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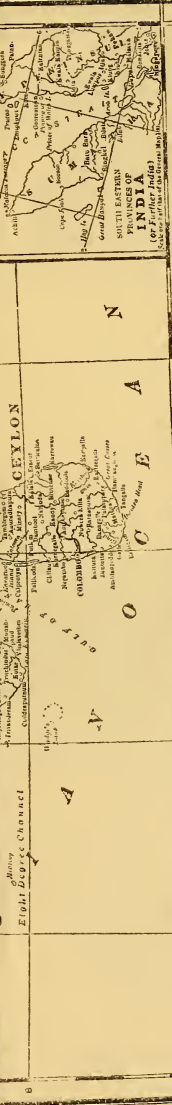
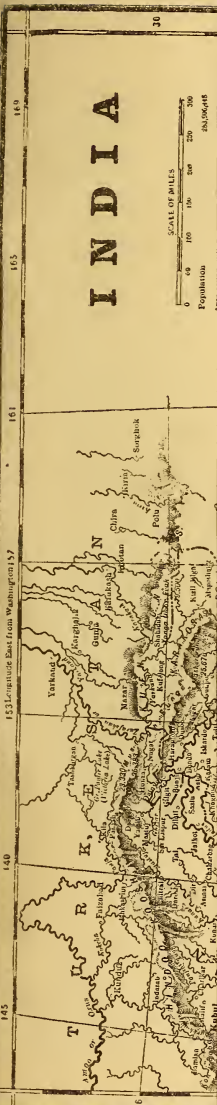
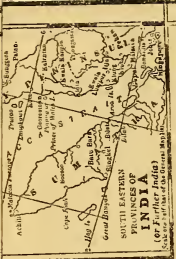
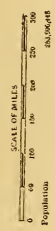




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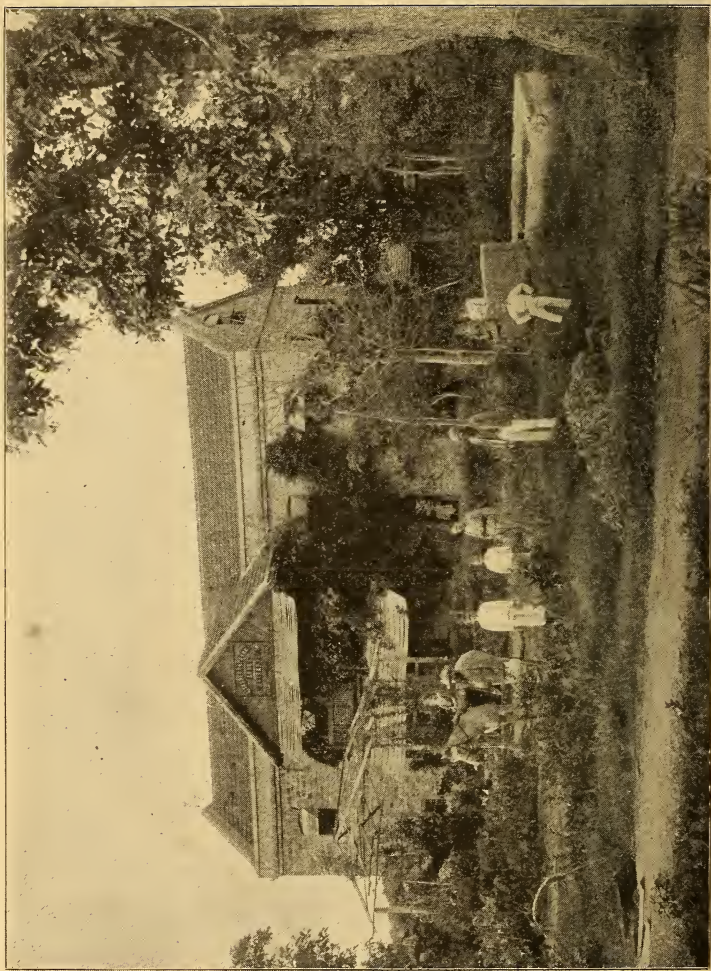
# INDIA

SCALE OF MILES  
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 Population 233,506,448  
 Area square miles 1,383,904



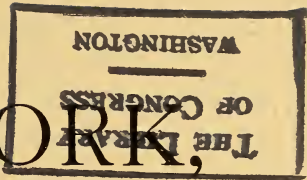


OUR WORK.



Our Yellandu Mission House.

OUR WORK,



—BY—

✓  
C. B. WARD.

—  
EIGHTEEN YEARS A METHODIST MISSIONARY IN INDIA



—  
"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."—*I Sam 7; 12.*

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*C. B. Ward*  
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# CONTENTS.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE BEGINNING.

The origin of the mission.—First printed letter.—First ingathering.—My marriage.—My colleague's devotion.—Six ingatherings.—First effort to earn.—Helping others.—William Taylor's advice.—My fever.—William Marrett's invitation.—How a guineaworm helped.—A great clean up.—My appointment.—The start.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE DOMESTIC PERIOD.

A 200 mile orphan walk.—My beginning.—Our revival.—First baptisms.—First communion.—Our position.—Conference.—Watchnight.—Mylarum work.—The first idea of East Indian orphan work.—Our village and life.—Tank building.—First East Indian orphans.—Miss Miller.—Investigated.—Albaka.—A pony.—William Marrett.—Ramswamy's feast.—A move.—Watchman.—Shorapore in the west.—Prayer remarkably answered.

## CHAPTER III.

### ADVANCE STEPS.

First outing.—D. O. Ernsberger.—F. J. Blewitt.—Days of faith trial.—The lesson learned.—"Valley of Baca."—The magic lantern.—Miss O'Leary's sickness.—Blewitt and Co. at Pallur.—General Phayre's offer.—Bishop Foster appoints.—Money for tracts.

## CHAPTER IV.

### LARGE UNDERTAKINGS FOR GOD.

Lingumpully trials.—Lanoli camp meeting.—Arnold Moore.—Miss H. Freer.—Experience learning Telugu.—Parting at Premoor.—Secunderabad.—Holiness meeting.—Bazaar preaching.—Major Tucker.—First convert.—A bazaar occurrence.—Holiness tracts.—Conference.—Nursaya Naidu.—Sad days.—Two of God's noble women taken.—Nursaya's persecution.—A second son.—The Nizam crowned.

## CHAPTER V.

### PIONEERING AND EARNING.

Nursaya a preacher.—Contract work.—Half nights of prayer.—Cane-rese werk.—A pioneer tour.—A five years report.—Trial ended.—Quarterly Conference.—My location.—Misses Hillis and James.—Farther contract work.—A plea for missions.—Smootz and I.—The cholera scourge and how it dodged us.—A glance backward.

## CHAPTER VI.

### A STUPENDOUS EFFORT AND THE RESULTS.

The great effort.—Apostacy.—On our feet again.—Miss Hillis.—Her work and sudden death.—Other things.—The end.

## CHAPTER VII.

### LAND AT LAST.

A new start.—Land at last.—A special prayer and its answer.—An offer to the Bishop.—How I settled matters at last.—Our preachers —A pastor's report.—A mission house.—Reinforcements coming.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### HOME BUILDING AND VILLAGE RECONSTRUCTION.

The mission buildings at last.—Reinforcements arrive.—The village.—Our District Conference.—The goddess Maisamma.—The liquor nuisance.—Rama's return from America.—His entrance upon the work in India.—Dr. A. G. Frazer's letter.—The work

## CHAPTER IX.

### OUR FORWARD MOVEMENT AND SATAN'S COUNTERPLOT.

Hindoo temple illustrations.—Kois under the influence of liquor.—Preaching to our guides.—The top of Bastar mountain.—Washington's birthday.—A wedding scene.—Dantawarra and human sacrifice.—The Capital of Bastar.—Commissioner Frazer.—The order he gave.—Sironcha.—Satan's plot.—Our appeal as an American citizen.—The tank in danger.—Preachers for Sironcha.

## CHAPTER X.

### PREEMPTING OUR MISSION FIELD.

Dr. Batstone and I on the march.—Jagdalpur.—Mission ground selected.—Dr. B. returns.—Getting work people.—Birthday.—My lonely camp—Northern Bastar.—Rs 1000—Opium.—Bastar's first missionaries.—Our mission field.—Six circuits.—The summary.—All about our mission field—Social customs and religion.—Money matters.—Rs. 17,000 for Christmas.—M. E. hospital report.—W. F. M. S. to help us.—Third tour.—Stay in Sironcha.—Miss Blackmar in Gangalur—Jagdalpur again.—Our pioneers there.—Hospital begun.—To Sukma and Mokpal—Koi language.—First Quarterly Conference in Bastar.—Our party divided.—Home stretch—A trip to America.—The voyage.—New York.—The sixty days journey ended.—Story ends.

## PREFACE.

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The following pages do not purport to be an autobiography nor yet a work on India, her peoples or religion. It is rather in outline, the story of fifteen years of christian work in India, conducted in dependence upon God for both means and grace without any human guarantee of salary or support.

The reason for its publication at this time arises from the numerous requests of friends for some account of the work we have been engaged in the past years of our residence in India. I have in the past published several partial reports of the work and our experience in it. All of these being exhausted, I have put together from sources at my command, the following pages, in the hope that God's blessing may make them a source of encouragement and inspiration to other christian workers and believers.

I was born March 23rd, 1853, in Kendall county, Ill., the eldest of six brothers, while the youngest in the family was an only sister. When I was about 4 years of age my parents settled in Cropsy, McLean county, Ill., and here were spent my boyhood days in farm work during summer and attending the district school in winter.

Our parents not being religious, dancing and novel reading were evils I easily unrestrained, fell deeply into. But for divine interposition I know not what these evil communications might have led me into. On the 15th day of November, 1869 I was converted to God in my father's corn field. The reading of Thomas Dick's Christian Philosopher had led on to deep conviction that I was in the

way utterly wrong. At about the same time a German Methodist, named John Straisser, now in heaven, began to follow me up, and, it seemed to me, he knew the state of my mind. I forsook novel reading and began to apply myself to something useful. Latterly I gave up dancing and my old companions. Brother John never let me go till he saw me soundly converted and a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. I began to teach school soon after this, and in the fall of 1870 I entered the Preparatory School of the Northwestern University at Evanston. Soon after my conversion a deep conviction seized me that I should become a missionary some day. This conviction came upon me while reading an appeal to christian young men and women of America, by Dr. Baldwin, at that time of the China Methodist Mission. The idea however, was apparently so preposterous, that I kept these convictions a secret for many a day. While teaching my first term, in my absence from home, my class voted me an Exhorter's license, which Rev. Matthew Evans soon after delivered me. When it came I thought it was a mistake. But ere long I was made a local preacher and the conviction that it was of God came home to me. I then began to prepare for a life of christian work. Being poor, I began in Evanston, sawing wood about two hours per day and all day Saturday. I was thus able to earn fully half my way for two years, after which, I taught again for six months and spliced out the rest of the year as township assessor and otherwise. During this year I preached in the school house where I taught and another a few miles away, and conducted a Sunday School in each place. As a result a goodly number were converted or reclaimed and all from the two points united in one congregation, in Prairie Chapel, which was built at a cost of about \$1,500, and dedicated by Dr. Samuel Fallows, then President of Wesleyan University, Bloomington, Ill., now a Bishop in the Reformed Episcopalian Church.

I returned to Evanston and completed the Preparatory course. Never can I forget Prof. Fisk. He left a mark on me in habits of study and reading and systematic work, worth more than much gold. Greek was my favorite study and for the post of honor I had but one successful contestant and she like myself was poor. During my last year at Evanston I found my way into Halsted St. Mission, Chicago. Here I met S. A. Kean, at that time of the banking firm of Preston, Kean & Co. Of my teachers in Evanston and faithful pastors of other places I learned much. But Brother Kean taught me how to work for the Master. He was the first man I ever saw conducting an out-door meeting. Of him I learned how to follow boys and girls, men and women into their homes, shops, wood houses and saloons or take them on the wing, preach Jesus to them, sing with them, pray with them and lead them to the Savior. I value highly the education I received in Evanston, but the training I received in my two years in the Halsted Street Mission, has been of more value to me in India missionary work, than any other I ever had elsewhere. Had I my way I would see every young man and woman contemplating a life of missionary work, finish off with at least one year in city mission, or slum work. It is more like work in heathen lands than is otherwheres found in America.

In the latter part of 1875 I met William Taylor, now Bishop of Africa and a third visit saw me booked for India sometime the following year. In January of 1870, when reading Dr. Baldwin's address I had gone up into my father's hay loft and promised the Lord that if ever an open door presented itself, I would enter it, in my Master's name.

On my second visit to William Taylor at the M. E. Book Concern, Chicago, he made many inquiries as to my plans for the future. I told him frankly of my determination to complete my education. He cut short our inter-

view by saying: "Brother Ward, go home and pray over the matter three days. If the Lord wants you to go to India, I would rather send you now than after you have spent six years more of the best part of your life in getting college stuffing after which you will have to learn your A. B. C. with any other barbarian boy out in India." With this he bade me good morning. I started over to, and down Madison street; when nearing the bridge the memory of my hay loft consecration came to mind. I stopped stock still on the sidewalk, and a voice seemed to say to me: "Now will you stand by your promise?" It was a battle for a few moments. My Greek prospects came up before me, I could hear the encouragements of my teachers. But, "Now will you stand by your promise?" came louder and louder. I felt it was of God and I settled the matter right there, and said, "I will." I was filled with peace. Three days later I gave William Taylor my answer, and was booked for India the following September. I went on with my work at Halsted street the rest of the year. During the summer of 1876 I visited every house in the mission district. Such sights and experiences. The poor and the wicked I saw there as never elsewhere in my life. I found within a little over a square mile of territory there 30,000 persons of a dozen nationalities and more religions.

I bade all my people in Illinois farewell and left for the seaboard in the end of October, 1876. I met William Taylor in Philadelphia, saw the Centennial and sailed from New York, November 4th, 1876, enroute for India. Never can I forget that day. A large missionary company was on board. Many wiped tears away at the last sight of Sandy Hook. I felt like throwing up my hat and shouting hallelujah. To me there was a land of promise ahead. Here I must detail a little of my religious experience. Not long after my conversion, I was deeply pained over the discovery of "roots of bitterness" in my heart, though I could not discover any point at which I had backslidden.

Anger sprang up betimes unbidden and then other things that gave me convincing proof that I was not "cleansed from all unrighteousness" though I was sure I had received "the forgiveness of sins." A conviction began early to grow upon me that I was in terrible danger of being betrayed into sinful living again, unless I received cleansing from my "sin." I conversed with older christians. None seemed to be able to understand or give me help. Here and there in Adam Clarke's Commentaries and in other Methodist literature I found statements that seemed well sustained in the scriptures, to the effect that I might experience "entire sanctification" from all sin. Oh! how I sought it. How I groaned after it. How I afflicted myself for it. But, alas, my tears, groans and prayers all fell short. I knew what it was to feel, "Oh! who shall deliver me from this dead body?" On reaching Evans-ton, I was mightily cheered to hear that Mrs. Bishop Hamline held a holiness meeting in her sick chamber weekly. I went, I listened, oh so hungry. But here satan again did me no little harm. An unworthy brother was there ever ready to witness to what most of us students knew he did not enjoy. Over him I stumbled and ceased attending those meetings. While in Halsted street work, while others said much good of my work I was conscious that I was not "holy" and did not have abiding victory or communion in the Spirit. Oh! how vivid is the memory of the struggle of those days. It came to me at last that it would be well for me to go to the frontier, where none knew me and make a new start for God and the Church, and I might do better. I was in this frame of mind when first I met William Taylor. When I started for India I thought of my new field as a land of promise of a better experience and more satisfactory communion with God.

Thus was I buoyed up with hope till after we passed England and Gibraltar. But as we neared the Suez

Canal, the query came. "How do you know you will succeed any better in India than you have hitherto done in America?" I was stunned, yes confounded by this query. But over and over it came, till in the agony of my soul, I cried out, "Lord I don't know." Finally an awful feeling settled down upon me that as I was, the greatest failure of my life, awaited me in India.

Two old missionaries, Drs. Scott and Johnson and captain Oldham, daily conversed or argued on the theme of "Entire Sanctification." How I listened. But no help there. I read "Christian Perfection, "Love Enthroned" and other books and found no relief. Daily my burden grew. At last it seemed better for me to go to the bottom of the sea than to Bombay unsanctified. The darkest hour came. December 10, 1876, just at the entrance of the Red Sea, about where old Pharaoh and his host went down, in my cabin I bowed before God determined never to leave that room till my soul was set at liberty. I began in great deliberation and detail to consecrate myself, soul and body, and all I had or hoped for unreservedly to God. In this holy exercise I was blessedly helped of God's Spirit and something seemed to say: "This is the way." I continued thus till I could think of nothing more. I felt that I had done my part. As did Elijah, I lifted up my voice and began to cry for "the fire." "Send the sanctifying spirit," was my prayer. I was stopped by these words as though audibly spoken: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." I could no longer pray, I was bidden to "Receive." Was it the word of God? For the moment I could not say; I opened my bible and there it was. "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." In that glad moment I lifted up my head and said: "Lord, is this all?" "Then I do receive the Holy Ghost." Oh, how shall I tell the experience of that moment and the days that followed. Quick as lightning my years of bondage to a polluted moral nature was ended. Just as glorious as had been my conver-



sion, yea, more glorious, and real was the cleansing of my heart from all sin by the blood of the everlasting covenant. India had no more terrors for me. I was more than a conqueror. Oh, how I praised God. I told my experience and think other persons were sanctified, before we reached Bombay, December 24, 1876.

I found myself appointed by Bishop Andrews to Bellary, about 500 miles south on the way to Madras, and in the very heart of the famine district. I went to Madras, met my Presiding Elder and many good people that had been saved through the good work inaugurated by William Taylor in India, and returned to my post January 2, 1877.

It was the first work I had ever had independent charge of, and my trials in this new work, and a new land, were many and heavy. But my soul had wings. I was happy and many were converted.

We had no church. But we built one. The congregation was small, the Sunday School a good one and my helpers were few and inexperienced. Here I met a Christian officer and family (Geo. Chooett,) whose practical friendship we have enjoyed all our years in India. When I met them first they were not Methodists, but later became such. For many days their house was our home. They have helped us much. Here I received my first lessons in Telugu, from J. G. Firth, who though an old man to-day is the friend of every good work for God and man. My second year here, I traveled much up and down the railway line for 1,000 miles; many wicked men I met, many drunkards, some were saved. This was hard work but blessed. Many a time I have had to retire to some lonely wooded spot to pray for courage to go from house to house among men I knew cursed and swore, gambled, drank and ridiculed religion. But I went, and the Lord blessed me.

Three years I was in this English work in Bellary, and during my last year here, 1879, I found my way into the work my story tells of in the following pages.

My marriage to Ellen M. Welch is referred to in the first chapter of the story. I found her at work in Halsted Street Mission, Chicago. She followed me to India in a little over two years and has been my *helpmeet* through all the years in India.

God has given us six children. Our first, Charles Edward, born February 2, 1880. God took him in a little over 4 months. Then came the twins; Wesley Asbury and William Taylor, born in Bangalore, in the house of our friends, D. H. and Ada Lee, December 15, 1881. They were called by many Caleb and Joshua. Brother Lee baptised them. January 18, 1884, came George Fletcher in Secundrabad and he was baptised by the venerable Dr. A. G. Frazer. Our first daughter was born in Secundrabad, January 14, 1886 and baptised Susana Ruth by our friend, Simon Peter Jacobs. Our last is Nellie Marion, born May 19th, 1889, and baptised by our dearly beloved Bishop Thoburn.

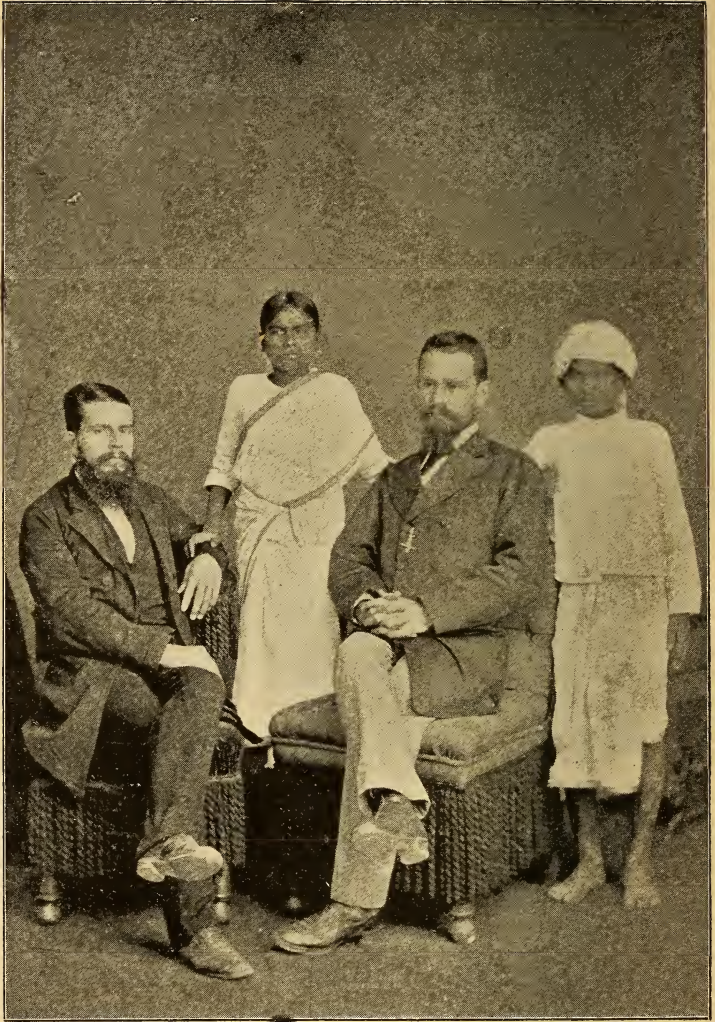
I wish it were possible to mention the many dear friends God has raised up to us in this work. A Christian engineer, J. J. Tomlinson, has been the friend of the most years. If I mistake not, no month has passed for 12 years that a contribution has not come from his hand. Railway men, military officers, civilians, missionaries, poor people and even heathen men, have freely and unsolicited, given us and many of the Lord's people have helped us with their prayers and counsel. To me it is strange that one so little known should have been so largely trusted and freely helped in God's good work. It is only explainable on the ground that God chooses the weak things of this world for the accomplishment of his grandest purposes. In the last four years, two brethren of the Transit and Building Fund Society, (William Taylor's) have been led to help us secure property to the extent of \$18,000, or in Nizam's Rupees about 71,000. But the Lord has never suffered our work to fall wholly upon these friends. Other

christian friends, with our own earnings have entirely supported the mission, orphans, workers and missionaries.

It is the purpose and faith of myself and our friends to develop a productive property in India that will, say in five years, entirely support the mission, in any locality where we start. God has blessed our efforts so far, richly. But much hard work is yet to be done, before the half million souls to whom we and our helpers are the missionaries are evangelized.

When God sanctified my soul on my way to India he gave me his secret. And in the years since, that memorable 10th of December, 1876, as I have walked 'with God, blood-washed and filled with the Spirit, I have been blessed and my work has been successful financially and spiritually. In my experience, in no small measure I see the secret of my good health and strength to toil almost day and night in India for eighteen years without a rest, except one day a week.

I have attempted little in the way of a description of India or her people. This has been well done by many abler hands. What I have written is an imperfect story of our fifteen years of christian work.



The Pioneers.

# OUR WORK.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE BEGINNING, 1879.

The Telugu Mission had its origin in a prayer meeting attended by two persons, at the home of one at Gulburga, February 22, 1879. The one party was the pastor of the Methodist Church in Bellary, and the other an assistant engineer in the Nizam's Department of Public Works, then resident in the station. The pastor was C. B. Ward and the engineer A. C. Davis, Esq.

The great famine of 1876 to 1878, in which five millions of human beings perished of hunger and its consequent diseases, had closed. Copious rains had fallen, but as yet no crops had been harvested; and famine prices, famine want, famine diseases, famine poverty, and helpless famine sufferers abounded. On the understanding that "famine was over," government relief camps had all been closed except here and there one kept up simply as a hospital. The consequence was, thousands were yet left to suffer and die for want of food, medicine and care. In Gulburga, where famine camps were still in order, a few residents of the station united to open and carry on a small private charity for the benefit of orphans, and in some cases destitute children with their mothers.

The Sudder Taluqdar, Mr. McFarlane, Executive Engineer, and Mr. A. C. Davis, J. J. Ottley, and C. Dunhill, assistant Engineers of the D. P. W., J. J. Wright,

Station Master, and some others, were liberal and active in this good work, as were the wives of some of the above named. The time had now come when these friends thought there was no longer any necessity for the continuance of their "poor house," as they styled it. There were however, a few children left in the "poor house" who had no known parents or relatives. After a few had been taken, five remained for some friend to take. The local Committee dissolved itself, and A. C. Davis took the five remaining children—four boys and one girl to rear for God. In the course of my work as a Methodist preacher, I chanced to be in Bro. Davis' house the night of February 21st, 1879. In the course of the evening Bro. Davis narrated to me the history of the "poor house," and wound up with saying *he* had taken the remaining five children. I innocently asked him what he intended doing with them. He said he intended training them for the work of the Lord. If, after they were grown he found them fit for the work, he meant that they should accompany him as he moved about at his work, and that they should preach the gospel to their heathen countrymen.

The idea of rearing these boys and girls for God went through my soul as a revelation from heaven. As I remember, I said little, if anything, at the time. I retired, but not to sleep for hours. There passed before my eyes the haggard, bony, starving form of hundreds of poor children I saw again and again at the various stations along a thousand miles of railway, I was accustomed to travel frequently. The possibility of saving any number of these little ones for God and his work. Was it possible? Was it not possible? I had passed over two years at Bellary in the height of the famine; had seen the bones of thousands at Avama's Tope and Adoni; had seen the dead and dying in and by the road with never a thought that I could do anything till my eyes became used to sights that ordinarily would have made me sick. But in those waking

hours God called me to cast in my lot with Bro. Davis, and endeavor to do what could be done in the line of this undertaking with the remnant from the "poor house." When I came to conference in December, 1878, I had asked an appointment to native work, but was halted by the query, "Where will you get your support?" Well, at a late hour that memorable night, sleep overtook me. In the morning I broke the subject of endeavoring to do something in the same line for *hundreds* of poor children we knew to exist at various stations. The financial consideration was the great one, to be sure. The country had been begged to death for the relief of all sorts of needy poor. It were useless for us to begin, expecting to get money by solicitation. We got down on the two sides of a half-camp table and counselled with God. Blessed be the name of the Lord who spoke to us from his holy place. We were both assured that the doing of *something* was the will of God. Bro. Davis went to office later. I sat at the consecrated table and penned our intentions in a letter to the "Bombay Guardian," and stated that any persons so moved of the Lord could of their own free will help us. On Bro. Davis' return from office I showed him the letter. Upon his concurrence in the same it was sent to Bro. Geo. Bowen, editor of the "Bombay Guardian." The following is that letter as published in the last issue of February, 1879:

## FAMINE IS OVER.

"So we hear and read. But what are these skeleton-like creatures I see all about town, going in flocks from door to door? What is that *string of seven*, the one leaning on the other for support as they walk? What are those creatures, a dozen or more, I see sitting yonder at that man's door? What are these semi-living things I see at the road side? What are these cries that greet men from the far side of the platform as the train comes up to the station? Why do the police find it difficult to drive away these

who wait the arrival of every train? See them scramble after plantain skins, or bread, or anything thrown from the carriage window, as if they were starving! What means that cluster yonder watching the goods shed? What means so much scratching about in the dust for a few grains that just fell?

“‘Famine is over,’ they say, yet such scenes as the above are to be seen all along at almost every station from Dhond to Erode. At Barsee Road, Sholapore, Raichore, Gulburga, Adoni, Cuddapah and further down there are to be seen hundreds of men, women and children almost too weak to stand, merely skin and bone. And along the line the call for charity comes just as loudly now as ever during the famine, and it may also be said that among the railway people as much is being done privately to alleviate distress at the door as twelve months ago. Yet the burden is greater. Government says, ‘Famine is over,’ and stops aid. But the people must still give, and even then see distress and death. Much has been said about the nobility of the thousands in England who sent their mites to the famine-stricken. But who shall sound the praises of those who with tripled expenses and meagre pay in times of plenty, have divided their daily portion with the poor at the door now more than two and a half years? But while the people ask no recognition of their gratitude, it is unjust to say so much about ‘famins over’ when starving multitudes greet us wherever we go. In every village and city in all the Central India country, are thousands who can get but a starving pittance, and that by constant begging. Money for war, money for brandy, but none for the poor. None of these starving beings appeal for the heart more pitifully than the little children, three, four or five to eight years of age. Little boys and girls, many of them fatherless and motherless, boys and girls whom Jesus loves as much as any on earth, come and fall down before us, crying for food. If we pass them they follow or sit and



weep. Boys and girls driven to desperation, compelled to steal or starve, and then lashed by the unkind, or often driven away by the dogs. Christian friends, how would you feel were your children thus?

“For nearly one year a few friends at Goolburga have maintained at their own expense a little poor-house, with from ten to twenty-five native children. The amount of money expended up to date is about Rs. 600. Some of the children have died in spite of care. Several have been more recently claimed by friends, several have been found homes among Christian people, and a few remain and look well. All who joined in this noble work have felt amply rewarded with the appreciative dispositions of the children. It has been a matter of constant prayer that these children might become *good children*. And now the remaining ones are every Sabbath gathered for a Sabbath school. They are taught the word of God and to pray. God is honoring this work of charity. This poor-house, so called, closes soon. But one brother has determined to continue it as a matter of faith and love. It is also proposed to take up these poor little starving children wherever they may be found in such numbers as the Lord may send the means to feed and clothe. It is thought much more can be done by system in the matter, and it is the conviction of our brother that God will answer prayer in giving these little children good hearts, and thus both body and soul find salvation. It would be a great blessing if old and young could be thus fed. But it does not seem possible to do more than care for the little ones. The prayers of God’s people are asked for all these poor, especially for the children.

“ ‘Famine is over’ while hundreds are starving at our door and food remains at three-fold price. Whosoever has sympathy in this work, and hath ought to aid in feeding these little ones and endeavoring to lead them to be God’s children, may forward their mites to A. C. Davis,

Engineer, Gulburga, or P. Geering, Loco. Foreman, Raichore."

We waited for something to indicate a movement. We waited one entire month for a signal to move onward. A month of much trial to our faith, and of prayer. How the tempter did assail at least one of the two of us. But an answer from the Lord came in due time. March 21, 1879, I came into Raichore to Bro. Geering's and found awaiting me a letter from the Rev. T. S. Burnell, of Melur, South India, containing Rs. 10, in answer to the "B. G." letter. I praised God, took courage and gathered assuredly that this was the long-looked for signal for adding to Bro. Davis' five orphans. The following day I went to Adoni, which had been for more than two years a center of extensive relief works, intending to bring away five or more children. The following letter, published a week later in the Bombay Guardian, tells what I saw and what I did.

#### NO FAMINE.

"Having observed on several occasions lately a large number of starving creatures opposite the train at the Adoni station, on the 21st, I determined to explore the question of famine here a little more freely. At an early hour on the morning of the 22d, I made my way to the 'Camp,' still maintained on 'Mansion House' funds. At the camp I found a roll of 288 souls, old and young; 185 males, 130 females, of whom seventy-nine were children. Of course some are daily dismissed or sent away to villages, and others taken in, thus keeping the number up to nearly 300. For these, reasonably good sheds are erected, an apothecary daily inspects the inmates, and so far as I could see, they were well cared for. But outside the camp, beneath the trees and elsewhere, were a host of over 800 persons of all ages, about half males, and fully 200 were children. Than this crowd, I never saw a worse during the famine. They are largely the absolutely impoverished

and friendless of the region around Adoni, the helpless turned away from the broken up camps. One-half of the children are children left parentless and friendless. Very many of the older ones were left alone, friends having died during the dreadful two years past, and, I presume 75 per cent. of the 800, old and young, are sick or diseased. Bad feet, ulcerated legs, diseased bodies, camp-itch, eating off the limbs, almost, in some cases, covering the head and body in others. On the ground there was a little ridge of about eight inches in height; I observed a great number moving over this ridge, but being unable to lift a foot so high, they would sit down on it and then swing over. A more pitiable sight I have never seen. The cries of this famishing throng were such as I care not often to hear. The condition of this mixed crowd and of the camp is so bad that I was told that five to seven die daily. While there at the early morning hour I observed five bodies rolled up in blankets and carried away. These deaths are mostly not the result of present starvation, but having been so long starved, food will not now save them. From the Mansion House Fund, this outside company are fed one meal a day, consisting of a large 'two-fisted ball of cooked jowaree. Tears stream down the cheeks of some as they eat, so glad are they. The very greatly emaciated and very sick are from this throng taken into the camp, and as fast as a little recovered are dismissed again, and soon are as bad as ever. I was informed by the inspector of police that large numbers of such starving creatures were all over the district he travels. He said a camp for 2,000 would not exceed the wants of Adoni. But, alas! less than 300 can be cared for. In answer to my former letter 'Famine Over,' Rs. 10 had been sent to Mr. Geering at Raichore. I felt that ten rupees was an indication of duty. I therefore decided to bring away five children. I began to choose. Such as were dangerously diseased I did not take, Such as were in a fair condition I did not

take. But of the very poor, aged about five to eight, I took *five*. But my heart yielded. I took five more. I could not yet stop; so four more I selected, making fourteen orphans. How to feed so many I did not, nor do I now know. But I thought of John 15—7, and led my flock to the railway station. I could, had I had the money, have brought away fifty parentless children. I was urged to take more, and I am now urged by the sheristadar to return for more. I brought these fourteen *orphans* with me to Gulburga., where Bro. Davis had four remaining from the old poor-house. Just now as I write a colporteur of the Madras Bible Society is telling Bro. Davis that in every villiage where he goes he sees clumps of poor people picking up single grains in the bazaar and begging from house to house, *relics* of the *famine*.

The fourteen I brought are now nicely housed with the former four, and washed, and some of them make efforts to raise a smile on their withered faces. Yesterday we gathered them for a little Sunday talk. We found of our eighteen about half girls, three are Mussulmani, three Telugu, twelve Canarese. The colporteur sang them a Telugu hymn and talked to them. Bro. Davis talked to them through one of his servants. Our purpose is to endeavor to care for these little ones so as to keep them from evil influences and endeavor to teach them of Jesus, from the first. We hope to make some arrangement so that soon the children may do work. We have entered so largely into this work pursuant to our purpose expressed before in 'Famine Over,' with but little to rely on, save the promise of God. We shall keep no subscription list. But let the work be known, and whom God makes willing may send aught they will to P. Geering, Raichore, or editor Bombay Guardian, or A. C. Davis, Engineer, Goolburga. Our hearts bleed for more than fifty more parentless children at Adoni, saying nothing of many more all along the line. We have covenanted with God if He provides us

means, to increase our number to fifty. We would like to find some godly woman of faith who would esteem it God's work to care for and teach these little ones of Christ. This we pray for also. Many contingencies hang over our enterprise. But while waiting, the children are dying. So we have begun, believing that God hath said '*Thus do,*' and he will lead and provide. We have plans for locating the little orphanage on a plan that we hope will be blessed of God for the eternal good of these children. We think the work should lie in close proximity to the railway and yet be far away from the many unhallowed influences of city surroundings. We commend this work to the faith of praying people, that the spiritual aspect of it may be blessed. Second to the generosity of those whom God maketh willing. Each orphan will cost about Rs. 4 per head per month. Does any one want to have one orphan in our orphanage? Fifty children borne every hour on the faith of God's people from childhood to man or womanhood would yield some missionary workers for Jesus. So is our faith. Any letters of inquiry may be sent to A. C. Davis, Goolburga, or to the Writer at Raichore."

C. B. WARD.

My colleague was not at all affrighted by my ingathering, but proceeded soon after to take in a few more at Gulburga, and we soon had a family of twenty-one boys and girls whom we intended to rear for God.

On the 1st of April, 1878, an event of some importance to myself transpired at Raichore. I was married to Ellen M. Welch, who had come all the way from Chicago to fulfill an original contract to the same effect. W. J. Gladwin and W. F. G. Curties, my brethren in the Conference, did the official necessary, and Peter Geering did the entertaining royally. As a manifest token of the Lord's favor in the particular work we were entering upon so largely, a then unknown friend sent us Rs. 50 for the orphan work. From this time on for some months a constant stream of

financial aid came in, and we resolved not to keep any large balance on hand but the rather expand our work. Thus we continued to gather in other groups of destitute children till we had taken in, all told, over 180, from Bellary, Adoni, Raichore, Shahabad, and Gulburga. The condition of things described in the two "Bombay Guardian" letters was about what we found at all of the towns above named during the summer months of 1878. During the first six months of our work we did not get really to the bottom of our cash chest. The Lord knew we needed to be encouraged in this good work, and so we had our faith tenderly husbanded in these early days of its trial. I was tied more or less to my circuit, and the heaviest part of the very laborious work, caring for the orphans, fell on Bro. Davis at his Gulburga home. It is hardly possible to depict the appearance of the successive bands of orphans brought into our gospel camp. Boys and girls, varying in age from three to twelve years, well nigh naked, unwashed for months, hair uncombed and matted and full of vermin, while their bodies were covered with filth and sores, and many suffered from guinea-worm, dropsy and other diseases, that always follow in the wake of long starvation. Whenever a detachment came in they must be washed and dressed and fed, and in their suffering condition it is hard to really fully appreciate what this meant. Then hours each day went dressing sores, extracting the guinea worms, and preparing and administering diet to the sick among them. Then all this was to be done so as to cure the soul as well as the body. No man or woman could have done this Christian-like work with greater tenderness and fidelity than did this christian engineer. As his gentle touch relieved the suffering of the living, so his fingers closed the eyes of many in death. Angels looked down and wondered as he strove day by day to tell these little ones whose parents never worshiped aught but idols, of Jesus who even came down

from a heavenly throne to make salvation possible for even such as they were. Yea, in those earliest days some of those little ones learned to lisp the Savior's name, and even in death gave evidence that it was not in vain that they had heard the Redeemer's name. We shall meet many of those little ones whose bodies we could not save, in the better land.

Within six months I had brought seven different detachments of orphans from the towns above named, and quite a number had been gathered up at Gulburga, where our orphanage work was located. Although the total brought in was over 180, yet we never had at any one time more than 122 in hand. Many died soon, it being impossible to restore them with the best of food, medicine and care. While we were yet gathering in, Rs. 2,000 had been sent in from many friends who were strangers to us, and we were not a little surprised at the bounteous way in which the Lord literally answered our prayers. We had begun to see that the Lord was leading us into a great missionary work among the heathen, and this his way of helping us to make our own helpers. How vivid is the memory of those last months at Bellary. As the orphan work grew, many a time beneath an overshadowing rock in Bellary I poured out my soul in prayer and fought many a fiery battle with the great adversary of all good work. Oft was my heart uplifted, and the wonderful promises of the good book made to shine with glory. God taught us to look upon the promises as real and literal, and when later the trials came we were not unprepared to meet them and count it all joy to have the opportunity of thus glorifying God in an unbelieving generation. As we look back at the matter now, the call to our knees by pressing wants was better for us than the bestowment of hundreds of rupees. Oh how the devil tempted and taunted us. "You are a fine pair of humanitarians, gathering all these children now to be turned away again because you can't feed them."

