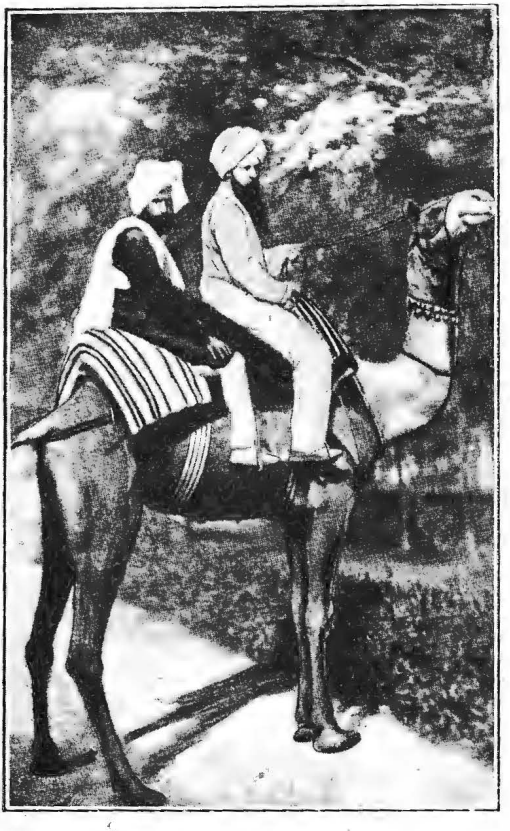
The Utmost Bound of the Everlasting Hills



REV. R. BATEMAN AND NATIVE ASSISTANT

The Utmost Bound of the Everlasting Hills

OR

MEMORIES OF CHRIST'S FRONTIER FORCE IN NORTH-WESTERN INDIA

BY

THE REV. A. R. MACDUFF, M.A.

FORMERLY DOMESTIC CHAPLAIN TO THE LATE BISHOP MATTHEW OF LAHORE

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DEDICATED TO

MY GODSON

ALEXANDER ANSON GARDENER

with the earnest prayer that, having through the sports and studies of a happy boyhood built up a sound mind in a sound body, he may with Bateman of Magdalen lay his sports, and with Bishop French his studies, on the altar of consecration; with George Shirt by perseverance in well-doing become a Roadmaker for the Great King; and so play the Man, that having with Arthur Neve served his generation, he may work out a Heavenly Meaning to the Story of his own Earthly Life

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

I desire to place on record a thankful sense of my indebtedness to my old and valued friend the Rev. Henry Barker, Rector of All Saints, Rosendale, and sub-editor of the "Eclectic Magazine." Without his kindly criticism, ever ready help, and substantial co-operation, I could never have hoped to get my disjointed Memories into ship-shape.

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The Utmost Bound of the Everlasting Hills

INTRODUCTION

I WAS driving through the streets of a certain lakeside and collegiate town in the western portion of New York State and, as all strangers do, was admiring the rows of umbrageous elms and maples with which its main thoroughfares are lined. Suddenly my companion—who by-the-bye occupied the seat of Jehu—pulled up to the sidewalk, and hailing a passing pedestrian, accosted him thus: "Howdy do? I've got your brother's next-door neighbour with me, and I want to introduce him." Then the "Man in the Street" made obeisance and confessed to fraternal relationship with the right reverend, the bishop of a vigorous and deeply interesting diocese in China.

According to "The Century Dictionary," the word "neighbour" means a "near dweller"; but my vicinage and propinquity to this Far Eastern

bishop was of that peculiar kind which is jealously cultivated by South African Boers of the real old-fashioned type. These neighbourly farmers are forever "trekking" into the outlying "veldt," if by any means they may get out of sight of the smoke rising from the nearest human habitation. For that is exactly what "nigh"—"Boer"—means to them.

Now that good bishop has planted his episcopal chair on the remote coast of China, and, hundreds of miles towards the setting sun, I was settled as chaplain of Kangra, a district in the Himalaya mountains, for the location of which see map of India.

My frontier parish stretched eastward to the Utmost Bound of the Everlasting Hills. Alas! it insensibly merged (I cannot say reached, because there was no definite boundary) into vacuous space —at least vacuous as far as the Church is concerned. Sandwiched between my flock and the nearest organised Christian community, there extended an ecclesiastical No-Man's-Land, wherein could be found neither priest, deacon, nor gospel ordinances. Then, on the other side of this spiritual wilderness, came the distant diocese of my next-door neighbour, to wit, the bishop aforesaid, his clergy, and faithful laity.

Without perplexing the intelligent reader with

a string of uncouth names—the names of still more uncouth and uncultured countries—suffice it to say, that an area of some hundreds of square miles, located at an average elevation equal to the summit of Mont Blanc, and totally unevangelised, interposes between the Church in India and the Church in China. At the very extremity of my own parochial itinerations, I might indeed stumble across an isolated Moravian outpost on the borders of Thibet, but that was all. And yet how many golden opportunities have been vouchsafed for advance into the "Regions Beyond," and how many centuries have elapsed since the day when our Great Commander issued marching orders to His followers, bidding them "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Face to face with that command, I maintain that Indian churchmen have no business to be next-door neighbours to their brethren in China. And very devoutly do I wish that a whole ecclesiastical province, with its duly appointed metropolitan, its com-provincial bishops, its clergy, and a great multitude of faithful laity, would pitch their tents on the vacant lot between our respective back doors.

Three mid-continental spaces still remain beyond the pale of Christendom—Central Africa, unevangelised, has been styled the *dark* continent; the

central portions of South America, also unevangelised, have been styled the *neglected* continent, inasmuch as the Church of Rome has neglected to spread the faith in that vast "hinterland"; Central Asia, also unevangelised, has been styled the *forgotten* continent. In adopting this surname for Central Asia, I desire to remind my readers of a fact which students of ecclesiastical history are only too apt to forget, viz. Central Asia is a lapsed continent, because it was once Christianised from end to end. During the early centuries of our era the light of the Gospel was brightly shining beyond the Utmost Bound of the Everlasting Hills; but that transmontane candlestick has been removed—nay, the very memory of Mid-Asian Christianity has vanished like a forgotten dream.

Stationed, as chaplain, in such a district as Kangra, "I lifted up mine eyes unto the hills." And while thus surveying the sky-piercing ramparts of Hindustan, small wonder if I let imagination spread her wings and fly over to the other side of what in American parlance would be called "the Great Divide." Thus the *re*-conquest for Christ and the *re*-annexation to Holy Church of those lapsed and forgotten highlands came to be my prayerful and unceasing day-dream.

Take down your "Clergy List" or your "Crock-

ford," turn up the Bishop of Lahore, and you will find a diagram or facsimile of his lordship's official seal. Those armorial bearings shaped themselves into a visionary dream that kept itself constantly before my waking eyes. The sun is represented as rising on the *other* side of the Himalaya mountains. Be it understood clearly, I am no adept in the technicalities of heraldry, neither have I esoteric knowledge concerning the significance of heraldic emblems; but writing as a plain man, I consider that this device must mean that the Sun of Righteousness shall yet arise beyond the Utmost Bound of the Everlasting Hills. The episcopal seal of its bishop being witness, I maintain that the following constitutes the very *raison d'être* of the diocese of Lahore—she occupies the honourable position of "Warden of the Marches," and it is her duty, in her corporate capacity, so to work, so to pray, and so to watch, as that these "Regions Beyond" may be won or rather reclaimed for Christ and His Church, of course in God's own good time.

The religious record of this frontier diocese, Lahore, is noteworthy, if not unique. Shortly after the annexation of the Punjab to British India a widespread and phenomenal religious movement was inaugurated, surely by the Spirit of God, amongst Government officials, chiefly those

of the highest rank, including several successive lieutenant-governors. Even from a worldly point of view, the result ought never to be forgotten. The newly constituted territory prospered in camp and at the council table, as did no other portion of the East India Company's dominions. To such an extent was this the case, that the Punjab came to be called "Lord Dalhousie's model province." We need not wonder at this. The religion of these pious administrators was fashioned in that practical mould which "always tries to do [earthly] duty" — see epitaph on Sir Henry Lawrence's grave at Lucknow. But this band of devout soldiers and civilians, besides laying deep the foundations of a stable provincial government, has left indelible impress on the local Church. For reasons which need not here be specified, that influence made itself felt on the missionary clergy rather than on the chaplains, although the latter enjoyed official rank. The consequence is, that with the exception of the late Bishop Matthew of Lahore, whose memory is still fragrant throughout Northern India, the diocese can boast of no prominent chaplains; but it has ever been favoured with an unbroken succession of master missionaries. It is no exaggeration to say, that as men, as scholars, as organisers, and in some cases as saints and heroes, these Punjab missionaries are entitled

to rank amongst the giants. Of course they had their limitations, we will not say their weaknesses; but these just gave that touch of nature, which makes the whole world kin. Not having been a missionary myself, I claim the privilege of an outsider and make bold to pay a tribute of respectful affection to the memory of companions and associates of other days. I can speak in terms that none of their own number could use without being guilty of self-laudation.

If in the pages that follow I make no mention of the present Bishop of Lahore, who was a missionary, nor yet of Robert Clark of Amritsar or Winter of Delhi, all of whom were leaders; if I ignore devoted women such as Mrs. Winter and A.L.O.E. (Miss Tucker), as well as Miss Clay, Miss Hewlett, and Miss Wauton; if I make no reference to a great cloud of witnesses such as Hooper and Shireff amongst theologians, Allnutt among educationalists, Wigram and Grey and Coverdale, master mechanic and amateur architect, be it remembered that I am what they would call in Cumberland "Nobbut a fellside priest," and being such, my outlook is confined to the Utmost Bound of the Everlasting Hills. Therefore, on the principle *ne sutor ultra crepidam*, I must beware of poaching on the preserves of lowland dwellers and workers on the plains.

Somewhere or other in his numerous works, the

late Cardinal Newman gives utterance to a thought which is not only profound, but also replete with knowledge of the human heart. Not being able to "verify my quotation," I am obliged to give the Cardinal's *dictum* as best I can from memory. Probably it will be more or less twisted during its passage through such a distorting medium. But, at any rate, he said something to the effect that no aspirant after holiness ever really attained unto the saintly life, unless and until he was able, without flippancy or irreverence, to treat religious topics with innocent playfulness and lightsome, kindly humour. The saints are not servants; they are sons, and they never rise to the privileges of God's children till they feel quite at home in their Father's house—very much as our own boys and girls feel free and untrammelled in the happy homes which are brightened by their innocent joyfulness. Emboldened by the authority of this remarkable man, I have ventured to brighten the shadows of my "snapshots" (they are nothing more) with glints of sunshine. Far from being a doleful dirge of gloomy sorrow, Christ's Gospel is the glad tidings of great joy, and the joy of the Lord is our strength. It is surely a libel on our loving Heavenly Father to imagine Him taking delight in "the dourness of the unco guid." A well-known American preacher, when occupying the

pulpit of Christ Church, Hampstead, London, took occasion to remark that laughter seasoned with salt might prove to be a means of grace. I mention these various matters in order that all who peruse the following pages may clearly understand the particular point of view from which I have surveyed the Utmost Bound of the Everlasting Hills, and that they may not allow this lighter vein of pleasantry to divert their minds from the needs of those who sit under the shadows of the Dark Mountains and in the low-lying ravines and sunless valleys of paganism. "I will make all My mountains a way and My highways shall be exalted" (Isaiah xlix. 11).

Note

It is only fair to say that the two sketches entitled "Bivouacking with a Bishop in the Bolan Pass" and "The Philanthropic Octopus of Kashmir" (both now rewritten) were originally written for and published by *The American Church Missions Publishing Company*, and may still be obtained from them in pamphlet form on application to 211 State Street, Hartford, Connecticut, U.S.A.

BIVOUACKING WITH A BISHOP IN THE BOLAN PASS

"WELL, sir! We 'ad a bevvy-ack——"

"What in the world do you mean by a 'bevvy-ack'?"

Of course, Private Thomas Atkins of her Majesty's regiment, the "Buffs," really intended to say "bivouac," but wanting to draw him out, I simulated ignorance. And forth came his definition of the word, as pat as though he were reading it out of the "Soldier's Pocket-Book."

"What do I mean by a bevvy-ack? Why, sir! When troops 'as to contend hagainst hunavoidable hobstacles, they 'as a bevvy-ack."

It was just this way. A resident of Dharmsala had asked "leave" to take one or two of his particular "chums" from the barracks right up to the snow-line of the mighty Himalayas, and there, perched above this lower world, the party had revelled in a sportsman's paradise, shooting pheasants and everything else that came within range. Discarding tents, they had slept under boulders and

in clefts of the rugged rocks. Now, I do not propose writing a dissertation on the advantages of *bivouacking;* although the great Napoleon used to insist that his men were always healthier when they slept in the open, than they were when coddled under canvas. The fact is, that by one of those mental freaks, which pack you off to Alaska when you fondly imagine you are heading direct for Florida, I invariably associate Tommy Atkins and his "bevvy-ack" with a scene which I saw in the year of grace 1882. It occurred full seven hundred miles away from the verdant Himalayas; for I bivouacked with a bishop in the Bolan Pass—that frowning gorge which forms one of the gates of India, a gate which Nature herself has cut through the wild hills of Baluchistan, on the north-west frontier of the Province of Sindh.

But before describing the scene it may be as well to arrange the scenery:—

> "If thou wouldst view the [Bolan] aright
> Go visit it by the pale moonlight,
> For the gay beams of lightsome day
> Gild but to flout the [desert] grey."

Yes, Sir Walter Scott! you've about hit the nail square on the head this time. The beams of day, as they gild the frontier land of Baluchistan, are extra gay, and quite superfluously lightsome. It is a clear case which requires for its antidote a pair of

the darkest blue goggles, a big white umbrella, and an overshadowing *Solah Topee*, or pith helmet. Seen when its rocks—red, frowning, and utterly innocent of green—radiate the glare of noontide, Baluchistan suggests the poet's "light that never was on land or sea." Do you desire to realise that outlandish gorge? Picture a gigantic railway cutting; "dump down" cartloads upon cartloads of coarsest gravel; let the outlook (for it cannot be called a landscape) be plentifully strewn with boulders great and small; dig out a dried-up water-course, and on the banks of the same plant a few sparse oleanders. At intervals of about ten miles apart erect a mud fort and a mud-walled hamlet, add one or two domed Moslem tombs; mix well with a blinding dust-storm; serve up the whole thing hot, and you have an unfailing recipe for reproducing this historic defile But, whatever you do, beware that you insert not so much as a single palm-tree. By way of an awful example, I shall now relate the sad fate which befell a brave young officer in the Afghan campaign. Marching up to Kandahar, he was encamped with his regiment face to face with the enemy, and wishing to earn an honest penny, this ingenuous youth sent a series of lifelike sketches of the Bolan to the English illustrated papers. "But where are the palm-trees?" cried the outraged editor. "Call in the general utility artist, and let him do his duty!"

And the general utility artist did it. No palms in an oriental picture! Well might that worthy editor have his professional breath taken away; for has not the British Public been brought up from earliest childhood "on many a palmy plain"? So nothing will go down as being the real, genuine, "Gorgeous East," unless

"The date grows ripe under sunny skies."

Of course there are palms in India; but Baluchistan is quite another place.

So much for this arid waste, as seen by day. But give me the Bolan, as I first made its charming acquaintance, transfigured into a thing of beauty by the witchery of moonlight. A strange, fantastic fairyland delighted my wondering eyes. I could not help imagining all sorts of incongruities, to wit, the old pictures I used to look at in childhood at my mother's knee, descriptive of Israel's departure from Egypt with the "Paschal Moon" shining on the Pyramids and the Sphinx. Also I thought of "Alice in Wonderland," the Mysteries of Eleusis, Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," and the shades of departed heroes flitting about Elysian fields—all these incongruities jostled one another in a weird phantasmagoria, so that I had to pinch myself pretty hard in order to be quite sure that I was really awake; for the red rocks were

coated with silver, and the mud villages seemed to be sculptured in Parian marble, while the coarse gravel crunching beneath our horses' feet took shape as a beauteous coral strand, white and glistering. Moreover, the moon was balanced by a good-sized comet, which, like a gleaming scimitar, stood out in bold relief against the cloudless sky, calling up thoughts of the flaming sword which was placed at the gate of Eden; the Sign of the Son of Man in Heaven; the pillar of fire in Israel's desert wanderings; and the wise men led by a star across the wilderness. I was mounted on a *Baluch tat* (*i.e.* a Baluch country-bred pony), a raw-boned, piebald animal, that seemed to have been fed on nothing but thin air, and to have liked it. The Maris, a ferocious tribe, were prowling around, so I was escorted by two armed *sowars* (native cavalry troopers), and our cavalcade had to ride along the rocky bed of that dried-up water-course; for in those early days there was no other road up the pass. Although the sun had set for hours, still the temperature was almost past endurance, heat being radiated from the baked precipices on either side of the gorge. These superheated cliffs acted the part of an old-fashioned warming-pan, lest the belated traveller should take a chill in the small hours.

And on reaching the end of that twelve-mile "march" or stage, I espied a man, clad in the thin-

nest possible *pyjamas*, and sleeping on a cot. And his cot had been placed in the *compound*, outside that stuffy "sun-trap" which Government facetiously calls a Rest (?) House, his lullaby the howling of jackals, mingled with the thousand and one confused noises which go on the livelong night wherever a caravan is encamped. There was a band of wandering Baluchees camping about half a mile away. On a table beside that sleeping man lay a Pushtoo Grammar, a few books of devotion, and a rough earthenware vessel full of drinking water.

Here was the Lord Bishop of the Diocese bivouacking without tent or other covering; for in order to hold a Confirmation, and to "visit" the newly conquered station of Quetta, he had to contend (as Tommy Atkins would have said) "hagainst the hunavoidable hobstacles" which beset every one who ventured across the frontier of British India, braving those fanatic Moslems who rove about what the Church Missionary Society loves to style "the Regions Beyond."

That rude *charpoy* (native bedstead), canopied as it was by the open firmament of heaven, may well stand as a symbol allegorising the career of a man who delighted to live "camp fashion," for that is one of our current Anglo-Indian expressions. I do not mean to insinuate that he had not a refined home at Lahore, gracefully presided over by the

cultured lady who was his faithful partner in life; but the exigencies of his Master's service were continually causing him to relapse into Bohemian ways, learnt when he was a plain missionary, and he was never so happy as when living on uncooked dates and native sweetmeats in the *Bazaar*, or eating *chuppaties* (native unleavened cakes) in a *serai* (native Rest-House). Here is the man who was once picked up half dead in an open native boat on the river Indus. And, as a penalty for *bivouacking* afloat in that fever-stricken, sun-baked region, he would certainly have died then and there, had not a passing steamer rescued him in the nick of time; for he had been leading a rough existence in that rude craft for weeks, exposed alternately to chills and heat, being half-starved all the while for want of proper food.

Without doubt, Tommy Atkins's "bevvy-ack," with its "hunavoidable hobstacles," stands as an apt symbol of the Bishop's entire career. But even when roughing it in the jungle, and even when arrayed in camp "kit," and even when eating unmentionable concoctions, Thomas Valpy of Lahore never forgot—and, what is more, he never let *you* forget—that he was a high class honourman from Oxford, and also the scion of a family which (see Mr. Birks' "Life," vol. i. page 2) had come over to England with William the Conqueror. Need it be explained, he never hinted at this, much less intruded it on your notice; for

"that is a thing which no one who has passed through 'the mill' at Rugby could ever do." But, honest man! he could no more help unconsciously displaying this twin distinction in the eyes of all beholders, than that which is bred in the bone can help coming out in the meat. For instance, our Bishop's behaviour to ladies was ever so punctilious and courtly that none but a gentleman of the old school, and one to the manner born, could possibly have acted as he invariably did. That shrewd observer of men and of things, Tommy Atkins, hit off this bivouacking but polished prelate to a T. In his queer topsy-turvy fashion, that devout soldier said to me one day at a choir practice—

"Well, sir, I've 'eard that 'is lordship henjoyed the hadvantage of a Hoxford hediccation."

"Yes," I replied; "and he not only took a brilliant degree, but was also a Fellow of his college."

"Ah, then, sir," said Tommy, as if he were deducing a Q.E.D. from one of Euclid's propositions, "I suppose 'ee's fit to mingle with hany society."

You see these rugged heroes in *khaki* had a real interest in their Bishop. It was just this way. Not content with doing the episcopal functions of his visitation, Dr. French invariably insisted on going down into military quarters, so that he might learn the actual conditions of "subordinate" existence in such a climate. No longer encased in official re-

serve, he graced with his presence little social gatherings of soldiers at the chaplain's house, also Army Temperance Reunions, and those fearful and wonderful *Sing-Songs* which are the joy of every true Tommy's heart. Thus meeting his diocesan face to face, the devout soldier came to know him at his true value. A former chaplain of Peshawar told me that members of his red-coated congregation used to say (and on such lips it was a compliment of no mean order), "'Ee hisn't such a bad sort, hisn't the old gentleman." Not but that such shrewd observers of men and of things could "deal faithfully" whenever the Bishop so far forgot the exigencies of the occasion as to preach too long at parade service. But, of course, well-bred persons have an inborn knack of hitting it off with their so-called inferiors. It is the upstart and the *nouveaux riches* who rub the poor man's fur the wrong way.

But to return to Tommy Atkins's certificate of social standing. I never pitched my tent in company with Thomas Valpy, Lord Bishop of Lahore, without calling to mind Mrs. Oliphant's somewhat sarcastic description of the Evangelical Party, but more especially of the Clapham Sect. I quote freely from memory. Underlying their wholehearted devotion, and wrapped up with their genuine abnegation of self, was the class feeling

and the "ring fence" exclusiveness of the upper crust in society. Also these truly pious men—for of their piety there can be no question—had a keen eye to the financial side of existence. They believed in justification by faith, and they proved the vitality of their faith by their works; but they believed also in sound investments at 3 per cent. and in Consols; also, they managed to make alliances with the landed gentry and with the leading banking-houses throughout England. They were staunch supporters of a Church endowed by our pious forefathers, but they also believed in a clergy further endowed with private means of their own to be freely spent on the upkeep of their multifarious activities. Our Bishop was one of these well-to-do parsons, and he lavished his patrimony on the diocese, often assuming financial burdens which not he, but the laity, ought to have borne. The fact is, he belonged to the second generation of this religious aristocracy, and although he became a High Churchman in later life, still he never quite shuffled off the "tone" which he had partly caught and partly inherited from the Wilberforces, the Buxtons, the Macaulays, the Barings, the Marshes, the Waldegraves, and the Shaftesburys. He tried his best to be as other men are, but it was of no avail.

And yet, as noted already, he had no patience with anything even remotely suggestive of pride of

family; for a real gentleman, like charity, never behaves himself unseemly. This may be inferred from the following anecdote: A certain missionary came out from "home," and was announced as one who belonged to the upper ten thousand. Almost losing his temper, the Bishop exclaimed, "I hope he belongs to the one hundred and forty and four thousand."

And to go back to the commencement of his Indian service. Talk of splitting rails with a highly tempered razor, or cutting out a ship's canvas with embroidery scissors; that was nothing to the cynical remarks which a superior Anglo-Indian world made when it was scandalised by seeing a cultured Oxford classman and Fellow of his college actually taking his seat day by day in a stuffy schoolroom at Agra, there to drill the "three R's" into the heads of a circle of odoriferous native boys. Surely any superfine half-caste, surely any Eurasian pedagogue in the Subordinate Grade of the Educational Department—any mere "country-bred" who had passed through La Martinière School at Lucknow—could have done the work instead of him. Was it for this that he went to Rugby and sat at the feet of the great Arnold? Was this to be the end of his brilliant degree at the university? Yet it spoke volumes for the devotion of this truly great man, that he could thus with zeal and joy undertake

work that was in the eyes of the world beneath his dignity, all the while being quite unconscious that he was doing anything out of the common. But, it need hardly be explained, these things happened years before he became the Bishop of Lahore; for does not the *Lord Padri Sahib* take his place amongst what Mr. Rudyard Kipling calls "the little tin gods of the Olympus at Simla"—to wit, the unapproachable Heads of Departments, the Members of Council, and even greater personages? And has not the Bishop a right to "private entry" at all levees? and does he not take precedence next to Judges of the Chief Court? All this may seem very small to our larger Western life; but in Anglo-India such trivialities constitute the very breath we draw. And so the world came around and applauded him, as it always does, if you do but wait long enough.

Now the *Lord Padri Sahib's* official residence at Lahore was named "Bishopstowe," and as these pages are gossipy, it may be allowable to wander off from the "bivouac in the Bolan" and recount how once upon a time the Archdeacon came down from Simla to pay a visit to his revered diocesan; and in the Archdeacon's train there came a certain native Christian servant. This worthy, rejoicing in a little smattering of English, was jealous that his own master should not live in a *stowe* as well as the

Bishop. Accordingly, when next he wrote to his wife, he addressed the letter thus:—

MRS. ABDUL MASIH,
ARCHDEACON STOWE,
SIMLA.

At this point I crave indulgence for two anecdotes. During my incumbency of St. Saviour's, Sukkur Sindh (an alliteration of four S's), the Bishop held several visitations of the parish. During one of these he proposed to do a little *Bazaar* preaching in the intervals of English work. As in duty bound, I was in attendance. Forth this good man started on foot, having first tucked under his arm a huge copy of the sacred Scriptures, printed in Persian character. For some unexplained reason, which I, not being a missionary, never fathomed, it seems to be part of the correct ritual at open-air functions—at least in the heathen and Moslem world—that a very large Bible should be ceremonially and conspicuously carried by the preacher. Perhaps some "Ornaments Rubric" enjoins this "Use." At any rate, it is a regulation set forth in that unwritten code which is as unalterable as that of the Medes and Persians. Being in attendance on my bishop, I thought it only right and proper to volunteer my services in carrying this ponderous tome. Almost testily, he turned round

and said, "*When the Word of God becomes a burden to me, it will be time that I resign the bishopric of Lahore.*"

My other story has reference to those numerous religious "cranks" (pardon the colloquialism; I cannot think of a more expressive term) to whom and for whom India exists as a happy hunting-ground. One of these irregulars—doubtless a well-meaning man—called at Bishopstowe and, with great unction, informed his lordship that he was a private missionary, working a private mission on lines of his own. "Oh, how very interesting," replied the Bishop, "but a missionary means one who is sent. Who sent you?" And the man, being a free lance, was speechless.

But to return to Bishopstowe, there was always a double personality enthroned in that hospitable mansion. And we must do our best to try and describe the same; for, as David Harum puts it, "I guess there's about as much human nature in some folks as there is in others—if not more." And certainly there was no lack of character in the subject of these pages. And what is a man worth, if he is not a character? I would not give the snap of my finger for a mere "face of wax" which the last comer can pinch into any temporary shape he chooses. He was such a character that even his warmest friends were at times forced to exclaim,

"Well, I must confess, the Bishop is an enigma." But there is a key to all men's lives, and if you once get the key, there is no doubt that the most contradictory incongruities will be unlocked. Well, here is the key. A double personality, that is to say, two distinct individuals were ever striving for the mastery within that ascetic, attenuated physical frame. Firstly, there was the Bishop of Lahore, a very Hildebrand, tingling in every nerve of his Episcopal presence with an overwhelming sense of the dignity (*not* of himself, but) of his exalted office. Secondly, there was Dr. French, a gentleman of the old school, cultured and courtly, but weighed down with a sense of his personal lowliness. A plain man, in spite of his gentle breeding, who liked to throw aside the trappings of his high position (and a bishop occupies a very high station in British India) so as to go gipsying in out-of-the-way corners of his frontier diocese. For instance, during the Afghan campaign he followed the fighting line up the Khyber till he reached Cabul, where he ministered to the troops under the command of Lord Roberts. Bishop French was, therefore, one of the very few members of the Episcopal Bench who have been decorated with a war medal.

But to return to the Lord Bishop of Lahore and Dr. French, what could be more beautiful than this

twofold personality? The office so great as to be worthy of all honour. Himself unworthy and absolutely unfitted to sustain so heavy a burden. That he was unworthy was not what we thought! To us, he was a saint, a learned scholar; an ascetic, and a herculean worker; but in his own estimation Thomas Valpy French was "an unprofitable servant," who, in spite of his unprofitableness, had to sustain the honour of the most honourable office on earth. And so the internecine struggle went on between the Lord Bishop of Lahore and Dr. French; until at last Dr. French quite got the better of this mitred prelate. And the consequence was, that the hospitable home at Bishopstowe, where we had all been welcomed as guests, was broken up, the bishopric was resigned, and off went Dr. French (forever freed from his Episcopal double) to resume the hardships of his original calling as a plain missionary. Like some knight-errant of the ages of chivalry, he sallied forth beyond the confines of Christendom, and engaged single-handed in a crusade against the Crescent, first at Beirut in Syria, then in Northern Africa—St. Cyprian's ancient province with its galaxy of suppressed bishoprics, —and yet again at Muscat on the coast of Arabia. To this contest he went forth single-handed, but armed from head to foot with a wonderful knowledge of the classical languages of Islam as well as

with an accurate acquaintance with the Moslem controversy and with Moslem literature.

But the "hunavoidable hobstacles" of such a warfare were too great for a man of his advanced years, and so he "bevvy-acked" once too often on the barren mountains of that sun-baked peninsula, and to-day a lonely white marble cross stands on a lonely bay of Arabia's inhospitable shores. Be it ours to believe that God "buries His workmen, but carries on His work."

Speaking of Bishop French's death in that lone region, the late Rev. Robert Clark remarks, "When passing through Karachi on my way to England, I met a native Muhammadan workman who had lived near to Bishop French in Muscat, and who, indeed, had helped to make his coffin. From what this man said, I gathered that the Bishop's last days were spent in reading and praying and teaching—that is to say, they were spent in exactly the same manner in which he had spent his life. Up to the time when he became unconscious he lived in Muscat, alone with God and amongst the people to whom he had gone "preaching the Kingdom," and yet not alone, for God was with him. After becoming unconscious he was carried to the consul's house, and there he died."

All these things—his remarkable personality, his iron will, his "grit," his confessor's death, his lin-

guistic attainments—are recorded in the two-volume biography which Mr. Birks has written. Mine the humbler task of inviting the reader to mount pony-back, so as to ride in the moonlight "over the hills and far away" for seven successive "marches," till we reach the frontier outpost of Quetta, where the British lion stands on guard to keep the gate of India. At three o'clock in the morning a nasal voice cried, "*Lord Padri Sahib, chha taiyar hai*" (Lord Bishop, the tea is ready). It was Yuhanna, the Bishop's native Christian bearer, who had brought us a cup of tea and two slices of toast each, by way of *choti hasri* (little breakfast), that great Anglo-Indian institution, which is eaten in bed. And then the mules were laden with our humble "kit," the Bishop's pony and my Baluch *tat* were saddled, the grooms buckled on their swords, the *sowars* grasped their lances, and forth we went so as to reach the next Rest-House before the sun should attain unto a burning heat. The moon on one side and the flaming comet on the other hung like lamps to guide us on our way. And, in that witching light, we met strange, weird figures. These were nomad tribesmen, Moslem fanatics, who, but for our armed escort, would have made short work of us with their long, old-fashioned guns. They are fine stalwart fellows. They have long, flowing black curls (very greasy), hanging down over their shoulders, huge

Jewish noses and big black beards. They are dressed in wide cotton *pyjamas* (very dirty), and sheepskin jackets, called *posteens.* And these tribesmen had women and children, and hens and chickens, and household goods, all mounted on camels, while sheep and goats were driven in front. Need it be said, these caravans looked like phantoms uncanny and weird, advancing and retreating in that uncertain moonlight. In the absence of grass or other visible means of subsistence, what those sheep and goats ever got to eat, and how the juicy mutton of those rocky uplands is ever produced, is a problem which I never could solve. But perhaps the shepherds of Baluchistan follow in the tracks of the Yankee dairyman. Having nothing but shavings to give his cows, he tied a pair of green spectacles over the eyes of each several beast, and his cuteness answered the purpose. But seriously speaking, it is a puzzle. You see the flock scattered over that stony waste, busily nibbling away at—nothing. Perhaps they are skinflints. At any rate they find —if not sermons in stones—certainly good in everything, yes, even in the wild hills of the Indian frontier.

When I was in attendance on the Bishop, the Afghan war was just over, and the country only very recently annexed. So we had an object-lesson, teaching us by their absence, what are the benefits

of Christian civilisation. Every village, being at enmity with every other village, was walled. No crops were sown for fear that marauding tribesmen might plunder the harvest. Every man went armed to the teeth. At the present day, under a strong Government, the villages are secure, irrigation has caused the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose, and it is as safe to travel in those parts as it is in any country.

After a ride of several hours, through the crisp morning air, we reached the next Rest-House, for there was a *Dâk bungalow* at the end of each stage. Then came an all-day halt, which was enforced by climatic considerations. Try and picture that darkened, but stuffy, shelter. Behind thick mud walls and thick mud roof semi-darkness reigned, while outside the cruel furnace gleamed, causing red rocks and gravel-strewn landscape to radiate light unmitigated and heat intolerable. Tethered under a roughly built shed at the end of the *compound*, mules and ponies are munching their ration of *bussa*. Lying promiscuously about the verandah, our servants are seeking after blissful *nirwana*. Screened behind jealously closed doors, we tried to act as if we were cool; the *punkah* swung lazily to and fro; mosquitoes buzzed; flies crawled; yellow wasps perambulated the window panes; and black ants innumerable performed military manœuvres on the

white-washed walls. On a cot lay a wounded officer with his loaded revolver by his side; the Bishop, arrayed in lightest undress, was "improving the shining hour" by diligent study; and I, having that hard-working man before me, utilised the weary waiting time in taking stock of his remarkable personality.

Burri hasri (big breakfast) being over, the Bishop would open his Pushtoo Grammar and work at it as hard as if he were a subaltern in the Staff Corps going in for his Lower Standard examination in the language. This always covered me with confusion, because, innocent of syntax and accent, I could only jabber away in the jargon which untutored *Sahibs* use when addressing their servants. This they do under the fond delusion that they are talking Hindustani—a delusion, by the way, from which there is often a rude awakening. But here was the ten-tongued linguist of the Punjab (for we could boast a dozen languages in our diocese), not content with his previous proficiency in Pushtoo, but careful to brush away all rustiness in view of our ten days' halt in Quetta. And every now and again he would exclaim, as though he were a gourmand, rolling some toothsome morsel in his mouth, "What a grand language! It is the German of the Orient, so characteristically full of gutturals!" And then he would spurt and cough, and make queer noises,

and finally look astonished because I failed to "rise to the occasion." The fact is that, like an old war-horse, the Bishop smelt the battle from afar, and he meant to have a regular set-to with the Muhammadans at Quetta. And thinking that their learned Moulvies would value a MS. translation from his own hand more than the printed page, he spent much of his time translating Isaiah. During such breathing spaces as his Episcopal visitation of the station afforded, he would go down to Quetta bazaar with the aforesaid sheets of Isaiah for distribution. One day he came back in great glee, because the fanatical Moslems had assaulted him. And then with a twinkle in his eye the old man told how he had cleverly turned their *odium theologicum* away from himself, making them pour vials of wrath on the devoted heads of their Hindu neighbours. "God is a Spirit," said the Bishop, "and is not to be likened to a thing of mud, or wood, or stone." And in the fierce war of words which then arose between iconoclastic Mussulman and idolatrous Hindu, the Bishop quietly slipped away, leaving the disputants on either side to settle their differences as best they might.

But to return to our Bishop's study of Pushtoo, he was always a student. This may be seen from his characteristic advice to the Rev. Worthington Jukes, of Peshawar. This young missionary (he is

now a retired veteran) consulted the ten-tongued linguist of the Punjab with respect to studies in the vernacular. The oracle answered:—

"You must, of course, commence with Urdu or Hindustani, so as to be able to talk with your servants, to help in the services of the Church and in the schools. You had better give some six or eight hours a day to that, and also spend two or three hours at Punjabi, so as to be able to talk with the villagers. You should also try and give two or three hours to the study of Persian, which you will find invaluable in the schools, and all your spare time to Arabic, so as to be able to read the Quran.' —*See* Mr. Birks' "Biography."

That is a "big order," but it is by no means more than he himself actually performed, at least throughout the years of his career as a missionary. And even when burdened with the care of a diocese, he still made time for continuous study. Of course, he had "the defects of his qualities," by which I mean that he was frequently delightfully oblivious of the fact that his auditors were not quite up to his own exalted level. For instance, on a certain occasion this scholarly man was itinerating on the wild Afghan border. A group of unkempt, unshaven, uncouth tribesmen gathered round him, and he began to preach in the open air. Addressing these untutored children of the mountains, he

backed up his own words by adducing patristic authority. *Cyprian Buzurg farmata hai* (St. Cyprian, that great churchman, lays it down, &c. &c.). The same kind of thing happened in connection with the revision of the Urdu Prayer-book. The original translation was so faulty that a re-translation was thought advisable. The Bishop delved deep into his own recondite stores of knowledge, but he made the new version so profoundly learned, and crammed it so full of technical, theological terms, derived from Arabic, Persian, and Sanskrit, that only the elite of the native flock could understand it. Of course, there was a Revision Committee; but what is the good of a bishop's convening a committee unless he can say, *L'état c'est moi?* After his death a third version was undertaken. The new committee most thankfully availed themselves of his labours, which were too recondite for the average worshipper. In fact, I desire to emphasise the fact that the Bishop's work was by no means "vilely cast away." It formed a firm foundation of solid and minutely accurate theological orthodoxy, and was more than a valuable commentary, by means of which a simpler and more idiomatic Service Book has been evolved, while the slipshod inaccuracy of the original version was avoided. The final version would have lost much of its richness, it could never have reached the high level it finally attained, had it not

been for the conscientious diligence of this "master of sentences." But I must give a third instance of what I have ventured to call "the defects of his learned qualities." I shall never forget being in attendance on the occasion of a visit he paid to a "base hospital," where a number of sick and wounded from the front during the Afghan campaign were being tended. Opening his Bible by the bedside of a private soldier, he read an obscure passage from the Book of Revelation, and proceeded to deliver a learned and profound exegesis on the same. That gallant, but presumably illiterate, warrior tried to look very wise; he wriggled in his bed and rolled his head to and fro on the pillows, saying at intervals, "Yes, sir; yes, sir." Comment is unnecessary, because I am convinced that there was great good done beside that bed of suffering. The Gospel has a path of its own. It speeds from heart to heart rather than from brain to brain. Clasped in the warm embrace of a living ministry, souls are won "by way of the Mercy Seat." Thus the profundities of this good man were bound to be fathomed by the simple-minded. If the Holy Ghost can utilise the "foolishness of preaching," surely he can also use the wisdom of the wise. "He would," says Bishop Mylne, "preach at Parade Service as if he were addressing candidates for Holy Orders; but still the men went away feeling that if they had never heard a man of God before, they had heard one now. And

they never forgot the impression he made, however little they were able to take in what he said."

