Dedicated to my Mother, who first dedicated me.

FOREWORD

By Rear-Admiral Sir Harry H. Stileman, K.B.E.

I accept with pleasure the invitation of the author of *Dense Jungle Green* to write this Foreword, seeing I have a very close and intimate touch with the B.C.M.S. Mission in Burma, through the link of family ties, and personal acquaintance with every member of the mission staff, except my grand-daughter, born in the Hukawng valley last autumn.

I have watched the growth and development of the mission with prayerful interest and attention ever since its inception, and rejoice in the remarkable results attained.

The method of pure evangelism in contradistinction to excessive institutionalism is the plan upon which this Mission has worked: every missionary first and foremost an evangelist; and, coupled with that, an absolute reliance upon the Word of God to do the work that the Holy Spirit intends, of convicting and converting.

The plain, statesmanlike setting forth in these pages of the results of this breakaway by B.C.M.S. from institutional work, and adherence to the principle laid down by the Apostle to the Gentiles of "preaching the Word of the Lord," brings conviction home that "this thing is of God," and has received the smile of His approval. It certainly calls forth our joyful praise.

The author touches but lightly on the hardships of himself and all his co-workers, in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often; but there is a significant passage in chapter xviii bearing upon this subject, which runs as follows: "The missionary who takes too much into account the preservation of his own skin, will lose in the long run, for he will never establish the close contact with the people necessary if he is to be used of God." Certainly our missionaries have not spared themselves, but have given their very best to carry the Gospel Message to the people and tribes in their own mother-tongue.

The fruits of their labours were shown in 1936, when the bishop confirmed 114 persons of twenty different races or tribes in seven different centres of the Mission.

The formation of Burma into an integral part of the British Empire on April 1st this year opens a completely new order of things; but we believe that He who sees the end from the beginning called the B.C.M.S. into being and established her in the country before the change took place, in order that she might fulfil the good pleasure of His will in preaching the Gospel of His grace with increasing power and effectiveness under the new régime.

I commend this book, with its beautiful illustrations—the outlined history of twelve remarkable years of pioneer work—with a hearty commendation, and trust that the perusal of its pages may result, through prayer, in letting the Light of Life into the deep recesses of *Dense Jungle Green.*

HARRY H. STILEMAN.

May, 1937.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

THIS is more a book of origins than a chronological history of twelve years of work, and it is inevitable that the more recent and relatively important happenings should find scant space.

While the reader is introduced mainly to a record of one Mission tucked away in the northern corner of Burma, it is hoped that the story may have a wider appeal in the year when Burma has achieved her political independence, and especially to those interested in modern Missions and to all who have at heart the welfare of this "green and pleasant land."

Thanks are due to all in the fellowship of the B.C.M.S. Burma Mission, without whom this book could never have been written, as well as to the Rev. W. S. Hooton, M.A., and to Colonel S. H. Middleton West, M.C., F.R.C.S., for their patient labour in the preparation of this volume for pnblication.

A. T. HOUGHTON.

Mohnyin,
Upper Burma.

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ILLUSTRATIONS

By courtesy of *The Metropolitan*

"Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade."
Thoughts in a Garden (Andrew Marvell, 1621-1678).

PROLOGUE

GREEN has always been my favourite colour, but I am not by any means the only traveller in the East who, crossing over from India, has noticed the unexpected greenery of the Emerald Land where dwell the people aptly described as the Irish of the East.

It is the fresh greenness of the mountain and plain that attracts the eye from the first in this fascinating country of Burma, but it is a special shade of green that has given the title of this book, and the name came suddenly on a jungle walk, when the shade temperature had risen to 104 deg. on a sweltering day in May.

As one looks over the side of a ship cutting its way through the sea one gazes down into the deep green of apparently unfathomable depths; and where the shadows fall, the green shades off into a mysterious blackness. So, in the green jungle of mountain and valley where thick forest prevails in the northern wedge of Upper Burma, one sees those same beautiful shades of green bordering off into blackness where the dark jungle grows thickest, and the light does not penetrate—Dense Jungle Green describes it.

Or again, it is just those shades of green and black that appear in the jade dug from the mines of furthest Burma; but there, apart from the shining beauty of polished jade, one tends to think of its amazing hardness and the enormous labour involved in cutting and hewing before the finished product appears.

Deep sea green, dense jungle green, jade green—call it what you will—but the impenetrable depth and beauty and the hardness of the jade all seem to sum up the work

we have been trying to do during the last twelve years. Amidst all the fascinating beauty of the country and people there is a mysterious depth and hardness that baffles the eager messenger of Christ; but we still follow on in hitherto untrod paths, where the light has not yet shone and the dense jungle green of agelong custom and superstition shades off into the blackness of night and the realm of the Evil One. By the grace of God "the people that walked in darkness" shall yet see a "great light"—even the Light of the World!

CHAPTER I

HOW IT CAME ABOUT

Essential Autobiography

"Thou who art His, or e'er thou drawest breath,
His shalt thou be in life, love, service, death.
* * * * * *
I give him Thee: he always was Thine own,
But more than ever now, by this my gift."
From *The Heart of Motherhood.*

A mother's dedication of her new-born babe to God began it. There was no precedent for missionary service abroad in either branch of the family, but the occasion was unique: April 11th, 1896, was the day before the beginning of the Three Years' Missionary Enterprise, ushering in the centenary of the birth of the Church Missionary Society, and what better gift could a mother make to God than her new-born son?

Ever afterwards in the mother's mind, as she would sometimes recall in later years, was connected with the birth of this her third son, the text of the sermon heard the previous Sunday: "Alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Two sons and two daughters had already been dedicated to God by their parents, but this one was specially set apart in his mother's prayers for service as a missionary abroad. Wisely, her son was kept in complete ignorance of the transaction, and not until many years later, when he himself had heard and responded to the call of God, was he informed of what had taken place at his birth. By precept and example the whole family (eight in all) learned from their parents that worldly success mattered nothing, but that what was of supreme importance was to find out individually God's plan for the life. No doubt that is why God so abundantly answered the parents' prayers, so that all became followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, and not only

the specially dedicated one, but six out of the eight served God abroad.*

In spite of my mother's dedication, the consuming ambition of childhood, which really persisted into later years, was to enter the Army; and I had to have a somewhat spectacular demonstration that God was calling, before I was willing to respond. My eldest sister, in a quiet way, had begun to interest me in missionary work; and the crisis came at about the age of twelve, when attending a C.M.S. missionary meeting in Bath, at which Canon Heywood of Bombay (later Bishop of Mombasa) was the speaker. The meeting was breaking up, and the audience had risen to its feet, when an old lady in the row behind tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Are *you* going to be a missionary?" I knew then as certainly as I knew anything, even though it was opposed to all my desire, that it was God calling me to a decision. There must have been a moment's pause of hestitation, which seemed like years, and then I heard myself saying "Yes," and passed out. From that moment I never really doubted that it was the intention of the Holy Spirit of God that I was to dedicate my life as a missionary for service abroad, and it would be quite useless to do anything else unless I wanted to make a complete mess of my life.

Three years later, when bathing at Boscombe, my brother and I were nearly drowned, but were miraculously saved after both had disappeared, and were dragged out unconscious. That night I realised that I was "saved to serve," and that up to the present, in spite of my response to God's call, I had done nothing to witness for Him.

The War gave me the opportunity of fulfilling my earlier ambition, and every bit of the training proved to be invaluable for the future: the discipline of life in the ranks gave way to the more responsible task of training men as a commissioned officer, but instead of being drafted to

* HERBERT HOUGHTON, killed in action at the Battle of the Somme, July 1916; EILEEN HOUGHTON, one of the pioneers of the B.C.M.S. Burma Mission; FRANK HOUGHTON, Bishop of the Diocese of East Szechwan, China; STANLEY HOUGHTON, C.I.M., Chefoo, China; FREDA HOUGHTON, C.I.M. Missionary, the first of the "Two Hundred" to lay down her life for the Master in Szechwan, West China, 1932.

France as I had hoped, in the Providence of God I was sent to Burma and India. During the last six months of the War, and for a year after the Armistice, as Staff Officer to the Inspector of Infantry (South), I travelled over most of India and Burma, and picked up as an amateur soldier an amazing amount of valuable experience, which was to stand me in good stead in later administrative work. It was in December 1918, while touring in Burma with my Chief (Brig.-Gen. W. C. Walton, C.B., C.M.G.) that I first saw the wild hill Kachins, who attracted me as none of the many tribes and races met with had previously done. At Maymyo, Bhamo and Myitkyina, visited at this time, I began to be conscious of an inward call to the peoples of the mountainous region on the Chinese border; and I was greatly influenced by the reading of the first volume of Hudson Taylor's life sent to me by the one who had first interested me in missionary work.

The extensive touring, based on Army Headquarters at Simla or Delhi, gave an unusual opportunity of seeing missionary work at first hand in the towns visited; and for the first time one began to formulate ideas about methods of work. One had got beyond the crude thought of childhood, that a penny put into the missionary box for the "poor heathen" went straight to its intended billet, and one realised that a great deal of expenditure was necessarily involved in making it possible for the missionary to make known the Gospel—equipping, sending, housing, training in the language, etc.; but a cursory acquaintance with missionary work over a wide area soon raised doubts in the mind as to whether large sums were not being put into institutional work, which was proving of very doubtful value in regard to the spiritual results attained. An extreme instance was that of a big Mission High School of 800 "boys," where the harassed headmaster was the only Christian on the staff, and naturally no conversions had been heard of for years. To the outsider the obvious thing was to "scrap" the school, but the size and cost of the buildings, and the fear of seeming defeat by withdrawal from a well-established work, would no doubt be an effective hindrance.

Coupled with the large amount of money tied up in institutional work, one heard of the dangers of concentrating on work in the towns, when the vast amount of the population lived in jungle villages; and of the education of jungle folk in the large towns resulting in their being unfitted to return to their former environment, where as Christians they would be of most value.

These and other experiences as an onlooker made me determine that when my own opportunity came I would do my utmost to avoid getting entangled in institutional work, concentrating rather on the preaching of the Gospel to the neglected villages. I realised, too, that as a missionary I could only serve happily in a society which eschewed big institutional, and especially educational, work for non-Christians.

The contrast, too, of the manly type of Indian Army subordinate officer with his compatriot who had concentrated on a parrot-like imbibing of Western learning, convinced me that one should aim at producing strong virile Christians with their national characteristics unimpaired and with no tendency to become sham Europeans.

After demobilisation at the end of 1919 one had to concentrate on preparation for ordination; and the contacts of the next few years seemed to lead away from Burma. Already one of my brothers was preparing to go to China, and this link led to provisional acceptance by the China Inland Mission for work in the Diocese of Szechwan; and later my fiancée, Miss Green, was accepted for training by the same Mission. Little did I realise when I heard from my father of the historic meeting on October 27th, 1922, when the Bible Churchmen's Missionary Society was solemnly inaugurated, that here was to be the God-appointed agency for my return to Burma and the Kachins!

It was in May 1923 that I was suddenly brought back sharply to my first call, when I heard from my fiancée of the deep impression created in her mind by an address from Mr. Fraser, Superintendent of the C.I.M. in Yunnan, who spoke of the needs of the tribes on the Burmo-Chinese border. My own call to the Kachins had become so overclouded through the apparent difficulties that stood in the

way, that my fiancée knew nothing of my former aspirations, and I could only conclude that here was the finger of God pointing out the way. We decided to tell no one, but daily to pray believingly that God would show us the next step to take.

Later on our own people were informed, and circumstances made it clear in January 1924 that we ought to approach the B.C.M.S., with whose aims we were heartily in sympathy. A tentative letter was sent to the Honorary Secretary, asking whether the Society had any intention of working in Burma, and particularly among the tribes on the Chinese border. In my Diary I noted: "If he says in reply that B.C.M.S. would be willing to begin if there were offers of service, I should take that as the Lord's leading for further negotiations. I have been much in prayer about this, and I am just waiting on the Lord for further guidance." In reply Dr. Bartlett wrote: "I have read all you say with deep interest, and very heartily wish that we could enter into so promising a door. But we are held up for *workers*." He then proceeded to outline commitments in China and India, where there was already a crying need for workers, but concluded by saying, "I will gladly ask you to come and have a chat as soon as workers fit for the Burmo-Chinese frontier are at our disposal."

The situation was discussed with those immediately concerned, and my reply was to recapitulate the way God seemed to have led so far, and to ask "whether B.C.M.S. would be willing to accept us for work among these tribes, if we offered." On February 14th I heard from Dr. Bartlett, who though very kind and sympathetic, naturally felt that our existing connection with West China rather pointed to our filling the need already existing for workers in the district which Bishop Cassels had offered. In an interview the following day I was able to make the situation clearer, with the result that the Bishop of Rangoon was to be asked if he were ready to welcome B.C.M.S., and, as the time was short, to reply by cable.

Meanwhile, I was seeking to obtain all the information possible, and was surprised to find that the work of the American Baptist Mission among Kachins was more

extensive than I had been led to think, especially on the Chinese border. Looking at maps, my attention was attracted to the Hukawng Valley, and the region to the north of Myitkyina. There was much to perplex, but at this time and later I was greatly sustained by the verse which my father sent me: "The way of the righteous is made plain" (Prov. xv. 19). God would surely lead on step by step, closing a door here in order to open another there.

Miss Green and I both felt that we could not keep the C.I.M. in the dark any longer, even though the future with the B.C.M.S. was quite uncertain. Although we were under no financial obligation, we could not be too thankful for the gracious way in which our resignation was accepted, though with much regret, and we have had the happiest fellowship with the C.I.M. ever since. My fiancée was allowed to complete her training, although she no longer belonged to the Mission, while I was concentrating on a year's amateur medical training at the Missionary School of Medicine.

I began praying at this time that God would set His seal on our new undertaking by sending someone definitely to take my place in the C.I.M. in West China. God answered this prayer in a most striking way, though it was months later that I heard how it happened. A college friend, the Rev. K. G. Bevan, had succeeded me in my curacy at Tunbridge Wells. He had heard the call to the Mission Field, but one night became much exercised in mind as to the sphere of God's choice, and, I believe, spent most of the night in prayer that God would reveal His Will. In the morning a mutual friend came to his rooms with the news of my offer for Burma in place of China, and immediately he felt convinced that he was to go to West China in my place. (The happy sequel to this was that in West China he met and married one of my wife's greatest friends, who had been in training with her!) Another friend, the Rev. G. R. Woodhams, whom I had been the means of introducing to B.C.M.S., offered about this time to the Society, and was sent to West China, so that I felt doubly represented in the land where I had formerly expected to go.

But while we became more and more convinced that God wanted us for Burma, it was only natural that the B.C.M.S. Executive should be unanimous in thinking that the greater need was in West China, to which the Society was already committed. I recorded at the time that Dr. Bartlett "asked me to pray over it in view of that." When I asked him if B.C.M.S. definitely ruled out Burma, he said, "Not at all, if you still feel God is calling you there B.C.M.S. will back you up."

The Bishop of Rangoon had opportunely come home on leave, and naturally felt some diffidence about welcoming the new Society to work in his Diocese, when up to that time the only Anglican missionary work was being undertaken by the S.P.G. On the day when I had received a long letter from the Bishop, frankly putting forward his fears about possible difficulties arising, I had interviewed Dr. Bartlett and come away feeling that the hindrances were being gradually removed, but on arrival that evening in the suburb where I was staying, I learned that a special messenger had been sent to summon me to the office, where Dr. Bartlett would wait for me till 7.30 p.m. Wondering what could be the urgency of this summons, I rushed up to town to find that an urgent letter had been received from Bishop Cassels after my departure. Having heard that we were not now coming to his Diocese under the C.I.M., he wrote to urge that we should be sent to the new B.C.M.S. district in West China. It seemed like the last straw: here was one Bishop asking for us definitely by name, and endorsing the considered opinion of the B.C.M.S. Executive, while the Bishop of the Diocese to which we wanted to go was expressing very natural qualms about the advisability of the step. But these objections, weighty as they were, only served to confirm me in the belief that God was testing us to prove whether we were ready to go forward to Burma, if need be in the dark, but with Him.

Ten days later, on the 2nd of June, Dr. Bartlett was able to inform me that the Bishop of Rangoon was quite satisfied in welcoming us to the Diocese, and that the Committee had fully sanctioned our designation to Burma. Later we heard the joyful news that my sister, Eileen, a trained nurse who

had also offered to the Society before our marriage in July, was designated to sail with us to Burma on October 10th. "Thus," the B.C.M.S. 'Messenger' announced, "B.C.M.S. opens a new Mission—a great venture for God!"

Ten years later, in July 1934, the mother who had dedicated her son at his birth went into the immediate presence of her Saviour, but not before she was able to realise that through her obedience to the will of God she was the first link in the chain of Divine Providence by which forty-five missionaries of B.C.M.S. were at work in Burma, and hundreds of people of various races were being brought out of darkness into God's marvellous Light.

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ for such a mother!

CHAPTER II

HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY

Burma and Its Peoples

"Of the Kingdom of Ava, or the Birman Empire, so little is known to the European World that many persons of liberal education, when the name of the country has been mentioned, were at a loss on what part of the globe to seek for its position; and some were even unacquainted with the existence of such a nation."

Embassy to Ava, by Major Symes, 1800.

"Although blistered now with the heat of a tropical sun, and now drenched in tropical rain and steam, British Burma is a fair and fruitful land. The most prosperous of the British provinces in India already, the agricultural possibilities of its future are grand indeed. Under the fostering care of a Christian government, the population is increasing at the rate of nearly fifty per cent each decade; while the foreign trade, stimulated by British capital, is increasing in a still more rapid ratio."

Self-Support in Bassein, by C. H. Carpenter, 1883.

"I have a son in the Bermudas—I do hope you will meet him," said one good lady at the close of a farewell meeting in England. It seemed useless to contradict her, for she would have been none the wiser, yet there are many who have only the haziest idea as to where Burma appears on the map.

After the B.C.M.S. Burma Mission had been in existence for about a year we were greatly intrigued by receiving a communication addressed:

Mohnyin,
On the Irrawaddy,
Rangoon,
South Tibet,
Burma Chinese Frontier.

The postal authorities were to be highly congratulated on delivering such a letter, as the B.C.M.S. Station at Mohnyin was some 60 miles west of the Irrawaddy, 636 miles north

of Rangoon, some 300 odd miles south of Tibet, and about 100 miles west of the Burma Chinese Frontier! The address, however, had the merit of distinguishing us from a mere appendage of India, which seems to be the commoner idea.

Yet even the most ardent advocate of "Separation," which has been the main political topic of the last few years, could hardly deny the very real connection of Burma with India. Until 1st April, 1937, Burma was one of the Provinces of the Indian Empire and was represented on the Legislative Council under the Viceroy of India. While Burma had her own Governor and Local Government, as other Provinces, she paid large revenues to the central Government and was closely connected with India as regards administration, education, etc. *Naturally*, however, there is little real connection between Burma and India, and the traveller from India soon realises he is in entirely different surroundings in Burma, cut off as it is by three days' sea journey from Calcutta, and by mountainous and largely undeveloped country on the Assam border.

A less frequented route from India to Burma is via Chittagong, the terminus of the railway on the Indo-Burmese coastal border, whence a bi-weekly steamer service calls at Akyab, Kyaukpyu and Andrew Bay (for Sandoway) in Arakan. As I went ashore in the ship's boat at Andrew Bay on one occasion, a Belgian who had been travelling for twenty-five years, largely on foot, all over Europe and the near East, and then after several years' touring in India was now wending his way towards Burma and China, went into raptures over the greenness and picturesqueness of all he saw. He expressed himself as fascinated with the beauty of the scenery as never before in his experience, and immediately talked of settling there for the rest of his life.

The more phlegmatic Englishman would no doubt express himself less volubly, but few could fail to be stirred, whether landing on the coast or at the big river port of Rangoon.

The adjectives "flat and uninteresting" are often coupled together but Rangoon, though flat, could never be described as uninteresting. The dampish heat seems trying at first, though residents appear to bear it well except in the very

hot months of April and May; but the comforts of a modern town in the East are available, and electric light and fans, and ice, go a long way towards making the climate endurable. The town is well laid out, with excellent motor roads, and the tendency on the part of the European population is to live out in the district of Kokine, the University centre, or Mingaladon, where the garrison now finds its home. No one leaves Rangoon without a vivid mental picture of the Royal Lakes and the golden covered Shwe Dagon Pagoda, which, since Buddhist national feeling has been prominent, is now only gazed at from a distance, as no one is allowed in without the removal of footwear.

Looking at the people in the town, one might at first sight think Rangoon was in India, for Indians seem to predominate in the streets; but later one distinguishes Chinese, Burmese, and people of other races, and in the outlying suburbs the gay and variegated colours of Burmese longyis (skirts) are prominent. It is a common thing for the newcomer to be unable to distinguish between men and women, for the men wear brightly coloured longyis, and their hair is long. Green grass, flowering shrubs, gay colours of clothing, and the cheery laughter and chatter of the Burmese, all combine to present a striking contrast to the drabness of parts of India, and give a surface impression, later to be sadly removed, that here is a land of contentment and peace.

While Rangoon is the commercial hub of Burma, and here its products of rice, teakwood, oil, ground nuts, etc., are collected and shipped abroad, those who spend their working lives in Rangoon have very little knowledge of the real Burma. The fact that a knowledge of Hindustani is of far more use to the Rangoon resident than Burmese, bears out the remark that India predominates. In India, where so much of the population lives just above starvation point, it is natural that men should vie with one another in working for the merest pittance to eke out a livelihood. The Burman, on the other hand, finds the soil of his country so kind to him that hard work is not his chief characteristic, and his tendency is to be happy-go-lucky in all his outlook. The rice crop is so plentiful that no one need starve, and it is easy to account for the generous hospitality and the disastrous

love of gambling which characterise the Burmese peoples as a whole. No wonder that much of the hard work is done by the more industrious immigrant Indian.

The Shwe Dagon Pagoda has drawn our attention to the main religion of the country—Buddhism. Wherever one goes in the plains of Burma, whitewashed or gilded pagodas are to be seen, and though Buddhism came originally from India, it has made its home in Burma for many centuries, superimposed on the old 'nat' (spirit) worship, which plays its part in the religious life of the people, more especially the country districts.

The saffron-robed pongyis (Buddhist priests), with their shaven heads, still command the respect and obedience of the bulk of the population, and every village has its kyaung (monastery) where all the boys enter for a shorter or longer period, and whose inmates live on the offerings of the people. Every morning a procession of pongyis and boys from the kyaung, carrying their black lacquer begging bowls, wanders round the streets, and as they hear the pleasant clang of the brass triangular gong carried in procession the villagers come out of their houses, bringing their offerings of rice and other food. The majority of pongyis, however, have their own private donors who supply them with the meals they actually eat, and much of the food collected in the morning procession goes to the 'pi' dogs which abound. The life of the village centres round the kyaung, and the more devout visit the pagoda daily at sunset to pray to the Pǎya or ("lord" —Gautama, the Buddha), whose image of gold or marble or other material occupies the central position. The pwes (festivals), with theatrical performances lasting the whole night through and the inevitable Burmese orchestra, in which gongs, dulcimers and drums play a large part, are also definitely of a religious nature.

The belief in transmigration and the endless chain of existences, with multiple heavens and hells, which may be occupied before enlightenment and Neikban are attained, does not deter the majority from making the most of the present life; and while cattle may wander round with broken legs or gaping wounds because it is a sin to take life, very few Burmese will refuse meat or fish in some form, provided

they do not have to do the killing themselves. It is probable that Buddhism, at least in regard to the keeping of the Law, is losing its hold on the people: the kindly precepts of the Buddha look well on paper, but are not observed, and in spite of the supposed sacredness of life, Burma holds the record in the Indian Empire for murder and crimes of violence.

The flatness of the Delta and the unending expanse of paddy fields persist on either side of the railway for many hours as the traveller goes north from Rangoon, but if he takes the night mail he wakes in the morning to look out on the blue hills both east and west. During the night, too, he has passed out of the damp zone into the dry belt, where the heat and glare are greater, but, in the opinion of many, far less trying than the humidity of Lower Burma. At Thazi, where the train halts in the cool of the morning, one can take the hill railway east to the pine-clad hills of Kalaw, and beyond to the hilly plateau of the Shan States, or travel west via Meiktila to Myingyan on the great Irrawaddy River, which we shall meet again at Mandalay if we travel due north. At Mandalay, reached before noon, we are 400 miles north of Rangoon, and here we find ourselves in a thoroughly Burmese town, though tramcars and other signs of civilisation remind us that much has changed since Mandalay was the capital of the Burmese kings. Buddhist pongyis are to be seen everywhere, for in Mandalay about one in seven of the adult male population wears the yellow robe.

From here we may go by rail or road east again into the Shan States, to the hill station of Maymyo, the seat of Government for many months of the year, and on to the railway terminus of Lashio, almost on the Chinese border. But if we are going north we shall have hours to wait, and will not miss a visit to the moated fort, with its brick-red battlements, that would soon fall before modern guns, forming a square round the Palace enclosure where everything is preserved as far as possible to recall the days when King Mindon, and finally his son Thibaw, ruled over a crumbling kingdom before the final British occupation in 1885.

The metre gauge railway has carried us along at the rate of forty miles an hour, but as we leave Mandalay for the river crossing at Sagaing, we find that the railway has become far more leisurely, and an average speed of ten miles an hour, including stops at every station, with a speed limit of twenty-five miles an hour, is the order of the day, though heavier metals, now replacing the old, will soon make it possible to speed up the trains.

Until the beginning of 1934 there was a pleasant break in the railway journey when one crossed the Irrawaddy diagonally from Amarapura to Sagaing by the steamer ferry, and for twenty minutes the cool breezes of the river made life bearable on the hottest day. But now the great Ava Bridge, threequarters of a mile long, opened on January 2nd, 1934, spans the river at Sagaing with its three mile embankment approaches on either side, and the far north seems definitely nearer, though at present the long wait between trains in Mandalay does not bring Rangoon any nearer in time. The Irrawaddy, with its two sources somewhere in the south of Tibet, has flowed southwards to form one river north of Myitkyina, the terminus of the railway, and passing through the ancient Chinese trade route town of Bhamo (in the neighbourhood of which, north and south, are the famous defiles where the river narrows through beetling cliffs), flows south to Mandalay, where it is nearly a mile in width.

At Sagaing one may take a short railway journey on the branch line to Monywa on the Chindwin River, the great tributary which flows into the Irrawaddy just south of Myingyan, and which is navigable by steamers as far north as Homalin and beyond, and under the name of the Tanai Hka finds its source in the Hukawng Valley.

But the main line continues 300 odd miles north to Myitkyina. The traveller notices the lack of roads, the obviously undeveloped state of the country, with its sparser population, thick forest, and mountain ranges within a few miles of the line. The country becomes far more picturesque as one passes out of the dry zone north of Shwebo late at night, and the jungle much denser. In the early morning the train arrives at Naba, the junction for the branch line to

Katha, the headquarters of a District on the Irrawaddy; and in the late afternoon the train arrives at its destination, the headquarters of the vast administered District of Myitkyina.

The newcomer to Burma soon learns whom he may expect to meet at a District Headquarters, as far as Government officials are concerned. There is the Deputy Commissioner (the D.C.), usually an Englishman, but sometimes nowadays a Burman, who is responsible to the Commissioner (in this case at Sagaing) for the administration of his District. There will be the District Superintendent of Police (D.S.P.), who is in charge of all the police stations of the District, often 50 miles apart. In the medical line there will be the Civil Surgeon, with his well equipped District Hospital and his smaller hospitals and dispensaries under semi-qualified Sub-Assistant Surgeons (S.A.S.) at strategic centres of the District. The Divisional Forest Officer (D.F.O.) will be responsible for vast areas of reserved forest and for girdling the teak trees, which are extracted by licensed commercial firms. One may find one or more representatives of such timber firms living at a District Headquarters. Roads, bridges and buildings are in the charge of the Executive Engineer of the Public Works Department (P.W.D.); and the P.W.D. Inspection Bungalows which are to be found in every small town are frequented by other Government officials, and private individuals such as missionaries, who find them a great boon when requiring a resting-place for the night. There will be a Survey and Land Records Officer who is responsible for maps and plans of the District, and a Superintendent of Excise, who has the curious anomaly of being in charge of the local opium shops, where opium is sold to licensed smokers, and of tracking down the opium smugglers who abound.

In the north there are no garrisons of regular troops, but their place is taken by Military Police, who are organised in battalions for outpost work, with headquarters usually in such a district town.

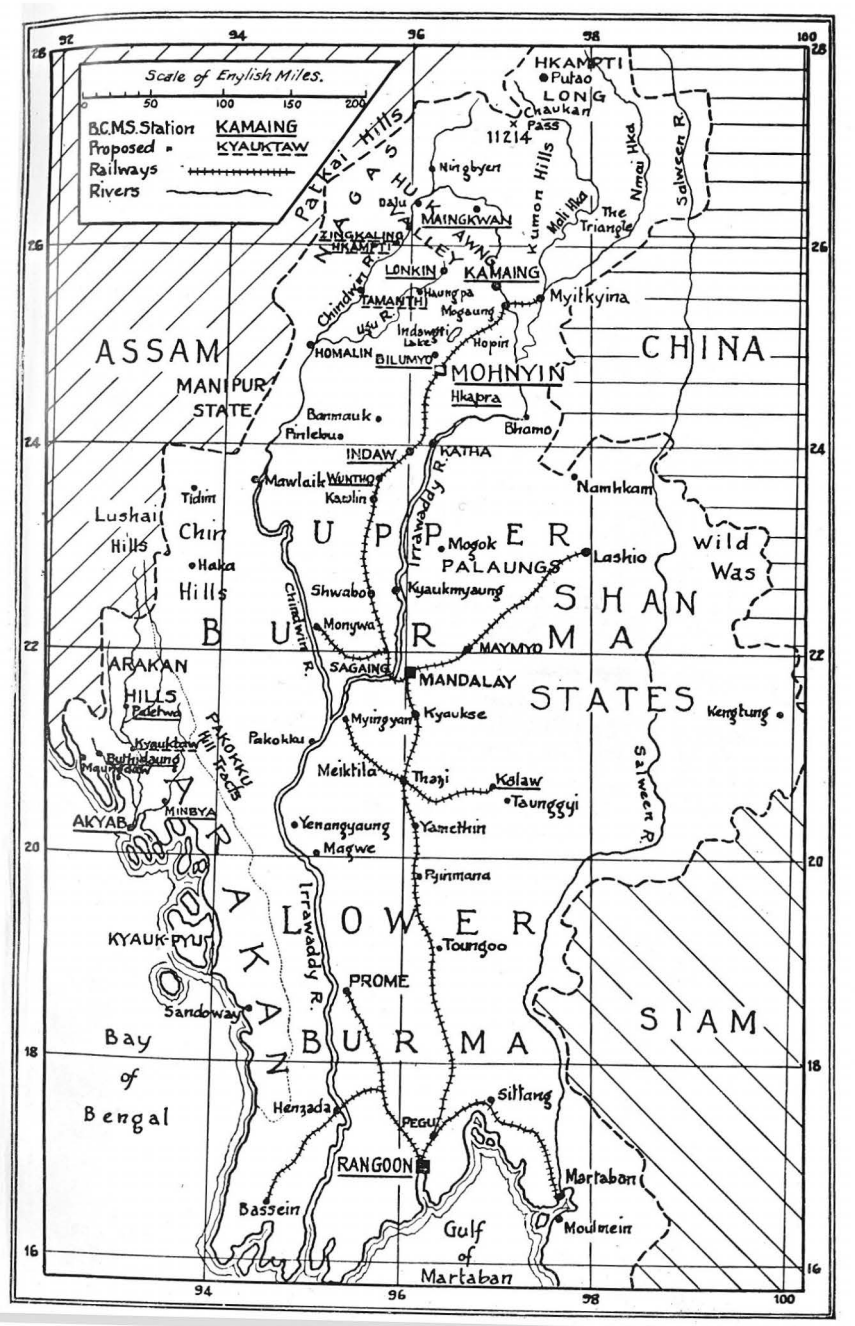
The climate in the far north is very different from that of Lower Burma. Whereas the annual rainfall in the south will average 100 to 250 inches (particularly in Arakan), in the dry zone less than 40 inches is usual, and in the far north 60

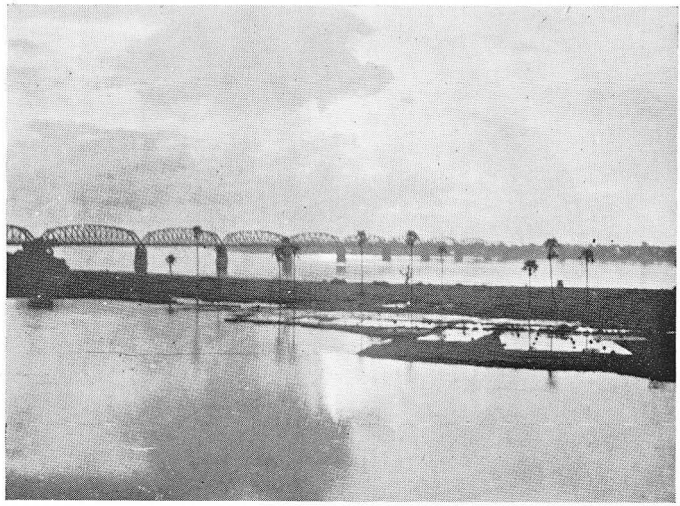
to 80 inches, largely during the months of June to October, though occasional showers may be met with at other times. In the cold season, which is marred by damp early morning mists, the temperature may drop to 40 degrees in the shade, in contrast to highest temperatures of 105-110 degrees in the hot weather of April and May. In Rangoon there is comparatively little variation of temperature the whole year round, though during the rains it is often cooler than in the far north, where, between the periods of rain, the sticky heat is very trying. Malaria is the curse of the country, and is rampant in the undeveloped areas of hill and plain.

Though the bulk of the population of nearly 15 millions is Burmese and Buddhist in religion, Burma must be almost unique in the number of indigenous races it contains. Burma is more than twice the size of Great Britain, but has less than one third of its population. The actual area as given in the 1931 Census Report is 233,492 square miles, but from this area was excluded most of the territory north of Myitkyina, the Hukawng Valley and Naga Hills, a wedge of till recently unadministered territory east of the Arakan Hill Tracts, and the Wa States on the Chinese Border, making an additional total of 28,118 square miles, and a grand total of 261,610 square miles.

The total population at the 1931 census was actually 14,667,146, but if we make a rough estimate of the population of the excluded areas we shall have a probable grand total of 14,750,000. Of these some eight and three quarter millions are Burmese, leaving six millions to be divided up among 180 odd indigenous and foreign races. The Shan race consists of over one million, with at least ten racial divisions, involving different dialects; the Karens, also divided into about fifteen tribes with the same number of dialects, occupy another one and a quarter millions; the Indians of all sorts number nearly one million; Burmans 200,000; the Chinese about 200,000; Europeans and Anglo-Indians 30,000; and the Talaings (largely in the Tenasserim Division bordering on Siam) 330,000; so that the remaining two millions are to be divided up among the many hill tribes which occupy the gigantic horseshoe of territory nearly surrounding the main Burmese population,

BURMA


Scale of English Miles.
50 100 150 200
B.C.M.S. Station KAMAING
Proposed " KYAUKTAW
Railways
Rivers
92 94 96 98 100
28 26 24 22 20 18 16
HKAMTI
Putao
LONG
Chaukan
Pass
11214
Ningbyen
Daju
MAINGKWAN
ZINGKALING
HKAMTI
LONKIN
KAMAING
TAMANTHI
Haungpa
Mogaung
Myitkyina
Indawgyi Lakes
HOMALIN
BHAMO
MOHNYIN
Hkapra
Bhamo
Banmauk
Pinlebu
INDAW
KATHA
Mawlaik
WUNTHO
Kanlin
Tidim
Namhkam
Mogok
Lashio
PALAUNGS
Shwaboo
Kyaukmyaung
Monywa
MAYMYO
SAGAING
MANDALAY
Myingyan
Kyaukse
Pakokku
Meiktila
Thazi
Kolaw
Taunggyi
Kengtung
Yenangyaung
Yamethin
Magwe
Pyinmana
Toungoo
PROME
Sandoway
Henzada
PEGU
Sittang
RANGOON
Bassein
Martaban
Moulmein
Gulf of Martaban
Bay of Bengal
ASSAM
MANIPUR STATE
CHINA
Lushai Hills
Chin Hills
Wild Was
SHAN STATES
SIAM
ARAKAN HILLS
Paletwa
Kyaukpaw
Buthidaung
Maungdaw
AKYAB
MINBYA
PAKOKKU HILL TRACTS
KYAUK-PYU
Patkai Hills
NAGA HILLS
HUKAWNG VALLEY
AWNG
Kumon Hills
Mali Hka
Nmai Hka
The Triangle
Salween R.
Chindwin R.
Irrawaddy R.
UPPER BURMA
LOWER BURMA
ARAKAN YOMA



THE AVA BRIDGE AT SUNSET

VIEW FROM THE AVA BRIDGE

(*See p.* 30)

and having as its open ends the Irrawaddy Delta on the west and Moulmein on the east.

Nearly 350,000 of these belong to the Chin group, extending from the neighbourhood of Prome in the south all up the western border, till they join on to the possibly related Naga tribes in the far north. There are no less than forty-five classified Chin tribes, with dialects that vary so much that no two people of different tribes can understand one another.

The next big group is the Kachin, numbering about a quarter of a million, with a large unenumerated population over the Chinese border. They occupy the whole of the northern wedge of Upper Burma, and extend on the eastern border as far south as Lashio.

All these tribes are Animist in religion; but the hill Palaungs of the Northern Shan States, who number 140,000, are staunch Buddhists.

The Kădus and related tribes of the Katha District are rapidly coming Burmanised; they are Buddhist, and number about 50,000 all told.

Altogether there appear to be 125 indigenous tribes or races in the Census area, and an equal number of different languages or dialects are spoken. Nearly twelve and a half million of the population are Buddhist in religion, three-quarters of a million Animist, half a million Hindu, half a million Moslem, while the Christians total only 331,000, or 1 in 45 of the total population of the Province.

This chapter would not be complete without a brief reference to past history. About the time of the Wars of the Roses in England the whole of the northern area of Burma, as well as the Shan States, formed flourishing Shan kingdoms linked up with those in China, and nominally under the suzerainty of the Chinese emperors. This accounts for the prevalence of large Shan communities in addition to the mixed Shan-Burmese over the northern area of the Myitkyina, Katha, Upper and Lower Chindwin Districts to-day.

The traditional history of Burma is copious in its allusions to the greatness of former kings and their exploits, but most of it is unreliable till comparatively modern times, when contact was made with the West. Successive migra-

tions of Mongol races from the north and east have brought about the present conglomeration of races in Burma, though the Talaings in the extreme south may be the descendants of the original inhabitants, and at one time established supremacy over the Burmese. The hill tribes belong to later invasions of the country after the Burmese had already taken possession. The Burmese dynasty dates from 1753, when Alompra (Alaungpaya) finally overthrew the Talaings and founded his capital at Ava, where the railway bridge now spans the Irrawaddy.

Trouble arose with the East India Company owing to incursions into Indian territory near Chittagong, and the First Burmese War of 1820 resulted. Rangoon was occupied by the British, and by the Treaty of 1826 Tenasserim in the extreme south and Arakan on the coast were made British possessions. Owing to the complete failure of arrogant Burmese kings to keep to agreements, and the constant friction that ensued, war broke out again in 1852, resulting in the annexation of the whole of Lower Burma. King Mindon, who had transferred the capital to Mandalay, was a more enlightened ruler than his predecessors, and reigned for twenty-six years; but his son Thibaw, who came to the throne in 1879 and celebrated the occasion by murdering all his relatives, brought down vengeance on his head and was deposed in the last Burmese War of 1885, when the whole of Burma came nominally under British rule, though guerilla warfare followed for several years. It was then that Burma became a Province of the Indian Empire, first under a Chief Commissioner, later under a Lieutenant Governor, and finally, in 1923, under its own Governor.

No one who has lived in Burma and India could but realise that the two countries are naturally independent of one another and have only been brought together through the fortune of war.

While contributing largely to the revenues of the Indian Government,* Burma has been the most undeveloped of all the Provinces of the Indian Empire. The Simon Commission, on its visit to Burma in 1928, came to the definite

* The central government in India made a net profit of about 2½ millions sterling per annum on revenues received from Burma.

conclusion that Burma ought to be separated from India and develop along her own lines under an independent Government, answerable only to the British Parliament. While national feeling in Burma had been demanding separation for years, when the verdict was given a curious opposition was aroused on the part of politically-minded Burmese, out of the fear that 'perfidious Albion' only desired to separate Burma from India in order to avoid giving her the same measure of self-government which India was likely to obtain. The average uninstructed Burman, who sees the Indian occupying places of influence in politics and industry as the result of his own supineness, imagines that separation will give him the right to turn all the Indians out, and there has naturally been much apprehension on the part of the Indian population.

Elections for the House of Representatives under the new Constitution took place in November 1936, so that, on the official separation of Burma from India in April 1937, there might be no delay in bringing the constitution into force. A large measure of enfranchisement has been granted, and the wildest promises were made by some of the candidates to secure votes. There are a large number of political parties, some of them a conglomeration of other parties united under one leader; and it remains to be seen whether the political leaders who take office will really seek the good of their country or, as some of the onlookers openly declare, their own self-advancement. While working for full Dominion status, the United Party, which has obtained the largest number of seats, is ready to work in accordance with the new Constitution.

Unfortunately, Burma is far less able to stand on her own feet now than she was ten years ago, owing to the economic slump. She has to some extent lost the world market for rice, owing to keener competition and the conservative view of the Burman that there is no need to improve seed paddy or methods of cultivation, even though she still exports over half of the seven and a half million tons of paddy produced annually.

In Upper Burma where, five or six years ago we paid Rs 150-160 for 100 baskets of paddy, we have been paying

Rs 25-30 until recent trade recovery improved prices. As paddy and rice are the staple products, such a slump in prices had affected the whole country, and though no one need starve for lack of food, the average man had had no money to buy other things, and paddy has been sold at a heavy loss. The rebellion in Lower Burma of 1930 had as its root cause the dissatisfaction resulting from poverty and the belief that prices were being manipulated to suit the foreign firms.

The undeveloped resources of the country in mineral and other products are enormous; and given the necessary capital, an independent Burma ought to be an economic success as the dense jungle yields to the onroads of civilisation. But many are inclined to ask whether economic success and a country opened up with roads necessarily spell prosperity in its best form. That, perhaps, depends largely on how far the Gospel is in the vanguard, and how far the messengers of the Gospel occupy the undeveloped territory before civilisation, with its medical and educational advantages—and, alas, its many vices—takes possession.

CHAPTER III

THE PROGRESS OF THE PIONEERS

Former Missionary Enterprise in Burma

"JOHN NEWTON,
CLERK,
ONCE AN INFIDEL AND LIBERTINE,
A SERVANT OF SLAVES IN AFRICA,
WAS, BY THE RICH MERCY OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST,
PRESERVED, RESTORED, PARDONED,
AND APPOINTED TO PREACH THE FAITH HE HAD LONG
LABOURED TO DESTROY."

John Newton's Epitaph (composed by himself).

It is good to realise that John Newton, the ex-slave-trader and blasphemer, was a link in the chain of Divine Providence which brought the Gospel to Burma, and eventually brought about the preaching of redemption from sin to the ex-slaves of the Hukawng Valley and the Triangle; for even in unadministered territory slavery had been practically abolished by 1934—the centenary of the abolition of the slave trade in the British Empire.

John Newton was the means of the conversion of Claudius Buchanan, who afterwards went out as a chaplain to India; and a sermon of the latter's had such an influence on Adoniram Judson that he resolved to take the Gospel to the heathen world, and was eventually led of God to Burma. Judson is generally regarded as the pioneer of Protestant Missions in Burma, but it needs to be borne in mind that William Carey sent his son, Dr. Felix Carey, with a companion, in 1808, from the Baptist Settlement at Serampore, to begin pioneer work in Burma. Felix Carey translated St. Matthew's Gospel into Burmese, and this was published at Serampore in 1815. John Newton had another indirect share in bringing the Gospel to Burma, for largely through him Thomas Scott the Commentator was brought into the light, and Carey wrote of the latter: "If there be anything

of the work of God in my soul, I owe much of it to Mr. Scott's preaching, when I first set out in the ways of the Lord;" and John Newton himself was a great help to Carey when he set out on the hazardous and lonely venture to India.

Judson and his wife had taken refuge at Serampore on arrival in India in 1812, but owing to the refusal of the East India Company to allow them to stay in British India, after various attempts to settle, they boarded a ship which eventually landed them in Rangoon in July 1813. Judson was the means of the founding of the American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, which, under the popular initials of the A.B.M., is known all over Burma to-day and is far and away the largest Mission at work in the country.

While anyone who confessed faith in Christ definitely risked his life in those early days when persecution was rife, by 1820 there were ten Burmese converts. Judson nearly lost his life in the terrible privations he suffered in prison at Ava during the first Burmese War of 1824, and his heroic wife who, hampered with her new-born babe, had worked indefatigably for his and the other victims' release, never recovered from the strain, and passed away shortly after freedom was secured and the Mission had started afresh in British territory at Amherst, near Moulmein. Judson was never well, but only returned to America once after first setting foot in Burma, and finally passed away in 1850, after accomplishing herculean labours in the cause of Christ. He had compiled a Burmese Grammar and Dictionary, and translated the whole Bible into Burmese, the manuscript of the New Testament having been miraculously preserved from destruction while sewn up in a pillow which Judson used in prison at Ava. At his death at the close of thirty-seven years of devoted service, the Mission staff had increased to sixty, the Burmese converts numbered hundreds, and the more promising work among the Karens, begun in 1828, had produced a Christian community of nearly 8,000.

To-day there are over 150 foreign missionaries, and over 3,000 indigenous workers, while the Baptist Church community numbers nearly 213,000, out of a total of 331,000 Christians of all sects. Naturally their work is the most

comprehensive of all Missions at work in Burma, and covers the whole area of the country. There are twelve fields of work among Burmese and eleven among the Karens. A special feature of the work among the latter is that it is largely self-supporting, though the early pioneers who advocated a self-supporting policy met with a good deal of opposition from their fellow missionaries.

The work of the American Baptist Mission soon expanded into the Shan States, and later among various tribes. Dr. Cushing, who was the chief pioneer among the Shans, published the Gospel of St. Matthew in Shan in 1871, and by 1890 had completed the whole Bible in that language. The Shan work has always been difficult, in spite of devoted labourers, but there are four centres of work in the Southern Shan States and one in the Northern States at Namhkam, where a flourishing hospital stands.

Medical mission work has not been a great feature in Burma, in spite of the fact that the first opening at the king's court at Ava was through the invitation to Judson's fellow-worker, Dr. Price, to come with his healing skill; but outstanding in this particular type of effort are the hospitals at Namhkam, the Women's Hospital and nurses' training centre at Moulmein (in the south), and the more mobile medical evangelistic work based on Taunggyi, the Government headquarters of the Federated Shan States.

One thing is certain, that the Burman does not appreciate medical aid as the Shan or any of the many hill tribes; and this may account for the fact that in the past so little was done in the way of medical missionary work.

Contact with the Talaings, who now form the majority of the population in the Tenasserim area on the southern coast, but are to be found as far north as Pegu, once the capital of the Talaing kingdom, was made in the early days of the Mission, when Judson settled at Moulmein after the war of 1824 had resulted in the annexation of Tenasserim by the British. Sarah Boardman, who afterwards became the second Mrs. Judson, completed an early version of the New Testament in Talaing, with the aid of a Talaing convert, in 1834. Moulmein is still the centre of the Talaing Mission.

Next to the work among the Karens, the American Baptist Kachin Mission has proved to be the most successful in actual numbers of converts. In 1927 the Jubilee of the Kachin Mission was celebrated at Bhamo, when some thousands of Christians and adherents attended the special Convention held to honour the memory of the first missionary to the Kachins sent forth by the Baptist board in America. Mr. Lyons' tragic death within a few weeks of his arrival at Bhamo in 1878 seemed a deadly blow; but his death resulted in the call of Dr. Roberts, who laboured for thirty-four years among the Kachins and was the real builder of the work.

It was Dr. Cushing, the pioneer of the work among the Shans, who, on a prospecting tour in connection with the people of his adoption, visited Bhamo in 1876, and while there began to collect a vocabulary of Kachin words. Missionaries of the China Inland Mission were already established there, before inland China was opened up to the Gospel, and their interest had already been aroused by some tours undertaken in the Kachin hills. But for the advent of Dr. Cushing it is possible that the C.I.M. would have established a mission among these, at that time, lawless hill people. When, however, it became clear that Dr. Cushing was going to use his influence to obtain workers specially for this tribe, the C.I.M. missionaries, already occupied with their work among the Chinese, gladly handed over this promising field to the American Baptist Mission. The C.I.M. mission building stands in Bhamo, but was handed over to the American Mission when freedom of entrance into China was made possible.

In 1885 Bhamo was raided and burned by the Chinese and Kachins, and the missionaries had to escape down the river; but in 1886 Dr. Roberts was able to return as Kachin interpreter to the British Expeditionary Force which sailed up the Irrawaddy and occupied Bhamo after the dethronement of King Thibaw and the formal annexation of Upper Burma.

The Mission was reopened, and under British rule Kachins were more free to confess faith in Christ, with the result that when Dr. Hanson and his wife joined the Mission

in 1890 they found a church of about fifty Christians. Dr. Hanson reduced the language to writing in Romanised characters, and the system was recognised by the local government in 1895. Apart from school textbooks, the translation of *The Pilgrim's Progress* by a later missionary, and a *Life of Christ* written by Mr. Geis, the main task of translation was undertaken by Dr. Hanson. A number contributed to the present hymn book of about 400 hymns, which was initiated by the translation of the favourite "Jesus loves me, this I know," but Dr. Hanson, with the aid of Kachin helpers, completed the translation of the whole Bible before he died in 1929 while on furlough in America. A Kachin handbook and a dictionary of over 11,000 words were also compiled and published.

In 1892 the Rev. and Mrs. G. Geis returned with Dr. Roberts after his first furlough, and in the following year opened a new Kachin station at Myitkyina, to which at that time there was only communication by river (the railway was only pushed up as far as Mohnyin, ninety miles south of Myitkyina, in 1895). Later, in 1906, Kachin work was undertaken at Namhkam in the Northern Shan States, and in 1934 the work developed south in the direction of Lashio at Kutkai, where the veteran missionary Mr. Geis gave the closing years of his life to training evangelists in the Bible School he opened before his death in 1936.

At the 1931 census the number of Christian Kachins was returned as 15,532, of whom the vast majority are to be found in the Bhamo district and are adherents of the American Baptist Mission.

Work among the Chin Tribes of the western hills of Burma was started later, and has not so far had the same success. Drink is one of the greatest curses of these people, and small children are brought up on intoxicating rice liquor, brewed by the people. At Thayetmyo in the plains, on the Irrawaddy, the first contact was made, and later stations were opened at Haka in 1899 and Tidim in 1905, some three to four hundred miles to the north, and actually in the Chin hills. Chin work has also been carried on from Sandoway on the Arakan coast, but here the medium of Burmese has been to a large extent employed in preaching

the Gospel, and this probably accounts for the comparatively small results. The large number of different dialects and the difficulties of the terrain have been hindrances to the spread of the Gospel; and up to the present time, after thirty-five years of work, the whole of the New Testament has not yet been published in any of the Chin dialects; a striking contrast to the effective translation work in Kachin.

7,816 Chins were returned as Christians in the last census, making about 1 in 44 of the total Chin population.

Government chaplains were appointed to minister to troops and officials in the areas taken over by the British after the First Burmese War; and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel started educational work at Moulmein in 1854. This was carried on and expanded by the famous Dr. Marks, who arrived in the country in 1860. The present St. John's College for boys was begun by Dr. Marks in 1863 in Rangoon, but his most famous effort was the opening of a school in Mandalay at the request and entire expense of King Mindon, who had heard of the success of his schools in British territory. King Mindon not only built the school, but an English church as well, the only outside contribution being the font which Queen Victoria gave. The church stood until a few years ago, when, in spite of it being built wholly of teak, the wood showed serious signs of decay, and a fine new brick church was built on the site, though all the teak carving that was still in a good state of preservation has been incorporated in the new building. Four of King Mindon's sons, including the wicked Thibaw, were educated for a time at the Mandalay school, and Dr. Marks' original comments on the characters of these boys are preserved in the school records and make interesting reading to-day.