He said: "You can't expect people to be always sending you money. How presumptuous you have been." But on opening God's word we find a host of promises concerning the "poor and fatherless," from which we would assuredly gather, that the rescue of these little ones was of God. "Get thee hence, Satan," set us in large place again, in every instance. When we began in March we had no well-defined idea of anything of such magnitude as the Lord gave us, nor had we well defined notions of what we were to do with our orphans in the future. We dreamed of farms, factories, schools, etc., etc., not a little. Bro. Davis and myself might have been seen pacing over various tracts of vacant land about Gulburga, in the vain hope of getting a permanent footing there. We even went so far as to begin buildings of too costly a kind, and afterwards the Lord, after causing the rains and a dishonest contractor to help in tumbling down some of the walling, found a purchaser for the material we had on the ground, and let us out with a very slight loss of money. But this much became clear, God had shown how my support could be gleaned, and that he was leading us to the opening of a mission *somewhere* among the heathen. My thoughts turned towards the Canerese country, a glimpse of which I had at Shorapore in August, 1878. But no definite light came. How well we remember seasons of deep heart-searching and prayer together. How often we joined together in searching out the unsearchable promises of the bible and anchoring ourselves more firmly upon them. How God led and helped us two lame disciples. "Finney's Autobiography" did us much good, as also did Muller's "Life of Trust." Starting as we did, without a bank or missionary treasury, or any rich friends behind us, from the very outset we were casting about for some productive footing somewhere. The first thing we struck was some road-making, which netted one hundred rupees, wholly from the earnings of the orphans. We had no idea



of greasing our mission wheels forever with charity oil, but rather aspired to repay the Lord all he had lent us as famine relief, and in addition, send workers to the region beyond, and support them.

Our example and success was an encouragement and inspiration to others. After some correspondence with Miss Jennie Frow (now Mrs. Fuller) of Akola, it was arranged that we should give her six orphan girls. On the 23d of September Rev. J. W. Sibley came to Gulburga and six of our girls volunteered to go with him for Miss Frow. And as far as we have ever heard these girls, with whom we reluctantly parted, all turned out well, and some of them at least are to this day valued workers in the mission now superintended by Bro. Fuller.

In the month of June, I wrote to William Taylor, telling him of our start, progress and success, and asking his help in sending us a lady missionary for the orphanage. Early in October his reply reached us, promising us a missionary lady in the early part of the coming year, and relative to our work in general he wrote: "Go ahead, but don't go in debt. God is able to run his enterprises without running his credit in the money market. Don't borrow, but advertise, pray, work and trust God."

About this time we were much shut up to prayer as the future did not seem clear. It was already pretty plain that we were not to stay in Gulburga or the Canarese country, and yet where we should go was not at all plain. During the time of our deep solicitude for the future of our prospective mission, I was smitten down with a virulent form of malarial fever. For more than a month I was confined to my bed, and was more than weak for three months. But whenever I could think or pray my mind turned to the Gulburga camp of over one hundred souls. During my sickness I received a letter from William Marrett, an executive engineer in the Nizam's D. P. W., telling us of land prospects in the Telugu country. He earnestly invited us

to come to the Telugu country and open up mission work. This letter was like a gleam of light to our waiting, watching hearts. Yet we asked for fuller light. It soon came. Bro. Davis, unsought by himself, received orders to go to Bro. Marrett's division for work. It now seemed clear that he was to go ahead and prepare the way for us all. Another providence at this time resulted in much good to the orphans. Bro. Davis became an invalid from the appearance of a guinea worm in one of his feet. Two months' leave became a necessity, and as he was able, he spent nearly all his time with the orphans. He could not walk, but the orphans could come to him, and day by day as I lay sick in Bellary and he a cripple in Gulburga, these little ones came to him and from him heard the words of life. When I had recovered a little from my fever I ran down to see him and the flock. I could not get back owing to my weakness, and stayed there a week. On the Sunday we were there together while we were both sick, God gave us a display of the power of grace that greatly cheered our hearts. I cannot tell the story better than by giving here the letter I wrote soon after to the editor of the Bombay Guardian:

Though nearly seventy have died with us, we rejoice that they have died with us, having had christian care and heard the name of Jesus, and many of them have learned his prayer, rather than that they had died among the heathen and without ever having heard the name of Jesus, been bundled off and dumped indifferently into a hole sufficiently shallow for the jackalls to uncover the first night. We are greatly rejoiced at the good influence God by the Spirit has helped us to impress on them.

Months ago we wrote, these children were as impressible by the truth as 'street arabs' in Chicago, with whom we had to do for one and a half years. I can only emphasize that statement now. It is true to the uttermost. Seeing this we pray much for all those who have Sunday-

schools among heathen children in India. One hour a day is spent teaching the children the word of God and praying with them, in which they all join. A part of the children being Hindustani, one half their time is spent with the Hindustani Testament, and the other half with the Teluga, which the remainder know, and the day goes between washing, working, playing, etc. A few of the boys and girls show considerable disposition to be useful, and they are.

In them all we see *God's* children. On a recent visit our hearts were a little sad to see the heathen trinkets many of the girls wore. Some of them had them when we gathered them; others had got them somehow since being with us. We were at a loss as to how to approach and impress them with the heathenishness of wearing such things. But God opened the way for His own work as easily as He opened the Red Sea. One Sabbath morn it was, the children were all gathered for their usual bible hour. Bro. Davis began to talk of the need of being christian out-and-out, distinguished from the heathen about us. The matter of bangles, earrings, nose jewels, etc., was barely mentioned when one of the noblest of our Adoni trophies, a girl very useful and about twelve years old, who had on a larger share than any others came to me with all she had, and put them in my lap. The example was good; without a word of exhortation every girl in the flock, save one, came and put her bangles, earrings, finger rings, and nose jewels in my hands; the other did so the following morning just as freely as the rest had done. Our eyes could scarce restrain tears of joy that God should make this matter all His work. The trinkets were of no money value. But all know how the heathen, as well as some white people, almost deify such things. Bro. Davis then read and explained what God in His word says about wearing jewelry, in Timothy and elsewhere, and also what bad use natives made of God's gold, instead of feeding the poor, etc., and

how many Europeans and East Indians went with hands flashing with gold (or brass) and ears loaded till they were almost like donkey's ears, oftentimes not paid for, and in most cases when their debts were not paid. We took this course that they might know the reason of what otherwise might seem strange. I have often been made sad to see native christian girls *called poor*, loaded down with jewelry. I know a small congregation of natives said to be too poor to support a pastor, in which the women wear jewelry enough to keep him two years.

We bless God for having given so great success in all our efforts with our orphans. As God leads us, we hope to go into a *Telugu Mission field* farther east. Attempts have been made by natives of the place to excite distrust in the minds of the children, and a few did run away. The children were told that we were fattening them up to make them into carriage grease for the railway. Of course the story is stale now, but caused fright for awhile.

The Lord has graciously, wonderfully supplied our wants. Over Rs. 1,800 have been sent us in answer to prayer. On several occasions we have had nothing, and a prayer meeting had to be held on the spot, but deliverance has always come. It is sometimes keen work to just '*let go and trust.*' But it is blessed to do so. We do so long to increase our flock. I could gather 100 poor children tomorrow had I means. Cold weather is now coming on, and the condition of the multitude is deplorable in the Nizam's country.

Readers, pray for our Orphanage, and also that the Father of the fatherless will care for the poor in the Deccan plain. Anything for the Orphanage to be forwarded as before.

\* \* \* \* \*

C. B. W.

In many ways were we encouraged in the work of the first nine months. Of the wellbeing of many who died we could not doubt. Some left behind them a fragrant and

precious testimony, passing away in the triumphs of christian faith. Others among the living gave evidence of a work of grace begun in their hearts. Often was Bro. Davis much cheered to hear the prayers some of them lisped for themselves and him as they lay under the fly of his tent. But we were not sure any were really and brightly converted to God. We did not see the victory over sin that we longed to see, and though we saw much good, yet we saw much we could not doubt the devil could justly call his own. So we did not broach the subject of baptism, as we did not wish to increase the number of baptized heathen in India.

I was not able to visit the orphans in December owing to my poor health, and Bro. Davis was off for his new field, preparing the way for the rest of us. We had to leave the children in the hands of a person employed for the purpose. In the first days of January, 1880, I attended the annual conference, which met in Allahabad. Being very weak, I was helped along most of the way by my friend and brother, W. J. Gladwin, of Secunderabad. On arrival, I placed in the hands of my P. E., W. B. Osborne, a written offer of myself to go out and open missionary work in the name of the Lord and the M. E. Church in the Telugu country, asking for no pledged support for myself or orphans. I was told the next day after making my application that it was granted, and I was to select my own field and originate the work as the Lord should lead. Now came another battle and victory. Satan said: "You mean to move the orphans and your family 200 miles or more to a country you know nothing about, where is all the money to come from for all this?" Well, the day after I asked for my appointment, I settled this matter with the Lord. I knew not how or whence. But God assured me as oft in trials before this, that all would be well. My victory was my faith, and my faith was in the "living word" of God. I returned from conference and, in company with Bro.

Richards, who was to succeed me in Bellary, stopped off a day at Goolburga. We saw the children, sang and prayed with them and went on to Bellary, where I found letters waiting from both Bro. Marrett and Bro. Davis, bidding me come on to the country named by Bro. Marrett in his first letter—and better than this a draft from America which realized exactly Rs. 240, the largest single gift ever received in money to this date, and a perfect answer to all the devil's lies. For when the tempter was lying to me in Allahabad he knew this money was on the way from America. He hoped to unfit me for using it by getting me to fall through unbelief. Praise God, he did not succeed. William Taylor had fulfilled his promise, and Miss Mollie Miller was already in the country for our work. She was soon with us in Bellary.

On the 2nd of February, leaving Sister Ward behind, I set out to find our mission field. That very day our first born came to us. He was not long with us, was a great sufferer all his days, and went to God who gave him, at the age of four months and ten days. None seemed to know his ailment, and no help was at any time more than a temporary relief.

On arrival at Hyderabad I found that I had to go about 100 miles north to find Brothers Marret and Davis and our mission field. As soon as bullocks could be secured we were under way for our jungle home. On the 16th of the same month I found the brethren at a place about seventy-five miles from Hyderabad, called Mylarum. Happier souls than we were in our enthusiasm for God and the salvation of the heathen seldom meet. The following day we drew up the following simple outline of a mission platform. I give it without comment as an expression of the faith that was in us that day.

I. The God of all grace having drawn us by cords of love towards the destitute orphans about us, and by special leadings of His word and providence called us to this min-

istry for His poor, the undersigned unite in fellowship of faith and labor as an Orphanage association.

II. This shall be an independent association in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and shall make its reports through our papers. The chief purpose of our union shall be to pray and counsel together in behalf of the interests committed to us by the Lord.

III. Trusting in Him who has taught us to pray "give us this day our daily bread," we are to have no pledged financial support from any society or fund: we shall not circulate a subscription book or make any public or private appeals to man for support, "but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let (our) requests be made known to God"; "for He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

IV. No fundamental change in the association, such as the addition of a member or change of these regulations, shall be made without the consent of all the members. Any member may retire from the association upon giving notice to the others.

V. This association shall be called *the Christian Orphanage*.

We then finding land arrangements unsettled as yet, determined to order the children overland by easy marches of about ten miles per day. The total distance was about 220 miles. After making arrangements to carry out our plans concerning the orphans I went on to Curreemnugger with Bro. Davis, and staid with him a month previous to my return to Bellary for my family and our goods. Finally setting out for Bellary I arrived there on the 23rd of March, my birthday. Thus our first year of work was over and we were full of faith and enthusiasm for another. We had received for the work Rs.3,280, and had a cash balance on hand of Rs. 204. A mission was begun, a veritable "church in the wilderness" was in embryo. Our financial platform was "trust in the Lord and do good."

## CHAPTER II.

THE DOMESTIC PERIOD. 1880-1881.

March 16th, the orphans left Goolbulga on their long march. April 5th, they arrived at Mylarum in fair condition, two being lost on the way at Secunderabad and three dying. Bro. Davis and Bro. Marrett were both at Mylarum to welcome them. The total number reaching Mylarum was sixty-one boys and girls. The meeting of the brethren and the children is best described in Bro. Davis' own words: "They (the children) had arrived two hours before Bro. Marrett and myself, who were coming in from Curreem-nugger. I had just cantered across a nullah, when the whole of the children surrounded my horse, and words of welcome and salams could scarce be distinguished in the shout of joy which kept rising from fresh batches of children now and then. Some of them were moved to tears, the big boys in particular, and I confess I was moved similarly. Bro. Marrett stood by in surprise, just discovering it possible for poor black faces to belong to souls endowed with like passions with ourselves. We joined in returning thanks to almighty God for His protection over these little ones. They were visited during the day by Mrs. Marrett, who, though disposed to regard the movement unfavorably, was moved to tears in their midst, and has been since foremost among those considering what means could advance the comfort of the children."

Although on our arrival at Mylarum arrangements were entered into, regarding a temporary settlement there, in my absence at Bellary, while the children were making the journey from Goolburga, Bro. Davis seems to have had serious misgivings regarding any settlement there whatever, and under date of April 15th, he wrote: "I stop further work on the shed. 'Whatsoever is not of faith is sin.' Every movement to accelerate the completion of the shed here finds a dissenting voice within."



April 20th, I reached Mylarum and found such a state of affairs as at once decided a move to Curreemnugger. We proceeded at once to Curreemnugger, to the Government bungalow occupied by Bro. Davis, taking with us a few bandy loads of timber for hut building. Bro. Davis was absent, but came home Saturday evening, the 24th of April. On the day we entered Curreemnugger we wrote in our diary as follows:—"How God compels us to walk by faith! For six months he has hardly let us see one step ahead. Still he leads and blesses us all the way. Bro. Marrett's land project has fallen through for the present. We have not where for our orphanage save Bro. Davis' quarters here. Yet I do not believe there is any mistake in coming into this country. I believe God means us to preach the gospel in these parts. We must wait and pray and 'follow where he leads.'" His plan was to get a ruined village and plant us on it. I had as yet to acquire the use of the language before I could expect to do much personally. I had, however, a poor man for a helper who had some colloquial knowledge of both Hindustani and Telugu. So from the beginning I was able to work through an interpreter. I found I had a pretty hard lot to work on. Anger, abusive language, petty stealing and fighting were common staples in camp. I began resolutely to introduce discipline and teach the way of salvation. I secured a teacher and began to teach them all Telugu. At an early day here we began to allow some of the orphans to do some of the work that we had employed servants to do before, and soon discovered we had been led to find a way to show the children the Christian grace of giving at this early period of their experience. Right there we introduced the tithe system, and our boys and girls have followed it ever since. Our first days in Curreemnugger were more or less days of faith trial, but we were never forsaken. God was with us, and in many ways helped us to reduce to order the ill-ordered army under our command.

Our hearts were heavy, however, in those last days of April and the early part of May, 1880. We saw clearly that though we had spent a year with many of these children we had yet no proof that any one of those with us was converted. They were learning to pray and imitate things christian. But christian grace was utterly wanting in the heart of any one of the number we had with us. We saw ourselves educating another detachment of nominal christians. Except that we baptised none for the reason that we believed them unconverted to God. Our hearts went up to God in much prayer for some work of the Holy Ghost among them resulting in the unmistakable conversion of some, at least, of them.

May, 1880, was a "red letter" month in our history, the forgetting or belittling of which would be little less than a crime. We cannot do better, therefore, than copy part of what we recorded then. Ten years of observation have brought to light nothing to suggest any retraction.

We had been teaching them (the children) from the beginning about Christ and salvation. But that nobody was getting converted and that Satan was having so great victory over them, day by day, became a matter of great heaviness of soul to us. We prayerfully sought counsel of God. We saw the adequateness of the provisions of Christ's Gospel for their conversion; but how may these provisions become effective? by faith, and faith cometh by 'hearing,' and 'hearing' by the 'Word of God'

Thus God made it plain that now was his time to save souls among us. It seemed so clear that salvation would never be nearer or our orphans nearer to it than now, unless some definite work was done now. These feelings grew stronger and stronger till the morning of the 16th of May. It was the sabbath day and I was awakened early, about 4 a.m., and felt a strong constraint to pray. I cried to God earnestly for a wave of salvation over our camp that day. I have ever felt that my praying that morning was

in a very especial sense *in the Holy Ghost*. The hour for the morning service came, and Bro. Davis officiated. There was nothing extraordinary in that meeting. My faith was not discouraged, yet was not bold enough to tell Bro. Davis of my early morning experience. All day it continued to come over my soul that the Lord was about to display His glory among us. Bless the name of the Lord, at the evening service salvation came and twelve persons were awakened by the Holy Spirit, and we tried to lead them into the fountain at once. At a late hour we broke up with our hearts full of boundless joy in the Lord. I enter here a note of that day entered in our missionary diary by Bro. Davis, describing his estimate of that high day in our "Zion."

May 18th. The [preceding days have witnessed a work which bids fair to last. On Sunday morning the children gathered for prayer, when I talked of what Jesus did for us. The discourse was blessed to many waiting hearts, and the meeting closed leaving an increased love on our part for these dear children about us. In the evening Brother Ward gave them a very apt and simple illustration of the disease of sin. Great interest was evinced, and before closing Brother Davis suggested that seekers be called for. Twelve rose up and were shown the way as simply as could be. A meeting was appointed for the next day at 12 o'clock for seekers.

At this meeting we explained the waiting of the twelve apostles, and exhorted them to wait in the way God had directed for the forgiveness of sins and the regeneration of their natures.

Nearly all of them prayed earnestly and intelligently. One said, 'Take my hands and my feet and let them be for Thy service.' Another confessed he was pleading long and fervently and now more than ever for this best of blessings. A third was resolved to resign all for Christ. All prayed for pardon. Four of the twelve who rose on Sunday evening

were girls. Among them the eldest one, who was known to be of a cross and hasty disposition, and who often spoke harshly to the other children.

This day, 12 o'clock, saw us assembled, and we were led to question them very closely as to their experience. We were satisfied with the testimony of six of the children, and the rest did not say anything.

'One of the eldest and most intelligent' showed an honesty in dealing with himself quite refreshing, and said he would consider whether he had received the new heart and let us know. The eldest girl, who was noted amongst the children for hastiness and rudeness of speech, confessed she passed a very pleasant evening the day before, and quite enjoyed the singing and felt more kindly towards the smaller children.

A. C. D.

Another entry a week later speaks for itself:—

May 24th. One week yesterday since our hearts were gladdened by twelve of our orphans seeking Christ. We have had the noon-day meeting with the seekers daily, since Monday the 17th. Two more boys came out, and yesterday morning one more, and last night fifteen more. My heart was filled with trembling joy one week yesterday, and I have watched and prayed ever since if peradventure the work were genuine. I wrote of it on Monday to Bro. G., speaking of it only in moderate terms lest we be humbled by later developments. A week has gone and we are persuaded that God is truly working in our midst. I so conclude from the following facts: (1) There is a marked change in the life and conduct of the whole fourteen who started out one week ago. (2) There is a marked change in the whole orphanage. I think we have had but two cases of quarrelling in seven days, against the same daily before. (3) The testimony of these fourteen is very clear. (4) They all engage in prayer in the noon-day meetings and their prayers are all original. We have not put words into their mouths, but have left God to teach them to pray.

I am constrained to believe that this is the hand of God since it is that for which we have been earnestly praying. Doth not God hear?

Yesterday my heart was much drawn out in direct prayer for souls. At morning prayers I gave a brief account of the creation, the garden, the fall and the flaming sword.

All seemed deeply interested for an hour. At evening prayers I began with the promise of a Savior made to Adam and Eve, noticed the institution of sacrifices to keep alive in human minds the necessity of a vicarious atonement, the birth of Jesus, His boyhood, baptism, teaching and works, and then His trial, crucifixion, burial, resurrection and ascension, all that we might get rid of Adam's *sense of sin, i. e.* to be saved, which salvation is now come to us by the preaching of Jesus. We then tried to make the acceptance of Christ simple and plain, and called for seekers. Glory be to God! four girls and nine boys, one after another, rose up, and while we were examining and directing these, one girl and one boy more rose, making in all fifteen new seekers. Three of those were frequent offenders up to this time. After prayer we told all those who had found a new heart before, to tell these new seekers their experience and pray with them. Angels must have shouted to see them following out our instructions a little later.

I know all this is contrary to the usual conception of the ability of the heathen to receive Jesus and His salvation. These children know they are sinners, why may they not as clearly know salvation? I cannot believe it to be God's will that these young hearts should not be saved till years have been spent in learning prayers, etc. They can not read but they can understand Jesus.

June 2nd. The mid-day meetings continue, together with those of the morning and the evening. The two latter are devoted to Gospel singing, exhortation and teaching; the mid-day meetings to giving practical directions in the way

of life. Satan has been busy attempting to destroy the work of God, and has drawn some of the little ones to stay away from meetings, and in other cases to indulge in anger. Verily these children are taught of God. We see it in their fervency in prayer, in their altered manner and the joy that beams on their faces, in every one of which we find something to love.

Yesterday's communion with the children was such as I seldom have experienced in the company of the children of God. The children felt like leaping and keeping time to the hymn "*That will be joyful.*" I cannot tell how we refrained ourselves from doing so. There is on their part an exhibition of a very earnest mind to continue, and the fervor of their resolves in soul is inspiring. Some say, 'Enable us to keep this new mind as we would money;' others, 'Help us to keep it as we do our clean clothes;' another, 'We will keep in the narrow way, though Satan and our friends ask us to walk in the broader one.' 'Oh, that we may be in Thy sight as green trees are in the sight of men, pleasant to behold!'

With all these encouragements I have been tempted to think there were too many meetings, and these should be confined to special seasons only, and let meetings twice a day suffice. But God has shown me by blessing me every time I meet with the children that it is His will. Do we not study our bibles daily? These meetings occupy the place of bible study with them. My heart rises in much fervency to God as I write, in supplicating for these children.

Up to this time Mrs. Ward had been kept from the scene of these labors, caring for our first-born son, who, born February 2nd, 1880, after a little more than four months of almost constant suffering departed this life from the home of one of our friends in Sifabad (a suburb of Hyderabad) The little sufferer went to meet some of our orphans gone before, while we toiled with the living. Dear

ones taken from us here are golden chains binding us to another world.

After an absence of twenty-one days, returning from Hyderabad, I am rejoiced to find the Lord has been pleased to continue the blessed work of grace begun in May. Yesterday to my surprise over fifty children came together for the Monday meeting. On inquiry I found over twenty had set out to seek God in my three weeks absence. Oh, how my heart doth praise the Lord for such goodness! but it is just what we have been praying for month after month. There is such a wonderful change in the whole orphanage. Our meetings are as heart-warming as any I ever attended.

Some would ask what sort of christians the heathen make. I think about as good as in Paul's day, except that ours labor under the disadvantage of not being able to read, and a want of bible knowledge, and the limits of heathen impressions. But they are sinners, loved and saved by Jesus. But God helps wonderfully in meeting the demand of the experience and character of our little flock in the three meetings a day and free intercourse with them.

June 14th, Miss Cecilia O'Leary, of Hyderabad, an Eurasian christian of *good repute among all the brethren*, joined our mission, age twenty-four, and groaning earnestly to be 'filled with the Spirit.'

During the months of June and July we passed through various and trying experiences. Internal harassments of the devil trying to destroy all the good done, and the outward assaults of the wicked who would steal or allure away the children when possible. Oft we were without money, but in wonderful ways the Lord always came to our relief just in time.

During these days we wrote, "why do these trials come? Do they not weaken the workers' hands? No. By them comes a development of character suited to the work

which can be reached in no other way. I bless God for our trials."

I recorded also as follows, on August 1st, 1880.

During the last week we have been unfolding the subject of baptism to the children as the sign of enrollment in Christ's army. We have reason to believe a work of grace is begun in the hearts of about forty of the orphans, yet some of these have not manifested that degree of steadfastness we would like to see. We do not believe in increasing the number of baptized heathen in India if we can help it.

We have with us two orphan boys who were for two years in an orphanage maintained by one of the oldest evangelical missionary societies of India. After having learned the Lord's prayer, some portions of scripture and a few other literary items they were baptised, receiving new names. Neither they nor their sister can understand the new name business, and so persist in the retention of the old names. I sympathize with them in this matter. But these boys have yet to learn anything of the *new heart experience*.

I am aware I am treading tender ground, but I do not believe the Lord calls us to baptise heathen orphans before they are converted. So in putting this matter before the children we have exercised great care to explain the ceremony as the Savior's command and the believer's privilege, implying on the believer's part the "sign" of their having already entered into covenant relations with God, on His part the covenant "seal" that he will continue unto the believer, he being faithful, all the blessings that pertain to that covenant. Yesterday, being satisfied that a number of boys and girls should be baptised, we met them for an hour's special talk about the matter in the afternoon.

Thirteen boys and nine girls came in. After going over the grounds of the obligation and privilege carefully, we submitted the question, "do you desire to be baptised," to each



one. We bade them retire, to think and pray over the subject, and as many as after so doing desired baptism, we would baptise at 7 p.m. Promptly at 7 p.m all were gathered in the bungalow, with those desiring baptism in front.

All our camp turned out that night, servants, peons, orphans, and all our staff. Meeting began by singing, after which Bro. D. and myself prayed. The subject of baptism was again briefly explained, and why these only were to be baptised; after which I baptised the thirteen boys and nine girls as they knelt in front of us. Only one name was changed. One little girl named Booboo received the name of Munny.

The Lord indeed was with us in this first baptismal service in our "wilderness church." Great solemnity rested on us all. Never more earnestly did we pray for the death of all carnal affections and lusts than when baptising these twenty-two orphans ranging from the age of eight to sixteen years. May God establish them and lead them early into the experience of holiness. We have never yet burdened the children with the name of "Methodist." While we believe the organic form of Methodism is scriptural, and while we work on the time-honored methods of Methodism, yet we endeavor to impress on the minds of the children the fact, that all our teaching is drawn from *God's own word*.

C. B. W.

Soon after this we organized all those professing conversion into "fellowship bands." In one band we had twenty-four, in another twenty-one. We employed a teacher and pushed the work of making every boy and girl able to read the word of God.

September 14th, Brother Davis wrote, "Bro. Ward baptised eight boys and five girls. The usual indications we take to guide us with reference to the character of those professing conversion are fervency in prayer, uniform good

behavior, and their intelligent confession of Christ. Yesterday at the usual noon meeting, following the hints for discourse given by Bro. Ward on Abraham's lie, we concluded by asking those who desired baptism to stand. We were not quite prepared for the result. Some rose whom we did not think serious, while some deserving ones did not rise, but nothing daunted we believed that God would stay the feet of those who were yet blind. However, we told those who rose and a few more we thought truly serious to meet us at 5 p.m. for consultation and examination. A little before that time we were sorely tempted to postpone the examination and baptismal service, but the very cause which seemed unfavorable was the means of throwing light upon that which occupied our minds concerning the choice for baptism among those who were to gather for examination. The little disturbance created by one of the boys at noon served to show him he had not seriously considered the nature of that for which he was asking, nor the peculiar qualifications necessary.

The selection having been as carefully made as possible, we questioned those chosen as to their resolves, their faith in Christ, and their present experience of forgiveness. Satisfactory responses being given, these eight boys and girls were baptised at 7 p.m. My men were present on this as on the previous occasion, when orphans were baptised. The names of two boys, Murgah and Hunama, were changed to Lutchmiah and Yankiah, respectively.

By October all hopes of the village Bro. Marrett had expected to get from the government for us, were utterly blasted.

October 5th. We made in person an application to the Taluqdar at Curreemnugger for some land. He refused, and we memorialized His Highness' government. The Taluqdar refused on the following grounds:—

1. I was a foreigner.
2. I was not employed in any part of government service and therefore without visible means

from which the government could recover anything if need be. 3. I was a christian missionary. To our memorial came no satisfactory reply.

November 7, 1886. Sunday evening we had our first communion with the children. In the morning we devoted an hour (4:30 to 5:30 a.m.) to prayer for the children, that they may clearly perceive and rightly use this ordinance. At a special meeting with the baptised children we tried to impress upon them that this ceremony was done in remembrance of the death of Christ for us. As we made the nature of His death plain to them, our hearts were filled with the blessed joy and consolation which the reception of that truth imparts. With the exception of one boy, all manifested a becoming seriousness. One boy displayed a little levity on account of some occurrence and we asked him to withdraw. We have reason to hope, in some cases at least, that they had a true and solemn conviction of the importance of the profession they were making according to their capacity. The Lord indeed was with us and blessed us all.

November 20th, we defined our position as follows:

(1) "We are temporarily settled in the Nizam's Dominions. (2) The Government does not order us out, nor prohibit our staying. (3) Israel was forty years temporarily settled in the wilderness. Can we not stand it awhile? (4) If we have to go, we can cross the Godavery and still be in the Telugu field."

During the month of November we were much tried. No less than fourteen of the children were induced of the devil to run away. But in the end the devil over-did himself and most of them came back repentant and wiser. Up to the end of November but two of our new converts had fallen back, and many more had been touched with the finger of God's love. Our "fellowship band" meetings were the scenes of much blessing, and the means in our hands of leading on and up and into the things of Christ.

That a great work had been wrought among us was evi-

dent, but we were not satisfied to stop with that any more than was Paul with the Ephesians, Colossian, Philippian, and Thessalonian heathen converts. We longed for an outpouring of the Holy Ghost on our church. We longed to see a deeper conviction of the sinfulness of sin and a clearer faith in the all-cleansing power of Jesus' blood.

We gathered from the Word of God:—

(1) "That our Gentile Church should be baptised with the Holy Ghost. (2) "That Jesus' blood effected an atonement embracing this end when apprehended by faith. (3) "That this work is generally brought about by some agency in God's hand. (4) "That it is our duty to consecrate ourselves to be such agency, willing to be taught the use of any means for the accomplishing of so glorious a work.

5. "That if we be not that agency, God will hear prayer for the early sending of such an agency, as may serve Him for sanctifying this church."

We were sure if we ever saw anything better than the multitudinous mongrel exhibitors of christian character found in so many "Native christians" of India, it would be by virtue of a mighty Holy Ghost power, enthroned in our church. And our daily prayer was, "Come Holy Ghost with all thy quickening power."

Almost from the beginning we taught the duty of tithing in our church, and of the little petty earnings of the children in seven months ending November 30th, 1880, Rs. 13-3-0 were given of which Rs. 7-3-0 was devoted to the "Transit Fund."

December 14, 1880, I set out for conference to be held in Bombay walking 40 miles and carting 56 in 70 hours to Hyderabad, where I took the train. Conference received our report with gladness and much encouragement did we receive, but no more workers; English work absorbed all forces nearly. While I was away the ladies in charge had enjoyed God's favor, help and protection, and

December 31st held the first *Watch-night* service ever held in Curreemnugger or in the "Telugu Church."

February 6, 1881, we baptised five more precious souls making a total number baptised of fifty, of whom only three had fallen away. Just before the end of this, our two years of work, we had a blessed day of prayer and ended with "the Lord's Supper." Forty-seven knelt and partook to their "edification," *i. e.*, building up.

March 12th found us moved back from Curreemnugger to Mylarum to execute tank repairs, and all the able-bodied boys and girls were at work. This year had been one of much spiritual and temporal mercy. Owing to very low grain, rates of living had been cheap. Indian corn was 40 seers per rupee—gram, 25 seers—dhall, 20 seers—jowarrie, 28 seers, (the seer weight is 2 lb; the rupee equals 40 cents.)

Our receipts for the year were a little under Rs. 4,000, the number of orphans stood sixty-four. Workers, Miss M. M. Miller, Miss C. O'Leary, myself, and wife.

March 1st we wrote in our diary, "Our hearts are much drawn out for East Indian orphans. Shall we open a new department of our faith work under the head of 'The Children's Home?' I am seeking the mind of the Lord on the matter."

W. B. Osborn had gone to Australia leaving us two East Indian orphans. About the same time Brother Davis wrote to us from Kundy: "What do you think of taking in poor East Indian children? Five here at Kundy; we wish to know what you think of it."

Thus, with the favor of God, we, over fourscore souls, lived well on about Rs. 300 per month. God led out our hearts to do more for Him without anxiety over money matters.

Among "Mission Regulations" drawn up toward the end of this second year, we find the following:—

II. The Telugu Mission shall be known as "the first Telugu Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church in India."

It may be well here to make a note as to the style of life in which we maintained our orphans. All without exception, had come from the poorest classes of Hindoo and Mahomedan Society. A house to them meant a small thatch hut, *perhaps* with mud walls, barely high enough to stand upright in, and costing but little, being such as the occupants could readily construct themselves. One thing we were strongly determined to do, namely, not to initiate our orphans into a style of life and dress they would not as natives be able to maintain by their own means in after life. Thus their food was plain native food; their houses small huts of their own building with our help—about eight feet by ten feet on the ground, thatch roof, costing if paid for, about Rs. 3, or \$1 each.

During the first year at Goolburga they occupied, with government consent, old Mahomedan tombs—large buildings under government protection. Our second year at Mylarum, and Curreemnugger, and back again at Mylarum, the small huts sheltered them, and we occupied a larger one. Our style of life we framed on a very humble and economical line, not far away from the native style, lest we be a source of evil to the orphans and other natives about us whose covetousness needs no exciting. Indian diet for India life became a motto with us. We were thus enabled to do much good, and we found it after all *the line of health*.

Our third year was very largely spent in the routine of acquiring the language ourselves, teaching, training and caring for our orphans. We set out upon this year owing no man anything but love. Yet we felt the prime importance of getting our coming men and women to work in some way. When the year began, forty-two of our orphans were found engaged upon the construction of an oriental tank. Their weapons were picks, powrahs and baskets. With these earth was dug up, filled into baskets, and these borne upon the heads of the females for the most part to

the bund or dam under construction. Not used to such hard work for many a day it came a little hard upon them and so to encourage them I would take my place among them for several hours per day.

In the latter part of February, 1880, Rev. W. B. Osborn left India for Australia, leaving Harry and Ellen Hall, two Euraian orphans for us to take care of. My mind had been led to contemplate for some time a branch of our work for this class of needy children in India and Brother Osborne's benefaction of two precipitated the matter and I accepted this as a divine indication that we should begin. Forthwith I wrote letters to the "Bombay Guardian" and the "India Watchman" stating that a commencement had been made and this work would be carried on under the name of the "Christian Home." With reference to the work we were doing we found correspondence with other workers laboring upon the same platform a very great means of grace to us. Letters from Mrs. Mumford of Bulgaria, Miss Anstey of Colar and Miss Frow of Ellichqur were an encouragement to us in many ways.

Early in April Miss Mollie Miller severed her connection with us and was soon in another mission. Her health had not been the best while with us and our work was not the kind that her talents best fitted her for. She is to this day I understand a useful missionary wife in the Baptist Mission in Bengal. Miss O'Leary was however of great value as a worker and the Lord blessed her labors very signally in converting our cook Ramswamy and his wife, through her agency. In the month of May we had some experiences that tried our faith a little with reference to money. On the 16th of May we received notice of the largest offering that had ever come to us from one person, Rs. 350, some unknown friend signing himself or herself "M. P." Two days after the news of this large item came, we were out of all supplies. All were happy with our eyes toward the hill from which cometh our help.

The trial was peculiar, in that we knew we had plenty of money in Hyderabad, though none in hand. On the 26th we had but one meal of grain, a little salt a few onions. Not a boy or girl uttered a word of complaint and for this reason I felt like weeping.

The next day money came. We had no breakfast but a *good dinner*. While this trial was upon us, we had over Rs. 600 to our credit in Hyderabad and Bombay. We now ordered our *Second Report* published at once. May 29th, Burdur Kissim went to heaven. Poor boy he suffered much and long, never recovering from the debilitating effect of the famine. He was buried near where Raichore Naga was buried thirteen months before. He was a good boy and loved Jesus. He was never baptised but we believe he is with Jesus. With our huts as yet unfinished, on the morning of June 1st the monsoon broke upon us and soon flooded all our houses. June 6th. We baptised one boy, two girls, our cook Ramsamy and his wife. June 17th. Six girls with sister O'Leary and ten boys with me began the reading of the Gospel of John in Telugu. Oh, how we have longed for the day when these children could read God's word in their own tongue! Now we praise his name. During this month an officer, deputed by the Nizam's government, came to investigate a charge that had been made against us that by a process of starvation we were compelling Mahomedan children to become Christians. After thorough investigation this honorable representative of government reported the charge false and commended our work in his report to government.

At an early day it was evident that the Lord was with us in the effort to save Eurasian orphans as well as native. At first Bro. Davis thought the move premature, but in a little time he was as enthusiastic with reference to this branch of the work as myself. Special offerings came in from various parties, and Rev. Mr. Gates of the American Board at Sholapore, wrote us of four orphans who later



came to us. The pitiful condition of these last four, can scarce be told. Let it suffice to say both parents had died from drink, and these children were homeless and friendless. Within four months from our start we had received Rs. 251 in special offerings for this special work, and had six orphans. Sister ward had the special charge of the Eurasian orphans, and Sister O'Leary of the native girls, while I looked after the boys. Bros. Davis and Marrett sent us two boys for this last branch of our work, bringing up the number to eight.

In July we had another sharp trial of our faith by reason of the non-remission of our money from Hyderabad. During the first seventeen days of July we lived on about one-half the usual diet, and received a very kind favor from Mr. James Campbell of Curreemnugger, in that time. On the 18th a hoondee for Rs. 270 which had been lying by in Hyderabad for some time, came to hand. The heavens rang with our praise that night.

In the end of July, I went across the Godavery—160 miles—to see a proposed village site there. I passed through a beautiful country and enjoyed the forest scenes, more like home forests than anything I had yet seen in India. I mounted a village hill 2,500 feet above the sea, and found there in the first days of August at Chilmela a chilly, shivery atmosphere. I could walk in safety bare-headed at midday, while in the plain below I would have been sunstruck in ten minutes. After thorough examination of the village of Albaka and surrounding country, I concluded that "*in the event of our being utterly unable to gain any landed footing in the dominions of H. H. the Nizam,*" Albaka would make us a good home, though the place was unsuitable for a mission center for Yelgundel district.

As I came back, Mr. Neilson, an engineer at Hanamacondah, gave me a pony worth about Rs. 50. We remember an impression that came very forcibly upon us as we made this journey that the *poor* people of India were

smoking up enough to support the gospel well, to say nothing of thousands and thousands who gulp down toddy and distilled liquor. Heathenism is expensive. Christianity would be a vast economy to this people well, and orientally settled.

My old friend, W. J. Gladwin, editor of the India Watchman, had been a staunch friend of our work from the beginning and through the India Watchman, letters were regularly sent out, by which means many were kept informed of our progress and experience. I doubt not that a large part of the money sent us was by the interested readers of the India Watchman. Besides individuals this year we received offerings aggregating Rs. 100 from four different Sunday schools. From Rangoon, Bombay, Calcutta and Khundwa, respectively.