> "Dim or unheard the words may fall,
> And yet the heaven-taught mind
> May learn the sacred air, and all
> The harmony unwind."

Even the cultured laity (of whom there was an abundance in such a diocese) and, in a whisper be it added, even the clergy were at times unable to follow him in his eagle soarings. But what did that matter? Why should he have lowered himself to the level of the "Man in the Street"? Merely to find oneself in Dr. French's company was enough: it was to be conscious of "a Voice far up the height" uttering the challenge, or rather the winsome invitation, *Excelsior*. The Voice might be in an unknown tongue, the Banner he waved might bear a "strange device"; but Voice and Banner somehow or other got themselves translated into a language "understanded of the people." It was all just as it ought to have been. What in other men would have been stilted, pedantic, and affected, was perfectly natural in his case. His feet might be treading "the Mall" of Dustypore; but his heart and mind, like *poor Tom Bowling's soul*, "had gone aloft." His domicile was fixed on "the glory-smitten summit of the poetic mountain," and his childlike simplicity was so real that he had no idea that he did not exactly speak in the dialect of Vanity Fair. Thus

when the Bishop left our station, the afterglow of his influence made us feel that there had been a prophet amongst us, while our hearts were kindled with, at least, a regretful yearning that we also might continually dwell as he did in Palace Beautiful on top of Hill Difficulty.

But there were at least two periods in his chequered career during which our late Bishop's scholarly attainments were utilised up to the hilt. I have already noticed those years of approved service which he spent as Principal of the upper grade school at Agra. Here a very superior education had to be given to better class natives. Men of mark from the home universities were needed for such a position. Mr. French (as he then was) more than satisfied the conditions. Secondly, after having itinerated on the wild Afghan border, and after having been invalided to England on account of a sunstroke received in course of his rough bivouacking, the subject of this sketch was given a call from God to go out again to India—this time to start and to oversee a theological college or divinity school at Lahore, where candidates for the native ministry might be trained. In that chair of sacred theology this learned man was in his element. He was the focus and centre of a brilliant circle of able colleagues. In this secluded garden (for, like Epicurus of old, the Bishop gathered his pupils in a garden, named *Maha Singh Ka Bagh*), he brought

forth from his accumulated stores things new and old. But even here he never sank into the mere pedagogue. Each returning vacation saw principal, professors, and students boldly facing "hunavoidable hobstacles," for at such times the whole college would go into the *jungle*, preaching from village to village. This function was anything but a picnic. Discarding tents, that "goodly fellowship" lived in native *serais*, or slept in open boats. Like sons of the prophets, they bivouacked under trees, or spent the night reclining on rude native cots set in the verandah of some shop in the bazaar, or even in the open street; then they would ride on camels or tramp for miles on foot, and all the time they would subsist on "country food." What this means in such a climate, only those know who have been out in India.

This "bevvy-acking amid hunavoidable hobstacles" was dear to the Principal's heart, and formed an integral part of his carefully-considered plan in laying deep the foundations for a native ministry. In starting this special line of missionary enterprise (viz. the formation of a native ministry), the future bishop made a bold innovation. He was, says the late Robert Clark—

"The first in the north of India to establish a school of divinity. He was also the first to introduce the systematic teaching of the Hebrew Bible

and the Greek Testament to Indian students. . . . Almost all our native clergy and most of our catechists and readers have been trained at St. John's Divinity School. The importance of this institution cannot be overrated."

In this connection we quote the Bishop's own words:—

"The very last thing that has been preached among us as missionaries was what the greatest stress was laid and effort expended upon by Hindu sect-leaders and by the early British and Anglo-Saxon churchmen, as well as by Muhammadan Mullahs everywhere—I mean giving a few instruments the finest polish possible, imbuing a few select disciples with all that we ourselves have been taught, and trying to train and build them up to the highest excellence attainable by ourselves. It is but seldom that this has been the relation of the missionary to the catechist, or of the schoolmaster to the student—what the Sufi calls *iktibas*, lighting the scholar's lamp at the master's torch"

Then the See of Lahore was founded, and the Principal of St. John's was consecrated its first bishop. Here, again, there was ample scope for the exercise of his gifts. Let me explain my meaning. Government service in India is recruited from the pick of schools and colleges in Great Britain and Ireland. Competitive examinations ensure that

only the flower of British youth shall gain these coveted *billets*. It is no exaggeration to assert that Anglo-Indian officials form, as a rule, an intellectual aristocracy from which the dunces have been weeded out by the ordeal of the examination hall. If, then, he is to be respected by these brilliant laymen, the bishop of an Indian diocese ought to be one who can hold his own with all comers on their own intellectual ground. I suppose no one would care to contradict me when I claim that the congregations and parishioners of Christ Church, Simla, or of any of the Indian cathedrals, are second to none, the wide world over, in the matter of intellectual culture. Also in the smallest out-station there may be the merest handful of Europeans, but the members of that little flock are refined, educated, and thoughtful. It will be found that the men have entered Government service through the "strait and narrow way" of competitive examination, while their whole after-life has been one unbroken "post-graduate course" in the school of practical affairs—to wit, the law courts, the executive administration of large districts, the Public Works Department, the canals, or the railways, or the glorious forests. In youth our Bishop spent many years "ploughing the classic field," but the golden sheaves he garnered were more than required for feeding the flock over which

he became chief pastor. Also, by dint of superhuman effort, he became a great Orientalist, and those Bearers of the "White Man's Burden" were well able to appreciate an adept whose linguistic studies and antiquarian researches ran in the same groove as their own. Thus the early harvests of Oxford and Rugby were utilised for later seed-sowing under the shadow of "the Everlasting Hills."

Ah, what a man he was! and how we who knew and admired him appreciated his virility and were stimulated by the example of his purposeful life! Underneath that cultured courtesy, which was uniformly offered to all, there lay an iron will and an unbending courage. In his own soul he saw the "ideal," and lived in its reality. Then did he ever seek—yes, even in the Anglo-India of Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mrs. Annie Steel—to uplift his flock to that transcendental empyrean in which he himself continually dwelt. Ascetic in habit, stern as an Elijah, he was indeed a prophet as well as a priest and a prelate.

In order that my readers may appreciate the reality of that struggle (already alluded to), which continued without break between the *Lord Padri Sahib* and the plain missionary, and the significance of the victory which Dr. French finally won over the Lord Bishop of Lahore—a victory which sent

him forth, like some crusading knight, carrying the banner of the Cross far beyond the pale of Christendom—it is necessary to explain that he was highly thought of in England, specially by his brethren of the home episcopate, and that spheres of honourable labour were open to him, had he sought for some dignified position in which to spend his well-earned retirement; also that he was endowed with ample private means, so that he might have spent his old age in comfort or even in luxury, assured of high position in the religious world. But he gave up everything.

And yet this good man had his idiosyncrasies and, shall I add, with all due respect, his "fads."

While thoroughly loyal to the Anglican communion, and while giving a wide berth to Roman errors and novelties, while utterly without leaning towards Roman *cults* and hysterical devotions, he was nevertheless attracted by many features of Gallicanism, and found endless delight in studying the ways of the French Church and perusing the writings of St. François de Sales, Bossuet, Fenelon, Lacordaire, Dupanloup, Montelambert, &c. He seldom preached without flavouring his discourse with this foreign admixture. He certainly never travelled without carrying volumes of these writers in his baggage: his very conversation was redolent of the same theology. In fact, he may be said to have had French

Church on the brain: he talked French Church, he thought French Church, and he acted French Church; and this although his own ritual "Use" was of the old-fashioned evangelical type even to the end.

But a further word remains to be said, if we would grasp the significance of that many-sided life. Our Bishop was a saint, a scholar, a cultured gentleman, a bounteous giver, and a graceful host, as well as a tireless worker; but above and beyond all this, he was a prophet and a seer. Not so much a prophet after the manner of the Old Testament—I mean, not one whose only function it was to declare God's will and to uplift God's people to a realisation of their privileges, though of course he did this—but a prophet, or rather a seer, who while he lived among men really had his eyes open to see this crooked world transfigured into the sort of world it ought to be. Thus he lived apart and alone amid the visions of an ideal state of existence. Perhaps he was at times too ready to attempt short-cuts to "the one, far off, divine event." Now short-cuts have an awkward trick of landing the over-zealous pilgrim in Bunyan's Slough of Despond. And whenever that happens, then does Mr. Worldly Wiseman, in the person of his modern representative, the British Philistine, shrug his shoulders, complacently exclaiming, "I told you so." But even when shrugging his shoulders,

the British Philistine admired, revered, and loved this man. And even when grumbling, he did what the Bishop wanted him to do. So everything was made pleasant all round—the Englishman had his growl and the Bishop had his own way. And a very good way it was, as his record of work done proves. His successor in the bishopric asserted that he accomplished what other men would never have planned even in their wildest dreams. But the secret of it all lay in the fact that the real Thomas Valpy of Lahore lived a hidden life—a life hid with Christ in God. As a *seer* he literally saw the ideal Punjab, the ideal Church; he realised unseen realities, and being true to the heavenly vision, he came into collision with those whose eyes had never pierced beyond the veil of time and sense. Of course he gazed upon no dreamlike, ecstatic visions like Ezekiel and Daniel. That was not in his line. But he was a seer, and this may be proved from the fact that many things of which he had an intuitional insight, and which he tried in vain to realise during his lifetime, have been realised since his death.

While quite unconscious that he was a prophet in the higher Christian meaning of the office, and while absolutely untainted by the Irvingite heresy, he fully believed in the fivefold ministry referred to by St. Paul in Eph. iv. 11, and he constantly lamented that the Church had lost the Prophetic Order, else-

where described by the Apostle in 1 Cor. xiv. 1–36. He earnestly prayed that God would raise up prophets in his own diocese of Lahore and throughout the Church at large. Also, in season and out of season, he spoke to all comers on this forgotten and neglected aspect of Gospel truth. And all the while that he was lamenting the dearth of prophets, there can be no doubt that he was a prophet himself in the primitive and Christian meaning of the term.

But no description of Bishop French would be complete without, at least, a passing reference to his letters. He might well be styled *Ultimus Romanorum* in that lost art of cultured epistolatory composition, wherein our grandfathers were adepts. His was a bold, picturesque, hieroglyphic "fist," recalling the *Πηλικοις Γραμμασιν* of St. Paul. Just to glance at the address he had inscribed on the outside of an envelope was a means of grace. Every stroke and every dot seemed to have been branded, red hot, by his own glowing personality. And then the inside! Even when writing on the merest matter of routine, he would take care to improve the occasion, threading a few precious gems of thought, like beads, on the line of red tape. A certain flippant secretary to the Viceroy once made fun of this admixture of piety and officialism. Now the Proconsul of those days was a brilliantly cynical man of the world;

but he took that jaunty secretary to task. "My dear Blank," said he, "I am going to give you a piece of advice which you may find useful in after life. Whenever you have dealings with an out-and-out religionist (you would perhaps call him a fanatic) it will be as well for you to give him what he asks. Otherwise, you will stand a pretty good chance of coming second best off. The Bishop's application is sanctioned."

But we have wandered far afield from our bivouac in the Bolan Pass, and yet it is not really a digression, because the above forms the gist of my meditations as the Bishop and I rested during the heat, unable to advance till the coolness of eventide suffered us to go forward. Of course, I have added a few subsequent notes, in order to carry my sketch of the Bishop onward to the date of his death; but face to face with this "living epistle," I needed no books for the improvement of our enforced halt. And so we marched and marched, day by day, till in due time we reached our journey's end, beguiling the tedium of the road, like Bunyan's pilgrims, with "sweet discourse of all things that had happened to" this veteran "in his pilgrimage."

Before describing what is now the important frontier station of Quetta, I shall take a leap over about a fortnight, so as to picture our return journey to British India. As noted already, where at the

present day there is both a railway and also a wide macadamised road for carts and carriages, there was then nothing for travellers but to ride up or down the water-course. Picture a bullock-cart, arched over with a white tilted cover, going *bump, bump, bump,* at the rate of two miles an hour, while the pair of white, long-horned bullocks leisurely picked their way amid the rocks of that dried-up stream. And in that bullock-cart was spread a mattress, and on that mattress I was lying sick, well-nigh unto death. In those early days, Quetta was in a most insanitary condition, and the "Dead March in Saul" might have been heard five or six times a week at soldiers' funerals. My poor cook, Cheddi, who accompanied us, did die, and I barely survived. The Bishop would start early and ride on to the next Rest-House, where he would thoughtfully get things ready for me. Then my bullock-cart would follow at its own snail's pace. But who are these men who are following in my wake? What is this nondescript *omnium gatherum*, composed of all sorts and conditions of natives, ranging from the *Bengali babu* (or native clerk, probably a B.A. of Calcutta University) down through every grade till that of the sweeper or scavenger is reached? There are twenty or thirty of them slowly pacing behind my ambulance, just as if it were a hearse, and they mourners at my funeral. Who can they be? Attracted by the

high rate of wages current in war time, these camp followers have left their homes in India and gone beyond the frontier in quest of the silver rupee; and now, having scraped together their "pile," they have tied up their earnings in their *pugries* (turbans), and are going down on foot to the rail-head of the Indus Valley Railway. Each of them is probably delighted to get away, for, as the Calcutta University graduate wrote from the Front during the Afghan campaign, "War is a very dangerous department of Government service." But the wild robber tribes (to wit, the Maris, and the Buktis, and the Brahuis) are on the warpath. Therefore these timid camp followers actually seek protection from the helpless, unarmed *sahib*, who is lying so prostrate that he could not lift a hand even if he possessed a revolver. It was a clear case of "bluff" on my part. The Bishop had characteristically dispensed with our escort, and I was utterly defenceless. But so terrible is even the solitary Anglo-Saxon in the estimation of the inhabitants of those parts, that these men flocked under my wing and felt perfectly safe. And I do not doubt for one moment but that they would have been robbed and murdered to a certainty had they ventured to travel without my protecting presence. The whole country-side seemed to be at peace, but behind every turn in the road there were robbers.

Behind every rock, wild, untamed villagers were lurking, ready to pounce on their prey. They thought, of course, that I was armed to the teeth, and so we made the journey in safety.

But how shall I describe the Quetta of those days? Having climbed up the gradually ascending Bolan Pass, you reach an elevation of 5000 feet, and breathe a cooler air. At the present day you ride down a broad "Mall," ornamented on either side with umbrageous shade trees, while embosomed amid verdant "compounds" are the well-built bungalows of residents, civil and military. There are spacious public gardens, where every afternoon the youth and fashion of the station play lawn tennis; there is a large Durbar Hall or Council Chamber; there is a magnificent church for Europeans, and a smaller one for native Christians; also barracks, and a railway station with a railway town, and large railway workshops; there is a club and a polo ground, and all the resources of civilisation.

But in those early days when the Bishop bivouacked in the Bolan, the site of this flourishing "station" was a waste, howling wilderness. The monotony of that broad, rock-strewn valley was broken by nothing except an ancient mud fort and a camping ground alongside. For centuries caravans had halted here, and the accumulated filth of ages rendered Quetta a hard nut to crack for the

newly-appointed health officers. But we have changed all that. In those days there was indeed a fine residence for the chief political officer, and another for the General commanding. There was also a native bazaar and a fruit market, but beyond this all the world and his wife were living in tents, or at best in huts. The residents of Quetta were practically an army of occupation, encamped in an enemy's country. When you went out after dark you were challenged by sentries, and ran the risk of being shot if you failed to satisfy them. Nowadays extensive waterworks have been made, with the result that the whole of Quetta's arid valley has been irrigated, so that the verdant outlook reminds one of a bright emerald set in the midst of sparkling rubies. In other words, the vines and the fig trees, and the corn-fields, and the shade trees, and the flower gardens, and the orchards contrast most harmoniously with the encircling girdle of bare red hills which encompass the landscape on every side. And further, the bright blue of that rainless sky forms a still greater contrast with those red, jagged peaks—for they are very red and very jagged.

I must confess that I never admired the *Mem Sahibs* and the *Miss Sahibs* of Anglo-India as much as I did in Quetta. The war being barely over, there was only the merest sprinkling of officers'

wives and daughters—ladies who had broken up their comfortable homes in India and crossed the frontier, so as to be with husband or father at the front. As in duty bound, the Bishop and I called on each of these adventurous women. We found them, without exception, living "camp fashion" under canvas, or at best in hovels rudely constructed of mud. For household gods they could only boast of a few rattle-traps, got together nobody knows how. And yet the moment you entered that lowly door you were conscious that a nameless atmosphere pervaded the place. Evidently a refined woman had been at work. A Persian rug thrown down here, a bouquet of flowers displayed there, and a leathern camel's cloth artistically draped over the rough deal box which did duty as a sideboard. Yes, the *Mem Sahibs* and the *Miss Sahibs* of Anglo-India are women *sui generis*. As womanly, as lady-like as their sisters elsewhere, they have a peculiar flavour of their own—a flavour caught from their strange environment. Liable to be transferred from one "station" to another at any moment, they are all birds of passage. They live in a society where everybody knows everybody else. Being greatly in the minority when compared with members of the opposite sex, they are eagerly sought after. Being relieved from household work by troops of servants, they live in a perfect whirl of tennis, *ghymkhanas*, garden parties, balls, and theatricals. And still for

all that they will be able, like Colonel Newcome in Thackeray's book, to answer *adsum* when the great Roll Call at the last is called.

When the Bishop and I reached Quetta, the chief political officer—namely, that exalted personage who "runs" the whole of those regions—was off "on tour," inspecting a remote district in his wide jurisdiction, but, with characteristic courtesy, he placed the Residency at the Bishop's disposal. In other words, we were welcome to turn into his beautifully furnished house and make ourselves at home, ordering in supplies from the bazaar and starting housekeeping on our own account. This was a simple matter, inasmuch as we had brought our own servants to cook and "do" for us in the various Rest-Houses of the Bolan Pass; also our own bedding and our own table linen. A sentry paced up and down night and day in front of the house, so we were well cared for. The "visitation" of an Indian bishop is a great event. Besides officiating at divine service, confirming candidates brought to him, and meeting the local Church Committee, he comes as the friend and the guest of all residents—from the officer commanding the station down to Tommy Atkins in barracks, and from the highest civilian down to the humble Eurasian (or half-caste) clerk in his office, as well as the native Christians in the bazaar. It was always a puzzle to me how the successive Indian

bishops, under whom it was my honour to serve, managed to keep up a personal interest and acquaintance with the whole laity of the diocese, their wives, families, and small concerns; but I suppose they succeeded in accomplishing this superhuman task by means of continuous and unceasing "visitation." And when they do "visit" a station, they lay themselves out to call personally on every one, from the least to the greatest. Thus the Indian bishop is really a father in God. He will tell you the Christian names of all the children from Delhi to Quetta, and from Karachi to Kashmir. He will display an interest in Jack, who has passed at Sandhurst, and Jim, who has got a billet in the police, and so on through all the Toms, Dicks, and Harrys, to the undisguised delight of their dear mammas. As noted already, Quetta can now boast of a magnificent church, quite as large and commodious and well appointed as that of a first-rate city parish in England or America; but at the time of our visit the chaplain had to hold "parade service" in the open air. A hollow square was formed, and in the centre of this bishop and clergy took their places. Early communion, also evensong, were held in the Durbar Hall.

Speaking of an Indian bishop's visitation reminds me of a certain simple-minded chaplain. This unsophisticated *padri* had doubtless heard of a visitation of cholera, of famine, or of earthquake. He

evidently believed that an episcopal visitation must be something equally terrible. So just before escorting his lordship out of the station (for we always with much ceremony welcome the coming and speed the departing bishop), this good man addressed his diocesan in tones that proved him to be shaking in his boots. "My lord, I hope you have had no serious complaints brought against me." "My dear Blank, of course I have not; what do you mean?" "Well, my lord, previous to your coming I publicly announced your approaching visit, telling the congregation in church that a bishop's visitation was the time to make complaints against their clergyman: that was what the bishop came for; so I thought I had better ask whether any had been alleged."

By way of bringing these disjointed notes to an end, I must describe a striking personality, namely, that of the station chaplain. He afforded a specimen of what Charles Kingsley used to call "muscular Christianity"; that is to say, he was a man who united mental discipline and spiritual experience with thorough physical training. Honest, virile, and removed as far as possible from anything like cant, this worthy was the most omnivorous reader I ever met in my life. He devoured, and, what is more, assimilated every kind of literary pabulum—novels, theology, history, natural science, magazines, poetry; in fact, nothing came amiss to his insatiable

appetite. His rude hut was literally strewn with books. And being mentally a full man, he never wrote his sermons; but talked in the pulpit, to the edification of all who had the privilege of listening. Moreover, this chaplain was a first-class judge of horse-flesh, and a good athletic man at polo, tennis, and cricket. And in virtue of his great wisdom in all things pertaining to dogs and horses, he was master of the station fox, or rather jackal, hounds. And the pack had their kennels at the back of his hut, and he confidentially confided to me that they were ever so much nicer than babies. One day I had a talk with a great admirer of the chaplain's—no less a personage than Apsal Khan, the Pathan horse-dealer. And after singing the *padri's* praises, Apsal Khan asked me the following question, which, I must confess, nearly took my breath away:—

"*Lord Padri Sahib bhi kutta ka shikar karta hai?*" ("Does the Lord Bishop also go hunting with the hounds?") The very idea was too much for me—our esteemed diocesan, ascetic saint, and scholar and prelate—to think of him, booted and spurred, crying "Tally-ho," and careering across the sandy plains after the fleeing jackal!—he who could not bear the sight of a dog, because, he said, there are to be no dogs in the Celestial City. Spying a negative in my very look, the horse-dealer replied in a tone of scorn, which it is impossible to transfer to the printed page; "*O sirif namaz purta*

hai" ("Ah, I understand. He only says his prayers.") Verily, the horse jockey in Apsul Khan must have got the better of the pious Muhammadan, if indeed there was any of the latter in his composition; for all Moslems have the profoundest respect for holy men who give themselves up to meditation and worship.

The wise American tells us that it takes all sorts to make a world. And truly the chaplain of Quetta was just exactly the sort of *padri* (clergyman) who had real influence with officers and men in that military cantonment. He grafted the earnestness of a real soul-winner upon the good qualities of the old fox-hunting parsons of the last century, and much as they may be spoken against, even they had good qualities of their own peculiar kind. In a suburban parish of the Home Land our chaplain would certainly have proved a fish out of water, but there is no doubt that he was the right man in the right place at Quetta. He got hold of officers and men, consecrating his muscular Christianity to the Lord, Who is the Saviour of the body as well as of the soul. He had a first-rate class of men and band-boys to present to the Bishop for confirmation, and his influence was good all round cantonments.

Postscript

In order to give a bird's-eye view of the late Bishop French's apostolic career, I extract and sum-

marise the following from Mr. Birks' Biography. And I do so with the special object of showing that the Bishop never surrendered his work. Having once put his hand to the plough, he never looked back. Serious illness might send him on furlough to the Home Land—not once, but frequently—still he was always eager and ready to return to his beloved India. And this in spite of the fact that he occupied important posts during his three protracted furloughs, and had the brightest prospects of further promotion had he consented to remain in England.

It is rather a task to condense the two ponderous volumes given us by the Rev. Herbert Birks, M.A., but I shall try to compress them into the few following lines, in the hope that by so doing I may stir up my readers to read that deeply interesting biography.

Thomas Valpy French, the eldest son of the Rev. Peter French, was born at the Abbey, Burton-on-Trent, England, on January 1, 1825. The future bishop was educated at Rugby under the celebrated Dr. Arnold. From Rugby he went to Oxford in 1843, having obtained a scholarship at University College. In 1846 he obtained a "first class" in the same list with several men afterwards greatly distinguished. Two years later he gained fresh laurels by winning the Chancellor's Prize for a Latin essay—a distinction carried off by a long roll of *Alma Mater's* most brilliant scholars, many of whom

have risen to eminence in the English Church. In the same year he obtained a Fellowship in his own college, and was made deacon by the then Bishop of Ripon, being licensed to serve his father's curacy at Burton. In 1849 he was ordained priest. A speech of the late Bishop Samuel Wilberforce's decided him to make choice of a missionary career, and to this he devoted his high literary culture, his ample private means, and his inexhaustible energy, readily foregoing the brightest prospects in England. In 1850 he was accepted as a missionary by the Church Missionary Society, and was assigned to the superintendence of St. John's College, Agra, in the North-West Provinces, India (this place is renowned for the wonderful *Taj*, which all travellers visit). Having worked diligently at Agra for seven years, Mr. French played the hero during the terrible Mutiny of 1857. In 1858 he returned "home" to England, shattered in health. After serving a curacy at Clifton, near Bristol, he returned to India, this time going forth as a pioneer to the wild tribes of the frontier. After "labours more abundant" in that rude district, he had a dangerous sunstroke, and was forced once more to seek refreshment in the Home Land. He now took a curacy under the Rev. Dr. Marsh at Beckenham, and was then presented to the living of St. John's, Cheltenham. The spring of 1869 again saw this undaunted labourer at his old post. This time he arrived in the Punjab

as founder of St. John's Divinity School, Lahore. In 1874 he was again driven away by sickness. He then became Vicar of St. Ebbe's, Oxford. On St. Thomas' Day, 1877, he was consecrated Bishop of Lahore; he retained the See for exactly ten years, signing his deed of resignation on the 21st of December 1887, the tenth anniversary of his consecration. Then, as a simple missionary and pioneer, he went forth to Syria, and later on to Muscat, in Arabia. At the latter place this hero of the Cross laid down his life, May 14, 1891.

There was a quality of remoteness and detachment which marked Dr. French as one who viewed mankind from the hilltop rather than from his place in the actual world. But his rapt idealism was ever held in check by that Episcopal Double who was ever energised with one consuming passion—to win souls and to spread Christ's kingdom. Realising his duty as chief pastor of the flock, he flung himself into the duties of his office with all the strength of his consecrated manhood, and was ever accessible to all sorts and conditions of men. But still Dr. French ever viewed the world *de haut en bas*—not with that hauteur which this phrase usually connotes, but rather as one who, stooping down, would share his attainments with all mankind.

Thus he impressed his personality on the whole diocese, and made himself a felt power to its "Utmost Bounds."

GEORGE SHIRT, B.A. (CANTAB)

ROADMAKER TO THE GREAT KING

PROLOGUE

WE were "marching" from Sonamerg to Srinagar, in Kashmir. Our path (for by the utmost stretch of courtesy it could hardly be called a road) belonged to the variety commonly known as break-neck. With alpenstocks in hand we picked our steps amid boulders, broken bridges, and other romantic objects. And yet this was that great trade route between Thibet and the Maharajah's dominions, described in official parlance as "the main artery of communication between Central Asia and Kashmir." Our environment was picturesque, but a "mind at leisure from itself," or rather at leisure from taking heed lest one put one's foot in it, was a thing much to be desired. On rounding the foot of a wooded hill we came across a motley throng. Swarming like ants, a crowd of coolies were to be seen constructing (oh! joy to think of it) a road! Men, women, and even bright-eyed mites of children —the latter looking very important—were one and

all carrying baskets of "dirt" on their heads; others were busy wielding the Oriental equivalents to our picks and shovels; small boys were driving donkeys innumerable, each particular beast of burden bearing on his back two panniers heaped up with earth. Of course, the inevitable task-master, in shape of a fat, greasy contractor, suggested thoughts of Israel in Egypt. And the sight of such an old-world Bible scene caused Handel's immortal tenor to sound in my ears, and (must I confess it?) I hummed the same aloud for very joy of heart, of course murdering it in the execution—"Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low: the crooked straight, and the rough places plain." That is how Isaiah describes roadmaking (Isaiah xl. 4). Now the intelligent reader need scarcely be told that highways are intended for general convenience in our utilitarian and democratic West; but in the Orient a many-headed populace calmly allows its vulgar necessities to be ignored, thus reminding us of what Charles Dickens makes his immortal Mr. Bumble say, "The public is a hass." In a certain American village, which shall be nameless, I know a worthy citizen who got damages from the local authorities, to the tune of four hundred dollars (£80), because he injured himself more or less (probably less) by stumbling on a rickety sidewalk after dark. But

in the "gorgeous East" a long-suffering public may break its neck without hope of redress, for is not the king's highway made expressly for the royal convenience? Hence, a road is hastily extemporised whenever an Oriental ruler signifies his royal intention of going on tour. Such was the "why" and the "wherefore" of that busy ant-hill. The Maharajah (native prince) of Kashmir was about to visit Sonamerg; and, in accordance with the eternal fitness of things, the way of the king was being prepared. Of course, this method (or rather lack of method) is quite wrong. To patch up a hastily constructed road just for the king, while neglecting the needs of wayfaring men, is a delightful example of how not to do it. The whole thing is very Oriental; but that did not hinder Isaiah, who lived in the unchanging East, from depicting things as he actually saw them, and not things as they ought to be. And so, from this topsy-turvy bit of political economy, Isaiah gives us his beautiful emblem of St. John Baptist "making straight in the desert a highway for our God." But the King of kings has other roadmakers besides His great forerunner, and there are other rivers besides the Jordan, and other deserts besides that of Judea.

It is a "far cry" from emerald Kashmir to the Indus valley, khaki-hued, dusty, arid, and hot; nevertheless, those coolies, levelling the ups and

downs of Sonamerg, are always associated in my mind with the subject of this sketch—George Shirt, Roadmaker to the Great King.

Come, my readers, mount the pinions of fancy. Take a flight of about eight hundred miles from Sonamerg. Then, making a descent on the dreary plains of Sindh, you shall behold a roadmaker plodding at his task: it is George Shirt, "making straight in the desert a highway for our God." Although his was truly the voice of one crying in the literal deserts of Sindh, still there was nothing romantic about this good man. He was not clad in camel's hair, and he had no halo encircling his brow like some conventional saint in a stained-glass window. Born and bred in Yorkshire—that most hard-headed and shrewdest of counties—he was a plain, matter-of-fact parson, and being an out-and-out Englishman, he never pretended to be anything else. He had fought his way to a clerical education through great obstacles, and that salutary, if Spartan, discipline had taken all the nonsense out of him. There flashes upon my inward eye the memory of a somewhat sallow countenance—it had been painted that colour by the ravages of the cruellest climate in torrid India; and that face is crowned by a mass of coal-black hair, closely cropped, the whole being surmounted by a sun helmet.

Roadmaker to the King, he wears no leathern

girdle round his loins, but he does sport a *cumerbund*, or sash, made of bright red silk, such as Europeans in India wrap round and round their waists, so as to ward off those sudden and deadly chills which, strange to say, are peculiarly dangerous and likely to occur in a hot climate. Otherwise, George Shirt is airily dressed in a suit of American drill, spotlessly clean. Canvas tennis shoes and a white umbrella give finishing touches to the picture. Again we notice another divergence from the austere Eremite of the Judean wilderness. Far from being a recluse, the subject of these pages was the devoted husband of a valued helpmeet. Exactly as the women coolies at Sonamerg helped the men coolies to construct the Maharajah's highway, so also in the Indus valley Mrs. Shirt was always to the fore helping her husband in his life's work of roadmaker to the Great King. How this good woman found time for her onerous educational labours (she was the moving spirit and manager of large female mission schools) was always an unsolved enigma to us. She was the ornament of a happy home and the devoted mother of a group of laughing boys and girls. *N.B.*—Her husband used mirthfully to call these his eight little shirts.

This reminds me that he was always ready to joke about his own name. For instance, at a certain

C.M.S. meeting in England, one of the speakers was absent, so our friend was called upon to fill the gap. He began by saying that if a pane of glass be missing in a dilapidated house, and if the wind and rain are beating in, then would the shiftless inmates take any rag they could lay hands on —even an old shirt—to fill the hole. That was the case this evening. The appointed speaker had not turned up, so they requisitioned an old Shirt. Need it be said, he "brought down the house"?

At the risk of wearying my readers, I must ask them to take one more glance at the coolies constructing a road in Kashmir. As noted already, the Maharajah is expected. And when his Highness appears, there will be a great *tamasha* (a big function)—cavalry, resplendent in the bravery of gold lace, will form a bodyguard; a band of music will make noise, if not melody; retainers will swell their ruler's train. But in that royal progress, one thing shall be conspicuous by its absence. Not a vestige will be left to remind us of those earth-begrimed coolies. In company with donkeys, picks, and shovels, they have vanished. And yet, were it not for the road which their toil-worn hands have made, where would the gala be, and how could yonder prancing Arab fail to injure his shapely limbs? But who are these groups of handsome highlanders—all and several arrayed in

that picturesque holiday costume peculiar to those Everlasting Hills, which once seen can never be forgotten? Why, they are our old friends the coolies; but their earth-stained rags have been laid aside and, rigged in their best, they constitute a "great cloud of witnesses." True, they bear no part whatever in the actual pageant; but, as sight-seers, they are very much in evidence gazing at the show. And each bright-eyed child is there—no longer a grubby atom, driving his string of donkeys, but making his "cute" *salaam* and piping out with shrill voice, "O king, live for ever."

Now at last, I am in a position to explain the reason why George Shirt always reminded me of these roadmaking coolies. I hope I may be pardoned the homely illustration. This devoted servant of Christ counted it to be his life's work to build a road—not a literal road, but a road allegorical. It was in the province of Sindh, which is situated on the sun-blistered banks of the Indus—it was in that remote and most unattractive corner of the Bombay Presidency, that the hero of these lines "made straight in the desert of Sindh a highway for our God." So wholly is the Indus valley given over to the creed of Islam, and so obstinately are its people set in their own ways, that it needs no little faith to anticipate the evangelisation of this benighted region. But a Day of Visitation is

approaching; the kingdom of Heaven is at hand even in Sindh, and God's kingdom cometh not with observation.

Such was the twofold faith in which George Shirt was content to labour, and in spite of many discouragements his assurance never faltered. Therefore, in jotting down a few notes descriptive of this pioneer and founder, I desire to rescue from oblivion the memory of a forerunner, a man who repeatedly assured me that he craved no visible results, he hankered after no outward success. Enough for the King's Roadmaker if, like the coolies in Kashmir, he was privileged to prepare for future triumphs in which he personally would take no part. For exactly as each coolie went off to his own village unknown and unnoticed, making his exit the moment that his own share in roadmaking was done—exactly as these obscure peasants resigned to others the joyous celebration which their own toil had made possible, even so was it with George Shirt. As soon as his task was done, the King's roadmaker went to blessed Paradise forgotten on earth, but at home in the resting-place of the holy dead. In plain English, he was a forerunner, and as such he had to break up hard ground; but although he laboured for a lifetime, he made scarcely any converts, he achieved no brilliant success, he built up no flourishing Sindh Church,

he impressed no footprints on the sands of time, his only memorial being inscribed in the warm hearts of a limited circle of friends, European and native; but he built a road, and on that road, after his own death, the King's messengers have gone to and fro bearing the everlasting Gospel. If a strong missionary staff is to-day stationed on the banks of the Indus, if an infant Church has been gathered, if the prospect is hopeful—all this Day of Visitation is due, under God, to George Shirt and his quiet, unobtrusive, and apparently fruitless, but really invaluable labours as a forerunner. In proof of my assertion that George Shirt always walked on the shady side of the street, I turn to Mr. Eugene Stock's masterly "History of the Church Missionary Society," and also to the late Robert Clark's "Punjab and Sindh Missions." Consult the indexes of these works, and you will find eight or nine references to George Shirt. But on opening the pages to which the indexes refer, you will discover hardly anything more than the barest mention of Shirt's name. I do not blame these writers. The world itself would not contain the books which should be written, if all the unchronicled deeds of all heroes in the mission-field were recorded. Even concerning the Glorious Company of the Apostles, we know but little, excepting only of St. Paul, St. Peter, and St. John.

Yet, thanks to the unrecorded labours of the majority, as well as to the recorded labours of the three, there have been laid the jewelled foundations of the City of God, all resting on that Rock which is Christ. Thus on saints unknown as well as on saints well known the heavenly Jerusalem is built.

But to return to the coolies at Sonamerg. If George Shirt never trod the road, which it was his life's work to construct, is it altogether fanciful to believe that he joined "the great cloud of witnesses," and that having exchanged his earth-stained working garb for the holiday dress of saints at rest, he also, like the coolies at Sonamerg, is privileged to see that royal progress in which he is forbidden to play any active part? I am aware that the best commentators put this beautiful interpretation under the ban. But I boldly open my Bible at Heb. xii. 1, and say, "So much the worse for the Commentaries; if this be not the right exegesis—well, it ought to be."

