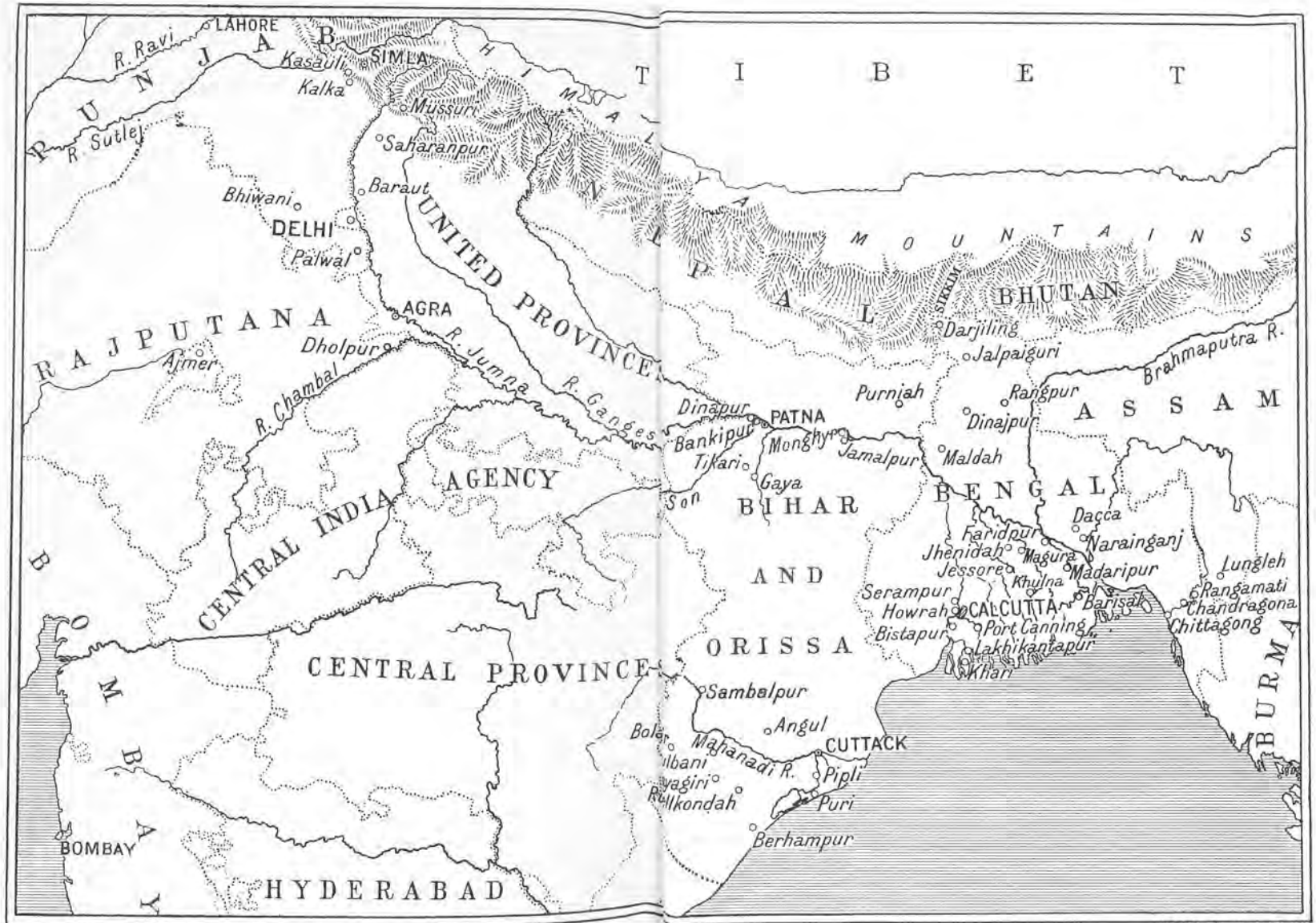

Stanford's Geog. Estab.

DAWN ON THE KOND HILLS

By The Same Author

SAMUEL PEARCE,
THE BAPTIST BRAINERD

WILLIAM CAREY

JESUS AND JUDAS

[*Photo by J. Woodhouse, of Phulbani*

A KOND HILLS WOMAN

DAWN
ON THE KOND HILLS

BY
S. PEARCE CAREY, M.A.

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PREFACE

THIS story owes itself to a speech by the Rev. Edward Evans, of the Kond Hills, Orissa, which last April in the Queen's Hall, London, crowned the Annual Meeting of the Baptist Missionary Society. The central facts, as he described them, after 25 years' experience, were so startling and inspiring that it was felt that, though they had found occasional and, indeed, frequent reference in the Society's literature, they demanded a fuller and more permanent record. And it was suggested that I should undertake the task. I can only hope that my readers will be as blest as I have been in these six months of the story's exploring. Strangely enough, it covers just a hundred years.

S. P. C.

Gurrow Point, Dittisham.
14.12.36.

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ILLUSTRATIONS

"The Kond seems to be holding his own. Long may he do so will be the wish of all who have known him in his homeland; for there is something in this cheerful, truthful, frank and humorous people that strikes a responsive chord. The Kond's peculiar and characteristic independence contains nothing of assertion, and is as natural as everything else about him. The Kond, like a perfect host, is glad to see you in his country. He will answer questions frankly, and will then question his questioner, expecting as frank a reply."

W. M. YEATTS,

1931 *Census of India.* XIV. Madras.

CHAPTER I

HABITATIONS OF CRUELTY

THE Konds, of whom this story is to tell, have lived for centuries and still live in great Hill-country half-way between Calcutta and Madras. Until lately, they belonged partly to Orissa and partly to Madras. The recent revised demarcations include them all in Orissa.

As the Celts of ancient Britain scorned to become the thralls of the invading Saxons, and withdrew into the Highlands of Scotland and of Wales, and made themselves strong habitations there, so the Konds of central India, ages ago, betook themselves to the Hill Tracts of Orissa and of the Ganjam district of Madras from the Aryans' advance. Whilst their neighbours succumbed to the new masters, the Konds, in varying degrees, preserved their independence in these Hill fastnesses, through immemorial generations. There they maintained their Kui speech and tribal life, self-governed and practically self-sustained, with only the slightest contact with the plains, from whose levels to their Hills there was not a single tolerable approach. The extremely few tracks were so abrupt, narrow and rough, and so jungly, as to allow of only the slenderest traffic between them. Above these 2,000 feet of natural rampart they dwelt aloof, unregarded and secure.

But never secure from their own frequent tribal warfare, and never from the wild beasts that ravaged within their borders—the bears and the buffaloes, the panthers and tigers. For that high range in which they dwelt was no open table-land, which with comparative ease could be reconnoitred, traversed and subdued, but wild and mountainous, with further heights of 1,500 and even 2,000 feet, clothed with forest to their summits ; and no highway there, nor way ; only tracks scarcely discernible through the jungle ; the haunt and hunting-ground of ravenous beasts. Men had to be alert and brave to live there, and these Konds were brave. They could never roam without their bows and arrows, and their weird double axes. They were very circumspect and skilled in the hunts, and valiant in their final face-to-face encounters with the wounded and infuriated beasts. No vigilance and valour could make their forests safe. Their cattle and goats could not securely graze in the open nor sleep in the fields by night, but had to be sheltered in the people's wooden houses, built near together in a shut street, and which were scarcely more than a half-partitioned " but " and " ben," for the family and the fowls and the beasts. No wives of any such independence as these Konds would have tolerated such domestic conditions save under dire necessity. It was the token of the peril in which they felt they lived and moved and had their being.

Other dangers besides these bloodthirsty panthers, bears and tigers beset them—the sicknesses and diseases, which largely resulted from their insanitary household conditions, and their ignorant maltreatment of their streams. Malaria, black-water fever, consumption, pneumonia and smallpox, etc., all took their deadly toll.

Then there were the bewildering contradictions of Nature. They could not be insensitive to the grandeur and wonder of their mountains, the beauty of their sunrises and sunsets, of the cloud-scapes and the stars, the loveliness and perfume of their forest flowers, suggestive of a benignant Oversoul, though too remote for any real communion with themselves. On the other hand, there were the alarming and destructive thunderstorms, the tornadoes that devastated wide districts, the cloudbursts that made raging torrents of their streams, and lightning that blasted trees and struck men dead.

And, again, the mystery of their contrary seasons! Often there was the favourable balance of sunshine and of rain, yielding the prosperous harvests; but not seldom the drought and the ruin, or crops ripening to perfection, and then blight or vermin devastating all. And these unsophisticated animists, with no Scriptures nor shrines, were distraught by all this contradictory behaviour of things as they found them.

Environed by these potencies and presences of mischief and malignity, they passed the time of their life's sojourning in perpetual fear. They could not regard their misfortunes as accidents, but rather as the outworking of age-long jealousies and feuds between the forces that kept bringing things to pass, that probably ran back almost to the beginning of things; enmities that could be guessed and imagined, though never truly known. But it behoved them, they judged, as practical people, to guard against provoking these hidden malignancies, and, if they should seem provoked, to try to assuage them by propitiations, lest they should strike their heavier blows. Every sickness that visited their homes was

attributed to such hostile agencies. Therefore the cairns in every village, which were their only sacred monuments, were constantly blood-sprinkled, either in propitiation or prevention, their fowls being almost entirely reserved for this use. Their witch-doctors, who alone were believed to have influence with these ill-willed forces, were their only priests.

But to avert the graver woes of epidemics like small-pox or ruined harvests, far more solemn sacrifices had to be made. Malignant enmities that expressed themselves in such communal calamities could only be propitiated by the blood-shedding, not of fowls or goats, or even buffaloes, but of men ; and in a way most portentous. So they contrived to procure such human victims, for the most part through secret agents from the plains, and to get them kidnapped to their Hills. Not prisoners of war, nor criminals worthy of death ; but innocent men, women and children, for whom they were prepared to pay a price, the purchase making the purchased, as they reckoned, their absolute possession, and absolving them from sequent guilt. Frequently these victims, or *Meriahs*, as they were called, were children, and were nurtured until they were at least seven, though all the while they were marked for the slaughter.

When the fearsome rites were due, the folk of the sacrificing district would flock together for a three-days' festival, and there would be much eating and drinking and dancing. On the penultimate day the victim, decorated with forest flowers, would be led in procession, accompanied by music, dance and song. On the morrow he or she would be anointed with turmeric and oil, and, if the folk were merciful, would be stupefied with drink or drugs ; and, when bound, or

with elbows and knees broken, would amid great excitement be knocked senseless by the blow of the priest's axe, which would be the signal for the general rush. In a few seconds the flesh would be cleft from the bones, and the precious portions would be carried post-haste to fields in each village for burial, as the guarantee of good harvest. When their villages were remote and hard to reach, a relay of runners was arranged, because, to be efficacious, the flesh had need to be buried before the set of sun. The Meriah's face and head and bones were buried where they fell, and the day after the sacrifice the Meriah would be mourned. Sometimes, the whole process was even ghastlier, and with more victims than one. Colonel Campbell estimated that 150 were thus sacrificed yearly: Major Macpherson more than doubled these figures.

All this had been annually and oftener done through centuries through the whole range of Kondistan, and the outer world knew nothing. It was their own national institution and observance, their solemn way of averting feared or impending disaster.

Human sacrifice has, of course, been tragically frequent in the troubled religious history of man, as Stonehenges, could they speak, might bear witness, and as the ancient classics and modern archæologists have proven. But in no other land was its mode quite so weird and barbarous as in Kondistan.

The amazing thing was that it had survived in undiminished public practice till the eighteen thirties, and after Orissa had been under British rule for thirty years. Nor would it have been disclosed even then, had not British forces been sent into the Kond fastnesses to bring to judgment for his defaultings and defiances the Raja of Gumsur, who had fled to these

neighbours for refuge. During this sustained severe campaign amongst the Hillmen, the facts were learned, and later were laid open to a shocked British world.

Nor did this horror stand alone. For, strangely enough, the Kondistan districts, where human sacrifice, though prevalent, was less frequent, were guiltiest of the waste and destruction of their infant girls. This practice of female infanticide was, also, woefully common in pre-British India, but nowhere to the same degree as in parts of Kondistan. There, in villages of a hundred or so houses, not an infant girl could at times be found; in others of the same size, only one or two; and throughout these special districts they were ominously scarce. Even apart from this wilful destruction, infants of either sex were few or of brief survival, by reason of the widespread venereal diseases. They had dwelt for so many generations with their animals that they had almost become such. But this other deliberate wasting was a different and still more terrible thing. It had no such motive and design as that which dictated the Meriahs. There was no thought of appeasing the dæmonic forces of the world. It seemed to have three roots—the expensiveness of daughters in the days of their betrothal and marriage, the supposition that this "purge" increased the likelihood of infant sons, and the quaint notion that only so many women could be safely permitted in the community as men could well control. And so, and doubtless to the heart-break of many a Kond mother—Rachels refusing to be comforted for the loss of their little ones—the girl-babes were left to the unspeakable horrors of the jungle. The ignorant Konds did not perceive that the very scarcity of brides heightened their price, nor that their violence had no

effect upon the sex-proportions of their births; nor that their dread of an overplus of women was a poor compliment for men to pay to their own powers of due direction and control; nor, again, that to commit their girl-babes to the jungle was to feed the bears, panthers and tigers, their own perpetual dread. Responsible British officers calculated that in a Kond district of 60,000 people 1,200 to 1,500 infant girls were being yearly wasted and destroyed—an out-Heroding of Herod!

This was the Kondistan that came into our Empire's limelight just a century ago—darkness in very deed covering the earth and gross darkness the people. It was time that the light which had arisen elsewhere and the glory that other lands had seen should be shared with these Hill Tracts.

CHAPTER II

CAPTAINS OF WISDOM

It might be supposed that when once these dual inhumanities were exposed, our imperial authority would have sufficed to bring them to a speedy end. And, indeed, Britain did at once commission contingents of officers and of native troops to effect such suppressions. But Kondistan was as wide and mountainous and wild as ancient Wales; more wild than ancient Wales by reason of its roadless jungles and its fearsome beasts. Moreover, the people's age-long unhygienic habits and their constant fouling of the streams, and their sharing of their houses with their cattle, goats and fowls, had charged the air with noisome germs, pestilence walking in the darkness, destructions wasting at noonday, frequently laying low the commissioned contingents, and thrusting the officers on furloughs, to the great delaying of the work. The smallness and sparseness of the villages, too, made communication with them difficult and slow. Then the Konds were all acutely jealous of their never-conquered independence, and easily roused to resist the least interference from without, as the costly struggle with the Raja, who had fled to them for protection, had proven. The Government justly shrank from the renewal of that struggle, which might easily have involved them in a prolonged disastrous war.

Besides, Britain was pledged to the utmost benevolence of neutrality towards India's diversity of creeds. It would have been a breach of faith to have cut across the æonian philosophy and practice of the Konds, and to have imposed reform upon them, before efforts had been made to persuade their better mind. They could not have been justly expected on demand to abandon a way of life inherited from a timeless past, and to contradict the central axiom of all their thinking, and to forego the only safeguard from grave peril, which through the ages they had been tutored to trust. They were a simple, illiterate folk, with scarcely any knowledge of the outer world, and with no books, nor even, indeed, a written language. And their only spiritual guides, their witch-doctors, were sevenfold more obscurantist than themselves. It was obvious that they could only become integral, contented and progressive members of our Indian Empire through a patient statesmanship, which should wean them from their heathen practices, and win them to accept humanitarian reform of themselves. Our authorities in Bengal and in Madras soon perceived that forbearance and instruction were the only valid way. In Commissioner Russell (whose name was presently given to Russellkonda, at the gateway into the Hills) and then in Captains Campbell and Macpherson leaders emerged who were peculiarly fitted for this task of high statesmanship. I shall not attempt to judge which of the Captains rendered the wiser and larger service. That very vexed dispute can better rest. Enough to say that such was their conduct of the difficult negotiations and of the hazardous campaign that in not more than eighteen years all public Meriah sacrifices ceased in the Kond Hill Tracts and, probably, almost all secret

ones, and hundreds of destined victims were rescued from slaughter. Just here and there the practice darkly survived. Indeed, as late as 1883, the Hills' police discovered that a youth had been sacrificed in the previous year, and Edward Evans, who has wrought among them for the last quarter of a century, vouches for four such Meriahs within his own time. But John Clark Marshman, Dr. Marshman's brilliant son, could justly claim on September 28, 1854 in his *The Friend of India* :

" In 18 years a crime worse than any known in Europe has been eradicated. Twelve hundred and sixty human beings have been preserved from a horrible death. An entire people has been induced to forego a cruel practice sanctioned by antiquity and by superstition, and a district as large as Wales has been raised a whole degree in the scale of civilisation."

Dr. Buckley in his *Story of Half a Century*, with every reason to be intimate with the facts, set the numbers of those " preserved from a horrible death " as high as 1,700.

Not that the Captains' victory was absolute. Propitiating sacrifice was not abandoned, but buffaloes and goats were substituted for men ; as they still are. Indeed, the sacrifices even yet abound, and are accompanied by the old barbarities. The flesh of live beasts is hacked off and rushed for burial to the respective fields, to avoid disaster and ensure success. For the Kond philosophy and creed have not changed. Except where the people have become Christian, as so many recently have, their mental world is still haunted by thoughts of dæmons that delight to hurt and to destroy.

Propitiation of these is even yet judged to be imperative, and only securable through the tragic shedding of blood. But a great step forward was taken when this ceased to be the blood of men.

Captains Campbell and Macpherson were too wise to content themselves with the mere suppression of the cruelties. They both took energetic steps towards making roads, easing and safeguarding transport, increasing markets and fairs, and encouraging communication between the Hill Tracts and the plains. Also, they sought, by their wise handling of affairs, to habituate the district chiefs and village headmen to look to British officers for an impartial administration of justice. But, above all, they were both zealous for the establishment of schools.

Pereira's rendering of a Kond representation of the Captains registers the impression they made on the Hillmen—"Kiabon" being Campbell and "Mokodello" Macpherson :

"At the time of the great Kiabon Sahib's coming
The country was in darkness ; it was enveloped in mist.
And how was the country enveloped in mist ?
There was banditry (and tribal warfare) and bloodshed, conflagration of villages,
Destruction of rice and crops.
Brothers and uncles sat together and deliberated how they were to act.
While they were discussing whether they would live or die,
The great Kiabon Sahib came.
All the people fled in terror. Sahib said, 'Brothers, uncles, fear not.
Come to me.'
Having sent soldiers to collect the people of the land,

They, having surrounded them, caught the Meriah sacrificers.
Having caught the Meriah sacrificers, they brought them ;
And again they went and seized the evil councillors (who supplied the victims).
Having seen the chains and shackles, the people were afraid :
Murder and blood were quelled.
Then the land became beautiful, and a certain Mokodello Sahib came.
He destroyed the lairs of the tigers and bears in the hills and rocks,
And taught wisdom to the people.
He built bungalows and schools, and advised them to learn reading and law ;
And they learnt reading and wisdom."

And here is the modern buffalo-Meriah chant and apology :

" Thou hast come, thou hast come, O curved-horn buffalo,
To thy death hast thou come.
O buffalo, in the days of thy youth thou wast yoked to the plough.
At present, for fear of the Sahib, from thy shoulder we take the flesh :
From thy cheek we take the flesh.
In the country at former times we used to bring human flesh.

" Do not cry out to me, O beautiful buffalo,
Do not cry out to me, O curved-horn buffalo.
As the tears stream from thine eyes, so may the rain pour down :
As thy blood gushes forth, so may vegetation sprout.
For the large granaries let a profusion of rice come in.
For the store-basket let them be full to overflowing."

In Colonel Campbell's staff there was a Captain Frye, who calls for especial remembrance in this story. A University man and a born linguist, he soon in his first four Indian years initiated himself into Hindustani, Oriya and Telugu, and even into Persian and Sanskrit. Better than linguist, he was an earnest Christian, and in his Mess in Madras was never ashamed to own himself Christ's. Stationed at Berhampur, he cultivated the fellowship of its B.M.S. missionaries, and in December 1845 had the humility and courage to be there baptised, the Christian intercourse of that day an unforgettable thing. He gloried in the service of the Konds and in rescuing the Meriahs. Once, as his Colonel used to tell, hearing of a sacrifice on the eve of its consummation, he rushed with a small guard to the indicated spot, and found the Konds already assembled with their sacrificing priest, and a girl of fifteen being prepared for the final tragedy ; whereat he demanded her surrender. The folk, half-mad with excitement, hesitated ; but, seeing his company preparing for action, yielded the victim, and the Captain withdrew with his prize. He afterwards learned that he was scarcely out of sight when they said amongst themselves : "Why should we be cheated of our sacrifice? See our aged priest. Seventy summers have passed over his head. What further use is he? Let us sacrifice him." So the old man was barbarously butchered. Needless to say, they had to answer for this crime.