An entry made in the mission diary by Bro. Marrett July 31st of this year gives some idea of the routine work we were doing. So we give it here,

"CAMP, ULLEPUR, July 31, 1882.

"I thank God for the privilege and gratification of visiting this branch of His work. It is now two years since I last saw the orphans, and what a change! In this short space of time the work has prospered beyond conception. *Then* there were a number of ill-conditioned, ill-clad, ill-behaved beings; *now* as fine a lot of boys and girls as one would wish to see, well clad, well cared for and remarkably well behaved. *Then* none acquainted with God; *now* upwards of half the number, sons and daughters of the most High, realizing practically the joys of salvation. *Then* none had seen a book as their own; *now* a goodly number are able to read the New Testament, everything indicating faithful labor on the part of those entrusted with them. My stay at Premoor was limited, arriving on Thursday night and leaving again on Monday. After a ride of three and a half hours through thick jungle, Bro. Davis and myself alighted at Premoor. While approach-

ing, there came, borne on the light breezes of the night, the happy sound of song. Presently we see fires, and a moment later we are in a square, three sides of which are bounded by huts, and on the other side stands the tent. One little fellow keeping watch over the farm stock, spies us and raises the alarm, shout answers shout from all quarters, and we are quickly surrounded by happy faces and glowing hearts. Hardly off our horses, when they all scramble to shake hands with us. After a good deal of hearty hand-shaking we are welcomed to the 'Church in the Wilderness.' We are told that brother Ward and sister O'Leary are at band meetings, a few minutes later and we greet them. As invited, we soon fare on cold venison and sundry other nice things provided by sister O'Leary. Although we had come twenty-two miles that day, we did not tire of hearing of the good things the Lord had been doing for this flock in the wilderness. It was midnight before we retired. Early next morning we were summoned to morning prayers. Towards the center of the square we found the inmates of the Christian orphanage and home, collected in orderly squads singing a couple of Telugu hymns. Nursa led in prayer—in prayer not taught of man but of God—most intelligently, and Saboona led in the repetition of the Lord's prayer. Another hymn and all disperse to their several occupations, some to study under the puntulu, some under sister O'Leary, some off with the cart for timber for brother Ward's house, some away to the huts about the daily housework, and brother Ward off to his tent to his work. In the evening all collected for prayer again, after which each squad walked off to their huts, from each of which there soon arose simultaneously the praise of God in song and prayer. This I was informed was their *family prayer*. Each one, however, retires for private prayer before sleeping. Gracious Savior, thus art thou glorified here. Who would not wish to live in this blessed atmosphere?

Certainly those who love the Lord Jesus, would. Saturday was a holiday. After prayer all make off to play or housework. No noise or disorder, but well behaved groups of strollers, with arms affectionately entwined around each other's shoulders, moving about here and there. Some swing, others gather wild berries or flowers.

Boys in the Christian Home are at their tops, Brother Davis' present; Alice puts a lining in her work basket, from the same donor. How happy all looked! My heart wells up to God in thankfulness as I look on this scene. Can it be that these are the miserable, dying, famine-stricken orphans succored three years ago? Yea, verily, and what has changed the scene? *The gospel*; gracious Savior, glory be to Thee! In the evening two bands met, I joined one with sister O'Leary.

The band consisted of nine wee ones. Praise the Lord for what I heard! Little lips testifying to Jesus' power to save from temper; contrition for want of vigilance, and unfaithfulness in prayer; Jesus filling with joy. Each testimony was followed by some appropriate exhortation by sister O'Leary, or the singing of a verse. Later each member prayed. Blessed Lord, truly 'out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.' The pleading of the promises show how their instruction has written them on their hearts. I was told one of these little ones was a *prayer leader*. I retired that night much burdened. I have been an unprofitable servant. I rose Sabbath morn much refreshed, joys of salvation welling up. Was present at morning prayer, and spoke on John iii: 3 for awhile. The children were attentive and interested, answering readily several questions on the subject. Later an English service for ourselves. The Lord with us. In the afternoon a service for the servants. Bro. Ward read and explained the 'marriage feast,' and I added something on the guest without the wedding garment. The Lord gave me much freedom. Later came the bible

meetings with the children. I joined Nursa with the larger girls. He is a little preacher already, taught of God. He is zealous for the Lord, and became a little stern with those who did not readily memorise the verse required.

In the evening there was a short preaching service in Telugu, all being present, conducted by Bro. Ward. The lesson for the day, Matt. vii.: 1-14, afforded the theme, dwelling chiefly on the 7th and 8th verses. I added a few words on the 14th and 15th verses. I have never seen a more eager and attentive audience. Thus ended a Sabbath at Premoor, a day of much rest and refreshment to my soul. The Lord bless Premoor for one of the happiest days I ever spent. Sister O'Leary, though suffering from fever, is faithful to her charge; Sister Ward is in Bangalore; Bro. Ward is hearty and well, full of love for the children, and abounding in good works. In less than two years he has mastered Telugu, and now speaks it fluently. I would gladly join this happy band did circumstances permit. I find from my reading of the mission diary that peculiar trials have followed these faithful workers. Yet all has not been trial by any means. I lie down this last night of my stay at Premoor, feeling that the Lord is working mightily, preparing himself a glorious church out here. 'The Lord God is a sun and a shield. He will give grace and glory.'—Psalm lxxxiv. 11."

Satan was not content to let us go on in this good work without some master strokes at discomfiting us. I give here an extract of the day as to one of his efforts to annoy us and destroy souls.

The wife of Ramsamy the cook had in the earlier days of October swerved from the Lord and yielding to the jeers of some of the villagers she put on toe-rings, bangles, rings, etc., again. Thus her soul was covered with a cloud of darkness. But on the 9th inst. she yielded herself fully to God again, confessed how she shrank from the shame of the cross, lost her peace, and the consequent

soul darkness. Then she again received Jesus and was joyfully restored to divine favor. Our whole camp was made glad by her testimony that night. Her toe-rings, bangles, rings, etc., etc., were all smashed up with enviable zeal.

We had calmly considered our line of procedure, and believing it to be the bible platform, we decided to go on the clean platform without tobacco, liquor, jewelry, betel nut, bang, opium. We saw no way of drawing the line between the moderate use of jewelry and the outrageous profligacy of the heathen, except to proscribe, as the bible does, (1 John, 2, 15) all ornaments, whether of glass, brass, copper, lead, iron, pewter, silver or gold, worn on any part of the body. We cannot baptise a repentant heathen who has not repented of and forsaken "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life," embodied in these marks of heathenism and sin. It is easier to keep evil out than to get it out when once in.

We pushed on the work of this period and with little out of the ordinary from month to month. In November I attended the conference session which was held this year in Bangalore, about 800 miles away. Sister O'Leary had been away for a little rest before this and had on a visit to Poona experienced the blessing of a pure heart. She had come back thus doubly refreshed for the work. When I went to conference Sister Ward went along and remained there with Brother and Sister Lee for a time. I was much encouraged at the spirit of the Bangalore conference it being much more sympathetic toward work among the heathen than some previous ones had been. It is hardly fair to say there was ever any antipathy to native work in the conference but there was certainly a disposition for some years, to go on developing the English work and to leave the native work till a more convenient time. I found this conference an improvement in this respect. On my return from conference the first work

before me was to erect new quarters in a new place for our whole colony. A heathen man gave us permission to occupy a small piece of land on conditions we regarded as more comfortable than those a reputed Christian had been willing to grant us. We put up 16 small huts and dug two wells and spent Rs. 26-13-0 on the job. We were truly happy in our new and quiet home. We called the place Premoor, *i. e.*, the village of love.

Brother Davis was married this month and this ended practically his personal work in the mission.

December 15th, Wesley Asbury and William Taylor, were born to C. B. and E. M. Ward in Bangalore.

At Premoor we observed a merry Christmas and had a solemn and profitable New Year, with such a diary entry as follows:—"We take this opportunity of noting the remarkable fact that in all our history so far, we have not had one instance of improper conduct between our boys and girls, and we have not felt called upon to proceed with matchmaking in any case as a preventative measure. A good lady recently asked as to how could we at all times watch our children while at their work. Our only reply was that for some part of our work we must trust God largely. While we have done our work so imperfectly, he has done his *wonderfully*. We close the year somewhat at home and happier than the children of kings, in our chosen work. It is a matter of no little satisfaction, that we have been permitted *to live for Christ in the midst of the heathen* and devote our daily life to the training of our orphans. It has been good for us to live by faith for all things. This day closes ten months since I penned the letter that began our "Christian Home." Of what are we convinced to-day? That it is good to trust in the Lord, and that he hath led us most graciously into and in this work. Blessings both temporal and spiritual have come abundantly on both us and the orphans all through these months. The condition of six of the children we have, would have been deplorable

enough had not God given them a home among us. Bad influence and indifferent care, were the heritage of all of them. They are now comfortable and free from the multitude of baneful surroundings, with as many hallowing influences as possible. All have been taught and except Peter can read the bible at prayer time and study daily the lesson for themselves. They have learned to do much for themselves, so they are not very burdensome. Two of the children show evidence of the operation of grace in their hearts. Daily some one has met them in prayer. God has covered our work and us with free, boundless, amazing mercy and love.

January 1, 1880, the India Watchman fell into my hands. Brother Gladwin, from broken health and absence from the country had been compelled to give up the editorship so laboriously and freely held for three and a half years. I had from the beginning been his assistant and now on me fell the burden and the blessing. Brother Gladwin had arranged to hand it over to some one else with a view to closing it out. But our work could not spare it. Early in the year 1878 on the invitation of Brother J. J. Ottley, an engineer, I paid a visit to the city of Shorapore in the western part of the Nizam's Dominion in the Canerese country. I regarded Shorapore as a beautiful place and saw the country a fruitful one, full of sheep without a gospel shepherd. From that time I prayed, off and on, for that needy field. In 1880, my heart was much impressed to pray for a missionary. God gave us money for the passage of such missionary from America. We sent the money to Bro. Taylor, told him of the field and its perishing hundreds of thousands without a missionary of Christ. Bro. Taylor writes us that he will send the man when he can find him. Praise God.

The money that came into hand was sent in by readers of the Watchman on an appeal for money to get out some new missionaries for work exclusively among the heathen.



All our efforts to secure land direct or through our friends had proven futile. We were kept to following as God led *step by step*.

We ended the year with fifty-nine orphans, five ran away and one new one came in. Only five baptisms during the year. Out of fifty baptised seven had fallen away leaving us forty-three converted baptised communicants and ten probationers who show some marks of grace begun. "As we go on, we feel more and more loth to swell the number of baptised heathen in India. Some missionaries defend the baptism of persons who are willing to put themselves under religious instructions. But to our mind this is but the deception of souls that baptism makes christians. Men do this, too, who hold up both hands in holy horror at *baptismal regeneration*. One is theory and the other practice, the other practice the more effectual of the two."

One item we must not omit relative to christian character. "Among the gratifying things of this year has been the contribution to the Lord by our children in tithes, grain and special offerings. It is now one year and nine months since the boys and girls began systematic giving to God. In these twenty-one months their contributions have amounted to Rs.66-13-2, or an average of more than ten annas per *capita* per annum. To this amount we have in the year now closing added Rs. 40. The whole amount, Rs. 106-13-2 has been distributed between several Indian Missions and the *Transit Fund*."

Our faith and courage is well put in the following:—

"He is infinitely more willing to feed and keep us here than to have these benighted heathen left without a hope of the Gospel of Christ. As we see the past now, we have sometimes been legitimate enthusiasts, expecting ends without due use of means. In our haste we had thought long ere this to have been out itinerating, and yet we were not ready, nor could the orphan work have spared us. Our enthusiasm has at times desired a strong corps of imported

missionaries in the field about us, but we close this year with a calm but forcible conviction that the good Lord will not give us more than a few necessary pioneer helpers. We believe we are to be confined to the use of indigenous help almost wholly. Our orphanages are our schools of the prophets, and God will also raise up helpers from those to be converted. Our progress on this line may be slow for some time, but of the ultimate and glorious certainty of the conversion of thousands to God in this field we have not a doubt or fear. To be sure the future we do not *know*, but we believe the Lord is leading us on a line gloriously practicable in the hands of converted heathen when we are in our graves."

Our receipts this year was a little above the previous years. But it must be remembered we had increased our Eurasian or East Indian orphan work with ten orphans. Our total receipts were about Rs. 5,000 and expenditures a little under.

We wish we could give some items of the providences of the commencement of this last-named orphan work which God led us to begin, supplied the means and gave new workers for.

No one long in India, can fail to know the pitiful condition of many hundreds of Eurasian children found in all localities where Europeans have trodden. Looked down upon by Europeans who of all others by blood ties (though this thought is hardly palatable to many) are bound to do somewhat for this very class, scorned by natives in too many instances, their lot is sad. Thus neglected, they form a tremendous stumbling-block to gospel work in India, yet rescued, saved, sanctified and anointed by the Holy Ghost, they make us grand workers, acclimatized and armed with the language. The special work of caring for and teaching these Eurasian orphans has fallen upon Sister Ward most of the year, and latterly upon Sister O'Leary.

Of this work we cannot say better than Bro. Marrett has done in what we now insert. He says:—

PREMOOR, January 31, 1882.

“My heart is too full. I cannot say enough, and yet I hardly know where to begin or stop. The Lord be praised for all that is being done in the Christian Home. Eight orphans have been saved for Jesus. Blessed holy name! Sister Ward, being away, Sister O’Leary attends largely to this department of the work here. The general routine of the work is about as follows:—After morning prayers, with all the other orphans, seated on a mat, they are helped to a morning repast, a blessing on which is asked by one of their number. This over, school opens under Sister O’Leary’s eye. While sewing, she hears their lessons. For the short time they have been studying, the progress is great. Little Henry and Richard, picked up in the streets by Brother Davis and myself, are doing remarkably well. Henry could then hardly read in the primer, the latter scarce at all. Now both read Royal readers and bibles. Little Peter, about three years old, knows every letter in the alphabet, ask him as you may. School lasts till about 11 a. m. ; then comes breakfast and family prayer. In the afternoon comes the daily general meeting, and *their* family prayer in the evening. There are not wanting signs of a good work begun in these little ones. They are trying to be good and in their little prayers they ask for *clean hearts*. I see by the Diary, that the Lord has given the Home, funds in abundance all along, and the cry now is, *Lord send us more little ones: we want them as jewels for thy crown*”

WM. MARRETT.

Thus within three years, the Lord had led us out into our work, showed us how He could and would manage the money part of it, if we were wholly in His will and way, and placed in our hand about as many souls as Jacob took to Egypt, and abundantly blessed us in body and soul and

enabled us to turn nearly threescore souls from heathen darkness into the light of the glorious gospel of the Son of God.

As the year drew to a close we were getting altogether again. In the reunion of our forces there came a lesson we feel like giving here.

Sister Ward came from Bangalore, where she had enjoyed great kindness from many friends, worth not far short of Rs. 200, to Pramoor, arriving March 2nd with Wesley Asbury and William Taylor. As I was returning with her we had at Hyderabad a peculiar trial of faith. We were to leave Hyderabad February 22nd, but twenty-four hours before the time fixed for our start, we learned the coach Bro. Marrett was lending us was broken down. Added to this we had been several days without a rupee, being at once without road expenses or money for what seemed necessary purchases. After looking several days for money, without receiving it, we decided to start for Premoor in poverty if need be. Now when the coach was broken, we felt certainly the Lord was guiding. Well the next day, the very day we had intended starting, a letter came from Major Nesbit of Simla with Rs. 100 for us. This timely friend was an utter stranger to us, but probably not to God. We were so filled with thankfulness and praise we could say little else, but "*Wonderful!*" "*Praise the Lord!*" We made needful purchases and set out for Premoor. We brought with us from Bangalore two more E. I. orphans, making the total number in the "Christian Home," ten. We glorify God for setting us out on the line of a *faith mission*. He can halt us in ten days at most any time if we step aside on any but his line. Does any ask: "Are you ever anxious?" We answer, "No." We are more sure of what we need than if the best bankers in the world were pledged to back us. God Almighty, whose all the world is, hath sent us. This probably being the last year of schooling for many of our children, we propose to

spend 1882 principally teaching them. Having no good teacher, we are doing the instructing ourselves with the help of the most advanced, who teach and study.

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## CHAPTER III.

## ADVANCE STEPS. 1882

Early in April, 1882, a *theerthum*, or fair, occurred in honor of some old sinner, deified and called "Nurswamy." Below is an account of our first outing: So on the evening of April 3rd, being moonlight, we loaded the tent and set out with Patcha, Nursa, Beema, Rama and Hoossainy for the scene. By midnight we had our tent pitched beneath a big banyan tree in the midst of sleeping hundreds, who were gathered for the opening of the festival. We found no place at first, but regarding the banyan tree the proper place for ourselves we got the tent pole fixed, and began to string our tent strings over sleeping people, and fixed the ends beyond. But as they roused and found themselves in a fair way to be in the shade of our tent, they voluntarily, much to our good pleasure, moved away, and gave us the spot. When our tent was pitched we went out to survey the field. We found men, women and children over the ground everywhere by the thousand, while here and there dancing-girls and tricksters were keeping a few hundreds awake. The following morning we began work by opening little stands for selling scripture portions and tracts. We had good success, and sold, between Tuesday morning and Wednesday evening, about 900 portions and tracts, and gave away some 400 hand-bill tracts. Our cash receipts were Rs. 4-0-0. We were courteously treated, and many displayed eagerness to get tracts and books. We found it easier to sell than to give away. When we offered tracts free, the people seemed to suspect us of some sinister

scheme, and very many would utterly refuse to touch them through fear. But when we sold, the people took the books and tracts with confidence and read them.

We did not have much faith, for we feared any attempt at open preaching would be met with violence. But as we moved among these idolators and bore our testimony for Christ we met nowhere the slightest molestation. Everybody seemed to act as though they thought we had a perfect right to do what we came for. We came away sorry we had not taken the field for preaching. We ascended the hill and conversed with the priests of the temple, who treated us civilly, but showed no disposition to accept the testimony of Christ. In the temple we saw piles of rice and other grains, cocoanuts and a box well filled with rupees and dubs. There were not less than 15,000 people from not less than thirty villages within a radius of ten miles from Bedjinky at this festival. We took a few notes while on the ground. Twenty-five liquor-sellers, thirty-four bangle-sellers, twenty sellers of caste mark colors, 140 bunyahs with all sorts of wares, four dancing-girls, four tricksters and two female tumblers, with an almost uncountable host of all sorts of musical beggars, did, or seemed to be doing, a good business from beginning to end of the festival. We reckoned 15,000 people left in Nurswamy's temple in rupees, dubs and grain, Rs. 1,000; liquor dealers got at least Rs. 100; musical beggars, dancing-girls, etc. Rs. 50; and other traders got not less than Rs. 1,500; all this, nearly Rs. 3,000, from a people who can't support the gospel! Forsooth, it would have built a school-house in every village represented by the crowd.

During the month of April seventy-one souls of us lived upon Rs. 66, or a little over three-fifths of an anna per day, per capita, yet our health was never better.

It is strange indeed that in things concerning our highest interests we need to be so often stirred up in mind. This trial of which we have given notes heretofore was a gentle

reminder from God to bring our souls down to the due feeling, interest and responsibility in our work. We had need of being brought to a momentary faith concerning all our spiritual and temporal needs.

We saw the lesson God was trying to teach us, and began to praise God for the mercy of the trial about the 1st of May.

All during the month of May this trial lasted. A glorious sequel came; the trial lasted from March 1st to May 27th, eighty-seven days, when we received \$100 from one Rev. McIlwain, of America, through Dr. Reid, secretary of the M. E. Missionary Society. This, with some other items, more than cleared us past June 1st in 1882. By reckoning up we believe the 17th day of April, when in special prayer we received a wonderful assurance that help was at hand, Bro. McIlwain started his \$100.

Early in June, Miss Ruth Freer, another Eurasian young lady from Madras, joined us in Premoor, and took up her special work in the midst of the Christian Home Eurasian orphans.

She said of the dealings of the Lord with her:—

I heard the word of the Lord saying, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us to-day?" Then said I, "Here am I, send me." Isa. vi. 8. For a whole year after I was brought into the clear light of God's love and had consecrated myself to the Lord and His work, I was longing to be out in His vineyard. The dear Lord made me feel the burden of souls. The wonderful way in which He rescued me as a brand from the burning, made me more anxious to tell others that they may share a like blessing. Although I was doing a little, a very little, for my dear Master in Perambore, yet I longed to be out. The thought often impressed me that I had to witness for my Saviour among the heathen, and now, glory to His name! He called me right out among them when He called me here. I received my call to this work in March. I was written to by Bro. Moore,

who had known me some little time. He wished to know if I was willing to follow the leadings of the Lord in a "faith mission" to work for His glory. I felt this was a direct call from God though it came through a man. How gladly did my heart respond, "Here am I, send me!" How wonderfully did the Lord clear away all the obstacles, make every crooked path straight and lead me into the Telugu mission! Ever since I came to this delightful place, June 6th, 1882, my soul has grown stronger and my faith firmer in him who doeth all things well. Well may I say with the Psalmist, "The lines have fallen to me in pleasant places." All I desire is to be faithful. The work here delights my heart, for truly the Lord is in this place. I felt this when I first put my foot in Premoor. My heart burns with love for these dear children, black or white; for our souls are all alike, and the Lord is no respecter of persons. Glory to His name! I feel that the Lord has a great blessing in store for us. These children are to be witnesses for Him, they will come rejoicing bringing sheaves. This is the Master's work and therefore must prosper. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name!

RUTH C. FREER.

Our prayer for help was now about to be more liberally answered than we had dared to expect at so early a day. The Lord now intended that we should push out and go directly into missionary work among the heathen about us. Our trials were more than ordinarily severe, but we can now look back and see that the lord wanted us all, and especially our new workers, to learn to trust in God, and not in the leader of the mission.

July 23, 1882, Bro. D. O. Ernsberger, sent to India by William Taylor, on funds raised by our *India Methodist Watchman*, reached us. He came especially to prepare for the work in the Canarese districts of the western part of the Nizam's dominions.



Brother Ernsberger was from North Indiana Conference and gave the following account of his coming to India:

“The Conference convened April 5th, 1882; being recommended and having past my examination I was admitted on trial. On the second day of the conference, William Taylor arrived with a big box of his books. The following day at 4 p. m. he preached, after which he sold his books. He had said nothing about missionaries yet, *i. e.*, that he wanted any. The next day he lectured on his principles of missionary work. Still he said nothing about wanting men, neither had I any thought of going, since there was no opening. That night, after an anniversary of some kind, Brother Taylor was asked to speak. He spoke on the subject nearest his heart, the salvation of the heathen, but turned round to sit down without saying anything about wanting men. Just then a good D. D. sitting near him, pulled his coat-tail and asked him to tell something of the dangers connected with missionary work. He turned round, saying at the same time, that except one time when two men drew their guns on him, the greatest danger he had found was that of eating too much. He then went on to say that in some of the fields in which his missionaries were laboring, there were some wild animals, such as tigers, panthers, and the like, and that they were all fat. Then he said that the money had been raised in India and sent him for the passage of a man, to found a mission in a district of that country containing half a million souls, and that the man who undertook the work must be willing to ‘rough it,’ living in the jungle among these fat tigers and panthers. He closed by saying to the conference that if they had such a man, to send him on. The congregation was dismissed, but I remained in my seat. The promise I had made to the Lord came to my mind, ‘Here is an opportunity, a way opened, now will you go or not?’ This question had to be settled right there. Those last words of Jesus came to me, ‘Go . . . preach to

every creature.' So I went forward to where Bro. Taylor was and offered myself. Having consulted my P. E. he decided to take me. This was about the 8th of April. On the 15th of May I bade my father farewell and started for 'India's coral strand.' After a prosperous journey of a little more than two months, I arrived at Premoor. Here I found Bro. and sister Ward, sisters O'Leary and Freer, busy and happy in the work. I received a warm welcome from all. Praise God for his providence and care in thus bringing and settling me down in the midst of the heathen. Again I say, "Praise the Lord!"

D. O. ERNSBERGER.

Bro. Ernsberger was a help to the faith of us all in those days, and God took good care his faith should not be builded upon us.

Surely no five months of our history ever gave such bounties as these.

July was a month of affliction to many among us. "Indian sore eyes!" Every boy and girl in the "Christian Home" had them; then Wesley Asbury and William Taylor, then their mother and father, and later most of the native folks, and sister O'Leary. The memory of that scourge is still vivid.

Our outing at the fair at Redginky was the beginning of aggressive work all about us more or less regularly from that on. Miss O'Leary began regular work among the women of the villages near us, and her success was most encouraging from the very outset. Between times she and myself worked on a series of tracts in purely scripture language, to make use of Rs. 50 that had been sent us by Bro. Gladwin. We entitled one "Who is Jesus?" another "God," another "The Spirit," and another "Come to Jesus." We had 5,000 printed. These Telugu tracts we scattered for the healing of the nations about us.

Bro. Ernsberger was housed in a hut twelve by fourteen feet, put up by the boys and myself, and walls plastered by

the girls, costing, if it had been paid for, perhaps one rupee, as we built it for nothing, just high enough for him to stand up in. He takes the hut in good part, and seems happy in the humblest house he ever lived in. He seems to be a man God has prepared and called to be a faith missionary of a radical, faithful stamp. His plan is to stay with us about a year and study Canerese, and then with half a dozen of our orphan boys and girls, go to open his Canarese mission.

August 24, 1882, Bro. Frank J. Blewitt arrived in our camp on horse-back with fiddle and banjo and a few other "traps." He had been a local preacher in Lahore, but feeling called of God came, at his own charges, to join us on our principles, 2000 miles. He possessed rare talents for singing and playing, and knowing Hindustani became at once a valuable helper.

Of himself he gave the following account:

"Woe is me if I preach not the gospel." I Cor., ix. 16. Ever since my conversion in 1874, I have had an unquestionable conviction that I must preach the gospel of Jesus Christ. I have to confess with intense regret, that, notwithstanding that the above is the truth, I have to look on some very dark periods of my life in which I quenched the blessed Spirit and was altogether unfaithful to him who did and was doing so much for me, and was calling me to so noble a cause and work.

It was not, however, till December 31, 1881, the dear Lord in his mercy and goodness having showed me I *must* quit friendship with the *world and self* and follow him, that I was enabled to do so by his grace; and this day I am a monument of his grace and saving power. Glory to Jesus! In the early part of this year I attended camp meeting at Futtepur, near Allahabad, where the Lord blessed me beyond anything I had ever experienced. It was there the spirit whispered again to me in tones of love, 'Have you no souls to save?' I felt ashamed to face the

sad fact that up to that time I had not given much thought to my fellow creatures and the awful condition of their immortal and precious souls. But the time had come. I must act. No more evading the question. I clearly saw my work was among the natives of India. Glory to God for it!

On my return to Lahore, where I was in charge of the Lawrence school, I procrastinated no more, but struck out—though I must confess with some fear, trembling and misgivings of my ability as in the case of Jeremiah, (Jer. i. 6)—into Hindustani work.

“ ‘ How ready is the man to go,  
Whom the Lord hath never sent;  
How timorous, diffident and slow.  
God's chosen instrument.’ ”

The more I labored the more my desire to go on. I acquired soon a very great love for the work, and I felt nothing in this world could satisfy me better. In June last, the Holy Spirit showed me clearly I should give up secular employ and give myself wholly to my Master's work. I communicated my convictions or leadings to my pastor, Bro. Shaw. He advised me to go to 'Bro. Ward's Faith Mission.' I at once wrote Bro. Ward I was ready to join him on a moment's notice. Fifteen days past and I had no reply. I then determined to throw in my lot with Christ and work independently of any earthly help, except the companionship of a native christian who volunteered to accompany me in the '*faith work*' I had planned. I was to trust in the dear Master's promises. Even so hath he ordained that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel (1 Cor. ix. 14), and "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." (Mat. xxviii, 20; Rom. viii. 31, 32) I closed school and sold off nearly all my earthly goods, and made ready for a move. I and my native christian friend had decided to work in the Dalhousie hills in the summer months, and in the Gurdaspur

district for the winter, as our life work for Jesus. We desired to set out July 6, 1882. July 3d a letter came from Bro. Ward. He asked me a few questions instead of saying, "Come on," as I had expected and longed for. I answered all the queries and left the result with the Lord. Divine providence frustrated my plans to set out on the 6th. My brother-in-law wrote me a letter which called me away from Lahore that very day to Sealkote. God enabled me to say amen to this bitter disappointment. But it was the Lord's doing. In those days of my stay in Sealkote the Lord reversed the current of my feelings and schemes, and on July 31, 1882, I set out from Lahore for Bro. Ward's 'Faith Mission.' As I traveled, I prayed the Lord to keep me from mistakes and to stay my progress on the way if I was not needed in the Deccan. At Nee-much, Bombay and Chadarghat I was pressed to go no further but settle down and work among christian brethren. But God so guided that I could not do other than go straight forward without turning either to the right or left, till I reached this my village home, August 24, 1882, where I met a hearty welcome, and soon felt at home with all and everything. How I do rejoice and praise my dear Redeemer who so wonderfully and graciously called me to this particular branch of his work, to be an envoy for Christ to this benighted people." FRANK J. BLEWITT.

Now our circumstances were such that the Lord had some difficulty in teaching us easily all those things necessary to our line of work "non-subsidy."

Our eyes were so unopened that the good Lord alone could have shown us his ways. Human teachings coming to the same end to which God led us would have certainly been resented from honestly held convictions. Jesus Christ who took so much pains to teach the first missionaries he sent out, took no less pains to teach all these new workers that faith in Ward or his schemes was folly, not even being equal to ordinary "bread and butter."

Then, again, we had held all the years of our christian life, strong views upon the subject of "clergymen secularizing." When in school in the beautiful town of Evanston, near Chicago, we came to know of a score or more ex-ministers who, because of "ill-health," could not do the ordinary work of a preacher, and had engaged in real estate, railroad bond or board of trade speculation. We had very hard work to keep from concluding these gentlemen were never "called," or they were traitors. But here I was with almost fourscore orphans on my hands, whom we did not desire to be reared on charity milk and meat. Yet we did not ask ourselves how this was to be done without some *hard work on business lines*. But all our prejudices were flat against entering upon any business. We fully intended to be a "*padri*" always. We could not get the land we so much sought, for a colony, yet if we had secured this it had hardly come home to us that much secular work must be done by somebody. So here we were, and it took the Lord pretty much all of the first three-quarters of this fourth year, to get us unkinked and ready to lay down all our prejudices and do his will in his own way. Saying this much, perhaps they who now read can better interpret the following entry made by brother Ernsberger?

October 16, 1882. " 'Knowing this, that the trying of your faith, worketh patience.' This year beginning with March has been one of exceptional trial as to our 'daily bread.' But especially has this been the case since July, when we were square with all men. Since that time small amounts have come in from time to time, an earnest of what was to follow, an evidence conclusive to us that 'the eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous and His ears are open unto their cry.' The amounts received, however, have been inadequate to meet our necessary expenses. The grain merchant said he did not want his money for months yet, and when small amounts of money came to

hand, he did not ask for them, but continued to aver he did not want his money yet. As we have some personal property we urged him to take our bulls, cows, calves, goats, cart, and other effects as security for what we owed him; he however would not take aught of these. As the trial waxed hotter and hotter it brought us to our knees in unusual heart-searching and supplication. We observed September 4th as a day of fasting and prayer. Beside ourselves about thirty of the children joined in this soul-humiliation before God. We were all greatly benefitted by this day's supplication and waiting. The chief object before us was to examine ourselves to see if there was any wicked way in us,' for we knew that, 'if we regard iniquity in our hearts the Lord will not bear us.' Our great concern is ever, not bread, but our spiritual condition as individuals and as a whole. We are sure if our ways please the Lord we can claim all the precious promises' as our own, for the 'exceeding great and precious promises' are those 'who have escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust.' *We were assured that the Lord of all the earth would do all things well, and would in His own good time and in His own way, supply all our need* 'according to the riches of His glory by Christ Jesus.'

September was soon gone, but our tender and loving Father saw it good to test us still further by withholding supplies, except a few small tokens of His favor which showed us He was not altogether displeased with us. October came finding our eyes unto the Lord, as they perhaps had never been before. We did not know how He would deliver us, but we had the assurance in our hearts that deliverance would come. Eight more days past and we were not yet delivered. We could all say, however, 'Praise ye the Lord.' We did not complain, for from past experience we had learned that the trial of our faith is 'precious.' The Word declared the same as well; and while we were praying for deliverance we could just as earn-

estly and sincerely ask that if it would glorify His blessed name more to withhold deliverance a while longer that He would do so, giving us grace to bear the trial of His love. On the evening of the 8th inst. at our social meeting we discussed the possibility of cutting down our table expenses. We could see no way to reduce the diet of the children without cutting down the quantity, which we did not feel like doing. Up to this time we had been indulging in a few things we mutually agreed we could dispense with. One suggested the wheat, another the rice, another *jaggery*, another the oil, which is our custom to use instead of *ghee* in cooking, being equally good and much cheaper; another the milk, etc., till we had made reductions of about Rs. 7 per week on our table. This left us *jowarree* with vegetable curry, the vegetables being furnished us by the children. We say *jowarree* was left us, but for several days the children lived on the Indian corn raised in our boys' field. When our *jowarree* ran out, we all took to this diet, as we had decided to buy nothing more without paying for it, except under the most urgent necessity. On this Indian corn we all lived well for a week, and we were more thankful for this than we had been in other days for 'sumptuous living.' A very little food seasoned with grace and a healthy appetite is much to be preferred to luxuries without these. Praise God! Life does not consist in the abundance of things that a man hath, neither are *we* to live 'by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.' We have learned that our real temporal wants are few in this life and easily supplied. Glory to God for the lesson. On the 14th of October, Sister O'Leary returned from Hyderabad. It pleased the Lord to send us deliverance by her to the amount of more than Rs. 500 in various shapes and from various sources. A friend, Rs. 100; A. C. D., Rs. 25; H. Longhridge, Rs. 7; C. O. L., Rs. 20; Wm. Taylor, Rs. 7-8-0; J. N., Rs. 5; W. J. G., Rs. 10; Mr. Freer in books,



Rs. 35; A. L., Eye-Salve, Rs, 8; Ellichqur parcel, Rs. 15; Magic Lantern from W. B. O. and wife, Rs. 75, clothing Rs. 10; a parcel Rs. 20; A. D., Rs. 10, corn, Rs. 15; and the promise of Rs. 300 following by post which Brother Davis had, without consulting us, borrowed. *He did it, however, on the strength of an expectation that we would take up a contract of road-work which Brother Marrett had some time previous to this offered us for the employment of the boys and girls.* As it came without our asking it in any way, through Brother Davis, we received it as from the Lord with grateful hearts.

The Monday previous to this had been a day of fasting and prayer, so we thought it fit and proper, that the day after this remarkable deliverance should be observed as a day of thanksgiving and praise. Accordingly the children were called together early with hearts tuned to the praise of our Great Deliverer. Prayer and praise meetings were the order of the day among us, and among the children, and right heartily could we engage in them, with all the recent wonderful dealings of the Lord vividly before us. We seemed as if eating bread from the very hand of our faithful Father. 'Truly the righteous cry and the Lord heareth and delivereth them out of their troubles.' Praise the Lord."

Thus God—against all our preconceived notions—led us, though a *padri*, into secular work so-called, to save our children from pauperdom by theoretically and actually teaching them *how* and that they *should* take care of themselves and *more*. For nearly four years we had been making ineffectual efforts to get land for an orphan or mission colony. We found ourselves fully proscribed and could get no entrance anywhere. Yet believing God led us to the Telugu people we held on. When one place had to be vacated God showed other fields to harbor us. So after months of consideration and prayer, believing it to be the way God was pointing out to us and forcing us to take in the material and

eternal interests of our orphans, we decided to take a "contract," and thus employ the children till we could get land, which we vainly fancied would be in about six months. Our contract was "the construction of five miles of public roadway alongside the railway near Lingumpully Station."

November 5, 1882. Bro. Ernsberger baptised three more who gave good evidence of conversion. Nearly a month later one of the girls died, soundly saved, at Bro. Marrett's in Hyderabad. A good work of grace cheered us among the East Indian orphans, and several of them were added to "the church," as we thought they had been to Christ before. On this occasion we ended a good meeting with the Lord's supper.

Fifty-six of us partook to the exceeding comfort of our souls that night in the open air, beneath the shade of the tamarind tree. *Our tabernacle* not made with hands, deserves special mention. Just near our door stood two very large tamarind trees of the Lord's planting. Beneath the shade of one we cleared a little spot and spread it with clean sand. Here for two years we worshipped, held our bands, school and other meetings. Even in the rainy season we have seldom been prevented from holding our services or daily prayers here. Frequently damp ground has made us Presbyterians enough to stand during prayer.

Only in the days when the books are opened will it be known how much the *Indian Methodist Watchman* became woven into the very fibre of our work.

Though we have made mention of the *Watchman* but few times in this report, yet month by month it has been an indispensable adjunct to our work. Through it we give our testimony to hundreds in this country and in America every month, and many are stirred up to pray for, and aid in God's work among the heathen in India. We are left no room to doubt that the *Watchman* is doing a great and good work in India. On the 4th of November we received a letter from one who has made almost every mission and good

cause in India debtor to his christian beneficence, offering to place at our disposal Rs. 120, per month, for each month of 1884, to be used in aiding such men as are purely and wholly engaged in native work. How we blessed the Lord for this! We meant to use this to help other workers not of our faith mission band, as for this very purpose we had been praying for money. Here was the answer.

We must note another answer to *very much* praying. I had assumed Rs. 500 of the Bellary church debt; and now by the generosity of a "friend of God" we are able to pay it off to the last pie. We found it harder work to get money for this bad debt in answer to prayer than for any other purpose ever demanded in our life. But bless the Lord for the relief and experience! We need no more experience in the church-debt-making line, this side of glory. We are fully persuaded God does not want his tabernacles built with borrowed money, *Free will offerings* built the one he gave Moses plans for. It is a very bad way to trust God to go into debt for a church. Just after the closing up of this Bellary church debt experience, "Muller's Life of Trust" came into our hands, and faith to trust God implicitly for all things and always was wonderfully confirmed.

Still suffering severely with my eyes, I went into Hyderabad during the month of October to get away from books letters, etc., etc., and give my poor, three months afflicted eyes a chance to get well. I have not strong eyes, having had inflammation of the eyes severely some fourteen years ago. I, at times, feared the end of this affliction. But the Lord heard my prayer, and gave me my eyes again. While at Hyderabad I was also to settle about the contract work.

We secured the contract of reconstructing five miles of road near Lingumpully, Nizam's State Railway, less than twenty miles from Hyderabad. After settling all the details of this contract I returned to Premoor.