Allow me to tabulate five departments of missionary effort in which George Shirt did the work of a pioneer, making a road in secret and solitary places, far from the tumult and applause of the world's great arena. Gifted with the "grace of perseverance," George Shirt spent his lengthened service in these pioneering labours. He was seldom

cheered by any visible success, but, nothing daunted, he built a road.

1. Christian Intercourse with Europeans.

2. Bible Translation, with Grammar and Dictionary Making.

3. Itineration.

4. Educational Work, in the doing of which his wife was always a true helpmeet.

5. Breaking fresh ground in Baluchistan, where he died, after having founded a new mission at Quetta.

One more introductory remark: please bear in mind Canning's advice to Lord Granville, and never speak or write about India without looking at the map. Any atlas will show you the whereabouts of Sindh and the connection of that province with the ancient river Indus. That historic stream is truly an "ancient river." To say nothing of other notices in classic writers, it is inseparably connected with the return journey of Alexander the Great after his brilliant campaign in the Punjab.

"THE SONG OF THE SHIRT"

I. *Christian Intercourse with Europeans or Anglo-Indians.*—Sukkur, on the banks of the river Indus, derives its name (doubtless by reason of climatic vagaries) from one of the seven divisions—surely it must be the hottest one—of the Muhammadan hell.

Now I might wax properly scientific and endeavour to explain, superficially it is to be feared, how it comes to pass that earth's maximum zone of heat is to be found *not* at the equator, as is generally supposed, but about the lower latitudes of the Red Sea, in the Persian Gulf and Arabia, and, above all, in the province of Sindh. Suffice it to say, that the Indus valley is the hottest part of India, being much warmer than places farther south. I have a shrewd guess that my former parish, embracing Sukkur, Shikarpur, Jacobabad, and Sibi, is second to none as a record-breaker in all things pertaining to caloric. At any rate, being an old Sindhi, and jealous for the honour of the land of my adoption, I always boast that in this respect she is *facile princeps*, and the rest nowhere. For the space of four brief months in every year this roasted oven enjoys a brief respite; but the cold season over, Phœbus Apollo certainly makes up for lost time, with the result that all Europeans have to seek shelter from the burning, fiery furnace, burying themselves alive in darkened houses, built of mud, and sleeping on the roof at night, *sub divo*, if perchance by so doing they may inhale a few whiffs of comparatively cooler air. The mud walls of their bungalows are three or four feet thick, so as to present a non-conducting medium, and there is an additional fortification against the sun in shape of a wide verandah.

Also the flat roofs are made of a layer of mud as thick as the walls. Buildings formed of brick or stone would glow like a hot iron, while houses made of boards would afford no protection whatever. It scarcely ever rains in Sindh. Thus the province has been nicknamed "Little Egypt," its fertility—which is of no mean order—depending on irrigation. Every summer the snows melt on the distant Himalayas; then Father Indus rises in flood, the swollen waters spreading so as to distribute their silt-laden enrichment over a width of no less than fifty miles. On subsidence of what is called "the high season," malaria and ague run rampant, fevers being caused by effluvia from dead fish, decaying vegetable matter, and other such things, inasmuch as a swampy expanse—fifty miles wide and hundreds of miles long—is then reeking because of recent submergence. Now, it is a feature of the Anglo-Indian, that the viler the particularly vile climate of his own particular vile corner of the great Indian peninsula, the greater is the grim satisfaction which he manages to get out of it. Thus Europeans stationed in Sindh are, to a man, enthusiasts on the subject of their domicile. And boldly do they throw down the gauntlet, challenging all comers to match the rigours of their dearly-beloved sun-trap. There may be bloodthirsty mosquitoes and other plagues in vaporous Burma;

there may be liability to "Punjab head" at Lahore; cholera may rage at Peshawar, while Delhi may be a pest-hole; the washed-out dwellers in Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras may be bleached as white as notepaper; but we of the Indus valley are thankful we are not as other men are. We defy you to produce any gangrenes like unto our own Sindh sores; we defy you to produce any ague comparable to that which rattles our fever-stricken bones. We dwell in the only true and genuine Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, heated sevenfold more than the rest of India, and all other so-called hot seasons are but imitators and unblushing impostors.

Need it be explained, George Shirt was an out-and-out Sindhi; so he kept a warm place in his heart for these delectable deserts.

Before the retentive eye of memory I behold a tennis-court, or rather a whole row of tennis-courts, made not of grass but of sun-baked mud. These courts are located on an elevated terrace, set on top of a rocky bluff overlooking the river Indus. That silt-laden stream is dotted over with native craft, each boat being picturesquely rigged with lateen sails. On the farther bank are to be seen the low sandhills of Rohri—an abomination of desolation when viewed in the full glare of garish day, but now adorned by the witchery of light at eventide. The bare rocks, blushing under the parting kiss of

sunset, are pleasingly varied by a dense jungle of palms, which palms are popularly supposed to owe their origin to the fact that Alexander the Great halted at Rohri, and his troops, who lived on dates, dropped so many date stones that a dense grove resulted, and remains to this day as a memorial of their visit. The whole outlook resembles Arabia, and suggests the stern landscape of Horeb rather than our preconceived notions of India.

Every afternoon, Sundays excepted, the entire European community of Sukkur foregathers on those tennis-courts for recreation, gossip, and afternoon tea. There are seldom any of our number absent. It is the cool of the hour preceding sunset. The men are at length set free from their toil (and it is very hard toil) in office and court-house. The *Mem Sahibs* (married ladies) sit around in easy-chairs, and, as Rudyard Kipling would say, talk *kitmutgars* (*Anglice*, servants). The *Miss Sahibs* (unmarried ladies), freshly imported from the Home Land, and consequently still blooming with the radiance of complexions as yet unbleached, are vigorously playing with the zeal of gushing novices; the *baba log* (children) are flitting all over the place and generally getting in every one's way. Even the babies are there, each infant being carried in the arms of an attendant *ayah* (native nurse); and the dogs—yes, we know each one of those dear

dogs by name—they are all and several recognised members of Society (spelt with a big S), and should even one be absent, we solicitously inquire after his or her health. And the ponies stand just a stone's throw away. There is Jo Huk'm and Antifat and Valentine—you see they are all dear familiar friends. And each pony has its own *sais* or groom, who squats on his haunches and whisks away the flies from his well-groomed charge. A little on one side stands a white-draped table, and on that table an *al fresco* afternoon tea is spread, refreshments being served by white-robed *kitmutgars*. There are cakes and candy, bread and butter, tea and coffee, lemonade and other sparkling drinks, cigars and cigarettes. Thus, having had a substantial *tiffin* (lunch) at 2 P.M., you will not absolutely faint, but may reasonably expect to withstand the rigours of a cruel climate at least till 8 o'clock, which is the usual hour for dinner. But meanwhile the tennis balls gaily bounce, and we all crack the same old jokes, which somehow or other never grow stale, and we call ourselves by the same old nicknames; for are we not all members of the same inner circle, and do we not meet in social conclave every afternoon of our lives except on Sundays?—and even then we meet in church. Meanwhile a circle of admiring natives stand on the outskirts of this charmed community, and wonder why the *Sahibs*

are such fools as to play tennis, at the cost of exertion and consequent perspiration, when by expending a few copper coins they could hire men from the bazaar to do the work, themselves meanwhile sitting in easy-chairs and watching the fun. "Truly God is great, and the ways of the *Sahib log* are past finding out."

Such were the surroundings amidst which I first saw George Shirt. With Sukkur as headquarters, I was charged with "cure of souls" up and down a section of three hundred miles on the Indus Valley Railroad, my parish being like a mathematical line —length without breadth. Once a month I left St. Saviour's, Sukkur, and went off "on tour." Be it noted, my flock was exclusively composed of Europeans and Eurasians. On these occasions (*i.e.* regularly once a month) George Shirt kindly acted as *locum tenens*, for which voluntary function he had to journey all the way from his home at Hydrabad. Thus he periodically ministered to the Anglo-Indian congregation, his only remuneration being that he was granted the use of the church for vernacular services as soon as the service in English was over. I can see him crossing our sandy *maidan* (large parade-ground where the native police used to drill). There he goes, followed by those faithful henchmen, Amir-u-Din (Lord of Religion), his catechist, and Buladav, his colporteur, the rear being brought up

by my own church bearer (native sexton), who rejoices in the name Sadiq (Righteousness), although he was an arrant knave. And so Shirt reaches the tennis-courts.

It was marvellous to note the felt influence which this unobtrusive man shed on all who met him. And especially was this apparent at times of social intercourse. Years after the lamented death of my friend, I casually got into conversation with a military man whom I chanced to meet in a railway carriage in Cornwall. He told me of the good that George Shirt did at Quetta amongst his (the speaker's) brother officers. And here, again, this good man was merely "a roadmaker, preparing the way of the Lord." He built up no European congregation—that was the duty of the station chaplain; he simply pointed men towards heaven, and drew them by the magnetism of a consistent life. Having done this, he drafted them into the flock of some other parson, and when that "other parson" was blessed with the help of faithful laymen, he reaped where George Shirt had sown.

And here I may mention that, having nothing "goody goody" about him, George Shirt had the happy knack of getting hold of young subalterns in the army and of young civilians. To these "boys" he was guide, philosopher, and friend. Specially did it amuse me to notice the interest he

took in their matrimonial affairs. Being himself a much married and a happily married man, he argued that every one ought to go and do likewise. So he spoke like a father to these youngsters, but he never became that despicable thing, "a man match-maker." The consequence was that they voted him to be a brick—"He's a great pal of mine is the Padri Sahib."

In fact there was no phase of humanity, no class of human interests, which he did not touch. Being a thorough man—a man brimful of fellow-feeling and consideration, and being, moreover, gifted with a bright though extra quiet individuality—George Shirt somehow managed to uplift the weight of our life in a dull part of India, and to keep it from becoming monotonous. An old colonel once remarked that "No one would raise a finger to pull some folks out of a ditch, but most men would go in head over ears to help Padri Shirt or anybody connected with him."

II. *Bible Translation.*—But the main object of George Shirt's life was undoubtedly the translation of the sacred Scriptures, and such studies as help to the translation of the same.

If you really got down to their actual ideas or want of ideas on the subject of Bible translation, you would discover that the rank and file of even devout, church-going people have the haziest

notions on this head. Question the average layman, and he will refer you to the days of his youth. Most young people are set to do English into Latin or Greek, and to turn exercises into French or German. Accordingly the "Man in the Street" would probably tell you that Bible translation may be a trifle harder than that; but, at the worst, it cannot be much stiffer than the work required by an honourman at the university for a place in the class list. George Shirt, "Roadmaker to the Great King," has it laid upon his heart to prepare the way of the Lord on the banks of the Indus. And he feels that the best method in which to begin this pioneering work is by translating the Bible. "Nothing simpler!" I seem to hear from the lips of some "sweet girl graduate." She used to do lovely exercises from English into French; so, of course, she ought to know all about it. First you must master the Sindhi grammar (but, alas! there was no Sindhi grammar until George Shirt made one), then you have to get a copious vocabulary (but there was no Sindhi Dictionary before George Shirt compiled one), then go to the banks of the river Indus and cut one of those "reeds shaken by the wind," which are invariably used instead of pens to write the peculiar characters of an Oriental language; finally, get a big sheet of paper, open your Bible, and translate. But un-

fortunately the sacred volume was not originally written in English, consequently this short and easy method will not work. Before he begins to translate, George Shirt must study the Greek and the Hebrew. And he must not rest content with construing these texts just like an undergraduate getting up his Greek Testament for an examination. "The King's Roadmaker" must delve deeply till he unearths the true inwardness of these ancient documents. And in order to grasp what the inspired penmen really mean, the faithful translator must search and see what sort of meaning other translators in other climes and in other ages extracted from the original. For instance, St. Jerome rendered the Bible into Latin: also there was an ancient Syriac version: also there have been numerous translations into diverse tongues, but above all, "the Seventy" have given us the Old Testament in Greek. Unless George Shirt be puffed up with a sense of his own infallibility (which, being the humblest of men, he was not), he will see the wisdom of finding out what other men, to wit, St. Jerome, Ulfilas, Wickliffe, the Venerable Bede, Tyndale, Coverdale, &c., considered to be the true force of the original. For which cause he must study the French Bibles (for there are several), the Syriac, Douay, and in fact every Bible on which he can lay hands. Then, after

comparing these with the original, he will venture his own rendering into Sindhi. But even then the "King's Roadmaker" will have done little more than making a preliminary survey of the King's highway.

Supposing you had a Bible done into English by a Frenchman, in that case both the grammar and the vocabulary might be faultless, for we will take for granted that your Frenchman is a pains-taking student of our language; but just for want of a certain something, which goes by the name of idiom, the whole thing might be simply ridiculous, although grammatically correct even to the point of over-precision. To show you what I mean, perhaps you will allow me to give a few familiar examples which, by the way, have nothing to do with Bible translation, but are, nevertheless, capable of application to the matter we are considering. When I was in India a certain educated native—that is to say, an English-speaking native who had studied our language for years in the public schools—asked me the following question, which is without flaw as far as correct grammar goes, but is anything but good English. "I suppose, sir, at this time, that London is a populous and scientific country?" Another English-speaking native, who, being "down in his luck," had been reduced to begging alms, said, "Sir, I have no expense (spending money), so I cannot

make both of my ends meet." For want of idiom utterly grotesque! In this connection, I quote the following from Rudyard Kipling in order to prove that a college-bred native of India, thoroughly drilled in grammar, can still murder the "King's English" without violating a single rule of syntax. "My father ordered me to ask your honour to say a word for him to the present incumbent of your honour's shoes" (he meant, "your honour's successor in office"), "the latchet of which he is not worthy to unloose and who knows not Joseph: for things are different now at Shershah, and my father wants promotion." A Frenchman once said—and his grammar is faultless—"I am not good at the horse: when he goes easy I am (*je suis*), but when he jumps hard I do not remain." I defy any one to find a grammatical error in the above; but still the sentence is simply a mingle-mangle of jargon. These instances have a queer sound; but I put them on record because I want to prove how hard it is for even the well-instructed foreigner to write "English as she is spoke." Think now for a moment and ponder the following. We have all of us heard about and, in the heedless days of youth, most of us have perpetrated "dog Latin." But what sort of a Bible would that be which, although written grammatically, should still be written in "canine Sindhi"? Our Authorised Version is what Thomas

Carlyle used to call "racy of the soil." It was rendered into our idiomatic mother tongue very near the days of Shakespeare, that is to say, at a time when the English language was yet in her golden youth, and more than this, it was the work of native-born Englishmen. Thus its magic rhythm, as Cardinal Newman so aptly remarks, "is like the silvery chimes of church bells calling to praise and prayer."

With these thoughts impressed upon our minds, I desire to ask, How could George Shirt, being a foreigner, avoid those pitfalls into which even well-educated natives fall every time they open their mouths in English?—and this they do in spite of their accurate schooling in grammar and parsing. Mere study of the Sindhi language would avail but little. The harder our translator worked at syntax, the more stilted and absurdly pedantic is he likely to become; the more conscientiously he persists in "gerund grinding," and the more slavishly he conjugated his "Paulo Post Future," so much the more unnaturally precise will his version prove. Of course the King's Roadmaker had to be an accurate student of the vernacular; but after he had learned the rudiments—and they must be thoroughly mastered—he must "throw grammar (like physic) to the dogs," and with a bold disregard of all rules, seek to be natural, because grammar

has come to be part and parcel of his mental outfit. But where shall idiom be found? Like the poet, idiom is born and not made; it is drunk in with our mother's milk, and can seldom be acquired in later years.

Leaving the Indus valley and for a moment reverting to that happy valley of Kashmir, amid whose Alpine beauties our prologue opened, it may not be amiss if I explain the method of idiom-hunting pursued by another translator, to wit, the Rev. J. Hinton Knowles of Kashmir. Desiring to produce an idiomatic version of the Bible in Kashmiri, this good man spent two hours before breakfast every morning—and this he did regularly for many years. Nothing was allowed to encroach on those jealously appropriated hours: they were devoted to collecting and studying the riddles, the proverbs, the folklore of the people, and most of their national songs. By so doing, he hoped to become an adept in that same mother tongue which the local population used in everyday life, thus catching the coy and shy acquirement which men call idiom. And not until he had inwardly digested rhymes, legends, and fairy tales, did he venture to perpetrate a translation: *O si sic omnes!* But at this point I seem to hear one of my readers objecting. "Excuse me, I could easily devise a quicker method than that. Why not get a devout

native Christian and make him understand the passage you wish to translate? Then he, being a native, will surely give you back the same in idiomatic vernacular." But not so fast, my good friend; it is no easy matter to make your native brother understand the original Greek, the Hebrew, or even the English Bible. And until you have drilled this meaning into his brain, it is impossible for him to translate. For instance, in British Columbia, on the Pacific Coast of Canada, a missionary wanted his catechist to translate "A crown of glory that fadeth not away." This was done to the satisfaction of all concerned, but in process of time the missionary became better versed in the language, and he then found, to his horror, that it had been rendered "A hat that never wears out." Again, your native assistant, being of an inquiring turn of mind, will be at times sorely perplexed. For instance, a native of India once asked, "Why is it that Christians pray 'Lead us not into temptation'?" but in spite of this "prayer divinely taught," the very Church Missionary Society itself compels its agents to pass higher and lower standard examinations in the language, no foreigner being fully accredited until he has passed the ordeal. (*N.B.*—the same word, *imtihan*, means "temptation" and "examination.") Then we are told that in equatorial Africa the same word means "brimstone"

and "matches." Hence an intelligent catechist cannot be blamed for asking how Sodom and Gomorrah could have been burnt with fire and brimstone, seeing that lucifer matches are such a recent invention.

Thus, in making a highway for our God, George Shirt has to put crooked things straight. The only Bible which (humanly speaking) will be likely to touch the heart is a Bible which speaks in those familiar tones in which our mother sang beside our cradle. It must use the same accents, minus school-boy slang, as those in which our comrades called out on the playground and recited in the class-room. It must re-echo the sweet music of the home, it must embody the language of the store, the market, and the street. How did George Shirt, not being to the manner born, teach his stammering tongue to utter the talk of *zamindars* (farmers)? While avoiding vulgarity, how did he catch the accents of carpet-weavers at Shikarpar? While steering clear of "Billingsgate," how did he re-echo the talk of boatmen on the Indus? And at the same time, how did he translate with such dignified and measured culture, that educated Sindhi gentlemen would regard his productions as a classic? *Mutatis mutandis*, that and nothing else than that is what the translators of our own English Bible have done. And no level lower than this lofty ideal could ever satisfy an

enthusiast such as was George Shirt. But how did he propose to "crack this hard nut," as worthy John Bunyan would have called it?

Once for all, the King's Roadmaker made up his mind that he was a mere forerunner. And being from first to last only a pioneer, it was his vocation (that is to say, his calling of God) to make ready for the future publication of the sacred volume in Sindhi and not, in his own proper person, ever to behold that work completed. Therefore George Shirt refrained from having his translation printed. It never went through the press until after the death of the translator. Conscious that there must be flaws inherent in the work of even the best instructed foreigner, he deliberately determined to keep his *magnum opus* in manuscript as long as he lived. And this self-denying ordinance he laid upon himself, in order that day by day and year by year, continually, he might always be "making crooked things straight." At divine service, in school, in his study, and at all other times and functions he employed nothing but the handwritten sheet. And while so doing, it was his constant practice to be ever asking native friends whether such and such a sentence had the true ring in it. Fellow missionaries were continually being consulted; officials in Government service, who were specially well up in the vernacular owing to lengthened practice in

courts of law or in the districts—these men were requested to give their opinion as to niceties of diction. Thus, by every means in his power, he was constantly revising, correcting, amending his translation. It therefore evolved as the natural outcome of a faithful servant's entire term of service, and took shape as a living growth, for it had never been made to order. And as it had never been constructed after a cut-and-dried fashion, you would search in vain for any laudatory paragraph in the *Athenæum* or in the *Academy* to the effect that the Rev. George Shirt, B.A., a noted Orientalist, had seen through the press his masterly version of the Bible into the obscure but interesting language spoken on the banks of the river Indus—a monumental monograph, which will be welcomed by linguistic and philological students even outside the missionary body! Nothing of the sort. Neither was this diligent translator ever recognised throughout the religious world as being a fellow-reaper with Carey of Serampore, Henry Martin of Allahabad, Pilkington of Uganda, and those numerous others who, in diverse kinds of tongues, have garnered golden harvests from the world-wide field of Bible translation. In fact, he was not a reaper at all; he was but a plodding ploughman, making ready the hard soil for crops that other hands should reap. And only a limited circle of very attached friends

knew anything about the fallow ground he was breaking up.

Meanwhile, I suppose by way of a mild recreation for leisure hours, George Shirt compiled a copious dictionary of the Sindhi language. He also reduced that exceedingly complicated and erratic tongue to a well-ordered grammar. And in payment for these tasks, that would have been herculean to any one else, he received a handsome monetary reward from the Government of Bombay, not a fraction of which went into his own very shallow purse, the whole amount being gladly devoted to his mission schools and to the upkeep of his other work. I may mention that Government, having paid for these works, makes use of the same by compelling all English-speaking officials stationed in Sindh to study Mr. Shirt's books for their official examinations in the vernacular.

Before passing on to the next division of this sketch, I notice that George Shirt was anything but a hide-bound pedant. It is true he took a lifetime to elaborate the Sindhi Bible. He thus acted because he had a lifetime at his disposal. But he dashed off a "snap-shot" version of the Scriptures, or rather of portions of the Bible, into the tongue of the wild Brahuiis of Baluchistan, because he knew that the time was short. It was at the close of his career. The Society had sent him up the Bolan

Pass to found a new mission at Quetta. While sojourning in those remote highlands, he may almost have been said to have discovered the strange language of the Brahuiis. Much to his surprised delight, he found that isolated tribe speaking a Dravidian dialect, although all around them were to be found communities speaking languages grafted on Arabic and Persian. The nearest Dravidians are settled in the south of India. Thus these Brahuiis, being located beyond the north-west frontier, are, as it were, a Dravidian island set in the midst of people of other tongues. Being an enthusiastic Orientalist, he made haste to give these rude nomads the Word of God in their hitherto unknown tongue. He had no time to complete the entire volume of the Book; but with respect to such portions as he was able to translate, he had the joy of knowing that his readers understood what they read. (Note: he had to reduce the Brahui tongue to grammar and to make his own dictionary before he was in a position to tackle his rendering of these Scripture portions.)

Talking of George Shirt's enthusiasm as an Orientalist reminds me of the way in which he improved his furlough. Having served for the requisite term at Hydrabad, he earned the privilege of going "home" for repairs, physical and mental. Instead of devoting that season of recreation to rest

and to pleasure, George Shirt (being a non-graduate) went up to Cambridge, and although he was then a grave and reverend senior, he nevertheless studied for honours in the Oriental Languages Tripos, which honours he brilliantly carried off after three years' incessant toil—one year during an early furlough, and two years after an interval of five years. He informed me that his practical linguistic labours in the Orient did not prove of material service in his examinations and studies, inasmuch as the university required recondite theoretical and critical knowledge rather than homespun proficiency. He also won the Brotherton scholarship, being bracketed equal with another man. Meanwhile he had to support his numerous family, and this he did by serving the curacy of Holy Trinity, Cambridge, in which church there has been erected a "brass" to his memory. He must have had his hands full—the avocations of a town parson plus the "midnight oil" of the candidate for university honours. Surely the B.A., which was henceforth postfixed to his name, may be regarded as anything but an empty title. I must also put on record that he translated into Sindhi the "Pilgrim's Progress," as well as the "Book of Common Prayer," and other works. Thus the King's Roadmaker prepared the way of the Lord on Indus' banks; for may we not regard his books, which remain unto this day, as being a veritable

highway whereon the redeemed walk in their pilgrimage to the Holy City?

III. *George Shirt, an Itinerant Evangelist.*—With that genial pleasantry for which he was noted, the late Bishop Matthew, of saintly memory, used to refer to what he called "evangelisation by picnic in Kashmir." The missionary's white tent is pitched under a shady *chinar* tree; that good man "lifts up his eyes unto the hills," and beholds an unrivalled background of snowy peaks; chalets, as picturesque as those in Switzerland, are grouped in the foreground; a foaming torrent gives forth the sound of many waters, while the keen air of those salubrious altitudes makes life one continuous exhilaration. Who would not be a wandering preacher in the "Happy Valley"? Alas! George Shirt had to tour amid very different surroundings. He had most of the romance and all of the beauty knocked out of the function. A house-boat on Father Thames in summer may afford a delightsome outing, but a house-boat on an irrigation canal—location the province of Sindh, time of year the hot season—is remarkable for everything which a house-boat ought not to be. Firstly, it is not a house-boat at all, being nothing but an overgrown, flat-bottomed scow, furnished with a temporary sloping roof made of reeds, which roof is propped up with bamboo poles. The "happy pil-

grim" sets a bedstead, a table, and a chair underneath this rude shelter. (*N.B.*—The thatch is not thick enough to screen off the sun.) Again, the roof is so low that a full-grown man cannot possibly stand upright. In the bow of this native craft are quarters for the boatman and his family, and that good man generally "hath his quiver full of them." With a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether (at least they make such a nerve-rasping, such a monotonous sing-song, that surely they ought to be working very hard), the united family get hold of a tow-rope, run along the bank, and haul the boat ahead, little mites of children pulling for all they are worth just as if the rate of progress depended on their unaided efforts. An extemporised kitchen, with sleeping-room for the servants and catechists, occupies what is generally known as "amidships." Here, in unpleasant proximity to the European passenger, old Nabbi Buksh concocts refections which may truly be called fearful and wonderful. These may beguile the taste, but they are ruinous to the Anglo-Indian liver. You had better not be too inquisitive as to how they are made—"Where ignorance is bliss," &c. Therefore never pry into the secrets of the *Bawarchi Khana*, but accept without question all that the gods of those infernal regions give you.

Then take the matter of scenery. Once a year

that irrigation canal is cleaned out, and the thick deposit from its silt-laden, cocoa-coloured waters, having been scooped up, is heaped on either bank. The natural result of this annual cleaning is not hard to imagine. In process of time the banks rise little by little, and year by year, until they reach a height which intercepts all view of the country, at the same time warding off the breeze and shutting in the heat. Even should you be enterprising enough to climb those banks in order "to view the landscape o'er"—well, it would not be worth while. For miles on either side the district has been turned into one unbroken swamp, flat and uninteresting, excepting where a low hillock stands above the tamarisk scrub, on which hillock a mud-made hamlet is probably perched. Steamy, muggy vapour broods on the face of these dismal waters. Our old friend, Phœbus Apollo, is driving his fiery steeds across a copper-coloured, cloudless sky (the blue cœrulean gives place to a dull reddish yellow firmament in summer; in winter we rejoice in true blue for a season). Mosquitoes buzz and minute sand-flies bite as if they were invisible sparks of fire. The long-suffering foreigner gasps for breath, or else, like afflicted Job, "seeks for a potsherd to scrape himself withal," if so be he may relieve the irritation of prickly heat and ulcerating Sindh sores.

But at this point I seem to hear one of my readers raise the objection, Why, in the name of common sense, does George Shirt select the hot season, and particularly the time of Indus-in-flood, for his itineration? The province of Sindh is blessed with a few winter months, which may be all too short, but still they constitute one unbroken spell of a climate that is simply perfect. Crisp, clear, and slightly frosty nights alternate with days when the sun shines in a firmament no longer coppery, but of a cloudless blue. Then may the washed-out European lift up his head and bottle up invigoration for these eight months of purgatorial heat which are sure to follow. Now the duties of Government officials periodically take them into camp; but these public servants are wide awake. They, therefore, time their tours, so as to visit "the districts" during the halcyon months of winter.

Few experiences can be more enviable. At break of day the Government official drinks a cup of tea and eats a slice of toast; then mounting his pony, he has a brisk canter through the keen, bracing air of early morning. After having ridden five or six miles he finds a remount waiting for him. Getting on the back of a fresh horse, he spins along over a *tamarisk* and *scirrus* clothed plain, the boundless expanse being transfigured by the magic radiance of that sunrise hour. About nine o'clock he will reach

his camp, all in a glow from health-giving exercise. The tents are pitched, and a *salaaming* servant has prepared a bath. His ablutions over, he finds a table spread in the wilderness. Bedecked with a snowy cloth and decorated with bright flowers, it stands under the shadow of a wide-spreading tree. The conveniences of crockery and silver plate have been carried into the jungle on the backs of a string of camels. Servants are in attendance, while the curling smoke from a gipsy fire proclaims that Abdullah Khan is preparing toothsome morsels from the fat of the land. Breakfast over (and breakfast is really and truly *a square meal* in Anglo-India), our official repairs to his office tent and works as hard as mortal man can work till late in the afternoon. With only a short break for *tiffin* or lunch, he must dispense justice all the day long and generally arrange the affairs of that little world over which he presides as a sort of mundane providence. The serious business of official routine is arduous and anxious; but it is pleasingly interspersed with recreation (we have good shooting, in shape of quail and partridge and duck and wild geese, as well as big game). Also there are spells of fishing, riding, visiting points of historic interest, receiving ceremonial calls from what are somewhat irreverently called "swell natives," as well as social intercourse with such Europeans as may come along the same

route. At sunset a many-coursed dinner is discussed, and the great man finally sips his cup of coffee and puffs away at his evening cheroot, feeling that "something accomplished, something done, has earned a night's repose." Next morning will be as this day and more abundantly, till at last his moving tent completes its appointed circuit and the *Burra Sahib* (big-wig) comes back to headquarters at Malariabad, robust in health and with the cobwebs swept out of his brain.

Why, in the name of common sense, did not George Shirt go and do likewise? Well, it was impossible for him to select the winter for his itineration, for the simple reason that he was principal of a flourishing mission school, and being tied to headquarters at Hydrabad during the scholastic session, he only had leisure for itineration in the hot season. Need it be explained, his monthly visits to take my duty at Sukkur only took him away from home from Friday night till Monday morning, and in no way interfered with his educational work.

Returning to his itineration, the house-boat is tied up at some convenient point, and the little band of evangelists wend their way on foot to the nearest village, or else they enter the gates of some ill-savoured, insanitary city. Then follows bazaar preaching. In days of old, God caused the light of the Gospel to shine throughout the world by means

of that prince of itinerant preachers, St. Paul. But in estimating a success phenomenal as St. Paul's, we must be careful to take into the reckoning those world-wide influences which theologians describe by the phrase *preparatio evangelii*. If St. Paul, as an itinerant preacher, turned the world upside down, we must remember our Lord's own explanation of these marvellous results: "Other men laboured, and ye have entered into their labours." In strongest contrast to all this, George Shirt had to break fresh ground, and labour in a field that had never been previously prepared. The general run of Sindhi peasants have not got fire enough to be fanatical Moslems. What, however, they lack in fervid zeal they more than make up in stolid inertia. Confronted with this bucolic Bœotianism, the solitary soldier of the Cross simply knocked his weapons against a dead wall, and if he did not blunt them, it was only because God's Word is sharper than a two-edged sword. Again, the apparent hopelessness of this crusade will be the more self-evident when we remember that the claims of other work only suffered him to pay a brief annual visit to the districts. But undaunted by the absence of visible results, this man of faith persisted in his annual tours. And towards the close of a lengthened career, the most he could conscientiously report was as follows: "The people are not quite so rude,

neither are they quite as prejudiced as they used to be. They even acknowledge that we are their friends."

I trust that nothing here written may be wrested into a statement that it is impossible to convert the adherents of Islam. In the diocese of Lahore we have had numerous and notable instances of converts from that creed. To pass over others, as being too numerous for detailed notice, allow me to state that nearly all our ordained native clergymen in the diocese of Lahore are converted Moslems. The merest fraction come from the ranks of Hinduism.

IV. *Educational Enterprise.* — As principal of flourishing mission schools at Hydrabad, this good man was in his element. In order to earn the Government grant, he was obliged to satisfy Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools; and with that end in view, he had to prepare his pupils in view of strict and searching examinations, oral and written. He taught either in person or else by means of a trained staff of native helpers, beginning with elementary grades, and rising to the entrance examination of Bombay University. Meanwhile Mrs. Shirt carried on the girls' department, so as to comply with the demands of the same impartial and exacting functionary.

The problem which George Shirt had to solve was somewhat complicated. On the one hand, he

was forced to strain every nerve in order to maintain the school up to the level demanded by Government as a condition of the "grant." On the other hand, he had to remember that it was not the function of a missionary society to furnish a first-rate and really high-grade secular education at nominal cost for upper-class natives. Education is but a means to an end, and the end is evangelisation. George Shirt was an earnest Christian. It must have been a constant disappointment for him to find that he made few or no converts; still it was no small privilege to be the teacher of nearly all the educated native gentlemen in Sindh, and to know that he had impressed his personal influence upon this influential class at a time of life when mind and heart are most plastic to the master's hand.

Natives of India regard their schoolmaster with peculiar veneration. Thus when travelling up and down the Indus valley, it was a joy to George Shirt to be continually greeted by his "old boys." And here again, though never cheered by that outward evangelistic success which has followed the efforts of other Christian educationalists in India, he still "built a road." After Shirt's own lamented departure, one young Sindhi was converted in the school where Shirt laboured so long. This young disciple is now a student at St. John's Divinity School, Lahore, where he is studying for holy orders.

V. *Starting a Transfrontier Mission at Quetta in Baluchistan, where he died.* — Six years after the conclusion of what is generally known as the Afghan campaign, George Shirt received orders to advance into the previously closed and totally unevangelised Moslem country of Baluchistan. Traders, lawyers, Government officials, railway employees thronged the Bolan Pass, eager to take advantage of fresh avenues for worldly ambition. And as the red line of the British *Raj* went forward, so also must the blood-red banner of the Cross. A more discouraging enterprise could scarcely be imagined. Two solitary missionaries—the one clerical, the other a medical man—take up their abode in a mud hut at Quetta. They are strangers in a strange land. There is not a single convert of Baluch nationality; but there is the merest handful of native Christians from India—poor, humble men who have left their homes and crossed the frontier with the army of occupation. George Shirt gathers these "camp followers," and they meet for worship in the mud hut aforesaid. But the shepherding of Christians from India is not his main business. He has advanced into the "Regions Beyond" for the express purpose of evangelising Baluchistan. At his mature age it is no small undertaking to tackle a new and difficult language, or rather two new languages, Pushtoo

and Brahuii. Also, the whole country was then politically in an unsettled condition, owing to recent annexation at the point of the bayonet. Thus he could do little more than patiently wait, meanwhile distributing books and holding quiet talks with individuals. Itineration was out of the question, and bazaar preaching, even in Quetta itself, was liable to do more harm than good. But although restricted on every hand, he "pegged" away at his linguistic studies; he prayed without ceasing, and waited as only those can wait who know that "God is never in a hurry, because He has eternity to work in." And, wonderful to relate, he was never soured by that "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick"—never prostrated by that gnawing pain which only those can gauge into whose soul the iron hath entered. No dearth of visible fruit could dim the eagle eye of faith. And this, remember, is an actual grasping of the Divine promises, and is, therefore, a very different thing from a mere visionary building of castles in the air. "Don't you know, my dear sir, you will never convert the wild Brahui or deodorise the unsavoury Pathan, and even if you did—well, it would not be worth while." That was how the "Gallios" of Quetta used to chaff the *Padri Sahib;* and perhaps they ventured on the greater freedom because they respected—nay, because they loved—this quiet parson after a rough soldierly

fashion. The fact is, our friend was an acquisition to Society (spelt with a big S). Quetta might be situated far across the frontier; but crossing the bounds of civilisation, that social potentate, Mrs. Grundy, had come out into the wilderness. And Mrs. Grundy had come to stay. The entire community, except the general and the big political civilian, might be living "camp-fashion" in tents and mud hovels; still men had to mind their social P's and Q's, although they were uniformed in dust-coloured "kit," and although they messed on "commissariat rations." Everything was in the rough (and when I say this, I mean *very* rough). Still they had their club, their polo-ground, their regimental messes, their tennis-courts, and the great Durbar Hall for larger gatherings—this Durbar Hall being the one imposing stone building which raised its lofty head above a regular shanty town.

But chaff or no chaff, it made little difference. The King's Roadmaker confessed, and denied not, "I am but the voice of one crying in the wilderness." Thus having done his duty—the duty of a mere herald—he committed the question to Providence, as to *how*, or *by whose instrumentality*, the King should finally be welcomed by the wild tribesmen of those parts. I am not theorising. I draw no fancy portrait. George Shirt repeatedly told me this. Of course he never boasted, for he was one of

the most retiring of mortals. Neither was it that he did not care whether he made converts or no. On the contrary, being an ardent lover of souls, he was magnificently in earnest. Again, it was not that his spiritual equipment was faulty; on the contrary, our Lord's own parable (see St. Matt. xiii. 3–8) distinctly states that previous preparation of the soil is absolutely needed, no matter how efficient the sower or how good the seed. The labourer's surroundings and his peculiarly difficult sphere were to blame rather than himself. Without giving way to fussiness, without digging up the earth to see whether or not his crop were sprouting, George Shirt candidly admitted that he occupied the position of a "trail-breaker." Now, in Western Canada they invariably expect the best man at snow-shoeing to "break the trail," and this he does by ploughing through every hitherto untrodden drift. Thus a beaten track is made for the feet of those who, because they are less vigorous, follow their leader. This function of pioneer, once recognised, proved a mainspring of reasonable service. And when I say "reasonable service," I mean that George Shirt first accepted his position. He then argued out the duties which sprang from the fact that he was a mere forerunner. Finally, having deduced duties from vocation, he grimly stuck to his post through thick and thin. Then all too soon—at least to our

short-sighted comprehension—the home-call came. But the trail had been broken, obstacles had been beaten down, and his work was finished.

