built of sun-dried brick, with nothing of the luxurious about it; the compound with its avenue of ancient tamarind trees and its enchanting views; the water lying at the foot of the mountains—all this was pure delight; and from the first happy day of arrival it was a place of songs; for as in the old story the birds were "tame in the house," and they made that solitary place a place desirous to be in.

But there was nothing "solitary" about Dohnavur as a centre of work. Hindu towns and villages lie all around it. And there were Christians, too, who needed to be awakened from the sleep of death.

Into this new opportunity, then, the family entered with zest and with expectation; "every minute was an opportunity." Many a page could be written about those days, full as they were with hope deferred, and yet enriched for ever by blessed overweights of joy. But the main reason which led to Dohnavur at that time was that it was a suitable place for an Ordination Class; and for a while the steady teaching of Divinity students went on, broken only by days of evangelistic work in the surrounding district, literary work, correspondence, and occasional Tamil-reading with a fellow missionary. It

was a full day. The one almost invariable breathing space was the hour after dinner that was spent under the stars.

This was the year of the Boxer trouble in China: "News from China seems slow and unreliable. But God's will shall be done there, and the Coming of Christ hastened. P. writes that she is glad I am not there, and T's people write that they are thankful she is not there. We think it hard lines that people glorify missionary martyrs so much, and yet grudge us the crown of martyrdom!"

The journal now, is like a piece of tapestry in which the pattern is hardly distinguishable from the background: meetings, classes, talks with callers and enquirers, correspondence, revision of Tamil manuscripts—work which acted as a sieve, and did much to keep poor material out of circulation, but by its very nature left nothing to show for itself—and, of course, the constant preaching to Hindus and to Christians, with occasional battles for converts, followed by quiet teaching.

A few days were spent at Cape Comorin to help one who could not get rid of fever to recover. The Indian members of the family who had never before seen the sea, revelled in its wholesome joys. The Iyer took them out for a sail one day in a boat made of three huge logs tied together (hence its name *Katta*, pronounced *Kutta* to tie, *maram*, tree); this kind of craft is unsinkable. Often there is a wide crack between the logs so that the water comes in and you sit in a foot or so of tepid sea, and if it be calm you can look down through the cracks into fathoms of jade-clear water. It was not calm on the day of that sail. A wave swept all except the Iyer and the boatmen into the sea, and there were, the boatmen knew, sharks about. It must have been an anxious moment for the Iyer, but somehow, he hardly knew how, all were retrieved. "A wonderful deliverance," he wrote that night in his journal. There were, for a few moments, five in the sea. The two Jewels, who had come for refuge to

the Pannai-vilai bungalow; the child Star,* who was indeed a starry child, and in after days shone like one of those brighter stars which hold the eye in wonder; Pearl, an older Indian sister, who for forty-three faithful years was to be friend and comrade to the fifth, who caught Star's outstretched hand just as she was floating off on the crest of a wave.

"Back to the shore we must go!" shouted the boatmen.

"No, no; let us go on," cried the drenched but exhilarated five. So the boat sailed on, and the five, the Iyer joining heartily, sang a Tamil chorus,

Though the earth may shiver,
And the sea boil,
Whatever may happen,
I will not fear.

The wind blew their breath away, but it blew the song to the shore, and those there, who had seen that something untoward had occurred, were relieved when they heard the sound of that singing and saw the boat sail on.

But it is merely ordinary mission work which fills the journal; nothing of interest can be gleaned; there is only the memory, which cannot be shown—each reader must draw upon his own imagination and sympathy to see it—of one who did little things as if they had been great, and lent a helping hand all round whenever it was needed. "He had a bigger power of helping than anyone I ever met," was a fellow-missionary's summing up; and it was the kind of help which never failed at a pinch, as sometimes kindly proffered help has a way of doing when things are difficult.

They were difficult on a day when a girl from one of the Hindu villages near Dohnavur decided at all costs to be a Christian. She came to the bungalow hoping for protection from her wrathful relations, but there was at that time not a bolt that would lock, or a window that would shut. The house was like an open barn. So the

* Her story is told in *Ploughed Under*, S.P.C.K.

friend to whom she had come took her to the only place within reach where she could be in safety, the tower of the village church. In its topmost loft, reached by a decrepit wooden ladder, they slept together that night; and, before dawn, went out on the roof and looked up at the stars—the calm and peaceful stars.

That morning the girl's village rose. The church was surrounded by a clamorous crowd and the Iyer moved among them patiently for hours. A young girl who had come out as a Christian in a bigoted town not long before, had been seized by men disguised as women, carried off, stripped and hung up by her feet in a hidden alley. She was never heard of again. So the Iyer feared to call the girl down to face her kinsmen, lest they should make a rush for her, and only yielded when at last some who were certainly women, promised that if they saw her and she refused to come with them, they would be content.

So the men drew off, and the girl and her friend went down to the vestry. The girl whispered, "I fear only one, my Aunt; she has power." but she was a brave girl and stood out alone and told them her desire. Then they drew close to her, and one, with a swift movement rubbed her arm. It was as if something gave way in the girl. She gasped, "I come, my aunt!" and followed the woman out. The crowd round the church porch opened to let her pass. Then, like the other girl, she dropped into the silence of India.

Another fight in the Pannai-vilai centre against the Powers of darkness followed the months at Dohnavur. It is difficult to show what that time was like. Perhaps a sentence underlined in *Tongue of Fire* may show something by contrast. Arthur writes of a gunner working heavy guns, but with silver barrels, and scented powder, and balls of frozen honey. Nothing was further from this gunner than anything of that sort. Rather, Finney in his most earnest moments, expressed him, "It seemed to myself as if I could rain hail and love upon them at the same time, or in other words as if I could rain hail in

love," and his constant prayer was as ardent as Charles Kingsley's:

Lord, give me this new year a burning zeal
 For souls immortal, make me plead with such
 With earnestness intense, love strong as death,
 And faith God-given. Will the world cry "Mad"?
 Such madness be my joy.

During the time in Pannai-vilai a new thing was attempted. The last two years had seen the conversion of some who belonged to an exclusive caste which feels it defiling even to touch a Christian. But it seemed too sad that their home people should know nothing of them and hear nothing of their new happiness; so, in spite of the fears of many, relying on the safe conduct of the leading men of Uncrowned King, the Iyer took two whose home was there, to spend a day with their relations. There was a riot. The bulls were taken out of the cart, the driver was thrashed, a mob of angry men which filled the streets snatched the boy and girl away. By the mercy of the Lord they were recovered, but that plan was never tried again.

More background fills the months; the child, Star, much under legal age, but given by blessed miracle, was very ill; and for weeks the journal is concerned with every rise and fall in temperature of this young girl, who never forgot what the Iyer was to her then. Almost every evening through those weeks, he used to take two little Indian girls who were living in the house down to the tank, to let off steam, as he said; and he would play with them, chasing them up and down at the water's edge. Every night he closed the bungalow doors and shutters himself, for the servants never could be taught to be quiet enough; and day after day Mrs. Walker made the invalid food required, and kept the household wheels running smoothly. So through the long nursing, lasting close upon three months, those who were sometimes almost worn out, were upheld by constant, thoughtful care, and cheered by the prayers which seemed to include everything.

They were too tired to pray much themselves; but that hardly mattered, all had been asked for them.

One night is too vivid for background, it seems to come into the front. Outside, in the temple by the water's edge, a wild crowd was shrieking in mad ecstasy. The child, keen little evangelist even in those early days, was well known to the Hindus around; and it seemed as if there were something maliciously triumphant in the uproar which forced itself into the quiet room where she lay, as it appeared, dying. Then, thinking it was the end of the struggle, the Iyer came, stooped over her, and called her by her name. She stirred, recalled from that far borderland, and came back from the very gates. Are these things great enough to put into a Life? Yet they help to make up life.

It was that child, so tended, so prayed for, who wrote after he had passed on:

In one way of speaking, he was a father to me. Once when I was tired and weak, he began to write a chorus about God's love in weakness. And I told him how I felt when I was tired, and he wrote words to each feeling, and got a tune for it, and we sang it together.

One day, when I was resting, he called me to read with him; and we read through all the miracles of our Lord. After that I longed to study the whole Bible with him; and I do thank God, after nine years' praying He gave the answer [as a young worker in training she was allowed to attend his Divinity classes, and so went through "the whole Bible with him"].

Once when I was getting better after long illness, he carried me in his arms out of doors for fresh air. No well-trained, kind-hearted nurse could have carried me so well. But I was heavy; and when my arms were round his neck, I whispered, "Please walk quickly; then you won't feel the heaviness." "But," he said, thinking of what we see here often, a hen with a little chicken on her wings, "will a chicken be too heavy for its mother to carry? You are my little chicken. If I go quickly, my little chicken will be tired. So I walk slowly." But generally his love was wordless. I mean, he did not say many words to show it; and so, though he is named the best speaker in South India,

I cannot write much that he said, because he did not say much. Only his deeds were his words. When I was ill, he had several times to go away; but he never once left the house without coming to my room to say good-bye, and pray a little with me. Could a father have done more than all this? So I say shortly, in human speaking, he was a father to me.

In the midst of the anxiety—for in the experience of this household, troubles never came singly—fell one of those crashing sorrows which missionaries who have to do with converts know so well: “We had an awful day. J. went back to Hinduism.” J. was a young man who had been dearly loved and faithfully taught for months. Everything was forgotten now. He turned a hard face to the one who would have given his life to save him. It was anguish to see him, sullen and bitter, walk slowly away. “It is heart-rending; Lord, keep our faith,” the Iyer wrote in his journal that night.

There had been other griefs—but they were lighted griefs. Five boys, fruit of the work in Pannai-vilai came over to Dohnavur when the mission band was there, and, asked for baptism. Behind each was a story of conflict, victory, and careful teaching. They belonged to a caste from which few Christians have come, but believing they would be safe, the Iyer had encouraged them to go home again and try to win their people, if they would receive them as baptized Christians. He believed that they would, if only the boys trusted God and were loving and brave. A perfect sunset had glorified the evening of their baptism in one of the long reaches of water near Dohnavur. To think of them is to see them standing out in the water in the golden afterglow and to hear the songs that filled the bright air as the five and their friends walked back to the village rejoicing.

Almost immediately after they reached their homes some fifty miles distant, telegrams came to tell of the illness of several, and the death of two of the five. “Lord, help, maintain Thine own cause” was the journal note then.

The two boys who died in that strangely sudden way—one of the two had only time to cry aloud to his crowding kinsfolk, "Victory, victory to the Lord Jesus Christ!" before he fell back dead—were specially beloved, eager, healthy, happy lads. "What tragedy!" said some. The Iyer did not say so. His thought was always in tune with words Bishop Houghton wrote from out of the mysteries of loss of valued lives in China:

God will yet overrule these "losses" for His glory. The only real tragedies are spiritual tragedies, the only true loss is spiritual loss. We admit the difficulty of appraising the mysterious interaction of Satanic agency and Divine providence in the sickness and death of God's children, but if there is no leakage of spiritual power, if our loins are girt and our lights burning, we shall not suffer permanent harm through trials which God permits.

Yes, the only real tragedies are spiritual tragedies. In the girl who followed her aunt out of the church porch; in J. whose face hardened as he went out into the night, we see spiritual tragedies. The only true loss is spiritual loss.

XXI

WE NEED NOT WONDER IF—

BUT there were gains often, eternal gains. There was a baptism about this time of a demon-priestess and her husband, fruit of village work; and with them was the child, Star, who had twice been so close to the gates of death. Those two deliverances had greatly impressed her father, and he had consented to her baptism. In the background of life there was care, the care that lies so near to love in the heart; and St. Paul's "the care that cometh on me daily" was an often-quoted word. This care was about the future of the Indian Church; for to one who longed to see that Church free to develop on Indian lines, anything which seemed crippling to such development was anathema. It was not a new concern. Years before, when he was in the thick of organizing work he had written distressfully:

We have just had the expected visit from X. Alas, for primitive simplicity, or Prayer Book rubrics. Conference of missionaries; much talk about Councils and Bodies, but oh, for a good Apostolic prayer-meeting! Alas, that in the presence of gross idolatry Christians can consent to play at what to me is little better than idolatry. But in India all the unhappy divisions of the home Church are being rapidly introduced, and thus the spread of the Gospel is hindered. It is all perplexing to the thoughtful mind, but what can we do except hold on our way? Union is clearly impossible, except at the expense of vital truth. Satan's choicest weapon is the blade which cuts asunder the union of the Christian Church itself.

Forgive me for writing thus freely [so ends a letter written in tribulation of spirit] and if I seem to have spoken in any sense unfairly or unkindly, pardon that too. Believe me, my conscience is troubled about the whole thing, and I dare not in loyalty to the Truth let it pass without a protest. Will you kindly lay my protest before A.B.C. and ask them to respect scruples

which arise from deep convictions of the soul? It would be unfaithful to my convictions and not straightforward to you, were I to do so. Some of us are wondering whereunto all these things will grow. I fear that C.M.S. already regards me as a somewhat unreasonable alarmist; but as one watches the tendency of things in India, is there not a cause? May our Master enable us all to be true to Him through evil report and good report, whether we are praised or blamed.

But divergent views did not mean separation in affection from fellow lovers. One who differed from him in nearly everything, except indeed, his stand against formalism in the Church, wrote after he had gone:

I think I enjoyed him most in prayer and what came nearest it, in the moments of rapture, almost inspiration, when in speaking of his Lord he would forget himself, audience, subject, and place, and allow himself to dwell on the love or sorrow or faithfulness of Christ Jesus. These occasions were to me even more solemn and blessed than his powerful calls to holiness and prayer and service.

It was noticeable about him that whatever he was doing at the moment—with one exception, mechanical work—seemed to be the one special thing which he was created to do. But if he found any one spiritual work more to his mind than another, it was the giving of Bible Readings: "It's all there, you have only to get it out," he said one day, evidently thinking the getting it out quite a simple matter. And truly the listeners recognized that "it was there," though the getting it out was not quite so simple as he appeared to imagine.

And yet few undertakings brought him more hard knocks than Bible Readings did. Once he was invited to hold a series of them for missionaries at a certain hill station, upon the one condition that he would not allude to the pet amusement of the place. "I had never intended to touch it; but fancy tying one's hands like that!" was his comment. And again the journal tells of a difficult morning, when he was invited to meet a group of men notable in the religious world. At prayers they raised the

question of separation; and he came home wounded to the heart, "as the others were not with me. It is so hard to be thought to be judging others when advocating abstinence from things lawful—" lawful, he meant, in themselves, but not helpful in deepest ways.

If any man in any way would be
The one man, he shall be so to his cost;

he proved the truth of this, not only then but often. For though his attitude towards things lawful, but, as it seemed to him, not expedient, did not lead him to judge others, it did often lead to sorrow of heart over matters which to most seemed trivial. And this sorrow was open to misunderstanding. To ask John Wesley's question, "What is the real value of a thing but the price it will bear in Eternity?" was simply to be fanatic.

Fanatical too, some thought him, because he could not be happy about the use of unspiritual ways of raising money for what was at least supposed to be spiritual work:

Feeling troubled about the Vanity Fair business at the Sale of Work, which came off to-night; those who went to it reported it as such that my heart sank. It is not for me to judge; but it does sound so much of the earth, earthy. Lord, make me more and more unworldly; and oh, cleanse and defend Thy Church.

His line of out-and-out separation from the world and its ways was no new thing. His first curacy had shown it; his life on board ship—easiest place for compromise—had shown it. Upon his first voyage, one of those little incidents occurred which seem sufficient answer to the objection that such a course leads to loss of influence; for one of the ship's officers, being attracted by the unostentatious other-worldliness of the young missionary, sought him out, invited him to his cabin, that he might discover the secret of a happiness which he recognized was not founded upon anything of earth, and eventually found it for himself. For Chandlish put truth into words when he

wrote on II John ii. 15, that if we love the world as God loves it we shall have no heart for loving it any other way. And such love often finds response. But even when it does not, there is comfort: "Those who have been pierced with the thorns from their dear Lord's crown will be very indifferent to all other thorns."

Even so, the first pages of the journal show some bewilderment as to what the Lord would have His servant do. About a missionary diversion he wrote:

Pleasant, but nothing of profit to the soul. Must risk offence in future and desist. By Bishop's advice accepted an invitation to dinner. We got little opportunities for words by the way, and on the whole spent a pleasant evening; though I cannot help feeling that the missionary ought to be more fully devoted to simplicity of life. Still it seems unwise to alienate unnecessarily our fellow countrymen. [About the so-called claims of Society the journal says:] Coming more and more to the conclusion that these things lower the Church rather than "higher" the World. . . . Rejoicing in the unworldly character of our mission. [But later:] Sad about our state as a mission party. Lord, work Thy will, cost us what it may; and make me honest in this prayer. Longings for better things; distressed at the inclination of some of our mission party to gaiety and pleasure. Lord, show them (and me) Thyself and Thy full salvation.

A sentence he marked in Zinzendorf's Life expresses the feeling with which he regarded all that seemed to him hindering or weakening, or even only tame and useless: *I dare not appear before God with the responsibility incurred by frittering away my days in such puerilities.* "Simping tea-parties" did not attract him. But he never found himself misunderstood by civilian friends when once the matter was explained to them; in fact, few wondered enough to require an explanation. They took it for granted he had his work to do, even as they had theirs, and respected his whole-heartedness in the doing of it. In later years, when he lived in the country, his house was always open to I.C.S. and other friends in Government service whose duty led them to camp in the neighbourhood; and they

seemed to recognize that the welcome of that happy home was as sincere as it was cordial. For it was not that he had to fortify himself against the desire for pleasure, using the word in its unspoiled sense; it was that he had found a pleasure, beside which the ordinary pleasures of life pale into nothingness. To him joy in Christ, and the joy of direct service for Him by speech or by writing, outweighed a thousandfold all lesser joys. When the sun arises in his strength, who counts the stars?

But though such a position has its moments of secret suffering, it has also its secret rewards: "He set the standard," wrote a South Indian missionary, "and though many never followed it, yet his life was the living testimony of what Christ calls His followers to be, and many, realizing this, came to him for help and encouragement to walk and not faint."

The going was sometimes rough. One particularly uncomfortable stretch of road is worth mentioning because of the Word that was so clearly heard upon that road. The cause of the trouble was simple enough. A question touching the well-being of the mission was under discussion. The Iyer was asked to advise. He could only speak the truth as he saw it. The matter was confidential, but somehow became known. Instantly that unpleasant person, Gashmu, came into his own. (It is reported, and Gashmu saith it.) Gashmu said much. His victim naturally could say nothing. So he found himself misunderstood on all sides. This is how he deals with it:

The X.Y.Z. business is not yet over; but we are keeping it constantly before God in prayer. I believe that many things are being said about me which are unkind and untrue; but we have learnt to leave our defence with God, and to use no weapon but prayer. In God's work it often happens that you have to choose between loyalty to His cause and popularity among fellow workers. And surmises and suspicions breed untruth, without any wish on the part of those who indulge in them to be untrue. It is so much better to speak openly than to enquire into things behind people's backs. But do not say

anything to anyone, only pray. I have been crucified with Christ, says St. Paul; and a sight of our "old man" on the Cross settles the whole question, and should keep us from being mortified even in the slightest. If our pride is really nailed on the Cross, and we accept the position which God assigns, "In me, no good thing," we need not wonder if reproach be our lot sometimes.

And again:

I am a very unpopular person in certain quarters for standing up for what I believe to be right. Pray for me, that the God of holiness may burn out the dross from each of us; and then the God of peace will breathe His blessing upon us.

