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# YARNS ON HEROES OF INDIA

By

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## FOREWORD

"YARNS ON HEROES OF INDIA" is the third of a series of text-books prepared for those who work among boys aged twelve to sixteen. It is thus specially suitable for Boys' Brigade Officers and Scoutmasters. It is written in the belief that stories of missionary adventure appeal to the instincts of hero worship and space hunger, which develop in a boy at this age, and will not only create missionary interest, but will also have a powerful influence in the development of Christian character. Such stories represent Christianity in action, and often show the meaning of Bible truths even better than direct lessons on the Bible itself.

The Yarns themselves are historically true. The realistic detail and local colour give accurate setting without doing violence to the essential facts.

The book is intended for use both with small groups of boys—Study Circles, Scout Patrols, etc.—and also with larger numbers, such as Boys' Brigade Bible Classes. The best results will probably be obtained by the first method, in which case it is possible to get the boys to take part in the discussion and to ask, as well as to answer, questions. But the Yarns are widely used with larger numbers of boys, with very satisfactory results.

The following suggestions on how to use the Yarns may be found useful:—

(1) Any worker among boys knows well that to *tell* a story is infinitely more effective than to read one. Although the Yarns are written in such a way that they can, if necessary, be read to the boys, those who use them are strongly advised to tell them in their own words.

(2) As will be seen from the SUGGESTED TREATMENT following each Yarn, it is regarded as *unadvisable to tell the Yarn first* and then invite the boys to *discuss* it. The main interest is in the story, which ought to be so handled that

the interest is maintained to the end. (Hervey's *Picture Work*, price 1s., gives useful hints on how to tell a story.)

(3) The telling of the Yarn will gain greatly in forcefulness if the AIM given at the head of each set of Notes be kept clearly in mind all the time. The purpose of the book is not simply to provide a series of interesting stories, but to leave a lasting impression in the minds of the boys.

(4) Care should be taken to introduce the lesson in a way likely to grip the attention of the boys. An introduction like "About fifteen years ago" has just the old-time appeal of "Once upon a time," and will get the boys' interest if it introduces some vivid picture. Allusions to current events are always useful. In the Yarn on Dilawur Khan, for instance, the present war has made it easy to introduce the story—by telling of the Frontier Provinces of India, from which so many of our Indian troops have come.

(5) In the Suggested Treatment the Leader is frequently advised to get the boys to build up the story for themselves. An illustration will perhaps be the best way of explaining what is meant by this. In telling the story of Carey in Yarn I.—after picturing Carey watching the preparations of the villagers and discovering the reason for their excitement, it will be found more effective to ask the boys to say *what they think* Carey did than to tell them directly.

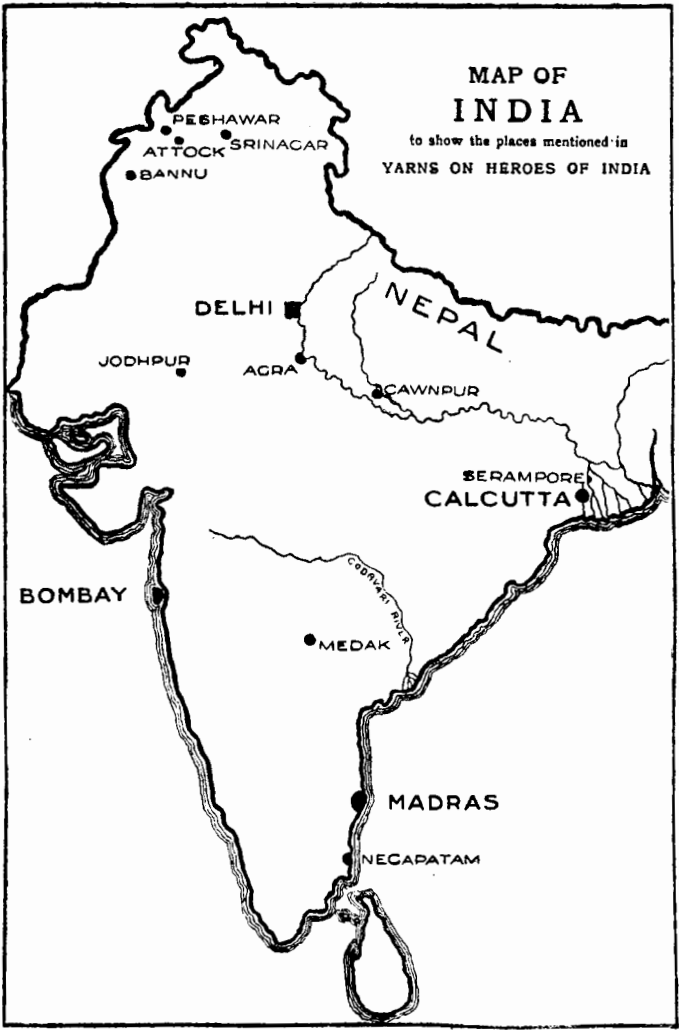
Great care must be taken to avoid asking boys questions to which an obvious answer of a "pious" description is expected. It is not fair to encourage boys in the use of "pious" language. A boy's religion does not work that way, and no one knows better than the boy himself how unnatural it is.

(6) Questions requiring answers can only be used as a rule with small classes of boys, but some of the questions in the Suggested Treatment will be found useful, when addressing larger audiences, if used rhetorically, *i.e.* not for the purpose of getting an answer, but for arresting attention.

(6) The ADDITIONAL INFORMATION is intended to help those who use the Yarns in answering questions and explaining the story more fully. It has been specially selected with a view to helping those who follow the Suggested Treatment.

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# I

## Given to the Flames

William Carey

(Date of Incident, April 1799)

THE hot glare of a fierce Indian summer sun was smiting the still waters of the Hugli<sup>1</sup> river. There was hardly a breath of air. So brilliant was the light upon the water that the strongest eyes could hardly bear to look upon the stream. About five miles above a village called Noya Serai<sup>2</sup> a boat was drifting slowly along. Thick matting hung on each side of a small cabin. Two Indians sat listlessly in the stern; one held a paddle, which he occasionally dipped into the stream.

"The Sahib is asleep, Ram Nelu,"<sup>3</sup> whispered the oarsman.

"Nay, Chaitanya,<sup>4</sup> he reads the book and mutters the words of our language; never does he rest from the labour of the tongue."

A low murmuring sound came from the cabin. It was the repetition of some difficult Bengali words, and through a chink in the matting Chaitanya could see his master, William Carey, poring over some books. The perspiration was rolling down the reader's pale face, but despite the oppressive heat and discomfort of the tiny

<sup>1</sup> Hoo-gee.

<sup>2</sup> Rahm Nay-loo.

<sup>3</sup> Noy-ah Ser-I.

<sup>4</sup> Chf-tahn-yah.



cabin, he never paused in his task. As the day waned the heat became less intense, a slight breeze rose and rippled the water. Ram Nelu and Chaitanya aroused themselves and thrust in their paddles, and the boat rapidly approached the village.

Carey rolled up the matting and put his books away. "Is that Niaverai,<sup>1</sup> Ram Nelu?" he said, pointing to the huts.

"We call it Noya Serai, Sahib."

"It is the same. I am tired with sitting so long in the boat. Put me on shore there, and I will walk a few miles down the bank."

Carey stepped ashore, and, picking his way carefully through some tangled reeds, ascended the bank and walked towards the village. At such an hour the steps leading to the stream would ordinarily have been thronged with women drawing water, and men coming from the fields. They were now deserted. No one was in the streets. Wondering, Carey passed along, looking occasionally into the empty huts. On the outskirts of the village he found a considerable crowd of villagers gathered.

As he drew near he saw that some Hindus were placing wood and making a kind of square stack a few yards from the water's edge. Others were evidently purchasing additional wood from a Brahman vendor. Several strong-looking men had long bamboo poles in their hands.

"Brothers," said Carey, advancing towards the men who stood around the pile of wood, "why have you gathered together in this place?"

<sup>1</sup> Nee-ah-ver-I.

"To do honour to the gods, and speed a brother to his new abode," was the reply of a Hindu, as he drew aside a cloth and revealed the body of a dead man. The skin was shining as though oil had been rubbed upon it, the long scalp-lock lay across the forehead, and caste-marks had been newly painted on the face.

Carey bowed his head respectfully in the presence of the dead. "You would burn his body," he said, "and cast the ashes on the river?"

A woman, clad in soft, clinging garments, standing near the funeral pile, raised her head as the Hindu pointed to her and replied, "She also goes with her husband, and burns with him." As he spoke the body was lifted upon the pile and laid across the wood.

Carey had often heard of the awful sacrifice of the Hindu widow on the funeral pyre of her dead husband, but the horror of the crime had hardly been realised by him. Now as he looked upon the gentle, sorrowful face of the woman before him a chill swept through his veins, and his spirit rose in revolt against so barbarous a custom.

"Does *she* consent to this?" he asked, pointing to the widow.

"It is her prayer, her joy, her one desire, Sahib; life would be unendurable for her without her husband. She attains glory by passing through the fire with him, and her will is strong to mount the pyre."

"Nay, brother, life is a sacred gift of God. It is for Him to say when it must end. Await His will. To compel this woman to die after this

terrible fashion is to commit a murder. God will avenge innocent blood. This must not be."

"It is our custom, Sahib: you must not interfere. Already our brethren standing round us resent your coming to this sacred spot. Were the sun to cast your shadow upon the dead, the anger of my people would burst out against you. It is the woman's will. We use no compulsion."

The Hindu was speaking truly when he said that the villagers were becoming angry. Voices were raised commanding Carey to leave the spot, and sticks were flourished when he stepped forward and spoke to the woman.

"Sister," he said, "life must not be thrown away in this or in any fashion. God will judge you for it. If you are being forced, then this is a cruel murder and I shall bear witness against these men before the tribunal of God."

"It is my will and desire," replied the widow, in an even, monotonous tone, as she lifted her heavy eyes and looked for a moment towards Carey. A relative of the dead man pressed forward and placed a basket of sweetmeats in her hand. Then, leading her, the twain paced slowly three times around the pile. Pausing after the third circuit, the widow scattered sweetmeats among the crowd. Again three times she went round, then having emptied the basket, ascended the pile, and raising her hands above her head, danced a few steps as though rejoicing at a marriage-feast. But her eyes were fixed and sad, and her pale face bore the impress of a terrible sorrow and fear. Carey watched her with a sympathy that was agonising in its intensity.

His mind was in a ferment, as he realised his utter impotence in the face of this awful tragedy.

She lay down beside the poor dead body, slipped one arm under its neck and the other over it, and with one long yearning look around, lay passive while the dry leaves and rushes were piled above them. Presently nothing was seen of the living woman and the dead form of her husband. Higher the pile rose. Melted butter was then poured upon it, and the strong men with the long bamboos advanced and laid them across the brushwood and upon the forms which lay beneath. A man stood at each end of the bamboos and pressed them down until they acted like the levers of a press. Thus the woman was imprisoned as in a cage of steel.

A silence profound as death now fell upon the people. Carey felt his heart beating furiously, and the horror of the whole scene held him as though spell-bound. A torch was thrust into the rushes and kept there for a few moments; then the fire ran swiftly over the mass. A great cry of "Hurree-Bol, Hurree-Bol," was raised by the people, and as the blaze caught the wood and turned the whole mass into a burning furnace, shrieks and songs of triumph burst from the crowd, and were continued in a storm of frenzied excitement.

Thus no cry could be heard from the blazing pile, but the bamboos held across by the men suddenly moved as though some strong power had thrust at them from beneath. Carey realised what it meant and shouted in an agonised voice to the men, commanding them to remove the

bamboos and let the tortured woman escape from her terrible position. Again a wild chorus of triumph burst from the crowd, the men pressed the bamboos down more firmly, and there was no further movement from the fire.

Volumes of black smoke arose and drifted across the river; then the wood blazed fiercely again. Carey knew that the tragedy was nearly completed, and that the bodies of husband and wife would soon be reduced to ashes. The men in the crowd recounted the virtues of the brave and faithful wife whose constant love the flames had not been able to daunt, and the women sang her praises. The sun was now near its setting, and the tragedy seemed to have its reflection in the blood-red sky and gathering gloom. At least it seemed so to William Carey as he looked upon the place where a living woman had met so horrible and cruel a death, and the tears rose in his eyes as he thought of the heathenism which made so foul an occurrence possible. The darkness, which falls so quickly in India, was shrouding the river in mysterious gloom, and the ashes of the dead were being gathered to be flung upon the stream. Carey hurried away from the place of the sacrifice and hailed his boat.

Chaitanya lifted up a torch to light him so that he might step on board in safety. The Indian was startled at the ghastly paleness of his master's face.

"Art thou bitten by a serpent, Sahib?" he said, thinking of the venom of the angry cobra.

"A serpent indeed, Chaitanya, wicked, poisonous, cruel and deadly. I have seen an awful sight

to-day, but, thank God, I know One who can bruise the serpent's head, and He will yet give freedom and life to the widows of India."

Carey, with an indelible picture of the terrible scene burnt upon his heart, went into his little cabin. He drew down the matting and fastened it, but he could neither rest nor sleep. The boat dropped slowly down the stream, while Chaitanya and Ram Nelu nodded drowsily at their oars.

The remembrance of that sight never left Carey. His naturally cheerful spirit was inflamed to indignation all his life through, and it was his influence, more than that of any other one man, that at last prevailed to put out for ever the murderous pyre.

## NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS

### YARN I

**AIM.**—To show how much a man can do for others when he believes that God has called him to do it.

### Suggested Treatment

1. Describe the meeting at Nottingham (May 1792)—Carey's vision contrasted with the narrow ideals of the other men—his bold proposal and his practical application. (Ask what the maxim means.) Tell of the result of the meeting—the foundation of the missionary society—the opposition aroused. Why did people oppose the idea?

2. Who was Carey? Tell about his boyhood and his youth—his struggle against poverty. This will appeal to most boys.

3. In India six years later. Tell the Yarn. Get the boys, if possible, to build up the story for themselves. (e.g. Ask—what do you think Carey said when he realised what the villagers were going to do? Do you suppose he made any resolve when he got back to the boat?) Tell of Carey's efforts for the abolition of widow-burning, and of his ultimate success.

4. How did Carey get such influence with the Government? Emphasise the extraordinary variety of work that he did for India.

5. Why did Carey do all this work? Bring out that it was all in keeping with his own teaching—"Expect great things from God: attempt great things for God."

### Additional Information

**Carey's Famous Sermon.**—In May 1792 an epoch-making meeting of ministers was held at Nottingham.

In the ordinary sense of the words it was a meeting of unimportant men—inexperienced, poor, and ignorant village preachers; but it became famous because one of the number, William Carey, preached a sermon that, in those days, was an astonishing one. Carey declared, in the face of scornful opposition on the part of older members, that the time had come for Christian people to consider how they might obey more truly Christ's command to spread His Gospel throughout the whole world, and he applied the sermon in the now famous maxim, "Expect great things from God: attempt great things for God." The result was the founda-

tion some months later of the Baptist Missionary Society. In March 1793 Carey, along with another, was set apart as a missionary to India. The idea aroused much opposition, and the movement was denounced as revolutionary. People sneered at the whole proposal, and even Carey's own father asked, "Is William mad?"

