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EASTERN MISSIONS FROM A SOLDIER'S STANDPOINT

Eastern Missions
from
A Soldier's Standpoint

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CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

Introductory

PAGE

Lord Lawrence on missionaries' work in India—His testimony corroborated—Origin of this book—A false view of Anglo-Indian officials—Their real influence—And the influence of missionaries—Sir Charles Elliott's view—Personal testimony—The darkness of the East—The coming of light—Attendant convulsions—Difficulties of the work—The power of prayer—American agencies 11

CHAPTER II

Mission Work in a City of the Punjab

Lahore, its past and present—Official sympathy with missions—Roman Catholic endeavour—Jesuits at Lahore—The city as a field for missions—Islam—Its hostility to the Gospel—Persecution of inquirers—Sufferings of converts—A test of sincerity—At a preaching hall—Forman Christian college—Native guests at a dinner-party—Educational missions—Objections to them—Their advantages—The official view—Their great raison d'être*—Their evangelistic value—The training of*

PAGE

native pastors—St. John's College—Its students—The industrial mission—Missionary administration—A service at Ferozepore—The native who conducted it—Work amongst women—Amritzar—The missionary leaders 23

CHAPTER III

In a Punjab Country District

Shahpur—Its warlike people—Its chief town—The Bar and its people—A great work—A field untouched by missions—The pilgrim missionary—An appeal and its answer—Bible-reading with native servants—A Sikh visitor—His inquiry—Mohammedan hearers—A mixed assembly—How one found solace in time of suffering—Famine relief—The deputy commissioner and the assistant engineer—How they dealt with a cholera outbreak—Prayer answered—Contrasted conduct of Christian and heathen—Four Mohammedans ask for baptism—Their motive—Influence of officials . . 54

CHAPTER IV

The Upheaval in North China

Outbreak of hatred against foreigners—Cruelties—Relief of Peking Legations—Conduct of Chinese Christians—Work of the missionaries during the siege—Reason of the presence—Death by torture—Dr. Morrison on the siege—Bravery of the Japanese troops—Thanksgiving service—French official report—Missionaries act as interpreters—Expedition to Pao Tingfu—Meetings of

PAGE

China Inland Mission at Tientsin—Constancy of native converts—Martyrdoms—Conduct of governor of Shansi —Escape of missionaries from Houan—Escape of Americans—The question of compensation—Winter hardships—Works of relief—Missionaries' help to soldiers and sailors — Their gratitude — Christian native servants—Foreign Provisional Government . 78

CHAPTER V

Work in Peking

*Aspect of Peking—Beggars —Work amongst the blind—The S.P.G. Mission—Murder of Mr. Stonehouse—Murder of Captain Watts-Jones—Missionary conference—A plea for union—Women's hospital—A soldiers' home—Missions in India and China compared—Superstition of the Chinese—Distinctions of dress—Objections to Christianity in China and India—*10,000 *martyrdoms in China in* 1900 105

CHAPTER VI

On the Afghan Frontier

*Pathans—*Pax Britannica*—Nomad traders—Punishment of highwaymen—Degradation of women—Value of a wife—Character of Pathans—Need of proper agents—Influence of missionaries for good—Peshawar—Colonel Martin starts mission work there—Sir H. Edwardes on influence of missions—His legacy—Church of the mission—Baptisms—Native converts—Armenians—Preaching — Mission Hujra — The High School — A*

PAGE

Pathan gentleman—The medical mission—Blood feuds —Women's hospital—Lady doctors—Mardan mission —Openings in Kohat and the Kurram valley—Bunnu mission—The Waziris—A prominent missionary—Missions in Dera Ismail Khan and Dera Ghazi Khan —Testimony to these missions 125

CHAPTER VII

In Beluchistan

Quetta—The Khan of Khelat—Inhabitants of the town—Gardens—Climate—Mr. G. M. Gordon starts mission work—Interview with C.M.S. missionary—Mission hospital—Church—Women's hospital—A book shop—Schools—Christmas with Quetta Christians—Baptisms —A patient's testimony—A patient turns assassin—Native opinions about medical missions—Conclusions of the author as to the missionary problem—A timid policy—Opening for mission work in the native Indian army—Influence of officials and officers 156

Appendix 179

Chapter I

INTRODUCTORY

Lord Lawrence on missionaries' work in India—His testimony corroborated—Origin of this book—A false view of Anglo-Indian officials—Their real influence—And the influence of missionaries—Sir Charles Elliott's view—Personal testimony—The darkness of the East—The coming of light—Attendant convulsions—Difficulties of the work—The power of prayer—American agencies.

LORD LAWRENCE, who, of all the great Viceroys of India, was the one who knew that country most intimately, has left on record the following remarkable statement:—'I believe, notwithstanding all that the English people have done to benefit India, the missionaries have done more than all other agencies combined. They have had arduous and uphill work, often receiving no encouragement, and sometimes a great deal of discouragement from their own countrymen,

and have had to bear the taunts and obloquy of those who despised and disliked their preaching. But such has been the effect of their earnest zeal, untiring devotion, and of the excellent example which they have, I may say, universally shown to the people, that I have no doubt whatever that, in spite of the great masses of the people being intensely opposed to their doctrine, they are, as a body, remarkably popular in the country.'

This testimony is especially noteworthy as coming from the lips of one who was fully cognizant of the vast benefits of just laws, impartial administration, beneficent public works, and disinterested labours for the good of the people shown by English administrators in India, apart altogether from missionary labour. This evidence, moreover, is amply corroborated by an overwhelming number of other most distinguished officials, whose high position and responsibility entitle their words to be received with every possible consideration.

It would appear superfluous, and indeed not a little presumptuous, for one who never occupied a high position in the East, to add his small quota to the weight of evidence that has already accumulated. I may say the idea of writing on the subject never entered into my mind until I was urged to do so by one for whose judgment I have the deepest respect, and to whom I owe a profound debt of gratitude. I had mentioned a few of the facts, hereafter stated, at a public meeting which I was asked to address, and I was then strongly requested, and, indeed, one may say, earnestly besought, to publish them in a printed form. One can only say in extenuation that sometimes the official who occupies a comparatively humble position has an opportunity of seeing things which are not revealed to the great.

A certain small section of our countrymen seems to be under the impression that the average Anglo-Indian official is selfish, indifferent to the highest interests of the people

over whom he rules, and generally governed by expediency rather than principle in his dealings with them. Against such a view I beg to make a most emphatic protest. Over the whole length and breadth of the continent of India there are Englishmen, working for the most part in isolation, and frequently in great discomfort, administrators of districts, civil engineers, police and forest officers, and others, whose motives are the very highest, and whose reward, if not indeed acknowledged as it is in many cases by their own superiors, is certainly found in the approval of their own consciences. I have, in one of the succeeding chapters, given an instance of the noble work of two such officials in a time of famine and cholera, and I know that the same spirit characterizes the civil services throughout the whole country.

But, while admitting to the full the admirable influence on the people which is thus exerted, I desire to place on record my conviction that the real amelioration of the people

is more affected by moral than by material means, and therefore the missionaries are the agents of effecting a change far more lasting and beneficial than any Government can bring about. To quote another distinguished Indian official, Sir Charles Elliott: 'Government cannot bestow on the people that which gives to life its colour, and to love of duty its noblest incentive; it cannot offer the highest morality, fortified by the example of the divinely perfect life.'

It would be impossible for any one individual to present a picture of missionary work in India as a whole. Few officials, civil or military, are acquainted with more than a small portion. I can only testify as to the influence of mission work in that part where my military duties have taken me, viz. the Punjab and North West Frontier.

I have also added two chapters about work in China, which I witnessed at a time when the structure of Christianity was tested to its very foundations, and when, amid the stress

of war, the attitude of the people was specially revealed. While giving thus only specimens of the vast work in these countries, I have reason to believe that the aspects of mission work in both these countries, as a whole, generally correspond to the samples which I have endeavoured to depict.

India and China together contain nearly half the population of the whole world. They represent also the oldest civilizations with which we have any record. Great Britain, more than any nation on the earth, has been brought into contact with both, and is, more than any other nation, responsible for the imparting to them of that light which has been her most precious possession. How far our country has been true to this trust is not here discussed. Whatever may have been done in the past, our present and future duty is clear.

In that most powerful and interesting book, 'Darkness and Dawn,' the late Dean Farrar has drawn a striking picture of the

Roman Empire at the time of the Apostles. He has shown how, in spite of wealth, luxury, civilization, and culture, the Roman world was utterly dark. The message of the Crucified, introduced into this darkness by humble followers, brought life and light.

To-day the great countries of the East lie in darkness and degradation. The same message of the love of God in Christ is bringing to them the same light that dispelled the darkness of ancient Rome.

As in ancient Rome, the entrance of the light has been marked by violent convulsions. Although, both in India in 1857 and in China in 1900, the missionaries were not to blame for the massacres and bloodshed which took place; and although other causes, entirely unconnected with Christian truth, were at the bottom of the upheaval in both cases, it is certainly true that Christian missions in both cases were involved, and that hatred of Christianity was one of the most powerful

motives in the minds of the agitators. In both cases the storm has now passed, leaving the spiritual atmosphere all the clearer.

Considering the immense difficulties involved, one is often led to wonder how any result whatever is achieved. In some cases such results are at first very long in coming, and then a sudden rush occurs; in other cases there is steady progress. What is the reason of this manifestation of power? In physical matters we know how power is subtle, impalpable, and often in itself quite invisible. We judge of it by its phenomena, and we are thence led to study its laws. It is an axiom in physics that the more we observe natural laws and obey them, the more do we find that we are able to utilize the underlying power. So in spiritual matters. The machinery may be very good, we may have the best of schools, hospitals, administration, etc., but these are useless without the power. To obtain this power, there must be study and there must be

obedience to law. On this matter we have for our guidance the Word of God, and the example of Christ and His Apostles.

The most successful missions that I have seen are those which are saturated, so to speak, with earnest prayer—not the mere repetition of an office, but definite, ardent supplication—prayer which amounts almost to pain.

Several years ago I was staying at a town in Northern India, where the corruptions of a native court, long since abolished, had left a legacy of vice and crime. My host was a missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, a High Churchman, an Englishman of wealth and culture, who had devoted his life and his money to work in the slums of that city. My bedroom was divided from his study by a curtain, and beyond the study was a small room used by him for private devotion. In the dark, early hours of a cold-weather morning I woke to see a ray of light at the edge of my curtain.

I drew it gently aside, and saw in the far room my friend on his knees, earnestly striving in prayer. I drew back the curtain, with the feeling of an eavesdropper, and ashamed to think how easy, and how powerless, my religion was compared to his. He is now resting in Christ. If all missionaries, and indeed every Christian, prayed in this earnest manner, the world would soon be won for the Master.

I need scarcely say I hold no brief for any particular missionary society, and in writing about what I have seen I do not wish to emphasize our unhappy divisions. The trifles that distinguish one denomination from another lose their importance when one is in lands where the very rudiments of Christianity are unknown to the multitude. The majority of my missionary friends belong to the noble Church Missionary Society, but that simply arises from the accident of my having been quartered at places where that society has its agents. I

should like, however, to say that both in India and in China the work of spreading the Gospel is done quite as much by American as by British agents. This fact is not altogether creditable to English Christianity, for, apart from the relative population of the two countries, America has less responsibility in respect of India and China than Great Britain has. Be that as it may, it is undoubtedly a great pleasure to be able to welcome our American brethren and sisters in lands where we have special obligations, and to recognize the admirable work which they are doing.

As most of the missionaries to whom I have alluded in the following pages are still alive, I have refrained from mentioning their names, such a course being, I am sure, one which they would prefer to having any publicity given to them. I could not, indeed, take any other course without their permission, the obtaining of which would not in all cases be practicable. If in any way I have

failed to represent their work in an impartial manner, I sincerely regret the fact, and trust that they will understand that my desire is to give a fair account of what is going on, from the view of an interested spectator.

Chapter II

Mission Work in a City of the Punjab

Lahore, its past and present—Official sympathy with missions—Roman Catholic endeavour—Jesuits at Lahore—The city as a field for missions—Islam—Its hostility to the Gospel—Persecution of inquirers—Sufferings of converts—A test of sincerity—At a preaching hall—Forman Christian College—Native guests at a dinner-party—Educational missions—Objections to them—Their advantages—The official view—Their great *raison d'être*—Their evangelistic value—The training of native pastors—St. John's College—Its students—The industrial mission—Missionary administration—A service at Ferozepore—The native who conducted it—Work amongst women—Amritzar—The missionary leaders.

Lahore is one of the few places in India which has retained to-day the political importance it had under former rulers. Capital of the Punjab under the Mogul emperors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and of the Sikhs of the eighteenth and early nineteenth, it still remains the seat of the Punjab

Government, and ranks in importance in the whole of India, only after the three Presidency towns of Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras. From a military point of view it has a strategic position of immense importance, as it is the junction of all the railways which radiate towards the North-west frontier—a nerve-centre, so to speak, whence all the communications from the Himalayas to Karachi are governed. It is also a centre of learning, the seat of a university, and of a training college for young chieftains belonging to the many noble houses of Sikhs and Mahommedans in the Punjab.

It is obviously an important position for occupation by Christian missionaries. Here, at least, the reception which has been given by the British ruling power to the messengers of the Gospel has been encouraging and sympathetic, in contrast to the early opposition shown by the fathers of the East India Company to missionaries at Calcutta and Madras. It is remarkable that among the

Chief Commissioners and Lieut. Governors of the Punjab, all of whom have been upright in life and impartial in rule, not a few have been most conspicuous for their private adherence to the truth of Christianity and their public advocacy of its benefits. To mention names would be superfluous to any who know the history of that part of India, and would be possibly invidious. It is sufficient to say that the encouragement thus given has been of the greatest help to the founders of the Punjab Christian Churches, and has given fair opportunity for the Christian missionary to make known his message to the natives.

Although Protestant missions in Lahore are but a thing of yesterday, there seems to have been in the seventeenth century a considerable number of Roman Catholic missionaries in the Punjab. The French traveller, Tavernier, who spent some time there in the reign of the Emperor Aurung-Zebe (1664 A.D.), writes that the Emperors

Akbar and Jehangir encouraged the Jesuit missions, and permitted the building of a church at Lahore, among other places. The author adds the following excellent comment on their work: 'I cannot but exceedingly approve of missions, and the good missionaries, especially our Capucins and Jesuits, because they give meek instructions . . . by their knowledge, sober and exemplary life, they confound the ignorance and licentious life of the Infidels. . . . They are absolutely necessary; it is the honour and prerogative of Christianity to have everywhere through the world substitutes of the Apostles.' After speaking of the want of success in converting Mahommedans, the author goes on to say: 'Our Christians of Europe ought to wish and even to employ their power, care, and charity, that missionaries may be sent over all, such as may be no charge to the people of the country, and whom want may not induce to do mean things . . . that they may be ever ready to lay

hold on all occasions, always to bear witness to the Truth, and to labour in the Vineyard when it shall please God to give them an overture.' At the same time the author is aware that the conversion of the Moslem is no easy task, and it is not to be wondered at 'considering the irreverence of Christians in their churches, so dissonant from our belief . . . and so different from the deep and astonishing respect which these infidels bear to their mosques.'[1]

These sentiments are worthy of a much more liberal view of Christianity than that which we are accustomed to associate with the seventeenth century.