Round the dining-room table after each meal for many days, the three who cared most about the matter in question knelt and laid the burden—such a perplexing burden—on their Lord. Meanwhile Gashmu wrote a scurrilous novel. The Iyer was the villain of the story. "Lord, blow upon it" was the prayer round the table then. Nothing more was heard of it till some years later it slipped out that the writer had read it to an old and usually complacent missionary fully expecting his approval. He listened carefully; then, "I should put it in the fire," he said. Perhaps the startled Gashmu did so. At any rate, the winds blew.



The orthodox Hindu would not dream of coming even into the outer court of his temple with his shoulders covered. The Staff of Renunciation is considered too holy for any one but the Jeer to touch, so the man who carries it for him holds it wrapped in a silk cloth.

The Jeer of today. Here he himself holds the Staff of Renunciation which signifies his abandonment of home and devotion to the deity. The V-shaped mark on the forehead is the sign of the Vishnuvite. (worshipper of Vishnu, the Preserver, second in the Hindu triad).





The figure with threatening sword is one of the guardians of the symbol of the god which is in the innermost shrine of the temple. This photo shows a corner of the outer hall, where often the Iyer spoke with the priests and worshippers.

XXII. (1902)
TO DOHNAVUR

"JANUARY 1.—Reached Dohnavur," so the journal begins. From now on, Dohnavur was to be home. For by that time little Indian children were part of the household and they could not be carted about. So gradually the derelict old bungalow was patched up and the wilderness which surrounded it was tidied. The mountains lend beauty to the place. They rise almost straight from the Plains. You can be among them in an hour or so; and soon, especially if it be dawn in clear shining after rain, you are in the heart of something so enchanting that unawares you find yourself saying, "If this can be here, what must it be There?" But the work of the day pressed now; there was little leisure for more than a glance across the Plains to the blue-grey hills lying so quietly, fold on fold, like the peace of God.

There was often need of peace, for Gashmu was busy still, and the seven hours a day teaching of an Ordination class was sometimes interrupted by his activities. There is one sad little entry in the journal. "A down day. Feeling unworthy to do anything."

This was written just before one of those missions which always cost so much in preparation. It seemed as though this preacher at least, could never lead others to sunny uplands till he himself had walked through chilly valleys, where the crags throw long shadows in the morning, and evening falls early. Of that mission he wrote home:

All the South Indian Presbyterians united for the meetings, Dutch Reformed, Church of Scotland, and Free Church. We had about thirty European and American missionaries, and over five hundred Tamil workers. The meetings were held in a pandal, which was like a furnace, as the weather was hot and close.

We had plain speaking about sin and failure, and I trust there was conviction and repentance. But I am always chary of speaking of results. On returning here, I found Hawkins and the itinerating band, and I am now working with them. We hope to go into camp all together next week into some of the large towns.

Hawkins—the name recalls a delightful personality. Two incidents that come to mind are characteristic of the man, a physical wreck, suffering from heart-disease, but the life of the party. It was dinner-time, after a day of street-preaching in a noisy market town. Everyone was tired out and not inclined to talk, and home papers were opened in rather depressing silence. Presently there was a chuckle, as the irrepressible Hawkins read from *Punch*: “It is night, and in twelve hours it will be morning; wondrous mystery of nature!” and the small camp-chair, a fragile structure, all but tilted over as he leaned back and laughed till the happy infection of laughter caught everybody, and the dinner-table became suddenly so cheerful that not even the beetles bumping against the lamp, or the moths drowning themselves in the soup, could disturb its serenity.

The other is of the same man preaching to a crowd of market people, his face more pallid than ever in contrast with their hardy brown. His subject that evening was the Good Physician; and quite lost in it, and unconscious of the impression his wasted appearance produced upon the observant and sympathetic Tamils, he exclaimed, “Oh, come to the Good Physician, who has perfectly healed me!” Then was observable something not seen every day in a rough street-preaching. The people, their attention thoroughly arrested, stared hard at him, till with a gasp they turned to each other too amazed for speech. They had seen what India most reveres, the triumph of mind over matter, spirit over flesh; and some dim hint of the meaning of it held them in respectful silence, while the preacher, too worn for another word, and wondering, wistfully perhaps, if anyone had understood, mounted his pony Dan’el and rode slowly back to camp.

THE BURDEN WHICH THE PROPHET DID SEE

“ ‘What are the great non-Christian religions?’ said a friend of mine in my hearing,” wrote Bishop Moule. “And he answered his own question: ‘Hinduism, Muhammedanism, Buddhism—*unspiritual Christianity.*’ ”

(I) UNSPIRITUAL CHRISTIANITY

FROM time to time the missionaries of South India asked the seer who was among them to write what he saw, for they knew he would write faithfully. A paper prepared for the missionary Conference of 1902 told something of the burden the prophet did see. The subject was, *Spiritual life in the Indian Church.*

We have heard a great deal lately, on account of the statistics tabulated in the recent Census Report, about the steady increase in the number of Indian Christians. Prophets have been busy telling us, basing their predictions on purely arithmetical progress, that within a stated period all the population of this country will be nominally Christian. Possibly there are fallacies in this mode of reasoning, for it makes no difference between class and class, but assumes that those more difficult of access will be evangelized at the same rate as the others. However, this may be, thank God we have amongst us seers as well as prophets, men who consider quality as of more account than quantity. It is felt, and strongly felt, *that the real influence of the Indian Church is in direct proportion to the depth of its spiritual life*; and that while we may possibly win adherents by an imposing show of numbers or by a vast missionary machinery of schools, congregations, and agencies, we can only win true converts by the power of the Holy Ghost working in and through the lives of sanctified believers. It is a widely recognized fact, therefore, that this is essentially the age of consolidation, wherein the Christian Church in India must set her house in order and pay special attention to the spiritual condition of her

children. From many sides the cry is going up to heaven, "O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the years; in the midst of the years make known." There is a growing feeling, and I, for one, thank God for the fact, of dissatisfaction with the present state of things, and a longing on the part of many to see greater and fuller manifestations of the power of God among us. Not a few are praying as perhaps they have never prayed before, for the true conversion and sanctification of those who have renounced heathenism and embraced the faith of the Gospel.

The Condition of the Indian Church.—Let us face, first of all, the facts of the case. Just as there is danger from a false patriotism which refuses to recognize any fault or flaw in the constitution or customs of the nation, so there may be danger from a false sensitiveness which resents even the most loving indication of failure in the Mission or the Church. I have known a grand missionary, at whose feet I should consider it an honour, in most things, to sit and learn, provoked to indignation when fault was found with the state of the congregations committed to his charge; and yet I have seen the same missionary, when asked later on in life what he thought about the immediate prospect of those very congregations, shake his head, while he said with real sorrow, "I am not sanguine." And I have known pastors and others resent the statement that true conversions were few and far between; who have yet, when asked in private, confessed that the congregations under their care were carnal, dead and worldly. It seems to me, however, that the first thing to do is to realize our actual need.

There seems, so far as I can judge, something like a consensus of opinion that things are far from satisfactory. I once asked a leading Indian clergyman how many of the twenty or thirty congregations under his jurisdiction could be said to possess anything like real spiritual life. He was silent and thoughtful for a moment, and then replied, "Not more than two or three; and I dare only speak with certainty of one." Thank God, there are bright spots; and He is raising up little bands in one place and another of whose spiritual life there can be no doubt. Truth is neither pessimistic nor optimistic; it is simply and only true. We praise God for every congregation in which life clearly and manifestly exists. We thank Him for every man, woman, or little child who can give a good reason for the hope that is in them. *But is it not a fact that multitudes of those who*

figure in the statistics of our Missionary Reports are Christians in name only? And is it not a fact that many of our congregations are stagnant, dead, lifeless? Nay, more, is it not true that there are those (and are they very few in number?) among our mission workers as to whose true conversion to God we entertain the greatest doubts?

This is not said by way of criticism. It is rather the outcome of bitter experience and sorrowful conviction. Would that all the Lord's people were prophets. Would that all our mission workers were true servants of the living God. Would that every Christian congregation in this land were endued with real life and power. The Lord hasten it in His time. But, meanwhile, it is ours to deal with the actualities of the present.

A few days ago a letter reached me from a friend who loves the people, and is anxious for the welfare of the Church. He writes in reference to a certain part of the Tinnevely district, "The congregations round here are in a deplorable condition. I fear that there will be still further relapses." Whilst I am typewriting these words, a Pastor has come to see me on business. I asked him about the state of the Christians in the double Pastorate for which he is responsible. In reply, he names four congregations (out of the score or so where he has workers placed) where there is a little real life, but he shakes his head about the rest. Possibly I may be told that these instances are far from being typical. Thank God if they are not. I merely give them because they come to hand. So far as our own district is concerned, a tolerably close association with the village congregations during the last few years has opened my eyes to many things, and I do not hesitate to say that here, at least, true spiritual life is lamentably low—I write it with much sorrow of heart; worldliness, Sabbath-breaking, the caste spirit, marriage irregularities (with the consequent excommunications) are widely prevalent. *There is no room for boasting; there is ample cause for weeping; for "many walk of whom I tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the Cross of Christ."* Small wonder, then, that so little impression is made on the non-Christian world around us.

I know not what may be the experience of those who hear this paper read. Most sincerely do I trust that it may have been infinitely brighter than my own. But of one thing I am sure, namely, that it will be generally agreed that there is abundant

cause for self-humiliation on our part, when we look under the surface and view things as they really are. Let us praise God for every token of life, wherever seen, and by all means let us expect great things in the future. But, at the same time, do not let us shut our eyes to the facts of the present, whatever they may be, or be content with superficial views. Christ said, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." Let us be content with nothing less than that in our churches: eternal life, and life more abundant.

There may be zeal for Christianity, without there being spiritual life. There may be liberality in giving, and yet no life. There may be church-going, and lyric-singing, and street-preaching, and all the time no life. *Let us confess it on our knees before the living God—we have been too much occupied with outward organization and missionary routine; we have not sought for our Indian brethren, as we should, a Spirit of life from God; we have not loved them, wept over them, wrestled in prayer for them as we ought to have done. Lord, we blame ourselves to-day. We are verily guilty, we missionaries, before Thee in this thing. Our strength has often been expended over the externals of our work; and we have failed to attain, in any adequate degree, the main object of our mission, that immortal souls might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly. From this time help us all to make a fresh start. And O Spirit of life, breathe upon our congregations. Breathe upon these slain, that they may live.**

To avoid misunderstanding, let me say quite clearly that I am not seeking to paint a sombre picture in the darkest colours possible. I believe that there are vast potentialities for good in the Indian Church. I am sure that God has many true children in this great Empire, and that we have many reasons for encouragement. It is my firm conviction that better times are before us, and that we may expect to see God's power and glory in this land. But, as a prelude to all this, we must lay us in the dust before Him; we must acknowledge, with true contrition, that much of our work is stamped with failure; we must realize, till the conviction overpowers us, that our congregations, on the whole, are sadly devoid of Divine life and power; and we must be ready, as God shows the way, to put away from our

* *We have not wrestled in prayer for them:* by that word he did not mean what is sometimes called "wrestling with God." What he did mean was a wrestle with all that hindered prayer.

missions every hindering thing; and, even though it mean the loss of reputation, to purge and readjust our work.

In one sense, India is Satan's chosen battle-ground. Here he has entrenched himself behind ancient philosophies and the bulwarks of caste prejudice. We shall never win ground from the Brahmans and more intelligent classes unless the Church of the land be full of life and power. A tiny, trickling stream of water will never carry fertility to so vast a continent. We need floods of living water to flow over the dry ground around us. And, alas, the Indian Church to-day is all too barren itself to pour forth rivers of blessing on the wilderness outside. Let us acknowledge it; let us realize it; and, by God's grace, let us deal with it.

(2) THE CAUSES OF WEAKNESS.

What is it which is hindering the influx of God's power into the Church of India to-day? With so many congregations, especially in South India, with a steady increase of nominal adherents—how is it that we see so little spiritual life and energy? These are questions which every missionary ought to ask in the secret chamber, with a loyal determination to act upon the will of God when He Himself reveals the truth. I feel reluctant to press upon others the facts which I believe He has pressed upon myself, for circumstances differ in the various Missions; moreover, a dread of appearing to dogmatize comes over me as I write. These words will probably come to many whose experience and judgment are riper than my own. And yet I think I ought to state, in all humility, the convictions which have been borne in strongly on my own mind. In doing so, I shall aim at being practical, for many brochures which I have read on such subjects have struck me as being largely theoretical. Our need, surely, is to discover actual hindrances, and to deal with them at once.

1. *An Unspiritual Agency.*—I do not like the word "Agents," but it is the one ordinarily in vogue among us. "Workers" would be better. When, moreover, I use the term "an unspiritual Agency," I do not for one moment wish to imply that the whole agency of our Missions comes under that denomination. May God forbid. But is it not true that there are workers in every Mission over whom we dare not write the words "converted," "spiritual," "godly"? Are men and women never

appointed to God's work, as to whose spiritual qualifications we have no sort of *bona fide* guarantee? Are we never influenced by what the world would call "the exigencies of the case"? We have a vacancy to fill, and we appoint the best applicant available, perhaps, though the applicant in question may be an utter stranger to the life of Christ. Possibly we argue, "No one can read the heart; and it is almost impossible to know, in many cases, whether the would-be worker is really converted or not. Granted that this is a real difficulty, and that, when we have done our best, we are liable to be deceived, does the difficulty in question excuse us from doing all that honest men can do, in dependence upon Divine wisdom and guidance, to keep out the unworthy, and to admit only those who, after fair enquiry, seem to be spiritual men and women? Surely not. We have a serious responsibility to discharge, and we cannot rid ourselves of it.

Of course, we shall make mistakes. Of course, we shall sometimes be deceived. But are we doing all we can to weed out from our Missions those who can give no evidence, even after patient trial, of true conversion, and to keep out of the work every unspiritual applicant? This is not a matter, let it be noted, of narrowing down the Kingdom of God. It is not a question of admitting men to, or excluding them from, the salvation of our Lord Jesus Christ. It is only and solely a question of appointing them as workers. This being so, we may surely take firm ground, and claim that no one shall be appointed to such a position who cannot give clear evidence of true conversion to God and a real acquaintance with Christ. *The blind cannot lead the blind, whatever may be their ability in teaching or in speaking. The dead cannot bring life into our schools and congregations. Those who have not experienced the power of God's salvation will never lead on others to deliverance from sin. In the case of Mission workers, I seriously question whether we have any right to give anyone the benefit of the doubt. The risks involved are too great.* We should hesitate, in an important journey, to trust ourselves to the guidance of a man who could not state positively, and give some evidence of the truth of his statement, that he knew the way. I would deprecate, also, the idea that a lower standard of spiritual qualification may be accepted in the case of schoolmasters. I know one large Mission in which teachers of schools and colleges are not, in the current terminology, included under the

head of Spiritual Agents. But surely the conversion and training of the young is, to say the least, as vitally important as that of their elders.

It is my firm conviction that every converted worker is a centre of life, in greater or less degree; and that, on the other hand, every unconverted agent is a hindrance and a bane. It is our bounden duty to rise superior to considerations of convenience and expediency. This is no case for making the best of the material at our disposal, or for conforming with the practices of other Missions. *The point to face is this: is it a fact, or is it not, that only spiritual men are able to do spiritual work?* If it be, then it seems to me that our duty is plain and obvious. We ought at once, with prayer and care, to set about the work of weeding our Missions of those who cannot give something like clear evidence of a New Birth in Christ Jesus. Of course this means trouble, and the reduction, perhaps, of a good deal of our work. Let every man and woman now employed have a full and fair opportunity of proving by their profession and their life that they are God's true children. If they cannot, after patient trial, they ought to go, no matter what trouble be involved. Let no worker be engaged in future who cannot give clear proof of regeneration by God's Holy Spirit.

I repeat it, we shall make mistakes; but, if we prayerfully and carefully set about the task, we shall at least be divinely helped in removing some who are holding back blessing by their love of money and their worldly-mindedness, and whose work is one long failure because they have never passed from death unto life. Many of our schools and congregations are like Lazarus, dead within the tomb; and, alas! many of our workers are like the stones which shut them in. Does not the Voice of Him Who is the Resurrection and the Life, call to us all to-day, "Take ye away the stone"? In many cases the people themselves can give us proof that their agent is not a man of God. I believe that a little careful observation of the lives of our workers and a little closer mingling with the members of their congregations will throw light upon our path of duty.

Is this too high a standard? Surely not. I have taken the lower ground, that Mission workers, one and all, ought to be truly converted men and women. But our Master has raised a higher standard. He points to the great pre-requisite for fruitful service, over and beyond a true regeneration, the Baptism of

the Holy Ghost. We need, and our workers need, not only a new heart, but also "the tongue of fire." "Tarry ye until ye be endued with power from on high."

Beloved brethren in the Lord and in His work, have we not acted too much on utilitarian principles? Have we not, all of us, deviated sadly from the lines laid down in the Acts of the Apostles? Have we never "used lightness" in the choice of workers? Can we say honestly before God to-day, that we believe all our workers to be, beyond all doubt, converted men and women? *God keep us from lowering His standard and from trailing it in the dust. Let us turn anew to Calvary, and learn afresh the tremendous cost of Christ's redemption. Let us realize, in view of His precious Blood, the infinite value of immortal souls. Let us think of the needs of India, and the enormous issues involved in the welfare of its Church. Can we, dare we commit these congregations to the care of hireling-shepherds, or to the leading of blind guides? Are we not hindering God's gracious purposes in giving room to unconverted workers?* I pray for myself—may I include you also in the prayer?—"Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, Thou God of my salvation; and my tongue shall sing aloud of Thy righteousness."

2. *A Defective Presentation of the Gospel.*—Unless I am mistaken, there are grave defects in the character of the preaching which is current in many of our churches. People are taught to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ in order to obtain salvation, but there is not always a clear statement made as to what such faith really involves. The consequence is that you will meet numbers of Christians who will tell you, and with evident sincerity, that they believe in Christ, whose lives are yet practically unaffected by such belief. Careful observation has convinced some of us that at least in our own congregations the doctrine of repentance is little preached, and at the best very feebly emphasized. In some cases, though there may be a sort of general declaration that sin must be forsaken, there is no strong denunciation of specific sins. I have known even workers and their wives who had never realized that it was wrong to go and buy at a bazaar on Sundays, until it was definitely arraigned before them as a sin. Scores of village Christians (I wonder whether the evil is confined to villages) will be found who think there is no harm in telling lies occasionally. Even intelligent persons have told us that, though they tell lies every day, they

always confess them before going to bed, and obtain Divine forgiveness. I venture to think that some, who may not have been thrown into close contact with the ordinary daily life of village Christians (and again I wonder whether town congregations are always better and wiser), would be surprised at the general ignorance which exists as to the very fundamentals of the Gospel. It is a common thing to meet people who seem totally unaware of the fact that repentance and the forsaking of sin is absolutely essential to salvation. They rest upon their profession of Christianity to take them somehow or other to heaven at last. Their argument is: "We are not heathen. We believe that Christ died on Calvary. Does not the Bible say, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved? That is enough for us. Let us alone, and do not teach new doctrines about the need of repentance and holiness. God is merciful. It will be all right at last." Thus our churches are filled with Antinomian doctrines, and with a dead faith that cannot save.