The Captain might easily have been tempted to regard such people with disgust. But he pitied more than he blamed. His hope lay in the young. He laboured to found Kond schools, and to this end gave to their Kui tongue its first written form, using,

naturally enough, the Oriya script, which many of them knew. He collected the beginnings of a Kui-Oriya vocabulary, and rendered into Kui for the Kondistan children the story of Joseph. Once he was trying to persuade a half-listless, half-derisive Kond crowd to accept a school for their district. Nothing he could say seemed to make the least impression, till a Kond lad he had taught read a tale to them in their own tongue. Then some admitted that their sons would be none the worse for similar tuition! Frye brought back from his furlough a lithographic press, with which to print his Kui books, and was soon in the Hills again, enlarging his vocabulary and ransoming more Meriahs. For the Great Exhibition of 1851 he wrought into Kui *Psalm* 67—the first bit of Scripture to be published in its tongue. His linguistic genius and his zeal prompted the B.M.S. leaders in Orissa to invite him into full missionary service. Though he did not see his way to comply, he was as surely missionary-hearted as any worker in the Indian field. After what proved to be Frye's last tour through the Kond Hills, Henry Wilkinson, of Berhampur, expressed his fear that the malarial jungles would be the death of him. "Better a short life doing some good than a longer one doing little," was his answer. And, indeed, the black-water fever was already upon him. All one night Kond words and verbs and roots ran through his brain. He said that he felt "he could write or translate volumes with the greatest ease." In his last twenty-four hours he kept rambling in Greek and Latin, German and French, Hindustani and Persian, and in Telugu, Oriya and Kui. His death in April 1855 was a sore bereavement, not just for his wife and children, but for the whole missionary circle. On Dr. Buckley's

return from furlough in 1857, he visited his grave in Berhampur " with much solemn feeling, recalling the day he was baptised, and their conversation pertaining to the Kingdom of God, and their communion of spirit." " The Government," it was said, " never had a more zealous servant nor a more accomplished scholar, nor the Konds a truer friend." No doubt it was he who inspired Dr. Cadenhead, the assistant-surgeon of his company, to take a like keen interest in the Konds. For he also mastered their language, and added to their tiny literature a collection of Kui fables and of Kui conceptions of " Creation," and accounts of their Meriah sacrifices, with the accompanying chants.

In any history of the pilgrimage of the Konds out of barbarism into Christian light these laymen, these young officers of the British Army, must be given a first and honourable place. For they not only rescued the doomed from destruction, but sowed in the minds of the Konds the first seeds of intellectual and spiritual desire.

CHAPTER III

HOMES OF COMPASSION

WHAT was to be done with the saved Meriahs was a very real problem. The rescued men, as wards of the Government, were given chances of service as peons and "bearers," etc., whilst others were formed, with the Government's support, into a colony near Russellkonda, which, unfortunately, failed of success. The liberated women the Government agents sought to wed to those Kond chiefs and others who had been foremost in persuading their fellows to accept reform. And as it became manifest that this was a mark of Government favour, and was sealed with Government dowries, these brides were soon in demand. When, however, as so often, the Meriahs were children, Colonel Campbell entrusted them to the Missionary Orphanages in Orissa, both British and American; only too thankful for the chance, sure that these would supply the needed nourishment for the whole nature and life of each child. To the Homes of the B.M.S. in Cuttack in 1849 he sent as many as seventy-nine in one day. Through at least fifteen years not less than 250 of these once-doomed Indian children were tenderly cared for by the Buckleys, Hills and Wilkinsons, the Suttons and the Stubbinses, B.M.S. Greathearts in Orissa. They were also taught all sorts of occupations and crafts—weaving, tailoring, housewifery, gardening, printing, book-

binding, etc. Many of the older boys elected to go to the extensive B.M.S. mission-farm near Cuttack, where they learned to clear and till the jungle, and to build the Christian village where they dwelt.

In the records of the Orissa Mission for those years can be found heart-moving stories of these wronged and rescued innocents. Kalimanji, e.g., had been decoyed by villains on the pretext of being bidden to escort him to his uncle, sixty miles away, and they did bring him to one who seemed gracious, but later whisperings and signs convinced the lad that he had been abducted for sacrifice. So he watched for a favourable hour and escaped to the plains, where he heard of the Berhampur orphanage, and put himself beneath its tender care. Komoli was kidnapped from her father's very door, and carried blindfold to the Hills. Bima, older than the rest, had been snatched from the very edge of destruction. For many a day after he was welcomed to the orphanage, he was shaken with fear. Even their singing alarmed him, the Konds being wont to sing in the excitement of their sacrificing. Another went wild with surprise upon finding her brother in the same orphanage. At different times, unknown to each other, they had been rescued from destined sacrifice. Another was kidnapped when only four, and at eighteen was chained for sacrifice, and was saved by only just three days from her appointed doom. Jessie had lost both her parents through the ravage of tigers. Uncles adopted her two brothers and herself, but, later, sold them all to be Meriahs. The brothers were actually sacrificed, but Jessie was saved. Nellie had often been threatened by her captors, when she could not work hard enough to satisfy them, that her flesh would soon be cut from her bones. Of Ootama, a child of seven, of

rare intelligence and sweetness, Colonel Campbell delighted to tell. One night in 1852 a roughly-scratched message on a palm-leaf, and unsigned, was thrown into his camp, reporting a Meriah sacrifice on the morrow and naming the place. A party was at once despatched and by forced marches reached the village the next dawn. The Ensign, customary to the rite, was already in its place—a kind of bird with peacock-feathers on a high pole, the upper and lower beaks forming a clapper, whose sound was the signal for the ceremony's beginning. The child was tied to the stake, and one of her legs had already been gashed, whose scar she would carry to her grave, when her deliverers rushed in. She had been sold by her own wicked father, who had, of course, to be punished severely for his monstrous crime : as also the chief of the villages that had combined for the sacrifice. The Government was not wont to punish, when its will was not understood. But this old chief did understand, and had engaged to permit no more Meriahs in his district. A little later Colonel Campbell visited the orphanage where Ootama was nurtured, and she pleased him by reading to him from the Oriya *Peep of Day*.

Numbers of these girls and boys became keen Christians, baptised members of the Mission Church. Of these the most outstanding was certainly Paul Singh. Of Hindu birth and high caste, he had been stolen for sacrifice when but a little child, but was discovered before he was five, and was saved from his prospective doom, and was one of the earliest to be entrusted to the Cuttack orphanage. After ten years, and an apprenticeship in the Mission Press, he was trained in the Cuttack College for the work of an Evangelist. He became a preacher and singer of unusual charm, and

an itinerating companion of fine resourcefulness, often chatting on with members of the missionary's audience to great profit. He always used to say that "from being a branch of a wild olive tree he had been grafted into a good olive." Job's "*I shall die in my nest*" came to his remembrance and lips, as he at length lay dying, forty years after his rescue from a Meriah's terrible fate. His son Jayanand was also a fine Evangelist, sometime pastor of the Cuttack Church, and the pundit in Oriya to many young missionaries

Janno, another saved Meriah, became a Kond Christian witness beyond the Mission's expectation and knowledge. When the Wilkinsons were on furlough, he had run away from the orphanage, nor could again be traced till, twelve years later, a tall stranger came briskly stepping on to Mr. Wilkinson's verandah, joining his hands and saying "Numuska" and, behold, it was Janno! A fire, where he lived, had burned all his books, except his hymn book. One day his mind said to him, so he reported: "Where are the friends who gave you this, and taught you God's Word? Go back to them, and it shall be well with you." So he consulted his Kond wife, and they had made the six days' journey and wished to remain. Asked if he had forgotten to read his Bible, he said: "Give me one and see"; and he read "like a Pundit." He had also, he said, taught others in the Hill Tracts. So they were glad to have him stay, finding it pleasant to see his honest face again, and liking his wife, who was keen for instruction. After a course of farming in the Christian village near Cuttack, he returned to the Hills and remained faithful.

The personal interest which Colonel Campbell continued to take in the children he had rescued is

illustrated in the following letter of Mrs. Stubbins, of Berhampur, which the Colonel treasured :

" Rachel and Daniel were married yesterday, and leave for the Hills to-morrow. Rachel has been such a good, obedient girl that I really feel sorry to part with her. I rejoice, however, in the thought that she is a true believer in Christ, and I hope she may be able to act consistently in her new position. I should not be surprised if she should at first feel the loneliness of her situation, but she is much pleased with the thought of working for you. I trust that you continue to have good news from your own dear children."

Rachel's Daniel was to take charge in the Hills of a school which the Colonel had founded. He, like his bride, had Christ's love in his heart.

The Colonel's indebtedness to the Orphanages filled him with deep regard for missionaries and their labours. Moreover, he vividly realised that what the law and the Government could not do by reason of human frailty, could only be accomplished by the evangel of Christ. So he looked for the day when messengers of Christ would go to meet the deep needs of Kondistan. In his *Personal Narrative* he said :

" I have not alluded to the great precursor of civilisation —the Gospel—not because I am insensible of its fitness for these wild tribes (who have no predilection for Brahmins) but simply because it is not within the province of the Government of India to introduce any agency of the kind. I may, however, express the hope that in due season these savage Konds will be visited by *the teachers of a higher and purer wisdom than that of men.*"

Later, in the same *Narrative*, he urged any such

" teachers " not to be content to dwell in the plains, but to make at least long yearly residences in the Hill Tracts, for " without their personal presence, and constant supervision the Konds were not likely to become Christians, and certainly not to remain so." Also, he stressed the necessity of including a *doctor* in their staff. He himself, he said, had, in pity for these superstitious and helpless sufferers, engaged an Indian doctor to serve them, but he had unfortunately decamped. The Colonel's successor, Major MacViccar, advised that Russellkonda should be the base of such a mission, which should give its first attention to " those parts of Kondistan which had known most of Britain's power and Britain's mercy." Surely it was significant that officers of the British Army, administrators of the Indian Government, should thus invite the uplifting arm of Christ for the people of the Hill Tracts.

CHAPTER IV

THE APOSTLE JOHN

AND now my story takes me to Loughborough and to its Woodgate Church, so dear to me, and to Joseph Goadby, its minister from 1848-1859, whose face was one of the inspiring portraits of my vestry. His father had been a stalwart preacher of the East Midlands in the great days of Dan Taylor. He himself was a prince in the General Baptist Israel, a preacher of rare strength, the Secretary of its College, and the Editor of its chief "Monthly"; whom Dr. Clifford has described as "a man who knew his own mind and who took care that others should not mistake it; a doughty champion, battling against all comers for what he thought to be right and true." His third son was born whilst an uncle John was voyaging to India to join the Orissa Mission staff. So his father named him John Orissa Goadby, which proved prophetic. It could scarcely have been otherwise. For, as soon as the lad's soul was captured by Christ, whilst he was learning to make clocks in the famed firm in Barton-in-the-Beans, he found himself challenged by the claims of the Konds. At every missionary meeting in his circle, in every missionary report, in almost every issue of his father's Magazine, he was reminded of the woes of Kondistan, as well as of the Orissa Orphanages, where so many of the Meriah children had been sheltered and shepherded

by missionaries, whose names were household words to him, and most of whose faces he had seen. He was glad to be athletic, a big walker, a good swimmer, a crack shot, When he entered the denomination's college, as his brothers had before him, their motto became also his own : *Per angusta ad augusta* : *per ardua ad astra.* Orissa was his goal from the first, from which he never swerved. Young John Clifford felt the thrill of this senior's resoluteness. At his ordination in crowded Woodgate in 1857 his father gave him the charge : " Be strong, my son." " When at Waterloo the Imperial Guard was overpowered, and bidden to ask for quarter, they proudly made answer : ' The Imperial don't ask for quarter : they die '. And they fell in their ranks." It was Mutiny-year, and the *Agamemnon*, in which he sailed, was crowded with soldiers. He, also, meant to be a soldier—but of Christ. " I am in the path of duty," he wrote to his mother from the ship. " Our heavenly Father is leading me ; don't be afraid." He was the first European to be going to India purposed to give his life to the Konds.

As soon as he was at all acquainted with Oriya, he moved to Russellkonda, to the border of the Hills of his desire, and readily confirmed the judgment of Major MacViccar that this was the best approach for Kondistan. In 1860 he sent this message to the Orissa Mission Committee :

" If the opening of a station in Russellkonda is approved, I authorise you to give in my name as a candidate for its establishment. As the youngest of the Society's missionaries, others may have a prior claim : but, at all events, if no one else is willing to go, I am. I do think our brethren have trod the old paths long enough. Let us extend our borders."

And to the Annual Assembly of his denomination he wrote :

" I wonder whether you will remember the Konds. Were it not for fear of being thought over-officious as the youngest of the Society's missionaries, and of forcing a way for myself in a direction in which it may not be the Will of my Saviour to lead, and thus placing myself out of the reach of His blessing, without which no missionary can prosper, I should say : ' A General Baptist Mission there shall be to the Konds, if I stand alone on Russell-konda Hill to proclaim it, and my wife shall be its secretary."

For by this time a Miss Harrison, an Orissa missionary before him, and great-souled as himself, had become his wife. He soon found in Captain R. M. Macdonald, the Inspector of the Russellkonda District, a friend, who even gave him his own bungalow and its considerable compound, whence Goadby penetrated into the " blue mountains, the great barrier that Nature had upheaved between the plains and Kondistan." His first letter from the Hills was full of insight and of an uncommon expressiveness.

" The Kond is grossly ignorant and his mind enveloped in the thickest darkness. Yet there are rays of light which pierce that darkness, and reveal a pathway to his understanding, by which medium his heart may be impressed. Ideas of God as supreme and of man's relations to Him, whilst not included in the narrow circle of his hope and fear, cast their broad shadows over it. The Meriah rite, though nothing less than murder, and inhuman in its details, embodies his mysterious faith in the virtue of the most precious of oblations, human blood, and shows his

A GROUP OF KONDS [*Photo by Miss Halls*

twilight gropings for that great salvation purchased by the sacrifice of Jesus. With a 'living sacrifice,' 'bought with a price', 'without spot or blemish,' he is quite familiar. A Meriah in any way unclean, diseased or maimed, would be to his mind abhorrent.

"Their Kui tongue contains many current Oriya words and phrases, but all are importations from the lowlands, and not indigenous. In verbal endings and pronunciation it exhibits a more perceptible affinity to the Telugu than to the Oriya. In fact, a learned Brahmin, himself a Telugu, who compiled the only grammar in the language, remarks, 'I have always thought this language was a corruption of or the primitive Telugu itself.' Many of the words are sweet and musical; others are gifted with a clicking, harsh, heavy pronunciation peculiar to all barbarous tongues. The Kond appears, when speaking, seldom to use his lips, although his language has no lack of labials. The majority of the sounds are uttered by the tongue, the throat and teeth, and by the gnashing of the latter he punctuates his sentence, when completed. The Oriya alphabet has been adopted in the little Kui literature there is in print. For all that has been done, in reducing it to writing and in preparing books, we are indebted to the genius, benevolence and labours of the late Captain Frye.

"Though most of the people in *the Kond villages near Russellkonda* understand Oriya, their vocabulary is more or less confined to words required in trading. The ability to preach to them in their own native language will be of no mean importance and worth striving for. The words of one's mother-tongue are sweeter to the ear, easier to comprehend, sink deeper, and go nearer to the heart than any in another language, however well acquired. For my own part I am rather partial to it, and shall do my best to understand it thoroughly.

"The rescued children in our schools and churches take

a lively interest in the Mission. Some of them still love their native wilds. We hope to find a few who will be useful to the work. We have their sympathy and prayers, and this must not be overlooked.

"We will 'expect great things from God,' and yet not be too sanguine. Success may not be rapid. Christian patience may be sorely tried from year to year. The Gospel's triumphs may be few, and blessings on their way from heaven appear to linger. Even so, we will be hopeful. The heart that beats within a Kond is dark and ignorant, a very wilderness like the trackless waste in which he hunts his game. In the latter the rankest vegetation grows up unobstructed; so in the former the lowest passions, with no purer thought to check them, are free from all restraint. This moral jungle must be levelled, the soil prepared to receive the seed, and the early and latter rains must fall thereon. But these antecedent labours are not ours alone. 'We work together with God.' The preparations in the heart of man are from the Lord. We can sow and labour, and He will give the increase."

He was certainly matched with his task. Soon after his return to Russellkonda, a native Christian and his Kond wife came to see him, fresh from visiting the wife's sister near the ghaut. The night before they left her, they had talked till very late to her neighbours of Christ's matchless love, and the folk had asked many questions. They would fain have talked all night. As the wife was leaving the Goadbys, she said to them: "You must not think that preaching to them once or twice or thrice will be enough. Nor must you be disheartened, if they will not listen nor try to understand. You must preach and pray, preach and pray, and God will give His blessing."

On his next itineration in the Hills, one evening, with the folk about him, Goadby asked an old man if he had ever heard of the true God, who made the hills and mountains, the sun and moon and stars. He answered "No : I have thought of such an One, but I have never heard about Him." Then he told them that to teach them of Him he was learning their language. When he read to them a Kui *Peep of Day*, with its stories of Nain and of Bethany, they asked whether this Jesus was still on earth, and if so, how many days' journey it would be for Him to their country !

Many another and ever-widening itineration he made into their midst, though coolies dreaded to go with him into the bandit-ridden, tiger-haunted jungle. A rescued Kond Meriah accompanied him as his pundit, though his own Kui was increasing. When the villagers found him talking to them, not in Oriya, but in their mother-tongue, they even clapped their hands and drew closer. They the more marvelled, for he was the first white man many of them had ever seen. They liked best to gather at night round a fire under a tree, whilst he sat on his wicker stool or on a borrowed cot and talked to them, the men squatting round, and the women and children standing behind them : a weird circle, both the men and women tattooed, and of strange coiffure. At times a tiger's growl would break across the fellowship, but the blazing fire was the sufficient guard. More than once he had to be rushed down to Russellkonda in high fever. Once it thundered and rained a whole week. In one village not a man was sober, and in another, where a mother had died, the whole family was drunken.

Once he heard the heart-cry of the bereaved for a truly loved one and he knew the forlornness of heathen-

dom's despair. Often the folk would give him rice and fowls, even sparing these from the claims of their frequent preventive sacrifices ; and *milk*, which, oddly enough, they never themselves drank. Once a village headman was roughly abusive, blaming the Christian religion for the suppression of the Meriahs, and this for the cholera, which had smitten his district. He was dressed very meanly, as though he and his village were in dire distress, but in truth he was a bandit, and the son of one, with the blood of many upon him ; and his house was rich in ornaments of gold and inlaid weapons and costly apparel. Often Goadby longed for a doctor's equipment and skill—as when a mother brought him her child covered with sores, but mocked the suggestion that any treatment of hers could in the least avail. The witch-doctor had been her only hope. Once he saw the horrors of the Governmental vaccination of those days, 800 inoculated in one centre, without regard to their appalling diseases. Everywhere he noted the tell-tale posts, the relics of the terrible human sacrifices, and the Meriah groves, which the people still regarded with "numinous" awe. In one of these itinerancies he walked 200 miles, and penetrated into Chinna Kimidi, amongst Konds of wilder aspect, rougher speech and stranger dress than those of Gumsur and of Boad.

He loved these journeys through the jungles, spite of "the prickly heat that was enough to drive you mad," and "the rain that could be heard two miles off," and the scorpions and snakes, the bears and the tigers, and the tempting but deadly streams. "The air," he said "was often as bracing as Charnwood Forest, and in December the fields might be covered with hoar-frost and there be ice an inch thick in the hollows." And he

liked the folk's honest faces, and was persuaded of their readier and more reliable response to the Gospel than that of the caste-ridden sophisticated people of the plains. When in 1865 he looked from Kumbarikupa (the potters' village) on the clustered villages below, he yearned for the day when "a house of God should stand there, and the hardy mountaineers ascend week by week to that hill of the Lord." And, as events proved, the first of all such Churches in Kondistan was built on that very hill-slope. And, though at times he was sorely discouraged, he would say: "Here I will stay even though my life may be spent without any token of usefulness. I will go on sowing all my days, though I myself may reap no harvest. But others assuredly will."

In the midst of that winter's itineration, a message got through to him from headquarters in England bidding him go to the help of the workers in the plains, who were fighting one of the worst famines even Orissa had ever known. He was not asked, but ordered. "I turned my face thither," he wrote, "with a heavy heart; for my soul is and ever must be with these Konds."

Tirelessly his wife and he strengthened the thinned ranks of the Orissa Mission. With his eager spirit and athletic frame he was the very helper they needed; and what manner of Christ-hearted woman his wife was may be judged from her suckling her own babe at one breast and an Indian famine-babe at the other!

Just once Goadby contrived to pay a lightning-visit to Russellkonda, and to catch again the "thrilling sight" of the ghauts. He met many old Kond friends, and learned of the welfare of others. Repeatedly they asked when he would return to them, and there could

be no mistaking their disappointment at his reply that he could not tell, but that it was his unceasing prayer that either he or some other might serve them. But it was not to be himself. For in July 1868, when he was only thirty-five, the whole Orissa Mission was devastated by his sudden death in Cuttack. He had seemed good for a lifetime of labour, but the strain of his eleven unfurloughed years, with nine devoted mostly to the malarial Hill Tracts, and then the stress of the two famine years, had drained even his young strength and the collapse was complete. He must ever be remembered as *the first apostle of Kondistan.* "He delighted," wrote Dr. David Smith, a Government Sanitary Commissioner, "to penetrate into the solitary places of the Kond Hill Tracts, and there, amidst the dirt, the drunkenness and destitution of the people, to do what lay in his power for their welfare, and for the softening and enlightening of their savage natures." So shattering for his wife was the shock of his death that it seemed that she could not live till her ship reached England: but she was spared. She also had played her part as a sacrificial pioneer.