To-day a resting-place (we refuse to call it a grave) may be visited in God's acre at Quetta. That hallowed spot affords both a foretaste and a pledge that the wild hills of Baluchistan shall yet resound with the cry, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that publish the Gospel of Peace." If the Divine Head of the Church had not great things in store for those remote uplands—nay, if He had not showers of blessing waiting to be outpoured on the scene of Shirt's earlier labours in the parched-up Indus valley, He would never have accepted the costly oblation of that valued life. In proof of this statement, I quote St. John xii. 24. And because even the words of our blessed Lord may be emphasised, if brought out into bold relief by the background of solid fact, I further quote the following extract, taken from a report written officially by the wife of the present missionary at Quetta. Mrs. Ball's remarkable testimony appeared in the *C.M.S. Intelligencer* of December 1900, that is to say, about fourteen years after George Shirt had "fallen on sleep."

"We are so happy in our work here. Our Christian congregation is growing, and we have

quite outgrown our church room: it holds eighty people; but Sunday after Sunday we crowd a hundred and twenty into it, and feel suffocated in consequence. More applicants still ask for baptism, and we must build a roomy church, large enough to hold all who want to attend. . . . The tribes here are of the uncivilised kind, fierce, wild people, who think nothing of bloodshed. All are fanatical followers of Muhammad. Quetta has about twenty thousand inhabitants, so we feel that Christ has much people in this city."

Thus are the messengers of salvation advancing on what Thomas à Kempis calls "the Royal Road of the Cross." George Shirt made the preliminary survey for that road: his own feet were never permitted to walk thereon. But the coolies in Kashmir, doffing their earth-stained garments, at least joined the cloud of witnesses, although they took no part in the actual progress of the Maharajah. Fortified by this emblem from beauteous Sonamerg, is it fanciful for us to question and to wonder whether the blessed dead, although unable to take part in further labours, are allowed to see the after-glow of their own sunset hours? At any rate, we know that their works do follow them.

But to return to Quetta, not only has an unbroken succession of missionaries, clerical and medical, kept up the traditions handed down to them by their

founder, but something more must be added. This frontier station, at first so primitive as to be little more than a fortified camp, has grown into a very important civil, military, and railway centre. A large European flock demands the services of a Government chaplain. These clerical services are given to the Anglo-Indian community without intermission. Also, in that hotbed of Moslem intolerance, it is no small cause for thanksgiving that the most prominent object in the landscape is the Church of St. Mary-at-Bethany—one of the handsomest ecclesiastical structures in the Orient. Here our fellow-countrymen worship their fathers' God. And adherents of Islam have evidently set forth before their eyes a visible witness, setting forth the claims of that King Immanuel Whom even their own *Quran* recognises as the destined Judge of the world.

Postscript

I have great pleasure in adding the following notes which I extract from a letter very kindly sent, at my special request, by the Rev. Joseph Redman of the C.M.S. Mission in Sindh. I take the liberty of condensing, because some of Mr. Redman's information has been already recorded in my own sketch.

Shirt was a native of Yorkshire, and had been engaged in tuition in a school before he joined the

C.M.S. He was shipwrecked on his first voyage out, and was for some days tossed about in an open boat. He and his companions were at length picked up by a passing vessel. He reached Bombay with no belongings except his Bible and the *shirt* on his back. (*N.B.*—He used always to enjoy a quiet joke about that play on his own name). Arriving in Sindh 1866, and dying in 1886, he put in a term of service which lasted about twenty years.

On returning to India in 1884, after taking his university degree, he came overland viâ Germany and Russia through Persia, and preached in the Persian language while visiting Ispahan on his way. His native friends in Sindh were greatly pleased when he told them that the dust of Sindh was more pleasing to his nostrils than the sweet odours of Iran (Persia.)

He was a perfect master of the language (Sindhi). Even natives used to say that he knew their tongue better than they did themselves. This was no exaggeration, if reference be made to critical and scientific knowledge. I mean to say, he was well versed in Sanscrit, Arabic, and Persian, the languages from which Sindhi is derived. So at home was he in this language, that even after two years' absence in Europe, on a certain night when he was staying in a *caravanserai* in Persia, Shirt found himself unwittingly saying his prayers in Sindhi.

On his return to Hydrabad after the above journey through Persia, Shirt was not long in his old station. Early in the following year he removed to Sukkur in order to open a new mission station in conjunction with the Rev. A. W. Cotton. Shirt had a trying season in Sukkur. There was a visitation of cholera that year; also many cases of sunstroke occurred. During that trying time he proved a great source of help and comfort to many. In April of 1886 Shirt left Sukkur for Quetta in company with S. W. Sutton, M.D., a devout medical missionary and a layman. The newly constructed railway up the Bolan Pass was either incomplete or else had been washed away between Sibi, at the mouth of the Bolan, and Quetta, eighty miles beyond. Shirt and Sutton had to "march," taking bullock-carts for their "kit." They rode on quicker than their baggage, and by some accident the carts did not reach one of the camping-grounds on a certain evening, and the travellers had to spend the night without covering. Now the peculiarity of Baluchistan is this, that the variation of temperature from a burning hot day to a chilly night is exceedingly dangerous. This exposure undoubtedly sowed the seed of Shirt's subsequent illness. The home-call came before Shirt had been three months in Quetta. But in that brief period, and during a previous visit, he had rendered many portions of Holy Scripture into that strange

Dravidian Brahui, the language of many of the country folk round about Quetta. He told his friends that there were only two reasons why he would like to live, viz. for the sake of his family, and also for the sake of God's work in Sindh and Quetta.

Shirt combined marked ability with great humble-mindedness and simplicity of character.

THE PARSON WHO LAID HIS CRICKET ON GOD'S ALTAR

THIS story opens in England. With knapsack strapped upon my back, I was on a walking tour among the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland —making a pilgrimage to the haunts and homes of Wordsworth, Southey, and De Quincey—tramping that breezy North Country where, in the last generation, the great Dr. Arnold of Rugby spent so many happy holidays. Here more recently was the chosen residence of Ruskin; this is the district whose old halls and whitewashed farmhouses have been familiarised to us by the pen of Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Following the coach-road from Borrowdale towards Buttermere and Crummock Water, I had gained the top of Honister Pass, and there paused to take a bird's-eye view of the landscape. It was a summer's day; and being overheated with the climb, also being a member of the Church of England Temperance Society, I thought no scorn to quench my thirst with a bottle of lemonade which I bought at a roadside hut, erected on the very crest

of the Honister. A chatty dame, well stricken in years, acted as presiding genius, and proved quite a type of the quaint North Country folk. I casually remarked that the Honister was exquisitely beautiful, and that the panorama of fells and dales was such as it would puzzle one to match the wide world over. "But," I added, "lights, shades, and contour may be inimitable; still the whole thing looks very small in comparison with the Himalayas—much smaller, though far prettier; much less grand, though far more beautiful."

"Ah! tha's been i' India, hast tha? There were a young man wha went to they pairts t'ither da-ay."

Thinking that some boy from the neighbourhood might have recently enlisted as a soldier and been ordered abroad, also wishing to display kindly interest in local affairs, I replied—

"Oh, a youngster has gone out to India, has he? What is his name?"

"His na-ame were Ba-ateman, and Canon Battersby were te-aching him to be a priest."

That was her way of saying that the Rev. Rowland Bateman, M.A., of Magdalen College, Oxford, had been curate under the late Vicar of Keswick.[1]

"My good woman," I replied, "Canon Battersby

[1] Keswick is a small town romantically situated near the outlet of Derwent Water, being about ten miles from Honister Pass. The

has been dead and buried for years, and as for Mr. Bateman, why, he is not much of a young man now, and it is anything but the other day that he went out as a missionary to the Punjab. Just think! He has been in the foreign field for a long time over a quarter of a century. He is what the natives of India call a *Basurg* (a great, honourable, and venerable saint). He is our foremost evangelist and veteran pioneer. Under God, your old pastor has been the instrument of converting more Hindus, Muhammadans, and Sikhs than any other clergyman in the diocese of Lahore. Of course, I am aware that he was ordained at Carlisle by the late Bishop Waldegrave, and that he served as curate at Keswick under Canon Battersby of blessed memory; but all that belongs to ancient history."

But I might as well have spoken to the rocks of Honister Pass. Oblivious of the lapse of time, she only persisted the more emphatically—

"Ba-ateman is a fine young man, howivver."

"Well," I replied, "the world is very small. Only last summer I was marching with Mr. Bateman over the Humpta Pass among the mighty Himalayas, and

late Canon Battersby was a well-known clergyman, through whose instrumentality the annual "Keswick Conference" was inaugurated. It is remarkable to note that this old woman must have belonged to the flock ministered to by Rowland Bateman, and that throughout all these years the young curate, although absent, continued a living actuality in her present existence.

to-day you and I are discussing our mutual friend close by Honister Crag."

And so my thoughts winged their flight far away from that sweet verdant outlook—far away they sped from Honister, Great Gable, and Sca Fell—over the seas they flew, till at last my recollections settled on a vast amphitheatre of snow. Under the torturing rays of a sub-tropical sun, those Himalayan glaciers gleam like polished silver. Unless carefully shaded with coloured spectacles, the eye is dazzled, and the mountain-climber is made to grasp the full meaning of the phrase, "Dark with excess of light." As yet, however, it is dim grey dawn. The snows look weird and ghastly, for that encircling barrier is so lofty that the sun takes a long time before he can overtop its wall-like summit and come forth as a giant to run his course. But the highest peaks are already flecked with patches of roseate hue, heralding the radiant scorcher of "India's coral strand." Down below, in what might be called the arena of that gigantic Coliseum of ice, rushes a half-frozen stream, fretting and fuming and foaming through a grass-grown bottom. It is the river Chenab in its boisterous babyhood. Now the Chenab is one of the five rivers of the Punjab, and is well known to residents on the plains as a navigable tributary to the Indus. But here, close to its birthplace, it plays the part of *enfant terrible*, as

any one would discover to his cost who should fall into those swirling eddies. The banks of this torrent, overgrown with dull, sodden, sage-green grass, are bestrewn with boulders great and small:—

"Crags, rocks, knowls confused hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world."

Beneath one of these huge stones—it is tilted up against a second stone, so as to afford a shelter—two Europeans have been passing the night. A twenty-knot gale, fresh from frozen uplands, whistles chill and keen; but overhead and on either side Dame Nature has erected walls and roof of solid granite, thus recalling that well-known incident in Toplady's life which inspired him to compose his immortal lines:—

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

One of those sleepers was the writer of these pages; the other was "that young man Bateman, whom Canon Battersby was teaching to be a priest," now promoted to be such an one as Bateman the aged, full of years and full of honours, but continuing very much of a "young man" up to date. But for all that, you had better look out for squalls before taking undue liberties with this genial comrade. In all things pertaining to his office he is very much of a reverend *padri*, and takes his vocation in terrible earnestness.

We rise from our stony bed, munch a hastily prepared *choti hasri* (little breakfast), and then turn towards the Humpta Pass, with blue goggles on our eyes to shield us from the glare, and with ropes, made of coarse dried grass, twisted around our feet to keep us from slipping. Scarcely have we started when my companion, being a good shot, brings down a magnificent eagle, and the wounded bird has a death struggle with my dog "Gunner," the two, locked in mortal combat, tumbling over a precipice, to the unfeigned delight of some mountain shepherds, whose lambs were in constant peril from these birds of prey. "Good dog," says Bateman, when the eagle was finally despatched; and then he quaintly added, "Dogs are a strange conglomeration of the very nicest and of the very nastiest qualities." I have often thought of that bit of mother wit, and I have found it applicable to bipeds as well as to dogs.

Then Rowland Bateman proved that his "muscles were strong as iron bands," for, by dint of cutting steps in the sheer ascent of ice, we were enabled to eat our *burri hasri* (big breakfast) at the top of the Humpta Pass, and it need scarcely be said we demolished it with great gusto, although we were "up above the world so high," that we could boil neither tea nor potatoes, and, in total absence of fuel, had to use a spirit lamp for the warming of our cocoa and for the frizzling of our frugal fare.

But I must now try to portray the parson who laid his cricket on the altar of God. I see before me a muscular Christian—every inch a man—a man in physical development and a man in human sympathy. Still, in a whisper be it spoken, the Rev. Rowland Bateman, M.A., Superintending Missionary of the Narowal District, is very much of an Oxford undergraduate, and, in spite of his M.A. degree, will so continue during the course of his natural life. Still you are conscious of a certain reserve force—a virile development, a masterful will, an all-compelling influence, a strong personality, and, above all, a serious devotion to the business of his exalted vocation. He is clad in a flannel cricketing suit; a sun helmet shades his ruddy countenance; on his feet are *chapplis* (native sandals made, as noted above, of grass ropes, curiously twisted and designed to keep the feet from slipping on ice). A long beard reaches nearly to his waist. Let us take a good look at that beard. The other day a mothers' meeting was being held in one of the northern states of America, and a worthy matron was retailing experiences gathered at the Big World's Missionary Conference recently in session in New York city.

"Do you know," said she, "that nearly all those dear missionaries had great long beards? I guess razors must be kinder scarce in foreign parts." But you and I, my reader, being better instructed, might

have reassured this motherly soul. Of course the foreign missionary sports a beard, not because he cannot afford soap and hot water, but with the object of making graceful concession to Oriental prejudice. Let me tell you a story. Once upon a time a very young missionary was eloquently holding forth in a bazaar somewhere in the Punjab, and having wound up his discourse with a fervid peroration, this ingenuous youth naturally looked for some fruits of his oratory. Then did the grave and patriarchal Moslems present very courteously (for the Oriental is invariably polite) convey a gentle hint that a mere shaveling, such as he, had no right to occupy the place of a religious teacher, "for you possess neither a beard nor a wife." "That is easily put to rights," replied this accommodating youth; and to-day that reverend *padri* is very much married indeed, while a beard, very long and very white, adorns his venerable personality. Need it be explained? Whenever and wherever any matter of principle is concerned, the Church is unable to budge an inch; but with regard to things indifferent (such as beards and wives) it is wise to copy that prince of missionaries, St. Paul, and "become all things to all men." Let me here recount another matter in which Rowland Bateman has become an Oriental that he may win Orientals. I was privileged to be in attendance on the Bishop of Lahore

when his lordship admitted to deacons' orders one of Mr. Bateman's most valued converts, by name Ishan Ullah. On that occasion the subject of this sketch appeared (as befitted him) in an immaculate surplice, a red Oxford hood, and a stole—all correct. But he took off his boots in the vestry and "processed" to the chancel in his stocking-feet, and very neat and clean stockings they were. On another occasion—it was in the full blaze of the hot season—Rowland Bateman attended a prayer meeting at a friend's house. He entered the parlour in native shoes. This so horrified a maiden lady present that she is currently reported to have left India shortly afterwards. (*N.B.*—She was elderly). But in thus arranging his foot-gear my comrade was wide awake. Orientals take off their shoes before they presume to stand on holy ground. Our religion comes from the East. *Ex Oriente Lux* is the significant motto of the Punjab University. In preaching the Gospel in India we are, therefore, only reflecting that illumination, which originally shone from the Orient, and the wise Occidental will send back the "Light of Asia," nay, the "Light of the world," as little distorted as possible by Western ideas. Thus the late Robert Clark, in his "Punjab and Sindh Missions," well says, "We remember that our Lord Jesus Christ Himself was not a European, but an Asiatic, as was every prophet of the Old Testament and every apostle of

the New. There was not one European amongst them. . . . The Bible is altogether an Eastern Book." But the Asiatic is about as sharp-witted as any one. If you think to get on the right side of your "Aryan brother" by any such tricks as taking off your boots in public, wearing a beard, or otherwise posturing and aping the people of the land—well, your innocent expectations are doomed to suffer a rude shock. Nobody likes to be caricatured, and mere masquerading is an empty show, unless some reality is wrapped inside the fancy dress, so as to put a touch of human nature into what is otherwise a mere costume. "To the Jews became I a Jew," says St. Paul, and Mr. Bateman entered into the heartfelt inwardness of the matter. Better than any other European I ever knew, he fathomed the hidden depths of native humanity. Rudyard Kipling says that no outsider can really know what underlies the placid exterior of the Oriental, and that even if that secret could be unearthed, it would prove to be of no value. But this man not only knew his brown *protégés* through and through, he also prized the jewel of every Indian soul. Bateman lived as a native amongst natives, and is, therefore, the spiritual father of a host of spiritual offspring. It was always a puzzle to me how a man, reared among the refined surroundings of an English home, and justly proud of the traditions of his own university, could bring

himself to enter enthusiastically into the sort of existence that any European really living amongst Punjab villagers must be content to live. During the course of our "march" in the Himalayas he would join company with every dusky wayfarer we met—yes, even the humblest and the dirtiest coolie—his cheery voice would ring out the greeting, *Ai bhai, tum razi ho* (oh, my brother, are you all serene)? Thus, the ice having been broken, the two would hob-nob like a house on fire—if this is not rather a mixture of metaphors, dangerously approximating to an Irish bull—and he would never fail to get in a word for the Master. He had patented a twofold prescription which he used on every native without exception, and, like some universal cure-all, it never failed. Treat every native as if he were a gentleman, and at the same time treat him as if he were a child.

But we have wandered a long distance from the summit of the Humpta Pass, where we two ate our breakfast at about the same altitude as the top of Mont Blanc (viz. 15,000 feet above sea level). This "square meal" being over, we descended from the "abode of snow" (as the word Himalaya literally means), and threaded our way down the meandering length of the Jugotsuth *nullah* (gorge), and after tramping two days through that romantic *canyon*, reached the main valley of Kulu. We had a tent

and travelling bedsteads, a camp table and folding chairs, all of which, *plus* our own humble baggage, were carried by nine coolies. Then a native cook prepared our meals and a second native waited at table. This sounds very big, but the sum total of our joint expenses for a month, including everything, came to about £8 or £10. Halve this, and you will get the share of each person.

Would that I were gifted with the pen of a "ready writer," for then, perchance, I might convey to my readers at least some idea of those mighty *deodars* (or trees of God) which, strong in their loftiness and fragrant with resinous perfume, clothe the Himalayas with a mantle of darkest verdure. But my own poor vocabulary breaks down under so great a theme. The best thing I can do is to refer to Charles Kingsley's masterly discourse on Ps. civ. 16 (it will be found in his "Westminster Sermons"). He there identifies the Himalayan *deodar* with those cedars of Lebanon that Solomon used in building the temple.

The Jugotsuth *nullah*, down which we were travelling, was a scene of more than Alpine grandeur. Its grassy slopes gave pasturage to countless sheep and goats; its foothills were smartened up with gentians, primulas, saxifrages, and blue poppies; it was watered by a torrent which, rising amid the snows, hasted to join the river Beas in the main

valley of Kulu; while at a dizzy height—far above forest and pasture—stood the snow-clad peaks, like lonely and vigilant sentries, keeping guard over India's natural fortifications.

Such were the scenes through which the coolies carried our moving tent. But even Himalayan landscapes are apt to pall upon the taste, if taken undiluted. Like an overplus of stimulating oxygen, unbalanced by nitrogen and the like, they cannot be thoroughly enjoyed unless reduced by a makeweight of other things. An interjectional conversation grows somewhat monotonous; for instance, "Oh, how lovely! Just look! Oh, how grand! Oh my! what a waterfall! Did you ever see the like of that glacier! Oh! oh! oh!" carried on to the *n*th, like a repeating decimal. Depend upon it, a spice of human interest, a touch of a human hand, a throb of a human heart, must be added. Otherwise it is possible to get scenery, and even the most romantic scenery, in nauseating doses. That is certainly the case with Switzerland. You seldom hear Swiss tourists dilating for long at a time on Alpine grandeur, and if they sometimes rhapsodise, then they become intolerable bores. But the tongues of those "happy pilgrims" wag on both ends and never tire, recounting the human interests of their outing, to wit, the youth in knickerbockers who made love

to a girl in a sweet shirt waist during the cruise down the Lake Geneva, or the strong-minded female who pedestrianised in rational dress, or the distinguished company they met, or (lowest depth of all) those dishes, dainty or the reverse, which tickled their palates at *table d'hôtes*. Accordingly, in the absence of other specimens of the *genus homo*, Bateman and I were fain to talk about ourselves, and a deeply interesting subject it proved, when my companion beguiled those long, but never wearisome stages, by telling me about those good old days when he was indeed a youngster. He spun yarns, and, like the veteran warrior he was, fought over again the battles of his school and college career.

From his youth upward he had been a mighty man of valour, contending as for dear life on the mimic but intensely real battlefield of the cricket ground. How much the ruling Anglo-Saxon race owes to this game is one of the things which no one has ever computed, unless the great Duke of Wellington did so on the day when he visited Harrow School, and seeing the boys at play with their bats and balls, is reported to have exclaimed (so the hackneyed story says), "Those playing fields are the place where the battle of Waterloo was really won." Candid friends have more than hinted that this Wellingtonian tale has been re-

peated *ad nauseam*, and that it ought to be decently laid to rest in that *Limbo* where all such stories go when they become threadbare. But please excuse me. The Iron Duke's remark (if he ever made it) is so fitted to my purpose that I cannot help pointing to the cricket grounds of Bateman's school and of his college career, and I cannot help saying, "Behold the battlefields where many a bloodless victory of the Cross over the hosts of evil in the Punjab was really won." And should you ask the method in which this muscular Christian laid his cherished bats and balls on the altar of God, I reply—It was at cricket that he acquired that grit which enabled him to play the man; it was at cricket that he learned the necessity of "give-and-take," that good-tempered acceptance of "come-what-may," as being all in the day's work; it was by the salutary, if Spartan, discipline of this manly game that he had knocked into him that "bearing of all things," that laughing at hard raps, for which he had only two cures, "vaseline and never mind." But above all, it was then that he developed that *esprit de corps*, that losing of himself in his cricket club, which for ever forbade him "playing for his own bat." This constitutes an endowment most needful for the fully equipped missionary. The servant of Christ must utilise his "innings" *not* for the honour and glory of Rowland Bateman's

own private "score," but for mastery on the part of Holy Church throughout the diocese to which he belongs. These, then, were the things we talked about. His own hands had helped, with spade and wheelbarrow, to make the cricket ground at Brighton College. He was a crack member of the eleven there, and afterwards won athletic laurels at Oxford. As a schoolboy, and later on as an undergraduate, Rowland Bateman must have been a right good fellow—one whom all his companions liked because of the downright qualities they found in him. Thus the vigorous, healthy, fun-loving youth grew into a man whose strength and depth of character have left their mark on the Punjab.

Talking of the value of athletics as a wholesome training for future usefulness in Church work, I can vouch for the following story. It was my lot to officiate as *locum tenens* in a parish, bereaved because their rector, a much-beloved man, was on the eve of going off to another sphere of labour. Desiring to be sympathetic, I ventured to express the hope that the incoming pastor might prove as acceptable as he who was going away. "You may set your mind at ease," interposed a smart vestryman, "I guess there isn't much wrong with our new minister. Why, he was captain of the football club at Hobart College." This story may be very American: it occurred in Western New York. But a

true word is often spoken in jest. To be captain in any athletic team, stands surety for executive ability of no mean order. Only let this priceless gift (the knack of ruling others) be laid on the altar of consecration, and the ex-captain will start the work of overseeing a parish, well furnished for the discharge of that delicate task.

But suffer one word of caution. We have heard a good deal lately of the "man behind the gun." Depend upon it, behind the most virile athletics there must be a *spiritual man for spiritual work.* And such was the parson who laid his cricket on God's altar. Rowland Bateman was far more than a mere cricketer. The eye of faith had, in his case, pierced beyond the veil, and he possessed a real personal knowledge of the Invisible God. He had looked into heaven and he had beheld a Lamb as It had been slain, standing in the midst of the emerald encircled throne, and he knew by personal experience what was meant by "the Blood of the Everlasting Covenant." Thus this honoured friend of God came forth from the inner sanctuary with his very countenance marked with that nameless something which stamps the true worshipper; and "men took knowledge of him that he had been with the Lord Jesus." Being spiritually minded, he had life and peace. Still he always reminded me of the old familiar tale. In ancient times a certain saint was much given to

playing a certain game. A strait-laced Pharisee taking much scandal at this waste of time, sourly asked, "What would you do if the cry, announcing that the Lord is at hand, were to sound in the middle of your game?"

"I would do my utmost to win, that so the Lord when He cometh might find me doing 'the nexte thinge' with all my might, and also seeking to glorify God in my very recreations."

I do not know who that old saint was, but the anecdote might well be fathered on Rowland Bateman.

The other day I came across the following extract which I quote, because it hits off our friend to a T. "There are indeed many who fail to discern how strong an ingredient is geniality in the difficult art of controlling and influencing others." And that my comrade did possess this talent must be admitted by all who are at pains to read the thrilling tales of many conversions, given by God to the Church through the medium of Bateman's magnetic personality. But "the parson who consecrated his cricket" had power over the white man as well as over the brown. This I learned before I was many days older.

At the end of our tramp through the Jugotsuth *nullah*, we entered the main valley of Kulu, into which valley the *nullah* runs as a tributary or lateral branch. Now in those days there reigned an un-

crowned king in Kulu. He was a "foine old Irish gentleman—all of the olden time." And one of the laws of his kingdom, which like those of the Medes and Persians altered not, was that no European should presume to pass his hospitable door without putting up, as a guest, for at least one or two days. And should you ask what business an Irish gentleman had in this remote Himalayan solitude, be it known that (over and above the bears and the leopards and the beautiful Himalayan pheasants—over and above the ibex and the wild goats—over and above the outlandish hill folks, clad in shepherd's tartan and red tam-o'-shanter bonnets—over and above the shaggy hill ponies, the mules and the flocks and the herds) there is to be found an isolated European community, domiciled Kulu. Drawn thither by attractions of climate and other delights, a mere handful of civilised Anglo-Saxons—ten or twelve families all told—have settled in the heart of those "Everlasting Hills." Pause for a moment. Let your thoughts play around this sequestered valley and its isolated colony. Think and try to grasp what their residence in such a *jungle* must entail. These good folks are over a hundred miles from the nearest hill station. The chaplain of Dharmsala can only visit them twice a year, and the civil surgeon of Dharmsala only comes once a year. A mere bridle path or mountain trail being Kulu's sole connection

with the outside world, wheeled vehicles are never seen. And yet these tea-planters, fruit-growers, and Government officials (for such are their callings) can boast of cultured homes: they have parlours and pianos and magazines and newspapers; they enjoy the refinements of civilisation, and they have a daily mail which is carried by relays of runners from the end of the cart-road. Moreover, this self-contained world has its "storms-in-a-teacup" (and very cyclonic those local disturbances sometimes are); it has its comedies, its tragedies, and its romances. These men are mighty hunters of big game; they almost live in the saddle; the ruddy hue of health mantles their brow, and they are withal well-bred, being frequently younger sons of good families in the Home Land; but, "mingled among the heathen" and in danger of "learning their works," they lead a strange life and are exposed to many temptations.

Approaching the bungalow where Kulu's king and patriarch resided, we shouted the mystic formula, *Qai hai*, and in answer to our call a salaaming native ushered us into what may surely be surnamed the royal presence-chamber. This was a room furnished in tasteful, if somewhat old-fashioned, style. The walls were bedecked with hand paintings of the Himalayas, and also with horns and other trophies of the chase. A well-worn Brussels carpet covered the floor, while skins of bear, leopard, and wild goat

did duty as rugs and mats. A fairly stocked bookcase showed that our host was not forgetful to improve his mind. Four or five beautiful Gordon setters jumped and fawned upon us, wagging their tails by way of ecstatic welcome. Of course, nothing would do but that we should make ourselves at home for at least several days, that so the entire European community might be notified of divine service for the following Sunday, and might also be invited (or shall I say "commanded"?) to remain after church and partake of a *burra khana* (a big dinner).

Now Rowland Bateman, having tramped up and down these valleys for years, was an old friend to all residents in Kulu. He knew the bygone history of every household, and was quite "up to date" in the various ins-and-outs of local affairs. Accordingly, he went long walks down and across the valley, paying a round of calls. He indulged in what are called "straight talks" with the youngsters; he played tennis with all comers; he went out shooting; he had long confabs with the elders; he tossed the babies up in the air, and generally comported himself like the ever-fresh and vigorous being that he was. Note and bear in mind the late Archbishop Trench's distinction between child*ish* and child*like*. As the late Joseph Cook of Boston used to say, these two are "celestial diameters apart." The former is a thing beneath contempt; the latter is inseparable

from all great and good characters. Bateman was never childish; he was always childlike, and this beautiful survival of the child (which truly kept him, even unto hoar hairs, that young man Bateman) was compatible—nay, it was a condition of the most virile manhood. And, verily, unless he had developed a character, strong, purposeful, capable, and rich in resources, he could never have gained (as he did) the respect and lifelong friendship of certain officials placed high in Government service. In order to influence these "Rulers of India," one must be a true man, with nothing puerile in his composition. And still he was always "Bateman of Magdalen." The Oxford undergraduate for ever tempered the reverend seniority of the "superintendent missionary." (*N.B.*—This is a variety of the species rural dean.)

Here, then, is a paradox. "When I became a man, I put away childish things." And yet equally true is the apparent contradiction—happy is the toiler, the battler, the burden-bearer, and every one who has to face the stern realities of maturity, if only the magic radiance of early years continues to shine on his pathway, even those trailing clouds of glory which, the poet says, "children bring after them."

Thus nobody had his back set up by any suspicion that the *padri* was "improving the occasion." But

that was the very thing which this wise soul-winner was doing all the time. It was just like a kindergarten, where the scholars fondly imagine that it is all play; but running a kindergarten is anything but play to the teacher. And he was idolised by the small boys. Now the Anglo-Indian small boy, unless exported to the temperate zone at an early age, is sure to be spoiled by native servants: he is apt to become overbearing to inferiors, and cringing to those above him; he is addicted to telling lies, to say nothing of being a slave to greater evils. Do not be hard on *Sonna Baba*. It is the fault of his environment. Rowland Bateman laid himself out to romp and play with these little "country breds, and somehow "enthused" them with the tone of his own public-school days. He was always trying his hand on these precocious mites. And the result is that to-day many a manly youth owes his salvation, physical and moral, to his old playmate, the ever young, always childlike, but never childish Bateman.

What wonder, then, that we had a hearty service when we gathered together on the following Lord's Day in the "fine old Irish gentleman's" parlour. Need it be explained, we had a right good dinner afterwards. Did time permit, I should like to introduce you all round. Look at that man, all scarred and bandaged. He is the Government

Forest Officer, and he has had a scrimmage with a leopard; for while *Mr. Lucca Bucca* (leopard) will slink off if he meets you where there is plenty sea-room, it is always dangerous to corner him in a tight place. Again, note yonder six-footer: he is a Scotch Highlander, and several years ago was married by Bateman to the brunette daughter of a Kulu Brahman, the bride having been previously baptized in the ice-cold waters of the Beas—but this sketch is descriptive of "The Parson who laid his Cricket on God's Altar," so I must try and stick to my subject as a barrister keeps to his brief.

"The fair white linen cloth" was spread that day in Kulu, and, of course, my comrade preached a sermon in its rubrical place after the Nicene Creed. I always wondered at the discourses, epigrammatic, pithy, and full of home thrusts, which fell from his lips. I marvelled greatly, because I never met a man who depended less on books. It is true that he daily read a portion of his Greek Testament: also he was an ardent lover of his English Bible; but add to these the *Record* newspaper, the C.M.S. publications, and vernacular versions of the sacred Scriptures—there you have a catalogue of his library. But he was far better than a bookish man. Rowland Bateman had seen so much of humanity—"raw, brown, naked humanity" (yes, and white humanity as well)—that he was crammed full of

mother wit. Ever doing his work, and ever doing it well, he was a graduate with honours in the curriculum of practical experience. What may be called the wisdom of the strenuous life was vibrant in every nerve. He was brimful of information on most topics, and being a ready man, always spoke to the point. Do not misunderstand me. We were not treated to great pulpit eloquence; but we had a right good sermon, packed with strong meat for men. Most preachers are dependent upon books. Books give us the garnered wisdom of the ages, and it would be worse than affectation for the average mortal to boast, saying, "A man's brains are inversely to the number of his books." But every now and again the Creator raises up a seer. Now the seer looks at the world around him, and having studied the open pages of humanity, he "brings out of his treasury things new and old." A missionary's life, with its loneliness and with its few human supports, is a school where God teaches perhaps more directly than in any other walk in life. As a general rule, the Missionary Body is scholarly and deeply read. Not having been a missionary myself, I enjoy the privilege of an outsider, and am able to boast, and to boast loudly, about the high culture of this set of men; that is to say, I can boast in a way that none of their own circle could do without blowing their own trumpets. As a rule, then, the mis-

sionary must be a lifelong student; his must be a post-graduate course, in which there can be no final examination. This is necessary for the following reasons. Far from being an untutored savage, the Hindu—sharp as a needle, subtle as a serpent, and a born metaphysician—can boast of an ancestral philosophy, astronomy, mathematics, and poetry, all of which flourished at a time when our own forefathers were barbarians, roaming in German forests. These systems (and very intricate they are) must be mastered before the Christian controversialist is qualified to stand forth as a champion of the Gospel. Again, he who would go on a bloodless crusade against the Crescent must be well up in Persian and Arabic (the classical tongues of Islam); he must also be a fluent, or at least a correct, speaker and writer of Urdu (the vernacular of Moslems in India); to the above he must add a knowledge of Greek and Hebrew, because Muhammadans attach an almost superstitious reverence to the original tongues in which our Scriptures are written. And over and above all this, he must be a diligent student of the *Quran* in Arabic, so as to hold his own with those deep thinkers on "the things of God"—the Mullahs and the Moulvies, whom he will meet in every mosque. But there are exceptions to every rule. And Rowland Bateman was an honourable exception. Although by no means a literary character,

he nevertheless scraped together, by hook or by crook, a marvellous proficiency in two vernaculars (Urdu and Punjabi); he also served with great credit on the committee which translated the Bible into *Gurmaki*, the written language of the Sikhs; and in company with Bishop French, he made a thorough study of the Persian language, and also of the Soofi sect of Islam—a pretty good course for a man who never pretended to be a scholar.

"Mission work in the Punjab is very uphill work," tartly said a certain Miss Vinegar, when she heard of Rowland Bateman and his goings-on in the Himalayas—how, gun in hand, he had poked his nose into every nook and corner of the Kulu and Kangra highlands, to say nothing of Chumba Native State. Why, he had even explored those haunted lakes, that are set in the solid rock, high above Corali Dhal. These are uncanny mountain tarns, which no man can see and live; at least so the awestruck hill-folk will tell you. Well, he had even clambered up that giant granite wall, and, amid the fastnesses of those forbidding solitudes, he had bathed in weird, icy waters. Of course, Miss Vinegar was vastly tickled with her own little joke. I hope a surgical operation will not be needed to lay bare the point thereof. But *pax* to all such irony, there was a method in my companion's most exalted picnicking.

For the space of six weeks every returning hot season he made it a point of conscience to get as near as possible to the "snow line." And "this sheer ascent of duty" he regularly climbed—although it was very uphill work—in order to bottle up such a supply of invigoration as should send him back to the malarious plains fit for duty.

Considering the fact that he laboured down plains for the space of forty-six weeks out of every twelve months, literally earning his bread in the sweat of his brow, I cannot grudge this uphill worker that high old time (as Down East Vermonters would call it) which he periodically enjoyed. If ever a respite from the superheated "under world" be allowable, surely here is a case for indulgence, more especially as Rowland Bateman's mountaineering was invariably elevated into a religious duty. In company with his cricket, my comrade's holidays were laid on the altar of reasonable service. He sported joyously; for, as Bishop Westcott says, "an Old Boy never grows old; he is an old boy still." And yet those "forty days" were always so spent, that he might get away from the world and be face to face with the Eternal amid the solitudes of the Everlasting Hills. Be his comrade for a single day, and you would learn how much of the time he spent like Moses in the mount alone with God. In these times of retirement he

refreshed his soul and drank of that spiritual Rock which followed him, and that Rock was Christ. He had an habitual and never-failing reverence. An austere solemnity, like that of Elijah or St. John Baptist, accompanied every act of worship, and even in his play he never forgot that he was "a member of Christ," and an ordained minister of the Gospel.

Having then viewed Rowland Bateman at play, we must now accompany him to Narowal, the scene of his devoted labours. Our camp was broken up. I went back to my routine of duty at Dustypore, while my companion, rocked in a creaking *ekka* (native cart with two wheels and one horse), was jolted over what the Punjab Government facetiously called a road (?). And thus with sore bones and cramped muscles, he again takes up the rôle of *pastor in parochiâ.*

I extract the following extracts from two or three of our friend's Annual Reports, boiling the thing down into a sort of "resurrection pie":—

"Narowal is a city which lies in an out-of-the-way corner of the Punjab. At least two unbridged rivers have to be forded before you can reach the place. Excellent shoes are made here and fowls are cheap, but no one would ever have thought of Narowal as a centre of evangelistic effort, or in fact of anything else. The fact is, this mission

was opened by the Lord Himself. Thirty-six years ago a certain influential Muhammadan (by name Hussain Baksh, a resident of Narowal) came of his own accord from his native city to Amritsar (thirty-two miles off). Having become convinced of the truth of the Gospel, he asked for Holy Baptism, and was baptized under the name of Paulus. Having been admitted into the Church, he determined to live and preach in Narowal, although there was no other Christian resident in the district. He worked in those parts until he died of a good old age in the year 1870. A consecrated church now stands on the site of the rude cattle-shed where Paulus found a refuge, for he was driven outside the city wall by bigoted relatives. In that shed he lived alone with the Lord, an outcast from his own family and a stranger in the town where he once had been a leading man. But the years come and go: Christianity not only takes root in Narowal, it also fills the land. It is true the people are not all converted by any manner of means, still the Gospel has been 'preached as a witness,' with the result that most of them are convinced in their hearts that the faith of the Gospel is true; most of them know that they ought to confess Christ, and many of them wish they had courage so to do. What a change from those weary years during which

Paulus, the solitary Christian of Narowal, had to travel thirty-two miles before he could see another Christian face!"