Until 1877 Burma formed part of the Diocese of Calcutta, but in that year the first Bishop of Rangoon, Dr. J. H. Titcombe, was consecrated. While until 1924 the only Anglican Missionary Society at work in the Diocese was the S.P.G., both Government and Diocesan chaplains minister to the English-speaking population, and a considerable educational work has been carried on among Anglo-Indians. The S.P.G. have been at work among Karens at

Toungoo, in the Delta, and on the Salween River; among Chins in the neighbourhood of Prome, and among Burmese in Rangoon, Moulmein, Mandalay and Shwebo. The last named Mission was started in 1877 and carried on by the Rev. H. Stockings, who, with one furlough during over forty years of work, laboured indefatigably in a somewhat isolated sphere until his death in 1928.

The S.P.G. is also responsible for the island Mission of Car Nicobar and the Andamans, off the south coast of Burma. In 1914 the Mission to the Blind, under the inspiration of the Rev. W. C. B. Purser, was opened at Kemmendine, near Rangoon. Work among Indian Tamils is carried on in Rangoon, Mandalay and Maymyo, and there are flourishing congregations. The Divinity School, now attached to the University, was established in 1883. Members of the Anglican Church number nearly 23,000 according to the recent census.

Soon after the close of the Third Burmese War, when Upper Burma began to be developed, the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society (now known as the Methodist Missionary Society) entered the field. Its work has been largely confined to the dry zone and among Buddhist Burmese; and with Mandalay as headquarters, mission stations have been opened at Kyaukse and Pyawbwe (to the south), Pakokku and Chauk on the Irrawaddy, Monywa and Mawlaik on the River Chindwin, and Kalaw in the Shan States. At Mandalay the Methodists opened a Home for Lepers, which is supported by the Mission to Lepers, over forty years ago. Only 1,982 are returned as members of the Methodist Church, but it is probable that some members and adherents appear in the census under the head of the Baptist community, as also has happened in the case of some members of the Anglican Church.

The American Methodist Episcopal Church began a mission in Burma in 1879. A feature of their work, in addition to that among Burmese and Indians, is their effort to reach the Chinese population of Lower Burma. Rangoon and Pegu are their main stations. A flourishing school for English-speaking children is also carried on under their auspices at Kalaw.

The Salvation Army has been at work among the convicts, and there is rescue work in Rangoon as well as other evangelistic work in several centres.

The two main agencies for the dissemination of the Scriptures are the British and Foreign Bible Society, which employs colporteurs and is the handmaid of all the Missions; and the American Baptist Mission Press, which publishes all the literature produced by that Mission.

The main feature of all former missionary enterprise since the days of the early pioneers has been educational work, from village elementary schools to such institutions as the famous Judson College, which forms part of the Rangoon University at Kokine. While these schools have been intended to function as evangelistic agencies, many in recent years have been feeling that they have largely failed of their purpose. Latterly much trouble has been experienced through strikes in the schools, engineered for political purposes; and ingratitude describes the reception of the educational programme by the Burmese population as a whole. That there have been many converts from the Mission Schools in the past there can be no doubt, but it is probable that if much of the time, energy and money expended on them had been put into direct evangelistic work, there would be a far larger Christian community to-day, and one capable of supporting and carrying on their own schools for the education of Christians.

To-day Government carries on schools all over the province, apart from the entirely Buddhist-controlled schools, and some are beginning to wonder whether the day of Mission schools is past, except in backward areas or for the members of Christian families.

Problems affecting the whole Mission community are dealt with by the Burma Christian Council, to which representatives of all the missionary agencies at work in Burma are appointed. A conference is organised once a year in Rangoon, and the work of the Christian Literature Society is connected with the Council, which is affiliated to the National Christian Council of India. Since the formation of the Burma Christian Council, problems of Mission comity have been amicably settled, and tragic

blunders of overlapping in the past have been noted for avoidance in the future. One committee of the Council arranges language examinations for missionaries, especially in Burmese, and the Council is the recognised authority on public questions which affect missionary work, and is accordingly referred to by the Local Government in matters affecting the Christian community.

The recently constituted Church of India, Burma and Ceylon (commonly referred to as the Anglican Church) has the Diocese of Rangoon, which covers the whole of Burma, in its territory. The Diocesan Council, which normally meets once a year, has clerical and lay delegates from all over the Province, and under the chairmanship of the Bishop of Rangoon deals with all problems concerning the Anglican Church.

In a book which deals largely with the work of a new Mission, a chapter on the progress of past pioneers from Adoniram Judson onwards helps to put the whole problem in its right perspective; and we do well to praise God for all those who have gladly laid down their lives for Burma, that the Gospel of God's grace might be made known among these needy peoples.

CHAPTER IV

EARLY DAYS

Starting a New Mission (1924)

"That will be a blessed day when the north, the east and west of Ava, and the whole frontier of Burma, where this interesting people chiefly abound, shall be visited by the same instrumentality which is now in operation in the British provinces."

Dr. Kincaid, of the American Baptist Mission
(the first white man to penetrate to Mogaung, in 1837).

"If I were young again I would make the Kah Chins my people, and their beautiful mountains my home. There may be as many beautiful jewels among the Kah Chins as among the Karens."

Dr. Rose of the American Baptist Mission
(in a letter written from Bhamo in 1875).

"Carey called on 'good old father Newton,' the Anglican Spurgeon of his day, and received his warm blessing. Asked for his counsel in the event of the (East India) Company's bundling them home on their arrival in Bengal, 'Conclude,' said the rector, 'that your Lord has nothing there for you to accomplish. *If He have, no power on earth can prevent you.*' "

William Carey (by S. Pearce Carey).

The *S.S. Oxfordshire* steamed slowly up the Rangoon River on Sunday, November 9th, 1924. Whatever were the feelings of the full complement of passengers, many of whom were returning to official work, and others to business posts in Rangoon, there were three who were completely in the dark as to where they would find a resting-place. It had been a great comfort to receive a letter of welcome, in reply to queries, from Mr. Geis, the A.B.M. Kachin missionary at Myitkyina, but even that had aroused some misgivings. The plan had been to stay in Myitkyina for two years while learning the language, and possibly open a dispensary, with a view to establishing contacts for later work in the far north. But now came the information that work was developing in the direction of Putao (Fort Hertz), the last outpost in the north, and that there would be inevitable overlapping if we attempted to evangelise in that area; nor

was there any opening for medical missionary work as a temporary measure in Myitkyina itself. Mr. Geis, however, suggested the Hukawng Valley, with a base at Kamaing, and the Kachin Hills on either side of the railway line from Naba to Mogaung. A warm welcome was extended if we came to Myitkyina to discuss matters.

Officials' wives and others who knew Kamaing by repute warned us against staying in such an unhealthy spot: every Government officer who was sent there asked for a transfer immediately on arrival. Added to which, though a Government expedition to enter the Hukawng Valley was going up early in January, it was very unlikely that missionaries would be allowed to enter that unadministered territory. During the last few days of the voyage we were brought up against the apparent foolhardiness of the venture; yet the promise, "The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge," boldly announced at the big valedictory meeting in London before sailing, could be relied on now when we were surrounded by Job's comforters.

The Bishop had only recently returned from furlough, and had a full house, so we did not even know where we could stay in Rangoon immediately on arrival.

One hundred years before, Rangoon had been invaded by the first British Expeditionary Force: how miserably inadequate seemed this new expedition of three to claim fresh territory in the Name of the King of kings!

As the vessel drew alongside the wharf, and passengers around were greeting relatives and friends below, the leader of the trio began to wonder however he was to manage with two ladies, neither of whom had ever been abroad before, and with literally nowhere to go on arrival. Then he was reminded of the beautiful comment made about the Lord as He waited to greet His disciples on the shore of the Lake of Galilee: "Jesus stands on every shore to greet every missionary from every land;" and assuredly *He* had gone before to prepare a way.

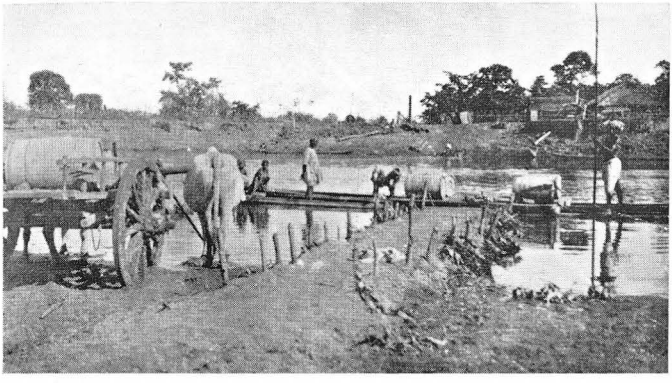
The gangway went down, and people crowded on board: a letter was received intimating that an Indian doctor's car was waiting to take us wherever we liked (the result of the kind thought of someone interested at home), and next

came the cheery greeting of the Chaplain to the Missions to Seamen, himself staying with his family at Bishopscourt, with the welcome news that after all the Bishop was able to receive us in his hospitable home. An hour later we sat on the cool verandah of Bishopscourt enjoying our first tea after landing in Burma. That evening in the Cathedral, the Bishop's message reminding us of the stern warfare, and our position as soldiers of Christ, heartened us for the conflict ahead.

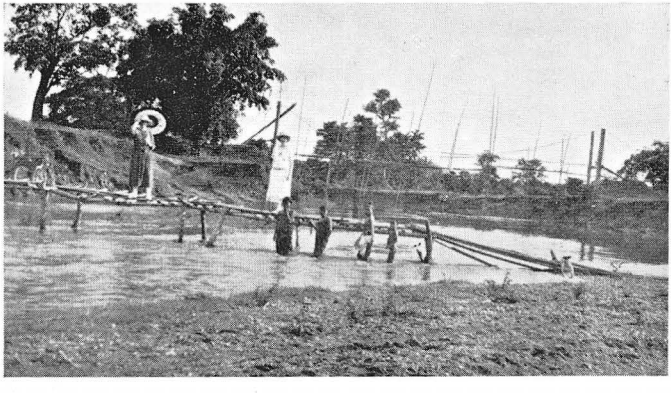
After all the initial hindrances to our coming, one expected that any fresh difficulties would speedily vanish away, so it was disconcerting to learn from the Bishop that the Reference Committee (the governing body on the field) of the A.B.M. had just passed a resolution strongly deprecating any new Mission working among the Kachins. The first thing to do was to visit the Field Secretary, who disclaimed any responsibility and agreed with the suggestion that the best thing was to visit the Kachin missionaries themselves and come to terms. We were deprived of the advice of the Bishop, who had to go on tour; and meanwhile others pointed out the shortage of workers and the need elsewhere. If the door to the Kachins were closed, there were plenty of openings in other parts: for instance the Chins round Prome, Arakan, or perhaps the untouched Palaungs of the Shan States.

Had we gone through so much in England, believing God had called to the Kachins and His command must be obeyed, only to be turned aside now? Walking round the garden of Bishopscourt in the moonlight with Archdeacon Cowper Johnson, I told him how it came about, and was greatly encouraged when he advised me at all costs to follow the guidance of God, whatever others advised and however great the need elsewhere. It was just the reminder I needed to strengthen me in the darkness.

And so it came to pass that the following week-end found us in Mandalay with a newly acquired Indian servant and a fox terrier pup, and a dwindling amount of money to take us into the great unknown. On November 18th we arrived at Myitkyina in the darkness and cold, and were glad to be greeted by Mr. Geis, who took us to his Mission compound.



THE RIVER CROSSING AT MOGAUNG



THE MOHNYIN RIVER IN THE DRY SEASON

(*See p.* 50)

EARLY JINGHPAW VISITORS

(*See p.* 57)

Next day we had a heart-to-heart talk about the future. With a generous large-heartedness he had written to welcome us at Colombo, but in view of the resolution passed, could not separate himself from the action taken. As Dr. Hanson was the real leader of the opposition, it seemed advisable to visit him at Bhamo. Meanwhile, as it was not possible to find accommodation in Myitkyina, and we wanted to investigate the district that was at least unoccupied, I went down to Mogaung (thirty-seven miles south), and was welcomed by Mrs. Dewar, the wife of the Sub-divisional Officer, who suggested we might live in the P.W.D. Inspection Bungalow for the time being. I was able to get back the same night to Myitkyina, and on the Saturday (November 22nd) the "expeditionary force" left for Mogaung. We had had an opportunity of speaking by interpretation to the Kachin boys and girls of the Mission School, and were longing to get down to the language; but as we left Myitkyina knowing that, according to the rules, we could only remain a fortnight in the P.W.D. bungalow at Mogaung, we seemed, as Mr. Geis said, like Abraham going out not knowing whither he went.

All our heavy luggage was still in Rangoon, but the bungalow contained crockery, and Mrs. Dewar kindly helped us out with cutlery. On the Sunday we had an English service on the verandah with a cosmopolitan congregation of English, Anglo-Indian, Burmese, and Karens, and were able to rest in the assurance that God would provide. Our Indian servant had to set to and cook; and thus, with some misgivings, I left my wife and sister and set off the next day by rail and river to Bhamo.

A friend of army days who had urged me to come back to Burma was now D.S.P. at Bhamo, so that I knew I should have a good welcome; and Dr. Hanson, while deprecating any attempt to take up work among Kachins, had written saying he hoped to have the pleasure of seeing me in Bhamo. A long talk cleared the air; and though Dr. Hanson's opinion did not change, I was able to assure him that we should endeavour to work amicably and at all costs avoid overlapping. We parted on very friendly terms, and I had a great deal of sympathy with the man who had

reduced the language to writing and done more than anyone else to provide the people with some literature, in his fear lest a new Mission might cause division. Time, with a friendly give-and-take on both sides, has proved those fears groundless, thank God.

In five days' time I was back at Mogaung again, and, having settled differences with missionary brethren as far as possible, was able to listen to the advice of Mr. Dewar, in charge of the area with which we were concerned, as to where best to make our headquarters.

The first article sent to the B.C.M.S. organ, *The Messenger*, contains an account of "A Trip to Kamaing—The Entrance to the Hukawng Valley," made at this time; and an extract from this will describe the scene with more freshness than attempting to recall it ten years later.

"A raw, foggy morning with visibility of about ten yards—it certainly does not sound much like a tropical country, but it describes the morning of December 5th (1924) at Mogaung, in Upper Burma. It was by no means an inviting morning for a bicycle ride; but I had decided to examine Kamaing on the spot, and as the day always begins in the same way throughout December and January in this district, it was useless to wait for better weather.

"Leaving my wife and sister behind, I set off at 7 a.m. My first stop was one hundred yards along the road to remove my glasses, already blurred with the mist, and it was by no means the last. Kamaing is only twenty-five miles north of Mogaung by road; but there are roads and roads, and this one is only under construction and will not be finished for two years. The road is crossed by a river less than half a mile out of Mogaung, and as there is no bridge, I had to cross on a raft. I mounted again, only to make a forced landing a few hundred yards further, where the road consisted of ruts a foot or more deep. After that it improved a great deal, developing into a sandy track with a snake-like path made smooth by cart wheels; and I was able to get along at the rate of eight miles an hour instead of my usual twelve to fifteen. Every now and

then I had to walk, and two or three times I fell off, but the milestones slipped by and I had an objective in front. The mist was still very thick, so I could see very little of the country round.

"I was not the only traveller on the road, as I met or overtook a most cosmopolitan assortment of human beings—Chinese coolies carrying their belongings to work in the jade mines forty miles beyond Kamaing; droves of mules with their tinkling bells bound for the same place with supplies; occasional bullock-carts with families of Burmese inside; here and there a proud Buddhist pongyi (or priest) with his shaven head, large umbrella and saffron-coloured robe; detachments of military police from Myitkyina (mostly Gurkhas or Kachins) going to relieve the Sikh detachment of police at Kamaing; then the ubiquitous Indian, without whom the lazy Burman would be very much lost—these were mostly Madrassis working on the road, driving bullock-carts, etc.—and last, but not least, Kachins, men, women and children.

"No doubt, if I had been able to make enquiries, I should have found that their religion varied almost more than their race. There were Chinese ancestor-worshippers, and not a single messenger of the Gospel to speak to them in their own language. Of course the Kachins interested me most of all. They were certainly the dirtiest on the road, and that is saying a good deal! But they were also the most picturesque. The Kachins always walk in single file, probably because on their mountain tracks there would not be room for two abreast. Sometimes one met a small band of men with their formidable dahs and spears, and the inevitable Kachin bag; then would come a Kachin family or a band of women, all carrying heavily-laden baskets which fit easily to their backs. I passed two Kachin houses by the roadside with the evidence of sacrifices to the 'nats' (spirits) in the shape of bamboo shrines and poles, but most of the villages are on the hillside, right off the road. How I longed to be able to tell them in their own language of 'the unsearchable riches of Christ'! That time will come soon, I hope.

"It was hard work pushing my way through sand and mud on the road: three times I had to paddle through streams, but the rainy season was over and they were not deep. It was 10.45 when I reached Kamaing, and I paused for 'breakfast,' which consisted of some sandwiches. Unfortunately I found that my thermos flask, which had already proved a faithful friend, had broken on the road, and every drop of tea had disappeared!

"For two hours I wandered round and about the village, making full enquiries with a view to reaching the Kachins in the Hukawng Valley from that centre later on, and I paid a visit to the small Government Kachin school on the hillside. In a bamboo hut which formed the school building, I found about twenty small boys studying arithmetic. The Kachin schoolmaster could speak a little Hindustani, so I was able to talk to him, and found to my joy that he was a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, having been converted at an American Baptist School.

"I concluded my visit by calling on the Township Officer, a Burman, who was trying a case in court. Apparently he considered me more important than the case, as he cleared the court and ordered some coffee, which was very welcome. He told me that though he was neither a Buddhist nor a Christian, he would gladly welcome us to work among the Kachins, and would do all he could to help us in selecting a site for building if we decided to go there. I found that he had been educated at a Mission School in Rangoon; he told me that he could find no flaw whatever in the teaching of Christ (I gladly re-echoed his sentiment), that he believed Him to be the Son of God, yet he knew that with all that he was not a Christian. I reflected that many to-day would say that to be a Christian meant nothing more than that, and was thankful that he realised as much. With a prayer for guidance, I spoke to him of sin in the sight of a Holy God, of the Blood which cleanses, and of the need of repentance and faith in the Saviour; but he was not ready to yield, and only the Holy Spirit can work the miracle of regeneration in his soul. . . .

"I left Kamaing at 1 p.m., and had a warm journey back to Mogaung, which was reached at 4 p.m.

"Kamaing is at the entrance of the Hukawng Valley, a large unevangelised field where within the last few months human sacrifices have occurred among the Nagas, a wild tribe living close to the Kachins. Pray that the penetrating rays of the Gospel may soon scatter the shades of darkness in that little-known district. It is obvious, even from a cursory glance over the unevangelised Kachin area, that more workers will soon be needed who are ready to 'endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ.' "

An unused military police bungalow was reported to be available for sale; and in those early days, when we knew too little of the customs and ways of the people to think of living as they did in bamboo huts, the choice of place seemed to depend very much on *where* we could find accommodation. Mogaung seemed unsuitable as a centre, and we inclined to Kamaing, until the offer to buy the bungalow was rejected, and there seemed no other possible house. It was all in the Providence of God, for had Kamaing become the headquarters of the Mission, the work would have developed very differently, and we might never have been led into the wider sphere of work among Burmese and Shans.

At the time, however, as this door seemed closed, we appeared to have suffered another setback. The Government officials of the district were most kind in leaving us in possession of the Inspection Bungalow until we could find a home, but it was obvious that speedy action was necessary. Again our good friend, Mr. Dewar, came to our aid. Fifty miles or so further south was the growing village of Mohnyin (once the capital of a Shan kingdom, but now not even the headquarters of a Government township), and there was a disused bungalow belonging to a timber firm which he assured us we should be able to buy, and which, in his opinion, would be a good centre for reaching Kachins up and down the line between Naba and Mogaung. We seemed to be shut up to this; and, as so often happens, this

was God's way of leading us to the place which has proved eminently suitable ever since as the headquarters of the B.C.M.S. Burma Mission.

As extensive repairs might be necessary, Mr. Dewar had engaged Jamaldin, a Mohammedan small contractor who followed us down from Mogaung; and on the afternoon of December 18th we arrived at Mohnyin, and put up at the P.W.D. Bungalow near the station. We were eager to see our suggested home, and set out before the sun went down to find it. We came to the river (the Namyin Chaung, which flows into the Mogaung River at Mogaung) and met our first obstacle in the shape of a tumbledown suspension bridge. My mind went back to summer days in Norfolk, when the ladies were made to walk along logs to get them used to balancing feats; but it looked at first as if this were too formidable. Raised thirty or forty feet above the stream, with one or two pieces of board as an approach, was a plank bridgeway about four feet wide, with no handrail, and canting at alarming angles in a number of different directions, while there did not seem to be a single board which had not lost its original nails. Somehow we got across the swaying structure, though not without my wife putting her foot through a hole as a board tipped up.*

Later we got used to crossing it quite cheerfully, unless we made use of the low bamboo bridges that spanned the stream at intervals when the river is shallow during the dry season.

Passing on our left the brick-built Government Dispensary, and then the fortress-like jail with the police huts outside, we came in sight of a big grove of enormous mango trees, in the centre of which stood the palatial residence of which we had heard. We had long ago said goodbye to houses of brick and stone, but the outside view was by no means prepossessing, and once inside, our hearts sank as we looked around. From outside one saw an untidy looking grass roof with bamboo slats half falling off, bamboo walls that once were whitewashed and plastered, but now looked dirty, broken and full of holes. We climbed up the rickety

* The bridge collapsed in the following rains, and was then reconstructed with side rails and new timber, and is still the only permanent bridge in use to-day.

stairs to the verandah, and made for the nearest room. It possessed a bamboo door, with plaster falling off, but we could have got in through large holes in the walls in several places. In the centre of the room (the dining room) was an earth fireplace which we could see through clouds of smoke coming from the fire, at which squatted an old and dishevelled Burman, obviously consumptive, who coughed and spat alternately. There were glass windows, but smoke and grime and cobwebs almost shut out the light. We wandered into another room, evidently the wife's bedroom, for tresses of hair hung on a string from wall to wall, while next door, in what purported to be a bathroom, the chickens were obviously housed.

With a sinking heart I informed the caretaker in broken Hindustani that we were coming to live here, but all he seemed to care about was the money which he said was due to him, presumably for making himself so definitely at home! Outside, raised patches of ground told a tale of former servants' quarters, cook-house, etc., now completely non-existent. A broken pump seemed to betoken a well underneath, so that we might hope for a water supply at hand. There was no sign of any compound fence, and well-worn paths on all sides of the house showed that long ago the compound had become a public thoroughfare. As the damp cold mist of evening came down we seemed to be in an atmosphere of unrelieved gloom until, just as we retraced our steps to our temporary lodging, we saw the one relic of what must have been at one time a garden—a lovely flowering bush of reddish purple bougainvillea, and somehow that made all the difference.

A day or so later Jamaldin appeared, and with his quaint broken English, kept us in constant fits of laughter. 'Father,' 'Mother,' and 'Sister,' usually with the possessive 'my' attached, were the convenient titles by which he addressed us, and we soon found that though something of a hotch-potch as a contractor, he was a most useful and essential factotum for people who were so green to this kind of life. Estimates for repairs and the necessary outbuildings and compound fence were prepared, and the sum of Rs 700 agreed upon for the total cost, and JLD (as we called him

for short) airily promised that we might enter our new home by the end of the year. He raised our hopes by the description of the excellent Burmese carpenters he had been able to engage locally, and on the morning when work was to start, we walked up in the cold mist only to find our friends the carpenters sitting round the fire drinking tea. "What are the carpenters doing, Jamaldin?" "Simply sitting, Father," was the innocent reply, and "simply sitting" became a phrase used to this day in the Mission. We soon found that the carpenters could not work while it was cold, and by the middle of the day had to knock off again because it was too hot, and in fact it seemed very doubtful whether any work was ever done unless someone was standing by to prompt.

The road from the main compound gate-to-be to the bungalow was determined by the avenue of stately mango trees which led up to it; but alas, one by one those trees have had to be cut down and removed in the years since for safety's sake. There was some compensation for the loss when in a hurricane in 1933 two big trees which formed part of the continuation of the grove outside the compound came to the ground with a crash, and one realised what damage would have been done if they had been inside.

Whereas it is usual in this part of the world to be enveloped in a cold morning mist, which is normally dispelled by the sun by 9 a.m. during the months of November to February, in the cold season of 1924 the cold was far more intense than it has ever been since. It was a common thing for the mist to hang round till 1 p.m., and after two hours of intermittent sunshine to envelop us with a heavy wet blanket again. The thermometer registered as low as 38 in the shade, while rising to 75 in the afternoon: in a normal winter the temperature rarely falls much below 50 at its coldest.

Christmas in the P.W.D bungalow was a cold affair without any means of warming ourselves, but we were able to unpack some of our heavy goods which had arrived, and the baby organ made a great difference. JLD had presented us with a couple of geese, but they disappeared overnight and returned to their former owner, a friend of his: we never saw them again! A tinned plum pudding and a skinny duck,

as tough as any leather, reminded us of Christmas festivities in the homeland, but a sense of humour kept us happy and cheerful, and to be in the place of God's appointment was all that mattered.

In order to help in the study of the language we had, while still at Mogaung, engaged a wild Jinghpaw* boy to assist our Indian servant. He knew a little Burmese and so was able to talk to the Indian. When first taught to make a bed, he watched carefully, and next day took exactly an hour to do the same thing by himself! When laying a table he would start at least an hour before a meal, putting everything in place with meticulous care, and shifting things about with the air of a connoisseur until all was placed to his satisfaction. As Chying Lup Yaw became the first convert of the Mission, it is as well to introduce him at this early stage. Language teachers were non-existent, so we had to rely on asking him the name of everything we saw around us and then confirming it if possible from the dictionary. It was only later we learned that some of the common words and phrases we got hold of were really foreign to the Mohnyin area, for Ma Yaw† was a Hkahku, speaking the dialect in use in the far north.

It seemed as if our 'hardworking' carpenters would never finish the repairs, even though we were glad to find that it does not take long to weave a new bamboo wall and daub it with a mixture of mud and cow-dung, which forms the plaster. The drying process takes a long time, and then there is the whitewashing, but it was wonderful to see the change in the look of the house when new walls were fitted into the existing timber framework. The floors were something of a

* "Jinghpaw" is the term all Kachins use of themselves and their language, and simply means "man". No one speaking the language would ever use the term "Kachin," except to outsiders, as it is really a term of contempt, meaning "savage". It is, however, the recognised official name for these people.

† "Chying Lup" is a family name, and "Yaw" is the name for the sixth son. Jinghpaw boys are named in the following order: Ma Gam, Ma Naw, Ma La, Ma Tu, Ma Tang, Ma Yaw, Ma Hka, Ma Yun; and girls: Ma Kaw, Ma Lu, Ma Roi, Ma Htu, Ma Kai, Ma Hka, Ma Pri, Ma Yun. There are variations of these names, and particularly in the case of sons and daughters of Chiefs, where "Zau" in the case of boys, and "Ja" in the case of girls are substituted for "Ma".

problem, as the planks were in some cases an inch apart, which made it rather draughty, as the house was built on posts six feet from the ground. We tried taking up the floors in one or two rooms and relaying, but with little effect; and later we found when holding services on the verandah that the interstices of the boards were just the thing for members of the congregation who desired to expectorate betel juice!

Finally we came to the conclusion that the only way to hasten on the work was to come and live in the bungalow in its unfinished state, somewhat to JLD's consternation. We had already overstayed our time at the Inspection Bungalow, and years later we heard that in the club at Myitkyina Government officers were asking "When are those Houghtons clearing out?" as many were held up from visiting Mohnyin on inspection duty. On Friday, January 16th, 1925, we took possession of the first B.C.M.S. bungalow in Burma and dedicated it to the glory of God.

CHAPTER V

MOUNTAIN AND PLAIN

Medical Evangelism at Mohnyin (1925)

"For the administrator, a general knowledge of the culture of the people is, perhaps, of even greater importance than a knowledge of the language. I know of at least two cases where officers, who spoke the language of the people, got into trouble which finally necessitated punitive expeditions."

Capt. J. H. Green, I.A.
(1931 Census Report on Burma).

"Were the gift of tongues so freely imparted that the newcomer could express himself freely from the beginning, his loss would far exceed his gain."

Mildred Cable and Francesca French, in *Ambassadors for Christ.*

The year had begun with building and financial worries, and for the first time in his life the local postmaster was called upon to undertake the responsible task of despatching a cable to England! The transaction had to be carried out with due ceremony, and much searching of paragraphs in the Telegraph Guide, but eventually it went off. We had been advanced half a year's salary, but all this had gone in travelling, rent and repairs; and with workmen clamouring for wages, we were reduced to our last Rs 20. Dr. Bartlett nobly came to the rescue when he heard of our state, and it was a great relief when the necessary cash arrived by cable transfer.

Building worries were not, however, at an end when we took possession of the bungalow. On the last day of the month the diary records:

"Fighting over money with the workmen half the day. Still no cement, and JLD plus Suleiman (the mason) come along to settle the latter's account. I present my ultimatum: not a pice until bathrooms are cemented. Immediately JLD, who talked about cement coming from

Myitkyina, goes off to the bazaar and comes back in half an hour with cement! The three bathrooms* were all done this afternoon. I then paid Suleiman. Meanwhile the Burmese carpenter was demanding pay, after spending the whole day pretending to make the cupboard doors shut properly. I go to the cupboard: two doors won't shut without banging. No money till done—carpenter too lazy, goes off sine money. Sick and tired of it all—seems impossible to get a man who knows what an honest day's work is."

But meanwhile the real work for which we had come to Burma had actually begun. JLD had been presented with an Urdu New Testament as a Christmas gift, and was industriously reading it and comparing it with the teaching of the Koran. On Sunday, January 11th, we had the organ carried up to the bungalow and held our first service on the verandah. Even though it must inevitably be in English, we felt it might be a witness, and JLD came. Our staff had been increased by an old scallywag of the name of Ma Naw, who was engaged to clean up the bungalow and guard our property until we entered, and then to act as water carrier. Always optimistic, JLD had given him an excellent character, and though from his appearance he might have been a witch-doctor, we were attracted by his ugliness. He did not understand a word that was said, but sat open-mouthed all through the service. Down below, two Jinghpaw women and a baby listened to the strange sounds and at the close two Jinghpaw policemen who professed to be Christians made the request through JLD, who spoke some Jinghpaw, that they might be given a 'pass' to come to the service the following Sunday! On being asked in what language they desired the service they replied: "Jinghpaw," and I rashly promised to carry out their request.

During the week, necessary phrases for directing operations were learned, and when Sunday came we had a congregation of nine. We were able to sing hymns, and repeat the Lord's

* The usual "bathroom" is a room about 8 feet square, with a cement slab on which reposes a tin tub. All water is carried up in kerosene oil tins from the well.

Prayer; and Genesis I, with part of the first chapter of St. John's Gospel, were read aloud. By the third Sunday the congregation had increased to twenty, and when two strange girls came and did not know what to do when the rest knelt for prayer, there was a general shout from the old stagers to show them how to behave! Preparation for the services was an incentive to language study, and early in March a two minutes' address largely consisting of simple sentences read out was added to the singing and reading. Interest was being aroused, and some walked miles to attend the service.

Our first visit to a Jinghpaw village at the end of December was described in an article published in *The Messenger:*

"A First Introduction to a Kachin Village

"It came about in this way. The contractor who was repairing our very dilapidated bungalow, which we hope very soon to be able to inhabit, offered to take us out to a neighbouring Kachin village where a Kachin in his employ lived. We seized eagerly the opportunity of a first introduction to a Kachin village.

"We set out as soon as it was light with a bullock-cart, which the contractor provided for the ladies, and followed a winding jungle road to the hills. As usual, the early morning mist prevented us from seeing far ahead, and, apart from that, the thick jungle often formed an impenetrable barrier around us. Bamboos formed a natural archway over the path and often hung so low that one had to stoop to get along.

"We were soon undeceived about the "two miles" which the contractor told us was the distance to Loi Hpa Kăhtawng (the last word means 'village')! After marching for something like four miles, it was discovered that we had taken the wrong turning (a very easy thing to do in the jungle), and had to retrace our steps two miles. When we eventually got on to the right road, we had still at least two miles to go before we suddenly came on the village in a forest clearing in the foothills.

"We noticed, as we met the first inhabitants, that they

were all dressed in their best finery; and when we arrived outside the house of the Agyi Wa (headman) we found that a Kachin had preceded us the night before with the news of our coming, and all the women had decked themselves out for the occasion. A small procession conducted us from the first house in the village onwards, and quite a crowd gathered outside the headman's house. A mat carpet was produced, and three low basket stools for us to sit on; and we then began a conversation with the assistance of our contractor as interpreter.

"We asked the agyi wa how many people there were in the village, forgetting that to count correctly is one of the greatest difficulties of the uneducated Kachin, and that such a question would be almost beyond his brain power! However, he began his herculean task, and taking up a bit of straw from the ground he brought his thumb-nail into use as a pencil by making dents in the straw for each name. He counted the male members of the community first, slowly and deliberately, e.g. "Ma Gam (a name), lăngai (one)"—interval for the use of thumb-nail!—"Ma Naw—lăhkawng (two)," and so on. We listened in patience until he counted up to 16, "shi kru," and then stopped. The same laborious process followed with the counting up of the women, and then the boys and girls—62 all told. As there are only six houses in the village this makes an average of 10 to a house. I asked the agyi wa if we might take a photo of some of his people, and while they were getting ready we had a peep into his house. It was much the same as the rest, though perhaps in better repair, and certainly cleaner, and was raised about two feet off the ground on posts. Some rickety bamboo steps in front led on to a small verandah, which led into the hut itself. The hut was simply a long low-roofed structure (about 45 feet long by 15 feet broad), with bamboo floor and bamboo matting walls thatched with elephant grass overhead.

"There were no windows, and it was not easy at first to distinguish what was inside, as the only light came from the doorway; but gradually we made out that there was a partition down the centre of the hut, divided into rooms

on the right side, which were reserved for the family and relatives. The left side was one long room without any partition, but nevertheless divided into well recognised portions. The first portion was set aside for the worship of the spirits or 'nats,' and here were hung up bones, teeth, horns, etc., of animals offered in sacrifice to the 'nats.' There was a little bamboo shrine on which were placed some grass and flowers. Farther in we came upon the portion set apart for guests, where there was a big log fire burning (with no outlet through the roof!), round which several men were sitting eating rice or smoking opium. It is a Kachin custom always to give hospitality to any traveller, and the two 'rooms' just described are invariably found in every Kachin house. Beyond the fire there was nothing else really discernible.

"We came out of the house to find some of the people assembling for the photo. One married lady, not conspicuous for her beauty, had taken off her headdress and was combing out her tresses in preparation. The unmarried girls had no need to do so, as their hair is always bobbed. The men seemed indifferent to their personal appearance, and looked as dirty as usual: one and all had their teeth red with incessant chewing of betel nut.

"Just as we were about to take photos, we were informed that a little girl lay ill in one of the huts. I had previously told the headman that we had come to tell them about Kărai Kăsang (the Supreme Being), and wanted to take care of those who were sick. We were conducted to another hut, much dirtier than the agyi wa's, but built on the same plan; and this time were shown into one of the family rooms on the right. The room was filled with smoke from a big log fire, which made it difficult to breathe. Various people sat round, but in the darkness one noticed chiefly the mother sitting by her little girl, wrapped in a cloth. The child was delirious and, they said, had had fever for five days and would take no food. It was pitiful to hear it babbling and to see the mother's anxiety, and one learned a lesson not to visit a village without medicine. We told the headman that if he would send a man back with us we would send some medicine,

but he said they were going to sacrifice to the nats first, and if that did not do any good they would then send for medicine. The theory is that all illness or misfortune is due to a 'nat' bite: some nat has been annoyed and must be propitiated by sacrifice. We could only show our sympathy, but we came out longing for the time when we might be able to tell them of deliverance from Satan's wiles through our victorious Saviour.

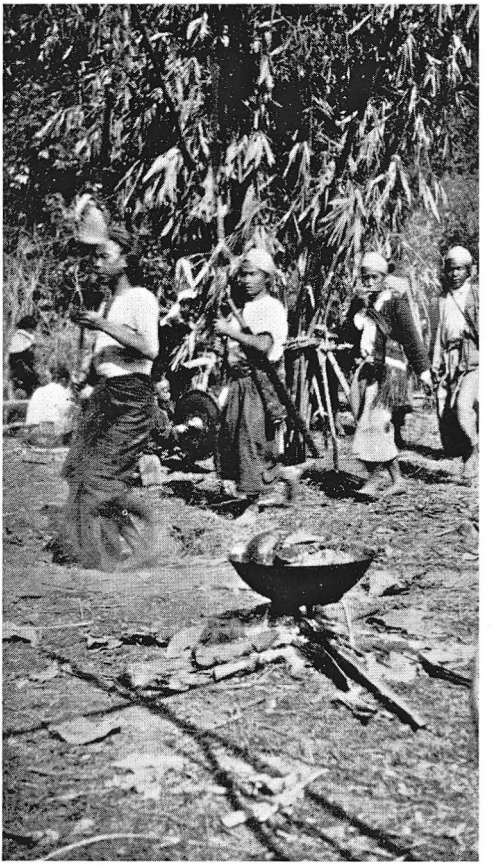
"As we returned to the headman's house to take some photos, we saw the evidences of sacrifice to the nats in the shape of bamboo shrines and a rude St. Andrew's cross formed of posts stuck in the ground, reserved for larger sacrifices such as bullocks, on great occasions.

"There is 'peace through the Blood of His Cross,' but the blood of sacrifice to the nats brings only poverty and increasing fear in its train. So Satan holds his victim down, but we have come as ambassadors for Christ, and we ask you at the base to pray that we may faithfully 'preach deliverance to the captives' through the cleansing Blood of Christ."

Until our message was really known, we were frequently invited to 'pois' (nat festivals)—for marriages, funerals, and other events. As villages in the wooded hills were visited, the Sunday services gained in the advent of new faces, but more than anything else the knowledge of medical and surgical treatment being available brought in the people.

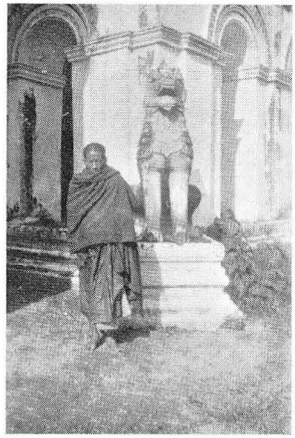
The first patient had been treated on January 1st—a baby boy suffering from diarrhœa and vomiting for five days: all symptoms subsided the same afternoon, and the father,* a burly Sikh and the licensee of the bazaar, showed his gratitude by arriving that evening with a large brass tray on which were placed oranges and a greasy looking pudding dotted with raisins. The news of the cure soon spread, and by the beginning of February it had become necessary to open a regular dispensary. One room of the newly-built

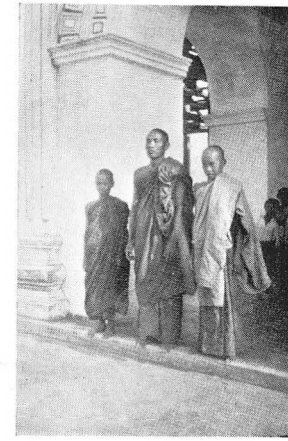
* Many years later he was successfully operated on for cataract by Dr. Russell; and, though not a Christian, has repeatedly shown real gratitude for what has been done for him.



A DANCE AT NAT FESTIVAL

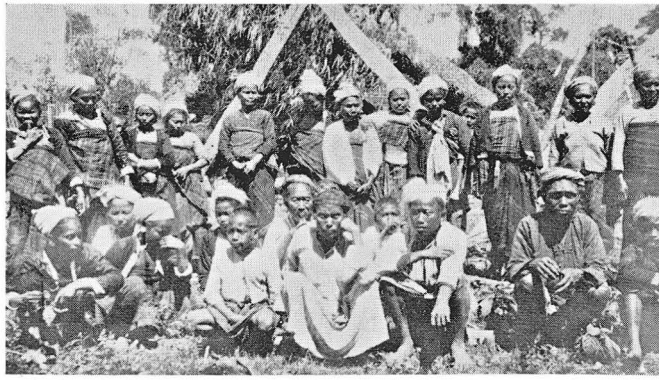
(*See p.* 64)





BUDDHIST PONGYIS

(*See p.* 51)



RELEASED SLAVES FROM THE HUKAWNG VALLEY

(*See p.* 73)

servants' quarters (8ft. by 10ft.) was set apart, and here 'Sister' began her work aided by her brother.

JLD acted as interpreter, though at first some of his phraseology was a little difficult to decipher: "This patient —much *fomentation*, Father," but of course, anyone who really knows English would know that 'fomentation' and 'vomiting' are synonymous terms! We soon found that it was necessary to insist on definite dispensary hours for the local population, as otherwise we should have been opening the dispensary and boiling water at all hours of the day, to the detriment of language study—the one essential for getting to grips with the people.

The medical work rapidly broke down barriers of suspicion; and we discovered that the majority who came for treatment were Burmese, Shans, Chinese and Indians, rather than the Jinghpaws whose language we were learning. Far more medical work was done among them in visiting their villages, and Jinghpaws would come in to ask us to visit sick people in distant villages. One such visit was paid early in March to the village of Nshu Kăba, where the old father of a woman who had attended services was dying of cancer (?). It was only about nine miles away, but it meant a steep climb of over 3,000 feet and a drop of about 1,000 feet the other side. One would expect to get magnificent views in the course of such a climb, but in the Jinghpaw hills the jungle is so dense that one can walk for hours almost completely shaded in the heat of the day.

As I drew near the village, accompanied by Ma Yaw and the daughter of the sick man, I realised that this might be the man's only opportunity of hearing the Gospel, and cried to God to use my stumbling words. It was the first attempt at an impromptu preaching of the Gospel, but the man seemed to understand as God's love was explained.

In Mohnyin itself and the surrounding villages of the plains, we were frequently called to houses where patients were too ill to come; and JLD usually accompanied us to interpret, and was once heard to describe my office quaintly as "Assistant to Lord Jesus"—an office we greatly longed to fulfil.

By March the mists had cleared away and the shade

temperature was soaring into the nineties, but the number of patients grew and it became clear that a proper building was required. With no couch to examine or treat patients but the floor, 'Sister' was feeling the physical strain in such primitive conditions, though unwearyingly she exhibited God's love in her care of the sick. Early in April the joyful news came of the sanctioning of the dispensary, and plans were set on foot at once, though actually it was some nine months later before the building could be put into use.

The value of the medical aid in emergency was shown on Easter Sunday, when, late at night, amidst a tropical thunderstorm, a Shan Burmese girl of nineteen was carried in with a gaping scalp wound six inches long, incurred through the fall of a tree out in the jungle earlier in the day. Miss Houghton set to work, and the girl bravely stood the stitching without any anæsthetic: for weeks she was carefully nursed, and made a complete recovery. The gratitude of herself and her parents was very touching.

One Sunday an old Shan woman of over eighty years of age, suffering from rheumatism, and complaining that she could no longer kneel in worship in the pagoda, told JLD that everyone in the bazaar said that 'Sister' was so skilled that she knew the dates of peoples' deaths: would he ask Sister to tell her when she was going to die, and whether she would have to come back again in another form? As one sought to tell her by interpretation of the Home in Heaven for all who love the Lord Jesus, one longed that such as she might hear the Gospel in her own tongue.

Later on in the year Miss Houghton graphically described a typical day's medical work in writing home:

> "It is 8 o'clock on a stormy looking morning in September; and family prayers on the verandah, conducted in Jinghpaw for the sake of the servants, being over, my brother and I cross the compound to the temporary dispensary, a room only 8ft. by 10ft. A little crowd of patients has gathered under the hut which acts as a waiting-room and shelter from the sun or rain, and which merely consists of a few poles with a thatched roof overhead. Many of the men salaam, and the women smile

and nod their heads. Our building contractor who acts as interpreter in the dispensary is absent, as he has gone to see why the Burmese workmen have failed to turn up to build the half-finished dispensary; so we are left in the lurch. Happily, the first patients are an Indian woman and her little girl, and my brother's knowledge of Hindustani tides us over the language difficulty in this case. Her husband brought her in a bullock-cart, as she is not very strong yet after an attack of dysentery. Their house is at Mogaung, but they are staying in Mohnyin, so that the wife can come to us for treatment.

"The next patients are a Shan Burmese woman and her boy, from Namma, the next station up the line. They both have bad eyes, and are staying with friends, so as to come for daily treatment. She is a very cheerful old soul, always smiling with gratitude, and as she and I are both rather proud of our Jinghpaw, meagre though it may be, we have a little chat while the eyes are irrigated; and she tells me about her family, and asks if I will put eye drops in her elder boy's eyes if she brings him.

"At this point the contractor arrives, and he reports that the foreman is ill with fever, apparently well content with an excuse to stay at home and do nothing!

"There are a number of Shans this morning from two villages, who know no language but their own, so a Shan Burman interprets to the contractor in Burmese, and he to us in English. Here comes a Shan with a snake-bite on the hand. He was stung a month ago, and says he has tried thirty or forty different kinds of Burmese medicine, so now I suppose it is the turn of the B.C.M.S. to see what it can do. One native 'doctor' resorted to tattooing both arms all over to try and work a cure.

"A Shan Burman reports that he is much better, and was able to sleep last night, though the use of curry powder for a discharging ear had not been continued since his arrival as a new patient the preceding day.

"While I am doing the surgical dressings, Mr. Houghton is dealing with the medical patients, and we are just closing when an Indian appears to ask for medicine for his mother who lives six miles away; but the contractor

has good reason to suppose that the man's tale is not true, and that it is his wife who is ill, so he is told to bring his 'mother' the next day in a bullock-cart.

"After breakfast study is interrupted by the arrival of some Jinghpaws for medicine. The dispensary is opened any time of day for them when they are passing to or from their mountain villages, and they are always invited to come back the following Sunday. We have to reckon how many days hence it is, as their time is not divided into weeks, and of course they have no Sunday.

"Then my brother has to pay a visit to a woman suffering from beri beri.

"Later in the day a promised visit is paid to a Shan village called Okkyin (the word means brickfield) to see a woman who was too ill to come to the dispensary. She is a girl of seventeen with a sweet little baby of a month old. Two chairs are brought from a neighbouring house which boasts of such luxuries, and we sit in state while listening to the history of the girl's illness. Without any reserve we are informed in her hearing that her mother died of the same thing! More people keep dropping in until there are thirteen or fourteen sitting around. One of them is a mother very anxious about her baby girl of nearly two months, whom she brings to show us. Another is an old woman who is eager to explain that nearly all her eyelashes have dropped off, and she is told to pay a visit to the dispensary. A mother brings her little boy to show me, as some weeks ago he had a huge abscess on his upper eyelid opened, and she is very pleased that he is now all right again.

"On our return two more patients are treated by my brother, one of whom is the contractor, who says he has 'much fear' as an attack of malaria is coming on. The number of patients treated during the day is twenty-eight."

The great domestic event of the year was the arrival of the first B.C.M.S. baby—Master Timothy Patrick Houghton, born on the night of April 25th. With the nearest resident doctor ninety miles away—and he, in reality, over one

hundred miles further away on tour at the time—the birth was entirely a family affair, though the skilled attention of 'Sister' made all the difference. It must be given to few to be wife, missionary and mother before the age of twenty-one, but no one who knows would deny the value of a demonstration of family life amidst heathen surroundings, and the Jinghpaws took Zau Gam (the first son of a chief) to their hearts.

The hot season passed, and with the advent of the rains, which last from June to the end of October, snakes began dropping from the roof, which leaked during rain at every point. In spite of the difficulty of swapping roofs in mid-stream, as it were, the situation became so impossible that it was decided to put in a roof of teak 'shingles,' and this necessitated a temporary evacuation. The river had to be crossed, when the water had risen considerably, and the bridge had been dismantled except for two planks: the ladies crossed with Pat in a bullock-cart on the optimistic advice of JLD, who exclaimed as the cart became submerged, completely soaking its occupants: "No fear, Mother, God favour to man!" On our return from Pinbaw, about thirty miles up the line, where fresh contacts were made, the roof was only half completed, but shortly afterwards the ladies had to be left alone for a visit to Rangoon for the Diocesan Council. There I made the acquaintance of Major Middleton West, then Civil Surgeon in Rangoon, who from then onwards took an active interest in the new Mission. In August the Bishop paid his first visit to Mohnyin, and though there was little to show, we were encouraged by his sympathy.

Servants were a great difficulty in the first year. Our Indian servant, Sawmy, struck work after the first few weeks, when he found he had to cook on the ground with only a packing case for his pots and pans, before a cookhouse could be built, but the exciting cause of his departure was a fight with blazing firebrands between him and our wild Jinghpaw, Ma Yaw. The latter was a great cause of anxiety, as he got into gambling ways, and was always short of money. A raid by the police on a gambling den when he was present and had his name taken, gave him a useful fright, and when

we promised to stand surety for him if he were summoned, he promised never to gamble again and faithfully kept his word. The average unspoilt Jinghpaw is unusually honest and truthful. We longed to see some change in his spiritual state, as he and the new cook, Ma Tang (an adopted son of JLD's) were taught to read their own language; but as one looks back it is encouraging to know that a revolutionary change may be going on in a man's mind without one hearing of it at the time. In June, when Ma Yaw thought he was stricken with cholera, we learned years later that his friends had promised him certain death if he did not offer to the nats, but in the midst of his dire distress he determined to test the Christian's God, and this act of faith which resulted in his recovery was in his own mind the turning-point which led to repentance.

Ma Naw, the water carrier, was discovered to be turning his bamboo hut into an opium den while we were peacefully asleep; and after a warning by the Excise Officer, had to go. He bore us no ill will, and very occasionally adorned the services with his presence, but before the year was out he was carried off by pneumonia, attacking a constitution already weakened by opium and drink. For many the coming of the Gospel seemed to be too late.

The dispensary was now in course of erection, and in view of rumours of new recruits coming out in the autumn, sanction was obtained for the building of an annexe of three bedrooms, connected by a bridge with the existing bungalow. Work was started, but the usual delays ensued, and Burmese carpenters proved more trying than ever. One of them had a flair for making deck chairs with stolen wood, and in the hours in which he was being paid for work on the building! Early in October we received the exciting news that the first recruits, Mr. Crittle and Miss Perry, were already on their way.

The rains had left us very weary, and for three months Miss Houghton had been having low fever, which no treatment seemed to cure, while Pat had a nasty abscess which required surgical treatment. So it came to pass that through the kindness of friends we found ourselves for a few days' change in Myitkyina, where we were able to make up for

the poverty of the diet of the intervening months since the forlorn looking trio arrived eleven months before.

As the Civil Surgeon took a serious view of Miss Houghton's condition, she was left in Myitkyina while we returned to prepare for the new arrivals. Major Middleton West had kindly undertaken to despatch them as far as Mandalay, and while I went to meet them there, Mrs. Houghton was left alone on the station. Unfortunately, in those days, before the Company's lease of the Burma Railways expired, the trains were notoriously unpunctual, and I arrived at Sagaing two hours late. Being assured on crossing the river to Amarapura that the train would not leave Mandalay until the down train had come in, I went on with Ma Yaw and two empty suitcases for intended purchases in Mandalay. As we left Shanzu, the last stop before Mandalay, a train from the opposite direction drew in at the platform. To my horror I caught sight of some Henderson Line labels on luggage sticking out and realised I had missed my quarry. Jumping out of the carriage on to the line as the train gathered speed I yelled to Ma Yaw next door, while my suitcases were hurled out after me by a fellow passenger. Ma Yaw did a somersault on to the permanent way, and as our train cleared, I looked back and saw the guard wave his flag for the up train to start.

There were over fifty yards of intervening space, but I could still sprint, and just landed in the guard's van as the train moved out. At the next stop, still trying to recover my breath and scattered wits, I walked along and got into a second class compartment. "Are you Crittle?" "I am!" And so, in a somewhat unconventional manner, we welcomed the first of many recruits to the B.C.M.S. Burma Mission.