It was decided that Bro. Ernsberger and I should go to Lingumpully with the orphans, and carry out the contract of road making. We planned to walk the journey of about 100 miles in easy marches of twelve or fifteen miles per day. We took along one cart for luggage and any who might fall faint. This marching column left Premoor on the 6th of November, leaving the three sisters and Brother Blewitt to do garrison duty. Friday, the 11th, found us seventy-five miles on our way at Secunderabad. At Siddepett I received a letter containing a Rs. 50 check from Roy Bareilly, sender's name not decipherable. We blessed God for it. At Father Wales' place in Bolarum we were entirely out of money. We asked Father Wales to advance us something on the check. He declined to do this, but gave us Rs. 25 for the Lord's work. Praise to God came up from the bottom of our hearts. Bro. Loughridge, of the Baptist mission, housed us all for the night. He spoke to the children a few words which they appreciated.

The following day all the children with myself took train for Lingumpully and slept that night in the verandah of, and in front of Bro. Marrett's Bungalow, and occupied a shed as well. The following day we took up our camp on the bund of a small tank a little way off, where we spent our first week in Lingumpully, as all arrangements about work were not yet complete and our tents were not yet erected.

December 17th we concluded to do a little work for the Lord in the village near us, which supported about thirty liquor shops. Our plan was to take as many of the boys and girls as would volunteer to go to the village to sing, pray, testify, exhort, pray and come back singing. God much encouraged us in these our first efforts at village or bazaar work. But as we look back at them, those efforts were *feeble indeed*, yet we were blessed, as were the children. To Bro. Ernsberger is due the credit for precipitating this commencement. It was a thing meditated, but

when? Bro. E. said, "why not now?" And, bless God, we began. We were anxious to see a band of workers developed from our orphans. This *little* village work most emphatically settled the *how* of that development. *Those workers must be developed in work by our side; not in schools or clergy manufactories.*

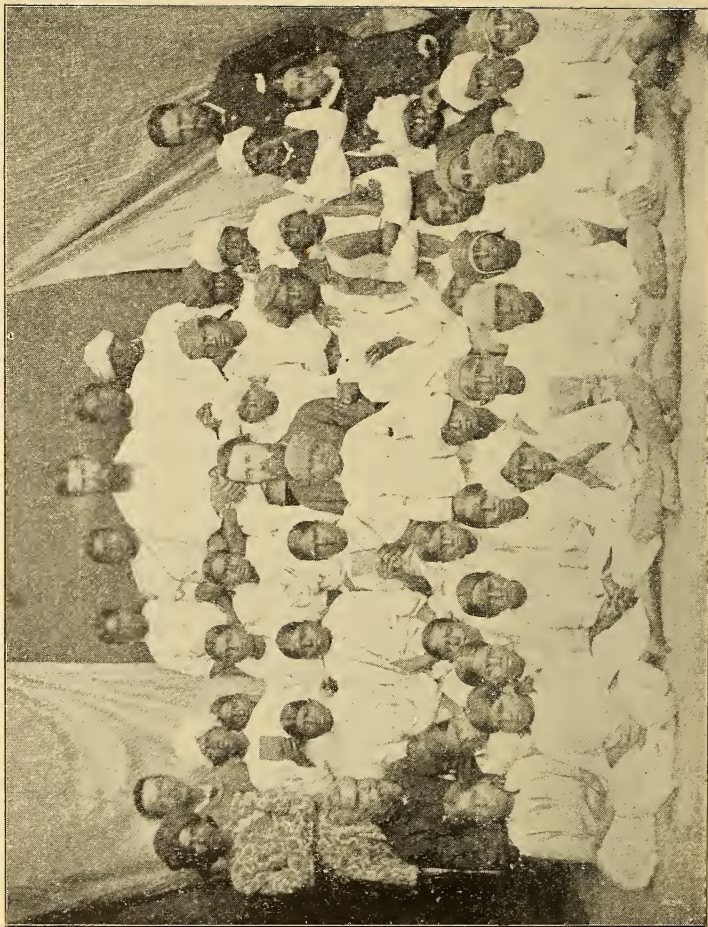
While we were waiting for orders to start the road work, we got up a tent loaned us by Bro. J. J. Ottley and erected some small huts for the orphans, and otherwise made ourselves comfortable.

Sunday, November 26th, I read almost the whole of the "Valley of Baca," by Jennie Smith. It is the most wonderful book I ever read. There *seems* nothing wonderful or pathetic about it, but to save my life I could not read with dry eyes. This book does not say so, but I have learned that Jennie Smith was healed in 1876 of a most dreadful affliction of sixteen years standing, and has since been an Evangelist and blessed in leading nearly 5,000 railway people to Christ. The account of her healing is given in "Baca to Beulah," a wonderful book also. Two such books of any kind I have never read. They lay fast hold on the tenderest place in my heart whenever I read. Why is it?

Though we began work on the road November 29th, yet as many of the children suffered from colds and fever we did little work until after New Years.

Thus while one branch was at work at Lingumpully the other was busy at Premoor and surrounding villages. Bro. Blewitt did no little evangelistic work. The magic lantern, his banjo and violin made him a crowd almost anywhere he went. Several orphans, and now and then some of the other workers, accompanied him to the villages.

We have much reason to thank the Lord for putting it into the heart of Sister Osborne to send us her magic lantern all the way from Australia. It is just the thing a



The Road Makers and Friends.

missionary to the heathen can make good use of. The illustrations greatly aid the poor heathen, with such spiritually blinded vision, to understand the truth.

We must not forget to note that this magic lantern was an answer to prayer. A few months before it came, we began to pray the Lord to send us one, or the money to buy it with. On one or two occasions I had exhibited the views to the children, in Premoor. A few of the Ullepur villagers saw the exhibition and gave their friends a glowing account of the sights.

So in compliance with many requests, December 7th I stretched the sheet opposite Ullepur village and announced the exhibition they desired to see. We had about 130 persons present. Some came from Mylarum and some were travelers encamped near by. We marched with all our orphans to the place singing as we went. Sister O'Leary had the explanations to make in Telugu. Sister Freer and myself exhibited the pictures. We varied the programme by occasional singing of a hymn. We were there fully two hours and closed the exercises by singing and prayer by Sister O'Leary. We had the most marked attention and silence throughout. The genuine interest of all was apparent. May God bless these feeble efforts to preach Christ to the heathen.

F. J. BLEWITT.

December 8th. I, with two of the boys, set out for Curreemnugger, the headquarters of this revenue district, to tell of Jesus and his love. Curreemnugger is a very large village of probably 6,000 souls. The people are Moham-medans, Hindoos, Sikhs, Rohillas, Scindhies and Arabs. The Hindoos outnumber all others. Most of the men one meets in the streets are armed to the teeth with dangerous looking weapons, and move about in a very defiant air. They are fond of music and listen to it with great attention, but can't bear to hear the gospel. We reached this place the same evening with the mission pony, having taken

turns in riding him. I had asked God to direct our steps and bless us in our undertaking. He did. Bless his name. We put up in the traveler's bungalow. My bhajans and banjo drew out two Hindus and one Mohammedan fellow traveler to our side. We kept up fire on them till about 9:30 p. m. The Lord abundantly blessed me to be bold in teaching them the way of righteousness. They took away with them Luke and Acts and some tracts in Urdu. May the God of Truth water this seed. The following morning I called on Mr. James Campbell, an engineer, and his brother. I was cordially welcomed and invited to their sumptuous table and their tent which they had kindly pitched for me. Notwithstanding all I had heard of the opposition the people of this place would bring against the preaching of the gospel, I ventured to stand boldly in the name of the Lord in the main street of the village, singing, praying and preaching to large crowds of people. I did the same the next day, and also on Sunday after prayer and fasting. Monday and Tuesday I preached in the same place morning and evening, looking up to Jesus all the while for protection, help and support, which I received. Instead of being killed, we found some who became our friends. The result of the four days siege was two inquirers, both Mohammedans, one an old and one a young man. The Messrs Campbell were very kind to me and gave my helpers a blanket and me Rs. 10 besides entertainment.

F. J. BLEWITT.

The following may be called holiday notes:

January 1st, 1883. I, per request, exhibited the magic lantern in Mylarum. We had over 150 present, men, women and children. A Roman Catholic catechist explained the views in Telugu. Three of our orphans were with me to assist me and sing at intervals. May the Lord bless this the work of the 1st day of 1883.

F. J. BLEWITT.



At Lingumpully we did not observe Christmas, except to continue our work on the road. December 30th being Saturday, we dropped work and went into Hyderabad for a holiday. Bro. Ottley quartered us all in his house and compound. On the early morning of December 31st we met at the door of the Methodist church for prayer, and then marched singing to the Kotha Busty bazaar. We had hundreds of attentive listeners, and were blessed indeed. We repeated the exploit on the morning of the 1st also. In this exploit for Jesus, we were joined by a few of the Chadarghat brethren. On New Year's day Bro. Davis and Bro. Ottley took it upon themselves to feed, or, rather, feast the children. January 3rd we all returned to Lingumpully for work.

C. B. WARD.

Sister O'Leary suffered a good deal and was not consoled when told by the doctor that she would be an invalid for one year at least. For some five years she had suffered with what seemed to be oncoming [spinal complaint. The complaint had reached a climax under the ravages of fever. Dr. Kees kindly undertook her case and philosophically began the process of blistering of the spine which would take, said the good doctor, some months, as it could only be done a little at a time. God let him have a four-inch blister and relieved him of the necessity of applying any more. She was visited by many friends, and among them were some who felt encouraged to pray for her speedy restoration in answer to prayer. On the——of January, 1883, Brother Jacobs, Brother Carter and Brother Moore, called to see her. While with her the question of her being healed at once in answer to prayer, came up. Brother Jacobs inquired of her if she was all paid up, *i. e.*, whether she had any vows to God unfulfilled or was conscious of any derelictions of duty to God or man. Sister O'Leary confessed frankly she had neglected to deliver her soul in the case of her own sister. Bro. J. enforced upon her the necessity of doing this unperformed duty at once, that with

*good conscience* she might ask for Christ's healing grace. She had to pray some time for grace to perform this long neglected duty. She received it and at once, confessed to her sister her neglect of her soul, and urged upon her sister her duty to yield herself to Christ at once. This being done the above mentioned brethren came in and joined her in prayer for immediate restoration to health, that she might be enabled to return to her Master's work. All prayed and some received assurance that the prayer was heard. But Sister O'Leary was not at the time raised up. But at about three o'clock the following morning God marvelously raised her up, completely, so far as any one could judge, curing her spinal complaint. She rose from affliction's bed and in a few days went on a visit to a brother's home in Raichore and later to Poona, and finally returned to Hyderabad and was married to Bro. Arnold Moore March 15, 1883.

Early in February, in Lingumpully, we began special efforts to lead our boys and girls into the grace of entire sanctification and the anointing of the Holy Ghost. Bro. Jacobs was with us one day in the latter part of January. Somehow the work of leading these little ones into holiness seemed wonderfully simplified after that visit of Bro. Jacobs. We continued our village efforts, and in our own meetings by very simple incisive teaching and the exercise of a faith which looked for immediate results, endeavored to lead these little ones into *perfect love*. God blessed our efforts and during the month of February about a dozen persons intelligently and clearly entered the experience of entire sanctification. We were greatly encouraged in this, and the work was so genuine and clear. We were greatly comforted. For two years we had groaned for the sanctification of these lambs of God's fold. But somehow it did not come. I think the hindrance was, most probably, in our weakness of faith and want of incisiveness of teaching, preaching, praying and believing.

This month of February was one of the brightest months of our history, spiritually. But how malignantly did the adversary at once set about stopping the tide of salvation and rolling it back from those whom it had reached. We have observed this all through our history. A wave of glory always awakes the king of hell to turn out his most infernal designs for the overthrow of the work of God. Brother Blewitt writes of another move on the enemy by the garrison "Glory to Jesus all is well with our souls." Our merchant gave us information of the Pullur Fair or Festival to take place on the 7th of February 1883. This place was twelve miles away from us and the fair was to last three days.

We prayed much before going, inquiring of the Lord whether he considered us fit for this important adventure. Our cry was, "O Lord take us not thence if thou go not with us." The matter was put before all the children, and they were exhorted to pray for each worker and the work. We made the Sabbath previous to our start a day of fasting and prayer for the Pulloor and Lingumpully work. The second chapter of Acts, at the suggestion of Sister Freer was made the subject of study that day. Sister Ward took up our work in addition to her own, during our Pulloor campaign. On the 6th inst. we set out for Pulloor. We halted for a season at Koodoor, for breakfast. After our repast I got out the banjo, and began to play. I had scarce begun, however, when we were surrounded by attentive listeners, mostly women. Sister Freer talked to them, gathering her topics from the beautiful large pictures I continued to exhibit. The spirit of God was present. One old woman broke down weeping. She said: "O Amma, all you have been saying has made my heart glad, but alas, all will be lost as soon as you are gone. Oh that I could hold fast this happiness I now have." She was instructed to look away to and trust only in Jesus who was both willing and able to carry on the good work begun

in her heart. An old man also was convicted of sin, and felt a drawing towards the way of life. On the evening of the 6th we entered Pulloor, and on the morning of the 7th we were on the battle field. Though perfect strangers to the geography of the locality, we were wonderfully guided to pitch our camp right near the main road, leading to the hill where rested the bones of the great god "Ramswamy." We soon had up our small tent, five by five by four feet, and the magic lantern sheet, and at once opened fire at midday. While I in company with Beema and Alice went up the hill to sing, preach and testify, Sister Freer remained in the camp to do the same with the other children. We then decided to carry on all our operations from our camp only, thus securing larger and larger attention and avoiding the toddy drinking. At night we exhibited the magic lantern. For two hours Sister Freer amid all the din and noise explained the scenes. Fully five hundred people remained throughout the entire performance. We retired after an eleven o'clock dinner at near midnight. The second day of the festival was set apart for the women to make their offerings to "Ramswamy." Men, women and children, there must have been quite ten thousand persons on the ground. Besides the worshipers of Ramswamy there were about three hundred Mohammedans present. The little company of six disciples looked not more than a drop in the ocean among such crowds. But glory to God, all was well. We preached all day with scarcely time to think about food. Nor were we hungry. Such is the precious service of Jesus. At night we had the magic lantern again with a smaller crowd than the night before. Many souls were awakened to the truth and gave vent to their convictions publicly. Miss Freer affectionately exhorted them to turn away from dumb idols to serve the living God. In all our use of the magic lantern we began with prayer and singing and closed in the same way, having no faith in any means in and of themselves

to save souls. It is not by might nor power, saith the Lord, but by the spirit. We closed at about 10 p. m., and were about to retire, when a large number of merchants came down from the hill to see what we were doing. We opened upon them at once, and kept it up till 11 p. m., while they sat down right around us in perfect silence, and seemed delighted with our Telugu and Hindustani hymns. Some went away with pierced hearts. Some twenty-nine of them gave Sister Freer a dub (one-fifth of a cent) each for the Lord's work. We then retired to our tents for dinner. Scarcely was dinner over when we heard the firing of guns, the jingling of bells, the tramp of hoofs and the roll of carriages. Up came a gay rider on horse back, inquiring if the gentleman was asleep. He was the Paishkar of Siddepett, and had come eight miles to see the magic lantern of which he had heard. He had a large number of followers, and his torches grandly lighted up the scene. I informed the gay gentleman that he was too late. But he pressed his request and we turned out again to perform a little more for the Lord at that late hour of the night. We were not sorry of this opportunity of telling them of Jesus, though under such peculiar circumstances.

On the third morning, after distributing two or three hundred handbill tracts free on the hill, we made ready to start home. We found it hard, however, to distribute free tracts. The people almost trampled upon us after tracts. Till the last day we gave away nothing. In the three days we sold some two hundred articles, realizing Rs. 3.4.0. The children played their part well. We could not have gotten on without them. In singing, praying, testifying and book-selling they were constantly active. We were sad for one thing only. A great many sick were brought to us for treatment. But alas, we had no medicines for them. "Ramswamy" is nothing more than a large stone figure painted red and located in the center of an enclos-

ure, [to which is an entrance], built on a round monster rock. Close by is a natural reservoir, said to contain rain water. After bathing in and drinking this water, worshippers march direct to the idol to present their pice and other offerings. [An unclean offerer must not offer. How true the idea if understood, that an unclean heart *cannot* worship God. Alas, how many so-called christians understand this no better than the heathen.—C. B. W.] Two men stood, one on either side of Ramswamy, to receive the offerings for the poor old fellow. On this monster rock during those days were some three hundred improvised shops, besides fully fifty toddy (liquor) shops. We returned home Saturday full of joy and the shouts of victory.

F. J. B.

During the time we were making these advance steps in the latter part of 1883, General Phayre, of Mhow, made me the proposal that he would stand the support of one married missionary for purely native work at Rs. 120 per month for three years. He later consented to let me make propositions to Bishop Foster who held the conference in Calcutta in the month of January, 1884, calculated to lead out the conference into something more heroic in the way of undertaking the great work for which we are here in India.

According to proposals I had made to conference, to give Bro. Jacobs Rs. 500, Bro. Robbins Rs. 500, and Secunderabad native work Rs. 600, for purely native work from the Rs. 120 monthly to be entrusted to my disposal in 1883, Bro. J. was appointed to Canarese work in Bangalore, Bro. Robbins to Marathi work in Poona, and it was decided that native work should be opened in Secunderabad. Praise God that in any way we help promote the work of the Lord among the heathen.

In the latter end of this, our *fourth year* of faith, we received the sum of \$500—H. S. Rs. 1,500, from a friend in America, for the publication of vernacular tracts.

We had for months been praying for money for this purpose, intending to use the same for the publication of tracts in Telugu, Canarese, Marathi or Hindustani. We finally fixed our request at Rs. 1,000, and the good Lord, as he always does, exceeded all our asking by giving us Rs. 1,500 at once. Other gifts made the amount some Rs. 1,650. Blessed be the name of the Lord, who so wonderfully answers prayer for even us.

So I was permitted to spend the last day of our *Fourth Year of faith work* in Premoor. It was a happy Sabbath indeed. In Premoor we made the following entry in the Premoor diary: "We find ourselves at new and wide open doors for more extended usefulness in India. We are filled with a sense, almost oppressive, sometimes, of the solemnity and importance of our work. We rejoice that God has called us, a little band, into the fellowship of faith and love among the heathen. God has wonderfully blessed us with one mind and faith, concerning our mission policy and precious doctrine and experience of entire sanctification. Blessings and honor in the highest be unto God who hath called us poor unworthy creatures of the dust to be co-laborers with him in the salvation of the heathen." Our *fourth year* was our most remarkable one thus far, both in trials and blessings. God gave us sharper trials, more money, richer experiences, more work, grander opportunities and grace in this, than in any previous year.

We ended the year *well off* financially, with strong faith, fifty-nine native orphans, thirteen E. I. orphans and seven missionaries. We then said, "we have found an humble line of missionary life which we believe reaches the heathen and avoids many of the difficulties of missionary work in India.

In the instruction of the children we had brought on nearly everyone to be able to read specially their bibles, and most of them to figure somewhat; a little knowledge

of geography was imparted, but more than all else, much of the bible was opened up to them in oral teachings.

The advance steps that marked this year's work was: (1) the addition of new workers. (2) the entering upon productive work with our orphans while we had as yet no land. (3) the entrance upon aggressive missionary work among the heathen.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### LARGER UNDERTAKINGS FOR GOD.

When I went to Premoor early in March, 1883, Bro. Ernberger was left in charge at Lingumpully. He had some trials with the children. The wicked one tried by all the powers at his command to undo the blessed work of February. We were never more conscious of the bitter hatred of the enemy of souls than in those days. Infernal spirits seemed to come in swarms from the depths of hell to seduce them over and destroy the faith of those who had entered into the experience of entire sanctification. Dissatisfaction, deception, proposed mutiny, rumors that we were making lots of money off the children, attempts on the chastity of one, intentions to run away, etc., etc., were only a few of the desperate devices of the devil among the children. We however must say all this took place among the boys. So far as we knew, not one girl fell into any of the wiles of the adversary in those days of March. But of twenty-two boys, scarce half a dozen escaped of all. We came back to Lingumpully after having brought Sister Ward to Hyderabad, to find the devil holding high carnival. We were astonished. We should not have been, but we were surprised, and we fear we did not undertake the dethronement of the adversary as we should have done. "Fasting and prayer" would have given us the victory under Jesus' cap-



taincy. But we, like many a military officer, underestimated the strength of the enemy to be dislodged. In our first attempt to restore christian order, we signally failed and Satan yet had the stronghold when I left for camp-meeting. But our old companion and fellow laborer, Bro. Davis, appeared on the field of battle just as I was leaving and with fresh courage and a firm hand, undertook the capture of Zion. He succeeded. I returned in April to find the Lord God of Sabaoth ruling once more in our midst. Bro. Ernsberger and Bro. Davis had a mighty battle in my absence, but the Lord gave them the victory. In all our history we never had so unprecedented an attempt of the wicked one to overthrow the work of God among us as in this case. As February was the brightest month in our history, so March, 1883, was the darkest. But out of it all, the Lord delivered us and we lost but one boy. He left rather than to submit to righteous discipline.

Of the trip to camp meeting with Sister Ward and the twins it will be well to make note. We happened at the time to have no large amount of money on hand, so we took simply enough to pay our way to the camp ground. The camp meeting was held in the beautiful grove at Lanoli, on the line between Poona and Bombay, Everything seemed to work in a tight harness for the first three days. There seemed altogether too much fear of something irregular in the way of noise or very exact line drawing. But a few brethren spent a night in the woods praying and brought victory into camp with them at five o'clock in the morning. Bands were loosened, God poured out his Spirit and souls were saved. A few were sanctified. Altogether too few. And yet as many as could be expected. Too few preachers of entire sanctification in India, appreciated clearly enough the subject themselves, to lead many others into the experience. Native work was an interesting feature of the camp meeting. Daily a service was held in the tent with a crowd gath-

ered in from the adjoining bazaar by means of a procession, with singing and instruments. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the meeting was the baptism of a native woman, who up to that time had never been with christians, never been taught the bible, and yet she was mightily convicted of sin by the Holy Ghost and confessed all, accepted Christ, laying off about thirty articles of jewelry, some gold, some brass, some silver, some glass, and was clearly saved, and later was baptised in the large tent before a very large concourse of people. The word was preached, she heard, the Holy Ghost applied the word, she confessed, came out from the ungodly camp and livery, believed and was there and then saved, according to the scripture—without years of preliminary instruction. Bless God for the demonstration of the truth in the presence of the people.

Notwithstanding our going to the camp meeting without money for our expenses on the ground or our return home, a trip to Bombay was on our plan. Day by day at the camp meeting we besought the Lord for needed funds. God gave us such peace in trusting we had not an anxious thought during the five days we were there. Yet, until the very last day no money came. On Monday night camp-meeting closed, Up to 5 p.m, we had no money and our plan was to go by that night's train to Bombay. At 5 p.m. Bro. Guest, a station master on the G. I. P. Railway, handed us Rs. 5. The evening service was held, no more money yet. We could hardly see how the Lord was to deliver us. But we staggered not. At the close of the evening service a procession was so arranged that each party was permitted to shake hands with every other person present. With others we began the hand shaking. As we shook hands with a lady she left us Rs. 5. A brother handed us Rs. 10. A sister directed a call at her tent door for Rs. 5, and a brother gave us Rs. 3, and so on in small amounts till before that hand shaking, not lasting fifteen

minutes, was over, we had over Rs. 40. How we praised the Lord. No one on the ground knew our moneyless condition except the Lord. He tested our faith to the end and then honored it. We went to Bombay and there a brother gave us Rs. 5 more; thus all we needed was so fully and so wonderfully given to us. We reached Hyderabad having Rs. 4 in hand.

Now we come to some new developments in our mission work. Our original plan had been, when we had made the proposals to conference, concerning Gen. Phayre's money that Bro. Arnold Moore should be appointed to our mission, and then between our forces we would provide for the opening of the Secunderabad post. But for some reason or other this part of the scheme did not meet with favor. Brother Moore was not appointed to our work but to Secunderabad, and he was to open his own work, a thing that for several reasons he was not prepared to do at that time. He, however, settled down in Secunderabad. But it soon became evident that he could do but little there under existing language disabilities, and the Presiding Elder authorized him to proceed to Premoor. This he did, and soon as could be after we arranged a working band for Secunderabad. Early in April Miss Hephy Freer wrote us she was led of the Lord to follow her elder sister into our mission and work. Bro. Ernsberger had for some time been suffering from fever, and it was thought that it would be best for him to go to Bangalore where he would have the combined advantages of a better climate and facilities for the study of Canerese in a Canerese country. For a time he became junior preacher there in the English work, and at the same time he did some native work in Canerese in conjunction with Bro. S. P. Jacobs.

Contract work went on smoothly at Lingumpully, and after the fearful battles of March, God reigned among us in peace and the children all worked hard till the 11th of May, when about all the work they could advantageously take

part in, was completed, and we decided on their return to Premoor for school, the remainder of the year. They were there on the work nearly six months. The experience was good for them, and we judge that the net profits on the work done by the forty boys and girls in these six months were fully Rs. 1,000, or more than enough to provide for all the orphans we have for the time mentioned. In all, about Rs. 5,000 of work had been executed, and there remained about Rs. 3,000 yet to do, which we purposed doing by coolies under our trusty Maistry, Lutchman—the most honest heathen or unconverted man we ever met—an almost christian.

We shall ever thank God for the experience of those months at Lingumpully. We spent much time on the road among the children and coolies and among the very great benefits realized was the acquisition of the common colloquial Telugu. We learned Telugu without a teacher and endeavored to level down all we learned in the books by comparison in talk with the children's talk; but these months were better to us in the acquisition of the Telugu everybody can understand than all the books printed or teachers either. We stood in special need of six months of seminary work in view of the new work before us in Secunderabad. As we looked back over the six months' work we saw many mistakes made. But we had every thing to learn. We shall know better how to use the children if ever such work falls to us again and also how to do more work for God among the coolies employed.

We ended our sojourn for work in Lingumpully with marrying, on the 12th of May, 1883, three couples of our orphans, who had made their own choice and had been engaged a long time. The marriages took place in Bro. Davis' tent in the presence of nearly fifty persons, nearly all natives. We made the following note of the affair at the time:—

As these were the first christian marriages among our

orphans, the occasion was rather a state one. We prayed much that the occasion might be owned of the Lord. Our prayers were heard, and the occasion was all we could have hoped for.....we allowed the wedding ring, string or jewel idea to do for itself. None of the parties thought of it, and we left the matter in their forgetfulness, and joyfully married them trinketless. Not a ring, string bangle, bracelet, or any thing else of the sort was seen upon their persons as they stood there before God and men to plight one to another their faith in wedlock. We watch the result, for everybody says something must be put on in case of the marriage of native women to save their character from aspersion. We do not believe it, and trust God in this matter to conserve His own glory. Each pair were furnished with a complete turnout of clothing and house-keeping furniture at a cost of about Rs. 18 per pair, and therewith they pass off our hands as far as support is concerned.

We ended our last Sunday together in Lingumpully with the Lord's Supper, a solemn feast to our souls.

We lost here in these last days one boy of whom we hoped much. Satan had made a thief of him as he did of Judas Iscariot. Repentance he manifested, but he was left with Bro. Davis and soon fell utterly out of all hopeful ground.

May 19th, we all returned to Premoor having walked the sixty-six miles comfortably in four days. Our welcome home was enthusiastic. Talk of the sacrifices of life in India. One hour like our welcome home outweighs a whole twelve months of them.

Before we got started into the Secunderabad work, we had a few sad cases to remind us that the adversary was as yet upon our tracks if possible to harass out of countenance and heart for the new work. One of our best christians fell into the hands of the devil and became a thief. Our cook P.amswamy and his wife, both fell into heathen

practices in calling in the devil doctors to doctor a sick child. These were lost to us. One of our most promising boys had fallen into sin. We let Bro. Moore tell how his case turned out: "Nursa had committed a grievous sin before God. He hitherto being one of the most promising boys, our grief was great. When called, he confessed fully and said also that he felt that the Lord had pardoned his sin. The whole matter was put before all the children. He made the fullest confession before all the boys and girls, and then went round to ask forgiveness of each one. The scene was a touching one. Nursa wept as he went round, as did many more. None could doubt the sincerity of his repentance. When he had made the round, Bro. Blewitt was called upon to pray. He began with 'Ai Asmani bap,' and choked. No one seemed able to control his or her feelings enough to pray till Nursa at last began himself. I never saw anything of the like. If similar scenes could be seen in our civilized churches it would do much good. May God bless Nursa and make him a faithful man of God. We have been praying for a spiritual quickening, and last Sunday were drawn out much in prayer for them all. Without any mutual conference the Holy Ghost had constrained several of us to ask for an opening of heaven's windows that day. It came. Blessed be the Lord! Bro. Ward conducted the evening service. The raising of Lazarus was the theme. Nearly all remained at the after meeting. It was a regular *revival*. Some who had backslidden came back to God, and many consecrated themselves fully unto God.'

A. M.

We here copy old notes of the conference of the last few days of our stay together at Premoor.

June 1st. We married in Premoor Bro. F. J. Blewitt and Ruth C. Freer, Saboona and Yenkama, Yenkaya and Uckama, and welcomed to our mission ranks Sister Hephy Freer whom God had sent to take charge of the "Chris-

tian Home." It was a glad day and Saturday too. The same day we noted as follows: Praise God for all his mercies and love. We have spent a happy two weeks with the children and workers here, inasmuch as in that time God has wonderfully blessed us all. We have had some seasons of rare spiritual refreshment, before God. We came from Lingumpully praying for a melting and fusing of all hearts into one spirit upon our reunion in Premoor. We have surely been heard. Especially in the two sabbath evening services has the grace of God come down on the children in copious showers. We have never seen rarer and more real displays of divine grace, than in those evening services. The last sabbath we spent together was a wonderful one. God surely shed forth the spirit of His son upon us. Three backsliders were reclaimed and every believer among us was mightily uplifted in the spirit and the truth, while some unsaved sought the Lord. Notwithstanding all satan's hellish efforts to whip us out of orphan helpers, we believe that in spite of him we shall see some missionaries from among these boys and girls. Our one burning desire is, that we may be filled with the Holy Ghost and faith. Then shall we see the glory of the Lord among the heathen. We are filled with comfort that God has given us the souls of so many of the orphans. They are our seals of apostleship. The good Lord has raised up to us many dear friends in India. We realize that a great work is before us and our Captain has long been drilling us for it. Glory be to his dear name.

June 5th, we divided our forces; Bro. and Sister Blewitt, myself and my wife and four boys and four girls, our most promising native workers, formed the "Secundrabad detachment." Bro. Moore and wife took full charge of the native orphans, and Sister Hephy Freer of the Eurasian orphans, which we called the Premoor Garrison.

The Secunderabad detachment marched the sixty-six miles to Secundrabad in a little over three days, and we

took up quarters at 79½ Oxford street, June 9, 1883

Our first week in Secunderabad was a busy one. Not having thousands of gold and silver in hand, Bro. Blewitt and myself invested in a large number of empty goods boxes, and by a manipulation of his genius and my muscle we manufactured book-cases, shelves and cupboards, benches, stands, pigeon-hole boxes, etc., thereby saving fully Rs. 200 on the furniture item. We had no genius or muscle equal to mat or tat making and so were obliged to call the hireling. Notwithstanding all our economy the opening of our Secunderabad Headquarters cost over Rs. 300.

We began work in Secunderabad upon the following political platform:--

1. As missionary workers we must do away with the chasm that everywhere in India lies between the natives and the Europeans.

2. We must do something to effectually stop the mania after English clothes, and other things, among our orphans.

3. We must find a line that will preclude any native from gathering, that conversion from heathenism to God, consists in changing names, clothes, eating with knives and forks, sitting on chairs or getting lots of money.

4. Inasmuch as the heathen must be convicted of sin by the Holy Ghost and led by Him to Christ, and not by means of education, teaching, etc., we must *preach Christ* as the apostles did, and that only, looking for definite and direct results, from "raw heathenism."

5. That although we value education, even among the heathen, yet we have neither money, time, nor a divine call to do any school work except so far as is necessary for our workers.

6. That lest we prove a stumbling block and a rock of offense we must adopt a very humble and economical line of life and dress.



7. That we must go where the masses are if we ever expect them to be converted, *i. e.*, we must open and maintain in the open bazaar and most public permissible localities the preaching of Christ's Gospel in the open air.



C. B. Ward in Uniform.

8. That our line of work shall be, to "testify the gospel," not to reason about it nor allow for one moment any mere ground for argument, we being sent not to plead for, but *declare* Christ as the world's Redeemer.

9. That we must not build churches or halls at a cost

which precludes the repetition of the example in the hands of the natives themselves.

10. That we should use such legitimate means as will catch the attention of the throngs, such as the use of singing and musical instruments.

In accordance with these conclusions we doffed the European costume and donned one semi-native, the pugri in place of the hat, and the native long coat instead of a clerical split tail of black, armed ourselves with cymbals, tambourines, triangle, banjo, violin, sitar, and, eventually, the drum and concertina, and decided to do our work on foot in the public bazaars, preaching Christ as directly as possible, and urging on the heathen an immediate repentance and acceptance of Christ for salvation from the wrath of God and the guilt and power of sin. Though it had long been our custom we still more candidly considered and calmly resolved to use an Indian, not an imported diet, both for economy and health's sake. After years of experiment we are fully convinced that a country diet of Indian grains and curries is far more economical and certainly far more healthy than the "home diet" of much more costly imported stuff fed upon by most Europeans in India. We resolved to take no converts out of their position in the Hindu community (if God gave us any), and in no case to make converts or keep them by the use of money.

In this first week of our Secunderabad campaign, we opened our house for a *holiness meeting* one evening each week. On any other line than that of holiness to God, we are persuaded we can never win in our battle. Jesus Christ captains a holy army to grandest successes. Low spirituality accounts for faithless missionary work in any nation under heaven. We felt that we, as workers, needed this *holiness meeting* and were constrained to throw open the door to as many hungered likewise for this sweetest manna of the redeemed of the Lord.

The morning of June 17th was as beautiful as the Lord ever gave. A little after sunrise a little band of eight persons, Bros. Blewitt and Luck, Nursa, Patcha and Beema, with Eraka, Unjunama and Mustuny, assembled for prayer that God would own the very first preaching efforts, and then marched by twos to the Secunderbad market bazaar. The crowd was good and attention encouraging, and God gave his servants liberty in testimony, preaching in two localities.

Thus we began taking up the most public places in Secunderabad for preaching posts, and with all the varied and well known experiences of bazaar preaching in India, we waged all the rest of the year a ceaseless war for Christ, both morning and evening, six days per week. Blessed days of holy warfare.

Our work in Secunderabad was much the same from day to day. It may be well to give here, some idea of the work we were accustomed to do. At a given call we gathered in the front verandah of our house, sang a hymn and went to prayer that God would be with us, give messages, protection, etc. Sometimes one, at other times two or three would thus pray. Then forming up in procession order, with musical instruments in hand, we began our march to the bazaar preaching stands, singing or not, as we felt disposed. At the stand we generally, though not always, sang first and then bowed in prayer before the gathering crowd, one, two, three or more engaging in very brief, pointed prayers in Telugu, Hindustani, or occasionally in English. Then a song, with music, followed by a sharp, pointed, brief testimony or exhortation. Thus we preached the gospel, but our preaching was testifying it. In this the boys and girls took as hearty and effectual a part as we. Thus as one after another of the ten or twelve in our band closed, a song or bhajan was sung. It was our place that every person in our band should take part on each morning and evening solely. In order to do this, we purposely omit-

ted all lengthy preaching or argument. In this way a practicable work was opened up before our orphan workers in which time would give them proficiency, with grace. We closed with prayer and marched home, and dispersed after prayer in the same place from which we set out. This in the main is our manner of conducting street services. It is not argument or theory, but the plain fact of real salvation these poor dying people need. We never stand on our part to speak in the bazaar without affirming our personal experience, and this fact of our personal testimony is the one thing heathen or Mohammedans know not what to do with. When we refuse to argue or answer questions, and affirm the testimony of experienced salvation from sin now, they generally look bewildered and say, "How can these things be?" "Ye shall be witnesses," said Jesus. This we regard as our great office and work. Street preaching would be killing for one or two only. But with a holy band of ten or twelve, spiritual power is enhanced and no one of the band is worked to death. We have often been interrogated as to the utility of taking our boys and girls into the work so young. We can only say this is their Theological Seminary. As did the Master, we are trying to train our workers on the field in real, instead of sham fighting. Does it work well? Yes, God's best seal of approval is on the movement. Often it occurs the boys and girls command a better hearing than any of us, and never are they confounded when they are in the spirit. God honors their testimony equally with our own. They pray, sing and in other respects work as do we daily. Our power is not in our numbers so much as in the unity of our combined faith. We never fail of victory on the field when our hearts are as the heart of one man. We, in those early days of our work learned much of spiritual warfare. Often we went out and came in defeated; the devil had and held the field all through in spite of us. Why were we not united in faith and holiness? *We know*

*of nothing that can successfully oppose a band of men and women entirely sanctified and filled with the Holy Ghost.*

From the beginning of our work we felt keenly the importance of Jerusalem tarrying. It's well enough to talk of going ahead and getting the baptism in the work. But we have yet to see those who get it in that way. We cannot. As we tarry and get anointed, so God gives us victory in the bazaar. Our victory never runs higher than our personal experience as a band. Achans must die or we ground. We began as a feeble band, with everything to learn, yet how wonderfully the Lord stood by us, encouraged, fired and owned us in those feeble days. We were treading new ground every step. We took our programme largely from the New Testament, not from what we saw others doing, and felt our success or failure would surely be great. A valued friend wrote us it might not be either.

July 20, 1884. After two good bazaar services we all turned into the English-speaking members of the church to hear Major Tucker of the Salvation army. The most interesting part of the whole service was the Major's experience. It was so clear as to conversion and entire sanctification. His remarks upon the personality and works of the Holy Ghost were worthy of far more serious consideration among us as Methodists, than they will probably get.

From the Premoor diary we make a couple of extracts from June entries. The first was made by sister Hephy Freer. "The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, yea, I have a goodly heritage." This is the language of my heart. My Master has been pleased to bring me unto this part of his vineyard in answer to prayer. The Lord laid the matter on my heart a few months before I came, to pray that an opening might be made for me in this work. One evening just after praying over this earnestly, a letter came from my sister Ruth, in which she wanted

to know if I would answer a call from God to work in the Telugu mission. *I shouted and said, 'Amen, Lord'* I thank God for this goodness, this being the desire of my heart ever since I came into God's full light. Glory be to his name, I met with hearty consent from all my dear relations, not to say I would not have come if they had not consented. but my Jesus laid it on their hearts as well as mine. Now, thank the Lord, I am here in charge of the Christian Home.' all the way long it is Jesus.

'A tent or a cottage, why should I care?  
They are building a mansion for me over there.  
Though exiled from home, yet still I can sing,  
All glory to God, I'm the child of a king.'"

H. C. FREER.

God blessed brother Moore and the others richly at Pre-moor. He baptised two orphans, and among them they did also some effective field service, preaching to the heathen.