Whether the Jesuit missionaries at Lahore succeeded in making many converts at that time is exceedingly doubtful. In any case the stormy times that followed the reign of Aurung-Zebe and the rise of the Sikh power seem to have swept away any infant Christian

[1] A letter to Monsieur de la Motthe le Vater, written July 1, 1663, by M. Tavernier. Translated in London, 1684.

Church that then existed, and when the British took over the reins of power no Christians remained. But I cannot help thinking that the teaching of the Jesuit fathers must have had a strong influence on the leaders of Sikh thought. From what I understand of that very monotheistic and non-idolatrous religion, there are very many of the essential doctrines in the Sikh scriptures, though no doubt in an obscure form and not clearly set forward as essential, which we as Christians hold most dear. That the original framers of the Sikh books had access to, or instruction in, the Bible, is, I believe, more than probable.

Be this, however, as it may, there is to-day, and there has always been in Lahore since the coming of the British, a great field of active work for the Christian missionary, a vigorous virile race, divided into several opposing creeds and social classes, but all keenly alive to modern progress, and all ready to hear and to discuss that which is

presented to them by the great race of fair-skinned conquerors from Europe.

The city itself has many sacred buildings, principally mosques, dating from Mogul times—architecturally most handsome, and crowded with worshippers at sacred seasons. I know of few more deeply impressive scenes than the great courtyard of one of these mosques on a great feast-day, when hundreds of white-robed, white-turbaned men, standing or kneeling, or prostrating themselves, are ranged row upon row all engaged in united worship. They are gathered under the open vault of heaven, and yet separated from the busy outer world by the walls of the mosque court. They face the Holy City, but actually in front of them rise the domes of the mosque and the *mihrab* or niche where the priest leads their devotions, or whence he addresses them in sonorous Arabic. Above them rise the minarets whence five times a day the muezzin chants the call to prayer. It is all so stately

and dignified, and yet so simple that even the most callous mind cannot fail to be impressed. Yet those who know Islam can hardly forget that, in spite of all this nobility of outer worship, in spite of its noble declaration of the unity of God, and of the individual responsibility of man and of a life hereafter, the system itself, as an interpreter of the needs of humanity, is a terrible negation of God.[1] The hostility of Islam to Christianity is, of course, inveterate everywhere. Without going to Turkey, Morocco, or any other land where Islam has full power, and where it is a capital crime for any one to become a Christian, we find that in India, under the shadow of the mosques protected by the British power, everything that can possibly be done to thwart the acceptance of the Gospel and to embitter the lives of Christian converts is done by the Moslem. Of course, the law of the land gives, as far as it can do so, religious liberty,

[1] See Appendix, p. 179.

and no man can be punished by a court of justice on the plea of conversion to another faith. But let a man once pass the line which divides respect for the religion of the ruling race from acceptance of its teaching, and he will then find all the power of bigotry and persecution directed against him in every possible direction. I knew a case where a Pathan workman on a railway was seen reading a tract by his employer—a Mahommedan like himself. He was instantly dismissed, with the result that he, almost from a spirit of indignant opposition, at once went to a missionary, became a catechumen, and was baptized. I know of two cases where Christian subordinates in the public works, both converts from Islam, were the victims of cleverly concocted conspiracies got up by their former co-religionists, with evidence so skilfully cooked as to be, on the face of it, incontrovertible, and yet, to one who knew the men, incredible. Both conspiracies were quite successful in achieving the ruin of the

victims. I have known the case of a young chief, about to be baptized, who was kidnapped, stripped, and beaten, after bribes had been found useless. And a young Mahommedan friend of mine, who was as fully persuaded of the truth of the Gospel as ever a man could be, implored me to take him to England, there to be baptized, for he said that life in his country would be an impossibility.

Truly I have often wondered how any converts are obtained from Islam at all. Certainly the effect of this obloquy is to test sincerity. I know one case only of a man becoming a convert from interested motives, and he was such a thorough scoundrel that his own co-religionists would have no dealings with him. Trying whether the posing as a Christian martyr might not help some of his nefarious schemes, he went to the chaplain of a military station and received baptism without, apparently, any probation or anything beyond the most cursory inquiry into

his antecedents. Such a piece of monstrous folly on the part of the chaplain is inexcusable. The result is of course to bring Christianity into contempt, and has wide-reaching consequences.

We have, however, wandered far afield from Lahore and its mosques. There are Hindu temples, too, in the city; but in none of them, nor indeed in any part of Northern India, is one confronted with the grossness of idolatry as seen in Eastern and, I believe, Southern India. The influence of the Sikhs and other allied Hindu sects of a reforming character has had this effect.

Outside the walls and narrow streets of the old city itself, a large and important suburb has sprung up, where much of the commerce and life of the city goes on. In one of the main streets of this suburb is a preaching hall, erected in memory of a great American missionary, Dr. Forman. This hall, open to the busy street, is used constantly for the preaching of the Gospel, in

various languages. On Sunday nights the addresses are in English, and it is surprising to see what a large number of natives attend. Some, perhaps, come out of curiosity, some to improve their knowledge of a language which, more and more, is becoming a necessity to those who aspire to rise in life, some, possibly, with a sincere desire to know the truth. Anyhow there they are, as mixed an assembly as one could see; clerks in Government offices, students in the University, lads from school, and old men from shops, all grave and courteous. Sometimes a remark is made which offends susceptibilities, and the speaker, who has spoken it in all innocence, is surprised and disconcerted, it may be, to see a sudden exodus of the greater part of his audience. But in any case the preaching goes on, as close to the busy market throng as is possible without being an obstruction.

The European portion of Lahore, a broad tract of land, probably at the time of native

rule covered with gardens and country houses of the nobility, is now a maze of dusty roads and somewhat ugly bungalows. There are public buildings of pleasing architectural exterior, however, and among these is the Forman Christian College, a valuable training-school for all who choose to accept Western secular learning combined with regular Christian teaching. This school, conducted by American Presbyterians, is under the direction of a scholar of eminence, and a very much respected authority on the subject of education. I think I am correct in stating that his views on this important subject are just as highly prized, and his opinion is as much consulted by the Government of the country as it is by the Board of his own mission.

Valuable as is the work which he has done, and is doing, in this respect, I think an almost more valuable work is being done by him in his bringing together the Englishman and the native on the common ground of

culture and knowledge. I had the pleasure of dining with him on one occasion, and of meeting there several native gentlemen *and ladies*—Christians, of course, as social customs in respect of food and drink would prohibit those of any other creed from being present on such an occasion. The conversation was refined and cultured, the guests, though wholly Oriental and looking at public questions from their own point of view, were sympathetic towards our aspect of each case, while the position of our host, belonging as he did neither to the dominant race nor to the ruled, was one of entire impartiality. The ladies were as refined and gracious as any of their Western sisters.

There are differences of opinion as to the value of educational missions. At first sight it certainly does appear that men and women who have been set apart for the noble work of preaching the Gospel should have their time occupied in some more directly Christian manner than the teaching of mathematics and

geography; also that money subscribed by the contributions of the pious, frequently at the cost of much self-denial, should not be expended in imparting that secular learning which, in our own country and in most civilized lands, is a duty devolving on the State. Certain missionary societies, and those by no means the least successful, will, for such reasons as the above, have nothing to do with educational work, except in a very minor degree, while they foster medical work most cordially. On the other hand, there are other missions who regard this branch as of the greatest importance. Presbyterian missions generally, Scotch, American, and French, have always regarded educational work as of special importance; the celebrated Dr. Duff, of Calcutta, being one of the most notable examples of the educational missionary. It is obvious that, from the point of view of the Government and of the secularist, this form of mission work has much to recommend it. By means of it,

instruction by men of learning and culture is given to a large mass of the people who are little likely to be disturbed in their own religious beliefs through the small amount of Christianity which is the necessary accompaniment of the secular teaching. More than that, the missionary supplies in his person and his doctrine the moral element without which other teaching is incomplete. If that doctrine is one which a secularist would not agree to, it is at least admittedly superior to any other on its ethical ground, and therefore probably the best obtainable. Hence the educational missionary is to be encouraged, and Government should subsidize him as much as possible, without being committed to any official acceptance of his tenets.

This is the official view, honestly desirous of being just and beneficent to the people, but lukewarm as to their conversion. It is conceivable that missionaries might be so absorbed in the scholastic work of their

colleges as to forget that the primary object of all mission work is to 'make disciples of all nations.' Certainly some of those who had been most successful teachers in Northern China prior to 1900 had come to regard the means as almost an end, from which perverted view of matters the upheaval of 1900 had a most startling effect. But the mistakes and failings of individuals, and the lukewarm patronage of rulers, ought not to obscure the great *raison d'être* of educational missions, viz. that they are, morally, medical missions. The utility and beneficence of the healing of the body cannot be gainsaid. We have the Highest Example of all for this. But medical missions, as a rule, touch only the poor and the diseased. Are the wealthy—even the moderately wealthy—and the healthy to be entirely neglected? Is there anything that the Christian Church can, of its liberality, offer to them in the name of Christ which would be of value to them in this life? Surely secular knowledge is of as great

advantage to the ignorant mind as healing of the body is to the sick.

Then, again, it is possible for the educational missionary to go into the teaching of the Gospel with his pupils in such a manner that there can be no misapprehension. An evangelist touring through a country tells the story of the Cross of Christ, and is listened to with interest, perhaps, and attention, but the chances are decidedly against his hearers understanding more than a mere fraction of his address. He may leave tracts or books, which the few learned ones can read, but, apart from this, his seed has been sown on the wayside, and 'the birds of the air devour it.' But the educational missionary has every chance, and if he is one of the right sort he will use his opportunities. Day after day the same keen, intelligent faces are before him, and he can, and ought to, preach to them both with his lips and by his life of active kindly sympathy and of manly integrity and purity. The best

argument in favour of educational work is the enthusiasm which it provokes among those who take part in it—those who, perhaps, had never in the first instance intended to devote themselves to this branch of work, or imagined that it would have any attraction for them.

Whatever be the opinion we may hold about educational mission work in general, it will at least be conceded that the training of native pastors and teachers is an absolutely essential branch of Christian missions. There is at Lahore a training institution, known as St. John's College, for divinity students, under the Church Missionary Society. There is a principal, and frequently one or two other assistants, all young English clergymen, excellent specimens of our home public-school and university life. The college is situated within the limits of the European portion of Lahore, but it is very near the city, and some at least of the buildings formed part of the suburban residence of one

of the native gentlemen under the Sikh rule. A quiet, peaceful spot it is, with a pretty garden where palm trees and poplars afford grateful shade, and where the sounds of water plashing from the tiny buckets of a Persian wheel mingle with the musical drone of its primitive machinery. A little chapel of Oriental architecture stands in the grounds, and gathers the students to daily prayer. The chapel is a memorial to two notable missionaries—Bishop T. V. French, first Anglican Bishop of Lahore, and one of the first messengers of the Gospel that the Church of England sent to that part of India; and the Rev. George Maxwell Gordon, one who, after spending his life and his substance in the cause of missions, was killed at the siege of Kandahar in 1880, when, as chaplain to British troops, he was endeavouring to rescue a wounded soldier.

Besides the divinity students, the college affords accommodation to Christian lads studying at the Punjab University. In a

very comfortable and suitable hostel in the grounds these young men have far better quarters than they could get in the city; they are free from the temptations which are prevalent in all cities, Eastern or Western, and they have in the college principal and tutors the very kindest of friends and advisers. It is pleasant indeed to see these young men growing up under the influence, not merely of good secular teaching at the Government University, but influenced by all that is manly, straightforward, and chivalrous in our English Christianity. I have frequently visited the principal's house at Lahore, and generally found two or three young natives there living as his guests, men whose conversation and manners showed that they had been under the best of influences. Every year, too, in the vacation, the principal, himself an athlete of considerable skill, used to take a party of these native lads with him, and spend the time among the glaciers and peaks of the Kara-Korums, mountains that

test a man's skill as an Alpine climber to the utmost.

These young students are indeed to be congratulated. There is, to my mind, no more interesting society in India than that of well-born and cultured missionaries. They are not merely in the country to earn a livelihood and quit it as soon as a pension is earned—as is the case with most Europeans of the upper class—but they are there from a motive as disinterested as it is sympathetic, and their knowledge of the natives is as intimate as it is, generally, impartial. Friendship with the people of the country is, in the case of many of the official class, a matter of duty and restraint, not the outcome of spontaneous sympathy.

The needs of the small but growing community of native Christians in Lahore are met by two churches, one Anglican and one (American) Presbyterian, each with its native pastor.

There is also an industrial mission in

connection with St. John's College. This is a comparatively recent movement, and a very useful one. It is a serious matter for a man to become a Christian, especially if he has formerly been a Mahommedan, for, as previously stated, he runs a fair chance of losing his livelihood. The provision of suitable independent occupation for such converts is a very difficult matter. However, a good artisan will always find a market for his skill, and it must be confessed that the native workmen, as a rule, are very far behind those of Europe (and of China) in their accuracy and finish. One has only to look round the interior of the average Indian bungalow to realize how crude and rough the workmanship of the country is in all matters connected with arts and crafts. But this is not so much the fault of the workman, who is, as a rule, clever and capable, as of the training he has received from his father or his grandfather, belonging, of course, to the same trade or caste, and who, in the

conservative East, uses methods which are probably the same as those in vogue in the days of Alexander the Great. If the British workman will take the trouble to teach the Indian fellow-craftsman, the latter will be an apt pupil indeed. And this is what is being done, and very successfully done, by the industrial mission at Lahore. A missionary artisan superintends, and is master of many crafts to, a number of willing and neat-handed apprentices. This work is sure to be of great importance in the country, for it supplies a very definitely felt want among engineers and architects.

At Lahore, the Central Committee of the Church Missionary Society's operations in the Punjab, North-West Frontier, and Sindh, has its headquarters. The Bishop of the diocese is the *ex-officio* president, there is a secretary from among the regular mission staff, and the committee is composed for the most part of laymen, Government officials, and others, who have shown interest in the

work. The amount of business that has to be carried on is astonishing. The secretary is one of the busiest men in the country. He has the management of what has now come to be a vast organization, extending over an area as large as a European country of the first magnitude. Appointments of subordinates, financial questions, building of houses, hospitals, and many such mundane but necessary details alternate with the higher and weightier matters of translation of Scriptures and other books, fitness of candidates for catechists or pastors, extensions of spheres of labour, and co-operation with other Christians. The secretary must know everything that affects the progress of the great cause in his own part of the country, just as the chief of the staff of an army ought to know what subordinate commanders are doing, without exercising command himself. A successful secretary of such a mission must be a man of rare talent and self-effacement, no novice at the work, and no tactless blunderer. It is

obviously a somewhat uninviting task, and not one that gains much popular gratitude, but it is for all that thoroughly appreciated by the many with whom he is in touch in the country, and also by the parent committee in England, with whom he must be necessarily in constant communication and complete accord. The man who held this post when I was at Lahore was one who seemed eminently fitted for the work. He seemed to be not merely in touch with the missionaries of his own society, but to be beloved and appreciated by those belonging to other missions and by the native leaders of many schools of thought.

I happened to be walking along the road with him one day when he was stopped by what appeared to be a religious mendicant or *fakir*, with whom he seemed to be on the most friendly terms. It turned out that this *fakir* belonged to a small and obscure sect of Christians, who, not owing allegiance to any organized Church or Western school of

teaching, are engaged in following the tenets of the Gospel in their own distinctly Oriental way. Many, indeed, I am afraid most, Englishmen would have passed by such a *fakir*, unwilling to touch him, except with the end of a stick, but not so my friend. There they stood, hand-in-hand, on the public road, the tall fair Englishman in clerical garb, and the dark Punjabi in the ochre-coloured robe and ashes of the *fakir*, their faces showing the strong bond of friendship and interest that existed between them.