I have known Tamil catechists and schoolmasters, during the course of a Special Mission, set to work to undermine the teaching of repentance by telling the people behind our backs: "This is new doctrine: who can bear it? how can it be possible for any man to live without telling lies sometimes? and as for forsaking the love of the world, that is a preposterous demand." This covert opposition has been met with not once or twice, but again and again. It seems clear to me, therefore, that there is something altogether wrong in many of our congregations, and that a clear clarion blast of repentance must be sounded throughout the length and breadth of the Indian Church. It was the message of the Baptist, "Repent, for the Kingdom of heaven is at hand." It was the message of the Christ Himself, "Repent, and believe the Gospel." The terms of His commission to the Church are equally emphatic. "Repentance and remission of sins must be preached among all nations." I believe that in order to true spiritual life in the Indian Church three simple facts must be pressed home upon the people with the reiteration of intense earnestness:

- (a) *Sin of every kind must be confessed and forsaken.*
- (b) *Salvation means deliverance from the power of sin.*
- (c) *The true Christian must live a holy life (holy in every detail).*

It is obvious, of course, that unconverted workers cannot, dare not, preach these doctrines with any emphasis upon their

truth. Their life before their people is too palpably inconsistent to allow it; and this, I take it, is one of the reasons why, in many places, these facts are conspicuously absent from the preaching. But until our people realize that the very essence of the Gospel is good tidings of deliverance from sin, aye, and from all sin, we shall never see a high tide of spiritual life. And until practical holiness is more conspicuous among us, we shall never convince the Hindu and Muhammedan that the Gospel of Christ is "the power of God unto salvation."

3. *A sad lack of Personal Fellowship with God.*—Here the average Indian Christian is at a disadvantage which we Europeans and Americans fail adequately to understand. The poor, especially, experience difficulties in finding opportunities for private devotions, of which we know practically nothing. Life, in the vast majority of Indian homes, is lived in the glaring light of publicity. We, for our part, can retire to our own secret chamber, and shut and bolt our door. But multitudes of our people have no such private room; and from morning till night they live more or less in public, at least as regards the other inmates of their home. In these circumstances, their private devotions are carried on under the greatest possible difficulties. We can see at once, therefore, that only the more earnest will persist in them, seeking a retired spot in the fields or under some tree when they cannot secure privacy indoors. In many houses a sort of formal "Family Prayers" is made to do duty for private devotions. I feel sure that a careful canvass of the members of our congregations would reveal the fact that a very small proportion of them really begin and end the day with *bona fide* private prayer and Bible-reading. If we were to deduct from these the number of those whose devotions are formal and perfunctory, I fear the proportion of the remainder to the whole would be grievously small. Again and again have we found that true conversion is followed by the necessity of facing practical difficulties such as these. In the East, public functions often take the place of private exercises. Many Christians in India who attend three or four or even five services or meetings on Sunday, do not spend half an hour alone with God. Add to this the fact that very many cannot read at all, and the further fact that comparatively few who can read know how to study the Word of God systematically and to profit, and is there any wonder that spiritual life is not more healthy and robust? No

one can be a strong and vigorous Christian who does not hold real and continual personal intercourse with God. Truly, our Indian brethren need our warm sympathy in the peculiar difficulties under which they labour in this respect; and need our loving and persistent counsel in encouraging them, in spite of the difficulties, to follow a practice so essential to their spiritual life.

4. *The Prevalence of Unholy Customs.*—There is a slavish adherence to custom in many quarters, which militates powerfully against the development of the Church's spiritual life. I would mention, first of all, as the fruitful source of many evils, and the parent of many questionable practices, the active existence of the caste spirit. In many places it keeps Christian apart from fellow Christian. It regulates marriage arrangements to such a fatal extent that it is regarded by multitudes as almost a crime, not only to marry out of caste (as the world expresses it), but even to transgress the minute sub-divisions of caste; and, in Tinnevely at least, inter-marriages with the heathen, which means, surely, a practical denial of Christ, are preferred by some to the slightest deviation from the tyrannical rules of caste. Under such conditions, spiritual life cannot be high. The number of excommunications due directly to this cause is considerable every year.

I believe debt, also, to be a sad hindrance to spiritual progress, alike among the workers and the members of their congregations. Spending beyond their income is not regarded, by the vast majority, as contrary to the rule of Christ; and Romans xiii. 8 is treated, largely, as devoid of meaning. Thus the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches now, as ever, choke the Word, and it becometh unfruitful. Is it not true that custom, rather than the Bible, rules the amount of the expenditure on marriage occasions, to take a concrete example, and to such an extent that many incur debts on account thereof which cripple them for life as regards spiritual progress? And what about enormous dowries and excessive jewellery?

Sabbath-breaking, too, prevents the blessing of God from descending on many of our congregations. In the palmyra districts we have noticed again and again that when the palmyra season comes round, men and women, who seemed to have been really stirred and to have started out on a new life, get cold and dead again. The reason is that time and strength on the Lord's

day are given to tree-climbing and juice-boiling, and the soul's interests are neglected. Until this matter is faced in the spirit of true faith in God, and His command honoured, I fear we shall see nothing like the vigorous Christian life which ought to exist. And what is true of the palmyra districts is true, to some extent at least, *mutatis mutandis*, of other districts. "Custom" in such matters is pleaded, to the disregard of God's holy will and word.

The observance of "lucky months," even when "lucky days" are not regarded, as auspicious occasions for marriages; the practice among Christian widows, even the widows of Mission workers, of absenting themselves from God's house for a certain number of weeks after the death of their husbands; these and a hundred other superstitious observances which are in vogue, at least in many places, show that custom is all-powerful with numbers of those who name the Name of Christ, and are a standing witness to the feebleness of faith and the low level of spiritual life. I feel sure that we shall have to deal with practical matters of this sort if we would see God's power and glory manifested in our midst unhindered. These evils must be faced, not in the spirit of harsh condemnation, but with the loving heart of those who would take their weaker brethren by the hand and lead them on to better things. It should be made quite clear, however, that they are contrary to the word of God and opposed to the whole tenor of the Gospel, and must be forsaken if men would so walk as to please God. *Many of these so-called customs are truly grave-clothes. They bind our people fast, and keep them back from the life and liberty of Christ.*

5. *The Evil of Financial Dependence.*—This paper is too long already, and so only the briefest possible allusion can be made to a subject which demands full and separate treatment. I know quite well the difficulties with which it bristles. The poverty of many of our Christians is a fact beyond dispute. And yet it seems clear, on careful consideration, that financial dependence upon others is to a large degree detrimental to real spiritual life. It teaches Christians to lean upon the arm of flesh instead of depending directly upon God. How many eyes in India are looking to the Mission, which ought to be turned, in living faith, to the Hills, from whence cometh their help. How much energy is paralysed because foreign subsidies obviate the necessity of its active expenditure. I am not ignorant of the fact that the

Indian Church is becoming more and more alive to the duty of self-support. But is it not true that the power of the rupee in our Indian Missions has sometimes been more strongly felt than the power of the Holy Ghost? And is it not a fact that, compared with some other countries, we are behindhand as regards progress toward financial independence? From personal experience I do not hesitate to say that our most living congregations are those which have received the least financial aid; and the converse is also true. It was the churches of Macedonia, Philippi, and Thessalonica, remarkable for their glad readiness in giving, which showed so vigorous a spiritual life, and cheered and rejoiced the heart of the Apostle Paul.

We missionaries must largely bear the blame in this matter. One of our great missionary societies has humbly and truly said, We have made a mistake in India. Have we not all made mistakes in this? I have a vivid recollection of hearing a speech delivered by an able Tamil clergyman at a large missionary meeting in your own Madras, in which he said (the vast audience cheered the words to the echo), "We are told we are not as independent as we ought to be. True! we are spoiled children. But who has made us so? The missionary societies have brought us up as spoiled children, and what can we do?" Doubtless there was an element of facetiousness present in the speaker's mind and words; but the remark was true enough to send at least one of his hearers home thinking.

Surely the time has come to throw our Indian Brethren, more and more, in dependence upon God, on their own resources. They are beginning, some of them, to realize this for themselves. Let us, then, help them to help themselves. It may mean self-denial on our part, though it sounds very paradoxical to say so, to stand out of their way and let them open their purse-strings. It may require patient and persistent refusal to meet what seems like obvious needs, in order that they may have the privilege of meeting them. It may mean less authority and more trouble for us. *However that may be, I feel quite confident that the more congregations are thrown upon their own resources, the stronger will be their Christianity and the healthier their spiritual life.* The past may have left us legacies which have to be faced patiently (we never make mistakes without suffering for it), and dealt with gradually. All we are concerned with now is seeking to realize the fact that financial dependence is a grave hindrance

to true spiritual life, and the realization to aim forthwith at sound remedies. God in His Mercy forgive us whereinsoever we have taught the Christians of India to look, in any measure, to us or to our Mission funds, instead of looking straight to Him.

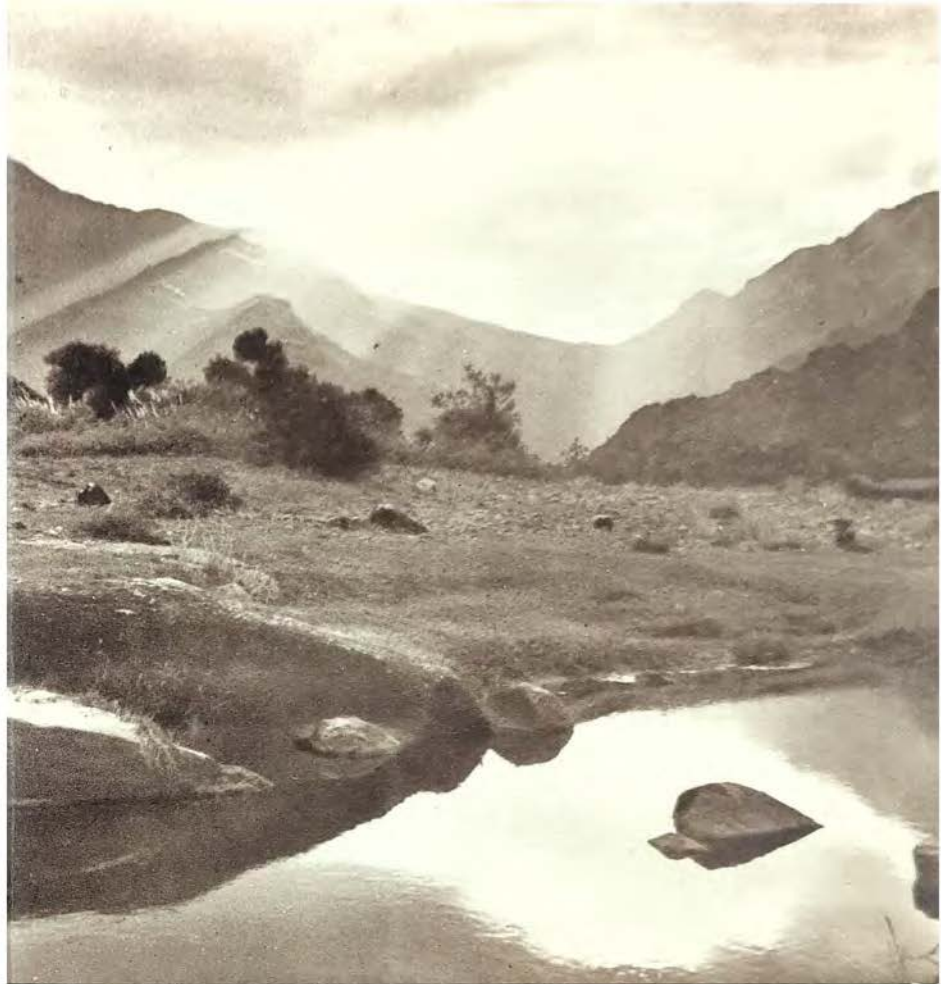
(3) PRACTICAL REMEDIES.

The Course to be Adopted.—We have thus noticed some of the causes which make against the development of spiritual life in the Indian Church. The list enumerated is far from being exhaustive, and other sources of weakness will doubtless suggest themselves to all. I have only dwelt upon some topics with regard to which I have strong personal convictions, formed after no casual observation, and burnt in upon my soul after practical experience of the work. But now the Tamil proverb bids "him who pointed out the danger suggest the proper way to meet it." Some of the measures which commend themselves have already been anticipated in considering the sources of our weakness. Perhaps the best plan will be to append here, even at the risk of partial repetition, in a very practical shape the practical remedies which are available to practical men.

(a) Since the unspiritual part of our missionary agency is a hindrance to the highest welfare of our people, steps should be taken, as carefully and prayerfully as you like, but quite courageously, to dispense with the services of those concerning whose spiritual character we have serious doubt. *Better pay them to leave than pay them to stay.*

Great care should be exercised, moreover, not to admit new workers who cannot give clear evidence that they have passed from death unto life, and are living according to their profession. Do not vote the thing "impracticable." It means taking pains and putting ourselves to much trouble; but it is worth while, for the issues involved are vast and far-reaching. *Anyhow I claim that, in the light of God's Word, we have no option in the matter. We have no right to adopt any other course.*

(b) Since, in many of our congregations, the doctrine of repentance unto the remission of sins is not clearly taught and strongly emphasized, special efforts should be made, in each Mission, to have a systematic preaching of this truth inaugurated in every town and village containing Christians. Let men of approved spiritual character, who have themselves experienced



Evensong.

The mountain that welcomed the traveller.





The path, bordered by tamarind trees—
And he went out into the light.



the power of Christ to save from sin, be set apart, for a time at least, to blow the trumpet of repentance; and, beyond that, to set before the people the real meaning of God's great salvation, with the life of holiness to which it leads through the power of the Holy Ghost. In this connection, let specific sins be indicated, and unholy customs held up to the light of truth. In the case of neighbouring Missions, united efforts of this sort might be set on foot, for unity is strength. The proposal, it will be seen, is tantamount to something like a special mission, general, even if not simultaneous.

(c) Let continual stress be laid on the vital importance of private prayer and Bible-reading, morning and evening. In many congregations, adults and young people who are unable to read should be urged to attend night-schools or classes formed, according to convenience, for their special benefit. Where classes are impossible, individuals at least should be taught to read their Bibles, and the help of Christian men and women should be enlisted in this work. We have known women past middle life who have thus learned to read God's Word after their conversion. Instruction and help should be given to our people in the matter of systematic Bible study, and to this end occasional Bible Schools for workers and others, conducted by suitable leaders, would be found of great advantage. It is only the few who derive real help and teaching every day from the reading of God's Word. One word of caution is here needed; such Bible Schools should not aim at a sort of dissection of the Bible, but at indicating lines of study calculated to produce spiritual profit.*

Let it be remembered, in all this, that the subject to be promoted is daily fellowship with God for workers and for people. We should not think it a point of superfluous detail, either, to show men that they may find a secret chamber in the rice-fields or under the tamarind or margosa tree, if they cannot find a quiet corner in their homes. It is often the practical details in which help and counsel are required. *It is practical godliness in every detail which needs enforcing in our teaching in India to-day. It is possible to sit down and read holiness books, and to enjoy high spiritual doctrines, and yet to be culpably negligent in the details of everyday Christian life.*

* Some forms of Bible study are attempts to satisfy soul-hunger by eating the dishes instead of the dinner."—Spurgeon.

(d) Conferences or conventions for workers should be held periodically; not too frequently, but often enough to guard against stagnation. In this the various Missions might lend each other mutual aid. Let men be invited to conduct them who know the needs of those assembled, and can lay their fingers on the evils which require remedy. When such conferences are convened, let no money or business transactions be associated with them. It should be a time when men and women can meet with God without distraction. As far as possible, let the meetings be seconded by private conversations, in which difficulties may be met and individual souls encouraged. Many of our dear Indian fellow workers are located in lonely places, surrounded by a heathen atmosphere, with little or nothing to help them in external circumstances. Only those who know their environment, and the dead level all around them, can properly appreciate their needs and enter into their trials.

(e) Steps should be taken, in every Mission, to throw Indian Christians, financially, upon their own responsibility. But I must close. How miserably inadequate, after all, must seem this treatment of so great a subject. In the very allusion to existing evils, too, it is so difficult not to seem unloving.

One word only should be added in conclusion. I have made no reference to the outflow of the Church's life in evangelistic effort. Given the life, it is sure to manifest and propagate itself. If our Indian brethren drink, and drink deeply, of the Living Water, then beyond all doubt, out of them shall flow rivers of living water, and the whole land will feel its power. God bless, revive, and use, beyond all our expectations, the Church of India.

As for us, fellow workers of South India, shall we not humble ourselves for our many, many failures? Do you not feel with me that the times of refreshing which we desiderate for the Native Church must begin with us, the missionary body? *We have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin. We have not yet, to any adequate extent, offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears on behalf of those committed to our care. We have not yet paid the cost of the tide of blessing which we long to see. We have not yet claimed our full share in the promise of the Father. The good Lord, in His mercy, begin with us. Let Him search us, and cleanse us, and fill us with His power. Are we humble enough? Are we willing enough? Are we unworldly*

enough? Are we loving enough? Are we holy enough? Are we in earnest enough? Are we obedient enough?

And He said unto me, Son of Man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, Thou knowest.

And the word of the Lord came unto me, saying . . . This shall come to pass, if ye will diligently obey the voice of the Lord your God.

XXIV. (1902)
LIFE AMONG THE SYRIANS

THE year 1902 saw a little band of five set forth from Dohnavur for the Syrian country (North Travancore). Their first halt was at a Hindu and Muhammedan border town not far from the pass leading through the mountains into Travancore. There, within sight of the temple lights, within sound of the murmur of voices chanting to Siva, by a great tree, the sacred fig of India, supper was spread; and the little snake idols (worshipped by childless women), on the raised platform under the tree, remained as a last impression of dark idolatrous Tiru-nel-véli, dark and idolatrous still, in spite of its noted centres of light. In contrast to its temples and roadside shrines appeared presently the whitewashed churches, hidden among the palms bordering the wide water-ways of the part of Travancore inhabited chiefly by the Syrian Christians.

A book that plays in the shallows of life is of no value to the household of God; but our Lord took note of common things, of little things, and used them for heavenly purposes. And it may help some to know that the man of this book did the same. Often in unexpected ways some trifle seen in passing would light up a truth, or press it home with telling force. And he enjoyed sharing with his friends any interest that came his way, even such small things as the two or three that find a place in this chapter, which shows a Syrian tour as a fellow-worker saw it.

The first surprise—though the fact had been known before, it had not been realized—was to find the people not Syrian in type, but Indian. Here and there was a face which suggested the far land from which the founders of this wonderful Church had come; but intermarriage

with the people of the country had led to the Indian type prevailing: a good type for the most part, sometimes distinguished by great refinement of feature and expression, and almost invariably by a gentleness of manner very pleasant to meet.

For the Syrians are a gracious people. It may be possible to live among them and not become attached to them, but it must be difficult; they have a way of their own of winning the heart.

It was the delight of the one who knew them well by this time, to expound to those who were new to the life, how things were viewed in this land of leisure and unbounded kindness. The meeting was fixed for eight in the morning, so that it might be over before the great heat of the day. The mission party was ready at eight, but there was no sign of the congregation. "It will be eight when they come," he explained. They came at something nearer ten than eight. "Now it is eight o'clock!" Or, a move had to be made; all was to be ready upon arrival at the other end of a long night journey of pitch and toss in a bullock-cart. "Be prepared for their not beginning to get ready till you arrive; that's the custom here," would be the warning word, which made it fairly easy to wait with calmness of spirit in scorching sunshine, while with welcoming faces men rushed round setting things to rights, and women raised clouds of dust in efforts to make everything nice; for in India, if a thing is a custom, that settles it. Or again: "Don't be in a hurry. You can't hurry a Tamil; but ten times more truly you can't hurry a Syrian Christian. After all, we have come for them, and we have nothing to do but give ourselves to them," a view of life which covers more than work among Syrian Christians, and, if sincerely adopted, leads to infinite peace of mind. From the first day to the last, there was one unbroken cord of kindness thrown round every member of the party; and each separate one of that little band found the heart going out to those most lovable people, whose ways seem to suit their beautiful land, with

its placid lagoons, forests of palm, and easeful, indolent, languid air which does not encourage the strenuous, and smiles at foolish haste.