At first we saw no manifest signs of any fruit from our bazaar preaching. Finally a Nicodemus came by night and others followed, but few were willing to pay the full cost of getting saved, namely, give up all for Christ and with him receive all. We found not a few who wanted us to pray for them, but far fewer who were willing to open their own mouths and confess their sins and seek pardon from God in prayer for themselves. We ever pointed the seekers to the Lord direct, and did nothing to lead them to think salvation was in anywise administered by our hands.

Towards the end of July some of the baser sort, hired two Sunyassis to take up a stand on empty boxes opposite us and sing and play on their sitars to draw away the crowd. But, alas, they, after four or five successive days' effort, gave it up. Our force was large, our exercises varied and lively, our music, too, with the help of the Holy Ghost in all, and they could never after be employed to oppose us. Bless the Lord. By even these men the gospel was given thus a wider reputation.

July 23. We decided upon a season of united prayer for souls. We had been four weeks and more preaching, and had not won yet one soul so far as we knew. We did not feel that we were fully up to our measure in Christ Jesus or the Holy Ghost would follow some heathen soul. After our bazaar service that eve, we assembled in force for prayer. God was with us in power. The Holy Ghost searched hearts. Some confessed derelictions, others went up higher in God. Our prayer meeting ended at 10 p. m. Bros. Blewitt, Luck and Ward tarried on till after midnight. Our waiting before God was a blessed one, and we reached a point where it was easier to believe now for God's rich blessing. Our faith became importunate for the bazaar people. We decided on the following day as one of fasting and prayer. It was a day of power. Our bazaar crowds were unprecedentedly large and attentive. In the morning Mr. Campbell of the American Baptist Mission, called on us in the bazaar and preached with us for about twenty minutes. The testimony of the children was unusually bold and incisive. After coming in, we assembled for prayer. A christian cook named Joseph, belonging to the Wesleyans, who often visited us, a truly converted man, brought his wife, who had lapsed into heathenism again, that we might in some way help her back to God. Bless God. she was reclaimed, and has since that day, we hear, been faithful unto God.

God wonderfully blessed us that day in a three hours' waiting before him, During the day, some of us looked at a site offered for sale in the bazaar, and submitted the matter of buying to God in prayer. Our evening bazaar service was one of intense interest and blessedness to us all. Our holiness meeting that night had a half dozen in, who came after us from the bazaar. Alas, they were not ready to yield to Christ, though convicted. Two especially could not or would not give up their drink idol, and God could not receive them, they went away as

they came, *unsaved*. All told, this 24th day of July was one of the wonderful days of our history in Secunderabad. God gave us that day an earnest of victory.

August 5, 1883, we began some work in Hyderabad in company with Rev. R. E. Carter, utilizing Theater Royal. Many hundreds came, and we trust much good was done there. From time to time, from the very outset, we had many proofs that the Lord was with us; many were awakened, and some came part way "out," but, like the rich young man, retreated on a better conception of what becoming a christian meant. A good many seekers, like Nicodemus, came up, but a public renunciation of all for all, and no mission employment, were unusual terms.

Hyderabad is a vast city of 200,000 souls. Much of it must soon be in ruins. Indeed now multitudes of houses are falling. "*Ichabod*." Musjids or Mosques greet the eye everywhere. The Nizam's own is the grandest I have ever seen. Of Hindoo temples few could anywhere be found within the city walls, and they are very inferior ones. Mohammedan hate cannot tolerate many heathen, let alone Christian temples. Notwithstanding all this, fully three-fourths of all the inhabitants of the city are Hindoos. The city, off the main street, has nothing to attract attention except poverty, filth and sin. It is said no one may preach Christ inside the walls of the city. When shall this vast multitude of dying souls hear of the only Savior the world will ever have? *In this great city the gospel has never yet once been preached.*

But August 9, 1883, a Hindoo Sunyassi came up to us boldly at the central police station stand and avowed his determination to become a christian. A commotion followed, so we had merely time to bid him "believe in the Lord Jesus Christ," when he was surrounded and borne away by the crowd. Our souls rejoiced and followed him with prayer.

August 18th, the Sunyassi before mentioned, came to



our house for instruction on the way to Jesus. The previous morning he had again in the bazaar service, avowed his intention of becoming a christian for the third time, and asked to be baptised, soliloquising to himself that he would thus get the peace of mind he said he had been years seeking. Bros. Blewitt and Luck undertook his case, and, blessed be God, he was converted to God that day, *our first Hindoo convert in Secunderbad*. Our joy scarce knew bounds. The following morning he was with us in the bazaar, and in the presence of a large crowd renounced heathenism and gave his experience of saving grace. Sunday afternoon, August 19, 1884, we baptised Peramanundum before a very large crowd at the Theatre Royal. We here enter Peramanundum's experience or history in brief up to the time of his conversion as written by himself in Telugu, and translated by us. Bless God for this trophy of grace from whom we shall often hear in the following history of our work. He was conversant with Telugu, his mother tongue, Hindustani and Tamil so as to preach therein, and knew something of Canarese and Marathi. We gave him fully to understand he could expect nothing in the way of material aid. He was to live and work for God, and trust God to care for him. He said if God had cared for him all his sinful years, surely now he would not forsake him when he sought to serve him worthily.

#### A HINDOO CONVERT'S EXPERIENCE.

My father's name was Venkata Sawmy, my mother's Verama; I was born in Secunderabad. When eight years old my father sent me to a pial school in which I received a fair education in common branches. After four years in school I took employment as a domestic servant. From that time till I was twenty-one years of age, I was diligent in the service of the devil, and he never treated me kindly in return, either. The wages I received for my sinful service were darkness of soul, hardness of heart, sorrow

and trouble, and had I served him a little longer I would have received the wages of eternal death. But I am glad God loved me all this while and never altogether forsook me. He sent his Holy Spirit to convince me of my sins and showed me my miserable estate. He showed me what I was. Now began the struggle. I did not want to give up my sins, though I wanted to be saved. The Lord would not let me go. I became very unhappy. I turned my mind assiduously to the teaching of the Hindoo Shastras. I diligently perused the four Vedas, six Shastras and eighteen Puranas, with the hope of finding some peace for my troubled heart. But instead of finding salvation I became more miserable than ever. Just then I concluded that if I just became a Sadhu I would get what I sought. So selecting my company among the Sadhus I followed their profession. The company of these, my new found companions, instead of reforming me, made me more wicked than ever. I fell deeply into sin. I soon found out I was living on the substance of others to which I had no right. This was agreeable to the flesh, but not honest. I lived this sort of a life for some time, thus spending several years more of my time unwillingly in the service of the devil. For a long time after I became a Sadhu I did not live in Secunderabad, but wandered through many places and among many people. At length I returned to my birth place. I did not go and join my relations, but kept the company of my fellow Sadhus. In my wanderings, I had come into possession of the New Testament, but I did not believe in it, and cared nothing about it. I knew there were missionaries at work in Secunderabad, but I never saw anybody preaching in the streets as the missionaries were never out in the streets with their helpers. I never met any of them. Some months ago some Methodist preachers appeared in the streets preaching every morning and evening. Their preaching created no little commotion among my people

of the town. Curiosity led me to see and hear them. I heard them preach the gospel. I got very angry with them, but dare not face them or oppose them. Though I was angry I did not give up hearing them preach. For three weeks I heard them regularly. The word of the Lord says, faith comes by hearing. It came so to me. One day one of the preachers urged all the people to make haste and get saved, as time was very short and death was near. I could not forget that word, "*time is short.*" I began to inquire if, perhaps, the peace I had sought for years might not be found in the way these preachers said, that is by believing in Jesus Christ as the Savior and the Son of God. I determined to try. One day I went up boldly before the crowd and told the preachers I wanted to be saved. They simply replied to me, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," and left me there in the crowd without another word. I was tempted now to think they to whom I had spoken did not think me honest, and therefore they had turned me away with only this word. On another occasion I did the same thing and got from the preachers the very same reply and treatment. After some time, one day, the 18th of August last, on Saturday, when the preachers I had heard were at home, I went to their house and enquired all I could about Jesus. I felt sure on hearing what they had told me that this was the way. I asked to be baptised. I was told that the first thing was, to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved. I told them I did believe that Jesus Christ was the Son of God. They told me to pray. I bowed down with them in the verandah of their house. They prayed for me, and I opened my heart and told God what a poor miserable sinner I was, and that I believed His Son Jesus. While I was praying I felt that the Lord did accept me, and forgive me all my sins. They told me next morning to meet them in the bazaar and publicly before all the crowd who knew me to renounce heathenism and declare my faith in

Christ as well as my determination to be baptised. I met them in front of the Secunderabad market on Sunday morning, August the 19th, and testified that Jesus was to become my Savior, and renounced then and there heathenism forever, I trust. That afternoon in the presence of three hundred people, native, and English speaking, in the Chadarghat Theatre, I was baptised. I know my sins are all forgiven. My heart is made pure of the dreadful sins that filled it before. I have God's Spirit witnessing with mine to tell me I am saved. I thank the Lord with all my heart that I know God now to whom I was a stranger a little time ago. Now I am preaching this salvation to my country-people every day. I give them my experience and tell them to make haste and do as I have done. Some of my people tell me I have become a christian for the sake of my belly. I tell them plainly the preachers told me when I came to see them I must not seek anything of them, as they would neither take me to their home to live, nor give me money nor employment. I must look to God for all I needed. I tell them all, I get nothing for preaching. I do it because I feel called of God to do it, and of my own accord I tell them when I was with them they gave me good food and good clothes and received me to their homes. But now I live on jowaree bread, and joy to live humbly and work for Christ, and when I think of my past life, then look at my present experience, what a difference I find. Once a sinner bound for hell, but now a child of God."

Early in September Permanundum became a preacher with us, which post he filled with much acceptance, most of the time in Secunderabad, and latterly, after some service among our railway coolies, having married one of the girls, he became native preacher under Rev. T. H. Garden, of South India Conference, which post he still holds at this writing. Filled full of the Spirit, like himself, unoccidentalised, he has great possibilities in him for accomplishing good.

I give an instance of an occurrence in our bazaar preaching that has often compelled heart-searching and prayer. On the morning of the 16th of August, I with four of the workers went to the bazaar, or market stand. I began after the singing and prayer. I could not get seven hearers to come near. Singing, praying and the sight of a man speaking had no power to draw this morning. I felt like Paul, in "bodily presence weak and in speech contemptible." I gave it up and after a song, one of the girls began to give her testimony and from every side, people began to come and before she ended five minutes of testimony, 150 persons stood before us. My explanation is this: We probably had not God's measure of the Spirit and again, He wished to show us these heathen would not be converted by our superior speaking. Again, God meant to encourage these young converts and show them and us, he wanted to use these humble agencies. "Not by might nor power but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

In September I made a trip to Bellary and Madras, taking only money enough for my fare one way. In Bellary, two natives who heard me preach in Telugu, gave me two annas unsolicited, an old lady sent Rs. 5 for a member of our mission, and a brother gave me one rupee. None of these parties knew I needed money. In Madras, a sister gave me Rs. 10, two or three others gave me mites, so I had and to spare for my return to Secunderabad. Early in the month our house rent, Rs. 30 was due one Saturday morning. We had one rupee and eight annas on hand, just enough for the day's bread. We bowed down and asked God for the rent money. A few hours later the postman brought us a M. O., for exactly the amount needed from the 2nd Asst. Collector of Surat a stranger to us. We blessed God.

Our cash book showed, a sister fourteen, a friend five, another three, M. O. five R. P. 140, V. E. B. 23-8-0, L. 5-12-0 I. N. D. 234.

In October I was led to begin the work of the India Holiness Tract Depository. Rev. J. Inskip donated, perhaps with the help of friends Rs. 170; in books and tracts. Belle Leonard, since well-known in India as an evangelist, sent a donation of Rs. 15 for this work, and later on, a valuable stock of books. I also bought up an old stock of holiness books said to be not very salable because the subject was not popular. I later on, bought up a stock from McDonald & Gill of Boston. We sought to bless all India if possible. We found no place in the empire where either books or tracts on this subject of supreme importance to believers could be obtained. It was put on my heart to see this reproach removed. I operated this Depository about one year, under all the difficulties of a location away up country. But it was a blessed success and our sales were over Rs. 1,000, and when Miss Millett opened the "Willard Tract Repository" in Bombay, we took counsel together and concluded that she could best do the work from Bombay and I made over to her all the stock I had on hand at cost. Thank God there has never been a day since, when holiness literature could not be had in India. When later Miss M. was compelled to give up the business Bro. W. J. Gladwin stepped in and took all her stock and has had ever since the "India Watchman Book Shop" for wares of this sort only.

October was a good month; three more baptisms at the "Garrison." Of our experiences we insert the following note: "It is strange, and not strange, for it was the work of the Holy Ghost among us in Secunderabad and in Premoor, there was this month a great hungering after God. The boys and girls working with us in Secunderabad were developing spiritually at a wonderful rate. God was owning their labor and the Holy Ghost begot in us all, a deep sense of our helplessness in our great work, unless mightily baptised with the Holy Ghost. We felt that the theory of expecting help or equipping grace on the battle field

did not satisfy us. The Holy Ghost very deeply impressed on each of us the need of a personal pentecost. We saw ourselves the agents of God, and God had sent us that he might work *through* us. We therefore must be 'full of faith and of the Holy Ghost.' We betook ourselves much to prayer, and the gracious Captain of our salvation did uplift and settle our souls in the blessed Spirit. Still we are far below the New Testament measure."

On the 14th of November, 1883, I set out for conference, which met in Allahabad, in company with Bro. S. P. Jacobs. Our conference met in Allahabad, November 22-28. Nearly all of the fifty preachers were present. The session was an interesting one, and it was perhaps the most effective session of our history. More than one-third of all the preachers were appointed to purely native work, and yet the English work was not neglected. One or two points vacant last year could not yet be filled. Actual work among the natives of India never had such a showing as at this conference. More than one-fifth of the two thousand members of our churches are native. Vernacular day and Sunday schools are found in nearly all our charges, and vigorous campaigning in native work is in progress with much promise of success. It was apparent that we needed but be faithful to God to successfully solve the problem of our existence in India, as a self-supporting mission. The Telugu mission was remembered as the child born about four years before in the very same city of Allahabad, and conference cheerfully gave another helper, Bro. V. E. Bennett, to the increasing work of the Telugu mission. Bros. Blewitt and Luck, of the T. M., were received into conference on trial. Bro. Ernsberger was appointed this year, as he had requested last year, to "Lingasagoor Canarese Mission," and Bro. Jacobs' appointment was so made that he could join him later instead of holding on in Bangalore where every foot of soil is claimed by some missionary padri. No matter how

many thousands go to hell without hearing the gospel from him, yet he cannot allow another to preach to them unchallenged.

November 2, 1883, one of the orphans, who for his character aforesaid had been named "Thief Nursinga," passed away. Before he died he gave us reason to believe he had received the Savior. We expect to see him when we get to the other land. A young man, apparently thoroughly awakened by the Holy Ghost, employed on Rs. 18 a month in the Public Library, called seeking the way to God and peace for his troubled soul. The brethren did the best they could for him and he accepted Christ. Yet for some time he came no more. On the morning of the 12th, Bro. Ernsberger went to find him, and in the afternoon of the same day he called on us. His name is Nursiah Naidu, aged about twenty, intelligent and dead-in-earnest about becoming a christian. The reason he did not continue regularly his visits from the beginning was this. No sooner did his friends learn that he intended becoming a christian than they put a guard over him and would not suffer him to visit us.

We made the way of Christ as clear as we could to him. He was ready for anything. He abjured drink, he had only touched a few times, and tobacco, pulled off two heavy gold ear-rings, and most simply and clearly accepted Jesus as his Savior. He was then ready to go with us to the bazaar and be baptised there before all the crowd. He went with us. His presence with us attracted much attention and we had a tremendous crowd. About the middle of our bazaar service, Nursiah stepped forward, gave his testimony and kneeling down was there and then baptised. Almost breathless stillness prevailed. Many Brahmins were by to see the strange sight. The crowd was immense. After Nursiah's baptism, I spoke some twelve or fifteen minutes, having good attention, but observing some of the devil's fiery eyes in the crowd;



soon the devil's kingdom seemed to turn out all its bottomless pit inhabitants to fight us. We, however, closed our service. But as we got down from the platform the crowd gathered and took Nursiah, and for a little time they carried him bodily away. We finally got him extricated and sent him home to his widowed mother.

## NURSI AH NAIDU'S EXPERIENCE.

“Praise the Lord Jesus Christ, through whom I am saved. May I trust in Him ever without falling back. I desire briefly to give my experience. I was a heathen and Naidu by caste, but I thank God that He showed me the way of salvation and true religion. My father's name was Kristnaswamy Naidu, and my mother's is Nagama. I was born in Secunderbad. I was sent to school in my boyhood. The master there was a Roman Catholic. I heard from him first about the Savior, but I didn't care about Him very much at that time. I was a great sinner from my youth up till my eighteenth year, when I turned to the Lord and the Savior of sinners. I heard the missionaries preaching in the market bazaar, close to my house. I went first to see and mock them, but thank God that He showed me His grace through them. I was with a bad companion when I saw the missionaries preaching the gospel. I heard it very attentively, but I did not take it into my heart very much, as I was with a bad companion. But the Lord had mercy on my poor soul, and worked powerfully on my heart. I heard them once while they were giving their testimony, that Christ had saved them from the devil's hands, and they told us that He will do that for every one that believes in Him, and they told us to try it and prove it in our hearts; they told us ‘go to God as great sinners, and pray to Jesus to forgive your sins, and he will forgive in the same moment, and, if you cannot get it proved to be true, you may throw it away.’ This is the good news I heard from them, and the same

moment the truth flashed into my heart very brightly. Praise the Lord! I went and prayed in my house on the same day secretly, and glory to God! He delivered me openly. I left every wickedness in that same moment and turned to God. I never saw the bible before. I gave my heart to Jesus and He led me to see the bible, and that same moment I got very fond of it. I testified to my friends and wicked companions about Christ—how he was working in my heart. They were all very astonished at me. I refused my heathenism, such as idolatry and the marks of heathenism. My mother and every one of my family were astonished at me when I told them that I don't like their heathenism. I saw in the bible that I must believe and be baptised, but I was afraid to get baptised, because I feared the people. But glory to God! He took away all fear from my heart. After nearly two months, I went to the missionaries and told everything about my heart, and how Christ had worked in me. They were very glad to hear the good news, and they told me to get baptised, but I was afraid to do so. But thank God and my Savior Jesus Christ, He gave me great strength that instant, so I went home and told my mother that same night everything about Christ, and of my intention. I told her— 'I am going to get baptised in His name, and become a christian.' She made a great row that night, but praise the Lord, I did not fear the people. They took me to a relative's house and kept me there a prisoner, but, thank God, He was with me all the time and delivered me from the devil's hands. I ran away from them and got baptised by Bro. C. B. Ward, in the name of the Father and the Son and of the Holy Ghost, on the 12th of December, 1883. After I got baptised my people took me away to their house and they gave me a lot of trouble and tried to turn my mind, but, praise the Lord, He kept me faithful. And now He has released me from all my troubles and the devil's hands. I trust the Lord only, to deliver me

from all my persecutors and troubles which I shall have to suffer for His sake. I pray the Lord to give me more strength to take up my cross and follow Him. Pray for my poor mother and for all my family that they may get saved from the devil's hands as I did. May the Lord save every one of the readers of my testimony."

NURSI AH NAIDU.

The above is a brief outline of Nursiah's experience, as written by himself. We are happy to state that it is genuine. It looks like small reaping for these months of sowing, but it gives us a world of comfort that these two men have been truly and powerfully converted to God.

Our joy was great over the conversion of souls. But right upon this came grief like a flood. To this day it stands before our vision a mystery; but God did it, and we bow our heads in godly sorrow.

As our souls were cheered by Nursiah's conversion, we were saddened through and through by the loss of two workers. On Thursday, the 13th of December, the very day we were expecting Bro. and Sister Moore in Secunderabad, a letter came to say that the latter passed away on the 8th of December, 1883. Also that her remains were laid away beneath the great tamarind tree by his own hand. On Saturday, while we were thinking that Bro. Moore and Miss Freer might be coming in, yea, while we were writing something in memory of Sister Moore for the Watchman, another letter came, stating that Sister Freer had gone to glory on the 12th inst. For a moment our eyes blinded with tears and our hearts leadened with sorrow. In one week were taken away from us two of our best workers. We were however persuaded that this inscrutable providence was all right. Bro. and Sister Blewitt reached Premoor too late to see Sister Moore, but they were with Sister Freer in her last moments.

Of his wife, Bro. M. wrote as follows:

"Just at the time we were making arrangements to

come to Secunderabad, my precious wife was taken very sick. Dear, precious one, she was true to God and the work. Loyalty to God in all things, and pure, perfect love to her 'Beloved,' as she called Jesus, characterized her life. Purity in word and action marked her private and social life. Her husband she loved with a degree of innocence, purity and fidelity worthy of being imitated."

When she fell sick none of us thought she would die. Sister Freer and myself pleaded with the Father for her, and had strong hopes of her recovery, but he took her home. Many a time in her bodily anguish she would say: "I am very weary, dear Jesus, let me rest," or "Jesus, dear Jesus, take me home." Not a word of complaint or impatience passed her lips. In her fearful agony of body, the Lord gave her visions of himself and of the glory land. Once as she lay upon her bed, she pointed upward and said, "There, there." I asked her, what? She replied: "Those men there." Frequently she would point upward and say: "Lord take me there, take me there." The dear Lord took her home to the home she loved to sing about. The blessed Savior she loved so well called her home December 8, 1883. Beloved Cecy, I look forward to the time when I shall stand by thy side on the crystal sea and crown him Lord of all. Farewell, beloved, till we meet there. May the dear Lord teach me to love himself as thou didst."

Of Sister Freer's illness he also wrote as follows:

"Our dear Sister Freer had a peculiar fit in the early part of September and became weak after it. Under the care of my wife she began to rally. The cold weather came on and was severe for her, and she seemed to get a touch of inflammation of the lungs about the beginning of December. She continued about, and waited much on my wife. None of us dreamed she was so ill. We all thought a change to Secunderabad for a time would do her good, and a change was accordingly arranged for. The death of Sister Moore was so unexpected to us all. It seemed to tell much on

Sister Hephy. She went to her bed exhausted and rapidly sank away. I am led to think she died of the heart disease. The shock of Sister Moore's death was too much for her. Brother and Sister Blewitt came very unexpectedly, and the surprise at meeting them under such painful circumstances I believe hastened her departure. She seemed to rally a little under the effect of medicine Bro. Blewitt brought. Still she sank rapidly. When the doctor from Siddepett came Tuesday evening he said to her: "Don't be afraid; you'll get over it." She replied: "I'm not afraid." Blessed soul, on the verge of eternity without a ruffle of fear of death. "Oh death, where is thy sting?" Hallelujah to God and the Lamb. At two o'clock Wednesday morning she was sitting on the cot with her head resting on Brother Blewitt's shoulder, when she said, 'I am exhausted.' She was laid down at once, and almost immediately after, her happy soul was conveyed to the glory land. No struggle, no flutter. Now she gazes with undimmed eye on the King in his beauty. These two sisters loved each other much, and almost together the master called them to their reward. The place was holy all that day. The children said, 'We can't cry for her; we don't seem to be sorry for her.' Truly we could not cry. The very air was full of the angels of God. Hallelujahs were borne on the air, and the blessed Jesus revealed himself to me most wonderfully. Wonderful, wonderful salvation. My soul was filled with divine glory."

The following obituary notices were published in the Watchman soon after:

IN MEMORIAM.

December 8th last, Sister Cecelia O'Leary Moore ascended from Premoor to her reward on high. She was taken away from a good husband and many dear friends and relations very unexpectedly to all. She was with her husband, Bro. Arnold Moore, just getting ready to come into Secunderabad for a couple of months or more, when she was taken

with a sickness from which she never recovered. Her remains lie beside those of one of our orphans under a large tamarind tree in Premoor. Thus has gone up to the celestial city the first of Telugu mission workers. Sister



Cecelia O'Leary Moore.

Moore was about twenty-five years of age, born in Hyderabad, Deccan, converted in 1875, ever after which she led a steadfast christian life. Though she did not for years join the Methodist church, she was led of the Spirit to forsake worldly society, the use of jewelry and stylish dress. She was often called a Methodist for her devoted-

ness to God. In June, 1880, she engaged to join the Telugu mission, which she did in November following. She has since been a tireless worker with us. In September, 1882, during a visit to Poona she entered upon the experience of entire sanctification, and her life betokened from that time an indwelling Jesus.

In March last she was joined in wedlock to Brother Arnold Moore, now of the Telugu Mission, and with him soon took the principal charge of the orphan work at Premoor. She endeared herself greatly to all the children of our two orphanages and without doubt has jewels in her crown. She labored among the villagers, too, with much success. But after three years of tireless toil and divinely honored living in this, the chosen work of her life, God has taken her away. Her friends are bereaved. But what shall we say of Brother Moore? Dear reader, let him have your prayer. We have lost a noble and trusted worker. Shall her mantle fall on another of India's daughters? Our hearts are bowed down under this unexpected blow. Thank God she went, though amid much suffering, washed white in the blood. Two of her most favorite hymns were, "How bright the hope that Calvary brings," and "Sowing in the morning," Nos. 45 and 25 in "Beulah Hymns." She has wrought well and has gone to her reward early. She had just mastered Telugu well, and was apparently just fitted for usefulness when God called her. She was an orphan but has many relations in Hyderabad and elsewhere. We hope some suitable memorial may be made to perpetuate the memory of this noble young woman, a daughter of India who, an example to her sisters in Christ, gave herself to the work of offering the Gospel to the heathen, and finally laid down her life in the field. By God's grace she shall see thousands singing Christ's praise in the field where lie all her mortal remains. We are filled with grief, yet nerved to intenser effort for these people to whom God called her.

C. B. WARD.



Hephya Freer.



## OUR SECOND WORKER GLORIFIED.

Just as I was closing the sad note in memory of Sister Moore, the postman brings a letter to say, "*Our darling Hephy is no more. She was called away this morning, at two o'clock, to be with Jesus. Yes, she is in glory.*" This is a note from Bro. Blewitt dated Wednesday morning the 12th December, Premoor. Our grief is great. The Lord giveth and He taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord. Through blinding tears we bless the Lord. We are, oh, so sorely bereaved. Our force denuded in a single week of these two dear workers. Sister Hephy Freer only joined us in June last, and has wrought in sole charge of our East Indian orphanage ever since. We did not know she was ill, more than troubled with a cold. So late as the last week of November she wrote so cheerfully of her work to me and later to her sister, Mrs. Blewitt, saying she did not want to leave her work for a change. She has wrought with remarkable spiritual success among the children. She won the place of a mother in their hearts, and their grief is not second to ours. She leaves a dear father and mother and sister in Madras, and two brothers elsewhere, to each of whom she was very dear. She was devoted wholly to Christ, aged twenty-five, a daughter of India, a woman of great promise in the Church. Her love for Christ and the heathen enabled her to do all her work with the E. I. orphans well, and go far toward acquiring the Telugu in these few months. But God has taken her. What we are to do in this extremity of our work we know not. May God speedily call forth of His hand-maidens to fill their place.

C. B. W.

The loss of our two dear sisters in our work in the space of one week was very great. We know not how to repair the breaches in our working ranks. But we all set our faces resolutely to know and to do the will of God. Bro. and Sister Blewitt resolved to hold the fort in Premoor till

other arrangements could be made. In Hyderabad and Madras many mourned with us among the relatives of our departed workers. Many condolences came in to us. We blessed God for christian sympathy in this hour of need. Memorial services were held by request, in both the Chadrighat and Secunderabad Methodist churches. Among the good things we are glad to record of these dear workers is, that they were both *entirely sanctified*. Their experience and testimony were alike clear to this blessed fact. Their remains lie beside those of a little orphan boy in Premoor on a little plot of ground sacred to us, inclosed by a rustic fence. "God moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform." Our holiday season was a solemn one, both in Premoor and Secunderabad this year. We found in our hearts no disposition to join in the festivity of the occasion.

Brother and Sister Blewitt held the fort for a while in Premoor. Brother Moore, chastened, but not dejected, joined in the Secunderabad force, while I reported myself at Premoor, and, thinking we saw our way to some settlement of land difficulties, we proceeded to build, principally with our own labor, some houses which we had hoped would be permanent district headquarters. We spent some hard work upon these, but not very much money, I presume about Rs. 400 in all. But later events clearly indicated we should have no abiding home here. Eventually we devoted the timbers in the buildings, such as were useful, to the Wesleyan Missionary Society work in that district. After I had put some time on this work, Brothers Blewitt and Moore relieved me for a time.

During the early part of 1884 Brother Moore and myself were enabled to put several hymns into Telugu in such shape that they sang well, besides having in them solid gospel marrow. Yet, I must in justice say, neither of us make any claim to poetic ability. More than this, neither of us were able at will, to sit down and translate or coin a hymn.

It was only when a special inspiration came, that we could do anything of the sort. Many a time have we tried our hands on a hymn to no effect, and then upon the inspiration of a red hot meeting, or after some blessed season of prayer, we would sit down and it would come almost as fast as we could write. We thus received for use in our church and mission some spiritual hymns, as we believe fresh from the Lord. Some of them were translated from an English hymn, others were translations from Hindustani hymns. To this date we use them and love them.

January 5th was the date of an exciting episode in Secunderabad. Nursiah had decided, as his relatives would not allow him liberty to read his bible, pray, meet with christians or be seen by them, or be one himself, that he would leave them. Accordingly, that eve he got away from his watchers and ran directly to the Telugu mission headquarters. He came in, panting for breath. All manner of persecution had been heaped on him, and now he said he was decided to have his freedom, to which he certainly had a right. The brethren took him in. He was soon followed by his relations, some of them a good deal under the influence of liquor. [So much for high caste as a barrier to drinking habits.] They began to pound the door and demand admittance, which was refused them. They broke a pane of glass and proceeded to force open the door. Brothers Bennett and Moore backed up against the door and held them at bay. The police soon came and put the whole crowd outside of the compound. Some of them demanded Nursiah, and said they would lay down their lives but they would have him that night. Two men were arrested, and on the following day were fined each Rs. 2 for riotous conduct. The arrested parties employed a lawyer but could not get clear. A letter of mine was read in court, in which I had strongly advised Nursiah to stand like a hero and endure persecution for Christ's sake, so that if it ever became necessary for him to leave his rela-

tions the fault might clearly not be his, but that of his persecutors. This letter was produced to prove that I had been trying to get Nursiah away from his home. But it only proved the contrary. The upshot of the whole matter was Nursiah got his freedom, and none have since dared to molest his person. Bless the Lord, who saved him.

We would like to make here a few remarks on the idea of caste. It was Nursiah's idea that when he was baptised he had broken caste. But he, with ourselves, was disappointed here. For his relatives took him home, denied that he had been baptised, and said even if he had been, he could be restored as he had not eaten with us. So daily he ate with his relatives though testifying to them that he was now a christian. On a later occasion he gave his watchers the slip and came to our house on purpose to eat bread with us, and did so in the presence of his brothers and his mother. Yet they denied that he had so done, and Nursiah continued to eat with his relatives, as before, and every effort was made to get him back into caste. Priests tried to reason with him, and then to terrify him, then charms were tried, but all was in vain. Christ had saved his soul. He had conscious salvation, and would not be beaten out of it. God is able to make a man stand. I mention this that it may be seen that there is no little sham in the pretentious caste integrity of high caste Hindoos. We know hundreds who drink liquor freely in open defiance of caste law, and religiously defend themselves as caste men.

The work in Secunderabad became hotter and hotter. Satan roared at the sight of our little band from day to day in the bazaar. His ordinary weapons were mud, cowdung, stones and tiles, etc. Nursiah's presence with us is the signal for a stormy day. Sunday owing to the shortness of our hands the Chadarghat theatre work was made over to Brother Carter for the time being at least, and all

our efforts were concentrated in Secunderabad. Brother Ernsberger though unable to speak unless he had an interpreter, made a valuable ally in battle, and one night received a stone in the forehead that brought the blood trickling down his face. But by this very persecution God gave our little band the victory. We are fully persuaded that the conquest of souls in the bazaar as Peram-anundum and Nursiah have been won, will bring down upon us bitter persecution. When we reach the apostolic fire line of soul saving by the Holy Ghost, we shall see persecution of the sort we read of in the New Testament. May God give us grace enough to stand in that day. There are so many ways of preaching the gospel *easily* now a days that persecution is almost out of date. The devil sees little he feels the need of fighting. Oh for men and women baptised of the Holy Ghost and fire to preach the gospel in India. We have the old gospel of Christ Jesus. The old devil fights us every step. The heart of man is no more wicked now than in Paul's day nor any less so. The same battle will in the main have the same general appearance. We would not say one word against schools, or any other useful agency. But men are not saved by education. "The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation."

On the——of—— the fourth missionary son was born to C. B. and E. M. Ward. Just before this, the roof of a part of our house fell in, in Secunderabad, but God so ordered that no one was hurt. Willie Pincot was in the very room whose roof fell, but being in a corner was unharmed.

February 5th, an event occurred the effect of which no one can fully estimate in its relation to missionary work in the Nizam's Dominions. The young prince, just eighteen years old, ascended his throne. The Viceroy or India came to Hyderabad to crown him. Conspiracies were not wanting to beat the young prince out of the throne, by

those who would present rival heirs. But God made use of the instrumentality of one of our Methodist preachers, to defeat those plans and secure to the prince a prime minister of liberal and enlightened mind, and, without doubt, thus securing a measure of secure and real religious freedom hitherto unknown in this Mohammedan state. We are not permitted to enter more fully into the details of this wonderful evidence of God's hand in history. It is wonderful; but it is the surprising answer to four years of praying for an open way for the gospel among these people. God ruleth over the heathen. His sceptre he will not give to another. Blessed be His holy name! We closed this year in triumph, in spite of all, and recorded as follows:—

“We therefore close with a glance at our present status. Financially we have everything to praise God for. For five years we have trusted God and have never once been forsaken. Not one good word of God has failed in all this time. It is to us cause for shouting that in answer to prayer only, without one solicitation made to man, we have received from the hand of God Rs. 30,000 nearly. To-day we find it easy to trust the God of heaven and earth for over Rs. 1,000 per month. In the early days of our history we often trembled at exceedingly light responsibilities. The *Indian Methodist Watchman* is the handmaiden of our faith work, and richly owned of God in awakening deeper interest in holiness to God and Mission work in India and America. God has put his choice seal on the *India Holiness Tract Depository*. 10,000 tracts at work in every part of India sent out in the past six months, and the stream gains impetus month by month.

“Our force from a single worker has grown, under God, to *twenty-three* male and female workers, and others are negotiating with reference to joining. The ‘lucky streak of human sympathy,’ some said we had struck in 1879, has proven an unfailing fountain of God yielding both

money and workers beyond what our early faith anticipated. To God be all the glory and honor. One more glance may be taken at the Nizam's Dominions. The population of the Dominions is put down at ten millions, ninety per cent. of whom are full-blooded Hindoos. But the Government is Mohammedan. So here before us lies one of the grandest fields in India for Methodism. Oh, that God may lay this solemn fact on many workers' and givers' hearts. Room for more than *one hundred* red hot missionaries of Jesus, male and female, need enough for hundreds of thousands of money to support them for a time among these millions. The people of these Dominions are very accessible. The people are ripe for the gospel. There are scarce any cities, but thousands of villages. Agriculture is the calling of the many.

“A very few friends regard our work as not in harmony with the self-supporting policy of the Conference. But we simply reply that our work is a legitimate outgrowth of the South India Conference, is a component part of the said Conference of the Methodist Church whose missionaries are missionaries of the Methodist Church. Our receipts are nearly all Indian, and such as are foreign we cannot prevent, as they come unsolicited. Our foreign receipts are proportionately much less than those of the remainder of the Conference.

“The perusal of the preceding pages will have shown the reader that we are persuaded that much missionary work in India fails of its end by reason of a mistake in policy. The end of all missions in India is an *indigenous self-supporting* christian church able to *propagate* itself. All missions mourn over their want of success in this line. We regard two mistakes as the solution of the result. *First*, mission and missionaries have too much money to permit of any effective appeal to the generous instincts of the heathen. They can't dream that so well-monied padries and missions can possibly be in need. *Second*, mis-

sion operations are carried on with far too much of the *occidental* in them. They are, therefore, too expensive ever to be supported by the natives. Salaries, schools, buildings, churches, are too occidental to be possible in the hands of the christianized heathen. We, therefore, without reflection on any body, are committed to the line of a purely *Indian Christianity*. Evangelize the heathen, get them out of their sins, let them build, or, if we build for them, build schools, chapels and houses their style and measure of economy, and thus put before them a possible line of christian propagation, within the limits of their means. Therefore in dress, in food, in buildings and in everything else we work upon a very humble line of cost. We are trying to copy more nearly after the New Testament outline than anything we see before us. Years hence the result will be seen. We are satisfied by five years on this line that God stands ready to specially honor us."

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## CHAPTER V.

### PIONEERING AND EARNINGS 1884-1885.

Of our sixth year we must condense much. Nursaya Naidu, after three months of bitter persecution, triumphed over all his enemies and in open court saw those who sought his harm, fined and bound over to keep the peace. He was allowed to live at home with his mother and brothers unmolested, and attend any christian service he desired, being of age. Some time after this, securing to his eldest brother his post in the Public Rooms, he resigned and joined the mission as an unsalaried preacher. Both Nursaya and Peramanundum did good service as preachers and workers.

All efforts to get land had so far been unavailing and we were compelled to go on taking work as we might be able



so to do. The five miles of road construction we had undertaken near Lingumpully having been completed, Brother William Marrett gave us a farther section of twenty miles of similar work on the old military road from Secunderabad to Nagpore. This new work began about ten miles out and extended northward. During the last days at Lingumpully I had employed John Davis, a brother of my former colleague, to remain upon the work and see that it was correctly done and that the proper amount of work was done by the work people. When the new work was undertaken on the Nagpore Road, John Davis was sent in charge of the work and so remained all the year 1884. There being a large amount of carting of material for this work we found it expedient to purchase a number of carts and several pairs of bullocks and a number of our christian boys were put on them. Those who had previously married, went to work on their own hook on this same work. John Davis being a christian young man, was a valuable help to the christians. He could talk the language and saw that they all met for prayer and otherwise he was a christian help and shield to them. My visits were as often as could be. As a rule a day or two each week found me with them and the gospel was preached among our work people. We now had three encampments. Our preaching force in Secunderabad, our home garrison in Ullepur, and at Merdchell was located our industrial camp. And thus we were divided the whole year.

On the 18th of March 1884, we had a half night of prayer. We were traveling ground that satan disputed all the way. He had been trying to break down our faith by magnifying the difficulties and responsibilities of our position. This night of prayer gave us the shout of victory. The "sound in the tops of the mulberry trees" was faint at first, but sent to me this word. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and he will sustain thee." The Sunday following was a day of power in our souls as we went

through the work of the day. We held five services in the bazaars of Secunderabad. One thousand persons heard the gospel. Monday we had another half night of prayer. The following day was one of the best bazaar days we ever saw. Peramanundum and Nursaya never preached or testified with such power. Eight hundred persons listened as we preached, prayed, testified and sang. The evening service at the police station was attended by about 300 and was a scene of power. God strove with the people. While we appealed to our listeners to turn away from dumb idols to the living God, many men looked to the right and left to see who among their fellows were going to make the start. These things made us exceedingly rejoice and praise the Lord. God very especially let his love, light and strength into our waiting hearts, and we were much impressed with the expediency of a day of fasting and prayer every month as regularly and certainly as we keep Sabbath. It occurred to us during that night of prayer, that Peramanundum was converted after a day of fasting and prayer, and Nursaya as well. Our attention had not before been particularly called to this fact. We felt, therefore, that God was teaching us that the battle must be first won on our knees.