One comes across the influence of Christianity in other unexpected ways. I happened to be one Sunday in Firozepore, a cantonment in the same military division as Lahore, and there I went in the afternoon to the native church, expecting to hear the service conducted by the American missionary in charge. I was rather surprised to find that the whole service was conducted by a native gentleman, evidently a layman of good position. I was introduced to him afterwards,

and learned that he held a position of honour in the Civil Service, and had the title of Rai Bahadur (corresponding somewhat to our 'Right Honourable'). This gentleman, I found afterwards, was one of the most honoured and trusted officials in the country. As he has recently passed away, I feel justified in mentioning his name—Maya Dass. He died honoured and loved by Europeans and natives alike, having through a long career preserved a character for absolute integrity, in spite of his having had positions where the opportunities of peculation must have been enormous.

Of work among the women of the country I saw little at Lahore. But at Amritsar, which is only some twenty-six miles from Lahore, and is the sacred place of the Sikhs, there is much that is especially interesting. There is a flourishing hospital for women, into which I had, of course, no admittance, but which I understand has been an enormous boon to the women of the city and

district. There are two schools for Christian girls also, one for the future gentlewomen of the Punjab, the other for little girls of a lower social rank. At the latter I was present one evening at a magic-lantern show. It was most refreshing to hear the merry chatter and witness the delight of the little people, so natural to those accustomed to English children, but so unusual among Indian girls, whose lives from their earliest days seem weighed down with the burden of being born of a sex that is despised and degraded. Truly, if the message of Christ had done nothing else it has done a mighty work in its influence on women. Both in India and China the mere external effect of Christianity on women who accept its teaching is very marked. They seem cleaner, neater, and brighter than their non-Christian sisters.

At Amritsar, with its wonderful Golden Temple, centre of Sikh worship, where the sacred book is venerated and tended almost as if it were a living being, there are many

interesting sights to those interested in the work of Christian missions. The women's work I have already alluded to. The mission schools in the city, the general hospital with its kind, sympathetic doctors, and daily crowd of patients coming from far and near, the mission church with its steadily increasing band of adherents, all are of interest ; but, to my mind, the most interesting feature of all was the *personnel* of the mission workers. These were not, as at Lahore, young, fresh, vigorous men, but old veterans, who had spent long years in patient sowing of seed, but who retained still the enthusiasm and zeal of youth in the carrying out of their life work. Conspicuous among these was Mr. Robert Clark, one of the few who had come to the Punjab in the earliest years of British occupation. When I knew him his hair and beard were white as snow, and his blue eyes showed the advance of age, but his ardour as a missionary was undiminished. He was one who was peculiarly beloved by the people,

for he united very deep love and sympathy with an exceedingly courteous and unselfish way of expressing it, a combination which is not too common, but which among Orientals is very thoroughly appreciated. Mr. Clark entered into his rest in the hot weather of 1900, and was buried in the native Christian cemetery at Amritsar, where not long after him there was laid to rest his great friend and colleague, Dr. Imad-ud-din, once a Mahommedan mullah, but for many years a Christian pastor and writer. A very remarkable man this, and a great power for good among his own people.

The mantle has, however, fallen on worthy successors, and the work goes on with increasing success. From Amritsar there radiate a succession of out-stations, Narowal, Jandiala, Taran-Taran, Batala, and thence to Kangra and Kulu. So that the work of these veterans has now been multiplied, and is reaching an ever-increasing multitude of the people.

Chapter III

IN A PUNJAB COUNTRY DISTRICT

Shahpur—Its warlike people—Its chief town—The Bar and its people—A great work—A field untouched by missions—The pilgrim missionary—An appeal and its answer—Bible-reading with native servants—A Sikh visitor—His inquiry—Mohammedan hearers—A mixed assembly—How one found solace in time of suffering—Famine relief—The deputy commissioner and the assistant engineer—How they dealt with a cholera outbreak—Prayer answered—Contrasted conduct of Christian and heathen—Four Mohammedans ask for baptism—Their motive—Influence of officials.

IN the centre of the Land of the Five Rivers, far from the beaten track of travelling M.P.'s and other cold-weather visitors, lies the district of Shahpur, a land of fierce burning heat in summer and of sharp cold in winter; a land where rain falls but seldom, a land of dust and of thorns, of multitudes of camels, excellent horses and sturdy peasants.

From this district many cavalry recruits join our Indian Army, and indeed one entire regiment is raised and horsed from it. Here, too, reside many retired cavalry officers of the native army, living on their estates much as country gentlemen do at home. These are, as a rule, vigorous manly leaders of men, excelling in horsemanship and other outdoor sports.

These natives and their retainers belong to a tribe of Mahommedans, called Tiwanas, a warlike race, who were involved in constant struggles with the Sikh rulers of the Punjab, and who rendered good and loyal service to the British at the time of the Mutiny.

The chief town of the district, though not the centre of government, is Bhera, situated on the left bank of the Jhelum, a town which has an unenviable notoriety in respect of sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion. The leading inhabitants are not of the sturdy yeoman class above depicted, but more of

the Bengali baboo type. There is much of the usual quarrelling and litigation, common in the East, and probably a good deal of real crime. The judge of the district—a Mahommedan gentleman of high character—told me it was the worst district for crime in the Punjab, but he may possibly have exaggerated.

All along the west bank of the Jhelum for a distance of about one hundred miles in length and about eight to ten in breadth lies a fertile tract which in spring and autumn is covered with crops. This is irrigated—or was irrigated, when I knew the place—from a series of canals, which are dry in winter, when the river shrinks to a small stream, but in summer, when the melting Himalayan snows bring down swollen floods, the canals are full of brown silt-laden water which is conducted over the fields, and, as in Egypt, leaves a rich deposit of mud. All along the river, therefore, there lies this fertile belt of land. On the table-land between the

Jhelum and the Chenab, known locally as the 'Bar,' the water from these irrigation channels cannot rise, and consequently that land was entirely dependent on the scanty and precarious rainfall for its fertility. The peasantry here were naturally a nomad race, taking their flocks and herds to places where water and grass abounded. Their country was a wide arid waste of the dreariest description. It was not devoid of plant life, for dotted all over it were shrubs of hardy thorn and similar bushes, none above fifteen feet in height, not sufficient to afford shade to men or cattle, but enough to restrict the view to a radius of some twenty or thirty yards in any direction. It was the easiest place in the world in which to lose one's way, and after one fearful experience there I never went about without map and compass, working as at sea by dead reckoning. This 'Bar' stretched for miles and miles, a desolate region, inhabited chiefly by snakes, lizards, and birds of prey.

I write of it now in the past tense, for to-day it is a smiling garden covered with luxuriant crops twice a year, and with thriving villages all over it. The change is due to the waters of the Jhelum canal, which has its exit from the parent stream at a point some thirty miles above the place where the 'Bar' begins. There a mighty weir has curbed the river and enabled its waters to be diverted at all times of the year, forming one of the great perennial canals which have done so much for the people of India, and form such a valuable national asset. It now flows, a great artificial river, about fifty yards wide and eight feet deep, discharging daily as much water as would supply twelve cities as large as London with its six millions of people.

At the time of which I am writing, the 'Bar' was still in its original wild condition. The channel of the canal was being dug by a great host of workmen, some 12,000 in number, scattered along the banks of the

proposed line, busily working away like ants. There were no refinements here of modern machinery, only the tiny labour of individuals in a vast mass, each with his rude mattock and his wicker basket excavating a little, and then carrying the spoil on his head to a heap at one side, losing, it may be, much of the material in the process, but still labouring on towards the great end in view. Poor feeble means and despicable instruments, but a great result—which things are an allegory.

On the wide expanse of the Bar men had been working, too, but it was work of the brain, not of the muscles as yet. Careful and accurate observing of levels had been going on all over, and calculations of how most efficiently, economically, and sensibly the life-giving waters might be utilized were being carried out by a staff of engineers, without any visible result, except the marking on the surface, here and there, of lines, unintelligible to the uninitiated, and possibly

an occasional small pillar or wooden peg. Careful and accurate work it had to be, and governed by the strict rules of hydrodynamics, for water is a substance that absolutely declines to flow uphill, just as much on an Asiatic desert as in a fertile country of Europe. A hard task for the workers, too, exposed as they were to tremendous heat, with most insufficient food and accommodation, and debarred from any of the amenities of life. Still, it was somewhat encouraging to realize that on the accuracy and thoroughness of their work—misunderstood though it might be by the natives—depended the prosperity and comfort of thousands in the future, even though such a result was never witnessed by the men who worked so hard to attain it. This, too, is an allegory, as well as a statement of hard fact.

The district was one of the few in the Punjab which, at that time (1899), was quite untouched by missionary effort. Many years before, the Rev. G. M. Gordon,

who was killed at Kandahar in 1880, as mentioned in a previous chapter, had itinerated through the district from end to end, much in the fashion of the Apostles of old, with no camp or servants, but living on native food, and partaking of the hospitality of the villagers. His head-quarters were at Pind Dadan Khan, a town near the Salt Range, on the right or western bank of the Jhelum. He had traversed the whole length of the district for a distance of about eighty miles from his base in successive seasons; but in the twenty years that had followed his departure the memory of his personality had almost, and his teaching had quite, faded away.

There was a small branch dispensary in Bhera, under the auspices of the American United Presbyterians, and attached to it a little room where on Sundays a few native Christians met for worship. But there was no aggressive missionary work connected with this. Later on, some time after I first

came to the district, the Americans sent a very excellent missionary there—a man full of faith and discretion. I do not know whether he is there still, but I hope so, for the sake of the work. I believe some mutual understanding as to 'spheres of influence' has been arrived at between the American Presbyterians and the Church Missionary Society.

Finding no mission work in progress, I wrote to the latter society, asking if they could send a native teacher or evangelist, for whose temporal needs I would be responsible. They sent me a very interesting man from Multan, one who had been a Mahommedan, but had, under very remarkable circumstances, been led to accept the faith of Christ. This man accompanied me in my marches through the district. I placed a riding-camel at his disposal, so that when I was occupied with daily routine he went off to villages and towns, preaching and teaching. He was, as a rule, courteously received. He

said the people were for the most part ready to listen. They had not heard the Gospel before, and in some cases seemed much interested.

Unfortunately, the services of this good man were required before long at Multan, and I was obliged to send him back. He had, however, done a little in awaking an interest in the district, which I think was a beginning of some further advance. I was in the habit, every Sunday, of assembling such of my own servants as cared to come, and reading to them, from a recently published Urdu translation of the New Testament, some portion of the Gospels. I never entered into any explanation of Christian dogmas, or mentioned the subject of other religious beliefs. All that was done beyond the actual reading of the Gospel was to explain any points that might not be evident to the casual hearer. Beyond that it seemed to me quite unnecessary to go. The record of the perfect life and matchless teaching of the

Light of the World could surely be trusted to tell its own story.

On one of these Sundays, in the middle of the hot weather, I was halting at a little rest-house at the edge of the Bar in a somewhat lonely place. A Sikh gentleman, son of an aged landowner in the neighbourhood, and himself a man well advanced in middle life, came to call on me on some business. As he took his leave I invited him to be present at my weekly reading, an invitation which he politely accepted. On that occasion I happened to be reading the story of the Good Samaritan, an incident which in its Eastern setting conveys to the Oriental a wealth of meaning which is unknown to our Western minds. For I need scarcely say the Bible is an Eastern book, and describes customs and deals with modes of thought which are, and have been, familiar for thousands of years to Eastern people from Delhi to Damascus. My Sikh visitor was charmed.

'Is this a book recently published?' he asked me. 'I have known the English for many years, but I never heard anything so interesting. May I come another time and listen again?'

He visited me again, and I read further to him. He was so struck with the simplicity and beauty of the Lord's Prayer (which is in the following chapter of St. Luke) that he wrote down a copy of it with the intention of using it. I need scarcely say that I invited him to come to my weekly readings as often as he liked; and although I was marching all over the district, often at considerable distances from his home, he was always to be found on Sundays waiting to hear the reading. I gave him an Urdu Bible, which was a source of great pleasure to him.

This was the beginning of a very warm friendship which sprang up between us. I still keep up a regular correspondence with my friend. I suppose that as he has never

formally joined the Christian Church he must be regarded still as a heathen, but I know that he rules his life by the teaching of the Bible, and that he has taught his family of its truth. From him I learned much that is intensely interesting about the Sikhs and their faith. It certainly seems as if the first leaders of that sect must have so learnt the truths of the Gospel—of the Incarnation, Atonement, and Resurrection of One Who came from God—as to incorporate these facts to some extent in their sacred books, without, however, the historical basis on which the whole is founded, and without the teaching of faith that gives to these truths their vitality and application to the needs of mankind.

Many Mahommedans of good position gradually, and quite spontaneously, began to come to these weekly gatherings. Sometimes they would try to introduce matter of a controversial nature, which, however, I absolutely declined to discuss. It was not my

business to discuss polemics, and to do so would lead to no useful result.

One of these meetings especially comes to my memory.

It was at Pind Dadan Khan at a time when famine and cholera were raging, and when men's minds were naturally grave. I had rather a larger gathering than usual, and in the course of my reading had come to those chapters of St. John's Gospel, the eighteenth and nineteenth, which describe in matchless language the Passion of Our Lord. As I ceased reading I saw before me an audience of Mahommedans, Sikhs, and Hindoos of various castes, all earnestly and intently interested. I spoke, rather more than I was accustomed to do, of the mighty love of God and of the sufferings of our Incarnate Redeemer 'for us men and for our salvation.' With such a theme and such an audience, it appeared to me with overwhelming force that the differences between us of colour and of race, of social

position and of education, of environment and heredity, were as nothing compared with what we had in common—our humanity with its needs, and God's mighty love with its infinite power.

One of my audience, at least, realized the beauty and power of the passage read. I did not see him again for some weeks, and knowing how swiftly cholera cuts down its victims, I feared lest he should have succumbed. I sent a message to his house inquiring for him. I received a note in reply to the effect that he had been most seriously ill, in great pain and distress, but the remembrance of the sufferings of Christ had been to him a continual source of solace in all his weakness. Surely the Master's words are true, 'I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me.'

The winter of 1899–1900, memorable in England for the disasters of the South African War, was in India darkened by one of the widest spread famines on record. In the

Eastern Punjab it was specially virulent. In the Shahpur district, which lies to the west of the province, there was scarcity, but not acute distress; and, above all, on the surveyed, but still untouched, branches of the Jhelum Canal, there was any amount of work on which the unskilled labourer could be usefully employed. It was, therefore, decided to draft from the famine districts, where work was not to be had in any quantity, about thirty thousand labourers to the site of the canal.

As I have previously mentioned, the country which the canal now waters was then the wild, barren 'Bar,' and hence the influx of thirty thousand people into that wilderness meant the preliminary arrangements of food depôts, wells for water, groups of huts at intervals, besides many other minor matters, such as provision for the sick, supply of tools, etc. These arrangements, however, were rapidly made. The two local officers on whom they principally depended were the

deputy-commissioner of the district and a young assistant-engineer of the Public Works Department, both ordinary young Englishmen of the sport-loving type, but men of somewhat different antecedents. The former had all the advantages of noble birth and social position, together with the prestige of the covenanted Civil Service, while from Eton and Cambridge he had the best education that school and university could afford. The latter, though of pure English blood, had been born in India, and had never been in any other country. He was at that time only a temporary employé of the State, and as such had an official position of far less honour and dignity than that of his colleague. But both these men, when the pinch of trial came, showed exactly the same splendid qualities of courage and sympathy with the people.