CHAPTER VI

PROBLEMS OF RACE AND LANGUAGE

Plans for Extension—1926

"No human enterprise requires stronger motives than the work of Christian missions. There is no enterprise so vast in its extent, so difficult in its character. It often staggers our faith. Nineteen centuries after the inauguration of evangelism the disciples of Christ still face great unoccupied fields where the name of Christ has never been proclaimed."
Dr. Samuel M. Zwemer in *Thinking Missions with Christ.*

We had come out to Burma with the sole intention of working among Jinghpaws; but dispensary statistics for the first nine months' working from March to December showed that of nearly 3,500 patients treated, over 3,000 belonged to races other than Jinghpaws. These races were mainly Burmese, Shan, Indian and Chinese. It seemed tragic that one Chinese patient treated had brought along many to the dispensary, that we had been admitted to pongyi Kyaungs (Buddhist monasteries), and were welcomed into the homes of many both in Mohnyin and the surrounding villages, yet in no case were we able to do more than say a few words by interpretation and leave Gospels. The barriers of suspicion were broken down, but there were no workers with a knowledge of Burmese and Shan to enter in with the message of the Gospel, and obviously something must be done.

Shortly after the arrival of Mr. Crittle and Miss Perry, we set apart a day for prayer and discussion, which lengthened out into the morning of a second day, and sent in our recommendations to headquarters in England. An appeal was made for four workers for the Burmese and four for the Shans by the following autumn, recognising the fact that in the, as yet, unevangelised area of upper Burma there were some 270,000 Burmese and some 230,000 Shans, for whom nothing was being done. The hospital which

might form the liaison between Burmese, Shan, and Kachin work was recommended, and we appealed for a doctor who would learn the main language of the country, Burmese. Miss Houghton, who had returned from Myitkyina little improved in health, felt that Burmese would be far more useful to her in dispensary and hospital work, and we decided to set her apart for this. While in Myitkyina in October I had interviewed Mr. Thornton, the Commissioner from Sagaing, in regard to work in the Hukawng. He was very sympathetic, but I did not fully realise then that without permission from the Government we should not be allowed to enter unadministered territory. As the result of discussion in November, therefore, we appealed for two men to come out before the hot weather to settle at a new station to be opened at Kamaing, with a view to establishing a post in the Hukawng Valley the following year. It was pointed out that owing to the widely scattered nature of the Kachin population in their mountain fastnesses, difficult of access, a larger number of workers in proportion to the actual population would be required than in the case of the Burmese and Shans of the plains.

A total of thirteen recruits by the autumn of 1926 was asked for, if immediate requirements for expansion were to be fulfilled; and it was visualised that in the future at least fifty might be required to evangelise the whole of the northern wedge of Upper Burma.

The Christmas season drew near, and as a large number of suitable gifts had been received from home, it was decided to make a special effort to reach a greater number with the message of Christmas. We had ourselves been invited to a number of marriage and funeral 'pois' (festivals), and the idea of a Christian 'poi' proved a great attraction. A tree with variegated leaves was brought in from the jungle and erected in a barrel on the verandah of the nearly completed dispensary. We were up till after midnight on Christmas Eve decorating the tree and its surroundings, though the early morning mist next day rather damaged our ardour—and the decorations! The Christmas day 'poi' was for Jinghpaws only, and about ninety came from all the villages round. The good news of the birth of the Saviour

Christ the Lord was proclaimed, there was much appreciative drinking of tea, and each guest received a present. It was tragically amusing to find that the few dolls, which we thought might provoke jealousy because there were not enough for all the girls present, were emphatically refused by every child, and in some cases with frightened tears: we had not calculated that dolls might be confounded with 'nats.'*

The following day the somewhat bedraggled tree was again loaded with gifts for Burmese, Shan, Chinese and Indian dispensary patients. A friendly pongyi from the village of Nampok (three miles away), who had recently been visited with medicine, sent twenty boys from the Kyaung (monastery school), and the Christmas message was again given, and interpreted into Burmese and Hindustani. The final event was a tea party for the village notables and all who could speak some English, when the ice of reserve was broken with hilarious games until the moment came when we were attentively listened to as we explained the real meaning of the Christmas festivities.

An amusing incident ushered in the New Year. JLD had procured a compatriot to keep the compound tidy, and in his inimitable way came to Father on the last day of the old year to ask if the Mali (gardener) might do a little 'belling' at night! "This is rule, Father!" Permission was given without any thought, and I was wakened after midnight to hear the deep-toned Burmese gong resounding through the night! The gong was being beaten at a very rapid rate, which implies an alarm, and running out on to the verandah we heard the alarm go over in the police lines. The compound boys came rushing up with dahs and bamboos, and up the main path at the double came fat La Nan (the local Kachin Government Official), breathing heavily and escorted by a dozen trusty stalwarts armed for the fray! Apparently the Mali had been sounding the gong leisurely at first, and then had a grand finale to usher in the New Year. We decided to let the New Year come in uncelebrated in future!

* Twelve years later, when a Christian community is growing up around Mohnyin, and joy and peace instead of fear reign in the home, the children have come to love dolls as much as any English child.

A band of dacoits (robbers) had been wandering round the countryside recently, and there were several amusing scares about this time, which probably accounted for the readiness of people to get excited. One night, some weeks later, a woman coming home had only to see a man unknown to her on the path, to scream out an alarm of dacoits, and in a few minutes the whole area outside the compound was alive with people carrying bamboo torches and dahs to attack the dacoits in force, while JLD nobly brought his gun for the protection of the household.

While expansion was much in our minds, the immediate task which concerned us—that of reaching the more distant Kachin villages in the hills—proved to be far from easy of accomplishment. The opening of the new dispensary on January 13th drew larger numbers of patients at first and tied us somewhat to the work on the spot. Miss Houghton was completely confined to bed by doctor's orders, with the rheumatic trouble which had affected her heart; the new arrivals had to concentrate on language study besides doing a great deal of other work, including the dispensary; and the 'B.C.M.S. baby' prevented Mrs. Houghton from going on prolonged tours. Daily low fever attacked the superintendent for months on end; and when the men determined at all costs to go on tour, servant difficulties arose (the average Jinghpaw is not used to settling down for long periods), and untrained pack ponies so effectively dealt with the loads placed on their unwilling backs, that again and again we had to give up pre-arranged tours.

The question of the health of the workers in a malarious climate, and the need for getting in among the Jinghpaws more effectively, as well as the probable need of more accommodation, led the two men on a visit to Hkapra, ten miles east of Mohnyin, at a height of some three thousand five hundred feet, to dedicate a piece of ground looking out towards the Irrawaddy and the far-off hills of China, as the place for a holiday home and a jumping-off base for the Jinghpaw villages further afield. The erection of a four-roomed bamboo and thatched bungalow at Hkapra was sanctioned at the end of February, but it was too late to be of any benefit to Miss Houghton, who was invalided home

at the end of March. It seemed strange that just as we were appealing for new workers in order to expand, the small existing staff should be depleted by the one who was so valuable with her medical skill, and had herself carefully planned the dispensary now to be carried on by those left behind. But God's ways are not our ways, and we felt sure this was all in the Divine plan, and mysteriously for the advancement of His kingdom in some inscrutable way.

The experience of building at Hkapra was later to be repeated elsewhere on a larger scale: a piece of virgin forest was selected and dedicated, the obstructing trees were felled and undergrowth cleared away, and the whole burnt over. Then came the selection and felling of giant trees in the neighbourhood for timber, and sawpits were set up on the spot where the logs lay, and planks of the requisite sizes were sawn. Smaller trees for the house posts were cut down and roughly shaped, and by the middle of April were ready to be dropped into the three feet deep holes prepared for them. The men rode up on the ponies that were now proving so indispensable to the work, and found that all work had ceased—the Burmese carpenters had taken fright as the centre post had fallen when being erected on the site. They said they could do nothing further that day, and the next day would send down the line for more carpenters to come and help. Obviously there was need for drastic action, and the missionaries delivered an ultimatum to the effect that the centre post must go up that very day. When at last, with the help of half the village, it dropped into its allotted hole, excitement broke all bounds, and one of the carpenters turned cartwheels in quick succession while the rest danced round in great joy. The fall had been regarded as a terrible omen, and it is doubtful if any of the carpenters would have returned if they had gone down to fetch more, as intended.

We were very anxious to get out of the heat for a short period, and so when the bungalow had its thatched roof, plank floor and most of the bamboo walls in position, we decided to make the trek up the hill. Pat was carried in a litter, and greatly thrilled the Jinghpaws met on the road; the ladies rode on the two riding ponies, and the men

walked. The two pack ponies which the Mission now owned had made several journeys carrying kit, and we looked forward to a delightful rest in the cool of the hills amidst glorious mountain scenery. It was the third week in May, and we reckoned without our host—the rains! A thunderstorm drenched us on the way up; but Whit Sunday (three days later) was a never-to-be-forgotten experience by all concerned. It was intended to be a great day of witness, but the missionary party found themselves forsaken by servants and villagers, isolated on the rain-swept hill amidst driving rain and cloud which chilled them to the bone. The windows were not yet in position, and the sitting-room was minus its front wall, where the rain swept in constantly all day. There was hardly a dry spot in the house, but somehow Pat was kept dry while the rest of us put on all the clothes we had got and slept in them at night. While it was impossible to hold a service or to cook any food (the cookhouse had not yet been erected), we gathered together for prayer, and the trying circumstances inspired us to pray more earnestly than ever before for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the work we had undertaken. In answer to prayer a strong wind blew the rain and clouds away that night, and we woke to find the sun shining and the possibility of putting out our rain-sodden clothes and bedding to dry. None of us caught cold, and before the rains broke properly we were able to have some days of exploring the neighbourhood and preaching the Gospel to many who had never heard before. In the expectation of sanction for the opening of the new station at Kamaing, the men paid a visit early in June. In March Mrs. Houghton and I, on an itinerating trip to Mogaung, had managed to get through to Kamaing by car, or rather a motor vehicle, with doors tied on with string, which broke down at frequent intervals. This time one was able to talk to the Jinghpaw schoolmaster in his own language, and an opportunity was given to speak to the boys. The hope was expressed by people encountered that we should soon build a Mission House at Kamaing.

Visits paid by the men to Kamaing during the rainy season, when the road was a quagmire and every trip was a test of endurance, resulted in the selection of an excellent

site for building on the hilltop adjoining the Government Jinghpaw School.

We had already heard the joyful news of the coming of five new recruits: three ladies (the Misses Harris, Lane and Stileman) and two men (Messrs. Rushton and Fowler), and it was obvious that building must be pushed on rapidly to provide the necessary accommodation. The line between Rangoon and Mandalay was breached with floods for nineteen miles, so the new arrivals had to follow a round-about route by rail and river before they landed up at Mohnyin, when the staff was more than doubled. As the men were to study Jinghpaw with a view to going to Kamaing, it was decided that they should live with Mr. Crittle during the cold season up at Hkapra, while the others settled at Mohnyin; Miss Harris and Miss Stileman to begin Burmese, and Miss Lane (later Mrs. Rushton) to study Jinghpaw.

While our appeal of the year before had not resulted in obtaining all for whom we had asked, God answered our prayers in the best possible way; for one realised later that expansion without consolidation is a dangerous policy, and a new Mission can only safely absorb a certain proportion of recruits each year, being dependent on accommodation and senior workers to shepherd them at the outset.

CHAPTER VII

A COURAGEOUS COUPLE

The First Baptisms (1927) and the Nucleus of a Christian Church

"Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
Can daunt his spirit;
He knows he at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies fly away,
He'll fear not what men say;
He'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim."
John Bunyan.

"Father, here is story. Water falling drop by drop on stone, big hole come. Kachin not of understand first, but Father giving lecture every day, I think *so soon* understand. This is rule, Father."

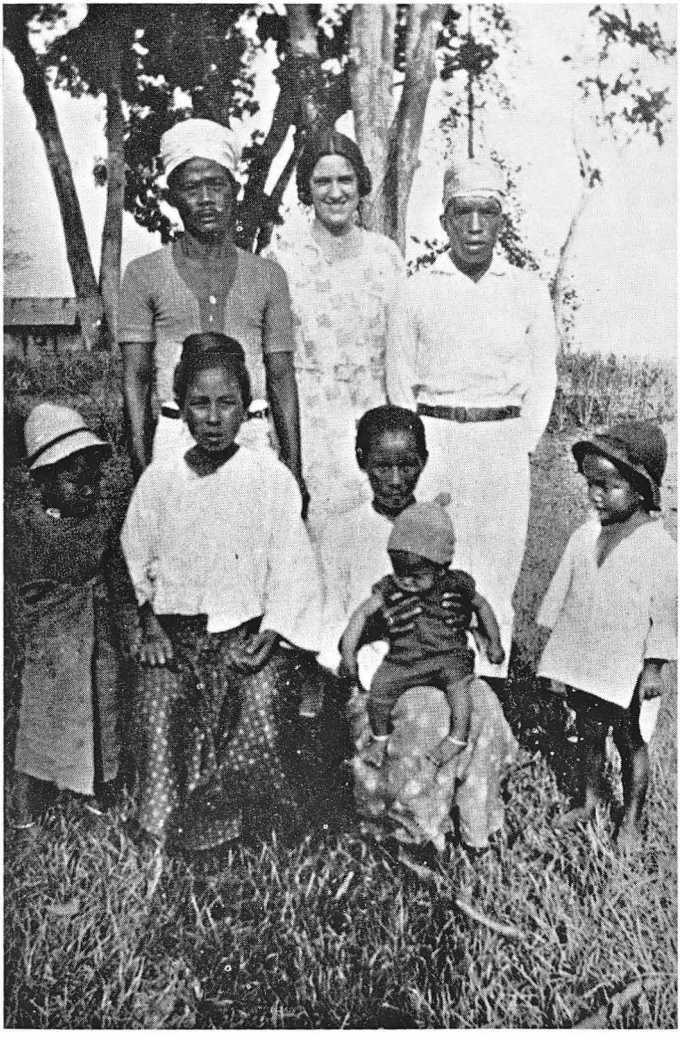
Though JLD was still a Mohammedan (and to this day reads his New Testament, but remains outside) his words were comforting. Certainly we seemed to be up against hearts of stone, and sometimes we began to wonder whether the break would ever come.

On our first visit to Hkapra in December 1925 we had stopped at the village of Hkalyen, a thousand feet below, and attended to the scalded and suppurating foot of an old lady of the name of Ma Roi, who was reputed to be 110 years old. The Jinghpaws are inclined to add on the years considerably when people show signs of age, but certainly this woman's wrinkled skin, snow white hair, and general bearing gave the impression of very great age, and a niece of hers with white hair informed us later that when she was a girl Ma Roi was then an old woman. We thought no more about the incident, except to wonder whether one dressing of the foot could really be of any value, but months

later—when visiting Hkapra with a view to building—Ma Roi appeared with a thankoffering of dried tea leaves—and a completely healed foot! It was then we had the opportunity of speaking to her alone and telling her of God's love more fully. She said quite candidly she was half mad and could not take it in, but when asked if she could understand a mother's love she showed gleams of intelligence, and told of her children, all dead. Over and over again she repeated "God is Love," but it was difficult to know how much her waning intelligence grasped. Every time we met her at Hkapra or elsewhere we tried to impress on her the fact of God's love in Christ and the Home in Heaven, and when early in 1927 we were staying in a neighbouring village for some days and preaching the Gospel with the aid of lantern slides, she came along at night wrapped in her blanket and listened with the greatest attention. After her death from dysentery when we were away from Mohnyin, her niece told us that she asked them not to offer to the 'nats' for her, for she believed in God. It may be that in heaven we shall find poor old wrinkled Ma Roi with her loving hand, which she used to lay so tenderly on my arm, the first to welcome us from Mohnyin.

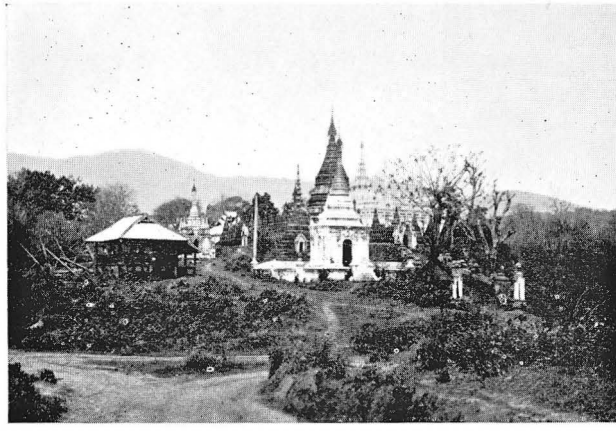
The beginning of the revolution going on in Ma Yaw's mind has already been told in Chapter V. He had been unsettled for some time, but stayed on until Miss Houghton's departure, and then set out to collect a debt of Rs 5 from some Jinghpaw in the hills. A Jinghpaw will go to infinite trouble to recover money he has lent, even though he will generally lend whatever he has on demand, without thought for the future; on the other hand, the Jinghpaw will cheerfully borrow money without the slightest hope of paying back, and most of them strongly resent any attempt to recover the debt. I have known a Jinghpaw to tramp for several days to recover a debt of eight annas, and even to spend more than that amount on a railway journey for a similar debt.

Yet, by the rule of hospitality, a Jinghpaw can visit relatives or friends and sponge on them for weeks and even months without making any return. It is a frequent thing for a man to arrive by train from a distance, having had



THE BEGINNINGS OF THE BURMESE CHURCH

(*See p.* 84)



THE APPROACH TO THE TOWN OF THE OGRE

(*See p.* 98)

THE MISSION BUNGALOW AT BILUMYO

just enough money for his fare one way, and to remain on in his friend's house until the friend has collected the money for his return fare!

After a month's tramp in the hills, Ma Yaw came back a sadder and a wiser man, having spent all he had and not recovered his debt. As he had no means of going up the line to Sahmaw (the Sugar Estate) where he hoped to better himself, I gave him a rupee and jokingly said, "Don't buy opium with it." To my surprise he said in dead earnest: "Duwa, I shall never smoke opium or drink chyăru (fermented rice water) again. I am never going to serve the nats again—I believe in God. Dujan and Duwa have taught me and now I understand a little. If I am ill, or even if I die, I will never serve the nats again." After that it was hard to let him go, but we felt sure that if he really meant it, the Lord would follow him to Sahmaw and go after the lost sheep until He found him.

We saw him once or twice after he got a position as table boy on the estate, and he told us he was reading his New Testament and observing Sunday. One day towards the end of 1926 he wrote saying that he wanted to marry a Jinghpaw girl of his acquaintance and that she was willing to be a Christian. He realised the importance of marrying a Christian girl, and said he was willing to wait until she was a Christian and could be baptised. Ma Kaw was sent down to us for inspection, and at first, in the usual Jignhpaw girl's fashion, put her hand over her face and giggled whenever she was asked a question. She became Pat's ayah, but for several months seemed to be quite indifferent to the Gospel. Gradually, however, we began to see a practical change in her, and in April 1927 she consciously trusted in the Lord Jesus Christ as her Saviour.

Then came the great test for Ma Yaw—money had always been his great temptation, and God or mammon was the choice he had to make. We told him definitely that if he came back to us it would mean a big loss of pay as well as all the extras he had been receiving. He wrote and said that if he remained in his present employ he feared he might get away from God, and the temptations were too great, so he had decided to come back to us.

The two were instructed for baptism together and, after they had made a public confession of faith in Christ the previous Sunday, we gathered by the river-side in the afternoon for the first Jinghpaw baptism. After consulting with the Bishop, we had decided on immersion as the mode of baptism at the outset, as we did not want to draw undue attention to differences we might have with the neighbouring Mission, and we wanted to make the service as public as possible.

We have since become more catholic (in the true sense of the word) in our methods, and sprinkling, affusion or immersion are practised according to circumstances. It is obvious that with a primitive people there may be a tendency to imagine some magical effect in the amount or type of water used. The candidate is always allowed to choose the mode of baptism, but one often finds that a convert imagines that complete cleansing from sin depends on complete immersion. While our Baptist friends would never think of teaching such heresy, an undue emphasis on the necessity for a particular mode seems to make this idea a common one among those who have just passed out of heathen darkness, and is not uncommon among Church members of long standing where immersion has been regarded as the only valid form of baptism.

There always seems to be a tendency on the part of the crowd to laugh when immersion is practised, and thus to take away the dignity and solemnity of the service, and we usually advise women and girls especially to stand in the stream, or by the edge of the river, and be baptised by sprinkling. When in a mountain village, the only water supply is a trickle from a bamboo pipe: immersion would be impossible unless a lot of fuss were made over collecting and damming up the supply.

By being largely indifferent to the method, we are able to throw all the emphasis on the meaning of baptism, and on June 28th, 1927, an indescribable thrill came over me as I baptised Ma Yaw and Ma Kaw into the Triune name of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and the infant visible Church of Christ in Mohnyin came into being.

I suppose it is a moot point as to whether one should

publish the banns of marriage of two people who are not as yet church members, but Ma Yaw and Ma Kaw had already shown themselves to be regenerated by the Holy Spirit, and delay after so long a wait had seemed unnecessary. It was thus possible for the marriage to take place on the following day. And the first Christian marriage was another historic event, and a great contrast to the heathen marriages which one had seen in the villages round. It was the bridegroom's idea to invite his friends from the villages round that they might see the contrast, and the address on "Jesus was called to the marriage" emphasised this point. The curry and rice feast followed, and each guest was presented with a handkerchief or fan, though it is very doubtful whether the handkerchiefs would ever be used for the purpose for which they are usually intended!

On August 5th, Bishop Fyffe very kindly held a special Service of Confirmation in Mandalay for the newly-baptised. The exhortation and the Lord's Prayer were in Jinghpaw, but the rest of the service and the address were in Burmese, which the candidates were able to understand when simply put. So the nucleus of a properly constituted church was formed.

It would be impossible to keep to chronological order as the work grew and expanded, so it will be appropriate here to tell something of the expansion of the Jinghpaw Church in its first few years.

While itineration was going on, and villages were being systematically visited all through the cold season as far as possible, the regular Sunday services were attracting people, and 1928 witnessed further baptisms. Three young men: Zau La (or Kadu La as he is usually called), the son of a neighbouring chief, who worked for us as table boy; Hpauje Tu, who came at the end of 1926 as dispensary boy; and Bau Sa Naw, a local policeman, were all instructed together. Zau La had been taught to read by Mr. Crittle, but later went off in a tantrum and came under the influence of Ma Yaw at Sahmaw, whence he wrote asking for baptism. Later he was the means of the conversion of his own father and stepmother, and the old chief was marvellously delivered from opium, which he had been smoking for many years.

Kadu La is an example of the fact that Christianity should be infectious, for to-day he is the head of a little Christian community of some five families, some of whom first heard the Gospel from him, or those who were converted through him, and others by the witness and teaching of the missionaries.

Hpauje Tu was nearly dismissed several times during his first month for drunkenness, laziness, lying and insolence. The entrance of Christ into his heart worked a complete change, and those who know him to-day would never suspect him of any of those vices. After working at Sahmaw as a coolie foreman, he was the first to grow sugar cane on his own in the neighbourhood of Mohnyin, and to-day he is a highly respected pillar of the Church, and, for a Jinghpaw, quite wealthy; being the owner of two bullock-carts and employing a number of men to work on the sugar plantation.

Bau Sa Naw has now left the police and is the father of four children.

While these three were being prepared for baptism, Mrs. Rushton (who had changed her name from Lane some months before) was instructing two young women, Lămai Kai and Ma Kaw, who had both asked for baptism. It was Ma Yaw who quietly negotiated the marriages and faced us with a *fait accompli*, so that shortly after the baptism of these five, Lămai Kai became the wife of Bau Sa Naw, and Hpauje Tu married Mărip Kaw.

Both these families are now householders in the Christian village of Naw Ku ('worship') which Ma Yaw founded on the Hkapra Road, one and a half miles from Mohnyin, at the end of 1928. At one time this village seemed as if it must come to an end through poverty and quarrels (for the Christians, in spite of many fine qualities, have not proved themselves to be much different from Christians at home, and as one thinks of their background and surroundings, one marvels at the grace of God in keeping them), but it has weathered the storm and has grown considerably since Sahmaw encouraged the growth of sugar cane for sale to the factory. The danger now is that in days of prosperity other and more serious temptations should arise, but

Naw Ku has been the scene of many baptisms since its foundation, and is widely known as the Christian village, and has had its measure of persecution as the result.

One of the first inhabitants was a widow, commonly called Ma Kaw of Kawku, the latter being the name of the village where she used to live, some twenty-five miles away over the hills from Hkapra.

In May 1927 I paid a flying visit from a village five miles from Hkapra, where I was spending a week. It seemed a most unpropitious day for the villagers, and many invited guests were offering sacrifices to the 'nats' for a good harvest; and the old headman apologised for not being able to give me a hearing (he might have been less polite had he not been treated in the dispensary some time before). However, those who were at leisure gathered in the long dark guest room of his house, and for just half an hour I attempted to tell them the Gospel for the first time. Unnoticed by me was the widow Ma Kaw, who had recently lost her husband, and was utterly dissatisfied with the 'nats,' to whom she had offered all her substance in a vain attempt to save his life. The words fell on prepared ground, and when, with Mr. Rushton, we stayed in the village for a week in January 1928, this woman came forward to testify that she believed in God and would no longer give to the 'nats.'

In March we visited the village again in the expectation of being present at the burning of her shrines, for as her eldest son was away from home, she had had to get his permission. Several Christians had come with us for the ceremony, and we heard that the eldest son had not yet arrived. He arrived with a big procession next day, and after Ma Kaw had gone to meet him, the procession moved towards the little grass hut in which we were staying. A long argument ensued: Ma Gam (the son) strongly objecting to his mother becoming a Christian, and absolutely refusing to allow the shrines to be burnt. We found on discussing Jinghpaw procedure that on the death of the father, the son was the supreme authority, and the mother could do nothing without her son's permission. We were obliged to give way on this point, as Ma Kaw could not be held responsible for the shrines, even though the eldest son

did not intend to live in the house. Ma Gam pressed his victory further and demanded that his mother should not be baptised—it would make them all unhappy, and besides, his father's spirit was not yet sent to Kătsan Ga* (the land of the ancestors), so that it was quite impossible for her to change until this had taken place. That evening, when talking to Ma Kaw, we found her on the point of wavering: she would be bringing a terrible disgrace on her family and her village if she did not take part in this essential act of respect to her dead husband. As I pointed out how much her Saviour had suffered for her, the tears fell and she determined, whatever happened, she would not give way. As things stood, however, we did not feel it right to give her baptism, and during the ensuing months we heard various reports which made us wonder whether temptation was too strong for her. Finally, at the close of 1928, when it seemed dangerous for her to remain in the village, we advised her to leave and join Ma Yaw's village. She arrived early in the New Year—a brand plucked from the burning—just before the funeral ceremony was to take place.

The eldest son, on the night when he chose the side of the devil, was terrified all night with visions of 'nats' around him, and himself became possessed with a 'nat' during the night. In the morning he offered sacrifices to propitiate the 'nats' who were biting him because of his mother's conduct.

There were three younger boys, and when Ma Kaw left her home the youngest, Ma Tu—a boy of twelve—elected to accompany his mother. It was not long before Ma Gam was mysteriously struck with blindness, and though he came to the dispensary and said he would become a Christian if he could get back his sight, nothing could be done, and he showed no sign of repentance. At his mother's baptism in 1930 he was led by the hand to the water-side, but to-day he is still groping in physical as well as spiritual darkness, a tragic example of one who rejected the Truth.

* The actual burial (mang lup ai—burial of the corpse) takes place immediately after death, but the real funeral (mang măkoi ai—hiding the corpse) takes place months and even years afterwards, when the family can afford the nat sacrifices, as the result of which the spirit is despatched to Kătsan Ga.

Ma Kaw has had her ups and downs, and her son—after months in hospital, where his heart was changed—was baptised; but he was sent home with consumption and has since died a triumphant death, longing to be with Christ—which is far better.

The story of the other widow, Tailum Jan,* is told elsewhere, but she is another example of one who became a Christian as the direct result of preaching in the villages; and after witnessing beautifully all alone in a heathen village, was the first to pass on to hear her Lord and Master's "Well done."

* *Tailum Jan*, by A. T. Houghton (Marshall ,Morgan & Scott, Ltd.).

CHAPTER VIII

WE TACKLE OTHER RACES

BURMESE AND SHANS (1927-34)

"The issue between Buddhism and Christianity is clear. On all essential points the two religions are diametrically opposed, and no one who is a Christian, and values his Christianity, can hesitate as to whether or no he ought to put the Christian case before Buddhists."
Rev. W. C. B. Purser (in *Christian Missions in Burma*, 1913).

"Got any rivers you think quite impassable?
Got any mountains you can't tunnel through?
We specialise in the wholly impossible,
Doing the things none others can do."
American Engineering Co.

"With men it is impossible, but not with God: for with God all things are possible."
St. Mark x. 27.

IT is not surprising that in the early days we applied the name "Burmese" to the Burmese-speaking people of the neighbourhood, and "Shan" to those who spoke Shan as their normal language, since ethnographical experts still appear to be in ignorance of the origin of the Shan-Burmese or "Shan Bamas" who populate the Myitkyina and Katha districts.

The term is usually applied to the Burmese-speaking Shans near the railway line, who tend to become burmanised in the towns; but it is also used to designate the Shans of the Indawgyi Lake district, who speak preferably a Shan jargon of their own, and, being cut off from proper communication with the railway, do not speak Burmese as the language of the home. On enquiry from the people themselves, one receives various replies. There are those who maintain that the Shan Burmese are of pure Shan extraction, but have earned the title through becoming burmanised in outlook and language, while others insist that they

are definitely a mixture of Burmese and Shans, and that the name has arisen from the time when a Burmese army fought a great battle against Shan forces in the neighbourhood of Mohnyin and completely wiped them out. The Burmese troops are then supposed to have settled at Mohnyin and married the Shan women left destitute, the result being the present Shan-Burmese race.

Whatever be the truth of this, the fact remains that there are very few pure Burmese among the indigenous population of the Myitkyina, Katha and Upper Chindwin districts, and that the Burmese work done among these people is among those Shans who speak Burmese as their normal language, and are largely burmanised in culture, religion and general outlook.

The people we referred to as Shans in the early days were later found to be Shans who, since the British occupation, had migrated from the Northern Shan states or from China, and not the indigenous inhabitants of the original Shan kingdoms which flourished at Mohnyin, Mogaung and elsewhere three or four hundred years before.

Miss Harris and Miss Stileman began the study of Burmese almost immediately on arrival at the end of 1926, and the services of the headmaster (a pure Burman) of the local Burmese school were procured to initiate them into the mysteries of this semi-tonal language with its curious-looking character and its literature mixed up with Pali (derived from Sanskrit), which make the written language so different from the colloquial. To add to their difficulties, they found that the local Shan-Burmese dialect differed frequently from the pure Burmese which their teacher endeavoured to make them learn.

However, steady progress was made, and there was plenty of opportunity of contact with the people, as patients came to the Dispensary, which for the time being had to be run by the senior workers. By August 1927 it was possible for the Burmese workers to begin to hold daily prayers in Burmese for dispensary patients, and after various attempts at open-air Sunday school, a weekly service and Sunday school began to be held on the Mohnyin compound.

Almost from the first opening of the dispensary, some of the Shan patients had eagerly asked us when we were going to learn Shan, but all we could promise was that we hoped others would join us who would learn the language. It was suggested to Miss Stileman at the outset that, as for the first attempt on the Shans a knowledge of Burmese would be most valuable, she should take up Burmese while considering the possibilities of work among the Shans. By March 1927 she felt clear of God's call to this work, and though she went on to take her first Burmese examination with Miss Harris in November, from March onwards plans began to be made for the opening of the first Shan station.

We knew the Shans by their obvious dress and language, the men with their coarse white baggy trousers instead of the coloured longyi (skirt) worn by Burmese men, and white turbans, and the older women with their longyies of Shan weaving, their white aingyis (jackets) and turbans (unlike the Burmese women, who normally wear no head-dress); and it was among these people, the "straitest sect" of the Shans as they proved to be, that work was begun. If we had known at the outset that they were in a minority of the Shan population, and indeed at one time emigrants from the Northern Shan states, or over the border, the mistake might have been made of leaving them alone and concentrating on the local Shans and their particular dialect. This would not only have provided fresh and complicated language difficulties, as there is no literature among the indigenous Shans, but owing to the superiority complex of the Shan-gyi (or big Shans) it is doubtful if they could ever have been reached if the other problems had been tackled first. The Shan-gyi not only regard themselves as superior, but are regarded by other Shans as speaking a purer dialect, and by their cleanliness and industry show a marked contrast to the people around them. The Burman and the Jinghpaw are naturally lazy: perhaps they have a keener sense of humour than the Shans, but the latter, brought up in a hard school, show their vast superiority in agriculture and industry generally.

The Sawti sect of Shans, among whom work was begun, are Buddhists of the strictest type, but unlike the Burmese

Buddhists and other Shans who follow the Burmese way, they do not have pongyis, nor are their pagodas of the elaborate Burmese pattern. Like the Pharisees, they are self-righteous, but also akin to them in zeal; yet no one would suggest that they are cold or distant when one comes into contact with them. Of one thing those who took up work among the Shans could be assured, and that was a really friendly welcome, and it was already definitely established that medical work would be a great success among them.

In one sense the religious outlook of Burman and Shan is the same: both revere the law and long for the attainment of Neikban (escape from the cycle of existences), and both seek to obtain the desired end by heaping up merit in any and every possible way.

There are said to be no less than six different forms of Shan writing, but whereas the characters used for the translation of the Bible* look at first sight much like Burmese, the languages are entirely different in construction. The Shans belong to the great Tai race which at one time could be found half way across China, and their language is closely related to Chinese in construction, while the five tones employed show also their kinship in sound.

While Jinghpaw is probably a considerably simpler language than Burmese, it follows that language in construction; and though many individual words in Jinghpaw are directly taken from Shan, it would always be far easier for a Jinghpaw to learn Burmese than to learn Shan, and perhaps it is partly this language difficulty that helps to make the Shans so much a race apart.

At the close of 1927 welcome reinforcements were received. To the ranks of Jinghpaw workers were added Miss Cousins and Miss Falconer, and the latter, with the attainment of a fine colloquial knowledge of the language and a great love for the people, has since been greatly used in the expansion and building-up of the Church around Mohnyin. Mr. Hacking and Mr. Kitchen and the latter's fiancée, Miss Isherwood, began the study of Burmese,

* Dr. Cushing of the A.B.M. translated the whole Bible into Shan.

and Miss Parker joined Miss Stileman in her new venture among the Shans.

Mr. Hacking, with some medical knowledge, was able to work in the dispensary, and came in close contact with Burmese patients by that means, and Miss Harris had now sufficient knowledge of the language to be able to carry on intensive house-to-house visitation in the village. Mr. Hacking's laconic statement, written after six months at the language, seems to describe the situation in the middle of 1928: "There is real need for workers with ever-increasing enthusiasm. I write as a Burmese worker—Buddhists are not the easiest of people to win. With Him all things are possible—and I am happy here."

There was every need for the workers to keep up their spirits when they met with so much cold indifference as well as disappointment.

From time to time enquirers would appear and seem to show a great desire to understand the Gospel, but when Miss Harris got down a little further there would be a demand for money or employment, and that being refused the "enquirer" would disappear. It was easy enough to be deceived, when the ex-thugyi (headman) of a village came on and off for months, for instruction, before he disclosed his real aim—influence to get him restored to his position as headman. Soon the danger arose of becoming sceptical, and imagining that a genuine enquirer could not possibly exist.

Among the women and girls there seemed several very near the Kingdom, but in their case fear was the great hindrance. Though Burmese women are the most independent in the East, and the wives often have good business heads and manage their husbands' affairs, it is no easy thing for a young unmarried woman to brave the scorn of her family, and quite likely a thrashing from her mother as well as the opprobrium of the whole Buddhist community; and some, who wistfully and in secret declared their faith in Christ, dared not openly confess Him in Baptism.

There was some encouragement in the Burmese cook on the compound confessing his faith in Christ and desiring

not to be buried as a Buddhist, just before he died, but though Miss Harris and Miss Isherwood were trying to get the interest of the children, at the close of 1928 Miss Harris had to write regretfully: "The children are even more difficult. We seem to have made very little impression upon them."

The close of the year had seen the arrival of three more lady workers for the Burmese: Miss Mason, Miss Sharpe (the first nurse since Miss Houghton was invalided) who naturally concentrated on the dispensary work, and Miss Sagar (Mr. Hacking's fiancée). Some of the existing staff were already dispersed elsewhere, and Mr. Hacking and Mr. Kitchen (who had been on another station from the outset) had gained some useful experience by living for a time in their own bamboo hut in a small Burmese village up the line. Solid work was carried on during the following year, and though there seemed no definite break, Miss Harris could report that there was an encouraging attendance at her weekly women's meeting, while there were fifty on the register of children attending Sunday School, and the numbers coming to the Burmese Sunday service held on the dispensary verandah were such that there was a demand for a separate Burmese preaching hall (built in 1930).

Shortly after the work among the Buddhist Burmese and Shans began at Mohnyin, a Government officer, of considerable experience, asked in amazement: "Do you really expect to have converts among the Shans and Burmese?" The reply came: "If we did *not* believe, we should pack up and go home at once." We knew that it was impossible that the God of the impossible should call us to this work without the intention of achieving results, though the day of rejoicing might be delayed.

There were well-meaning friends who advised us to get hold of the young by opening schools, though the history of educational work among Buddhists in Burma is not encouraging from the point of view of converts, and it was depressing to hear how many had begun work among these people only to turn aside to some more promising field because of the indifference and hardness of heart

displayed. But in spite of the lack of encouragement, Miss Harris wrote after four years of work without definite result:

> "Although the Gospel has been preached to the Burmese for over 100 years, yet at the present time there is, comparatively speaking, very little definite evangelistic work being done among them. Knowing this we are determined to win them for Christ by the 'foolishness of preaching' and to keep the evangelistic work to the fore. We know, too, that others are watching our methods to see if an impression can be made on people who for centuries have been steeped in Buddhism, and who seem to have no apparent hunger for anything better."

In June 1930, following on the baptism of a Jinghpaw convert, a Burmese boy, Maung Kwe, came forward and confessed his faith in Christ. It looked as if he would prove to be the first Burmese convert, and he eagerly drank in the instruction he received in preparation for baptism. But the devil was not prepared to take this inroad into his territory so lightly: the whole forces of Buddhism got to work, and the end was that Maung Kwe disappeared, and was next seen with shaven head and downcast mien, carrying his begging-bowl with his companions and clad in the yellow robe of a Buddhist priest. No Burmese boy can enter man's estate until he has taken the yellow robe and entered a monastery at least for a week, but in this case it was a deliberate turning back from the light into the dense blackness of Buddhism, into the dense jungle green where the sun never shines.

The break came at last, and before Miss Harris left for furlough at the close of 1931 the first baptisms in connection with the Burmese work took place on October 15th. Curiously enough, neither of the candidates was Burmese: Man Bahadur was a Gurkha and formerly a Hindu, while his wife, Ma Oh, was Burmese-speaking Shan. All over Upper Burma are to be found Gurkhas, mostly ex-soldiers, who have settled down in a country similar to their own Nepal, where they can follow their bent of raising cattle. Some procure Gurkha wives, while others marry those of

the country. Man Bahadur had for years been in charge of the riding and pack ponies on the compound, but became increasingly lazy, and had to go. For some time Ma Oh had shown keen interest, and at last, in spite of her husband's previous threat of divorce, she determined to take the step of asking for baptism. To the surprise of all Man Bahadur himself came forward too, and on enquiry showed evidence of a change of heart. As he was unable to read Burmese but could read his own Nepali, a Bible was procured for him in that language, but even so, the period of instruction in the Christian faith was by no means easy. The baptisms caused a big sensation, and quite a cosmopolitan crowd gathered on the river bank to watch the ceremony. An evangelistic address was given by Saya Set Paw, who had recently become closely identified with the Mission.

Set Paw and his wife were Karen Christians of long standing, and he had worked for years in another Mission among Jinghpaws, as schoolmaster. Being in Government service, he was eventually transferred to the Burmese Government School at Mohnyin as second master. For three years he was in misery of soul, owing to the fact that the school kept Buddhist holidays and did not close on Sundays: his petition to be released on Sundays was refused, and his fear of becoming destitute, with his children's higher education to consider, kept him from taking a bold stand. But at last he could stand it no longer, and resigning any prospect of pension he decided to give up his work and spend the rest of his life in the preaching of the Gospel. It was then we asked him to join our Mission at a much lower salary than anything he had previously received, as his knowledge of Burmese and Jinghpaw would be a great asset in welding the two sections of the infant Church together. Both he and his wife had been impressed with the ordered worship and reverence of the Anglican Church, and had already expressed a desire to be confirmed.

In 1932 there was one more baptism in the newly constituted Burmese Church, that of the Chinese contractor, Ho Ah Kong, who had done a considerable amount of building for the Mission, and whose work was excellent,

though on the financial side he was somewhat difficult. His conversion resulted in a complete change of attitude in the material realm; but it was not till the autumn of 1934 that his smiling wife and baby were baptised, Ho Ah Kong acting as interpreter for his wife, as she only spoke Chinese: it was a joy to hear them repeating the Creed together as their confession of faith, even though it was in Chinese and no one else present could understand.

Meanwhile, Ascension Day 1933 witnessed the first accessions of Burmese to the Burmese-speaking Church community, when Maung San Tin and his wife, Ma Gam I, and Ma Yu, the wife of a member of the Jinghpaw Church, with a Karen girl, Lontin, were all baptised together. Our first contact with Ma Gam I had been in the very first days of the medical work, when she came seeking help for her brother, ill with pneumonia. Miss Houghton had taken care of him in his house, and now he showed his gratitude by travelling a long distance to oppose his sister's baptism! We were able to remind him that it was in answer to prayer that he was alive to-day.

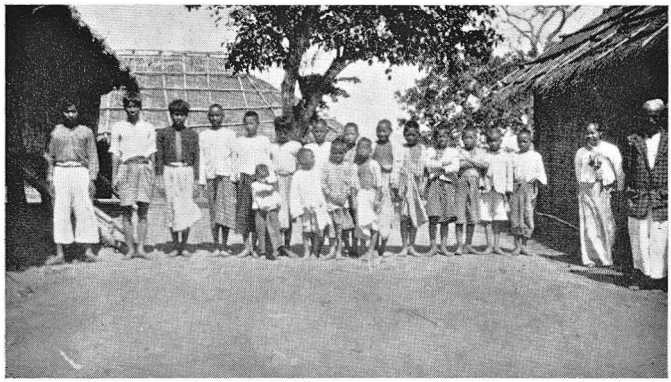
The devil did not leave his victims without a struggle: there was the syce, a Telugu, who sprang down a well into twenty feet of water to rescue a child who had fallen in, and who said that he had no fear because he loved God. What a struggle there was when the crowd had already assembled for his baptism: his "wife" (a Gurkha) followed shrieking, and attempting to hold him back, after nagging him throughout the previous night, so that we found him on the verge of postponing the irrevocable step. But we claimed the victory in the Name of Christ, and though the woman shrieked so much by the riverside that we had to go on singing hymns to drown her voice, and afterwards Narana returned to find his clothes and effects smouldering on a bonfire made by his wife, Christ triumphed even then. With clenched hands he stood by the fire facing the woman, and then a smile broke out on his face and he turned away. They had never been married, and we were thankful that the woman carried out her threat of leaving him. To-day he is happily married to the Christian daughter of Maung San Tin.

BAPTISMS AT BILUMYO

(*See p.* 105)

THE SHAN CHURCH WELCOMES VISITORS FROM MOHNYIN

THE ROAD TO THE NORTH AT KAMAING



SCHOOLBOYS AT KAMAING

(*See p.* 112)

Miss Mason had had a year of reaping before she went on furlough towards the end of 1933, and then Miss Mitchell had the joy of further ingathering for her final year. More in the household of Ma Gam I, and then the dhobi, a Punjabi Musselman, with his wife and sisters (all Kădus) were some of the encouragements of 1934; and the practical outcome of the dhobi's conversion was that the washing began to come back at the right time! We could praise God that into this cosmopolitan Burmese Church at Mohnyin He was gathering in so many of different races, all to be welded together by the Holy Spirit into one Body, with "one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, Who is above all, and through all, and in all."

CHAPTER IX

THE TOWN OF THE OGRE

BILUMYO, THE FIRST SHAN STATION (1928-36)

"The Shans as we know them are but the remnants of a mighty kingdom. They represent one of the oldest nations now existing in the world, older even than the Chinese. In the time of Abraham they were a civilised nation. They used to be settled in China, south of the Yang-tse-Kiang, and were strong enough to hold their own against the rise of the Northern Kingdom."

Dr. A. H. Henderson in *Christian Progress in Burma*.

BILUMYO, the Town of the Bilu or Ogre (though it has proved a very peaceful habitation!), seemed to be the most suitable centre for the establishment of the first Shan station. It was the biggest Shan village in the neighbourhood, and could be easily reached in the cold season from Mohnyin by six miles of unmetalled cart road. The difference between a cart road in the dry season and during the rains has already been described in connection with Kamaing, and the Bilumyo road was no exception to the general rule. The road runs through a fruitful plain of paddy land on either side, and timber bridges and culverts spanned the many streams and ditches required for irrigation purposes. In the rainy season, much of the road became a quagmire, and a bullock cart has been known to be stuck for hours in the worst part, which we aptly named "the slough of despond." To-day the road, though still unmetalled, is greatly improved, largely by banking up the lowest section and by draining off the surplus water into ditches.

Miss Stileman was charmed with the surroundings, and we seemed shut up to procuring a piece of land on an eminence right in the heart of the village, as on the outskirts there was nothing but paddy land.

The ground was somewhat shut in with clumps of bamboos which hid the prospect of the glorious hills beyond,

but it has proved eminently satisfactory for reaching the people. There were only the holes in the ground to show the existence of a former building, but the compound contained papaya, banana, and other fruit trees, and pineapple plants; and there was even the remains of an old brick pagoda, which has since made an excellent site for a rock garden.

When building was sanctioned early in 1928, a field day was organised, and most of the Mohnyin staff went over for the day with dahs, axes and other warlike weapons, to clear the ground of superfluous trees and shrubs.

Meanwhile, Miss Stileman and Miss Parker had at last procured a Shan teacher, who also spoke Burmese, so that Miss Stileman was able to act as interpreter, and the study of the language began in earnest. On August 21st, 1928, in the middle of the rainy season, as the house was at last habitable, though almost empty of furniture, the two Shan workers settled in among the people.

An extract from a letter written by Miss Stileman a few weeks later will give an insight into some of the initial difficulties:

"We had some unavoidable delays in making a start, including a flood of rain which raised the Mohnyin river fifteen feet in one night, making it impossible, of course, for our bullock cart to cross with our goods and chattels until it had subsided again. I am so glad to be able to say 'our' bullock cart, as we had to make many enquiries before we could find just what was needed in a pair of bullocks, the cart and the cart driver. Finally we got the whole outfit complete. An Indian, from whom we used to hire a cart occasionally, was willing to sell, and come himself as our cart driver. I feel that this solution to our problems was really an answer to prayer.

"The day we were finally able to bid good-bye to Mohnyin the road was still shockingly bad, and once or twice it seemed doubtful whether the poor bullocks could possibly get us through, but we persevered and took possession of our new station.

"The first few days were spent in unpacking and getting things ship-shape; but the progress was somewhat slow, as

we had streams and streams of visitors. They showed a very friendly, welcoming spirit, and as we wanted to make them feel that we were friends, we spent a good deal of time in talking to them and showing them round. We had dear old ladies in their best black silk loungyis and clean white aingyis, and head dresses, and younger women with families of children, and lots of young girls who loved to look round with many expressions of surprise and admiration.

"How we long for a better knowledge of the language! Still, it is a very great advantage to hear it spoken all around us, and Miss Parker and I have already begun to make some progress. The problem, of course, is to apply the theoretical knowledge we have been slowly acquiring from books (the dictionary, grammar, Bible, hymn book and a small handbook, with short queer stories about Shan regions, constitute our library) to the language of every-day life.

"I wish you could see us at prayers in the morning. We ring a gong, and our congregation turns up in twos and threes. As the benches have not come yet, we all squat on the floor except on Sundays, when we produce every chair, box and packing case we can muster to accommodate our two selves and the men of the congregation.

"First we have a hymn, or rather one verse, and we repeat that over and over again, and get the people to follow until we think they have some glimmering of an idea what it means. Then we sing it, and by and by I think some of the people will pluck up courage to sing too, but at present they are much too shy. Then as a rule we take some thought from what we have been singing, and read one or two verses of Scripture, and give a few words of explanation. That is where we feel most of all the handicap of language, but little by little we shall be able to say more. As far as I can see we have no easy task before us, as these Shans are very devout Buddhists, and strict in the observance of their 'Law.' On worship days we see them trooping past our house in the early morning, no matter what the weather may be like, going up to worship at the Kyaung.

"The Shans appreciate medical help, and I do hope the day will not be long before we have a qualified medical worker. I feel sure that medical work is a valuable means of winning a way into the homes and lives of these people."

This wish began to be fulfilled when Miss Lewis, who had some practical medical training, arrived in 1928; but her engagement the following year to Mr. Fowler took her away from the Shan work, and it was not till the end of 1929, when Miss Bond (who had a year at the Missionary School of Medicine) joined the forces, that the medical work could go ahead, and so important did this side of the work become that Miss Stileman spent most of her furlough at Livingstone College to equip herself better for the task.

To-day, with nearly 10,000 patients a year, and sometimes as many as 70 or 80 to treat in a day, there is plenty of room for every available medical knowledge.

During the first year of work, the usual endless difficulties were experienced with unsatisfactory servants, and a number of thefts made the position at times unpleasant; but all through steady progress was being made with the language, and the spectacular recovery of one of the village elders, U Loihkam, after weeks of treatment, opened doors not only in Bilumyo but in other villages around.

Riding ponies proved a great boon, and in a place like Bilumyo, cut off from the railway line, were almost essential to touring work. To-day the Bilumyo "cavalcade" is well known in all the country round, as the ponies carrying the Shan workers clatter up village streets for another preaching, or to bring healing aid to the sick.

As time went on there was a growing friendliness on the part of the local people—a visitor to the Bilumyo compound is never there long before some Shans drop in for a chat—and this has led to many openings in distant villages. The Sawti Shans are definitely clannish; and, among Shans in general, conventions akin to the rules of Chinese etiquette are observed, so that the missionary has to beware of outraging the feelings of people by coming uninvited. An introduction from a friend or relative of someone in a distant village has

again and again provided a welcome, where otherwise the missionaries might have met with indifference.

The Shans have proved so hospitable that the missionaries take little or nothing in the way of food with them, when itinerating; and the main time for returning local hospitality is at Christmas, when pois (festivals) are held for all those who are regular attenders at services or Sunday Schools, old and young being invited in batches.

While Sunday School was held regularly at Bilumyo from the outset, the system of outer village "Sunday Schools" (necessarily on week-days!) began in August, 1930, in the village of Mohing, about three miles away. It began as the result of a visit to see a boy who was ill, "A crowd of children came round to watch, so we gathered them together and taught them the first verse of 'Jesus loves me, this I know.' When we went there the next time the mother of the boy allowed us to hold a regular children's service in her house. Shortly afterwards they asked us to transfer the meeting to a well-built and better lighted house, and since August we have been able to hold a children's service in that village every week."

Continued progress with the language produced closer contact with the people in their daily life. The workers would be invited to the paddy winnowing in the rice fields at harvest time, and made welcome guests at this time of rejoicing, and no one was expected to remove her shoes on the winnowing floor, as would have been requested in the case of the Burmese. Arrangements were made for the language tests to be held in Taunggyi (the headquarters of the Shan States where the A.B.M. is at work), until the workers were sufficiently qualified to be able to form an examining board themselves for future recruits.

A letter from Miss Stileman, written in March, 1931, describes a typical day's itineration:

> "Can you conjure up a mental picture of the Mohnyin plain, about eight miles wide and extending for many miles north and south, bounded east and west by the Jinghpaw hills, and bisected by the railway line and the Namyin River? The fields lie a dusty yellow in the

glaring sunshine, with an occasional outcrop of unreclaimable, scrubby jungle, and here and there a village hidden in its clumps of feathery bamboos, and plantations of bananas with their broad, smooth leaves. Now and again amongst Burmese-speaking people we find little communities of Shans, who, like some people at home, pride themselves on 'keeping themselves to themselves,' and, like the Pharisee of old, are filled with self-congratulation because they are 'not as other men,' having a justly founded reputation for industry, sobriety, and a freedom from the habit of stealing! They little realise their need of a Saviour; and it is to these people we seek to bring the Gospel message, so that the Holy Spirit may convict them of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment.