**Carey's Early Days.**—Carey was the son of a poor weaver in a Northamptonshire village. As a boy he was fond of all boyish recreations of the time and was very popular with his companions. Birds and insects were his special hobby. Because of his love for finding out things he was nicknamed "Columbus." When he was sixteen he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and for twelve years he followed the trade. During this time he was always poor, his poverty being intensified at one period by his chivalrously supporting the widow of one of his masters who died when Carey was under him. His cobbler's shed, however, was his college, and he gained a knowledge of books most unusual in rustics of that day or even of the present time.

After a time he added to his slender income by becoming a village preacher, and he finally took charge of the church and school at Moulton for the princely salary of £35 a year! His reading of *Cook's Voyages* had made him interested in heathen lands, and that, added to his Christian convictions, gave him the vision which was the foundation for the sermon at Nottingham above referred to.

**India in the Early Nineteenth Century.**—When Carey arrived in India, the small part of the country at that time in British hands was still under the control of the East India Company. That Company, with its complete monopoly of Indian trade, had used India largely for its own profit, and was accordingly hostile to anything in the nature of missionary endeavour. Carey, in fact, was only able to land in Calcutta because he had come in a Danish steamer. It was not possible for any one with Carey's intentions to receive official permission to reside in India. Carey's early days in Bengal were therefore extremely difficult, and, with a few brilliant exceptions, the English population was not only indifferent but hostile. For a time, Carey's only hope of being permitted to live in India was to accept a post as an indigo-planter.

**The Abolition of Widow-Burning.**—The burning of widows was one of the most flagrant evils in India at the time when Carey arrived there. The incident depicted in the Yarn affected Carey deeply, and he spent unwearied effort in persuading the Government to abolish the terrible custom. On three different occasions he prepared memorials to the Government on the subject, and if Lord Wellesley had remained Governor-General, Carey would probably have succeeded in getting the custom abolished as early as the year 1808. It was, as a matter of fact, 1829 before the



Government in India finally declared that anyone who participated in the custom would in future be held guilty of culpable homicide. We are told that on the memorable day on which Carey received notification of this action of the Government he was busy preparing his sermon—for it was a Sunday morning—but that he immediately “sent for another to do the preaching, and at once prepared the official translation and had it issued in the *Bengali Gazette*, so that not another day might be added to the black catalogue of many centuries.” From the Battle of Plassey (1757) to 1829, many thousands of Hindu widows were burned alive.

**Carey's Work for India.**—The work that Carey did for India during the forty years he lived there was colossal, both in its variety and in the effect it had on the future of India. Only a life consecrated to a definite purpose could have achieved such results. A full account of the activities in which Carey was engaged will be found in Dr Smith's *Life of William Carey*.

Carey, along with his brother missionaries, Marshman and Ward, founded the “*Brotherhood*” at Serampore, and from that centre there was conducted an immense variety of work. It was the Serampore Brotherhood, in fact, that first proved what the work of missions could do for India. Carey himself was one of the *founders of Indian education*. He was responsible for the starting of many native schools, and also of the famous Serampore College for the higher education of Indians. When Lord Wellesley founded in Calcutta a college for the training of civil servants, Carey was made Professor of Sanskrit. He also did notable work as a *scientist*, and was one of India's first *agricultural reformers*. He was the founder of the Agri-Horticultural Society of India.

Standing above all Carey's work is the work he did in *translating the Bible* into the native languages and dialects of India. Year by year he pursued this task, and he was responsible for the translation of the whole Bible into about thirty different Indian languages. His work had much to do indirectly with the foundation of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

**Books for Reference.**—*Life of William Carey*, by Dr George Smith (*Everyman's Library*).

## II

### Cast up by the Sea

Alexander Duff

(Dates of Incidents, 1829 and 1830)

ONE evening as the shadows were stealing over the ancient city of St Andrews, four young men might have been seen walking along the shore. The waves were lapping gently, and far out the brown sail of a solitary fishing boat showed on the skyline.

“A wee boat and a wide sea, Urquhart, and many a danger lying near,” said one of the young men, pointing to the distant sail. He was tall and well-made, and you could tell at a glance that he was a thoughtful and keen student. As he spoke his eye lighted up.

Urquhart smiled at his friend as he replied, “But a strong hand is at the helm, Duff, and there is a path through the waters though no man sees it. He knoweth the way that I take; when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.”

The four young men were looking out upon life's wide and mysterious sea from the shore of the homeland, and God, who marks out the way for every voyager, had planned that they should all carry the Gospel of the Love of God to far-off India and China.

In a quiet room in the ancient University city Duff was sitting, gazing thoughtfully into the embers of the fire. It was night, the curtains were closely drawn, and an unlighted lamp stood upon a little table. Through the gloom, as the fire rose and fell, rows of books could be seen. Alexander Duff was one of the most brilliant students of the University, an honours man in Greek, Latin, Logic and Natural Philosophy. He was ambitious, and dreamed of great achievements and success in life.

Not a sound, save the distant hiss of the waves on the beach, broke the silence as he stared into the fire. His thoughts must have been solemn ones, for after a time he slipped quietly from his chair and knelt down. As he bent his head his lips quivered as though with some powerful emotion. He was passing through the greatest crisis of his life. Before his vision there arose a picture of the unnumbered millions of heathen India, and he seemed to realise in his own heart their dark and lost condition.

"O Lord," he said at length, "there is a mighty work to be done, but I have little. Silver and gold to give to this cause I have none, but—I offer Thee myself—wilt Thou accept the gift? Thou art calling me to this service away from all that I hold dear. Give me grace to follow whither Thou dost point the way."

He remained on his knees, while the fire sank down and darkness filled the room, and when he arose Alexander Duff had made up his mind to give his life to India.

Then he thought of what he had to give up.

His future career, the prizes which he knew he could win, friends, home, fame, and all in order to toil in a heathen land across thousands of miles of tossing sea. India was far away in 1829, a six months' voyage around the stormy Cape of Good Hope, and life there seemed like banishment from all that a scholar holds dear. Did God demand so great a giving up? Were there not victories for the Gospel to be won in Scotland?

Next morning all doubt was cleared away from his mind. India was God's call to him and he must obey. As the sun lighted up the study his eyes fell upon the many rows of books, and he smiled. Here at least were friends from whom he need not be parted. He could take them to that far-off Eastern land and continue a friendship which had become a part of his life. He would pack them carefully and lodge them in the home that he would make in India, and they should be his solace and only prize. God would not ask him to give up the books that meant so much to him.

Some months afterwards he stood upon the decks of a stately East Indiaman and watched with jealous eyes the heavy boxes being swung aboard.

"Carefully, men," he said with a smile, "they are heavy, but very precious. Keep them dry—they are books."

"Books, is they?" said a sailor. "I thought they was bars of lead!"

It was a wild night off the South African coast near the Cape. Tempestuous seas had been running

for several days. A heavy gloom rested upon the stormy waters and the white foam was being driven with all the force of a hurricane.

Suddenly an East Indiaman appeared on the crest of the waves. The masthead lights showed for an instant and then disappeared. The vessel was carrying nothing but her topsails, but still she was being impelled forward with great speed. Her captain knew that somewhere in the darkness the African shores were lying, and dreaded a dangerous sandbank which runs some fifty miles along the coast. His soundings had already warned him that he was nearing the shoaling water. An anxious watch was therefore being kept, although the passengers had been reassured and were now trying to sleep in their cabins beneath the poop.

Four bells (ten o'clock) was striking when the Indiaman leaped madly upon the crest of a huge wave, and the next instant there was a crash, a sickening thud which made the stout planks shiver, and the masts went by the board. Part of the bulwarks were crushed in the fall, and a torrent of water swept along the deck.

"Heaven help us, she is foundering!" cried out the captain. "Cast loose the boats. Bear a hand and cheerily, my lads; launch the gig."

"It's no use, sir," was the answer, "the gig is matchwood now. The mainmast crushed it when it fell."

"Is the long-boat sound?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Then cast the tackles off, lay on to the ropes,

my lads, and swing her out. Pass the word for the women to fall in under the shelter of the poop. Count them as they come up. Send a lad to arouse the sleepers."

"No need for that, sir, the passengers are all on deck, and awaiting orders."

By this time the heavy clouds had parted, and a dim, watery moon shed a flickering light upon the scene. All the passengers were huddled together under the poop, clad in such garments as they could seize in their terrified haste. A strong voice uttered some reassuring words and then said, "Brethren, we are in the hands of a merciful God, let us pray to Him for deliverance." Sobs were hushed and every head was bowed, as the speaker lifted up his voice in prayer. The roughest sailor paused for a moment in his toil and joined in the fervent "Amen" which ended the petition.

Midnight passed and still the waves beat fiercely upon the doomed vessel. When the first streaks of morning showed over the waste of angry waters the wind had decreased, and the wearied seamen strained anxious eyes towards the place where the land ought to be.

To their joy they saw that they were stranded upon a reef which ended in a long, low island, so that if the waves moderated a little they might win their way to land. With some difficulty the long-boat was launched and the women and the married men took their places in it. They reached the shore and the boat then returned, until finally every soul was rescued. Hardly had the last load reached the shore when the Indiaman

was broken in pieces by the violence of the waves, and drifting wreckage alone showed where a noble vessel had met her fate.

The wearied, drenched voyagers rejoiced as the strong rays of the African sun warmed their chilled bodies, and soon the seamen set about making fires in order to cook the food brought with them in the boat. Several men wandered along the shore to see if they could rescue anything valuable from the floating wreckage.

As the passengers stood around one of the fires a sailor was seen approaching with something in his hand. It was wrapped in chamois leather, soft and sodden with the water, but when the parcel was opened two books were seen within. One was a quarto copy of a Bible and the other a Scottish Psalm Book. On the fly-leaf of each was written a name, "Alexander Duff." Of all the precious books, nearly a thousand volumes, packed so carefully and lovingly by the missionary before he left Scotland, only two were left, and these had been cast up by the waves and flung upon the shore.

The message was not lost upon the thoughtful scholar, who looked down upon all that was left of his treasures. "The Word of God, which abideth for ever," was written indelibly upon his mind, and henceforward he determined that the Holy Scriptures should be his constant study and continued joy and inspiration.

Calling the shipwrecked people around him, Alexander Duff read from the sacred Book so wonderfully preserved the 107th Psalm. "O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good: for His

mercy endureth for ever," and then they sang in the stately words of the Scottish Psalter :

"They mount to heav'n, then to the depths  
they do go down again ;  
Their soul doth faint and melt away  
with trouble and with pain.  
They reel and stagger like one drunk,  
at their wits' end they be :  
Then they to God in trouble cry,  
who them from straits doth free.

The storm is chang'd into a calm  
at His command and will ;  
So that the waves, which rag'd before,  
now quiet are and still.  
Then are they glad, because at rest  
and quiet now they be :  
So to the haven He them brings,  
Which they desir'd to see."



## NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS

### YARN II

**AIM.**—To show the value of the Bible as an influence on men's lives.

#### Suggested Treatment

1. Tell the first part of the Yarn—Duff at St Andrews (See also Additional Information.) Ask why it must have been difficult for him to come to his decision. (*e.g.* To go to India in those days was much more of a sacrifice than nowadays.) It involved for Duff the throwing away of certain success at home, and the choosing of a career that had no definite prospects.

2. Describe the shipwreck. Explain how Duff came to be there. Get the boys to picture the scene,—Duff, after eagerly looking forward to India, shipwrecked—then the Bible found and brought to him. Ask the boys what impression they think would be made on Duff.

3. Describe Duff's zeal for his work in India, and picture the beginning of his work and the opposition it created. Emphasise the position held in Duff's estimation by the teaching of the Bible.

4. Give an idea of the greatness of the work that resulted from Duff's decision at St Andrews, and from the value he attached to the Bible. Describe the position of honour that he finally held.

#### Additional Information

**Duff at St Andrews.**—In 1821, Alexander Duff, aged fifteen, entered as a student at St Andrews University. He was born and received his schooling in the Perthshire Highlands, and, as in many other cases, his life received many deep impressions from the silence and grandeur of the hills among which he spent his boyhood. St Andrews, the oldest of the Scottish Universities, was an ideal training ground for the future missionary.

Whilst a student at the University, Duff gained an increasing interest in Foreign Missions, and he and some of his companions founded a Students' Missionary Society. The Society was an extraordinary creation in those days, and the College authorities refused to provide accommodation for its meetings. It produced ten missionaries from every hundred students—a great record for any time, and especially for the early years of the nineteenth century.

Duff's life at St Andrews was a natural preparation for the

decision he made at the end of it. When the Church of Scotland Committee asked him to go to India to take charge of the proposed school for boys in Bengal, Duff was ready. A man was wanted "of distinguished talents" who would "forego the prospect of a settlement at home corresponding to his merits, for the purpose of devoting himself to labour in a distant land, without any prospect of earthly reward." Such a man was Duff, and he could not refuse the offer. In May 1829, he was appointed the first Missionary of the Church of Scotland.

**Shipwreck.**—A long sea voyage was in those days a hazardous enterprise. The voyage of the *Lady Holland* was from first to last exciting. (See Smith's *Life*, chap. iii.). After being driven by winds towards the South American coast, she turned and made for the Cape of Good Hope, which she approached after a voyage of about four months from London. At 10 o'clock at night she ran on to a reef of rocks. The passengers were landed on an island, 11 miles off the mainland, and from there they were eventually taken off by a warship. It was on the beach of the island that the Bible and Psalm-book with Duff's name written in them were found. All Duff's books were lost in the shipwreck except forty, and all of these, except the Bible and Psalm-book, were reduced to pulp. The passengers were all impressed by what they regarded as a real message from God.

**Development of Education in India.**—The pioneers of our empire in India were slow to realise the importance of educating the people. For a long time English was learned only by a few Indians who found it useful for trade purposes. In fact, until the year 1813 education was little encouraged. When Duff landed in 1830, not more than 500 children were learning English in Calcutta, and the attempts made in other parts of India were few.

Duff surveyed the whole situation, and saw the vital importance of spreading education if any real progress were to be made against the superstition of the existing religious systems in India. The work of education which he personally accomplished in Calcutta had much to do with the future development of the educational system in India, and his influence can be traced in all the progress that was made throughout the nineteenth century.

**The Need for Bible Teaching.**—Duff was, however, from the start, very conscious of the danger of giving education apart from definite religious teaching. He saw that the spread of Western education would break down the superstitions of Indian religious beliefs, and that if there were not some definite teaching of Christianity given, the position would be worse than ever. In one of his speeches he says: "If in that land you do give the people knowledge without religion, rest assured that it is the greatest blunder, politically speaking, that ever was committed. Having free access to the whole range of our English literature and science, they will despise and reject their own absurd systems

of learning. Once driven out of their own systems they will inevitably become infidels in religion."

**Duff's First School.**—When Duff started his first school in Calcutta, therefore, he made it quite clear that "religion was to be the animating spirit which was to pervade and hallow all." After considerable difficulties in finding anyone willing to give him accommodation, he started with about half a dozen pupils: that number was soon increased, and in July 1830 Duff opened his college. The picture is a striking one. "Standing up . . . the Christian missionary prayed the Lord's Prayer slowly in Bengali—a sight, an hour, ever to be remembered." Then there came the more critical act. Himself putting a copy of the gospels into their hands, the missionary requested some of the older pupils to read. There was some murmuring among them, and this found voice in the protest of a Bengali leader, "We are not Christians. How then can we read it?" Duff, however, met all remonstrances, and in this he was greatly helped by an enlightened Hindu Rajah, by name Ram Mohan Roy.