CHAPTER V

THE MEN OF "HARLEY"

IT seems incredible that no one volunteered to be "baptised for the dead," and to give himself in Goadby's stead for the evangelisation of the Konds. Just once in 1873 William Hill went up into the Hills from Berhampur. He was surprised at the material advance since his only previous ascent ten years before. Then he had found a Government engineer and his men felling trees, breaking rocks, levelling roads and bridging chasms; for not a single cart had ever been able to negotiate the ghauts.

"As I saw," he wrote, "the people and the carts ascending and descending the ghauts, and the wild Konds bringing the produce of their hills to the plains, and carrying back the produce of the plains to the hills; saw the droves of pack-bullocks bringing cotton and oil seeds from central India and carrying back salt from the coast, I could not but admire the work which had been accomplished, which will be available for those who wish to go over the mountains to publish peace to the tribes of Kondistan, and be a lasting blessing there when all about the Gumsur sacrifices has been forgotten."

But they were not as yet forgotten. For old men in the Hills described to him the Meriahs as they had themselves seen them in Kalingia. The price, they said, for

the victims, varied from £1 to £10. The young were allowed to be at large till the time of their doom. The adults were often chained, to prevent their escape. One did escape, they remembered, during the night, but on the morrow the clank of his chain was heard, and he was traced and was sacrificed.

But no one *through twenty-one years* "felt a concern" to go and live for the Konds like the Goadbys. No worker wakened for the great employ. In 1889 the following from the pen of P. E. Heberlet appeared in the Orissa Mission Report :

"Niladri (an Oriya evangelist) writes an account of a tour with Benjamin, the Bible Society's colporteur. They journeyed about for a month and a half, and visited 150 villages and three markets. Their way led them to the Hills in Gumsur among the Konds, and in many of the places they had to employ an interpreter, as their speech was not understood ; but in several instances they met with such deep and earnest attention that their hearts overflowed with joy, and all the weary climbing over rough hill paths was forgotten. At *Udayagiri*,* distant from Russell Konda a day's journey, *the native sub-magistrate* urged on the preachers the desirability of a mission being established there. It is an important place, having the sub-magistrate's Court, a dispensary, school and post office, and a large number of inhabitants. The sub-magistrate said he would subscribe towards the location of a mission-station there, attend the services, and do all he could to further the Cause. Surely the spirit of God caused him to speak as he did, and herein we may see clearly, not in visions of the night, but in the light of day, a man standing in the midst of the Kond country and saying 'Come over and help us'."

This was only in unimpressive, nonpareil type, one of

* Pronounced Oo-die-gee-ree.

many news-paragraphs. But at least one reader felt its force—Howard James, minister of "Woodborough Road," Nottingham, who, when I entered "Regent's," was one of its ablest seniors. Having always a keen eye for missionary situations and incidents, and a fine skill in handling them, he stressed this paragraph to his missionary prayer-meeting, little guessing that to two students who were present his words were as the summons of God, Abiathar Wilkinson of Leicester, and Arthur Long, of East London, on vacation from Cliff College, Derbyshire, which was the other half of Harley College, Bow. These two and a third, Thomas Wood, whose college course was less advanced, had the Pauline ambition to be out on the very frontiers of Christ's Kingdom. For months they had prayed together for guidance. This appeal from the native deputy-magistrate of Udayagiri, backed by what Howard James could tell his people of the Konds, sounded like Heaven's answer. So the two consulted him that evening and found him, though restrained, responsive and ready to take pains to further their desire. When, however, the General Baptist Missionary Committee was approached, the reply was discouraging; for these and the older and larger B.M.S were just then negotiating for the fusion of their Societies, which was no fitting hour for fresh commitments. But the zealots could not be daunted, and their pastors agreed to commend their purpose to the public: William Evans, of Leicester, as sensible a leader as I ever knew; Archibald Brown at the height of his power; and John McNeill, of London and of greater fame. An undenominational committee agreed to serve, with Howard James as one of its secretaries; and such was the pace with which access to the Churches was gained,

and such the appeal of the unusual facts and the Churches' ready response that by the autumn of that 1889 Wilkinson and Long were voyaging to India; with Wood, not quite committed, but of a mind to follow, when he should be through his college course.

And this was the beginning of a never-setting sun for the Kond Hill Tracts; for never again from the going thither of these was Christ to be without witness there. They made haste to visit Russellkonda to get their first glimpse of the distant Hills. In the extraordinary pillared rock that dominates the town and the whole district, they disturbed a brood of eaglets. There were eaglets of aspiration and resolve in the nests of their own hearts. They spent their first months as the guests of the B.M.S. Mission in Berhampur, where they gave themselves to the study of Oriya, thankful for the respite of the Sundays, and its chance of wider and heart-kindling reading. Long bathed his spirit in the biographies of immortal pioneers, and felt himself "a pigmy, a snail, a hanger-on in comparison with the Judsons, and a mere shadow alongside of Paton, the immovable oak."

In June the native sub-magistrate of Udayagiri, Sri Sarjeeva Naidu, chanced to be in Berhampur, and they were introduced to one another, and they saw their "Macedonian," their "star in the East." And they found him still keen for a Mission Station in his own Udayagiri. He begged them not to delay, and promised them his cordial help. "Surely," wrote Long, "the Spirit of God is moving on the face of the waters," and the following Sunday Wilkinson exhorted the whole Berhampur missionary-circle to be "as the flaming spirits of the past, for whom to live was Christ." The very next day word from Tom Wood told of strong

constraints upon his spirit to join them, followed soon by news that he was coming, and again that his passage was booked. They hurried off into the Hill Tracts to make preparations, and got their first sight of Udayagiri.

Not even the view from the terrace at Cliff College, overlooking the Derwent, could rival this ; for a host of peaks of the Kond mountains made the encircling range a scene of wild grandeur. The very name—Udayagiri—seemed prophetic, "*the springing up of light.*" On the Sunday they had a long quiet talk with the deputy-magistrate. He was a Telugu, and Hindu, but eager, he said, to know the truth, and to do what should please God. He promised them his utmost assistance. They were greatly cheered.

Meanwhile Wood was crossing the seas. His Scottish parents had not only surrendered their son to the work but were sending him at their own charges. On the way down to meet him, Wilkinson was thrown from his pony on the rough road of the ghaut, to such injury and pain that he begged his colleague to pray for the mercy of death for him ; but it was the opposite prayer Long lifted, and that was answered. The three glad men spent the Christmas of 1890 together in the missionary fellowship of Cuttack, and before the end of January were ascending the ghauts, and the pleased Konds flocked to give them welcome, and their magistrate-friend sent thirteen miles for a tent for their comfort. He hoped to get them a Kui and Oriya pundit, and in a few days mapped out wide-sweeping itineraries to the West and to the North for their first exploration of the Hills. Everywhere on these two journeys they were thrilled with the sense of the urgency and glory of their mission, and with the goodwill of the local magistrates, European and Indian, and the promised help of the

government schoolmasters. In Bisipara they met two Indian Christians, fruit of the B.M.S. work in Cuttack. Tikkaballi, ten miles north of Udayagiri, with at least 5,000 attending its Friday market, gave promise of a great preaching-place. The sub-magistrate undertook to assemble sawyers and carpenters for their bungalow. Long and Wood planned to use, meanwhile, a forest-officer's rest-house, and to give themselves to Kui and Oriya. But, presently, they were all down with fever, and Wilkinson had to be taken to Russellkonda. Long was hardly back in Udayagiri when Wood was again in high fever, and *died in the magistrate's house in Long's arms*! Only a month before, on his birthday, he had prayed for fifty years' Indian service, and this was the reply—just a glimpse from his Pisgah, and then the auspicious beginning was the mysterious end, a grim confirmation of the risks they would run by life in the Hill Tracts. When Konds were asked to carry Wood's body, they held back. So the magistrate said : " If you won't, I, though a Hindu, must " : whereat they said : " You can't ; we will."

For Long the loss was tormenting. Wood had been so " strong in faith, fervent in prayer, full of love and fixed of purpose." The two seemed made for double harness. They had been each other's favourites at " Harley." " A heart as noble as any Scot's that ever beat," Arthur said of him. Wilkinson and he were not thus naturally mated. They had quickly discerned this, and in their first Orissa month had been obliged to consider whether to serve together or apart, and the year's experience had not eased the problem. Like many another pioneer, Wilkinson was happier on his own ; too tenacious of his opinion for good mixing : yet with some sense of humour, as when he would say after

a stubborn contention "I'll race you for it," and would start sprinting. Yet his tenacity had its virtue. He could pursue a purpose and endure privation. No wife through the years shared his loneliness, nor ministered to his comfort. He had sought a woman's hand, but she was destined for another. So he ploughed his lone furrow. One evening, during a drought, he was preaching in the village of Raipoli. Its headman besought him to intercede with the authorities to permit them to sacrifice a living child, as their fathers used, to banish disease from their village and bring rain to their rice-fields. Instead, he told them of "the One Sacrifice for all men and all time," which to them was only a provoking enigma. Yet from that same village, later, youths came begging for books, and presently there was "a band of men there, whose hearts God had touched," and talk of building a chapel. Before May 1893 he had completed the translation of the Gospel of Mark into Kui, which the Cuttack Press printed and the Bible Society published. In that same year he and Long and their free-lance Mission were adopted by the B.M.S., after due language examinations. Wilkinson's Oriya pronunciation was faulty, from "his having lived and worked so long amongst the Konds," as the examiners admitted. He should have been tested in Kui; only there was no one who could apply the test. He himself believed that his Kui "Mark" "contained no word that the Konds would not understand."

When he returned at the end of 1897 from his one furlough, Ada Thompson, a Cuttack missionary, says that "he looked most capable and strong." Yet within three months a preaching-tour, such as he loved, was cut short by small-pox, from which he could not recover.

Gordon Wilkins was in Russellkonda with him at the end, and has testified how brave he was, and how solicitous that no one else should catch the foul disease. He says he once heard him preach a splendid sermon on "Whosoever shall lose his life for My sake shall find it," and adds that "Kinson"—the name Wilkinson always went by, when he and Wilkins were together, for distinction sake—had himself thus lost and found his life through his nine missionary years. There is obvious sincerity in his fellow-missionaries' memorial minute :

> "It would be furthest from his wish that we should eulogise him unduly, yet we cannot but remember and recognise his sterling qualities. His patient perseverance in duty during life, and his supreme self-surrender to the will of God in death will ever be a source of inspiration to us."

All who knew Arthur Long loved him for his faith and enthusiasm, his modest estimate of himself and his warm appraisement of others, his joy in books and in The Book, his delight in Christian fellowship, his adoring love of his Saviour and his passion for the souls of men. Nothing human was alien to him—a climb, a cricket-match, a game of chess, a bit of woodcraft, a sing-song, some sort of "rounders" with a Raja—but he was never forgetful of his life's one aim. He was an amazing letter-writer, considering his crowded days and ceaseless itinerations ; but his pen was the ever-ready servant of his Lord. It speaks volumes concerning both his business-father and himself that this letter arrived one day : "My dear Boy, I am thankful to say that I have come to Jesus as my Saviour, and I am happy in Him," bringing him an

even deeper gladness than had the several £5 notes for his work, which his father had already sent him. Mrs. Bevan Jones, of Lahore, who nursed his sick children in her Orissa days, writes : "He was one of the keenest evangelists I have ever met, and his wife was as keen as himself,"—his Lilly, of whom his diary is proudly and tenderly full. She had had a deaconess's training in "Doric Lodge," whilst he was at "Harley," i.e., they were fellow-students in the same "Institute." He could not have been better companioned.

When I think of his so-great lovableness and enthusiasm, in sheer jealousy I wish it could have been more completely concentrated on the service of the Konds. But he was withdrawn in large measure from these by the difficulty he and his colleague found in pulling comfortably together, and by his singular susceptibility to the Hill Tracts' fevers, and by the great work which quickly gripped him in Russellkonda, and, later, by the five strenuous years in Sambalpur, and again the two in cholera-smitten Berhampur. Yet, like a moth to the flame, he kept returning to the Hills, planning and making wide preaching-tours, and, presently (with the fortunate help of Luke Singh a Dravidian scholar and a native preacher) translated into quite fair Kui his loved friend Heberlet's *Mukti Marga, The Way of Salvation*, thus adding to Kondistan's tiny Christian literature a valuable gift. He called it *Negi Katta—The Good Story.* But when it came to preaching in Kui —a very different matter—Long was never at his ease, as his frank diary indicates :

"Jan. 19, 1905 (fifteen years after his landing in India). 'Preached in several villages round Udayagiri. Tried to

tell them something of our Saviour through an interpreter. They do not know much Oriya.'

"Dec. 7, 1906. 'Preached in the Tikkaballi market, but very few really understand the message in Oriya.'

"Dec. 31, 1906. 'Decided not to go for another Oriya tour, but to go to Udayagiri and press on with the Kui language."

But even on Mar, 6. 1909, six weeks before he died: "Tried preaching in Kui. Very awkward."

Nevertheless, the Konds will always be in his deep debt for pre-eminent service. To the limit of his opportunity and strength he wrought on their behalf—by innumerable personal letters, by articles in the Press, by appeals to the colleges, and especially to his own, by heart-stirring addresses in the churches during his two furloughs, by talks till midnight with his hosts, and by accompanying C. E. Wilson, of the B.M.S. in 1905 and Dr. Fletcher Moorshead in 1906 to the Hill Tracts, from whose responsible journeys such developments were destined to flow. He, also, inspired young John Biswas, one of Dr. Howells' Cuttack students, to volunteer for their service, when no other Indian would face the risks. This John Biswas was to prove a very godsend to the Konds, his knowledge of Telugu speeding his Kui, and his sweetly-played violin, always with him, charming the people to himself and his Lord. They learned to love him, because he so manifestly first loved them. From his fire Kond evangelists caught the flame. And to Long he owed the vision which won him for this field. Beyond all this, Long played the chief part in 1905 in persuading the Arthington Committee to adopt the Kond Mission, and to back its next stages with its funds. By one post he sent twenty-two

pages for this purpose to Alfred Henry Baynes, the Secretary of the B.M.S., with just the needed data and guidance, drawings and maps—a masterly communication. One of its vital enclosures was the following from the District Officer and Magistrate of Boad, the northern portion of the Hill Tracts, which the mission had scarcely touched : another impressive appeal from an official layman to Christ's Church.

"DEAR MR. LONG,

"I have often wondered at the complete absence of missionary effort amongst the Konds. I imagine that this is due to the country being so inaccessible and consequently little known to the outer world. But I feel sure that if somebody would advocate its claims, yours and other Societies would lose no time in starting work in the midst of a people who seem to be waiting for the Gospel. The sphere of work is extensive, and the people are extraordinarily wild and barbarous, but they are rapidly adopting the religion and customs of the people around them, so that in a few years your task will become twice as difficult as it would be now.

"One thing more. *Bring medical assistance.* You have no idea of the amount of good you could do and how many more you could win by a little disinterested help of this nature.

"Yours sincerely,
A. I. OLLENBACH."

Long earnestly endorsed this plea for a doctor. He was very excited in February, 1906, at having to escort Dr. Moorshead through the Hill Tracts. A few days before they met he wrote to a friend :

"I took a poor little child from Udavagiri to the Russell-

konda Hospital this morning. Her bowels were all hanging out. It was a wonder she was alive. This is the fourth person in eight days we have persuaded to go with us to the hospital. They fear the Government native doctor, but they have confidence in us, and know we sympathise and care. We expect Dr. Moorshead on Feb. 5. I hope he will support our plea for a Medical Mission."

Dr. Moorshead himself reported that journey, as we shall presently see. But he said nothing of his race against time, his English entreaties to the native cartmen to " buck up, buck up," whereat they only stared and went no less slowly ; of the broken harness, and the *jutka* shooting all its occupants into the road, and spraining Mrs. Long's ankle ; of the pony treading into an ants' nest and plunging and kicking, and the *jutka* upside down and the doctor on the road and the packages everywhere ; of the great Fair at Koinjoro, with all the merry grotesqueness of its 7,000 people, and the 300 feet of bioscope-film that it cost him, and of the thunder all one night " like a thousand Woolwich guns " and the incessant lightning. But his account had deep heart-moving interest and influence. He said :

" I had the great privilege of travelling with Mr. Long right across the Kond Hills. No one living has such an intimate acquaintance as he with the problems of these peoples. The need and opening for medical work can scarcely be over-estimated. Nothing can be more obvious than the intense ignorance and superstition of the Konds in relation to sickness. I shall never forget walking with Mr. Long through a populous group of villages near to our station at Udayagiri. The men came around us and

exhibited a combination of friendly curiosity with natural shyness. The women, far more timid, could hardly be induced to come to close quarters and mostly peered at us round the corners of their door-posts. We passed down the street, and came to a stone set in the centre of the path. They sprinkle this stone with the blood of some fowl or animal, when one in the village is ill. Again and again in my journey I observed the same thing, proving how utterly fallacious and dark are their conceptions of physical suffering.

"The evidence of the many diseases afflicting the people was only too plainly apparent: inveterate skin affections, tumours, smallpox, eye-diseases. One sight is photographed for ever on my memory. Two poor old blind women, blind from cataract, which was ripe for operation, and for the restoration of sight. But with no hospital in the district, we were obliged to say to these Kond women, 'We can do nothing,' and let them pass from us doomed to the enduring dark.

"In one village we had the opportunity of seeing two priest-doctors. They had to be fetched from the drink-shop, when Mr. Long enquired for them, and presented the most besotted, drunken appearance as they stood before us. Imagine in time of sickness having men like these called to one's bedside.

"They sit by the sick person and divide some rice into small heaps, each dedicated to some spirit whom the doctor names. He then balances a sickle by means of a thread, and places a few grains on each end, calling on the several spirits by name, till the sickle is slightly agitated, and the named spirit at that moment reveals the one whose displeasure must be propitiated.

"Let us send medical missionaries to these Kond Hills, and advance at the point of the lancet. Let us harness the force of science to the chariots of the Gospel, and displace these priest-doctors by preacher-healers, and mercy and

truth shall disperse superstition and reign victorious among the Konds.

"At Tikkavalli I arrived when the market was held, and realised what a splendid strategic centre this could be. It stands at a junction of six roads. Many thousands attend the weekly market. The leading men of the place told Mr. Long how they would welcome a medical missionary. The people who needed in-patient treatment would be willing to stay in a place so well known as this, where every week friends of theirs would be coming to market.

"I was greatly impressed by the Government schoolmaster in this place. Mr. Long believes him to be a secret disciple of Christ. He told us how much sickness prevailed, and that the priest-doctors only tell the folk a pack of lies, but the people would have confidence in a 'Mission Doctor Sahib,' and would come to him.

"How loud and emphatic is this call from these Hills!"

But no man harkened to the call. And on April 23, 1909, Long's spirit took its flight. He had hoped to see and share, through many years, the Arthington advance. But black-water fever, that had so often threatened him, struck him fatally at last. The hundreds of Hindus of all castes, and the many untouchables who gathered at Russellkonda for his burial, bespoke the love he had evoked. Young Brahmins mourned: "He taught us the things of God. He prayed with us. He led us to understand the way of life. Who will teach us now?" "He died," wrote Dr. Nina Ottmann, "just when he seemed most needed to lead enquiry into conviction and longing into satisfaction. The villagers poured out their great love of him in a libation of fragrance."

Twenty Indians united in a letter to F. W. Jarry, who conducted the funeral, to express their sense of loss. Jabez Patra, the evangelist, could say: "I loved him

with my whole soul." R. J. Grundy described him as having been "restless to win souls for his Lord." "None were too low," he said, "for him to sit beside, and endeavour to lead to Christ, no matter how filthy or despised : this was only an incentive to bring to them the knowledge of the tender love of God." "I have seen him," wrote P. E. Heberlet "in the very midst of the most ignorant and dirty, his face full of joy, esteeming it the greatest privilege to speak to them of Christ." Of Henry Oakley's tribute to him as *Greatly Beloved* Forbes Jackson justly said : "These all too few (forty-eight) pages, touching one so worthy and winsome, are refreshing as the sound and taste of streams among the hills." A few final extracts from his diaries and private letters will help to fix his portrait on our minds. The first belongs to the winter of 1902 :

"On Saturday morning we rose early (4 a.m.) and started off by 6 o'clock. We knew we had a stiff day's work before us, for the ghaut had to be climbed that day. We had six carts full of camp kit, tents, clothing, food, gospels (5,000) and other books.