Out of the thirty thousand people destined for the work, about one-third had arrived, and after a long railway journey and a trudge

of some fifteen or twenty miles they had been distributed among a number of hutted camps along the line of the canal. Then suddenly cholera broke out. Whence it arose need not be here considered. The poor people, already emaciated by hunger, miserably clad in bitter cold weather, distressed at having to leave the homes where they had lived all their simple lives, and gathered among strangers in a desolate wilderness, were panic-stricken. Some of them, in their frenzy, rushed off into the jungle, only to die of starvation or fall a prey to wild beasts. Some of them tried to get back to the railway, so as to return to their homes. Terror had seized on all, for they believed that somehow or other they had been only brought to that unknown land to die.

Then our two young Englishmen rose to the occasion. The young engineer had the great advantage, from his having been born and educated in the country, of knowing the native language perfectly. He had a group

of huts run up in a centrally convenient spot, where all the sick could at once be taken and attended to. He went personally round all the encampments, soothing the people's fears, cheering them up, and administering medicine to the sick—for he had a little medical knowledge, and the one doctor of the district was worked off his legs. So much confidence did this young man inspire that several people who felt ill preferred to go to his camp rather than go to the cholera huts—a compliment entailing somewhat disagreeable consequences, for some of the poor people died at his tent door, and actually inside his tent. However, it was better that they should go there than that they should flee to the jungle to fall a prey to jackals and vultures.

The deputy-commissioner went even further. To the consternation and terror of all his native establishment, he pitched his tent in the middle of the cholera huts, taking a few trusted servants with him. There he remained for about a week, until things were

brighter. The small hospital staff soon had their hands full, and their numbers were thinned by the deadly disease. Those who brought the sick into the camp hurriedly departed, leaving the poor wretches without attendance. These the deputy commissioner himself attended to, and soothed their fears. With his own hands he tended the sick and removed the dying, and, when no one else would touch them, with his own hands he cremated the dead. A gruesome task at best, but when done to cholera patients, by a man who had not only himself but wife and children to think of, it was heroic.

Eton had many old boys doing gallant deeds at that time in South Africa, but surely there was no braver work done than that week's work performed by this civilian on the cold dreary upland between the Jhelum and Chenab. But the panic was arrested, and after a week of ghastly experiences, the disease, slowly at first, and then suddenly,

disappeared.[1] The poor people regained confidence.

Now both the men in question would be probably much astonished if they were called missionaries. And yet I believe that while they simply took what lay in the path of duty as part of their day's work, they were being keenly observed by the natives of the district, and their actions contrasted with the conduct of some of their own people. Cholera, even among British soldiers, sometimes produces abject terror, so we must not be hard on a native barrister who about this time fled from the district leaving wife and family behind him; but the contrast between this and the action of the Englishmen was very marked. I think the reason of it was attributed to Christianity. At all events, it is the only reason I can assign to the following episode: —About two years after this I received a

[1] My Sikh friend came one day to pray with me about the matter. He reminded me afterwards that from that day the disease abated.

letter signed by four well-educated Mohammedans of the district asking for Christian baptism. I had been obliged to leave the district just after the famine and cholera time. I left hurriedly, as I was ordered to China to take up a command in the expedition to that country. After a year in China I was for a short time in England, and it was on my return to India that I received the letter from the four Mohammedans referred to. I was much astonished at the letter, for I had never publicly, nor in the course of many private conversations on religious subjects, mentioned the subject of baptism to any of them. Nor could they be making the request from interested motives. I was not in any way concerned with their temporal affairs, being a military officer while they were all in civil departments, nor was I even living in the same district with them. What, then, could be the motive for asking for a rite which they knew must expose them to bitter persecution

and social ostracism? I fear it was hardly a genuine desire after Christianity in itself, for when I wrote proposing that a missionary should visit them and admit them, after public confession of faith, as catechumens, they would have none of it. Either they would have baptism from me or nobody. I could not, and indeed I would not, baptize them. One of them was baptized by an American missionary. Another is now in Nigeria, whence I had a friendly letter from him lately. He is still a Mohammedan. After carefully thinking over the matter, I believe that the motive that inspired the letter was this. They had seen a couple of Englishmen in a time of cholera and famine ready to risk death for the sake of poor strangers. They had heard that this was in accordance with the doctrine of Christ, and, in a very imperfect way, a following of His example. They knew me to be associated with these Englishmen and to be an advocate of Christianity, and so they were

led to ask me to admit them also to a fraternity of men where such deeds were inculcated.

I mention these facts to show that in the East now, as in former years, the influence of a self-denying district official is enormous. If our district officers, without partiality or favour to any creed, are true to their Lord and Master, the weight of their testimony is incalculable, and I believe their own personal popularity is not diminished. I can only say that when I left the district to go to China I was astonished, and indeed embarrassed, by the esteem and affection which were shown from quite unexpected quarters.

Chapter IV

The Upheaval in North China

Outbreak of hatred against foreigners—Cruelties—Relief of Peking Legations—Conduct of Chinese Christians—Work of the missionaries during the siege—Reason of the presence—Death by torture—Dr. Morrison on the siege—Bravery of the Japanese troops—Thanksgiving service—French official report—Missionaries act as interpreters—Expedition to Pao Tingfu—Meetings of China Inland Mission at Tientsin—Constancy of native converts—Martyrdoms—Conduct of governor of Shansi—Escape of missionaries from Houan—Escape of Americans—The question of compensation—Winter hardships—Works of relief—Missionaries' help to soldiers and sailors—Their gratitude—Christian native servants—Foreign Provisional Government.

In the early summer of 1900 the reactionary forces of China, long smouldering in hatred towards foreign aggression, a hatred which had too many causes for justification, broke into open flame. The earliest attempts to relieve the beleaguered Legations of Peking

having failed, troops were summoned in hot haste from Japan, Manchuria, the Philippines, India, and Europe.

Evidence of disturbances in the interior were manifest at Hongkong and Wei-hai-wei, which were crowded with refugees, principally missionaries. I believe at Shanghai, also, the European concessions were full to overflowing. Many pathetic cases there were—wives who knew not whether they were widows, families that had lost their all. Added to this was the anxiety for friends and native converts, dear to the hearts of those who had led them to see the truth.

During those hot summer days when relief was speeding to the north, deeds of atrocious cruelty were being carried out. We did not learn details till many months had passed, but, in any case, it would have been too late to prevent them. We knew that at Peking, principally, our countrymen and women were in peril. Our one anxiety

was to rescue them, at least, before it was too late.

How the relief came at last has been told by others. It may be sufficient to say that it came after the outside world had lost all hope, when memorial services had been arranged in our churches at home, and obituary notices of various men and women of note had appeared in the English papers.

It was on the evening of the day of Relief that I first came into touch with Chinese Christians. I received orders to breach the massive wall which separated the British Legation from the Imperial Carriage Park, an open space held by the enemy, which had hitherto been a source of constant danger to the besieged. My men were more than tired, having been marching and fighting since 3 a.m., and it was then 8 p.m. The British Minister knew this, and told me I should have to assist me 'a party of Chinese Christians.'

They were organized under the control

of some white missionaries, American and English, whose acquaintance I then made. These were not clothed in orthodox clerical garb; they were gaunt, unshaven, and ragged; but, perhaps, we British officers were even less prepossessing in our appearance—one must not judge by outward impressions.

While we were working at the wall, a hymn came floating on the evening air, and the men stopped reverentially to join in. It was the old Doxology, sung by a party of American missionaries who had gathered outside the little Legation chapel. Inside that chapel the missionaries lived—men, women, and children, I cannot remember how many. Curtains and screens divided the interior into apartments at night, while during the day it had been a busy scene of work and consultation; for these missionaries had organized nearly everything during the siege. One was chairman of the Committee for Public Comfort. This had charge of the general well-being of the beleaguered. Three others

were in charge of food supply and the issue of stores. Another had charge of the mill that ground the wheat every day. Another was in charge of the native labour—three thousand Christians—among whom were many well-to-do men, teachers, medical assistants, and the like, but they all worked as common labourers. They were all registered and told off in working parties with regular reliefs. Three other missionaries supervised the quarters where these Christians lived. Another missionary, a brave and able man, and as modest as he was capable, was the chief engineer, and right well he designed and executed the fortifications. Two missionaries were sanitary inspectors.

The ladies meanwhile were nurses. Some of them, indeed, were qualified doctors, so they were able to give the sick the best of care.

In short, it was a matter of general agreement that the whole of the interior economy

of the defence was organized and directed by the missionaries. This was the subject of an official letter addressed to them after the siege by the American Minister, and although no similar letter was written by the British Minister, I had from his own lips testimony to exactly the same effect.

So much for the brains which directed. What about the natives? They supplied bone and muscle. Without them the Legations could not have been held.

The question that naturally rose in one's mind at seeing all this was: how came such a large number of missionaries and converts to be there at all? To answer this fully would mean the telling again of much of the story of the preliminaries of the siege, already brilliantly narrated by Dr. Morrison of the *Times*, who modestly omits the part he played in the gallant rescue of many of the native converts from death by torture.

It may perhaps suffice to say that in May

there had been in Peking a conference of missionaries from various parts of the country. Thus, many who otherwise would have returned to their stations were obliged to remain, owing to the disturbed state of the country. Further, that the many English-speaking missionaries in Peking itself had ultimately abandoned their separate positions to come together for mutual protection, and those at Tung Chao (fourteen miles off) had been at the last moment most gallantly rescued and brought into Peking by one of their own colleagues.

And the native Christians had been rescued during the last few days that preceded the siege, by the heroic exertions of English and Americans. Some, indeed, suffered death by torture, 'not accepting deliverance.' Most, if not all, could have purchased life by recanting. It must have seemed to some of the besieged that to bring in three thousand odd natives, to add to the mouths to be fed, was madness. Yet it

turned out to be a wise as well as a humane act.

The defended area was divided in two parts by a ditch or canal which passed between the British Legation and 'the Fu' or garden held by the Japanese. In this garden the Christians were quartered.

Dr. Morrison, who was himself wounded while fighting gallantly in this garden, writes as follows: 'The enemy were working their way ever nearer to them' (the native Christians). 'Their rage to reach the Christians was appalling. They cursed them from over the wall, hurled stones at them, and threw shells to explode overhead. Only after the armistice, when we received the *Peking Gazette*, did we find that word to burn out and slaughter the converts had come from the highest in the land.'

In a siege where all parts were defended with conspicuous courage it is, perhaps, invidious to single out any part for special admiration, yet I think it would be universally

conceded by all who took part in those fierce contests that the finest work was done by Colonel Shiba, with his handful of Japanese troops and his volunteer Christians. Many of the latter were wounded and some killed.

I had the privilege of going over the ground with Colonel Shiba, and hearing from the lips of that brave and modest Japanese officer the thrilling account of how they contested the ground inch by inch; how the casualties mounted up, until at the end of the fighting it was found that only five men out of the total force had escaped unhurt; how wounded men had rejoined the ranks again and again, and in one case a man had been wounded five times. If 'the Fu' had been lost, the whole of the British Legation must have fallen.

Those who think that the conversion of the Chinese to Christianity is entirely governed by interested motives will please remember that these men, who fought and

worked so well in defence of the foreign Legations, might have saved themselves all the trouble by burning a little incense before an idol.

On the Sunday following the relief, an open-air thanksgiving service was held on the lawn of the British Legation, close to the Bell Tower, where, during the siege, all orders and notices were posted. The British and American ministers and their families and staffs were present. Many officers and men of the allied armies also attended. The officiating clergy were representative of the two nations. Part of the service was conducted by a young S.P.G. missionary, a typical English clergyman. The sermon was preached by a well-known American, also an unmistakable type of his countrymen.

The sermon dealt with the many remarkable deliverances in the course of the siege. Surely, argued the speaker, only the restraining hand of the Almighty prevented

the weak force of the Europeans, Japanese, and native Christians from being overwhelmed or starved. Surely no one who had witnessed or taken part in the events of the past few weeks could doubt the existence of an over-ruling Providence ordering all. How the counsels of the enemy were frustrated; how the natives were brought in—'Except these abide in the ship ye cannot be saved;' and how, when brought in, food was unexpectedly found for them, and also the means of preparing it; how they supplied labour which was indispensable; how relief came at last when it was needed, and many other evidences of a remarkable nature were duly and impressively dwelt upon.

The official report of the French Minister to his Government dealt with the same subject in somewhat similar terms. He concludes with the following remarkable sentence: 'Our salvation, therefore, resulted from a chain of events which cannot be explained by logical

reason and rational considerations.' The American preacher explained it by the over-ruling hand of God.

After the relief of the Legations had opened a way to Tientsin and the coast, many of the missionaries left Peking. Those who had formerly had work there now found that much of the machinery for carrying on the work had been utterly destroyed. Schools, dispensaries, churches, etc., had been uprooted. The *personnel*, the catechists, teachers, and other helpers, in many cases had been murdered. This was especially the case at Tungchao, where, prior to the war, there had been, under the American Board of Missions, one of the most eminent colleges in China. Now it was razed to the ground, and all the native adherents had been killed under circumstances of the most fiendish cruelty.

Some of the missionaries were attached to the troops as interpreters, in which capacity they performed most valuable service.

The business of the allied army just then was the re-establishment of order in Peking itself, and in a tract of country between the capital and Tientsin. This duty was parcelled out among the various Powers, and, among the British especially, officers were numerous who had been accustomed, as in India, to the administration of civil government over natives. To these the missionary interpreters were of the greatest assistance.

Some of us would have preferred to march on into the interior of the country, and endeavour to rescue any of our countrymen that were still in bondage. At first no such expedition took place, although the rumours that reached us from Shansi and Honan were enough to make one chafe at the apparent supineness of the authorities. It was, however, as well, perhaps, that no display of armed vengeance took place. A year later Shansi came to her senses, and made a repentant apology.

An expedition did proceed to Pao-tingfu, in Chih-li, about a hundred miles from Peking. This had been the scene of atrocious massacres in July. There were still other European missionaries there in September, most of whom had come through the most appalling experiences of insult, wounds, threatenings, and even condemnation to death. To liberate these, one column proceeded, under command of a French general, from Tientsin; another, under a British general, from Peking. The missionaries were rescued and taken to Tientsin in October.

Duty took me to Tientsin early in November, and I spent the greater part of the winter at that place. I had the pleasure there of getting to know many of the missionaries of various societies, and especially of the China Inland Mission, at whose house I met many refugees from the interior. There was a little meeting once a week for prayer and information about the work, at

which one heard the most deeply interesting reports. These were now just dribbling in through native channels. Some of the accounts made one shudder, they were simply sickening. And yet, in spite of the horrible cruelties of which one heard, one could not help but rejoice that the faith of native converts rose superior to all the malice which was shown. Enemies might torture and kill the body; they could not touch the soul.

I remember then being struck with the bright, calm face of one lady whom I saw at one of these meetings, and on asking who she was I heard the name of one who had, after incredible torture and insults, been so near martyrdom that her neck was actually bared for decapitation. Another lady wrote a few lines before her own death—she suffered in a peculiarly dreadful manner—that, until they actually heard of their having no hope, she and others were filled with anxious worry, but after they knew they had *no* chance of deliverance, they felt absolutely

calm and peaceful. As for the natives, 'they were sawn asunder, they were stoned, were tempted, were slain with the sword,' and put to torture in nameless ways otherwise.