But the people were ready for any amount of effort, only in a frankly un-Western way. "You will stop at such and such a place," said the Syrian friend in charge one evening, as a move was made to a new centre. "So-and-so has arranged to give you a meal upon your way." At midnight, therefore, the sleepy missionaries turned out of their bandies, and were led to a Syrian house and asked to wait "a few minutes." They waited, and two of them lay down on a bench and went to sleep. That supper was the work of the women of the house, who toiled for hours over it. After it was cooked, "Now the family will gather for Prayers," was the cheerful announcement. There was nothing for it but to acquiesce; and then, after some little delay caused by routing the children off their mats in the small hours of the morning, the household met in the largest room the house contained, for three hours of long, long prayers. Wonderful is the unchanging East. Let those who cannot learn to love it, stay away.

Once a curious man hung on the edge of the crowd at one of the great meetings, and fell upon little groups of convention-goers as they dispersed for meals. He attacked a member of the mission party: "You people are all wrong. This Church should split up. 'I am the Vine.' These are our Lord's own words. But *you* do not see that the more branches there are on a vine, the more glory to the vine. In this matter Walker Iyer is wrong" (the idea being, the more the Church split up the better). "Thank God, we have something better to do than split branches into twigs," was the Iyer's indignant comment when he heard of this new doctrine. "Pity to go about branding sheep when one might be catching fish."

The meetings were always an amazement. Besides the general meetings, there were separate gatherings for leaders; and women's meetings were arranged for other

members of the party—curious women's meetings they appeared at first, for the mass of a thousand to fifteen hundred women was invariably fringed by a wide border of men—five thousand was the count one day. But the men were so docile and so refreshingly quiet (in contrast to the women, who of course had their babies to see to, and therefore were more or less disturbed and disturbing), that they were never sent away. Then, before the evening meetings began, the people would gather in hundreds, till perhaps ten thousand or more were packed solidly into the pandal, and all they wanted was to be taught choruses. These they learned in a way of their own: they listened while the new chorus was sung by a little group on the platform, and immediately took it up, recasting it, as if by common consent, into something like and yet unlike the original; the effect was delightful, an Indianized chorus thereafter not to be foreign, but their own possession.

To this audience, thus prepared, the speaker would come punctual to the second, for the evening meetings always began in time. Quietly he would work his way through the packed masses to the wide, low platform; and then there would be a gradual hush, passing down from the platform to the far-out edge of the crowd, while he knelt down and once more stretched out his hands to the Unseen, and, as it seemed, received gifts for men. Then the address, broken by the interpretation from Tamil to Malayalam, repeated by interpreters stationed at intervals through the great throng, and, even so, unspoiled—how describe it? Sometimes it was like hearing waters fall from high places, pure waters of refreshment; sometimes the eager sentences, following hard the one upon the other, were like leaping flames.

The difficulties in travelling were many and often very tiresome, and the tiring end fell on the one responsible for everything; but never once through those many journeys was there a sign of the early-lamented impatience, but rather that continual making the best of things which

tends so much to lessen the petty frictions of travel. Whenever there was anything interesting to be seen, there was always a quick call. "Look at that fisherman! Did you ever see a man shooting fish?" This was on one of the backwaters, where, sitting on the bank, the fisher with bow and arrows shot the fish as they swam past. "There, did you ever see anything like that before?" The morning scrubbing of the elephants in the river was another call to look; so was the administration of pills to the great beasts when ill. Everything contributed to the natural happiness of life, and helped through the tremendous strain of meetings and constant conversations between.

To one who watched, knowing him well, his peace in welcoming all who came for talks was something far more striking than the holding of huge meetings. After such meetings the whole being asks for quiet relaxation, but it was rarely granted; and perhaps his wife's peaceful faith was never more taxed than when she saw these constant demands made upon strength which had a narrower limit than was generally known.

But it was impossible to save him any of this extra work. "As sheep without a shepherd," he said pitifully one evening, as he watched some thousands of people stream homeward in the dark, each little group carrying a flaming torch. They were walking by the river, and the water, reflecting their white garments and yellow torches, made a mile of picture. There were some true shepherds; but there were not nearly enough truly to shepherd this large flock. Always the inner side of things appealed most: "So many of them as sheep without a shepherd;" he could not do too much for them.

Often in some great meeting it was as if he were playing upon a living harp; a touch, and any effect he desired was instantly produced; but he feared this kind of responsiveness: "Lord, make it real," was his one prayer. There was much prayer throughout the whole time; it was the very breath of life to him: "O to be able to pray!" he used to say, and then he would pray, and pray, till those who

were with him could only wonder that the heavens did not visibly open, and pour the blessing down.

There was blessing, and there were joys no one ever attempted to count; but the work of this missionary all through his life was to walk by faith. "Now go and live for others," was often his last word to one and another who came, usually alone, to tell him what had happened in the secret place of the soul. "Keep close to God, and go and live for others." It was his own life practice in two sentences. Spiritual selfishness was, like all insincerity, intolerable to him.

Upon one of the last days at Maramana the aged Metran came in his amazing robes of state, and sat on a chair in the middle of the packed platform, his large brass betelnut apparatus (a very Eastern touch) conspicuous by his side. The Iyer had begun to speak and did not bless the interruption, but he took it peacefully. That day the crowd was so vast that the two interpreters, who had been sufficient up till then, had to be increased to three, who, dotted about the pandal, carried the words of the speaker to the edge of the throng of 15,000 people. It was a stirring sight, those many faces looking all one way, and the white face, so much too white with the strain of such ministry, gazing down upon the thousands in the intervals between his sentences and their three-fold repetition.

"So closes our campaign on the West Coast," is the journal's last word: "Lord, forgive its failures."

AND WE WILL RING OUR BELLS

AND now again a serious tropical malady laid hold upon Mrs. Walker and treatment in India proved useless. She could not travel alone, so there had to be a quick packing up and a difficult Goodbye. For it was difficult, and he was torn. Almost at the last hour he hardly knew how to face it. "I can't leave you to see to all this" he said to the one to whom he must commit a houseful of convert lads who were living at Dohnavur, "It's not as if you hadn't the children too." (One of them was very ill at the moment and there was neither doctor nor nurse within reach.) "But you must. So it must be all right. And if you didn't, how could we prove that God alone is enough?" was the answer that settled matters.

*If truly all things
Are working together
Only for good,
The trusting heart sings,
Whatever the weather,
Beatitude.*

And all went well: "He bindeth the floods from overflowing."

The months at home—except for five weeks in Switzerland—were as full as ever. In seven conventions that earnest voice was heard pleading for a full surrender to the Call of Christ, and many missionary messages were given all over the country. Then in October came the parting which had to be, for Mrs. Walker had to stay for another year at home. "But the Lord strengthens us both," the journal says. This was the spirit of the parting. Always it was "God first, the affairs of His Kingdom first" with that husband and wife.

"I feel as if I hadn't been away for a day; India is home now" was the Iyer's word when at last he found himself in the little side-room of the Dohnavur bungalow which was his study. And at once he threw his whole heart into an earnest effort to win freedom for his fellow-missionaries who were distressed by a new ruling of some of the Bishops of India. *Forced uniformity belongs to narrow minds and modern architecture.** This forced uniformity he felt was very far from the noble mind of Christ. "So the Bishops have sounded their trumpets. Well, we must ring our bells," he wrote, alluding to the story of how, when Charles VIII tried to force unjust conditions upon Florence, the Republic refused. Whereupon Charles said, "Then we will sound our trumpets." To which Ceponi replied, "And we will ring our bells."

The bells had been rung in a Resolution prepared two years before this time, when certain of the Bishops had forbidden C.M.S. men to join with their fellow Christians in the Lord's Supper, unless the one who gave the Bread and the Wine was a minister of the Church of England. The Resolution had shown that this prohibition created a novel situation in India; it also proved from historical records that no such action had been taken since the Reformation. "There is no doubt that the consciences of many earnest and devoted clergy of the Church of England have been deeply wounded by this prohibition"—thus the Resolution.

This Resolution had been circulated, but so far nothing had happened to relieve the tension. "I do not know," wrote one of the men who had joined in framing it, "what the Committee on Inter-communion, appointed at Madras, propose doing, but it seems to me that we C.M.S. men in India should be prepared to speak with no uncertain sound on a matter which will be the key of any serious attempt to avoid perpetuating indefinitely our divisions in India."

This, then, was the first care of the time; letter after

* C. A. Fox.

letter was written from a heart that dearly loved spiritual liberty, and could not bear to be separated from fellow lovers by any laws of man. It was quite impossible for him to join his fellow servants in service, and then to draw back from going to the Lord's Table with them. It's not the Table of any Church, was his feeling. "It's the *Lord's* Table."* Words like William Tyndale's to the martyr, John Frith, were often on his lips: "Yea, and if you be sure that your part be good, and another hold the contrary, yet if it be a thing that maketh no matter, you will laugh and let it pass, and refer the thing to other men, and stick you stiffly and stubbornly in earnest and necessary things."

Another bone of contention, over which there was much wrangling and to which he stuck stiffly and stubbornly, is best shown by the final paragraphs of a long memorandum on the revision of the Tamil Prayer Book. Where new words had to be introduced he strongly preferred translation; but if transliterations must be, he wanted them to be from the Greek, not from the English. The Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Davidson) was with him in this. "He gave it as his decided opinion (I myself saw his letter) that the transliterations should be from the original languages; not from what he called 'the truncated English.' " The more scholarly of the Indian clergy were also with him. But they were overruled. And there was no course open to him but to record his strong protest. His keen questions on the subject may be out-dated, but the principle for which he contended continues to be vital:

Are we not in danger of presenting both the Gospel and our own Church polity in too foreign a guise to a land like India? Is it wise or really necessary to increase the use of foreign terms? Already the cry is going forth for something more Indian in the presentation of the Gospel. Should we not aim at diminishing, rather than increasing, all that sounds foreign and alien in our religious phraseology?

* He had no hesitation in uniting with any who were in love with his Master. What was the ordination of man, he would have said, when the Ordination of the Piercèd Hands has been manifestly given?

Does Apostolic practice warrant the usage of transliterated religious terminology in such matters as those under question? Did not the Apostles adopt Greek words for Church, Bishop, Presbyter, Deacon, Holy Communion, etc., which were already in current use, generally with a different etymological meaning, trusting the new usage and the work of time to connote a Christian and theological meaning? It is often objected that words which have been adopted in translations do not carry, etymologically, the exact ecclesiastical or theological significance intended. Exactly so; but would not the same objection lie to the first adoption by the Apostles of Greek words to express Christian ideas? In time the connotation of the new life with the old word becomes an accomplished fact.

I confess to feeling jealous of the introduction of a foreign phraseology into a land like India, especially in view of the fact that we are all too foreign already in the eyes of the people. The Indian languages, with the help of the classic Sanskrit, ought to be as well able to furnish us with Indian terms as Greek, which has so many affinities with Sanskrit, and was found capable of furnishing suitable expressions to the first missionaries of the Gospel.

If, however, the decision to transliterate certain terms be irrevocable, may I suggest that it is only fair to infant churches to go to the original source, and so avoid, as far as possible, the introduction of, and emphasis on, our Anglican controversies?

It appears to me that, if translation be forbidden (which I most earnestly and humbly deprecate), the best possible source of agreement is to be sought and found in transliteration from the original.

He did not live to see, nor has anyone yet seen, the Church of his dreams arise, and shake herself loose from her grave clothes, and take her place as the Church of the living God in India; but he knew that in the end the purposes of God would prevail; and one day, when all he had said and done seemed to dissolve in failure he read aloud with keen appreciation, a poem from the *Spectator*:

When you have started forth towards your vision,
 When you have counted up the gain and cost,
 When you have faced the old, old world's derision,
 Its scoffing tale of all endeavours lost;

When all is said, leave it the sane, wise clinging
 To proven ways you never can recall;
 It has not heard your golden trumpet ringing,
 O Pioneer, the end is worth it all.

The first of the cities of India to welcome the special message this messenger had been given to deliver, was Madura, City of Sweetness, as its name means. In that city at that time a band of keen American missionaries were working against tremendous odds. Standing on the roof of the old palace there, you see something of what those men and women faced, with a faith like the faith of Abraham, accounting that God was able to do the impossible. For from that roof you see not only the city stretching far to the north, but the immense temple—temple of nine huge towers, long corridors, many courts, and Hall of a Thousand Pillars.

To that city, to the little group of courageous men and women, the Iyer had gone in the early years of his liberty. And now he went again to help them to revise the book of hymns used by the Tamil church. "His help was invaluable," Dr. Chandler, senior missionary in Madura, wrote, "both on account of his fine knowledge of Tamil, and also of his critical ear in regard to the best word to convey the meaning of a translation while preserving the rhythm as much as possible."

The work itself was a delight to him, for he had proved the power of song to uplift the heart and steady faith in the midst of depressing circumstances: *Before the gods will I sing unto Thee.*

Viewed spiritually, nothing, except indeed the lack of life in the Church general, was so baffling to faith as the refusal of the Brahmans, "the twice-born," the priestly caste of Southern India, to consider the claims of the Gospel. Not only in cities like Madura, but in scores of little, ancient villages the solidarity of their resistance was unbroken. The Brahman street of a village was as wholly out of reach of the Good Tidings as if it had been

surrounded by the temple wall itself. No Christian, of course, could live in such a street. At that time no Christian might even enter, much less preach in the street.

Not far from Dohnavur is an old-world village called Little Hill, where there is a single Brahman street. Again and again the Iyer tried to win an entrance to that street, but always in vain. He could only stand at the corner of the street, outside its limits, and pray for it and its people, and turn away defeated. But is true prayer ever finally defeated? Does it ever fall to earth like a stone thrown up into the air? Years after the Iyer had passed on, a hospital, called the Place of Spiritual Healing, was opened in Dohnavur. In that hospital a baby girl was born, whose people lived in that street. Her mother died at her birth, and because she was very precious, her grandfather engaged a private ward for six months, so that the child should be under the care of the doctor. And the baby thrived, and became the jewel of his eye to her old grandfather.

This long stay among followers of the Lord Jesus Christ led to great friendliness, and when, some time after his return to Little Hill, the grandfather found a young kinsman prostrated by extreme pain, he brought him to the hospital, sure that he would find help there.

And he did find help, and far more than that, for eternal health was given to him and he became a worshipper at the Lotus Feet, as his beautiful Tamil puts it. His first thought, then, was for the four hundred people of his street, the forbidden street of other days. The old grandfather well remembered those days, but perhaps he now understood something of what lay behind that repeated and earnest effort to win a hearing, for when the newly enlightened one asked that the doctor, and the nursing brother who had tended him, and the Senior Indian brother of the hospital, might bring the magic lantern to Little Hill, and hold a Gospel meeting in the street, the old man consented. And for the first time the Gospel was preached in the Brahman street of Little Hill.

And now, though as a baptized Christian that new disciple cannot live in the street, he has had opportunities to give the Word of Life in the form that carries a peculiar appeal to the Indian heart and ear, the form of song. For he is of the brotherhood of Richard of Hampole. To see him sing and to hear him, is to think of that older brother and his glowing words: "*Song*, I call it when in a soul the sweetness of everlasting praise is received with plenteous burning, and thought is turned into song; and the mind is changed into full sweet sound. . . . They that begin to love, afterwards in great joy of love, and honey-sweet burning, shall not cease to sing full lovely songs to Jesus Christ . . . O good Jesu, my heart Thou hast bound in thought of Thy name, and now I cannot but sing it."

What must Heaven be, where all feel like that?

XXVI. (1905)

THE BIBLE AND MODERN THOUGHT

“Thou, O Lord God, art the thing that I long for”—this was what lay behind the study of the time: “Commenced Higher Criticism notes to crystallize subject a little. Plunged carefully into Driver’s *Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament*. Made notes on Sayce’s *Higher Criticism and the Monuments*. Read hard at Pinches’ *Old Testament in the Light of Historical Records of Assyria and Babylon*, and found it fascinating.” These are some of the journal entries telling of how this builder began to build for the years he would not see; for Canon Ainger expressed his thought:

With eager knife that oft has sliced
At Gentile gloss, or Jewish fable,
Before the crowd you lay the Christ
Upon the lecture table.

From bondage to the old beliefs
You say our rescue must begin,
But I want refuge from my griefs
And saving from my sin.

The strong, the easy and the glad-
Hang, blandly listening, on your word;
But I am sick, and I am sad,
And I want Thee, O Lord.

It was an especial joy to me to realize the thoroughness with which he was giving himself to study and scholarship with reference to the needs of the Indian Church [wrote Professor Griffith Thomas of Toronto, after the Home-call of 1912] and in this respect, as well as in others, his loss will be deeply, and, perhaps increasingly, felt. What I particularly valued about him was his strenuous and courageous championship of the old faith, together with his modern outlook and his readiness to

adopt everything that was real and true in present-day thought and life. It was this blend of the conservative and assimilative elements that attracted me to him; and, in common with very many others, I grieve over his—humanly speaking—mysterious death. We greatly need men of his type who are firmly fixed on the Rock of the Supreme Authority of the Bible, and who are yet able to stretch out loving hands to all who are seeking to know and follow the will of God.

He had always tried to keep abreast of the times; but now, foreseeing what was soon to come upon the Indian Church, he read more and more widely, and, as always, carefully, sifting every statement, comparing view with view, entirely unimpressed by the sound of a great name, but with a mind open to weigh every argument adduced in support of some new conclusion; only requiring that it should be argument, and not mere clap-trap—verbal jugglery he called it—and he was quick to recognize this same quality in others.

“Thanks for letting me see enclosed,” he wrote to a friend who had shared a letter from a distinguished woman; “whatever else she is not, Miss M. is plainly a decided Christian, and one who disapproves of modern extremes of criticism. The air is full of it; and we need to keep our heads, and our feet, not to say our souls.”

As to his own views, he endorsed the opinion of those scholars who held that many of the conclusions accepted by critics are not justified by scientific principles; he agreed with them in thinking that merely philological preparation was inadequate for the study of historical problems; and he held this “philological attitude” responsible for much erroneous thinking. Again and again he noted the absence of what he called the mathematical sense in many of the critical writers. “They accept hypotheses too easily,” he used to say. “You can see they have never had a mathematical training.” And he would compare them with scientists like Clerk Maxwell, Stokes, and Kelvin, with their patient search after truth, and humility born of profound knowledge. Once at a meeting

held for missionaries he pleaded earnestly for caution in accepting opinions which the research of to-morrow might subvert: "Don't let us be afraid of being called old-fashioned and narrow-minded; all the scholarship is not on the side of the critics." And his well-known habit of studying the Scriptures, not only book by book and period by period, but literally word by word in the original languages, in conjunction with the best that could be had of modern scholarship, gave weight to his opinion, and strengthened many a younger man—dazzled perhaps by the fascinating brilliance of some new writer, or beguiled by that calm custom of taking it for granted that "no one holds the old views now"—to wait awhile before being sure. "For there is bound to be a reaction" he would say, "against these extremes of criticism." And he thought the reaction from what he considered an uncritical acceptance of German speculations by English scholars, might come sooner than anyone imagined. He was not fond of satire where such matters were concerned, he felt the question too serious for satire; but he marked with appreciation the lines in Coleridge's *Vision of the Nations*, which describes those who, deeming themselves free, chain down thought, and cheat themselves.