"Our troubles soon began, for the ghaut road was in a shocking condition. In a couple of hours the bullocks seemed fagged, yet we had not covered a mile. So we all turned to and worked with a will, now pushing at the back of the cart, now lifting a wheel over a rock, or urging on the poor abused bullocks, which were sometimes violently thrown down by the sudden swing of the cart as the wheel passed over a rock or sank into a rut. At midday we had only covered 2½ miles ! Men and bullocks were fagged and hungry, but we dared not stay to rest or cook, for at this rate darkness would overtake us before we reached the top. At 3 o'clock a terrific peal of thunder was quickly followed by a downpour of rain. The wind howled and

whistled up the mountain-side where we stood at 1,000 ft. above sea level. The bullocks refused to move. The men shivered under their carts. They were terrified that they might have to spend the winter night on the mountain-side, for thoughts of tigers and bears filled their minds. The fear nerved them and at last we moved on. We reached the top just as darkness was settling down. We had been on the road 12 hours and only covered 8 miles. Making our fires we had supper and went to bed. Another day's work for Jesus, but no preaching done and no Gospels sold, only shoving and lugging carts uphill all day! Yet, if I may, I'll serve Him another day."

"Feb. 24, 1906. Udayagiri.

"Crowds of Kond men and women come to our bungalow to see Lilly and the children. Some of them have never seen European children before. The women don't think much of me as a husband, because my wife has no ear-rings, nose-rings, bracelets, anklets, etc. They say 'Why doesn't he buy you any?' And when she tells them that she does not like such things, I fancy they think she only says that to 'save my face'."

"Jan. 27, 1907. Udayagiri.

"Lilly and the children are here now. I ran down on Wednesday and brought them. We left Russellkonda at 1 o'clock and travelled by bullock cart to Durgaprasad at the foot of the Hills—16 miles. I was on my bike. About 6 o'clock Lilly got out of the cart to walk with me a little way. It was just dusk. Someone had warned me not to go on, as a tiger was about, and had taken a woman and a man recently. I said nothing to Lilly, but suddenly I saw 'His Majesty Stripes' dash out of the jungle on one side of the road and into the jungle on the other. I flung my bike down and, seizing Lilly round the waist, lifted her into the cart in two twinks, then ran to the side of the cart,

and began to bang a kerosine tin (water tin) and shouted at the top of my voice. We saw no more. If this was the brute the men had warned me of, he had a man already inside him, for he had killed a man at 12 o'clock, just close by. If it was he, there was no particular danger, for he was satisfied for 24 hours or so."

"Although I was quite a youngster," adds Mr. Archie Long, who has sent me this story, "I remember vividly the way in which the bullocks bolted for the jungle. The driver was only just able to keep them under control, for the poor beasts trembled like leaves. Mother declares that the tiger stopped a few seconds to enjoy the singing, but I think we had better follow father's authorised version! My younger sister slept peacefully through it all."

"June 29, 1908. Russellkonda.

"I have just returned from a place five miles away. I went to the market. But, instead of seeing 4,000 people there, there was not a soul. In the town close by cholera has been raging and carried off sixty people. I did not wonder when I saw the state of the streets: big pools of green stinking water and human filth all about. I went to the main street and found a lot of well-to-do men sitting on their verandahs playing cards. I spoke to them of the cholera. 'Oh, the gods are up to their games again,' they said. 'It's no use trying to stop them.' I pointed out the filthiness of their streets, but they refused to see that that had anything to do with it."

"Aug. 29, 1908.

"I am going to-day to see a Brahmin lady, a widow. Rightly, if I go into her house, she ought to bring cow dung and smear the floor, scrub everything I touch, make an atonement through a priest, etc., etc. But the *Life of Christ* which I sent her has laid hold of her heart."

CHAPTER VI

IN CAREY'S FOOTSTEPS

WHEN Long was taken, the work for the Konds devolved on three, and very soon four, young men. One of these, I rejoice to remember, was from Australia, my own delightsome land of service for nine years. The Baptists of Australasia had long cared for the spiritual interests of India, and round the B.M.S. hub of Dacca had laboured in a whole wheel of missionary stations in Bengal. They had also pioneered the evangelisation of the Garos, the wild Hill Tribe animists amongst the foothills of the Himalayas in Assam. So it was in every way fitting that in this Kond enterprise also Australasia should take a hand. In Alfred Ernest Grimes she made a splendid contribution to the work, for he was a typical colonist, chum, pioneer, full of energy and friendliness, and able to turn his hand to every practical thing, especially to gardening and building and to all the camp-life requirements for the itinerating preaching. Then, in the year of Long's death, he doubled his value by winning in marriage another Australian missionary, Ethel Dawson, who had worked for some years with American Baptists in Balasore, and knew Oriya thoroughly, and had been all the while " a sister to many, a mother to others, and to everyone a friend." They were great acquisitions.

Then came Peter Horsburgh, from Long's own College,

and incited by his own appeals to the work. Forbes Jackson, his Principal, shall introduce him :

" Peter Horsburgh saw the light near Bannockburn, and spent his early days in and around Stirling. For some years he was assistant-surveyor in the Corporation office, until the angel of *Zechariah* met this young man with the measuring line and said ' Whither goest thou ? ' and sent him out to survey and help to build the city whose walls will be on the hills of Kondistan. Our friend has worked through the thick and the thin of the years, steadily making his way onward, always taking a good place, and making that better each year. He has had the health of an athlete, the staying-power of a first-class footballer, and an equally eager heart for prayer-meetings as for sport, for study as for preaching, whilst his temper has been geniality itself. Through the generosity of a friend of Missions he has been enabled to take an excellent medical course, which will usefully help him in his new pioneering."

This last touch, coupled with the news that his fiancée was a hospital nurse, made him doubly welcome.

The third and, as the others would readily agree, the master-mind of the three, was Oliver J. Millman, B.A., of " Serampore." " Serampore's " founder had been the first European to care for the spiritual needs of Orissa. As soon as the province was brought beneath Britain's sway, he had set himself to learn its tongue, to give to it the Word of Life ; and he had done this in both Testaments. He had also been amongst the keenest to bring the knowledge of Christ Jesus to men of the Hills, like the Santals, the Bhutias and the Khasis. If he could have known of the Konds and of their fearsome superstitions, he would never have rested till he

had added Kui to his repertoire of tongues, to give to them also the Gospels. So he would have exulted to have seen Millman, after six years' experience and service in "Serampore," ask to be freed for the service of the Konds, under the inspiration of his brother William's great pioneering in Yakusu on the Congo. The Hill Tracts could offer a task more like Yakusu's than anything else in Bengal or Orissa. So, in 1908, Millman responded to its challenge, and "Serampore," in acquiescing, surrendered one of its ablest for Orissa's neediest. In Mrs. Millman, too, who had already passed the two Bengali examinations—though for a missionary's wife they were not compulsory—Oliver had a comrade as keen as himself.

The fourth, who soon completed the team—and a right good team it was—was a final "Harley" man, Edward Evans, from Clay Cross, near Chesterfield, who, with Ernest Grimes, has been in the picture ever since, and whose life-long passion has been for the salvation of Kondistan.

Horsburgh tells me of a fateful discussion, in which he shared, on his arrival in Russellkonda in November, 1908, between Long, Millman and Grimes, as to which station should be the Mission's headquarters, Long contending for Russellkonda, Millman and Grimes for Udayagiri, the younger gaining the day. And the wisdom of their judgment has been justified, although it has proved costly in shaken health and shortened service. But Long must not be blamed. His own experience of Hill Tracts' fevers had been so frequent and distressing. And even Wilkinson had reluctantly admitted:

"There is not much hope of Europeans being able to live long together in these Hills. Only with a sufficient

number of workers to allow of frequent changes to the plains can successful work be carried on."

The decision was quickly followed by the resolve, for health's sake, to build two pukka bungalows in Udayagiri. But the Oriyas, who controlled all the best local sites, and had never been the Konds' true friends, and who feared that the missionaries' presence would mean a new protection for the people, blocked all their chances of purchase, till the only site securable was a mile from the centre of the town. Later, much of this opposition changed into friendliness, as they and the missionaries came into frequent contact with one another, and as they were needed to aid in the building of the homes. This process of building cost the mission months of exhausting labour, searching the Hills for limestone and the forests for fit timbers, and, hardest of all, teaching the unskilled and unwilling coolies to make and burn bricks. The three often chafed under tasks that seemed strangely remote from their spiritual objective, though the thought of Yakusu was bracing. But to the Konds it signified that the newcomers were to be no birds of passage, and they gave them their readier trust : whilst from all quarters the folk came to see the uprising of the new buildings. "The Abaru," they said, "have come to stay." These missionaries were, as they and their successors still are, the only Europeans in Udayagiri.

The learning of the language was the more difficult because there was no Kui Grammar nor adequate Dictionary available ; and they had no senior colleague to guide them, and no Kui published writing save in the Oriya script. Yet, flung into the deep water, they all presently contrived to swim.

Millman's chief function was to be, like Carey, a missionary-educationalist. Not the first planter of schools in the Hill Tracts, for we have seen Captains Campbell and Macpherson and Frye very zealous in this cause. But he was to be a very noteworthy pioneer in Kondistan in things educational. Till he arrived, the Konds had only Government schools, every one of which was on a wholly Oriya basis, the administrations both of Orissa and of Madras adhering in this case to the policy of conveying the elementary education of a "lesser" people in the language of the nearest important vernacular. So the script used and the language taught was throughout Oriya, the syllabus being precisely the same as in the Government schools of the Orissa plains, although Oriyas were only a seventh of the population in the Hill Tracts. As far as the Konds were concerned, the thing was all extraneous and foreign, and, indeed, only served the interests of those who for years had been their supplanters and exploiters. All the teachers were Oriyas and Hindus. Little wonder that the Government inspectors reported that the Konds did not want schools. They certainly did not appreciate schools of this alien character. Millman, with the liberal training of Owens' College, Manchester, behind him, and then for his early Indian years the atmosphere of "Serampore," soon grasped the situation and set to work on broader, juster lines. For the Konds were his chief care. They lay in his bosom.

Presently, he opened his own school : not in Governmental Udayagiri, which was too Oriya, but two miles off at Mallikapori in the midst of Kond villages with some 3,000 inhabitants. And he called whosoever would to gather as scholars under a wide-

spreading bread-fruit tree, and men and boys and even girls responded—Bandu Mallika, the giver of the fine piece of land, himself becoming one of the scholars. And, when Millman taught them, not Oriya, but their mother-tongue, they knew that something different and domestic had begun, and that for their mental hunger they were to be offered bread at last, not stones. The gathering of those thirty that morning for the first genuine Kui school was the opening of a new chapter. By espousing the Kui in preference to the Oriya, Millman also hoped to aid the growth of a racial consciousness, which should evoke all that was best in the scholars, and incite them to devote themselves in the due time to their motherland's good. Too often, when they had learned Oriya, they had even begun to despise their own language and people !

In his school he did not even, whilst teaching Kui, use, like Captain Frye, the Oriya alphabet. As the Konds had no shapen one of their own, and he was free to choose or make one, he avoided the Oriya with its super-abundant letters, a burden to the memory and a strain on the fingers and the eyes, and substituted for it the simple and short Roman (English) alphabet, minus its redundant c and q and y—twenty-three letters over against Oriya's seventy-five ; and he received his reward in the comparative speed with which his scholars learned to recognise and form and use the magic keys. Moreover, by this English script he hoped to ease the eventual acquisition of English by his aptest and most ambitious scholars, which would introduce them to an illimitable kingdom of knowledge, literature and delight, such as the acquisition of Oriya could never parallel. One other hope he entertained, which soon found fulfilment, that Kui-taught Konds

would retain what they learned through their mother-tongue much more surely than those who were taught through the exotic Oriya.

Of his ten years of Kond Hills' educational missionary leadership from 1908-1917, these were the splendid results : three considerable elementary schools within five miles of Udayagiri, reaching Standard IV, and earning the Government grants ; a Middle School in the Udayagiri Mission Compound, with boys coming to it from afar, because acknowledged to be the best in Kondistan ; enough teachers grown to staff all his schools ; the first night-school in the Hill Tracts, with a thrilling response ; all the seventy Phulbani-district* schools, which were under Orissa's progressive administration, approving and adopting his Kui principles and methods through the co-operation of District-Officer Ollenbach and Deputy-Commissioner McLeod Smith ; a whole series of his own graded Kui Primers and Readers accepted and published and used by the Government ; several of his scholars doing excellently in the Government Training School in Phulbani, and in the Government High Schools in Russellkonda and in Berhampur, surprising the Oriyas by their quick apprehension of English ; the first girl-teacher known and grown amongst the Konds, of whom he shall himself tell the story ; and, finally, and of the utmost importance, a Missionary Education Board for Orissa, which could constantly keep the best educational interests of the native peoples before the British authorities. These were, indeed, worth-while sheaves for his sowings !

Here are his records of one of his first scholars, and of his most gifted Kond girl :

*Pronounced Pool-bar-nee.

SCENES FROM THE KOND HILLS

1. The first Girls' School, showing also the first Kond girl teacher, and the first man to receive baptism.
2. The first Baptist Chapel in the Kond Hills (at Udayagiri). Near the tree is the grave of John Biswas, the first Oriya Evangelist to the Konds.
3. A Kond Village. The upright wooden frames are for storing the wood supply. The wood is stacked in an upright position against the frames.

"*Sabda* was on our school-register from the beginning in 1908. He had been regular in attendance all the school-days. But on Nov. 22, 1909 he died. It was about 10 o'clock when the news was brought to us. We closed the school, and went to the house of his parents, and there a sight met our eyes such as we shall never be able to forget. The whole village—one long street—was around the house, and the nearer relations were within. The father is a padhan—third in grade from the headman. The sorrow on all faces and in all their bitter crying was almost overwhelming. The boy's last words were 'I will always read ; I will always go to the Aba and read,' and he bade his parents take care of his pencil and slate. Now he has gone to the Great Aba."

And now Millman's story of Subarani, a rare flower from a wild garden :

"When our first school was opened in 1908, we were surprised to enter on the register the names of several girls, one of whom was *Subarani*. Her progress was rapid from the first. She mastered her letters very soon, and became a fluent reader. Each year she won promotion to the next higher class. She was a regular attendant at our Sunday School, and was always quick to grasp the details of the N.T. incidents. At the age of 14 she was the means of bringing a number of younger girls to the school. Her marked influence over these led us to send her for training in Kindergarten to the Mission Training School at Cuttack under Miss Wigner.

"All Kond women are tattooed on the forehead and temples. The older headmen say that it was to preserve the women exclusively for the tribe. It is in most cases a disfigurement and is performed in a very barbaric fashion. The work of the school so influenced Subarani's parents, when they saw her progress, that when she attained the

age of ten—the time for the operation—they decided not to have it done in her case, probably in the hope of a more successful marriage ; for her father was a weaver and keen trader.

" From the beginning we have encouraged every scholar and teacher to spread all they know by telling and teaching those in their own homes and villages. In Subarani's village lived a cripple boy. He was born so, and had to be carried wherever he went. His parents were very devoted to him, and did all in their power to ease the burden of his life. The father went to the expense of having a conveyance made on four wooden wheels so that the boy might be moved up and down the village roads. He had large, lovely appealing eyes, and many a time, as I returned from the daily visit to a distant school, I have turned in and sat with him on the verandah of his house, chatted with him, and sung Kui songs with him, for he loved singing.

" On one occasion I was agreeably surprised to see him labouring with paper and pencil, and writing copy from our Kui school books. His mother had made him a cotton bag in which I found he had several books, besides exercise books and pencils. He asked me to test him in writing and in arithmetic, which I did to his great delight. Then he drew out of his bag a copy of Mark's Gospel, and sang one of the hymns at the end. How his big bright eyes flashed and spoke ! My amazement knew no bounds. Then he told me how Subarani had come to him each day, and taught him all these things."

Since then, the parents of this crippled boy have become Christians.

The aim of Millman and his colleagues was, of course, vastly more than to satisfy Government Inspectors and to win Government grants and the congratulation of Government High Schools. They were missionaries. Education was inspired by an evangelism. They were

keen to teach their scholars, and through them eventually all the Hill Tracts, the wisdom, grace and way of Christ. And so, in true Carey fashion, they were soon deep in Biblical translation-work, re-rendering the Gospel of Mark into Kui—Wilkinson's pioneer-version being found after all too Oriya—and making the first Kui-translations of "John" and the "Acts," thrilled to be the first preparers of these immortal writings for the people of the Hills. When the Konds questioned the Roman priests who were pressing into the Balliguda District, as to why they gave them no such "Gospels" as the Mission, they answered that "Christ had not bidden them to do this"—a disputable reply. Non-Roman missionaries had no need of biddings. Their first impulse and solicitude were to give the Konds the record of the sayings and doings, the sufferings and triumphs of God's Son. On February 10, 1916, the printed and published Gospel of Mark arrived, in the midst of morning-school, from the Bible Translation Society. After an exciting Thanksgiving Service "the most magnificent sight of that year," the missionaries said, "was to see seventy boys and girls going to their homes, each of them reverently carrying the divine treasure, and reading and singing the half-dozen hymns printed at the end of the Gospel"—the echoes of which they could hear from far distances.

A chief feature of the Mission's work was their intensive culture of promising youths when work was at the slackest in the fields. For several hours a day for five or more weeks fourteen or fifteen would meet for prayer, study and conference—Millman, one year, bringing them each morning some aspect of Christ's death, Evans some Old Testament story, and Mrs.

Millman teaching them singing and first aid—the youths and their leaders being equally ardent. Through most of those years "Mark" was the only "Gospel" in their hands. Millman used to say: "I never got so much out of a single Gospel before." Its very first chapter was so topical, contemporary and adequate. For Kondistan, like Judæa, had known in such Captains as Campbell and Macpherson its stern but beneficent precursors of Christ, and now His way was open into their midst, and He, Heaven's pure and gentle dove, was to immerse their whole land into a new spirit. And God's Kingdom was at hand, calling them all to a national and personal repentance, and a wondrous new Faith and Way of life, delivering them from dreaded dæmons and sicknesses and sins, and purposing to make of these very youths his Simon and Andrew, James and John, His skilled winners of others. How they could respond to the new teaching is shown by the prayer of one of them, after Millman had completed reading to them his Kui translation of the Gospel of John.

"O Father above all, Thou hast delivered us from an awful darkness. Help us to live in Thy light, and to show forth Thy light. Help us never to forget our dark country. Thou hast chosen us out of its darkness, and shown us Thy great love. Help us never to hate our own land. Whilst we are studying here, fill us full of knowledge. Then take us back to teach our people the path to the Light."

Once during those years fifty schoolmasters of the Hill Tracts assembled for a period of Governmental instruction at Udayagiri, and the Mission had several

golden opportunities to make known to them the mind and heart of Christ.

Millman and his colleagues were called to tread in Carey's footsteps in another experience. For just as Carey had to pray and toil seven years before Krishna Pal, Bengal's first fearless convert, was won for the Redeemer, so Millman and his co-workers had to wait six years for Kondistan's first. And, just as behind Carey had been the labour and love of John Thomas, so behind Millman there had been the toil and travail of Goadby and Wilkinson and Long. Moreover—as with Bengal so with the Hill Tracts—when the break came, it was not just the conversion of one, but of a household. Indeed, Kondistan did better than Bengal. For, when in Serampore the critical morning came for the baptism of Krishna and his adult household, all but he himself drew back for many days, whilst in Kondistan the whole converted household faced the momentous crisis together. They stood literally four-square to all the winds that blew. Millman shall give us the extraordinary facts :

" Easter Sunday, 1914, marks the beginning of a new era in the work in the Kond Hills. On that day the four first converts publicly professed their faith in Christ, and were baptised—*Bisi*, his wife *Lasuri*, their son *Bondia*, and their brother-in-law *Kusu*, one whole household. The Konds are firm believers in evil spirits, and will do anything and everything in their power to avert their malignant influence. Before a field is ploughed, and later to ensure an abundant crop, before the threshing operations begin, before storing in the barn, and when the first meal of the new season's rice is to be eaten, sacrifices must be offered, to avert every conceivable calamity. But for more than three years Bisi has offered no sacrifice of any kind. All

know that he has put his faith in the God, who is over all and in all. He calls on the Name which is above every name. In years gone by he was a *Kutu-gatanja*, the village wizard. Many a time his services have been requisitioned by the suffering, because they believed him to be one who could destroy the curse of the sorcerer. We rejoice beyond measure in his conversion. For a long time he has conducted daily, morning and evening, Christian worship in his home with all his family assembled. From the first, he has taken his wife into consideration. Though she cannot read, as all the others can, she has been an eager listener to the Word read daily, and now has been baptised with her husband."

So the last to be expected was the first to be won. He who for years had been a pillar of the Kond superstitions became the first living pillar in the new Temple of truth. Claiming to have influential contact with the powers of evil, he had filled many a Kond home with mystery and dread. Now he "renounced the hidden things of shame, he cast off the works of darkness," the humbug and the self-deception, and walked in the light of Christ. It was as if Simon the Magician or Elymas of Cyprus or Sceva of Ephesus had become a contrite disciple of the Crucified. Indeed, for Kondistan the thing was as significant as the conversion of Jerusalem's Saul. Bisi's pilgrimage out of the dense jungle of superstition into the open road of Truth was Christ's destined conquest of Kondistan casting its long sunrise-shadow beforehand. He was worth the long waiting for. And that his household—his wife, son and brother-in-law—should have taken with him the same committing step, not in unquestioning obedience to his paternal authority, but in discipleship as personal and choiceful as his own, was most impressive ; making

a *family-pattern,* which has never since been forgotten in the Hill Tracts, and has borne abundant fruit. Moreover, the ex-sorcerer has proved a preacher of unusual authority. Millman could testify that at the annual Koinjoro festival two years later "he, with his marvellous inner knowledge, from his wizard days, of the Kui superstitions and religion, was simply great."