The success of Duff's experiment was assured; the college grew in size, and soon became a force in Indian life. Its influence was so marked, that after a year a cry was raised that Hinduism was in danger. One forenoon, as the result of a threatening article in one of the Calcutta papers, only six students turned up instead of three hundred! It appeared that drastic action was to be taken against all students who went to Duff's college. The opposition was worn down, however, and the panic lasted hardly a week.

**Duff's Fame.**—By his speeches and his personal influence he became one of the most famous men in the Church of Scotland, and, afterwards, in the Free Church of Scotland. When he died the whole country was full of his life-work. His funeral in Edinburgh was a sight never forgotten by those who witnessed it.

**Books for Reference.**—*Life of Alexander Duff*, by Dr George Smith (Hodder & Stoughton); *History of Missions in India* (pp. 178-192), by Richter.

### III

## A Massacre that made a Man Think

Shekh Salih

(Date of Incident, *circa* 1795)

“DRIVE in the pegs with all thy force, Shekh Salih.<sup>1</sup> It is not every day we build a *shamiana*<sup>2</sup> for a Prince. Make all secure.”

“Fear not, O Pir Khan,<sup>3</sup> the tent shall stand.” With a mighty swing of his mallet Shekh Salih drove the last peg home. He wiped the perspiration from his forehead and sauntered round the great tent, examining the ropes and making certain that all was secure.

He was a stalwart Mohammedan trooper, and round him were grouped some hundred or more horsemen. Their horses were knee-haltered about thirty yards away, and while a dozen men put the finishing touches to the *shamiana* (state tent), the rest of the troopers were busy preparing their morning meal. They were of the Mahratta race, fierce, truculent irregulars belonging to a regiment raised and led by Ibrahim Ali Khan,<sup>4</sup> the trusted general of the Rajah of Jodhpur.

“Who comes, Pir Khan?” asked Shekh Salih.

“That concerns thee not: 'tis thy office to receive commands, and obey without questioning.

<sup>1</sup> Shekh Sah-lee.

<sup>2</sup> Peer Khahn.

<sup>3</sup> Shah-mee-ah-nah.

<sup>4</sup> Ke-brah-heem Ah-lee Khahn.

Time will show." Pir Khan drew a heavy pistol from his belt and examined the flint and priming. Striking the butt with his hand he watched the grains of powder slip into the hole where the flint would strike. "'Tis a sure weapon, Salih," he said with a meaning smile, "which never fails me," and clinking his spurred heels together he swaggered away.

"Ah," muttered a trooper who was tying a pennon below his lance-head, "Pir Khan means mischief, Salih, thou wilt see."

His speech was interrupted by the thud of a galloping horse, and the troopers immediately sprang to their feet and seized their lances. Before the rider reached them they were drawn up in line, each man rigid as a statue.

The richly dressed horseman drew up his horse almost upon its haunches. He was a bearded man, with fierce, glancing eyes. Many jewels glittered on his turban and embroidered cloak. His horse, a black stallion of Arab breed, pawed the ground impatiently.

Pir Khan saluted and stood in silence before the newcomer, Ibrahim Ali Khan. For a few moments the chief stared gloomily into the face of his captain.

"The tent is ready, I see," he said at length.

"Ready, Excellency; the furnishings are of silk and gold. It is fit for a Prince to live in."

"To live in, Pir Khan, sayest thou?" A slight emphasis upon the word "live" made the captain smile once again. "Are the men prepared to act when the signal is given?"

"I have chosen twenty trusty men who are quick and capable."

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"It is well. Who is that man?"—he pointed to Shekh Salih—"his face is strange to me."

"Shekh Salih of Dehli, Excellency. He was one of the servants of the King of Oudh: he knows nothing of the business of to-day, but will doubtless take his part when the need arises."

"If he falters, thrust thy lance through him. It is necessary for every man to take a share in this day's work. Rao Svak Singh<sup>1</sup> stands high in the esteem of many, and injury done to him will bring many avengers."

"Have no fear, Excellency; when Pir Khan undertakes a work he sees that it is done completely, and in this case the reward is great."

Ibrahim Ali Khan touched his horse with the spur and swung round as on a pivot, and in an instant was galloping back in the direction whence he had come. Pir Khan and the Mahrattas mounted their horses and followed. Shekh Salih and some half-dozen men were left to guard the camp.

"Mischief is preparing," said Salih to himself, as he walked to and fro, the sun glinting on the point of his long lance. "I am in the company of leopards and they are making ready to spring upon their prey. I have seen much bloodshed in their company and am tired of treachery and cruelty."

The beating of drums and blare of trumpets made him look toward the city across the plain. A brilliant cavalcade was rapidly approaching. Pir Khan and his troopers, their pennons flying and spear-heads glancing like fire, rode as escort to a company whose magnificent dresses betokened

<sup>1</sup> Row (as in rout) Say-vak Singh.

high rank. Ibrahim Ali Khan, his face lit up with smiles, was riding gaily alongside a man of about twenty-five years of age. It was the Prince Rao Sevak Singh, who, with an escort of ten of his chief friends, was about to hold a conference with Ibrahim Ali Khan. By this conference it was hoped that a long-standing feud would be ended in a friendly alliance. At the door of the *shamiana* Ibrahim dismounted and held the stirrup of the Prince.

"Lean upon my shoulder, Prince," he said, "and let this be a token of a coming alliance."

"Thou art a true friend, Ibrahim Ali Khan, to Jodhpur—and to me. Thou art ever true to thy salt."

"Welcome, my lord Prince," said Pir Khan as he lifted up the heavy curtains.

With smiling courtesy the Prince and his comrades entered and the curtains closed behind them. The Mahratta horsemen drew up in a circle around the tent and some twenty or twenty-five dismounted, and took up their positions as guards. Within, sounds of gay talk and laughter told that Ibrahim and his guests were on the best of terms. Suddenly Ibrahim appeared at the doorway.

"I can find out in a moment, my lord Prince," he said in a loud tone as the curtains rose and fell behind him. He looked at Pir Khan, who stood pistol in hand. There was a flash of steel, and in an instant every rope was severed by the troopers. The guide ropes which held the central pole were dragged to one side and the great tent collapsed and fell upon its inmates. The Prince

and his comrades were involved in the soft, clinging folds. As they struggled to extricate themselves the long lances were thrust through the fabric into them. There were shrieks of agony and rage. Again and again the savage troopers drove their lance-heads through, shouting their battle-cry as they did so.

Suddenly a sharp knife swept through the folds, and the Prince leaped from the tent. A pistol cracked and Pir Khan darted forward. The Prince staggered and fell. There was a rush towards him; daggers shone in the sunlight and descended again and again. Then upon a lance was seen a gory head, and Pir Khan, shouting a savage yell of triumph, leaped upon his horse and brandished the horrible trophy in the air.

"It is done, my lord," he cried to his chief, Ibrahim Ali Khan. "Jodhpur is avenged of his enemy. We have triumphed; Sevak Singh is no more."

At a word the Mahratta horsemen circled round the tent of death, but Shekh Salih sat pale and trembling.

"By Allah," he said, "this is terrible, my heart is cold and dead," and as he rode with his triumphant comrades towards the city a strange loathing filled his soul. His conscience, aroused by the awful scene which had been enacted under his eyes, terrified him. A new feeling stirred within him, a vague longing for he knew not what. He began to think, and somehow his thoughts were all coloured by a sense of deep shame which he could not banish from his mind. One thing was clear; he must leave the employ-



ment of Ibrahim Ali Khan, and give up for ever the old life of recklessness which had led him into treachery and crime. He loved the excitement of the fluttering pennon and jingling sword, but now he realised that some things might be purchased at too great a cost.

As soon as he could obtain his discharge he left the Mahratta horsemen and went to Cawnpur. In that busy city he tried to forget, but again and again his thoughts returned to the idea of judgment and punishment for wrongdoing.

One day—it was the Sabbath day of the Christians—he chanced to hear an English missionary chaplain, Henry Martyn by name, preaching on the Ten Commandments to a crowd of Mohammedans. The words “Thou shalt do no murder,” went to his heart like the stroke of a dagger. The picture drawn by the preacher of the righteous judgments of God brought his thoughts to a point whence there was no escape. He felt condemned, not only by his own conscience, but by the laws of God. Again and again he went to hear Martyn, and then he learned the story of the Redeemer, who was the Saviour of repentant men.

After many months of anxious seeking he determined to put the teaching to the test. He became a Christian and was baptised, taking the name of Abdul Masih<sup>1</sup> (“the servant of Christ”). For some years he studied the New Testament, and then eagerly accepted an offer to become a preacher to his Moslem brethren.

With all the unflinching courage of a true

<sup>1</sup> Ahb-dool-Mah-see.

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soldier he set out on his new mission. It was an uphill, dangerous task, but he did not falter, and although he never forgot that terrible massacre on the sunlit plain outside the Indian city, his heart found rest in the thought of a greater tragedy which once took place outside the city of Jerusalem, when One, whom he had learned to love as his Saviour, was slain by cruel hands that peace might be won for foolish, wicked men.

## NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS

### YARN III

**AIM.**—To show how God can change a man's life.

#### Suggested Treatment

1. Tell the story of the murder of Sevak Singh.
2. Depict the conscience-stricken trooper, Shekh Salih. Tell the class about his early life. Why did "a strange loathing fill his soul?" Why did he have a "vague longing" after something he did not possess? Try to bring out that the Mohammedan had no knowledge of the true way of obtaining forgiveness. A Christian would have asked God to forgive him, and would have felt that God heard his prayer.
3. Tell the story of Shekh Salih's conversion. Get the boys to discuss what there is in Christianity that attracted a man like Salih. He already knew the Ten Commandments, but that did not satisfy him. What attracted him was the idea of a God who loved him and was ready to help him to lead the straight life. To Shekh Salih this was an entirely new conception.
4. Tell about his subsequent life—how he was the first Mohammedan convert in India to be ordained. Ask why it was that the man, who had in his early days delighted in wild excitement and desperate adventure, came to be satisfied with the peaceful life of a preacher of the Gospel.

To many boys the earlier life may seem much more attractive. The answer is, of course, that all the elements in the former kind of life—courage, bravery, devotion, etc.—are needed in the life of the Christian disciple. All these traits of character were used by God and transformed for His service in the case of Abdul Masih, as in many other cases. When a life is given to God it is changed. All in a man's life that has goodness in it is used; physical courage becomes moral courage, anger becomes righteous indignation, indifference to personal danger leads to sacrifice for others, etc. Many examples of this will occur to all teachers. It is important that a boy should realise differences and distinctions of this kind.

#### Additional Information

**The Murder of Rao Sevak Singh.**—Ibrahim Ali Khan was one of the Generals of the Rajah of Jodhpur. This Rajah had a rival in the young Prince Sevak Singh, and he made up his mind to

assassinate him by treacherous means. To Ibrahim Ali was given the responsibility of arranging for the murder. The actual carrying out of the deed was put into the hands of Pir Khan, under whom Shekh Salih was serving. As told in the Yarn, the Prince was one day decoyed into a tent where a supposed interview was to take place with a view to settling differences between the Prince and the Rajah. At a prearranged signal the tent was let down, and the Prince, along with his suite, was foully murdered. Sevak Singh's head was cut off and carried in triumph to the Rajah. Shekh Salih was an eyewitness of the murder, and so disgusted was he with its brutality that he gave up soldiering and left the service of the Rajah.

**Shekh Salih.** (a) **HIS EARLY LIFE.**—Shekh Salih was born in 1765 at Delhi. His father, a Mohammedan, was a scholar and teacher, and as soon as the son was old enough, he also took up teaching and became Persian teacher to an English merchant, and afterwards to an East India Company officer. Shekh Salih, as a devout Mohammedan, succeeded in persuading a Hindu servant of this officer to turn Mohammedan, and this led to a quarrel which resulted in Shekh Salih's leaving the service of the officer. After this he led an unsettled life, and finally became Keeper of the Jewels of the King of Oudh. This life, however, did not satisfy his craving for excitement and adventure, and he enlisted as a Mahratta trooper under Ibrahim Ali Khan.

(b) **HIS CONVERSION.**—After giving up his military career he was again unsettled in life, and eventually came to stay with his father at Cawnpur. It was here that he heard the preaching of the famous missionary-chaplain, Henry Martyn. Still a true Moslem, he came to scoff; but the Sermon on the Mount and the story of a Saviour who died for all men proved irresistible, and he did not rest until he obtained an opportunity of close conversation with Martyn. We must remember his "vague longing for he knew not what." Through the influence of a friend he was taken into Martyn's service as a copyist of Persian MSS., and at a later period he was put in charge of the binding of an Urdu translation of the New Testament upon which Martyn had been working for a long time. He did not only bind it—he read it; and this made up his mind for him. He came to Martyn and asked to be baptized. Martyn, however, was always careful that would-be converts should not rush too hurriedly into the great step of coming over to Christianity, and Shekh Salih was not yet accepted. At a later period, however, he was baptized at Calcutta and received the name of Abdul Masih—"the servant of Christ."

(c) **HIS SUBSEQUENT LIFE.**—Abdul was, of course, subjected to much persecution by his former co-religionists, but he remained steadfast. After some little time, the Rev. Daniel Corrie, Chaplain to the East India Company at Agra, was on a visit to Calcutta, and he saw in Abdul Masih the sort of man he wanted as

Scripture reader and superintendent of schools. Abdul accepted the appointment and arrived at Agra in 1813. His work there was attended by much success. We are told that when he preached in the native quarter of the city "even the tops of houses were covered with Mohammedans anxious to hear."

For eight years he worked as a catechist, and in 1821 he was ordained as a clergyman of the Church of England, the first Mohammedan convert in India to obtain this position, and took charge of a congregation in the heart of the city. His last days were spent among his own relatives at Lucknow, where he died in 1827. One of his last requests was that the fourth chapter of St John's Gospel should be read to him. He died, having found what he had sought so long and faithfully. "Ye worship ye know not what. . . . But the time cometh when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth" (St John iv. 22, 23).

**Book for Reference.**—Sathianadhan's *Sketches of Indian Christians*.

## IV

### Cursed by a Brahman

Subrahmaniam

(Date of Incident, 1856)

“I turn from you, Kina Suben,<sup>1</sup> son of a broken-hearted mother. Away with you, unworthy son of pious Brahman parents! Let not the shadow of one who is accursed pollute the ground whereon my feet must walk. Take off the *panul*<sup>2</sup> (sacred thread) and remove the caste marks from the face which is clouded with shame. I turn from you!”

In shrill, angry tones a Brahman holy man hurled reproaches at a lad of about fifteen years of age who stood some ten paces from him. The man was naked save for a loin-cloth. His hair, long and matted, was twisted with strands of rope, his body was smeared from head to foot with grey ashes. The sacred thread of the twice-born was round his neck. In one hand he carried a shining brass *lota*<sup>3</sup> filled with water from the sacred Godavari river, and in the other a string of wooden beads. His face, disfigured with the painted caste marks and the ashes, was distorted with rage.

The boy wore the dress of a Brahman, and the sacred thread showed that he, too, belonged to the

<sup>1</sup> Kee-na Soo-ben = Suben the low-caste.

<sup>2</sup> Poo-nooi.

<sup>3</sup> Water vessel.

highest caste. They stood on the road a short distance outside the seaport of Negapatam. The city, with its busy streets and crowded bazaars, native rest-houses and idol temples, seemed but a stone's-throw away. With a final curse the holy man swept past, leaving the boy rooted to the spot with the tears fast gathering in his eyes.