"When a visit is paid to an outlying village two of us go together, while the third holds the fort at Bilumyo, takes morning prayers, and attends to the patients who come to the dispensary. On one of these occasions Miss Bond and I set off on our ponies directly after chota hazri, equipped with provisions for breakfast and tea, compactly stowed away in strong cotton Shan bags. We made for Mohnyin and put up our ponies in the Mission compound to await our return in the evening. After changing out of riding kit we caught the train, and we employed some of the hour it takes to travel thirteen miles between Mohnyin and our destination, Alanbo, in having our breakfast. When we arrived at Alanbo we came across Ma Oh,* the Burmese wife of a former syce, who had come to pay a visit to her relatives. We had never been to this village before, so we were glad of her pilotage. After a formal visit to the Burmese-speaking Thugyi (headman) Ma Oh conducted us to the Shan gyi settlement, and what was our consternation to find every house with its door fast closed, and not a soul on hand! We had no parasols, as we had ridden in from Bilumyo. It was now past eleven o'clock and the sun was scorching hot. We waited for a while, and then saw in the far distance a man with a young tree trunk over his shoulder coming towards us; he turned out to be a Shan, and he had his son with him.

* See Chapter VIII.

He opened up his house, and gave us gunny bags* to sit on, though he was rather stand-offish and grumpy at first. However, he was very hot and bothered from carrying his heavy load, and, as his body cooled, his mind warmed towards us, especially when he found we had mutual Shan acquaintances. We discovered the entire village had gone off to the house of U Chaung, who was dismantling it in order to transfer it, floor, walls, posts and roof complete, to the Shan settlement in Alanbo. We ascertained that this house was about a mile away across the paddy field; so we asked Ma Oh in her kindness to borrow two umbrellas from the Thugyi's house for us, and in due course she turned up with two enormous black gamps—intensely ugly, but such a welcome shield from the sun! Ai Ban, the son of our host, was then instructed by his father to conduct us to the house of U Chaung, and just as we reached the teak plantation in which it was situated we met a procession of Shan women coming away. Their share in the dismantling was evidently done. When they saw us there were cries of pleasure and welcome, and without more ado they turned and went back with us. We were welcomed by Ma I and Ma Htun, the sisters of one of the most friendly of our Shan women in Bilumyo, and they could not have been more cordial. They were living in a temporary hut while the house was being transferred, but they did what they could to accommodate us. In a short space of time we had the entire community round us, with the exception of two or three men who were still taking the house to pieces.

"As these people had never heard the Gospel before, we told them of the existence of the Eternal God, who, unlike the Buddha they worship, has existed through all ages. We told them of His work in Creation, which to them is a strange, new idea, and then led them on to the plan of salvation, with a short outline of the life and finished work of our Lord Jesus Christ, emphasising the point that when His redemptive work was done He did not vanish into Neikban, the state of non-existence, but ever liveth, able

* Sacking.

to save those who call upon Him in sincerity and truth. We had a quiet and attentive audience.

"When the preaching was over, we gave out a few medicines, and by that time had all our work cut out to get back across the paddy fields in time to catch the return train. Before the train left, quite a number of our Shan friends had followed us and saw us off with many expressions of goodwill."

The reaping time had not yet come, but such patient seed sowing was bound to bear fruit under the good hand of God, and the workers never doubted that the time would come when the Holy Spirit would break down the barriers which the ogres of evil had put up, and Bilumyo would change its name to the Town of Joy.

The red letter day in the history of the Mission took place on November 18th, 1931, when Bilumyo witnessed the first Christian baptisms in the course of its long history. Miss Stileman, who had initiated the work, had already left for furlough when Miss Parker and Miss Bond rode in one morning with the joyful news that Nang Bao Gyin, a Shan "princess," and her Chinese slave girl had come all the way from over the Chinese border to be baptised. Many months before Nang Bao Gyin had come on a visit to relatives at Bilumyo, and had then learned for the first time about the Lord Jesus Christ, and came daily to listen to the Christian message. She returned to her husband, the sawbwa or ruler of a Shan State over the border, but had now come back after proclaiming everywhere that she had found the living God, and having obtained a rather derisive consent from her husband to be baptised. Over a hundred gathered to witness the baptisms, and among them one who had already endured shame and spitting for Christ's sake, but was held back from baptism by her husband, a proud Sawti Shan, of the community that boasted that no Sawti Shan had ever been known to change his religion.

The story of the Shan woman, Ma I, has been told in detail elsewhere.* Having lost three children as a Buddhist, when another child was born she brought the baby to the

* *A Shan Mother's Self-Sacrifice.* B.C.M.S. By Doris Parker.

Mission House to put it under the protection of the Christian's God, and asked that they shauld name the child. All over the village it became known that "Lily" was to be brought up as a Christian. The deciding point in Ma I's spiritual pilgrimage came when she was in hospital for a few days in Mohnyin, and felt oppressed by evil spirits: she cried to God to deliver her and immediately had peace in her heart. Afterwards she learned that evil-disposed persons at that very time were offering up prayers in the pagoda that Ma I might die in hospital and not bring disgrace on the name of the community by becoming a Christian. Though threatened with divorce by Maung Aw, her husband, and frequently beaten by him, she held to her determination to be baptised, come what might; and on February 23rd, 1932, the ceremony took place, when the first indigenous inhabitant of Bilumyo was baptised into the Triune Name. To the surprise of all, Maung Aw himself was present and looked on wistfully. Various domestic events, and especially the change in his wife's life, were influencing him in the direction of following her example, and no objection was raised to "Lily" being baptised with her mother.

It was the fear of man that kept him back for some time; but when in January, 1934, his adolescent sons, Htun Ya and Sam Ya, came forward for baptism, the crisis drew near, and as he witnessed an inspiring Confirmation service in Mohnyin the following month he could hold out no longer: he sought out his spiritual teachers, and there and then confessed his faith in Christ. Another young man, half Indian, half Shan, who knew many languages, joined the preparation classes; and on May 4th, 1934, the first men of the Shan community were publicly baptised. Later in the year three girls, two of them orphan nieces of Ma I, were added to the Church, and with the advent of a complete Christian household the Church could be said to have taken root in the village. Where the darkness of Satan reigns, individual Christians can never have such an influence on the life of the village as a whole household where Christ reigns and governs the daily life and conduct.

The third of the three girls, Am Htawn, was younger than one would normally baptise as an adult, but her answers

were so intelligent and her testimony so effective that we dared not withhold the rite. She was the first direct product of the Sunday School, and in 1935, as the result of her clear and simple witness in the home, her widowed mother and brother from the Buddhist monastery were also baptised. At the same time another widow and her son made public profession of their faith, so that the witness was being maintained in three separate households.

For several years the problem of making a livelihood had been a cause of anxiety in connection with the infant Church. There was a definite boycott on the part of Buddhists, to prevent either sale or renting of paddy land to the Christians, and they were dependent largely on casual labour, which had a bad effect on the Christian young men, with frequent intervals of enforced idleness. In the months of sowing, planting out, tending and harvesting of the paddy, owners of land naturally require to employ labour; but the stedfast refusal of the Christians to work on Sundays prevented them from getting such employment. In answer to prayer, at the beginning of the 1936 season it became possible to buy some land lying fallow outside the limits of the village, and owned by a Jinghpaw hill chief; and by this means the Christians can enjoy the dignity of labour and get their main needs supplied. In December the first-fruits were brought in, and presented as a thankoffering to God for poor patients in the Mohnyin hospital.

This year saw, too, the first convert in an outside village —a woman whose husband was an opium derelict and has since died, leaving her with a child of six. The baptism in her village was preceded by house-to-house witnessing by the Christians, and the crowning event was the address in Shan given by Maung Aw himself, who showed that the Holy Spirit had been teaching him as he studied the Word of God for himself. There need be no fear for the future if the Christians themselves respond to the Master's command: "Ye shall be witnesses unto Me."

CHAPTER X

ADVANCING NORTHWARDS

KAMAING (1927-36)—THE GATEWAY TO HUKAWNG AND BEYOND

"Heathendom is not a low social condition, it is not poverty, it is not bad customs, it is not even an inferior code of morals. Heathendom is the condition of men and women whose worship is not directed toward God, but toward Satan, whose minds Satan darkens, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God should shine upon them."

From *Ambassadors for Christ.*

THE initial operations preparatory to building at Kamaing have already been recounted in a previous chapter (chapter vi). JLD undertook the building, but it was obviously more than he was capable of managing, and the work was carried on in the most desultory fashion, with frequent changes of carpenters and coolies.

On one of the rare occasions when Mrs. Houghton was able to accompany me, we paid a visit of nearly a week to Kamaing in January, 1927, to supervise the building operations and do some initial evangelistic work among the people. Poilaw, the largest known Jinghpaw village (at one time there were over seventy houses), half a mile from Kamaing, was visited, and night by night the Gospel was preached with the aid of the magic lantern outside the Government School, where Shalum Naw was still the schoolmaster.

On our return to Mohnyin we found Mr. Fowler unconscious, prostrated with a bad attack of typhoid fever. Miss Perry and Miss Lan nursed him night and day; and undoubtedly his life was saved, in answer to prayer, as the result of the most careful nursing. It was the first really dangerous illness in the Mission, and the doctor wired for from Myitkyina, ninety miles away, was unable to come and sent his assistant, who was delayed by the train being

derailed. When he arrived the patient was out of danger. Mr. Crittle and Mr. Rushton were still up at Hkapra; but on a visit to Kamaing at the end of March, the garage (a much-needed Ford car had been sanctioned) and cookhouse were nearly complete, but the posts of the house were only just being put up, and it seemed advisable that someone should be on the spot to hurry building on. Accordingly, on April 21st, Mr. Crittle and Mr. Rushton arrived at Kamaing and took up their temporary quarters in the garage.

Towards the end of May Mr. Fowler, after recuperating at Maymyo, was able to join the party, and as an expert mechanic took the opportunity of accompanying the newly-purchased Ford car and drove us through from Mogaung. The arrival of the first B.C.M.S. car up the steep hill which became "the drive" was a moment of great excitement, and the three bachelors settled down as well as possible in garage and servants' quarters before the advent of the rains then about to break. There were many interruptions to the smooth passage of time, for Mr. Crittle, who had contracted chickenpox at Hkapra, now went down with measles at Kamaing, and very soon the other two began to have attacks of malaria, though not before Mr. Rushton had been seized with another complaint, and paid a flying visit to Mohnyin where he became engaged to Miss Lane! Mr. Crittle was already engaged to Miss Perry, and it was hoped that it would be possible to have all ready for them at Kamaing by the time of their marriage in the autumn. Mr. Crittle gives some description of the course of events at this time:

"Most of our time was occupied in expediting the building, both by urging on the workmen and by lending a hand ourselves. Both Rushton and Fowler put an enormous amount of time into building the house. The rains broke about the middle of June, thus putting a stop to our evangelistic tours among the villages. The Kachins in the neighbourhood are very different from those in the Mohnyin area. Their dress is different, their dialect different and much more difficult to understand, and they themselves are darker, dirtier, and much more degraded. On the other hand, they are more friendly towards

strangers, and less reserved and proud than their Mohnyin brethren.

"With the rains our quarters became more and more unhealthy, and finally both my colleagues succumbed to attacks of malaria. Rushton's illness was of considerable length, but Fowler's fever was of the cerebral variety, and he had several short, sharp attacks which almost proved fatal. By the grace of God I was kept remarkably fit."

On hearing of the state of things and rushing through to Kamaing, I was convinced at once that Kamaing must be evacuated until better accommodation could be provided; and though Mr. Crittle was apparently fit, the strain of nursing two seriously ill patients in such difficult surroundings must have told on him. The patients were put in a bullock cart in the early morning, and the other two of us tramped through the twenty-five miles of mud to Mogaung, and reached it some time after dark. The patients were sent off to Maymyo for treatment and recuperation; and after some weeks at Mohnyin, Mr. Crittle returned to take up his quarters again at Kamaing, this time in a portion of the house half completed.

The rains were unusually heavy, and all the lower part of Kamaing and the district round were completely under water. "Boats are plying where a week ago the cultivators were planting their paddy, and the houses across the river are up to their eaves in water," wrote Mr. Crittle, who, with Mr. Dewar, the S.D.O., took part in the work of rescue by boat of marooned inhabitants and their cattle.

The wedding on September 27th of Mr. Crittle and Miss Perry took place at Mohnyin, and the service was in Jinghpaw so that the people might understand. Mr. Rushton spent some weeks in October getting the house ship-shape, and on November 10th Mr. and Mrs. Crittle and Mr. Fowler, after a perilous journey by hired car, settled in at the new home, and the Mission station at Kamaing became established on a permanent basis. When it became known that Mr. Crittle, who is always known among the Jinghpaws as the Du Galu ("tall chief"), for obvious reasons, had brought back a wife with a knowledge of medicine, the news

soon spread and patients began to trickle in. At first dispensary work was carried on in the garage, and when the house was completed Mrs. Crittle set apart a small room at the side of the house for her stock-in-trade, and patients have been treated there every since. While numbers have never been large, the medical work has been invaluable in getting into the villages, even though there is often so little gratitude shown; and many are the patients who have been healed as the result of the painstaking work of the Du Galu Jan and her husband, and other helpers as the years went by.

It will be appropriate here to give an instance told by Mrs. Crittle of some of the difficulties and triumphs of the medical work:

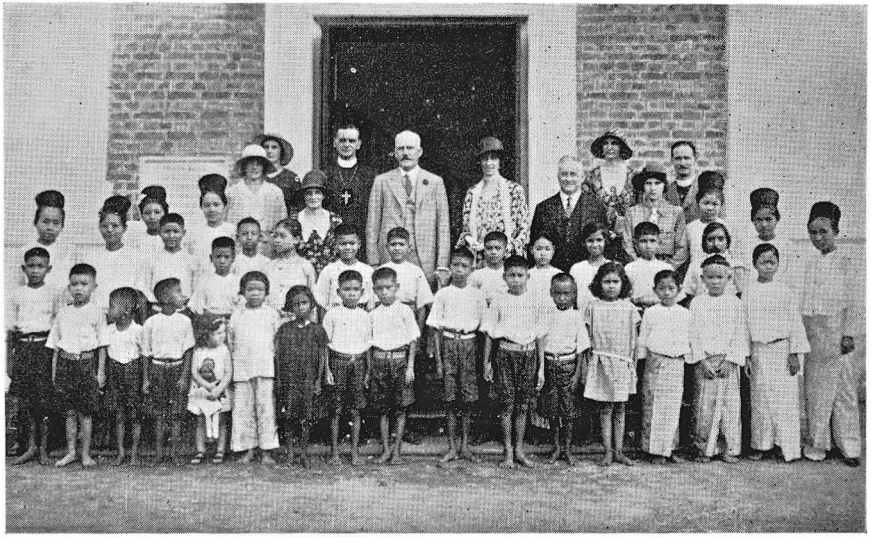
"We have a minute dispensary, eight feet by eight feet, attached to the house, and each day a few patients come in from the surrounding villages. A little girl named Ma Kaw, aged five years, has just been in. Some months ago we were called to her mother one afternoon. The poor girl (she is only 20 years of age) had given birth with great difficulty to a still-born child—her fourth baby. The husband, I was told, had kicked her about three weeks before, and this was the result. Miss Cousins and my husband accompanied me to the village, and when we arrived we were confronted with a sight I shall never forget. The whole of the village was gathered at the house, and the elders were beating the Nats out of the thatch and walls. The noise was deafening. I went inside. It was pitch dark, and the house was packed with men and women. I groped my way in, and the crowd gave way before me, and I saw the husband shaking the wife and yelling into her ear to expel the Nat from her. The gentleman was soon given to understand that his presence was not wanted; and having opened the matting window we started to revive our poor little patient. At first it seemed doubtful whether she would revive, but after giving her sal volatile she slowly improved, and Miss Cousins and I attended to her and made her comfortable. At night we were called to her again, as she was said to be dying, but as soon as we arrived she became quite

peaceful and restful. . . . She often comes to see us and brings us flowers, and she attends our Sunday service quite regularly. It is a pleasure to see her smiling face."

During the cold season of 1928 the first extensive tour was made to Shadu Zup, over forty miles to the north, and bordering on the Hukawng Valley, while day tours were made in all the district around Kamaing. Many villages in the plains on or near the Mogaung road could be reached by care. There was great joy when the first baptism, that of Ginraw La, the table boy, took place in June, 1928. He was not a product of Kamaing itself, but had joined the men as table boy at Hkapra. Though a Jinghpaw, he had been brought up in a Burmese monastery and had become a Buddhist. Unusually intelligent, unlike most of his race, he held back at first on account of intellectual difficulties. He began to compile a concordance of his own, and later, in 1929, with Kadu La from Mohnyin, constituted the pupils of the Bible School, formed during the rains of that year, when Mr. Crittle for five hours daily instructed them with a view to their becoming preachers. Unfortunately Ginraw La has not fulfilled the promise of his early years, but his baptism led to others in the Government School coming forward; and on December 19th, 1928, the first three boys, who were the product of Kamaing itself, were baptised.

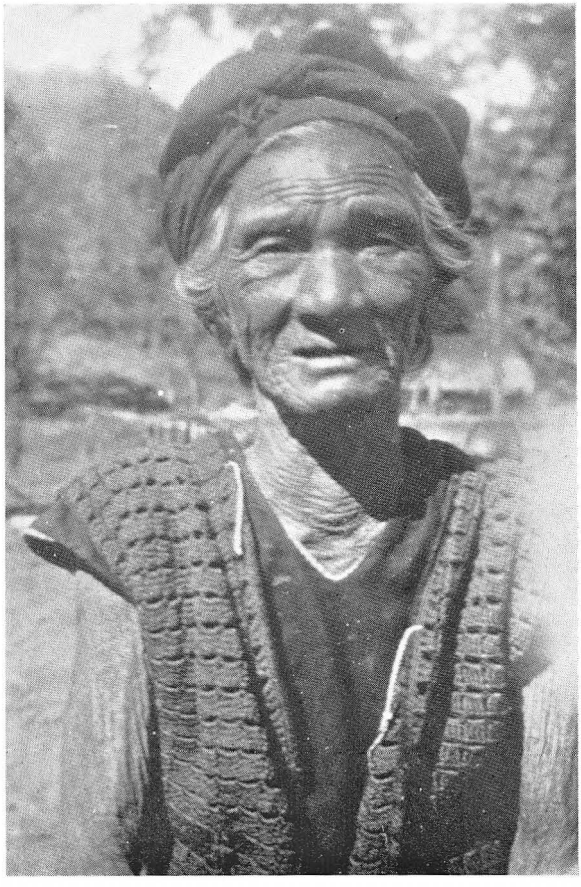
By that time Mr. Fowler had been transferred to Mohnyin to join Mr. and Mrs. Rushton, whose marriage had taken place a year before, and Miss Cousins had joined the staff at Kamaing, to be followed in the new year by Miss Stileman's brother, a recent recruit.

In February, 1929, in the absence of the Superintendent on furlough, Mr. Crittle took on the onerous task of the financial and clerical work of the Mission, but remained at his post at Kamaing, and during the cold weather Mrs. Crittle began her weekly women and girls' meeting which has been a feature of the work ever since. Miss Cousins was invalided home before the end of the year, when Mr. Crouch, newly arrived from England, was sent to Kamaing to begin the study of the language. An important event in connection with the growing Church took place in January,



VISIT OF H.E. THE GOVERNOR TO THE DEAF SCHOOL, 1932

(*See p.* 131)



SHE HEARD IN TIME AND IS NOW WITH CHRIST

1930, when Messrs. Crittle, Fowler and Crouch were ordained deacons in Rangoon Cathedral. It was a great joy when Mr. Crittle was able to assist in the baptism of four more schoolboys at Kamaing in March, though one for whom much prayer had been offered up, Dang Sham, the Naga boy from the Hukawng, was unable to be baptised at that time through illness.

Up to now all the converts had been young men, and none of them belonging to the indigenous population of Kamaing; but on May 22nd, just before the Crittles left for a well-earned furlough, Mr. Crittle had the joy of baptising the first members of local households, and among them the well known headman of Poilaw. The story is best told in his own words:

"There is great excitement to-day in the village of Poilaw, excitement which extends to the Mission station at Kamaing, for this is to be a red-letter day in the history of the Mission. For the first time in their existence the banks of the Mogaung river are to witness four adult Jinghpaws confess publicly their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Hitherto the converts have been young men and schoolboys, but to-day among the four candidates are two old villagers, one over eighty, the other over sixty years of age, and a young married couple.

"About four o'clock in the afternoon, while the sun is still high, the Mission 'Ford,' heavily laden with missionaries, books and musical instruments, leaves the one and only 'road' in the Kamaing area, and lurching perilously down the steep incline, comes to rest just outside the great village of Poilaw. The missionaries having unpacked themselves, some make their way to the river bank, while others go to call as many of the villagers as can come to the service. Finally, when all is ready, the assembled crowd of heathen seated in a wide semi-circle, the little band of converts take their place at the right of Du Galu ('the tall chief'—part of the price one has to pay for standing 6 feet 3 inches in one's socks), and the service begins. The only woman among the converts naturally feels shy at standing up in front of so many staring eyes,

and so a Christian schoolgirl comes and stands with her.

"As the four go down one by one into the water, let us look at them. First there is the Anai Dingla, eighty-five years of age, and for nearly 60 years of that time a slave in the Hukawng Valley. His earliest connection with the Mission was not a promising one. He came along for medicine for eyes upon which a cataract had set its mark, and his disappointment at not being cured vented itself in a hearty dislike of the Du Galu and his wife. Many a time did the Du Galu wish that his venerable friend—who had the gifts of political heckler—would leave his meetings at peace! And then came a day when the aged one came up at the end of the meeting and asked to speak to the missionary, who went aside with very mixed feelings. But the purpose of the request was that he might ask if baptism was good for everybody—doubtless with the idea that it was only for those who could read and write. And that talk led to further talk, until, by the grace of God, he who used to be such a thorn in one's side is to-day confessing publicly his acceptance of Christ as Saviour and Lord. After him comes Nhtem Naw, a fine old man of about sixty years of age, founder and headman of the village of Poilaw. Thirty years ago he made his escape from slavery in the Hukawng, and he has lived in his own village ever since. He was the first to welcome, the Du Galu when he went to Kamaing, and has always attended all our meetings. He was well known as an opium addict, and great was the surprise of every one when he announced that he had given it up. His neighbours watched him closely, and when he abstained for month after month they could only shake their heads in wonder. He has ever since his conversion been eloquent in witnessing to the Lord Jesus and to His saving and keeping power. "The way to give up opium is the Jesus Way," he says.

"Next comes Kawlu Tu—a young man some thirty years of age, He is a peon in the office of the Civil Officer at Kamaing, and can read and write, and as he is a young man of outstanding ability we are hoping for great things from him. He has known the truth for a long time, but

only recently has he ventured publicly to confess his faith in Christ.

"And last there is Ma Kaw, the wife of the young man just referred to. When the Du Galu and his colleagues first went to Kamaing, two of them paid many visits to this girl's house to dress her leg, but without any effect. In spite of this failure she and her husband were deeply grateful for what had been done to try and help them, and they came regularly to most of our services. Then came the time when she manifested real interest in the things of God; but until her husband gave his consent she could not be baptised, though she made no secret of her faith in Christ. And now to-day she and he are become 'heirs together of the grace of life.'

"The service draws to its close, when there is a scream from upstream, and a hasty dash into the water rescues a small child who had profited by its mother's preoccupation in the scene before her to fall into the river and get swept away by the current.

"Peace once more restored, there rings out upon the evening air the chorus of the hymn, 'Jesus loves me'—a chorus beloved of the people in Poilaw, not, alas! because of its meaning, but because it is easy to remember:

'Rai sa tsaw ra ai,
Rai sa tsaw ra ai,
Rai sa tsaw ra ai,
Yesu ngai hpe tsaw ra.' "

Mr. and Mrs. Rushton took charge of the work at Kamaing during the rains, until Mr. and Mrs. Fowler (married in the autumn of 1930) relieved them. During this time six more boys or young men from the school were baptised, and among them one Hkamaw Gam, who has since done a three years' course at the Mohnyin Bible School, and is now an evangelist at Lonkin.

Kamaing had always been subject to earth tremors at frequent intervals; but it became the centre of an alarming outbreak of earthquake disturbances following on the terrible earthquake of 1930 in Pegu and Rangoon, when thousands were killed in the falling ruins, and the succession

of heavy shocks spread northwards and wiped out the Government outpost of Htawgaw on the Chinese frontier east of Myitkyina.

The first very heavy shock, which was felt to a diminishing extent over a radius of 100 miles, was so intense that pagodas crashed to the ground as well as the chimney of the S.D.O.'s house, and the B.C.M.S. chimney showed an alarming crack, while fissures appeared in the low-lying ground by the river, and steam shot up into the air. Mr. and Mrs. Fowler nobly stuck to their post; but on my return from an extensive tour, which brought me back through Kamaing, I found they were experiencing twenty to forty shocks a day, and during the night I spent there, there were no less than seven shocks of greater or lesser intensity. As the house creaked and rocked with reverberation and the chimney had not yet been demolished, meals were taken out of doors, and the less dangerous servants' quarters were used as a night refuge. Gradually the shocks grew less in intensity and frequency, though Kamaing to-day still has its underground disturbances at intervals.

Such was the situation when the Crittles, after a prolonged furlough through ill-health, returned to their station in September, 1931, and were later joined by a new recruit, Miss McConnell.

The leading Christian, the Poilaw headman, has now been given the title of Duwa or Chief by the Government, as a recognition of his services. I can remember him being put in gaol for proving recalcitrant, in his heathen days; but since the Lord worked a miracle of grace in his heart his life has commanded respect and his chieftainship is a fitting tribute, although on account of his humble origin he refuses to use the title. After many years, his wife, who was much opposed, has been led into like faith with her husband, and having been delivered from opium, has been baptised. The Duwa has taught himself to read, and studies the Word of God for himself.

The Church is realising its corporate responsibility; and the erection of a Church building, which was equipped and furnished entirely at the expense of the local Church, has been a great means of drawing the Christians together.

The weekly prayer meeting affords a special opportunity of fellowship in prayer; and though the Kamaing Church has suffered many losses by death, the Christians have joined together in making their own cemetery and fencing it in, and are daily endeavouring to realise their oneness as part of the Body of Christ.

Writing in February, 1934, the Rev. Wilfred Crittle describes the dedication—which had just taken place—of the Church at Kamaing:

"For more than a year now we have been meeting in the building; and to many it has, I believe, been a real meeting-place with God Himself. But last week saw the culmination, as it were, of the foundation of our church, when it was dedicated in the name of St. John by the Metropolitan of the Church of India, Burma and Ceylon, who, with the Bishop of Rangoon, is making a tour of some of the work in Burma. . . . When we heard that the Metropolitan and the Bishop were coming up into Upper Burma we scarcely dared to hope that they would penetrate as far as this; and we were very pleased indeed to hear that they were paying us a visit, and the interest of our people was greatly stimulated. Frequent rain made the state of the road doubtful, and for some days we were anxiously wondering whether they would be able to get through. However, on Friday last, February 23rd, they arrived during the afternoon, after a somewhat trying ride out from the railway. We had announced the service of dedication for 6.30 p.m., but our people began to arrive by 11 a.m., and so ultimately we altered the hour to 4.30, so that those who lived in the more remote villages would get most of the way home before dark. At the appointed time, our service began with the dedication of the Church by the Metropolitan, who afterwards gave us a very helpful talk upon the dwelling of God in the human heart and in the Church. I translated into Jinghpaw, and I am sure that the address helped to bring home to the people the desirability of having some place set apart for worship and prayer.

"Immediately after this, the Bishop of Rangoon con-

firmed five candidates, three women and two men, and encouraged all our Christians with his talk upon the characteristics of the children of God.

"Early next morning there was an administration of the Holy Communion, when we all, Jinghpaw and English, met in a delightful service in which the presence of God Himself was very manifest. . . .

"Upon the events of the last few days we look back with great pleasure, and feel that as a result of the visit of the Metropolitan and the Bishop we have received great encouragement and blessing. We thank God that He has permitted us to see this fruit for our labour, and we look forward to the time when this Church shall be one of many, and when all the hills around shall be under the sway of the Lord Christ."

That prayer is a long way from being answered yet, but before Mr. and Mrs. Crittle left again on their second furlough in 1936, over fifty adults had been baptised in the course of nine years of work, and the local Church was able to co-operate in the services under the guidance of Miss Killick, who with Miss Cutler held the fort in the absence of the permanent missionaries.

The foundation of a Christian village, small as it is, a few miles out of Kamaing, indicates something of the growth in stability since the days when the Church was non-existent, and it seemed as if hearts of stone could never respond to the Gospel of God's grace.

CHAPTER XI

BY THE LAKESIDE

INDAW (1928-36)

"Working out here one comes to realise what is true, of course, everywhere, that nothing but God's own divine power can open men's hearts for the entrance of Christ, and nothing but His entrance will meet their needs. That means, I suppose, that the one thing we need is prayer."

Dr. Paul W. Harrison, Missionary in Arabia.

WITH the advent of three recruits for Burmese work in the autumn of 1927, and the prospect of three more the following year, it became necessary to look ahead in regard to the opening of another Burmese station. The need, as far as the people were concerned, was obvious, but it was not easy to decide on the most suitable spot. Mawlu, 28 miles south of Mohnyin on the railway line, was visited; but, though a small town of about 1,000 inhabitants, it had not a very large number of villages near, and it was questionable whether in the future it would not prove to be too close to Mohnyin when the work expanded.

Wuntho, the headquarters of a Government sub-division ninety miles down the line from Mohnyin, was visited, but did not at that time seem to be the most suitable place, and we felt that God was leading when we selected Indaw, fifty miles south of Mohnyin. In the light of subsequent experience, it would appear that in an area where the density of population to the square mile is no greater than that in the northern part of Upper Burma (under forty to the square mile) fifty miles between Mission stations is a good average distance, allowing for co-operation on the one hand, and a wide field for individual evangelisation on the other.

Indaw, which is four miles from Naba, the junction for the branch line to Katha, the headquarters of the Katha

District, on the Irrawaddy River, takes its name from the lake, several miles in length, near to which it lies; and is to be distinguished from the great lake (Indawgyi) which lies to the west of the railway line north of Mohnyin and is in size and shape akin to the Sea of Galilee. As Indaw is the headquarters of a Township, with sixty odd villages and a population of about 27,000 in its jurisdiction, it is a place of some importance in itself, and besides being on the railway is connected by road with Katha and Tigyaing on the Irrawaddy, and Banmauk and Mansi, over sixty miles to the west. Although the roads are only good cart roads, they are usable by cars in the cold season, and proper communication is kept open all the year round.

Nearly ten years before, as I arrived with my chief from inspecting troops at Bhamo, we halted at Katha on the Sunday on our way up to Myitkyina. In my Diary at the time I recorded: "Found a church, but there is no evening service. Thinking much about missionary work to-day. My heart aches for these people. As I was powerless to speak, I have been praying for the blessing of the Gospel in this town." As I strolled along the river bank that evening, I saw a small pagoda crumbling to decay, while a living tree had forced its way up through to the top, and contributed to its break-up. The obvious parable came home to me with great force at the time: if the seed of the Gospel is sown in the heart of Buddhism, the living Christ will eventually triumph and Buddhism crumble to decay. Little did I realise that ten years later the sowing of the seed would begin to take place only twenty miles from that very town.

While the local population of Indaw is largely Shan-Burmese or Burmese-speaking Shan, to the west and partly to the east are to be found a people known as Kadu, of whom there are about 37,000, and another 7,000 of the kindred people called Ganan. The origin of these people is shrouded in mystery, and it has commonly been thought that they are a hotchpotch of several races. More recent research, however, goes to show that there once flourished at Kadu kingdom, whose chief city was Tagaung, now an unimportant place on the Irrawaddy to the south of the present main habitat of the race. An old document seems to suggest

as early a date as the 6th century B.C.; but it is certain that in the 12th century A.D. Tagaung was coming under Burmese influence. A hundred years later, according to Chinese records, Tagaung put up a big resistance to the Mongol invasion, but was eventually captured with its dependencies, and was incorporated in a new province of China.

Though probably the Kadus were at one time a pure race, it is obvious that other races have had a great influence in their evolution; and to-day the Kadus are definitely Buddhist and tending to become more and more burmanised. At the last census 16,000 returned Burmese as their ordinary language. Too little is known about the Kadu language to classify it, and it has no literature: it awaits the patient labours of missionaries who will be inspired to take it up, in order that those who habitually speak Kadu in their own homes may be able to hear the Gospel in their own language. Kadus are largely used as elephant mahouts, but they are frequently found in the ordinary Burmese towns and villages, where to the outsider they are indistinguishable from the other inhabitants.

It was not easy to find a suitable site for building at Indaw. The town is compact and growing, but there were no empty plots of land available, and outside the town limits was paddy land, limited in one direction by the lake. After two days of searching during almost continuous rain, we seemed shut up to buying several adjoining plots of land in the heart of the town, but with an attractive vista of stream and hill immediately in front.

The building soon began, and by February, 1929, when Mr. and Mrs. Kitchen returned from a short honeymoon following on their marriage, they were able to settle in, and the second Burmese station was formally opened. Mr. Hacking had been holding the fort during the building; and while he returned to Mohnyin, his fiancée, Miss Sagar, who had recently arrived in the country, went to Indaw to study Burmese. The new workers had only a year's experience in the language and customs of the people, and it was no easy task that confronted them.

At first large numbers came to the Sunday services, and children to the Sunday School, but after curiosity was

satisfied the numbers began to dwindle and the work passed through a time of testing and holding on amidst much indifference and some opposition. During the rains the work was largely confined to Indaw itself, but before the monsoon broke, some of the surrounding villages were visiter, and numbers of tracts and Gospels were distributed. When the cold season arrived, Burmese ponies were purchased to enable a wider field to be covered. Of one of the early tours westward from the railway, Mr. Kitchen wrote:

"We had heard conflicting reports concerning this district and the people inhabiting it, and had been longing to tour there for some time. We were absent from Indaw nine days, during which time we covered 120 miles on our ponies. The furthest point reached was Mansi, which is sixty miles away.

It was a time of wonderful opportunity for witnessing for Christ. Thoughout the tour we visited twenty-three villages, and although we met very many people, yet less than six persons had heard the story of the Gospel previous to our visit. We thank God from the depths of our hearts for the privilege that has been ours, of giving to these people a knowledge of the only Saviour. Except in one or two isolated cases everyone received us and our message in a very friendly spirit, and they took the tracts from us with apparent gladness. Along the route we came into contact with three types of people. Within six miles of Indaw the people are all Shan-Burmese. From the sixth to the thirtieth mile we came into contact with the Kadus. . . . From the thirtieth to the sixtieth mile we met with the Shans, who also read and speak Burmese, but speak, too, without being able to read, their own Shan language."

East of the railway and some twenty-five miles from Indaw was a small community of Kadu Christians, connected with the Anglican Mission at Mandalay, through the first convert; but owing to the distance from their centre, shepherding was difficult, and failure to witness much outside their own community resulted in diminishing numbers. In Indaw itself the difficulties were increased by the presence of at least two baptised Christians of another communion,

who had married heathen wives and no longer made any profession of faith.

Towards the end of 1930 a small dispensary was opened, as there was no medical aid whatever for the people in Indaw; and this brought the workers into touch with fresh people and added to the numbers at the services. By the end of the year over 800 people had been treated for simple ailments. The sad breakdown in Mrs. Kitchen's health, which necessitated an early furlough in 1931, came just at the time when, with language examinations over and the increase of experience, there was every hope of a forward movement and the reaping of some of the seed sown.

Miss Mitchell, who, though set on work among the Burmese, had had to be commandeered for other work for most of her first two years' service, was able to take charge in the absence of the Kitchens, and Miss Winn, who had just arrived from England, joined her. The latter had some training and experience in medical work, so that the dispensary work developed. Giving her early impressions, Miss Winn wrote:

> "We find them fairly friendly on the whole, but desperately indifferent to the Gospel. Everything seems to be merit, merit, merit—how best they can receive it, and how they can give it to us; that is, of course, if they are feeling more or less kindly disposed towards us! If they come to the service or to dispensary, they are doing us a great kindness by giving *us* merit, and incidentally perhaps winning a little themselves. Most of the cases that come to the dispensary are rather futile; when they are really bad they do not come—at least not until they are hopeless; and then, of course, we are handicapped again."

A quiet work was carried on during 1932, but there was an intensive visiting of near-by villages, even while the solid grind of language study had to continue. The accumulated prayers and efforts of the years at last, in God's good time, had their reward, and the first baptisms took place in September. One old and almost destitute woman, Ma Kin, had been cared for by Mr. and Mrs. Kitchen for some time, and now responded to the love of Jesus. Poles apart from her in

position was the language teacher, Maung Ba, who, although at first strongly opposed to the Gospel, had yielded, largely as the result of reading of the Word of God for himself. But the most outstanding case was that of a Kadu of "princely" blood who lived in a village about a mile away across the railway line. Maung Tun Nyein, some eight years previously, had been given a tract on the way of salvation by an itinerant Burmese preacher, and ever since had longed to know more. When his village was visited by the indefatigable lady workers, he recognised the message as being the same, and drank in the news of salvation through Christ, the Son of God.

As soon as he made known his belief and broke with Buddhism, much opposition was aroused. His brother, a pongyi in a neighbouring kyaung, stirred up a creditor of Tun Nyein's to make a case about a debt, which would otherwise have been allowed to drop, and Tun Nyein found himself to the "offscouring of all things" instead of a respected elder in the eyes of the outraged village community. His wife was opposed to him, perhaps more out of fear of others than innate objection to Christianity.

Maung Ba, the teacher, and Ma Kin were baptised in the stream by the house at Indaw, and then the little procession set off across the paddy fields to Tun Nyein's village so that each might make confession of faith in the home surroundings. At the last minute it was found that Tun Nyein's wife, out of fear, had replaced the earthenware pot of sacred leaves on the worship shelf in the house; and as Tun Nyein was responsible, this had to be dealt with before we could proceed with the baptism down by the local stream.

Of Maung Tun Nyein Miss Winn wrote in the following January:

> "After having been told that now, as one of Christ's soldiers, he must tell others about Him, he used to go off for days, and sometimes weeks at a time, to distant villages, preaching to his friends. Now that we have started the outer village work, he comes with us and preaches beautifully and yet so simply: he needs much prayer that he may be kept humble. His wife is very much against him, and

we do pray that his life in the home may show forth for Christ.

"Now that Mr. and Mrs. Kitchen have brought back a car from England with them, we are able to get much further afield, taking with us a good stock of medicines."

Prayer was answered in regard to Tun Nyein's wife, and in the following May she and her infant child were baptised, making the first Christian household in the place.

The experiment of living right among the people, which was so satisfactory at Bilumyo, proved a failure at Indaw, partly owing to the noisy neighbourhood and the erection of a Burmese theatre near by, where the pwes go on all night. The house, too, had proved somewhat unhealthy; but the encroaching of the stream when in flood was the exciting cause of removal. Every year large chunks of land opposite the front of the house were washed away in the floods, and already the road just outside the compound was undermined. When the decision to move was reached, a large area of former paddy land had recently been set apart by the Government for the extension of the town; and though some Buddhist opposition was shown, a suitable plot of ground open to the four winds of heaven was secured, and to-day a rebuilt and enlarged Mission house has been erected, to the great relief and comfort of the Mission staff.

The rebuilding was interrupted by a most unprecedented cause—the cloudburst which washed miles of railway embankment away, and creating a sort of tidal wave, crashed over the site where the house was being erected to the lake miles beyond; and filling up the river, swept over the old site, levelling hedges and other relics to the ground in its course. While many cattle were drowned, no human lives were lost, though Mr. Kitchen and the Chinese carpenters at work had to swim for their lives. A good deal of the loose material from the old house, including doors and windows, and even staircases, had just been transported from the old site, and was lying on the ground preparatory to being incorporated in the new building. The tidal wave swallowed these up in its mad rush, and some of the timber was found miles away on the other side of the lake. While much was

recovered when rewards were offered, a good deal of material was never seen again. Such are some of the unusual trials of a missionary's life!

The little church has grown slowly since then by ones and twos, and there have been two cases of young women who had come to the point of baptism, when intense persecution broke out, and the devil apparently triumphed. Ma Yin, the daughter of a wealthy Burmese widow who was a devout Buddhist and always the foremost subscriber for the building or repair of pagodas, had opened her heart like a flower to the Lord Jesus Christ, and Miss Winn was always a welcome guest at her house. But Ma Yin knew the strength of her mother's Buddhism, and when advised to tell her mother, held back on the ground that she would immediately be sent away from Indaw and lose any opportunity of further Christian teaching. Apparently it was considered so incredible by the mother that a daughter of hers should disgrace the family name by forsaking Buddhism, that no difficulty was put in the way of Ma Yin attending Christian services. At last Ma Yin, longing to be baptised and to confess her faith publicly, told her mother of the change in her life. Then the storm broke; a pongyi brother was brought from Mandalay to harangue her; the girl was not allowed outside the house by herself; and when anyone called from the Mission no opportunity was given to speak to her alone. Poor Ma Yin, the picture of misery, was seen walking in a Buddhist procession, though obviously against her own desire.

More recently another girl drew back on the very day of her baptism, after weeping all night before her recantation. For a gently nurtured girl to stand out against all her relatives and be turned adrift would be, humanly speaking, impossible; but surely the "Man of Sorrows," acquainted with grief, sympathises with those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, but shrink at the persecution involved; and there are many such whom the Lord in His great mercy will yet grant courage to follow Him, even though the cross be heavy!

Itineration has been carried on in various ways. The car has had its body transformed, to make it possible to sleep in

it at night, and much ground has been covered in this way; while a novel form of itineration has been introduced by Mr. Kitchen in making use of a bamboo raft for water evangelisation. The Meza River runs through a large part of the district before it flows into the Irrawaddy near Tigyaing, and traders in bamboo make up rafts on the higher reaches of the river to sell at a profit at the mouth, after poling downstream. Mr. Kitchen has made two long trips in this way, putting up a bamboo hut on the raft, and tying up at all the villages on the way down. No more economical form of transport could be invented, as the raft is sold at the end of the journey; and in this way a large number of people have been reached, in groups or individually, as the missionary has approache them with the message of life.

The recent addition of the villages on both banks of the Irrawaddy in the Katha District, as well as the town of Katha itself, through the resignation of the A.B.M. from any hold on this territory, has increased the possibility of this form of travel. One lonely woman near Tigyaing, whose heart has been opened to the Lord, may be the nucleus of a Christian community near the riverside.

There are no signs of a mass movement by the Lakeside; but the Master's call to follow has come to one and another, and the work is full of promise for the future.

CHAPTER XII

INTERLUDE, AND A VENTURE IN REORGANISATION

THE CALL TO "GO FORWARD" (1929-30)

"Go Forward—in the strength of the Lord—then thou shalt have good success."

Exodus xiv. 15., Psalm lxxi. 16., Joshua i. 8

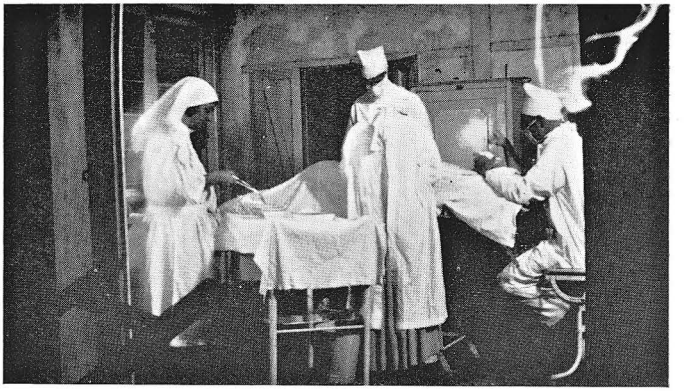
"Expect great things from God;
Attempt great things for God."

William Carey.

MARCHING through dense jungle for days on end, one experiences an amazing feeling of relief on coming out into open spaces again. Most of the hill climbing in Upper Burma is up dense forest-covered mountains, where one can only see the immediate surroundings of trees and undergrowth and precipitous path. An occasional open glimpse of mountain and plain from a clearing at the top gives one an unexpected view, which enables one to see the whole in its right perspective.

Furlough tends to have the same useful effect. One has been right in the thick of the work, the horizon is limited by immediate needs and difficulties, and the tendency is to lose the wider vision. It is a good thing to be able to get right away for a season, and in communion with God to seek and obtain inspiration for the future; while realising, it may be for the first time, some of the mistakes and pitfalls of the past.

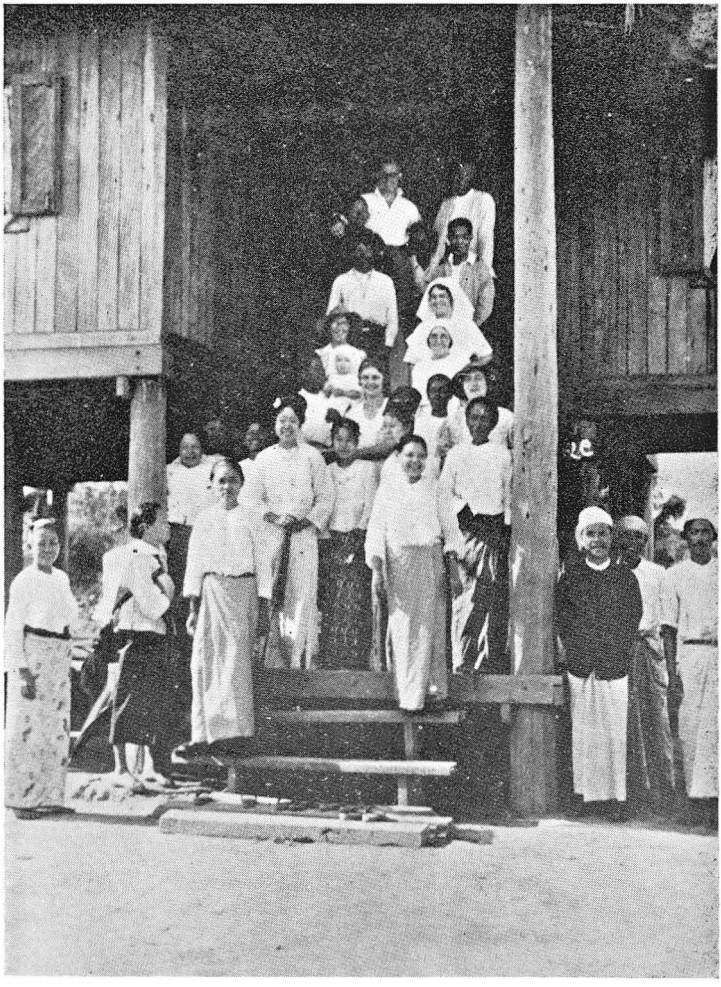
Such an experience came to us for the first time in the spring of 1929, after nearly five years of work. It was obvious, from the results so far obtained, that the work was still very much in its infancy, even though there were signs of healthy growth. We now had four Stations, Mohnyin,



"NIGHT OPS," MOHNYIN THEATRE

THE HOSPITAL STAFF, 1934

(*See chap. xiii*)



THE OPENING OF THE INDIGENOUS NURSES' HOME, 1934

(*See p.* 146)

Bilumyo, Kamaing and Indaw; the furthest, Kamaing, being seventy-eight miles from headquarters, and the nearest, Bilumyo, only six. We were working in three different languages, Jinghpaw, Burmese and Shan; and our missionary staff consisted of twenty workers, including six men (only one of them ordained), four wives, and ten single women, one of them ordained), four wives, and ten single women, one of whom was a nurse. Of these, over half were only of potential value, for their service varied from a few months to one and a half years.

In a Mission where medical work had been found to be of the greatest value, and where the nucleus of an infant Church had been formed, the weakness of the staff seemed to lie in a scarcity of qualified medical workers, and of clergy; apart from the fact that much pioneer work lay ahead which demanded at least as many men as women. Such were some of the reflections, as the work was viewed from a distance.

The infant Church consisted of twelve adult baptised converts, all of them Jinghpaws, of whom eight were at Mohnyin and four at Kamaing. Early in the new year of 1929 we had been inspired by the first visit of the new Bishop of Rangoon (Bishop Tubbs) for Confirmations; and his genial sympathy and wide vision of the need for evangelising the whole of Burma were a great encouragement to us.

On the administrative side the work was still compact enough, but already we were feeling the difficulty of being so far from Rangoon (636 miles, and nearly three days' journey by train), where banks, shops, and other necessary agencies for the well-being of the Mission were to be found. To one untrained in book-keeping and accountancy, the time occupied in keeping of accounts was becoming a nightmare; and yet we did not want to remove the headquarters from its jungle surroundings, in order that the business side of the burden might be lightened. We were essentially an evangelistic Mission, to be tied down as little as possible to institutional work; and so the headquarters must be in the thick of the fight, not in a civilised town, with all its distractions.

There was, too, a definite call to "Go Forward," northwards into the Hukawng Valley, and further afield to the south-west in the coastal area of Arakan, while plans had already been made for the opening of a Station in the Jade Mines area, almost due north of Mohnyin. Then came an entirely unexpected call in the desire of Miss Chapman, who, with her co-worker, Miss Walden, had founded the School for the Deaf in Rangoon eight years before, to hand over her work to an Evangelical Society, as on medical advice she had to leave the tropics. Just at the time when this offer was first made, Sir Charles Innes, the Governor of Burma, had stated in an interview that provided we could establish a medical mission, with a doctor in charge, permission might be given to the Society to work in the Hukawng Valley. He and others were convinced that medical missionary work might be the best means of pacifying these people before they came under direct administration by the Government. For years we had been praying that the barrier which stood in the way of entering the Hukawng Valley might be removed.

The need of Arakan, with its one million inhabitants of many races, had been brought to our notice already; and through a Government officer, a supporter of the Mission, special attention had been drawn to the Chin tribes of the Arakan Hill Tracts, where no organised work was being carried on. The graves of A.B.M. missionaries, who died in Akyab sixty to seventy years before, were all that remained to show that once an evangelistic work had been maintained in the district. Every attempt since had failed; and even the Bible Society had been discouraged by the illness or death of successive colporteurs who had been sent there. In the spring of 1929 Mr. Hacking made a preliminary tour of investigation in the Akyab district and the Hill Tracts beyond, and brought back a report of almost unbounded opportunity for the Mission that would enter in and possess the land. In the extreme south of Arakan, at Sandoway, the A.B.M. had been working for years; but there was no likelihood of overlapping, and from all quarters came the encouraging call to enter in; while the Bishop expressed the hope that the Mission would provide a

Missionary Chaplain for the English-speaking community in Akyab.

Such was the situation when we arrived in England to enlist prayer support and make known the need of the workers to respond to the call. We felt sure that God was working to bring about the fulfilment of His purposes; and to our great joy Lt.-Col. Middleton West, who had retired from his work as Civil Surgeon three years before to settle at home with his family, came forward to offer for the Hukawng Valley, being conscious that the Holy Spirit was clearly calling him for that purpose. In Col. Middleton West we had a man who had spent all his service in the East, spoke Hindustani and a fair amount of Burmese, and whose name was honoured and respected all over Burma for his consistent and unselfish Christian walk.

It was decided to accept the generous offer of Miss Chapman to take over the work of the Deaf School in Rangoon as a going concern; but though the financial position was perfectly sound and excellent freehold buildings were handed over, together with a trust fund for scholarships for children whose parents were unable to pay, we had no one in view to take on the onerous task of superintending the work. Surprise was expressed in some quarters that we who were so definitely committed to evangelistic work should saddle ourselves with what might at first sight appear to be a purely philanthropic work. But our mission to Burma we conceived to be that of being ready to enter any unoccupied field of missionary labour, in order that none of any class or race should be robbed of their right to know the Gospel. Miss Chapman had demonstrated that, if a deaf child were caught early enough, its mind might be opened by means of lip reading, and speech might be given. Left alone in their own environment, and often treated like wild animals because of their disability, they could not possibly have the opportunity of hearing the Gospel: a specialised institutional work, therefore, was the only means, and as such could command the blessing of the Master Who in His compassion made "both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak."