This conversion and baptism of Bisi and his household was the turning-point in the spiritual history of the Konds. From their valour many others drew strength for their own decision and confession. Every family that thus ventured was breaking through conceptions that enwrapped them like an atmosphere, from centuries of tradition. They had to defy what Weymouth, rendering St. Paul, has called "the despotisms, the empires, the forces that controlled and governed their dark world, the hosts of evil that were arrayed against them in their warfare" (Eph. vi. 12). The youths, to whom the Mission had given the intensive training, were naturally amongst the first converts, education and evangelism having been so closely intertwined. They soon delighted to go together on Sundays to proximate villages to tell the things they had been taught, lodging the facts and truths in their own hearts by their efforts to spread them. Soon, by the baptism of eighteen in a single year, the infant Church was doubled. Evans shall tell of the first Sunday of 1916 :

"Twelve months ago a man accosted me in the market place of Udayagiri, and told me that he had accepted Jesus as his Saviour and Lord. It came as a great surprise. I had seen him standing with those who listened to the

Gospel message, but I knew nothing of him, nor even the name of his village. Being a weaver, he came to the market every week to sell his cloths. He would stand with his cloths over his shoulder, and not until we had finished would he endeavour to sell his goods. I questioned him to learn how much of the truth he had grasped, and his answers revealed that Jesus was his all. He cannot read or write, but happily one of his boys can, and is able to read the Kui Gospel of 'Mark' to his father. His wife and six children gather with him morning and evening for prayer. Whenever possible, he and his wife have attended the Sunday and mid-week services, walking four miles to be there.

"Many are the difficulties he has encountered. His village people mocked him as an ignorant man. His aged mother opposed him. Five months ago several of his village people died from dysentery; also his wife and two children suffered from it, and he was tempted to make the usual sacrifices. But he prayed to his God, and came for medicine, and all three recovered. His integrity of character and the reality of his changed life are testified by his neighbours.

"*Gupinath* desired to be baptised amongst his own village people, in Kurumingia, four miles from our station. A large number of our scholars and teachers went with us. We formed a procession and sang hymns as we went to the place of baptism, a very peaceful spot, surrounded by jungle. A very large crowd from all the villages around had gathered. Mr. Millman prayed, and a brief address was given, and Gupinath witnessed a good confession before the people who knew him, and amid a deep reverence and silence I baptised him and his wife.

"Already in one village alone four families, observing his changed life, have put their faith in Jesus and pray to Him. And their lives physically and spiritually have been wondrously transformed."

The change in the spiritual climate caused by these first baptisms was extraordinary, and was, presently, heightened by the conversions of Poto, a Government teacher, and his wife, and their baptism in the presence of a company of their fellow-teachers. Horsburgh, on returning after an enforced absence of two years, could write :

"I arrived on the mid-week prayer-meeting day. (Forbes Jackson had noted his love of a prayer-meeting.) I was most agreeably surprised to find a large number of young men and boys, and three women, assembled for prayer. And what prayers ! How they stimulated one's faith ! Here were men, women and boys once fettered by the strong chains of fear and fatalism, liberated, like the man out of whom Christ cast the legion of demons. There were no lengthy and embarrassing pauses. Prayers followed in quick succession. I could not help thinking of the time of our arrival six years ago, when none seemed interested in our message. Now there is the nucleus of what I believe will be a large Christian Church. How Arthur Long would have rejoiced to see this day ! "

How the Konds could rise, against the drag of appetite, to a heroic collective moral decision, and maintain that decision, they had proven in another sphere. As early as 1910, Millman was passing through the wilds of Phulbani, when he came upon a never-dreamed-of sight—200 headmen of villages and districts, representing 46,000 Konds, in a circle, in an extraordinary Council. Presently one of them rose and, with a sweep of his arms round the horizon, said :

" Once these wooded hills were ours, as they were our fathers' before us. But whose are they now ? Are they

not the drink-sellers', who hold them as payment for the drink which is our curse? Let us be done with it. Soon the annual sales of the licenses are to be held. Let us petition the Government to close them, and regain our freedom."

Then another rose and said:

"Look at our children without food and clothing in the cold weather! What is the cause of this? Is it not our love for the Mahua spirit?"

And another:

"Once our land was famed for its hunters and strong men. Now we are weaklings and slaves. Let us break the chains that destroy us."

Many another joined in similar confession and appeal, till at length an old chief came forward into the centre of the ring, where was a huge vessel full of the fiery spirit. He asked if all were in favour of the resolution, and the answer was unanimous. Then, taking a bamboo-staff, he smote the vessel, and the liquor was spilled, and he said:

"If any man break his vow solemnly taken this day, let his life be broken like this vessel, and come to naught, like the disappearance of this drink."

In the course of a few days Millman told all this to a missionary meeting in Calcutta, with the editor of *The Statesman* in the chair. The next morning the facts were published, and underlined by a sympathetic Editorial, and aroused such public interest and enquiry

that the reluctant Revenue Department was obliged to act. The two chief District Officers, A. J. Ollenbach and McLeod Smith, were bidden to make a thorough investigation. They were both earnest Christians. Through twenty-three days they laboured in the excessive heat, and were so impressed by the Konds' sincerity that twenty-five Phulbani district distilleries were closed. Nor have they since been re-opened, and hundreds of Konds have regained possession of their lands. After three years the sub-divisional officer could report :

"There has been a considerable decrease in crimes. The material condition of the people has improved. They ask now for no advances from the Government, and contract fewer loans with the money lenders. New jungle tracts and hillsides have been cleared for raising turmeric and oil seeds. They spend their money on clothing, utensils, ornaments and confectionery. The landless labourer class have taken to cultivating land given them by the Konds, and have made for themselves ploughs. The re-enumeration of ploughs shows an increase of 353."

All this set the Udayagiri district furiously thinking. They had a considerable drink-shop, the source of widespread misery and waste, where Millman had planted his first School. The Mission had constantly entreated the people to break from its bondage. Presently, at their District meeting, their local chiefs advised them also to petition the Government to suppress this license, and, when the authorities were satisfied that the request was genuine, it was suffered at the next session to lapse ; and soon only seven such licenses were granted in that Gumsur division of the Hill Tracts, instead of the former seventeen, the Administra-

tion thus acknowledging the blunder and the wrong of its revenue-policy, which had led the people into temptation and delivered them to the power of evil. Since then the remaining ten distilleries have been closed.

It was great to see the Konds awaking from their degradation and setting their feet towards the paths of righteousness and wisdom, although their land had only just begun to come within the sound of the gospel. If they could do such things in the *dry* tree, what might not be expected in the *green*, when the country should be filled with the knowledge of Christ Jesus? Of those great days Millman's students were the prophecy, youths who had broken free from the age-long superstitions, and were already teaching in the Mission schools, and even helping to shape their text-books, and by their industry were redeeming their fathers' lands; or were in Government High Schools, surprising their masters by their quickness; or were giving their lives to the work of the Mission with their fathers' whole-hearted consent and sacrificial contribution.

CHAPTER VII

MYSTERY AND MERCY

With all these heartenings distressing disappointments were mixed. The tapestry of their experience was woven of the most opposite threads of gladness and of gloom, each missionary having his own share in the bewildering contrasts.

The Horsburghs led the way. Not long after their firstling was given them, and her loveliness made a stir in the Hill Tracts as the first white man's babe ever born there, the mother's health was grievously broken. She had been a trained nurse, but she could not heal her own enfeebled heart. They had to hasten home to Scotland. But not even there could they fit her to return to Udayagiri. The Konds had to surrender them to the plains and to Sambalpur.

Then Mr. and Mrs. Grimes. Each had served a different Indian Mission before they were adopted by the B.M.S. ; in her case for nine years. This and the strain of their Phulbani pioneering made a furlough suddenly imperative, which they chose to take beneath the Southern Cross. There the touch of their mother-earth and the interest in the Konds, which they found and quickened in the Queensland Churches, brought them new vigour. Yet only for a while, and by 1915 they had to get away again and to England ;

and, till they returned, there was no one who could take their place in deserted Phulbani.

Then the Millmans. Mrs. Millman had again demonstrated her keenness and fitness as not just a missionary's wife, but a missionary, by her 82 per cent of marks in her second Kui exam, and then persistent illness thrust her for months from Udayagiri and filled the Mission with alarm. This dread, however, was in due time changed into doxology over the birth of dear Doris—God's gift to them after eleven years of desire. With father and mother and babe thus together, and Jesus in the midst, the three and He made such company as they had never known before. But in four months the sun was eclipsed. Doris was dead, and was buried in Russellkonda's little God's acre, already sacred as the resting-place of Wood and Wilkinson and Long, and of many a British soldier who had died of jungle-fever when suppressing the Meriahs. Then, though the Millmans were nobly submissive, and were upheld by God and their Kond people—unimagined new depths of sympathy welling up in these rough hearts—Subarani walking the double journey of fifty miles to be with them at the grave—and, though they took deeper soundings of God's grace in the sea of their sorrow, it was not surprising that the mother was sore stricken, and that it ended in their enforced return in 1917 to England, and, for her, in exile from all India, though he himself was able to give eleven further years of missionary service to Cuttack, and even to return for a few months to Udayagiri. I first met him during those lonely years, and heard him preach in Darjeeling a noble sermon on the scope and depth of God's love. To-day, with Mrs. Millman in restored health, he is lavishing on

lucky boys in a Kent progressive Central School the skill and strength he would fain have continued to give to the Hill Tracts. The loss to Kondistan was beyond measure.

Then Edward Evans. During his holiday in 1914 in Ootacamund, in the Nilgiri Hills, after his second Kui exam, he had met and loved and become engaged to Dorothy Hunter. Her people from East Anglia had been living for five years in a cotton-weaving district, near Poona, where her father was a missionary. She was a very loving child. Only once, her father said, had he needed to rebuke her, and " they both cried." She had grown into a keen Christian, with missionary service as her one ambition, for which she had equipped herself by a two years' nursing-training course in London. Her Bombay Presidency home had given her a good working knowledge of Marathi, and had inured her to India's heat. Evans knew himself most blest in her love, and the next year in their marriage. Millman could say : " She is such a joyous winsome person. Evans and she have only one absorbing passion—the advance of Christ's Kingdom." She soon plunged into Kui, and knew how to use quickly all that she learned. But, before her first year was out, she was dead, of black-water fever. The bolt burst from the blue. She was reading with her Kui pundit on the Thursday : by the Saturday she was dead. One more had to be carried from Udayagiri and be laid under the shade of the banyan-tree in the Russell-konda enclosure. Millman could scarcely control himself as he wrote home the tidings. For, if a skilled doctor could have been quickly available, her life might have been saved, as also those of Arthur Long and his own sweet Doris. Out of a poignant anguish he

besought for and almost demanded a missionary doctor.

But it was October 1915 and the war was widening and worsening. Fresh missionary doctors were out of the question. Indeed, the ones already in the Field were claimed for the war zones. The missionary hospitals were all depleted, and the lessened staffs in the several stations could scarcely carry on. Moreover, the minds of missionary supporters were distracted ; missionary finance was thrown into confusion ; rates of exchange were dislocated ; investments, like those of the Arthington Funds, lost much of their value ; the Colleges were nearly emptied ; men's careers were contradicted, and the supply of missionary recruits almost ceased.

Then, presently, Labour Corps had to be organised for France and for Mesopotamia—not for fighting, but for continual toil behind the military lines. And soon even the Konds were drawn within the net of imperial necessity, and Evans was requested to supply a Corps from the Hill Tracts, and to accompany them to Basra. Not only was he thus withdrawn from Kondistan from 1917, at the very time when the Staff was sadly weakened, but he had to take with him the finest young Konds from the Field, just when the work was yielding its exciting tokens of response. He had only a few weeks before been talking to Millman of his "wonderful new experiences of the movement of God's Spirit amongst the people."

It seemed as if the gold was being flung into too heated a furnace. Nevertheless, it was once more proven that "when the gold is in the fire, the goldsmith is never far away." The Lord was still mindful of His own.

For, though Mr. and Mrs. Grimes had twice, with a brief interval, been obliged to get away, they were soon to return in well-established health for long service. "What medicine is it that you have in your country," an aged Kond asked Ada Thompson, "that makes a man, who looks old when he goes there, come back again young?"

And, although the Millmans were thrust from Kondistan, it was not till, by his educational evangelism, he had laid deep and sure the foundations of the Konds' mental and spiritual progress and of their Christian Church.

And, though Evans was snatched from the Hill Tracts, and set down on the banks of the Euphrates, the gain proved greater than the loss. He and his Labour Corps had the education of a new and fascinating, historic and romantic environment, and he could concentrate on one concrete task, for which he was pre-eminently fitted, and be the sole interpreter, adviser and protector, the chaplain and friend, of 340 Indians, most of whom were Konds. No other soul in Mesopotamia knew their story or their speech. He alone could save them from utter loneliness and be their "shadow of a great rock." His warm and sheltering love could find hourly expression. A letter of his to Millman in June, 1918, will reveal him:

"I was invited from Makina near Basra, where our Labour Corps is, to Nasiriyeh, nine miles from Ur of the Chaldees. I spent the week-end there. On the Saturday and Monday I lectured on the Konds. Colonels Battye and Luxmore presided. We had big crowds, who were very responsive and appreciative. I was able to give the men some idea of the work being done by our Society among the hill tribes.

"I have lectured over twenty times at the Y.M.C.A. centres and hospitals, and every time met somebody belonging to one of the Home Churches, and often men who are keenly interested in missionary work. My biggest meeting was at the Maguil leave-camp. I had over 500 men, and, after speaking for an hour, answered questions for another twenty minutes. At Makina I give lectures twice a week on 'The Fact of Christ' and 'The Manhood of the Master.' Every Sunday I take an evening service.

"The orderlies and patients at No. 40 British General Hospital surprised me, after my address one night, by asking the chaplain whether a collection might be taken for the work among the Konds, and the following Sunday a box was placed for the purpose at the door, and Rs.16/8as. were given. It was absolutely spontaneous and cheered me very much.

"My work amongst the Konds in the Labour Corps is equally encouraging. Some of the lads, who have passed through our schools, have asked to be baptised, but I have bidden them to wait, till they can be baptised at home, in the presence of their own people. Two, who were once in our Mission-school, have been promoted to be Corporal and Lance-Corporal. They sent for Gospels from Udayagiri, and have reading and prayers every night."

When the Corps returned to its native Hill Tracts, it was not only with a widened horizon but with a strong attachment to its Chaplain. Many of the Kond candidates for baptism in the next three years were from its ranks. The contrary things which had happened had fallen out rather unto the progress of the gospel. The goldsmith was careful for the gold. Evans and the Mission learned this afresh when, with the war over, there came to make his new home and to share his intenser Udayagiri service Helen M. Kerr,

from Harrow, whose literary skill has often since made Kond happenings vivid to Home Base readers.

Even during the war and the College straitenments two "Regent's" men, as I am proud to tell, were surprisingly secured for depleted Udayagiri: Joseph Johnson, of Erdington, Birmingham, and Walter Winfield, B.A., B.D., of Ilford. Their zeal and ability and good humour fitted them quickly to their environment. Here is Johnson's recent recollection of his Udayagiri and Phulbani years. He begins at their beginning:

"From Russellkonda we went by bullock-cart to the foot of the Hills, 16 miles away. It was an eerie sensation to watch the dim outlines of the forest trees slowly glide past through the night. I didn't sleep, of course, although I was well packed in on a comfortable bed. Who could sleep through such an experience?

"We were met at the foot of the Hills by parties of Konds with things called 'dandies', in which we had to be carried six miles along jungle tracks, higher and higher, till we reached the plateau 2,000 feet up. I wanted to talk to these Konds; they looked good to me. But not a word, not a syllable could I say, and there was Millman putting it across as to the manner born. However, a man, with a cigarette-case in his pocket, has always a way of approach in the Hill Tracts. In the evening we arrived at the Udayagiri bungalows—two of them (this was 1916) set in the rice fields with the grand old hills all round. In their gardens were English roses, peach trees, and in the vegetable gardens peas, carrots, beetroot, cauliflower, in great profusion!

It was the first time that I had tackled a living language, and I found its acquisition very different from that of Latin, Hebrew and Greek. For the first month I seemed to make no progress. I was handicapped, of course,

because there was practically no Kui literature at all, except school primers and Mark's Gospel in Roman script. I often thought of Browning's 'Grammarian':

'So, with the throttling hands of death at strife,
Ground he at grammar.'

and I wondered how soon it would be *my* 'funeral.' After about four months, however, I found that I could begin to catch the general drift, and to inflict my broken Kui on the Konds, when the others were out on market days preaching.

"I made friends with John Biswas, the resident evangelist. He has gone now to his reward, but he was well named the 'faithful.'* For that he was; more faithful than I shall ever be. We had much in common. He was a good 'shikari,' and so am I, though not so good as he. He possessed an old blunderbuss, a muzzle-loader, a rough old weapon; but he was wonderfully accurate with it, and accounted for many a marauding leopard and bear. Our practice was to wait for a 'kill'; *i.e.*, a leopard would pull down a cow or calf, eat a little, and then leave the carcase during the day and come back at night to finish his meal.

"The Konds readily gave us the news, when any such thing happened, and we would make a 'machan' in the nearest tree, or sometimes behind a fence—a risky thing to do—and wait for the leopard. I shot 15 or 16 in this way, but John during the long years he was in the Hills got many more. Sometimes, the leopard died quite nice and comfortably: sometimes, if the shot was not too accurate, and he was only wounded, he didn't. The next morning we had a bad time following up a wounded leopard, because there is a code amongst good shikaris (like ourselves), that one never leaves a wounded animal. But it's a nasty feeling, 'the morning after the night before,' when a wounded leopard has to be accounted for in deep

* Biswas means "Faith".

jungle. We would generally arrive at a village in the afternoon, and gathering the people together, would tell them about everyman's Saviour, till it was time to go to the 'machan' to watch.

"I left the Kond Hills in 1922, and did not visit them again till 1929, when I attended a Conference there. An old Kond heard that I was there, and he told Mr. Winfield that the Sahib had been to his village, and shot a man-eating leopard, and that he had told them about Jesus, and that the news had spread all over the country. There is a Christian Church there now in Addiskupa, at the top of an old ghaut road. I spent 4 very happy years in Udayagiri and 1½ in Phulbani, 34 miles further on. It was all evangelistic work, preach, preach, preach. The church was very small then, and we did not seem to be making very much headway; but what a harvest has since been reaped! I did some medical work, too, after the rough and ready, slap-dash fashion; but our little dispensary had its share in the bringing in of the Kingdom. Mrs. Grimes did great service, also, along these lines.

"I found the Konds easy to work amongst and most responsive to our message: far easier than working amongst Hindus, and there is a whole world of difference between labouring amongst these and, as in my case now, among Brahmin priests in Puri. If we had the men and the means at our disposal, it is my firm belief that the whole of the Kond Hills would soon be won for Christ. It may be that the Konds will not produce any great Christian leaders, nor make any deep impression on India's thought and life. But *who can tell?*

"I suffered much from malaria during my 5½ Kond years, The mosquito-proofing for the bungalows, which was done during the latter part of my stay, has made a great difference."

Winfield began his Kond life in the same 1917 as his

fellow-student. He shall give us his earliest remembrances :

" Two days after my arrival from England in Udayagiri, I was taken three miles away through the jungle and across the Hills. The missionary carried his gun in case of a panther. It seemed to me strange that anything harmful could exist in such a paradise of beauty as these hills. We went down the village street, which was about 50 yards long, till we came to where a group of boys were singing out the letters of the Kui alphabet, which they had scratched in the dust. This was the day school. Here the people gathered. Every one in the village who could move at all came, and arranged themselves on a great stack of firewood in the middle of the street—an inspiring crowd for such a small place ! Men, women, children, goats, dogs, cats and fowls all came to hear what the *Aba* had to say. A hymn was sung, of which the chorus was :

" ' Tiri, tiri vespa i, mula, mula vespa i,
Gulepadanganaki, Jisu pada tiri.'

" I could sing it, but only one word could I understand—the Name we had come to proclaim. So I sang as loud as I could, which is the Kui standard of musical excellence.

" That afternoon it was the market in Udayagiri. So I went down to the town to help the little band of Christians with their open-air meeting. It seemed as if the whole country-side was there. But only one word could I understand : Jisu.

" The next morning was Sunday. We went to a near village Sunday school. As it was still quite cold, the school was held in the open air, that the scholars might sit in the sun and keep warm. This seemed odd to me, for I was quite hot, and glad to seek the shade of a large tree ; but the boys and girls sat contentedly in the dust sunning

themselves. They smiled at me and I at them, but I could say nothing that they understood, except again and again that Name.