In explanation of the above, it may be as well to note: Amritsar is the head centre of the Church Missionary Society in the Punjab, with Narowal as the centre of one of its numerous subordinate districts. The celebrated city of Delhi is the Punjab headquarters of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. And the bishop has his seat at Lahore.

Drawn by the fame of its apostolic missionary, a goodly number of visitors from England visit Narowal. And these worthy "globe trotters" go into ecstasies over that delightsome land. The plains of the Punjab are apparently illimitable. As far as the eye can reach, there extends one unbroken sea of emerald verdure. The "cold weather" crops are just at their most luxuriant stage. The British pilgrim, wandering on the banks of some irrigation channel, and seeing fertilisation spread wherever those silt-laden waters come, lustily carols in stentorian bass—

> "Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
> Stand dressed in living green;
> So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
> While Jordan rolled between."

Honest man! Well may he give vent to his

feelings. A picturesque Oriental city, with its flat roofs, its towers, its carved wood-work, and its arched gateways, peeps above avenues of umbrageous trees: there are mangotopes and orange groves and waving plantains; the gardens are gay with flowers; feathery palms and Moslem domes suggest visions of the Arabian Nights; Persian wheels lazily pump up water from the wells. The climate is superb. The weather far surpasses the best cloudless day which gladdens our hearts in the temperate zone, and as for the thermometer—well, it is on its good behaviour. Even to exist amid such Elysian surroundings is one unbroken delight. Accordingly, the European traveller goes into rhapsodies. Out comes his note-book, and down goes a *memo* to the effect that missionary privations are gross exaggerations: the climate of the Punjab is superior to that of any other spot on earth. But wait a couple of months. In company with the quail, the wild goose, and other migratory birds of passage, Mr. Globe Trotter has betaken his portly self to pastures new. It is a fact in natural history. This variety of the *genus homo* is never to be found in India between April 15 and October 15, which are the dates that a paternal Government has put down in regulations as the limits of the hot season. But although our cold-weather friends and critics may have taken flight, of one thing

we may rest assured—Rowland Bateman sticks to his post. Mosquitoes may buzz; the "brain-fever bird" may rack our overstrung nerves by its reiteration of one strident, monotonous, and therefore torturing note; Punjab sores may tattoo the features with circular scars, and prickly heat may irritate the entire person; the thermometer, although hung up in the shade, may register unheard of degrees; sultry nights may prove more oppressive than garish days; dust-storms may realise the Mosaic threat (see Deut. xxviii. 24)—"The Lord shall make the rain of thy land powder and dust;" roses and other flowers may wither; potted geraniums and potted fuchsias, lately the pride of your bungalow, may be tied to a string and suspended just above the water in the comparative coolness of your well, so as to be kept in precarious existence till next October; the jaded *punkah walas* (coolies who pull the fan) may be at their post day and night, for should the swaying *punkah* stop, even for five seconds, you will be bathed in perspiration, and those five seconds will seem like an eternity; cholera and typhoid may threaten alternately with malaria and heat-apoplexy. Then, after one has been baked, not brown, but an unhealthy whity yellow—then Nature turns over a new leaf. The river Ravi, swollen by the annual rains, overflows its banks and causes the muggy, moisture-laden

atmosphere to steam like a Turkish bath. And the poor tired body, shrivelled like an Egyptian mummy, is left to soak. All things become coated with greenish mildew; odours, as of a damp cellar, pervade the reeking house. But in Rowland Bateman's code of personal procedure there is "no discharge in that war." "It's all in the day's work," quoth he; "I must even grin and bear it." In a parenthesis, allow me to ask—Did you ever hear tell of that "Mother Israel," who to her dying day, patient, sorely tried, and withal beautiful soul that she was, firmly believed that "grin and bear it" was in the Bible? "She had got a heap of comfort out of that text, and if it wasn't Scripture—well, anyhow it had done her no end of good."

Let us return to our missionary. In the eyes of residents in the Home Land, it will convey but scant idea of the reality, if I state that Rowland Bateman has passed most of his service at Narowal living in a mud house—that is to say, in a hut, built native fashion, with no glass in the windows. It is a fact, that surreptitiously, when he was off on a preaching tour, the gifted authoress, A.L.O.E. (who lived at Batala, a neighbouring missionary centre), sent two hundred rupees to the native pastor, so that this hovel might be made habitable; but, above all, that it might be provided with glass. The summer heat

rages like a blast-furnace. Then, by opening doors and windows at night, the wretched Anglo-Indian tries to catch all the cool breeze that is knocking around; but no sooner does the sun rise than he must jealously close every opening, so as to prevent the superheated air from entering in. To dwell in a house without windows is to dwell in the midst of a burning, fiery furnace. All this was rather trying at times to weaker brethren. For instance, a good lady was dilating on Rowland Bateman's devotion, and she took occasion to remark that he was truly apostolic. "Yes," replied her auditor sadly, "but I have not yet recovered from the apostolic meal he prepared for me the other day."

Existing in closest contact with the people of the land, Rowland Bateman spends his whole time in personal intercourse with natives, and is ever accessible to all comers. He is always going off on foot to the neighbouring villages, and on these tours has to sleep anywhere. What this entails only those can understand who have lived in the country.

Unremitting itineration is necessary, because of the extent of his district; also, because daily preaching, at least to the heathen, must be addressed to little knots of people, here, there, and everywhere—at times in a bazaar, at times around wells, alongside of sugar-presses, threshing-floors, in the fields, or even by the wayside.

So much for his aggressive work amongst the heathen, now for the Christian side of his labours. Bateman has built two churches at Narowal. Each of these is planned after Oriental type, and both resemble Moslem mosques. The first church holds two hundred worshippers, all being seated on the floor. It used at times to be so crowded that the missionaries were driven to hold double overflow services, so that none should be turned away. In hot weather it was customary for the congregation to gather on the roof, which, of course, is a flat one. Then, in due course of time, the second and more commodious church was constructed. The idea of a covered building has been rejected, as being unsuited to Oriental habits. There is a spacious courtyard open to the sky, and this courtyard is flanked by a double row of verandahs, which verandahs are roofed in. At the west end of this courtyard (for at Narowal they pray facing towards Jerusalem) a couple of large sliding doors lead into a roofed and covered chancel; the rest of the building resembles the *al fresco* courts of a Muhammadan mosque.

Last year there were no less than fifteen hundred baptized Christians in the parish, besides catechumens and adherents. Judged, however, by the standards of the west, these figures give but scant idea of what the shepherding of such a flock entails. It is

just this way. An existence such as we Westerns lead—that is to say, an existence free, independent, and individualistic—is utterly alien from what is known as the "communal life" of India. From the cradle to the grave, natives of Hindustan live, move, and have their being as members of a caste and of a family. Like cogs in some intricate piece of machinery, they never act independently of their brotherhood. Imagine such a dependent being told to stand fast in his new-found liberty as a Christian. Suddenly cut adrift from caste and from home, he resembles some luckless gregarious animal which has become separated from the herd. Were it not that the missionary takes the place of the old *punchayet*, this helpless creature would be tossed about by the blast of every wind. It therefore follows that the *padri* has to assume the double rôle of *ma, bap* (father and mother), standing in this parental relationship to every member of his flock. Even when courtship is on the programme, he has to act as matchmaker, inasmuch as no right-minded youth or maiden could be expected to initiate their own love affairs. To say nothing of other delicate domestic functions which he has to perform, the missionary does duty as general referee, composer of disputes, amateur lawyer, judge and jury, amateur architect, clerk of the works, gardener, tree planter, amateur doctor, school manager, school teacher,

charity organiser, and general factotum. In order to bear such a strain, and still have energy left to do his main work, which is that of a clergyman, it is not enough that the missionary be a saint, a capable man of business, a born organiser, and gifted with the knack of managing his fellows. In addition to this he must be blessed with rugged physical health. Now it was in the days of his pure, clean, athletic boyhood—it was by means of manly sports at Brighton College and then at Oxford—that Rowland Bateman built up his well-knit bodily frame. And having thus laid up a reserve of strength, he can now draw large drafts on this precious deposit, and still there is a balance on hand. Is not the above a true case of laying his cricket on the altar of consecration?

But the oversight of these fifteen hundred Christians by no means sums up the total of work to be done at Narowal. Throughout the length and breadth of a great section of country, wherein Narowal is only one out of many mission districts, there has arisen a wide-spread movement towards Christianity on the part of the lowest of the people. This low-caste movement has taxed the resources and made untold demands on the wisdom of all who have had to do with it. And it is specially in his dealings with these postulants for Holy Baptism that Rowland Bateman has carried a load of care, in comparison

with which the fabled burden of Atlas was a mere feather-weight. He has only to hold up his little finger (as, alas! some imprudent workers have done) and thousands could be baptized. But it would be a dire calamity were Holy Church flooded with nominal and degraded members, ignorant and heathenish, such as corrupted our religion during the Middle Ages. Of course, these souls must not be turned away simply because they are poor, or because they are ignorant; but they must be drafted into the primitive order of catechumens, and be kept back from Baptism for a season. Meanwhile they must be taught, examined, catechised, and generally looked after, so as to be brought to the font after due preparation. This touches the fringe of a great problem—far too thorny for summary treatment in this sketch.

With reference to work amongst these ignorant and degraded people, one of Mr. Bateman's foremost converts, the Rev. Ishan Ullah, says: "This year in some hamlets most of these people have learnt X. P. C. (Ten Commandments, Lord's Prayer, and Creed), and keep begging for Baptism. We exhort and help them to improve their knowledge of Christianity. Holy Baptism is delayed (notice it is not refused, but only put off), lest they be following one another like sheep."

The mention of Ishan Ullah reminds me that

Rowland Bateman is spiritual father to a noble band of young men from the higher classes. These "boys" of his have been carefully nurtured, well educated in the Baring High School at Batala, and given good starts in life; and now they occupy responsible posts in the world. Amongst others, suffice it to notice the late Rev. Dinah Nath, who was assistant professor at St. John's Divinity School, Lahore, also the Rev. Ishan Ullah, native pastor of Narowal, and Babu Prittu Datta, M.B., of the Punjab University, who fills an appointment in the medical service of Government.

Allow me here to insert a few anecdotes.

Rowland Bateman was once examining a mission school, and asked—

"Why do missionaries leave their homes and go to distant lands?"

A sharp but inconsequential boy replied: "Because a prophet is without honour in his own country."

Bishop French and our friend were itinerating, and they turned into a village which would not receive them. Catching hold of two men, Mr. Bateman said: "We have come all this way to give you a message, and you must hear us." The men stood still. A crowd gathered, and the preaching proceeded.

"We have had three *Padri Sahibs*, all wiser and older than you," said a native; "they are all dead.

We never listened to them. What do you expect to accomplish?"

In the course of his tours our friend was wont to ride a camel and to drink its milk. Now it may sound most romantic to go on a cruise on the "ship of the desert"; and so thought I until, on one ill-omened day, I tried it. Once, and only once, did I make the experiment; and aching bones caused me to remember the prosaic reality for many a long day afterwards. Besides which, our camels are provided with two humps. On the forward hump sits your camel-driver. When viewed at a distance he is a picturesque object. Nearer acquaintance causes you to ask the agonising question, "Have you used Pears' soap?" Suffice it to say, you are jolted in *very* close proximity. A glance at our frontispiece will show Mr. Bateman riding in company with the Rev. Mian Sadiq. Allow me to notice, this reverend native pastor is not a dirty camel-driver; also let me point to our native brother's "well-groomed" appearance in proof of the fact that Christ's Gospel purifies the outer as well as the inward man.

India is a land where the wildest rumours are spread abroad. And when once a tale is set going, it is no easy matter "to nail the lie to the counter." For instance, until quite recently Queen Victoria was credited with ordering hundreds of little black

babies to be beheaded each time that Government builds a railway bridge, that so their skulls, having been buried in the foundations, might ward off ill-luck and propitiate evil spirits. Rowland Bateman was once a victim of this propensity. Be it premised, he is a staunch teetotaller, and sports the badge of the Blue Ribbon Army conspicuously pinned to his coat. Fancy his feelings when it was currently reported that he and all other missionaries —whatever their protestations to the contrary— did secretly worship the whisky bottle. Nothing would convince the gainsayer; and it was some time before the horrified Bateman succeeded in running the thing to earth. Let me explain. Throughout the whole of India a paternal Government has planted what is called Rest-Houses or *Dâk bungalows*. In the absence of hotels, it is requisite that European travellers should find shelters, where they can turn in and make themselves at home during their halt at any place. Missionaries, being great itinerators, have occasion to use these Rest-Houses or Staging Bungalows from time to time. As noted above, our friend Bateman is an out-and-out teetotaller; but the same cannot be said of the entire European community. Do not misunderstand me; there are but few drunkards. Such a vice would not be tolerated in the public service. But it is a common thing for officials to

mitigate the rigours of a cruel climate by the moderate use of whisky and soda. One day Bateman and his attendant band of native helpers put up at a certain Rest-House. A previous occupant had left an empty bottle behind him. "That is just the very thing we want for a candlestick," said our friend. No sooner said than done: a tallow candle is taken from their store and stuck into the bottle's neck; it is then lighted and set in the middle of a round table (for some unexplained reason we nearly always have a big round table for our meals in India). Then with a good conscience Bateman's little company gathered, as in duty bound, for evening worship. An open Bible was placed in front of the lighted candlestick and reverently read. Meanwhile all present had, very naturally, grouped themselves in a ring around the table, facing inwards towards the whisky bottle, both when they sat during the reading and when they knelt at prayer. Besides which, that lighted candle had a suspicious resemblance to those *chiraghs* which are burnt in Hindu temples and at the tombs of Moslem saints. Moved by curiosity, a spying villager had crept into the verandah, and was peeping in at the window. And that was the scene which met his gaze. Of course, the missionaries worshipped the whisky bottle. He had caught them in the very act.

Rowland Bateman is much loved, and rightly so,

by all natives; so I was not in the least surprised when one of his numerous admirers was heard loudly chanting the *padri's* praises, and the man, although an Asiatic, really meant every word he uttered. But (oh, what a dash of cold water that qualifying monosyllable throws upon our dearest idols!), but he is a *burra chelnawala sahib*, which, being translated, means, "But he is an inordinate pedestrian." (*N.B.*—This has nothing to do with ultra-Calvinism, though it has a suspicious sound that way.)

"Oh, my brother" (*ai bhai*), said I, "wherefore hast thou a countenance more in sorrow than in anger?" And still he answered with a sigh, "Yes, the *Padri Sahib* is the extra-superfine quintessence of angelic virtue" (*firiston ke manind hai*), "but he is a g-r-e-a-t walker" (cavernous groans). "Ah, Bishen Singh, I give a shrewd guess. The *Sahib's* own boots by no means total up the amount of shoe leather worn out in his evangelistic tramps. You and the catechists have to follow your leader like a flock of *jungli buttaks*" (wild ducks). "That is the dead fly in the apothecary's ointment. Is it not so?" In answer came a profound salaam and the solitary word *huzoor* (your highness), by which he would insinuate that your highness embodies in your own honourable person the wisdom of all sages and of all ages.

At any rate, immoderate perambulation is the only fault natives have to allege against the subject of this sketch.

Rowland Bateman is the parson who laid his cricket on the altar of God. Such being the case, it is in accordance with the eternal fitness of things, that we wind up with a snap-shot at that annual tournament—a great event in the world of cricket —when the "Alexander Belt" is played for by the various schools of the Punjab. Some scenes stamp themselves on the pages of memory with a vividness that is never blotted out. It was so with the contest over this much-coveted trophy.

Photographed on my retentive memory, I behold a picture of Rowland Bateman. No longer clad in cricketing flannels, as he was when first we met him in the Himalayas, he rejoices in faultless clerical attire, a long black coat and "dittoes" causing him to look every inch a parson. Were it not for the sun helmet that shades his rubicund countenance, he would be quite presentable in the rôle of Canon Battersby's curate at Keswick. By way of background to this central figure, there extends a spacious, park-like *maidan* (plain). This *maidan* is bounded on all sides by avenues of *sirrus* and *sheisham* trees, the foliage of the same being rather dusty, it must be confessed. The time of year is our Punjab cold season—those crisp, bright months

(all too few) when the washed-out Anglo-Indian tries to imagine that he is far away from the "gorgeous East," and keeps on saying, "Oh, isn't this like the Home Land?" Gothic towers—at least Gothic as understood and designed by the Public Works Department—peep over the tree tops. They belong to the Punjab University. On the other side may be seen the dome of Anarkali's tomb; for in the days of misrule, before the British came and enacted their Penal Code, a jealous lover of royal rank caused Anarkali, the dancing girl, to be buried alive, and then he was sorry and built a grand tomb over her poor remains. But I do not want to linger over those bad old days. Turn your eyes to the *maidan*, and, dotted over that wide expanse which ought to be green, were it not that the sun-scorched grass is a dull brown, you will see groups of white-robed native boys—each little company standing apart by itself and each several group being clustered round a black object. On closer inspection, these black things prove to be *Padri Sahibs*. Each reverend gentleman looks very important and slightly anxious, fussing about like a motherly hen clucking and spreading its wings over a brood of bantlings. There are church parsons and Presbyterian ministers, American, Britisher—English, Scotch, and Irish. Also there are one or

two grey and drab objects. These also are surrounded by a group of boys. They are professors, belonging to the unsectarian and secular Government college. From every corner of the Punjab —from Peshawar even unto Delhi—these boys have come. And now they are contending for the "Alexander Trophy Belt."

Every one of these good men is as keen as though the fate of the universe depended on his own particular pupils winning the tournament, and thus becoming the envied guardians of the belt during the coming year. Have these grave and reverend seniors lost their heads? Are they approaching second childhood? No; there is a method in their madness. The native of India, being an Oriental, is thoroughly given over to dreamy sloth. Like Tennyson's "Lotus Eaters"—

> "They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
> Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
> And sweet it was to dream."

Now sloth has always been reckoned as one of the seven deadly sins, being specially dangerous, because it brings in its train the vile opium habit and other works of the flesh which shall be nameless. If, then, young India is to attain unto a clean, pure, wholesome manhood, these demons must be exorcised. The boy must learn to keep under his body and bring it into subjection. Hence the

value of the cricket field and its salutary discipline. And, wonderful to relate, the rising generation in the Punjab (although naturally of sedentary temperament) has taken to this game after a fashion which the most sanguine would never have dreamed possible. By actual experiment, cricket has proved itself to be a faithful handmaid to the Gospel. Most missionaries—but especially Rowland Bateman—make a practice of regularly playing with their "boys." In fact, this instrumentality has done so much in the direction of "preparing the way of the Lord," that Hindus and Muhammadans complain bitterly against bats and balls. For should a youngster once begin to evince an interest in the mission eleven, then the next thing will be that he will turn Christian, a multitude having trodden this path before him.

Note

By way of postscript, I add an extract from a letter recently received from the Rev. Ishan Ullah, native pastor of Narowal, one of Mr. Bateman's most promising converts. The letter is written in English, and I submit it without correction in order to show how carefully Mr. Bateman educates his higher class boys.

"I owe a great deal to Mr. Bateman. He is my godfather and takes great interest in me. I was

educated through his instrumentality in the Baring High School. I am of strict Muhammadan parentage. I was taught, as a Moslem, that Christ Jesus was a great prophet and lived a sinless life. His miracles are all true and His mission from God; but to believe in His divinity to be God and the Son of God was great infidelity. I was a Moslem champion against the doctrine of the divinity of Jesus Christ. Through Mr. Bateman's kindness and love the first impressions must have been made on me. Later on I lost all faith in Muhammadanism and was converted to the truth of Christianity. I was baptized in the year 1878, on the Easter Day, and was sent to the Baring High School, Miss C. M. Tucker being one of the teachers (A.L.O.E., the gifted authoress, who devoted the end of her days to the boys at this school, to whom she was a spiritual mother). I owe mostly what I am to Mr. Bateman. Before I was baptized two Muhammadan youths went over to the pastor's house at Narowal to become Christians. Their relatives attacked the mission-house and succeeded to rescue one of the candidates from baptism. There was a great excitement going on in the town of Narowal. In the morning I visited the young man. There was an influential man sitting by him, and he addressed the young candidate thus: 'If Christianity is true

religion, we shall get big fire ready and you go into it. If you are not burned, we will believe that Christianity is from God.' The young man answered: 'Let the big fire be burned and you, sir, go first, and if you remain unhurt, then I will believe that Muhammadanism is true, and as to my going into the fire, I shall follow you.' People persecuted this young man most awfully until this man denied Jesus Christ. He has never come back, and I do not believe he has any belief in any religion whatever. I believe he is worse than before as a Muhammadan.

"The other young man was taken care of, and people could not bring him away. In the morning they planned to get him this way. His mother got breakfast ready, and took some of the strong young men with her, who hid themselves in the sugar-cane fields round the mission-house. As the woman begged of the pastor that her son may eat some things of her hands, the request was granted. While the young man was with the mother, she screamed aloud, and the relatives hidden in the sugar-cane fields came out and dragged the boy home. He was also persecuted bitterly, and denied Christ. Afterwards he repented, and applied to Mr. Bateman to be baptized. Mr. Bateman put off his baptism for one year, and finally he was baptized, and now he is one of the evangelists."

I also add an extract from a letter kindly written by Mrs. Gardiner, the wife of a high Indian civilian, now retired, who has always taken a deep interest in missions. Ishan Ullah was a Muhammadan. Mrs. Gardiner writes about a high-caste Hindu who was converted through Mr. Bateman's instrumentality:—

"Amongst a series of baptisms in Narowal School, here is an account of one. He was the son of a high-caste Brahman, who, in order to rescue him from Mr. Bateman's influence, was washed in three sacred streams, and was led before a famous Brahman, reciting invocations and sitting before an idol. But this boy had read in the Old Testament with Mr. Bateman about boring the ear of a slave. So he put a sprig of wood into a hole in his ear (the hole was originally meant for an ear-ring). One day, some time after the lad had been forcibly removed from the missionaries, Mr. Bateman received a letter from the boy's father. But upon the outside of the envelope was a picture which must have puzzled the postman. It was of a face in profile, with a line drawn across the ear. Evidently his father had told him to post the letter. So he managed to draw this sketch to assure Mr. Bateman of his steadfastness. This youth, by name Prittu Datta, is now a Bachelor of Medicine, and is the Government doctor in a large town."

In further explanation of these two letters, I submit some remarks from Mr. Bateman's own pen, which show the common sense of the man:—

"Persecution goes on all the year round more or less. It is not altogether to be regretted that it should be given the converts not only to believe in Christ, but also to suffer for His sake. Such persecutions have the effect of trying and strengthening their faith. We missionaries seldom interfere to protect the Christians, neither do we allow our agents to do so. These people have no escape from village life, so it is vain to encourage their resentment against those who have the power of oppressing them as long as they live there. Their only chance is to bend like reeds to the capricious winds that blow."

It must not be supposed that Mr. Bateman works single-handed at Narowal. On the contrary, he is Superintending Missionary, and oversees the labours of a fairly large staff, European and native, clerical, medical, male and female.

I sincerely hope that my sketch of "Bateman of Magdalen" will not cause any one to imagine him in the least degree frivolous or wanting in clerical dignity. While writing, I have a recent picture of his at my side. I am struck with the careworn, anxious, earnest look on his face. This betokens whole-hearted devotion to the arduous task of soul-

winning. Were it not that God has bestowed the priceless gift of an elastic, buoyant (that I say not boylike) spirit upon His consecrated servant, I am sure that he would long ago have sunk under the crushing weight of his onerous responsibilities. But, paradoxical as it may appear, "Bateman the aged" is heartened up by "that young man Bateman," and though perennially young, still he suffers not the slightest diminution of the dignity which of right belongs to a Superintending Missionary and to a veteran in the diocese of Lahore.

Bateman's example may well prove an inspiration, specially to those who are but newly joined recruits in this Holy War. Such may be taught and led to resolve, that to do their duty at all hazards, to conform their own conduct to the notable tradition handed down by such a splendid record, to measure up their own life and work to the level of such a noble career, is the worthy ambition, and, when reached, shall be the sufficient laurel of every soldier of the Cross.

THE PHILANTHROPIC OCTOPUS OF KASHMIR

I ONCE got myself into dire disgrace. It was just this way. Owing to the caprice of our Punjab climate, I was back in the Home Land, having taken "sick leave" with a view to physical repairs, and I was asked to give a missionary talk. But one must have a peg to hang one's thoughts on, and so I selected that "Happy Valley" in the Himalaya mountains—a valley adorned with fair lakes and encircled with virgin peaks; the sanatorium of emperors in the days of the Great Mogul; a valley rich in antiquarian relics, ruins, and manuscripts; the breezy home of ibex and other big game; a valley whose name is suggestive of shawls, *chuddars*, and suchlike textile fabrics; the pasturage of flocks and herds; a land overshadowed by umbrageous *chinar* trees, enriched by the vine, the mulberry, and the walnut; a land whose golden *mergs* (meadows) are bespangled with a brighter than Alpine flora; a land whose marble fountains inspired the cadences of Moore's "Lalla Rookh"; but morally a

stagnant cesspool—the despair of all social reformers, Government officials, and others charged with bearing "the White Man's Burden"—Kashmir, the land of eternal snows and of everlasting dunghills.

Such was my theme. And ranged before the rostrum were some twenty small boys. These were pupils of a select preparatory school, presided over by one whom I rightly revered as being a cultured gentlewoman. And this was how a hornet's nest was, metaphorically, set buzzing about my devoted head.

"I do not suppose that any of you boys know where Srinagar is?"

In icy tones, that pierced even to my marrow, a clear-cut voice interposed—

"My boys not know all about Srinagar?"

Then a withering glance rebuked my rash supposition, and the voice continued—

"Cuthbert Jones, where is Srinagar?"

"Please, m'm, it's the capital of Kashmir, and is situated on the banks of the river Jhelum."

"What do you know about the river Jhelum?"

"Please, m'm, it flows through Kashmir, and then, after cutting for itself a deep gorge through the outer Himalayas, it debouches on the plains of the Punjab, and finally joins the great river Indus."

"What more do you know about the river Jhelum?"

"Please, m'm, Alexander the Great conquered King Porus on its banks, and then wept because he had no more worlds to conquer."

"Did Alexander the Great conquer Porus in Kashmir?"

"No. He conquered him lower down the stream, and the Greeks called this river the Hydaspes.

"Why is Kashmir called the 'Happy Valley'?"

"Because, while all other Himalayan valleys are so narrow and deep as to be only capable of producing scant crops of barley and Indian corn, the valley of Kashmir is broad and spacious. Consequently it raises every kind of produce from rice to grapes, and from flocks of sheep to valuable timber. Also, the climate is unequalled, owing to its altitude being about 5000 feet above sea level."

Confronted by that infant phenomenon, I felt like apologising for very existence, and now, having learnt wisdom from bitter experience, I shall amend my introductory remarks as follows:—

Doubtless the intelligent reader is as familiar with the capital of Kashmir as he is with the county town of his own county. Doubtless he is aware that Srinagar is an Oriental "double" of Venice—a water-town whose every street is a canal, quite as romantic, and, if possible, more odoriferous than those at the head of the Adriatic. Skimming over waters thickened by the sewage of an Eastern city, the

unsophisticated "curio-hunter" is paddled under quaint bridges and beside picturesque palaces till, having made fast his boat to the doorstep of one of those "old curiosity shops" with which the place abounds, he exemplifies the truth of the old proverb, "A fool and his money are soon parted." Doubtless my readers have often read about those beautiful gardens outside the city proper, and therefore safely removed from smells and dirt, where the masterful Anglo-Saxon, the summer visitor, and a whole bevy of refugees from India's sun-baked plains, pitch their tents every returning hot season. Each family camps apart, and each group of tents has its own *al fresco* kitchen, its hangers-on in the shape of native servants, its ponies tethered under an adjacent *chinar* tree, and its boats floating at anchor in the river hard by. Away from such rudiments of the kindergarten! Surely these things are familiar to every schoolboy and to "the sweet girl graduate" of the West.

When I pitched my Cabul tent under a spreading *chinar* tree in "the Munshi Bagh," it need hardly be explained that I lost no time in making my salaams to and leaving a card on "the beloved physician of Kashmir" — doctor, artist, Alpine climber, oarsman, muscular Christian, secretary to the local library and recreation club, prime mover in all that is going on, licensed subdeacon in the

church; also oldest Anglo-Indian inhabitant in that Oriental Venice, quite ready and willing at a moment's notice either to amputate your limbs or else personally to conduct your adventurous footsteps up the sides of glacier-riven Harri Muk. And being equally an enthusiastic surgeon and a keen mountaineer, he will perform either service with much the same pleasure. In this hypercultured and coldly cynical age it does one's heart good to come across a man who is head-over-ears in love with his calling in life. And certainly it was refreshing to see the gusto with which Arthur Neve did his work—ever thinking, ever speaking, ever acting as one who was a medical practitioner by the grace of God. You instinctively felt that he had been commissioned to "heal the sick" (see St. Luke ix. 2), that he held his qualification directly from the Great and Good Physician Himself, and that he was consequently a minister of the gospel of health, co-ordinately with the priest at the altar. In Kashmir, the so-called "Happy Valley," there is room enough and to spare for the enlightened and up-to-date practice of what, in the days of yore, used to be called "leech craft." I draw a veil of decent reserve over the nostrums and horrors perpetrated by *hakims* or native practitioners. The writer of "Ecclesiasticus" naïvely remarks, "He that sinneth before the Lord, let him fall into the hands of the

physician." Honest man! he evidently spoke from bitter experience. Bred and born in the unchanging East, the Son of Sirach could picture no sorer retribution for sin than that the sinner should find himself in those terrible clutches. Now it is instructive to note that our Prayer-book Lesson for St. Luke's Day (the patronal feast of doctors) comes to a dead stop just before this verse, as if to bear witness, by significant omission, that we have changed all that. We cultivate the bacillus; we worry the microbe; we serenely suck the beguiling tablet, and, in the name of rational therapeutics, we sterilise our every article of food and drink. "Bless your soul, sir!" said a Hospital Orderly, "they don't care nothink for micro-bees, don't these 'ere hempiric 'aykeems (empirical *hakims*); it's hall for the *burra jalab* (big dose) these niggers is hafter—not micro-bees, sir!"[1] That being the case, a medical missionary has his work cut out for him. The Oriental is set in the old paths, and it requires an explosion of dynamite or, better still, no end of perseverance, to "side-track" him. Natives will actually put ink and suchlike ointments on their wounds, and then come to have rational treatment. They will consult Dr. Neve, and very politely take his advice; but then they will go away and gulp down the nostrums

[1] This worthy medical subordinate had evidently heard his superior officer deriding *hakims* as being mere empirics.

of their *hakims*, greedily taking both remedies, so as to make assurance doubly sure.

Sickness comes from possession by evil spirits. Does it not, therefore, stand to reason that you require something very vile and a good lot of it? In fact, you must try and make your "inner-man" generally unpleasant for the devil, and thus cause him, for very disgust, to make tracks. Hence arises the Oriental's insatiable appetite for nasty concoctions—the bigger and nastier the better. Cow dung and similar delights are favourite remedies; and should they prove unavailing, then is the patient given a sound beating to the discordant accompaniment of Oriental music. Surely that will drive *Shaitan* (Satan) away! (*Query.* Might not this be a good sort of treatment for some of our own hysterical "sham pains" in the progressive Occident?)

Then again, in season and out of season must the very A B C of sanitation and the laws of health be drilled into the minds of all who have ears to hear. A beneficent Creator has gifted Kashmir with a climate that ought to produce highlanders as vigorous and as iron-nerved as those of Scotland herself; but violence is done to the most elementary ideas of right living; hygiene is unknown; lust is unbridled. Thus the people of this beautiful valley are rotten —no other word is fit to describe the appalling reality. They must be made to know that Christ is

the Saviour of the body (Eph. v. 23); they must be taught that man's body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, and that sanitation, rational clothing, rational food, but above all cleanliness, are things ordained by natural law, and therefore by God Himself. Is there not abundant scope for missionary work in the truest sense of the word? Were it not that Arthur Neve is an enthusiast in his profession, he would sink under the weight of such crass inertia and stupid wrongheadedness.

According to its original meaning in Greek, enthusiasm means that you have got the spirit of sacrifice kindling your soul. Burning, flaming enthusiasm is beyond all praise; but at times it is somewhat amusing. For instance, I shall never forget meeting the doctor on a certain morning and asking him why he wore such an air of radiant triumph? "Oh," said he, "I have just successfully excised the jawbone out of a patient!" It was very wicked, but I could not help poking fun at him, although I admired, nay, envied, his devotion to duty. "Neve," I rejoined, "nothing would please you better than to find me fallen over the *khud* (precipice). You might grieve over me as a man and a brother; but, I am sure, you would rejoice over an interesting operation." And the man was speechless.

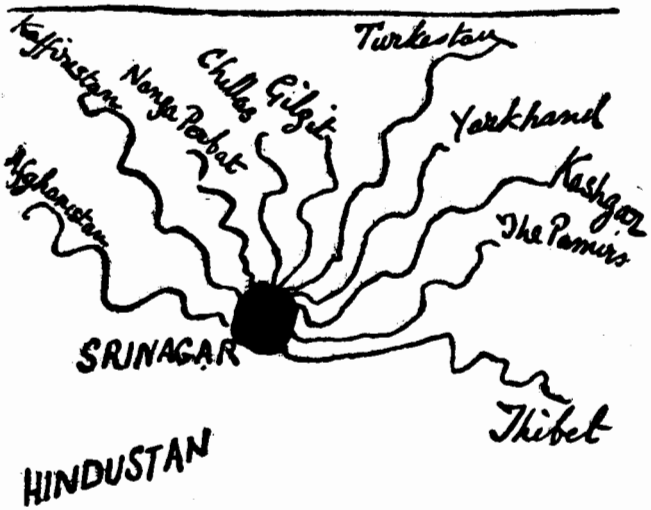
The following is a fact. Being no mean artist, as his sketches in water colours prove, Arthur Neve

delights in picture galleries; but as often as he comes across figures "out of drawing," he diagnoses their sad case and decides in his own mind what surgical operation is required to put the deformity to rights. And yet is there not a danger, lest the zealous worker degenerate into a mere professional hack—talking "shop" and thinking "shop" and dreaming "shop," until he becomes an intolerable nuisance to all his long-suffering acquaintances? Now that is just exactly what Arthur Neve was not. Being gifted with a many-sided culture, he was always ready to rise to the occasion. Were you a lover of music, he could sit down and play his own accompaniment to his own deep bass voice. Were you artistic, he could show you his clever water colours of Kashmir scenery. He was the inspiring genius of the competition annually held amongst amateur painters at Srinagar. Were you given to the *cacoethes scribendi*, he could show you scientific articles, contributed by his pen to medical journals, also his "Guide Book to Kashmir," also his series of "Annual Reports." Were you a rabid Imperialist or a Little Englander, he could talk frontier politics to your heart's content. Were you a teetotaller, he could out-Herod Herod in the practice and in the theory of total abstinence. Were you fond of social pleasures, he could hold his own in any society. Were you one of those

young bloods who annually go to Kashmir, intent on sport—well, he could climb mountains, navigate a sail boat on the squally Dhal Lake, ride a horse, play tennis, or go long tramps with the best of them. Now those who know these Elysian fields do not need to be told that young Anglo-India, in search of "a good time," sorely stands in need of a comrade or an elder brother—one who can enjoy innocent pleasures and be more jubilant than those who . . . but a hint is enough for the wise. The Great Day alone will declare how helpful in the hour of temptation (and the devil never takes a holiday in Kashmir) was this layman, overflowing with animal spirits and brimful with the strength of manhood, and how he managed to influence young subalterns and civilians, a class who are apt, simply from shyness and nothing worse, to give parsons a wide berth. Then on Sundays you behold him acting as subdeacon, duly set apart by the Bishop of Lahore. Also, day by day, you hear his earnest voice pleading in behalf of his Master by the bedside and in the hospital wards.

Let us now pass on to notice another point. I shall never forget the cold chill which ran down my back when I came across Victor Hugo's sketch of an octopus in "Toilers on the Sea." Let me ask my readers to recall that inimitable bit of word painting. Be it noted—the nucleus, the

stomach, and the greedy mouth of the monster are stationary, being fixed in a local habitation. But coiling, wriggling, and radiating like so many lassoes, wildly thrown into space, are the creature's tentacles. These reach out into the "vasty deep" and from afar grasp everything that comes within



their horrid embrace. Thus the octopus proper "sits tight," but the tentacles go prowling and prowling around.

The Greatest of all parabolic teachers waxed very bold and shrank not from likening even the Holiest and Best to a "thief in the night"—nay, to an "unjust judge." Fortified with that

example, I make no apology for using this monstrous metaphor and portraying Dr. Neve's work under the figure of an octopus—only this emblematic mollusk differs from that of the brilliant Frenchman by being *not* malevolent but benevolent. That big black spot (it ought to be painted in burnished gold) stands for the mission hospital, which is a fixture at Srinagar. The creature's central stomach and greedy maw represent that divine hunger for precious souls which constitutes our doctor a "fisher of men." Like the daughters of the horse-leech, the portals of his hospital are ever craving for more and more patients (don't be afraid it is a case of beneficent assimilation). So much for the work at headquarters—a very beautiful thing denoted in our diagram by an ugly smudge. But branching out into the regions beyond, and somehow or other managing to force their way even into Central Asia—that land of mystery—are far-reaching influences. Like the radiating tentacles of Victor Hugo's monster, these take the prey from a distance, only it is not writhing victims that they clutch, but eager guests that they welcome (as I try to explain in the figure).