Given the right people in charge, we might combine business with philanthropy at this critical stage when expan-

sion in all directions was imminent, and thus relieve the increasing burden of administration at headqnarters up country. Again when the situation seemed almost hopeless, God answered prayer and provided the workers of His appointment. Mrs. Houghton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Green, at middle age offered to fill the gap, having been interested in the work of the Mission from its foundation, while Mr. Green was a member of the B.C.M.S. Executive. His all-round business ability was just what was required at the moment, while Mrs. Green's abounding energy and unselfish devotion to little children gave promise of the qualities required for this new undertaking. As Miss Chapman, with her long experience of work among deaf mutes in the East, herself said: "A girl may be a splendid teacher, and a good teacher of the deaf; but if these children here do not love her and she does not love them, she might just as well go back by the next boat, for all the good she will do here." Obviously, qualified teachers of the deaf would soon be required, but in the interim the indigenous staff trained by Miss Chapman would be able to cope with the technical side of the work. The B.C.M.S. Executive, while naturally somewhat doubtful about taking the risk of commissioning workers for the tropics at such late age, accepted Mr. and Mrs. Green for five years' service.

So in January, 1930, we were able to return to Burma with some of the immediate needs supplied in a remarkable way. As we met in conference as a body of missionaries to face the new tasks of expansion, the text of William Carey's epoch-making sermon was that chosen to sum up the present situation: "Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations: spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes; for thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left" (Isaiah liv. 2, 3).

The deaf mutes of all races and ages in Burma numbered 16,967 at the 1931 census. Of these only a little over 2,000 (up to ten years of age) could hope to benefit from the specialised teaching of the Deaf School; and of this limited number only one per cent had actually joined the school when it was handed over. There was, therefore, the possibility of

gradually reaching some of the other ninety-nine per cent, scattered all over the Province, and by patient labour being used to bring the knowledge of the Saviour's love to minds as yet entirely unopened to any light. Statistics show that thirty per cent of all the deaf mutes are to be found in the Shan State, fifteen per cent among the Chin Tribes, and another fifteen per cent in the four most northern districts, where Shans are in considerable numbers.

When Mr. and Mrs. Green took over, Miss Mitchell, who had arrived in the country a few months before and had had some initial training under Miss Chapman, became responsible for the supervision of the teaching. Mr. Green was not only responsible for the collection and administration of the Deaf School funds, but also largely took over the accounts and business of the whole Mission. The condition of the Society's taking over this work was that it should not be a financial burden to the Society, and the Society only undertook to pay the salaries of the foreign missionary staff. Miss Chapman had largely interested the charitably-minded in Rangoon in the financial support of the school; but the business slump following on the disastrous earthquake in May, 1930, and the serious riots between Indian and Burmese coolies, with a mutiny in the gaol, greatly hindered Mr. Green in the early days of collecting funds, and the rebellion in Lower Burma of 1931 only added to the difficulty. In spite of that, God wonderfully supplied the needs of the school, and during the years 1930-35 an average of nearly £1,000 per annum was collected in the Province for the maintenance of the school, and the numbers of deaf children nearly doubled.

At the close of 1931 Miss Marshall, who had had deaf teaching experience in South Africa, relieved Miss Mitchell; but it was only in 1933, when another qualified teacher of the deaf, Miss Sturman, arrived, that it could be said that the school was adequately staffed on the technical side: the teaching is so specialised that one teacher can only cope with five or six children at once. All through, Miss Chapman's helpers, Ma Sein Tha and Ma Sein Kyawt, both of them Karens, had given of their best, and other indigenous teachers have from time to time come for probationary training.

Naturally the spiritual side of the work has been kept to the fore; and though the work of teaching requires infinite patience and love, there have been some whose hearts have been opened to receive the Lord Jesus, and who have made a public confession of faith by baptism. All through, Mrs. Green poured out her love to these needy ones, and proved that however dense they might be mentally, love was the key to the heart of the most degraded.

But perhaps the greatest help to the smooth running of the Mission's business is the fact that during his five years in Rangoon Mr. Green was able to forge links with responsible authorities which stand us in good stead to-day, when all business must be done by correspondence with those concerned.

Miss Marshall became Principal of the Deaf School on the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Green, but was able to leave Miss Sturman in charge with a recently arrived colleague, Miss Lemon, when her furlough became due towards the end of 1936. The Deaf School is now separately administered as an independent unit in the Burma Mission, and is happy in having obtained the honorary services as Treasurer of Mr. J. Hedley, a Rangoon business man.

With so many different races represented, and varying types of homes, it has been found necessary to make use of English as the medium of instruction; and though this might be regarded as a retrograde step in the minds of economists who think only of the material future of the inmates, Burmese as a tonal language presents almost insuperable difficulties to deaf mutes. Also a wide field of helpful literature is opened to a child in English which does not exist in Burmese, and a deaf child, however well-taught, must inevitably live in a world apart. The younger missionaries have been studying Burmese in their spare time, and it may be that later on it will be feasible to add Burmese to the curriculum for children who can benefit.

The course for most children lasts some eight years, and a number have passed through and gone into various types of work. Most of the children are clever with their fingers, and show inventive genius; but the follow-up work is by no means easy, and few are fitted to go out into the world

unprotected. Many visitors, coming to see the children at their organised games on Tuesday evenings or on other special occasions, have marvelled at the merry laughter and cheerful faces of those whose lives have hitherto been so full of suffering and sadness; but in God's good providence it is only through the Man of Sorrows that this cup of joy has come to them, and the prayer of all the staff and of their well-wishers is that each one, while being aroused from the normal mental stupor which characterises them at the outset, may be introduced to the Saviour Who loved them and gave Himself for them.

CHAPTER XIII

GAINS AND LOSSES

The Medical Work (1930-36)

"Of all qualifications for mission work, and every other, charity is the most excellent."

"Of all plans for ensuring success the most certain is Christ's own—becoming a corn of wheat, falling into the ground and dying."

T. G. Ragland, Pioneer Missionary to South India.

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit."

St. John xii. 24.

It did not take us long to discover that malaria was the great scourge of the undeveloped areas in Upper Burma. The majority of children and adults who attended dispensary had enlarged spleens, and during the rainy season deaths from neglected malaria were frequent, while its incidence seemed to be as frequent in the hills as in the plains.

It was obvious that little could be done to destroy mosquito breeding ground, except on the compound itself, without a vast expenditure of money; and in spite of the most careful protective measures the missionaries soon fell victims to the prevailing scourge. At the end of the first five years at least seventy-five per cent of the staff had malaria in the system, and many were laid aside for weeks at a time or subject to frequent attacks. Quinine treatment was by no means certain of cure, and if taken in sufficient quantity the cure seemed worse than the disease, besides preventing work being carried on during treatment.

While some of us seem to have grown almost immune to these debilitating attacks of fever, and the modern treatment with Plasmoquine or Atebrin has been most effective in several cases, the percentage of malaria victims has been over eighty per cent.

Most new recruits contract malaria in their second year,

if not during their first rainy season; and in regard to general health the monsoon period of the second year of service always seems to be the most critical time. Of the six who have been invalided home or called to Higher Service, this has been true in every case but one.

Though malaria is the most common ailment, cases of dysentery and typhoid are frequent, while plague, cholera, and smallpox, occur in epidemic form at rarer intervals, besides many other diseases to which one is more liable in countries where the mass of the population knows nothing of preventive measures.

In case of serious illness, or when urgent surgical aid was needed, the presence of a Government hospital, with a Civil Surgeon (frequently on tour), ninety miles away, was not of much value; nor could we induce patients who came to the dispensary to go for treatment to a place where they did not know how they would be received. The average patient who experiences kindness and love cares nothing about the skill, or lack of skill, of the one who tends him, provided he approves of the treatment given; and to amateur physicians and surgeons this was often a cause of anxiety when we knew the case was utterly beyond our powers.

For three years after Miss Houghton was laid aside and later invalided home, we were without a nurse in the dispensary at Mohnyin, and were delighted to welcome Miss Adelaide Sharpe on her arrival in November, 1928. She immediately took up Burmese; but the rush of medical work prevented her from giving the time needed to get a grasp of the language quickly. From the first, her love was poured out in service for the Master; and though she could say little, she showed the love of Christ as she visited patients in their houses, and several had to be accommodated somehow on the compound itself.

It was the difficulty of accommodating such patients without any regular hospital that brought about the decision to build a small hospital at Mohnyin, when early in 1930 we returned from furlough, strengthened by the presence of the first doctor to offer for the B.C.M.S. Burma Mission, Lt.-Col. S. H. Middleton West.

Preparatory to entering the Hukawng Valley at the end

of the year, he was stationed at Mohnyin while learning Jinghpaw; and very soon we wondered how we had existed without the advice and skill of a doctor in the Mission. Unselfishly he laid his knowledge and experience at our disposal, and during these months proved a tower of strength to the Mission.

When later in the year we heard of the offer of Dr. Stanley Farrant Russell, F.R.C.S., who had been known to the writer in C.S.S.M. and public schools campaigns, and his wife, who had considerable experience as a sister in the Albert Docks Hospital (London), it seemed as if at last the medical work could be placed on an adequate footing. Dr. Russell, after a brilliant course at Bart's, had obtained his F.R.C.S. at an unusually early age, and we looked forward with eagerness to the close of 1930, when, on the arrival of the new workers, the hospital might be opened with a staff of a doctor and two nurses.

But the Lord had other plans for His servant, Miss Sharpe, and on September 19th, 1930, we had the melancholy task of writing an account of her passing from us two days before:

> "We in Burma have been regarded, with some truth, as a light-hearted band of missionaries, and as we are dealing with peoples who see the humorous side of life, we hope that in all our work smiles will not be far away; but in the recent sacrifice we have been called upon to make we have realised as never before the sternness of the work to which God has called us.
>
> "Adelaide Sharpe came to us nearly two years ago, in the full vigour of young womanhood, and with the obviously intense desire to serve the Lord Jesus, at whose feet she laid her all. Thoroughly Irish, yet with a strong vein of seriousness, partly induced by the fact that she felt her earlier years had been frittered away before she came to know the Lord Jesus as her Saviour, she threw herself into the work with an intensity that was an example to us all.
>
> "Her skill as a trained nurse was immediately brought into use, for there was no one to take her place; and

though her language study inevitably suffered, she was enabled by this means to reach the hearts of many, who saw the love of Christ manifested in her life. She was ready at any hour of the day or night, regardless of sleep or food, to respond to the call of sickness or suffering; and many must be the lives that were physically saved as the result of her unselfish devotion. Though naturally reserved, she never found it difficult to talk about spiritual things, and she dwelt deeply in the things of God.

"She passed her first Burmese examination in June while on holiday, and returned to Mohnyin at the beginning of August, looking the picture of health; so much so that she was chaffed about having just come out from England. Then suddenly, on Saturday, August 16th, she was attacked with bacillary dysentery; but as the Burmese work, owing to the holiday season, devolved entirely upon her at that time, she unfortunately forbore to tell the doctor, lest she should be prevented from the opportunities that Sunday presented. It was not until the 19th that she gave in, and then began the fight for her life.

"All through, she had the skilled attention of Lt.-Col. Middleton West, and night and day Miss Falconer devotedly nursed her until she was assisted by Mrs. Kitchen, who came up from Indaw, and then by Miss Parker, from Bilumyo. On the night of the 26th, when in a very weak state, she had rather an alarming seizure, but seemed so far recovered next day that it was deemed safe for the writer to go off to Kalaw as he had intended. All our scattered band of workers were in constant prayer that, if it were God's will, she might be restored. It seemed incredible that one whose services appeared to be so essential to the work should be called away; but our ways are not always God's ways, and He had a better plan for her than we could possibly understand. Her temperature kept up; and on September 15th, when it was apparent that she was rapidly sinking, the writer was recalled, but owing to a break on the railway arrived too late to see her again in this life: her spirit was called into the immediate presence of the Lord at 1.30 p.m. on Wednesday, September 17th.

"For the last week, at night, her mind was wandering, and she would imagine herself dealing with medical cases, and at other times express her pent-up disappointment at not doing better in the Burmese examination, in spite of much hard work. The night of her first sudden seizure she sent for the writer and told him she believed she was going to die that night, and she said, 'I am going—*empty handed.*' It was only after her death that, on looking through her papers, Dr. Scroggie's 'Daily Notes' on St. John's Gospel were found with the page folded back at the words, 'Don't go to Heaven empty handed.' At daily dispensary prayers she had been taking St. John's Gospel in Burmese. We who knew and loved her would strongly repudiate the idea that her life was fruitless; but she longed to have some visible fruit among the Burmese, and we are quite sure that the life lived so near to the Lord, and willingly laid down for the people of Burma, for Christ's sake, will yet bear 'much fruit,' for in her case it seems as though God intended that there should be a literal fulfilment of the words:

> 'Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.'

"We confidently expect this fruit will yet be seen.

"In the afternoon of September 18th we laid her body to rest beside that of Tailum Jan, taken from us in February last, 'in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life.' At the service beforehand, short addresses were given in Burmese, Shan, and Jinghpaw, and hymns were sung in three languages, and we hope that some hearts were touched. It was a joy on arriving that morning to see how the Lord was bearing up in triumph every member of the community, for in spite of our tremendous loss we were able to rejoice in God's perfect will, and in the fact of *her* joy.

"Next day those of us in Mohnyin gathered round the Lord's Table and praised God for His servant departed this life in His faith and fear, beseeching Him to give *us* grace to follow her good example. For us the call at

present is to *live* for Him, but we pray that Adelaide Sharpe's example may be the means of making us reckon ourselves 'to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord,' and that more and more we may 'die daily' to self, that we too may bear 'much fruit.'

"Just before her holiday, and after her return, she entered heartily into the plans for opening this winter two small hospital wards and an operating theatre, of which the dispensary stands in such need. Until Dr. and Mrs. Russell could enter fully into the work, she was going to shoulder the burden; and we who are left behind feel that we cannot hold back from this task because the Lord has seen fit to remove the one who was willing to fill the gap. Amidst the most difficult surroundings, and with no adequate accommodation, Miss Sharpe nobly nursed those who needed her attention, but she longed to be able to give her patients the comfortable accommodation that was so much needed.

"God willing, we intend to go forward with the plans in which she was so interested, and it seems fitting that the little hospital should be named after her: 'The Adelaide Sharpe Memorial Hospital.' "

There are those who regard medical missionary work as an end in itself; there are others who look on this type of work as a means to the great end of winning souls for Christ: but if we would follow in the footsteps of our Master when He walked on this earth, it would appear that His healing work falls into another category altogether; it was just the outflow of God's love, accompanying His preaching of repentance and salvation. Those who are skilled in medical knowledge have the high privilege of exhibiting the love and compassion of Christ in this practical way. Adelaide Sharpe set the pattern which a definitely evangelistic Mission does well to keep ever in mind in shaping a medical policy: first and foremost she wanted to bring the knowledge of the Saviour to all with whom she came in contact, and she used her medical skill just because her heart welled over with love and longing to show those around her the compassionate

love of Christ, for whom she gladly laid down her life.

In her lifetime she saw no visible result, but we have had the joy of knowing since that her witness unto death has borne fruit, and in eternity we may know of much more. Miss Winn, writing from Indaw in January, 1933, said:

> "We went out to a village further up the line yesterday, and while Mr. Kitchen was preaching a woman stepped out of the little group of people and said, 'I worship this God'; when she was asked where she first heard, she said it was from Miss Sharpe at Mohnyin. Miss Sharpe's death seemed to have made a great impression on her—a seed sown by that life that was so soon laid down in Burma, now beginning to bear fruit."

On Ascension Day of this same year there was baptised with her husband (a Maru—related by race to the Jinghpaws) a Burmese woman named Ma Yu. While her husband had been hankering after baptism for several years, Ma Yu had always been opposed, and when asked how the change came about she said that ever since Miss Sharpe's death she had begun to repent, for she realised that Miss Sharpe had laid down her life to bring the knowledge of Jesus to such as her.

Quite recently a Shan was discovered in possession of a well-worn Gospel, which had been given him by Miss Sharpe years before when she visited a patient in his house: though as yet unconverted, he said that he often read the book. So she "being dead, yet speaketh."

When Dr. and Mrs. Russell arrived in November, 1930, the small hospital, attached to the dispensary by a covered way, was already in course of erection. For the first year, while necessarily being responsible for the daily dispensary, they avoided outside cases as much as possible, and the hospital was not officially opened, so that some opportunity might be given for concentrated language study.

During the year in which Miss Sharpe died, over 6,000 patients were treated (an increase of over 2,000 on the year before), and the numbers rose to 6,683 in 1931, while before the hospital was officially opened individual cases had to be

admitted, and the first operation in the theatre was that of a Buddhist ex-priest, whose foot was amputated.

Writing at the end of the year, Dr. Russell gives a graphic picture of the hospital corner of the compound:

"In the south-east corner of the compound facing the jungle stands a low, single-storied building, crowned with a steeply pitched roof of cheerful red tiles. As we approach we notice that, around the concrete platform on which it stands, the rough, uneven ground is slowly being transformed into tidy beds wherein a few flowers are doing their best to make a show. Passing by the old dispensary, which is now dignified by the name of the out-patient department, we enter the porch. On the right, as we stand on the threshold, is the open door of the Women's Ward. Before us is the Anæsthetic Room, serving in the ordinary way as a passage to the verandah beyond; on the left lies the Theatre, with its Sterilising Room, and further to the left is situated the Men's Ward, in every way similar to that of the women.

"Compared with the large wards of a London hospital, ours seem small and insignificant; indeed, at present, each only holds four beds. However, until the confidence of the people has been won, our accommodation is adequate. The beds, with their white sheets and dark blankets, to our western eyes look attractive enough; but some of our patients appear to think differently. Most of them have never slept on anything higher than the floor; and white, they remind us, is only used to enfold the departed. A little persuasion by Sister reconciles them, however; and after the first night they do not seem to suffer unduly from insomnia."

Early in 1932 a gifted nurse arrived in the person of Miss Collyer, who, in spite of a most serious bicycle accident in which she had lost the sight of one eye only a few months before, had persisted in obeying what she believed to be God's call. Again it appeared that the medical work might go forward with an adequate staff for immediate needs, and we were utterly unprepared for the crushing blow which fell on us as a Mission when on May 22nd, after a short

illness, Mrs. Russell was taken to be with her Lord. It seemed as if the devil was being allowed to triumph, though we knew that through it all God's purposes were being fulfilled.

"Ill for less than a week, and dangerously ill for two days from cerebral malaria, she passed into the presence of the Lord Whom she loved and served faithfully, at 7.30 a.m. on Sunday morning May 22nd, 1932.

"For less than two years she had been permitted to labour in Burma, but during that time her skill as a nurse had frequently been called into use for missionaries as well as for patients in hospital, and many can thank God for her unfailing kindness. She had thrown herself heart and soul into the hospital work which had recently developed, and no task was too menial for her to undertake; without her assistance as matron, sister, nurse and wardmaid, Dr. Russell's surgical and medical activities would have been considerably curtailed.

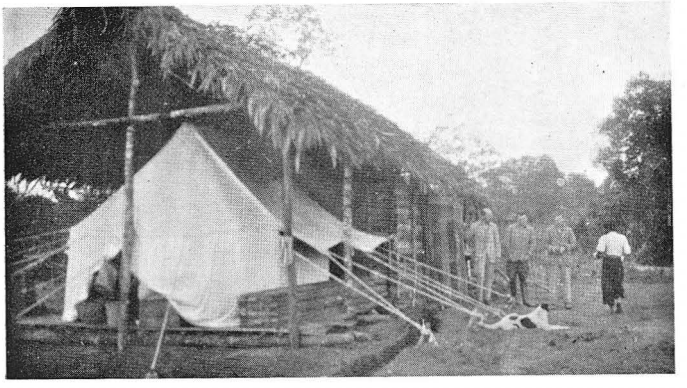
"We laid her body to rest in our little Garden of God on the evening of May 23rd. About 150 people of various races and types gathered reverently in grateful memory, and in sympathy with the one who mourned her loss above all. . . .

"We remember that in the hour of the devil's greatest apparent victory, when the Lord of Glory was 'taken and by wicked hands crucified and slain,' in that very hour the devil suffered his greatest defeat, for through death the Prince of Life 'destroyed him that had the power of death.' We are confident, therefore, that though we seem to have suffered defeat at the hands of the devil, God will turn it into victory, and will not allow His cause to suffer."

Just when it would appear that the one remaining nurse must carry on the work at Mohnyin permanently, the news came on the following day that sanction had been given by Government to women entering the Hukawng (Miss Collyer had come out for that very purpose), and we knew that this was God's clear call to look up, and go forward trusting in Him. Dr. Russell returned to England on short leave, but was back again at his post in the early autumn, and the

FIRST PATIENTS AT MAINGKWAN, 1930

(*See p.* 151)



EARLY DAYS AT MAINGKWAN, 1931

See p. 156)

THE WALAWBUM DUWA

(*See p.* 154)

hospital wards were soon in great demand. The medical staff was increased by the arrival of Mr. Archibald Murray, a qualified chemist, in November, and in January by another nurse, Miss Ruth Greenwood.

Some desperately ill cases were admitted, and a number of serious operations were performed, with the result that the whole staff was frequently engaged night and day.

The great enemy of souls still seemed to be making great efforts to damage the medical work, and Dr. Russell wrote on April 1st, 1933:

> "At the present time I feel that our medical work here is having to sustain an attack in force by the enemy. Just as we seemed to be getting the confidence of the people and they were beginning to turn to us for help, we have had two cases in a fortnight who have died after operation, in spite of all that we could do, and in spite of our prayers. The first, a woman with an enormous goitre, was insistent that we should operate on her, as her life was a burden to her; I have since learnt that her husband is an unfortunate leper, possessing neither hands nor feet. The second case was a young Jinghpaw who before operation had stated that he wished to believe; his disease had been present for ten years, and sooner or later would certainly have caused his death. We feel that the Lord will surely overrule these seeming set-backs, to bring further glory to His Son, but at the time it is difficult to understand. The arrival of Miss Greenwood has proved a great help, now that she is able to divide the burden of the nursing with Miss Collyer."

The arrival of two more nurses, Miss Bigg and Miss Gulliver, in the autumn of 1933, made it possible to send one away for six months to Indaw to concentrate on language study, and Miss Collyer's much-needed assistance in the Maingkwan hospital was made available.

At the close of the year over 8,700 patients had been treated, an advance of some 2,000 on the previous year. The staff were beginning to be able to be more independent as regard knowledge of the language; and while small buildings had been added (a sanitary annexe, mortuary, and

a zayat or hostel for patients who could not be admitted to hospital), slight alterations were made in the hospital to increase the accommodation to ten beds, and provide extra room for storage. Meanwhile the medical work of Mohnyin was fulfilling the purpose of a central organisation for the whole Mission in Upper Burma. Not only was Dr. Russell called to see missionaries or seriously ill cases at other Stations, but Mr. Murray was able to keep local dispensaries supplied with requisites, and the staff became more mobile.

It would seem that in a definitely evangelistic Mission, where the Church is being taught the responsibility of self-support, the medical work should never be so elaborate that it would be impossible eventually for the Church to take on the work; and that the evolution of the medical work should be extensive rather than intensive. The medical staff should be sufficiently mobile to be able to take their part in jungle evangelisation, using their medical knowledge at the same time.

Such an extension took place in 1935, when a weekly dispensary was startel at Hopin, eighteen miles up the line. A considerable number of patients are treated, and the Gospel is preached to individuals. Meanwhile, at the centre, two Christian probationer nurses are in training, and a Burmese Christian does part time work in learning the rudiments of dispensing. An increase of trained indigenous staff will greatly relieve the missionary nurses, and set them free for more evangelistic work. When Dr. Russell went on furlough in the spring of 1936, he was able to leave the medical work adequately staffed, with Miss Greenwood and Miss Bigg and their helpers; and Dr. Johnston came down from the Hukawng to take his place.

Little has been said about the spiritual results from the medical work; but very many have been brought into touch with the Gospel by this means, who, humanly speaking, would not otherwise have been reached; and while a large number who have been baptised can trace their first contact with the Mission through visits to the dispensary, the in-patients' wards have been the scene of conversions which have stood the test of time.

Daily preaching in the wards, and the practical demon-

stration of the love of Christ shown by the hospital staff, are supplemented on Sundays by the presence on stretchers, at the Burmese of Jinghpaw services, of those who are not too ill to be carried; and we believe that in the years that lie ahead, until the Lord returns, many more who have experienced healing in dispensary or hospital will feel the healing touch of Christ in the souls.

But the losses have not been confined to the medical work only; for in 1935 the Mission was called upon to suffer the loss of Miss Doris Parker, after seven years of unstinting labour among the Shans. Taken ill while on holiday at Kalaw, she passed away on June 7th, 1935, in spite of the skilled attention of Dr. Russell and Miss Greenwood, who had rushed off in response to a telegram. The story of her work has been told elsewhere;* her stedfast faith and courage were always an example to her fellow missionaries, and she had the joy of seeing some fruit for her labours before she was called to her reward.

These who loved not their lives unto death, and gladly gave themselves for Christ and Burma, are enshrined in the heart of the Mission, and have left a lasting impression on the infant Church: their witness and example encourage us to go forward in the days when disappointment and the power of the enemy of souls seem uppermost. It is then that the torch they lit up lights the darkness and gives us a fresh vision of the Light of the World.

* *Stedfast.* B.C.M.S. Price 3d.

CHAPTER XIV

A NOTORIOUS SLAVE CENTRE

The Hukawng Valley (1930-36)

"There is much swamp, thick jungle abounding with blood-sucking leeches, and the villages in the Hukawng Valley are few and far between. Only those who are ready to forsake *all* and follow Him would be of any use as missionaries there, but surely there are many such?"

From *The Missionary Messenger*, 1926.

"Whoso beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound;
His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright,
He'll with a giant fight,
But he will have a right
To be a pilgrim."

John Bunyan.

Bounded by high mountain ranges north, east and west, the Hukawng Valley and its near neighbour, the Dalu Valley, lie tucked away in the far north of Upper Burma, and are only easily accessible from the south-east via the route from Mogaung on the railway, through Kamaing; though as the Chindwin River has its source in the Tanai Hka, which flows through the Valley, there is another outlet in the south-west by this river route, which is rendered difficult by the presence of rocks and rapids.

On the east the Kumon range of hills, rising in some places to 11,000 feet, separates the Hukawng Valley from "the Triangle" formed by the confluence of the two rivers (Mali Hka and Nmai Kka) which unite in the great Irrawaddy River north of Myitkyina. There is a somewhat unfrequented route into the valley, taken by Shans and Jinghpaws who live in the neighbourhood of these hills.

The snow-capped mountains of southern Tibet effectually

enclose the valley on the north; while in the west is the Patkoi range, which divides Burma from Assam, and is inhabited on both sides by various tribes of Nagas.

During the pacification and subjugation of Upper Burma, a column left Mogaung in December, 1891, and by arrangement met a column from the Assam side at Maingkwan, the large Shan village which is the metropolis of the valley. The earliest known European to visit the place (Capt. Hannay, in 1836) had given an account of the amber mines in the neighbourhood; and both mineral and forest experts accompanied the later expedition to report on the amber, and the rubber trees, in which a considerable trade was at one time carried on, both into Assam and China.

No doubt the scientific growth of rubber trees elsewhere has destroyed the desultory trade carried on in the Hukawng; but massive rubber trees, much scarred by previous tapping, are still to be found scattered all over the valley, and the fame of the amber, which is chiefly made use of by the Jinghpaws for the candle-shaped ear ornaments worn by the women, attracts traders and coolies from Manipur or Assam every year.

After the thorough exploration of the valley from January to March, 1892, no attempt was made to administer the territory; and it was not till 1922, when the visit of the survey party under Col. Rich not only established the fact of the existence of a wide system of slavery (already known), but definitely confirmed the rumours that Naga tribes on the Burma side were practising human sacrifice, that any further action was taken.

Sir Harcourt Butler, the Governor of Burma, determined to stamp out both these evils, though the question of administration did not then arise. To this end work was hurriedly pushed on with the new road from Mogaung to Kamaing (to which reference has been made in chapter iv), and in January, 1925, at a big "manau" (durbar) held actually in Maingkwan, His Excellency announced that slavery and human sacrifice were to come to an end. By agreement with the chiefs a price was fixed for the redemption of the slaves; and Mr. J. T. O. Barnard, who had accompanied the Governor, spent a month touring the

valley and compiling a complete list of slaves in a book, which later became known as "Doomsday Book."

Arrangements were made for the systematic release of slaves to take place in the cold season of 1925-26, when Mr. Barnard, accompanied by Mr. Dewar and Mr. A. W. Porter, all officers of the Burma Frontier Service, established themselves in their temporary quarters at "Wilberforce Lodge," Maingkwan, and from there divided the area between them, and a total of 3,487 slaves were released at a cost of nearly £15,000.

The greater proportion of the released slaves remained in the Valley and were formed into separate villages, of which there are several in the neighbourhood of Maingkwan.

On the conclusion of the work at the end of March, Mr. Barnard, accompanied by a small military escort, marched through the Naga Hills to Ledo, the nearest point on the Assam railway. There was plenty of evidence of recent human sacrifices, but thirty-four villages agreed that the practice should cease, though an ingenious suggestion was made by some that to appease the spirits one big final sacrifice should take place, for which the Government should supply the victims. Mr. Barnard was not in a position to enforce his demands; and in the cold weather of 1926-1927, Mr. Dewar was in charge of a further expedition, whose main work was to tour the Naga Hills and enforce the cessation of human sacrifice, as well as visit the valley and settle long-standing blood feuds.

At Shingbwiyang, three days' journey from the nearest Naga village, a big manau was held at the close of the tour, when the Naga headmen showed the sincerity of their promises by handing over 100 human skulls of previous sacrifices.

Since then an annual expedition has taken place to the Hukawng, led by Mr. Dewar and later Mr. Porter, until 1932, when it was decided to take over the administration by application of the Kachin Hill Tribes Regulation, and attaching the valley to the Kamaing Sub-division of the Myitkyina District. While a taungok ("hill controller") with a small locally recruited police force is responsible for the immediate government, with headquarters at Maingkwan,

the Kamaing S.D.O. visits Maingkwan annually to try cases and collect taxes. The administration is light, and at present no interference has been made with practices in the valley that would not be allowed in fully administered territory. By this means the population is assured of security, justice and gradual development, without any revolutionary changes in their customs at the outset.

Our first contact with released slaves was in March, 1926, when my wife and I visited a village six miles from Mogaung on the old Kamaing road, where about forty ex-slaves were settling. A great feast was held by the agyi wa (headman) and many buffaloes were offered in sacrifice. As members of the race who had redeemed the slaves we were welcomed with acclamation, and an opportunity was given to preach for the first time Redemption through the Blood of Christ. There was a marked contrast between the ex-slaves and the inhabitants of the village, the former having the hangdog air of those who had been down-trodden in the past.

As far as is known the first missionaries to enter the Hukawng Valley were Dr. Hanson and the Rev. G. Geis (of the A.B.M.), who visited some thirty villages in 1906. For five years we had been praying that closed doors might be opened; and in March, 1930, B.C.M.S. missionaries entered for the first time, after weeks of preparation, and encouraged by the Bishop's telegram on the eve of our setting out, with Joshua i, verse 9.

An extract from a report at the close of the tour may be appropriate:

> "The party consisted of the doctor, Lt.-Col. Middleton West, the Revs. A. T. Houghton and W. Crittle, Ma Yaw (our first Christian convert, acting in the capacity of cook), another Jinghpaw boy, three Chinese muleteers, and twelve ponie or mules; and we left Kamaing for the frontier on March 7th. This report is being written at Shadu Zup, at the entrance to the Hukawng Valley, on our return after a month's tour, in which about 300 miles have been covered, over 50 villages visited, in seventeen of which it has been possible to preach, and about 500 patients have been treated.

"A few more statistics may help to create various impressions of the tour: we received gifts from the people of 114 eggs, about fifteen chickens, as well as rice, vegetables and sweetmeats (the last uneatable!); and we collected on our legs, on one march of ten miles alone, over 300 leeches between the three of us! The former type of collection shows that we received a good welcome wherever we went; and the latter is typical of the abundant insect life we had to endure. Each place visited seemed to have its speciality in biting powers; and it was difficult to decide which form of attack was the most unwelcome, whether that of blood-sucking leeches, red ants, horse flies, sand flies, blood blister flies, mosquitoes, fleas, ticks or midges of all sorts!

"There was no doubt whatever about the very definite welcome we received from the population everywhere. The medicine was, of course, a great draw, and the people are delighted to hear of a permanent means of help in this respect; but probably the greatest attraction was the little box harmonium which was brought almost as an afterthought, and which afforded the opportunity not only of singing, but of preaching the glad news of God's love to mankind. But the message itself, proclaimed as it was for the first time, aroused interest everywhere; and it was thrilling to see the earnest attention of various members of the little crowd gathered each time, as they heard of Jesus the Saviour from one or other of the speakers, whether Ma Yaw or one of the missionaries. Our main purpose on this occasion was not so much evangelistic as to spy out the land, but opportunities for preaching came also every night, and sometimes in the day; and one at least (an old man living in the most northern village we visited, Ndup Dumsa) came to us seeking salvation.

"We met a number of influential chiefs, who one and all expressed their genuine delight at our coming, and seemed more interested in the message than most. The whole valley is very flat, which enables the Jinghpaws to cultivate lowland paddy fields instead of the wasteful form of hill cultivation, which brings in a very poor crop

of rice and involves the clearing of a fresh patch of ground every year. In consequence of this, we found the villages much more prosperous than in administered territory."

Col. Middleton West, writing recently of this tour, says:

"At every village they came along readily for medicines; at first for trivial ailments, then, the following days, as their confidence grew, the more seriously ill people would arrive. At one village the headman came every day for three days without asking for medicine, but on the third morning, just after one patient had been relieved of a fluid swelling by a small operation, he remarked: 'Duwa, I have two swellings like that, please remove them!' He seemed very pleased with the result afterwards.

"On this first trip our attention was drawn to what we subsequently found to be one of the chief problems in the valley; namely, opium growing and opium consumption. We saw considerable areas under poppy cultivation. The poppy heads are notched obliquely with a knife and the inspissated juice collected on a piece of cloth when required for use; a piece of cloth impregnated with opium is torn off and stewed, with constant stirring with a flat brass spoon. The resultant liquor is boiled down to a kind of syrup, mixed up and dried with shredded banana leaf, and then smoked in a pipe. Most of the men appear to be opium addicts, often starting the habit before they have grown up. A great number of women also consume it. On this first trip a woman aged forty-five, the wife of a headman, came along and asked for 'Kani yu tsi' (opium giving-up medicine). She was very thin and looked quite ill. One small tube of tablets was given her to last five days. We heard afterwards that she had been enabled to give up the habit straightway and has not taken opium since. She came in to visit us two years afterwards, to present a chicken out of gratitude. She was then quite plump, and looked a picture of health. It is now four years since she gave up the habit, and several women have come from her district to get treatment for the opium habit as a result of her being cured. Delivered from the slavery of opium—but, as we have tried to show her and others,

they are still slaves to sin, and there is a Saviour who can cure them.

"In 1932 seventy received treatment for the opium habit, and thirty in 1933.

"At the end of the first tour in March, 1930, we felt definitely led by God to the only available piece of ground above flood level near Maingkwan on which to build a house and hospital. It was virgin jungle at the time, but was subsequently cleared, the tree roots extracted, and the buildings completed by May, 1932. The hospital has two small wards capable of accommodating eight patients. In addition there is now a two-roomed rest house, built of bamboo, with a thatched roof, where patients can cook their food, and patients' friends, and those able to walk about but still requiring daily treatment, can live. At first the people were very shy of undergoing operations and of staying in hospital; but gradually they are gaining confidence in the efficacy of operations, and in-patients, though few year by year, are increasing in number."

The route to the Hukawng is no less tiring now, but certainly much more familiar than it was on that first occasion. While the ground has been covered at various times, partly by car, wholly by push bike (perhaps the most dangerous method of progression!), by pony, elephant and more frequently on foot, the normal time occupied in getting to Maingkwan from Kamaing is five to seven days. The forty miles or so to Shadu Zup, the last Jinghpaw village before the Hukawng Valley territory is reached, takes two or three days' hard march with very little shade from the sun; and the next two marches of about thirty miles touch no villages en route, the night being spent in a bamboo rest house by the stream known as the Tingawk Hka, until one comes to the first village of importance in the valley—Walawbum or Nding Ga. Here lived, until his death two or three years ago, the most influential chief of the valley, who claimed suzerainty over the Shan community at Maingkwan until that place was made an independent unit after the British occupation. The Walawbum Duwa was credited with at least twenty-five murders as the result of blood feuds;

and on our first visit he appeared, an uncouth, white-bearded figure, with a revolver at his waist. His four houses for himself and dependants were completely surrounded by a bamboo stockade, and two high watch towers enabled him to keep a look-out on the approach of his enemies. With peace and security, stockades have become redundant, and thanks to the tact and good administration of Government officers these long-standing blood feuds have been settled. Many a time did the old man and his wife hear the Gospel before the day of reckoning came; and the Duwa himself showed real gratitude when treated for some time as an in-patient of the Mission Hospital at Maingkwan.

On our first trip, when we halted at Nding Ga for the night, the doctor was called upon to treat a captive wild elephant which had galled its neck in an unsuccessful attempt to break loose from its fetters in the jungle. The elephant catchers mostly come over from Assam, but pay heavy dues to the Duwa for the privilege.

From Nding Ga to Maingkwan is only fifteen miles, but a fairly wide river has to be forded, and the last three miles used to be unrelieved mud and swamp, until communal labour was employed to make an embanked road, with ditches to drain off some of the water. The Government rest house, and other bamboo buildings put up for the successive expeditions, are met with at the entrance to the village, to reach which one crosses, by a quaint plank bridge covered by a thatch roof, the Idi Hka, a muddy stream, on which the inhabitants largely depend for water, but which frequently floods the whole Maingkwan plain in the rains.

It is a great relief to the traveller, after passing through dense jungle for days, to come into the wide open paddy plain of Maingkwan, with the range of near-by hills to the west, Wantuk Bum (Sunset Mountain), which divides the Hukawng from the Dalu Valley, and northwards in the far distance the high mountains, some of whose peaks are garlanded with snow, which separate the valley from Tibet. The Mission compound is over half a mile beyond the village on the other side, and just near the ex-slave village of Tawnkai.

The total population of the valley, excluding the Nagas

in their hills on this side of the Patkoi Range, is estimated at only about 12,000. While the main population is Jinghpaw, there are three Shan settlements, the remnant of the people who once spread right across into Assam, and whose descendants, to the number of some 60,000, are known there to-day as Ahoms. Maingkwan is the largest and most independent Shan settlement; to the north-west is Ningbyen, where Shans and Jinghpaws have so largely intermarried that they are likely to die out as a separate race. The other Shan settlement is at Dalu, three days' march to the west, over Wantuk Bum: this was planted by a former Burmese king with Shans from the Mogaung area, that he might be kept informed of the movements of the wild Naga tribes in the vicinity. At Dalu there are Shan and Jinghpaw villages alongside; and while the Shans have preserved their Buddhism, they all offer to the Nats as well. Throughout the valley the Shans are bilingual, and readily understand Jinghpaw as well as their own language.

There is a far heavier rainfall in the valley than outside; and this results in lower temperatures than obtain elsewhere in the Myitkyina district. The touring season when the paths are comparatively dry is short, as only the four months from January to April can be relied on for anything like fine weather.

It was in December, 1930, that Col. Middleton West, with Mr. Fred Stileman, who had been working for two years at Kamaing, and the Rev. G. Crouch, whose time had been largely taken up with parochial and other work since his arrival in 1929, took up their permanent residence in the valley. Much time had been spent in estimating and preparing stores and materials; and fifty Chinese mules were engaged to work backwards and forwards between Maingkwan and Kamaing, where the goods were assembled. The road was found to be in a very muddy state, and eight days were occupied on the journey, with a halt over Sunday at Shadu Zup. Some preparations had been made at Maingkwan in advance; and the trees on the site had been felled, and the undergrowth cut down. The party lived in tents erected on a bamboo platform with a thatched roof overhead, while between the two tents was a space walled

in with bamboo matting which could be conveniently used as a living room.

Passing through the valley on a prospecting tour some weeks later, I found the pioneers snugly settled in. The site had been burned over, leaving a mass of charred and gnarled tree trunks, and the Burmese sawpitmen sent up from Mohnyin a short time before had got as far as erecting grass huts on the site of their sawpits, and surveying the logs which had been already prepared. Already it had been decided that, as house posts and bamboo could not be floated down the river to Maingkwan until the rains, there was no hope of building before the next cold season. However, much could be done in the way of preparation; and in the ensuing months much timber was sawn and brought in, the site was systematically cleared of tree roots (a colossal task) and a beginning was made on the digging of a well.

For the rest of the cold weather the party continued to live in tents, but during the rains they were able to make use of the empty Government rest house in Maingkwan and establish closer contact with the people by that means. The Walawbum Duma's elephant was hired to drag logs, and later "Maggie" (named after "magwi," the Jinghpaw word for "elephant"), the B.C.M.S. elephant, was bought at Mawlu, several stations below Mohnyin, and tramping through to the Hukawng, put in some splendid work on log shifting before she started on her task of conveying mails, etc., during the rains.

Meanwhile the spiritual work had been undertaken from the outset in spite of language handicap. Sunday services were regularly conducted at the neighbouring ex-slave villages of Tawnkai and Worang Ga, as well as in Maingkwan, where the Shan headman and his wife had shown a keen interest from the beginning. Patients were visited in their villages and the Gospel message proclaimed, and at one village seventeen miles away a professed conversion encouraged the workers to go on sowing the seed.

In the cold season of 1931-32, the building began in earnest, and as tents had been found unsatisfactory for living in for any length of time, bamboo huts were put up to house the missionaries, and later used as a resting-place

for patients. By the hot weather of 1932 it was possible to enter the new B.C.M.S. house; and comparative comfort, as far as accommodation was concerned, was assured.

In the rainy season (from June to October), usually letters arrive at intervals of a month to six weeks and malaria is rife. Comfort in the house is destroyed by innumerable insects at night, and in the daytime progress on the road is limited to less than a mile an hour, owing to the waterlogged state of the country. Missionaries often suffer gruelling times, and naturally fewer outside people visit the place. Yet there is more illness to deal with in a country where there is no other medical aid, and the permanent presence of the Mission in fair weather and foul is a standing witness to the constraining love of Christ.

While Col. Middleton West went home on short leave, Mr. Stileman and the Rev. Geo. Crouch carried on through the rains, during which time over 700 patients were treated. The cold weather of 1932-33 saw some evangelistic tours further afield; and it was a great privilege when passing through Maingkwan on another tour to baptise the first convert in the Hukawng Valley, Ma Tawng, of Lagang Ga, near Walawbum. There were a few Christians connected with the compound by this time, but all of them baptised elsewhere; and it was of special interest to me to find that Ma Tawng, as a pupil of the Rev. G. Geis at Myitkyina, had heard me speak by interpretation in November, 1924, when we told how God had led us to Burma. She had been married off to a heathen and then moved to his home in the Hukawng, where she came in contact with the Mission and was prepared for baptism. On March 17th a big crowd of Shans and Jinghpaws gathered on the banks of the Idi Hka, and Ma Tawng publicly confessed her faith by baptism. Afterwards her sister-in-law from the same village came along and said she too believed and wanted to be baptised. It looked as if a little Christian community might arise in that village, but during the rains the sister-in-law took an overdose of opium and died after a quarrel with her husband, and Ma Tawng and her husband had already left the valley.

Meanwhile, in view of the intention of the Government

to administer the valley, permission was given for ladies to enter for the first time, and Miss Bessie Marsh, after her marriage to the Rev. Geo. Crouch in April, 1933, had the honour of being the first white woman to enter the Hukawng Valley. Her knowledge of Shan (she had been for one and a half years at Bilumyo) gave fresh impetus to the work among the Shans at Maingkwan.

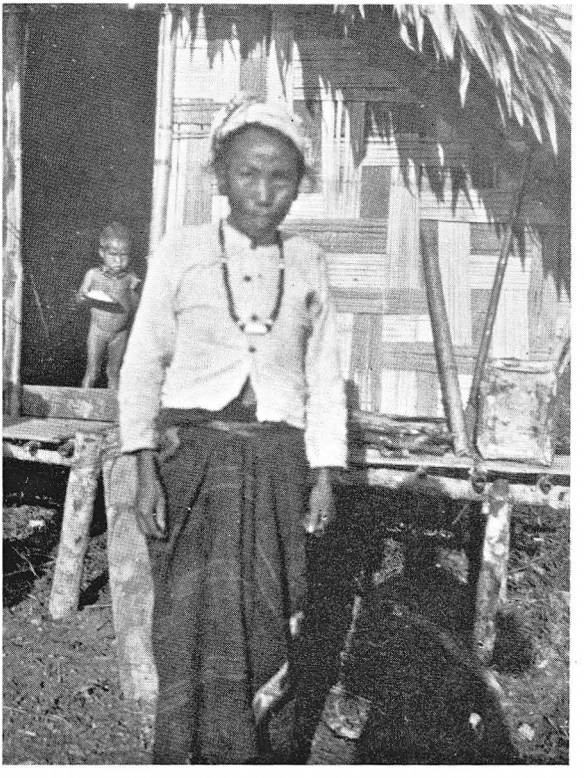
On October 18th, 1933, there took place the first baptism of one who was the direct product of the work undertaken by the Mission. Ma Hatu was a leper woman who was dissatisfied with the Nats because the sacrifices made to them were of no avail to save her eldest child from death. While in this state, she came to the hospital to see if anything could be done for her leprosy. The doctor had a hut built for her, and for months tended her with daily treatment. Daily she attended prayers and responded to the love shown to her, till one day she could say that the Blood of Jesus had cleansed her, and she asked for baptism. Her son of fourteen tried to forbid her, but she stood her ground, and it was a joyful day when, largely restored to outward health, she was baptised by Mr. Crouch, and later returned to witness in her village.

The joy was marred by the fact that the doctor, who had done so much for her, was too ill to be present at her baptism. While dealing with a septic case he had pricked his finger, and thought no more about it till a day or two later inflammation set up and the whole hand became acutely poisoned. Mr. Stileman was about to leave for furlough, and on arrival at Kamaing lost no time in wiring for the doctor from Mohnyin. Dr Russell left within a few hours, and by forced marches reached Nding Ga, where he met Col. Middleton West being brought down. God wonderfully answered prayer for the journey, and from Shadu Zup the party were able to come down the river on a raft. Although the rains were hardly over, the patient was on the operating table at Mohnyin, and the necrosed finger removed, within a week of leaving Maingkwan, and though still weak from his very serious illness, he was able to meet his wife and daughter at Rangoon early in December, when they arrived for a cold weather visit to the Hukawng.

In January, 1934, when the Doctor was able to return after convalescing, Miss Collyer joined the staff, and was of great assistance in the medical work. It was not till the rains of 1935 that further baptisms took place, when at last there was a break in the neighbouring village of Tawngkai: first the son of the headman, a boy of fourteen named Ma Tang, who showed great promise, and then his father, who was marvellously delivered from the power of opium. Another young man, working on the compound at the time, was also baptised.

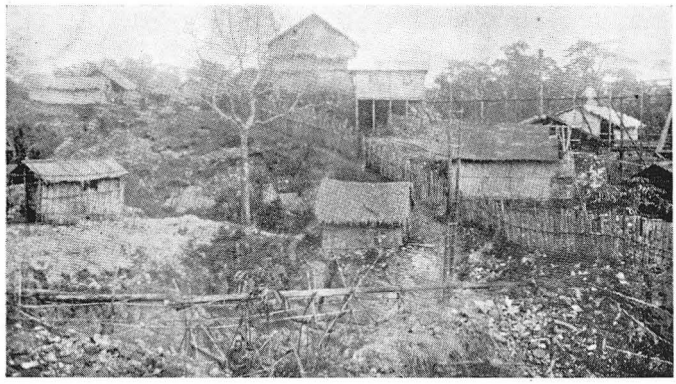
In the spring of 1936, after the return of Col. Middleton West from furlough, during which Dr. Johnston, a new recruit, had been in charge of the medical work, a school supported by a system of voluntary taxation throughout the valley was started in Maingkwan. It was providential that a keen Christian master was secured from Bhamo, and his example and witness have been of great support to the Mission. It was touching that, although he had a wife and family to support on a small salary, he recently sacrificed a whole month's pay for the extension of God's Kingdom in the work of the Mission. Ma Tang, the young Christian baptised the previous year, is also witnessing in the school, which he has joined as a pupil.

Kum Zau Gam, trained for three years in the Bible School, whose home is in the valley, has now settled in Maingkwan after being attached to the Mission for over a year as an evangelist; while another boy, trained in the Bible School, a Naga—Dang Sham—has been helping Col. Middleton West and Mr. Stileman (now reinforced by a wife!) with the reduction of his own Naga dialect to writing, and the translation of the Gospels into that dialect. Meanwhile the ban on missionaries entering the Naga Hills is still in force, and the present attitude of Government is that the ban will remain until the Naga Hills become properly administered. It is estimated that there may be 100,000 Nagas on the Burma side of the Assam border, most of whom cannot be reached until sanction is given to enter in. When the time comes, there must be men available who have already passed out of the tenderfoot age and have had some experience on the borders of Naga teritory. Every year a consider-



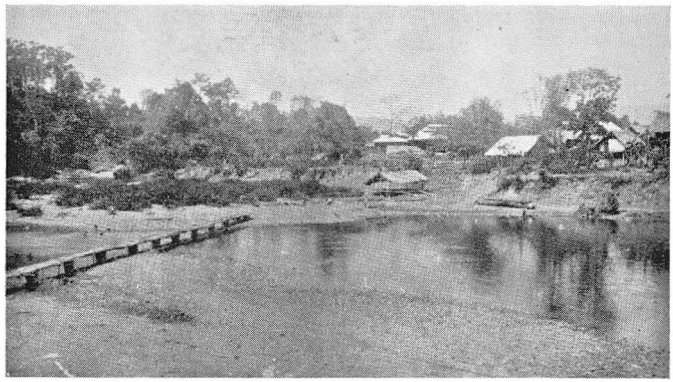
THE LEPER WOMAN

(*See p.* 159)



THE JADE MINES, TAWMAW

(*See p.* 163)



THE UGU RIVER, LONKIN

(*See p.* 163)

able number of Nagas came to Mainkwan for trading purposes; and most of them visit the dispensary for medicine, and invite the missionaries to pay them a visit in their mountain fastnesses.

Meanwhile the Mission in the Hukawng has suffered losses, first by the retirement of Mr. and Mrs. Crouch, and more recently by the retirement of its honoured founder (in the spring of 1937), who has borne the burden and heat of the day in a physically exacting pioneer work begun in middle life. "Who follows in his train?"

The leper convert passed into the presence of the King during 1935; but a year later another leper woman arrived on the compound for treatment with her husband, an opium addict for forty years. Both have found what they did not come to seek—a change of heart; and the husband has been delivered from opium. Others in the neighbouring village are being prepared for baptism, while the headman prays unceasingly that his wife and eldest son and daughters may also be converted.

The physical conditions are just as hard as they ever were, with the exception of the early days when no accommodation existed; but surely there are signes of a break in the spiritual hardness of some, at least, when the leper and the opium-sodden derelict can come to the feet of Jesus and find cleansing and renewing there!

CHAPTER XV

THE SOURCE OF THE WORLD'S JADE

LONKIN (1930-36)

"Doth the road winde up hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey last the livelong day?
From morning until night, my friend."
Arthur Hugh Clough.

"I should like to remark that in heathen lands it might still perhaps be the wiser course to preach constantly the supremacy of Christ over all things spiritual and material, than to deny or deride the very notion of these spirits."
Rev. Roland Allen in *Missionary Methods.*

IT is a remarkable fact that though jade is generally associated with China, and has always been valued more highly in that country than anywhere else, so that even to-day the jade market is dependent upon China, this precious stone is nowhere to be found in China proper.