Subrahmaniam,<sup>1</sup> for that was the name of the lad, was stung to the quick by the epithet, "Kina Suben," that had been flung at him. It was meant to be a term of bitter insult, and the high-spirited Brahman boy felt it as keenly as though it had been the bite of a cobra.

With bent head he walked slowly towards the poor dwelling where his father and mother lived. Choosing the darkest corner in the tiny hut he knelt down and prayed. Then he took out a Tamil New Testament, and turning to the third chapter of the Gospel of St John he read: "There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews. The same came to Jesus by night." Some thought made the tears drop upon the open page, and for a time he could not read another word.

A shadow fell across the doorway and an old man entered. He was followed by a sweet-faced woman. They saw the lad and sat down without a word.

The silence was broken by a sharp voice outside, and the Brahman holy man spat on the ground and cried, "Kina Suben, accursed darkener of homes, false, perjured, outcaste, thou art worthy of nothing save the dunghill; take my curse wherever thy wicked steps lead thee."

<sup>1</sup> Soo-brah-mun-ee-am.

They heard him muttering his evil desires as he passed out of hearing. A sob roused the lad, and he saw his mother beat her breast and weep.

“My son, my son, thou art degraded for ever. My heart is broken. Thou art a Christian. Shame has fallen upon our house.”

Subrahmaniam could not speak. His father took up the strain.

“I am an old man, my son, and soon shall die. Life will be over for me. Your brother does not love your mother as you do: he will not protect her. You love her and she loves you. Will blessing ever come to one who breaks his mother’s heart?”

“My father, my mother, no one knows how dearly I love you both; your world is mine, and you are everything in this world to me. Yet there is something higher, and a call stronger than earthly love has come to my heart. For nothing in the whole world would I leave my mother save for Christ, and now I am pledged to serve Him and follow Him.”

“Nay, my son, call back those words,” cried the father, “or my heavy curse will——”

The old man rose to his feet. His face was fixed and stern. He raised his hand and tearing the sacred *panul* from his son’s neck, he prepared to deliver the solemn words of a Brahman father’s malediction.

“Do not curse the child,” said the mother, “Oh, do not curse him,” and she fell at the feet of her husband.

Slowly the lad rose and walked to the door. “God bless you, mother—God bless you, father.



Christ is my Saviour. I am losing all, but to lose all for Christ is gain." Tears were streaming down his cheeks. The sun was sinking as he stood upon the threshold: the hard road leading to Madras lay before the lad. With heavy step he passed down the street. The darkness shrouded him, but something in his heart told him that he had set his face towards a light which would never fail him.

Years passed and the lad grew to manhood. He loved the work which he took up, and laboured steadfastly in it until success came to him. His fame as a lawyer grew, for men learned to know that this Christian who had once been a Brahman was a man of truth and worthy of confidence, and important cases were put into his hands. On the day he received his first large fee, he took it and went out to a village near Madras, where he poured the rupees he had earned into the lap of an old woman who wore the coarse garb of a Brahman widow. It was his mother,<sup>1</sup> and he blessed her with all the fervour of a strong man's love.

Kina Suben, as he had been called, but in his later manhood known as the distinguished Judge of Madras, the first Indian Christian to be chosen for a place on the Legislative Council of the Presidency, determined to devote a large portion of his wealth to the erection of a hospital for the despised and down-trodden women of his native land. He chose a site at Madras which com-

<sup>1</sup> Kalyani (pron. Kul-yah-nee).

manded a wide and noble view, and there to-day stands a beautiful building. Its wards are full of white-clad Indian nurses, and under the skilful ministrations of Christian physicians many a suffering woman has found all that suffering needs,—gentle hands and kindly words, and, above all, something which lifts the heart to God and brings light and peace to the soul.

Kina Suben had given up his pride and place among the Brahmans and become an outcaste for Christ, but after years of strenuous labour he had gained that which enabled him to do a noble Christian service, and to-day his name is revered and cherished by many a grateful heart to whom his great gift has commended the Master whom he loved to serve.

## NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS

### YARN IV

**AIM.**—To show by the example of an Indian boy what it really means to sacrifice something for Christ's sake.

### Suggested Treatment

1. Picture Subrahmaniam being cursed by the Brahman "holy man" as described in the first part of the Yarn.

2. Discuss the reason for this scene—the boy's training in the Mission School and his consequent turning to Christianity. Emphasise also the all-powerful influence of caste, and show what Subrahmaniam was risking in professing Christianity. Ask the boys if we have anything like caste in this country. Make clear, however, that class-distinction is a much more elastic thing than caste.

3. Describe Subrahmaniam's break with his mother and father—his escape from home and his journey to Madras. Was Subrahmaniam justified in doing this? Is there any teaching in the Bible that gives justification for what he did?

4. The results of Subrahmaniam's decision. First draw a picture of the successful Madras lawyer giving the large fee to an old Brahman widow. Ask the boys to guess who was the lawyer and who was the woman. Describe the hospital at Kalyani presented by the Judge of Madras. This was possible because a boy had given up everything for Christ's sake. It had taken some courage to do it, but it had been worth while.

### Additional Information

**The Holy Men of India.**—The "holy man" described in the opening of the Yarn is a common feature of Indian life. Most of these men are wanderers who have, of their own accord, left their homes to live the life of beggars. They practise poverty and live on the alms of the people. A number of them undergo extraordinary self-imposed tortures, demanding great powers of endurance. They choose this method of life because of their conviction that all earthly things are vain and the chief end of man is to live a life of contemplation and meditation—to *think* himself into union with the Unseen. They believe that the more they are able to do this the fewer the thousands of lives they will have to lead before attaining the state of unconscious absorption

into the Supreme. This life of contemplation is to the average Indian the ideal religious life, whereas the life of Christian activity appeals to him very little. One can understand the loathing these "holy men" feel for anyone who goes over to Christianity.

**The Caste System in India.**—The greatest sin which Subrahmaniam was committing in becoming a Christian was that he was breaking caste. The caste system is at the root of the whole social life of India. The laws of each caste are most jealously guarded, and to break these laws is the most deadly sin that one can commit. A caste consists of groups of families with a common ancestry and a common calling in life. Each caste is an exclusive social unit, and has its own laws with regard to such things as eating in common, associating with other people, marriage, etc. A man is born into a certain caste, and it is impossible throughout his life to pass into any other. Once a Brahman always a Brahman; once an "outcaste" always an "outcaste." The Brahmans are the highest caste in India, and are the hereditary priests of Hinduism. Nowadays not all Brahmans are priests, but all have the high position attached to the caste. The fact that Subrahmaniam was a Brahman explains the horror of his parents at his going over to Christianity: such a move was certain to involve complete disownment and degradation at the hands of his family. There are many sad and tragic stories in Indian life of men and women bringing down the condemnation of their caste upon them because of their decision to become Christians.

**Subrahmaniam.**—(a) **HIS BOYHOOD.**—Although of the Brahman caste the parents of Subrahmaniam were poor; they lived in Negapatam, a seaport on the south-eastern seaboard of India. As a boy Subrahmaniam was very devoted to his parents, especially to his mother. He was sent to the Mission School in order to learn English, and soon won the affection of the missionaries, although, like most boys of his caste, he was one of the foremost in opposing by argument their Christian teaching. The preaching and the Christian example of the missionaries, however, gradually caused a change in his opinions, and he was brave enough to risk all the sacrifice involved in deciding to become a Christian. He suffered much persecution at the hands of his friends. The scene in the Yarn describing the opposition of his parents shows the awful mental torture through which he had to go. He finally resolved to escape, and made his way to Madras, a distance of about 200 miles. The physical and mental strain involved in making this journey along a hot and dusty road can be better imagined than described.

(b) **HIS LATER LIFE.**—The Report of the Wesleyan Missionary Society for 1911 makes special reference to the death of one of their most loyal supporters in South India (the Hon. Dewan Bahadur N. Subrahmaniam). This is no other than the Subrahmaniam of the Yarn. He was baptized in Madras, and at a later period took

the degree of Bachelor of Arts in the University of Madras. For a time he taught in one of the Mission High Schools, and eventually came to England, where he studied Law and was admitted to the Bar. He returned to India, and his qualities were soon recognised. He was appointed a Judge at Madras, and later on Administrator-General for the Presidency of Madras. After the institution of Lord Morley's reforms he had the honour of being made the first representative of the Indian Christian community in the Madras Presidency on the Legislative Council. His success, of course, brought with it great wealth, and much of this he gave to the support of missionary work. The gift of his first big fee to his mother is a notable incident in his later life. It was a great source of satisfaction to him that his mother lived to see him in the position that he obtained. One of his most notable gifts was the Kalyani Hospital for women and children, which he built at his own expense and presented to the W.M.M.S. This is said to be "the greatest gift ever given by an Indian Christian for the benefit of his fellow-men."

*Book for Reference.*—The story of Subrahmaniam is told in the *Life of the Rev. W. O. Simpson*.

## V

# A Mountain Tiger in His Den

Theodore Pennell

(Dates of Incidents, 1896 and 1909)

*Chinarak—Summer 1896*

ALL day long a blazing sun had made the rocks around Chinarak like the inside of a furnace. As far as the eye could reach, frowning precipices and wild ravines surmounted by towering mountain ranges added grandeur to the scene. High in the air a vulture hung poised with almost motionless wings. A thin strip of road wound through the ravines and along the mountain side. It emerged from a thick wood some eight miles to the south, crawled along like a great snake, and finally terminated in a huge, almost perpendicular mass of rock, upon which was perched the stronghold of an Afghan border chief.

Sheltered beneath the edges of a great rock, and hidden from sight by tangled masses of undergrowth, lay two Afghan mountaineers. With their lean brown faces, the burnished skin of which shone in the sun, alert, brilliant eyes, and powerful, nervous forms, they looked like wild animals ready to pounce upon an unsuspecting quarry. They were clad in loose dark grey robes, bound with broad green girdles stuffed with vicious-looking

knives, and wore bandoliers full of cartridges. Each man had in his hand a beautiful Mauser rifle fitted with modern scientific sighting apparatus. From the loving care bestowed upon the weapons it was plain that these had been acquired recently and at great cost.

"Ah, Bahaud-din,<sup>1</sup> my brother," growled the elder Afghan as he patted his rifle, "thou hast done well and returned from thy long journey with the prize we coveted. Vengeance lies within our hands now, and, by the beard of the Prophet! Chikki, that murderer, shall pay to the uttermost the blood he owes us."

"It was a toilsome journey, Yakub,<sup>2</sup> but to face a man like Chikki one needs the best of rifles. He is cruel and cunning. We dare not show ourselves when he rides forth to burn and rob and slay. To see him makes my heart like water."

"Not now, my brother; we have gained all we need. Swift death shall leap out upon him at a time when he suspects nothing. Our brethren shall be avenged, and his ill-gotten wealth shall pass into our hands. Chikki is crafty as a snake and cruel as a hungry tiger, but we shall take him in an unguarded moment, and then satisfy our hearts with his pains and death."

Many other things Bahaud-din and Yakub said as they lay in their lofty ambush, and from their conversation it was not difficult to gather that the famous bandit chief of Chinarak was a man whose name was one of terror in that wild Afghan countryside. His deeds, unscrupulous, treacherous and bloody, were recounted by men who had seen

<sup>1</sup> Bah-how-deen

<sup>2</sup> Yaw-koob.

his ferocity in action, and Bahaud-din and Yakub, desperadoes themselves, were fain to acknowledge the terrible supremacy of Chikki. His enmity inspired such terror that a journey of many hundred miles had been cheerfully undertaken by Bahaud-din in order to get a modern weapon.

Suddenly Yakub placed his hand on his comrade's shoulder and pointed down the ravine. A cavalcade of about twenty horsemen had emerged from the wood and were cantering along the mountain road. As they drew near, the watchers saw that they were Chikki's men. Instantly their magazines were filled, and with glowing eyes Bahaud-din and Yakub adjusted the sights of their rifles.

"Yar Charyar," muttered Yakub, as the words of the Sunni Moslems' battle-cry rose to his lips, "Allah is good; our enemy lies in our hands, praise be to his name."

"It is good to be here," growled his comrade. "Chikki rides at their head; let me have the first shot, Yakub."

"Mine will not be long behind yours, brother," was the answer.

The horsemen drew near, and the figure riding at the head, a tall, well-knit man clad in Afghan costume, was covered by the two rifles. He was riding a white horse, whose graceful steps betokened Arab blood. His face was bearded and tanned and he rode like one accustomed to the saddle.

Bahaud-din raised his rifle, and cuddling the butt well into his shoulder and drawing a long breath, he took careful aim. His finger had



almost pressed the trigger home when his rifle was knocked up by his comrade.

"Hold, brother," whispered Yakub, "it is the Doctor Sahib Pennell of Bannu; he rides on the business of Allah."

Bahaud-din cast a furious glance at Yakub, but his rifle was lowered.

"Where, then, is Chikki?" he demanded.

"Allah knows, brother; sick perhaps, in his stronghold."

"The more reason why the Doctor Sahib should be stopped," growled Bahaud-din as he raised his rifle once again; "but Chikki is not sick; I saw him this morning, and the murderer is well. The Doctor Sahib goes under escort to greet the tiger in his den."

"By Allah," said Yakub, "the Doctor Sahib is a brave man, for he who braves the tiger in his den is like to leave his bones within the tiger's jaws."

The horsemen cantered by, unwitting of the danger lurking on the mountain side, and Doctor Pennell rode upward until he passed within the frowning gateway of the outlaw's stronghold.

As he entered, a tall mountaineer, heavily armed and bearing in his countenance the tokens of his ferocious character, stepped forward.

Pennell, knowing the cruel treachery of his host, looked him boldly in the eyes and said, "You invited me. I have come."

"You are welcome, Sahib; this is my Mullah (priest). When you have eaten we can converse."

"With pleasure, chief. You have heard of the Message which it is my glory to proclaim. I can

speak of many things, and will do so, but in the forefront I set the Word which is written here in our Holy Book."

After they had eaten together Pennell laid a Pashtau translation of the Gospels before the Chief, and turning to the fifth chapter of the Gospel of Saint Matthew, he read the great verses of the Sermon on the Mount and spoke of the Lord Jesus Christ the Saviour and Friend of mankind.

He was in a remote and almost impregnable stronghold, surrounded by men of unbridled ferocity, and face to face with one whose eminence among them was based upon his fierce, wild character and unsparing hand, but Pennell's serenity was unruffled, his calm courage never wavered.

The words he spoke were not without effect, and Chikki showed in after years that he had learned much from Pennell on that memorable day.

. . . . .

*Bannu—November 1909*

"Allah il Allah rasoul Allah. Allah the Merciful and Compassionate. Allah, Allah."

A blind beggar tapping on the hard road with an iron-shod Afghan staff was awaking the echoes with his constant iterations.

"Allah give thy tongue rest, brother," growled out a Pathan horse-dealer, whose young horses were restive. "Dost wish to have me flung into

the road? Shaitan<sup>1</sup> seems to have taken possession of the borderland. Already have I exchanged curses with a clumsy Sikh who blundered into my path, and we nearly came to blows because of his foolish hurry. Stand away, woman! Canst not see the hoof which threatens thee?"

A woman wringing her hands and giving vent to a long-drawn cry, in attempting to hurry past had startled the young horse at the end of the line and barely missed the vicious flinging out of its hoof. Without deigning a glance at the irate horseman she sped on her way.