To speak plainly, the fame of this medical mission has travelled beyond "the utmost bound of the everlasting hills," so that pilgrims hailing from all sorts of out-of-the-way corners are drawn,

as by some overmastering magnetic attraction. In one continuous stream they are ever on the march; they are clad "in sheep skins and in goat skins"; they wear high conical fur caps; their faces are tanned with the keen air of distant uplands; their feet are bleeding by reason of the roughness of the way; but they bring their sick with them on litters, on mules, and on shaggy ponies; and once those sick are cured, then their hearts are aglow with gratitude and their minds are opened to receive the Gospel.

On every side of Kashmir, excepting only on that side which faces Hindustan, there are to be found what may certainly be called hermetically sealed lands. No missionary can enter that vast unevangelised area, for the simple reason that were any European to make the attempt, he would have his throat cut, and thus be at once and for ever stopped from further preaching. It is true that from time to time one or two reckless fanatics, free lances, and irresponsible guerillas have tried to force an entrance (concerning these gentlemen, did time permit, I could spin many a queer yarn), but they have generally been turned back on the Indian side of the frontier, for the obvious reason that the authorities forbid British subjects from going beyond the boundary line, lest the wild tribesmen of those parts should be set in a blaze.

If, then, a strong missionary force is always concentrated at Srinagar (two clergymen, two medical men, besides a large and devoted band of missionary ladies), this policy is not pursued with a view to any immediate advance into Central Asia, but rather because Srinagar is an important strategic base, where men must be held in readiness, that so a forward move may be made whenever God's Providence gives the command. Meanwhile (to say nothing of the good works carried on by the clergymen and other members of this very strong mission), Dr. Neve maintains a thoroughly efficient hospital at this "base" (for such is, I believe, the correct military term), and drawn by hopes of being cured, all sorts and conditions of "Outlanders" flock to his consulting room. The Gospel is preached at the bedside as well as in the hospital verandah, with the result that God's Word is carried by returning patients right through those fast-closed doors over which Providence has inscribed the sentence, "No thoroughfare." Thus the Apocalyptic angel, having the everlasting Gospel (see Rev. xiv. 6), spreads at least the shadow of his wing over those unknown lands and indirectly blesses hermit nations beyond the pale of Christendom. Now I might tell a great deal more about the working of this base hospital, but I wish to relate how and where it was that Dr. Arthur Neve spent his holiday the year that I was in Kashmir.

For the C.M.S., having learned wisdom from experience, insists that all members of its staff must take one full month's vacation every year. It costs more than one hundred pounds for the passage and outfit of each missionary. Thus the foreign agent is a costly commodity. Truest economy, therefore, forces the authorities to keep their employees in good running order as long as possible. Hence the wisdom of this stringent rule. The month of Dr. Neve's "leave" (term borrowed from the army) had come just about the time when I was having my own "leave" in Kashmir. "*Padri Sahib*" (Mr. Parson), quoth the doctor, "don't you go wasting your time in this cockney concourse of tourists, but come along with me over the Big Snowy Range. I am bound for Leh, the chief town of Ladakh, on the Upper Indus. It is nineteen 'marches' from Srinagar. We shall have to tramp nearly all the way, clambering over three sky-scraping passes, and we shall really get out of India into Central Asia."

I need not expend precious ink in telling how we struggled over the Zogi Pass, up to our waists in snow. I need not describe tents, cooking utensils, baggage, and the doctor's field hospital—all carried by coolies, and ourselves carried on our own legs. My object is not to tell of things, but rather to portray a living man. I wish to photograph this striking personality, because I believe in the Com-

munion of Saints; consequently this man is enlisted under one and the same banner as English churchmen. It is true he does not march shoulder-to-shoulder as our actual comrade in the same regiment, but for all that he does belong to the one Church Militant, and therefore he belongs to us and we belong to him. And it is a wholesome exercise for us who are quartered in the West to get in touch with our fellow-soldiers in the Orient, not only because we have sworn allegiance to the same Captain of Salvation, but also because we need to be gifted with a double portion of the spirit of missions. Foreign missionaries can reveal to us something of the plan of that campaign, which is world wide; they can tell us which way lies—not a mere partial success just in our own immediate corner of the battlefield, but victory all along the line. Whether it be our duty to uplift the submerged tenth in the slums of some great city, or to grapple with novel problems in those hives of human industry with which our manufacturing districts abound, or to tread the routine of duty in some rural village, we can still learn much from them. To change the metaphor, we can "beckon to our partners in the other ship," and their inspiriting example shall come over and help us. Parochial life is most vigorous in those parishes where priest and people, looking beyond the bounds of "Little

Peddlington," take a real, an intelligent, but, above all, a prayerful interest in Foreign Missions.

But the portrait of the man must have a background. I therefore crave indulgence for a few words descriptive of our itineration. The great Snowy Range once surmounted, our party entered that portion of Thibet which, being under the British flag, is open to all travellers. If you went beyond the bounds of the Indian Empire—well, in the words of Bret Harte, "the subsequent proceedings would interest you no more." But in British Thibet you are as safe as you would be in London, and perhaps a good deal safer. Be it also noted, there are no Buddhists in India. It is true that the religion of Sakya Muni took its rise in Hindustan. It is true that the Indian Peninsula is rich in Buddhist remains, and that these are of great antiquarian value; but for some unexplained reason the creed of the Buddha, having been driven out of the land of its birth, has been forced to take refuge beyond the great Himalayan barrier. There are Buddhists in Ceylon, Burma, China, Japan, and Thibet—also, I believe, in hyper-cultured circles of New York, Boston, London, and Paris—but with the trifling exception of a few passing travellers, such a being as a Buddhist is unknown from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas. Carried away by the witchery of Sir Edwin Arnold's poems, friends in the Home Land

are constantly inquiring, "What about Buddhism in India?" Well, I can only say that not an adherent remains, and that a closer acquaintance with the "Light of Asia," at least as it shines in Thibet, forces the admission that it is but a tallow candle, and a flickering one at that. I speak not of those Far Eastern lands where the poet himself made acquaintance with Buddhism. I know nothing whatever of what may very possibly be a purer presentation of this creed; but in speaking of Thibet, I stand on the firm ground of experience. Thus, after crossing the Zogi Pass, we left the great religions of India behind us, and came face to face with pig-tailed Mongols—dirty, little, squat fellows, who speak a monosyllabic language, a people who practice polyandry (one woman having a plurality of husbands). This is the strange Thibetan race, which owes allegiance to the Grand Lama and Pope of Lhassa. Politically, we are still within the bounds of British India, but (pardon the long words) geographically, physically, climatologically, zoologically, botanically, geologically, ethnologically, theologically, and sociologically, we are in Thibet—the great lone land of the Yak, the *ovis ammon* (wild sheep), and the *ovis poli*—the land of red-frocked and yellow-capped lamas—the land where Madame Blavatsky is supposed to have imbibed cryptic lore among *yogis* (ascetics) and *mahatmas*. If that dear, familiar

friend of our childhood, the Man in the Moon, could pay a flying visit to these trans-Himalayan regions, I am next to certain he would find himself very much at home. The western or Indian slopes of these mighty ranges are verdant as a garden which the Lord hath blessed, being well watered by the annual monsoon. But beyond that cloud-piercing wall the rainy season cannot penetrate; hence it never rains in Thibet. In the absence of moisture from the clouds, you have to wend your way amid huge masses of sun-cracked rocks, red, drab, and sage green. These tower above your head, and remind you of John Bunyan's weird description of Mount Sinai in "Pilgrim's Progress." Surely these yawning chasms, these wrinkled crags, and this waterless landscape, all on such a gigantic scale, might well be styled "Lunar," and the traveller might be pardoned did he imagine himself transported by Jules Verne to our satellite. The population of such a land is extremely sparse. The inhabitants cut irrigation channels from the glaciers, and thus manage to get a patch of cultivation about once in every ten miles, barley being almost the only crop that will grow under such Spartan conditions; and wherever amid that "abomination of desolation" there is a green oasis, there also, nestled amid poplar trees, willows, and apricots, is sure to be found a village. I should like to describe

the lamas or monks, and to tell how these fraternities inhabit *Lamaserais*—the brethren being packed away like rabbits in a warren, their cells being cut out of solid rock. Also I should like to tell how these "holy men," searching for the Buddhist *Nirvana*, or absorption in the Deity, spend most of their lives in the arduous attempt of trying to think about nothing —a very difficult task, as any one can prove by personal experience. Just shut yourself up in a room and really try to think about absolutely nothing—mind, absolutely nothing whatever. Take care, you must absolutely and without qualification fix your every thought (or want of thought) on literally nothing. If you begin when you are very young, and keep in continual practice, and never cease trying till you are grey-headed—well, perhaps you may attain unto this desired end.

Did time permit, I should like to describe the prayer wheels and the prayer stones and the prayer flags, one and all inscribed with the same mystic words. For by means of these mechanical contrivances the Thibetan religionist grinds out a never-ceasing, mechanical prayer. *Oom mani padni hun* ("O jewel in the centre of the lotus"). Now the lotus-flower is supposed to be a symbolic emblem of creation, and the jewel in the centre of the lotus signifies *The Formative Principle at the Centre of Creation.* That is not a bad sort of invocation as

far as it goes, but unfortunately it constitutes the only prayer in the Thibetan liturgy, and is, therefore, apt to become monotonous. We have been taught to address "Our Father," and to believe that Christian prayer, when offered in the all-prevailing name of the Lord Jesus, reaches the ear, nay, the heart, of a personal God. Contrasted with this beautiful doctrine of Christian worship, how impersonal seems a mere formative principle at creation's base! What a grievous downfall is there between a mere invocation of an unknown something, and the apostolic command that "we make our requests known unto God."

But I seem to hear some reader ask, "So you and this good doctor walked side by side for two 'marches' a day (Sundays excepted), till you went to Leh and back? You sat *tête-à-tête* at every meal and slept side by side in the same Cabul tent? Did you not get heartily tired of this select committee of two, long before the trip was ended? It must have been as severe a strain as a honeymoon —that trying experience when bride and bridegroom talk themselves out, and, little as they may like to confess it, find relief in getting fresh ideas from outsiders. In the absence of all Europeans, with no newspapers and very few books and no daily post, you two must have picked one another's brains as clean as a merrythought, and long before Leh was

reached there can have remained not so much as a solitary cerebral convolution unexplored." Fortunately the doctor was an all-round good man. Fortunately my comrade's resourceful mind resembled a fountain of living freshness, a perennial spring which, like Tennyson's brook, "ran on forever." In fact, I never got to the bottom of that well-stored cranium. To this very day certain titanic features in weird gigantic Thibet are in my mind inseparably connected with the high and lofty themes by which we beguiled our pilgrimage. Darwinism, evolution, faith-healing, missionary policy, medical science, physical geography, geology, frontier problems—these are but a few of our aspiring flights. Greatly to our own satisfaction we settled the affairs of the universe at large. We felt just like

> "John P. Robinson, he
> Thought the world would go right
> If he only said 'Gee!'"

But when all other topics failed, there was one subject ever fresh and never exhausted. This, like some strain of martial music, would kindle the joy of battle in our doctor's eye. It would send the blood tingling through his veins and give a spur to his flagging footsteps. My companion was a man whose entire personality was dominated by one overmastering day-dream. Do not mistake my meaning.

He was and is anything but a visionary, one of those poor creatures whose heads are ever up in the clouds, while their feet stumble hopelessly on the path of duty. Read through his annual report; study those tabulated statistics of so many major and so many minor operations, so many deaths, so many cures, and you will admit that he has a genius for patient, plodding, painstaking routine. Again, if you want to see a man who, when emergency demands it, can rise to the occasion, read the record of the fearful earthquake; learn with what statesmanlike grasp of the situation he organised a very "Red Cross Society," and went out amid desolated villages, unearthing the wounded, burying the dead, rescuing the orphan and the widow. And then he rigged up houseboats on the river to serve as floating hospitals, and in those extemporised wards he tended the sick wholesale—all this on his own responsibility. But in spite of his business-like common sense, this accurate and scientific practitioner is a poet and a seer. Look at his coal-black beard, consider the far-away look in his eyes, remember that his feet have clambered over many a mountain top, and, like Moses on Pisgah's summit, he has seen with his eyes the promised land afar off. Is all this mere dream-stuff, a fond thing vainly imagined, a mere sentiment of no value to men of action? Let me unfold the doctor's aspiration. Central Asia is

well-nigh the only unevangelised and unexplored area in the world. Even the recesses of "Darkest Africa" are yielding up their secrets to the traveller, to the soldier, and to the evangelist. But Central Asia is still a great unsolved enigma. So this precise and accurate practitioner of medicine has cast his eyes beyond those fast-closed doors, and he has caught from afar the hope and the foretaste of Central Asia evangelised. One of the qualifications of a true prophet is the patience to wait, and our doctor has waited for many years. Be of good courage, my friend, you have your hand on the key that must in the end unlock those jealously guarded portals; it is the key of faith; it is the key of prayer, and then the banner of the holy warfare shall be unfurled and the army of the Lord shall advance to her bloodless conquests, and "Forward!" shall be our watchword, till not one foot of land remains which shall not be annexed to the world-wide kingdom of Christ. And mark you well this fact, when Central Asia is once evangelised, then may the hosts of evil cry aloud like Julian the Apostate, "The Nazarene hath conquered." The Cross will dominate our planet from pole to pole, and Christ shall be King from the rising of the sun even to the going down of the same. You see this medical missionary plodding diligently at his daily tasks, and you might well imagine his every ambition

to be bounded by the mission premises at Srinagar; but our friend is only putting into practice the sage advice of a certain philosopher, "Peg away, keep busy and cheerful, but, above all, keep wide awake." Stowed away in some secret corner of his bungalow are presents worth forty pounds, which he has collected and paid for out of his meagre salary. These carefully selected gifts are meant to propitiate the wild chieftians across the frontier. Every preparation has therefore been made for the opportune moment. And all this Alpine scaling of peaks and glaciers, as well as these explorations of the unknown, are but reconnaissances in force, meant to prepare the way for the real forward movement. For which cause, my companion and myself never grew weary of discussing the re-conquest of Central Asia. Note well, not the conquest, but the *re*-conquest of this dark land. In the early centuries of our era those vast regions were evangelised by Nestorian missionaries; but, strange to relate, scarce a remnant of that primitive evangelisation remains. A solitary tablet with an ancient Christian inscription has been found in China, but over and above that interesting relic of the past, every trace of the Gospel has vanished into thin air.

Johnson's "Cyclopædia" has the following under the heading of "Prester (*i.e.* Presbyter) John":—

"A character who figured largely in the romances

of the Middle Ages. . . . According to general belief, there was somewhere in the interior of Asia a kingdom which had been converted from Islam to Christianity, governed by a priest-king named John, who was exceedingly anxious to open friendly intercourse with the Church of Rome. . . . The origin of the legend appears to date from the Nestorian missions, which, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, penetrated to Karakorum in Turkestan and converted the Khan of that district, who was overthrown and killed by Genghis Khan in 1202."

Again, we read under the heading "Nestorians":—

"In the sixth century the Nestorians spread their missions to India and Arabia, and in the eighth century into China. At the beginning of the eleventh century there were Nestorians in Tartary. At the close of the eighth century a learned monk, by name Subchal Jesu, evangelised Western Tartary and the regions east of the Caspian. Proceeding further, he penetrated to China, founding many churches."

Again, Mosheim remarks:—

"There are various arguments collected from learned men to show that the Christian faith was carried by the first teachers of Christianity."

Again, we read, in a valuable work entitled "The Middle Kingdom":—

"The monks, who brought silkworms' eggs to

Constantinople in the year 552 A.D., had resided long in China, where it is reasonable to suppose that they were not the first nor the only ones who went thither to preach the Gospel."

For obvious reasons, we may infer that these Chinese missionaries, going to their field of labour at such an early period, must have travelled overland (*i.e.* viâ Central Asia). And they could hardly have lived and laboured in the Far East had there not been a connected chain of missions keeping up their line of communication with the great Nestorian base at Edessa. In corroboration of this theory, we learn from history that the Nestorian patriarch created a metropolitan bishopric at Samarkand. And it need scarcely be pointed out that a metropolitan See implies the existence of suffragans, with their clergy and faithful laity. In support of all this, I quote a correspondent of the *Church Times*, January 11, 1901, who writes as follows:—

"That there must have been a great body of Christians inhabiting Tartary and China is a fact so certain as to be beyond controversy. . . . Christianity gained considerable ground until the days of Timour (A.D. 1370). From that time nothing remained of the Nestorian Churches of Middle Asia but the name and the knowledge that once they had been."

Why, wherefore, and by what means, was the candlestick removed from half a continent? How far may the resemblances (they are many and striking) between Buddhism and Christianity be traced to the influence of these ancient Nestorians? How can the candle of the Lord be re-kindled? We asked these questions; but as far as any answer is concerned, the mocking echoes refused to give up the secrets of a buried Christianity. Nay, from riven rock and fissured canyon, Echo answered, "How? Why? Wherefore?" But there is at least one point that can very easily be settled, and it is this: "How did the Doctor come to have such a yearning over those 'Regions Beyond'?"

When a mere youth, it was his privilege to attend the ministry of one who was at the time but a mere vicar of an English rural parish; but that simple country clergyman afterwards became a bishop, an explorer, and a martyr. At the risk of his life Bishop Hannington went forth to open closed doors in Darkest Africa, and he was martyred in the attempt. What wonder, then, that the mantle of Elijah should rest on Elisha? What wonder, then, that Arthur Neve should desire to do for Central Asia what his own "father in God" did for Equatorial Africa? Not that either one or the other courted death or rashly aspired to the martyr's crown, but that both alike were ready to volunteer

on a forlorn hope, no matter what the issue might be.

Privileged to be the fellow-traveller of such a comrade, I gratefully put on record the memory of four happy Sundays. If ever you want to realise that the Sabbath was made for man, all you have to do is to "march" two "marches" a day for six working days over the trade route from Srinagar to Leh. The scenery may be enchanting, the air may be bracing, the entire outing may be one continuous and delightful picnic; but when Sunday comes you will be more than thankful to have what we Anglo-Indians call a "Europe morning," *i.e.* a morning on which there is no reason why you should get up at sunrise.

Our coolies and our native servants and the Sikh hospital assistant would enjoy what they call a *burra aram* (a big rest), which, it need scarcely be said, is the Oriental's highest idea of earthly bliss. Then the stated services of the Church, with Holy Communion, would be said in the tent door. Only the bare Christ-appointed *quorum* (two gathered together) was present, but that was enough. And somehow or other we felt that our mere "duet" really helped to swell that wave of many voices which is ever rolling round the whole round world in recitation of the Offices of the Book of Common (*i.e.* of united) Prayer. Therefore, even

in that remote camping-ground, we were members of the great congregation. Divine service being over, we did not talk much; but each went his several way, and, sheltered by the shadow of some great rock in a weary land, or embowered amid the greenery of an irrigated oasis, seated under an apricot, a willow, or a poplar, each would get alone with Nature and with Nature's God. "Master, it is good for us to be here." Let us build the Church of St. John-in-the-Wilderness, and there dwell always as holy eremites! But no; all too quickly the small hours of Monday morning would bring the call, *Hasri taiyar hai* (breakfast is ready). Scalding cocoa would be gulped down. Leathery cakes, made of flour and water, would be chewed to the accompaniment of butter, eggs, and milk. Juicy cold mutton would be munched. And then, if I may venture to parody the ringing Canadian snow-shoe chorus:—

> "Tramp, tramp on *chapplis*, tramping,
> All the day we marching go,
> Till at night, by fires encamping,
> We find couches [near] the snow."

(*N.B.*—*Chapplis* are very comfortable native sandals, in which it is a pleasure to walk.)

Late each afternoon we would reach the camping-ground, the tents would be pitched, the coolies would throw down their loads, and Eli Baksh, our Muhammadan cook, would light a fire and leisurely

prepare a picnic dinner. But although we had been marching (and such marching) from before sunrise, there could be no rest and no food for the doctor until he had done his self-appointed task. A camp-table is set near the tent door. Alongside that table one of our boxes acts as an extemporised chair. Juan Singh, the medical assistant, opens those wicker-work cases, which do duty as a field hospital, and spreads medicines and instruments on the table. But who and what are these wrecks of humanity clad in filthy rags and cowering in a group? Their tottering legs are merest spindleshanks, their arms are skinny; their yellow faces are coated with a grimy deposit of smoke; their foreheads are furrowed, and crow's-feet are round their eyes; joints are twisted and bones are gnarled like the branches of an oak; festering sores tell an unmistakable tale of blood that has been poisoned by hereditary taint or else by vicious habits. This word-painting may seem rather far-fetched, but it is not so. In my daily round of duty as a parochial clergyman in England I had become accustomed to the severe cleanliness, the chastened comfort, nay, the sweet amenities of sick-rooms in the Home Land, and so I never quite got over the repulsive squalor of Asiatic invalids. As long as he is in health the Oriental is invariably picturesque and, as a rule,

pleasant to behold; but once let that white-robed and unctuously anointed individual fall sick, and then the etiquette of the situation demands that he should appeal for pity by the ghastly, unkempt, filthy, and loathsome appearance which he thinks it his duty to assume. Before I went out to India I never could see why the patriarch Job went and sat on a dunghill, because he was grievously stricken with sickness; but I think I understand it now. If you desire to know beforehand what an Oriental will do under any given circumstances—well, you may make a shrewd guess that he will do the very opposite to what an Occidental would do if placed in a similar position.

Oh, how different are East and West in this one particular of sickness! Have we not seen it with our own eyes—the coverlet, the sheets, the dainty nightdress, and all the appointments of the room kept clean and fresh by the tender care of loving friends? Nay, have we not at times wondered as we realised the charm of that quiet resting-place—a Christian chamber of sickness in the Home Land? Is it not, by God's grace, the most attractive spot in the house, because "peace, perfect peace," and holy resignation are the light thereof? Alas! what a contrast to the squalid sufferers in heathen and Muhammadan countries.

If you and I have a pain or an ache in our little

finger, we run to the telephone, and in answer to our summons that tried and trusted friend, the family doctor, is very soon ringing at the door. His cheery voice heartens us up; his personality sheds light in the darkened chamber; his hand, as strong as a man's and as gentle as a woman's, puts crooked things straight; the resources of modern science are placed at our disposal. But these poor creatures have walked ten or twenty miles, just to catch a passing doctor on the march. His much-talked-of visit is the event of a lifetime. For want of the merest rudiments of the healing art, the dance of death goes grimly on: innocent babes are perishing by the hundred; precious lives are ebbing away; disease is fostered; deterioration, moral and physical, is spread throughout the community. Without for one moment infringing on the unapproachable prerogatives of the Divine Healer, I must confess that as often as the well-known hymn is sung in church, its dear familiar strain recalls memories of the Himalayas, with the result that I see it all vividly before my eyes—the healer, the sufferer, the magic light of sunset. If the work of an earthly physician be so Christlike, what shall we say of the Great and Good Physician?

"At even, ere the sun did set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
O with what divers pains they met,
O with what joy they went away."

And watching the care bestowed on the bodies of these sufferers, one realised that the Christ-Life is manifested in tone and look and gentle ministry and skilful movements of skilful hands; and one felt what a witness for Him must these practical details of medical work prove.

Being fully qualified to preach in Persian, Hindustani, and Kashmiri, our medical practitioner was a fair linguist in his way; but the most exacting could never expect him to talk Thibetan, lest, perchance, when trying to be "Jack of all trades," he should end by being master of none. I once knew a missionary who was consumed with linguistic ambitions. The zeal of that good man was beyond all praise, but then, unfortunately, he only "preached unintelligibly in ten languages." For lack, therefore, of the spoken word, Arthur Neve would distribute tracts and Gospels and leaflets—all written in that strange, outlandish Thibetan, wherein every word is a syllable and every syllable is a word.

During the space of ten days we halted in the town of Leh. The doctor's visit was a thing to be remembered. For spectacular effect there are few operating tables more theatrical than the one he erected out of doors, under the blue sky of that cloudless region. Instead of a circle of medical students, we had the governor of the province attended by his chief counsellors, all attired in

robes of office. Behind these august personages chairs were reserved for the most prominent merchants in that important centre of trade. The populace occupied places in the rear, while troops of small boys might have been seen perched on the roofs of neighbouring buildings. And the excitement became almost unbearable at "the psychological moment" when an anæsthetic was administered. "Who would not haste, nay, give, to see the show?"

Taking a bird's-eye view of that summer outing, I must confess it might have been otherwise. Our doctor might have betaken himself to one or other of India's many and beautiful health resorts. Luxuriating amid the delights of those Olympian heights, Dr. Arthur Neve might have had a round of tennis, *gymnkhanas*, society functions, picnics, dinners, garden parties, lectures, concerts, and other perfectly innocent recreations. No one would have blamed the man had he thus spent his well-earned "leave." In that case, however, he would have been a pleasure-seeker; while now, having mixed up a dash of philanthropy with his holiday, he has proved a pleasure-finder. If the doctor's very playtime is so given over to good deeds, what must be the busy employment of his eleven working months?

The very limited space at my disposal forbids a

lengthy description of those activities at headquarters which make our doctor a busy man. I venture, therefore, to tabulate his round of duty in the hope that a bird's-eye view of his daily avocations may, perhaps, convey a better idea of his life than any detailed account could do.

1. The professional functions of physician, surgeon, and manager of a large mission hospital. These entail broad-minded general supervision of the work as a whole, as well as minute attention to details in a land where nothing can be entirely left to native subordinates.

2. Raising funds for the upkeep of his work. His own salary is paid by the C.M.S.; but he begs for hospital maintenance, supplementing donations by fees earned in private practice and devoted to the same object.

3. Not only has he to carry on work at headquarters, but he is also obliged to keep an eye on the surrounding districts, supplying their calls for medical aid as best he may.

4. Evangelistic addresses in the vernacular. There is regular preaching to all comers—to in-patients and out-patients alike.

5. Diligent and unceasing study of three Oriental languages under special *munshis* or native teachers. It must never be forgotten that the foreign missionary can never cease being a linguistic student.

6. Literary work, such as scientific articles to medical and other high-class journals, also mission reports: he has also brought out an excellent guide-book for the use of visitors to Kashmir.

7. Lay help as a licensed subdeacon in church.

8. Influence for good, personally exerted on European tourists and resident European officials. No words can express the value of this unobtrusive but very real service.

Since the year in which I visited Kashmir, our doctor has been joined by a faithful fellow-labourer in the person of his brother, who is also a fully qualified physician and surgeon, and who, after taking a brilliant degree at Edinburgh, gave up the brightest professional prospects in Scotland for the sake of service to God and His Church. Thus Arthur Neve's joys are doubled, his burdens halved, and his honours shared.

In conclusion, a word must be said about the doctor's very delicate relations with the Maharajah or native ruler of Kashmir and his Highness's numerous officials. Be it explained, Kashmir is a semi-independent state, and its Maharajah, although allowed a free hand in most matters, is a tributary under the Indian Empire. Now it can be easily imagined that the very fact of his falling short of full sovereign rights makes this prince the more sensitive, exacting, and tenacious wherever and

whenever those restricted prerogatives, which he still retains, come in question. For instance, one of these shreds of independence, which used to be jealously clung to, was that Europeans had no right to reside in Kashmir, and that they were only permitted to visit the Happy Valley in the character of guests and personal friends enjoying the Maharajah's hospitality. By reason of his status as a mere guest, the European was forbidden from acquiring real estate; and to such a length was this prohibition carried, that relatives of a deceased visitor could not purchase a burial-place, the Maharajah making a free gift of grave, coffin, and tombstone in accordance with the behests of Oriental hospitality. And in order to keep up this guest-fiction, missionaries were forced to leave Kashmir every winter, *i.e.* they only sojourned in the place as summer visitors. Again, missionaries were prevented from building home, school, hospital, or church. All necessary buildings were furnished at the public expense, and were then occupied on sufferance as guest houses. No rent was expected, lest it should give the occupants any claim in the direction of fixity of tenure. Thus Holy Church, being treated as a passing stranger, only lived "camp fashion," like a pilgrim preacher. Many of these tiresome restrictions have been abolished long ago, and others (but not all, by any manner of means) have become a dead-letter. It

can easily be seen that the greatest tact had to be exercised. All things considered, there has been wonderfully little friction, and the outcome of our doctor's circumspect walking has been that the mission has come to stay, and, better than that, it has come to be a power for good in the land. The fact of the matter is, Arthur Neve has proved so useful that the people of the land simply cannot do without him. Like our old friend, the factotum in Thackeray's novel, he has made himself indispensable because, like that same factotum, he is never *in* the way and never *out* of the way—never *in* the way of easily wounded susceptibilities, and never *out* of the way when the call for helpful service arises.

Thus year by year continually "the daily stage of duty" is run: drugs are dispensed; teeth are drawn; pulses are felt; operations are performed; disinfectants are sprinkled; but, above all, the great prophylactic of soap and water is unsparingly ordered for dirty bodies and still dirtier homes.

Such is the *Doctor Sahib* as he appears unto men; but the real inner man lives by faith in a world of his own—a world very real, although a world invisible.

"My heart's in the Highlands,
My heart is not here,"

says the old Scotch song. And certainly the real Arthur Neve has his dwelling-place far away on the

other side of those dizzy passes—even in the wonderland of the "Regions Beyond." Following the advice of Emerson, he has "hitched his waggon to a star." It is a very high hobby-horse that our doctor rides—even Pegasus,[1] steed of winged imagination—as forth he goes over the crests of mighty ranges and far across elevated plateaux. Under the spell of that golden haze which broods perpetually over Hopeland and its enchanted prospect, each mountain and plain stands partly concealed and partly glowing with mystic radiance. Call it not the glamour of Utopia, for such was the view that of old time Moses saw from Pisgah's top, and our doctor sees it every day from his hospital verandah. No longer a mere medical practitioner, he is (in spirit if not in body) a consecrated crusader, intent on winning back the lapsed realms of Prester John, and thus re-annexing those strongholds of Islam

[1] In case it may be considered an anachronism to mount a mediæval crusader on the back of Pegasus, who was a mythical horse of classical antiquity, allow me to remind my readers that a winged Pegasus formed the crest of the Knights Templars. Pegasus may be seen emblazoned on the stained-glass windows of the Temple Church, London. Vowed originally to poverty, these crusaders had but one horse for both the knight and his squire to ride. When the Order grew rich and famous, these two riders, mounted on one horse, were represented by the two wings of Pegasus. I venture to call Pegasus "a steed of winged imagination." In so doing, I borrow the idea from Thackeray. That author was very fond of speaking of Pegasus in this connection. Although he never uses the exact words that I have employed, still his references to Pegasus are numerous, and always on the above-mentioned lines.

and that Buddhist theocracy to Immanuel's land. But while his entire personality is dominated by this ambition (Central Asia for Christ), he is nothing if not a member of the Royal College of Surgeons. So he walks the wards of an obscure mission hospital, deeming no petty detail of professional routine beneath his notice. Truly the "Royal Road of the Cross," even that pathway which alone leads up to the fruition of every noble aspiration, has this legend inscribed on its every milestone, "If any man desire to realise his ideals, let him idealise his reals." And that is exactly what Arthur Neve does. Pills, plasters, prescriptions are never looked upon as tiresome incidents of daily drudgery. Transfigured by the alchemy of Hope, and viewed through the perspective glass of Faith, these things become stepping-stones on which he rises nearer and yet nearer to the object of his heart's desire.

It is more than probable that this plodding and practical idealist will never in his own proper person behold the "City of God" established on the other side of the Karakoram. But what of that? If Arthur Neve never sees it, some one else will. And that "somebody else" shall owe his success to the "grit" and pluck of those who held the fort and had long patience, doing "sentry-go" at the strategic base.

Dreading any extension of the bounds of Indian Empire, and shrinking from enlarged political re-

sponsibility, Lord Lawrence, that great Proconsul who, alike in peace and in war, guided and guarded the destinies of British rule in India, formulated a celebrated frontier policy. And in order briefly to describe that policy, he coined the phrase, "Masterly Inactivity." The statesmanship of India's borderland was for years rigidly moulded by that terse but expressive Laurentian maxim, signifying as it did that there should be no annexation of the "Regions Beyond."

With a far-reaching onlook, with a penetrating insight, and with a firm grasp of future possibilities, the Church Missionary Society is also pledged to a definite frontier policy. That Society has stretched a golden chain along the mountain barrier of India's "Everlasting Hills." One end of that chain is pegged down at Kotghur, near Simla. And from that point a line of continuous missions extends in one great curve till it ends at Karachi, on the Arabian Sea. But in planting these stations the Society has utterly reversed Lord Lawrence's dictum. Each link in that chain is a strategic base, and every missionary is pledged not to masterly inactivity, but to aggressive Christian enterprise. And if our forces are as yet unable to advance, they can, and they must, make preparation for a forward movement, spending the waiting time in doing deeds of mercy, in prayer, in Bible transla-

tion, and in preaching. Thus we anticipate the hour when the camping-grounds and outposts of to-day shall be far to our rearward in the good time coming.

But, it may perhaps be asked, why and wherefore this eager longing for the conversion of Central Asia? Is it only the feverish lust of churchly imperialism? Is it a mere Anglican ambition, fired by the dream, *Alterius orbis papa?* No—a thousand times no! Devout souls are in duty bound to "love their Lord's appearing." But if any man really desires the Second Advent, that man ought surely to prove the sincerity of his love by doing his best to "hasten the coming of the day of God" (see margin of 2 Peter iii. 12). Now our Blessed Lord distinctly states that this Gospel must be preached in all the world as a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end be. Therefore, by extending the Church's witness to Central Asia, we prepare for the final triumph of Ὁ Ἐρχομενος.

That is the chief reason; but there is also a subordinate reason, which may indeed be of minor importance, but is nevertheless not without a certain value of its own. Take the map of Asia and run your eye over its upper portion. With the exception of the Thibetans, the Coreans, and the Chinese, who are somewhat low in the scale of humanity, the Northmen of that great interior have a notable

history. Nomads and highlanders, trained by the Spartan conditions of their environment to endure hardness, they are born to conquer. Not only have these ironside warriors repeatedly burst through mountain passes and set up thrones in Hindustan, they also caused the downfall of the Roman Empire; and this they did in the persons of our own Gothic and so-called barbarian ancestors. We Anglo-Saxons boast ourselves to be the world's ruling race, but we came originally from Central Asia. Again, the Huns, the Turkomans, the Tartars, who were the scourges and the vanquishers of south-eastern Europe in the Middle Ages, all hail from this "land of lofty origins." It is the cradle of our own Indo-Germanic or Aryan race, but it is also the home of other noble races. As noted already, Christianity was once planted in this ancient, this interesting region. We desire to *re*-establish her there. We desire to reclaim every inch of lost ground, so that Asia—which, remember, is our Lord's own native continent—may be entirely, and without reserve, given unto Him for a possession. The Moslem, the Buddhist, the idolatrous Kaffir, are one and all usurpers. We desire to supplant their religious systems by a purer faith. Only let those mountaineers be enrolled as soldiers of the Cross, only let those pastoral nomads be brought to the great and good Shepherd, only let those free-

dom-loving tribesmen be enfranchised with Gospel liberty, and then shall be set up a dominion such as was never dreamed of in their widest schemes of conquest by ancient Aryan, Indo-Scythian, imperial Mughal, unconquered Afghan, or by the uncouth dwellers in Kafiristan. If Asia is to be won for Christ, she must be won by her own sons; and in Central Asia, evangelised, there is just the recruiting-ground we require for enlisting Christian soldiers and enrolling them under the banner of a militant Church.

Postscript

Speaking of our missionary position along the whole length of India's great frontier-line, the Rev. Robert Clark, M.A., says:—

"When we begin to consider it, we are at once struck with the conviction that, as far as we know, it is unique; we believe that it has been ordered by God Himself, and that it has been so arranged for a great end. Our frontier-line of missions is like one of our great Punjab canals, which is made to irrigate and fertilise the waste and barren lands which lie on both sides of its course; also, we remember that, with very few exceptions, there are absolutely no Christian missions beyond us. We may travel eastward, northward, and westward—to the confines of China, to almost the Arctic regions

or to Palestine and Constantinople—without meeting (with the exception of the Moravian Missions in Lahoual, and a few scattered missionaries in Persia and Armenia), as far as we know, with any living Christianity at all. It is from our Punjab frontier-line, and with it as our base of operations, that Christianity must advance onwards to countries where it is yet unknown. It would seem as if a work like this were almost too great for any one missionary society. Yet the Church Missionary Society has been led in faith to undertake it. It is its work now to reflect what kind of organisation these frontier missions require. They should, it would seem, be like our well-organised frontier regiments, which are always ready to take the field, and to advance onward, at a moment's notice, whenever the summons is given. Perhaps our native brethren may take the lead in the onward course of these missions, as they have already done in Cabul and Kafiristan. In any case, it would seem that these missions should be maintained in strength all along the line, with men, Scriptures, and books in every language always available and ready to be sent onward. Our attitude should be one of quiet, thoughtful expectation and preparation. The motto, *Semper paratus*, which was that of one of our greatest chiefs, and which is practically the motto of every frontier regiment, should be ours also.