I find no date in our diary of the occurrence but it is my memory that some time in the month of February this year, brother D. O. Ernsberger left us with several of our best workers for his Canerese field. We thus gave four workers to go out as missionaries. They volunteered to go with him. He had his appointment direct from Conference, and we had no further connection with him than to help him with workers, and hand over, as we did for three years, the money given by General Phayre. He was soon joined by S. P. Jacobs and wife from Bangalore, and failing of an entrance to Shorapore, where I visited a few years before and began praying for the Canerese people, they went on to the old military cantonment of Lingasagoor,

and began work there. Later on they left this post, which was fifty miles from the railway, and divided up. Brother Jacobs with two workers went to Goolburga, and brother Ernsberger with two others settled down in Raichore. Years have past, but the posts that year taken up, have never been without a preacher since. D. O. Ernsberger is in charge of the field with an excellent preacher in Shorapore and another in Raichore, while he himself is at Goolburga.

April 3, 1884, Nursaya wrote in our diary as follows:

“Blessed be the Lord for all his mercies. He saves me from all my sins, and saves me thoroughly. He showed me his grace through these dear brethren in the mission.

“I bless God for bringing me from darkness into his marvelous light. I am very glad in him. I am willing to do his will all my days; to work for him, to live for him, to fight for him, and to die for him, because he bought me with his precious blood. I am now in the mission, and know God has called me to work for him. I am glad every one is kind to me. I want to work for God and not fall back. I love to be here, because through these brethren the Lord showed me his grace, and saved my soul. I’ve forsaken *all*, family, friends, employment, *all* for Christ and his service. I now preach Jesus to my friends and relatives and to all whom I may in Secunderabad, and so mean to do all my life. I want to see my friends converted, and so pray earnestly. Jesus keeps me and gives me constant victory.”

NURSAYA

The above is the testimony of a guileless Israelite indeed.

On May 27, 1884, Peramanundum and I set out upon a tour for a couple of months; village work strictly on primitive principles of Matthew x.

Two months later we made the following memorandum of the Lord’s dealing with us during those days:

## SEARCHING FOR GOD'S LOST SHEEP.

C. B. WARD.

May 27, 1884. "Dressed as Sunyassies, with bundles on our shoulders, Peramanundum and I left Secunderabad at about 5 p. m. Our parting came near being a tearful one. It seemed to those we were leaving, that we were going out possibly to come back no more, as we were going as the apostles did, without two coats or a single pice in our pockets. Our Secunderabad bazaar band concluded to accompany us a little way to a place called Picket, and there with us held a service. God was with us. About one hundred persons, half being women, gathered round us. One after another testified and exhorted with much blessing. No one sought the Lord, however, but a voluntary contribution of three dubs and four small biscuit came in. This was at this time more to us than Rs. 100 has been at other times. We blessed the Lord. After this in the public way, we prayed and farewelled our headquarter band. Hear again we saw tears; dear fellow-soldiers, some of them felt sorry for us as we were going out, 'sheep among wolves.' Well, on we walked six miles to Ulwal (Bolarum) and slept at a *sarai*, *blessedly*.

May 28, 1884, "Rising early, we prayed, then found a well, washed our faces and feet, ate the four biscuits given us the evening before, prayed again, and made for the Bolarum bazaar. Here we had two services; the first quiet, earnest, and with some power. The second, the same, except the police tried to drive us away. We refused to go. The more they tried to disturb us, the larger became our crowd. Glory to God, we had a glad time! The police said no such proceedings in the name of Isa Masih were to be allowed in Bolarum. We thought it was time, and preached. By this time we were thirsty. We made our way to a well and held out our brass vessels to a paniwallah, begging a drink. He most kindly

gave us some water. We gave him in turn an earnest exhortation to come and drink of the water of life. He and his companions listened as to a new story. On we walked four miles to Toombkoonta. The sun being hot we got down by a well in the shade of a large tree. Here the Lord gave us a good breakfast of dates just ripe on the trees about us. We plucked and ate to our fill. At about 4 p. m. we moved on. We found some Mussulmans guarding a mango tope. We preached to them Jesus, and the chief man among them, though he would not receive the Savior, gave us eight or ten good mangoes. Bless the Lord, what a dinner! On we go, and are mistaken by some travelers for buniahs. They ask us our way. We ask them where they are going after death, and give them our testimony as we walk along. After dark we reach Kultur and stop in the Sarai. A pair of fakeers and a woman are opposite us. We sing, pray and testify. Then Permanundum goes and invests our three dubs in gram and jogri. After eating this with thankfulness, we lie down for a sleep. May 29th, at day break we are up. We beg some water of a woman, wash our faces, hands and feet, pray, read, and make ready for a move. We give the fakeer by us a good talk concerning his soul. A dozen others gather round. We have a grand time with them all, and called on each, then and there, to confess his sins, accept Jesus and be saved. None did so, however. On we move to Anantaram. Here we sing and testify to some people loading leaves for the market. The village seems deserted, yet a Brahmin gave us ten mangoes, and asked us to wait till two o'clock when he would give us rice. We thanked him and moved on. On the road we met some men resting under a tree. We began at once to talk to them of their souls. They listened attentively, saying, these things were utterly new to them. Two of the company handed us some mangoes. Then we reach a place called Aridivi Musjid, a small village of mostly Mo-

hammedans. Almost the first thing as we entered the place, a Mohammedan invited us to eat some khana, and sent us to another house where a woman would give us the needful for the second person. Amen to God's goodness here! We told them of Jesus and urged them to accept salvation in Him just as we had accepted food from them. We went on to a well, and, washing hands, face and feet, fell too, and ate our God-given breakfast of rice and hot chatni. Here we spent the heat of the day. As we lay writing, reading, or talking, many came along. To them all we spoke of Jesus and salvation. Among over a dozen to whom we spoke, not one had ever heard the name Jesus, they said. *Poor lost sheep of God.* Almost ignorant as cattle, walking in darkness, led by the devil; yet created in the image of God. Oh, how great has been their fall! Calling on God to fit us anew for our work, by a new and fiery baptism of the Holy Ghost, we go on. We meet a lot of coolies with loads. We tell them sin is a heavier load than that they bear, and of the sin-bearer, Jesus. None yielded. On we push. Another band of pilgrims we meet. An aged man is amazed at what we say of Jesus and our experience. But urged that he was too old to undertake a new faith. Poor man! We slake our thirst and wash our feet at a wayside well. What a mercy: good water, too, we find all along the way. A little further on a Musulman presents us with ten mangoes, as we slake our thirst. Praise the Lord! A Murdigi, in Histapur, found us shelter for the night. After people gathered round us, we told them who we were, our business, and presented them a few tracts. One buniah among them had heard of Christ before. He went into a rage, forcibly gathered up all the tracts we had given away and threw them back to us. We were too tired to follow him or anybody else, so we prayed for them all and went to sleep.

May 30, 1884. "We rose early and set out for our journey at once. We were soon hailed with, 'Who are

you?' At first we made no reply. But on looking around, we saw Bro. Blewitt. He took us for buniahs. Our souls ran together like water for a time, as we told of our experiences. We spent an hour together and prayed. Meanwhile, ate a little bread and drank some milk, and, with twelve mangoes, we parted to pursue our way. Once on the ten mile walk we stopped to wash and drink, and testify to a company of resting men, and pushed on to Laklaram. Here we have a friend in an old buniah. He no sooner saw our faces, than he asked us in, and pressed us to eat. Oh such a delightful breakfast did he give us, of boiled Indian corn and curry stuffs. Here we stayed for some hours, and they kept us busy talking all the time. The Patel's family all came. Our hearts burned as we preached to them Jesus. These people seemed near the kingdom, but no one decided for Christ. A number came in and heard the story. God has given us the hearts of this people. We wanted a little time for writing, so after administering some medicine to the patel's children, we broke away from them. We found a well by the village, washed our clothes, etc., and wrote a while and moved on five miles farther to Kondapak. Here we know of an afflicted man, a Brahmin, formerly the Karnam of the village, and said to be possessed of the devil. His story is that years ago, when in service at the head of his village, a thief stole Rs. 200 from him. They say in the village a devil stole the money, and possessed him bodily ever since. He attempts to hurt no one, but can hardly open his mouth except to abuse in the vilest slang the language is capable of. We met his friends, Brahmin relatives, quite a number of them, and told them we were come to see the unfortunate man. They show us his place of abode, worse than the sepulchres such preferred in Christ's day, dark tumble-down, worse than the remains of his former home, the only place he can be persuaded to stay in. Our friends were talkative, but their Telugu was so high I had to make

a dictionary of Permanundum to get on with them. We had a good time preaching to them Jesus. Two of them had seen us in Secunderabad. The Holy Spirit was so present that not a man dared to argue, as we pressed on them the duty and necessity of speedy repentance, and faith for salvation through Jesus Christ. God bless the dear men—about a dozen of them, the ‘Grecians of the town.’ The unfortunate man we came to see was out by a well, and, although sent for, would not come. His friends took us to him; at first he refused to talk with us and chided his relatives, yea, abused them for bringing us to trouble him. We soon got his ear and he began to talk with us. He told us his story and said nothing would cure him except the return of the Rs. 200; his wife and relatives had all deserted him in his misfortune. He seemed sane in the narration of this story, which all said was correct. But there he was, almost naked, with his long, dishevelled hair and wild eyes, the picture of despair, the remnant of a once noble looking man. We plead with him to place his trust in Jesus Christ and with us to ask God there and then to restore him to wholeness. We could not awaken hope in his breast. So we put the case in God’s hand and left them all at the well. Oh, how our hearts went out in prayer for this man. The Brahmins to whom we sang and spoke, gave us some more mangoes. They were our supper and we slept by a well.

May 31, 1884. “We woke this morning to find four men near us. We at once told them of Jesus and salvation, and bade them at once accept. We then came to Siddepett. Here the post moonshee, an old Mussulman friend of ours, gave us at once a good breakfast and good water. While I have been writing this here in the P. O., Peramanundum has been preaching Jesus to the whole establishment. We are happy, glory to God! Some lessons and ideas gathered in this trip we put in another article. We have come sixty miles, have had our food among



the people, had abounding grace in our souls, and all this without a pice in our pockets. Glory to God! The Lord reigneth and will save the heathen.

## SOME OBSERVATIONS.

C. B. W.

In my report of our trip from Secunderabad to Siddepett. I promised some observations. Here they are:

1. *Is it possible to do mission work in India as the "two!ve" and "seventy" were sent to do it?* We answer, in view of our experience during these five days, *yes*; two men of God, full of faith and the Holy Ghost, can go from village to village on foot, preach Christ to every man and woman they meet on the road, by the wells, in the fields, in the village street, or bazaar, and be received as the angels of God, and get all they need to eat among the people to whom they preach, heathen and Mohammedan though they be. We poise the *yes* of our answer still more emphatically and certainly on the infallible word of Jesus Christ who thus sent, and said, "the laborer is worthy of his hire." Three things we opine to be necessary: (1) An apostolic experience of salvation witnessed in the consciences of the workers by the Holy Ghost. (2) A very close following of the Master's directions as to style of outfit, taking care that there is a perfect absence of the air of superiority. (3) It should be openly stated everywhere that the workers are the servants of God, without pay or cash in hand, relying on God and the people, and the result will be confidence on the part of the people, willingness to share their food with these servants of God, and no small degree of interest thereby awakened in the Gospel brought to them thus.

2. *A valuable adjunct* in the hand of such workers would be a few boxes of Henry's Thilum with which to bless the sick and suffering everywhere to be found. Though the malady may be trifling, yet the simple remedy will be

wonderfully appreciated; as Christ commanded the apostles they should "heal the sick." Therefore in every village let it be inquired if there be any sick. Do something for them in Jesus' name. Let medicine be given in Jesus' name and with prayer. Where cases surpassing ordinary skill are met, as in the case of lepers, possession of devils, etc., let such cases be taken to Jesus, too. We believe Christ stands waiting to heal and cast out to-day. Such workers should go as the richest benefactors of the race in the name of Jesus of Nazareth.

For preaching purposes only, a company of four, or six, might accomplish much more than two, but would stand a smaller chance of being fed by the people, unless the villages were large. In cities or large towns, we opine, that the larger company would be in every respect advisable, and judge the liberal use of musical instruments, drums, cymbals, tamborines, etc., etc., would be almost indispensable.

3. *Efforts for women.* We would, in this part of India, advise the taking of at least two holy women along from village to village, if the company be made up of more than two persons. These women to get right into the homes of the people, as they everywhere can, and preach to the women. They should probably be the wives of the other workers, but they may be otherwise if so called by the Holy Ghost.

Of the success of the "two by two" policy, we have no doubt. If the company be larger, we are inclined to think it would be well to provide for the excess of the two, though we believe that a second pair, consisting of holy women, would be more than well fed.

Such a line of work should be very slow: *i. e.*, in small villages at least a day should be given, and in larger villages, two days; and in towns of five thousand or more, two days or more, and thorough work should be done. Stir the entire place with the gospel sound. In the Deccan, villages lie all round, at distances from one to five miles

apart. So the foot traveling would be by no means a task.

4. Such work will have its trials. What work has not? In the going forth of a pair, we would say, throw yourselves wholly on God and the people; take not one pice with you, or you will lean on it, instead of the Lord's promise.

Such a pair of workers may, as did the apostles of old, feel the pangs of hunger. But it will be good for the soul. It may cost the casting away of much pride and dignity, to sleep beneath trees or in village sarias. But it is blessed with the Lord, for his sake, and that of souls.

There may be times when it would be unadvisable. So there are times when it is unadvisable to enter a village at all, as in cases of contagion, though this may be a question.

6. Should the native dress be adopted? Let every man be persuaded in his own mind. I could find no other line on which to do this work, without being accompanied by a cook, dhobie, a cooly, etc. But dressed as a Sunyassi, my bundle consisted of a bible, singing books, pen and paper, some medicine—no burden for my own shoulders. My clothes I could wash myself, as do the natives all about me, and the villagers gave me my food already cooked. I could not go thus, in the dress of a foreigner. My wardrobe alone would call for a coach or a cart.

7. Ward will be scorned for this story. He may be. If so, amen. God has given him a noble band of native workers and fellow-laborers. As God enables him he will lead this band in the most inexpensive war on heathenism possible. Therefore pray for him.

July 9, 1884. Brother and sister Blewitt lost their first born at Cuddapah, on their way from Madras to Secunderabad. But neither father or mother mourned as those without hope. About this time we had no little sickness in our midst. Fevers, one case of smallpox, and other ailments, and some financial difficulties, making much prayer

necessary. During this time I was at Premoor, with Peramanundum and the orphans, doing what we could, while sister Ward and our little ones, and the bazaar force, were working in Secunderabad, with all the varied experience of bazaar preaching in India. We give one note:

July 27, 1884. "A never-to-be-forgotten day. For over four hours we held our stand at the market, proclaiming a full, free and present salvation through Christ, by song and testimony, exhortation and prayer. Perhaps one thousand heard us. God spoke in power to many hearts, but no seekers came out. It seemed as if many were looking that others might make the start at our invitation. Though we were rudely treated by some, our faces and clothes bespotted with dung and mud, yet we were intensely happy in our souls and strong in faith. 'Glory to God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.'"

In our work in Secunderabad a good many obstacles were put in our way. The magistrate gave an order that the police should disperse our crowds. For some time this was done, but we took to the streets and sang and prayed; preached on the wing for a time, and eventually the magistrate who so ordered was relieved from his post and the new magistrate gave an order that no orderly companies we might be addressing should be dispersed. But Mohammedan hate, often would have eaten us up if it dared to do so. Brother Blewitt was of great help in this Secunderabad campaign. His knowledge of Hindustani, which none of the rest of us had, made him a captain in the field. The bulk of the people were Telugu, but always there were some who knew only Hindustani, while many Telugu speaking people knew the Hindustani.

During the months of May and June, while I was at Ullepur, I prepared the report of the first five years of our work. During the day I was with the orphans, there making tile; building walls, and doing all sorts of work incident to building. By night, till a late hour, I worked on

the report, till all was written up. Here I might say, in all the years I was assistant editor of the *Watchman*, or editor alone, most of my writing has been done while others have slept. My days have generally been so full of work I could not spare the time to do the writing, and so I have taken the night for it. The latter part of this time at Ullepur, brother Moore was with me. One item of our experience I made at the time the following note upon. The same thing has been alluded to in past time, but it was more remarkable in these two months than ever before.

“In those months we were both spiritually enlightened to translate into Telugu a number of hymns. One day, laying tiles on top of the house, brother Moore sang forth, off hand, a Telugu translation of the Salvation Army ditty ‘The devil and me we can’t agree.’ On another occasion, while I was preaching in Telugu, the Lord was filling his heart with song. At the close of my talk, brother Moore said, ‘I have a Telugu song to go on the top of your talk.’ He led off, and soon sang a fair translation of Bonar’s ‘I am trusting Lord, in Thee,’ ‘A Crown of Life,’ and several choruses.’ One Sunday evening after services I went to my room and sat down and wrote out a translation of a Hindustani git, ‘Jo papi.’ On other occasions I had tried but could not get a start. Another day I translated ‘Kyun Mana bhula hai,’ and ‘Karata hun.’ While each of us got up a translation of ‘I am saved,’ differing but little, and both having their virtues. We knew nothing of each other’s work till we brought our wares for use.’ I translated several choruses. Brother Moore has a little musical genius, I am perfectly innocent of any; I was never able to sing a single tune till after my conversion, when I believe God gave me the ability to sing a little. Others may say what they like, but I believe the Spirit of the Lord gave us the inspiration that produced these translations. For only on special occasions under special impulse could

either of us do the translation of a hymn. We neither of us had this gift at command. Verily those were happy spiritual months spent with God."

Our faith was greatly tried for months this year. We asked great things of God, and our God is a covenant keeping God. But we were able to see where we did not keep our covenant with him, and He allowed us to be often sorely tried but never forsaken. Miss Millett, of the Cullis mission, visited Secunderabad in the latter part of July, and her testimony to the power of God to heal in answer to prayer was made a great blessing to many, and our mission force was not short of its share of these gracious showers at her hand.

On my return from Secunderabad, I had formed the purpose of going myself with wife and little ones to Premoor in the district, and leave the Secunderabad work in charge of others. But despite all honest intentions and earnest efforts, we could not so arrange. Bro. Moore was at this time with the Premoor Camp, and in much need of relief or reinforcement, and all through to the end of August, we were considerably tried financially. We stood forty souls in Premoor, and nearly thirty in Secunderabad; meanwhile we still prayed and searched for land for a colony. We were referred to Mr. H. J. Dunlop, at that time Sudder Taluqdar for Vikr Ulumra's estates in the northern part of the Dominion. We saw Mr. D. and were offered something, but no way opened to it, till Mr. D. left the Nawab's service, when it did not seem advisable to try further in that direction.

During August, Watchman business matters took me to Bombay for a week. After my return from Bombay, about the 20th of September, 1884, such a flood as the Nizam's Dominions seldom has seen, destroying in one night over 200 tanks, and leveling to the ground hundreds of mud wall houses, and almost precluding traveling in the districts. This settled my going to Premoor. So with another

one of our number, Nursiah, with Rs. 150 worth of blankets and clothes, left Secunderabad, September 24th, for the relief of the Premoor garrison. It was a terrible journey through mud and roadless fields; but five days brought them through to the much loved encampment of Premoor. Here they remained until January 23, 1885.

The trial of our faith lasted for months, and did not lift till in October. Deep were the heart searchings and earnest the praying that we might see what was hindering the Lord from pouring out upon us his accustomed blessings.

We could not carry out the plans we had intended. While I had been in Bombay, in August, the little children came down with the measles and finally came out of them with heavy colds and bad bowels, and it became clear that they could not be removed to the Ullepur.

When we came to a point where we could see what had been the matter, we soon got righted up, and soon the Lord began to show us favor again. During the time of the trial of our faith there was a constant stream of small sums of money coming in, but much below what we really needed, and yet they proved that the Lord had not forsaken us, but was trying to teach us something. What was it? We lost our unity of heart and thus we lost our power to claim the promises of God as we had before. Selfishness got in and divided us and the work did not prosper for a time as it had done, and we became weak on the battle field.

Early in October Brother and Sister Blewitt decided to enter other work, and we were not a little embarrassed, not knowing how to manage for all our work. The above workers left us the first week in November, and our famine ended about a week later; I mean there came an end to our money trial, which had held us fast for several months. Yet all this time God fed us, and suffered us in no whit to endure discomfiture or blank distress. We were simply kept where we had to pray daily for daily bread.

October 11, 1884, D. O. Fox, presiding elder, organized our work into a regular quarterly conference of the M. E. Church.

At this quarterly conference Nursiah Naidu and Per-manundum, who had held exhorters' licenses before, were examined and granted local preachers' licenses.

Said proceedings were duly recorded by Bro. F. J. Blewitt and signed by Rev. D. O. Fox, P. E.

Said quarterly conference was held in our home in Secunderabad.

Question, when shall the next quarterly convention be held? was answered. "Time to be fixed by the P. E." We expect it will be done some time, though several years have passed since October 11, 1884. Will it be believed we were in need of nearly Rs. 7,000, November 1st. Yes; it was so. But the Lord helped the Government about this time to pay all dues. Thus we came up to conference time, above the waves.

The very day conference met we received a letter from William Taylor, now Bishop of Africa, informing us of his appointment to our work of Miss Hester A. Hillis and Miss Jennie R. James, both on the way from America. Miss Hillis had been ten years in the employ of the A. B. F. M., in Ceylon. By the same post, came news that the "Goodways," of America, had raised funds for two missionaries to the Nizam's Dominions. Miss Dema Stone was sent by William Taylor for Bro. Ernsberger, so we could but rejoice that these needy Dominions were to have five new workers so soon.

November 25, 1884, saw an entry in the conference minutes, as follows: "C. B. Ward, located at his own request, becoming a member of Chadarghat quarterly conference." Now, five years later, we may note briefly our reasons for this step. (1) Conference seemed to me engrossed in English work, insisting on provision for its needs but leaving native work too largely to shift for



itself. (2) Conference passed a resolution forbidding getting out workers from home, except through the presiding elders, who seemed sworn to the English work to the gross neglect of native. (3) It seemed to me, the conference had already, so far, swerved from the original platform upon which William Taylor had started, and there was no possibility of a return to that line. (4) It seemed to me best to do what I could as a "Methodist local preacher," in full and loyal connection with the church; but not under its annual conference. We had hoped and planned that the Nizam's Dominions might be formed into a P. E.'s district. The plan for a time met approval, and I was proposed for the P. E. in anticipation. I did not accede to this latter, and the petition for a district was not granted when it came up in the cabinet.

We now saw something of the mind of the Lord regarding our East Indian orphans; and new workers from home seemed to indicate the way to bring these orphans into Secunderabad.

Bro. Davis, our old time yoke-fellow, had strongly urged it early in the year; but the way did not appear to me. But now, when it did, I gave the order, and Bro. Moore reached Secunderabad with our fifteen East Indian orphans.

December 3, 1884. Those who went to Premoor in September remained there with the twenty-four native orphans.

During December the Lord was rich in all things toward us. Over Rs. 600 came from friends we had hitherto not heard from.

December 4th, 1884. I joined Bro. Arnold Moore, and Miss Laura Wheeler, of Bassim, in marriage at Hyderabad; and this ended Bro. Moore's connection with us, and began his connection with Dr. Cullis' Mission at Bassim, E. Berars, Central India.

Not a few old friends came to help us settle the East Indian children. Maretts, Choetts, and a few other christian friends deserve rich reward.

December 25, 1884. Misses Hillis and James reached us unawares; not having forewarned us, we could not meet them at the station. So many persisted in calling us "Salvationists," they could not find us by inquiring after the M. E. Telugu Mission for some time. A grand Christmas present, we truly regarded this and aloud we praised the Lord.

About this time Peramanundum concluded it would be good for him to have a wife, and asked for one, Nera, a girl sent us by the wife of Collector Elphinstone of Ahmednugger, who rescued her from dancing girls, and a life of shame. Early in January, Miss Dunhill, a Zenana Missionary of Bangalore, sent us a girl rather over twelve years of age, for whom we never could do much. She finally was married and, later, died of cholera. Miss Dunhill has been a friend and helper all these years. She has sent us no less than four orphans at her own expense; and oft remembered "her children," sending us money. This Christian worker is a rare daughter of India.

The pressing claims of the *Watchman* made it expedient for me to borrow Rs. 1,000 to put it on its feet. Just about this time our old colleague, W. J. Gladwin, who had before given up the *Watchman* and entered the Salvation Army, returned to Bombay. He helped us to secure the needed Rs. 1,000.

Our work on the public road progressed fairly well and by this means we were able to do much of our own support. But with the beginning of the year 1885 came a re-organization of the P. W. D., which threw all our work out of the hands of the christian engineers who had given it to us. This might not have been so bad if it had not been that the man into whose hands the work now fell, conceived it to be his duty to begin to make us trouble. Many engineers in India deem it right to take percentages from contractors as well as to draw their pay in full from the Government they serve. We did not believe it any other than bribe

taking and so could not give it. After a couple of months of trouble, we were able to secure a settlement with the Government and closed up this work after having finished about Rs. 20,000 worth of it in about 12 months. Our profits on this work were about Rs. 5,000.

Our way to getting land seemed blocked still, and no work could be secured near Premoor though we sought it, and on the invitation of Brother J. J. Otley, an Engineer in the Nizam's Public Works Department, we decided to take up work on the Chanda Railway extension, about fifteen miles from Secunderabad. Accordingly we ordered those in Premoor, all except one of the married orphans and his wife, to remove to Secunderabad preparatory to going upon work once more. January 23d, 1885, Peramanundum and Nera were married and a few hours later in came the detachment of twenty-four from Premoor, having marched by road.

This same day Rev. A. W. Rudisill made his first visit as P. E. to Hyderabad. We found him a dear christian, and he assured us he believed God was with us.

Monday, January 26, 1885. Bro. Rudisill was with us, and saw all our converted orphans and joined in meeting with us; he gave us much encouragement and bade us God-speed.

January 27, 1885. Peramanundum and all the working force of our native orphans left for a camp, fifteen miles out on the railway being constructed. Our trusty, almost christian, maistry, Lutchman, had gone on before.

It may not be aniss to define the sort of work we often refer to as "contract work." India cart roads, railroads, canals, and, indeed, almost every sort of public work is done by hand. Banks, and cuttings of earth-work are done by large numbers of cooly men and women, men digging and filling, while, for the most part, the carrying of the earth and stone is done by women in baskets holding each about one-eighth of a cubic foot. The baskets are round

and made of date fibres. The pickaxe as used in England, weighing from six to nine pounds; shovels are not used, but in place a short hoe, called a powrah. Thus, by hand labor only, thousands of miles of railway, common cart-roads, canals, and other great works are executed in India. In this sort of work we engaged with our orphans, employing numbers of other coolies besides. Thus, in 1884 and 1885, we had constructed, under the supervision of P. W. engineers, nearly twenty-five miles of public cart-road, receiving therefrom about Rs. 27,000. We were enabled in this way to earn upwards of Rs. 5,000 for our own maintenance and the work. Our children were taught to depend upon themselves, and also, as far as possible taught to manipulate the labors of others. Some few of them developed an ability to subcontract, and realize something more than simple cooly or laborer's wages. During these years we paid for the labor we employed something under three annas per day for a man, and two annas for a woman. One man and one woman ordinarily would excavate and remove either into a bank, or out of a cutting, about four cubic yards of earth per day. It may not be known generally that in this way the Suez canal was constructed under De Lesseps.

The same day we started off our detachment for work upon the construction of the Nizam's Guaranteed State Railway, another reinforcement came to the work in the Dominions by Bombay train; the Good-way Missionaries, M. F. Smootz and Ben. Reynolds, arrived at Secunderabad. Bro. Smootz remained with us, and Bro. Reynolds went on soon to join Bros. Jacobs and Ernsberger in the Canarese field. Miss Hillis went almost immediately to work amongst the Tamil-speaking natives, started a small school, and fell to studying Telugu. Miss James took charge of school work among the East Indian orphans; while Sister Ward managed the home for us all, but the work had taxed her strength far too much. Thus we

wrought away, and God blessed us all, day by day. Miss Hillis suffered in health for a time, till the Lord attended to her case and healed her fully in answer to prayer.

During February this year, the number of our East Indian orphans reached twenty; and the news came that Miss H. M. Bell had offered herself for our work in India.

We closed our sixth year in victory. It was the most eventful, trying, and blessed year so far.

The needs of these Dominions were much impressed upon us in the early part of this year, and we wrote a letter to the *Christian Witness* headed "Twenty Workers and Rs. 20,000" for the Dominions. We had studied the geography of the land; and the ability of God to support and care for twenty bands, as well as one or two, I could not question.

Our success in developing our boys and girls into workers exceeded our anticipations. God's rich blessing was upon them and us. Of the Christian character of most of our native Christians, we were proud. We found those who had married, had made fair progress in caring for themselves, and needed to be occasionally cautioned against too high expenditure. We could give God special thanks that as regards morality, He wonderfully preserved the members of our flock, though the moral atmosphere about us is bad to the utmost. After years of experience, we came solidly to the conclusion that on the point of morality greater dangers surrounded the European and Eurasian than the native character.

We closed the year with twenty East Indian orphans, thirty-five native unmarried; and six pairs married and set up for themselves, doing well and leaning on us for support no more; of English-speaking workers we numbered six. "All our experiences so far confirmed previous convictions on the matter of self-support as my life work. Indian, not western; evangelistic, not educational; within the resources of the people of the land, both as to expense

and method." As regards preaching, we recorded: "It must be desperate, hand to hand conflict, from shop to shop, tract distribution, scripture selling, etc. A running fire on the streets for Jesus, torch light processions and the vigorous use of musical instruments."

In health, in spirit, in labor, in funds, in all, God richly blessed us so far. At this time, looking over the millions of souls in the Dominions, we were moved with pity and love begotten of the Holy Spirit; we queried and wrote "Is it the will of the Lord we should move on slowly, contented with doing a little only, while these millions continue to perish, and perish for ever; Nay, God would give them a chance to be saved. Hath not He promised to defray all the expenses of this holy war? In our foolish simplicity we said there should be, in the Nizam's Dominions, Methodist missions as follows, 1. Secunderabad, 2. Hyderabad, 3. Yelgundal, 4. Indore, 5. Yedlabad, 6. Mehduck, 7. Lingasagar, 8. Shorapore, 9. Kuppul, 10. Raichore, 11. Gulburga, 12. Bidar, 13. Bir, 14. Nandair, 15. Naldroog, each advantageously situated in the midst of 50,000 square miles of territory. Each the centre of a quarter to half a million souls, the most of whom have never heard the name of Jesus.

Five years have passed since we entered the above in our diary; matters stand almost as then. The English Wesleyans have entered Yelgandul, and Mehduck. We have entered Kuppul, and Gulburga, and in a way Secunderabad and Hyderabad. But millions still cry, with little prospect of being soon answered, "Come over and help us." Oh! how sad; and away down on the wave of 1889 since Jesus said "go" and "every creature."

We cannot omit mention of the reward of some of our best friends who have recently ascended to God. Rev. James Dawson and wife, of the Scotch Presbyterian Church Mission in Chindwara, Central Provinces, were shipmates of ours on the way out in 1876. In later years both ex-

perienced the blessing, or grace, of entire sanctification, and read our books and the *Watchman*; they for two years sent us Rs. 5 per month. Mrs. Dawson became so full of the Spirit that when her husband was no more, she preached, and prayed, and shepherded the flock for some months. These dear souls in their last days, when nearing the close of twenty year's service as missionaries in India felt called upon to humble their missionary methods, and at their advanced age took to touring hundreds of miles on foot, putting up with the people as much as possible, and very materially reducing expenses; and, as they wrote us, getting much more into the confidence of the people.

In noting the results of our seventh year we must be still briefer than hitherto. It was mutually agreed upon, that Bro. Smoots and I should take upon us the special responsibility of the care of the little flock at work on the railway construction, and supervise the work, and work-people there. So from the beginning to the end of this year, for the most part, the little camp on the fifteenth mile out from Secunderabad, was called the "Padri's Camp." Here our prayers and songs ascended to God, morn and even, in the midst of a large camp of coolies, and we did what we could, both spiritual and secular, but all for the Lord. By the end of the year we had executed about Rs. 25,000 of railway construction work. The proceeds gave us about Rs. 6,000 of the Rs. 10,000 our work cost us for the year.

The experiment was new entirely to Bro. Smootz, and somewhat so to me; but cast right among the work-people every day, we could not but get their language, as no books could ever give it us, and some of our boys began to develop some business ability; and this was one end of our faith, *i. e.*, to teach native christians to help themselves.

Miss James took special care of the East Indian flock most of the year. Miss Bell, before spoken of, came on August 8th, 1885, and gave more or less help in this teaching and training work, while studying and acclimatizing.

Her passage to India was unitedly paid by the Rev. Mr. Murray of College Mound, missionary, and my brother Arthur M. Ward of Chicago. Bro. Murray is a superannuated M. E. minister, deeply interested in self-supporting missions anywhere.

Miss Hillis resolutely set about winning souls through the medium of Tamil, while she studied Telugu. Having none too much room in our crowded quarters, she took up, by favor of the Rev. W. W. Campbell, of the American Baptist Mission, a room which, divided by a screen, she used as school-room and home.

Here she gathered the poor little children no one else cared for, and taught them reading and writing and of Christ, till the number exceeded half a-hundred. Her work did not end here; she sought through the streets from door to door for homes she could enter. Where she could, she entered, and did what she could for God. When she could not enter she talked in the streets, and that both to men and women. Thus she toiled, and who shall say her labor was fruitless?

Bazaar work in Secunderabad was vigorously carried on daily except Saturday. Manifestly there was not much result, yet we believe that in our bazaar work in Secunderabad at least a score of natives were at one time or another truly awakened and converted. But the awful fire of persecution from their co-religionists and relatives, caused most of them to shrink from publicly joining us in the bazaar, or coming out to be baptised. Yet our home saw many a Nicodemus. We tried almost every form of street activity, and we had the pleasure of seeing an awakened life in the efforts of other bands of workers in Secunderabad.

All our days in Secunderabad we kept up our Friday night holiness meeting, for our own and the good of any others who might be inclined to come in with us. A goodly number of persons experienced the grace of a pure heart in these meetings in our home and went forth with freer



hearts and stronger hands to work and live for Christ.

For all this we thanked God.

Our strict antagonism to tobacco and liquor, made joining us in our efforts undesirable on the part of all tobacco using agents of other missions. It has ever seemed an unmeasurable sin of unfaithfulness in the use of mission funds given for God's work that either padris, or their helpers, should either drink or smoke them away. What humble loving souls at home offer as a sacrifice to Christ, we see in India offered over again to the devil, who smiles over the sniff of alcoholic fume or tobacco smoke.

Overwork made it necessary for Sister Ward to go to Bangalore for a season toward the end of 1885. Barring this time, she ran the home and looked after the little ones and the rest of us did the work of three women.

Thus we pushed on our work through the year, each as he or she could by God's assisting grace.

It became necessary for us to send one boy away, who we hoped would have become a worker; but alas! he seemed to run always on the low miasmatic line where Christ could not help him. He was lost to us, and so far as I know has never been brought to repentance. However, in spite of spiritual unfitness, the English Wesleyans took him up, and employ him still. Perhaps a bad tree can bear good fruit.

Month after month Bro. Smootz and myself carried on the work of railway construction out about 18 miles from Secunderabad. Our camp was known as "Padri Gooda," that is the Missionary's Camp. Our preaching, our singing, our manner of life all marked us as something out of the usual run of contractors. While on this work in the month of May or June while several thousands of people were working all along the line for 86 miles the cholera broke out and rapidly spread along nearly the whole length of the line. Where thousands were at work in a few days, the number went down to a few hundreds. At the time

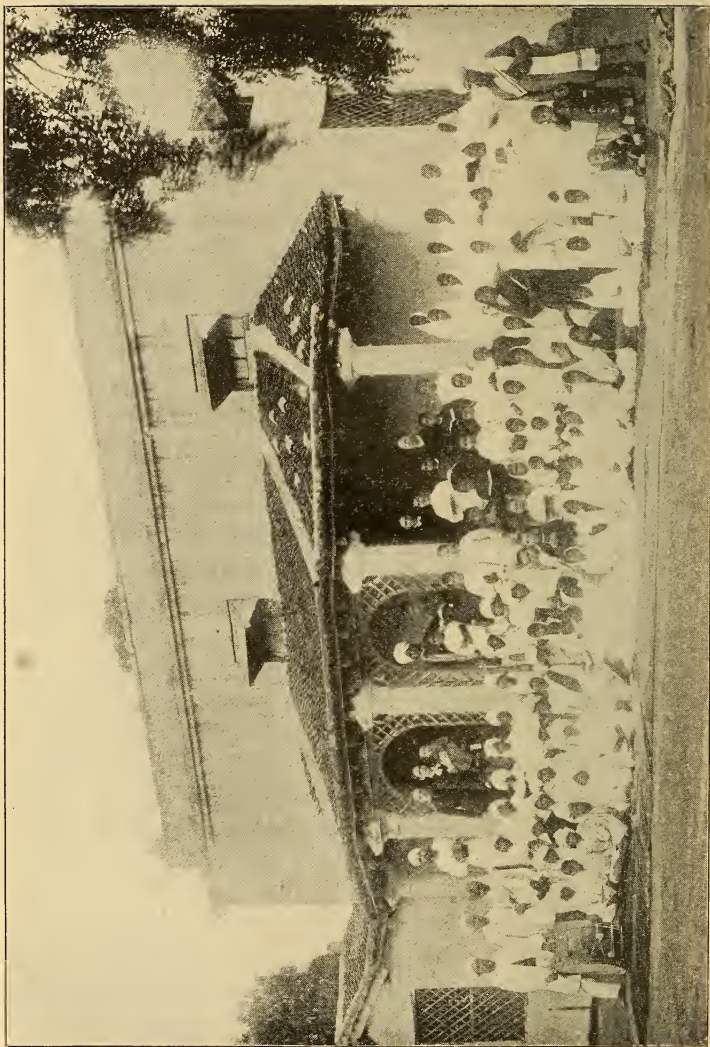
all our work was within a stretch of a little over one mile. For miles either side of us work was practically suspended for some days. But on our part of the line not one case of cholera occurred, nor was work hindered for a single day. More than this, many who were not smitten with the scourge, yet who out of fright desisted from work and in many instances moved from proximity to those who were affected seeing our work going on and finding no cholera among our work-people, came by the hundred and worked for us, helping us thus to get rapidly on with our work and we were spared all the trouble of drumming them up or of making them advances. More than this, Bro. Smootz and myself sent in word to the gentleman under whom we worked as petty contractors, that if he would send us a gallon of rectified spirits of wine and a few pounds of cake camphor, we would make some cholera cure and go up and down the line in the various camps of work-people and do what we could to save and relieve the suffering. The spirits and camphor came with all speed and until the cholera passed away we superintended our own work and went daily up and down the line administering to the sick. Many were saved, and much done to prevent any farther spread of the disease. If per chance these lines may fall into the hands of some one who may want to know what our medicine was, we will say it was simply spirits of wine, with as much cake camphor dissolved therein as would dissolve itself readily. It was our practice to give this in 6 or 8 drop doses on a little jagery or brown sugar, once every five minutes till relief came. Whenever we got cases soon after taken down, we were very sure of a cure. If the case had been running for several hours we did not, as a rule, save them. The interposition of divine providence on our behalf was so very manifest that even the ungodly and the heathen took notice and admitted it. It gave us great publicity. The officials of the railway were exceedingly kind and helped us much a little later, we have ever felt, because of

the hand of God with us at this time. Yet, I am not sure any of them would admit that this was the reason that they were kind to us. We got well on with the work we had taken from Mr. Balkrishna and the railway engineers gave us the completion of some heavy railway cuttings, more or less rock. Here we came to have our first experience with the explosive, known as dynamite. Then a large section of ballast supply and spreading was given to us, so that within the year we did something like 25,000 rupees worth of all kinds of railway work, except masonry work or buildings. As hitherto our profits were about 25 per cent. on the total outlay. We received our pay for our work per thousand cubic feet. Ordinary embankment we got Rs. 5 for, and cuttings Rs. 7, while for rock cuttings we got as high as Rs. 21 per thousand feet and all explosives were supplied by the company. Our ballast brought us 18 rupees for sand and 23 for stone, landed at site ready to be placed upon the line. Much of the work we did by day-labor and made a good profit, but some we did by subletting, and in this way we made business men of many of our young christians.