"By Allah," said the horse-dealer, "Bannu<sup>2</sup> is bewitched! This is no place for young horses." And so saying, he swung himself from the saddle and led his horses into the inn (*khan*), whose gates stood open about a hundred yards along the road. Later, having tied them securely, he left his charges and set out to visit some friends. His steps took him past a long, low white building, and here he found himself in the midst of a crowd of people—Afghans, Baluchies, Sikhs, men from Tibet and Bhutan, Afridis and Khyberees, Hindus and Moslems, a picturesque motley crowd. And, most curious thing of all, everyone seemed to be saying prayers and some were weeping.

"Verily," said Amran Khan, the horse-dealer, to himself, "this is a *tamasha* (festival) of noisy fools, and I am out of place."

"Allah il Allah," sounded once again, and the blind beggar tapped his way through the crowd. He was evidently making the circuit of the long, low building, praying as he went.

<sup>1</sup> Shi-tan = Satan.

<sup>2</sup> Bun-noo.

"Brother," said Amran to a truculent-looking Khyberee whose head was swathed in bandages, "thou seemest to be more of a man than these whining ones. Canst tell me what visitation of Shaitan has befallen Bannu?"

"Hast thou not heard?"

"I have heard nothing but wails and groans."

"He lies under the shadow of death, and is even now passing away."

"Speak plainly, brother; *he* lies—who lies?"

"The Doctor Pennell Sahib who lives there." He pointed to the Hospital, where Theodore Pennell lay hanging between life and death, and his lip quivered. "He was a good man (he went on) beloved of God, tender of heart and skilful of hand. Thou canst not see him, but here is his picture."

He held out a battered picture, evidently cut out of an illustrated paper. Amran started back, all his Moslem prejudices aroused.

"Thou art an idolater, brother," he said. Then he started, and gazed steadfastly at the picture. It was of a bearded man, wearing a turban and Afghan robes—a strong, clear face, powerful in every line, and yet, withal, tender and winning.

"By the beard of the Prophet," cried Amran as he passionately kissed the pictured face, "'tis the man who found me on the wayside when I was nearly killed by a vicious horse and lay with a broken shoulder, helpless. He is dying, you say? Let me go to him!"—and Amran the horse-dealer pushed his way through the crowd.

"Allah il Allah. Allah, the Compassionate and Merciful." Once more the blind beggar felt his

way through the people and his monotonous cry rang out.

It was a strange scene. Bannu and the frontier had never seen the like before. The Eastern heart of the wildest of all peoples had been won into gentleness and profound sorrow by the beautiful life of this heroic servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.

What had happened was this. One day in the autumn of the year 1909 a *tonga* (native cart) with shaded cover had come slowly along the dry wind-swept road that led into the frontier town of Bannu. The driver walked beside his pony, guiding it with the utmost care, choosing the most level portions of the road. Within the *tonga* lay Pennell, with bright eyes and flushed face. He was in a high fever; it proved to be a bad case of enteric. Slowly he passed within the portals of the Church Missionary Hospital, and the word went round that the Doctor Sahib was ill.

For weeks he lay battling with the fever, until on the 24th of November a sudden and very severe bleeding seized him. For many hours he lay between life and death, and it seemed impossible for him to recover. News travels by mysterious ways in the East and flies on unseen wings. In a few hours the town and the entire Afghan borderland was thrilling with the news, and people gathered from every quarter.

They loved him, for his life had been lived for them. Their love drew them together to the place where he lay, and their yearning irresistibly broke into prayer.

Within a quiet room in the hospital the sufferer

lay, patiently waiting for what the Lord purposed concerning him, and once again his heart was cheered by the presence of the Great Physician in whose footsteps he had humbly tried to walk, who gave His word of promise, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end."

## NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS

### YARN V

**AIM.**—To show the power of a life made courageous by devotion to Christ.

#### Suggested Treatment

1. Picture the Afghan mountaineers waiting for Chikki. Emphasise the wild nature of the country and the desperate character of the enterprise. Take the Yarn up to the point when they saw in the distance what they conceived to be their prey.

2. Who was Chikki? Tell the story of his early life and his acquisition of power.

3. Tell about the dramatic discovery of the "Doctor Sahib" by the mountaineers. Who was he? Tell the boys the story of Pennell, of his wanderings among the wilds, his work at Bannu, and the reason for his visit to this wild place.

4. Describe Pennell's interview with Chikki. Ask the boys if they think Pennell was armed. Was he right to go unarmed on such a dangerous mission? Bring out that his success was due, in part, to his courage.

5. What was the result of a life of such courage and devotion? Describe the scene in Bannu as it appeared to the Pathan horse-dealer on his arrival. Ask the boys to guess what it was all about. Show that this remarkable scene was the result of a life of fearless devotion to Christ. It had turned wild, bloodthirsty men into men who vied with each other in showing loyalty and affection to one who had courageously made them his friends.

#### Additional Information

**The Afghan Frontier.**—West of the Indus lie the provinces on the Afghan frontier, full of historical associations with the building up of the British Empire. Around the Afghan campaigns and the various expeditions conducted against unruly hill-tribes of the frontier are gathered many well-known stories of British courage and endurance. The North-West Frontier Province, with which the Yarn is immediately connected, is in part a flat plain. The ground is fertile and crops are cultivated. Beyond the plain lies a tangled mass of wild mountain country. According to Afghan legends, "when God created the world, there were a lot of stones and other lumber left over, which were all dumped

down on the frontier." Many of the tribesmen still live the lives of outlaws and highway robbers, and are a constant source of anxiety to the peaceful inhabitants of the neighbouring plains.

Chikki, the Freebooter.—In a village of the N.-W. Frontier Province lived a poor boy, by name Mohammed Sarwar. His father being too poor to own land or flocks, the boy was sent to work with a miller. For a boy of his disposition this life was much too tame, and he was not long in joining partnership with Abdul Ashgar, a friend who quickly became rich in sheep and goats. "It would not do," says Dr Pennell, "to inquire too closely how Abdul came by this wealth, but he used to be out a good deal of nights, and he was one of those 'wanted' at the Border Military Police Station." After a time Abdul was killed in one of his expeditions, and Mohammed became manager of the concern. His name was now Chikki, or "The Lifter." Even this life, however, was capable of development, and one night Chikki had an interview with a Mohammedan *mullah* (priest) who had an undying grudge against one of the chiefs. The priest could not disgrace his profession by himself shedding blood, and what happened at the interview we do not know. Suffice it to say that Chikki departed with a good bag of rupees, and one night later the chief was despatched by a bullet. Chikki now had many secret commissions of this nature given to him, and he was soon one of the most feared men in the district.

A tribal war gave him a further opportunity. Asked to take the lead of one of the tribes, he made it a condition that at the end of the war he was to be regarded as a chief. A successful campaign put him in command of eight thousand men, and surrounded by a body of desperadoes he took up his abode in a mountain fortress at the head of a great and wild gorge, whence he could defy all enemies.

It was to this wild outlaw in his mountain fortress that Pennell made the journey described in the Yarn. Illness had broken out in Chikki's household, and as Dr Pennell was in the district at the time, he received an invitation to pay a professional visit and, unarmed, he made his way to the mountain stronghold. His words were not without effect on Chikki,—he was, be it noted, a religious man and most particular in observing the daily periods which the devout Mohammedan gives to prayer,—and it is interesting to observe that Chikki refrained from joining in the Frontier War of 1897. He was, indeed, anxious for Pennell to begin medical mission work in his own territory, but the proposal could not be accepted. In the end the fierce outlaw was killed in an ambushade by a neighbouring tribe.

A characteristic story is told of Chikki. One day he was being shaved by his barber when the man remarked that he had been offered 500 rupees by one of Chikki's enemies if, when he was shaving his master, he would stop the razor and cut his throat.



"But," said the barber, protesting his loyalty, "I took refuge in God, and refused the son of a pig." Chikki said nothing, but after the shave he whipped out his revolver. "You refused this time," said he to the barber, "but next time the temptation may be too much for you." The bullet went home, and Chikki was able to engage a safer and more discreet servant.

**Dr Pennell of Bannu.**—Dr Theodore Pennell went out to India as a medical missionary of the Church Missionary Society in 1892. For over twenty years he was the devoted head of a Hospital and Boys' High School at Bannu, an important centre in the North-West Frontier Province. From the outset his career in India had the marks of greatness. By his innumerable tours, in which he conformed to many of the customs of the people, he came into very close touch with the tribesmen. He usually went about in the dress of the natives, and thus was something more than a distant British sahib. In his journeys, and, indeed, in all his work, one of his chief characteristics was his absolute fearlessness; his visit to Chikki (told in the Yarn) is typical of his whole life-work.

To the hospital at Bannu there came patients of all sorts and descriptions from different parts of the surrounding country. We are told that in one year Dr Pennell passed no fewer than 34,000 cases through the hospital; over 8000 patients were visited in their homes, and there were over 3000 operations. All this was done by a staff of four men and one woman.

Dr Pennell had also a great interest in boy life, and in connection with the school which he started at Bannu, he opened in 1895 a hostel for boys attending the school from a distance. To these boys he taught all that is best in the life of the British schoolboy, and many famous cricket and football matches took place on the playing fields of the school. The result of this active and strong life is shown in the scene depicted in the second part of the Yarn. Pennell was the real friend and helper of all those with whom he came into touch, and was beloved by all the tribesmen, no matter what their religious faith, no matter how wild and reckless their lives. Dr Pennell died in 1912.

*Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier* is full of interest and incident, in which teachers of boys' classes will find abundant material for good stories.

**Books for Reference.**—*Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier*, by Dr Pennell. (Seeley, Service & Co., 6s. net.) *A Hero of the Afghan Frontier*. A Life of Dr Pennell for Boys. (Seeley, 4s. net.)

## VI

### A Fight with Death

Emilie Posnett

(Date of Incident, *circa* 1905)

ON a sun-scorched plain in Southern India a small square tent stood out like a white splash on a sea of yellow soil. Around it lay a number of sick folk. Some had ailments which a little surgery and proper medical treatment would soon put right; others were dangerously ill; several were far down the valley of the shadow of death.

Moving about from patient to patient was a white woman, a missionary, whose tour had brought her outside the large village which stood about two miles from the tent. She had begun her labours before sunrise, and had been hard at work all the day, and now, as the sun was sinking, was hastening to deal with the remaining cases. She looked very tired; her face was white and drawn, and her eyes, deep-sunk and wearied, had that strained look which India gives.

"Will the Mem-Sahib rest awhile?" said one of the white-clad servants.

"Nay, Subbiar," was the reply, "I must not give up until the last patient has been attended to, though indeed, I am tired."

"I know it, Mem-Sahib. We have watched, and our hearts are sorrowful because of the heavy

labour of this long day. Better leave these people now. Night comes, and we have far to travel to our station."

"I shall rest in the bullock-cart, Subbiar; it will be a hard bed, but I shall sleep."

Subbiar salaamed, and going over to his yoke of bullocks began to prepare the cart. As the sun was almost on the eastern horizon, the last case was disposed of, and with a thankful heart the missionary packed up her instruments and medicines, while Subbiar began to loosen the tent-ropes. The people had all gone back to their village. Lanterns were lit, the oxen yoked to the cart, and as darkness fell Subbiar and his companions prepared to pack up the tent. The missionary, now utterly worn out, lay resting for a few minutes on the couch in the cart.

At that moment four men emerged from the shadows and came within the flickering light of one of the lanterns. They were despised outcastes of the lowest type, and were bearing on a rude litter of bamboo an outcaste man. He was writhing with pain, and his face was of an awful livid hue that made him look ghastly in the dim light. Because of their low caste his bearers had not dared to approach when other Indians had been present.

"Too late," said Subbiar, hurrying from the tent; "the Mem-Sahib has finished her work. The bullocks are yoked and we are ready to depart. We can do nothing."

A groan from the sufferer aroused the missionary. She sat up in the cart, saw the men, and in an instant stood by the side of the patient. One

glance told her the nature of his dread disease. Subbiar held a lantern over him and started back. His experience told him that it was a bad case of cholera.

"Stand back, Mem-Sahib," he said, with a tremor in his voice; "it is an outcaste and the man is dying. Let no one touch him."

"Fix up the tent again, Subbiar, and unyoke the bullocks. I must win this poor man from death, if it is the will of God. I must do what I can."

The unwilling servants drove in the tent-pegs and tightened the cords, and the outcaste man was laid upon a rug. The missionary, no longer tired but animated with a new spirit, began the hand-to-hand struggle with death in one of its most terrible forms.

No one who has seen cholera in the East can ever forget the sight. It is a disease which shocks all sensitiveness, and even the most experienced have to overcome an almost invincible repulsion when dealing with its symptoms. In the case of this poor, degraded, filthy outcaste, the natural horror was increased a hundredfold.

All the night long this delicately nurtured woman fought for the man's life, and did all that was required with gentlest sympathy and most tender affection.

As the morning wind blew softly and the sun was lighting up the East, the sufferer, casting a last pitiful look upon her, gave a low groan and with a long shuddering sigh passed away. The efforts of the brave woman had been in vain. Death had claimed its victim.

Crouching outside the tent were the four out-caste companions of the dead man. All night long they had heard the groans and marked the agonies of the sufferer. Now in silence they picked up the body, and as the sun flooded the plain with light, turned away and left the missionary without a word. There was no recognition, and no word of thanks, but silently as they had come they slunk away, and the tired missionary sank upon a low seat and buried her face in her hands.

An hour later voices aroused her from her partial stupor. A number of Brahmans and villagers stood before her. Anger was on their faces. Their speech was rough and harsh.

"You must depart at once, Mem-Sahib," one old man said, "You have handled an accursed Pariah whose touch is defilement, and you, whose hands have also touched our men and women, are defiled for ever. We shall never come into your presence again. Leave us to ourselves, and let us try to forget what you have done. This village is closed to you for ever."

The missionary lifted her wan face and the tears gathered in her eyes. Her lips quivered and she could not speak.

Drawing their garments around them the villagers went away, and as they went they cursed and spat upon the ground.

Subbiar and his companions took down the tent and packed it away, and the bullock-cart was drawn up before the missionary, but a change had come over everything, and even the servants seemed to shrink from her as she lay down under the shelter of the palm-leaf awning.

"Oh, Subbiar, I have failed in all I undertook. I thought to save the man. I thought to win the sympathy of the poor outcastes; and now this village is closed to me, and my message cannot be delivered."

Slowly the big-eyed oxen paced across the plain and a worn-out woman, in spite of the jolting of the bullock-cart, at length fell asleep. She had failed, and the door was shut.

Two years later an English preacher, who had come to this village on the wide plain, was rejoicing in the wonderful reception which had been given to the Word of the Gospel by the people of the district. Day followed day and there seemed to be no abatement of the interest that had been aroused. The spirit of God had taken possession of the people, and crowds flocked to hear the preaching. One by one men and women came to inquire, and soon it was manifested that the inquirers were in deep earnest. Within a month a large company asked to be received in baptism.

The strangest sight of all was a crowd of outcastes who waited on the missionary and pleaded that the Gospel might be proclaimed to them.

"Sahib," said one man, "we be men who are despised and outcaste, but we have seen."

"Seen what?"