"The spirit of Christian enterprise, which has been so conspicuously manifested in Central Africa by England and by other countries also, appears to be conspicuously absent, and hardly as yet to be either desired or encouraged in Central Asia by either England or India. And yet the Church Missionary Society, in a document published as long ago as 1863, wrote: 'We look for an expansion of evangelising influences in the direction of Central Asia. If restrictive enactments cannot hinder commercial intercourse, much more is the jealousy of rulers unavailing to prevent the spread of Christianity. The Gospel has a pathway of its own, more secret and more removed from the reach of jealous interference than the dizzy pathway across mountain barriers, of which police officials know nothing. It moves from heart to heart. Let our frontier missions, then, in the Derajat, at Peshawur, Kangra, Kotgurh, in Kashmir, be well sustained. These are our watch-towers, our posts of observation.' We remember that we have doors leading from many stations in the Punjab into Central Asia, as well as doors leading into Central Africa from Mombasa and Zanzibar. God's providences may call us to advance onwards through the Indian doors at any moment.

"We observe that the Church Missionary Society can offer to their missionaries such splendid posi-

tions—not of money, but of influence and power for Christ and His banner—that it ought always to be able to command and secure the services of the most able and intellectual, as well as the most devoted, men and women that England possesses. The best gifts Christ ever gives to His Church on earth are men (Eph. iv. 11). May He send forth labourers!

"When Lord Lawrence received an application for a few hints as to his system which enabled him to stem the Mutiny, and do such great things in the Punjab, he sent back word, 'It is not our system, *it is our men.*' All true missionary work ever centres round *men* of individual energy and subduing force of personal character."

MOTI

OR, HOW A SNOW LEOPARD BECAME A LONDON LION

I WAS "home" on furlough from the Punjab, and as all roads lead to London, I naturally drifted up to town. Then I paid an early visit to the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, for I was anxious to make a pastoral call on one of my Himalayan parishioners. Wending my way to the abode of the carnivora, I had no difficulty in finding the den of my old friend Moti. (*N.B.*—Moti means "a pearl" in Hindustani.) And well might he bear this name, for being a snow leopard, he was "pearl" by name and "pearl" by the colour of his coat. Belonging to an exceedingly rare species, and being the only member of his kind that had ever been taken alive, my parishioner had no sooner crossed the *kala pani* (ocean) than he burst into a blaze of notoriety; his portrait appeared in the illustrated papers, while his performances became a veritable nine days' wonder.

It was the hour at which this latest London lion held his daily reception. His keeper was inside the

cage, and frolicsome Mr. Moti was going through that repertoire of tricks which I had so often seen him perform in the distant valley of Kulu among the mighty Himalayas. A group of cockneys were bandying chaff, while the ubiquitous country cousin, standing open-mouthed to see the fun, was very much in evidence. Struck by Moti's white dress, a small boy shrilly pipes, "Imalayan hatmosphere is good for the com-plex-ion."

"No it hain't neither! Don't yer see, this hinteresting hanimal 'as used Pears' Soap in 'is hancestral habode, and since then 'ee 'asn't used no hother."

At this point the Superior Person—an elderly gentleman with blue goggles—put in his oar.

"My dear young friends, you are looking at no common leopard. Nature has given him an immaculate coat like that of the white polar bear, and for similar reasons. You will notice that a lump of ice has been placed on the floor of his cage. That ice is meant to recall the crashing avalanches, the mighty glaciers, and the eternal snows of a snow leopard's lofty habitation. Should you have a spice of imagination in your mental outfit it ought to carry you away from this murky atmosphere, till in fancy you inhale the crisp breezes of those peaks which kiss the stars. Swarms of yellow leopards infest the foothills, but Moti is a denizen of the upper world."

Meanwhile, with the derisive cry, "O cricky," the the Superior Person's audience had wriggled under the legs of the crowd and were far away in front, leaving the Superior Person to address his allocution *urbi et orbi*, after the manner of his kind.

"Lawks a daisy me," said an old woman with a bulgy umbrella, "them boys hain't nothink but 'ooligans. I'll Pears' Soap them, I will, when I gets hold of 'em. Drat their imperence!"

"Oh, how beautiful," gently purred a dear, little old maid who seemed to have been dropped down straight from Keswick Conference; "it is only low-lying jungles that are infested by *spotted* leopards. Isn't that true in the spiritual world; but should we aspire to dwell on top of the everlasting hills, we also must wash our robes and make them whiter than snow."

Then a voice, which was surely familiar, at least to me, interposed:—

"That's a blooming snow leopard, is it? Well, 'ee hain't much like them *lucca buccas* wat used to go a *chelowing* (prowling) and a *chelowing* all over the *jugger* (place) at Dharmsala."

None but the British soldier fresh from India could have perpetrated such a polyglot jargon—half English and half Hindustani. And looking round I saw two red-coated warriors escorting 'Arriet and Mary Jane, these latter arrayed in all

the bravery of their "afternoon out." Soldier No. 2 replied—

"Sure and it's yourself, William dear, that has graduated with honours in the Oriental Languages Tripos; but you're forgitting intoirely that the young ladies don't *sumjao the bat*" (spake the lingo). "He manes to say that leopards—all rigged out in yaller and black loike a bumble bee—were as thick as pay soup at Dharmsala. And isn't it the dogs that Mr. Spots would make mince-mate of *burra jilde*" (in a jiffy)? "So ye had to kape a sharp lookout. Bad luck to those same dirty, dog-ating bastes. Wat did they do but carry off me foine fox tarrier, Vixen, new brass collar and all? And its mesilf had just bought that same collar at Nowraji's, the Parsi shop in M'Leod Gunge. Them *lucca buccas* is as praypos-terous as a haythin Chinee who goes to a restyrant, rades the *may-noo*, and then says he to the waither, 'By your lave, me good man, I'll just throuble ye to bring me a plate of bow-wow.'"

"Get along, you 'orrid thing," giggled 'Arriet, while Mary Jane turned up her nose in simulated disgust.

"Our gallant friend," interposed the Superior Person, "is quite correct in stating that the spotted leopard delights in a canine diet; but no aspersion is thereby thrown upon this beautiful denizen of the dizzy heights."

Having now gone through his stock of tricks, our snow leopard began a wrestling match with his keeper. It was a real case of rough and tumble: the combatants made a brave show of being in earnest; they bumped and bumped against the bars and seemed to be contending for dear life. Moti lashed his tail impressively and gnashed his teeth as if ready to devour his adversary. The whole place shook with their violent struggles; but it was all in play. There was not a grain of vice from the end of this big white kitten's tail to the tip of his coal-black nose.

"Let's go, Jim, oi'm flayed to dee—ath," shrieked Liza Ann, a honeymooning bride from Yorkshire.

"Whoi, lass, oi'm 'ere," answered Jim; "it's only a big cat. Oi cud fell 'im wi' moi 'and. If oi wonce got a poise at 'im, 'ee'd run quick."

Then, like a shifting slide in a stereopticon, the scene changes. And lo! before our delighted vision the borderland of Jack Frost's dazzling realm appears. We view the line of perpetual snow, which in those latitudes is fixed at an elevation of eighteen thousand feet. A spur of the "sky scraping" Himalayas stands out in bold relief against a firmament of unsullied blue. That spur is white on top, but a little lower down Arctic conditions give place to grey granite, seared and creased by the wear and tear of conflicting elements. Amid those solitudes Nature

has formed a cave, and this she has done by the ingenious device of tumbling a huge mass from the top of a still higher eminence. Then she has arrested its downward career by catching the rock aforesaid and wedging its jagged ends into the mouth of a deep fissure in the solid mountain side. Dame Nature is nothing if not a consummate artist; so she has decorated her grotto with icicles; over the cold grey walls she has hung a tapestry of olive-green lichens; she has arranged bunches of ferns in cracks and crannies; she has planted a front garden at the mouth of the cave, and this she has smartened up with gayest Alpine flora; finally she has concealed her handiwork with a clump of scraggy brushwood, which does its best (poor thing) to thrive in the teeth of cutting winds and Dantean alternations of heat and cold. Verily it is a case of the "survival of the fittest" in a very grim "struggle for existence."

It was here that our beautiful Pearl, otherwise known as Moti, spent his innocent babyhood, rolling awkwardly over the rocky floor of his ancestral abode and getting hopelessly mixed with his twin sister, little Pearline, as the two wriggled and squirmed and squeaked after the manner of all healthy infants. Small wonder that Moti *père* and Moti *mère* felt proud as Punch, while they mewed one to the other and said in the classic tongue of the *felidæ*, "Did you

ever see anything so abnormally, phenomenally, transcendentally, and quite supermundanely out of the common in all your life?"

But alas! the course of a golden age never has, never does, and never will run smooth. And so it proved in the case under present consideration.

One day a rough-looking creature clambered up the rocks. Round his head a *puggaree* or turban was wrapped. He wore a thick, coarse tunic, made of handwoven *puttoo* or undyed wool. This rude vestment reached to the knee, and was girded at the waist by means of a brown rope of goat's hair, which rope was swathed round and round very many times. The intruder wore no stockings; but his bare feet were inserted in sandals made of dry grass, plaited and twisted, so that the soles looked as if they had once formed part of a door mat. You could see the muscles standing out like knotted cords in his bare, weatherbeaten, hairy legs. Wiry as an athlete, he seemed to be shod with iron and brass. Although the man's complexion was of a dull, dirtyish, sallow hue, still his features were equal to those of any Caucasian, and his aquiline nose and well-formed face were set off to advantage by a coal-black beard and mustachios. True specimen of a picturesque Himalayan hillman, can it be possible that he may be a descendant of the Greeks whom Alexander the Great led over the northern passes to fight with

King Porus in the Punjab? Can that be the explanation of the symmetry and grace of his every attitude, giving you, in the words of Charles Kingsley, a whole gallery of classic statues as he strikes various attitudes, unconscious of his noble bearing? This man has little in common with the mild Bengali or other flabby, rice-field denizens of the great Indian Peninsula.

At any rate, the discipline of a shepherd's career has made him "hard as nails." He lives out of doors; and although, at such altitudes, it freezes every night, still he sleeps without roof or blanket, with the cold stars for lamps and the frozen earth for his couch. In spite of bare legs, he ploughs through snow-drifts, slides down the glaciers, and wades through icy torrents. Going in front of his flock, he recalls the conventional shepherd of a pictorial Bible. You see the familiar picture before your very eyes. There it is, shepherd's staff, lambs carried in his bosom, wallet filled with frugal fare, and all the rest. To look at his weather-stained aspect, the casual observer might well imagine him to be only worth the poor, odoriferous clothes in which he stands; but he does not climb the heights just for the fun of the thing. Starting in early spring, he leaves the lowlands where he has spent the "cold season." Then he gradually leads his flock higher and higher, ever keeping close to the

retreating snow-line, till at last he reaches the region of perpetual winter. This he does in search of that fresh juicy grass which springs up the moment that the snows retreat. In due time, autumn sees him gradually retracing his steps, till he finally gets down to snug quarters in the underworld. He is probably as rich in pastoral wealth as Father Abraham himself, who heaped up riches in much the same way, although amid much easier conditions. The man is attended by two huge dogs. These formidable brutes are a cross between mastiff, collie, and pariah. And round the necks of these giants are buckled collars made of broad, strong black leather. These collars are armed with iron spikes, fully six inches long and very sharply pointed. The spikes stick out on every side like the spokes of a wheel from which the tire has been taken off, giving the dogs a quaint appearance, just as if they were masquerading in Elizabethan ruffs. Thus, should Mr. Lucca Bucca try his little game of pouncing at his adversary's throat, the said Mr. Lucca Bucca will get as good as he gives.

Now a leopard will generally run away from a man, provided only there is plenty of "sea room"; but a leopard cornered in a tight place is an ugly customer, especially a leopard with cubs. So there was "a hot time in the old cave that day." Moti's father was off on a hunting expedition, but the

dogs made a rush at Moti's mother. She tried to grip them by the throat, but got terribly spiked. The shepherd leaped into the fray. Like young David of old, he was only armed with a stout staff; but David was not afraid to grapple the lion and the bear, if by so doing he might protect his sheep. So screwing up his courage, our shepherd puts in a blow whenever and wherever he gets a chance. And woe betide that cranium which catches the curved end of his pastoral staff. Then nimbly leaping from side to side, and accompanying each jump with a blood-curdling yell—and those hill-folks can yell so as to make your hair stand on end—he managed to distract the beast's attention, and thus the dogs were given no small advantage. And when all was over, he first binds up the wounds of his four-footed allies, for in spite of their spiked collars they were badly mauled, and then gives voice to one of those calls which are simply marvellous in their far-reaching powers. Very soon, from the depths of the abyss, came an answering cry. And by the time the snow leopard has been skinned, our shepherd's son popped his head over the edge of the *khud* (precipice), having clambered up a well-nigh perpendicular wall of granite in obedience to his father's summons. The leopard skin is valuable, because it will first enable its owner to claim the Government reward for killing a wild beast,

and can then be sold for a good round sum to the *Sahib log*. Moti was unhurt, but his baby sister had been crushed to death in the recent hurly-burly. Catching up the little snowball, our shepherd wraps him in the folds of his tunic, for he was in the habit of carrying lambs in his bosom. Then leaving the flock in charge of his son, he goes down, and leaping like an ibex from crag to crag, and balancing himself like an acrobat with his shepherd's crook, he accomplishes the awful descent. At times he swings round the end of gaping fissures; at times he slowly creeps athwart a sheer precipice, carefully placing his feet in rude steps cut out of the solid rock in days of old by some religionist or *faqir*, who desired to heap up merit by making a pathway for wayfaring men. Finally he reaches the verdant bottom of a ravine. Here, on the banks of a roaring torrent, three or four tents have been pitched. Shaggy ponies and tough-looking pack-mules are tethered under an adjacent clump of willow trees, and are contentedly munching their ration of dried grass. Smoke is gently rising from a gipsy fire, and a Muhammadan cook is in the act of dishing a Himalayan pheasant with potatoes and with that wild asparagus which grows in those parts. In front of the largest tent a native boy may be seen squatted on the ground, cleaning his master's rifle. The tent door is open,

and so you catch sight of a camp-table draped in white, garnished with plates and dishes of grey enamelled ware, also with silver forks and spoons. On camp-chairs a European man and a handsome native woman are seated *tête-à-tête*. This married couple are just finishing their soup, which has been made from that rich, juicy mutton for which the Himalayas are famous. Let me introduce you to Sinclair *Sahib* and to the *Mem Sahib*, his wife. Being a *burra shikari* (a mighty hunter of big game), Sinclair *Sahib* is on his yearly shooting tour, and, like a good husband, he takes his wife along with him into the jungle. They have crossed the Rotang Pass, and are having one continuous picnic in remote Lahoul, beyond the Snowy Range. That very day the *Sahib* has had a long tramp on foot, stalking a mountain bear. And there are horns and skins and other trophies of the chase lying around, ready to be carried back in triumph to his romantic home in the Kulu valley.

"*Salaam, Sahib!*" With this salutation, the shepherd takes up a deferential attitude, standing with bent head just at the open door of the tent. Then, having uttered his greeting, he says no more, but silently extends his two hands with Moti upon them. After exhibiting the cub for a minute or so, he bows in low obeisance and places the little white snowball on the ground.

"Oh, *Mem Sahib*, look what Indra has brought you!" said the *Sahib;* and without more ado Moti was adopted into the family, and thus became one of my parishioners.

I may as well mention that the wily Oriental has reduced the giving of presents into what may certainly be called a fine art. Whenever any child of the "gorgeous East" bestows a gift, you may be quite sure that he has made careful calculation beforehand as to how he may "set a sprat to catch a whale." This species of liberality is not altogether unknown even in the Occident; for instance, once upon a time Sweet Sixteen wrote as follows to a plutocratic relative: "Dearest uncle, I am working a Christmas present for you." And this is how that rude man replied: "Dearest niece, I see you are working me for a Christmas present."

Now Moti was of no earthly value to our shepherd. A baby leopard is just a thing to be thrown to the dogs, lest he should grow up and become a devourer of sheep. But Sinclair *Sahib* has a hobby for wild animals; also, the shepherd has extensive dealings in wool with the *Sahib*, the latter being a great trader in the same. Well, it will not cost anything to make this present, but it will certainly put the *Sahib* into a good humour; the donor will get into the trader's good graces and then who can tell what extra bargains

may not be struck when next shearing-time arrives!

After a few words of friendly gossip, the shepherd is courteously dismissed; for no native will conclude an interview until he is formally given leave to depart. Having then received his *congé*, he slouches and shambles away to the outskirts of the camp, and there squatting on the ground, takes a handful of coarse wheaten flour from a goat-skin pouch which he wears suspended from his *cumerbund* (girdle). Then mixing this flour with a little water, he kneads himself a *chuppatie* (unleavened cake), and having, moreover, picked up a few sticks, he first fetches some glowing embers from the camp-fire, and then kindling his sticks, bakes a hastily prepared meal. You see, he is a Hindu, and cannot eat food prepared by a Muhammadan cook. You also notice that he carries his own little brass *lota* for water, lest he should be defiled by drinking out of strange vessels. See him slinking off and eating alone by himself, exactly like a dog in a corner. That is a way they have in the Orient; they sneak away all by themselves, just as if it were a disgrace to be seen eating. And really they shovel the food into their mouths in such a disgustingly dirty way, that I do not wonder at their feeling rather bashful at the whole performance. Food over, they wash their soiled hands, rinse out their mouth, spit out the rinsing,

and, lo! the whole business is done. We who are wont to sit at a well-appointed table and eat three square meals a day would think scorn of such a snack; but not so our shepherd. On the strength of that sodden mass of half-baked dough, he clambers back to where his son has been left in charge. He has climbed and re-climbed the height; he has also fought a good fight—but the day's adventure was nothing to him. Leopards are forever lurking on the outskirts of the flock. Therefore it is a mere matter of business and not of sport for the shepherd to wage unceasing war against these four-footed foes. The Good Shepherd giveth His life for His sheep: the Good Shepherd has to scale the rugged rocks and wade through the snow-drifts, going after that which is lost till He find it.

Would that my poor words could kindle a flame of interest in behalf of those hardy highlanders. It is true, these pastoral nomads are known by a name that is at once uncouth and almost comical: they are called Guddis; but if it be an ill-sounding name, it is the ill-sounding name of a noble race. Far and wide over these Everlasting Hills the Guddis roam. Each family has its own ancestral and jealously marked range, and woe betide him who poaches on his neighbour's sheep-run. The Guddis speak a language which few Europeans have mastered, the only real authority on this outlandish

tongue being the late Mr. O'Brien, C.S., who reduced their jargon to grammar and dictionary, after having expended infinite pains in the work of collecting the requisite materials. This he did by word of mouth, and not by means of books (for there were none), during the many years of his service as Deputy-Commissioner of Kangra.

Connected with my headquarters at Dharmsala, in the aforesaid Kangra district, I had a "church bearer" (a sort of native sexton or rather factotum), who was as fine a type of this people as you would wish to see. He rejoiced in the somewhat frivolous name of Punchi; but in spite of his name, and in spite of his menial occupation, Punchi was a king amongst other natives—one of Nature's born gentlemen. His only fault was that he thought the church could not get along without him, and it was amusing to hear the reminiscences he had of no less than three bishops—to wit, Lord Milman *Sahib*, Lord French *Sahib*, and Lord May-tew *Sahib*. Bishops and chaplains might come and go, but Punchi ran the church for ever. I see before the eye of memory six feet of highlander: a courteous yet self-respecting air differentiates him from the cringing, mean-spirited, grovelling dwellers on the plains. With the exception of the martial Sikhs, I know no race in the entire peninsula which is fit to hold a candle to the Guddis.

But in spite of all this, the Guddis are "tee-totally" neglected by the Church of Christ. Are there no muscular Christians at our universities?—no mighty men of valour on cricket-field and river? Is there no one ready to lay his athletic prowess on the altar of sacrifice?—no one ready to take pilgrim-staff in hand—yes, a literal pilgrim-staff in shape of an alpenstock?—no one ready to pack his humble "kit" on the backs of coolies?—no one willing to lead a free, natural life as a Guddi amongst the Guddis?—no one ready to seek for Christ's sheep that are scattered abroad?—no one content to have no home but a moving tent, and sometimes not even that, but only a shake-down under some big boulder? Such a life would have its hardships, its loneliness, its daily crosses, but it would prove a service happy and joyous. And for one thing, the temple in which such a priest would minister is grander than any of those holy and beautiful houses wherein our pious forefathers worshipped. Its walls are the adamantine granite of the strong mountains; its roof is the bright firmament of an Oriental clime; its mosaic pavement the wondrous beauty of an Alpine flora; its music the sound of many waters; its incense the piney fragrance of resinous *deodars*, or the smoke from a crackling camp-fire. These hills can boast of the best climate in the world, but, above all, the Lord hath much people in these regions.

Nominally, these Guddis profess the Hindu faith; but practically their worship consists in a wild cult, directed towards those awe-inspiring spirits—that we call them not demons—who ride on the storm and rage with the earthquake, breaking in pieces the rocks and rending the foundations of the Everlasting Hills. These men are confronted with Nature in her most titanic operations—what wonder, then, that such are the gods whom they adore. At the summit of every pass there stands a sanctuary: no roof, no walls screen that shrine from the battling elements. It is a mere cairn of rough, unhewn stones. A dozen or more long sticks, sublimely oblivious of the perpendicular, do duty as flag-staffs. Dirty red rags are tied to the ends of these, inasmuch as all religious houses in India must be decorated with banners. A log of weather-stained wood, or else a curiously shaped stone, occupies the seat of the *Devi* (deity). Unearthly is the cry of every passing Guddi, as he yells his weird, nerve-racking liturgy.

I shall never forget an experience I had at one of these high places. It was on top of the Dureini Pass. Weary, footsore, and breathless, I came to anchor with a sigh of relief and paused to rest on the razor-like ridge at the summit. Thinking no harm, I cast myself full length on the rocks, and felt repaid for all my labours as I feasted my eyes on

the widespread view. What more natural at such a time than a frugal lunch of crackers and cheese? But the coolies were stricken with horror. "Don't eat, *Sahib*, the *Devi* will be angry. Know you not that this place is holy ground?" And then they pointed down the precipice. "Look there. Did we not say that the *Devi* would be angry?" And sure enough, a thick impenetrable mist was rolling upward like the pillar of cloud that enveloped Pharaoh and his host, to their utter destruction. In a few moments it had blotted out the sun and spread a pall of grey gloom over the hitherto unclouded sky. Then, in the immortal words of *Mr. Punch*, "we viewed the mist and missed the view." It is easy enough to make fun of it now; but we laughed on the wrong side of our mouths then. In front and on either side yawns what Lord Roseberry, in quite another connection, oratorically calls "the illimitable and the unknown." Wrapt in driving fog, we try, but try in vain, to take our bearings. "Quick march!!" the *Devi* speeds the parting guest. There can be no standing still. Unseen but forceful influences, like some invisible policeman, bids us "Move on." Holding grimly by our eyelids, we slip over the brink. We must take a leap in the dark, although by so doing we gravitate nearer and yet nearer towards nether regions from which the bottom has surely fallen out. But who are these weird hob-

goblins? Why and wherefore are we compassed about by a self-constituted bodyguard? Are bogies and banshees holding holiday on these haunted heights? Or has a swarm of imps hastened from the pit to see the fun of our discomfiture? And oh, horror! Our escort is made up of hideous hunchbacks. An unshapely lump sticks out from every crooked spine. Each pair of shoulders reminds us of Quilp in Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop"—only here is not one, but a dozen ghostly Quilps. "Go it, ye cripples," as they used to say in the good old days when we used to run hurdle races in Ireland. The pranks these gnarled contortions played are positively uncanny to behold. Instead of leaning on their staffs, as every well-bred malformation surely ought to do, they waved their crutches, balanced thereupon after the example of tight-rope dancers, and thus went zigzagging athwart the huge, slippery wall of granite. They cut capers and jumped from crag to crag—always managing, however, to land upon their feet, like a cat with nine lives. Then listen to those cries. Alas! lost souls are giving vent to their feelings, as they clank their red-hot chains and gnaw their tongues for pain! But do not be alarmed. Our camp kit has been packed on coolies' backs. And to quote the flippant language of Mark Twain, "atmospheric fooling" has been playing us a practical joke—or more

seriously, the fog's distorting medium has caused an optical illusion. Sure-footed as the mountain goat, what cares a genuine hillman for loads that bend him well-nigh double?

So down the coolies spin along their reckless way, scarcely needing support from those stout alpen-stocks which all Guddis carry, just for the look of the thing. But how shall we explain those blood-curdling shrieks? Well, it is only our retinue letting off fog-signals, because they do not relish being separated from one another in a tight place. Remember, they have graduated in a tough school, and, from earliest boyhood, dire necessity has "taught the young idea how to *shout*." Ingenuous under-graduates of Harvard and Princeton may make mid-night hideous with their "college yell"—

> "Without design or view,
> Just because they have a notion
> It's the sort of thing to do."

But these men yell because they want to be heard.

There is just enough light to make darkness visible; so the phantom landscape, the piled-up rocks, the boulders, the patches of snow, but especially the sombre boughs of the holly-oak and the ilex, one and all take ghostly form, "if form it can be called, which shape had none." Then, by way of orchestral accompaniment to this wild hurly-burly, we are deafened by roaring water-courses "to right

of us," roaring water-courses "to left of us," which "volleyed and thundered." Small blame to the poor bewildered brain if it reeled, while each overstrung nerve (to quote the immortal simile of a certain Down East Vermonter) "vibrated like a fiddler's elbow." So you had better look out for squalls as often as you presume to nibble cheese and crackers in front of a *Devi's* shrine.

But the Guddis are by no means thus subservient to the unseen powers at all times and in all places. Should the local deity misbehave, should leopards prey upon the flock, should the weather prove unpropitious, or, worse still, should little girl-babies be born instead of boys, then is that refractory and altogether unreasonable idol taken from his very altar and given an old-fashioned spanking; and serve him right, for what is the good of keeping a god if the useless creature fails to perform the simplest duties of every right-minded demon.

But we must return to our leopard.

Moti's new master having settled amid the wonderland of the Himalayas, had built himself a substantial stone house just at the point where the valley of Kulu comes to an abrupt end, underneath the snow-clad Rotang Pass. Looking from the verandah of Sinclair *Sahib's* mountain home, we find ourselves on the outskirts of a veritable black forest, for the mighty *deodar* is almost funereal by

reason of its sombre hue. In strongest contrast with these kingly conifers, stands outspread the emerald green of irrigated rice-fields on the low-lands fringing the river Beas, while far above the timber limit may be seen the glow of sunset trans-figuring the pale snows, and causing them to blush like a coy maiden at the parting salute of Phœbus Apollo.

There are waifs and strays always to be found knocking about the great Indian Peninsula, white men "who have a history." Some of them manage to fall on their feet; others are derelicts, drifting around and apparently past redemption. You come across this flotsam and jetsam in all sorts of out-of-the-way corners. Sinclair *Sahib* was one of these; but having an assured position, he must not be con-founded with those wandering "loafers" who have sunk to a level lower than the very heathen. Only those who have been in the country can appreciate the hopeless degradation exhibited by the proletariat European. This constitutes the running sore and the incurable cancer of our boasted British *Raj*.

Sinclair *Sahib* was none of that sort; but it still remained a mystery how, why, and wherefore such a well-educated fellow ever came to settle in that remote solitude. Suffice it to say that, far removed from kith or kin, he was leading a strange outlandish existence—not vicious, but wildly unconventional. At

one time, as a contractor under the Local Government Board, he would earn a few rupees by making or mending bridges and roads, not, of course, doing any manual labour, but overseeing gangs of Kulu workmen. At another time the *Sahib* would trade in wool, and being a keen sportsman, he went his business rounds gun in hand, or rather he hired a native *shikari* (huntsman) to carry the gun, it being an understood thing that no white man ever does anything which he can hire a brown man to do for him. These highlands abound in ibex, mountain goat, beautiful Himalayan pheasants, quail, and snow pigeons. There is no lack of water-fowl on the banks of the Beas, while, to add the necessary spice of danger, there are red bears and black bears and leopards, ready to maul the rash intruder.

Kulu is a sportsman's paradise, and in that paradise there was an Eve. Close to the *Sahib's* cottage stood a Hindu temple of the peculiar type that is only to be met with in the Himalayas. Constructed of massive, ungainly timbers, which were blackened by the combined agency of time and burnt-offerings of *ghee*, this curiously carved shrine was curtained under the dark shade of a sacred grove. The trunks of its encompassing *deodars*, or trees of God, reminded one of cathedral pillars, and the boughs of these giants murmured Æolian melodies, whispering weird, far-away music, suggestive of the Vedic hymns of

long ago. This venerable sanctuary was served by a Brahman priest; and Sinclair *Sahib* having built himself a house in the neighbourhood, fell in love with the daughter of this holy man. And small blame to him, for are not the Kulu women irresistible in the eyes of Europeans? They have regular aquiline features and an olive complexion and coal-black, sparkling eyes, and figures rendered graceful by the nimble faculty, developed from earliest childhood, of scaling the rocks like the very ibex itself. Moreover, the dress of this mountain maiden became her Oriental style of face and figure. She wore a shepherd's tartan *chuddar*, which was thrown around her shoulders like the plaid of a Scotch lassie; her head was graced with a red tam-o'-shanter, such as all the folks in Kulu (men and women alike) wear; her raven tresses were bound up by a string of large and somewhat coarse turquoises; her uncovered neck, ears, and arms, were bespangled with jewels. These glistening gems were set in real gold, which proved, on close inspection, to be more massive than shapely. Such a profusion of barbaric ornament would have been vulgar if worn by a European, but it always looks becoming in one of her swarthy hue, the bright reds and blues and the massive yellow metal just affording the contrast needed to give a picturesque effect.

And then, of course, there was a convulsive erup-

tion. It is true the *Sahib* belonged to the ruling race; but what of that? in the eyes of the paternal, twice-born Brahman, he was lower than a degraded outcast—lower than the very sweeper or scavenger who devours offal in the shape of cattle that have died a natural death. Then again, the Indian marriage laws only provide for lawful wedlock between co-religionists. Christians can legally mate with Christians, Muhammadans with Muhammadans, and Hindus with Hindus. Any other arrangement would cause dire confusion in a land which is not a nation, one and indivisible, but an *omnium gatherum* of conflicting tribes and sects.

But faint heart never won fair lady—only "fair lady" is not quite the way to describe this untutored child of Nature, brown as a berry, but comely as one of Diana's attendants. Papa Brahman might invoke the wrath of his not very reputable gods; cynical holiday-makers from the plains might chaff (of course, in the intervals of shooting big game); mentors of mature age might darkly hint concerning unequal yokes and mill-stones hanged about stiff necks; but these two had "to gang their ain gait." And I must say that their innocent courtship was refreshingly idyllic. Here, however, I hold up a red danger signal, lest any callow youth should go and follow their romantic example. Beware! have a care; DON'T!!!

In the home of Sinclair love proved an exquisite delight; but it also proved an exquisite torment. These two made a false move, and they only regretted it once, which was always.

Though very much married, this unhappy couple perversely persisted in being head over ears in love with one another even to the bitter end. They were forever exchanging the prettiest nicknames and dwelling in a perpetual golden haze. It was an awful example of how not to do it, and a warning to all beholders. Love is all very well; but this world has been shaped on such strict and straight lines, that you cannot run the race or live a strenuous life, unless the sugaring on your wedding cake gives place to the solid bread and butter of steady-going domestic duty, for it is by the daily partaking of this prosaic food that Pyramus and Thisbe gradually and gracefully develop into Darby and Joan.

In the name of everything that is called evolution, heredity, or breeding, what could you expect? Without previous preparation, the *Mem Sahib* is taken from the jealous seclusion of Oriental womankind and, to use an expressive Americanism, is "dumped down" at the hospitable and ever-open door of an Anglo-Indian bungalow. Here she is in duty bound to play the graceful hostess, mingling freely with her husband's guests and presiding in his home What wonder if the merry clatter of society seemed to her

slightly improper? Small blame if the poor thing kept her beautiful eyes perpetually downcast, acting just as if there was some object of surpassing interest which must be inspected on her plate. And surely it was not her fault, it was but the result of early training, if she gave a self-conscious little titter every time she was spoken to; while, of course, she was far too well behaved ever to hazard an original remark. And then those overpowering British females, radiant in the healthful glow of pink and white complexions, brimful of animation, and quite equal to every social emergency—well, they did their level best (God bless them!) to get up a friendship; but the thing would not work. Again, this canny Scot was sprung from shrewd, hard-headed, logic-grinding, porridge-supping, covenanting forbears. That being the case, how could he, a fairly educated man, find congenial companionship—a helpmeet and not merely a toy—in this well-intentioned, cringing, lovable child (for natives at their best are but children), a pretty little dark-eyed beauty, whose highest flight of intellectual occupation consisted in playing with her jewels or at most in babbling on forever, giving utterance to that small talk dear to native women. When mingling with society, she went on the principle that beautiful matrons should be seen and not heard; but in the seclusion of her own apartments, her tongue wagged on both ends.

Although in many respects Indian women are the abject slaves of their lords and masters, they are still passed adepts at the female science of Home Rule. Thus she was anything but a nonentity, and her influence was not always of the kind that is uplifting. She knew not the meaning of Home, Sweet Home—how could she? And so the *Sahib* never possessed a real home in the true sense of the word.

Nec tecum, nec sine te. Apart, this strange couple were heartbroken; together, they were thorns in one another's flesh. Here is a "crazy patchwork" for any of my readers to delineate, who is clever at character sketching.

Meanwhile, Sinclair *Sahib* was fain to let off superfluous energy by the safety-valve of *shikar*—*i.e.* he became the mighty Nimrod of those hills. Mated to a sensible daughter of his own race, he might have done good work in the great world; but he made a false move in life's pilgrimage. Thus he was hopelessly "sidetracked" and became a "back number." With a quiet smile upon his sunburnt countenance and, strange to relate, with real uxorious love in his fond, inconsistent, very-much-married heart, our friend would heave a grunt (it was just audible to those who knew it was coming) whenever the chaplain of Kangra read the following words from Genesis iii. 12, "The woman that Thou gavest me." Doubtless the cap fitted, and so Sinclair put it on.

Now just at the very time that these young persons were in the midst of it, a missionary and his wife appeared upon the scene. Need it be added, the latter took an immediate interest in our pair of lovers. Exerting that influence which no "mere man" could ever have wielded, she instructed her dusky neighbour and at the same time attracted her towards Christianity, and this she accomplisbed by the silent force of her own fascinating personality. Outwardly this good woman was beautiful in every womanly grace, but she was still more beautiful in inner character. The consequence was that Holy Baptism followed in due course, the rite being administered in the icy waters of the Beas (*N.B.*—We discreetly and warily dip our adult converts in India —see Rubric in Baptismal Office), and shortly afterwards Sinclair *Sahib* received his bride with the benediction of Holy Church.

And then occurred one of those events which have dotted the great Indian Peninsula, from end to end, with European graves. In all sorts of unexpected corners one stumbles across isolated tombstones, sacred to the memory of yet another exile who shall never return nor see again his native land. The tragedy is so frequent as to become commonplace. And so it befell this little Christian community in Kulu. The periodic deluge of the monsoon, or annual rainy season, burst on

the Himalayas. And the missionary party were drenched out of their canvas tents and forced to take refuge in a vacant house, owned by Sinclair *Sahib*, and adjoining his own home. In the lower storey of this building the *Sahib* had stored a large amount of wool which remained over from his spring purchases. Now the monsoon is nothing more or less than a torrential downpour, lasting no less than three months. The whole country becomes water-logged, and the very atmosphere seems to be dripping with moisture. Under such climatic vagaries, small wonder that the *Sahib's* wool began to send forth odours and these odours resulted in the cultivation of erysipelas microbes innumerable and invisible. And these microscopic pests climbed upstairs into the upper storey, where the living rooms of the house were situated. They know no pity and spare not our choicest and our best. And an agonised husband had to watch beside the deathbed of his idolised wife. Here comes the tragedy of living beyond the bounds of civilisation. What was to be done? The civil surgeon of Kangra district would not make his annual tour to Kulu before the cold season. That worthy practitioner was then over a hundred miles away, being in medical charge of the summer visitors at the hill station or summer resort of Dharmsala. He was tied to headquarters by calls

of duty in a station full of ladies and children and invalids. Messengers were sent post haste (which means a snail's pace on hill roads). About a week elapsed before an American medical missionary managed to struggle through the floods from his distant station far down the river. But medical aid arrived too late. And to-day all wayfaring men who pass romantic Manali behold a solitary cross of white marble encircled by *deodars* and backed by the Everlasting Hills.

The nascent mission was broken up, and there is no Christian clergyman resident in Kulu. Was not that rather hard on a young convert? Having been baptized, the *Mem Sahib* is left alone, unshepherded and untaught. The pagan habits of a lifetime and all the pagan superstitions are deeply rooted in her nature. Nor is this all. Owing to peculiarities of rainfall and climate, which need not here be enlarged upon, Kulu is one of the very few Himalayan valleys that are suited for raising apples. Now the Europeans in India are ready to pay a king's ransom for the fruit of their loved Home Land; consequently, by sending apples and pears on coolies' backs to the large hill stations, fruit-growers in Kulu have a ready and lucrative market for their produce. That is the reason why this remote solitude is dotted over with orchards, these being invariably the property of

Europeans. Also there is an Assistant Commissioner, a Forest Officer, and a Deputy Superintendent of Police—in all about a dozen European families. These fellow-countrymen of ours lead a healthful, glorious life, very much like that of the old aristocracy in the Southern States of America, *minus* slavery. Of course, none of them do any manual labour, but they have their hands full, superintending gangs of coolies. They enjoy a certain amount of luxury, having well-appointed homes and a full complement of domestic servants. But mingled amongst the heathen, these isolated whites are in danger of learning heathen works. No church-going bell calls to the ordinances of religion; none of the sweet influences of the sanctuary act as salt to keep their lives clean and pure. Twice a year the chaplain of Kangra pays a hurried visit from Dharmsala—a hundred miles away. And at uncertain intervals some holiday-making *padri* may give them an occasional (a very occasional) service during his sojourn in the valley. Also the missionary from Kotghur comes once a year and preaches to the heathen during the *mela* (fair) at Sultanpur, and the missionary from Kangra comes once in a while. Two devoted ladies, hailing from Australia, came and settled at Sultanpur and tried to start a female mission in Kulu; but these poor girls

were so overpowered by the spiritual famine and so crushed by the degradation of the whole district, that they simply broke down and had to retire, shattered in health.