With noisy emptiness of learned phrase,
Their subtle fluids, impacts, essences,
Self-working tools, uncaused effects,

and he thought it was true, as the poem goes on to say, that the ultimate end of all such work is to untenant creation of its God. More like him, however, is Canon Ainger's little verse. It touched him deeply. And the sentence which follows, from Moule's *Ephesian Studies*, shows his attitude of mind towards anything which sought to rob the Word of God of its supreme power to deal with the conscience and lives of men; "We may have come to take 'liberal' views of the Bible, till we hardly know what it is to approach it except as its critics. Yet on a sudden this book turns upon us, rises as it were in new and awful

life from the dissecting table, and speaks to us with even more than its old authority about temperance, righteousness, and judgment to come, till we tremble all through."

He stood by the same careful scholar in his thought about the meaning of the Kenôsis of the Lord. He believed that it meant, amid all else that it may mean, a perfect conveyance of the Supreme Master's mind in the delivery of His message. *He whom God hath sent, speaketh the words of God.* "The Kenôsis itself (as St. Paul meant it) is nothing less than the guarantee of the infallibility. It says neither yes nor no to the question, Was our Redeemer, as Man, in the days of His flesh, omniscient? It says a profound and decisive yes to the question, Is our Redeemer, as Man, in the days of His flesh, to be absolutely trusted as the Truth in every syllable of assertion which He was actually pleased to make?

He whom God hath sent, speaketh the words of God."

Any light that came from a new writer was immediately and joyously shared. Tapping at the door of a friend's room and handing in a slim little book, he said, "You should read this. Deissmann on the records of the Graeco-Roman period, quite a small book, but so fresh"—and he underlined in Aristophanes' *Apology*—"O light, light, light, I hail light everywhere."

XXVII. (1905)

CHRIST LIVES, REIGNS, GOVERNS, CONQUERS

“IN the evening we had a very solemn subject, ‘The tears of the Lord Jesus,’ and dealt with the awful sinfulness of sin and the crime of unbelief. I trust that the truth went home to some, and that many of God’s people began to realize that the very thought of sin ought to cost them real pain. It is hatred of sin, and practical godliness, which we all so sorely need. I had spent a time of quiet meditation on it before going to the pandal, and felt keenly the solemnity of the subject.”—This from a letter written early in the year from the Syrian country shows the colour of the year.

It was the year of the Welsh Revival, and all over India there were hearts that longed for such a work of the Spirit that our Lord would see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied. “How could we grieve the dear Lord who bled and died for us?” had been the heart-moving question pressed home at a previous meeting of the Syrian Christians. “I felt very tender as I spoke to them and I pleaded with them to return to a waiting Father then and there. A large number responded, and I believe many of them were in real earnest, for many individuals among them came to see me afterwards full of joy in new-found forgiveness. At one of the previous meetings I had mentioned seeing in Italy a church with the words inscribed on its steeple in large Latin characters, so as to be visible afar, ‘*Christ lives, reigns, governs, conquers.*’ This had struck some of the Syrian brethren greatly, and one of them had enshrined the device in a lyrical form. It was grand to hear these thousands of voices singing, and with evident feeling,

“Yes, He lives! Glory! Hallelujah!
Yea, He reigns! Glory! Hallelujah!
Verily, He conquers! Glory! Hallelujah!”

But it was not like that always and everywhere. "Solemnized myself, but oh, for the solemnizing Spirit to work in every heart! Not happy about things here. Worldliness is eating up the leading families: Not much response; people seem very dead as a whole." That was written during a mission in Ceylon, where, in a Tamil community, the caste spirit of Southern India baffled all attempts to do anything vital: he wrote of himself and his fellow missionary, "We both felt defeated." And though the meetings ended with, "God has blessed us, to Him be praise," there was not that for which he longed.

"Oh, to be cast upon God really and truly in faith!" Thus begins a mission tour later on in the year. It touched eight centres—Bombay, Nasik, Agra, Allahabad, Lucknow, Jubbulpore, Manmad, and Poona. Such a tour in retrospect looks like the sunlit peak of a spiritual Matterhorn; but the climber struggled up through clouds: his mountains seldom shone for him while he was climbing them. His journal shows the climb:

Seemed some power and touch. Many professed to seek eternal life; enquiry-room full. God make it real and save us from artificiality. . . . Burdened, a dead block. Is it I? Mass of workers untouched, apparently feeling dead and hindered and powerless; but at after-meeting a large number of young men and women stayed. Thank God for young men in earnest; but the mission-workers are unbroken. Feeling defeated and miserable. What wilt Thou have me to do? . . . After-meeting, workers' confessions. Several in enquiry-room. We had more confessions of sin; some young men to see me at home who have decided, praise God! Pain of body made prayer and preparation difficult; God took away the pain as I spoke. He gave liberty, and there was distinct impression. I kept back the men for a talk, and made other arrangements for the women. The Lord cleanse and confirm this week's work.

His friend, Rev. L. B. Butcher of the C.M.S. Divinity School, Poona, wrote of that fight for souls:

The messages were solemn indeed. He knew there had been trouble in the congregation, and a quarrel which had divided

the C.M.S. agents into two parties, each bitterly opposed to the other. Long and earnestly he pleaded with them; but, as he confessed to me, it was like speaking to a stone wall. Finally, on the last day, he separated the men and the women, to get the Z.B.M. widows and girls alone, and escape the utterly deadening resistance felt in the spiritual atmosphere when the men were present and refused to yield. He had the men alone first, and pleaded most lovingly with them not to let anything stand in the way of getting right with God; but not a man would give way, and as he went away he said so sorrowfully, "We go away defeated." But in the women's meeting all was changed. The atmosphere was now as different as could be imagined; and when he gave an opportunity for decision, asking all who would to say to the Lord Jesus, "I give my heart to Thee," first one and then another uttered the words of consecration. A large number professed to decide that evening; and, thank God, the testimony of the ladies in charge, after several years, is that they were real conversions, and those girls have been true Christians ever since.

Dear Walker never spared himself, but literally poured himself out for the people. The impression he left behind him was one which was deeply engraven in the hearts of both Indians and Europeans, and of all with whom he came in contact, who looked on him as one of God's prophets and as a brother beloved.

Often during these missions he would fain have poured out upon the people the loveliness of Christ, and that only.

Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
 Shall know Him, and rejoice;
 His coming like the morn shall be,
 Like morning songs His voice.

That was the word his soul desired to speak. And as he went from city to city and met little companies of men and women drawn out from among the millions of Hindu and Muslim India, he longed to find somewhere a "young, new Jerusalem" built to the glory of his Lord's surpassing love. But again and again he found himself compelled to sound the trumpet call to repentance; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what

communion hath light with darkness? And yet though his journal rarely refers to it, that trumpet call always melted into tender entreaty: "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die, ye house of Israel?" And then would follow one of the great Gospel invitations whose every word is an embrace.

XXVIII. (1905-6)
BEHOLD A SHAKING

“So I prophesied as I was commanded: and as I prophesied, there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone. Then said He unto me, Prophesy unto the Wind, and say to the Wind, *Thus saith the Lord God, Come from the four winds, O Breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live.* So I prophesied as He commanded me and the Breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army.”

All over India, towards the end of 1905 and the beginning of 1906, men and women read these words, these tremendous words, with hearts strung to expectation. For them, at least, those months stand out from all the other months of life. They saw a new thing then, a thing which up till then had been but a dream of desire, and they cannot ever be again as those who never saw. For, during those wonderful months, they, prophesying as they were commanded, watched the Spirit of God clothe the barest sentence with power. They saw churches full of ordinarily restrained people (as the strong Tamils, at least, are in matters of religion) bent and swayed as a field of corn is bent and swayed before the passing of the wind. They saw them stirred as no human influence could have stirred them, cut to the heart, moved to action, as the Word that is sharper than any two-edged sword did its effectual work. It was as if a curtain were suddenly swept aside.

And without a screen
In one burst was seen
The Presence wherein we have ever been.

This movement of the Spirit of God began, so far as this District was concerned, in the Dohnavur Church at

the close of a Sunday morning's service during the time that the Iyer was in North India. The Pastor was away that Sunday and another was speaking to the people. A great revival was sweeping like wind through the Lushai Hills in North-Eastern India, and as this Doing of the Lord was told, something happened. The congregation in the Dohnavur village church sits on the tiled floor, men on one side, women on the other. Suddenly all the people were on their knees, then on their faces, and all were praying together aloud—an unheard of thing here. "Stop it! Stop it!" implored a startled and horrified catechist, the only man not on his face on the floor. But it could not be stopped. The speaker began softly to sing a lyric about the sufferings and death of our Lord, and men and women joined, singing with tears running down their cheeks, so tender were they that day.

It was an unforgettable experience. The mother of the one who had seen that breaking forth of the power of the Lord in the village church was in Dohnavur at the time. "It is like being back in the Revival of '59," she said, and she told of what life in Northern Ireland was then. It was an inspiring story, for the mother had herself been saved from the decorous life of conventional Christianity in that year of years, and she entered into the wonder of that Sunday morning with a full and joyful heart.

The day was memorable because then, for the first time on a large scale, some who had long desired to see it, saw the Prince and Saviour give *repentance* and forgiveness of sins to His people. There was repentance. Sin was confessed. Definite sins were openly confessed and there was a turning from them with grief as from something that had crucified the Lord of Glory. This is very rare here. Sin is usually politely masked, or condoned as inevitable. It was not so then. The gift of the Saviour was a double gift that day, repentance and forgiveness of sins.

Thereafter, for many days, people came to the bungalow at all hours asking, "What must I do to be saved?" and

prayer-meetings were held in the church which lasted for hours; and the hours passed like minutes. Soon in another church the same Wind blew, and then in another, until wherever it was welcomed, that heavenly Influence worked. There was some unreality, but at such times "you either sit by the fireside and are warmed, or on the chimney-pot and get the smuts." Many warmed themselves at the fire, and men, women and children were saved.

And the result? Where is the exceeding great army of the prophet's vision? Perhaps if all those quickened during those months and all whom they led to the Lord could be brought together into one valley, they might appear a great army. But even so, who can be satisfied while the plain around is white with the bones of the unquickened millions? No, there can be no slackening in the cry that still goes up day and night from India: "Come from the four winds, O Breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live!"

Special missions are being called for, everywhere; both the missionary body and the Indian Church are feeling, as never before, the need of power from on high [the Iyer wrote, towards the close of 1905]. Surely this means that God, Who is exciting this desire, is going to satisfy it to the full? I have returned to the South to find that He has been working during my absence. It is only a little portion of His ways which we have seen as yet, but many of us are waiting to hear the thunder of His power throughout India.

It was just then that Mrs. Walker returned home, and the Dohnavur family gave itself up to the happiness of welcoming her. "Are you always so happy in Dohnavur?" a guest asked, after spending a day or two in that house where unkind words were never spoken of the absent, and those who met at meal-times were always glad to meet. The answer had a low laugh of content at its heart: Dohnavur had its troubles, sometimes it seemed to have rather a large share of them; but it was always happy within itself. "What a gathering we shall have by and by round the Throne in the Glory land! As the Tamils

would say, one's heart boils to think of it. Only a few stiles to cross, and I shall reach my Father's house," wrote the Iyer. There were just six more stiles to cross.

1906 did not bring the thunder of the power of the Lord, but it did bring that which caused all who were swept by the grace and the mystery of the time to be thereafter deeply dissatisfied with the usual. Letters written from Camp while that Wind of God was still blowing, show how things were in the villages. In some places, even where that strange and blessed Influence was felt, there was little true response; again in other places there was life from the dead. The Tamils as a race are not given to emotion in public. What the letters tell was not the usual.

Camp, Village of Joy.—On Saturday night we had a solemn meeting, but I could get no really satisfactory after-meeting. Just at the close our friend, the apothecary [one of those quickened when the Wind blew in Dohnavur] arrived with all his family, and at the close of the meeting he said, "Away with custom and ceremony! Let us cry to God!" It was like a match to a train of gunpowder, and the majority cried aloud.

At noon I preached, and appealed to those still unconverted, and there was a regular flare up; and we did not get out of church till 4 p.m. So we had to give up our proposed preaching to the heathen at a big village two miles away. Many of the people went off into the fields to pray and weep. Some came to me under true conviction. At night P. spoke, and there was another stir. When he asked those who had sought and found forgiveness to show it, the majority stood. How many are really saved I cannot say, but there has been real conviction.

*Satthan's Tank**.—We have had no break here so far. God send it, for it is sorely needed. . . . There has been blessing, but not the break and stir we had in other places. The people from Village of Joy came over for testimony last night, about a hundred of them, singing at the top of their voices. We had a stream of testimony. But the witnesses among the people here were few. Then came a storm of prayer for the unconverted, and afterwards a number rose to show they would yield to Christ. But I feel that the congregation as a whole has lost an

* Satthan, son of Vishnu and Siva, when the former became a female.—*Winslow*.

opportunity for real conversion, and been satisfied with a measure of conviction. The difference between the two sets last night was as that between heat and luke-warmness. We have had Hindus listening at the porch each day, and we had a good open-air preaching last night.

City of Truth.—This is a very difficult place and has been from the first day I knew it. There is a little band of truly converted and praying women, and that is our hope. [Details of local dissensions follow.] If it were not for the knowledge that God can move mountains, it would be hopeless. So you see the place just seethes with worldliness and sin. One is almost afraid of letting them pray in church, lest there should be fraud in that too.

We had a remarkable meeting last night. We had not seen much break, though there had been confession and some weeping. We were out preaching to the heathen about 7 p.m., when the sound of music, and singing of a lively sort, was heard in the distance. At first I thought it must be the Village of Joy folk; but it turned out to be a strong contingent of Satthan's Tank, evidently bent on giving testimony. After the preaching to the Hindus, we assembled in church, a great crowd of people. P. spoke very clearly and forcibly on "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" Then we called for testimonies, and there was a flowing stream of them. I had no idea so many had been blessed and saved there. Their witness was as clear and decided as the Village of Joy people's. Then came the turn of the local Christians. These witnesses were much fewer in number, but very encouraging. Then we had a storm of prayer for the unconverted; after which I invited the unsaved, and there was a wave of weeping and crying. It was a raging sea for half an hour; then we pointed them to Christ, and I was going to close, and pronounced the benediction, but it would not stop. A man's confessions caused a new wave of violent conviction, and so it went on. We got out at a quarter of an hour before midnight, after four-and-a-half hours of it. The Satthan Tank contingent went off bright and singing all the way. It would have done T.'s eyes good to have seen P. clap his hands to the time of the hymns! He has got quite stirred up. You have a number of spiritual grandchildren in this circle. A.P. [a woman who had been led to Christ by Mrs. Walker] has been greatly blessed and used.

Village of Fame.—At our noon meeting here, there was a raging storm of prayer, but it is almost confined to the women; the men seem a hard set. We have found, hitherto, that blessing comes after plain teaching about sin and repentance, when hearts are made ready for the stir. Still, it is grand to have this volume of prayer going on all the time, regardless of benedictions or anything else.

Just a line in leaving. I trust there has been real blessing and stir here. The men held out at first, but finally began to weep and pray aloud. Last night was our closing night here. One set of people came singing from Sathan's Tank, and another from City of Truth. There was a long stream of testimony. Some of the biggest sinners and drunkards of Village of Fame testified; and a catechist who has been in Ceylon for years and has retired on a good certificate, testified that he had never known what conversion meant till now. Poor old man!

Village of Grace.—We have found the people here very careless, and got very little response after the addresses. Last night, after an address on repentance, very few confessed their sins; and yet there was evident impression, as I asked the converted to pray for the unconverted. This stirred the place into a regular ferment, and there was a wave all over the congregation, which did not subside for an hour-and-a-half. I don't know what it meant, but at least it opened the people's mouths. They were fast-enough closed before.

As is its wont, if it opens out at all, the journal goes to the heart of things; the entries show day to day impressions. A dotted line marks the space between the days.

A tremendous wave of feeling and prayer right through the church. Thank God for His work; and yet I feel unsatisfied, and long for deeper and fuller things in my own heart and in all the work. O for the real break of the Spirit! . . . Meeting much more broken; we kept some back, and we had very general response. Much moved myself, and the meeting was stirred. But my soul is not satisfied. O for a deeper work . . .

People fearfully careless. They are only half-Christians living among heathen. Some spirit of prayer, but very little response. House visitation. Found people very indifferent. The Village of the Poet's Grove people came over in a body, and we

had a protracted storm of prayer, fast and furious. God shake the indifferent. . . . Feeling a block. Not deep enough. Meetings for workers. Lord, lead us. A dead block. No new ones humbled, so stayed on in church, fasting. Prayer went on with power among the converted, but the mass at the back would not move. Then it transpired that many present were involved in financial entanglements. This caused a stir as to who were involved, and led to dismissing the meeting. Had a meeting for prayer with much power. But at the last meeting for testimony some rang false. I came away feeling defeated all over. Lord, forgive.

The centre last touched was a noted mission-station of the South. Visitors travel far to see it; to the outward eye all is right, and very admirable. The journal pierces the placid surface, "Dead weight of resistance." There was nothing else to say, for nothing happened there. So ended thirty days' continuous work in a district where Revival Power was abroad. Could anything show more clearly the need for revival than these unstudied notes?

It was noticeable that in all his work, whether during Revival or ordinary times he thought of the people with whom he had to do, as individuals, not as masses. It was as if he were always quoting to himself the words, "Souls are not saved in bundles. The Spirit saith to the man, 'How is it with thee?—thee personally? Is it well? Is it ill?'" And yet, perpetually, his thought and his prayer went out to the Church at large. "The sin which came to light was terrible," he wrote later in the year, with reference to the Revival movement, "and showed us forcibly the need of a flame of heavenly fire to sweep through the whole of our Tinnevely Church." And not only through that one church, he used to add, but through every company of Christians in the land. The sense of this need was a burden to him. He never seemed to slip from under it. It was with him to the end. Sometimes those who thought that things were going fairly well used to rally him on what appeared to them his over-anxiety: and often tables of "results" would be produced, of the sort that

look excellent in print. But he would rise from the study of those cheerful compilations as unsatisfied as ever. It was as if he was always measuring values in Eternity's scales, and he could not feel sure they stood the test.

And always there was that earnest, *Lord, forgive.* Never, never, through those years of passion of prayer was there any other attitude than that. And yet there was peace.—For he is the Lord our God; and we are the people of His pasture and the sheep of His hand. And the Shepherd feeds His flock in a green pasture and leads them forth beside the Waters of Comfort.

XXIX. (1906)

PURE AS THE HEART OF A FLAME

THE year held more than Revival work, and all that came to be done was not of the same soul-stirring character. The weeks in camp were followed by an Ordination class, and a class intended to ground young men in Scripture knowledge, and to prepare them for evangelistic work. The spaces between classes were, as usual, filled with literary work and correspondence; so that the impression the head of the family left upon the family mind during the class period, was of a back and a profile. For he used to stand just within his study door which stood open. Every foot of the small narrow room was utilized for bookcases, tables, benches and men, and the huge blackboard beside which he stood. He covered it many times a day with Tamil notes which the students took down in their notebooks. Between classes there was still a back and a profile, this time bent over a desk; for his desk was moved to the general living-room during the year when an Ordination class was in progress, as the men used his room for study, and there was nowhere else for him but the sitting-room. This meant a test in calmness of spirit, perhaps only to be understood by Indian missionaries, who know what the central room in a mission-house is like. At either end were rooms where work was going on (and the walls do not touch the roof); at either side were verandas. One was used as a sort of pantry by the servants, the other was a place where everybody came for everything. It was seldom quiet in that central room.