One of the oldest and most important jade-producing districts is in the K'un Lun Mountains, in Turkestan, and it was from this district that much of the early Chinese source of supply came. It was in the thirteenth century that a small trader from Yunnan, while travelling in Burma, picked up a stone to balance the weight of his pack mule, and this stone was later found to be jade of great value. For several centuries attempts were made to get at jade in larger quantities; but hostile tribesmen and the ravages of malaria frequently resulted in whole parties from China being wiped out, and it was not till 1784 that a regular trade in jade began between Burma and China.

From this time onwards, in spite of thousands of deaths in the attempt, jade has been regularly extracted from its main source of supply in Burma, and carried by different routes into China. At first the extraction was carried out

by local Kachins, who were always regarded as the legal owners, while Chinese traders and Burmese middlemen bought the jade on the spot and saw to its removal. The right bank of the Uyu River, which flows into the Chindwin at Homalin, was the most profitable field, and jade was and is still obtained there by digging pits at the side of the river, and pumping out with bamboo tubes the water that soon filters in. After digging a square of 10 feet, about 12 feet deep, and constantly pumping the water out, a pit is usually abandoned if nothing is found. In past years a great deal of jade was also obtained by diving in the river itself.

The scene of operations frequently changes, and mushroom villages crop up when someone obtains an unusually valuable piece of stone. In the last years the most popular digging ground has been a few miles to the west of Lonkin (on the Uyu River) in the direction of Tawmaw. Here the ground is honeycombed with pits, and the get-rich-quick population feverishly digs, but makes no attempt to shore up the sides of pits, with frequent collapse and landslides as the result.

All this form of open-surface extraction is more properly quarrying than mining, and the only jade mines in the world with subterranean digging are to be found at Tawmaw, where jade was discovered for the first time about 1880. The usual route now followed by jade traders is via Mogaung and Kamaing to Nanya, thirteen miles further on. From here there are another twenty miles of road, crossing two ranges of hills, before Lonkin is reached, by a much worn mule track; and Tawmaw is nine miles beyond, in the hills. Pahkan, where most of the jade is taxed, is six miles from Lonkin, on the bank of the Uyu River.

The ruler of all this territory is the Kansi Duwa, the most influential and wealthy of all Kachin chiefs, who is the sole proprietor of all jade in the area, and levies a 10 per cent tax on all that is sold. He is left largely independent in his domain, and keeps a few local police to maintain order and assist his official tax collectors. Comparatively few of the local Kachins now dig jade: perhaps they are disillusioned, for most of the parties who come up

for the season return empty; but opium smoking and drinking and selling of chyaru (fermented rice water) are more common than elsewhere, and the hearts of the people often seem as hard as the jade for which their country is famous.

Colours of jade vary from pale yellow (a pure white is on record) through different shades of green to jet black, while mauves and pinks also abound. With scientific mining at Tawmaw, the jade, in the rough masses of rock in which it is found, can be obtained in quantities far beyond the amount required by the present market; and though a really good stone can always be sold at a high price, for several years mining at Tawmaw has been in abeyance, and was only revived in the 1936 season, in the hope that more settled conditions in China may open up a fresh market. Chinese pack mules, which daily carry goods up to the mines from Kamaing or Nanya, bring down the smaller lumps of jade rock still uncut; but often a massive rock, which when cut at Mogaung or elsewhere may prove of little value, is carried down in stages by as many as forty coolies, among whom the weight is ingeniously distributed by a complicated system of ropes and bamboo poles.

Since the beginning of the last century, Mogaung has been the headquarters of the jade trade; and while a good deal of jade is still bartered on the spot, most of it is brought down to Mogaung to be valued, and probably resold. Here the Chinese traders gather early in November, and from here they depart at the close of the season in May, when mining is impossible owing to flooding by the heavy rains.

Our attention had been drawn to the needs of this area on the voyage from England in 1924, by meeting on board Mr. Chater, the first to attempt scientific mining of jade at Tawmaw, almost alongside the amazing Chinese tunnellings, where pneumatic drilling is combined with the most primitive and precarious arrangements for the safety of the worker. No doubt if we had opened our first station at Kamaing, as at one time seemed likely, we should have taken an early opportunity of investigating; but it was not till March 1928 that in the company of Messrs. Crittle

and Fowler we made a preliminary tour through the jade mines area. Apart from the Rev. N. Woodbury, of the A.B.M., who paid a visit in 1922, we were the first missionaries to enter the territory of the Kansi Duwa. On this tour we visited Lonkin, where the Duwa showed himself very friendly, and while refraining from attending himself, called in all his headmen from the villages round to listen to the Gospel. He paid us, however, a ceremonial visit at the Government Rest House, bringing with him his two sons, the one by his Jinghpaw wife, banished to the village of Kansi, some miles up the river, and the other by the Shan wife who lives with him and exercises great authority over her husband. The boys have since grown into young men, and to avoid any future quarrels on the death of the father, the Jinghpaw son has been made to take a Shan wife, and the Shan son a Jinghpaw wife. Lonkin itself is largely Shan, and there are many Shan villages intermingled with the Jinghpaw villages scattered all over the territory.

From Lonkin we passed on to Tawmaw, and had the temerity to enter the Chinese mine. Almost crawling along a narrow passage, lit by fitful oil lamps at intervals, and often ankle deep in slimy yellow mud, which also got into our hair and clothes as it dropped from the slimy roof, we eventually came to the spot where digging was proceeding, but we were glad to get out into the open air again, when we saw overhanging masses of rock shored up by bits of matchboard. From Tawmaw we marched twelve miles direct to reach the River Uyu at Mamon, and from there followed the river bank through Pahkan back to Lonkin. Arrived back at Lonkin, we spent three days exploring the immediate neighbourhood, being convinced that this was a most strategic spot for work in the jade mines.

Mr. and Mrs. Rushton felt the call to this needy area, and in the following years plans began to take shape, after Mr. Rushton had himself been up and ascertained that there was no place better situated than Lonkin for reaching the Jinghpaw population. Sawpits were prepared and a good deal of timber laid in store in the cold season of 1929-30, but some was eaten by white ants, and the Chinese con-

tractor who had undertaken the work absconded with the money which had to be given him for obtaining materials in advance of building. The site chosen on the bank of the river near the Shan village of Lonkin proved unsuitable, partly owing to its liability to flooding; and it was not till October, 1930, after my return from furlough, that Mr. Rushton and I procured the site on which the present bungalow stands—a hill overlooking the paddy plain of Lonkin, on the opposite side of the river from the village itself, but only a few hundred yards from the Jinghpaw village of that name.

Mr. and Mrs. Rushton and their baby, David, had been at Kamaing during the rainy season, while Mr. and Mrs. Crittle were on furlough. As building would be delayed without adequate supervision, and Mr. Rushton had considerable building knowledge, the family set out from Kamaing on December 15th, 1930, the baby being carried in a chair, and settled in the Government Rest House until the Mission House could be completed. They received a warm welcome from the local inhabitants, and much interest was evinced in the white woman and her baby. Writing on January 1st, 1931, Mr. Rushton said:

> "Lonkin is a lovely place, and the people in and around it are very friendly. Within a radius of two miles are six Kachin villages, and further off villages almost innumerable. Our reception has been a friendly one, the Kachins seeming to rejoice in the fact that at last there is someone whose sole purpose is to benefit instead of exploit them. They have come for medicine, and have brought gifts of eggs and sugar cane, and all are glad to welcome us; our baby David is proving to be no small attraction to them. To-day a man from a district six days' journey away gave me a most cordial welcome to his territory, saying how glad his people would be to meet and hear a 'teacher of God'."

Much of Mr. Rushton's time was taken up with supervising and hurrying on the building, and at one time it looked as if it could not be completed before the rainy

season set in. The earthquakes which were occurring at such frequent intervals at Kamaing were felt with only less intensity at Lonkin.

At the beginning of February, returning from the Hukawng over the mountains several days' journey to the north of Lonkin, I was able to see the progress of the work on my way to Kamaing. Ma Yaw and I had travelled, self-contained on two ponies, and instead of taking two days from Tăsu Bum as I had calculated, it took us three days' hard riding and marching over very rough and steep ground to get to Lonkin. While we had opportunities of preaching in a number of villages, and saw the Uyu River not far from its source, we realised as never before that much hard physical labour awaited the pioneer missionaries at Lonkin, as they set forth to make known the Gospel in some of these inaccessible mountain fastnesses, so cut off from Government control that poppy was being openly grown for local opium consumption.

Early in May the family were able at last to move into the house, though a few weeks before Baby Ruth had been born, while still in the Rest House: fortunately Dr. and Mrs. Russell were able to be in attendance. All the time preaching was going on, and later Mrs. Rushton was able to hold a class for women; but the depredations of cattle on the unfenced compound, apart from the inroads of wild cats on the chicken run, made it impossible in those early days to grow vegetables, and the family suffered as regards diet during the rainy season, when malaria also took its toll of health. It was a weary party, much bespattered with mud, that arrived in Kamaing towards the end of the rainy season, preparatory to going home on a much-needed furlough.

The Rev. and Mrs. T. Fowler, with their baby son Peter, who had taken the Rushton's place at Kamaing until the Crittles returned, now took charge at Lonkin. The work continued without any spectacular result until Mr. Rushton returned alone in the autumn of 1932, leaving his wife and family in England until they had further recuperated. He was joined by a new recruit, Mr. Waterson, and during the ensuing year the bachelor party was able to do more

extensive itineration than heretofore. Mr. Rushton noted a welcome change in the characteristic hard indifference met with previously:

> "The people of our immediate vicinity have changed their opinion somewhat concerning our teaching. Always friendly, but reluctant to acknowledge any merit in Christianity, they now quite openly confess that the 'Yēsu' way is good, whilst their own is 'not good'; but none of them is as yet willing to make a break with the old ways."

It was distressing to see opium- and drink-sodden men and women utterly unable to save themselves from total wreckage; and the atmosphere created by the imported mining population was anything but helpful, while lawlessness and crime abounded. But the Lord was beginning His own mighty work in the heart of a cripple boy, a virtual slave of the Duwa, and living in his house. Mr. Rushton visited the house daily to teach him to read: he found an unusually intelligent and apt pupil, for Ma Gam Kăji (little or unimportant Ma Gam), as he was called, had already taught himself to read and write Burmese, and acted as his master's secretary. Not only did he learn to read, but drank in the message, and when at last the happy possessor of his own New Testament, he spent most of his time studying the Word of God for himself. There came the time when he declared his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, but when asking permission to be baptised he was met with a definite refusal by the Duwa and his wife. That did not prevent him from witnessing, however, and as his infirmity confined him to the house, and there was a constant succession of visitors to be accommodated by his master, he was able to reach a large number and tell them of his new-found joy in Christ.

Early in 1934 Mr. Rushton had the joy of welcoming back his wife and family, reinforced by "Michael," nearly a year old. It was my privilege in April to pay a flying visit to Lonkin and to see Ma Gam Kăji for the first time. He had been lent a box harmonium, and amazed me by

being able to pick out any tune he knew; for whatever other talents the average Jinghpaw possesses, he is not musical. It was delightful to find how much he had grown in the things of God, and to hear that the Duwa had at last given permission for the baptism to take place. It was obvious that the break was beginning to come, as one was taken round to various houses where interest was being shown.

Ma Gam Kăji was baptised with a companion the following month, and the Duwa's wife, who had always been more definitely opposed than her husband, was sufficiently impressed by the change in the boy's life to be present herself at the baptism. His companion was a Chinese, Wan Chan Mee, who as a youth in his home town of Anking had heard the Gospel, and unavailingly besought his parents' permission to be baptised. Now after many years, and when thousands of miles from home, he wandered into a house in Pahkan and saw a copy of *The Way of Salvation*, in Burmese, left by Mr. Rushton. Enquiring where such literature could be obtained, he set off for the Mission House, and was introduced to the Saviour whom long he had sought. In November, 1934, there were added to the Church by baptism, three more Jinghpaws and two Burmese, a man and his wife, who had been brought into touch with Christ through the hospital at Mohnyin, but had now opened a small shop not far from Lonkin.

On a recent visit to Lonkin, towards the end of 1936, the progress of the work during the last two years was evident to an onlooker. Without any medical training Mr. Rushton has been compelled to undertake all sorts of medical and surgical work that would normally be regarded as the exclusive field of a doctor: accidents over jade, not to mention fights between drunken or avaricious treasure-seekers, result in wounds that often require stitching, while not infrequently cases badly mauled by tigers are brought in for repairs. Some of the more chronic cases are sent down to the hospital at Mohnyin, if they can be induced to go; and one Shan thus sent has recently been baptised at Mohnyin after first hearing the Gospel at Lonkin. A neat little dispensary put up recently, largely from funds

collected locally, is the scene of the daily treatment of patients and the preaching of the Gospel. Hkămaw Gam, originally converted while Mr. Rushton was at Kamaing, after doing three years in the Bible School, has for over a year been his right-hand helper at Lonkin, both in preaching, teaching Christians to read, and dispensing medicine. For the last-named service he is getting quite a reputation locally.

The little Christian Church has grown in numbers and includes young and old, though still many interested Jinghpaws hold back from the step of public confession of faith in Christ. A material church, badly needed to accommodate those who come to services on Sunday, is also going up rapidly on the compound, under Mr. Rushton's expert supervision.

The need of workers for the Shans had long been felt, and it had been Miss Parker's wish to start work in this area with Miss Bond, in the autumn of 1935; but God had other plans for her, and it was not till the autumn of 1936 that Miss Bond, with a new recruit, Miss Brierley, was able to carry out her friend's wish. There was some doubt whether single ladies would be allowed to work unprotected in this somewhat lawless area, but permission has been granted, and it is hoped that the two Shan workers, with Mr. Rushton still leading the Mission, may settle in their own Shan home in Athetkin, a Shan village, two miles up the river from Lonkin, where they have already been given a welcome by local Shans.

But perhaps the most encouraging development has been that at Pahkan, where Wan Chan Mee has been so faithfully witnessing. Together with the Shan workers and Mr. Rushton, I had the privilege of being present at the weekly dispensary held there. One might almost have been transported to China, as most of the inhabitants and the patients who came were Chinese. In one small room looking on the street we assembled, and the Gospel was proclaimed in Chinese by Wan Chan Mee, whose very face was a benediction, and then in Shan by a fine Christian, converted elsewhere, but now settled in the neighbourhood. Long-standing ulcers, decayed teeth, sprains, malaria, etc., were

treated, and it was obvious that this outstation clinic was fulfilling a need. Best of all was the privilege of meeting no less than six Chinese men and women who have been brought to Christ through the influence of this first convert. The Christians are hoping soon to put up their own church building, in spite of the local Buddhist opposition.

Early in the new year the Bishop hopes to visit Lonkin for the first confirmations ever held there, and so in this stronghold of Satan, where much jade in the rough must still to be extracted, precious stones are being gathered out, and by the working of the Holy Spirit are beginning to reflect the glory of the Lord.

CHAPTER XVI

A NEW VENTURE BY THE SEA

ARAKAN (1930-36)

"The King's business required haste."
1 Samuel xxi. 8.

"Surely if one of the privileges of Christianity is to preach the Gospel to the poor, these degraded, superstitious, poverty-stricken tribes in the hills have a special claim on us. The fact that their languages are not yet reduced to writing constitutes a challenge to all who believe that the oracles of God have been committed unto them for the enlightenment of all men."
Rev. W. C. B. Purser in *Christian Missions in Burma*, 1913.

"THE Eastern or Arakan coast of the Bay of Bengal has long had an evil name, second only to the corresponding west coast of Africa," is the opinion expressed by an American writer in 1880; and though Arakan became a British possession after the first Burmese War in 1824, and thus had the opportunity of better administration and development, the evil name has stuck to it for many years, and even to-day it is popularly regarded as a country to be avoided by Europeans.

Actual experience has proved that malaria is no more rampant than in the northern region of Burma, and though the heavy rains (as much as 250 inches in some parts), and liability to tempestuous cyclones, make the monsoon period very trying, internal communications are not interrupted to any great extent, because all-the-year-round river-travelling is customary, and the health record of our missionaries is not a bad one.

External communication with Burma proper is still to all intents and purposes only by the sea route from Rangoon, a journey of three days; and during the rainy season this communication until a year or so ago was reduced to

the visit of a weekly boat to Akyab, the principal port, and headquarters of the Arakan Division.

Progress in the air has, however, altered this and stimulated competition by sea, so that during the rains of 1934 a bi-weekly steamer service between Rangoon, Akyab and Chittagong (in Bengal) was maintained, and Akyab has within recent years become one of the important air ports of the East. Practically all airplanes travelling east from Calcutta call at Akyab; and while the Dutch and French planes regularly pass through on their way to and from Batavia and Saigon respectively, there is the bi-weekly air mail from England run by the Indian Transcontinental Airways in conjunction with the Imperial Airways.

The prayers of several years culminated in the visit of Mr. Hacking in April, 1929, to spy out the land. Landing at Akyab, with its 38,000 Arakanese and Bengalis, he first visited Rathidaung and Buthidaung, the two main centres on the Mayu River, which flows down to Akyab from the north. In addition to this important river there are two others, which flow into the wide harbour of Akyab (the actual mouth of the Mayu River is further north), the Kaladan from the north-east and the Lemro from the east. Mr. Hacking sailed up the Kaladan River on one of the steam launches of the Arakan Flotilla Co. as far as Paletwa, the headquarters of the Arakan Hill Tracts, and from there did some rough touring over hills in the territory of the Khumis, one of the Chin tribes of that area, before returning to Akyab and Rangoon. He was greatly impressed with the need, and asked to be transferred to Arakan as soon as the way opened.

It was on April 10th, 1930, that Mr. and Mrs. Hacking, who had been married a few months before, arrived in Akyab, where by arrangement with the Bishop, Mr. Hacking was to act as lay chaplain to the European population, while making enquiries about the most strategic spot to open as a Mission Station. The intention was to remain in Akyab only for the rainy season; but actually it was more than a year before the first B.C.M.S. Station in Arakan could be opened, and meanwhile contacts were made and friendships formed in Akyab, which have been invaluable

in the extension of the Mission since. It was some time since a resident chaplain had been stationed in Akyab; and the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Hacking put new life into the services.

A year later, when the Bishop paid a rare visit to Akyab, he was greatly impressed with this experiment of lay chaplaincy work, and writing of the future expressed the wish that "B.C.M.S. should be willing to post one of their missionaries in Akyab. Fifty years ago Popham Plyth, later Bishop in Jerusalem, suggested that Akyab should be the headquarters of three or four European missionaries, and his dream may yet be fulfilled. The B.C.M.S. are hoping to occupy Minbya next month, and in the next few years we may hope to see more missionaries coming to Arakan. Whether Akyab is the best place for the headquarters of such a Mission may or may not be the case; but B.C.M.S. will certainly find it a very great strength to their work to be pastorally responsible for our fellow-countrymen in Akyab, whose influence as Government officers or merchants deeply affects the surrounding district either for good or ill."'

I arrived in Akyab to consult with the Hackings a few weeks after they had settled in, to find the town in somewhat of a ferment owing to the recent rising in Chittagong. However, Mrs. Hacking cheerfully remained in the Parsonage, while the two men went off on a tour of investigation. One realised then for the first time the physical nature of the task that lay ahead, and wrote at the close of the tour:

> "It was not until I actually saw for myself that I realised how utterly dependent on the waterways are the towns and villages. Roads, as such, are practically non-existent: the rivers are the roads, and are navigable for hundreds of miles. When we made a two-days' trek across country by mountain path in order to avoid four days of river travelling to reach the same place, we understood afterwards why the people regarded us as madmen, and began to think there was some truth in their idea! The river is tidal for two days' journey up the Kaladan River, and all the rivers seem to be con-

nected by cross tributaries that are as wide as the main rivers themselves. It is only natural that most of the towns and villages are to be found on the river banks; and it is obvious that for any extensive evangelistic work a motor boat will be not only invaluable, but almost essential."*

On this tour, Paletwa was revisited, and part of the Chin territory on the Lemro River; but though Mr. Hacking felt drawn to the tribal work rather than to the Arakanese, there were many obstacles to be removed, and it seemed obvious that 900,000 Arakanese Buddhists and others, however proud and indifferent, should be tackled before the more inaccessible 50,000 odd Chins of various tribes. Kyauktaw, some eight hours' steaming up the Kaladan from Akyab, seemed to be the most suitable centre for Arakanese work. But at the time no land for building was available; and eventually Mr. Hacking, after visiting other possible centres, decided on Minbya, forty miles up the Lemro River from Akyab. At the outset it was shown that the devil, who had had things his own way for so long, was not going to yield without a struggle; and when application was made to Government for a piece of waste land, the Town Committee objected that it would be disadvantageous to the Buddhist religion. The application was again held up through the malicious removal of the stakes which marked out the site, and which are required to remain while objections to the grant of land are called for by Government. Later, when building operations began and a cart was imported from Akyab for transporting sand and stone, a special by-law was passed by the Town Committee which practically precluded the cart from being used.

However, the building could not be indefinitely held up; and on May 28th, 1931, Mr. Hacking settled in Minbya, his wife joining him later after recuperating from the effects of the hot weather. At first large crowds attended

* In answer to an appeal, a generous anonymous gift of £300 was received, with which eventually two boats with outboard motors were bought, and attached to the Missions at Paletwa and Minbya.

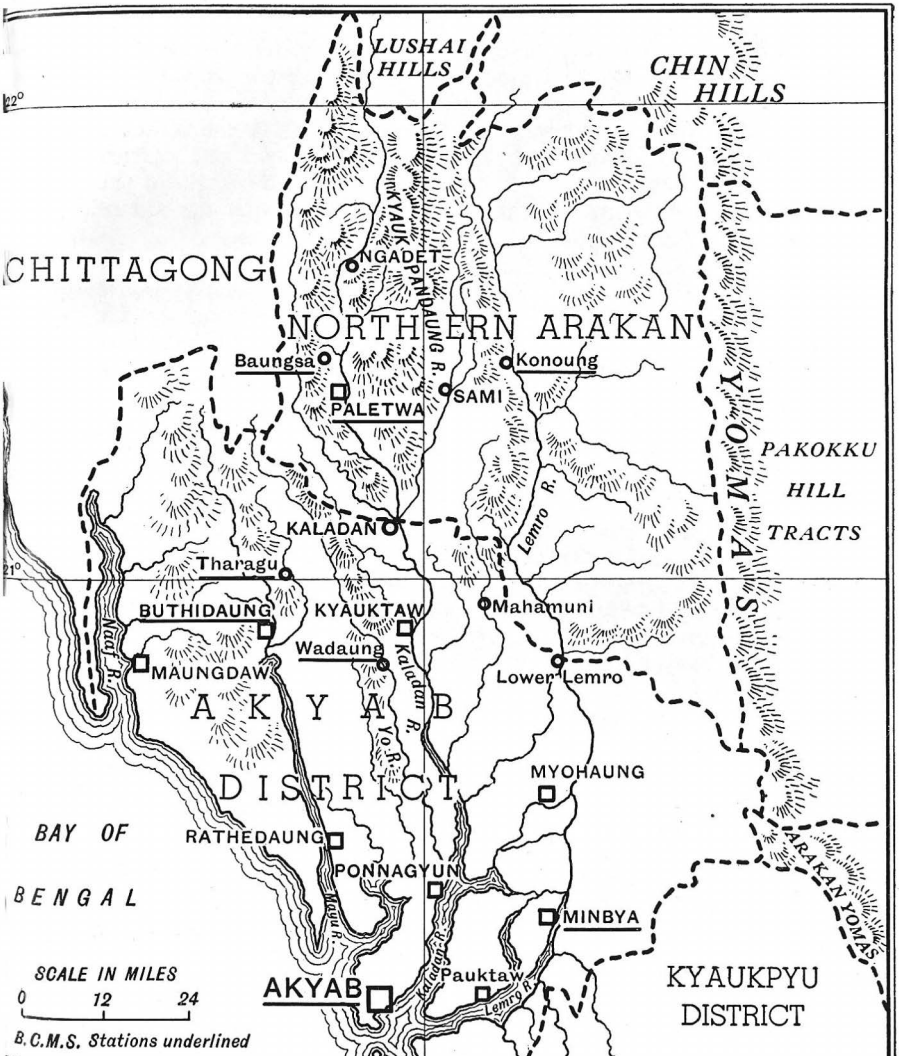
dispensary and Sunday services, mainly out of curiosity. But as curiosity died off, and active opposition was aroused, numbers dwindled and the workers went through a depressing period, when all seemed against them. However, a sense of humour and a strong faith in the ultimate triumph of Christ over the power of the evil one carried them through, and Mrs. Hacking wrote amusingly of the first attempt at holding a Sunday School with the aid of Chau Din, a Chin Christian boy aged eleven:

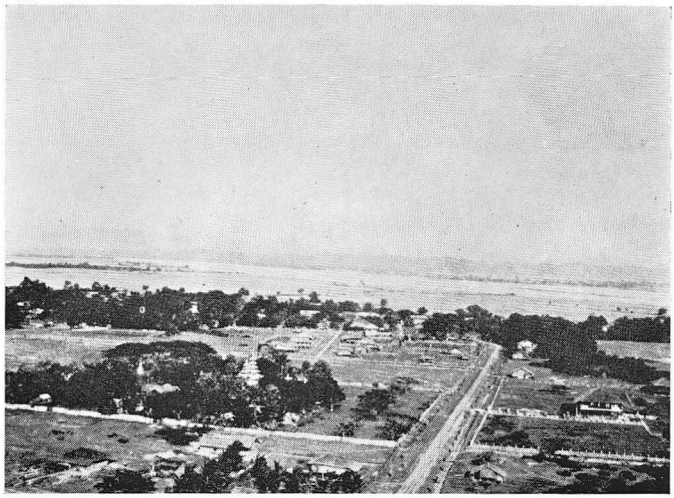
"We suggested to Chau Din that he should invite some of his friends to come along to the meeting. He promised to do so; and sure enough, as the gong was ringing for Sunday School at 4 p.m., up came the Chin boy with about five others running behind him. The reason why we have the meeting at 4 p.m. is that the Buddhist School, which is quite near our house, closes at this time, and there is an opportunity of attracting the attention of the school children as they go home.

"On this particular occasion we saw the children running out of school as usual, and all at once we missed Chau Din from the meeting room. We thought perhaps he had become tired of waiting, and had run outside to play. However, upon looking towards the other end of the compound we discovered what his plan was—he had run out into the road and had waylaid the school children, and we could see them in the distance standing on a small bridge, appearing to be holding a meeting: 'Shall we go, or shall we not go?' There was a pause: the matter was up for consideration! When suddenly, just like the tide rising over the sea shore, the whole crowd of them rushed into the compound and up the steps of the meeting room, and in a moment or two the small room looked almost full—over seventy little brown faces were turned eagerly towards the front of the room . . .

"Well, the meeting came to an end, and those seventy odd little balls of quicksilver ran out and away home. Just what they told their parents I do not know, but evidently something of our message was made public,

ARAKAN, BURMA





MINBYA (B.C.M.S. COMPOUND ON RIGHT)

(*See p.* 175)

KHUMI VILLAGE OF THARAGU

(*See p.* 177)

for do you know what happened the next Sunday? As usual, the gong was rung at 4 p.m., as the children were running out of school; suddenly we saw the whole crowd turn back and rush into school again—someone had called them back. In another few minutes they were out again running along the road towards our meeting room once more, but instead of rushing into our compound as before, everyone walked as fast as he could, and not a single boy came to the meeting! Why? When those children were called back into school, the headmaster had given the order that none of them was to come to our service; he even threatened to thrash anyone who dared to disobey. Well, it was very disheartening to us, but somehow we could not blame the schoolmaster, for he himself is a Buddhist, and naturally has no wish for those children to become Christian.

"For a week or two we had no children's service; during which time we discovered a few children who did not attend school, and were coming regularly to our dispensary for medicine: these few promised to come, so we started again on a much smaller scale than before. We now get about a dozen children each Sunday, but we thank God for these, and we believe this is the beginning of better and greater things in Arakan."

The Hackings began the study of the Arakanese dialect, which on first appearance seems a totally different language, and cannot be understood by the ordinary Burman. Actually the languages are the same at the root, and though there are many different colloquial words and phrases in Arakanese, and an "r" is always substituted for the Burmese "y," the Arakanese use Burmese literature only, and in the schools the children are taught to speak Burmese as well.

Towards the end of the rains, one of the immediate obstacles to Chin work was removed when a free-lance mission among the Khumis, begun by Mr. Rowlands, who was only able to come to Arakan for a few weeks every year, was handed over to our care, at least as regards the territory where work had been carried on. There were also

several Lushai* evangelists left stranded by an Indian Mission who were working in the Arakan Hill tracts and in the neighbourhood of Buthidaung. After some negotiations it was decided to be responsible for nine Lushai evangelists from the beginning of 1932. Meanwhile the Hackings had received the gift of a baby girl, Joan Barbara; and as always in the Mission Field, the advent of a white baby proved a great source of attraction, and perhaps tended to make the women of Minbya more friendly. The lonely workers also were strengthened at the close of the year by the arrival of the first recruit in Arakan, Mr. William Jarrold, who was definitely set apart for the difficult work among Arakanese Buddhists.

The supervision of the work already begun by Lushai evangelists involved the tackling of three hill tribes—the Awa Khumis of the Buthidaung area, who, according to their tradition, originally inhabited the hills and banks of the Kaladan River, but were driven out by the Ayaing (or Ahraing) Khumis, who still inhabit that area in the neighbourhood of Paletwa and further north; and the Mros, who are still to be found along the Mi Chaung, a river which joins the Kaladan from the north-east at the village of that name. Some doubt exists as to whether these people are really Mros or not, particularly as the Mrus, Mărus, or Mros (as they are variously called) of the Buthidaung area and the Chittagong Hill tracts seem to have an entirely different dialect. According to the 1931 census, there are about 31,000 Khumis and nearly 14,000 Mros.

These tribesmen are short, stocky little people; and the men wear just a tiny loincloth completed by a turban on the head, and flat, round, metal ear-rings. A short dah (sword) is stuck through the loincloth at the back, without a sheath. The dress of the women is much the same for the three tribes, with a little short, heavy skirt, of indigo or red woven material, and open at one side; while the upper garment consists either of a wide-ended tie round the neck

* The Lushai are a tribe in the neighbourhood of Manipur in Assam, where a very large number have become Christians, and have realised the responsibility of active witness.

(Ayaing Khumi) or a scarf-like piece of cloth, covering the chest and back and fastened on the left side only. In addition, the Ayaing women wear a prominent comb at the back of the hair, which gives a curious appearance to the head, as it protrudes.

All are animistic in belief, and intoxicating liquor (the usual fermented rice water) is drunk by old and young alike; while the tobacco grown in the dry season on the fertile banks of the rivers accounts for the universal habit of smoking with a bamboo pipe. Houses are built of bamboo, including the posts, owing to the shortage of other timber, and are well raised off the ground, the pigs, chickens, etc., sleeping underneath.

In April, 1932, when Mr. Hacking and I visited the Lushai evangelists in the Paletwa and Mi Chaung areas, the first Mro convert was baptised, and the story was told at the time in some *Pictures from Arakan*:

BY DUGOUT CANOE

"The river steam launch has heaved to, and late at night we have been set ashore at Kaladan, which gives its name to one of the three main rivers of Arakan. Next morning our way lies up the Mi River, a tributary where only dugouts can move, and that sometimes with difficulty, when the rainy season is so far behind. A smaller dugout takes most of the kit, the cook and the interpreter,* while a larger one, partly covered with bamboo matting, enables the two of us to recline uncomfortably in the bottom, and at least be somewhat protected from the sun. The river narrows; over and over again the two boat coolies (one poling, the other paddling) get out and push us over rapids; and far too frequently we have to get out ourselves into the rushing stream. Next day we are in bathing dress all day, and seem to be more often in the water than out of it. At intervals we pass villages perched on the steep sides of the river bank, and

* A young Christian Lushai, speaking English, the son of Kuaichika; by name Tuikhurliana. He is now employed as interpreter-evangelist at Paletwa.

look at the shy little people who gaze at us from behind trees or from their bamboo huts. Night finds us in a little hut by the side of the river, the boats drawn up on the shore. It is almost sunset on the second day when we arrive at Sămi, half Mro and half Chaungtha. The latter are Burmese-speaking Buddhists, and may be classed with the larger Arakanese problem; but it is the animistic Mros that we are just now seeking, and we are met by one of the Lushai evangelists who have recently come into our Mission. . . . Another night was spent on the shore at Sămi; but by 6.30 the next morning we were off with the Lushai evangelist to a village ten miles away in the hills, where he and his companion have settled. The path followed the bed of a stream, until it began climbing sheer up the hillside, becoming so narrow that it was only wide enough for one bare foot. Evidently the Mro knows the shortest distance between two points, and no zigzag relieves the situation. Floundering, slipping, sweating, panting, we climb up the mountain side, until just when we feel we can go no further, the village of Aungtaw, which is our objective, comes in view, and while the men and boys of the village gather round, we stretch our weary limbs on the bamboo floor of the guest hut which we are allowed to occupy.

"We had taken four hours to do the journey, but the coolies with the kit took seven! Meanwhile, the evangelists tried to satisfy our hunger with plain rice and plain tea. However hungry one is, boiled rice by itself cannot be consumed in very large quantities, but we were thankful to have that to stave off the pangs of hunger till the evening.

TIGER SCARES AND CHEWED CRICKETS

"In spite of our weariness, the night's sleep is rudely interrupted long before dawn; ear-piercing yells arouse us from the bamboo floor, and previous experience makes us realise that a tiger has been at work. As we gaze out into the darkness, now being lit up with bamboo torches, we see two green eyes as the tiger turns before

running off with his prey—a full-grown pig. The whole village follows in pursuit; but it is too late, and the father of Ambawi, the first boy convert of 17, is poorer by one of his best pigs. The raid is a marvel of speed, cunning and power: in a moment the tiger has torn a hole out of the bamboo wall, entered and slashed the pig's throat, and with the enormous pig between his teeth, has cleared the remaining four feet of wall at a bound and escaped into the jungle.

"Unfortunately, though it is only 3 a.m., the people do not go to sleep, but light fires outside and sit around them talking loudly. At dawn the men, armed with dahs and spears, set off in the track of the tiger, and, to our amazement, return in quite a short time with the carcase of the pig, dumped by the tiger in the jungle with a view to his evening meal. There is great rejoicing, and the pig is soon cut up and handed out, while the major portion is smoked over a slow fire. It looks as if all this excitement will interfere with the far more thrilling event of the baptism of Ambawi; but to our great joy his father, who when he first confessed his faith in Christ threatened to turn him out, actually came to the baptism, together with his mother and sister. The language problem is somewhat difficult to surmount, but finally the service is held in English, interpreted by the English-speaking Lushai into Lushai to one of the evangelists, who in his turns speaks in Mro. With Ambawi are baptised the two small children of the senior evangelist, Septawka.

"In the afternoon we meet at the Lord's Table, and in spite of the difference of race and language, realise our oneness in Christ. It is four years since the two evangelists and their wives had the privilege of attending the Lord's Supper. . . . The whole village is called to an evangelistic meeting in the evening, and though three languages have to be used to get the message home, they listen surprisingly well until the hut is invaded with the buzz of crickets, attracted by the lamp. At first the speaker could not understand why there should be such excitement and such rivalry in attempting to catch the invaders, until he saw one grabbed close at hand, and its

buzz being promptly suppressed between the teeth of the happy cruncher! Crickets are evidently considered a great food delicacy; and though it was impossible to continue the meeting, one knows that the Holy Spirit can bring to their remembrance the message they heard, long after their primitive material wants have been supplied.

"So ended a happy Sunday spent in these wild surroundings; the night was again disturbed with, happily, a fruitless raid by the tiger, at the other end of the village, and long before dawn we were on the march back to the plains and our dugout canoes.

PALETWA AND THE KHUMIS

"It is a bright moonlight night, two nights later, and we are still in our dugout canoe, but on the broad Kaladan River making for Paletwa, the headquarters of the Arakan Hill tracts. Although we are tired after a long day's journey, and our bedding is spread on the floor of the canoe, the night is too lovely to tempt us to sleep, and we sit amidships, watching the light of the moon dancing on the water and the banks completely covered with myriads of fireflies, which give the appearance of thousands of little artificial lamps at a distance. While our coolies paddle away, for an hour or so we sing hymns to our hearts' content, and praise the Creator of this marvellous Universe, until at last we turn in to get what sleep we can before arriving at Paletwa at dawn.

"The tribespeople of the immediate neighbourhood are Khumis; and though we have both made their acquaintance before, we are now to see them at, we hope, their worst, for we have arrived on a day of sacrifice to the spirits. The goriness of the sacrifice itself fades beside the filthy state into which the people have reduced themselves in honour of the spirits. The main object of men and women alike seems to be to get disgustingly drunk; in the hut where the sacrificial bullock has been cut up, a crowd is congregating round a long row of earthenware pots filled to the brim with liquor, and all

day they will go on drinking, and carrying on their disgusting orgies, while the women smear their bodies with white lime, which adds to their revolting appearance. Outside, those less drunk than the others dance round the shrine; the dance is very slow and consists of a shuffling of the feet to the right, and a bending and straightening of the knees, to the accompaniment of the monotonous drone of instruments made out of gourds and bamboos. No one in his senses who has seen such a sight can doubt the power of Satan or the need for the Gospel of Christ, which alone can deliver these people from the power of the evil one himself.

"Four miles away, we visit the Khumi village of Lavoi, where the evangelist Pabuanga has built a little church, and better still, introduces to us some of the twenty who want to become Christians. Alas! as we speak to them bu interpretation, we find that many of them have not realised experimentally the power of Christ to break this awful drink curse; but there is a wistful look on the faces of some, and Pabuanga's faithful witness is obviously bearing fruit."

On this occasion only a flying visit could be paid to Tharagu, some twenty-five miles north of Buthidaung, where four of the new evangelists were working, including Kuaichika, the senior and father of our interpreter, Tuikhurliana; who, speaking English well, made it possible to communicate with all concerned. Two of these men were afterwards transferred to the village of Wadaung, in the neighbourhood of Kyauktaw. We found one old Awa Khumi, Baw Hkang by name, who had broken with his spirit worship and taken refuge in the Rock of Ages.

Meanwhile there was a prospect of branching out in other directions. Mr. Craddock, after ordination and serving a short curacy in Rangoon, took up Arakanese, but at the same time became responsible for the Chaplaincy in Akyab, and paid monthly visits from Minbya. Mr. Francis, who had also arrived at the end of 1932, and who for years had been interested in work among Moslems, was set apart to tackle the neglected problem of 330,000 Bengali Moslems

who have gradually settled in Arakan. While Minbya was not the best centre, there were plenty of Bengalis in the neighbourhood, and Mr. Francis spent the whole of the following cold season, after attending the language school in Darjeeling during the rains, in a converted cow-shed, in a near-by Bengali village, so as to get down to the difficulties of the local dialect, which differs so much from pure Bengali.

In February, 1933, we had a conference for the Lushai evangelists at Minbya. The object was to get them together for fellowship and discussion and establish a common basis of teaching, for some were already hoping to prepare converts for baptism. At the time we reported:

"We had a fine time with the nine Lushai evangelists in a conference lasting from Saturday to the following Thursday. We had two sessions a day, of two hours each, and it was fairly strenuous, as I had to speak by interpretation the whole time. We went right through the Church Catechism in detail with full Scripture references, discussing as we went along its bearing on their own lives and those among whom they are working. I added a short supplementary catechism on Almsgiving, Confirmation, and the Ministry of the Church. . . . I was very pleased to find how well grounded many of them seemed to be in the Word of God, and I feel sure that this Conference was well worth while. . . .

"On the last day we had a most touching scene. Of their own accord, the evangelists asked that their income might be tithed at the source and the money given to the extension of the work. They had been investigating their areas, and asked that as soon as possible two more evangelists should be appointed to start work among another tribe. Then one by one they came up to the table with money they had put aside for God's work. The leader, Kuaichika, brought us Rs 25, and between them they brought up Rs 73, while two of them said they had Rs 80 which had been collected during the last two years, and which they were going to send in to Minbya. One is sure that the Lord will reward their voluntary

sacrifice; the highest is paid Rs 25 per month and the lowest Rs 15. These initial gifts went a long way towards paying off the travelling expenses of the Conference."

Towards the end of the year, when Mr. and Mrs. Hacking had gone on furlough, Mr. Jarrold accompanied me when we visited Tharagu, and stayed two nights in this Awa Khumi village: it was a time of rejoicing, for not only the old man Baw Hkang, but two young men, Luke and Kipoh, were baptised. Baw Hkang had suffered much persecution, having several times been thrown down the stairs from his son's house, where he lived, and frequently deprived of food, because he refused to deny Christ. It was a joyful day for him, and it was touching when he produced his one and only rupee as a thank-offering to God. But bitter persecution broke out soon after our departure: the old man died in the Faith, but the two young men fell away under the strain, one of them having his wife taken from him forcibly. While Kipoh longs for strength to come back, neither of them to-day is making any outward profession of Christianity. We who have never been under the power of the evil one as these devil worshippers are, can little realise the malign influences that are brought to bear on those who dare to brave tribal opposition.

From Buthidaung we returned to Akyab, and up the Kaladan River to Paletwa, where the site was being cleared for building, in view of Mr. and Mrs. Hacking's approaching return; and then on to Lavoi, where the party from Sami were also to meet us. It was a great joy to welcome Saptawka with his completed translation of St. Matthew's Gospel into Mro, and with him the first convert, Ambawi, and two new Mro converts, one of whom was the son of the headman at Aungtaw. In addition to the baptisms and Holy Communion, we had a marriage in the little bamboo church, that of the interpreter, Tuikhurliana, to the eldest daughter of Pabuanga. At an evangelistic service the address was delivered in English, translated into Lushai, and then again passed on in Mro and Khumi, and whether by the message itself or the curious sounds of different languages, the attendance of the audience was held throughout.

Pabuanga had to inform us sadly that none of the former twenty enquirers had kept on: the curse of the drink had been too great for them, and though some still attended services, the majority had gone back altogether.

At the end of 1933 the Rev. W. B. and Mrs. Moffet arrived from England, and settled at Minbya for the preliminary study of Arakanese before being permanently transferred to undertake the work of the missionary chaplaincy at Akyab in the following July. Apart from the earlier ministry of the Hackings, the ground had been well prepared by the indefatigable energy of Mr. Craddock, who had begun to gather together for a monthly service any Burmese or others who showed any interest in the things of God. It was a great loss to the work when Mr. Craddock, who had settled temporarily in a Burmese house at Kyauktaw, fell ill while on holiday in India and had to be invalided home.

St. Mark's Church, Akyab, is the oldest church in the Diocese, and was built in the days when the town supported a much larger European population than it does now. As Mr. Moffet's main work was to tackle the problem of the indigenous city population, a house not far from the church, and in the centre of the town, bordering on the European Cantonment on the one hand, and the native city on the other, was rented for the time being, as the Parsonage was too far away from the city to make it possible to combine missionary work with the chaplaincy.

Almost at the same time as Mr. and Mrs. Moffet settled at Akyab, Mr. Francis was transferred to Buthidaung, to be in the centre of the main Bengali population. It is remarkable that though Judson himself owed his life to the thoughtfulness of a Bengali servant, who helped him when dragged from prison in Mandalay, no one up to the present time had made any attempt in Burma to evangelise this not inconsiderable community. Work has been carried on among the 200,000 Chinese; and other Indian races, such as those speaking Tamil, are catered for in the programme of Missions in Burma; but the 330,000 Bengali-speaking Moslems of Arakan had been left severely alone. While nearly half the population of Akyab town is Bengali, it is only natural that the majority settle in the northern area

of the district, where the Naaf River divides Burma from Bengal; and most of those who settle in the country are Chittagonians who do not speak the purest Bengali. Here in the Maungdaw township, on the banks of the Naaf, 90 per cent of the people are Bengali, and the percentage is 75 even in the more inland township of Buthidaung. Apart from Arakan, Chittagonians are largely employed as the crews on all the river routes in Burma: no one would describe them as attractive; but if, as we know, there are amongst them lost sheep for whom Christ died, the missionary will not be deterred by the lack of attractiveness or their hard indifference to the Gospel. In Chittagong itself the Baptist Missionary Society has been at work for many years, but with very little result, and the work is largely educational. In Akyab the Bengali is engaged in merchandise or the rice trade, while some are occupied in sea-fishing, but inland the vast majority are simple cultivators of the land, and far more industrious than the Arakanese.

In addition to the large population of settlers, there is a very big annual influx of Chittagonians for the paddy season. Early in May, before the rains break, vast crowds come by sea to Akyab or overland to Maungdaw, and spread themselves all over the district; while there is a corresponding period of emigration back to Chittagong after the paddy is harvested in December. Every year, more tend to settle on the land, and later go back to India to bring their families, so that the numbers of Bengalis settled in Arakan show a very substantial increase at each successive census.

A medical work with a hospital at some strategic spot like Buthidaung might be a useful means of bringing the knowledge of Christ to a large number of these people; but after nearly two years' residence in Buthidaung Mr. Francis became convinced that the town was not the most suitable for a purely evangelistic work, as the main Bengali population was to be found in the villages outside. This work has had to be temporarily closed down as the result of recent events: Mr. Hacking, who had been ordained in Rangoon, became convinced that his work lay among English-speaking peoples; and as for a considerable period

during 1935 and 1936 his wife had been unwell and had latterly to live in the hills, he felt it incumbent upon him to resign, the resignation taking effect in August, 1936. He had been able to carry out a good deal of preliminary investigation among the tribes round Paletwa, and had compiled a Khumi word-list of considerable size; but the problem of filling the gaps at a time when there seemed such a need for expansion was very difficult of solution, until Mr. Francis, also recently ordained in Rangoon, offered to give a year to the much-needed task of getting the evangelists together for some concentrated training, and Paletwa was chosen as the most suitable centre.

In Minbya Mr. Jarrold had been holding the fort alone for a considerable time, until he was joined at the end of 1935 by Mr. Taylor, who in the course of a year has made considerable progress in Arakanese. Though a number showed interest, none had as yet come forward for baptism in Minbya; and it seemed as if Mr. Jarrold would have to go on furlough at the end of the year without seeing any definite result, but the Holy Spirit had been working for some time in the heart of an Arakanese Buddhist, Saw Hla Ong, who in various ways had been connected with the Mission since the commencement. He was given a New Testament, and began to compare the two religions for himself. The monastery at which he worshipped was just opposite the Mission Compound, and it was soon discovered that he was visiting the latter too often. Some action was taken by the Buddhist community to deter him, and he then began paying visits by night, studying the New Testament until he became convinced in his own heart that Christianity was the only true religion. He knew that public confession of Christ would mean persecution, but he bravely faced it, and on October 8th he was publicly baptised in the presence of a considerable number of his associates, before whom he gave a ringing testimony to the Saviour who had changed his heart and life.

When he returned home, he found that his wife and mother-in-law had called in the pongyis, and he was coolly informed that his things were packed up and he could leave the house, and not return as long as he was a

Christian. As his wife scornfully told him that she would rather eat grass than have anything to do with Christianity, she finished her tirade by asking him for the necessary note to let her obtain a divorce. This he refused to do, praying that God would turn her heart. His prayer has already been answered to some extent, because after the lapse of less than two months his wife has received him back into the house, and it may be that his consistent witness will lead to her conversion, as he prays.

In Akyab the nucleus of an indigenous Church has been formed, and the first baptisms were those of four Chinese, who made their public profession of faith in November, 1934, being converted through the witness of Ho Ah Kong, the Chinese contractor from Monhyin, who was called in to build the Mission House at Paletwa. There was great rejoicing, too, over the baptism of a young Arakanese, as well as three more Chinese who joined the Christian Church in 1935. In addition to the English services held regularly on Sundays, a Burmese service is held and well attended; and Mrs. Moffet's Sunday School, mostly attended by Burmese, Indian and other English-speaking children, has been greatly blessed; the senior scholar, the son of wealthy Moslem parents, is only waiting until his age allows him to take the responsibility upon himself of being baptised.

Bishop West paid his first visit to Arakan in November, 1936, when we left Rangoon by the Imperial Airways plane and landed at Akyab three hours later, after crossing the foot of the Yomas below Sandoway and getting an amazing panoramic view of the Sandoway District, followed by Kyaukpyu and then Akyab. It was a remarkable contrast to the usual three days' leisurely progress by sea, and one longed that the Gospel might be scattered over the land over which we passed, as rapidly as we travelled by air. Such travel gave one an insight into the value of a rapid survey of an area from a missionary standpoint, compared with the difficulties encountered in appreciating an area as a whole when travelling through the jungle below.

The six days' visit to Akyab was fully occupied with conferences with the assembled workers, as well as with

making many fresh contacts. At a delightfully informal tea party for all the indigenous Christians, the Bishop asked each one to tell in his or her own language when the new birth took place, and what was the means of being led to Christ. So one heard in brief the story of God's working over the last few years; and though the little band of Christians seemed a miserably ineffective force to attack the strongholds of darkness in Arakan, the Bishop made us realise together something of the possibilities of such a band if they were all ready to be used of God.

At probably the biggest Confirmation service ever held in Akyab, twenty-one were confirmed, and all the newly confirmed were present at a corporate Communion of many races. Isolated Christians realised, perhaps for the first time, that they were not alone, and thanked God and took courage. And we, who were facing together the need of evangelising the whole of Arakan, and all its peoples, received a fresh vision ourselves of the power of Christ, as we tried to examine the weak spots in our own armour. Though the expansion that we hoped for two years ago, when there were prospects of occupying at least the main centres in the Akyab District, has not fully materialised, we can thank God that the task begun 100 years ago, in 1826, when Carey sent the first messenger of the Gospel to Akyab from Serampore, is now being taken up more systematically than ever before, and we may yet see the proud and arrogant Arakanese turning from the worship of the Buddha and singing the praises of the one true God, the Creator of all mankind.

CHAPTER XVII

"THE PLACE WHERE THE TIGER ROARED"

WUNTHO (1932-36)

"Nought in their heart or hand they took
Save Love of God, and Holy Book."
Dedication from *The Story of the Moravian Missions.*

THOUGH the origin of the name Wuntho ("the place where the tiger roared") is obscure, the title is picturesque, and Wuntho has been the scene of conflict in the past; for it was the last place to be subjugated in the pacification of Upper Burma following the deposition of King Thibaw in 1885.

"The laying of the railway line through the territory of the semi-independent little State of Wuntho was the last straw that broke the back of the loyalty of the Sawbwa. From the first he had been awkward, and had given trouble; but the prospect of having a railway through his dominions was too much for him, and he broke out into open rebellion." So wrote the Rev. W. R. Winston, Methodist Missionary in Mandalay, in 1892, shortly after the country began to settle down under a peaceful rule.

The Shan State of Wuntho, which paid revenue to the Burmese kings, comprised the territory which lies between the Irrawaddy and the Upper Chindwin; and the Sawbwa ruled over 150,000 people, so that Wuntho itself was a place of some importance. The rebellion, which began in 1891, was sudden and unexpected, and the graves of the three men of the Devon Regiment a few miles outside of Wuntho are silent memorials of the chief engagement which led to the deposition of the Sawbwa and the confiscation of his territory.

Although the rebellion was over in a few weeks, the Wuntho area has always had a bad reputation for dacoities and petty thieving, and is dreaded to-day, even by the

Burmese officials, on account of the great prevalence of malaria.

Wuntho is forty miles down the line from Indaw, and is the headquarters of a Government Subdivision in the Katha District. Investigations were made before Miss Harris went on furlough in 1931, and for the first time we had the prospect of opening a new Station with at least one worker of considerable experience among Burmese who had all her language examinations behind her. Wuntho was obviously a place of strategic importance; for besides being a small town of 1,000 houses, feeder roads met at Wuntho from Pinlebu, some forty miles west, and from Tigyaing on the Irrawaddy to the east. The population of the township is nearly 24,000, and with the townships of Pinelbu (36,000) and Kawlin (38,000), for which at present Wuntho is the only Mission Station, a total of nearly 100,000 people awaited evangelisation.