And these things happened mainly in Shansi, of all places, where a few years before famine had raged, and where messengers from Europe and America had come, bearing relief and administering it; Shansi, where no whisper of foreign aggression had ever been heard, as in Shantung, and some other places; Shansi, where the native followers of the foreign religion had ever been peaceful and law-abiding. But the Viceroy was the infamous Yu-Hsien, the modern Nero, who, not content with ordering execution, set the example by being himself on one occasion the executioner.

And, as in the days of the early Christians, those who were thus murdered and tortured were those who had been occupied with the healing of bodies and souls, in

comforting the sick and sorrowful, in raising the fallen—

'Of whom the world was not worthy.'

Their bodies were beaten, mutilated, violated, their heads were shown in cages or exposed on spikes, their hearts were cut out and sent for the fiendish governor to gloat over. This was the return that Shansi showed for the years of patient toil among them. Yet, though one's blood boiled to go and avenge this wrong, it was better that time should be given for repentance. Shansi did repent. Less than a year afterwards the new Viceroy of the province invited missionaries—certain well-known men—to return. They went back, without any escort of foreign troops, though an officer of the British Army was allowed to go with them. There was a ceremonious reception of these returning messengers of Christ. More than this, a solemn meeting was held, deploring the misdeeds of the past and acknowledging the

magnanimity of the Christian forgiveness displayed, in that practically no claims for compensation were made. Work has gone forward in Shansi with fresh energy. *Vicisti, Galilæe!*

Strange to say, in 1900, the Governor of Shensi, Tuan, although a Manchu and therefore, one might imagine, on the side of the reactionaries, was a man of totally different character from the infamous Yu-Hsien. He and Chang-Chih-tong, the Viceroy of the Yangtse provinces, assisted the missionaries by every means in their power. It was strange to hear, from the lips of those who had come from these favoured provinces, the account of how they had been treated as honoured guests, helped in every possible way, while in Chihli, Shansi, and Honan their brethren and sisters had been insulted, tortured and murdered. Those from Honan had been less barbarously treated than the Shansi missionaries, but they had been in great peril, though none

actually lost their lives. One missionary whom I met represented a party who had lived in a loft for five days while their enemies were searching for them below. The slightest noise would have betrayed them, and one of the party was a baby a month old! They were then removed at night to another place, where they hid for twelve days. Thence they had to escape by road and river, running the gauntlet of custom officers and other officials keenly on the look-out. But eventually they reached Hankow in safety.

A still more remarkable escape was that of a number of Americans and Swedes from the north of Chihli. At Kalgan, a town on the Great Wall, there was a considerable number of Americans who had not come in to the May conference at Peking. To these an American missionary, Mr. Roberts, made his way through a country swarming with Boxers, and becoming every day more dangerous. When he arrived at Kalgan, he

realized that to attempt to carry out his original intention of taking the party—many of whom were ladies and children—to Peking, and thence to the coast, would be impossible. He therefore determined to go in the opposite direction, *i.e.* to attempt to cross Mongolia into Russian territory. How he was joined after a while by some Swedish refugees, how they journeyed across Mongolia, how they ultimately reached the Russian town of Omsk, and thence went by rail to St. Petersburg, is one of the most remarkable stories I ever heard.

Why it should have been permitted that these remarkable escapes occurred in so many cases, and *not* in Shansi and other places, is of course beyond our understanding. It may be, indeed it seems as if it must be, the case that these martyrdoms are necessary where the pure light of the Gospel comes in contact with gross darkness, and history points to the fact that these martyrdoms are the prelude to a mighty ingathering. It was

so in the early days of Christianity, it has been so in modern times in Madagascar and Uganda. It appears to be so now (1906) in China.

The question of compensation for losses is a very difficult one. The principal English societies, viz. the China Inland, the S.P.G., and the C.M.S., made absolutely no claim. I think the London Missionary Society only claimed the value of private effects belonging to the missionaries. Of course, all these societies might equitably and legally have claimed more, but, as followers of Christ, they considered it more in accordance with His teaching that they should lose. The Roman Catholics did not take that view of the case at all. Nor, as far as I remember, did the American societies. I have no exact knowledge on this point, but I am aware that the action of some of the very men who had played such a prominent part in the defence of Peking was very severely criticised by their own countrymen. It was certainly

most exasperating for them to find that their schools, colleges, chapels, and hospitals had been swept away, and they knew enough of the legal system of the country to be able to put the local machinery of the law in force towards obtaining redress. The Apostle Paul appealed to Cæsar; why should a modern missionary not act in a similar manner? It is not for us to judge, but certainly it seemed to me that our English societies were acting more in accordance with the spirit of Christ.

Meantime, winter — the sharp, bitter winter of North China — was upon us, sealing rivers and sea with ice and covering the land with snow. Not only the native Christians, but the ordinary inhabitants of the district which had been the scene of the war, now were suffering. Houses and villages had been burnt, crops had been destroyed, or had been left to rot in the fields, foreigners had taken possession of what had been abandoned, and, too

frequently, had taken by force the poor man's scanty provisions. There had been some disgraceful treatment of the people by the foreign troops. I think I may honestly say that in this degradation of Christianity by the nations who professed it, neither our troops nor the Americans can be blamed. In fact, I know of cases where British officers were appealed to by the Chinese for protection against the high-handed and brutal treatment given by troops of some other nations.

But the people suffered for the sins of their rulers; possibly many of those who had been among the aiders and abettors of Boxer riots, who had taken part in murders or insults of the foreigners, were now reaping the bitter fruit of the seed they had sown.

In Tientsin and Peking the missionaries were now foremost in works of relief. Not only to their own converts, but to the people at large, this relief was given, and many a

poor Chinese gentleman or lady, reduced to beggary by the war, had reason to bless the foreign teacher who ministered to his or her need.

To the British soldier and bluejacket, too, these good people did many a kindly deed. This is, of course, by no means a new thing. In very many naval ports and garrisons and fortresses the missionaries have been, and are, among the best friends our sailor and soldier lads have. Tientsin at that time was a seething mass of inflammable matter. The soldiers of the various nationalities were ready at almost any moment to fly at one another's throats, a procedure which was only too readily assisted by various low drinking-shops which had been established, and which represented *almost* the only form of recreation that was open to the men. *Almost*, not quite. Some of the missionaries threw open their houses as soldiers' homes, where nightly crowds of American and English soldiers and

Australian bluejackets used to assemble, and occasionally French zouaves and German troopers used to join with them. There no national jealousies ever rose. I believe some real friendships among men of various nations sprung up, and I saw a photograph of some men who had been accustomed to meet there, and who represented in one little group eight different nations. Such efforts as these tended certainly to keep the peace, and were most cordially encouraged by the British General, as indeed was only right.

The men themselves, with that ready gratitude for such efforts which is characteristic, were most warmly attached to the missionaries. A remark made by a bluejacket occurs to my memory—it was more polite than it sounds. A missionary's wife had gone to his ship to hold some meeting, and he had been active in getting things ready for her. When she remarked that she feared he was taking too much trouble,

he replied, 'No trouble, marm; 'taint every day we get a British female among us!'

The practical advantages of Christian teaching to the natives was illustrated in the case of our own officers' mess. We started the winter with four mess-servants of the ordinary Chinese servant class. They turned out to be unmitigated scoundrels. One of my officers was a fluent speaker of Chinese, and a friend of the missionaries. From him we got a fresh relay of mess-servants—all Christians. They turned out to be excellent men—honest, clean, and industrious.

Meantime Tientsin and Peking were being governed as they never were before in all their history. Peking was divided into districts or *arrondissements* each under some one of the foreign Powers. Tientsin was ruled by a provisional government, a committee of various foreigners, with an Englishman as president. Justice was administered without partiality, favour or affection. The

police were regularly paid, carefully supervised, and with definite duties. The people began to return to their avocations with readiness, and again prosperity began to return.

Then once more the missionaries resumed their regular work.

Chapter V

Work in Peking

Aspect of Peking—Beggars—Work amongst the blind—The S.P.G. Mission—Murder of Mr. Stonehouse—Murder of Captain Watts-Jones—Missionary conference—A plea for union—Women's hospital—A soldiers' home—Missions in India and China compared—Superstition of the Chinese—Distinctions of dress—Objections to Christianity in China and India—10,000 martyrdoms in China in 1900.

When the winter of 1900–1901 began to give way to spring—coming on, as it does in China, with a sudden rush—the city of Peking began again to assume its own normal aspect. Shops were once more opened in the main thoroughfares. Itinerant vendors of all sorts thronged the streets and advertised their wares. The professional story-tellers had their stalls at the road-sides, and kept large audiences entranced with their

amusing tales. A curious motley crowd moved about the roads, natives of all sorts on their daily occupations; while soldiers of many nations, sturdy Germans, picturesque Italians, tall Sikhs and short, serviceable Japanese, elbowed each other in the now clean and orderly city. And beggars of all sorts lined the waysides at the main entrance gates.

Conspicuous among the beggars were the blind, of whom there were great numbers, and who stood or squatted in conspicuous places, revealing their helpless state to the compassion of the passer-by. Just in the same way in other Eastern countries where Christianity has not yet found an entrance, for instance, in Egypt and in Afghanistan, these blind beggars find their only asylum at the city gates, and so, probably, it was in Jericho, when blind Bartimaeus appealed to the Saviour for mercy. The blind in Peking have had in one of the missionaries their best friend, one who had been working

among them for years before the Boxer upheaval, and who, at the time of which I am writing, had now returned to resume his benevolent work. A Scotsman, like Livingstone, of humble birth, he had the misfortune to lose one of his arms in a thrashing mill when he was a farm lad. Subsequently employed for years as a rural postman, he occupied his spare time in learning with a view to fitting himself for work as a missionary. He studied, by dint of much self-denial and privation, at Glasgow, was ultimately accepted by a missionary society, and sent to Peking. There the helpless condition of the blind attracted the compassion of a heart whose natural sympathy for the suffering, taught by his own maimed condition, had been deepened by Christian love. He set to work to teach the blind to read by means of the Braille raised type, with such remarkable success that many of these poor people learned to read their own language more rapidly by

this means than they would have done had they had their sight, and been obliged to learn the ideographs of written Chinese. Truly God uses the weak things of this world to confound the things that are mighty.

The S.P.G. Mission in Peking had been so shattered by the events of the preceding year that it had hardly resumed work. The only missionary of that society was acting-chaplain to the British troops, and as such had his time fully occupied. He was much beloved by officers and men alike. The London Mission, however, had once more resumed work. A hospital for native women had also been established by a lady doctor, who had been conspicuous for her assiduous care of the sick during the siege of the Legations. In two parts of the city this mission was being carried on, and reinforcements were gradually coming out from home.

But at the outset a sad blow fell on this

mission. Its work had gone on before the Boxer troubles, both in the city and in the surrounding district, and the quiet condition of the country seemed to justify the hope that the latter work might be resumed as well as the former. It seems to have been forgotten, however, that the country between Peking and the coast was quiet and peaceful because it was under the government of the foreign Powers. Beyond the limits of the district thus kept in order, it was not known how far law and order prevailed. As a matter of fact, the assumption that in those outlying regions a foreigner could now go in safety was, most unfortunately, quite mistaken.

Mr. Stonehouse, the missionary of the L.M.S., who had formerly been working in the country districts, was naturally most anxious to return and resume his labours. I had a long talk with him, a day or two before he started, and could thoroughly sympathize with his desire to go off again

to the scene of his former work. He was aware that such a journey was not unattended with risk, but he thought it was possible.

It was, therefore, with the deepest sorrow that we heard that he had been murdered within a day's ride of our outposts. The news was brought by native messengers to one of my subalterns on duty at the outpost in question, who at once rode off to the spot, taking a small escort with him. It appears that Mr. Stonehouse had been shot in the knee when crossing a river in a ferry-boat; that the natives with him had fled in terror; that he had subsequently managed to crawl into a deserted cottage, and there he had died alone and in great pain.

His body was brought in to Peking, and buried in the little English cemetery. The British Minister, Sir E. Satow, all the English and American missionaries, and a few officers of the allied armies were present. But the most striking portion of the

assembled mourners was the gathering of native Christians in their mourning dresses of white. They assembled round the grave and sang bright, cheerful hymns. There was nothing gloomy about this funeral service, although it was unquestionably sad.

I had commanded the troops at a funeral in that very cemetery a few days before, and the circumstances of that case may possibly have induced Mr. Stonehouse to make his fatal journey. In the previous summer a British officer, Captain Watts-Jones, had been travelling across China from India, and had reached, on his way to Peking, a place called Kwei-hua-chang, some three hundred miles from the capital, in July. There he was arbitrarily seized and beheaded. The governor of the place, however, after the perpetration of this dastardly deed, began to be afraid of the consequences of murdering a British officer, and, by way of some reparation, put the body in a magnificent coffin, and placed it in a Chinese

temple. The news of this poor officer's fate gradually reached Peking. One might have supposed that a British escort would have been sent to claim the body, if not to execute some sort of punishment on the murderers. This, however, was not done; for what reason I do not know. A brother of the deceased, however, a naval officer, started off with some Belgian missionaries (Roman Catholics), who had resolved to try and resume work in that district. With much difficulty they made their way to Kwei-hua-chang, and the body of Captain Watts-Jones was brought in to Peking, where, of course, it was buried with military honours. The fact of this party having traversed with safety a part of the country which had previously been swarming with Boxers, may possibly have led to the mistaken inference that all parts of the country had now quieted down.

An important conference of British and American missionaries, at which I was invited

to be present, was held one evening in March, 1901, to consider what steps should be taken for mutual co-operation. At the outset of the proceedings, a speech was made by one of the Americans, showing how desirable such co-operation was. They had representatives of several societies at work, all believing in substantially the same truths, actuated by the same aims, and agreeing as to methods; but they were all working independently, overlapping in some places, neglecting others. There was evidently a need for unison. They had not even agreed as to the Chinese term to be used for the name of God, and they had no books of devotion or even hymn-books which they could use in common. Another speaker humorously pointed out that such terms as 'Presbyterian,' 'Methodist,' 'Baptist,' etc., were unintelligible and bewildering to the natives, who, according to their own practical fashion, invented names for the various sects according to their characteristics, calling the Baptists

the 'Cold-water' Christians, the Methodists the 'Shake-hands' Christians (owing to the practice of the pastor in shaking hands with each member of his congregation after church service), and, I think, the American Presbyterians, the 'Women-talking' Christians. It was obviously most desirable that these names should be abolished, and all should be united in one body.

An old Englishman then said that, however desirable all this might be, it was impracticable. The missionaries were but the agents and messengers of the Churches who sent them. If the home organizations desired to unite, nothing could be more admirable. But as the home people supplied the money, so they had the right to dictate the policy.

Then a young Scotch missionary from Manchuria, full of earnestness and eloquence, rose to his feet, and said that no doubt the people at home supplied the money, and that the Boards of the missions at home dictated

the policy ; but they also looked for information and guidance as to that policy from their representatives abroad. There must be more union. It was scandalous that efforts should be so largely wasted owing to the lack of combined operation. In any case let them beware of putting wretched ecclesiastical shibboleths in a place of undue importance, and thus obscuring the divine Gospel which was the very object of their presence in the land. The strongest representation should be sent to the missionary Boards, emphasizing the need of mutual working, and making suggestions as to economy of labour and extension of the work by means of such economy.