"*October 25.*—Heard of Arbuthnot's smash, and all my little capital gone. God knows." This is the entry between the usual entries of the usual day, class, interviews, correspondence. There had not been time to open the

newspaper till about noon, when he came unexpectedly upon the announcement that the bank in which most missionaries had their savings, had stopped payment. He had not much in it, but it was all he had; apart from his missionary remittance he now had nothing, and there were still many responsibilities upon him connected with converts whom he was educating and starting in life. Next morning, at early tea out in the compound, he watched the crows who punctually attend every Indian outdoor meal, then, quoting from the Tamil, said with a smile, "Consider the crows." That Sunday he preached to the Tamils upon losses greater than that of money; and never, except in sympathy for someone to whom the bank failure had meant desolation, did he mention the subject again. But he did not forget it. A fellow missionary writes:

He had such a heart of sympathy and ready hand of help in times of need. When the failure of Arbuthnot's Bank threw thousands unto hopeless want, and I had lost all the savings of twenty years wherewith to meet the College fees of my two sons, he ferreted out from me the hopeless state I was in, and even offered to pay a portion of the fees every year (an offer which I could only decline with warm thanks). Then, though he had himself lost, he found that twelve days before the failure I had sent the amount of their terms' fees to the Bank for a draft, and that had been swept away too. So he insisted on my accepting a cheque for that amount.

"He had no love of money. When he spent, he spent like a prince—" this is from a Tamil lawyer. "He paid me most liberally for some service rendered, though I had refused a fee; and the money came as a Godsend just at the time when I stood in need of it." Many wrote of him like that.

Among the few business papers left in his despatch-box was a pencil note of a letter drafted for his wife. It was about a legacy:

We do not wish to allow money matters to interfere with our work for God. My own interests in the matter I leave in the

hands of the executors, since I am not going to let money considerations influence my mind in any way.

But perhaps the writing that shows him most clearly, though it does not touch on that side of his character, is this that came soon after his death straight from the warm heart of an American friend and comrade:

I am sending you a few hastily-written words as we are riding along in the train amid noise and dust. I do not feel that they are adequate or worthy of the great warrior they so feebly describe. The news of his death came to me as a blow. Even now I cannot find words to measure the loss which India has sustained in his being taken away from us. His was a unique nature. In fifteen years' travel in every province of India I found no man quite like him in this great empire. His mind was clear, penetrating, working with mathematical exactness, and always under superb control. His clear-cut, intense, white face, with dark, glowing, penetrating eyes, and finely-chiselled features, reminded one of Francis of Assisi, or some of the old saints and men of God of a bygone age. His character was of the type of John the Baptist, for he was ever a prophet of righteousness.

Though he was one of the mountain-peak men and lived on the lonely heights in close fellowship with God, he had not attained this easily or at a bound. Those who knew him in the earlier years did not see perhaps in his life the final touches which were manifest at the close. Those who have not attained, and those who look up to such mountain-peak men, need not to be discouraged or think that such attainment is impossible. We all have our faults and limitations, and he had his. I question whether by nature he had the breadth, the sympathy, the tolerance, the patience, and the loving-kindness that ripened with his later years. I had much to learn from him, and was never thrown with him without receiving blessing; but I watched him grow in gentle sympathy, in fondness for little children, in kindly tolerance of those who differed from him, and in more tender love made perfect through suffering.

I have often heard him say that the iron had entered his soul in India; and if it had made him strong, it also made him tender, for he had large capacity for suffering. Reserved, retiring, he was high-strung and keenly sensitive. To be misunderstood,

to have his good evil spoken of, to be misjudged or mistrusted by those whom he had sought to serve, found him often unable to express or defend himself, yet none the less loving those who unconsciously injured him.

It was my good fortune to spend many weeks in his own home, receiving his help in Tamil, when I was studying the language. Never have I seen quite such a missionary home in India. The prayer that rose, spontaneous and free, and often in strong striving, as we knelt after each morning meal, and the still evenings sitting out under the stars, resting at the end of the day, and ending with his own quiet petition, left an abiding impression upon my mind. I was thrown with him as a fellow worker time after time in missions, in conventions, or student camps. I often found myself unable, through sheer lack of physical strength or of spiritual attainment, to hold on with him in the lonely hours of continued and concentrated prayer; or in the terrible soul struggles, as he sought to turn the tide in a convention or meeting from defeat to victory, from indifference to spiritual hunger, and from sin to righteousness, in the vast throngs that he faced from time to time. Truly he was one of God's noblemen, an Elijah in modern times, a John the Baptist, a prophet of righteousness, a watcher in the lonely heights, fearless in conflict, whether he met with the praise or the blame of men. He combined elements of character rare indeed in our superficial and worldly age. His was a life that was holy, humble, and that seemed to keep the "unstained spirit of a little child." His was a mind pure as the heart of a flame.

Such a life has its message for our day. As a practical mystic, he combined both fellowship and service, the fullest use of human means with the most complete dependence upon God in prayer. Though intense, he was never carried away by winds of false doctrine and specious new teachings; with an absolute loyalty for truth, he yet had a tender forbearance for men from whom he differed in convictions. He moved among us a strong man; and many, from Ceylon to North India, from Travancore to Madras, are richer for the true life that he lived. I, for one, thank God for having known Christ in him.

I thank God for *having known Christ in him*. Many wrote like that. Especially during the last years, as more and more his soul dwelt at ease, lodged in goodness (as

the marginal reading is), even in the midst of disturbing things, those who had eyes to see recognized their Lord in His servant.

Is there anything more kindling than to see Him in one another?

XXX. (1907)

AS WHEN THE MELTING FIRE BURNETH

“I WATCHED him grow in gentle sympathy,” “I hope you will bring out how much tenderer and more forbearing he was latterly, to the opinions of those who disagreed with him.” Many such words came from friends and comrades when it was known that the Iyer’s life was to be written. It may encourage some who do not find themselves near the top of the mountain to know that this mountaineer climbed even as they must, step by step. “There was a gentleness and mellowness of judgment which he did not show when I first knew him, and several times I noticed how he toned down my own criticisms or said something on the other side.”

“He grew in gentleness and love immensely; he was always strong, but grace added the Christlike gentleness and love. I do not think that love was such a feature in him when I first knew him, but I remember how much he used to pray for love; and even in the short time I was in India, I noticed how much softer he became.”

“He grew in softness,” was the word of one, by nature a Timothy to whom the Pauline character of his friend had been for many years something on which to count. Perhaps T. E. Brown’s *Praesto* explains the lovely tenderness that came in these later years and that was so reminding of his Master:

Expecting Him, my door was open wide;
Then I looked round
If any lack of service might be found,
And saw Him at my side.
How entered, by what secret stair,
I know not, knowing only He was there.

To one who knew him well it seemed that the Blessed One so long loved and served had entered in a new way

by a secret door on a day when that friend and he were travelling by bullock-cart along a road which passed between wide reaches of rice-land. It was the time of the year when the young rice is so vivid in its greenness that it looks as if it could never even think of turning towards the pale gold of harvest. As the bandy slowly trundled between those shining fields, the talk turned to the word in Isaiah about the melting fire that burneth and causeth the waters to boil. And the friend feeling the need of a softening, a *melting* somewhere, took courage to speak of it.

There was a long, long silence. The pure and wonderful colour on either side spoke of life, the Spring of life, not of fire. Nothing more was said about the melting fire, but something happened then. As when the melting fire burneth—it was like that.

And now to read the journal is like watching the course of a runner as he enters the last lap of the race, and runs, as Simeon of Cambridge said he could not help running, with all his might, because the goal was near.

“O for love and zeal and power, and the prayer-spirit by and through the Holy Ghost!” so the journal; and again and again in speech and by letter the question is pressed home: “Would not the operations of the Christian Church, in India and throughout the world, be infinitely more fruitful and effectual if we called a halt, and faced honestly and earnestly the conditions for receiving our Ascended Saviour’s great Pentecostal gift?”

That prayer and that question were pressed from a heart burdened afresh for the people. Does it seem as if this life were constantly entering into experience of burden? If so, it is only the truth. There are some for whom the words, “That I may know Him and the power of His resurrection and the fellowship of His sufferings,” live and breathe. The cause of the special burden then was the passing of the Spirit of Revival from Southern India. It was as if a wave had risen, swept over the land, and gone. Why was it so? It would be dishonest to evade the

question, for there is an answer: *The Holy Spirit was grieved by disobedience.*

There was a day for at least one congregation when the choice lay between yielding to the Wave of God or offering resistance. To yield would have meant some loss, and the reproach of the Cross. The choice was made—and it was the wrong choice. The Wind ceased to blow. The Wave of God receded. That congregation, and soon many others, where in one way or another the same choice was made, slowly sank back into the usual. The reviving airs of heaven blew elsewhere, but not there. It was almost like seeing a visible Presence pass. There was the sense of a Presence, and then just an absence.

But, here and there, some, thank God, loved their Lord enough to follow all the way even to that difficult place without the camp of conventional Christianity. And they never looked back. The love of many waxed cold,

But true love is a durable fire
In the mind ever burning;
Never sick, never dead, never cold,
From itself never turning.

These, the faithful lovers, were a comfort and a joy; but those who had seen with wonder and awe the mighty acts of the Lord when first the Breath of Life began to breathe upon the people, had hoped for greater things. The Iyer watched in vain for them now.

He watched for them in Travancore, where he went in the spring of 1908, and in Western, Central and Northern India where, later on in the year, he was called to serve. The Syrian meetings were often memorable because of the responsive listening, which broke out sometimes into what was like a "lashed sea." Something real was happening under all the outward show, and he knew it, and thanked God for it; but he was not content. He watched and yearned for more than he saw through the tour of 5,500 miles; and the journal entries are sometimes piercing in their longing and self-abasement: "Large congregation;

very still, but O, for God to work!" And again, "Good deal of burden to-day; crowded church. Spoke on Rev. iii. 20. Response afterwards disappointing, it seems only to have scratched the surface. Lord, cleanse. Spoke on Heb. ii. 3. Felt it a dead failure, and was ashamed before God. . . . Workers' meeting, some real feeling in meeting. Closing meeting, stream of thanksgiving."

And so the record runs day after day, for spiritual warfare is no child's play: "God is speaking, but O for greater things than these! Don't feel there is much power in the meetings. Lord, quicken me. Feeling deadness all round, especially in myself"—these entries follow a prolonged attack upon an entrenched position. "Feeling so empty and needy. I came home defeated and disappointed." But his work was with his God.

There was much preaching in the villages during the last months of the year and help was given to a fellow worker who was in the difficult beginning of a new work. He once quoted a favourite word from Carlyle; "On the beaten road there is tolerable travelling; but there will be sore pain, and many will have to perish in fashioning a pass through the impassable." "But never mind," he would add, when, to change the figure, the winds were even more than usually contrary, "let's be like the Iceland ducks [whose spirits rise in a storm] and sing in the teeth of the blizzard."

XXXI. (1909)

NOW LORD, TAKE, CLEANSE, BLESS

THE hot month of February saw once more the gathering of the Syrian Church in the dry river-bed where their mat pandal was set up. From that convention a fellow worker, R. T. Archibald of the Children's Special Service Mission, carried away what he called an eternal blessing. That blessing did not come through anything said but because of something seen:

The Syrian Bishop had given us booths with three cubicles. [Rabbit-hutches, their occupants called them.] Mr. Walker was in the middle one, and as I passed his cubicle to get to mine from time to time, the curtain would blow aside and disclose a kneeling figure; *that* made an ineffaceable impression, and I longed for such a spirit of prayer. How little those thousands knew that throughout the convention he practically lived on his knees receiving Bread for them from the Master. It was the explanation of the overflowing love which characterized the delivery of every address.

At the average convention—if any notice is taken of the children at all—meetings are arranged for them rather as a “side-show” than anything else. At least, such has been my experience. They don't want the children in the bigger gatherings, and so something apart is arranged for them to keep them quiet. Consequently little is accomplished; for those who might offer their services are busy about “the more important meetings.” The children's gatherings, which were held at Maramana for the first time, I believe, that year, were not considered a mere adjunct. Mr. Walker told me the first day that he was sorry not to be able to come himself, as he needed all his time to prepare, whenever it was his turn to address the big morning meeting. One morning in the week he was free, and he took the first opportunity to give us a helping hand. He sat right in the midst of the children; and when I beckoned to him to come up to the platform he shook his head, intimating that he was happier where he was.

I remember that on the occasions when he was to be the speaker at the big convention, he always walked to the meeting ahead of us, in order to be alone and away from casual conversation. His silence about results after a mission was also a great lesson. He always seemed to me to be keeping secrets with God. And with all his spirituality he was so sane. On the day before the last day of the convention I was speaking, and as we closed, the whole congregation (17,000) broke out into audible prayer. The noise increased every moment, and I turned to him for a word of counsel. He said, "Let them go on; they will stop soon." In five minutes all had subsided, and then he came forward and said, "We don't mind the noise, but we want the faith"; and made them face the appeal of the morning once more in silent prayer before sending them away. To have deprecated the noise might have been a stumbling-block to many. On the other hand, much might have been lost by allowing the meeting to end in noise. The quiet time at the close, and those wise words which I have never forgotten, solved the problem.

This was the man as his comrades knew him, not only through one week of special high-level life, but through the common days of common years. This habit of silence before meetings was very marked always. Another comrade recalls how, when he was his guest, he "was struck again and again with the silence that he maintained during a meal preceding a meeting. The message was indeed a burden of the Lord. It was not exactly a contrast to that, but another aspect of the same earnestness, which led him, after meetings were over, to join so heartily in the life of our home and especially in the hymn-singing with which, during the convention, the day closed."

March 3.—Home. Hard at work with arrears of correspondence. . . . etc. [This is the journal again].

That "etc." covered much; for the time was hot with battle in which he shared, trying to save those to whom it properly belonged from the full brunt of it. It concerned an innocent young girl who for four years had set Dohnavur before her as her one hope, believing that, if only she

could reach it, she would be protected from the worst that could befall her.

There are hours of life which burn. Such an hour had to be lived through then. Mrs. Walker was alone in prayer in the room at one side of the bungalow; the child and those who loved her were waiting in tension beyond speech on the other; while the Iyer in the room between pleaded and reasoned, and wicked men and women clamoured and shouted. Power, the power of lawful authority, was on the wrong side that day; the child was a minor and had to be given up. With a set, white face and eyes that looked unutterable things, he left the room, when the deed was done, and threw himself upon his knees. There were few prayers in words in the house that day. There are things that scorch words.

Then, because he was tired out, and had to go, he left Dohnavur for the Hills, but towards the close of the month he came down into the heat to meet half-way one who had been detained over the child's battle. She was not expecting him, and the relief to a weary traveller in a hot crowded train may be imagined when the flicker of a distant lamp fell upon his face, the one white face among the many brown faces pressing round a gate which was locked and could not be opened till the sleepy official could be found and roused. There was the reposeful sense of "all's right now," as the children whom that traveller was taking to the Hills were piloted across the line, and the minor burdens of luggage and tickets, were lifted off. Such is comradeship.

The Hills were more beautiful than ever that year, at least they seemed so to hearts wearied by much that was unbeautiful. The very flowers wore an honest look that was refreshing: open-faced pansies gazing up unafraid; dog-roses looking down from some high hedge, pouring forth sweetness, filling the air with it; and a hundred others, friendly, frank and dear. Stifling places, furtive souls, the mud that is called intrigue, seemed to belong to another world.

Sometimes a kind hostess, knowing their love for the wilds, packed her guests into a pony-cart and sent them out for the day. They would drive till they came to a suitable place to leave the fat white pony and the boy who looked after him. Then they would seek a little shady dell, or a hillside whence can be seen, if the day be clear, what they called the Delectable Mountains, so heavenly was that vision of a most pleasant mountainous country, beautified with woods. And then they would forget everything but the loveliness of the world, and the happiness of being alive in it, and the goodness of the Giver. And the Iyer would whistle to some bird in a nearby bush until it answered him. "You *dear* bird!" he would call to it then, "You *dear* bird."

But these were the jewel days of the Hill-holidays. Other days were otherwise filled. There were Bible Readings at the annual conventions, correspondence, and what the half-amused, half-protesting hostess of those days called "gardening," for many whose gardens needed tending came to see him. "He should take more rest." some who knew the pressure of life on the Plains felt and said, but nobody could do anything about it, for "Love feeleth no burden, it accounteth no labour; it is valiant therefore to all things, it fulfilleth many things and bringeth them to effect; where he that loveth not, faileth and lieth still."

Then home, and all that it meant of the usual. The pastor would come with a string of difficulties, a school-master with a grievance—"your cumbrance and your strife," is a word that comes more than once in the journal—or a catechist with a tangle taking hours to unravel. Sometimes a new convert would want a talk and Bible Reading and prayer. Once an attempted robbery had to be enquired into (for Dohnavur lies open to such diversions, being guarded solely by robber-caste people subsidized to restrain their fellows from pillage); all these things, each so minute taken alone, but so time-absorbing, belonged to the day's work. And fitted into

the corners of such days was the endless business of translation. For he was translating the Apocrypha into Tamil, working direct from Professor Swete's Cambridge Old Testament in Greek, and noting the variations of the English Revised Version in the margin—a work which, as he said, needed considerable application. Sometimes something specially fine from the book of the day was read aloud at dinner, to the blank discomfiture of the faithful Michael, who, concerned for his master's highest good, would persist in pressing pudding or some such triviality upon him just at the wrong moment. One such shared pleasure was the portion which sets forth the contention of the young man of King Darius' body-guard, that above all things Truth beareth away the victory:

Truth abideth, and is strong for ever; she liveth and conquereth for evermore. . . . And she is the strength, and the kingdom, and the power and the majesty, of all ages. Blessed be the God of Truth. And with that he held his tongue. And all the people then shouted, and said, Great is truth, and strong above all things.

A passage like this was pure pleasure to translate, and did much to atone for the tedious parts, which were sometimes so tedious that he all but regretted having undertaken the work. Still he held on to it; not only because he had undertaken it and it was not his custom to change his mind, but because he felt that certain passages required more than ordinary care in translation, lest the result should be misleading.

But always it was the need of souls that drew most strongly, and when a call came from Western India and the United Provinces for a series of meetings for Christians in different places, there was once more earnest preparation and, some months later, a setting forth in faith. The journal notes are, for the most part, brief:

Feeling distressed about the stagnation, ignorance and apathy. But in the end a goodly number signed and brought in

the decision cards. Lord, cleanse and bless. . . . People seem cold and many ignorant: Lord, quicken us. . . . Some response. . . . Decided response. Lord, cleanse and confirm. . . . Did not feel it very responsive. God, accept, cleanse, and confirm the work.

Among the people of Bombay some are Tamils. It was good, he says, to speak again in his "own language" to a full congregation who greeted him kindly afterwards. "Now, Lord, take, cleanse, bless."

We had a good gathering last night [he wrote to his wife from Western India], with a sprinkling of Hindus amongst the Christians, and there was solemn stillness towards the close. This morning we had another workers' meeting in church; but there is a big block somewhere. There is no spirit of earnest prayer among them and no apparent soul-hunger. It was so when we began the mission, and it has become clearer as we have gone on. I feel utterly helpless about it, and don't know what to do. If they all go away as they came, it will be terrible. One feels, however, that if God's Holy Spirit filled oneself, the obstacles would be swept away. Please pray hard in Dohnavur for Western India. There are no very cheering signs. There has been nothing like a break among them; but I felt that there had been enough teaching of a searching kind, and so I spoke of Christ, and begged them to yield full allegiance to Him. There was a stream of brief consecration prayers afterwards. I do not know how much or how little it may mean, but there we had to leave it. . . . We finished up the mission here last night. There was well-sustained attention and interest throughout. At the close we distributed dedication cards for people to sign, if so led, alone before God. It is always difficult to judge results in India; but God can take care of His own incorruptible seed. . . . We had a full church at both meetings yesterday, and close attention: I hope the word is going home. More and more one feels that the real work is in the heart and not in excited feelings. . . . The special meetings are over here. The last one was very solemn, and there was distinct and ready response at the after-meeting. The waters would soon have boiled into excitement, but I do not think that would be good for the people. What they need is real decision of heart and will, and that is what we tried to keep in view. I had several visitors later, young men who

had been decidedly touched. Pray that the work in men's hearts may go on.