The exactions of Cantonment law compelled us to change houses in the latter part of 1885 to a larger one commanding high rental; the only thing we could do. But taking occasion by our capacious quarters, in November we brought in all the native children, not married, for two or three months of schooling. Personally we applied ourselves to teaching them to read, write and figure. How fresh the memory of that school house in the open air, with the ground sanded for a black board, and fingers for chalk!

While in these fine quarters in the part of Secunderabad called Chilculgoodum, we had a good photograph taken, containing nearly every one of our whole mission family. As we neared the end of this, our seventh year, we made special efforts to burden our souls with grace from God.

Earnestly we waited on God and preached to all. Some



The Mission Group.

souls were quickened, but *something* seemed to tie God's hands in those meetings; we could not understand it then. In temporal matters, this year was like the previous ones interspersed with plenty and want, just so far and oft as kept us always feeling our utmost dependence on God. Brother Smootz developed and became our most useful, valuable and devoted co-worker. His history is a wonder of grace if written. His being here in India is all of the Lord's doing and he seems so to enjoy it.

Friends, Divine goodness and aid and great spiritual good followed us all the year. We came out at the end about even as usual. But not a foot of land as yet for our colony.

On the 14th of January, 1886, was born to us a daughter, afterward named Susana Ruth.

As a local preacher I was a member of the Chadarghat Qr. Conf. I attended the sessions regularly, but my reports were rejected by order of the P. E., and at the session of the annual conference this year our reports were not received, and thus for five years we called ourselves Methodists, but our membership was nowhere counted in the books of the church of our choice. It was feared that I was a "come outer" in certain quarters and a course was taken that would have made it easy for me to have become one, if I had been afflicted with that complaint in the least. I believed, however, that the time would come when all my brethren would understand that I was as much of a Methodist as any of them and was unwilling to appeal against the treatment received. I give all my brethren credit for good intentions, but they were mistaken in their prognostications as to my plans or dispositions. After five years our Qr. Conf. was reorganized and we were all counted in again. At the close of this year we had seven English-speaking workers and twelve native. Had our whole staff been on the pay roll of any missionary society, we would have been getting Rs. 1,300, and an allowance for orphans

at current rates would have given us Rs. 300 more per month. Our whole income was not more than half that and we had enough. In our bazaar work we had two spurious cases, whom we baptised. We thought them good cases, but they soon fell away or back to their real condition. We reported to our Qr. Conf. fifty-six full members, ten probationers and an entire christian community of eighty-four souls.

## CHAPTER VI.

### A GREAT EFFORT AND THE RESULT.

1886-1887.

Our eighth and ninth years commenced the period consumed in an honest, stupendous and financially fruitless effort to compass, by our own labors in India, the needed capital for the founding of a christian colony to be but the first of many more in time. Our first year in working on the railways gave us favor with the railway officials, all our work having been successfully and satisfactorily done. Circumstances gave us the favor of the agent of the Nizam's Guaranteed State Railways, upon which we had been working all through the year 1885. Our work had been uniformly profitable, while for the most part it was "sub-contract," and another doubtless made more than we. A still farther extension of the same railway of seventy miles was to be carried out. The agent of the railways assured us that he was prepared to give us ten, or twenty miles of the next extension to be carried out in 1886.

Humanly speaking, here was a chance in one stroke, to make all the capital we needed to float our enterprise, without having to draw upon funds in other lands, for which, already, all missions had so many needs. We may say here that we were led, partly from the fact that, because of our bold presentation of the wants of the Dominions, being equal to the ability of twenty missionaries, and

\$20,000, some of our dear brethren took fright and repudiated us, as though they thought there was the slightest chance of *our* getting the same, and that possibly this might be "a white elephant" of a mission. After these years still we say the work in these Dominions demands what we then represented. We never designed for ourselves any such things; but we believed the M. E. Church ought to rise to grander things than that measure. We do not now pull down the gauge. We pleaded for very humble and inexpensive lines of work then, and do now. This *little fear* was felt on our account, or on account of our little random shot, but *we* felt a whole-souled disposition to try to do for Christ in India as much as we had suggested, and give the M. E. Church the glory of it all, without the cost or outlay of a pice. Such were some of our "*man's ways thoughts.*"

A brother in the employ of the Nizam's Government as an engineer in the public works department, was ready to get one year's leave from Government and join me. But we neither of us had Rs. 2,000 of the needed Rs. 20,000 capital required for the successful execution of a railway contract of about Rs. 300,000. We cast about and prayed. A banker, a Mohammedan, well known in Secunderabad, whose house we lived in for a time, was ready to give us the use of the capital on condition we gave him *one-fourth* the profits. "Be not unequally yoked" was an impassable barrier to such an arrangement. Ordinarily borrowing money securities must be given, in responsible parties, or valuable property. We consulted over matters with him, and at last estimating that under any ordinary conditions we should realize fifteen per cent. profit, or at least Rs. 40,000 on twenty miles of work, we proffered the gentleman one-fourth of these estimated Rs. 40,000 of profits for the use of his Rs. 20,000 of capital, one year, without interest.

To such an agreement C. B. Ward and J. J. Otley

signed their respective names, giving no personal securities, or any other names as security. This native soucar gave us this large sum of money without a shred of real security except our christian characters.

We venture that few English bankers would have done so liberal a deed, with so tremendous a degree of confidence in human honesty and ability.

Thus it was; at the time we thanked God for it all, and regarded the successful provisions along the commencement as tokens of Divine favor. Were they or not? As we remember now, on April 19. 1886, we embarked on this enterprise in these Dominions in the name of the Lord, and loaded ourselves, and children, and a couple of railway wagons of things, and left Secunderabad in good hopes of success in this undertaking. We cut down the dense jungle on the line for the whole of the seventy miles, and camped at a place 150 miles from Secunderabad, almost due east, and about the middle of the twenty mile piece of line we had taken. We began work in earnest, and soon had about us over 1,500 work people, and our best anticipations seemed in fairest way of success. Such was the direction of the breeze right on from April to October.

During this time our work went on in Secunderabad, as usual, in all its lines; and another move in the family brought all into closer quarters, and nearer the English Methodist Church and many friends.

Meanwhile the government had cancelled the leave of J. J. Otley, my partner, in this work, and he returned to his government post early in September.

All this time we made every effort for the spiritual good of all with us. But we confess much of our efforts seemed like pelting a mighty wall with sand. Yet God was with us. Permanundum for a time did good service as a doctor, dresser, and christian worker among the coolies we employed.



October, November, and December, what shall we say of them? Unforeseen to us sickness, mostly fevers and unsightly sores, laid our work-people by, by hundreds. Scores dying, frightened the rest so that by the end of December we had not above 400 work people left, and we had lost the whole of our capital, Rs. 20,000, leaving us in a snare from which, humanly speaking, there was no escape. A debtors' jail (which we have in India), seemed a real possibility before us. In this close fix we went to the railway engineers, and told them the facts, placing ourselves at their mercy. God gave us favor, especially with the executive engineer, H. B. Molesworth, Esq., who bade us not be discouraged, but pull on, and by God's help and his, we did. But the worst of all was the sad apostacy of one of our number, accomplishing in his downward course the ruin, perhaps for ever, of one of our native girls. The circumstances were peculiarly sad and aggravating on the part of a trusted and fellow worker.

Judas had been about one year among us, before we found him out, which when we did, left us no doubt as to what we should do, "twenty-four hours notice," to such an unrepentant apostate. This seemed a deeper, more unbearable load than all the financial trouble. This awful example was followed by another among our native community. Oh! how the memory of those sad days remains. On every soul in Secunderabad and our Railway Camp it came; we covered our faces before God, and cried for mercy. God heard us, else we had not lived and held together till now. Prompt exclusion of so grievous an offender met with approval, and the sad disgrace did not hurt us as I thought it would. We prayed and held on in faith in our little flock and the Lord did not forget us. We shall not forget the value of Brother Smootz as a brother and co-laborer in the Lord in those days. By our side he stood in the darkest of all the trials, he bore his full share, although he was not a Methodist, and I was not sure he

ever would be. Our financial losses made it impossible to send money to the mission treasury at Secunderabad for many months. We laid the facts before all, and we called upon God to support the Secunderabad garrison by His grace, as He had the whole of us in early years, when we did no work, but trusted Him for all. Well, the Lord was good and never left or forsook the little band in the very darkest hour. In wonderful ways help came. New friends were raised up, and oft unknown to us. Our condition was not publicly known, so it was not sympathy that got us the rupees. As the young lions, so relieved we. Blessed be the name of the Lord for ever and ever! Thus while the public was ignorant of our straits, God helped us; and for about six months, or till June 1887, when the rains came, we just lingered in the balances, neither losing or gaining aught. Then, having topped the hill of difficulty, we started on a rapid descent of success, (in our case), and in the last six months of 1887 we largely multiplied our force of work-people and put by a round Rs. 4,000 per month. So at the end of the year, we had for the payment of our banker, Rs. 24,361. When the real extent of our losses became known a friend, a native gentleman of Hyderabad and a well-known contractor, Mr. Balcrishna, effected a compromise with our banker, by which we were to pay Rs. 24,000 in full settlement of all claims, on condition we paid by a certain date.

But the Railway Company delayed payment a little, and we had to compromise again, which we did and paid Rs. 26,561 to the banker, and he cancelled our bond and returned it to us. But the disinterested kindness of Balcrishna, we cannot forget. All through 1887 we had many a hard pull financially. A noble wife, as good wives always do, proved her value in the darkest hour, and managed the Secunderabad home, and much of the time the bazaar proceedings besides, doing not a little with some of the girls, and going to the native women of Secunderabad.

Miss Hillis began in 1887 by coming out to our railway camp, and taking charge of our girls, and visiting all the adjacent villages. This we felt in a very special manner needful, and we were thankful because she was led so to do without our suggestion. Miss Bell at the same time worked in Secunderabad, but, later on, entered the Hyderabad Medical College, to fit herself for the work of a physician. Brother Reynolds came back from the Canarese field in 1886, from which he entered upon the work of Colporteur Evangelist, under Brother Gladwin in Bombay. Peramanundam fell into Satan's snare by yielding to temper, and going away from our camp a few miles. As we did not go all the way to call him back, he went on, and was soon employed by Rev. J. H. Garden, of Bellary, and is in the harness still an exhorter. We trust he may yet do much good. God did graciously and wonderfully rescue him from heathen darkness. Toward the end of 1887, Nursaya and wife came to the Railway Camp, and became of much assistance to me in all the various work of concluding our stupendous undertaking, and was of much help in our little church.

HESTER ANN HILLIS.

Of Miss Hillis' work among the girls and boys we cannot say too much in appreciation. She soon became much beloved by the natives all about us. We had oft occasion to check her from too great exercise of her walking strength. Her zeal literally ate her up. After a few days illness, August 15, 1887, God took her in a moment. As nearly as we could tell, heart disease terminated her life, "in the twinkling of an eye," while we were not expecting it. Her remains are on railway ground, near our old camp, till the trump of Gabriel awake the dead. Thus ended the life of one of the most remarkable women we have ever known. Born of New England parents, she was a bit of a Puritan. Under Calvinistic reading, she was for years wing-weighted in her experience after she became a Chris-

tian. She was a graduate of Grinnell College, Iowa, U. S. A., having worked her way through, largely as a poor girl, not a little impairing her health in her devotion to study and work. She was from her earliest days a natural born missionary, and so after leaving school, she soon



Hester Ann Hillis, M. A.

became a missionary under the "American Board of Foreign Missions" to Ceylon, where she spent ten years in successful labor. A part of this time, she was missionary of a field about to be abandoned, and God greatly blessed. She was all those years an apostle of economy and self-support.

After ten years' service in Ceylon, she returned to America in shattered health. After a few years there recuperating, she desired to return to Ceylon or India under the A. B. F. M., but without pay. The society would not send her, and she resolved to come anyway by God's help. In this state of mind she met Bishop William Taylor, who at once appointed her to the Telugu mission, Secunderabad. The Bishop's autograph appointment she prized till she ceased to work and live. During her Ceylon days, she made the acquaintance of Miss Sisson, then working under the same society in South India. By her she was led to rely on Christ for entire sanctification, and without doubt entered the experience. But lingering Calvinistic concepts haunted her all her way, till after she came back to India. Under the help of Rev. S. P. Jacobs, she was led to let go all but Jesus, and put experience first and doctrine after. Her own testimony was very clear and happy. We have read the correspondence between her and Miss Sisson. The latter's letters were epistles of very peculiar tenderness, love, and clear insight into all Miss Hillis' difficulties of mind. Our dear sister was charged with zeal, and energy, and self crucifixion, beyond most devoted persons who can be found. "Go work," was a command that must be obeyed at any cost. Her soul was on fire to stir others whom she met, to do something for those about us, especially the heathen. She often said she doubted the religious experience of professing christians, who did not live, pray, and work for the salvation of the heathen. Even *we* could not keep up with her, and her faithful soul admonished us one by one whenever she thought us wrong or slow. She did much to stir up English-speaking women in Secunderabad to undertake work for Christ, with but little fruit. She felt it the duty of the English people to open a school free from Catholic (Roman) influence. She started such a school and largely ran it, till it got a footing—a government grant of Rs. 50

per month, and a committee of management, and staff of paid teachers—when she left it in other hands. Her manner of life was most frugal.

Every scrap of cloth, of food, or any kind of material, was by her careful hand laid away for some time of need. We were accused of very humble living; Sister Hillis taught us a humbler every day, by her small pittance of food. A little Eurasian girl she adopted: and her "Anna" remains with us to-day. Her devotion to Jesus, she sought to instil into every boy and girl she taught. In her last sickness, as tenderly as they could, the native girls she had taught tried to care for her; and when they saw she was gone a wail of sorrow passed from one to another among them. We made her a coffin and at sunrise the following day, laid away her remains in deep sorrow. Not until she was gone, did we fully appreciate her real character and devotion to Christ. May the influence of her short life, of about one year and eight months with us, be never lost. She was never married and died at the age of about forty-five. She certainly was an apostle of self support, and after ten years under the subsidy system, said she could not work longer under it. While with us a native gentleman in Ceylon, who knew her there, offered her her support if she would come back and live and work there. Her appointment by Bishop Taylor she would not disregard; and did not accept. Some of her Iowa friends thought she was following C. B. Ward, and his theology on missions, but they were never more mistaken. In all her ideas she led us, and, as a missionary of ten years' experience, we gave much respect to her thoughts and methods. In her personal religious experience, she derived help from us. But in mission politics we learned much from her.

Mrs. O'Leary Moore, Miss Hephney Freer, Miss Hester Ann Hillis, a blessed trio of souls, taken by the Lord from our midst within eight years. Why?

Death claimed still other victims, Henry Hall and little Willie Smith both died in our railway camp, one of diabetes, the other of fever; and Dumpki, a converted Lombardy or Banjara girl, married to one of the boys, died in Secunderabad in a fit. The friends of a few of our Eurasian children, who became able to take over charge of them, did so, and thus five passed off our hands in 1887.

After Nursiah came from Secunderabad, open bazaar work was suspended, and we are only sorry that after we stopped, it became easy for some other workers, who followed our example when we were there, to do likewise.

It were impossible to pen all the wonderful experiences of grace and earthly good, experienced during these two dark years. Of course we could do nothing in the matter of getting a village in these days.

But we did not drop the idea. Still we pleaded for a home and expected it. The severe, hard work that fell on the writer in 1887 laid him low, and toward the end of the year it seemed as if both mind and body could not much longer stand the terrible strain of the closing months. In a very feeble condition I went into Secunderabad, just about the Christmas and New Year's holidays. While there, we came to the last pice, and knew not where the next should come from, when the postman came with a letter containing a check for Rs. 500 from one of our oldest friends, whom, however, we have never seen, J. J. Tomlinson, of Trevandrum, a "thank offering." Oh, how our hearts went up to God in thankfulness. It was a token fresh from God that He was still with us.

God soon gave back strength both to body and mind, and we went on slowly closing the railway work and accounts. Through all these days Bro. Smootz was with us, and a helper of faith and co-laborer he was. It is needless to say he was not fearfully tried in this long pull of trouble, but he came out O. K., and resolved, before our ninth year closed, to join the M. E. Church, which he later

did. Mrs. Ward failed under these unexampled burdens, but refused all offers of furlough home for rest and recuperation. By the end of this year we could see our situation. After settling with our banker we still owed miscellaneous parties about Rs. 5,000, and different parties stood due to us about Rs. 5,000, of which, however, we could not recover at that time one pice. It therefore fell to our part to pay up all claims honorably.

In our adjustment and dissolution of partnership, my partner, Mr. Otley, assumed a balance due to make up the full amount agreed upon to be paid our banker, Rs 26,561, and all the petty claims amounting as they swelled up to about Rs. 4,000, fell to me to pay. When settling with the banker, we paid him all we had; so I was without capital to begin once more and pay Rs. 4,000 of debts. A brother we had assisted, in turn assisted me with the loan of Rs. 400, on which I turned my face toward the coal mines at the end of the section of railway we had undertaken to complete, and did largely, our total work coming to over Rs. 200,000 in eighteen months.

What became of the *Watchman* all this time? Almost overwhelmed, and fully decided to close, up came Bro. Gladwin, and took up his old post as chief editor, and refused to let the little one die. During the whole of 1889 we scarce wrote a word for it. Strange as it may seem, our ability to write seemed gone for the time. But Brother Gladwin filled the bill, and many thought the change an improvement.

As we look back over these two years, we wonder. Our best friends scarce expected we should ever recover ourselves and get free from the Rs. 20,000, or rather Rs. 30,000 debt. Nor would we but for Divine interposition. We have often been asked why our experience was so fatal in this contract and good in others. Our experience was the experience of most of the contractors, on this seventy miles of construction carried out in 1886-7. Unforeseen sickness



of so serious and fatal a kind, with the fact that the line ran for the most part through dense jungle, where so few people lived as to give us no local labor. Importing from great distance, necessitated a much larger outlay than either the railway officials or we anticipated. But, aside from all the natural reasons men may assign, how God could prosper us with a worse than Achan as one of our number, I could not and cannot see. I humbly acknowledge God's justice and love in all we passed through. The heathen knew of our shame and saw our financial resources. I have often told them, God could not bless us, because sin was in the camp.

*We never lost a pice after the apostate left our camp.* Let others make of it what they will. We give the facts. We certainly believe Satan hated us, and the purposes we had in this work. Did God permit him to frustrate us in this honest (even if mistaken) grand effort to do a good thing? The work was not all loss. We learned much, became widely acquainted; many of our boys became much better business men, and we had reason to believe, christians. In the first days of March, 1888, Patcha Sahib, the best business man among them, died a most triumphant death. He contracted consumption in 1887, and sank rapidly till he died, leaving a wife and one little boy, and cash capital of several hundred rupees. He was a blessed Christian and one of the most useful among all our orphans. Christ can save a Mahommedan boy. Little Dermly, left us by Rev. W. B. Osborne, died suddenly, like the putting out of a candle, of fever. And will not some reader wonder if we got through with anything, and had anybody left? Yes, bless the Lord, we came to the threshold of our tenth year with devoted souls, fewer workers, but with no less a determination to follow the Lord as He leadeth, and endeavor to do as He willeth by us in India.

At the end of these two years, it is our duty to say, we came out as a mission perhaps Rs. 2,000 in arrears, and on

the score of contracts Rs. 4,000. We stood alone, with none but the Lord, so far as we knew, good enough to undertake for us in all this, but, humbly depending on God for help to pay all honest dues, we bade farewell to the ninth, and welcomed the tenth year.

During the progress of this two years railway work, we came into closer relations with the Officers of the Nizam's Government, and many other public men, and very generally into the acquaintance of the common people of all this part of the Dominion. By name I was hardly known, but "Padri sahib" who does not know? We found ourselves now in the Khamam district, eastern division of the Dominions, and found these parts as destitute as any others we had seen. Vast tracts of land lay waste all about us. What we could see clearly showed us that a population three times the present, once tilled these fields, now covered with jungle, and built villages and tanks by the hundred, everywhere now in ruins. We found about us now more aborigines and Koiwars than we could find in all the other districts.

These people are a sort of demon worshippers, not Hindus or idolaters, though they pay some respect to the gods of their neighbors. These people are especially open to Christian effort, not being so cut off from us by caste. All these things naturally led us to ask if here might not be *the* place for our feet. Accordingly we made no less than three efforts for land in 1887-9. But conservatism kept the door closed against getting anything from Government. A simple building site we could anywhere get. But we wanted more, and it we could not get. Still we believed God, and held on in hopes. Government officers encouraged us, but influences at Hyderabad made it impossible to give us what they were anxious to do.

During these days of adversity, the Lord blessed our flock. Most of the native boys succeeded in earning enough to enable them to purchase carts and bullocks, and some of them to lay by some cash.

As through the very fire, the Lord brought us through by a way no man could foresee. Till the judgment, many friends of God, whom His Spirit prompted to help us, will never know how their pittances and larger morsels came like manna fresh from the skies. God was indeed the fatherless's Father, and His ever watchful eye saw our every need, and how shall we praise Him for supplying, per promise, "all your need?"

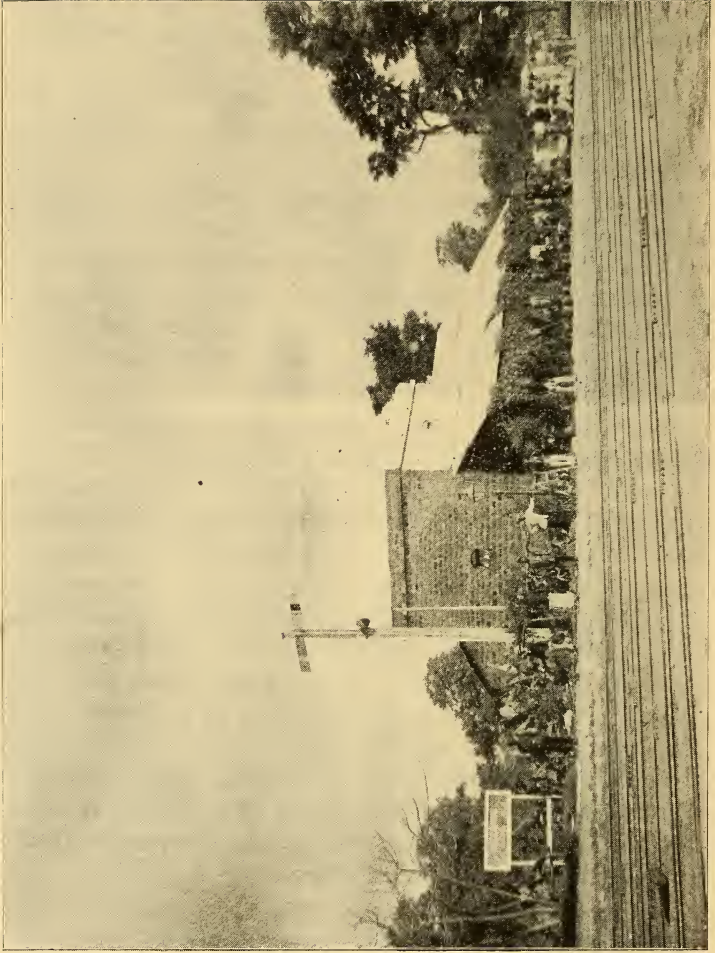
Two friends whose frequent letters, advice, sympathy, and prayers we cannot forget, were Bro. W. J. Gladwin and S. P. Jacobs. We should not forget to mention that on January 14, 1886, God gave us a little girl, whom, after Mother Wesley, we named Susan, and after her grandmother, Ruth. "She came," a friend wrote us, "to keep the three boys, her brothers, *straight*."

The exigencies of our work necessitated two camps or homes; from the end of 1887, accordingly, all unmarried Native and Eurasian girls were with Mrs. Ward in our Secunderabad home; and all the married native families, save two, and all the Eurasian boys with a few native boys, unmarried, were in our Line Camp with me. Stern necessity was our law, and, consequently, though man and wife are one, my wife and I spent but a few weeks together during 1887-8. Mothers will know how to sympathize with her, who bore burdens alone, (and so heavy they were, it is a wonder she did not break down beneath them), in the management of our Secunderabad home, and care of over twenty souls all the time. Exigencies develop characters adequate to the needs of the hour under God's benevolent administration of grace.

## CHAPTER VII.

LAND AT LAST. 1888-89-90.

April 19, 1888, just two years after we embarked upon the railway contract so hopefully, we transferred our little company of about fifty souls, of all ages, to Yellandellapad



Yellandu Railway Station.

(the name abbreviated now by telegraph and railway to Yellandu), the seat of the Hyderabad Deccan Co., Ltd., coal mining operations. Like Abraham when he left his native country, we knew nothing of any special inducements or openings, but we felt we should go there. So we came with the Rs. 400 loaned by our friend H. Wallace, one indeed this time, as all the capital at our command. Truly a small show for a payment of Rs. 6,000 of liabilities. But a door was open and we entered, and soon we were on our feet and under head-way. We need not go into detail, but by March 12, 1889, we had blotted out nearly Rs. 5,000 of our liabilities, and earned some Rs. 3 000 for the home in Secunderabad, besides our own fodder in Yellandellapad. But we may step on and say, soon after entering year eleven, we found ourselves the owner of a house, well, etc., on the banks of the River Yellandellapad, worth Rs. 2,000, built by ourselves all paid for. In eighteen months at the mines we did of sundry building and mining construction work about Rs. 40,000 in which we were enabled to realize as before noted.

This, too, is wonderful in our eyes, and to God who helped us be thanks and praise. By the end of 1888 it became morally certain we could not directly get the land we wanted for our colony. We therefore concluded we must accept the advice of a friendly official of the Government, either taking up land in the name of a native, and run a risk; or buy a claim some existing holder was ready and willing to part with. Within the last few years a number of Europeans have been asking permission to take up lands in the Nizam's Dominions. But it is pretty clearly settled now by Government that no lands shall be given, except the applicants become Nizam's legal subjects. There seems to be fear that encouraging such applicants would be *inviting* the camel to occupy the tent. The British Government has on one ground or another, within less than one hundred years absorbed from the Nizam's Dominions

about as much territory as His Highness now possesses. We do not say wrongfully, for on each occasion there has seemed justice enough to win the Nizam's consent. "In lieu of debt payment" has been the usual record.

But the present Government of these Dominions has a feeling that these territorial losses have been forced, and any steps that may lead to further losses are positively to be avoided. While there is some prejudice against missionary work, yet we freely credit the present government with a most pacific spirit toward missionaries and their work, and wise procedure will, we think, meet with no interference in these Dominions. There never have been any decrees against christianity entering, and entering missionaries or societies have met no obstacles not met more or less in every part of the land. The present law is available for the protection of all subjects of the Dominion's of all creeds. And one Taluqdar we know, punished those who persecuted christian converts.

Still we think there are some, not many, who do not want "eyes" to fall upon what here and there still exists in out-of-the-way places. It is no slander to tell the truth. Syed Hoosain Belgrami, Esq., the Nizam's private secretary, in his "History," told with fearless honesty the tale of grievous oppression of the poor that in other days has contributed far more than bad climate, or any other reason, to the depopulation of the country. But this state of affairs formerly existed all over India. We are glad to add testimony to the fact, that oppression and extortion is largely becoming a thing of the past. The last thirty years, and especially the last six, have well nigh given us all the improvement the greatest optimist could have expected. A few more years will give us the best of Government general education of the masses, and such a restoration of past glory as will surprise the world. In view of all past experiences and present facts, we concluded to buy out some holder of a good claim somewhere near the Yel-

landu Coal Mines. The Hyderabad Deccan Co's. workshop we foresaw would afford employment for our Eurasian orphan boys, such as we had been able nowhere else to find, and be in close proximity to our Colony at the same time.

Therefore, by the assistance and advice of a friendly official, we soon concluded the purchase of the lease of a village, situated but two miles from the Yellandu railway station, from the original holder, a Deshpandiah. His lease was for thirty years, expiring in 1912 A. D. Its area is about 2,000 acres, half of which may be counted as permanent forest and grazing land. The other half was once under cultivation, but, forsaken by the husbandman, it has gone back to jungle. The village is one of many thousands in Telingana called "ruined villages." We might more appropriately call them "forsaken villages." One large tank breached no less than eight Koontas, and three wells with long water channels tell us what the village once was.

The restoration of this village will cost Rs. 5, or 6,000, but restored, will give us 300 acres of wet cultivation, and 700 of dry. A small river menaders across the village, and across it the bund of the tank was cleverly thrown by some old Hindu engineer, perhaps 1,000 years ago in the first instance.

We took the village at the uniform rental of Rs. 800 per annum from first to last. It is the usual plan to take up such lands on a sliding scale of rent, commencing during the first few years at something small, and going up to a very heavy figure the last few years. We could have begun on a rental of Rs. 100 per year, but that would be to have come out the last three years on Rs. 2,400 per year. We foresaw this was not safe, while we felt as able to pay the Rs. 800 a year from the beginning as to pay Rs. 60 per month house rent in Secunderabad for many days; while D. V., in a few years the village should yield a hand-

some income, besides maintaining all our mission family. This "lease" was entered into between Pursu Ananta Ramaya Deshpandiah, of Singareni, on the 8th day of October, 1889, and the registration of the same was made in the Adalut Court of H. H., the Nizam Hunamacoondah, and with the registered copy of the "lease" was filed a map of the village of *Todalagudum*.

Our lease is tantamount to an everlasting possession of the land, but after 1912 we shall have to pay the rent rate prevailing on adjacent lands, instead of the smaller lump sum we now pay. All our houses and moveable improvements are ours. It is not in our power to describe the relief, real satisfaction and thankfulness we feel after more than ten years' pilgrimage in these Dominions, in being at last possessed of a landed home for our mission. Bless God for all the wandering, and experiences, and manna mercies, and bless Him in the highest for our village home at last. We could now say to the christian friend beyond the ocean, whom we had never seen, who for Christ's sake had promised us the capital for the restoration of our village whensoever we succeeded in getting it, that we were at last *ready*.

Before this we had written him in deep despondency, almost hopeless of getting a village. But the darkest hour was just before the dawn. When there was no more chance for confidence in any fleshly arm, God laid bare His own. To Him be our ceaseless thanks and undying gratitude, for He has verified His word "verily thou shalt dwell in the land," unto us after far less than forty years' probation.

In the early part of this year, 1890, we have so completed all arrangements with our New York friend that he began to put at our disposal \$2,500, equal at the present exchange rates about Rs. 6,000. We then began our arrangements for the evacuation of Secunderabad, and the permanent occupation of Yellandu with all our force. The Lord



limited our rapidity of movement for his own glory, so it was not till October 9th that all was settled in Secunderabad, and we started for Yellandu; but within a week from that date we were very comfortably ensconced in our own quarters, at our new headquarters. It is not enough to say we were happy after so many years of camp division to be once more united. Shortly after we adjusted ourselves in Yellandu, the Nizam's census officers came round and credited us with *three houses*;—1, our bungalow; 2, temporary but comfortable rows in which our Eurasian girls, and servants live, and in which is our schoolroom; 3, the house occupied by our Eurasian boys. There were several other huts, cook-house, well, and stable not numbered that we should not like to part with, and not the least our pleasant flower, fruit, and vegetable garden. We feel as though we had reached at last an earthly "promised land," but it is only our *Headquarters*. Our field is the hundreds of villages, in the great jungle areas of Telingana.

In closing this brief history of twelve years' work for Christ, we must acknowledge this last was one of uncommon mercy. The earlier months saw us oft in need of praying "Give us this day our daily bread." This did us no harm, and such a *status vivendi* is thoroughly scriptural and withal good for the soul.

After securing the village we took out the necessary permit to clear the jungle, and, from the beginning of 1890, we sold timber, realizing something towards our many needs. But the healthy necessity for prayer ever existed. In the end of 1883, against ourselves and all our prejudices, the Lord led us into so-called secular work in order to avoid pauperising our orphans, and to give them both the means of work, and acquiring independent business reliance and ability. For six years the Lord kept us to this line of work along with the orphans and coolies. In these six years we have executed in round numbers Rs.

350,000 of work for the Nizam's Government, the Nizam's State Railway, and the Hyderabad Deccan Co. We have migrated over a good deal of these spacious Dominions, have had dealings with several thousands of the laboring classes, have had no little kindness shown us by engineers and other officials, and have reaped a thousand blessings, with some hardships, deep-water trials, reverses and some successes. But now, a village secured, the necessity for any further contract work was gone.

We therefore closed up all. On two occasions later, in time of some need, prepared either to receive or earn and receive, we offered a tender for available work. But in both cases when the contrary might have been expected, I failed to get the work, whereupon I assuredly gathered the Lord had closed this door to me, in just the same way He opened it years before. We praise His name.

There were trials enough all along to keep us in mind of our need of providential and momentary protection. Our own little Nellie was found one day with a broken leg. How it happened, whether by fall or by wrenching in her bed, none knew, but in a few months she was two-legged again. Again, William Taylor, one of the twins, fell from a tree, where his love for flowers had enticed him, and broke his arm. He, too, rapidly recovered. Surgeon Major Backhouse, one of her Gracious Majesty's efficient, christian, total abstinence, military doctors, put us under many and deep obligations by his most kind, generous and attentive treatment of our sick and wounded, for Christ's sake. Dr. Backhouse did us great kindness, and much of it during our last year in Secunderabad, for which he would accept no remuneration in money. The Lord bless the doctor for evermore. His Christian kindness was worth more than money to us.

Another time Wesley Asbury, the other twin, was taken seriously ill, as we thought, while visiting at Capt. George Choquets. But he soon recovered, and these our oldest In-

dian friends put us under renewed deeper obligations for kindness. Little George Fletcher had his turn of sickness, but through all the Lord brought us. To Him be thanks and praise. No very serious sickness occurred among any of our native Christians or East Indian orphans. The shadow of God's favor was upon us. Now that the way was opening up, so far as the well-being of our native Christians was concerned, we began to pray and write for the better outfit of Homes and School, for the Eurasian orphan work. We have not yet seen the desire of our hearts. But we pray for at least Rs. 2,000 for Cottage Homes for them here in this place, with such good prospects of life work as the Mining Company's workshops afford.

The good Lord whom we serve has seemed in a most signal manner to approve of our evacuation of Secunderabad, and occupation of Yellandu. Before moving one day, while riding through the jungle of our village, we felt deeply weighed down with some emergencies of our mission. It seemed as though a voice said "Why don't you pray?" I said "What! in this wet grass?" The same voice seemed to say, "Why not?" I got down off my horse and in the wet grass poured out my soul to God. While praying it was impressed upon me to be definite. I took out my note book and made some calculations, and the result was to continue my prayer, but asking for Rs. 5,000 in or near about a month of time. This was on September 10th, 1890; well, we got settled in Yellandu, and on October 17th, we received a strange cover, addressed "Chas. Ben. Ward, Missionary," from a distant point. Within we are informed that orders have been given for the payment to us of Government Rs. 5,000 for the native mission work in any way we judged best, and "the *donor desires no acknowledgment of his name in public*, but would hear more of our work." We read and re-read, and could find no language to express our heart-fullness over the signal answer to our prayer of September 10th. On looking at the date of this

golden letter we found it "September 8, 1890. Thus when we prayed the answer was two days on the way. Does not this give us the exegesis of the Prophet's words "Before they call I will answer?" Oh, how timely came this help to cover moving, newly fitting up some needed additional room, medicines, school outfit, etc., etc.

The Lord's gracious dealings with us are a miracle of mission wonders. Bless the Lord for all His boundless mercies!

Spiritually the Lord has blessed us all along, and we can't do better than index our present status.

In August we attended the District Conference in Madras and briefly mentioned the Lord's open hand to us; but how much more has come since that date.

Early in October we took census with one another of our strength, and grace, and missionary zeal. We numbered about fifty members and probationers in the Church, representing eighteen families, about thirty little children, and twenty single persons, and a few others in the count. Most of the entire number of adults could thank God for some experience of saving grace, while others desired it. Financially, we found our tithes realizing about Rs. 50 per month, more or less. Bro. Chendaya, a solid christian, and ready expounder of the word, in fact, was pastor and preacher in the village. Being a man of business and property, he needed no salary for his christian services. At Yellandu, Yatty Hunama was a good exhorter and prayer leader. He being provided for, needed no salary. Then nothing seemed plainer than that now we should apply our money for a definite missionary work from our own "Antioch."

We therefore before the Lord, settled upon our plan as follows: we will send forth and support *three native preachers, equipped with our prayers and outfit of tracts and gospels from January 1, 1891.* Nursaya Naidoo, our faithful soldier, to be our missionary number one.

At this writing all the arrangements are being made for the commencement of this village evangelizing far and near. We believe that God will most signally own and bless us and this work, and early give us many souls in this white harvest field.

On November 18, 1890, the Rev. G. K. Gilder, per instructions from the Presiding Elder, Rev. A. H. Baker, came to see us and our work, and organize our Quarterly Conference with thirteen present. October 11, 1884, under the presidency of Rev. D. O. Fox, our work *was* organized a Quarterly Conference, but no succeeding P. E. ever came to see the little flock, and it was thought we should now commence anew, as we did, with Bro. Gilder in the chair.