A brave speech and a good speech. After some further discussion, part of which was to the point and good, but much of which was very discursive, the meeting agreed to the broad principle, and, if I remember rightly, appointed a committee to consider details. The result was a very considerable

strengthening ultimately of work in the vicinity of the capital. Later on, in 1905, another meeting of importance was held on somewhat similar lines, whereat representatives of every Protestant society, I think, working in North China gathered together, and formulated plans for mutual co-operation on the broadest and wisest basis. The energetic speech of the Scotch missionary from Manchuria bore admirable fruit.

This missionary was, at the time of which I write, attached to a Sikh regiment as its interpreter, and was most deservedly popular with us all. I chanced to meet him some few years afterwards at a town on the east coast of Scotland, where he was preaching on behalf of missions, while at home on furlough. He then solemnly and earnestly stated that, in his opinion, one of the greatest drawbacks to the progress of missions in China was the missionaries themselves. This might seem to be a harsh and sweeping assertion, but coming as it did from one

who evidently included himself in the category of hindrances, and who used the statement to appeal to his audience for support, not by money, but by definite prayer, it contained a very profound truth. A most earnest and experienced old missionary at Tientsin once said to me, 'There are many saints who are not missionaries, and there are many missionaries who are not saints.' There is little doubt that the life, surrounded as it is by degrading heathenism, and cut off from the spiritual advantages of a Christian community, is one of great temptation. And, apart from the insensible paralysis too often caused by such means, there may be, in some cases, a positive lack of influence due to no other cause than natural coldness and want of sympathy.

The lack of fitness on the part of the agents does not, however, vitiate the importance of the message, nor obviate the need of those who are in darkness. Still,

where there is a kindly Christian sympathy, the message of the Gospel is unquestionably more favourably received.

Such was my reflection on seeing the Women's Hospital of the L.M.S. in the west part of the Tartar City of Peking. The lady who had once more started this work, herself a qualified doctor, was one who by her kindly sympathy, as well as her skill, had endeared herself to many during the weary days of the siege of the Legations. She had been the recipient of the Red Cross from the King, for her services on that occasion. When the city became sufficiently settled for her to resume work, she rented a house in the quarter under British protection, close to the place where some of our troops were. There she was assisted by a young Christian Chinese widow, who in former days had been the wife of a well-to-do Christian artisan. The husband had been most barbarously murdered. The poor woman had lost her only

child, and had been actually condemned to death herself, but, by most extraordinary circumstances, had escaped. After the siege she had gone back to her old friend, the lady doctor, and had offered to assist her in any way. So the two started a hospital.

The house taken, like all other native houses in China, was a series of squares leading into one another. In one of the inner squares, hospital wards occupied three sides, while the missionary's residence was on the fourth. Therefore, when one called on the doctor, the patients were much in evidence. I asked permission to photograph some of them, a permission which was readily given. They came, some with bandaged faces, some with damaged limbs, some tottering on tiny deformed feet (not all, however, for Manchu women do not bind their feet), and all of them evidently most grateful to the kind lady doctor. Indeed, I saw one throw her arms round the doctor's neck with affection. Truly, if the

Gospel of Christ has done nothing else, it has revealed a world of comfort to poor suffering Chinese women.

This spirit of sympathetic kindness found expression, too, in providing for the better needs of the soldiers. In the grounds of the Temple of Agriculture, where the headquarters of the U.S. Army were, the American missionaries, ladies especially, had provided what we should call a 'Soldiers' Home,' similar to those inaugurated in our own land and in India by Miss Sandes, Miss Daniell, and others. These ladies also had fitted out a similar place in one of the main roads of Peking, in a house which in former days had been a gambling saloon. There I have seen crowds of soldiers, Americans and Germans chiefly, but a fair sprinkling of British and French soldiers also. Such institutions are, I believe, unknown in France, and, I should think, in Germany also.

In considering the problem of Christian missions, China, as compared with India,

presents certain very salient points of difference. One of these is the comparative homogeneity of the people. In India you have a great variety of different nations. Even in one province there are many varieties, as distinct from each other as Italians and Norwegians. But in China, even though there are many minor differences too subtle for a stranger to penetrate, the native of Hongkong is the same as the native of Peking, in dress, in characteristics, in nearly everything except dialect. The thought of a nation of such people, three hundred and fifty to four hundred millions strong, all united in any one object, is certainly a grave one, especially when one recollects that all classes are characterized by energy, industry, and intelligence.

Another point of difference is that whereas there is in India much religiousness among the people, in China there is materialism plus superstition. The land of China is full of temples and of idols, but these

seem to be mainly of a diabolical nature. Certainly, the horrible pictures in many of the temples, representing the various tortures of hell, may have suggested some of the ghastly ways whereby the Christians were in 1900 tortured to death. That the Chinese are afraid of evil spirits and occult powers there is abundant evidence, but there seems to be little positive faith. With almost any Indian, however, it is different; his religion may not produce much change of morals, but it exists. He has some belief in the Almighty and in a future life, for which the present is a preparation. On the other hand, religion in its externals enters so much into Indian life that it appears very difficult for a native of that country to realize that food and clothes and outward habits generally do not form part of Christianity. With the Indians a Sikh is dressed differently from a Mussulman, a Hindu from either.

In China there is no such distinction of outward appearance. The native of that

country dresses on strictly practical lines, and his food is not governed by any religious principles whatsoever. It may be doubted whether persecution of Christians in China approaches in any degree the virulence that it has in India. The objection to Christianity in China is simply on account of its being connected with the Mao-tzu, or foreigners ; it does not involve severance of social customs of a non-religious nature, though it comes in conflict with a good many customs, such as ancestor worship, of a semi-religious character. In India, on the other hand, acceptance of Christianity involves banishment from all brotherhood, and, in so far, is a terrible trial for any one.

At all events, in neither country can it be said that—so far, at least, as Protestant missions are concerned — there are any worldly inducements to become Christians. In India the social ostracism is tremendous. In China, it is reckoned that ten thousand

were barbarously murdered in 1900, and the fact of such a number having met their death bravely, although given the chance of recanting, puts all question of their sincerity beyond the region of doubt.

Chapter VI

On the Afghan Frontier

Pathans—*Pax Britannica*—Nomad traders—Punishment of highwaymen—Degradation of women—Value of a wife—Character of Pathans—Need of proper agents—Influence of missionaries for good—Peshawar—Colonel Martin starts mission work there—Sir H. Edwardes on influence of missions—His legacy—Church of the mission—Baptisms—Native converts—Armenians—Preaching—Mission *Hujra*—The High School—A Pathan gentleman—The medical mission—Blood feuds—Women's hospital—Lady doctors—Mardan mission—Openings in Kohat and the Kurram valley—Bunnu mission—The Waziris—A prominent missionary—Missions in Dera Ismail Khan and Dera Ghazi Khan—Testimony to these missions.

Between the territory ruled by the Amir of Afghanistan and the frontier of British India lies a region of barren mountains and fertile valleys inhabited by a race of people called Pathans, of a common origin, and speaking a common language called Pakhto

or Pashto, but divided into many classes or tribes, of which the Mohmunds, the Afridis and the Waziris are perhaps the best known. These people, who claim to be descendants of one of the lost Israelitish tribes, seem to have migrated to Kandahar from South-West Persia about the thirteenth century A.D., and gradually spread over the hill country from the neighbourhood of Quetta as far north as Chitral. They were constantly warring with the rulers of Kabul in the eighteenth century, with the Sikh lords of the Punjab in the early nineteenth century, and have hardly yet ceased fighting now with the British, who have ruled part of their territory since 1849, and who now exercise a partial rule over the whole hill region up to the borders of Afghanistan proper. There is hardly a valley or mountain pass all the way along the frontier which has not been the scene of some sanguinary fight, or at least a petty skirmish or ambuscade, during the last fifty years.

These Pathans are bigoted Mahommedans of the Sunni sect, just as fanatical and under the power of their priests or mullahs as the Sudanese of Khartoum, or the tribes of Morocco.

It is true that the *pax Britannica* has wrought many changes. When I first knew the frontier, nearly thirty years ago, it was out of the question to go anywhere outside cantonments without arms or escort. Now it is safe to go unarmed in most places, and I have seen ladies bowling along on bicycles where in former times only armed men could ride. A leading man of one of the tribes to the north of Quetta said to me once that before the Sirkar (*i.e.* the English Government) came, they had fights every day. The cultivation of land was limited to the area within rifle shot of the watch towers; now that area has increased by leaps and bounds. Formerly highway robbery was so common that the regular mountain passes were hardly used. Now these passes

are, in many cases, as free from highwaymen as an English country road. But for all that, the character of the people remains the same—cruel, bloodthirsty, avaricious, revengeful, immoral.

In addition to the settled tribes, there are hordes of nomad traders, who come from Central Asia with camels, asses, flocks and herds by many mountain passes in the autumn. They leave their wives and children in encampments during the cold-weather months, generally near the crossings of the Indus, while the men go off with merchandise all over Northern India. When the weather begins to get hot they return to Central Asia to higher and cooler regions. These wandering traders go by the general name of Povindahs. The tribesmen on the borders of the passes beyond British territory watch for them as a hawk watches for migratory birds, swooping down as opportunity offers. The Povindahs are warriors as well as traders, and fight vigorously. Of late years

they have had less fighting to do than formerly.

On the British side of the border there are stationed troops of local militia, under British officers, whose business it is to ensure safety; while on the Afghan side the fearful severity of the punishment inflicted on robbers who are caught has had a deterrent effect, and reduced the number of offences.

In spite of the amelioration of the conditions of life produced by settled government, it is admitted that the lawless nature of the people has so far been unaffected. A race of murderers and robbers is not readily made to change its nature by a system of government which, necessarily, only deals with externals.

Perhaps the worst feature in Pathan life is the utter degradation of the women. These poor creatures are treated with the most callous cruelty by their lords and masters. While immorality and intrigues are common

in every direction, any breach of fidelity is punished—as it is in most Moslem lands—in the most barbarous manner.

The women themselves are, not unnaturally, in view of their own treatment, cruel and revengeful. In warfare they frequently follow the host, perpetrating tortures on the wounded and disgusting mutilation of the dead. Woe betide the unfortunate wretch that falls wounded into the hands of Pathan enemies. This fact has to be taken into very serious consideration by our commanders of frontier warfare.

To give an adequate picture of the brutal treatment of Pathan women, in these pages, would be impossible. A mild illustration of the way in which they are regarded may be afforded by the following incident. A British officer driving through the Khyber collided with some camels; his pony bolted, upset his trap, and in so doing knocked over a woman, who was seriously hurt. The husband came in great indignation, and

demanded that the officer, who was ready to send the woman to hospital at his own expense, should either provide another suitable woman, or pay a sum of money sufficient to purchase one. As to the suffering of his actual wife, the man was utterly indifferent. He contemplated throwing her aside, as one would throw away a broken and useless tool.

And yet, after the worst is said, the Pathan, though a thorough blackguard, has his good points. Treacherous he may be, but if you trust him, he will usually protect you. He is brave and hardy, and capable of very sincere attachment to those whom he has learnt to respect. Bigoted Mussulman though he is, he has a deep respect for a sahib who is a Christian in reality as well as in name. He has a rough code of honour of his own which he adheres to manfully. He would scorn to commit a breach of hospitality.

I may claim a little more than superficial

knowledge of these people. I lived among them for eight years, often in the course of my duty carrying out exploration surveys which took me far from the beaten track. I knew their language at one time nearly as well as I know my own. I have trusted my life wholly into their keeping on several occasions. And I may say that I have been always well and loyally served. The Pathan may be a scoundrel, but he is always a *man*.

A missionary who undertakes to preach the Gospel of Christ to such a people must manifestly be a man of wide, manly sympathy, discretion and tact. If he can win the respect and confidence of the people, they will readily listen to him, and be influenced by him. In such a case the missionary is a most powerful auxiliary to those who have the responsible and difficult task of government. But if, on the other hand, the missionary is devoid of tact, and careless of wounding the susceptibilities of a proud people, he may not only incur their hostility

in a most disagreeable fashion to himself, but may be a serious cause of embarrassment to the civil authorities. Hence the urgent necessity of the most careful selection of agents for frontier work. Cases have been known where the progress of the mission cause has been seriously hindered by the injudicious, though well-meaning, action of missionaries, who have roused the animosity of the people by attacks on their creed or customs. In other cases it is difficult to impress on a man fresh from England that he cannot, and must not, go alone into a country swarming with robbers and murderers. It is difficult for such a one to realize that beyond the British border there is not only no security for his life and property, but that the fact of his having a white skin invests his person with a special value, and that his risking that person not only is highly dangerous to himself, but that it may be the spark which will cause an explosion of a very far-reaching character.

In fairness to the missionaries it must be stated that such instances of embarrassment to the civil authorities have been rare. On the other hand, it will be universally admitted by all frontier administrators that the excellent influence exerted, especially in respect of medical and educational work, by the missionaries generally, and by certain individuals in particular, has enormously strengthened their hands, and has added to that prestige of the ruling power which is so desirable.

Mission work on the frontier began, naturally, at Peshawar. This city was, a century ago, one of the most important in the territory of the Amir of Afghanistan. It lies in a most fertile open valley, and is a market for many kinds of the fruits of the earth. It lies also within ten miles of the Khyber Pass, whence arrive caravans bearing every sort of merchandize from Central Asia. In its bazaars are found natives of many countries, Persians, Afghans, Hazaras, Uzbegs, as well as Sikhs, Punjabis

and Hindus. It is the great place of exchange for the manufactures of Europe, and the carpets, furs, pottery, and other products of Central Asia. After the Sikhs had conquered the country as far as the base of the mountains, Peshawar was the seat of a Government bitterly hated by the people whom it ruled with a cruel and merciless sway. Then the English, in the middle of the nineteenth century, succeeded to the heritage of Runjeet Singh, and with the country took over a legacy of hatred.

It was from an officer of the Peshawar garrison, Colonel Martin, that the first proposals for the establishment of Christian Missions in the city of Peshawar emanated in 1853. Colonel Martin himself was in the habit of preaching to the natives, and he subscribed large sums of money to the Church Missionary Society for the purpose of establishing their work in the Punjab. The proposal to begin such work at Peshawar was by many considered to be utter madness, and,

indeed, to constitute a serious danger. Among the civil authorities, however, there was at least one officer, Lieutenant (afterwards Major-General Sir Herbert) Edwardes, whose wise and eloquent words at the meeting which inaugurated the Peshawar Mission have often been quoted. Lieutenant Edwardes recognized the over-ruling hand of God in the fact that the Government of that part of the earth had been committed to a nation that professed Christianity, and that while it was the duty of the Civil Government to protect all creeds and classes alike, and to give absolute freedom of religious choice, it was essentially the duty of Christians in their private capacity to give to those who had never heard the Gospel the opportunity of hearing its truths, and in so doing he believed that the Divine protection would not be withheld from those who thus obeyed their Lord.

Sir Herbert Edwardes, who more than any other man preserved Peshawar during

the Mutiny, who prevented the Amir of Afghanistan from joining hands with the mutineers, and who thus upheld law and order on the frontier at a time when the entire British rule in India was just trembling in the balance, was always a warm friend to the Peshawar Mission. His house in Peshawar was left by him as a legacy to the mission. Many of the books in the well-appointed library of that mission, as well as some of the furniture, were given by him. His name is justly perpetuated in the mission school, as well as in other ways unconnected with the mission. No nobler example could be found of one who, fearless and just in the discharge of his secular duties, was in private life full of Christian zeal for the conversion of those over whom he ruled. To-day there are at Bannu old 'greybeards,' Mohammedan mullahs and others, who have spoken to me with affection and respect for the 'Edwardes Sahib' whom they knew and reverenced long years ago.