And from Gorakhpur he wrote:

The Himalaya snows* were lovely as we drove out in the morning, and remained visible all day. I could see their dreamy beauty through the chancel window during service. The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof. Lift up your heads, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

I was amused by the extract from the letter of T.'s brother just received. Of course I have booked it. It is a parable of the life of many, seeing God and then eating worms! [This was the story of a little lad who when asked by his father, "Would you like to be a bird?" answered, "Very much; for then I would fly up to heaven and see God, and come down again and eat worms."] . . . This is my furthest point from home, and yet it feels nearer; for when I leave, my face will be homeward.

And later, as he turned the corner and faced the South:

I shall soon be on my last part of the programme in the United Provinces, and then hurrah for home! . . . A fortnight next Monday I shall be leaving for Allahabad, and three weeks next Monday shall be homeward bound. Hurrah!

Among the comrades who shared that campaign were two who were specially close in spirit, T. J. Pemberton of the C.M.S., and an old friend, L. B. Butcher. After his passing Mr. Pemberton wrote of what had impressed him most:

The servants in Lucknow told their mistress that he was always found on his knees when they entered his room.

So, too, in Gorakhpur, during the greater part of the intervals between the meetings he gave himself up to prayer. Prayer was his strongest weapon. No wonder then, when it was finally arranged that he should come to Gorakhpur to conduct Revival meetings for our Indian Christians, almost his first words written to us were, "Start the people praying."

And Mr. Butcher wrote:

* *Him*—snow, *alaya*—abode, temple.

He was staying with us, and always excused himself early in the evening, about 9 o'clock, if I remember right, to go to bed, that he might be fresh for the next day's work, and be sure of rising early for his quiet time. Also he would not go and see any of the local sights. He had come for a definite purpose, the mission, and to that were given all his energies.

He always urged preparation by prayer before embarking upon a special mission. Once when it was evident there had not been much prayer, he hardly knew what to do. The people were "on the fidget in the heat," his message was mangled by an unsympathetic interpreter. In his journal that evening he wrote, *Thy patience, Lord*—reminiscent, this, of one of Dr. Meyer's stories about an old clergyman who made it his habit when hard pressed to look up with just a brief word. When tempted to lose his temper, *Thy sweetness, Lord*; or to be afraid, *Thy courage, Lord*; or to be perturbed, *Thy peace, Lord*; sufficed to bring him help. "A man should not be borne off from himself, or put out of himself because things without him are ungoverned or disordered; for these disturbances do unhallow the mind, lay it open, and make it common." True, but in the hot flash of a moment of impatience there is not time to think of that. A swifter way into the peace of God, and a surer, is that quick upward look: *Thy patience, Lord*.

Soon the question came, "Lord, shall I go on or turn back? Shew me." The answer must have been, Go on, for he went on and finished his eight weeks' engagement: "Now, Lord, use a big failure and wash it and me in Thy holy Blood. Do Thou fulfil Thy purpose no matter how I be humbled."

Souls were saved during those weeks, but there was not the breaking through of the mighty floods for which the missionary had yearned. "All day long I have stretched forth My hands unto a disobedient and gainsaying people;" sometimes the servant has to stretch forth his hands with his Lord, and as it seems, in vain. Were the Christians as a whole too respectable, too self-satisfied, to receive the

Word of the Cross? To those by whom it was received, it became spirit and life, but they were only a few out of the many. Still, the word was given in faith, and "no Word from God shall be void of power." "I lay it at Thy feet, cleanse, conserve, bless it, and give fruit unto life eternal" is the last journal prayer.

XXXII. (1909-11)

GOING ON

It was good to be home, and the work of the time was happy work. A series of commentaries was being prepared for Indian and Anglo-Indian students. The Iyer had been asked to write on one of the Epistles. On a previous occasion he had hardly unpacked when, with the happy smile of the home-comer, he came in to breakfast.

"What epistle shall I take? I have the run of nearly the whole to choose from."

"Take the Joy Epistle."

"Just what I was thinking of doing." The Acts came next.

The chief feature of both these books is their Indian atmosphere. Dr. Stock of the C.M.S. counted two hundred and forty local touches of colour in the notes on the Acts.

But a thoughtful reader, whether his sympathies are Indian or not, will discover something rewarding in the study of either book. Especially if he be a teacher, he will find much to help in the close-packed notes, for the writer had teachers in mind when he wrote. These notes, as Dr. Stock says, "combine in a quite unusual degree adequate scholarship with definite spirituality. The notes are so terse and to the point that at first sight one imagines them to be sketchy and scanty; but when one reads them carefully, they prove to be full of good and substantial matter." As writer and as preacher, the Iyer had a simple way of saying things which sometimes misled both reader and hearer till they stopped to think, when they probably found there was more there than they had imagined. All his life, he was adverse to cloudiness of language; "If you have anything to say, say it out and have done with it," he would remark rather testily, if over-much tried by the ambiguous. He could not understand

why, if a thing were to be said at all, it could not be said plainly.

The year had begun with classes, for a new set of students had come to Dohnavur; so the routine was teaching, correspondence, and literary work, varied by occasional expeditions into the surrounding country with the students, and a series of meetings in an outstation for workers.

“O to feel Calvary with power; O for a quickening!” Again and again these words, or words to this effect, occur in journal and in letters; but no quickening movement passed again through the Indian Church. Many, fearing excesses, had almost ceased to desire it. It was as if a fatal contentment with the prevailing stagnation settled like a fog upon the hearts of men. The Wind of God had come and blown across the land. There had not been obedience. The Spirit had been grieved. That special, that wonderful Wind had ceased to blow. But to the glory of the keeping grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, it should be told that the men and women, and children too, who were converted during those days when the Wind blew, went on into earnest life and service.

There were many little, kind things scattered about that year; “What an emphasis grows on to kindness as life goes on.” An old friend writes lovingly of how times of sorrow and suffering brought out a side of the Iyer’s character—the tender side—“which perhaps the world never saw.” And he tells of how, when he was very ill in an Indian hospital, he was cheered by almost daily visits. As Hopeful was to Christian when crossing the river, so he says, this friend was to him, when he was almost sinking under weakness and depression.

After the Movement of the Spirit of God in 1905 and 1906 there was a good deal of unbalanced thinking. In answer to a letter about the public confession of sin, the Iyer wrote:

As to raking up sins in public confession, sins which have been honestly dealt with and put under the Blood—I do not think that it is God’s mind and plan. It is one thing, like St.

Paul, to say, "I was a blasphemer, but obtained mercy," in order to glorify God's grace and encourage the faith of others; it is quite another to bring up sins which have already been confessed and put away. Peter in writing his Epistles, did not rake up his awful denial of Christ. Satan will bring up past sin in our conscience and remembrance; but it is ours to point him to the Blood, and claim full immunity and victory through that. To humble ourselves is one thing, to torment ourselves is another. "The cross now covers my sin, the past is under the Blood;" and in the light of the promises 1 John i. 7, Heb. viii. 12, Hos. xiv. 4, 5, it is ours to claim through Christ a clean sheet and go forward with His encouraging "Sin no more" ringing in our ears. Confession of any sin which binds us and hinders the cause is a duty. But raking up the buried and pardoned past is not; indeed, it implies a doubt as to God's promise, "I will remember no more." Jer. i. 20 is a favourite verse with me. While, therefore, we are watchful for the future, let us have no doubt about our standing: Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.

Where the sin in question had been committed against a fellow man, he was clear as to duty: "Go straight to him, or write and confess it. If it is a thing you can put right, put it right." Public confession of secret sin against God is considered a different matter, in fact he had the feeling that the less people said about themselves the better; and in the Olney hymns he marked certain strong lines which declare that sin twines itself about our praise and slides into our prayer:

When I would speak what Thou hast done
 To save me from my sin,
 I cannot make Thy mercies known,
 But self-applause creeps in.

Still, he did make God's mercies known himself, and would not have quoted the verse without balancing it with its opposite truth; for the merciful and gracious Lord hath so done His marvellous works, that they ought to be had in remembrance; and he did most thoroughly believe in, and rejoice to teach of, a cleansing which can purify

that "fountain of vile thoughts," as the hymn puts it, and lead to something better than the dismal conclusion that "self upon the surface floats still bubbling from below."

The question of "Tongues" was another matter which agitated many. A band of preachers came to Southern India with a new word: the gift of Tongues, they declared, was the sign of the filling of the Spirit. There was no need to toil over Indian languages. They—these messengers to the Churches—would shortly speak in Tamil without studying it at all. Dictionaries and grammars were of the flesh. With God all things were possible. One very earnest man well known to many, spent hours in ecstatic praise and prayer; "You will hear me preach in Tamil within ten days," he said with shining assurance. But he never spoke in Tamil. He faded out of the picture and became a minister in his home country. The others also, after much ardent proclamation of this new doctrine, had calls elsewhere. The Iyer was often asked what he believed about all this. He never criticized, but he had no doubt that they were mistaken. He thought "they had their emphasis wrong." He saw in the gift of Tongues a sign given for a special purpose in the early dawn of the Pentecostal day in which we are still living, not as something intended to continue till the end of the day. The one Scriptural condition for the inflow of the blessed Spirit he found in Acts v. 38—The Holy Ghost, Whom God hath given to them that obey Him. "They seek a sign," he would quote rather sadly, when people gave themselves to long meetings which seemed to end in personal edification, or in the making of unintelligible sounds which they called speaking in tongues, instead of spending their strength in witness-bearing, and battle and travail for the souls for whom Christ died.

About this time there was a great deal of excited teaching about illness, especially in the Hill stations of Southern India, whence it spread to the Plains to the confusion of many. Illness was caused by lack of faith. Doctors and

all they stood for, were, if not out and out Satanic, at least useless. This sort of talk stirred the Iyer to righteous wrath, and so did the cheap criticism sometimes passed upon ill missionaries, when the breakdown had been caused by someone else's lack of service. "Remember Epaphroditus. Paul didn't blame him;" or, "Much they know about it," he would remark indignantly if the criticizers were of the easy, leisured, unburdened variety: and he meant every word of his note in his commentary upon Phil. ii. 30:

For the work of Christ he came nigh unto death, hazarding his life. Lightfoot renders it, "having gambled with his life." Epaphroditus gladly risked his life in the work of Christ, treating it, as it were, with holy recklessness in his consuming zeal for his Master's glory. The work of Christ in India demands more of this "gambling with life." There is far too much attention paid to our own health and ease and comfort. After all, our life is not a very high stake to throw down for the salvation of others, in the light of *vv.* 5-8.

Some sixty-five guests found their way to Dohnavur during the months covered by this chapter; and as there is no accommodation in the village or near it, they stayed at the bungalow. But the work went on as steadily as might be, through all distractions; though sometimes it was a problem as to how to manage that it should do so. "Let me undertake them," he used to say to the perplexed, when impending arrivals other than fellow missionaries or familiar friends were announced, as if he had not as much as anyone to do; and more than once his journal refers to this small and commonplace occupation.

The daily correspondence of this year was no lighter than in previous years; it filled up the spaces of the day. People wrote upon every conceivable subject: missionaries for advice about enquirers, converts, and difficulties manifold; Indian Christians wrote about perplexities, spiritual, mental, financial. And many a letter came asking for special prayer. Letters, too, used to come from people at home who wanted to know things Indian from

the under side. But these were rare; for, as he always declared, the person whose opinion is of most value to the home public is the globe-trotter. The winter visitor and occasional visitor comes next; then the very new missionary. In fact, your value as adviser and oracle in general exactly balanced your ignorance. The less you knew, the more you seemed to know, and the more you were accepted as knowing. It was a side of life which often amused him; and he would read aloud some crude generalization or conclusion from a current magazine, and smile at the delightful deference with which it was accepted by a kind and pliant public, which, having got what it wanted, was content.

But his helpfulness as counsellor is our subject now: "*Discretion*, the capacity of well-considered action; *understanding*, the capacity in the case of opposing rules to make the right choice, and in the matter of extremes to choose the right medium." These words from Delitzsch on Proverbs ii. 11 are underlined in his copy of the commentary, and they express what his friends recognized in him; and one whose remembrance of him dates back to 1885 writes:

No matter what the subject might be, he gave you himself for the time being, as if you were the only one in the world, and put at your disposal the whole of his powers of thought and perception. He never appeared bored with the minutest little details that could make him the better grasp the subject; and then he would give a well-balanced opinion of the best course to take. There are very few who do this, who are not *distrain* while listening to long rigmaroles. His power of sympathy was marvellous; you realized he was giving you his very best.

But to get that best you had to remember this; there was one thing he greatly disliked; he could not bear having anything "sprung" on him. Give him time to turn the matter over in his mind, avoid all appearance of being in a hurry, and you could count on all he had to give. Hurry him, press for an immediate decision, and his forehead would knit and his eyes turn unsympathetic.

Or if you were too much of an outsider to be treated quite like this, you would, if you were sensitive to slight signs of disapproval, begin to be aware that you had made a mistake.

Fitted into the odd half-hours of the previous year, and now almost completed, was a C.M.S. Study-band book. He wrote it first in the way he thought would be most helpful, but found it was considered much too difficult for the purpose required—a surprising discovery to him. "I thought they were a *study* band!" he said, in half-amused, but quite sincere, protest at finding himself expected to supply a plate of missionary bread and milk; for such he considered *Missionary Ideals* had become by the time it had been sufficiently simplified.

The year held few special missions. One, however, was important, in that it was an earnest effort to reach a class most difficult to approach, the educated Hindu community. For several consecutive evenings those keen-brained men listened to a clear setting forth of the claim of our Lord Jesus Christ. The beautiful Tamil itself drew them. But to the grief of those who hungered for their souls, they only applauded, they did not act. Christ as peerless Example—this they admitted, sometimes in choice and telling language. Christ as Saviour from sin, One and only Redeemer—they would not admit: it meant too much.

Public meetings, however, did not offer the best opportunities for reaching the most exclusive. Quiet talks with a small group in a temple-court, or by the river-side, gave better chances; better still were talks alone with one and another, when that was possible. The Iyer and his students went to all the towns and villages within walking distance of Dohnavur, and often found thoughtful listeners. The "city" compassed in faith in early years was always a friendly place, but to every personal appeal the answer was, "It costs too much." To any man there, it would have cost his all: home, friends, the esteem of his whole world, and, if he possessed them, and many did, all his riches.

The Jeer (high priest) of the temple had abandoned wife and daughters. He might never speak of them again. Sons and nephews he might see; women kinsfolk—never. But that renunciation did not lead to the humble way of the follower of the Crucified. In life the Jeer is worshipped; in death he is honoured by the strange honour of a special kind of burial. He may not be cremated as are ordinary Hindus. He must be buried up to his neck, and 108 coconuts must be flung at his head till the skull breaks and the spirit escapes. The Jeer of that day (like the Jeer of this day) had not the faintest sense of need. At all great festivals he was adored, offerings were poured at his feet, the heavy breath of incense rose about him. He, and the older men who surrounded him, if they considered the Gospel message at all, turned from it as from something beneath them—"the *pit* of the Christian Way."

But sometimes a young man would draw near, and listen, and read the Gospels, and, as it seemed, almost cross that invisible line which once crossed, opens as it were into an awful crevasse—and all he ever loved is on the far side. If to be a Christian might mean just a little less, how many in India from among her devout thinkers would walk in the Christian Way. But it is not in the power of the true messenger to change the terms of the message he bears: The Cross is still the Cross.

XXXIII. (1911)

HAVE YOU THE HEART TO KEEP
ANYTHING BACK?

AND now again Mrs. Walker was failing in health, and again she was too ill to travel alone; so preparations had to be made for another journey to England: "Final packings and settlings up. After dinner left with B. for Palamcottah, with a somewhat distraught mind." For those who had to be left behind were exposed to special peril just then, and it was hard to leave them. But the angel-guard was doubled round Dohnavur through the months when it was left without its earthly guard; and those who were left, as it appeared, defenceless, at a time when strong human help seemed greatly needed, found, as the Revised Version of Deut. iv. 7 says, their God so nigh that He heard whensoever they called upon Him.

A fellow traveller, the Rev. A. C. Clayton of the Christian Literature Society, writes of that last voyage to England:

The memory of the days that we spent on the SS. *Derbyshire* will always remain with me; for it was then for the first time that I became really acquainted with the scholar and preacher whom I had known by correspondence for several years, and who had so often helped me.

He was busy then on the Tamil version of the Apocrypha, and was working at it with enthusiasm and perseverance. It was a subject which called for the utmost care. The Greek text of the Apocrypha presents many problems; and the rendering of many ideas, Neo-Platonic, Alexandrian, Hellenistic, Jewish, essentially foreign to Tamil expression, afforded much matter for discussion and research. But the instincts of the scholar in him made the work not a toil but a delight; and I learned to have all the more respect and admiration for the

man who could give himself as eagerly to making an accurate translation as to the work of the evangelist. He knew Tamil, and wrote it as few men do, and he used his gift to the utmost and with unsparing diligence.

Shipboard life held other possibilities: "We have a padre on board who has no time for games; but he is teaching me about the stars." The young girl who wrote that had seen various types of missionary life in the East. This type interested her: "He has no time for games—" "Skittles and puerilities" as he impolitely called them, viewed as pastimes for men and women in the service of the King of kings. For others, as for her, intercourse with this padre meant talk upon matters higher than the stars.

Then England—a strange medley in memory, as he described it upon his return to India, a mixture of the inspiring and the disappointing; on the whole the note of disappointment predominated. He did not always find, even among true Christians, the depth for which he looked; there was less intensity of purpose and a greater worldliness than he had expected, and a startling increase in pleasure-loving and luxurious living. These things saddened him. He rejoiced when he met earnestness, and spirituality and unworldliness; but in talking over his impressions upon his return, he said to one who had not been out of the East for many years: "You would be terribly grieved if you went home now; you would see a great change everywhere; things seem much shallower all round. At least, that's how it struck me."

It was always as if he were looking through the pressing, crowding, articulate Seen, to the great, quiet Unseen behind; and he could not be satisfied with the chatter of the hour, or the new habit of collective self-congratulation, prevalent even in religious circles, something so very far from that for which his spirit yearned. The absence, too, of the definite in conviction and conduct surprised him; it was as if the old landmarks of principle were being swept away, and in their place he seemed to see mere borders of

pretty flowers: "X. has a hard time of it because of his Protestantism, and yet he is working among avowed Evangelicals," he said, speaking of a well-known church-worker; "it's as if people were so afraid of intolerance that they are beginning to have no convictions at all." "I don't often unveil," he wrote from the midst of a great convention; "but I want something far deeper than I find here." And from the same convention, "There is something wrong in the Home Churches that this missionary famine is upon us, and that at a time when doors are opening so widely. I got one opportunity at the missionary meeting, and tried to sound a solemn note about it. ["Remember, only five minutes," the Chairman whispered as the Iyer rose to speak with all India on his heart. It was not an inspiring whisper.] The convention was not called to humiliation by its leaders."