" Later in the day the Christians of the district gathered in a little building in the main street of Udayagiri, which served as a church. There was neither pulpit nor pews. The preacher sat on a chair, the people squat on the floor, the women and girls in one corner, the men and boys taking the rest of the space. Four races were represented in that small company, Konds, Oriyas, Panos (a mixture of both) and Britons from England and Australia. We had met from widely separated parts of the earth at the call of the Name. The chorus with which the service closed, being interpreted, meant :

" ' O excellent Word, O message of Truth,
Most excellent of names is
The Name of Jesus.' "

But the Kui, of which then he only knew one word, was to become an open book to him, until, in the course of the years, he was to earn the distinction of being acknowledged as the supreme English Kui scholar, the *Asiatic Society of Bengal* readily publishing at their own cost both his *Kui-English Dictionary* and his *Kui Grammar*. In the Dictionary he owned a deep indebtedness to A. J. Ollenbach, the District Officer of Phulbani. The Asiatic Society's expert, who examined the *Grammar*, declared it to be " an exceedingly clear statement of the facts, which would be of very great use to the students of Dravidian linguistics." " I consider it," he said, " a most welcome addition to our knowledge of the Dravidian languages." And the Asiatic Society's Secretary added : " I am exceedingly pleased with this valuable work." Winfield's following recent letter is of both linguistic and human interest :

"In general one may say that the Kui has been very little affected by Sanskrit tongues, until the last century probably. For the *verbs*, which are of the oldest strata of the language, show very little evidence of any such influence, and the *pronouns*, which in any language are generally the oldest part, are quite Dravidian. They have evidently produced no philosophers in the past, for nearly all their abstract and philosophical words are Oriyan. Their native vocabulary is all of the hills and valleys, the fields and villages of their homes. Their verbs are about 700-800. I have given a full list of those known to me in my grammar, and I have heard of no single extra one being found since. I was greatly impressed by the regularity of their verbal forms. I was able to classify the verbs, and, as I found new ones, they fell into my classification without exception. I knew at once, though I had not heard the word before, how it would be conjugated. Johnson used to hear a verb and bring it home, and he would say over the breakfast-table, 'I have heard of a new verb this morning, Winnie ; bet you don't know what its past participle is,' and he would give me the infinitive, and I would know at once all its forms. I mention this to show the great regularity of what is usually in language the part most irregular."

But, though linguistically so gifted, he was never the mere bookworm. The Konds found him "a great friend." Miss Kitty Smith describes him as "having a wonderful insight into the minds of the people," and as often found sitting in the midst of a crowd of them listening to their questions and composing their fears. They felt in him "an absolute trust," and Dr. Dorothy Daintree writes of his "having a natural aptitude for helping the sick that would have made him a sympathetic and successful doctor, had his path lain that way." That after ten years in the Hill

Tracts, through his own ill-health and his wife's, who before their marriage had known three years of Indian missionary service, they should both be barred from Kondistan was an unspeakable disappointment. She has been taking care in England of their little family, whilst for the last six years he has been, shall I say, repaying the Konds' debt to the "Serampore," which had given them Millman, by rendering most able service on its College Staff, and all the time by his lovableness winning the admiration of both his colleagues and his students.

Whilst in Udayagiri he had "great sorrow and unceasing pain in his heart" at seeing the Hill Tracts getting Hinduised, especially in the north. He wrote:

"Wherever Oriyas have settled in Kond villages, Hindu temples are getting built. The Konds are being initiated into the worship of Vishnu and Siva. The Hindus have adapted their ways so as to include elements calculated to attract the Kond people. For instance. They are invited to the distribution of the sacred threads, a ceremony which, strictly speaking, only high-caste Hindus should attend. A priest goes in and out among the squatting people, placing over the head of one here and another there a thin circular cotton thread, chanting the while his spells of good fortune. 'May you live to be a hundred and twenty!' 'Let your children be many, and live to bless your name!' and so on. Thus Hinduism throws wide its portals. The Konds will either become Hindus or Christians. Which shall it be?"

For the weighting of the scale Christward his surest hope lay in the coming of missionary doctors. So he pleaded:

"At Udayagiri, as we go forth each day to our work, a small crowd awaits us, who have come for medicine:

a young fellow, *e.g.*, with a fearful ulcer in his thigh, due to evil living ; a boy with a gash in his foot from cutting wood in the forest, whose wound the village priest has smeared with filth and soot, hoping to heal it by covering it from sight. It is a case for quick and severe treatment. A mother brings her tiny infant, because it won't take its food and is starving. An old man's sight is failing. Malaria, liver troubles, sore eyes, ringworm, scalds, etc., etc. And from lack of knowledge, means and time we have to say 'We can do little for you.' Sometimes only a few come ; sometimes 40 or 50.

"We have never had a doctor in the Kond Hills. The medical work, which has been done, has been ventured by theological or educational missionaries. During 1921 4,000 people were helped by us—folk suffering from malaria, black-water fever, venereal disease, ophthalmia, influenza, dysentery, pneumonia, tuberculosis, tetanus, skin diseases of all kinds, burns, scalds, snake-bites and accidents. How long must these poor folk be left to the mercies of amateurs ?

"The Konds are animists—simple nature worshippers. They have peopled the hills and valleys, the forests, fields and villages, with presences and powers of their own imagining. When trouble is heavy upon them, they send for their village priest. His methods are a mixture of cunning witchcraft, religious fear and gross ignorance. The Konds, who have come to believe that the *teaching* of the missionary is higher than that of their priests, naturally expect him to be able to bring them healing. Wherever, of necessity, people have remained unhealed, for lack of skill or time on the missionary's part, the appeal of our Christian message has been limited. Hundreds can no longer regard their village priest as their spiritual guide and medical practitioner. Almost a hundred new scholars come into our schools every year. We must have a qualified doctor on our staff, until men of their own race become doctors themselves."

Could there be anything more pathetic than Oliver Millman's story of Kudi the son of a Kond farmer?

" Kudi grew to be tall and strong, and clever at hunting. He scarcely ever came home without a hare or wild pigeon, and sometimes even a deer. On his father's farm he used to lead the first team of bullocks in the ploughing season. His voice was heard above the others in the singing of the chorus.

" One summer, however, he became sick, and lost all his strength. His father became anxious, because many days passed, and Kudi grew worse. All his folk believed that pain and sickness are sent by wicked spirits. Kudi had been taught from his boyhood to give two eggs each morning and a chicken once a week as a gift to the evil spirit that caused sickness. His friends now told him that he must have forgotten sometimes this gift of the eggs and of the blood of a chicken, and that, therefore, the evil spirit was taking its revenge. One day he was feeling very downcast when some of his friends came to see him. One of them looked very closely at him, and then went away and talked outside with the others in whispers. It was a long time before any one came in to see him again, and it was not then his father but the village priest. Looking at the boy, he said, very, very slowly, ' Kudi, you are a leper. We are now going to perform the sacrifice to the evil spirit of leprosy. If, afterwards, you are not better in a month, then all the village will know that you have done some great wrong, and that you have been punished in this way.' A goat was killed, and food was offered with the goat's blood to the leper-spirit. One month went by, but the marks of Kudi's sickness grew plainer. The people believed now that Kudi had done something very wicked indeed, and that the leper-spirit had smitten him with this dread punishment. He was turned out of his home and village to wander over the

hills of his native land, and to live as best he could, without anyone to care for him in his trouble."

A missionary-doctor, with the modern treatment for incipient leprosy, could scatter these cruel superstitions and win the confidence of the sufferers and sorrowers.

Great, therefore, was the rejoicing in Udayagiri when it was learned that in January, 1923, at a B.M.S. Laymen's Dinner in the Waverley, London, to mark the coming of age of the Medical Auxiliary, it had been enthusiastically agreed, not simply to send at last a doctor to Kondistan, but to build a Hospital there to be called the *Moorshead Memorial Hospital*, in honour of the founder, and still at that time living leader, of the Auxiliary, and to fulfil what had been his deepest longing ever since he had journeyed with Arthur Long through the Hill Tracts. Dr. Orissa Taylor, who spoke, said that " he could think of no place where a Hospital would be more remunerative for the Kingdom of God." More than £200 were contributed on the spot. So, once again, spite of its many setbacks, the Kond Mission discovered the mercy that had not ceased to pursue them.

CHAPTER VIII

CHRONICLES OF ADVANCE

After four years' absence. 1921. O. J. MILLMAN.

As soon as the Orissa Missionary Conference was over, I went direct with Herbert Anderson, Winfield and Dr. Daintree in the doctor's Ford car. We left Berhampur at 6.0 a.m., stayed an hour in Russellkonda, and by 11.0 were breakfasting in the bungalow in Udayagiri, which had once been my home. More than 200 young folk had met us with garlands and songs of welcome, and caused us at once to feel at home. Familiar faces were all round us, as I walked along the road. On the first Sunday I took the Udayagiri service, at which more than 50 converts were present. It is seven years this Easter since we baptised the first 4: to-day there are 154. The following Sunday I was privileged to baptise 13 more. Five of them were boys from our school, one a teacher in training at the Government School, and the others were older people from the villages where our workers had been most frequently seen. There was a great crowd at the service.

The transformation in this village is very noteworthy. Years ago, in the days of Wilkinson and Long, its people were at feud with the neighbouring Konds. Their habits were most repulsive, and they were often in trouble with the police, being notoriously addicted to drink. Even the Oriya villagers were very afraid of them. Yet Arthur Long used to prophesy that this particular village would be the first to yield to God.

It was a joy to visit the homes of the youths we had trained as our first teachers, and to sit with them and play with their children. The faces of the people radiate their new joy.

The opening of the first Kond Church. 1923. HELEN M. EVANS.

For a very long time the Christian worship here has been conducted in the bungalow of John Biswas, the evangelist : but early in 1920 the desire for a church building so moved the Christians that they began to gather stones, as well as to cut down trees in the jungle, with which to burn bricks and lime. They dug the foundations themselves, converting their weekly prayer-meeting into a working-meeting on the church site, thus answering their own prayers.

The church stands exactly where an old drink-shop used to be, and within a stone's throw of the Hill, where human sacrifice was practised. It lies in a valley several miles wide, with the hills towering up on all sides, and in the centre of some 50 villages.

On the afternoon of Jan. 19, 1923 the deputation from the B.M.S.—Miss Lockhart, the Secretary of the Women's Auxiliary, and Mr. Chapman, the Society's Accountant, and his daughter—with an escort of us missionaries, bumped their way over the fields to the new building. A hundred or more children from the Mission school met us, and then ran to the church, and waited with the people already gathered there. After greeting and singing and prayer, the key was presented to Miss Lockhart, and the people pressed closely round her, as she opened their own church, into which they had built their love and their labour, and as for the first time in the Agency the church bell, the gift of Mr. Charles Millman's class in Leicester, sounded. The walls within were decorated, and the floor was spread with mats. The message of the deputation was translated

to the people, and an address in both Kui and English was presented to Miss Lockhart. In token of their joy, the people made the occasion their Harvest Thanksgiving, and brought their gifts of rice, pumpkins, paddy, eggs, mustard seed, potatoes and pineapples.

The visit of John Reid, B.M.S. Indian Secretary. 1924.

I wonder how long it took Goadby to reach Udayagiri from Russellkonda in 1862. Till quite recently the journey from Berhampur took several days. With Dorothy Millward and Annie Stephens (the first two workers of the Women's Auxiliary) I left Berhampur about 7.0 a.m. and we were in Udayagiri by dinner-time, and we might have done it in half the time, if Mr. Grimes's Ford car had not given some trouble. Motor cars have brought the Kond Hills within a few hours of the plains.

The beautiful scenery in the ghaut reminded me of Scotland. Only, malaria runs riot in the valleys. The excitement of missionary life in Udayagiri differs greatly from that of Calcutta. In Udayagiri you can imagine a panther looking at you from a bush in the garden, whilst you rest on the verandah ; or you may actually find one lying by the roadside, as you pass.

Winfield and Grimes are among the quieter men in Conference, but see them handling a Ford car, listen to them preaching in the market, watch them among their people, and you will lift your hat to them, as I do, with profound respect.

The sight of Hindu shrines being erected amongst the animists of these Hill Tracts is gall and wormwood to the spirit of our missionaries.

I met a woman in Udayagiri who, before her conversion, was not unlike the woman of Sychar. Her requests for baptism staggered the missionaries, but she soon convinced them of her earnestness. She is now a fine influence in her village.

Before I came away, I asked a gathering of Konds for testimonies. One of them said: "Our forefathers were as beasts of the forest and knew nothing. Before the missionaries came, I knew nothing. I was in the dark. Now I have turned to the light. I know that I often do what is wrong, but I have seen the light, and I cannot go back into the dark again."

A beginner's experience. 1924. KITTY SMITH.

Life here is just great. The scenery and the people vie with each other as to which shall provide us with the greater variety and interest. My welcome here was almost overwhelming. I felt so unworthy of it all. This afternoon we visited a women's meeting in Dombinaju in the house of one of the Christians, where 13 women and 9 children were gathered. We sang, and the women learnt three verses of a new carol, and we prayed. I could not understand what was said, but there was a wonderful atmosphere of worship. The women and the children were so quiet. The story for the week was 'the Wise Men's journey to Bethlehem,' and it was told by a Kond teacher, Subarani. Every one was most attentive, seeming to drink in every word. To them it was so new and wonderful. The climax came when the large picture was shown. The exclamations were low and rapid, and their faces were aglow. The last week's picture of "The Infant Jesus." was again shown to them, and there was no mistaking the difference, as with voices more subdued they made many comments. The reverence was very beautiful. Christ was so manifestly entering some of their hearts.

D. Scott Wells, A.C.A. S.P.C.

The Kond Mission was greatly strengthened in 1924 by the addition to its depleted men's staff of D. Scott Wells. He had been the only son of the Rev. Frank Wells of Trinity, Huntingdon and of Blenheim, Leeds—a "Regent's"

senior in my first college days, and of an absolute Christian honour. Duncan Scott qualified in 1913 as a Chartered Accountant, and served in the army throughout the duration of the war, of which he will ever bear the marks. Then, free to follow his long desire, he set himself towards missionary service, and with the Baynes scholarship was able to attend the needed oriental language-study classes in London. In 1919 he became the Society's accountant in the Calcutta Secretariat, and, through my own two years there, I watched the overflowing of his energies beyond his appointed financial ministry into every kind of missionary service amongst Indian men and lads. In 1922 the Home Base called him to its supreme accountancy in Furnival Street, the honour of which he fully recognised, and to the duties of which he gave his loyal strength. But India was in his heart all the time, and in November 1923 he begged to be released for return to the Field ; and this time not to Calcutta, but to the Kond Hill Tracts. Towards such direct and whole-time missionary service he asked for a period of specialised training, and Dr. Underwood of Rawdon, who became his tutor, could later testify " If all our men had his powers of hard work, and his gifts for going straight to the heart of a problem, we should be fortunate indeed." So in October 1924 he was in India again, and in Udayagiri, where he proved himself the very man for every form of missionary scouting. He had little guessed that in Dorothy Millward, from the Church of the Redeemer, Birmingham, who had brilliantly passed her second Kui exam by the time of his arrival, he was to find his destined wife. Of their son, born in the Hill Tracts, he could write in March 1927 : " Young Frank is flourishing. People say he's like me, which is hard luck. But he has Dorothy's character, so that will be by way of compensation." And Freda Laughlin could say in January 1929 : " Frank Wells is the picture of health, a really good advt. for the poor Kond Hills. He talks English, Kui,

Oriya and a language of his own—a very accomplished young gentleman." In 1930, after the early death of John Reid, the ballot of the B.M.S. missionaries in the whole Indian field called D. S. Wells to the onerous Secretariat in Calcutta. If he could have chosen, he would unhesitatingly have elected to remain amongst "the least of Christ's brothers" in Kondistan. But the bidding of his Master was binding. So in modest trust he shouldered the heavy and honourable burden. But the loss to the Konds was distressing. Nevertheless, it has been a great thing for the Hill Tracts to have at Court in Calcutta such understanding friends as Wells and his wife.

The Delectable Mountains. B. F. W. FELLOWS of Balangir, Orissa. 1925.

At one point of our journey the air was so clear that, though 20 miles away, the hills seemed quite near, but wreathed in clouds. Just a further stretch of undulating country, and then one could climb up into the clouds. As I gazed, it struck me that these must be the Kond Hills. And they were—the Hills I had never seen but so often wished to see. That sudden view of the far-stretching range stirred my blood. But it was a greater thrill to know that all this territory was now being claimed for Christ. There, a day's journey ahead, among those clouds lay Phulbani and Udayagiri, where Christ's forces were advancing.

Rudingia and Rotingia. HELEN M. EVANS. 1927.

When we started weekly services at Rudingia, there was but one baptised Christian there. He had suffered so much persecution for his faith that, after escaping from prison, into which he had been thrust on a false charge, he fled to Assam. After a few years he came back to his village, and in spite of the enmity of his neighbours, has lived faithfully there with his wife and family, striving to win

them to Christ. Last July 14 men and women in that district declared themselves Christians, and again this January other 7 men and their wives have made the same confession.

Only a few days ago three men came from the Rotingia district, over a range of difficult hills, to ask for regular Sunday and week-day services. On going to see them, we found between 30 and 40 waiting to be taught, whilst others there and in two neighbouring villages were ready to listen.

A wealthy Kond walked 17 miles the other day to attend for the first time our Udayagiri services. Teaching he had received years ago has been growing in his heart.

Dombinaju, the village of the Doms, becomes Kristian Naju. FREDA LAUGHLIN. 1927.

Early in 1927 there was a Mass Movement in this village, the very village for which the early missionaries had travailed. Instead of just a few Christians there, 44 became enquirers, leaving only one or two animistic families. On Christmas Day 1927 these enquirers were baptised, including the headman and his wife, his sons and daughters. It was a time of great rejoicing. The village was re-named *Kristian Naju.* All these folk worshipped with us at the Mallikapori Church, till that building, though it had been enlarged, was too small to hold all the worshippers. So the Kristian Naju members formed a church of their own, and for some time worshipped in the school, which they had themselves built for their children. Later, however, they wanted a church building of their own, and set to work, cleared a site on the top of a small hill, dug the foundations, carried stones and laid them, made and burnt bricks, collected timber, bought corrugated iron, and toiled in the hope of completing it, before the rains set in. In this they were unfortunately disappointed, and parts of

their walls were washed away. Nevertheless, they waited and persisted, till in 1935 the Church was opened amid great rejoicings, and can be seen for miles around.

The Visit of Miss M. E. Bowser, B.M.S. Women's Auxiliary Secretary, with Miss Elizabeth and Miss Dorothy Glover. November, 1927. Diary.

Came by cars over a wonderful road, made first for military purposes in 1840 between Russellkonda and the summit of the ghaut. Steep gradient. Twists and turns. Saw hyena and monkeys. Glorious views of hills and plains. Cavalcade of carts halting for mid-day rest. Udayagiri lies about 7 m. off the main road, in a wide flat valley encircled by over 100 peaks, 1500 to 2000 ft. high.

Saw Mr. Millman's Middle School : 87 scholars reading to Standard VIII. Buildings originally planned to include an Industrial section. He hopes to add this by degrees. It is the only Middle School in the Agency.

Visited a Women's Meeting with Mrs. Evans and Freda in a Kond house crowded with women and children. Wonderful listening. Mrs. Evans, with the light streaming on her, looked radiant as she talked. The women begged for more teachers for their women and girls. They made tea for us and served us : then we served them.

Bisi, the ex-witch doctor, is the head-teacher of the Mallikapori School. His children are Christians, and his grand-children are in the school. In his class the boys were forming letters on the floor with red seeds Mr. Millman had brought from a tree in Carey's Serampore garden. A class of girls taught by Subarani. Excellent method and good results. School gardens beautifully kept. Lovely views of hills.

The Mallikapori Church stands on a mountain-side, where human sacrifices were wont to be offered, and near

where buffaloes are still sacrificed. Opened by Miss Lockhart 4 yrs. ago. Visited Bisi's home. Christian homes higher from the ground than those of others ; larger rooms, and separate place for the cattle. Saw women husking rice, and cooking. All wanted to give us a present. Met Poto's wife—a mother in Israel, winning many for Christ. Saw a potter at his wheels.

Went to Tikkavalli market : 4 to 5,000 people. Went in and out among the sellers of rice, oil, sugar-cane, Brummagem ware, sweetmeats, cotton, yarn, cloth, fish and fowls. Mr. Evans recognised several men who had been with him in Mesopotamia. When he preached, his grip on the people and his wooing of them were wonderful. Crowd keenly interested and responsive.

Mr. Millman's garden beautiful with flowers. Vegetable garden also full of good things.

On Sunday morning we worshipped in Rudingia. Ten years ago the first convert cruelly persecuted, falsely accused and imprisoned. To-day, 100 Church members in the district, and 25 enquirers. Many walk 6, 8, 10 and 12 m. to the church which is built in native style, open all round, with only a low wall. Crowded inside and outside that morning : men in rows in front, women behind. Mr. Evans preached. Afterwards we were garlanded and spoke a few words.

To Mallikapori Church for the evening. Church quite full. Mr. Millman preached. Folk most attentive. We responded to their welcome.