In Peshawar city, near one of the main thoroughfares, stands a white-domed building of Oriental architecture, with a cross surmounting the dome. It is the church of the Peshawar Mission. Inside, the same Oriental character of treatment is maintained. There are Saracenic pillars, cusped arches, carved screens, Persian carpets. On the walls are familiar passages of Scripture in the Persian language, the letters of which harmonize with the prevailing architecture. Unfortunately there is, over the chancel arch, a text in English, the only incongruous note in the building, as much out of keeping as an Arabic text would be in a Gothic cathedral. The font is a hexagonal well in one of the transepts, the walls or parapets of which rise a little above the level of the floor. Baptism of adults is usually, though not always, by immersion, and the disappearance of the catechumen into this well at the administration of this sacrament has certainly a far more symbolic representation of death and

burial than any sprinkling of water would have.

Close to the font arrangements are made whereby, after baptism, the newly baptized, after emerging from the water, disappears behind a screen, whence he presently comes out in clean white garments to take part with the congregation in worship. I have seen a Pathan convert, one of a tribe who had shortly before been at war with us, thus take his place beside British soldiers in their red coats, men who had come to witness the ceremony. Surely, nothing but the Gospel of Christ would thus bring together our English lads from Somerset and Surrey and a wild cut-throat from the Afghan border. There they were kneeling together.

It must be admitted that conversions are not frequent. There have been some notable Pathan Christians. One was a native officer in that famous regiment, the Corps of Guides; another is to-day a clergyman of the Church of England, and a most able preacher of the

Gospel to his countrymen. But the work has not gone on rapidly so far.

The congregation at Peshawar is partly composed of Armenians who were expelled from Afghanistan by the late Amir in 1896, following the same principles which led the Sultan of Turkey—the head of the Sunni Mohammedans—to institute his persecutions of the Armenians. Those in Afghanistan had been settled for generations in Kabul and Jellalabad. They were summarily expelled, finding an asylum in British territory, though of course they have lost most of their worldly possessions, and are in much poverty.

Mission work at Peshawar is in several branches—evangelistic, medical, educational, and work among women. The evangelistic work is now chiefly carried on in a Preaching Hall, connected with which is a little book-shop. To proclaim the Gospel in the open air in the bazaars is considered undesirable. Certainly the work in the Preaching Hall

and in the bookshop is calculated to reach those who are anxious to learn about Christianity. Whether it is right to give up all attempts to preach in the open streets is a matter which I hardly feel competent to discuss. Formerly the missionaries had an institution in the grounds round their own bungalow, which was much appreciated. This was a *hujra* or guest-house, an institution similar to those in Afghan villages, where hospitality and protection is always given, even to enemies who claim it. In the mission *hujra* I have seen some of the wildest of the trans-border ruffians, who used to visit the place whenever business or pleasure brought them to the city. To them the missionaries often had opportunities of preaching the gospel, though I do not know whether any results were evident. Not unnaturally, however, the English residents, whose houses were near the Mission House, objected to the presence of these exceedingly uncouth and truculent visitors.

So for many years the *hujra* has ceased to be an institution.

The High School and the hospital touch two entirely different classes. The former touches the respectable and well-to-do. The boys are brought into contact with education as presented by English university men. They learn to be straight and manly. They learn, very thoroughly, the teaching of Christ and His Apostles. And it has some effect, though not perhaps as much as one would wish. The Mission School boys are always better men for the training they have received, and, other things being equal, they are better men than boys not trained in mission schools. I remember one case which may be a typical one. A young Pathan of good family was left an orphan and a ward of Government. He was under the care of the civil officer of the district, who described him afterwards to me in very uncomplimentary language. He sent the boy to the mission school, and he afterwards

obtained a commission for him in an infantry regiment of the Indian Army. I met the lad for the first time in China, knowing nothing of his antecedents, but I was much struck by the fact that he was the only one of the native officers at Tientsin who mixed on terms of easy equality, like a Britisher, with the French and German officers. The mission school had made him an English gentleman.

The medical mission in Peshawar touches a far wider circle. Not only from Peshawar city and the villages in the valley do patients come, but from the border tribes all round, and even, in ever-increasing numbers, from Afghanistan itself, attracted by the skill of the English doctors, whose treatment of them is given 'in the name of God, most merciful and compassionate,' words frequently on Moslem lips, but rarely, very rarely, translated into actual practice in Moslem lands.

This important branch of work was begun

some eight or nine years ago by the hiring of a serai or native inn, close to the camel market in the city. This serai consists of courtyards with rooms round them, some of the latter being used as wards, others as operating-rooms, dispensaries, etc., while others were used as living rooms for relatives of the sick. An open shed was used for daily preaching to patients and any friends who might come with them. The arrangement of the buildings and the general sanitation of the place was not by any means in accordance with recognized hygienic construction, but the courtyard arrangement was in conformity with native custom, and the patients, from their free open-air life, are not so susceptible as town-bred folk would be, to imperfect sanitary surroundings.

The daily routine began with a little meeting for prayer attended by the doctors and staff of assistants. Then followed an address to the assembled crowds, telling usually about the Great Physician, who

came to heal the body in His infinite compassion, and still can save to the uttermost. This address was, almost invariably, listened to with interest. Then came the treatment of the sick. Many pathetic pictures come before my memory as I write.

An elderly man from a village far off in Afghanistan came, led by a little girl and carrying a baby in his arms. His wife had died, leaving the two children, and he was blind from cataract. The fame of the skilful doctor had been taken to him by some of the travelling merchants passing through the Khyber. So the little family started off, and for several days trudged along the dusty roads until they reached the hospital. The operation which ensued was successful. When at last the bandages were removed, and the man *saw* his children, who, of course, had lived in the hospital while he was under treatment, his gratitude was too deep for words. He bowed himself to the ground and kissed the doctor's feet.

Perhaps the most touching cases of all are those connected with blood feuds, the *vendetta*, which, all along the frontier, demands that private quarrels between families shall be kept up by mutual bloodshed to all generations. In one case all the male members of a family had been killed by those with whom they had a feud, except one little child. His mother had managed to keep him safe until, when he was about eight years old, one night while he was asleep, the enemy crept round to a window, inserted the muzzle of a rifle, and shot the poor child through the lungs. He was carried in to Peshawar, but it was too late.

It is perhaps not too much to say that every recurring day's work brings before the medical missionary the effects of evil in some form—bloodshed, hatred, revenge, and lust.

One of the missionaries, who is not a medical man, has as his special *rôle* the conversing with, and befriending of, the sick.

The time of the doctors is fully taken up with their special professional work, and beyond the early address it is difficult for them to have quiet conversations with the natives, whether sick or only visiting the hospital as friends of the sick. So there is a distinct place for the sympathetic teacher of the Gospel.

The old serai near the camel market has, however, now been replaced by a new and much more hygienic hospital, lying outside the city walls, but close to the city and to the road leading from the Khyber. There, on a piece of ground given by the military authorities, the new hospital has been built, from funds specially raised, and to a considerable extent subscribed by local officers. The equipment and arrangement of this new hospital is of the very best. The serai principle, so suitable to native requirements, has been maintained in the new, handsome buildings. The conspicuous position of the hospital is a matter of importance. There

is little doubt that, apart from the religious aspect of the case, the institution of this hospital will have the most beneficent political effect. A house for the medical missionaries, who now live in cantonments at some distance from the city, has just been built in proximity to the hospital itself.

The medical missionary ladies, however, have always lived in the heart of the city. There a women's hospital has been established for some years, and has done an infinite amount of good. It is called after H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught, who has taken great interest in the work. Close to this hospital all the lady missionaries, both those who are doctors and those who do non-medical zenana work, reside. It is not a romantic or inviting spot, especially in the hot weather.

My memory recalls one evening in the month of July, 1902, especially. It had been a close, hot day, with what the natives call the *maila dhup*, or 'dirty sunshine,'

when the skies are like brass and the earth like iron, and the heat-laden atmosphere is stifling with dust. I went to see one of the lady doctors about some little matter in which she had asked my advice. I found her alone, for all her companions had gone, either home on sick leave, or to the hills for a little rest. She had not spoken her native tongue nor seen a white face for several days, so her careworn face lighted with cheerfulness when she saw me. But years of work in that atmosphere, daily witnessing the suffering of her sisters, and hearing their stories of the brutal wrong done to them, had left an indelible mark on that face, and though she spoke cheerfully and hopefully, one could see there was a heavy burden to bear.

As I drove back to cantonments in a comfortable dogcart, behind a fast-trotting horse, with the prospect of a good dinner at mess, with cheery brother-officers fresh from racquets and polo, with the best of food and

iced drinks, obsequious servants, and every luxury that could be devised to make the weather bearable, the contrast rose vividly to my mind of that lonely woman living in all the heat and dust and noise and stench of the native city, with the care of her suffering patients, and anxiety about the devices of evil men, who were only too ready to lead astray her young native workers. But, if Christ had come that evening to Peshawar, where would He have been found?

Peshawar, though the principal mission station on the frontier, is not the only one. At Mardan, some forty miles to the north-east, in the middle of a very fertile part of the Peshawar valley, there is a small nucleus of mission workers, evangelistic, medical, and zenana missionaries. There is an ample field of labour for them, both in their immediate vicinity and in the hill country beyond. The latter is at present closed to them, as it is beyond our border,

but the chiefs of that country have asked the medical missionary to visit them, and it is hoped that before long the way may be opened for him to do so.

South of Peshawar lies the mountainous district of Kohat, leading into the Kurram valley, which runs into the heart of Afghanistan. Here there are no Christian missionaries, though it is probable that if there were any available, there would be no objection on the part of the Government to their working. This portion of the frontier is almost the only trade route which is unoccupied by missionaries along the whole length of the border.

Beyond Kohat, and one hundred and twenty miles south of Peshawar, lies the frontier station of Bannu, first occupied by Sir H. Edwardes in 1847, and associated for ever with his name. A beautiful fertile valley surrounds the little town, and during the winter months numbers of traders come from Afghanistan, by way of the Tochi

Pass, which, like the Khyber, is guarded by local troops, under the British Government. The tribes on the surrounding hills are the Waziris, who have the reputation of being, perhaps, the worst robbers on the whole extent of the frontier. The little cemetery at Bannu is full of the graves of officers and British soldiers who have fallen in those mountain passes, some slain in action, some stricken by disease, and many who have been foully murdered. There is none of our frontier stations which, even up to recent years, has been so infested by assassins.

Here the Gospel is fearlessly and openly proclaimed. The principal missionary, a doctor of very marked professional attainment, is also head of a flourishing high school, editor of a native newspaper, and open-air preacher. His fame as a physician and surgeon has spread far into the heart of Afghanistan. Always wearing the native dress, and living largely on native food, he

moves about among the people like one of themselves. For many of the Pathans are fair-complexioned, and an Englishman in native dress is not at all unlike one of them.

This missionary, who has lived among the people without taking any rest or well-earned furlough for some sixteen years, itinerates in a very wide-spread district. He has two small out-stations in the hill country within the British border, and he has certainly made known the Gospel, both by word and noble example, in places where one would imagine it would be unsafe almost to go unarmed. But although he is personally respected and honoured, it must be admitted that there have not been many converts. The hard rock of Moslem teaching and custom does not readily yield. Many of the mullahs are, however, the missionary's cordial friends, for he is careful not to wound their susceptibilities.

In this noble work he has been, ever since

he came, assisted by his mother, an old lady who has devoted her life to mission work in a place where many men would hesitate to risk themselves.

Further south, along the border, lie the stations of Dera Ismail Khan and Dera Ghazi Khan, both lying close to the mighty Indus. The former is an important winter station, for near it large numbers of Povin-dahs come from Afghanistan down the Gomal and other passes, leaving their families in camps while the men go off trading. There is an excellent mission hospital outside the town, and one for women inside the city walls, as at Peshawar. There are schools also for men and women.

Dera Ghazi Khan, still further south, has similarly medical work both among men and women ; the mission here touches the most northern among the Beluch tribes, a race of people entirely distinct from the Pathans.

Beyond Dera Ghazi Khan lies the Quetta Mission, but that is one with so many special

characteristics of its own that I feel it deserves a chapter to itself.

All the above missions (with the exception of that at Dera Ghazi Khan) I know personally, for my duty took me frequently all along the frontier. I can testify, not only to the self-denying earnest labours of the missionaries, but to their very high standard of mental equipment. The medical men especially are of those who make their fame and fortune in civil life. Surely not the least part of their life's work lies in the noble example they give, to the many with whom they come in contact, of their unselfish following of Him who, though rich, for our sakes became poor.

Chapter VII

IN BELUCHISTAN

Quetta—The Khan of Khelat—Inhabitants of the town—Gardens—Climate—Mr. G. M. Gordon starts mission work—Interview with C.M.S. missionary—Mission hospital—Church—Women's hospital—A book shop—Schools—Christmas with Quetta Christians—Baptisms—A patient's testimony—A patient turns assassin—Native opinions about medical missions—Conclusions of the author as to the missionary problem—A timid policy—Opening for mission work in the native Indian army—Influence of officials and officers.

THE occupation of a portion of Beluchistan by the British dates from 1876. Quetta, which was then occupied by a small garrison of British troops, was at that time a small village lying at the base of a low hill surmounted by a rude native fort, the situation, however, being of considerable military and political importance, owing to its being at the summit of the Bolan Pass, and an

important half-way stage on the road from India to Kandahar. It lies at a considerable elevation above the sea (some four thousand two hundred feet), is situated in a wide, open valley, surrounded by lofty mountains, and enjoys a climate probably as good as any in the southern countries of Europe. The ruler at that time was the Khan of Khelat, a savage barbarian, whose misgovernment of the people led to many acts of violence and bloodshed and to the general impoverishment of the country. Politically and commercially the position is one of unique importance. For although there does not exist there, as at Peshawar, an ancient city, whose history stretches far back into the past, the situation of Quetta has always made it a halting-place for caravans coming from South Afghanistan and Persia on the west, from the Beluch tribes to the south and east, and the Brahuis who occupy the barren ranges between the Bolan Pass and the plains of Sind.

To-day, it is one of the most favoured spots on the frontier of India. There is a large and ever-increasing native town where Afghans, Beluchis, Brahuis and Persians live in peace with the multitudinous races from India—Sikhs, Punjabis, Sindis, and Hindus. At least seven languages are spoken in its bazaars.

The English cantonments are laid out with broad shady roads, where streams of clear water trickling along the sides bring life and nourishment to the pretty gardens round the various bungalows of the English residents. These gardens in spring are hidden under masses of fruit blossom, lovely to behold, while in autumn not only these have ripened, but other fruits, such as grapes and melons, have come to perfection in great quantities. In winter sharp frosts every night are generally succeeded by clear, sunny days, though at times snow lies deep ; while in summer the heat is not comparable with that of any plains station in India, and is not

much greater than the heat of summer in England. It is quite possible at Quetta in June to remain out of doors all day (for instance, at a cricket match), a state of affairs which is unknown in any station except in the hills. This moderate climate is due to the great elevation above the sea-level of the Quetta plain. It is an upland oasis in a desert of barren, rocky mountains, and it seems all the more delightful to the traveller as it appears to his gaze after journeying across the deserts of Sind and the dreary sterile rocks of the Bolan Pass.