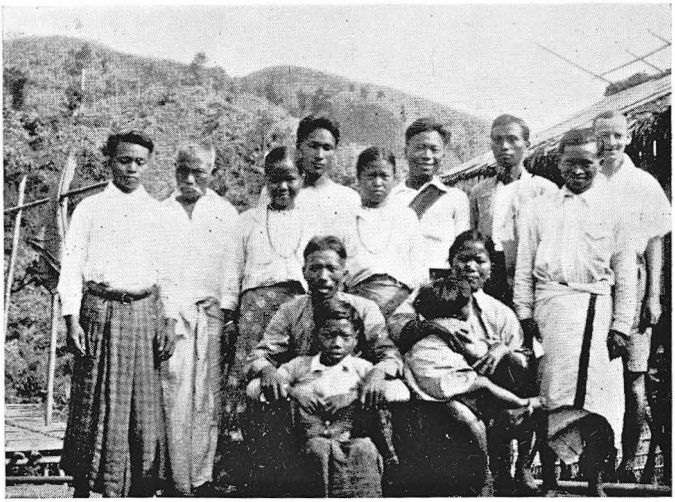
In view of the prevalence of malaria, it was important that a well-drained plot of land on high ground should be procured; and when it seemed hopeless to expect to find anything suitable, we learned that a piece of land overlooking the railway station and the whole village was about to be released by the railways, as the rest house built on it was supposed to be haunted and was being removed nearer the station. This plot of land, reached by a gradual rise from the road at the back and by a steep climb on the station side, seemed in every way suitable, and was considerably cooler than the village below, nestling among its many coconut palms and almost surrounded by hills.

As soon as it became known that the Mission was trying to obtain land, the "tiger," in the person of the local Buddhist forces, began to "roar," and the land was demanded for a pagoda. There was no doubt about Wuntho being a stronghold of Buddhism. In the village were no less than eight monasteries, with as many as eighty pongyis in some of them, living as parasites on the people.

Application was made immediately for the land, and though the request of the Buddhists was turned down, it was nearly a year before the land was finally released and

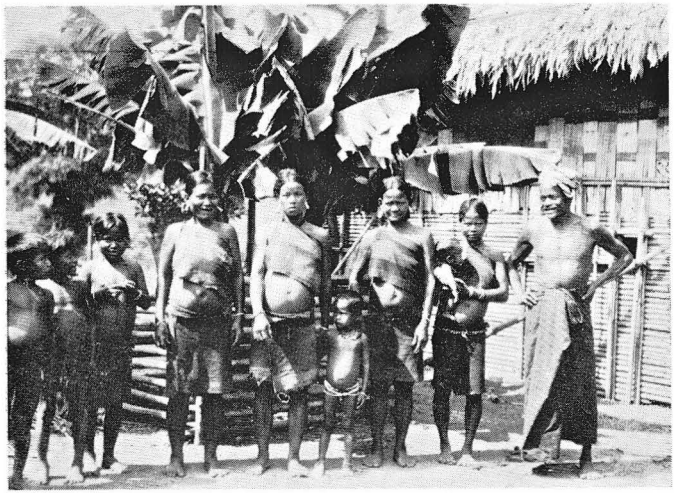
RIVER TRAVEL, ARAKAN

(*See p.* 179



EVANGELISTS AND KHUMI CONVERTS, THARAGU

(*See p.* 183)



AWA KHUMIS, THARAGU

(*See p.* 183)

AYAING KHUMI DANCE, PALETWA

(*See p.* 183

we received permission to begin building. So the railway which was the exciting cause of the rebellion in 1891, was forty years later the means of enabling a fresh onslaught to be made on this stronghold of Buddhism.

After the cosmopolitan nature of the work at Mohnyin, Miss Harris felt relieved that she would be tackling a purely Burmese problem, as she thought. The event, however, proved otherwise. There are only about 9,000 Burmese in the township, and the rest are largely Shans or Kădus; but as they have to a considerable extent become burmanised, Burmese is spoken by all, and it is not necessary to be bi-lingual to reach the majority with the Gospel.

Owing to the long delay, building was only just beginning when Miss Harris arrived back from furlough in November, 1932, bringing with her a new recruit, Miss McKellen. A well-built Burmese house in the village was rented, except for one of the two ground-floor rooms, which turned out to be used for a Chinese liquor shop! The walls were of timber and the roof of corrugated iron, with no ceiling, so it was obvious that it would be too much of a hot house when the cold season passed. The available downstairs room, having an open front, was ideal for services and meetings. The two ladies arrived to take up their new quarters on December 9th, 1932, and a fortnight later Miss Harris wrote a humorous description of those days:

"For the first few days our meals had to be prepared in the back yard, accompanied by the yells of pi dogs. It was positively unsafe to walk about the house without a topee on: the rooms were full of birds! Our next-door neighbours are Indians, who keep a perfect farmyard. They have buffaloes, cows, goats, and hens, and, of course, the inevitable pi dog. Their back yard in parts is just one solid mass of manure. The odours even now are many and various: lavender water and disinfectants have been much in evidence. Our opposite neighbours are Mohammedans, and every few hours from morning till evening we hear one and another chanting his prayers. Our other neighbours are Burmese, who have a baby that howls all night. One night the father tried to pacify it, but

made such a noise exercising his nasal organs that we preferred the baby's lungs! However, when I went to visit them a few days ago and enquired after the baby's health, they told me that they had moved it to the other side of the house in case it kept us awake. It was very kind of them, and we were truly thankful.

"It is most embarrassing, the way people stare at us. After we had been here a few days, our next-door neighbour informed us that some of the people round about had never seen English women before! This hardly seems credible, as we are on the railway line; but a few days ago we had proof that this is true. We were returning from our early morning walk, and were just about to enter our quarter of the town when we were met by a group of Burmese women. The leader, a very old dame, at sight of us nearly dropped her basket, and exclaimed: 'A woman! A woman! A woman!!'

"Many have been the invitations received from people on the road to go and preach in their villages, but at present, as I am single-handed, not very much can be done, but I hope to visit some of the outlying villages after Christmas. There are hundreds of villages waiting to be visited, but in Wuntho alone there are 1,000 houses, and visiting here will take time. The other day we were invited into a large house and asked to explain the difference between Christianity and Buddhism. After telling them of the comfort and peace which comes because our sins are forgiven through Christ, the maid of the house asked: 'If we become Christians, must we pay rates and taxes?' I replied, 'Yes, of course.' 'Well,' said she, 'where is the comfort? I see no difference!'

"The people are very friendly, and although we have been here only two weeks, there have been many encouragements. Last Sunday we held our first Burmese service. About twenty-five came and listened intently. Afterwards one man asked for a Gospel, as he wished to read the story for himself. A woman whom we met in the evening said she enjoyed the service and had been reading the Gospel all day. Only this morning the postmaster began to talk of Christ, and as I was about to

leave him, asked: 'Have you a Testament you could give me?' He is an English-speaking Indian."

At the end of March, 1933, the new Mission House on the hill was occupied, and was besieged at all hours of the day by curious crowds, especially pongyis from the neighbouring kyaungs, who in their lordly way wanted to roam at will over the house, and caused some embarrassment to the occupants by their persistence.

Miss Harris, who had no medical training herself, had long made up her mind that she would confine herself in this new area entirely to the preaching of the Gospel and the distribution of tracts and Gospels, and prove the truth that God's Word by itself is "quick and powerful." The attitude of missionaries generally with regard to the difficult problem of Burmese Buddhism was that without schools or some other secular aid it was useless to attempt anything, so that Miss Harris's experiment cut right across that attitude, and was undertaken in a notoriously difficult area, where Buddhism was deeply entrenched.

Over fifty villages were visited during the first year, and some of them several times. An old bullock-cart driver, who accompanied the workers with his cart, used to listen intently to the preaching in the villages, and sometimes, as they drove back in the heat, asked thoughtful questions. Though no Burmese came forward, there were five adult baptisms during the year, the first Christian baptisms that had ever taken place in Wuntho. The first was a Shan, Saw de Za, who came from the Hkamti Long plain, 200 miles north of Myitkyina, where he was the grandson of the ruling Sawbwa. At the age of fourteen he went alone to Mandalay with the ambition of going to school: it is customary for Shans to make pilgrimages from long distances to pagodas at Mandalay and Rangoon. From there he came to Wuntho, where he was adopted by people he knew. During the first week after the arrival of the missionaries he asked for a Christian book, and very soon came forward for instruction preparatory to being baptised. With him was a former Hindu, a Manipuri of the name of Kolesandra. He had left his home to make his fortune in

Burma, and coming to Wuntho had settled down and married a Burmese woman, a strong Buddhist, who is still opposed to the Gospel.

The other three were Chinese, only one of whom lived in Wuntho itself; and though he seemed genuine at the time, opium has been too much for him, and at present he is a witness only to the powerlessness of an unconsecrated life. One of the Chinese, from a village about twenty miles away, had heard the Gospel twenty years or more before in China, from the lips of a lady missionary. One sentence alone had stuck in his memory: "Jesus can forgive you your sins." For years he had lived in a heathen village, and was mockingly called Christian because he would neither worship at the Buddhist temple nor give offerings to the priests.

There were a good many ups and downs during the second year of work—difficulties with the Christians, quarrelling among the local officials, with whom the missionaries were brought a good deal in contact, and much general opposition to the Christian message as its implications became more widely known.

At first the services were largely attended by men, and very few women made their appearance, but later the latter began to lose their shyness a bit, and towards the end of 1934 as many as thirty were attending the special women's meetings held during the year. At Christmas time a tea party held for the blind of the neighbourhood seemed to bring about a change of attitude in the town, and the follow-up work of reading the Gospel in the houses of these blind ones opened new avenues of approach.

A few miles away is a village where some Paramat Buddhists live. These people are a reformed sect who reject the reverence paid to pongyis and seem to possess a belief in God, only regarding Gautama, the Buddha, as a revelation of God. They are a people groping for more light, and in the days of King Mindon suffered a good deal of persecution. While most of them are found in Lower Burma, and some have readily accepted Christianity, there are others scattered all over the Province. Miss Harris visited this village with a Bible Society colporteur,

himself an ex-Buddhist pongyi, and who gave his testimony as to how the Light came to him. One old man asked, "If I read the Bible, will the Light come to me instantly, as it did to you?"

The work at Wuntho is still in its early stages, but there are signs that a break is beginning among the women; and though the men on the surface may appear to possess the power, as so often happens, Buddhism is most strongly entrenched in the homes, where women in the background wield the greater influence. Two women have recently been baptised, after getting rid of superstitious fears which kept them back from the liberty wherewith Christ makes free; and several other women are wistfully yearning after Christ, though held back in some cases by the opposition of their husbands.

Patients are visited in the local hospital, and prisoners in the gaol, and to one and all is brought the message of deliverance for the captives and the recovery of sight to the blind through the all-atoning Name.

CHAPTER XVIII

HOW WE GET ABOUT

Transport and Itineration

"Each early spring the Trio remembered the terms of their commission, and braced themselves again to the fatigues of the road. . . . On trek all personal belongings were reduced to a minimum, as space must be left for the Christian literature without which the journey would be useless. . . . Everything superfluous was simply abandoned."

From *Something Happened.*

The British Tommy has a proverbial flair for making himself comfortable in difficult circumstances; and the hardened missionary campaigner, while always cheerfully willing to put up with hardships, will nevertheless know how to adapt himself to circumstances and save unnecessary fatigue.

The time factor, the money factor, and the energy-consumption factor, have all to be taken into account in deciding what is the best mode of transport in any given area for itinerating purposes. Generally speaking, the missionary wants to be able to reach as many people as possible, and if there were good metal roads everywhere the temptation would be to make use of motor cars for all evangelistic work. It would not necessarily follow, however, that that would be the best method for ordinary purposes. Working among a simple people, living in comparative poverty, one needs to be very careful not to give an impression of wealth or patronage. Arriving hot and dusty and tired at a wayside station after a long march, I was met by the Indian station-master, who remarked that he was glad to see that we did not go about in motor cars, as many missionaries in India did nowadays; and that he was sure we would get into closer touch with the people, as we used the same transport that they possessed. Apparently it did not occur to him that, apart from anything else, there were no roads in that

part available for motor traffic; but he raised a question of no small importance in missionary work.

The missionary has to make money go a long way, and shortage of funds may prevent him from using the most time-saving form of transport; the energy-consumption factor is also of great importance, for the missionary cannot expect to compete with the indigenous inhabitants in a climate and conditions that are completely foreign to his constitution, and if he is to be of useful service for a lifetime he may have to avoid undergoing the privations to which the local inhabitants have been accustomed from time immemorial. But the words of Christ are always true: "He that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it"; and the missionary who takes too much into account the preservation of his own skin, will lose in the long run, for he will never establish with the people the close contact so necessary if he is to be used of God.

It would make an interesting pageant if all the transport used on B.C.M.S. Stations in Burma could be collected together to pass by in one heterogeneous procession! First of all would come "Maggie," the elephant from the Hukawng Valley, with her trunk raised in triumph; then a small collection of bullock carts, led by the fine pair of Indian bullocks at Mohnyin; then a gallant company of coolies, the "sons of Kohath," bearing the missionaries' baggage on their shoulders, or suspended from bamboo poles; behind them come the pack ponies groaning under their burden, whether mission ponies at Mohnyin or pack mules from China, coming through from the Jade Mines or the Hukawng Valley; a small cavalcade of Burmese riding ponies pass by, with a strong contingent of ladies from Bilumyo; but only the shades of some loyal friends, who have carried their riders thousands of miles over mountain and plain, for surra (that dread disease of ponies!) and even old age have taken their toll.

Next come the mechanised units, led by a few bicycles, the friskiest beasts of the lot on a road encumbered with ruts and tree roots; now follow the two cars, with their bus bodies for touring or freight purposes, from Kamaing

and Indaw, with the shade of the poor old Ford that did such yeoman service on the Kamaing road; and last of all, in the water section, dugout canoes and two fast outboard motor boats from Arakan. When the procession has passed by, there follow the missionaries themselves, faint yet pursuing, with blistered feet and aching limbs, the men in shirt and shorts and canvas shoes, and the women in serviceable dress, no stockings and canvas shoes, for what is the good of wearing stockings when you may have to go up to your knees in mud, and in any case you will have to cross streams a dozen times, maybe, in the course of the march.

There is a definite reason for every form of transport, and everything boils down to the desire to get the most suitable form of transport at the most economic rate, for the difficulties of the particular terrain with which one is concerned. For instance, one has only to see grass twelve or more feet high covering the path, with precipitous nullahs to be crossed when the rains have washed the bamboo bridges away, together with several feet of mud on the road, to realise that in the rainy season nothing short of an elephant is of any use to keep open communication with the Hukawng Valley; and so on, with a ready explanation till the end of the procession is reached.

How often does the missionary wish he could do without transport altogether! At best it is only a necessary evil; and he envies the Jinghpaw, who carries all his needs in one bag slung over his shoulder. But that is because he will get his food without difficulty at the village where he stops for the night; and all he needs is a blanket into which he rolls himself as he lies down by the fire in a Jinghpaw house. But see the same man going on a long journey, where villages are few and far between, and where he must carry his own food supply and lie down on the banks of some stream to sleep at night: he is loaded up to the eyes with his necessary impedimenta, and *that* is the position in which the average missionary finds himself when going on tour. He is going where he must take his own food, his civilised upbringing makes it difficult for him to manage on one blanket for the whole of his bedding, he has books and

medicines which are necessary for his work; and if he has transport available he may take a box-harmonium for singing and a lantern for showing pictures, and even a tent to sleep in. If he has ponies, too, he may have to carry paddy for their feeding, unless he is going where there is an abundant supply.

All the same, the constant aim of the missionary, as he gets old in campaigning, is to reduce his transport cost and the amount of his kit to a minimum. In his preaching, as he becomes more conversant with the language he will rely less on the aids of harmonium or magic lanterns, valuable as they may be in some areas; in his habits he will try to conform, to some extent at any rate, to the people among whom he is working; and he will rejoice when he is physically hard enough to sleep on a bamboo floor as they do. He will never, we hope (!) get to like dirt, and the livestock that forms its active escort; but that will not prevent him from sleeping on a dirty bamboo floor, stained with betel juice, while he gazes meditatively up at the roof a few feet overhead, festooned with blackened cobwebs and the smoky grime of years.

It is a discomforting thought that if the missionary could be emancipated from transport he could do at least three times the amount of work he does in the evangelisation of the area where he is working; and he is often made to feel small beside the simple requirements of his indigenous brother.

To those to whom it appeals, there is nothing more physically exhilarating than going off the beaten track, where white men are hardly known, with the prospect of discovering new territory and preparing the way for the proclamation of the Gospel. Such adventures have been some of the most enjoyable experiences in breaking new ground for pioneer missionary work. In the course of the narrative, first visits to places where stations have later been opened have been described, but space may be found here for the description of a few happenings still further afield.

Many amusing stories could be told, on the various stations, of excitements with transport in the days of inexperience. There was the ride that rivalled that of John

Gilpin, when I set out on my pony "Daniel" one cold, misty morning in December, with two pack ponies carrying one Jinghpaw and empty boxes, while the kit went the first day's journey by train. The rattle of the empty boxes startled Daniel, and he bolted through the thick mist, while the pack ponies thundered behind. The mist blurred my glasses, and I could see nothing, while all my efforts went to try to get control of the pony, which dashed madly on, scattering people, dogs and bullocks to right and left. The ride seemed certain to end in disaster, when after a mile or more through the village we charged into some deep mud, which brought the pony to his knees. As I dismounted into the mud, completely exhausted with my vain efforts to hold Daniel in, I looked back to see the two pack ponies upside down in the mud, kicking wildly in the air, with the unfortunate Jinghpaw underneath! To my amazement, he rose slowly from the ground when the ponies at last got to their feet, and though looking somewhat dazed, announced that he was not hurt. However, nothing would induce him to get on a pony again for the rest of the day!

We had a chapter of accidents on that journey; for I finished up the same day with Daniel in a mud swamp, sunk up to the saddle, and rapidly sinking further as he made vain efforts to extricate himself. I managed to scramble to the bank myself, and with the aid of a Burman passing by on the railway line above, eventually got the animal out more dead than alive. Several days later, the other side of the Indawgyi Lake, where we had had to abandon ponies and take to coolies because of the roughness of the road, we came in the course of the afternoon to a wide stretch of stagnant water with the remnants of a bamboo bridge sticking out in the middle. One of the coolies, in trying to make use of this, overbalanced, and one end of his load (my food for the night) went to the bottom and was never recovered. The rest of us got across by going up to our necks in water. It was long after dark when we reached a village, where the only incident was the visit of a tiger during the night.

One is often asked questions about the wild animals to be found in the jungle, and one can give quite a formidable

list of bears, panthers, tigers, wild cats, bison, wild elephants, deer of various sorts, wild dogs, many varieties of monkeys and even rhinoceri; but even if one often sees the tracks of many of these beasts, it is a rare thing to come in contact with any of them, at least the more dangerous sort; and though I have often been on the march long before dawn and for several hours after sunset, and even travelled through the night in the jungle, I personally have never had the fortune to meet any wild animal of any size, and have only heard tigers or elephants at a distance.

Three of us did, however, pass the night on one occasion in very close proximity to a herd of about fifty wild elephants, a not uncommon experience for Jinghpaw villagers among whom we were staying at the time. We were sleeping on the bamboo floor of a new and unfinished hut, raised about two feet from the ground, on the outskirts of the village. The house had bamboo roof and floor and side walls, but no end walls, and in the middle of the night we were wakened by the trumpeting of elephants and the yelling of the villagers trying to scare the intruders away, trampling down the vegetation only a hundred yards across the paddy fields from the exposed end of our hut. Between them they created quite a lot of noise; but perhaps the most amusing incident, when the herd seemed to be moving nearer the village, was the noble attempt of my wife to protect ourselves from a possible stampede in our direction by erecting a tarpaulin across the exposed end of the hut!

Perhaps the most difficult journey undertaken was in an attempt to discover whether direct communication between the Dălu Valley (west of the Hukawng) and the Jade Mines was feasible. On this occasion, in January, 1931, I was accompanied by one Jinghpaw, and we rode on ponies, self-contained; riding through from Kamaing to Mainghwan in two and a half days, and then across Wantuk Bum (Sunset Mountain), over a double range of hills, till we reached Dălu on the second day. This was the first occasion that Dălu had been visited by a missionary, and according to the map there was a road through to Tăsu Bum (a 4,000-feet mountain), the beginning of Jade Mines territory. On

arrival, however, we found that the "road" had only been cut through by a survey party nine years before, and was now completely obliterated. Some weeks before, some Jinghpaws had worked their way through the thirty miles from Tăsu Bum, and had gone back with buffaloes; but the journey to Dălu had taken them a week, we were told, and with ponies we should probably take considerably more. However, we determined to cut our way through, partly because we were expected at Lonkin, and managed to hire two coolies to help cut the way.

"We were up at cockcrow, and saddled up in the dark so as to be under way with the first streaks of dawn. Our guides, neither of whom knew the way and one of whom was a confirmed opium sot, had fortunately arrived in time. We carried rice, and paddy for the ponies for three days. I rode as long as there was any cleared path, but got landed in mud and water half way up to the saddle, and had to make an undignified descent. Very soon it was a case of hacking the way through with dahs, especially when making a way round the many fallen giants of the forest. There was visibility for a yard or two in front, and that was our condition for hours. Overhead was a thick tangle of jungle growth, and frequently we had to bend and worm our way underneath. Buffaloes with their tough hides can force their way through anything, but their footprints, often impossible to see with my unskilled eye, were a godsend, and it is probable that we should have had to give up and return if it had not been for these. When at last we came to the Dunri Hka,* after wandering up a stream for hours, I had been able to see in the sandy places the tracks of the buffaloes; but they were mixed up with those of tigers, elephants, deer, monkeys, etc., and in one place we saw two fine antlered sambhur. We had a halt for breakfast in the middle of the day; but by 3.30, when we reached a stream which had evidently been one of the camping grounds of those who had gone before, we were quite exhausted, and we decided to stop for the

* "Hka" means water or river.

night. I had no means of finding where we were, but I reckoned we might possibly have done two miles an hour in the ten hours of marching: actually the event proved that we did about one mile an hour!

"Ma Yaw went off into the jungle and returned with loads of thatch grass, with which he proceeded to make some sort of shelter for the night. The stream proved a very refreshing place for a bathe, and the rice cooked by the log fire was a meal fit for a king. Already the opium sot, a Naga, was complaining that he could go no further, and for the rest of the journey he followed behind instead of clearing the way for us. The ponies had to be tethered close to us for fear of tigers. The sound of night birds and grasshoppers, and the rushing stream, the rich light of the moon and the myriads of stars, as well as the dancing firelight, all combined to make one praise God for His wonderful works and His good hand upon us, though we were far from the haunts of men. Bed on the hard ground was comfortable, but did not prevent us from an early rise next morning.

"I had hoped to reach the Tăpa Hka for our breakfast halt at about 10.30, but the hope was deferred, and it was 2 p.m., after much hilly climbing, that we came in sight of it. We had almost given up in despair before that, and at one point I lay down in the mud thoroughly exhausted. However, I now knew where we were, and decided that at least we would get to the Tirak Hka, at the foot of the Tăsu Bum. This was only three miles further, and here we again pitched camp for the night with a grass floor underneath and a grass roof overhead. Leeches had been the worst offenders en route; and when I discovered that in the two days I had been bitten by no less than forty I began to envy the bare-legged coolies, who every now and then would stop for a moment, and drawing a dah, would scrape those collected on their legs and scoop them out from between their toes; while I had to wait until I could get my boots off at the end of the march.

"The climb up the mountain next day was only five miles, but it was the most gruelling of all, and the pace

was often reduced to half a mile an hour, as we laboriously hacked our way through. It was like coming out of a nightmare, when at last we came out at a village perched on a grassy slope at the top of the mountain, and saw people and houses again. It was clearly impossible to reach Lonkin that night as I had intended; but after cooking our breakfast, Ma Yaw and I paid off the coolies, and set off on the ponies to get as far as we could before night could overtake us. Pumnwe and Tangkrau Ga, the places passed, looked very harmless on the map, but we found we had to encounter an amazing succession of steep, almost precipitous descents and ascents in the course of the journey. Night overtook us long before we reached Pumsin; but the moon lit up the track, except in the thickest jungle, where on one occasion I crashed with my pony between some rocks which blocked the path. We were warmly welcomed at Pumsin, and the villagers were greatly interested in the story of our journey, and then in its purpose, as we sat round a good fire in one of the huts."

It was not until two years later that the cherished desire of going down by the Chindwin River from Dălu to Homalin could be fulfilled, when the opportunity was also given of investigating this unexplored territory and tramping across country from Homalin to our Mission Station at Indaw on the railway line. The result of the tour was a good deal of valuable information: it was obvious that owing to the rapids between Dălu and the Shan State of Zingkaling Hkampti, there could be no normal communication, and, if we establish a mission station there, it would have to look for supplies from below. The need of the Shan river population, as well as the inland territory between Homalin and Indaw, was brought home with great force, as we travelled through in dugout canoe or marched across hill or plain.

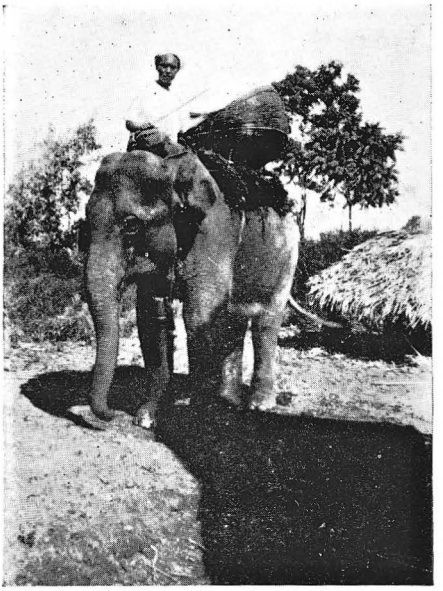
Accompanied by Col. Middleton West as far as Dălu, Ma Yaw and I set off from there in two dugouts lashed together, with a bamboo flooring amidships and a woven mat awning overhead. The rapids were reached on the second day, as described below:

"Next morning, the pebble beds not providing comfort enough for prolonged sleep, the crew cooked their rice before dawn, and we set off with the first streaks of light. At about 8 a.m. we drew in to the bank, and I was informed that we were now drawing near to the first rapids. They made the most careful preparations, and my beautiful awning was taken down and placed immediately over the stacked-up kit on the bamboo platform. Everything, including my camp chair, was lashed to the deck, and at last we pushed off again. A few minutes' steady paddling brought us in sight of the first rapid or succession of rapids, and as soon as we entered the surging waters the crew suddenly began to work hard and like one man—three of them paddled for dear life, two baled out the inrushing waters as hard as they could go, and the cox used his paddle to steer us between the rocks that jutted out of the water. I gave full marks to the last: he was perfectly calm, and it seemed almost miraculou that he was able to steer us past so many jagged rocks dotted about among the foam. The pace had suddenly changed from about two miles an hour to twenty, so they had to think and act quickly. After we had negotiated the first few rapids and had a short breathing space, I got out my camera; but unfortunately the film was exhausted when we came to the most thrilling rapid of all, and the snaps I took gave little idea of the rea thing.

"At about 10 a.m. we came to an unnegotiable rapid, where we had to disembark. All the kit was landed, the bamboo deck removed, and the two boats emptied and separated. Then began the arduous task of carrying the loads over masses of rock until the main obstacle had been passed. The boats, attached by long cane ropes at each end, were hauled singly through the boiling surf by the boatmen, who clambered over the rocks. It took four hours to complete the job and reassemble the boats the other side. The scenery was magnificent as we moved on down the stream, with towering rocky cliffs on either hand. After nearly two hours' further progress we came to the most impressive obstacle of all, where the river

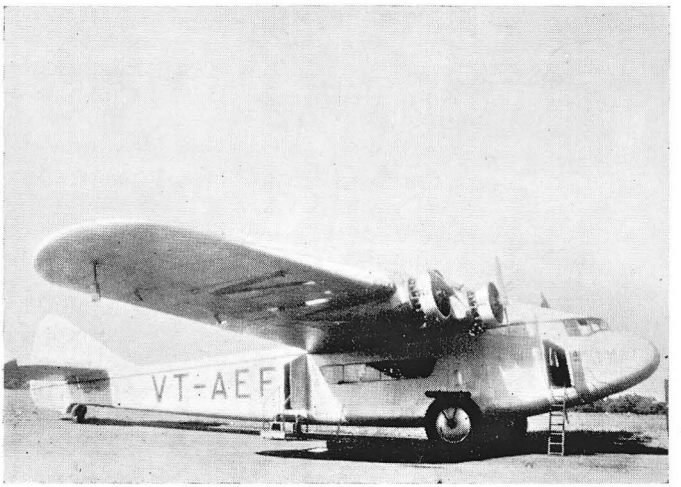
narrowed to about 100 yards and developed into a miniature Niagara Falls. Not even an empty boat could be got through that, and now I understood the remarks I had heard from the boatmen about the difficulties that would be encountered if no Naga fishermen were at the waterfall. Fortunately, as we looked across the opposite cliff, we could see little grass huts perched precariously between the boulders, and our nasal organs were soon aware that thousands of small fish were strewn everywhere to dry in the sun! I found that the crew intended to camp for the night there and then, and later was very thankful that I stood out for an immediate move, when I heard that boats that had preceded us took three days to get under way the other side of the waterfall; though I imagine that it was partly the smell of the fish which delayed the owners of the boats, and not only the difficulties of porterage! However, the smell of decayed fish has never appealed to me; and the following night I was determined to reach Zingkaling Hkamti, so we began carrying the kit over the rocks—an even more laborious process than before, owing to the height of the rocks—and found on the other side of the waterfall a small dugout brought over by some of the Nagas. Ma Yaw and two of our crew shot down stream in this, keeping well into the side until they were far enough below the waterfall to be able with energetic paddling to cross to the other side; and then they poled their way up again until they came to the Naga huts. About an hour later they returned in a dugout several inches wider; and as the rapids were now at an end, it was decided to hire this boat to take us to our destination. We were somewhat cramped, but in a single boat we could get on faster, and we paddled hard until darkness compelled us to land on a pebbly beach for the night. During the wait I had been able to speak to a few Nagas in Jinghpaw; but the Gospel was so utterly new to them that it did not appear as if they took much in. They come every year at this season to fish at the waterfall.

"Most of our apparatus has been left behind, but with a tarpaulin and some oars the boatmen rigged up a



"MAGGIE"

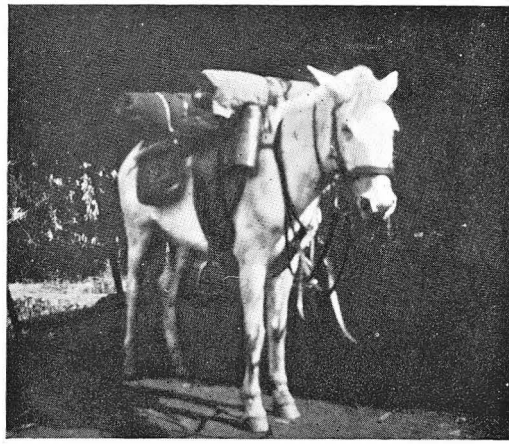
(*See p.* 199)



THE NEW ROUTE TO AKYAB

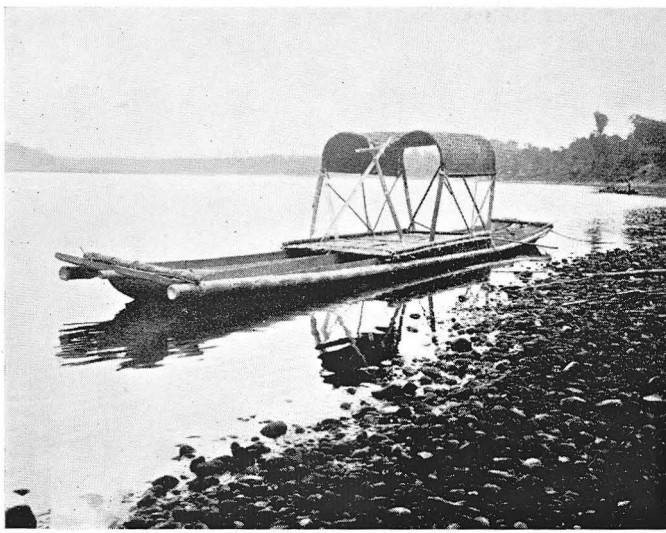
A Contrast in Transport

(*See p.* 173)



"DANIEL" ON THE ROAD

(*See p.* 202)



READY FOR THE RAPIDS, DĂLU

(*See p.* 203)

shelter which just covered my camp bed and helped to keep the night mist off. Next morning, Saturday, we were astir early, and at about noon reached a Jinghpaw village, which was an offshoot from the Jade Mines area, many days' journey to the east. Here, while the men cooked their midday meal, I had an attentive audience listening to the Gospel for the first time. By this time the river had considerably widened, and the banks were low-lying. It was nearly 6 p.m. when at last we reached Hmanpa, the first village in the Zingkaling Hkamti State. The crew were for stopping the night, which meant for me stopping over Sunday as well; but while they cooked their evening meal I made enquiries from the Shan headman, who spoke Jinghpaw, and found that we could get into Zingkaling before midnight. I suppose the crew were not anxious to remain over the week-end when they were so near to the source of supplies, and I found them quite ready to go on after sunset. In the darkness we grounded several times, and once charged into the bank; but it was remarkable how they managed to see at all, and at last, with many combined efforts of hard paddling, we arrived at what I was informed was Zingkaling at about 10.30 p.m. After ploughing through the sand to the top of the bank we were delighted to find a timber shelter with a corrugated iron roof, and here, after I had paid the men their dues, we all settled down for the night."

It would take too long here to tell of my reception by the Jauhpa Jan, the lady ruler of this Shan state, and of my journey onwards by canoe for three days to Tamanthi, whence I caught the monthly steam launch, which got me to Homalin in a day. From there I set off on foot to Maingkaing, which was reached in two days; and a halt was called to prepare for the journey across to Mansi, a matter of fifty miles, with a considerable stretch uninhabited. No coolies would take the shorter hill route, because there was no water, and we were now well into the hot season in an unusually dry year. The narrative continues:

"On Monday, April 3rd, I rose at 2.30 a.m., and,

with my new set of coolies, started off before 4 a.m., an hour before dawn. By 1 p.m. we had marched twenty miles and reached the village of Namaw, on the Chaunggyi River, having passed a number of Shan villages on the way. Again a fresh lot of coolies had to be engaged, and I had them sleeping in the bamboo hut by the side of the river. Next morning we started on the most gruelling march of all just before 3 a.m. Apart from a halt for breakfast, and another for tea, I was marching till 6 p.m., when I arrived at Mansi—a distance, as it proved, of thirty miles, making fifty in all from Maingkaing. Until daylight progress was very slow, as we only had an elephant track to follow; and when we were not wading across the river we were climbing over fallen trees or crossing deep ravines in the darkness. During the course of the day we had to ford the river, usually for a distance of two to three hundred yards, twenty-seven times.

"Until we got near to Mansi there were no signs of habitation, so that there was nothing to do but to go on, and by the end of the day I nearly collapsed in the road; April heat in the tropics has to be experienced to be understood, and the journey was more pleasant to look back on than to go through!"

At Mansi we struck the cart road, sixty miles from Indaw, and travelled all through the night on jolting, springless carts as far as Banmauk, which was reached next morning. Here we found a telegraph office, and Mr. Kitchen met us a few miles along the road with his car; and by sunset we were comfortably settled in the Mission bungalow at Indaw.

More recently, in the autumn of 1936, the Chindwin has been prospected from the lower reaches upwards to prepare the way for the much-needed opening of new work in the large Shan and Naga area north of Homalin.

To follow in the footsteps of John the Baptist in preparing the way of the Lord, by prospecting in hitherto unevangelised areas with a view to making possible the proclamation of the Gospel, is the privilege of the few, and is ample compensation for any small hardships incurred. "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God."

CHAPTER XIX

HOW WE LIVE

Missionary Staff and the Building Problem

"Determination to live a native life and eat nothing but native food has often led to a physical breakdown, in consequence of which the newcomer has merely added the burden of nursing him to the duties of the already overworked staff."

From *Ambassadors for Christ.*

Few people in England appreciate the difficulties involved in the satisfactory distribution of a large and varied mission staff, to ensure harmonious working. The missionary is supposed to be a being not subject to ordinary temptations or irritations, and the same standard of perfection which seems to be normally expected of the converts of the Mission is expected even more of the missionary.

While there can be no doubt at all that any candidate who, while in training, has shown complete inability to get on with fellow-students, should never be sent abroad, for one missionary who is so adaptable that he can get on in any company, there are many who find it a great burden to live with any who are temperamentally unsuited to them, and may suffer in their work from the nervous strain involved, unless something can be done to bring about a change.

There is the missionary who prefers his own company, and on the other hand, the one who, naturally sociable, feels loneliness as the greatest hardship; there is the single missionary who loves being with children and therefore loves to be in a married household; and the missionary who likes peace and quiet with those of her own age. There are those who are fond of animals and attract dogs, cats, etc., and those who are temperamentally averse to coming anywhere near such domestic pets. Undoubtedly a young Mission loses something of the steadying influence of old and long-experienced Missionaries.

"One man's meat is another man's poison" is a proverb proved in many ways; and the things that seem of small importance in the cold weather, when life is bearable and variety is provided by the opportunity for itinerating, often loom large amidst trying heat or the early period of the rains, when insect pests abound and patience is at its lowest ebb. Only the grace of God can keep the individual life sweet and fragrant, and the enemy of souls delights to play on fevered imagination and nervous irritability and produce discord if possible; but much can be done to keep the mission family together by making every effort to meet these difficulties that are found in every Mission Field, and have been known to wreck the work of God.

The saving grace of a sense of humour saves many an awkward situation, and fortunately the Burma Mission has that in abundance; but obviously problems of this sort can be more easily solved in a community of three (the original number) than in one of forty-five, and our prayer has always been that the devil may never be able to attack us in that most vulnerable point and bring about disunity, and that the family spirit which has been a notable feature of the Mission all through may grow with expansion and the years.

When during the first two years or so the staff were accommodated at Mohnyin or Hkapra, a monthly day of prayer was instituted, when we all met together for fellowship in prayer for the work, as well as the world-wide needs of God's Kingdom. Such a monthly gathering could not continue when the numbers grew and were scattered over stations many miles apart, so the next definite step taken to keep together in fellowship was the inauguration of the first annual Missionaries' Conference at the end of 1927, when fifteen workers met together to pray, to discuss problems and to realise our oneness in Christ.

In the early days, the discussions were largely academic: we were trying to model the work on apostolic lines, but we could not discuss practical Church problems before the Church had come into existence. With the accumulated experience of years, the discussions have become more interesting and practical; and of late it has been the custom

to pass some findings at the close which sum up as far as possible the consensus of opinion reached during discussion. For some years now, the Conference has begun with a day of prayer, at which short reports are given from each Station. Prayer co-operation is helped forward by a monthly prayer list sent out to all Stations, to which all are asked to contribute with requests for prayer.

For the first ten years of work, the administration was entirely in the hands of the Superintendent, who made himself responsible to initiate new work and keep the family spirit in the co-ordination of the work. Naturally a good deal of his work was of a personal and confidential nature; but all through he had the loyal support of the missionaries as a whole, and in later years made every endeavour to discuss problems affecting any particular work with those immediately concerned. A leader, if he is to retain confidence, cannot go far beyond public opinion, but must endeavour to lead others along with him; and the Conference has always provided the opportunity for venting public opinion and deciding on development of policy or forward moves in thought or work.

To bring Burma into line with other Missions of the same Society, a Field Council was inaugurated in the autumn of 1934, on October 20th, which should prove to be a historic date in the annals of the Mission, the first decade forming an epoch of its own. The Superintendent laid down his office and took up that of Secretary of the Mission, assisted by a Treasurer and senior members of the Mission who had all completed their first term of service. The Field Council meets twice yearly as a normal thing, and is responsible for the annual budget, the designation of workers, and the development of the work in general. A book of "Rules for the Guidance of Missionaries" has been produced, largely embodying the accumulated experience and policy of the previous years; and thus the organisation is tending to become standardised, and the responsibility of administration brings individual heads of Stations into touch with the work as a whole, and promotes better co-ordination.

Distance, and the consequent loss of time involved in

meeting together, have made it advisable for the more distant areas to hive off from the mother mission. The Deaf School, with its specialised work in Rangoon, has become a unit on its own; and the work in Arakan has, from the beginning of 1937, become a separate mission working under the supervision of its former Superintendent until there are sufficient senior missionaries to form their own Field Council. While separation in administration has taken place, we still maintain prayer co-operation and fellowship with one another, and the combined witness of B.C.M.S. in Burma is still a unity.

The generous allowance of six weeks' annual holiday is found none too much in a malarious climate; and the two hill stations of Maymyo and Kalaw are never without some missionaries recuperating, largely during the rainy season, when malaria is rampant and touring difficult in the plains. The difficult problem of the health of missionaries' children has never met with a really satisfactory solution, but in 1934 Miss Cousins, who several years earlier had to retire from the Mission on health grounds, settled in Kalaw with her sister and established a home school for English children in the most beautiful surroundings. There is much independent work of this nature, which could be done in mission fields in the East by those who have the means and the leisure to settle in some hill station and become fairy-godmothers to those who bear the burden in the plains.

Perhaps the building problem is one of the most baffling which the missionary organiser has to face, for so many opposing factors are concerned. The missionary recruit, eager to follow in the footsteps of his Master, regrets on arrival in a foreign country that there are not more hardships to face, and that the accommodation provided is so good. He expected to lie on the ground, with an upturned packing case as his only furniture, and he is inclined to feel a fraud when he finds a bed to lie on, a chair to sit on, a desk of sorts to work at, and servants to wait on him. But frequently, when the hot weather stifles, and the succeeding rains bring myriads of flying insects, which bite, buzz round the eyes, crawl down the neck or get in the hair,

so that to get under the mosquito net and go to bed is the only refuge, that same recruit experiences a great revulsion of feeling, and wonders however he will put up with the discomfort and what seems now the cramped accommodation; while long ago he has learned of the delinquencies of native servants, who are only very inefficient substitutes for the "laid-on" comforts to which he is accustomed at home. Which only goes to show that those who have gone before have tried to work out a minimum of comfort necessary to get through the hot weather and rainy season of each succeeding year.

One can have an admiration for the missionary who entirely adopts native food and ways; but the health factor steps in, and if such a practice is going to undermine health and invalid home, or send to an early grave (as has happened too many times), what really has been gained except to warn others that if God has called them to *life* service they are responsible to take care of the bodies which He has given them, and which by generations in a civilised clime are ill-adapted to native living?

Sanctified common sense is greatly needed; for the missionary who goes to the other extreme and always considers his health or shows a marked distaste for the dirt and filth he may meet with in his work, will never obtain the confidence of the people, and would be far better at home, where such factors are not involved. Broadly speaking, therefore, the missionary will be willing and ready to put up with the most primitive conditions if necessary on tour, and eat native food provided it has been cooked; but in his own house he will try to set up an example of cleanliness, light, ventilation, and general attendance to important details of hygiene in a notoriously malarious climate.

How far, therefore, should he conform to native buildings? If he works among a wild hill tribe, he will find a house with rough wooden posts, bamboo matting walls, split bamboo floor, bamboo doors and windows (if any!) and a grass thatched roof, with bamboo rafters. Whether in the hills or plains, he will find a square earthen fireplace in the centre of the living-room, on which burns a log fire,

whose smoke has made the bamboo rafters, from which hang innumerable cobwebs, a deep amber. Conforming to type in his own residence, he soon finds that it is utterly impossible to keep such a place clean, that his possessions (precious books, etc.) get smoked with the rafters, that his eyes smart with the acrid smoke; while when the wind blows or the rain comes in, the doors, which are usually the only means of admitting light, have to be closed, and prevent him from reading or writing. If he conforms to native custom and sits on the floor, he finds that after a few hours his aching back will prevent him from thinking of anything else, for his bones are not accustomed to such an attitude, while his friends around him are used to it from childhood, and find a high chair as uncomfortable as he finds sitting on the floor. He then begins to introduce some internal improvements in the shape of chair and table, but when anyone walks across the springy bamboo floor the table begins to gyrate, and his crockery placed ready on it for the approaching meal crashes to the floor.

At the other end of the scale are those who think that since the missionary has had to make many sacrifices by going abroad, no expense should be spared in making him as comfortable as possible in his mission station. Here is an extract from the letter of a missionary builder in another country:

> "No Christian business man at home has a right to a single dollar's worth more of efficient equipment for his daily toil than has the foreign missionary."

There are those who glory in magnificent buildings, as though they were a splendid advertisement for Christianity; and like to boast of mission bungalows, schools, churches or hospitals that are the last word in expense and up-to-date equipment, forgetting that such buildings may divorce the work entirely from the life of the people and render much of the intended witness nugatory. Such splendid buildings are often the result of individual gifts, which might far better have been used in furthering the spread of the Gospel.

It may be true that the foreign missionary has as much

right to a comfortable home, with the possibility of some longed-for privacy, as the Christian business man at home; but he is there to set a different standard, and his ideal is to get as near to the people as possible, both in accommodation and food, consistently with health and efficiency: he is not out, therefore, to make himself comfortable, even though he settles down for life in the work to which God has called him. He regards himself as a stranger and pilgrim on the earth.

The more valuable and permanent the buildings, the less easy it is for the foreign missionaries to move on, when the time comes, as it should, for the indigenous Church to take over. This might vary considerably in different neighbourhoods, and would partly depend on the provision of an efficient native ministry; but it seems doubtful whether buildings should normally be built to last more than twenty-five to thirty years.

In evangelistic work there will be base stations, where a certain amount of institutional work may be necessary; and centres for evangelism, which may be of a temporary nature. In the latter case it is obvious that buildings should be as cheap as possible, to last two or three years; while in the case of base stations more permanent structures may be required. In the towns, buildings often have to conform to certain standards according to local by-laws, and certainly should be of as good material as those around; while in the jungle no such requirement is necessary.

In the undeveloped areas which we have taken up in Burma, it is a rare thing to find suitable existing accommodation. If it were possible to rent or buy existing property and adapt it for use, a great deal of money might be saved, and it would be easy to move on elsewhere when the time came. But to buy old property may be false economy, as was proved in the case of the first bungalow bought at Mohnyin, although at the time there was no alternative. In the more civilised Burmese villages it has been found possible to rent houses temporarily; but the more prosperous type of house, consisting of wood floor, plank walls, and corrugated iron roof is much more difficult to live in during

the hot weather than the temporary bamboo structure with its thatched roof, owing to the great heat engendered.

The missionary will require to add at least a bamboo ceiling, and some verandah protection; but he will find it advisable to have the house posts supported on concrete pillars; and other improvements, including glass windows instead of wooden shutters, together with some necessary protection from the ravages of white ants and the heaviness of the rains, will soon add considerably to the initial cost. The better the materials, the more important it is that there should be no waste through bad workmanship; and that means Chinese carpenters and a much higher wages bill to be added to building costs.

He will begin, perhaps, with a bamboo fence round the compound; but within two years it is completely broken down, and meanwhile other people's bullocks and goats have broken in and eaten all his growing vegetables and young fruit trees, which were going to make such a difference to his diet and his health. He will have to resort to a far more expensive, but in the long run more economical, type of barbed wire or wire mesh fence, with stout wooden posts or iron supports.

The water supply is an important point: the villager may depend on the local stream for water and washing, but no water carrier will work long for him without a well at hand, and he has seen some of the things that go into the river! He begins by digging an earth well till he strikes water, but before the hot weather is over his well has run dry; or if not, half way through the rains the unsupported sides of the well fall in. For a permanent supply, the normal procedure must be to sink a brick-lined or cement-ring well, at a greatly increased cost. Some form of permanent drainage system may be required; and gradually, without adding any luxury, the total cost of building has so mounted, that the cost of supplying accommodation alone may be a serious hindrance to the possibility of opening new stations or extending the work.

After twelve years of such building experience, one concludes that the cost of building must be in inverse ratio to the distance from railway or town, where materials are

at hand, and therefore cheaper: in other words, building must be largely dependent on local materials and architecture; which means that the more primitive the place, the more primitive and consequently less costly must be the building. Experiment is being made with an improved type of bamboo house; and as a missionary grows in experience he is able to make himself comfortable in adapting himself more to local conditions without sacrificing essential health considerations.

"Necessity is the mother of invention," and once a Mission has reached the stage where further expansion may be prevented through lack of funds, it must adapt itself afresh to existing circumstances; for while there are millions still unevangelised the Church cannot hold back through lack of good housing; for we remember the words of the Master:

> "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head."

CHAPTER XX

LIVING EPISTLES

The Growth of the Church

"The problem of Burma, as of so many other fields, is to find a living Church which will be a sufficient witness of the love of Christ to the peoples of their own land."

From *Christian Progress in Burma.*

"When we believe in the Holy Ghost, we shall teach our converts to believe in Him, and when they believe in Him they will be able to face all difficulties and dangers."

Rev. Roland Allen in *Missionary Methods.*

The growth of the Church in connection with the more recently opened Stations has been described up to date, but in most cases these Stations have only been in existence for seven or eight years at longest, while the expansion of the Church at Mohnyin now presages the growth that we may hope to see elsewhere as the years go by. After twelve years of opportunity, one finds that the rapid increase from two in the first three years to a total of 210 adult baptisms at the close of the twelfth year is only apparent during the last three or four years, and it is probably true to say that more converts or enquirers are being brought in by the indigenous Christians than by the direct work of the missionaries, which is as it should be. The missionary lights the torch, but the converts themselves must spread the light in their own villages and neighbourhood.

The Burmese section of the Mohnyin Church has grown to about thirty of the total number, and these are nearly all living in Mohnyin itself. Intensive activity in the form of prayer and Bible study meetings is therefore possible, and a Christian Endeavour Society was formed during 1936. The missionaries are members; but the meetings are entirely run by the Christians themselves, and from this society a band of young men go out on a weekly visit to some near-by village to witness and to preach. The Burmese Sunday

morning service is attended by a congregation of about forty to fifty people—Burmese, Shans, Karens, Indians and Chinese; and a spirit of real worship is evident as the order of service is reverently followed.

The main body of the converts belong to the Jinghpaw section of the Church, and the pastoral care of these is greatly complicated by the fact that never more than about a score of Jinghpaw Christians are to be found in Mohnyin itself, except when numbers in the Bible School swell the total. All the rest are scattered over the "parish," which consists of about 4,000 square miles of mountain, forest, and plain, though probably no Christian is more than fifty miles from the centre. In addition to those who have been baptised in connection with the Mission, we are responsible for the care of a considerable number of Christians from outside who have been attracted to settle in the area, and many of whom have since become full members of the Church. Altogether there are about 300 Christians connected with the Jinghpaw Church in this parish, about two-thirds of whom have been baptised since the commencement of the Mission.

Although there are so few living in Mohnyin itself, the usual Jinghpaw Sunday morning congregation numbers between sixty and seventy, and on the first Sunday in the month, when the Holy Communion is administered in Jinghpaw, larger numbers are reached. Mention was made in Chapter VII of the founding of the Christian village of Nawku, one and half miles up the Hkapra road. This village always supplies a good contingent to the Sunday services; but we are never without representatives from Sailing, five miles away, or Hkapronkawng, three miles further on; while the village of Dawnchyu, eight miles across the other side of the railway, founded by Kadu La, is nearly always well represented, especially by the women-folk, even in the heart of the rainy season, when it may mean going up to the waist in mud and water. It costs these people something to come to church; and the danger of wild elephants or tigers always makes them hurry back before it gets dark, while they start out from their village in the early morning after a hurried breakfast

in order to be in time for the service. In most of these villages there are growing Christian communities, which are able to meet for prayer together during the week; but there are some isolated members of the congregation too one; of whom, a widow, has a twelve miles' tramp from her mountain home, and yet she comes so regularly that one is surprised if she does not appear.

In the early days a purely evangelistic service was held on Sundays, for the congregation was almost entirely non-Christian; but now, although there are usually a few heathen, the majority are Church members or enquirers, and a regular order of service is able to be followed. The first part of Morning Prayer, with Psalms and Lessons, but choruses instead of chants, are followed by the Creed and special prayers; and the address is more intended to build up the Church, though the needs of outsiders are not forgotten.

Though we grieve over the low level spiritual life of many, and the apparent lack of desire to grow in the knowledge of God, there is an amazing contrast with their former outlook; and children of converts are growing up in Christian homes, where a blessing is asked at meals, and the Lord's Day is observed, and where contact with "nat" worship is unknown.