Monday : Digi, 22 m. south of Udayagiri. Many converts have been won by workers from Rudingia. Women begged for more teachers. Evans and Millman preached. People listened in rapt attention. Then to Raikia market. More preaching.

Impossible not to be thrilled by the need, encouragement and success of the work in these Hills. Would that other Fields we have seen, where the nerve of missionary ardour

and evangelism seems to be cut, could catch the spirit that is here !

Rudingia and its Girls' School. DAISY WEBB, who after twelve years' educational work in Cuttack faced the new language and tasks of Udayagiri. 1929.

The Christians of Rudingia are being sorely persecuted. Their non-Christian neighbours accuse them of being bribed to be baptised. They threaten to burn their houses and to drive them from the village. But I think they will stand firm.

We have just established a Girls' School there, as the number of girls in the united school was so growing. The Government gives higher grants to girls' schools than to boys', to encourage their education. We have no need of such an incentive, being only too solicitous for the education of the Kond girls.

The Visit of Hugh Martin of the Student Christian Movement. 1929.

I shall never forget the three days Mrs. Martin and I spent in the lovely Hill country, 2,000 ft. above sea-level, amongst the Konds. The forests through which we drove were more like my idea of a jungle than anything I had elsewhere seen.

I was interested to meet the first convert of 1914. After the next five years the Church only numbered 22 ; but in 1919 came the beginning of a great movement, and now the Christians total just under 400, and the enquirers are increasing every week.

On the Sunday morning we set out at 8.0 in the Mission Ford car along the most amazing roads I have ever seen. But Mr. Grimes can make a car perform like a tank. If he didn't actually climb walls and run on two wheels, and dive down cracks, he certainly seemed to. After some

miles we left the car, and walked to the village of Rudingia. From the time of the first baptism here in December 1917, no other dared face it for 9 years, the first convert having been so unjustly charged and imprisoned. But the next baptised convert was his calumniator himself, in September 1926. There are now two evangelists in the village.

Till 1926 there was only one Church building in the Kond Hills. Now in ten centres services are conducted every Sunday by lay-preachers, who walk 5 to 12 miles each way. Most of the folk can only earn 4 annas a day and have their families to keep. Yet Rs. 6000 have been given by the people for the extension of the work. They are hoping to build 4 churches this year with their own labour and gifts.

It was too cold that day the people said to meet indoors; so we met in the sun. Mr. and Mrs. Grimes and their son Wilfred and I sat on a bedstead carried out from one of the homes. In front of us on the ground were a dozen or so Christians, a clean, tidy, cheerful group. In the background squatted as many more of their non-Christian neighbours. Pigs and ducks and dogs added their presence and voices to the service. We sang several Kui hymns to Sankey tunes, for I sang as lustily as any, without the least idea of the meaning of the words. Mr. Grimes read from the Gospel of John, and preached and led in prayer. It was a very simple service, but deeply moving. The people gave out of their poverty towards their own evangelists' fund. For years there had been only one Christian in that village, persecuted and despised. That morning he joined in the worship with a group largely won by his own witness and work. To Mr. Grimes every face told its own tale of how Christ had been sought and found.

In the afternoon I was taken to the Mallikapori Church, a simple, white-washed, brick-walled, thatched building,

the people's own handiwork near the site of the ancient human sacrifices. A congregation of some 150 men and women squatting on mats on its floor crowded it to the doors, and ninety members joined in the Lord's Supper. There were services that Sunday in 5 centres ; yet in 1913 there was not one known Kond Christian.

On Monday we had a 20-mile drive, and then a walk to another village. Women's work is just being organised, and in the district there are 6 women's weekly meetings, and in one women's night-school 28 scholars. I saw a market where they were selling fish, earthenware, cloth, fruit, matches, tobacco, etc. They crowded around our car, which is still a novelty. We sold Gospels, and Kond evangelists preached.

The trees and flowers of the jungle are very beautiful, but many wayfarers are still killed by tigers, panthers and bears. Trial by ordeal is still practised.

A marked contrast can be seen between the houses of the Christians and those of their neighbours. You could pick them out readily. The Christians do not have their cattle sleeping in the house. I know better than ever what Peter meant when he rejoiced with the Christians of his day, who had been "called out of darkness into marvellous light."

A Year of Doublings. 1929. The Station Committee.

In several respects the Church has doubled its activities this year. It has doubled its preaching-centres and its paid preachers, its Church membership and its contributions for the evangelisation of the country.

The Visit of H. W. Pike of Cuttack. 1929.

It was a pleasure to join the Mission-band in Udayagiri for a few days at the invitation of Scott Wells. Rain prevented much journeying ; but the four evangelists

came in to meet me, and I saw the first Kond Church, the first Kond girls' school, the first Kond girl-teacher, the first Kond convert, the first evangelist's grave in the Hill Tracts—quite a chapter of "Genesis!" And the signs of progress were on every hand.

The first District Union Meetings. Mallikapori. 1931. HELEN M. EVANS.

We have just held our first District Union Meetings at Mallikapori, where the Christians gave of their time freely to erect a bamboo and leaf shelter, and made themselves responsible for the expenses, as we were anxious not to encroach on our District Union funds. Each deacon had his own appointed job. The man in charge of the water in that thirsty month had a hectic time. The people were to bring their own rice, but all other cooking-necessaries were to be locally provided.

They began to arrive on Monday afternoon, some having walked 25 miles. It was no small stir to see them coming from all directions, bringing their children with them, and their bundles of rice. They were met by young men, whose duty it was to collect together their umbrellas, which might easily get lost, and to show them round, and make them feel at home. By midnight all had eaten and had settled down for the night. In the morning at a quarter to six, the church bell rang in token that they must be ready for the first session at 7.30. It was wonderful to see 800 gathered for worship, and a revelation to those from the far villages that they were part of so large a community. There were two sessions each day—7.30–10.0 and 3.0–5.30. But many gathered together after the evening meal for singing and listening. At 10.30 "lights out" was heard throughout the camp.

The first three sessions were devoted to Union matters, and the last three to Christian teaching. A deep desire expressed itself for a virile evangelising Church. The

themes of the teaching-sessions were " The Joy of the Lord," "The Holy Spirit," "Prayer," "The Coming of Christ's Kingdom," " What is a true Christian ? " and " Woman's place in Christian service."

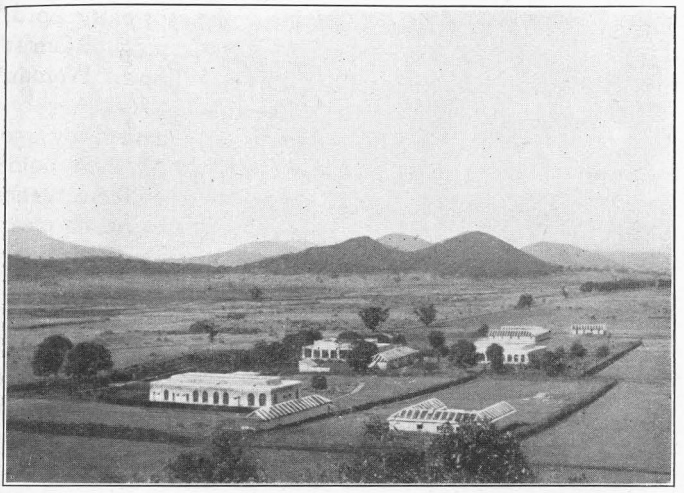
The final meeting on Thursday was attended by 1500 people. The next morning they set out on their homeward journey with a new understanding of the largeness of the fellowship, and of what the Christian Church meant in the Kond Hills, and a deeper realisation of their own personal need of the Saviour.

The Visit of C. E. Wilson, the B.M.S. Secretary. 1931.

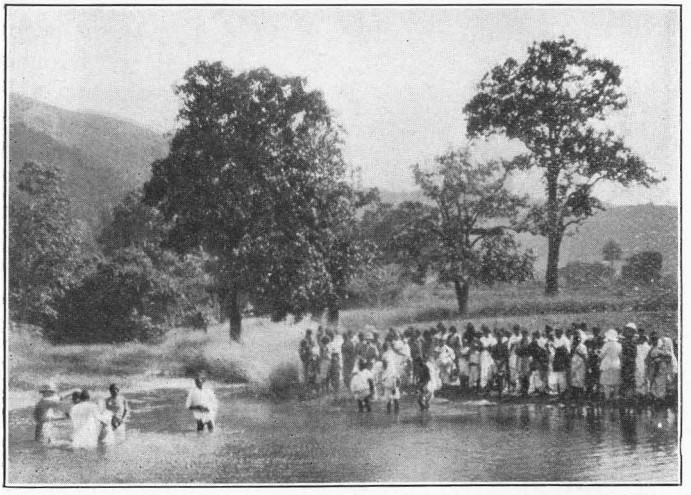
Our welcome to Udayagiri deserves a letter by itself. The Christians had prepared a band and came out with the children carrying palms and singing and shouting, some of the men wearing weird costumes and head-dresses, and dancing to the sound of drums and of what answered to bagpipes : a tremendous demonstration.

On the Sunday morning we went to Digi, more than 20 miles from Udayagiri, to a chapel built by the people. Twenty-eight new members, of whom 16 were women, were to confess Christ that day. Mr. Evans and a lay elder baptised them, two by two, in a large pool near by. It was a very beautiful service, and the whole scene most picturesque.

This afternoon we went to the chapel which Miss Lockhart opened 8 years ago, where there are now 230 members. A lay-preacher, one of the day-school teachers, took the service. There was a full congregation, all seated on mats on the floor. At the close of the sermon the Church Secretary reported to the Church on the candidates for baptism, and 18 were accepted to be baptised next Sunday : of these 11 were women. All the Kond Churches have a common fund, and manage their affairs through a Central Council of Elders. They support five preachers and one student at the Cuttack Training College.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE MISSION BUILDINGS AT UDAYAGIRI



[*Photo by Rev. C. E. Wilson*

A BAPTISMAL SERVICE AT DIGI, IN THE KOND HILLS

I have been much impressed by all that I have seen. The Mission is very simple and native in its methods, and converts are being added in a most encouraging way. The staff is a good team, working happily together.

From Letters of Freda Laughlin. 1932 and 1933.

Yes. We have from the beginning sought to foster the spirit of giving, and the Church is responding. But when a weaver in the three good months of the year is glad when he earns 3 annas a day—and a good many of our Christians are weavers—you will understand that our funds cannot be large. Nevertheless, this year the Kond Christian Union has raised Rs. 1400.

Yesterday Mr. Grimes and I had a hectic day examining some hundred children orally for the S. S. Union—five solid hours of it, sitting on the floor the whole time. We were amazed how well the children answered. This is the first year our schools have entered, and the results are most encouraging.

There is another group of enquirers at Bakingando, where there has been a handful of Christians for three years. But they have suffered much at the hands of a certain headman. Now he himself is an enquirer. Last Saturday evening we had a call to that village. We motored about 12 miles, and then had a quarter of an hour's walk across fields. It was almost full moon. When we arrived, we found Christians and enquirers sitting down in the street, with the evangelist and his wife holding a service. It was thrilling.

We have had a number of very difficult cases to deal with just lately, domestic quarrels, jealousies, drinking, what not, and we were very depressed. But after a few days' absence in the plains, we know again that our work is worth while, and that, after all, out of our comparatively large community, we have very few failures. Our folk have so little background. It is surprising that more of

them do not fail. We do expect a lot from them. They are learning, and quite a number of them, both men and women, have advanced a long way.

One day in November 1929 a Christian widow asked our advice about sending Taramoti one of her daughters, to do coolie work on a certain bridge. We knew she was finding it hard to make ends meet with 4 children; also, that Taramoli would be physically and morally ruined, if she went to the bridge. So we bade her bring her to us, and we would find her employment, though what it could be we did not know. That night Daisy and I discussed once more what we had often talked of, the establishment of *a Girls' Hostel*, and we decided that we would begin by teaching Taramoti and Doimoti, who had been for a few months with us, laundry work. They were not Christians. They were not keen. They thought the work rather degrading. Moreover, coolie girls, passing by, made cutting remarks, which made them less willing. But we carried on, and then came the ironing, which interested them more. But how Daisy and I perspired!

By and by, we introduced sewing, reading, writing and a daily Bible lesson, and we were able to persuade three more girls to join us, and we undertook the laundry for all the Mission staff.

The girls had never been used to discipline, and it was rather hard for them. So we laid down only a minimum of rules; but they had to understand from the beginning that there must be no running home without our consent, and no going out at night on any account! Of course, they did both, and we had to sleep with an eye and an ear open for night visitors, and for the girls running away! But they gradually became more obedient and proficient. Each girl—and we have 8 to-day—is given her job and she gets on with it. The sewing interest was much increased when we bought a machine. Most of them have become quite good machinists, and we usually have orders enough

to keep us busy. Hygiene, child-welfare, games, arithmetic, gardening and singing are included in the curriculum, and, as soon as the rains break, we shall start field-work.

Our proper building, the real hostel, is now completed, with work-room, store-room, cooking-room, two sleeping-rooms, matron's room and a large verandah. And all is enclosed, so that the fear of night visitors is considerably lessened. We aim at making the hostel self-supporting, and at growing a number of capable Christian women-leaders. Already a few have been baptised.

The Digi District Union Meetings. 1934. H. M. EVANS.

Our annual meetings this year were held in Digi, 22 miles south of Udayagiri. There were 800 of us in camp. Only half the Digi people occupied their own houses, as those from the further Digi villages came in to live with them. The deacons had to build a shelter for the meetings large enough to hold 1000 people. The shed in which the stores were kept was locally known as " the Raja's bungalow." It was not exactly an ideal residence, but two Sahibs were thankful to use it. They had their cots in one half, and in the other were kept all the rice and dhal, salt and chillies, oil and cooking-pots, and some thousands of leaf-plates. All the Digi elders and other Digi Christians had their duties : to meet the people and to bring them to the Aba, to tie up their umbrellas in bundles according to their villages ; to take their lamps—every one here carries a hurricane lamp—label them, and fill them with paraffin ready for use after dark. We three ladies had to take the name of every woman who came with a baby or small child, so that we might find accommodation for them in the Christians' homes, if they wished.

It was great to watch them all arriving hot and weary and happy ; and, as the darkness fell, it was lovely to see the cooking-fires begin to twinkle. The men cooked in groups according to their villages. Then we went round to see

if the women and children were settling in comfortably. During the days six addresses were given, which, without previous arrangement, wonderfully dovetailed. On Tuesday afternoon Ragu nath, who has been for two years at the Cuttack Theological College, was ordained to the work of an evangelist. The next afternoon many went preaching into the neighbouring villages for 5 miles round, whilst the women had a meeting of their own. That night the drama of " David and Goliath " was rendered. Hundreds of non-Christians came, and, afterwards, a great many started to walk home with their children, preferring to travel in the cool of the night rather than in the heat of the day.

Statistics. The Station Committee. 1934.

The baptised Kond Christians were in 1914, 4; in 1924, 82 ; in 1934, 829.

[In the 1931 Census of India W. G. Lacey, I.C.E., Superintendent of the Census operations for Bihar and Orissa, wrote : " It will be seen that there is a fairly steady increase in the proportion of Christians in each tribe, *except with the Konds.*" The next Census figures should have a very different story to tell.—S. P. C.]

Lejo, Balliguda, Mallikapori. D.W. and F.L. 1935 and 1936.

A young fellow and his wife in a village in the ghaut have been enquirers for more than a year, suffering severe persecution from their fellow-villagers. Yet on Christmas Eve, when a baptismal service was arranged for the whole district four miles from their home, Lejo asked that they might be baptised in their own village for a witness to their neighbours. So we went there first, and, after a short service in the village street, we went across to the river. A great crowd followed us and listened quietly to every-

thing. Thus did these brave two take their stand among their own people. It was the first public Christian service ever held there.

We have recently heard of several families right out at Balliguda, 40 miles away, who are anxious to become Christians. Two of our Christian young men are teaching in Government schools in that district, and are spreading the Gospel there. About a month ago a party of our teachers and an evangelist went there for the week-end, and they came back with glowing accounts of their experience and of the eagerness of the people. Even the Hindu officials, whom they met, advocated the starting of regular mission-work in that area.

Our District Union Meetings were held this year for the second time in Mallikapori. Unfortunately, just when the folk were due to arrive, we had a very heavy thunderstorm and torrential rain, which damped everything except the spirits of the people. For, though many were caught on the way and had to take shelter in the villages they passed, and in some cases had to go to bed hungry, they turned up quite cheerfully in the morning ready for the first session. We had excellent meetings.

The Kond Students. Principal Fellows, Cuttack. 1936.

The first student from the Kond Hills came to this college in 1931. He successfully completed a two years' course. He was one of the most eager students we have had, and was always seeking after new knowledge, and would be always asking questions in the classes. Other Kond students have followed (five in all) and have also, though not to the same extent, perhaps, been marked by the same spirit of eager enquiry. There is a great future for the Kond Church, though there are, of course, also many dangers and difficulties.

B.M.S. Report, 1936.

In the Kond Hills there are now 18 organised Churches ; 10 whole-time evangelists ; a membership of 932 ; 5 new Chapels built by themselves this year ; the printed *Romans* added to the *Gospels* and the *Acts* (and *I* & *II Corinthians* ready for the Press, thanks very specially to Mrs. Evans) ; 3 more Elementary Schools and 2 Adult Training Centres, and 2 students being maintained in the Cuttack Theological College. Mr. Grimes has been nominated by the Government as the representative and spokesman for the Hill Tribes in the Advisory Council of the new Province of Orissa.

The retirement of Mr. and Mrs. Grimes after their 30 years' B.M.S. Indian service, following other years' toil in other Indian missionary Societies, and their return to Australia, will unfortunately prevent his fulfilling this distinguished legislative function. The appointment, however, was the highest tribute the British Government could pay him and the work.

CHAPTER IX

THE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

BUT has there not been some strange omission in the *Chronicles* of these fifteen years *of advance*? For nothing has been included of any Medical development. Did this department of the service lag behind, whilst every other moved forward—this that had so often been felt and affirmed to be imperative and urgent? Was there no fulfilment of the vow to hallow the Medical Auxiliary's " Coming of Age " by building a Kond Hills Moorshead Hospital as its best thanksgiving for its Secretary and living Leader? Did the hot flame of that evening's inspiration end in mere smoke? " The Auxiliary can only live by advancing " had been its slogan. Advance, then, there surely must have been.

And advance there was, though not with the speed nor to the extent nor within the path of the Auxiliary's dream and desire. For, once again, the Mission's experience was woven of as much mystery as mercy.

The decision of the Laymen's M.M.A. birthday-guests was an immense heartening for the Kondistan workers, pledging to them the adequate meeting of the Mission's medical needs. But little could be effected at once. Such ventures are often purposed in one generation and performed in the next. There had to be much consultation of both the Kondistan Staff and the Home Base Committees; also, a weighing of the

several judgments of the former and of the deputations that had visited them, and, indeed, a collating of the experience of other similar Mission areas, and even of other Societies. For it was vital to determine whether the Hospital should be considerable and complete in some one centre, and where that centre should best be —Udayagiri, Phulbani, or even Tikkaballi—or on a more modest central scale, but with mobile Field-hospitals travelling quickly in needed directions. Thought, also, had to be taken concerning its relation to any existing or probable Government Hospital provision. Until the plans were in some sort shapen, the appeal to the Churches could not be concrete and convincing, and, therefore, the funds not forthcoming. Nor, even when the time was ripe, could money readily be raised. For we were in the trough of reaction from the strain of the war. Nor was it easy to secure medical volunteers, whose knowledge and experience, whose compassion and consecration were adequate. So the Society must be forgiven that seven years elapsed before the first missionary doctor left these shores for Kondistan.

Meanwhile, the workers on the Field had to go on meeting the pathetic medical necessities of the Kond people as best they might. None had been specially trained for such functions. But, realising that the Hill-folk's physical distresses claimed their first attention, and that ministry to these was their best first preaching of the Gospel, they all strove to make themselves experts in "first-aid" and in very general practitioning. "Every day," wrote Freda Laughlin, "we at Udayagiri hear the call 'Ama! Aba! we have come for medicine,' and we do our best to answer it." Indeed, she and the others best lost the sense of the

loneliness, which would sometimes beset them, through this " clinical evangelism."

Not seldom the patients, or those who brought them, would profess to be Christians to secure the dispensary's help—to be soon assured that need was the sufficient plea ; which was, again, a glimpsing of the Gospel.

But it was woe, as Miss Bowser poignantly realised, when the staff was called to tasks utterly beyond their very limited powers, as when Edward Evans was besought to save a dying child, or when an old man with cataract cried : " I am getting into the shadows. Give me medicine that I may see."

" One day," says Freda Laughlin, " when I only knew a little Kui, I went to a village. In a very few minutes the whole place was in the street. Sick babies with inflamed eyes, folk with festering wounds, others begging me to go and see a badly-burned woman, others expecting me to cure consumption with a dose of cough mixture, malaria with a dose of quinine, running sores with one application of ointment. I could not move for the crowd. Never had I so longed for medical knowledge. Never did I so enter into Christ's joy in the healing of multitudes."