It was in 1884 that the first suggestion was made of a mission station at Quetta. The advantages of missionary work there were obvious. The possibility of a mission to the Afghans of Kandahar had been investigated by Mr. George Maxwell Gordon, who, as mentioned in a former chapter, was killed at that place in 1880, during the Afghan War. He had been the first

missionary pioneer in that part of the world, but his death put a stop to any definite attempt at an establishment of a regular mission at any point within the British administrative territory. Four years afterwards, when Quetta was becoming a settled military and civil headquarters, the C.M.S. sent a clerical missionary to visit the place and report on its possibilities. I was at that time temporarily quartered at Quetta, and the missionary in question did me the honour of consulting me as to the feasibility of the proposed mission. I need hardly say that I gave him all the encouragement in my power (which is not saying much). It seemed to me to be a place where the very wild and lawless nature of the surrounding tribes was the best possible reason for bringing to bear upon them, by peaceful and persuasive means, the inestimable benefits of the Gospel.

Just a few days before this interview, one of the tribesmen had been executed for the

murder, under revolting circumstances, of a young officer in one of the English regiments. This was only one out of many similar assassinations which had saddened our brief period of occupation.

In spite of the difficulties of the many languages, and the fierce and barbarous nature of the people, there were really no political or moral reasons why the Gospel should not be brought to them. And so it came to pass in due time that the C.M.S. occupied the place, as their furthest outpost between India and Persia.

Where such an aggressive step is taken, we may be sure that opposition will be aroused. Every missionary who is earnestly following the Master's leading realizes how the warfare, in which he is engaged, is not with flesh and blood, but with unseen powers, with the host of evil, whose counter-attack is all the more deadly in that it is invisible. So it has been in the Quetta Mission. Discouragements, on which I need

not dwell, have, in the past, been a sad hindrance to the work, not the least of these being a want of unity and concord among the workers themselves. But all that, thank God, is an old story now, and to-day there is probably no other mission in the world where a more earnest, united and prayerful spirit prevails, and consequently there is no more happy and cheery party of missionaries anywhere.

The little seed planted in 1884 has grown to a respectable size. The native town of Quetta lies close to the English quarter, or cantonment. On the dividing boundary lies the Mission Hospital (general), and the houses of the clerical and medical missionaries.

Ten minutes' walk through the streets of the native city (a walk which, alas! takes us past some terrible haunts of vice, for the conflict with evil is not to be won in an easy manner), and we arrive at a substantial and conspicuous, though unpretentious,

church, completed in 1903. This church is capable of holding about three hundred people, and on Sundays it is well filled. The services are in Urdu, the language which is most likely to be understood by the majority. The regular native congregation, too, is largely made up of natives of India to whom that language is familiar. The version of the Prayer-book is Bishop French's translation, which abounds with Persian and Arabic expressions, so that any Persian-speaking Afghan could easily follow it.

Close to the church is the Women's Hospital under a qualified lady doctor, and a school and orphanage for girls under a Zenana missionary. This is full of bright girls, whose clean, happy faces show what they owe to Christ.

A little further on we come to a book shop in a conspicuous thoroughfare. The bookseller is a keen, active, native Christian, and his books, in many languages and prices,

are readily bought by visitors from distant lands.

Then there are schools of various sorts in devious lanes and alleys of the native city, and a young men's club where the Christian lads, employed in offices, or on the railway, or on other similar work, can meet together for pleasant evenings, away from the distractions and temptations of the native town.

Let me endeavour to describe Christmas in the native Christian community at Quetta. It is almost certain to be what is usually known as 'a real old-fashioned Christmas,' *i.e.* the ground will be probably covered with snow, and the temperature at night will certainly be far below freezing-point. The whole population will be clad in their warmest garments, which in the case of the native Christians will be thick cloth enlivened by comforters of varied and brilliant hues. The little church will be decorated with some sort of evergreens, and will be well

filled with a hearty congregation at morning prayers.

After the service the entire congregation is invited to the medical missionary's house. Presents of some kind are given, and four rooms are cleared for the reception of the guests. Cake, sweetmeats, fruit, and tea are bestowed with unstinted hand. The women generally go to a room by themselves, children play promiscuously about among the elders. The company generally sits on the floor, while the missionaries attend to their bodily needs. A little cake, a few sweetmeats, a cup of tea, is not a very great feast, but it is princely to them, and I honestly think they value the kind and genuine welcome which accompanies the gifts quite as much as the gifts themselves. Brotherly kindness and charity are the key-notes of a gathering such as naturally would not take place between sahibs and natives.

Let me also add that it is no small effort for the lady of the house to give this

entertainment. Apart from the supplies required for at least a hundred and fifty people, there is the fact that their customs are not as ours. The condition of the rooms after the feast is over is not by any means clean or tidy, and a missionary's wife has just as much regard for the neatness of her house and the pretty adornments thereof as any other English lady. It is in little things such as this, unappreciated, I suppose, by the natives themselves, but in the aggregate amounting to a great deal, that true missionary self-denial comes in.

After the feast there is an entertainment of some sort—magic-lantern pictures, sleight-of-hand tricks, or the like. This generally takes place in one of the unoccupied wards of the hospital, adjacent to the missionaries' houses.

There is also a special entertainment for the children, generally a Christmas-tree or bran-pie, held on some day other than the

day on which their seniors are invited guests.

Every effort is made to discourage the idea—too prevalent among natives in India, and one which they may be well excused for believing—that the festival of Christ's Nativity is one which is distinguished by permitted drunkenness and gluttony.

So much for the courteous amenities of life in the little community. The direct results of the teaching of Christ in hospital, school, and village are not inconsiderable. At Easter, 1906, nineteen people were baptized, of whom three came from Chaman, our furthest outpost, seventy miles from Kandahar. Shortly after this, three patients in the hospital announced themselves as inquirers. The most interesting of these was a man who had just recovered from a severe operation. He left hospital and got work, but shortly afterwards came back again. It was found that he had been attacked by cancer, and as he had announced his belief in Christ before

a whole ward of patients, there appeared to be no reason why baptism should be delayed. At the usual response, 'All this I steadfastly believe,' he voluntarily repeated his belief in the Holy Trinity, and that, too, in spite of much difficulty in speech and an exhausting cough. More than this, he induced the man who occupied the next bed to his to become an inquirer. Thus the work is spread by the natives themselves.

I cannot but contrast this state of affairs in the mission hospital at Quetta with the following episode—which occurred in 1876, when we first went there. My informant was my old chief, Sir James Browne, who died at Quetta in 1896 as Chief Commissioner. He told me that, in the newly established civil (and secular) hospital, in 1876, he had noticed and spoken to a Pathan who had been cured of a very dangerous disease, and who was just ready for discharge. The man was sullen and morose, and not very much inclined for

conversation. A few days afterwards, Sir James was going over the foundations of some new work in the neighbourhood with a European overseer and a native *mistri* or superintendent. They had completed their inspection and were going away when Sir James heard a scuffle behind him, and saw the overseer rolling on the ground with a Pathan, who was stabbing at him with a long knife. Sir James and the *mistri* came to the rescue and overpowered the man, who in the meantime had inflicted the gravest injuries on the overseer. They found in the assailant the very man who had just before been discharged from hospital.

The would-be murderer was taken to the nearest lock-up, and duly tried for murder. Shortly before his execution Sir James went to see him, and asked him why he had returned evil for good; why, after his cure in hospital, he had endeavoured to murder a man who had done him no harm. His reply was, 'I saw blood;' in other words, he

was determined, in spite of any benefits received from the English, to murder one of them.

Now, I do not think this lust for blood would be possible in a Pathan, however degraded, who had been treated in a mission hospital. They have some idea that there they are brought into touch with a superior world, and that the protection of God is vouchsafed to the missionaries. I think, too, that the better nature of the Pathan is touched by the disinterested kindness they receive. At all events, it is a fact that the Waziris, the most cruel and lawless of all Pathan tribes, whose atrocities are simply unspeakable, spared the medical mission at Tank, near Dera Ismail Khan, when they destroyed and burnt everything else in the place.

Medical charity without the Gospel is interpreted by them as something which has an ulterior and interested motive. I think it is a mistake to suppose that any of the

frontier tribesmen are deterred from entering the mission hospitals on account of the Christian doctrine they know they will hear there. These hospitals have now been sufficiently long established to have a wide-spread reputation for disinterested kindness, and the highest medical skill, which is obtainable without the payment even of *backshish* to the hospital servants. The Afghan is not slow to recognize the advantages of such institutions.

Here I must close these fragmentary accounts of personal evidence. I wish that I could in any way impress on the reader some of the conviction that I have of the gravity of the problem. The two greatest civilizations of the East have been in a great measure awakened of late years after the slumber of ages. Hardly a day passes but we hear of some new development of politics in Asia; it may be a decree from the Emperor of China in favour of reform, or

a granting of a constitution in Persia, or the expression of a widely felt public opinion in India. Moral and intellectual forces, hitherto dormant, are awaking. Pan-Islamism is showing itself, in a manner by no means pleasant, in several Eastern countries.

To the Churches of Great Britain especially the task has been committed of giving the Gospel to these Eastern lands. Unfortunately, these Churches are not alive to their responsibilities, and in most cases are quite satisfied that it should be so. Little pains are taken to know what is going on. The money given to missionary objects is a mere trifle compared to that spent on luxuries, sport, personal gratification of all sorts. But, worst of all, the prayers offered to the Lord of the harvest, the prayers which are the measure of the faith in His word, and of the obedience to His command, are poor and perfunctory.

I have been present at some largely attended missionary gatherings, where the prevailing note has been satisfaction with

the present advance, in increased subscriptions, in new buildings, in increased numbers attending school, etc. While thankfully recognizing all that has been done, one cannot help wishing that our friends at home could only see the crowded streets of Tientsin or Peshawar, for example, and reflect that the myriads of people there, for whom Christ died, are living and dying in absolute ignorance of Him. If we can be satisfied then, may God have mercy upon us!

It may be said that one whose profession is the art of war has no business with the spread of the Gospel of peace. To this I may reply in the words of that distinguished officer, the late Field-Marshal Sir Lintorn Simmons. He said at one of the annual meetings of the Army Scripture Readers' Society as follows:—'If all our soldiers were what St. Paul calls "living epistles, known and read of all men," and if they carried to distant lands, where their duty

takes them, the principles of the Gospel of Christ, we should have no need of other missionaries of that Gospel.' There is no doubt that a solemn and responsible duty is thus laid on all officers, whether civil or military, who represent Great Britain in Eastern lands. That any reasonable attempt to interest the natives in the Gospel is resented by them, I do not believe. On the contrary, I am convinced that, when made in a sympathetic spirit, it is most sincerely welcomed. Although it is some time since I left India, I still keep up correspondence with Sikh and Mahommedan friends, and the motive which induces them to write to me is that they may know more about the Gospel of Christ.

Any effort made in this direction must, in the case of any official, be done, of course, privately. The attitude of neutrality on the part of the rulers of the land must be inflexible. But I think it may be questioned whether, in their anxiety to be impartial, the

ruling class do not pursue, occasionally, a somewhat timid policy, and give decisions which favour the majority. With some officers the fact of a man being a native Christian is *primâ facie* evidence against him. Many will say that they would never employ a Christian in their service. These facts are certainly discouraging, but at least they tend to test sincerity.

After the relief of Peking, a lady who had been sent to the coast under an escort of Indian soldiers, and who was most grateful for their kindness and protection, asked me whether anything was being done for these gallant men, in the way of telling them of the Gospel. I was obliged to tell her that, although I am not an officer of the Indian Army, and therefore not very intimately acquainted with the interior economy of its regiments, as far as I knew, nothing whatever was being done, although I knew of no regulation forbidding it. She, accordingly, had some leaflets printed, bearing

on them, in Urdu, certain texts of the Gospel. These were gladly received by the native soldiers. The lady in question could speak not a word of any language understood by the men, but she, at least, was determined to make some small attempt to give to them what she had found to be of inestimable benefit to herself.

If the same spirit of desire to obey the Master's will, and to share with others the richness of His treasures, actuated all who profess and call themselves Christians, the problem of evangelization of the world would speedily be accomplished.

One can understand the attitude of those officials—a numerous class, I regret to say—who, either avowedly or practically, are atheists or agnostics. To them Christianity is no more than one out of many superstitions—'the worship of a dead Jew,' as I heard a man bitterly express it. One can understand that they look upon Christian missionaries as misguided fanatics, and a

native convert as a weak-brained nuisance, or a scheming hypocrite.

But, putting aside this class of Englishmen and the still more numerous class of those who, though not definitely agnostic, are still vague and nebulous in their religious beliefs, there is a fairly numerous body of English men and women who are regular attenders at church, and at the Holy Communion, but who do nothing to help mission work, even to the extent of getting to know and sympathize with the regular missionaries. It is the attitude of these that is alike inexplicable and deplorable. They profess to be followers of Christ, and join in the most sacred rites that He instituted, and yet they have no practical regard or obedience for His last command.

Meantime, the forces of Eastern thought are swaying like the waves of the sea. Whether this portends convulsion or revolution, it would be hard to say. 'It seems,' writes Archbishop Trench in his *Mediæval*

Church History, 'an almost universal law of mission work that a definite victory is not won without a temporary reaction of more or less severity. The powers of darkness . . . which constitute the real background of every form of heathenism, gather themselves up, as with the energy of despair, for a last and decisive struggle with the kingdom of light. A fierce tempest of wrath sweeps over the Church, and the patient work of years perishes, or seems to perish, in an hour.'

This seemed to be the case in China in 1900, as in India forty years before. But it seems improbable that the powers of darkness will be overthrown without some further struggle.

Meantime we are only touching the outer fringe of the subject, and we could do so much more, if we would. May God arouse us from our lethargy !

APPENDIX

THE statement about Mohammedanism in Chapter II. may appear harsh and uncharitable, but it is written with some years' intimate acquaintance with the subject, and with the deepest and most painful conviction of its truth. If this book should by any chance fall into the hands of any of my Mohammedan friends, they will remember that I have never used in conversation with them any expression about their religion calculated to distress or offend them. Yet, in view of the false liberalism which frequently asserts that Islam is in a sense a revelation of God, and as such has in it the power to elevate and reform mankind, I cannot do otherwise than express in strong terms my belief that such a notion is radically erroneous. Islam fails to teach its followers anything either of the *love* or the *holiness* of the Almighty. In its sacred writings there is no aspiration after Divine fellowship, such

as we find in the Old Testament prophetic writings and psalms, to say nothing of the clearer light of the Gospels and Epistles of the New Testament. The sanction of slavery, the permission of concubinage and polygamy, the degraded position assigned to women, are only the outcome of a teaching about the Divine which is a negation. As the reward in a future life for compliance with certain outward ceremonies performed in this life, Islam holds forth a paradise of unlimited sensuality, thus denying that 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' There is in Moslem sacred writings no parallel for 'The *grace* of our Lord Jesus Christ, the *love* of God, and the *communion* of the Holy Ghost'—that threefold blessing which summarizes the Christian revelation.

I am aware that some Mohammedan writers are better than their creed. In the Afghan poets, and to a less extent among the Persians, one comes across a couplet or phrase that shows how the heart of man in seeking God cannot be content with the five daily repetitions of formal prayer, the observance of the Ramzan, or the pilgrimage to Mecca. But such expressions are simply the result of the truth expressed by St. Augustine,

'Thou hast created us for Thyself, O Lord, and our hearts are restless till they find peace in Thee.' Islam fosters all that is esteemed among men—pride, success in war, sensual enjoyment, revenge for insult—but it is, so far, a negation of the truth 'God is Love.'

THE END

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