But the home months were full of work which made deep furrows in some hearts. At the C.M.S. Summer School, Eastbourne, as in some other gatherings, large opportunities opened. There for the last time he told the story of his surrender to the Sovereign Claim of Christ:

"It was *that* [the Sovereign Claim] which led me finally to the mission-field. When I went into my own room, and put both hands as honestly as I knew how, quite within the Master's Hands, and said, Whatsoever Thou commandest I will do, and whithersoever Thou sendest me I will go, then I became a missionary. Perhaps He is calling you to-night. Will you listen to His voice: 'Depart, and go far hence to the Gentiles'?

"Beloved friends, when you look at the pierced Hands of Jesus Christ, our Lord, tell me, have you the heart to keep anything back from Him? By faith when he was called to go out (Abraham) obeyed; and he went out."

A few refreshing weeks were spent in Switzerland: but he did not forget the battle-field. He had shared in the distress of a prolonged law-suit into which a fellow worker had been drawn for the salvation of a child.

Before he left India his journal had been full of notes about it:

Bruised by telegrams with news of adverse decision in little M.'s case; the Lord alone can deliver. Help, Lord. Day spent chiefly in prayer over little M.'s business. A burdened day and yet He careth; off with T. after midnight down to Judge's Court; written judgment in little M.'s case against us *in toto*. A bad time altogether. T.'s application for stay of execution (to give time to appeal to the High Court) treated with scant courtesy and finally refused. May God keep the child. . . . Morning of real mental pain in prayer. God's arm alone can help.

God's arm did help but he did not know of that mighty doing when he wrote:

All who know anything, know that you have been fighting in a righteous cause. If we suffer for righteousness' sake, happy are we. I need say no more. Let us continue in prayer. We know we have done our best to save a little one from evil. If things seem to have gone against us, we can do no more; and it is by no means an invariable rule that truth and right triumph in the law courts of earth. They will triumph, however, in God's tribunal; and we shall yet praise Him, when He manifests His kingdom and glory. One feels a stranger in spite of relations and friends. I am longing to be back and bearing my share of the burden.

The weeks that remained were full. Several Tiru-nel-véli missionaries had children at school in England and he made time to go and see them. One whose home he visited writes that they were all struck by the look of holy joy about him. It was more than ordinary brightness, it was a "disciplined gladness." Those who were in closest touch with him were not surprised. The months in England had held for him hours that were hot with a peculiar kind of pain. "Anything, Lord, anything," he had answered as from the heart of the fire, and the purging flame had done its work. It was part of his long Patmos, and it opened into visions of God. It was this, this dealing with his Master in secret, which lent to his very bearing something that was not of earth.

And now it was October; he had settled Mrs. Walker in a country cottage in Liphook with her sisters, and all was ready for the last departure to India. Upon October 12th came the last pang of good-bye he was ever to experience: "Goodness and mercy" he wrote in his journal that night. Truly, as one wrote long ago, whoso arrives at the love of God, nothing desires and nothing regrets.

So, all unknowing, he set sail for the Haven where he would be, leaving behind him his brave wife who had accepted, as he had, the terms of discipleship laid down in his clear fashion a few months before in a missionary booklet:

He bids us renounce all earthly ties, even the nearest and dearest, which would stand between the disciple and his Lord. If any man cometh unto Me, and hateth not his own father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple. These words burn and throb with intense meaning for many a convert in the mission-field. And yet are there not many among us who allow the tender ties of home to come between them and the claims of Christ? Parents hold back their children from the mission-field with the strong arms of human love; and children cling to the sheltering nest of home. Brothers and sisters refuse to part with one another; and friend declines to surrender friend. Arguments and reasons are adduced, till the real issue is confused; while all the time the Master's voice sounds on, "*Lovest thou Me more than these?*" Let us look at His thorn-crowned brow, and give Him the true answer of willing acquiescence. So shall we be His disciples.*

Then came the voyage home, as he always said, for India was home. "God save us poor English folk," he wrote in his journal, troubled as he was by the frivolity of many.

Sometimes that which he prized most was given, and fellow passengers sought him out for talk about the things which abide. But the voyage was burdened more than

* "Hate"—a decisive rejection of a rival claim. Moule (in a footnote in his *Studies on Romans*).

"Christ's call is superior to the highest and the most beautiful of earth's obligations. That is the Cross."—G. Campbell Morgan, D.D.

any previous voyage had been by the sight of so much forgetfulness of God.

"It is not pleasant to be separated; but God's work requires it, and that comes first, does it not?" is a word from a letter to his wife. There was only one answer to that question. For both it did come first. And so neither of them pressed for what they most desired. "He gave them their request; but sent leanness into their soul" was an unforgotten word. "Keep innocency, and take heed unto the thing that is right: for that shall bring a man peace at the last." For them it was right to put their Lord and His interests far before their own. They kept innocency in this matter, and He gave them peace at the last.

A day before Colombo was reached, the Dohnavur hills were visible; a mountain some five miles from the compound showed clearly far out at sea and welcomed him home.

It was a joyful welcome. He had sent blue Cambridge ribbons to the family to be worn as shoulder knots, yards of it, wide and narrow. This from one who rather eschewed demonstration, meant a good deal. Everything was bright that day; the expectation that Mrs. Walker would soon follow prevented the disappointment of her absence from shadowing the place; it was all blue sky, blue ribbons, blue garments—for the children were in his favourite blue—all that the happy colour seems to express as no other colour can, filled the day. And he wrote in his journal that evening, "Glad to be back home."

XXXIV. (1912)

WHEN THEY HAD SUNG AN HYMN

BUT as the months passed and the wife at home did not recover, there was much pressure of heart. "We must be patient," he wrote, "only let us quite agree that the work must come before personal comfort and happiness. Let us commit the future to a loving Father who will make no mistake." That dear wife did "quite agree" with him that the work of the Lord came first. Never once did she make it harder for her husband, for the Vows of God were on her, too. And she and he were one in taking as their own the words which he underlined in *Paracelsus*,

I know Thee, who hast kept my path, and made
Light for me in the darkness, tempering sorrow
So that it reached me like a solemn joy;
It were too strange that I should doubt Thy love.

"We must leave it all in faith. Day by day, step by step, is the only real life of faith."

The last Syrian convention was held in February, and Mr. Ardill of the C.M.S., who was his companion then, tells a sacred little story: One of the missionaries at Dohnavur had typhoid fever. There was no medical help within a day's journey of Dohnavur and, as it happened, the nearest medical missionary could not leave his hospital. When the Iyer left home the anxiety was heavy, and as he had to be told how things were, the first letter he received after his arrival at Maramana had to tell of the anxiety still unrelieved.

Mr. Ardill remembers how, after reading the letter, he went into his little cubicle; there was only a mat partition between it and the next room, a fact he had evidently forgotten, for he prayed aloud, as his custom was, pleading for a while, then, as it were, waiting to listen. At last

Mr. Ardill heard him say as he rose from his knees, "It's all right, Lord!" The next Dohnavur letter told of help given.

When the time came for the Hills, "I can't leave the class at present," he said, "and I'm only just back, so I don't need to go up so soon. You must all go, and I'll keep guard here, and follow in a fortnight."

He kept guard; and the Indian sisters told afterwards how he went round the compound each evening, seeing to the well-being of everyone. "He used to let us bring a stool out of the nursery, and then he would sit among the children telling them stories for half an hour." And he wrote daily to those driven away, keeping them informed of everything down to the smallest detail of health and conduct. "Blessed are they that have been beautified with love."

But the months were full of inward stress for him, because of another effervescence of caste rivalries and jealousies. Not long before this time of strain he had read words that must have turned to oil and wine for many a wearied, wounded heart:

O Christian worker, Christian soldier, Christian pilgrim, in the midst of your "contest" and your "running" to-day, or in what *seems* the midst of it, for the end may all the while be just upon you, take heart often from the thought that even so for you, if you are true to the blessed Name, it shall one day be. The last care will have been felt—and cast upon the Lord, the last exhausting effort will have been made, the last witness under difficulties borne, the last sorrow faced and entered, the last word written, the last word spoken. And then the one remaining thing will be to let the Lord, "the Man at the Gate," lift thee in, and give thee rest.*

He who wrote those words never knew that the message he had given to his audience of men, and especially to the fifty Cambridge men invited to attend that Exeter Hall meeting, had changed the flow of the life of at least one of them. He did not know now that the words he wrote in his study in Durham would be turned

* *The Second Epistle to Timothy*. Moule, p. 143.

to oil and wine for that same man. (Perhaps such glad knowledge is among the pleasures laid up in the House of the Lord and kept for another day.) But though never a thought that the Gate was so near came to that pilgrim-soldier, a peace that could only be the peace of God enfolded him. All that came was endured in peace; the last witness under difficulties was borne in peace.

But it was a strangely poignant time. Wave after wave swept up. Some who had begun ardently, cooled. Some who outwardly were still all that was admirable, inwardly were being consumed by the dry rot of spiritual insincerity; and he who loved them knew it—"Ye did run well; who did hinder you?"—and there was also grieved concern about Christians of other parts of India; for though he never forgot the shining souls scattered like stars in a dark sky, he could not feel happy about the state of the Church as a whole.

"It isn't as if it were only our Tamils who are dead and cold," he said one day very sorrowfully. "You know how S.E. who was so down on you for telling the truth, prayed himself, 'God have mercy on this poor corpse of a church'—the grief is that I have found the corpse everywhere. There's any amount of machinery—but life? Well, it just isn't there. And yet the wheels turn so busily and things look so imposing that most are satisfied.

"Oh, yes, I know. The Lord has His true followers. Humble men and women of God are hidden away in every community; but the vast mass of so-called Christians, the numbers that figure in our statistics, are not alive unto God. As for taking up the reproach of the Cross, they are miles from anything of the sort.

"And our educational institutions don't help much. How can they when they have unconverted teachers and even Hindus on their staff? The young life of the Church is not being given a strong lead towards Christ. Many of our schools and colleges are riddled with modern teaching about the Bible, what can they do for the young? How can one be happy about the trend of things?"

It was impossible for him to be silent about such matters. Love constrained him to speak. This was not understood. There is such a thing as spiritual stoning. "They killed them," he quoted, "but ye build their sepulchres." They kill us with words, was his thought, with griefs and misunderstandings, with disappointments manifold; it was so in the olden days, it is so still. But the children built sepulchres for the very men whose hearts their fathers broke. It will be so again. And yet there was strong consolation: "The people spake of stoning him but David encouraged himself in the Lord his God."

Another burden was a new manifestation of the caste-spirit among those for whom he was specially responsible. He was taking classes for catechists in training, when he discovered caste feeling with its private antipathies, alive among them. "Prayer-meeting with class, but saddened to find caste-spirit divisions." Such entries cover weeks of thought and effort to get things right. But the trouble was not confined to any one group of men, its ramifications were endless; and at every turn he was quietly but effectively circumvented by that active impervious entity, which for want of a better name is called "caste feeling." It was a great distress to him, and caused much of what would have been fret of spirit but for the peace of God; and his letters to his wife referred often, and always in sorrow, to this fatal weakness; he called it *cancer* at the heart of the Church.

But troubled as he was, there was not only the enfolding quietness of peace: a deeper, purer joyousness than had ever been in him, seemed to shine through his whole being during those last months; his note to the South Indian Prayer Circular early in the year expresses something of that solemn joy:

And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives. These words were burnt in upon my mind during the meetings of the last Keswick Convention. All around were heard the glad hymns of happy singers in the tents, in the woods, in the houses, and away on Friar's Crag. There was music

everywhere. What would it all lead to? This was the dominant thought in some of our minds, as we listened to it through missionary ears. And then came the word with overwhelming force, as the mind reverted to that last night of our Lord with His disciples on the eve of His passion. "*And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives,*" to Gethsemane and that death-struggle with the power of darkness. In their case, at least, the hymn-singing led on to, and resulted in, deep experiences of self-humiliation and whole-hearted surrender to the Father for the salvation of the world.

The disciples were slow, it is true, in following their Master into such experiences; but sooner or later they had to do so. It is almost startling, as we follow up the thought, to find that the verb translated "to sing a hymn" only occurs in two other passages in the New Testament, and invariably in the same connection of suffering and self-crucifixion. We find it in the one passage (Heb. ii. 12) as a quotation from the Septuagint of Ps. xxii. 22, the great Passion Psalm, where the singing comes as a voice from the Cross itself (see the verses which immediately precede it). In the other passage (Acts xvi. 25) the hymn comes from the lips of men who are yet bleeding from their many stripes, their feet in the stocks of the inner cell of the prison at Philippi.

Thus, so far as this special verb is concerned, it emphasizes for us the great truth that praise and passion—chant and cross—hymn and humiliation—are for the whole-hearted follower of the Lord Jesus inextricably and irrevocably linked together. Are we ready to accept this truth as an experimental fact, as we face the unknown vicissitudes of another year? God would have us go deeper in our convictions, in our lives, in all our attitude and actions, for the salvation of this land; and also in our prayers? Let us sing of holiness by all means, but may He give us the grace of practical godliness in daily life. Let us sing with our Master who still leads the praise of His Church, but let us be willing to suffer with Him too. *Real hymn-singing leads to the singer's becoming God's corn of wheat, which falls into the ground and dies, and so brings forth much fruit.*

Often during those sad days, he quoted the words which had so moved him, *And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives.* Often too, though

he had in full measure an Englishman's reserve, he let something of the new joy, the joy that only comes through suffering and sacrifice, flow forth: Truly, O Lord, our Belovèd, "Thou being present all things are jocund, and Thou being absent all things are loth and weary. Thou makest in the heart tranquillity, great peace, and solemn gladness."

XXXV. (1912)

LAST THINGS

At the Ooty and Coonoor Conventions that last year he took as his subject for the Bible Readings the Second Epistle of Paul the Apostle to Timothy. Those meetings are unforgettable. He had been reading George M. Trevelyan on the struggle for the freedom of Italy, and the Bible Readings were illustrated by spirited battle stories. Once, in a rare moment of sudden uplifting of spirit, he improvised (adapting Tennyson) to press a point he wished to drive home:

And so to the work's
Last limit I came—
And can no longer
But die rejoicing—
For, thro' the magic
Of Him the Mighty
Who empowered me in weakness,
There on the border
Of boundless Ocean,
And all but in heaven,
Hovers the Gleam.

There were some fine walks that May; one specially noted in the journal was up the Droog, a forest-covered mountain near Coonoor. "All went up Droog together; grand views; happy days;" but within a month he was back at work, and every hour he could get between classes was full of preparation for the series of meetings to be held in the Telugu country in August. There was one sunny little visit in July when his old friend, Mr. Carr, spent a day with him, a day packed with all sorts of business. But once there was a break and Mr. Carr sang Mozart's "O send out Thy light and Thy truth that they may lead me; and bring me unto Thy holy hill and

to Thy dwelling"; and he listened, leaning back in his chair, rapt, lost to everything but the beautiful words and music. Such breaks in a day hallow it.

Books and magazines, as of old, still came happily to table, and the talk was always a refreshment to fellow workers. For his mind was like the house of which the wise king wrote, whose chambers are filled with all precious and pleasant riches. The last of the many pencilled slips, fragments from the book of the day copied for a fellow-worker, was this from Ecclesiasticus: "*He comforteth them that are losing patience.*"

There were days in that week when the burden of life seemed to slip from him, and the thought of the work in the Telegu country did not oppress him, and he bathed in a new, sweet sense of the love of his God. Looking back, that week lies like a landscape in sunshine.

The last Sunday in Dohnavur was a day with a glory upon it. For months, on Sunday afternoons when he was at home, he had been studying the Psalms with the English-speaking members of the Dohnavur family. There had been many interruptions, but on that last Sunday he came to breakfast with a smile. "Do you know where we are in the Psalms?" and he quoted the verse preceding the doxology in the xli Psalm which closes the first book: "Thou upholdest me . . . and settest me before Thy face for ever." "Isn't that a good place to leave off? '*Before His face for ever.*' "

Is the little incident symbolical of the life as God regarded it? Not imperfect, not broken off in the middle (cut off in the midst of his work, is the unhappy phrase), but its purpose accomplished, its whole round finished, a perfected thing?

After tea that evening he played with the children according to custom, giving two of the little girls rides on his foot, and rides round the room on his shoulder. A week later one of the two, a lovely little child five years old, became suddenly ill. Then those who were nursing her saw something they can never forget—the joy of a

child as her angel comes to carry her Home. That little one stretched out her arms as if in greeting to a familiar friend, and clapped her hands, and was gone. She outran the Iyer by just six days. Perhaps her little welcoming hands were held out to him as he drew near the Gate. So at least those left behind liked to think, as they remembered how fond he had been of that little child.

Next morning, as usual, he read the Psalms for the day at morning tea. The table was set out of doors. It was just before dawn, and the moon, almost full, gave light enough for the meal. As the sun rose, the two lights met, and in that mysterious blend of silver and golden light he read the LXIII Psalm. "Thus have I looked for Thee in holiness that I might behold Thy power and glory."

Then came the quick good-bye. It was clear sunrise now, and the air felt alive with that lightness which belongs to dawn as he piled his things into his bullock-cart, thinking only of how to get them all in and yet leave room enough for himself. It was the kind of good-bye he would have chosen: "God be with you," and he was off, down the path bordered by tamarind trees, deep in his *Expositor* before he reached the gate. At the gate in the sunlight stood old Sundarie, first fruits of Pannai-vilai, faithful servant and friend. "Salaam, Sundarie, I go and come!" he called to her in the idiom of the country. "Salaam Iyer, Go and come!" she returned, and he went out into the light.*

He had left Dohnavur in health, but long, hot railway journeys with broken nights had always tried him; and upon his arrival at Masulipatam, where the meetings were to be held, instead of resting as he had half promised he would, he spent the day in visiting friends there, winning, as one of them afterwards wrote, universal love and loyalty for the cause upon which he was embarked. "Tired," he wrote in his journal that night.

* Perhaps the photograph of the path, taken looking in to the sunlight, is more than a mere photo; it is a figure of the true; the gate is not seen; it is lost in light:

"I did not know the moment they called death,
So was its dark by that effulgence lit."

Next day he spoke to the people in the forenoon and afternoon. "But heavy rain interrupted," he wrote in his journal. Interrupted, for his work was finished.

There is little more to tell. Swiftly a storm of sorrow gathered and fell upon the mission-house where he had been a welcome guest. After a few hours of suffering from ptomaine poisoning, Mrs. Panes, his hostess, entered into rest. He, stricken in the same way, was not so seriously ill, and the doctor was hopeful, "confident of his recovery," he wrote. But he was unremitting in his care. Nothing that could have been done to help him was left undone.

He said little during those days, sent no messages except to the people gathered in the pandal, "Prepare to meet thy God." It is hardly likely he thought the great joy was so near. When that knowledge came, he was too ill to speak, and when asked for a word for his wife could only send a smile. But before he was so weak, and yet it was a moment of extreme physical distress, he sat up in bed, and believing himself to be alone, said aloud, "I'm so happy." It is the only conscious word that has come to us from the land where the Shining Ones commonly walk, because it is upon the borders of heaven.

Long ago in his boyhood days the house of his faith had been built upon the Rock. There was nothing to do now.

Upon a Life I did not live,
 Upon a Death I did not die,
 Another's Life, Another's Death,
 I stake my whole eternity.

He had said so in the days of his strength. In the day of his weakness that truth stood firm.

Once, a little earlier in his illness, thinking that he was teaching his class, he had said, "We have come to the last chapter." He had come to the last chapter. In the still hour between the night and morning of August 24th, a word came that only his ear heard: *The Master is come and calleth for thee . . . Be of good comfort, rise; He calleth thee. And he, casting away his garment, rose and came to Jesus.*

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