"We came one night with a man who was dying, and we saw what we had never seen before. It was such love as we had never dreamed of, wonderful, tender, beautiful. A Mem-Sahib strove to win our brother from death, and she told him of Christ. We could not speak as we turned

away, for our hearts were full, Sahib. That night we saw love for the first time. She spoke to us of a God of love, and now, though we be outcaste men, we come with our people to learn of the Way. Teach us, Sahib. Is there no message for the outcaste and despised?"

More than a thousand souls were gathered in from that village and district, and where the little tent had been taken down and the bullock-cart had rolled away under a cloud of seeming failure a wonderful victory had gladdened the hearts of the servants of God.

## NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS

### YARN VI

**AIM.**—To show that self-sacrificing work for Christ always tells, although at the moment it may seem a failure.

### Suggested Treatment

1. Draw a picture of the close of the day as described in the first part of the Yarn. Tell the class something of the way in which Miss Posnett had come there (see **Pioneering and Touring**), and the kind of work she was doing (see **Medical Mission Work**). Ask the boys why medical missionaries do this sort of work.

2. Describe the arrival of the cholera patient. Emphasise the horrible nature of the disease and the heroism involved in Miss Posnett's undertaking the case, especially at the end of a long day. Ask the boys to say what impression they think her action made upon the people. After this, tell them what actually happened—Miss Posnett's seeming failure and her dejection. Before going on to the last part of the Yarn, ask whether they think it was worth while her acting as she did.

3. Tell the last part of the Yarn—an outward failure turned into a success.

### Additional Information

**Miss Posnett.**—Emilie Posnett is a Wesleyan Methodist missionary stationed along with other lady missionaries and her brother at Medak in Haidarabad. A very important part of the work done is carried on by means of a large hospital and dispensary at Medak. The hospital acts as a centre for the whole surrounding district, where there are six hundred villages within a radius of twenty-five miles. Great numbers of the people are outcastes, and medical work is of the greatest importance. Much value is therefore attached to pioneering and touring in the surrounding country.

**Pioneering and Touring.**—As soon as the cool weather begins in South India, tents and bullock-carts are made ready for touring; packing is an event in itself. "Packing," says Miss Posnett, "in a district where shops are unknown, is a great strain on our limited brain power; one time we take flour and forget the oven, another finds us with tinned provisions and no tin-opener, and yet again a supply of lanterns and no oil."

On arrival at a village, the tents are erected under the shade of



a mango tree, one tent serving as a dispensary. Two or three days are usually all that can be given to the crowds that flock round, and then often—to the missionary's regret—the journey has to be resumed. "On and on we pass, from one village to another, crossing vast fields of late crops, now and then on stony roads, and again on no roads at all, or through a dried-up tank-bed, where one wheel of the bandy sinks to its axle in mud, while the other is high and dry on a clump of water-lily roots. We meet endless clouds of hot burning sand and a pitiless sun, as thus from village to village for three short weeks we wander."

**Medical Mission Work.**—A medical missionary on tour through the villages of India has always more patients than can be dealt with adequately. They come, many of them from a long distance, with all kinds of ailments, and their confidence in the missionary is often pathetic. Not only is medical advice given, but a point is made of giving to the patients some teaching regarding the religion of love which supplies the motive power of the missionaries. The following description by Miss Posnett will give an idea of this kind of work. "The day begins before six o'clock. Crowds soon gather with their varied ills, bringing cocoa-nut shells, earthenware pots, and brass vessels in which to carry away their medicine. It is not an easy thing to get a correct 'history,' for they verily believe that the longer they have their ailment, the more potent will be the medicine we shall give to drive it away! Camp is never complete unless an Indian evangelist accompanies us, for is not our medicine always the handmaid of the gospel? Whilst we are busy day by day at the tent, Devadass has carefully visited the outcaste population, and eagerly tells us that amongst them he has found a relative of Lingulu, the devil priest of Maltur, who only some weeks before renounced his idols and all the perquisites of the priesthood that he might become a Christian. Devadass is no half-hearted evangelist, and well into the night he sits making friends with one and another of those outcaste folk."

**Value of Medical Work.**—Medical mission work gives scientific treatment to people whose ideas of the healing of disease are most primitive. Native methods of treatment often inflict the most cruel torture on the victim. The following typical story is told of a woman in Medak, who had been seized with lock-jaw:—"She was surrounded by her friends, but none of them knew where to find assistance. They were paralysed with fear, and hour by hour the woman got worse. They forced sago and water between her clenched teeth, but daily she got thinner and weaker, and when at last the men returned and came to call us, we despaired of her life. After giving medicine, we ordered that she should be kept perfectly quiet, and promised to come again early in the morning. On our next arrival we found to our astonishment they had called in a *fakir* (a kind of beggar-priest), that he too might try all his arts to cure her. We at once said that two kinds of medicine would not

do, but the grandmother insisted that they should do as the priest said, as she had no faith in us, our medicines not being powerful enough to cure instantly. When next day we sent our Bible-woman to talk to her, the poor woman was dying in agony. She had been burned by the fakir with red-hot irons round each jaw and down her back."

The impression created by medical mission work is a very deep one. The love and self-sacrifice shown seldom fail to make an impression. There must be something in the religion of Christ, argues the simple Indian villager, if it produces men and women who act in this way. The following is a description of the impression produced by Miss Posnett and one of her fellow-workers—"In a land where women of repute are secluded, the spectacle of two English ladies journeying to and fro through roadless jungle, and braving alike hot winds and hotter sun, or the worse discomforts of sodden paths and rain-swept country during the deluges of the monsoons, was viewed with increasing wonder. Nor was their strange impartiality anything less of a marvel. That they should treat the rich and the highly placed for handsome fees would have seemed credible, but that they should minister with equal care to the despised and the outcaste, taking neither from high nor low anything but what they freely chose to give, was a thing beyond belief."

**Book for Reference.** *Under the Shadow of the Temple, and Other Tales from Medak*, by Emilie Posnett and S. A. Harris.

## VII

### Making Men out of Jellyfish

Tyndale-Biscoe

(Date of Incident, 1890)

It was a bright, gay scene in Srinagar, the city in Kashmir that crowns the River Jhelum like an Eastern Venice, when a young English University man strode briskly along the quaint street towards a building which was about to be used as a Mission School.

He was gazing with intense interest upon the picturesque scenes which greeted him at every step he took. There were stolid-faced Tibetans from the mysterious country perched high in the wind-swept uplands of the Himalayas, herdsmen and camel-drivers from Bhutan, boatmen of the Jhelum, swaggering tribesmen from the Khyber, Chinese caravan-men, Pathan horse-dealers, Punjabi grain-sellers, British men and women intent upon business or sight-seeing, and the usual thronging crowds of Kashmiri townsfolk, river-folk, and mountaineers.

It was an ever-moving scene of wonderful brightness, but Tyndale-Biscoe, pushing his way along with alert, vigorous step, was thinking most of the young life of Srinagar and how, by the grace of God, he might aid the boys to become men of character and knowledge.

Fresh from the school and university life of Britain, he thought of the crowds of bright-faced, manly fellows, whose delight was in the intellectual and physical struggles of the class-room and the playing-field, eager, resolute, alert, ready to take or give hard knocks, and more intent upon the conflict than the prize.

On this very morning he was to meet some two hundred of his future scholars, and the practical mind of this fresh-faced graduate from England was turning over ways and means of educational triumphs, and seeing visions and dreaming dreams.

As yet he had hardly realised what the young life of a heathen Eastern civilisation is, and the type of boys and young men it produces. He had looked upon Hindu and Moslem social conditions through books and from a distance. He was now to come face to face with them, and it was likely that the sight would give him a very considerable shock.

He knew that the East had its own ideas of physical cleanliness, for his nose had not been insensitive during the past few months, but he had yet to come into personal touch with the standards of life and morality that accompany a heathen training.

He had theories of his own which were sound, and this is how he expressed them to himself as he walked through the crowds. "Christianity is a life that has to be lived. The Lord Jesus Christ was Man as well as God, and to be a Christian one has to strive after perfect manliness—strength of body, strength of mind, strength of soul, and everything that will make a perfect man, and to show that strength by practical sympathy for the

weak. Now I must make my fellows desire a higher and nobler life than any they see about them—the highest possible. I cannot do it by talk and they cannot possess it by talk. There is only one way. It is by putting always before them the Lord Jesus Christ as personal Saviour and personal Example.”

A few minutes later he stood face to face with his scholars that were to be. Some two hundred young men were squatting on the floor of a large hall, the dirtiest, shabbiest, sickliest crowd of weaklings the teacher had ever seen in all his experience.

Some of them looked as though they had never touched water in any or all of the myriad existences the Hindu supposes he has to pass through. Nearly all had the red smear of paint down their foreheads, and the cord which marks the Brahman or sacred caste. Some were half-naked, others wore long trailing garments like night-gowns. Although the day was not cold many were hugging charcoal firepots.

All looked weary, hopeless, and bored with life, too vacant to trouble about anything intellectual, and too worn out to exert themselves physically. The young men appeared as backboneless as jelly-fish.

Here was a Brahman who looked with the utmost scorn upon the rest of the world and would not have lifted a finger to help a man of a lower caste or to pluck him out of the jaws of death. Here was another youth with a cunning leering look upon his face, one who would steal and lie without a moment's compunction. Not one had been

taught to do an unselfish, chivalrous act for an outcaste woman or child.

Even where there seemed to be an underlying manliness and a possibility of developing noble character in some young fellow, the teacher knew that the triumphs of caste would act like fetters and prevent any vigorous growth. Talk about making these jellyfish weaklings into men, the idea seemed a lunatic dream! Tyndale-Biscoe began to grasp the difficult nature of the work he was undertaking. If he had not been a man of faith and prayer, with shrewd British practical common sense, he would have despaired and gone from the school with the firm determination never to return. He did not, for he had unbounded confidence in the power of Christ to change men.

An old hand, however, who was kindly disposed toward him, took him by the buttonhole and gave him a little friendly advice. He said, "You had better leave this job alone, for you will never do anything with that lot. Get back to England, where so much work is waiting to be done and worth doing."

"We shall see," said the teacher.

One evening, fifteen years later, there was a cry of "Fire!" from the inmates of a house situated in a densely-populated quarter of Srinagar. Probably a lamp had exploded, or some careless hand had scattered some burning charcoal about the dry floor, so that the woodwork caught and was soon in a blaze. The city is largely built of wood, and in less than an hour some thirty or forty houses were burning furiously, and the

terrified people were watching the destruction of their treasured possessions.

By the next day a considerable area of the city was in danger, for the fire had raged all night, and had now such a grip of the streets that it seemed impossible to interfere with its spread. The terrified people, many of them women whose lives were spent in seclusion, were caught by the flames, and numbers perished. Confusion and panic reigned all over the city; thieves began to make themselves busy, and looted everywhere.

Early in the morning of the second day a number of twelve-oared boats dashed along the Jhelum River in the direction of the fire. The rowing was even, and in splendid time. Each man bent to his work and threw all his strength of back and arm and leg into the task of driving the boat along. There were no slackers. From the bank the procession looked like a string of University Eights, struggling to obtain the much-coveted headship of the river.

Straight for the fire area the boats rushed, swung round to land, and in a few minutes the crowd of well-set-up young fellows were marching up the street to join Tyndale-Biscoe, their head master, and a number of their comrades who were working a fire engine and passing buckets of water from hand to hand. A few words were exchanged and immediately the oarsmen tackled the work of saving life and property. They laughed at danger, and took risks which might have scared professional firemen. In the work of rescue they considered nothing outcaste or unclean, and men of Brahman birth and training worked side by side with the

Moslems and the low-caste man! Unselfish courage could not have had a more severe test, nor manliness a more trying discipline. Without a murmur they obeyed every direction of their leader, and only retired from the struggle when over-tired nature could do no more.

For three days the fire raged. A battery of field-guns was brought to the city in order to break a space over which the flames could not leap. More than three thousand houses were destroyed before the outbreak was quelled, and when at last the work was done and the tired rescuers could return to their houses, the crews who had dashed down the river when duty called, marched back to the riverside, sprang into their boats again and, with a "one, two, three, and all together," swung at a splendid pace back to the boathouse at their school.

They were scorched, hungry, and as black as sweeps, but they were thankful that they had been able to play the man and to fight valiantly against the terrifying fire. Somehow the "jellyfish" had become "men," and Tyndale-Boscoe, who knew the story of the past, knew also how the transformation had been brought about.



## NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS

### YARN VII

**AIM.**—To put forward the ideal of Christian manliness by showing what it is doing for the boys at Kashmir.

### Suggested Treatment

1. Draw a picture of Tyndale-Biscoe just after his arrival in Srinagar—the town and the variety of peoples in it: his thoughts of his future work in the mission school: his ideal—to help boys to live the Christian life, not, in his estimation, so much a matter of preaching as of living. Try to get the boys to think what was in Tyndale-Biscoe's mind when he thought of the contrast between British boys and the boys he was about to teach. Have a good discussion upon what the qualities are that we admire most in British boys. We often sum them up in the phrase “a true sportsman.” What do we mean by this? (*e.g. courage and manliness*)—we attach great value to games because of the way in which they bring out these qualities; *honesty and playing fair*—“playing the game” is a thing we try to bring into our whole life; *determination in facing difficulties*—as seen by the way in which we as a nation can colonise and do pioneer work, and also, when the necessity arises, fight under arms; *helping other people*, especially those who are weaker than ourselves—one of the biggest ideas in the Scout movement. We really admire anyone who does a good turn, especially if he does it on the quiet and says nothing about it).

2. By way of showing the contrast, describe Tyndale-Biscoe's first meeting with his future scholars. Emphasise their lack of manliness, their selfishness—the result of the caste system—and the apparent absence of any desire for physical prowess and strength.

3. Tell the boys something of the life which Tyndale-Biscoe has set up at the Srinagar High School. Get the class, if possible, to enter into discussion by asking questions like the following:—Why did Biscoe do this? What do you think was the result among the Kashmir boys?

4. What are the results of Tyndale-Biscoe's work? Tell the story of the Srinagar fire and the great help rendered by the boys of the High School.

5. In some classes it might be well to sum up the lesson by emphasising, in a word, the value of this spirit which Tyndale-

Biscoe has introduced among the boys of Kashmir, and how it would help us if we tried to show more of that spirit in our own lives.

### Additional Information

**Kashmir.**—The province of Kashmir is in the extreme north-western corner of India, right up against the heights of the Himalayas. It is at so great an elevation that the climate is more like the climate of Britain than any other part of India. Kashmir means "The Happy Valley." The country is covered with fields of corn and rice, orchards, and dense forests. Srinagar, the capital, has been called an "Asiatic Venice," for it is full of waterways and canals; wooden houses, many of them richly ornamented, lie along the banks.

**The High School, Srinagar.**—The work of this High School, of which Mr Tyndale-Biscoe is Principal, has gained a unique reputation. Mr Biscoe has in a marvellous way imparted to the boys of Kashmir something of that spirit which we admire most in British boy life. He has based it all on Christian teaching, and, as the material that follows will show, has completely revolutionised the ideas of life held by the boys of Kashmir. The following, mostly taken from his own Reports, will give an idea of the methods which he has adopted.

(a) Games have been used both to develop the body and to teach manliness and fair play.

The story of the introduction of football to the school will illustrate this:—"I remember well the pleasure with which I brought the first football to the school, and the vision that I had of the boys' eagerness to learn this new game from the West. Well, I arrived at the school, and at a fitting time held up this ball to their view; but alas! it aroused no such interest or pleasure as I had expected.

" 'What is this?' said they. 'A football,' said I.