Twenty-eight miles down the line at Mawlu we are in the neighbourhood of another community of Christians belonging to the Mohnyin Church. These are to be found around Măgwi Chai, nearly 3,500 feet up in the hills and thirteen miles climb up from Mawlu. Here there is a Government Jinghpaw School. On the road from the plains is now the Christian village of Loimuk, formed by a number of households who combined to cultivate lowland paddy. About ten miles below Măgwi Chai, on the other side of this range of hills, is the village of Săga, where the headman is a convert and the number of Christian households shows an encouraging increase in recent years, in spite of the fact that they are cut off from the parent Mission by three days' journey of somewhat difficult road.

Apart from a few spasmodic visits of other workers, the main work of ingathering and preparation for baptism fell

on Miss Falconer, who, accompanied by Miss Selwyn, spent many weeks going from village to village in the cold weather of 1932. Over forty were baptised in this one neighbourhood alone during the year, and others have been brought in since.

Each could tell a separate story of God's grace, but one story of particular interest illustrates the work of the Holy Spirit in an individual household. Miss Falconer was preaching in the village of Ndang, about five miles along the top of the ridge from Măgwi Chai early in 1932, where a paralysed man, Ndang Tu, his wife and mother lived. There were already two families who had burned their shrines; and Ndang Tu eagerly listened to the message of the Gospel, and insisted on being carried from house to house as the missionary unfolded the story of God's love: by the time the third house was reached, Ndang Tu declared that he believed, and a few days later we had the joy of being present when all his "nat" shrines were burned. He and his household were prepared for baptism with others, but one felt that his life ought to be tested further before he could be baptised. Some weeks later a baptismal service was taking place five miles below Ndang at the village of Namlingya (which later supplied most of the households for the Christian village of Loimuk), and to our great surprise Ndang Tu appeared, having been carried by his plucky little wife five miles over the hills on her back, and his mother came too. They were quite determined to be baptised, and one felt that the quality of the test was equivalent to that of time, to prove the reality of their faith.

Later, when the village of Loimuk was founded, the family moved there; and Ndang Tu, whose legs were completely paralysed, could do nothing but sit in his hut all day long. He was given an infant standard reader, and spent hours every day poring over the strange characters which would open to him the treasures of learning. The well-thumbed book showed the serious effort employed, but for a long time Ndang Tu could only read like a parrot: now at last he is beginning to be able to read the Word of God for himself, and should become a real asset to his village, as he studies and passes on what he reads.

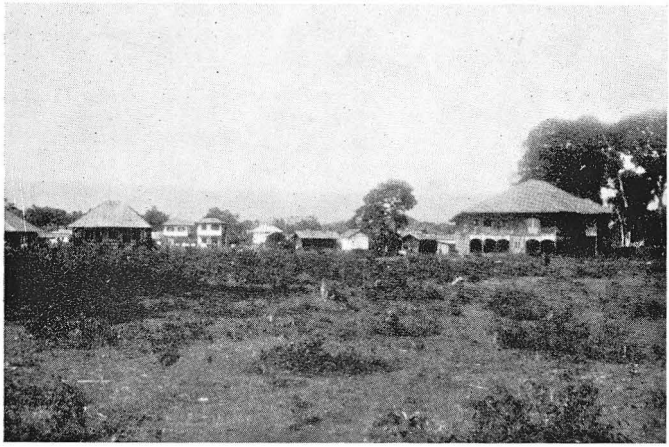
On a visit to Loimuk I was passing by his bamboo house late at night, when I heard Ndang Tu leading his household in prayer to their Heavenly Father. He prayed as though he were accustomed to ask and obtain answer, and then the family joined together in the Lord's Prayer: not being able to read, he stumbled over a few words, but one felt there must be rejoicing in heaven over the faith of these simple people, so recently bound down by the degrading influences of devil worship.

The Bishop paid an inspiring visit for Confirmations in October 1932, and the account written at the time is worth recording here:

"On Wednesday, October 26th, the first Confirmation took place, and there were a total of seventeen candidates—Karen, Chinese, Shan and Jinghpaw. Many of these had come in eight miles or more in the early morning, and it was a joyful time. As the Bishop spoke in English, his address was immediately translated into Jinghpaw, sentence by sentence, and the catechist, Set Paw, translated into Burmese. At the close of the Confirmation the Lord's Supper was administered, and nearly forty gathered around the Lord's Table.

"We had hoped to have with us the three recently baptised at Indaw, and the missionaries; but a telegram had informed us that there was a block on the line owing to heavy rain, and it was impossible to get through in time for the Confirmation. The Bishop left by the afternoon train for Mawlu; where we were to spend the night, before pushing off into the Jinghpaw hills. To our joy we found that the Indaw contingent had been able to get to Mawlu, and though accommodation was limited in the Forest Bungalow, and beds, etc. were conspicuous by their absence, we spent a very happy evening. The three Burmese candidates were duly confirmed, and one of their number who speaks English was able to interpret the Bishop's simple and helpful address. There was no pomp or ceremony: by the light of a petrol lamp, which attracted hundreds of insects of all sorts, we gathered round on the verandah, and the Lord was just as truly present as in a church. The lady

CONFERENCE OF MISSIONARIES, MOHNYIN, 1934



MOHNYIN COMPOUND

SOMERSET HOUSE, MOHNYIN

missionaries from Indaw had only just had time to get to the station and catch the train in response to the telegram sent from Mohnyin, and so were without any kit; but the dinner for two easily expanded for four, though the less said about the hordes of biting mosquitoes during the night the better!

"Two pack ponies and 'Daniel' (for the Bishop to ride) had been sent down with the Bible School boys the previous night; so after an early rise we loaded up the kit and set off with some of the Jinghpaws who had come in to welcome the Bishop. For four miles the road led through the jungle on the plains, and then for two miles we climbed until we reached our first objective—Namlingya, which had earlier in the year witnessed the baptism of fourteen men and women, who with their families had now gathered to meet the Bishop. The setting for the Confirmation was even more primitive than that of the night before, as the service was held on the ground outside a hut; and here we also halted for breakfast before proceeding on our uphill climb.

"The Christians here are hard at work on growing paddy two miles below, with a view to moving in a body, and forming a new village on the spot. The great difficulty of the moment is the fact that none of them can read; and though they are keenly anxious to grow in spiritual things, there cannot be much progress unless they are able to feed daily on the Word of God for themselves.

"The Bishop was persuaded to ride for a few miles after leaving Namlingya; but he preferred walking, and set a fine example of endurance to the younger generation who accompanied him! It was about 3.15 in the afternoon when we finally marched into Măgwi Chai, and were welcomed by the Christians before we settled down in the school building. After a cup of tea I had a marriage to take, and in the evening another seventeen were confirmed. It was a most inspiring gathering, and the Bishop was pleased with the evident joy depicted on the faces of the audience as they sang the chorus, 'Joy, joy, joy,' with the usual actions.

"There was one absentee from the number to be confirmed: the wife of one whose nat shrines were burned earlier in the year. She had given birth to a baby two days before, so the Bishop arranged to go to her house to confirm her in the morning. We had gathered for the Holy Communion before starting downhill in the morning, when in walked this lady with her newly-born baby in her arms! She had walked several hundred yards uphill from her house, and seemed none the worse. The Bishop confirmed her at the close of the service, and when asked why she had not waited in her house, she said wistfully that she was so anxious not to miss the service with all the others.

"As a majority of the school boys and girls were going into Mawlu to fetch rice, we had quite a long procession down the hillside from our 3,500-feet perch. We halted again at Namlingya for breakfast, and the Christians met for Communion there before we pushed on in the heat of the day to Mawlu, which we reached in time for our party to catch the up-train to Mohnyin, while the Bishop had to wait an hour or so for his train to take him down to Shwebo. We were only too thankful to drink cups of sweet tea from an Indian stall on the station, after the hot and sticky march.

"It has been suggested that Confirmation in the case of those baptised as adults is superfluous; but one could not fail to be convinced on this recent tour that where the Bishop is a real Chief Pastor this one opportunity that each individual convert has of coming into direct touch with the Bishop at Confirmation, and of there re-affirming the vows made in Baptism, is of the utmost spiritual value. Such contact draws attention to the unity of the Body of Christ, from the highest to the lowest; and provides a special opportunity to the whole Church of the district to unite in prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon them all.

"As we recall the fact that the previous year there were only ten candidates for Confirmation, we thank God for this visible token of expansion in the fifty-two confirmed in October, and pray that not only may

the numbers grow, as we thus have the opportunity of taking stock year by year, but that they may also grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

The work in the Măgwi Chai area is at present not increasing so rapidly as before: there have been several sad cases of falling into sin, and while sin is unrepented of there can be no blessing. When heathen neighbours talk of Christians smoking opium or quarrelling, then indeed a blight has come on the infant Church. More and more one becomes convinced that the greatest hindrance to the furtherance of the Gospel is a Christian living in open sin or clearly outside the line of God's will. If the spiritual tone of the community is high, there will be sorrow over the sin of an individual member, and every desire to repudiate the sin: but if the whole spiritual level is low, the sinning member will go on unrebuked, and the community will tend to hide his sin. Obviously the combined witness in such cases cannot be so effective, and steady growth in the numbers of those asking for baptism is impeded. Perhaps the brightest prospect at the present time is around Săga, where one of the Christians who had been taking opium yielded himself anew to God, and being set free was the means of bringing others in: in that area there have been several recent cases of nat shrines burnt, and a turning to God on the part of those who will later be prepared for baptism.

In the last two or three years the expansion of the Church has been more apparent in the area up the line, north of Mohnyin. At Namjun, eight miles east of Hopin (eighteen miles up the line) there is a growing Christian Church, centring round a Government school. The Duwa (chief) of the tract is himself an active Christian, and a visit is rarely paid without some fresh names being handed in for baptism. Six miles due west of the railway from Hopin is another little community of Christians, who are able to have fellowship sometimes with their neighbours at Namjun. Further up the line still, another community is forming some distance east of the railway from Pinbaw, and it is

becoming increasingly difficult with a small staff of active workers to carry out the essential spadework involved in the careful preparation in the truths of the Christian religion of those who have declared their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and yet have insufficient knowledge to declare the reason for the hope that is in them.

Apart from small groups or isolated individuals besides those mentioned, the largest Christian communities are to be found at Loitawm, two miles east of Sahmaw, where the large sugar factory stands, and at Lăja, five miles beyond. Most of the Christians in these villages are not Jinghpaws, but Atsis, a kindred tribe; and most of the original inhabitants migrated from the Chinese border in the Bhamo area. For some time, though owning a nominal allegiance to another Church, they went largely unshepherded, but have now thrown in their lot with us, and a considerable number of baptisms have taken place there. A good many knots had to be unravelled, and at first marriage problems abounded. There were couples who had given up nat worship and therefore would not be married by nat custom, but not being baptised could not be married by the rites of the Christian Church, while they neither had the money nor the inclination to go and obtain a civil marriage before a magistrate. Opium had ensnared others, while when the first visit was paid it was found that all who could read had hymnbooks, but there was only one New Testament in the whole village, and that had to be searched for to be produced. Things have changed since then, and the Christians have put hard work into the provision of a local school, so that their children might not grow up ignorant, and might be able to read the Word of God for themselves.

Mention has been made incidentally of the Bible School, which was opened at Mohnyin in December, 1931, when three young men who wished to give their lives to the preaching of the Gospel started an intensive period of study. Since then some have taken a full three years' course and have passed out into active work, while others have benefited from short courses of a few months to fit them to witness more effectively in their villages. From the

first, Set Paw helped in the teaching, as well as living with his wife in the Bible School building and being responsible for the domestic arrangements. The students pound their own paddy, cook the food, and do all their own work, so as to learn the dignity of labour and avoid the too-common failing of Jinghpaw young men, of becoming self-opinionated. On tour together with the Bible School boys no servant would be taken, and each was expected to help in the cooking of food, taking charge of pack ponies, etc. They became "Sons of Kohath," who had no carts, but whose privilege was to bear upon their shoulders the precious contents of the Tabernacle.

While Set Paw taught Burmese from the outset, English was later added to the curriculum, following on the wise decision of the Bishop in connection with the Divinity School in Rangoon, that a knowledge of English would open up a wide field of reading for those who were to become leaders in the Church. Even a comparatively small knowledge of English would help in the use of a Concordance or a Reference Bible, neither of which exists in Jinghpaw.

On return from furlough in the spring of 1933, Miss Falconer gave her whole time to the work of the Bible School, both in lecturing and carrying out preaching tours over the whole area of our large parish; though more especially by visiting the groups of Christians scattered in their villages, and staying for long periods to give instruction to enquirers and recent converts. The value of such work is incalculable, especially during the years when the Church still lacks trained indigenous pastors.

The hope of the future is that the Bible School may so develop that not only Jinghpaws but Burmese and Shan students may be received, and those who feel a call to the Ministry of the Church may be able to receive adequate training. A beginning of the indigenous Ministry was made on a red-letter day in the history of the Mission, on May 3rd, 1936, when Set Paw was ordained deacon at Mohnyin by the Bishop of Rangoon. The setting may have been primitive, but no ordination in magnificent cathedral in England could have been more impressive and

real, and unlike so many ordination services in the homeland; the congregation were able to take their full part and join in fellowship at the Lord's Table, when eighty-seven of many different races communicated.

At Mohnyin the efforts of the Church are at present largely concentrated on the erection of their own church, which means a good deal of sacrificial giving and labour. It is hoped that during the coming year the building may be completed, and a church, in Burmese style of architecture, to seat 400 people, will be a standing witness to the fact that it is not an exotic Church that is being planted, but that which is suited to the part of the Body of Christ to be found in Upper Burma.

It is interesting to note that of the 350 adults baptised in the whole Burma Mission since its inception, just over 200 have joined the Church in the last three years; and the baptism of some 70 infants brings into view the additions that we may expect in the second generation, as parents bring up their children in the fear and admonition of the Lord. During 1936 the Bishop confirmed 114 in seven different centres of the Mission.

Twenty different races or tribes are represented in this company of the faithful, though they come under eight main heads:

Kachin Group		.	Jinghpaw, Gauri, Atsi, Măru, Hkănung, Naga—256
Burmese	,,	.	Burmese, Kădu, Arakanese—29
Shan	,,	.	Shan Gyi, Shan Găle, Shan-Burmese—24
Chinese	,,	.	Chinese, Sino-Burmese—22
Indian	,,	.	Indo-Burmese, Gurkha, Telugu, Punjabi, Manipuri—9
Karen	,,	.	Karen—2
Lushai	,,	.	Lushai—2
Chin	,,	.	Awa Khumi, Mro—6

The potentialities of this living Church when witnessing faithfully by life and conversation to the living Christ are beyond computation, and the great Enemy of Souls is well aware of this. His attacks are insidious and sometimes

successful. We are never long without some disappointment which brings shame on the Church, some moral lapse (for the converts are in much the same position as those at Corinth, and are surrounded by those outside who regard sins of the flesh as the result of normal appetite), the usual backbiting that is all too frequent among Christians at home, a falling back into some old habit, or a general coldness which is shown in slackness in church attendance and a failure to witness to others.

Often one feels that the fault may lie in ourselves—our own spiritual coldness and slackness in prayer life, our lack of love and sympathy with those struggling in far more difficult circumstances than ourselves, or our failure to warn and to preach "the whole counsel of God"—but, in spite of many failures and disappointments, the members of the Church are witnessing as "living epistles," and are making progress in numbers and quality as the Holy Spirit convicts, and guides, and blesses.

In March, 1933, we held our first Jinghpaw Convention, which gave great encouragement at the time.

> "There was a daily attendance of ninety Jinghpaws, all of them either Christians or connected with Christian families. Set Paw, our Catechist, took entire charge of the accommodation and feeding arrangements, and managed the whole thing for an amazingly small sum; and the special gifts and offerings for the Convention covered all expenses. Everything went off without a hitch, and it was delightful to see the happy spirit that prevailed.
>
> "We had three meetings a day—an early morning prayer meeting, a morning meeting with one speaker, and an evening meeting with two speakers. On the first full day (Saturday) we tried to emphasise the awfulness of sin in the Christian life. The Sunday was separate, and while the messages bore on the Convention, we tried to give them a model Sunday to copy in their villages. The most refreshing period of the day was when we met for the Lord's Supper. On Monday all day we sought to give teaching on the power and fulness of the Holy Spirit. Tuesday was the last day; and the

subject, the need for absolute consecration of life to the Lord. The last meeting started at 6 p.m. and went on till 9, and it was then we felt the Lord working specially in our midst.

"After the addresses were over, one after another got up and made public confession of sin, and asked for prayer to lead a holy life in future. I had brought out Tailum Jan's betel nut box with the little Wordless Book inside, and I feel sure her testimony is still bearing fruit. Several of their own accord brought up tobacco and betel nut, and resolved by God's grace to break with everything that might hinder them from being fruitful witnesses.

"For the first time since I came to Burma I felt that I could die happily; for one felt that the Convention represented something permanent, the issues of which will go on into eternity."

Four years later, we are on the eve of a much bigger Convention, when we may expect several hundred people to congregate at Mohnyin; but the need is just the same, and there is a deep work of the Holy Spirit that needs to be done before we can go forward in confidence. Three of us, including the Bishop, were squatting on the ground in a tent occupied by the Lushai evangelists in Akyab: we had been separately meditating about the immediate needs of the work. "What do you think is needed most?" was asked of the little group through Liana, the interpreter and son of the senior worker. Slowly and deliberately came the answer: "My father says we need more *power*—the power of the Holy Ghost." And throughout the whole of Burma the need is the same!

CHAPTER XXI

OUR BIT

The Contribution of the Mission to Burma

"There is a living God.
He has spoken in the Bible.
He means what He says, and will do all that He has promised."
Hudson Taylor.

"There must be a driving conviction in the heart that it is possible for one entirely ignorant of the Gospel to be saved within a few hours of his first hearing the Message, if only he has been prepared by the Spirit of God and his heart has passed through the crucible of suffering, sorrow or sin."
Paget Wilkes in *The Dynamic of Service.*

"To preach the Gospel in the regions beyond . . and not to boast in another man's line of things made ready to our hand."
2 Corinthians x, 16.

In a reference to our little band of missionaries at Mohnyin some years ago, we were likened to "gay Franciscans," a kindly tribute that naturally amused us, considering that nothing could be further from our thoughts or habits than the taking of monastic vows. But we were glad of the underlying impression that the Mission was conveying to the outside world, of a joyful readiness to see the humorous side of every difficult situation, coupled with an intense yearning that the Gospel which we preached might prove the power of God unto salvation.

As we look back over the first twelve years, what contribution has the junior Mission made to the cause of Christ in Burma as a whole?

On arrival in the country, our intention to work among Jinghpaws was deprecated by the oldest Mission in Burma; and no doubt there were some misgivings on the part of the Anglican community over the coming of a new Society which was only just beginning to make its way in the world, and had many enemies. The whole country had been al-

ready divided out into various spheres among the existing Missions, as the result of the comity brought about by the Burma Christian Council. Though no one was unkind enough to say so, and from the first we experienced the greatest individual kindness and courtesy, we were in reality interlopers.

At least it was expected that we should fall into line with the normal procedure, advance by education; and great was the astonishment when we replied to the usual questions that we had no intention of opening schools and were strongly opposed to institutionalism. No doubt we were regarded as well-meaning fanatics, who, when up against the difficulties that beset the work, would soon realise that the Gospel by itself is not good enough. There were individual missionaries of other organisations who not only expressed interest in the experiment, but longed themselves to be able to throw off the shackles of an institutionalism which bound them down against their will.

The number of these friends grew; here and there in other parts of Burma individual missionaries were already setting an example of jungle evangelism; as the years went by, more reference would be made by others to our work, and always in connection with the particular methods we used. It was thought by many that such methods were all right for a wild tribe like the Kachins, but long experience with the more sophisticated Burman or Shan convinced them that successful work among Buddhists depended on an educational programme from elementary to high school and beyond. The defenders of the *status quo* could not point to many converts from the school work, but at least the nation was being permeated with Christian ideals; and it was many years before *we* could point to converts among Burmese and Shans by purely evangelistic or medical-evangelistic work.

It was almost embarrassing, as time went on, to be sought out by senior missionaries of other organisations, who enquired after our methods and the secret of the success that was just beginning to be apparent. A high authority stated that there were actually more converts from the Burmese nation in the days of Judson, when the death

penalty was attached to open confession of faith in Christ, than there are to-day; and he wondered if it were due to the fact that the Mission which he founded had tried to improve on his methods of direct evangelism. Within recent years alarming statistics appeared in the official organ of one Society in Burma, published in Rangoon, to the effect that there were only four missionaries out of over a hundred and fifty who were set apart for evangelistic work among Burmese, and of these two were away on furlough; so that the foreign evangelistic force (of this Mission) to deal with the vast mass of the population had an effective strength of *two*! It was obvious, therefore, that if our motto was, *Every missionary* (whether doctor, nurse, parson or layman) *first and foremost an evangelist*, we were cutting right across current practice.

From the beginning our work has been watched with friendly interest by other Anglicans in the Diocese. The organ of the Rangoon Diocesan Association commented on the work of the B.C.M.S. Mission at the end of 1930:

> "It has all the advantages of a clear, unoccupied field, no legacy from the past in the way of schools and institutions to be maintained, and greatest of all, a large band of keen and devoted missionaries. Hence they are able to throw themselves into evangelistic work with a freedom denied to the older Missions."

In the same paper appeared a letter from the Bishop, written at Mohnyin for Confirmations, at the close of which he said:

> "The B.C.M.S., then, are rejoicing in freedom of movement; they are a young and eager band of evangelists on fire to proclaim Christ where He has not been preached. As success in God's good time attends their efforts they will be faced with the problem of education. The converts must be able to read their Bible and Prayer Books; schools will be inevitable. What will they do?"

The answer to that question is given in the previous chapter: the Christian Church *must* be an educated Church—true; but we conceive that while missionaries

may be temporarily allotted to supervise, the education of Christians is the responsibility of the indigenous Church, not of the foreign missionary; and the standard of the education provided will grow as the Church grows in numbers, wealth, and intelligence. Meanwhile, in the initial stages of Church planting, it is not the children who are the problem, but the adult Christians who must be taught to read and write. Regular schools for them are usually impossible, as their agricultural and domestic work prevent them from leaving their homes for prolonged periods. A beginning can be made during instruction for baptism, and after that any who can read in a village must be made to realise it is their duty to teach other Christians at night, or when they are free. By such methods as these a certain amount of success has been obtained; but it requires constant prompting on the part of the missionary, and a good deal more needs to be done in insisting on the necessity of adults being able to read if they are to make real spiritual progress. This problem is, of course, more acute among illiterate Jinghpaws than among Burmese.

But if "schools are inevitable" as the Church grows, we still want to retain that "freedom of movement" which will enable us to give the greater part of our time to preaching the Gospel; and no one who has once tasted that freedom will want to be tied down to institutionalism.

The Editor* of *Mountain Men* (the missionary organ of the Diocese) in his "Random Comments" shrewdly remarked in 1931:

> "Nearly all our missionary problems are found to be connected in the last resort with the main question as to how most effectively to present the Gospel to the people of Burma. While the Gospel remains the same, the ways and means of presenting it are infinite. In the past it has been usual to open a mission station and to work a district largely through mission schools. Educational work has consequently come to assume a much more prominent place in the life of a missionary diocese than in a diocese in England. The important and immensely interesting

* The Right Rev. George Algernon West, M.A., now Bishop of Rangoon.

work which has lately been begun among the Kachins of Upper Burma by the splendidly-staffed B.C.M.S. Mission is conducted on lines which come as something of a challenge to our normal methods of work in Lower Burma. The B.C.M.S. eschews schools. Schools in the end may prove to be an unavoidable necessity. Even so, they will never be allowed to overshadow evangelism in its direct form of preaching and teaching the Gospel to old and young alike. Every missionary first and foremost an evangelist—that, if we understand it aright, is the watchword under which the B.C.M.S. are working."

In response to a request from the Editor, the writer was given the opportunity in the same paper of giving in detail some ideas on the subject of evangelism, and the following axioms of preaching were laid down:

(*a*) Find a point of contact, if possible, through either the religion or the daily life of the people.

(*b*) Preach a constructive rather than a destructive message; when Christ comes into the life He will do the breaking-down necessary.

(*c*) If you wish your preaching to be effective, rely on the Word of God; no amount of beautiful thoughts, arguments, or philosophy can take its place.

(*d*) Never forget that sin stands between men and God, that the only way of forgiveness is through the Cross, and that men will not want the Saviour unless they feel their need.

(*e*) Never doubt the power and willingness of God to save, then and there, anyone who turns to Him through the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Society rightly avoids tying down its agents to rigid rules about education, though it has wisely made the rule that education for non-Christians is not to be provided from mission funds beyond the primary stage. In Burma we go further, and at our Missionaries' Conference have passed a resolution to the effect that we are not in favour of a general policy of opening schools for evangelistic purposes.

Our first contribution to the missionary cause in Burma, therefore, is an emphasis on evangelistic work to the exclusion of schools as evangelistic agencies, with the motto, "*Every missionary first and foremost an evangelist.*" Coupled with that is an absolute reliance upon the Word of God to do the work that the Holy Spirit intends, of convicting and converting. We are utterly unrepentant believers in the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures, and believe that without this emphasis on the truth of God's Word we could not have seen the results so far obtained.

The natural corollary of this belief is that we consider it the duty of mission agencies to make it possible that every man may read the Word of God in his own tongue.

If we may presume to criticise the work of Missions in Burma in the past, there seems to have been too much attempt to solve the intricate problem of an inordinate number of languages by forcing people of different tongues into one mould. The great attraction of the preaching at Pentecost was that every man heard in his own tongue wherein he was born. It has frequently happened that where it is found that some members of a tribe speak Burmese, no attempt has been made by the missionary to learn the tribal language, but any work done among the tribe is through the medium of Burmese; which is *not* the language spoken in the home, and therefore the Gospel does not reach the centre of tribal life—the home. Consequently no attempt is made to translate the Bible into the language of the tribe, but if a few stray converts result they are forced to read the Word of God in a foreign tongue. The converts tend then to become burmanised, and the tribe is even more antagonised when the logical result of becoming Christian is to be denationalised.

The tendency of all Government schools is to insist on Burmese as the medium of instruction; and as most Mission schools are dependent on Government grants and must conform to the same standard, it is not surprising that the same policy is carried out in any attempt to evangelise the fringe of an unreached tribe.

The British and Foreign Bible Society is only too ready to promote the translation of the Scriptures into new

languages, but obviously is dependent on the various mission agencies for the initial translation.

With the emphasis on the translation and distribution of the Word of God goes the endeavour to encourage its daily reading. In 1929, the Jubilee year of the Scripture Union, the first Scripture Union card in any language of Burma was issued, to promote daily reading on the part of Jinghpaws. Several hundred Jinghpaws became members in the first year of issue. Two years later, Scripture Union cards were produced in Burmese, and though the daily reading of the Bible is not dependent on joining any Union, the fact remains that no previous attempt has been made in Burma to enlist the support of all Christians all over the country to engage in the daily study of the Word of God.

There was a suspicion in the early days that we were not truly Anglican, but Baptist at heart. While we have had the most cordial relations with Baptist Christians all through, and in our contact with our immediate neighbours always emphasise that there is only one Church of Christ, the entrance to which is obtained by regeneration by the Holy Spirit, producing an active repentance and faith in Christ, after twelve years of work we are more than ever convinced of the value of the ordered worship of the Anglican Church, and the discipline involved in belonging to an organisation where obedience is expected to the common mind of the Church throughout the ages. If we had been free to do as we thought best at the moment, we should have been unable to avoid innumerable mistakes, especially in regard to marriage or moral problems, through attempting to solve hard cases by individual judgment. One soon learns the danger of creating precedent in native minds. Believing that the teaching of the Anglican Church, as given to us in the Book of Common Prayer, was true to the principles of Scripture, we had no difficulty in conforming to the common mind of the Church.

The rumour of our disaffection was apparently due to the fact that at the outset we did not emphasise the practice of Infant Baptism. As a Mission, we never doubted for a moment that Infant Baptism was in accordance with the principles and teaching of the Bible, but we were grieved

by the general failure of the Church at home to emphasise the importance of the rite, by the common practice of mass baptisms of children, whose parents never darken the doors of the church. Until, therefore, we had Christian parents realising their responsibility to bring up their children in the fear and admonition of the Lord, Infant Baptism was not emphasised. It was the desire to exalt Infant Baptism to its proper plane, rather than any objection to it, that gave rise to this policy.

From the first, we have received the greatest courtesy from the Diocese into which we obtruded ourselves. As the majority of the existing clergy and laity belonged to a different school of thought, they might well have objected to our presence; but this book would not be complete without placing on record the fact that we have received unfailing kindness throughout the short history of the Mission in Burma. Even when the reverberations of the controversy in England over the 1928 Prayer Book were felt in the Diocesan Council in Rangoon, one was listened to with sympathy and respect as the definitely evangelical position we represented was put forth.

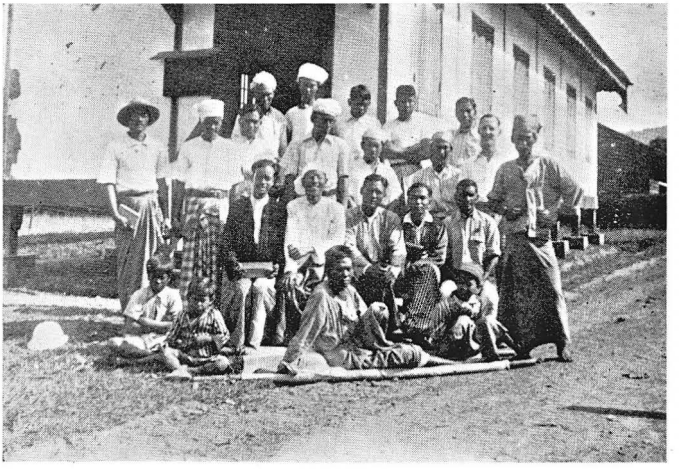
We believe that it is now generally recognised that the B.C.M.S. Mission is making a notable contribution to the Diocese.

The Metropolitan in visiting Mohnyin and Kamaing in February, 1934, came farther north in Burma than any of his predecessors; and writing to the Bishop about his general impressions afterwards, he said:

> "I have come away with a deep sense of thankfulness for the spirit which animates the clergy of the Diocese and the solid work which is being done at the various mission centres which I visited. . . . I shall never forget, as long as I have any power of remembrance at all, my visits to those village centres at . . . Mawlu, Mohnyin, Bilumyo, and Kamaing. . . . Everywhere there was the evidence of faithful work and a response being won. In places where fresh ground is being worked the response may be slow, but at some places, such as Bilumyo, I believe that a real move is within sight."

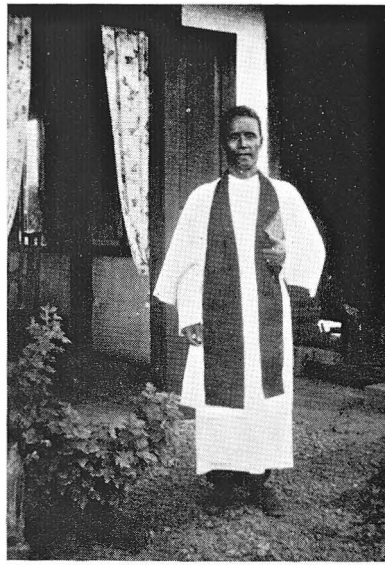
GROUP OF JINGHPAW CHRISTIAN WOMEN

(*See p.* 221)



THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR, MOHNYIN

(*See p.* 220



THE REV. U SET PAW (*See p.* 229)

JINGHPAW CHRISTIAN BRIDAL PAIR (*See p.* 221)

Writing to the Editor of *Mountain Men*, the Metropolitan's Chaplain said:

"What is the ideal? If I were a Bishop I'd like the fire and zeal and thrust of the B.C.M.S.; I wouldn't be surprised to hear of whole villages and districts turning Christian in the B.C.M.S. area before long—mixed with the devotional spirit and general atmosphere of reverence of S.P.G.; then there'd be no stopping the spread of Christianity and its grip on the people."

The Editor comments on the paragraph: "That is a generous tribute, but none too generous to these intrepid missionaries." While we, who know our own shortcomings, feel that we deserve no praise, we are most grateful for such generous tributes, and only pray that in the years to come the "devotional spirit and general atmosphere of reverence" may be as noticeable as the "fire and zeal and thrust," as the Churches grow in the grace and knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Whatever the future holds, the contribution of the B.C.M.S. Mission will increase as it keeps to its original aims, as declared in the Diocesan Magazine:

"The aim of B.C.M.S. all through has been to evangelise the areas occupied, and to this end to avoid as far as possible any institutional work which would make the workers less mobile. Definitely Anglican, and passionately attached to the Mother Church, within these bounds the Mission aims at developing Churches that are truly indigenous and true to the genius of each individual race.

"Medical work is carried on in nearly all the stations, not as an end in itself, nor even as a means to an end, but to show the love of Christ, who went about doing good and healing the sick. While the importance of an educated Christian Church is recognised, it is felt that such education is mainly the responsibility of the indigenous Church, and should advance as the Church grows in intellectual knowledge and financial ability to undertake it. The method of 'Pure Evangelism' is still being adhered to, and is definitely proving successful."

CHAPTER XXII

"WE HAVE LEFT UNDONE"

The Unfinished Task

"Apart from God in Christ there can be no missionary enterprise. In Jesus Christ the work of missions finds its basis, its aim, its method, its message, its motive, and its goal. The evangelisation of the nations is not a human but a divine project—an eternal purpose of God which He purposed in Christ Jesus."

Dr. Samuel M. Zwemer in *Thinking Missions with Christ.*

"I may place on record my conviction that the needs of the mission field are always far greater than the needs of the Church at home, that no human qualifications, however high, render a man or woman more than adequate for missionary work, that there is no other career which affords such scope for enterprise and creative work, and that in comparison with the slight sacrifice demanded, the reward is great beyond all measuring."

Stephen Neill, in *Builders of the Indian Church.*

Stripped naked of all pretence, and the glamour that surrounds missionary work, as the searchlight of God's truth is turned on them, the missionary forces in Burma may well join in the words of the General Confession:

> "We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. . . . We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done; and there is no health in us. But Thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders."

The torch was passed on to us "to preach the Gospel to *every creature*" in Burma; to us were committed some of "the uttermost parts of the earth;" but how have we failed in our duty and service! In spite of the herculean labours of individuals who loved not their lives unto the death, from Judson onwards, after over a hundred years of missionary effort, the peoples of Burma are still largely in darkness, and a large number of tribes and areas are entirely without messengers of the Gospel.

Allowing for all the difficulties prior to British occupation and the frequent removals from the ranks of the missionary forces by death or other cause, the fact remains that it ought to have been possible in the period that has elapsed to complete the evangelisation of the whole population of Burma, which numbers under fifteen millions, including the remotest hill tribes.

The complement of "we have left undone" is "we have done those things which we ought not to have done;" and it would be well worth while for any mission body to try to discover and rectify the mistakes of the past. It is a healthy sign that present-day leaders in Burma are dissatisfied with the progress that has been made, and long to see the Church waking up to her responsibility. An undue emphasis on educationalism, together with much energy spent on mere social uplift, to the exclusion of evangelistic effort, as well as a concentration on the towns instead of the jungle, where four-fifths of the population live, have all combined to delay the carrying out of the main task of evangelisation.

"We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts" instead of getting back to apostolic faith and practice. We require no expensive plant to follow in the footsteps of St. Paul, who "taught publicly and from house to house . . . repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ."

There is a restless longing to do more effective work: some advocate the policy of the *status quo*—more education; some suggest monastic communities on a par with those of Buddhism; others would dramatise the Gospel and follow the lines of Burmese pwes; while many hoped to engineer a progressive movement like the Kingdom of God movement in Japan, to double the number of Christians in the course of a few years. Thoughtful men suggest the need of a deeper study of the roots of Buddhism, which has such a hold on the people; with the inference that without a profound knowledge of Buddhist philosophy no one can expect converts from that religion.

But "the wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and

whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." We cannot engineer a movement of the Spirit of God: we can pray that God will raise up a leader, who in the power of the Holy Spirit will sweep the country; but "it is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful," and have we been faithful to the task?

I am persuaded that a simple return to the principles of the Word of God is what is needed in Burma to-day, and with that everything would fall into its place; not only every missionary first and foremost an evangelist, but every indigenous Christian responding to the call, "Ye shall be witnesses unto Me."

"We have left undone those things which we ought to have done." Let us examine the unfinished task. A few initial facts may help to put things in the right proportion. The density of population in Burma is about 63 to the square mile: that is considerably more than in the United States of America, about half the density of population in the whole of Europe, and one-third of the density in India as a whole.

With this one must remember that Burma is more backward in communications than any province in India, and that the mountainous nature of a large part of the country, coupled with dense forest areas, makes it exceedingly difficult to get at the more primitive tribes, and accounts for the large number of different languages and dialects.

As regards actual numbers, the missionary occupation of Burma (24 to the million) is much on a par with that of the Bombay and Madras Presidencies and the Central Provinces in India, while it is considerably in excess of the missionary occupation of India as a whole, which is roughly 14 to the million.

Owing, however, to the far larger number of tribes and races represented in Burma in proportion to those of India as a whole, this excess does not reveal a more adequate occupation, and the proportion of one missionary to nearly 42,000 people can only be described as grossly inadequate. Figures like these are of only comparative value, for probably not more than one quarter of the effective missionary staff is engaged in active evangelistic work.

One of the most alarming facts is that in spite of the presence at the end of 1934 of 45 missionaries in the B.C.M.S. Burma mission, the total missionary staff in Burma was actually less than ten years before, when the B.C.M.S. Mission was non-existent. The present total staff of foreign missionaries is said to be 358, and our Mission therefore has scarcely made up for the loss by retrenchment elsewhere. The world trade depression, which hit America so hard, is naturally reflected in the reductions in the missionary staff which the American Baptist Mission had to make. In some directions this seeming disaster has been advantageous; for the cuts in grants have enforced greater attention to elimination of waste, some schools have had to be closed (perhaps a debatable advantage), but best of all, more responsibility has had to be put on the indigenous Churches.

One cannot but feel that if the aim of all Missions in Burma from the outset had been to produce self-supporting and self-propagating Churches, as was done with notable success by some of the pioneer missionaries to the Karens at Bassein, we should not have to talk about a large, unfinished task of evangelisation to-day.

The future of the Church in Burma lies with the indigenous Christians themselves, and if unlimited funds in the past have been available for expansion, it is only natural that they should not take easily to the idea that they themselves are definitely responsible not only for the support of the existing work but for advance into unreached areas.

The Protestant community numbers 241,425, a notable increase during the last decade, but only about half the average increase for India as a whole. But we have no mass movement areas in Burma, and it does not seem likely that Burma will produce any. In 1921, one in fifty of the total population was Christian; ten years later, the number was increased to one in forty-four. But as we probe statistics further, we discover how vast is the need of the twelve million and more Buddhists, when we find that only one Burmese out of 781 is Christian, and one Shan out of 518. Contrast this with the one in six among Karens, or the one in

ten among Kachins, and one realises how far more adequate has been the evangelisation as well as the response of these animistic hill tribes. The comparison is, perhaps, hardly fair, since a handful among a small community make a big difference to the proportion; but, even so, the obvious need lies among the main mass of the population.

If one studies areas, even more alarming figures emerge. Take the Arakanese population of the Akyab District, numbering nearly 210,000—one in 3,108 only is Christian; or again, the adjoining district of Kyaukpyu, with a population of nearly 327,000 Yanby (akin to Burmese), and not a single Christian to be found among them! Nor is there any missionary working in that district to-day, in spite of the fact that since 1826 the whole of the Arakan Division has been under British rule, and therefore safe for missionary endeavour.

Go to the heart of the Northern Shan states, and leaving aside the great mass of the untouched Shan population, visit the Palaungs in their hills—nearly 140,000, and not a Christian nor a missionary among them. They present a curious anomaly: they are a hill tribe with the usual picturesque dress, but they are not animists, but ardent Buddhists. The problem also presents a tragic anomaly; for the only European who has attempted to learn their language is a gifted linguist, and a non-missionary.*

It is true that the A.B.M. Mission at Namhkam is in touch with a few Shan-speaking Palaungs, and the Methodist Mission at Kalaw touches one or two villages cut off from the main Palaung area; but no one is tackling this tribe as a whole or taking the only possible means of evangelising, namely, learning the language and taking the Gospel into the homes of the people.

Up to the present time no one has adequately tackled the Shan problem, in spite of the patient labours of many individual missionaries who have given their whole lives to work among Shans. In the Northern Shan states, with a population of well over half a million, there is one Mission Station, with one missionary at work among the Shans, and he occupied with a big medical work. In the Southern

* Mrs. Leslie Milne.

Shan states, with a population of nearly 900,000, there are only four mission stations, and it is seriously being considered at the present time whether to abandon all evangelistic work among Shans owing to the lack of apparent results. (These remarks do not apply to the B.C.M.S. work among Shans, of course.)

We have already referred to the completely untouched Shan area on the Upper Chindwin, and the amazing ramifications of these virile people who stretch from Assam in the West to Canton and beyond in the East. No one in China is really attempting to tackle this problem. The Tai race, the generic term for the Shans of China and Burma, with their offshoots in the people of Siam, is intensely proud of its national characteristics; but the difficulties of frontier between Burma and China have probably prevented in the past what seems to be the need of the moment—a bold and comprehensive attempt to tackle the Tai race as a whole. If it were not for our unhappy divisions the whole field might well be occupied by one big Mission; which would revive its dying literature, unify the various scripts, but above all carry the Gospel of the grace of God into mountain and plain, disposing its forces so that everyone might have the opportunity of knowing that Christ died to redeem the Tai as much as any other race.

What a work for a real missionary statesman with life before him!

There are still largely unadministered areas on the borders of Burma which are untouched by the Gospel, notably the Was of the eastern border and the Nagas of the north-western area, where about 100,000 on the Burma side of the Assam border await the message of salvation. Passing southwards from Naga territory, one comes in contact with many Chin tribes, among whom no one is working, and whose languages have never been reduced to writing.

Speaking of the events necessary to take place before His return, the Lord said: "This Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come."

While no one can say dogmatically what will constitute the adequate fulfilment of this task, the minimum attempt

at evangelisation of any given tribe or race should involve at least two factors:

(1) That those who evangelise should preach the Gospel in the language spoken in the homes of the people, so that all can hear and understand; and

(2) That at least some essential portion of the Scriptures should be available in written form in the language of the people, so that they may read the message of God for themselves.

If we admit these two propositions, it is obvious at once that we are very far from the completion of evangelising the whole of Burma. We are not looking for all the races in Burma to become Christian; but we are looking for the fulfilment of the promise that God will call out a people for His Name from every tribe and race.

As far as statistics are available, it would appear that the Bible or portions thereof have only been translated into eleven of the indigenous languages of Burma; that there are about forty other languages spoken, in each case, by from 5,000 to 200,000 people; and that there are over fifty more dialects, spoken in each case by under 5,000 people.

It would appear, therefore, that at the present time there is a great need for linguists who will set about the task of learning, and, if necessary, reducing to writing, a dozen or more languages or dialects and finding out the root relationship between them. Among the 350,000 Chins there are over forty distinct tribes, many of them probably closely related in language, at least at the roots, though differing so much in colloquial form that they appear to be separate languages. The same applies to Naga tribes.

The missionary forces in Burma cannot rest satisfied until sure of the fulfilment of the vision of that "great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and tribes, and people and languages," standing before the throne of God and the Lamb, and praising their Redeemer: "Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy Blood out of every tribe, and language, and people, and nation."

It has been said recently that if the Christian Church responded unitedly to God's call and took up the task to complete the evangelisation of the world, the work could be done in five years.

One can say unhesitatingly that with the knowledge of the state of things in Burma alone, such a feat would be absolutely impossible, unless God reversed His order and sent the angels to carry out the commission He has given to men. But with equal assurance one would say that with present-day communications and possibilities, the complete evangelisation of the whole of Burma to its furthest bounds could be completed *in this generation*, if the Church responded adequately to the call.

While more and more responsibility must rest on the indigenous Church of Burma, it is obvious that four times as many missionaries as are at present at work in Burma would be needed to give one missionary to the evangelisation of 10,000 of the population.

The time is coming when the words of Cyrus, King of Persia, may be put into the mouth of the King of Kings:

"All the kingdoms of the earth hath the Lord God of Heavne given Me . . . who is there among you of all His people? The Lord his God be with him, *and let him go up.*"

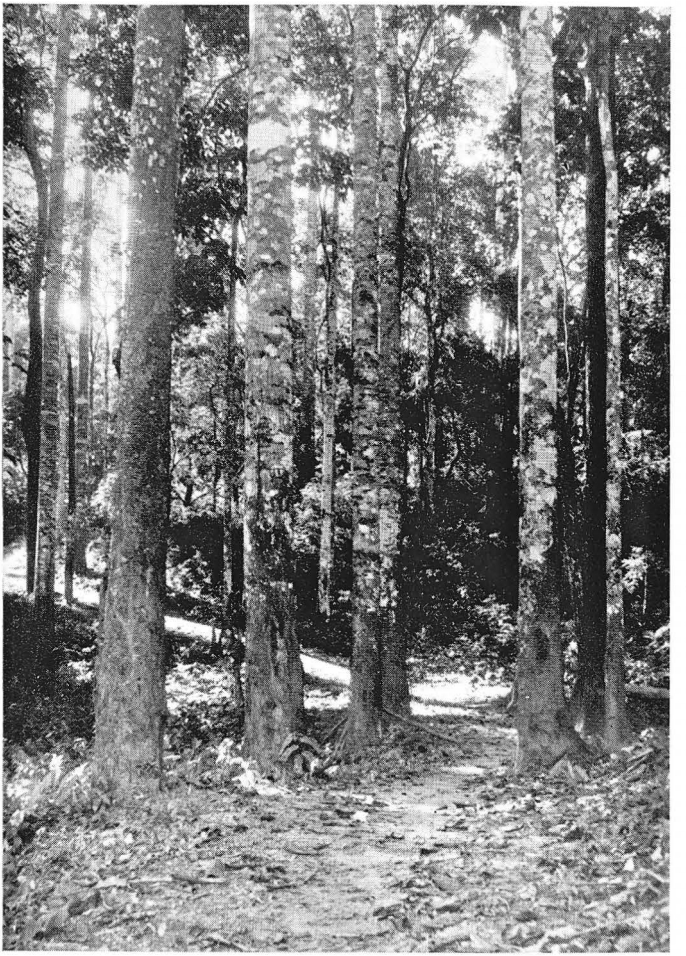
EPILOGUE

So thick and impenetrable is the jungle undergrowth in the depths of the forest in Burma that it would seem impossible for trees of any size to find room to grow. Yet there they stand—the monarchs of the forest—in splendid isolation; firmly rooted in the ground, and rising to a height o hundreds of feet before spreading out their branches to the clear blue sky.

But for everyone that stands in solitary glory, how many there are that are choked by the thick jungle, or overthrown by the entangling creepers that grow to an amazing thickness as they do their deadly work! Which is an obvious allegory. The solitary ones have learned the secret of abiding in Christ, and their value is beyond count.

There are other trees, the teak among them, that grow in groups, and so take up the nourishment from the ground that there is no room for jungle undergrowth, and light flows through the forest glade. One such grove is on the road to Hkapra, and because of the pillared stateliness of these trees we call them the "Cathedral." So are the members of the Church of God planted in this land of Burma, when "rooted and built up" in Christ. These are

"TREES OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, THE PLANTING OF THE LORD, THAT HE MIGHT BE GLORIFIED."



"THE CATHEDRAL"

"Trees of righteousness,
The planting of the Lord,
That He might be glorified."

(NAGA TRIBESMEN)

"How shall they hear without a preacher?"

(*See p.* 247)

ROLL OF MISSIONARIES OF THE B.C.M.S.
BURMA MISSION

Date of Arrival	*Name*	*Station*
1924	Rev. A. T. Houghton, M.A.	Mohnyin
,,	Mrs. Houghton (née Green)	,,
,,	*Miss Eileen M. Houghton (S.R.N.)	
1925	Rev. W. Crittle, B.Com.	Kamaing
,,	Mrs. Crittle (née Perry)	,,
1926	Mr. A. E. Rushton	Lonkin
,,	Mrs. Rushton (née Lane)	,,
,,	†Rev. T. E. Fowler	
,,	Miss M. E. F. Stileman	Bilumyo
,,	Miss D. Harris	Wuntho
1927	Miss V. Falconer	Mohnyin
,,	*Miss C. E. Cousins	
,,	‡Miss D. M. Parker	
,,	Mr. H. Kitchen	Indaw
,,	Mrs. Kitchen (née Isherwood)	,,
,,	†Rev. H. Hacking	
1928	†Mrs. Hacking (née Sagar)	
,,	‡Miss A. Sharpe (S.R.N.)	
,,	Miss L. Mason	Mohnyin
,,	†Mrs. Fowler (née Lewis)	
,,	Mr. F. J. Stileman	Maingkwan
1929	Miss M. Mitchell	Wuntho
,,	Miss V. D. G. Bond	Athetkin (Jade Mines)
,,	†Rev. G. Crouch	
1930 (Jan.)	Lt.-Col. S. H. Middleton West, M.C., F.R.C.S., I.M.S. (Retd.)	Maingkwan
,,	†Mr. H. W. Green	
,, ,,	†Mrs. Green	
1930 (Nov.)	Mr. S. F. Russell, M.B., B.S., F.R.C.S.	Mohnyin
,, ,,	‡Mrs. Russell (S.R.N.)	
1931	Mrs. Russell (née Selwyn)	Mohnyin
,,	Miss V. F. Winn	Wuntho
,,	†Mrs. Crouch (née Marsh)	
,,	Miss J. Marshall	Rangoon
,,	†Miss E. P. W. McConnell	
,,	Mr. W. S. Jarrold	Minbya

Date of Arrival	*Name*	*Station*
1932 (Jan.)	Mrs. W. B. Johnston (S.R.N.) (née Collyer)	Mohnyin
,, (Nov.)	Miss G. Killick	Kamaing
,, ,,	Miss K. McKellen	Wuntho
,, ,,	*Rev. S. T. Craddock	
,, ,,	Rev. E. Francis	Paletwa
,, ,,	†Rev. R. S. Waterson	
,, ,,	Mr. R. A. Murray	Mohnyin
1933 (Jan.)	Miss R. Greenwood (S.R.N.)	,,
,, (Nov.)	Mrs. Murray (née Patterson)	,,
,, ,,	Miss D. Bigg (S.R.N.)	,,
,, ,,	Miss A. Gulliver (S.R.N.)	Akyab
,, ,,	Miss N. Sandles	Bilumyo
,, ,,	Miss R. Sturman	Rangoon
,, ,,	Rev. W. B. Moffet	Akyab
,, ,,	Mrs. Moffet (née Manley)	,,
1934	Miss M. Cutler	Kamaing
1935 (Jan.)	Rev. C. M. Johnston, B.A.	Mohnyin
,, ,,	Mr. W. B. Johnston, M.B., B.S.	,,
,, (Nov.)	Mrs. Stileman (née Ewbank)	Maingkwan
1935 (Nov.)	Mr. A. Taylor, L.Th.	Minbya
,, ,,	Miss D. Brierley	Athetkin (Jade Mines)
1936 (Jan.)	Miss R. Hindwood	Bilumyo
,, ,,	Miss D. Hand	Indaw
,, ,,	Miss W. Lemon	Rangoon
1937 (Feb.)	Miss A. Webb (S.R.N.)	Lonkin
,, ,,	Mr. S. W. Short	Minbya

* Invalided.
† Retired.
‡ Deceased.

CHILDREN OF THE MISSION

April, 1925	Timothy Patrick Houghton (the first B.C.M.S. baby)
February, 1928	Elizabeth Coralie Houghton
June, 1929	David Douglas Rushton
October, 1929	Rachel Mary Houghton
April, 1931	Ruth Margaret Rushton
August, 1931	Peter Fowler
December, 1931	Joan Barbara Hacking
May, 1933	Michael Peter Rushton
August, 1933	Malcolm Harold Kitchen
June, 1934	Monica Joan Houghton
December, 1934	Margaret Elizabeth Russell
October, 1935	Audrey Hacking
February, 1936	Beryl Margaret Houghton
July, 1936	John Lionel Murray
July, 1936	Rosemary Jane Russell
September, 1936	Myrtle Tito Stileman

"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones."

Jesus "took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them and blessed them."

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