It meant weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth for the Mission Staff when calamity overtook their people, and they could only blindly guess at its secret, and then be far from supplying the due help.

" Last Wednesday," wrote Scott Wells, " a young man came from a village to say that a boy had died there suddenly that morning, and that an old man who had tended the boy was also ill. The next morning the people came to say that the old man was dead, and a girl and her brother were ill in a neighbouring house, the symptoms

being sickness, giddiness and pains. It did not seem like cholera. Evans feared it was ptomaine poisoning, and bade them throw away any fish or meat they might have by them. The girl died almost at once, and in the afternoon a woman was taken ill. She recovered, but the boy died. If only we had had a trained doctor ! "

But what relief when they ran great risks and prevailed, as when an old woman came to them with a shocking hand that had been worsening for two months, and they were frightened to touch it, and yet it yielded to treatment.

" One day," writes Freda Laughlin, " a man with his wife had walked six miles to us from Kalingia. He was distraught with earache. Daisy and I made him a bed on the verandah, and gave him warm milk : then we eased the pain with a warm poultice, and induced sleep with aspirin. When he awoke, the abscess, which we had suspected, had broken outside, and he was better, and in three days could think of return."

When they were helpless, their trouble was to make the people understand. They had such faith in the missionaries' power, that, if they said they could do nothing, they were tempted to think it was some lack of will.

The Kond mothers suffered worst. Just in the days when they needed most cleanliness and comfort and care, they and their babes were left severely alone, with the infant and maternal mortality in the Hill Tracts distressingly high. Freda Laughlin, having chanced to hear of the birth of a boy to one of the Mission's women-enquirers, entered her house without a notion that she was doing anything strange. She sat down

by the mother, who was covered with only rags, and talked and, presently, took the babe and nursed him, naked as he was, and, after prayer, rose to go, when she discovered that a crowd had collected outside, staggered and horrified that anyone should, for a month, dare to touch a newly-delivered mother and babe. As she stepped into the street, they fled, lest she should chance to touch any of themselves. Not a soul was to be seen. She visited the mother frequently that month, but always the folk fled at her approach. Perhaps, that simple sisterliness of hers may prove to have been the beginning of a kindlier day for Kondistan mothers, when maternity and child-welfare centres will be widely established.

Scott Wells tells of two especial instances when his longing for the presence of a doctor was most intense.

A witch-doctor had been giving trouble in the village of Kritingando, 15 miles from Udayagiri, where there were enquirers, but no confessed Christians. But, presently, his own little daughter became terribly ill, her body and limbs dreadfully swollen. Then he himself came all the way to Udayagiri to beseech the Mission's help. But, because we had no doctor, we could do little !

In a lonely spot not far from us lived a woman witch-doctor, named Sindhu. At times she became so excited with her own incantations that she fell into a trance, and the people regarded her with wonder and fear. But 18 months ago she expressed a desire to live a different life, and, later, she told us that she had cast aside her household dæmon, and she began to attend our services. Then we missed her for a while, but last week she brought to us a man and his wife, who were both ill, and who had betaken themselves to her that she might drive away their

sicknesses. She confessed to them that she had abandoned her witchcraft, and was seeking to follow after Christ, and she persuaded them to allow her to bring them to us. But, when they came, we had not the sufficient skill. We would have given anything for a doctor, who could have helped to clinch their incipient faith.

So we can conceive the relief of the whole Mission Staff when, towards the end of 1929, they learned that Dr. Hugh Craig, of Edinburgh, had volunteered and been accepted for Kond service. The experience he had gained in the Livingstone Dispensary, Edinburgh, and the Mildmay Mission Hospital, London, in the Royal Infirmary Bristol, and the Tropical Diseases Hospital, Liverpool, guaranteed his professional fitness to be the Kond Mission's Medical Officer and the " builder and maker " of the Hill Tracts' first modern hospital. That the lady to whom he was engaged had had a Nurse's full training was an added satisfaction. In 1932, after the successful passing of his second Kui Exam. and his marriage, he was fortunate to be able to confer with the Society's Foreign Secretary, who was re-visiting India and its Hill Tracts, concerning his, perhaps, too cautious Hospital plans ; for he was Scottish. But the sky was full of promise for a good beginning, when of a sudden clouds gathered and darkened. For both he and his wife were stricken with such serious malaria that they had to be rushed home to Scotland, and were soon forbidden to indulge the hope of return to their Indian service. But they contrived to live in loved " Udayagiri," by giving that name to their Edinburgh home. The stricken Mission once more found its pool of promise vanish in mirage.

They felt they could not face again the inadequacies

and anxieties of their own untrained limitations. So, to their exceeding solace, Nurse Mary Gordon was loaned to them from Berhampur. She had for six years served under Doctors Dorothy Daintree and Helen Gregory in its Women's Hospital, with Nurse Halls and, more recently, Nurse Mouncy. She had watched and learned and done so much that she was half a doctor, and she possessed that " innate refinement, the heritage of all choice souls," which Dr. Moorshead called " the supreme qualification of a missionary nurse." " The people love her and are flocking to her," said her Udayagiri colleagues. From her furlough in her native Isle of Man she has sent me some of her most heart-moving reminiscences.

One afternoon a village teacher brought to us a very sick patient called Kadi, the wife of a village headman. She looked desperately ill. Being non-Christians, they had tried various native remedies, but she had only grown worse. Her husband's cousin, a Christian, begged him to take her to the Mission-dispensary, but he had angrily refused. But, at length, she grew so ill that he was afraid, and permitted his cousin to bring her to us. "Now," said the delighted cousin, " she will not only get right medicine and treatment, but many will pray for her, and our Heavenly Father will heal her." So a few Christian men made a simple stretcher and carried her to us the 12 miles, her mother walking with them, but not her troubled husband. For days she lay between life and death. Prayer was made earnestly by us all to God for her. The mother was very silent, but became more friendly, and more interested in all that was said and done. The Christians remained confident that their prayers would be answered. And, presently, she began to respond to treatment and, at length, recovered. She returned to her

village a quiet little thing, saying nothing about all the impressions, which had been made upon her mind, but deeply grateful for our care. Not long after, her husband came to Mr. Evans and said : " Aba ! I have heard that you would like to build a Christian Church in my district. Let me know when you are ready. I will give you all the land you wish."

One morning a company of men roused us very early to go and see a woman named Bangara, who was very ill. Three of us put a few things together and set off with them for the four miles' walk, just as the lovely dawn was breaking. The men went ahead, shouting at the pitch of their voices and brandishing their sticks, to keep off wild animals. On our arrival, a heart-breaking sight met our gaze. The woman was lying terribly ill in a corner of the hut in a narrow strip between the rice-bin and the wall. Several children were in the smoke-filled room, and behind a partition slept the cattle. We told her husband of our great fears that she might not be able to recover. But he said : " She will recover. Your God will answer prayer." So, whilst we did all we could, he and the district pastor and several of the village Christians gave themselves outside to earnest prayer. As we walked back to Udayagiri, we knew that, according to all our text-books, Bangara should die ; but we committed her in prayerful trust to the wonder-working Father. That afternoon we went back in a bullock-bandy, and as we entered the hut, Bangara looked up and smiled. She was manifestly better. When we had tended her, and, before we left, all who had joined in prayer in the morning now lifted up their hearts in praise. For a time we visited her twice daily, and then each day just once. And it was not very long after her full recovery that she and her husband and their eldest son joined the local enquirers' class, and then, later, became whole-hearted Christians and were baptised.

Not that these medical ministries of mercy were ever thought of as "just baits to the body for the winning of the soul." As with the Master-physician, they were gifts lavished freely for their own sake out of hearts overflowing with love. The following is a fascinating story, though of a different kind :

In the village of Bakingando, some seven miles from Udayagiri, the headman is called Nila, and he is wealthy and of great influence. After watching the Christians of his village for some time, he also wanted to learn of Christ Jesus. So he and his wife and their eldest daughter, who was about sixteen, joined the local class of enquirers, and eventually asked to be baptised. Prior to the appointed baptismal day, Nila requested that one of our missionaries should visit him on a certain morning to witness things of importance. With their interest roused, two of our staff journeyed thither. A large crowd, both of Christians and non-Christians, had assembled in font of Nila's imposing house. He explained to the missionaries that, having become a Christian, he was constrained to burn, in the presence of the whole village, all the emblems and vessels associated with his former heathen-worship. Questioned whether he had counted the cost of so drastic an action and of the uproar that might follow, he was firm and undaunted. And the irrevocable thing was done.

Very special prayer was offered that night in the whole district for the safety of Nila and his household, and, indeed, many of us trembled. So we were not surprised, early the next morning, at the arrival of Bakingando Christians with the news that there had been trouble, the non-Christians having done their best that night to frighten Nila, and to assure him that he and his wife and his children would undoubtedly suffer for his destruction of the sacred relics. And, indeed, the messengers added that it seemed to have already come true, for Nila's wife and children were ill.

So we went to Bakingando, wondering and fearful, and greatly relieved, on arrival, to find Nila standing outside his house, and unharmed. We with the medicines entered the house and found the wife and the children in high fever, but in no very great danger. It was, probably, just a psychological reaction, it being not surprising that in the darkness of the night, with their neighbours angrily condemning them, Nila should have been overcome by doubt and fear. But under the assurances and prayers of the missionaries he regained his calm, and once more testified to the people his Saviour's faithful care.

Presently, instead of any manifested wrath, a crowd of sick folk and their friends gathered at Nila's doorway, and we gave them lotions and ointment and quinine. Then we returned with joy to Udayagiri.

During the following days Nila's wife and children recovered, and praise and peace filled all their hearts. On the baptismal morning, when he and his wife and their eldest daughter were to make their confession of Christ, we were a little perturbed at the presence of the man to whom Nila's daughter had been betrothed, but who had broken the bond upon her becoming a Christian. Nila had repaid to him the full sum he had given on the day of the betrothal, but we feared he might be there to make trouble. However, as the mother, the daughter, and the father in turn descended into the water for their witness, nothing disturbed the quiet of that lovely morning, nor the reverence of the service.

Nurse Gordon tells also of the elementary " first aid " and nursing training that they gave to the Udayagiri Hostel girls—for fomentations, dressings, eye-washings, bandagings, etc.—to the girls' growing delight, to say nothing of the excitements of the excursions, when they were allowed to accompany and help the field-dispensaries.

Nevertheless, the necessity for a doctor was more realised than ever, not only to liberate the women-teachers and evangelists for their own so urgent ministries, but to meet the distressing acuteness of the people's medical needs. In April, and again in August, and again in October 1934, the Hills were visited by grievous epidemics of pneumonia and dysentery, of cholera and of small-pox. In the October a number of their Christians died, and others were dangerously ill. One week-end there were three deaths in one district. The death which upset them most was of a charming little girl, the daughter of one of their evangelists, who was studying in the Training College, Cuttack, and who could not reach home to see his dear Esther alive. The grief in the home was overwhelming, so different from the usual ado.

On the top of all this increasing strain and this mourned inadequacy came the cabled news of the sudden death in December, 1934, of Dr. Moorshead: a sorrow, indeed, for the whole Missionary Society and its Medical Auxiliary, whose first and only and noble secretary he had been for thirty-two years; but of especial poignancy for Kondistan. For its long-promised Missionary Hospital had been linked from its inception, as we have seen, with his name. Admiration and affection and gratitude to God for him was to set it in the Hill Tracts, the early sight of whose unrelieved sufferings had so moved his compassions. The hope of seeing it established had been one of the brightest-burning lamps of his later life. With desire he had desired it through the years. That he should have to go, whilst still this dream was unfulfilled, was for the staff at Udayagiri a sore disappointment, and set them among the chief mourners.

But once again they discovered that in the centre of mystery was mercy—mercy for Dr. Moorshead that he went to God, as Henry Ward Beecher prayed that he might go and did go, " not creeping out to death along a low, slow, level delta, but in full cataract of service " ; and mercy even for his mourners in that it quickened their awareness of how great a gift of God to them he had been, and impelled them to determine to speed the building of the Kond Hills' Hospital as the fitting memorial of his completed life.

And so it has already come to pass that more than £3000 out of the estimated £7000 have been raised, and *two* doctors have been settled and busy in Udayagiri for nearly a year, and just such doctors as could have been most desired, Eric Gordon Wilkins and Honor Wilkins, son and daughter-in-law of Gordon S. Wilkins, a B.M.S. missionary leader in almost every Field in Orissa through five and thirty years. Through his mother the younger Gordon has inherited the blood of J. G. Pike, the inspirer and founder of General Baptist Missions. For three years he has served his medical missionary prenticeship under loan to Methodist workers in Sarenga, in Bengal.

Since February, 1936, he and his wife have been as happy as children in the Mission circle in Udayagiri. Acclimatised to India from infancy, he is enjoying the Kond Hills, and, bilingual from childhood, he is quickly getting the Kui. The letters of the two are full of enthusiasm and news, of humanity and humour : news of the magical ice-ball that can make fourteen cubes of ice ; of the kerosene cooking-stove, and Honor's successful loaves and cakes ; of the tennis-court re-cleared and the net resurrected ; of the three borings for water and the exciting results ; of the

" sketo fax " for mosquitoes, that " keeps the blighters off " ; of the little dispensary looking quite workmanlike and the laboratory-bench quite professional ; of the extemporised and already-filled wards in the godowns ; of the moderate charges they are venturing to make for medicines, except to the poorest folk, to conserve the people's independence ; of Beatrice, Bertha and Iris, of Bobby, Billy and Isabel, their truly rural herd of cows and calves, " because their bought milk was getting progressively more watered " ; of Honor's teasings " when I bend my great brain on designing the future Hospital, and when I record my inspirations " ; of the Women's Clinic ; of Jontu, a baby-deer, "for which I fell at once as a present for Honor, a sweet little scrap, which, with his legs tucked up under his head, I could just hold in one hand—of soft brown fur and long ears and dainty little hoofs " ; of the measuring and public purchase of the Hospital site ; of impressive river-baptisms ; of a Kond patient who, cutting wood in the jungle with another, had stumbled on two sleeping bears and been badly mauled and bitten in the thigh ; of another " terribly torn in the mouth and jaw, and lacerated in the thigh, and with a patch of gangrene as large as my hand ; but I am almost daring to hope that he may pull through now " ; of a mild attack of foot and mouth disease in the cows, " which Honor and Freda very nobly joined with me in tackling " ; of the pitiable frequency of T.B. in the Hill Tracts, " running a rapid course," and of venereal diseases ; of putting an ankle of Jontu's in Plaster of Paris ; and of the hopes they entertain of a Kond girl Nikari, gentle and quiet, capable and keen, trained in the Cuttack School and the Berhampur Hospital, leaping to the chance, though married to a Government

teacher, of being their first native nurse. It is also clear from these letters that the Doctor's professional knowledge and care have been pulling one of the new juniors through the perils of his first fevers, which else might easily have necessitated his return.

When Hugh Martin had visited the Kond Hill Tracts, and had seen their pitiful necessities and splendid possibilities, he wrote : " I cannot imagine a greater job for a doctor to give his life to than this." The wedded doctors of Udayagiri will agree. When the due funds are raised, and their Hospital is built, their cup will run over. I dare to trust that every reader of this story will claim a share in this humane and Christian enterprise. For this Kond Hills' Moorshead Memorial Hospital has long been overdue.

" There is no pulpit so influential as a hospital ward, and no pew where the heart is so receptive as in a hospital bed."

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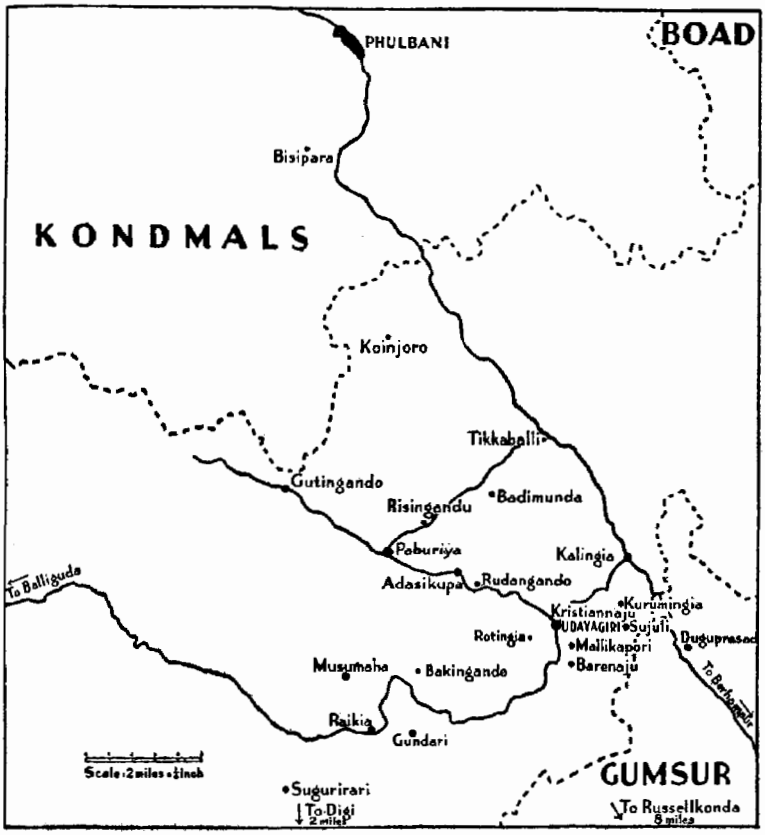

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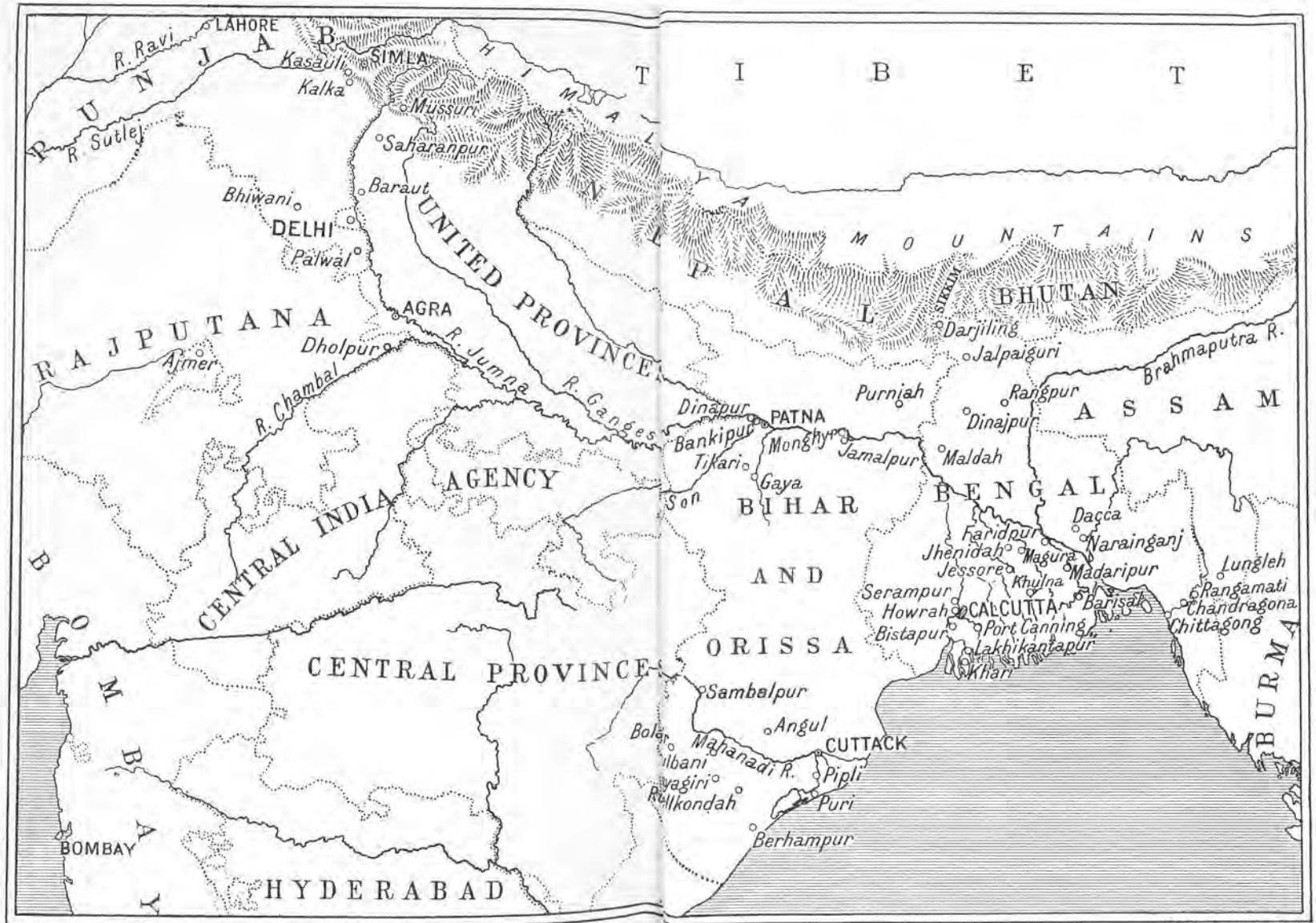

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