" 'What is the use of it?' 'For playing with; it is an excellent game, and will help to make you strong.'

" 'Shall we gain any rupees by playing it?' 'No.'

" 'Then we do not wish to play the game. What is it made of?' 'Leather.'

" 'Then we cannot play, we cannot touch it; take it away, for it is unholy to our touch.' 'All right,' said I, 'rupees or no rupees, holy or unholy, you are going to play football this afternoon at 3.30, so you had better learn the rules at once. And immediately, with the help of the blackboard, I was able to instruct them as to their places on the field, and the chief points and rules of the game. After much persuasion—made stronger by compulsion—a game is started. The spell is broken, and all is confusion; puggarees are seen streaming yards behind the players entangling their legs, and their shoes leave their feet as

they vainly try to kick the ball. The onlookers are wildly excited, for they have never in their lives seen anything like it, holy Kashmiri Brahman boys tumbling over one another, using hands and legs freely to get a kick at a leather ball.

“Now all the various schools in the city have their football teams, and in all parts of the city you see boys playing the game with a make-shift for a football. This year I watched an inter-class match, most keenly contested, the referee being not a teacher but a schoolboy. His decision was not once disputed, nor was there any altercation between any of the players; it was a truly sporting game.”

But the spirit of fair play, as is shown by the following story, is not easy to introduce, for it is such a new thing for the Kashmiri:—“The high jump is in progress at an inter-school competition. It is a foregone conclusion that a certain school will win it; but, contrary to all expectation, the boys of this school fail one after another to clear the tape. Suddenly the cause made itself plain, for the umpire had put on the boys of an opposing school to stand by the poles to help when necessary, and they were helping splendidly by knocking off the tape with their fingers.” Mr Biscoe, however, tells us that in Srinagar High School the boys now play the straight game and have learnt how to take a beating.

(b) The mind is developed by school work, and character is developed at the same time.

The following programme will give an idea of the work of the school. The morning begins with the gathering of all the boys in the school hall. In that hall hangs the school motto, “In all things be men,” and on other parts of the wall hang various rolls of honour. One has the names of the former duxes of the school; another those of boys who have won distinction for pluck, skill, and endurance; another those who have risked their lives for others; and another, in letters of gold, has the names of those who have given their lives for others. After roll-call a psalm is sung, to the accompaniment of the school band, followed by a prayer. The hall is then cleared, and there is inspection for cleanliness and tidiness. The next event is the daily Scripture lesson, and this is followed by the teaching of the usual school subjects. It is noteworthy that no prizes are given to individuals, but to the *class* that has the best all-round marking. There is an interval in the middle of lessons for gymnastics and physical exercises, at the close of which the whole school joins in prayer for the King-Emperor of India and the Maharajah of Kashmir. The second period of lessons over, the afternoon is given up to compulsory games.

(c) The boys are also taught unselfishness and concern for other people.

The following record for a year is all the more remarkable

when one thinks of the unpromising material upon which the school has to work.

Saved human life, 7 boys; saved lives of animals, 3 boys; number of hospital convalescents in Srinagar taken out by boys in the afternoons for a sail on the lake, 230; good turns to people, 99.

The following "good turn" is a typical instance. A coolie had come from his home 200 miles away in the mountains, and, unable to return home on account of the snow in the passes, he hired himself out to a wood merchant. At the end of six weeks the merchant paid the man very much less than the sum agreed upon. The merchant thought he was safe, as the coolie was a stranger and had no friends. A High School boy discovered the fraud, and brought the coolie to the school for help. The matter was taken up, and, in spite of the merchant's protestation that "by Allah and the prophet he owed the man nothing," he was compelled to pay the debt. To make doubly sure, the boy asked to be allowed to go to the post office with the coolie, in order that his illiteracy might not again be taken advantage of in his transmitting the money to his family.

**Books for Reference.**—*Training in Kashmir* and other of the Rev. C. E. Tyndale-Biscoe's Reports.

## VIII

### The Wolf of Attock

Dilawur Khan

(Date of Incident, 1848)

At the foot of a long ravine leading, by a narrow and precipitous path, to the frowning mountain barrier between the Punjab and Afghanistan, a company of some hundred cavalry-men in khaki were encamped. A few tents were dotted here and there, and from one of these, that of the commanding officer, the Union Jack was flying.

About twenty yards away from this tent two Indian officers were walking to and fro. They were Khuttuk Afghans, brothers, tall, well-built men, who from their earliest childhood had been trained to arms, and were accustomed to the wild alarms and sudden forays of the Indian borderland. The taller of the two men, Futteh Khan<sup>1</sup> was speaking in low, fierce tones, the fingers of his right hand all the while playing with the long Afghan knife which he carried in his belt.

"Rasul, my brother," he was saying, "I tell you I have tracked him for more than ten days, and could not come within fighting distance of his band of outlaws. I thought I was expert in knowledge of the mountains, but, by Allah, the wild yak does not know more about the nullahs,

<sup>1</sup> Foe-tay Khahn.

goat-tracks and passes than does Dilawur Khan.<sup>1</sup> You took the fort of Govindghar with ten men. I could not take Dilawur with ten thousand."

"The wolf sleeps some time, Futteh."

"Maybe, but not the wolf of Attock. If *he* sleeps, it is with both eyes open and all his teeth bared. With thirty men I lay hid in a ravine waiting to pounce upon him—word had come from a spy—but it proved to be a lying message sent by Dilawur himself, and while I lay in ambush the villain was busy despoiling a *kafila* (caravan) not two miles away. When I reached the place I saw, scribbled upon a ruined waggon, 'Go back, Futteh, and tell Lumsden Sahib to send men and not fools.' I read the words with fury, but said little.

"Presently we saw a Kabuli<sup>2</sup> camel-driver sitting on a rock by the roadside. His head was wrapped up in a bloodstained turban and his teeth were chattering with fright. He groaned when we asked him which way the robbers had gone. 'They are barely half a mile in front, my lord,' he said, 'Dilawur Khan is with them—wounded—ride swiftly.' Leaving four men to guard the pass we galloped forward. Not a trace could we find of Dilawur and his band, but when we returned we saw our four comrades lying bound and senseless, their weapons and horses gone, and the wounded camel-driver nowhere to be seen. The lying villain was Dilawur himself! He had knocked the heads of the troopers together and rode off with a rich booty. I am filled with shame, brother."

<sup>1</sup> De-lah'-wur Khahn.

<sup>2</sup> Kah-boo'-lee.

A quick patter of hoofs was heard, and a white officer, mud-stained and tired-looking, galloped into the camp. It was Lumsden, the commanding officer of the famous Corps of Guides. He swung himself out of the saddle and gave Futteh Khan and Rasul greeting.

"Any luck?" he said.

"None, Sahib, we have the worst of ill-luck to report. Once again he has slipped through our fingers and left them bleeding."

"Come into the tent. He has tricked me as well."

Lumsden and his gallant soldiers were wardens of the Empire on the most turbulent of all its frontiers. At this time the cleverest of their opponents was Dilawur Khan, a Khuttuk tribesman, whose bold exploits as a bandit kept the whole border in a state of disquietude. Dilawur was a tall man of herculean build, with flashing black eyes and long, snaky hair. Fatigue seemed to have no effect upon him. One day would find him harrying a Sikh village on the rich plains of the Punjab, the next would see him snatching up a rich caravan on its way to Kabul.

He was fond of laughter, and had a grim humour like the playfulness of a cat with a mouse. He used to cut a finger or two off the hand of his captives, whom he was holding to ransom, and send the ghastly messengers to their friends with an intimation that if they did not pay up immediately the head would follow. Captives never appreciated the playfulness of Dilawur Khan.

Lumsden and his men had been trying to capture the bandit for months past, and a price

of two thousand rupees had been set on his head.

"Confound him," said Lumsden, when he heard what Futteh Kkan and Rasul had to report, "he is as slippery as an eel! But I've got a respect for the fellow. He is a manly sort and would make a capital recruit for the Guides. He is too good to hang. I wonder if a letter would fetch him. I'll tell you what I'll do, Futteh; I'll send him a note, with a safe-conduct, and ask him to come in and have a little talk with me."

Futteh Khan shook his head and smiled. "An Afghan always expects treachery, Sahib. You may send, but Dilawur Khan is not likely to snap at the bait in the trap. I am of his race, and know. We have hunted him, and the wolf is wary. He will laugh at your safe-conduct."

"You never knew me tell a lie, Futteh Khan?"

"Never, Sahib: but I am not Dilawur. A safe-conduct is paper, and a word is breath."

Next day a trooper rode, as near as was prudent, to a place which Dilawur Khan was known to frequent, and left a safe-conduct and a polite note of invitation for the bandit chief. The troopers laughed. Was Lumsden Sahib mad?

A few days later, to the amazement of the Guides, a solitary man was seen strolling calmly into the camp. He glanced about him with careless ease and passed the sentry with a scornful nod. Fingers were itching to send a bullet into him, and more than one trooper had a vision of two thousand rupees.

"Where is Lumsden Sahib?" was the demand.



"I am Dilawur Khan. He sent for me. I am here." He shot a threatening look around.

"Glad to see you, Dilawur, my man," said a cheery voice. "Come in. I have long wished to come face to face with you."

The Englishman and the Afghan saluted each other with grave courtesy. Dilawur walked quietly into Lumsden's tent. He was in the midst of resolute fighting men who had been hunting him for months, and he knew what was in every mind. He also knew that he was perfectly safe within the invisible fortress of an Englishman's plighted word, and buttressed by a scrap of paper which was stronger than a mountain fastness.

"You are like your name, Dilawur—bold. Death is all around you."

Dilawur salaamed in the Moslem fashion, carrying his hand to his forehead.

"Truth is stronger than death, Sahib. I have no fear. What is the message you would give me?"

"This, Dilawur. You are a fine fellow, and you are living a very active life. It will come to a sudden end if I can lay my hands on you; for I will hang you as high as Haman (a gentleman mentioned in our good Book) some day, and that is a poor ending for a man like you."

"It is," said Dilawur, with an ominous smile. "When you hang me, Lumsden Sahib, I shall be there. There is a price of two thousand rupees on this head of mine. Here is the head,"—he passed his hand along his snaky locks—"I should

like to see the man in this camp or out of it who will venture to take it."

"Don't be a fool, Dilawur. I'll take it, if I have to follow you about the Afghan border for the next twenty years. Now listen, I'll make you an offer, take it or leave it. I'll enlist you, and as many of your men as come up to my standard, in the Guides, and you shall have good pay, a good pension, and as much hard fighting as any man can wish for. What do you say?"

Dilawur Khan's eyes sparkled as he stared in the face of this cool Englishman. Then he burst out into a roar of laughter. It was the best joke the bandit had ever heard. The tears rolled down his cheeks with his merriment. Lumsden watched him with a patient smile.

"No, no," said Dilawur, when he could speak, "that would never do."

With another salaam he walked to the door of the tent and passed out.

"All right," cried Lumsden after him, "take it or leave it, my boy; but remember, Dilawur, I'll catch you some day, and then I'll hang you to the nearest tree, as sure as my name is Lumsden."

Still roaring with laughter, Dilawur Khan stalked proudly along until he came to the frowning troopers. He stopped, spat on the ground, and muttered something in his beard which seemed to drive them to fury, then he sauntered towards the ravine which led to his mountain stronghold. Halting beside a rock, he turned and waved his hand to Lumsden Sahib and shook his fist at the troopers; as he passed from their

sight they could hear the roar of his laughter, and the sting of his muttered words was like gall and wormwood to their fiery souls.

The unexpected had happened. A few months had passed, and Dilawur Khan was now a trooper of the Guides. He had offered himself as a recruit, and the scourge of the border was fast becoming the strong man of the corps. He now fought, with all his old ferocity, on the side of Lumsden Sahib, and in 1857 won undying fame during the terrible Indian Mutiny, especially at the siege and taking of the great city of Delhi.<sup>1</sup>

But a still more astonishing change came over him. His bitter Moslem fanaticism vanished, and, as a result of the teaching of certain officers and missionaries, he gave his allegiance to Jesus Christ and was baptised. To his name [of Dilawur ("the bold")] he added the word *Masih*<sup>2</sup> ("Saviour"), and became not "bold for foray" but "bold for Christ." All the strength of his character was now thrown into Christian service, and his fearlessness in the Gospel made his name even more widely known than it had been when he was the wolf of Attock.

In the meantime strange events had been happening on the frontier. A British Commissioner had been approached by an officer with the request that missionaries should be allowed to preach across the border to the wild Afghans. "Nay," was the reply, "do you want us all to be killed? No missionary shall cross the Indus while I am in Peshawur." One day soon after

<sup>1</sup> Dell-ee.

<sup>2</sup> Mah-see.

this, an Afghan approached to give a petition to this same Commissioner as he sat in the verandah of his bungalow. As the man handed over the paper, he drew out a knife and plunged it into the officer's heart.

A new Commissioner, Sir Herbert Edwardes, was appointed shortly afterwards, and the same request was made to him, "May we open a Gospel mission for the Afghans?" "Yes," was the reply, "it is the first duty of every Christian to preach the Gospel of Christ. You may begin when you like."

When the mission had been in existence a few years, Dilawur Masih became one of its most stalwart champions. Nothing was too difficult for this lion-hearted servant of Christ to undertake. He was always armed to the teeth, for the Afghans respected a man in proportion to the weapons he carried and the courage with which he faced difficulty and danger, but his brain and tongue were as keen as his sword, and wherever he appeared he silenced opponents with his knowledge of the Word of God.

Dilawur Khan was always a strong man and a fearless champion, but he never showed his mettle so powerfully as when the Gospel of Christ ruled his life. Serving under the banner of the Gospel meant for him the full development of all his powers of brain and heart and hand; he was indeed a worthy champion of the King of kings.

## NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS

### YARN VIII

**AIM.**—To show an example of Christian loyalty and faithfulness.

#### Suggested Treatment

1. Describe the Cavalry Camp on the Frontier, and tell the story of the raising of the Guides.

2. Describe the fruitless search for Dilawur Khan, a robber and outlaw. Tell the story of how Dilawur Khan was secured for the Guides. It will be found useful to get discussion on such questions as—What did Lumsden resolve to do? Did Dilawur Khan accept the invitation? Did he come back again after the seemingly profitless interview? Tell of Dilawur Khan's participation in the march to Delhi.

3. Tell how Dilawur Khan became a Christian. Get the boys to discuss what they think attracted him to Christianity. Tell of his work for Christ.

4. Give the story of Dilawur Khan's death, and leave the class with the impression of a soldier faithful both in life and in death.

#### Additional Information

**The Raising of the Corps of Guides.**—In 1846 the Province of the Punjab was still administered by the Sikhs. A number of British "political officers" assisted in the administration, and were scattered over distant parts of the Province, but they were supported by only a few British troops. Sir Henry Lawrence, of Indian Mutiny fame, conceived the need for a new type of regiment, one "composed of men in whom implicit trust could be placed, and who could, at a moment's notice, move rapidly from one place to another." Thus the *Queen's Own Corps of Guides* was formed at Peshawur, under the command of Harry Lumsden, and there came into being one of the most famous regiments in the history of British warfare. The men were recruited from among the hardy and daring tribesmen of the Indian and Afghan frontiers. Instead of the scarlet uniform of the British Army of those days, a loose and serviceable dust-coloured uniform was adopted, now universally used throughout the British Army under the well-known name of *khaki*. The regiment has won undying fame for itself by its many daring exploits in the Sikh wars, the

Indian Mutiny, the Afghan campaigns, and in the many smaller Indian Frontier wars. One of the most famous episodes in its history—its march to Delhi—took place in the lifetime of the hero of this Yarn.