I do not grudge our best Christian workers to the teeming plains and thronging cities of Hindustan; I quite understand that the Church must hold the great centres of population in force; but here is a valley where our own fellow-countrymen are lapsing into practical forgetfulness of Christ's Gospel, and where the heathen have no one who cares for their souls. Shall the people of Kulu—white and brown—be left severely alone?

But, we may well ask, what has become of our old friend, the snow leopard?

Brought up by the *Mem Sahib*, he has long ago reached full growth. Caressed and petted, he follows master and mistress like a dog. And the simple hillmen, clasping their hands, would stand almost as dumfounded as they did when our doctor unexpectedly spun through the Kotwali bazaar at Dharmsala on that *jadu gharri* (devil carriage), a recently imported bicycle. Thus Moti became the court jester of Kulu. See Mr. Moti perched on an apricot tree in the *Sahib's* compound, hidden by the leaves and waiting for the prey. It was a great *tamasha* to spring on to the back of a pretty Kulu woman. And he often got a chance to do this, the

villagers being accustomed to peddle their small wares at the *Sahib's* door. And then it was fine fun to try a wrestling match with any stray hillman who might be passing by. There would be shrieks and loud invocations of every local deity uttered in uncouth *pahari boli* (the slang of those hills); but it was a huge practical joke. This formidable creature was harmless as a lamb. The *Mem Sahib* had brought him up by hand from infancy, and now this overgrown pet still lay on her bed at night, and having been cuddled as a baby, persisted in holding on to his baby rights. And it was grotesque to see this little woman with such an armful on her lap. She had her photograph taken in this attitude. I am sorry that, having mislaid my copy, I am unable to present it to my readers.

But, alas! there came a fateful day, when my frolicsome parishioner fell into irretrievable disgrace. Allow me to explain that, never having learned the Latin tongue, this otherwise sapient beast knew nothing of those depths of meaning which lie hidden under the phrase, *Britannici nominis umbra*, which, being freely translated, means that a snow leopard is quite at liberty to play pranks with the people of the land and their female relatives, but that he must beware of cracking practical jokes at the expense of members of the ruling race.

Now it is written in the "Travelling Orders" issued by the Surgeon-General to the civil surgeon of Kangra district, that once every year the worthy practitioner shall mount his pony, and having packed his "kit" on the backs of a string of mules, shall ride forth for a hundred miles till he reaches the end of his beat in remote Kulu. Halting at "Rest-Houses" or *dâk bungalows* on his way, he must inspect those hospitals and dispensaries with which a paternal Government has dotted the land. There are native apothecaries and native hospital assistants left in charge of these rural institutions. And it is the duty of these subordinates to kill or cure all comers at Government expense; also to dispense gratis the *burra jalab* (big dose), the bigger and nastier the better, which the insatiable craving for medicine, peculiar to the Oriental, demands.

Accordingly there came the "man and the hour," as Moti regretfully remembered forever afterwards. Behold a figure arrayed in dust-coloured khaki shooting-jacket, knickerbockers, a white sun-helmet, and tan-coloured riding-boots; behold a rubicund countenance and a face clean shaven, except for a military moustache, and you have the civil surgeon of Kangra—not much like the pale-faced, professionally-dressed medicos of the Home Land. Dismounting from his pony, and throwing the reins to

the attendant *sais* or groom, he fumbles in his pocket for a card. (*N.B.*—We are nothing if not painfully ceremonial even in the jungle). He leisurely strolls towards the front door, intent upon paying a ceremonial visit to the family. And then there was a whizzing sound in the air like that of a ball from Long Tom, and the *Doctor Sahib* is sent sprawling in the dust. And as for Moti, it must be regretfully chronicled that he so far forgot himself as to try to eat the doctor's helmet; but really the thing did look so like a lump of snow that a snow leopard may surely be excused if he did crunch it to atoms. But that was the end of all things. So, being sentenced to transportation across the seas during the course of his natural life, our friend finds himself in a cage at Regent's Park Zoological Gardens, where we met with him at the opening of this sketch.

Of course, the *Mem Sahib* cried like a spoilt child; of course, she made the *Sahib's* life a burden to him; but the edict had gone forth, and it was officially intimated to the Sinclairs that, after such an occurrence, they would be held personally responsible for any mischief which this wild animal might do. So with the fear of the Indian Penal Code before their eyes, they hardened their hearts and consented to accept the very big price which the Zoological Society was willing to pay for such a rarity.

Nothing would do but that the *Mem Sahib* should

accompany her pet to distant Bombay. It was an experience that this rustic matron never perfectly got over. But what else could you expect? She had never seen a larger collection of houses than Sultanpur; she had never driven in a wheeled vehicle, to say nothing of travelling on a railway; and for the space of three awful days her nerves were racked by the street cars and the electric lights and the hubbub of a big "presidency town." In minor key she bemoaned her sad fate ever afterwards: *Sub log ata jata rat din.* This weird lament cannot be translated. It is too sad to put into our unpoetical tongue. How tame do the literal English words appear! "All the people kept coming and going night and day." So the *Mem Sahib* was quite happy for the rest of her life, inasmuch as she had a bitter experience, the remembrance of which had to be kept fresh, and what more could the most exacting desire?

And now we must imagine Moti settled in a specially constructed cage, which has been erected for his particular benefit, on the main deck of an ocean liner. It need hardly be said that he had not a grain of bashfulness in his make-up. Thus he rose to the occasion as often as demands were made on his social qualities.

One day the sailors were skylarking, and nobody knew exactly how, but the bolts of Moti's cage came

unfastened, and out bounced the snow leopard, causing the wildest helter-skelter. The sailors, oblivious of the fact that these creatures can climb like an acrobat, were up in the rigging; the quartermasters were locked into the wheel-house; captain and officers were barricaded in the chart-room; passengers went shrieking down the companion-way; stewards shut themselves up in the pantry. Being thus left in command of the ship, Moti paced the quarter-deck as if to the manner born. And then, shaking in his shoes, and devoutly wishing that they were very long boots, the ship's butcher sneaked along, holding a piece of raw meat at the end of a long stick. And thus Moti's last taste of freedom was over.

Now in Regent's Park Zoological Gardens there was a vicious black leopard, recently imported from Burma, and his temper was so diabolic that he went by the name of "Demon"; and into the very next cage to that of this truculent beast Moti was placed. And the *Graphic* and the *Illustrated London News* each honoured this incongruous pair by publishing their portraits. There, on the one side, was depicted that bad, black, Burmese Demon, dashing himself against the bars in futile rage and gnawing his paws because he cannot pounce upon the crowd of sightseers. On the other side is our Himalayan Pearl, playing like a pet dog with his keeper. All

of which proves, if a moral to this veracious history be desiderated, how much better it is to be a well-behaved snow leopard than a cross-grained demon, clad in a black coat.

But whether he be a victorious general, an author, an Arctic explorer, or even a mighty man at football or cricket, no London lion ever outlives the transient glory of being a nine days' wonder. And woe betide the lion or lioness if he or she presume on their leonine position and lay claim to a longer spell of popularity. This being the case, you will no longer find a crowd around Moti's cage. Our snow leopard has sunk into that respectable and well-fed retirement into which all good London lions go when, like the proverbial dog, they have had their day.

In conclusion, you will doubtless desire to learn what befell our friends in Kulu after Moti had been shipped across the *kala pani* (the ocean).

Sinclair *Sahib* is dead, and his body rests in the Christian cemetery at Bajoura. And there are no less than four copies of his death certificate; so that, should any one wish to verify my story, he can do so by payment of the usual fee; for the great Government of India is by no means proud, but is always ready to earn an honest penny on the principle of "nothing for nothing." The original entry is inscribed in the Church register at Dharmsala, a copy is filed by the Punjab Secretariat at Lahore,

another is similarly filed by the diocesan registrar at Calcutta, and yet another is preserved in the India Office in London, and you can get a certified copy on stamped paper on application for the same.

THREE EARTHLY STORIES WITH ONE HEAVENLY MEANING

STORY THE FIRST

THERE was once a skilful and well-known dentist, who practised on the top of a ridge in the Himalayan mountains. Simla is the name of the "station" where this popular old gentleman pulled out teeth and heaped up massive silver rupees. Simla is situated about seven thousand feet above sea level, at which Olympian height the Government of India has fixed its summer capital. And here, during six months out of every year, the Viceroy and the great departments of State and the Commander-in-Chief and the judges of the High Court and the members of council and the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, with their numerous subordinates, *plus* a whole bevy of pleasure-seekers and other hangers-on, are gathered together for hard work and brilliant relaxation. So you may be sure this clever dentist had his hands full, giving professional aid to the frivolous gay world and to the hard-pressed official

world during the course of each succeeding "season."

One day a Government *chuprassie* (native messenger), gorgeously liveried in scarlet and gold, approached the dentist's door, called out *Qai hai* (who is there?), made a low salaam, and delivered an autograph letter from no less a personage than the Viceroy himself. The document was wrapped in a large official envelope, bearing in one corner the words, "On Her Majesty's Service," printed in large letters.

Beyond the utmost bound of India's Everlasting Hills there lies a wild, uncivilised land. It is called Afghanistan. Now the ferocious ruler of that Oriental despotism is a very important personage, both in his own dominions and also in the larger field of Asiatic politics; nevertheless, his Highness suffers from those various ills that flesh is heir to quite as much as other less romantic and less notable beings. And, as luck will have it, he was troubled with toothache, and so he indited an official despatch to his Excellency the Viceroy of India, requesting that the services of a competent *hakim* (doctor) might be put at his disposal. You may perhaps think it strange that a matter of such purely personal interest should have been deemed worthy of official correspondence between the great Government of India and the Government of Af-

ghanistan; but in the East everything is topsy-turvy, so that Orientals generally do the very opposite to what Occidentals would do under similar circumstances (see in this connection the story of Naaman and the respective rulers of Syria and Israel, 2 Kings v.). Afghanistan is peopled with a most fanatical, that we say not a cut-throat, Muhammadan population. It is at the risk of very life that any Christian crosses the Afghan frontier. Accordingly, an escort of cavalry was provided by the Amir (for that is the official title of the King of Afghanistan), so as to ensure the safeguarding of our friend the dentist. Each wild ferocious trooper was "bearded like the pard," and was mounted on a raw-boned, half-starved *tat* (pony). It would have done you good to examine their quaint, obsolete Asiatic weapons—to wit, *jezails* and jade-handled knives the length of your arm, also curved scimitars inlaid with curiously wrought silver. The cavalcade was dirty, unkempt, and ruffian-like, but intensely picturesque to behold, as it advanced at the canter through rocky passes, marching about twenty-four miles per diem, and camping by night in some green oasis, or within the gates of some mud-walled fortress amid the bare, red, barren hills of those inhospitable highlands. And thus they pressed onward, stage by stage, till in due course the palace of the Amir was reached, and this, as every intelligent person knows, is situ-

ated just outside the city of Cabul, the barbaric capital of Afghanistan.

Our dentist travelled through regions which very few Europeans have ever penetrated, and so, did time permit, it would be interesting to relate some of the sights he saw; for instance, he came across a large iron cage suspended by a massive chain from a gibbet or gallows which had been planted by the roadside. Inside that cage was a condemned robber. This poor wretch had been locked within that living tomb and left to die of starvation, in order "to encourage the others," as they airily express it in French. Then our dentist saw another criminal who had a circular wall of clay placed like a crown upon his head. That encircling clay was filled with oil and set on fire. The Amir has to rule a stiff-necked people, and he thinks the only way to govern such unruly subjects is to strike fear into the hearts of evil-doers by the awful punishments he metes out to all who oppose his despotic will. Again, the ruler of such a country can only keep a firm grasp on the reins of power by proving on all occasions, and in the face of all comers, that he knows no fear. Accordingly the Amir commanded our dentist to extract his aching grinders in full *durbar*, that is to say, before his assembled courtiers; and this he did advisedly, in order to prove that he was not the man to shrink from pain. And then he ordered his

Wazir, or Prime Minister, to have his teeth publicly seen to; and the wretched man was obliged, on pain of his life, to make a wry face and submit.

But I must now hasten to relate the incident which constitutes our "First Earthly Story," for my object in writing this incident from real life is to get to the "Heavenly Meaning."

You must picture before your mind's eye this Amir of Afghanistan. He is bedecked in all the bravery of kingly splendour: a Persian lamb's wool cap of conical shape crowns his head; the front of that picturesque headgear is encirled with a sparkling ornament of diamonds; clad in martial array, and armed with jewelled accoutrements, his Highness rides a magnificent Arab steed, the latter being gorgeously caparisoned with golden trappings. If we may be allowed to quote the old nursery rhyme, "all the king's horses and all the king's men" follow in his train; gay banners flutter in the breeze, and polished weapons glitter in the sunlight. Alongside the Amir rides our friend the dentist, mounted on a beautiful horse from the royal stables, which has been specially presented to him as a mark of royal favour, for in the unchanging East "thus it is done to the man whom the king delighteth to honour." The glittering cavalcade goes at full gallop from the palace to the city, while the populace are very much to the fore, and greet their ruler with guttural

shouts, "O king, live for ever." But suddenly, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the proud despot of Cabul reins in his charger. The officers of his Court follow suit, and the voice of command rings through the air and brings the royal body-guard to a halt. What can it be? Our dentist, greatly puzzled, strains his eyes, looks in front and on either side, but can see nothing but one solitary old hag. This old woman evidently hails from the very purlieus of the city; she belongs to the scum of the populace; she is dressed in rags and tatters; her squalor is positively repulsive; she holds in her hand a paper which is yellow with age and filthy with dirt-marks. It appears that an unjust judge has defrauded her of her rights and given a false decision in his court, having been bribed thereto by the litigant on the other side; and now, having written a petition on that scrap of dirty paper, she stands and presents it to the supreme ruler, seeking redress at his royal hands. Very graciously that dread potentate (and he is to be dreaded, as all men know to their cost) vouchsafes to receive this petition, and having glanced at the document, he promises that the case shall be carefully investigated and finally adjudicated upon. Then, but not till then, does the royal procession resume its interrupted march.

The dentist was much surprised. "Amir *Sahib*,"

said he, "why should your Highness suffer interruption from a creature so poor and so utterly beneath your royal notice?" The Amir can scarcely preserve that Oriental politeness for which all Easterns are remarkable, but he just manages to reply with becoming courtesy, "Of course, Doctor *Sahib*, I was obliged by my very office to receive that petition, for 'mine is the kingdom.' You see, it is just this way. I am the supreme ruler of this land, and so personal is my government that I might well exclaim, *L'état c'est moi;* and because I thus embody all kingly power, it follows that the meanest of my subjects has the right to approach the steps of my throne and there make supplication before me, and I (simply because I am a crowned king) am in duty bound to interrupt whatever I may happen to be doing at the time so as to listen. It is really no interruption: it just forms part of my kingly trade, and is all in the day's work. Of course, I am by no means compelled to grant every request that may be made, but the constraining sense of what is due from a man in my position does oblige me (1st) to receive petitions at the hands of my subjects; (2nd) to read those petitions carefully; (3rd) to give them, when read, my serious consideration; (4th) to exercise my judgment and decide whether or not they should be granted; and this fourfold imperative duty arises from the fact that 'mine is the kingdom.'"

Need it be explained, the Amir, being an Oriental, and much addicted to flowery eloquence, did not put the thing in that cut-and-dried fashion in which I have ventured to express it. But, shorn of suave grandiloquence and Eastern figures of speech, the gist of his remarks may be set down in black and white very much as above. "I quite understand and appreciate the explanation," replied our dentist, "which your Highness has graciously given. It is true that Europeans and Americans do not embody this kingly duty after the same beautiful and picturesque fashion in which your striking Oriental customs express it. But our Western ideas really come to very much the same thing in the end. Every citizen and every subject in a Western land is invested with the inalienable right of making petition to Government—be the ruling power a king, a president, a parliament, a congress, or even a local board in a village. Roughly speaking, there are two methods of making petition in the West. Either an influential deputation waits personally on the great man, or else a carefully prepared paper is circulated and signed and then laid on the table of the elected chamber, where it *must* be received."

The Amir made a graceful and a gracious bow, saying, "I perceive that this inherent right of all subjects to petition their rulers and this equally inherent duty of all rulers to lend an attentive ear to

the petitions of their people is a thing whose binding force is recognised in the West as well as in the East. It therefore forms part of the common duty and of the common rights of Man (spelt with a big M)." Of course the Amir spoke in that musical Persian, the Italian of the East, which is used as the Court language in Afghanistan. So he knew nothing whatever about the English word "Man" or the capital letter "M"; but I have boiled down his flowing periods and tried to express his meaning in as plain and as prosaic words as can be found in our own matter-of-fact mother tongue.

So much for the "Earthly Story," now for the "Heavenly Meaning." The Lord Jesus lived in the unchanging Orient. So He must repeatedly have witnessed scenes that were the very counterpart of the one I have tried to describe. Take the magic brush of fancy and draw therewith a mental picture of the Amir, the dentist, the bodyguard, the prancing horses, and the poor widow. The latter is stretching forth her skinny arm and mutely saying by her very action in presenting that petition (although she uttered no actual words), "O Amir *Sahib*, I have every confidence that thou wilt receive my petition, 'for thine is the kingdom.'"

Viewed in this Oriental setting, how does the doxology at the end of the Lord's Prayer read? Instead of the truculent ruler of Afghanistan, we

have the benign and beneficent King of kings. Instead of that barbaric retinue, we have a radiant train of holy angels. Instead of that widow, we have one who is the least of all saints, or, maybe, the chief of sinners. Instead of that soiled yellow paper, we have the imperfect prayers of erring mortals. Instead of that puzzled dentist, asking his royal patron why the lord of Cabul should rein up his steed at the beck and call of so mean a creature, we have those perplexed souls who really crave an explanation concerning the following crux—Why should the Supreme Governor of the universe, He Who rides on the wings of the wind, He Who guides Arcturus with his sons, He Who binds the sweet influences of Pleiades, He Who looses the bands of Orion—why should the Creator pause amid the infinite demands of that kingdom which ruleth over all, so as to bend an attentive ear to creatures insignificant as we are. *Answer:* "For Thine is the kingdom."

STORY THE SECOND

I was "marching" from the romantic Himalayan valley of Kangra into the equally romantic valley of Kulu. Need I explain, these twin valleys are separated by a lofty range of mountains, and this intervening range is pierced by a forest-clad pass, called the Baboo. This pass is ten thousand feet

high, the peaks on either side rising to a far greater altitude. Being, therefore, desirous of visiting Kulu, I had to clamber up a bridle-path which was so steep that it recalled the old darkey doggerel—

"Then pully off yer coat, boys,
Then rolly up yer sleeves,
'The Baboo' am a hard road
To trabble, I believe."

Moreover, I was out on my yearly holiday, and was consequently in rather a frisky state of mind. I, therefore, failed to remember that discretion is the better part of valour. From the top of the pass a grand view may be seen. In the far distance lies a wild confusion of snowy heights, in the foreground are countless eminences of lesser magnitude, while down below extend the fertile lateral ravines which run into Kulu; and I wished for leisure in which to feast my eyes on this widespread outlook. So I gave orders to the commissariat department—to wit, servants, cooking utensils, and food—to go on before me, so that a picnic breakfast might be piping hot on the Baboo summit about nine o'clock the next morning. Having made this *bundobast* (arrangement), I slept the sleep of the just in my camp at the foot of the hills. Then, inspired by thoughts of Bunyan's Pilgrim and the Delectable Mountains, I made a very early start on an empty stomach. Now I was fresh come from the malarious plains of the

Punjab, where without break I had toiled at the parochial mill for the space of eleven months just past. The microbes of those malarious regions had founded flourishing colonies in my inner man, and it only needed a combined shock of sudden cold, over-exertion, and hunger to quicken their dormant germs. As I neared the trysting-place an unctuous fragrance was wafted on the crisp highland air from my cook's *al fresco* fire. Chicken and sliced potatoes were eloquently sputtering in the frying-pan; newly baked *chupatties* (unleavened cakes) were toasting to a mellow brown; white rice and yellow *dhal* bubbled, each in its own handleless saucepan; a white cloth had been spread on a flat rock, and thereupon stood an open pot of jam, a pat of white butter, a tin of sardines, ginger snaps, also enamelled cups, plates and saucers, with knives and forks, a dish of Kulu apricots, and a few plantains from below, the whole thing garnished with a bouquet of beautiful wild flowers.

And it was only natural to expect that such a meal would have been given a relish by that hunger which is the best sauce. Alas! man proposes, but the [microbes] dispose. "Some hae meat and canna eat," says the old Scotch grace; but, of course, I was not going to let such insignificant things as microscopic bacilli spoil my anticipated picnic. So putting a bold face on the

situation, I toyed with my food, and having made a show of eating, I ordered the servants to pack up and precede me to the next camping-ground, eight miles ahead. I then threw myself full length under the shadow of a great rock, hoping that I would soon recover my wonted strength and be fit to resume my journey. Very soon after the servants had disappeared my teeth began to chatter, and there I lay a helpless, shivering, quaking, ague-stricken lump of humanity on top of a lonely Himalayan pass, fully eight miles from the nearest human habitation. I was so weak that I could not walk a step. What was to be done? While puzzling over this question I heard the sound of voices, and a moment afterwards a company of about half a dozen natives came along that way. With a sense of relief I saw six strong, wiry, muscular pedestrians on their journey to the very place for which I was myself bound. "O my brothers," I exclaimed, "see how weak I am with a 'go' of fever. I am such a feather's weight that you six powerful men could easily support my tottering steps to the end of the stage. Please help me, 'for yours is the power.'" But they only grinned in that inane, helpless fashion which natives know is peculiarly riling to the *Sahib Log;* and without so much as stopping to take breath, they went on their way, and I saw them no more. Roused to righteous indignation, I

shouted after their retreating figures, "You mean-spirited sneaks! You possess the *power* to help me, but so lost are you to all right feeling that you fail to realise the simplest fundamentals of your duty. Don't you see that the possession of the *power* to help does constitute an unanswerable argument, compelling every right-minded man to use that power for the assistance of the weak?" But I might as well have spoken to the rugged rocks as far as any response to my impassioned appeal is concerned.

I almost shrink from drawing the "Heavenly Meaning" out of this story, which may verily be described as being "of the earth, earthy." It seems almost an irreverence to name our loving Heavenly Father in the same breath with those miscreants, lost to all sense of proper feeling, because bred and born amid the degrading influences of a demoralising religious system.

"All power" belongs to "the Lord God Omnipotent"; moreover, He is One Who recognises the fact which these natives failed to see—viz. the possession of power does compel to the performance of certain duties. It may sound strange to speak of God as being bound by the "Catagorical Imperative of Duty," but it is true. Of course in His case the Divine Will harmonises perfectly with the eternal law of righteousness, with the result that

the Divine Duty becomes the Divine Pleasure. 'For Thine is the power'; this plea rests upon a strong argument, the cogency of which the All Mighty must and does recognise.

With this explanation clearly stated, I venture to describe a strange, feverish, half-delirious vision which rose before my throbbing eyes, as the shivering ague gave place to "the hot spell," causing me to see a wondrous phantasmagoria on the top of the Baboo Pass.

Instead of the trade route leading through Kangra and Kulu into Thibet, I saw in a vision the pathway of life. It started from the golden age of childhood, and after many ups and downs finally led to those distant heights where I caught a far-away vision of the jasper-towered City of God, gleaming like a stone most precious. And then, in place of my malaria-stricken body, I saw a spiritual form: it was a soul weakened by reason of the plague of sin; it was without strength; it had fallen by the roadside; it was able, indeed, to see the Holy Mount afar off, but utterly unable to journey onwards. And then in my delirious wandering I saw a Glorious Being (not those mean-spirited natives who had no sense of the responsibilities or of the duties which rise out of the possession of power); but I saw in a trance One that is Mighty, the All Father, the Great Creator, and I heard the weak,

fainting pilgrim cry for aid: "Help, O Lord God Omnipotent, Thou art able to keep me from falling; help, 'for Thine is the power.' Help, Lord, for Thine own Beloved Son hath taught us to plead this plea. Surely Thou wilt recognise the force of an argument that He Himself hath put in the mouth of every weakling."

STORY THE THIRD

A wandering devotee—an aged, white-headed *faqir*, his brow wrinkled owing to "that which cometh on him daily, even the care of" a great cure of souls, his expression serious, his countenance grave, but still his eye twinkling with irrepressible light and his foot as elastic as that of a youth—this veteran emerges from a patch of jungle and, star-guided, gains the road in course of a nine miles' midnight tramp. Unexpectedly, rising from behind some bushes, a band of sturdy rogues (*dacoits* or highway robbers) set on this lonely itinerant; knock him down; seize him by the throat; deliberately proceed to strangle him, meaning to strip him of his little all and then cast his lifeless corpse, as corpses are thrown, into the canal. Had it been any one else, I believe that such would have been the outcome of this assault; but this *faqir* is no ordinary mortal. He is gifted with shrewd mother wit and

has a knack of seeing the comical side of things. He never loses his temper, but, above all, he knows just when and what to speak and when to hold his tongue.

"Tell me," the wandering devotee just managed to gasp out, "under the rules of what society, secular or religious, is it permitted to stop an old *faqir* on the road, break his bones, and strangle him in the dark?"

"You a *faqir!*" said his tall assailant.

"Yes," said the devotee, putting his beard into the man's face as he bent over him, for it was too dark to see, "and if you want to know my age, you should see the colour of this."

Without another word the *dacoit* gave back the *padri's* watch, a pencil, and a few other bits of loot. And as that "holy man" struggled to his feet and, staggering, "backed respectfully into the darkness," we perceive that he is dressed in European costume, and then a closer inspection proves him to be none other than that veteran pioneer, Bateman of Magdalen, whom we last saw acting the honourable part of Superintending Missionary at Narowal. But what in the name of everything clerical does this reverend senior mean by tramping about the jungle at such an uncanny hour? To make a long story short, he has resigned the comparative civilisation and the settled work of his former sphere. Those parochial amenities were too luxurious. They have

been relinquished to younger and less hardened workers; while he, being an old seasoned hand, has gone forth into the wilds—a homeless, houseless itinerant. Even his celebrated hut at Narowal, with its windows destitute of glass, was too much like a mansion. Accordingly, he has "come into residence" at the Jhang Bár. Please do not conjure up visions of some canon residentiary or fat dean, seated in his armchair and serenely perusing the *Guardian*. The Jhang Bár is innocent of ivy-mantled, mullion-windowed, cathedral-shadowed precincts. When Bateman the aged "came into residence," he came innocent even of a moving tent; he had to sleep under trees on the bare ground; at times he reclined in the mangers of cow sheds; and when very fortunate indeed, he put up in those engineers' Rest-Houses which a paternal Government has planted at intervals up and down the great irrigation canal.

But you have only to look at the serious cast of his countenance to be sure that he has not turned tramp just for the fun of the thing. "This one thing I do, I must shepherd Christ's sheep which are scattered abroad and are wandering over this vast jungle." Destitute of all the elegancies of civilised existence, he rejoices in one solitary luxury—a sacred carpet. This beautiful Oriental fabric is carried wherever he goes, and being spread out on the ground, constitutes his church. At one time

this moving tabernacle is placed under a shady tree, at another time in a rural village, at another time in a bazaar, but it is consecrated by the earnest work of an earnest man. He walks into a village, and lo! in joyous chorus, a cry of welcome meets his ears—"*Baba aya—Baba aya*" ("Here comes grandfather"). A dozen little lads, very lightly clad, rush out in an ecstasy of joy and repeat this greeting over and over again. And so he treads his round of duty, not forgetting to shepherd those isolated Europeans who are stationed far from the means of grace along the great canal. "The notes of such a service need no musical accompaniment:" they constitute one continued poem—a theme romantic as the "Idylls of the King," only the King is not King Arthur, but King Immanuel. Not being gifted with the pen of a Tennyson, I forbear, and must hasten to tell my "Third Earthly Story"—a story that has to do with the Jhang Bár and not with its romantic *padri*.

Rowland Bateman is seeking after Christ's sheep up and down the Jhang Bár—Jhang Bár!! What in the name of every euphonious appellation does this grotesque dissyllable mean? Surely there cannot be anything very poetical here?

Seven or eight years ago this vast jungle was about as unattractive and quite as ugly as its own name; at least such would be the verdict of most people. It must, however, be confessed that I, per-

sonally, always had a "sneaking love" for these wonderful Bárs. Seen in the magic, witching light of early dawn, or else transfigured by the roseate touch of sunset; viewed under the cold stars in the stilly night; visited in the crisp "cold season," when every dewdrop on the tamarisk boughs gleamed like "a stone most precious"—the Bár always appealed, at least in my own case, to some strange, mystic sense of the illimitable and the transcendental which I may possibly have inherited from Highland "forbears." But a relish for the Bár, like a relish for olives, is certainly an acquired taste. On every hand a flat plain stretches to the horizon; stunted trees, their foliage drab-coloured with dust, are rooted at intervals like the several pieces on a chess board; between these trees is the unmitigated barrenness of a soil sunbaked, hardened, and utterly bare. Throughout this sparse jungle, goats and sheep and cattle roam, browsing on the boughs of the tamarisk tree. Camels and deer and partridge and quail and snipe and water-fowl are there—the latter rejoicing in the *jheels* or ponds of the district. The human denizens of these parts may perhaps be best described by the following anecdote. Our popular civil surgeon at Lahore, being a keen sportsman, took ten days' leave and went shooting in the Jhang Bár. He was a Scotchman, and speedily won the hearts of all the *jungli* folks, by telling them that his own

ancestors used to go "cattle lifting over the Border" in the good old days of Border strife.

But a paternal Punjab Government has once and for ever utterly changed the Jhang Bár. It is just this way. Through this desolate district the river Chenab flows, and it was tantalising to see such a rich supply of fertilising water running to no purpose and emptying itself into the sea, when it might have been treasured for the good of that thirsty land. And all the while that this terrible waste was going on, there arose the inarticulate cry of starving millions from the congested and over-populated plains of famine-stricken Hindustan. At length the Punjab Government constructed a great storage barrier and dammed up the rushing flood. A costly canal was then dug, and from this main artery countless irrigation channels were cut, and by their means a vast area has been permanently reclaimed from the desert. Since the completion of this mammoth system, famine is unknown in the district, and the whole region has been turned into a well-watered garden. This work and its beneficent result redounds to the glory of the Punjab Government more than would any victory on the stricken field. And the knowledge that glory would result, sustained those in authority during years of anxious labour. No sooner was this great public work completed, than a human flood of immigrants, eager to take up sec-

tions of land, poured into the Jhang Bár, and still they come wave after wave. Amongst these settlers were many native Christians to be cared for, also Hindus, Moslems, and Sikhs to be evangelised. Hence the motive which induced Rowland Bateman to itinerate in those parts, if perchance by so doing he might plant the Church in virgin soil. But, as noted already, I do not want to speak of the *padri*. I must rather confine my attention to the Jhang Bár, for therein is to be found the "Heavenly Meaning" to this our "Third Earthly Story."

Think of those starving millions; think of the congested, over-populated districts of Hindustan; think how the mute but eloquent cry rose from those dumb sufferers and entered into the ears of what has been truly styled a paternal Government. It is true those wretched people uttered no words, but their very impoverishment did duty as an inarticulate petition, praying, "Give us water, for wherever the water comes there shall be life—life for our green rice-fields; life for the feathery palms; life for flocks and herds; life for ourselves and for our families." And moved by that unspoken supplication, the *Sircar*, surnamed by its children *Ma Bap* (father and mother), carried out those public works which once and for ever protected the entire district from famine, and opened up a great tract for cultivation. But here is the point on which I want

to insist. In answering that unuttered prayer, is it not clear that a paternal Government gained truest glory for itself and also for the officer it commissioned to do the work—not mere glorification, not a mere glittering and meretricious laudation of self, such as Napoleon, Attila, or Tamerlane wrung out of bleeding hearts, but truest glory, untainted by anything akin to mean or grasping self-conceit—a glory such as wreaths with golden diadem the brows of those enlightened rulers who achieve the distinction of putting crooked things straight? For a king to hanker after that sordid ambition which can only result in exaltation and laudation of self is a thing beneath contempt. On the other hand, it is quite a legitimate object of kingly desire—nay, I have no hesitation in stating that it is actually a matter of kingly duty, that a monarch should vehemently yearn after the only glory, rightly so-called—I mean the honourable distinction of leaving the world better than he found it—the altruistic nobility of becoming a blessing to others. And I would even go further than this. It is a legitimate plea when the poor, the needy, or the oppressed approach the footsteps of an earthly throne, crying, "Help, O king! and thine shall be the glory of this good work."

We have alluded to paternal Government in the Punjab, and this carries our thoughts upward to the "All Father and Great King," even to Him Whose

children and Whose subjects we are. Boldly coming to the throne of grace, we are well within our rights when we urge this plea as "a strong reason" why our prayers should be heard, "For Thine is the glory." What a world this shall be when the sevenfold petitions of the Lord's Prayer are answered, as answered they shall and must be in God's own good time. And the glory of Paradise restored—and it shall be restored to a greater beauty than that of Paradise lost—shall certainly belong to the Heavenly Father. This world can only be redeemed by "the mighty working, whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself." Standing in front of the emerald-encircled throne, white-robed saints (who on earth prayed with stammering lips and with doubting hearts) shall cast their crowns before His feet, and ascribe the glory of answered prayer to Him. And if such is to be their acknowledgment of God's accomplished work, surely we on earth do well to anticipate that celestial act of praise by turning the same into an argumentative plea, "For Thine is the glory." *We* pray it as a prayer; *they* sing it as a hymn.

THE ONE HEAVENLY MEANING

To sum up our three earthly stories: far from being a vain or a useless repetition, our Christian

worship is a "reasonable service." "Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord." And in response to this reasonable invitation, we, as reasonable beings, are taught by the λογος (the Divine reason) to bring forth three strong reasons showing reason why our prayers should be heard. Thus the so-called Doxology in the Lord's Prayer ought rather to be entitled "The Threefold Argument."

Here, then, is our "One Heavenly Meaning." The word *for* is equivalent to *because*. We confidently expect that God will hear our prayers, because—

1. "Thine is the Kingdom."
2. "Thine is the Power."
3. "Thine is the Glory."

POSTSCRIPT

I once met a man who had serious doubts as to the efficacy of prayer. And for a time, at least, these doubts were removed by a straightforward statement on my part, and by a candid examination on his part of that "Threefold Argument" which the Doxology to the Lord's Prayer contains. But then a Jesuit priest got hold of that man and shattered his newly-found faith by saying, "Don't you know, my dear sir, that the whole thing is an interpolation, tacked on to the end of the Paternoster? It is a mere human invention, and formed no part

of the model prayer originally given by the Master to His disciples."

My friend's faith met with a shock, from which it only recovered with painful effort. And yet, had he but known it, his assurance need never have suffered even momentary eclipse; for there was a short but complete reply ready to hand. He might have retorted, "Well, reverend father, supposing that the Lord's Prayer really did end with the words, 'Deliver us from evil,' what then?" The threefold plea under discussion is so unanswerable that it is quite able to stand on its own bottom. Its golden chain of forceful argument is quite as complete in every link as that which binds Q.E.D. to premises in a proposition of Euclid. Of course, we receive the Master's words, and treat them with the veneration that is their due; of course, we cherish those words as we would a priceless heirloom. That goes without saying; but we are by no means bound to reject a valid argument, because, forsooth, it does not happen to have originated with Christ.

So when critics bid us excise this Doxology as having no textual authority, far from being dismayed, we still venture to utter it; and we do so because it is the historic plea of the Church—"a dear familiar strain," sanctioned by the continuous liturgy of the ages, and, moreover, depending on no one's *ipse dixit* (not even on that of the Master Himself).

The Creator, having gifted us with intellect, surely means us to use that lofty endowment which He has Himself bestowed. As reasonable beings, we are quite able to discern the truth of the following statements. Sound doctrine is enshrined in this Doxology as much as it is in the Creed. The one has the *imprimatur* of prescriptive usage as much as the other. And both Creed and Doxology can be "proved by most certain warrants of holy Scripture." We accept the creed, although it did not originate with Christ. Why not the Doxology also? That being the case, it follows that, as reasonable beings addressing a reasonable worship to a reasonable God, we are quite within our rights when we base our threefold plea on the solid bed-rock of its own intrinsic validity.

If the words are our Lord's (and such may very possibly be the case), then we have the additional consecration which His own adorable Authorship bestows; but if we are unable to perfume this form of sound words with the sweet odours of Christ's fragrant personality; if this threefold plea cannot be uplifted heavenwards on the incense cloud of "the prayer divinely taught"—still we make bold to urge that threefold plea. We present it before the throne of grace, stripped indeed of Christ's own matchless eloquence, but still strong in its own naked and unanswerable logic, self-contained and

forceful in its own cumulative reasoning. And we believe that whether or no it came from the lips of Him Who spake as never man spake, still it will have power with God and shall prevail, inasmuch as our God is One Who of old threw down the challenge to those whom He treats as men, and not as mere machines. "Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord."

THE END

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