**Dilawur Khan.** (a) **AS ROBBER AND OUTLAW.**—As the Yarn shows, the Guides had been outwitted by the notorious highwayman, Dilawur Khan. Destined, when a boy, for the Mohammedan priesthood, this man had chosen, in preference, the wild life of adventure, and had become a source of terror to the traders of the Punjab. Whenever a rich shopkeeper appeared, he was liable to be carried off to the hills by Dilawur Khan, and kept a prisoner until the ransom demanded was forthcoming.

(b) **AS SUBADAR (NATIVE CAPTAIN) IN THE GUIDES.**—It speaks much for the confidence of these wild tribesmen in British rule that Dilawur Khan trusted Lumsden, and came to the interview recorded in the Yarn. This move on the part of Lumsden was entirely successful, and Dilawur was to the end faithful and loyal to his chief. He served in the Mutiny and in the many frontier skirmishes that took place during the next twelve years.

Dilawur Khan was one of those who took part in the famous march of the Guides to Delhi. At six hours' notice they left their headquarters at Mardan, and in twenty-one days marched nearly six hundred miles in the hottest season of the year, and in one of the hottest parts of India. Within half an hour of their arrival at Delhi they were in action, and right on through the summer of 1857 they fought alongside of the British troops in the storming and final capture of Delhi. Among the six hundred who set out from Mardan there were 350 casualties.

(c) **HIS CONVERSION TO CHRISTIANITY.**—Dilawur Khan's early education had given him an interest in religion, and he was always fond of a religious argument. On one occasion he nearly lost his life at Peshawur by entering into a debate with a leading Mohammedan *mullah*, who had arrived in the company of the Amir. Dilawur was not unaffected by this scene. As he himself said, "he did not think much of a religion which, instead of meeting argument with argument, only threw stones at the head of the seeker after knowledge." He became interested in Christianity by his contact with certain British officers (including Sir Herbert Edwardes, mentioned in the Yarn), and when Dr Pfander came as a missionary to Peshawur, Dilawur began boldly to take the side of Christianity and to attack Mohammedanism. Some time after his return from the Delhi campaign, he openly professed Christianity and was baptised. One can imagine the impression made when a man of his repute became a Christian.

(d) **HIS DEATH.**—Perhaps the most striking characteristic of Dilawur Khan's life was his faithfulness to conscience and to duty. As the following story shows, this characteristic remained with him to the end.

In 1869 a man was wanted by the British Government to undertake an important and highly dangerous mission into the interior of Asia. Dilawur Khan was selected, having as his companion Ahmed Khan, also of the Guides. After many hardships and much adventure they got as far on their return journey as the territory of Chitral.

One day, however, while they were at their midday rest, they were suddenly attacked and taken prisoners, and although Dilawur Khan tried to pose as the *mullah* Dilawur, he was recognised as the famous *subadar* Dilawur of the Guides. Death was the usual fate of any traveller found in these parts, especially of anyone in the service of the English. But after being kept in prison for two months, Dilawur Khan and his party were set at liberty by their captors, who feared reprisal by the British Government.

They started out for home across the mountains, some 24,000 feet high, attempting to get through the Nuksan Pass—"the Pass of Death." Snow and intense cold barred their progress, and for four days they struggled on against tremendous odds. Ahmed Khan was the first to die, and on the night of the fourth day Dilawur himself gave out. To one of the survivors of the company he gave the following parting message: "Should any of you reach India alive, go to the Commissioner of Peshawur and say, 'Dilawur Khan of the Guides is dead'; and say also that he died faithful to his salt, and happy to give up his life in the service of the Great Queen; and tell the Padre Sahib that I died trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ." Dilawur had lived as a soldier, faithful to his earthly trust: he died as a faithful soldier and servant of Christ.

**Books for Reference.**—*The Story of the Guides*, by Col. Young-husband (Macmillan). A chapter is especially devoted to the story of Dilawur Khan. *Sketches of Indian Christians*, by Sathianadhan.

## IX

### A Soldier of Nepal

“Nepali”

(Date of Incident, 1913)

“WHOA, lass! Steady, there’s nothing to be scared about. Steady—come, come!”

The rider spoke soothingly to his horse and patted her glossy neck. Her ears, moving restlessly backward and forward, betokened excitement, and the flashing eyes and quivering nostrils showed that something out of the ordinary had scared the high-mettled Arab.

About twenty yards away a stalwart little figure in khaki shorts was seen clutching a football. He had evidently grabbed it on the run when it had been kicked over the line, and his comrades were awaiting his return. Now, without deigning to throw another glance at the horseman, he darted toward his companions and with a clean kick sent the ball soaring over their heads.

Reining in his horse the onlooker watched the swift movements of the players with admiration. He had seen first-class professional teams in Britain, but for sheer hard work, strong kicking, and dash these Gurkha soldiers seemed hard to beat. In stature they stood about five feet in height, with broad shoulders, powerful thighs and



well-developed legs. Every man was as sturdy as a mountain pine. Their faces were of the Mongolian type, with high cheek bones, firm well-set jaws and sparkling eyes. A bold, independent and almost truculent carriage stamped them as mountaineer soldiers, whose hardihood would not be likely to fail in any emergency.

The camp, on whose wide open plain they were practising, contained some four thousand Gurkha soldiers. It was the recruiting station in North India, about fifty miles from the Nepal frontier, where all the Nepalese who desired to join the Indian Army had to assemble. Afterwards they were drafted to one of the ten Gurkha regiments of the army and stationed at Abbotabad, Quetta, or anywhere on the North-Western Frontier where trouble was likely to arise.

Nepal, the independent and jealously guarded kingdom whose snow-covered mountain barriers could be seen on clear days from the camp, allowed its sons to enlist in the Indian Army, and the plucky little giants were always as true as steel.

The horseman watched the practice game for some time, and then rode across the plain in the direction of the tents. He was challenged by a sentry.

"I seek a friend," he said in reply.

"His name, Sahib?"

"That I know not. I call him 'Nepali.'"<sup>1</sup>

"We are all Nepali, Sahib; know you his regiment? The Malaun, the Sirmur Rifles, the Frontier Fifth, is he in any of these?"

<sup>1</sup> Ne-pawl'-ee.

"Nay, brother, I know none of these names, but I know my friend takes leave to-day, and returns to Nepal for a time."

At that moment the clear notes of a bugle rang out, sharp, distinct, and enunciated with a crispness that only facile lips and brazen lungs could provide.

"I believe that is the man I want," said the horseman as the call ceased, "for my friend is a bandsman. May I ride forward and see?"

"Pass, Sahib," replied the sentry.

In a long lane made by the tents a soldier was seen striding along at a rapid pace. He disappeared into one of the tents, and, by the time the horseman had ridden up, was out again with a number of small bags, which he proceeded to sling on to his belts along with some billy-tins and other odds and ends. He was so busy with his preparations that he did not notice the sound made by the approaching horseman.

"Nepali, my friend, I have come."

Swift as a leopard springing upon its prey the Gurkha swung round. A smile of satisfaction lit up his face.

"Ha, Sahib, welcome. I start within an hour and do not return for many days. I go five days' march beyond Khatmandu and shall visit many villages. I want much material."

"You shall have all you want, Nepali. I have more than you can carry, and you are welcome to all I have."

"I am happy, Sahib. Once across the frontier I can find helping hands. I take a bugle with me, and blow the calls. It is a sound which echoes

along the ravines. It awakes the villagers, and when they come I give them the gift."

"You are a messenger of good tidings, Nepali, and are doing what no sabib can do. I should be stopped at the frontier, while you are free of the country and can go anywhere."

"'Tis my own home-land, Sahib, but it is dark and ignorant. The gift will bring light to Nepal as it brought light to me. When shall I come to the bungalow of the Sahib?"

"When you are ready, Nepali."

"At three o'clock, Sahib. I must travel fifteen miles before I rest, and shall be glad to be out of the woods. Then I come to the villages. One call of my bugle and the people throng out of their huts to see me. I sing a *bhajan* (hymn) and speak out my message of life. They listen and do not understand, but I take out my little books and papers and hand them round. Then on I go, and wherever I pass I leave some of the light."

His face shone with enthusiasm, and the activity which made him excel as a soldier showed itself in all its gestures.

"Good-bye, Nepali, until three o'clock. Come to my bungalow near the cross-roads. I shall be ready."

He shook the reins and his high-mettled horse broke into a canter. Leaving the camp he rode along the hard high road which led to Gorukhpur, past the little village where the Nepalese women were, to his own bungalow, where he dismounted and waited for the time appointed.

Punctual to the minute, Nepali appeared as the

clock was striking three. He was fully equipped for the road, and anxious to set out on his journey into forbidden Nepal. No Christian preacher might set foot within its well-guarded frontier to proclaim the Gospel. Missionaries often looked with longing at the snow-covered mountains which girded the country, from the plains and wooded tracts of British India, but no one might go in to carry on missionary work. Portions of the New Testament in the Nepalese tongue were now available, and Christian hymns and tracts were published, but the white messengers could not enter.

Nepali stuffed his wallets and bags with the precious little books, for he was about to spend his well-earned furlough on a missionary tour through his own home-land. As he trudged along the shady road that led to the frontier, he sang with light-hearted glee, for this brave soldier of the Empire had learned to love the Gospel story which had changed his own life. In the camp he was known as "Nepali the fighter," but his comrades knew that there was something else that marked him out as a man of strength. He was clean in his life and action, honest and straightforward in word and deed.

"Ah," said they, "Nepali has the light, and we know it. His life is a message which is as clear as his own bugle-calls. Nepali is a man."

He marched along the road, rested and slept under the trees or beside the river banks, and crossed the frontier into Nepal. Cautious, but unfaltering, he entered village after village in the closed country, and after he had passed on his way,

men and women who could read bent over the printed word which told them the new yet old story of a Saviour's love. As Nepali passed on his way sounding his clarion call, many a dark heart that had longed for spiritual dawn heard a more glorious reveillé—the daybreak call of the soldier of the King of kings.

## NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS

### YARN IX

**AIM.**—To show by the story of a Gurkha soldier how everyone can do some work for Christ.

### Suggested Treatment

1. Tell the class about the Gurkhas and Nepal. As a result of the European War most boys know something of the Gurkhas. This information should be elicited and supplemented with fuller knowledge. Announce to the boys a story about a Gurkha soldier.

2. Tell the story in the Yarn of the visit to the Gurkha camp and the preparation of the soldier for his furlough. Ask the boys to guess what was the "material" that he wanted. That it was Bibles will come as a surprise. Make it clear that the scene depicted took place only two years ago.

3. Why did the Nepali bandsman prepare for a furlough in this way? Tell the remarkable story of his conversion.

4. Draw a picture of Nepali making his way through the villages of his native country distributing Bibles—doing a work which no European could do. Of its results let the Gurkha soldier himself speak. He tells of "hundreds who believe in Jesus of Nazareth." The people are formed into groups, and, although there is no preacher, Nepali knows that God is watching over the people. The story is remarkable as showing how important work can be done for Christ by those who are, in the eyes of this world, unimportant and insignificant.

### Additional Information

**Nepal and the Gurkhas.**—The "little Gurkhas" from the hill-country of Nepal, although only a small part of the native Indian army, have always appealed greatly to the popular imagination, and are to British people the best known of the Indian soldiers. They are all little, stocky men, in dull green uniform, and all look exactly alike. They are fearless in attack, capable of enduring great privation, and possess fighting qualities probably as great as those of any other soldiers in the world. There are ten regiments of Gurkhas, and they have a great record of military achievement in Indian frontier warfare. As most people know, they rendered of their own free will most signal service to Britain at the time of

the Indian Mutiny. In the fighting around Delhi one detachment fought on until 329 out of 490 had been killed.

Their entry into the battlefields of Europe has opened a new and memorable chapter in their history. A pleasing feature throughout has been their friendship with the British soldier, especially with the Scottish Highlander, with whom the Gurkha has always found a strong affinity.

Strictly speaking, however, the Gurkha is not, like the Sikh and Punjabi soldier, an Indian. He is a subject of the independent kingdom of Nepal, and is allowed to enlist voluntarily in the British army, under the command of British officers.

The State of Nepal lies on the southern slopes of the Himalayas. Part of it lies right among the mountains, and in the lower districts the soil is very fertile. There are also immense forests. The Gurkhas are the dominant race, and for a long time they gave much annoyance to the British Government in India. Matters reached a climax in 1814, and war was declared. The British were at first defeated in all their attempts to subdue these hill-men—it was during this fighting that the dreaded Gurkha knife, the *kukri*, first came into prominence. The Gurkhas were at last defeated, but liberal terms of peace laid the foundation for converting a dreaded foe into an ally who has proved the most loyal of friends.

**The Conversion of Nepali.**—The conversion of this bandsman to Christianity is a striking story, for he was not in any way directly under missionary influence. For a time he was stationed with his regiment among the Khassia Hills, where it happened that a religious "revival" was just taking place. The Gurkha soldier was not directly in touch with this movement, but he chanced one evening to attend one of the meetings, where he witnessed the extraordinary sights often connected with "revival meetings." The singing and praying made a deep impression on him, and, although he heard no sermon or address, he was much troubled in his mind. He tells us that for a number of days he could neither sleep nor eat in camp, and he was not at rest until he seemed to hear a voice speak to him. "Nepali," it said, "you are God's: you belong to Him." This working of the Holy Spirit decided the matter for Nepali. He became a Christian, and soon gave full proof of his conversion by preaching to his comrades and seeking to win them. His zeal and earnestness provoked bitter opposition, and led to a good deal of persecution. One day his fellow-soldiers rushed upon him and, knocking him down, dragged him by the ear a considerable distance along the ground; the ear was almost torn off. Nepali's injuries were so severe that he had to be sent into hospital, where he remained in a serious condition for some days. When he had sufficiently recovered to be able to talk, the hospital authorities asked him to lodge a complaint against the men who had handled him so roughly and cruelly. This

Nepali flatly refused to do. He declined to give any information that would lead to the identification of his persecutors. It is good to know that he gained the respect and admiration of his fellow-soldiers. He was faithful and loyal in all that he did.

Nepali's real name is "Guman Singh." An English friend describes him thus: "Guman Singh has a Mongolian appearance; he is short and robust, with flat face, oblique eyes, reddish-yellow complexion, black hair, and hairless face. . . . He has a delightfully free manner, and extends his hand to greet anyone he meets, European or Indian, with refreshing wisdom, so different from the cringing servility of many natives. His face beams with smiles, expressing his happy disposition, and again his face sets in a purposeful solemnity, suggesting those spiritual depths which he has touched."

Distribution of Bibles in Nepal.—As a sign of its independence Nepal has acted most rigorously in its attitude towards the entry of Europeans within its borders. A special permit can with difficulty be obtained, but to all intents and purposes Nepal is to Europeans a forbidden land. Missionaries who live on its borders tell us of their longings to enter with their message, as they look to the distant mountains of Nepal, but as yet it is impossible for their desires to be satisfied. The Scriptures have, however, been translated, and the action of the bandsman is thus of great significance. As a native—unknown and illiterate—he has been able to do what is impossible for the most highly trained European.

Book for Reference.—*Jewels of the East*, by M. Warburton Booth.