Early in the month of October we got our Sunday school work in shape and have now, (1) English Sunday school, with about twenty attendance; (2) Telugu, with thirty and twelve attendance, respectively, while preaching services are regularly conducted both in English and Telugu in Yellandu at our home and in Telugu in the village.

Our money coming in, the restoration of the village is in full swing, and a few months more will, D. V., see that work done, and the colony in shape for the management, hereafter, by our native Christians, while we lead on the war to regions beyond. Miss H. M. Bell, who a few years back left us for a time, to attend the Hyderabad medical school, has recently returned to us and now is our humble missionary teacher and doctor. A good field lies before us in this line of work.

It is just to our friends and ourselves to let everybody know just how we stand and hold property.

Early in the year, desirous of being intimately in line with the M. E. Church as a loyal "local preacher" should be, we asked Bishop J. M. Thoburn would he receive the \$2,500 we were promised for our Colony, appoint a body of trustees, and disburse this money for the self-supporting missionary work we were doing in the name of the M. E.

Church, but leaving us free as regards any missionary appropriations, which we did not want, and guarantee the autonomy of the work on non-subsidy lines. Said trustees holding and administering solely and only in interests of non-subsidy mission work. We were led specially to make this overture to secure the status and title of the property in the M. E. Church, and thus avoid all the contingencies hanging over the personal holding of said property. We give the Bishop full credit for friendly feeling, good will and wishes. But he fancied he saw so many complications in the future regarding status of masters and workers, and advised, if we must go on, that we assume the full and personal responsibility of the whole movement.

Well, the reply came like a mountain upon us at the time. We took it to the Lord with prayers and tears. Satan whispered, "The Methodists don't want you." I said, "I'd rather be Baptist, Wesleyan, or even Church of England, than be alone and independent." The Lord has shown a way, and we go on. The dangers of personal possession are all avoided, and the security of all our property to the M. E. Church, and the safety guarantee of all our principles and plans are secured in the following way, devised after the most careful counsel with men of legal acumen.

*I have executed a "Will" to Bishop William Taylor's "Transit and Building Fund Society," of New York, for the purposes and ends of a self-supporting mission work in the Nizam's Dominions, in the M. E. Church, of all property held by us, reserving to ourselves the undisturbed possession, management, and control of all the same during our lifetime, under the same conditions and for the same purposes. This document is duly executed and duly registered in a duly authorized Court of H. H. the Nizam's Dominions, and will be, ere these lines are read, in a safe deposit, to be held in trust for the Methodist Episcopal Church whatever may befall us. We have not decreed that any subsidized form*

of work is therefore wrong or unworthy of support or operation. But we have a conviction of what the Lord's will is in our case, that refuses to let us try any other. We fully believe the Lord would have us work on, raise up a church, and spread the work without any foreign subsidy for our own or other workers maintenance. Loyal to the church of our choice, we are constrained to be loyal to our principles and the Lord, believing that what He blesses us in, our brethren should have no cause to be *ashamed of*.

We have done the best we could under the disabilities of the past, and can truly rejoice that we have made already a little church, capable not only of caring for itself, but of sending forth three native evangelists on their free will offerings.

Other missions may have much to rejoice over. But we have Oh! so much. Glory to God, in the highest now, while we see great things before.

Our old fellow-worker, Bro. M. F. Smootz, who went home in 1888, is, while we write, saying farewells with his wife and will soon be with us in the work.

We have a feeling that not many men are fitted for this sort of work. Bro. Smootz is, however, eminently fitted for a self-supporting missionary. His fingers are acquainted with this war, and his spirit is one with us. He is also a layman in the M. E. Church like myself.

Just after reaching this point in our story we received a letter from our generous friend Richard Grant, Esq., to say that he expected to send Rev. R. H. Madden, wife and son along with Bro. Smootz and wife to our work. We were informed Bro. Madden was a local preacher and Methodist carpenter. We rejoiced, and began to cast about us for the room for so great an addition to our working force. On the 17th of December, 1890, we began building a "Mission House," the foundations of which we had laid nearly a year before by faith. And we began building now, trusting that God who was sending us workers would also house them.

Early in January, according to plans already referred to, we put forth *two native preachers* for purely evangelistic work in the surrounding villages and towns. They were Nursaya Naidoo, and Yatti Hunama. The third worker we did not have, that we might send him forth. The estimating committee of our native church fixed the salaries as follows: Nursaya Rs. 21, and Yatti Hunama Rs. 11, per month, and each to feed his own pony and care for it. The ponies were bought by the church stewards, one for Rs. 28 and one for Rs. 26. They began their itinerant work, preaching and peddling bibles, tracts, portions, etc., and at the end of this year are dilligently following this eminently Wesleyan and christian work. We cannot do better than enter here Nursaya's report to the quarterly conference just at the close of the twelfth year of our work.

#### PREACHER'S REPORT.

##### YELLANDU.

Dear Mr. President and christian friends;

I humbly report the following:—

I came to Yellandu from Raichore about the 1st January, 1891, and began my work of going to the village to preach from the 15th January, 1891. Both Brother Yatti Hunama and myself go out together to preach, and we are very glad and thankful indeed to the Lord for the way He is helping us in His work to preach the gospel to these villagers called Koiwars.

Truly the work is most encouraging and a hopeful one. The people are eager and ready to listen to the gospel, and they hear the same with much gladness and with attention. Some of these villagers invite us to their villages to preach to them. The gospel was never before preached to them.

Of course the villages are very small and some of them have not more than a dozen huts, and in the twenty-two different villages we visited I think it is very hard to find more than half a dozen men that could read, except in Yellandu.



God is blessing us and our work very much. No doubt that He is in our work. His spirit is working in the people's hearts and is convicting them of sin and their need of our Savior. May the Lord save some of them soon: I believe He will.

Total number of villages visited.....	29
“ “ “ miles we traveled up, and not counting the miles traveled down.....	123
“ “ “ males heard the gospel, about.....	360
“ “ “ women “ “ “ “ “ “ .....	115
“ “ “ tracts sold, 133, and their value Rs. 6-0-0	

Besides the above—

Total number of males heard the gospel in three days when Rev. Goldsmith was here was about.....	320
“ “ “ women “ “ “ “ “ “ .....	50

M. NURSIA NAIDOO.

Yellandu, 5th March, 1891.

The missionary's report made at the same quarterly conference may be a matter of interest, and we give it.

### PASTOR'S REPORT.

YELLANDU.

We are glad to report progress and much encouragement. We are settled; our work is becoming methodised, our village work is fairly and most encouragingly inaugurated under Bros. Nursaya Naidoo and Yatti Hunama, the first a local preacher, the second an exhorter. Work both in the village and our home here has become increasingly encouraging. The improvement in the spiritual tone and temper of our members as we buckle to the work more vigorously is matter for thankfulness. Sickness from fever has made us feel our need of constant providential care. The cold season is always more or less feverish any year.

After carefully going over our old rolls, we report now:

Full members, native.....	43	
“ “ English.....	10	53
Probationers, native.....	2	
“ English.....	9	11
		—
Total members and probationers.....		64
Little children, native.....	29	
“ “ English.....	9	38
Five persons have been stricken off our rolls, for their lives promise little mending; yet we hope for them and count them in our community.....	5	
Other christians with us.....	4	
Their children.....	6	10

Were we to count as part of our company those gone before, we should report twelve little ones and eleven adults, who we believe have gone to be with Jesus from our church. Three others are working for God, we trust, in other fields. Of those we had reason to believe were converted with us, seven fell away utterly, and there is little hope of their recovery; of their whereabouts we know not. Three noble workers passed to their reward from our midst. As we glance back over the years we count up to date 140 souls as having been in our church—old and young. We have with us now 102, while ten more souls not of our number are with us, and five excluded persons for whom we hope, give us a christian community of 117 souls at present.

We have preaching places with regular christian worship three, (one English two Telugu.) Sunday schools, three, (the same, with an enrollment of about seventy-five, under ten teachers.)

Moneys raised this quarter in the church, Rs. 128; moneys raised this quarter in the Sunday school, Rs. 17;

We feel devoutly thankful to God for his favor in granting us a home in these dominions after ten years of migrating, during which his care over and for us has been wonderful and precious.

At an early day we look for a great harvest of souls among these humble, simple, open-hearted villagers.

C. B. WARD.

Yellandu, March 5, 1891.

While touching upon these internal concerns of our mission, I must not fail to make note of a little institution among our native christians, the creation of necessity, for the adjustment of many matters pleasant and unpleasant in the native christian community. We felt the need of such an institution to relieve us of a certain line of care. We remembered what Jethro recommended to Moses lest he kill himself. Our minds were familiar with the "panchayet" idea of the Hindu village system, and we christened the idea and appointed a "christian panchayet" of five of our most stable christian men, who were to take note of all cases of disorderly conduct, such as quarreling or wrangling, disagreements in business, etc., etc. They were to proceed as a court of inquiry and justice, making peace if possible, and awarding punishment of fines, admonishing, etc., keeping a full record of all such proceedings; the said record to be signed by the missionary to be binding. If the missionary on examination saw needful, he might enhance or reduce the awards of the "panchayet."

We simply add, we have found this "panchayet" an invaluable institution among our christians. It has not only relieved us of much, but its influence for good among the native christian community has been very great. The panchayet commence and end all proceedings with prayer. We count this one more helpful item in the development of a self-reliant and upright christian community, and pray much for these five native brethren.

As the year was winding to a close, I found myself driven to much prayer for needed money for house building and village reconstruction; when one evening I had come in from the village, having had another siege of prayer beneath the forest trees, from which I had risen greatly assured in my spirit, I was surprised to find a registered cover waiting me at home—*another Rs. 5,000 from the dear brother who did not want his right hand to know the left's doing.* We wondered we could have been troubled one moment over the necessities arising from the expected increase of our working force. The good Lord's gracious provision showed how needless was any anxious care.

On the 11th of March, Brother Smootz and wife, and Brother Madden, wife and son, landed in Bombay. The latter were soon with us in Yellandu. Bro. and Sister Smootz found a little son at the Temperance Hotel, March 14th, (Mrs. Briggs, Proprietor,) that demanded their attention for a longer time in Bombay.

We close the year with the joy of seeing the work of restoring the villages under way. Our "Mission House" is begun, and we hope it may be the headquarters of a great work for God for one hundred years to come.

We trust also the Lord will have enabled us to erect all needed cottages for our Eurasian orphan work. The H. D. C. work-shops afford facility for the employment of many poor boys. If the Lord's will be for any enlargement on this line, He will send the money for residence and school buildings.

We may say that we feel one increasing concern, not only to teach the native christian to take care of himself, but by all legitimate means to teach him to multiply his productive power. We are assured we have the blessing of the Lord in no mean measure already, and expect great things from God in days to come.

We would not be understood by the above to be intent on setting up large European industries with extensive plant,

though we approve of even heavy mission industries, like the Basel Mission tile and cloth-making industries of the west coast. But we would help the Indian to improved methods, and such simple machinery as he can easily handle. We believe it is high time for missionaries to turn out some other goods besides *writing material*. God has called us to "make disciples," build Antiochs, send out laborers, and show those who stay at the plough, work-bench or mill their abundant ability to support the work, and teach them to relish intensely the glorious privilege of giving rather than to be forever receiving. We do enjoy the privilege of being an example in all we encourage our native christians to do.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### HOME BUILDING AND VILLAGE RECONSTRUCTION. 1891.

In 1880, when appointed to go into the Telugu country and open a mission in the name of the Methodist Church, had I known all that was before me in the way of wandering and fruitless efforts to get land for our mission, I doubt not, I should have shrunk from the whole undertaking. Yet, at that time I was in no way fit to go out and do the thing I was selected for, and the Lord knew this better than my brethren did. He ordered accordingly, and all has turned out I trust for his glory.

I not only was not rightly taught as to what I should do and how to do it, but I was without any helpers, without which no missionary or industrial undertaking in India can well succeed. But my long experience in contract work had given me a knowledge of work-people, of what they should do and what amount of it they should do for a given sum of money. I had meanwhile learned enough of practical engineering to be my own engineer in any building or village construction, I was likely to have to do. But if possible more important than all the rest, I had now about me a body of christians, who could help me through

almost any undertaking that we might enter upon. Our thirteenth year was almost wholly spent in home building and village reconstruction. When in the end of '90, we received word from Richard Grant, that we were likely to get two married missionaries and their wives in the early part of 1891, we had no place in which so large a company of missionaries could live. With no visible means to go on, in pure faith, in December, I began to build an upright of two stories to our mission house. Bro. R. H. Madden and wife reached us on the 18th of March. He, being a practical builder and contractor, was at once a great help to me in the many little problems of building. Under his supervision a work-shop was soon in working order. In it in a little time all the machinery that had come out with Bros. Smootz and Madden, was in and put to work. Here the brethren, and a number of the orphans and christians, worked for months, doing up the large amount of door and window and other wood work of our home. Houses to be habitable in India, need to be nearly all doors and windows. Our work-shop was a great saving to us, in that we did a large amount of our own work, which we could not have done, had we not had our own work-shop. I should not omit to say that every bit of the wood used in our buildings at Yellandu, we cut in the forests within a couple of miles about us, cut it up, sawed it to size, and dressed it for whatever purposes we required it. All heavy sawing was done by pit-saws on contract, at about Rs. 5 per hundred square feet of sawing. Bro. Smootz came on from Bombay as soon as he could leave his wife and son. He took hold of the shop-work as well. He and Bro. Madden, for the most part, tongued and grooved about 1,500 feet of hard wood flooring, that native workmen did not know how to do well.

Just when all was going on nicely and vigorously, Mrs. Madden fell sick and had to be removed to Secunderabad for better medical treatment. On the orders of a doctor,

Bro. Madden had to go to the sea-side with her, and under the conviction that she could not have good health in the interior, they took work in the Seaman's Rest of Bombay, and have been doing a good work there ever since.

Soon after the arrival of reinforcements in Yellandu, it was thought best to send Sister Ward to Bangalore for a rest, and the children for a few months schooling. She remained there for five months and the twin boys remained there in the home of our old friends (Capt. Chooet and wife) and attended the Baldwin schools for about two years.

I must say something about our village. When we took the village, we could only guess at the area and thought we had about 2,000 acres. But a more careful look over it convinced us, we had about 3,000. One-third of it was in forest and grazing land. Another third was so situated that it could be brought under wet cultivation, and the rest was well suited to dry cultivation. Dry cultivation is carried on by means of the rains. Wet cultivation is such as is carried on by artificial irrigation. Dry crops are in the main, corn, jowary, oil plant, cotton, and vegetables. Wet crops are principally rice, sugar cane, and such things as ginger and saffron, that take a long time to mature. Wheat is grown both as wet and dry crop, according to location and soil.

At some distant time this village had been in a fine state of improvement. It was some time before I could trace out all of the old system of water-storage and water-ways. When I did finally, I could see that whoever the engineer was, who planned and worked up the village, he understood his work and had done well up to the possibilities of the land.

There had been one large tank, with a capacity for holding about one million cubic feet of water. Then there was a smaller one that had about one tenth the capacity of the larger one, and seven other still smaller ones. All

these bunds were constructed of earth work, and were no other than dams thrown across a valley or hollow for the storage of water to be let off as required for purposes of cultivation. During the rainy season, from June to October, these tanks are filled and then the water is used for rice growing largely during the rest of the year.

The old dams were all there, but breached at one or more places, and otherwise in need of repair, when the village fell into my hands. Probably it had been in disrepair from the time the Mahommedans desolated the country in the thirteenth century. The task before us was to restore the old improvements and improve on them if possible. I began on the big tank and first filled up the breaches and then proceeded to raise the whole dam or bund, eight feet higher than it had ever been. I found that we had eight square miles of drainage area and would in any ordinary year get much more rain than would be required to fill the tank, even as I increased its capacity to about two millions of cubic feet. The more water we were able to store the more valuable would be our property. I proceeded to level over the old work and see how much that work had to be raised and took levels for sluices and water channels, till I knew just what we could do and what must be done. We put in a good deal of time this whole year on this work. We had a large force of coolies on the earth-work and in all threw up no less than one million cubic feet of earth-work, and constructed about 10,000 feet of stone masonry, and before the rains of '91 came, we were ready for them. This work I was more particularly engaged upon, while other brethren were at work on the mission houses. It was a busy year for us all.

It was a matter of general cheer to find that we had made no serious blunders at any point in our works, either on the tanks or the buildings. The tank stood the test when it filled up, and the house was all right. In the village we had considerable of forest clearing to do, to get



ground to use our water upon. The whole place had been in ruins so long that it had grown up with small and large forest growth. This we did during the early months after the rains began.

While we were thus busy for the most part, our preachers were all the time on the wing in the villages for fifteen to twenty miles around us. Sundays we all joined in the work of the church and open warfare in the bazaars. We saw no conversions, but met with great encouragement in every branch of our work.

In August our District Conference met in Secunderabad. I had been put down for a paper for the Madras District Conference the previous year. I had the "Press as a Mission Agency" for a topic. Notwithstanding I was given another paper on "Wesley" for this conference. The session was a good one and Bishop Gilder served us well in the absence of the other bishop of India. At the close of the conference I went to Bangalore for Sister Ward and so many of the children as were to return with her. With them I brought a good supply of fruit trees and flowering plants for the village and home garden. On this trip I read the Memories of Missionary Heibich, and also the Footprints of an Itinerant. It is my habit to read a good deal as I travel. Thus I am able to take in a good deal that I otherwise would never be able to pick up. Often do I borrow a book for a day or two and get through it at times when many think they cannot do any reading. I suppose I read every year thus twenty good-sized books that I do not own. While in Bangalore, it was our privilege to attend meetings held by the Salvation Army. I always have a warm heart for these dear fellow-workers, and as oft as any of them come, as they do about once a year, our home is their home as long as they wish to make it so. The meetings at Bangalore at this time were made a great blessing to us all and to Capt. Chooet's family.

Before we reached home in September Bro. and Sister

Smootz had been called upon to part with their little son. They were in deep sorrow over it.

Toward the latter part of September heavy rains set in and we were in some concern as to whether our fresh work would stand a sudden and heavy pressure. Oft times we prayed over the tank asking God to protect it. One night we seemed to be in danger and late at night we went to the tank and after doing all we could to make things secure we knelt down upon the top of the work and commended it all to God. Many little springs opened out at the back and at times made us solicitous, but by watchfulness we were able to keep all in a condition of safety. It was a pleasure to us at last to ascend the bund about forty feet high at the deepest point in the valley where the little river, we had damned with our bund, meandered through and look over to the front, over a spread of water a half a mile wide and more than a mile in length. We felt that we had a small christian fortune in this water. But I must not fail to tell how the people about us looked upon our prospects. When the old tank had stood, a wretched and well nigh shapeless stone idol was lodged on the top of the bund and the tank was supposed to be under the protection of the goddess Maisamma, whose representation this stone idol was. This goddess is supposed to be in charge of all the tanks of the country. And every tank is ornamented with this idol. If the tank breaches, it is supposed to be because this goddess is aggrieved about something. That she may have nothing to complain of, she is propitiated with sacrifices of sheep and goats very frequently, When I was building up my large tank bund I had covered up this idol some three feet deep and not long after was surprised to find it up top again and leaning against a tree. On inquiry I was told by some of the heathen villagers that this idol had climbed up out of more than three feet of earth. Thereupon I gathered it up and carrying it upon my head a little ways, to a spot where the water was nearly thirty feet

deep, I then in sight of the people who venerated the thing hurled it into the water where I was sure none of them would think of resurrecting it again, and told them that if Maisamma came up out of that resting place and sat down under the tree again I would believe in her. They had dug her up before, but I knew they would not try a dive of thirty feet. Then they said the tank would never stand. Because of the insult to Maisamma, the work was all sure to go when the rains came. I asked them why it was that Maisamma had not taken care of the tank before, if she was any good. They could not answer this question, but knew my work would not stand with the idol in the bottom. So all the time that the rains were coming and we were anxious, these people were looking on and expecting it to go. So we prayed the more earnestly to God to keep it and show these people that their idol was nothing. So strongly did the people believe that the tank would go that we could not get them to prepare any land below the tank for rice as they were sure it would be all lost labor. The water was not going to stand. Well it did stand and these poor people now think we are superior to the idol and they have confidence in us and our engineering and fear no more to prepare to plant below our tank.

But we did not forget missionary work in all this building and engineering. I think it was in October I wrote a very earnest appeal for a number of Methodist missionaries for the Nizam's Dominions. This appeal was to be sent to the Missionary Secretaries at New York. Bro. Gilder and Miss Blackmar of Hyderabad thought it better to send it to the "Gospel in all Lands" for publication. I do not know that it was ever published. I do know the need still stands, and the heathen are perishing for want of bread from heaven, by the thousand yearly all about us where we ought to be at work.

As the year wore on, another evil had to be met. The Government sells the right to make and sell liquor by dis-

tricts and then the contractor sets up his little distillery and retail shop wherever he chooses and works death and damnation broadcast. I went to the Government and offered the amount of money that would be realized out of the liquor trade on our village if the liquor could be proscribed within our borders. Of course I got no reply as the precedent would be bad. But we watched the fellow so close that he soon went over the boundary line and sells all the same, but not on our land though to some of our heathen renters I more than fear. We have no christians who drink or use tobacco but the price of our liberty is eternal vigilance. And so we fight both devils wherever we find them in either church or state.

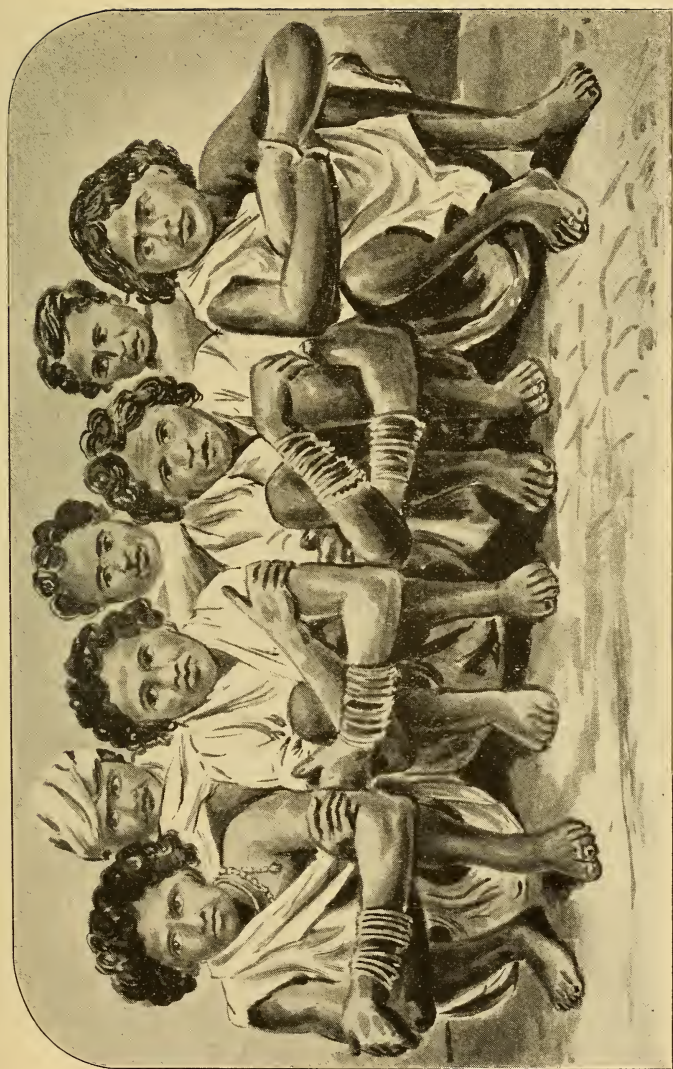
During this year I had many precious seasons of prayer with my Presiding Elder who gave me hearty sympathy in all my plans and often helped me with kindly advice. On the 7th of November I was in Hyderabad and we had a half night of prayer. It was a great time of blessing to us both. We prayed for ourselves and the work of God in the Dominions. The following night we continued longer in prayer. It was a time of faith strengthening. In the months that followed we both saw much that came to pass in such a way as to leave us no doubt that it was the handiwork of God in answer to the prayers of those nights of prayer. Just after this Bro. Smootz and the preachers went to the Jeedkul Jatri for a few days, and did good work preaching, selling books, tracts and doing other gospel work. Rana had returned to us from America in September, and this was about the first outing he had after his entering upon the work after rejoining us. After he had been left by Brother Smootz in America he had gone to the Wesleyan University, at Delaware, Ohio. But he found it very hard to keep up with young men that had had the advantage of so much more preliminary study than he had, and soon began to long for India. I had letters from him telling me he found it very hard work and yet I did

not think of his getting back to us at all soon. Dr. Bashford was more than kind to him and helped him to appointments in Ohio and he told his story in their missionary meetings and took what was given him and soon had \$160. The story of his life was a means in hand of making most of his passage money back to India. Then Dr. C. H. Payne helped him to \$50, and he set out for his India home, without telling us that he was coming. While in many cases an India lad is spoiled by a trip to America, it was the making of a man of Rama. He went to work as a preacher almost as soon as he reached Yellandu. When he came back, as a matter of course he was dressed as an American boy would have been, with trousers and coat and hat. I did not broach the subject of a return to his former costume, and yet it was evident he did not want at first offset to change his American dress for a humbler Indian one. I did not say a word to him as to his future work, till one day he came to me to ask what work he was to have. I asked him what he would like to do. He said he had no other desire than to preach the gospel. I asked him what mission he intended to work in. Saying at the same time that some missions like the Baptist and Wesleyan allowed their preachers to Europeanize as much as they pleased in dress, though it in every case injured the man's personal influence among his countrymen, and others like ourselves were dead set against this evil. He was for a moment disposed to argue the dress question. I said I would not argue the question with him but that it was better for him to decide to join some mission he was thoroughly convinced was in the right in the matter. He was free to make his choice. That day he could not decide. But not long after he appeared before me one morning dressed as the rest of his brethren were dressed, and with a bright and beaming face asked me if I would *now* give him work. I promptly replied that I would. I saw at a glance that the battle had been fought and won

on the right side. His name was brought before the church and his salary fixed at about Rs. 15 per month. He soon took rank as a plodding, faithful preacher and is to-day one of the most promising young men we have in our mission. Watchnight of 1891 into 1892 was a precious time. After the meeting broke up I went to prayer alone and besought God for every person in our family and mission old and young. The day after, I married Henry Hayden to Alice G. Thomson. Both were our own, and had been many years with us. Henry had been a long time apprenticed in the Mining Company's work shop and was now getting moderate pay, and we took this occasion to divide up a little, and the Eurasian boys lived with them at our expense and the girls remained with us. The same day Rama was married to Gungama and in this marriage we were well pleased.

I had been for some time curious to trace the Koiwars we found about us to their *sua patria*. In January of 1891 I had planned to go on a tour to Bastar. Just before I was to have started I was down with fever and had to drop the idea, for that year. But the idea was not abandoned. Having written to Dr. Frazer of Raipur whose son was a commissioner, for any letters of introduction that he could give me to officials that would help me in Bastar, I received a reply that meant a great deal to me. The Rajah of Bastar had died and Commissioner Frazer was in charge of the state and purposed to make a tour to the state in March, and would be glad to see me there. My letter was written some time in November of 1891 I think. The answer came in Jany. of 1892. I seemed to see the guiding hand of God bidding us to follow up the Koiwars to the bounds of their earthly habitation and as well could I hear a voice say the way was now open.

Accordingly, I made ready to take a tour with Nursaya and Rama as my companions. Brother Smootz was left in charge of all outdoor work, and he had the work in



A Koi Group.

the village so well in hand, that I had no doubt he could as well attend to it as I could. The workshop was also in his hands, and Sister Ward took the responsibility of the home. On the 2d of February, with two small carts for our things, we set out on foot, expecting to be gone a couple of months, and see the home of the Koiwars. As the Bastar business belongs more properly to the next chapter, we leave it for the present.

The year had been one of great improvement in the spiritual condition of our church and our aggressive spirit. Although all the work was not yet completed on the village, nor were all our buildings finished, yet we had pushed through the bulk of it, and we began to feel that we were getting better fixed for missionary work than we had ever been before. We had a landed foothold for our christian settlement and homes for ourselves, which we had never had at the close of previous weary years. This year the "Transit and Building Fund Society" gave us for the passage of new missionaries and home building \$6,000, or about Rs. 20,000. Before we set out for Bastar, Brother Grant had written us that a young doctor was about ready to come to India for our work. The command to me seemed to be "Go forward." In many respects this was the biggest year in our history in substantial results.

The matter has often been spoken of as though we wasted much precious time in so much ordinary work. Well, when our friends have secured judgment against Paul for wasting his time in Thessalonica (1 Thess. ii. 9; 2 Thess. iii. 8), in Corinth for eighteen months (Acts xviii. 3; 2 Cor. xi. 9), and in Ephesus three years (Acts xx. 33-45; 1 Cor. iv. 12), working with his own hands, we shall gladly answer summons to court. Our spectacles have never been able to find anything more secular in what Paul did or we do, than the popular form of missionary work embodied in school-teaching.

Paul's object was not simply to support himself or those



with him. We find him pleading the sacred right to be an "ensample to induce others so to labor and support the weak, (Acts xx. 35; 2 Thess. iii. 9), and, secondly, to leave no occasion for any insinuations of selfishness or covetousness, (Acts xx. 33; 1 Cor. ix. 12; 2 Cor. xi. 12.)

We have been tried and trained, and after twelve years' experience feel that we can personally confess to the same conviction Paul carried about (1 Cor. ix. 15; 2 Cor. xii. 9-10). We are quite aware of all it means. Paul freely confessed the hardships (1 Cor. iv. 11; 2 Cor. xi. 27), and we, too, have so deep an appreciation of the value of the way, just as it is, that we count our privilege a high honor.

We praise God for all the wondrous love displayed to usward along this way. Mightily have we been helped in trouble, and in darkest hours has he raised us up new and most precious friends. Brother Richard Grant has put us under deepest bonds of gratitude in giving us the capital for our christian colony, and doubtless his prayers shall be of more value to us than his money in the years to come. We prize the help of friends who follow their money with increasing prayers. Such help is spiritual dynamite. The christian who has sent us Rs. 10,000 has our devoutest thanks. The Lord has our unceasing praise for his uplift to every branch of our mission work.

We are grateful to God and man, and submit that all the goodness of the past is prophetic. Let therefore every reader of this story bow down and pray for us and our church and work. We still repeat, *grace is a greater need than rupees.*

Be we wholly the Lord's, and the anointing of the Holy spirit upon each worker and convert, and nothing can hinder the Lord gathering by us many thousands of souls.

We have no notion of sitting down in Yellandu. During 1892 we hope to explore the country for at least two more stations in connection with this one. We can already see

God's finger pointing out the way and the centers. We have already had two Macedonian invitations, not while sleeping, nor from angels.

We believe the way is opening and the money forthcoming for an extensive self-support faith-and-works mission work. It has come to us more and more that the Lord has been training us for such work all these fifteen years since we came to India. Unto the Lord we say, humbly, "We are thy servants."

May "the blessing of the Lord that maketh rich and addeth no sorrow" come on every reader of this story.

Humbled by our mistakes and shortcomings, we bow our heads and ascribe to the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit all praise and glory, for all the mercy and the good of these years so swiftly flown.

*Behind*, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." *Before*, "My God shall supply all your needs, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus," meets our eyes and nerves our hearts.

## CHAPTER IX.

A FORWARD MOVEMENT AND SATAN'S COUNTERPLOT. 1892.

The great feature of the year before us was the exploration of Bastar. I have already stated how we started on our tour and now I shall try to tell something of what we saw and what followed. Fifty miles from home we crossed the Godavery river which at that point was about two miles wide and with banks fifty feet high. In the time of the floods it runs full to the brim and sometimes overflows for miles on either side. At this time it was at low flood yet we had to ferry over. We, our things and carts were taken over in boats made of two hollow logs of about thirty feet in length, roped fast together. Each log was hollowed out like a watering trough. As we rode over, our cattle swam by the side of the boats. On the eastern shore we were near a very noted shrine sacred to the memory of

Rama, one of the most popular gods of the Hindoos in south India. For years we had been accustomed to see many thousands go every year, in the month of April, to this place. But had never seen it ourselves. In the eve of February 4, 1892, we walked up to see the temple and whatever of note there might be, to be seen. We approached the great temple enclosure and as we walked along the great high wall, were shocked at the unnameably obscene carvings upon the face of that granite wall. There it has stood for centuries to educate the old and young who come there annually, in all that is vile and sensual. I have seen and conversed with hundreds of men who have visited this place, but never can a heathen man be found vile enough to tell of what he has seen on those temple walls, any more than as though he had never been there. I had a heathen workman with me, and he had been there, and had graphically described the buildings to me but omitted all mention of these vile pictures. I turned to him and said: "Yenkaya, never say any more to me of the excellence of the Hindoo religion which defiles every worshiper that approaches her shrines." The poor fellow looked down his nose in silence and shame. At the great door we met a lot of sleek and lazy Brahmins and they were anxious to show us about the glorious temple of Ramchandra. I declined to look about so unclean a place and proceeded to say to them that did they teach the people or their children or do aught for the sick or the poor there might be some excuse for their taking heavy alms of the people. But when I now saw that they presided over an institution that could but educate all the adults and children who visited the place in the most shameless sin, it was easy to understand why so many childless mothers were urged by the priests to visit them, and make offerings, that they might have children, and to my mind the fact that their little town was overrun with prostitutes was fully explained. And with many other

words did I pile it onto them from a heart full of indignation that under the name of religion such vileness should be thus openly taught. They defended themselves saying that such things were sculptured there that people might see and avoid such sin. Then I said openly commit sin yourselves that people may see and shun. I learned afterward that much was said of my temerity in attacking the priests and their religion thus openly, for we had quite an audience before we had finished. It was more than intimated that some dreadful things would most likely happen to me or mine in a little time, because I had so wantonly insulted the god. Up to this time I had no knowledge of any such filthiness on heathen temples in India. Since, however, I learn that what I saw at Budrachellum, on the banks of the Godavery, is more or less common to many large temples in various parts of the country.

We pushed on after this, sixteen miles down the east bank of the river to the camp of the "Godavery Coal Co." Here we were the guests of Mr. Phillips the mining engineer. While here over Sunday, I saw a sight I shall never forget. Myself and preachers went out to preach and near where we took up our stand was a licensed grog shop. Along the east bank of the Godavery between the Nizam's Dominions and the native state of Bastar is a narrow strip of land belonging to the British Government. We were upon British territory this Sunday, and the liquor shop was a British institution. When we tried to preach, we observed that many were drunk. They were however, Koiwars, and not Hindoos, and here we had for the first time a chance to see how differently liquor affected them from anything we had ever seen. One man in the best of humor, came up to us to tell us how drunk the rest of them were, and he was certainly as drunk as any of them. While still we tried to preach, we observed one man hurry up to another and throw his arms around his brother's neck and oh, how he kissed him. Then the embracing became

mutual and the kissing was as heartily reciprocated. Then we saw others sitting flat upon the ground and two, three and four at a time trying to hug each other. More than once they rolled over and over trying to do it. And thus it went on for an hour. We saw not a single person who was quarrelsome among perhaps twenty, and of all the comical antics I ever saw monkeys perform, none were equal to what we saw here to-day at the hands of these aborigines whose domain we were starting out to explore. My soul was stirred at the thought that a *christian government*, simply for revenue, would thus wantonly debauch these simple minded inhabitants of the forest. It is a great shame that God will avenge.

After getting all the information we could as to the way into Bastar, we started on, and soon found ourselves getting deeper and deeper into dense jungle or forest. On the 13th of February, we found ourselves at Kunta, one of the five districts or Tashildar's headquarters, in Bastar. Here we began to find out that we had a long and very roundabout road to travel to get to the capitol, Jagdalpur. Mountains stood before us and we could not go by any direct route with our carts. As the crow flies it was about 120 miles, but as we had to go it was 180. As a part of our work was to see the people as well as the country we did not look on this as at all evil. We were here over Sunday and had a good time preaching to the people. Everywhere they showed much respect and heard us gladly. It was our custom to walk on with our guides and let the carts follow up as fast as they could. Taking turns, we would get into conversation with the guides we had always from one village to another, and then get as much out of them about their religion and customs as we could and then so importunately preach the gospel to them—which in most instances, he had never heard of before, that he would be so full of it by the time we left him that he would go back to his own village and tell it all over to

his fellow villagers. We had two guides always as they were afraid, owing to the existence of wild animals along the way, to return alone. The last day alone will reveal how much good we did by this wayside preaching to single individuals as we traveled the wilds of Bastar for the first time. Wherever we camped out at night we preached to as many as we could collect to hear. At a place called Golapilli we found about 200 people gathered together for a bazaar. There being no large towns in this country, we found that people made one day a week a bazaar day and from every direction in came the people with all sorts of wares and grains, and the day would be spent in bartering the one thing for another. Very little money was handled. When everything was in full blast we asked the people to stop selling a little while and we would tell them something. They consented and Nursaya, Rama and myself all tried to tell them of the love of Christ in that he had saved us and wanted to save them. They gave us great attention and did not seem to begrudge us the time that they gave us as some christians would have done. On the 20th we had made our way as far up into the country as Jiggergonda, near the foot of the mountains that form the western border of the plateau of Bastar. Here we spent another Sunday. We had walked about seventy miles each of the two weeks out now. Monday, finding that we could not ascend the plateau from this place but must turn back and go northwest about eighty miles and then run east along the Indravatti river valley, I decided to make the climb to the top of the mountains and see what might be seen from the top. With a single companion and the gun, I started out at an early hour and was on the top by about sunrise. But what a sight. For fifty miles away to the west lay the land gradually descending to the Godavery. One great stretch of forest with small villages here and there interspersed, marked to my eye by curling smoke rising from the village fires alone. East of me I

could see no distance to speak of, but I knew Bastar's fertile plateau lay there. As I stood and gazed on either hand I could distinctly hear the roar of waterfalls. As I stood the sun gilded all the scene before me and I felt constrained to pray and praise. I thanked God for the scene and then it came to me to pray for all at home and the boys at school and then for all this beautiful land so long in heathen night. As I prayed it came on me more and more that it was for me to do something to redeem that land from errors' chain. I prayed for missionaries for this needy field, for I found that no mission was in the field anywhere. I have never had any doubt since that memorable Washington's birthday of 1892 that I had business in Bastar. From that on, I began to formulate plans for the occupation of the land in the name of the Lord and Methodism. More than a year before Bishop Thoburn had said, go and look up the aborigines and I had come not altogether sure that I was exploring for myself, so much as for some one else. But from this day I seemed to see that as God had permitted me to see this country, he meant I should pioneer the gospel into it. I came down from the hill that morning feeling that I had been to a mount of God and when at 11 a. m., having walked up and down sixteen miles, I reached the brethren in camp, my soul was full of love for souls and joy in God.

The next morning we started again and before noon we past a large company of Koiwars at a wedding feast. About 200 were together, all sitting in a ring around a large tree, and liquor was being freely dished out to them, men women and children. It was something new to me to see both sexes thus together but I soon found that these people allowed their women more liberty than the Hindoo. We preached to them a while and moved on. The liquor they were drinking was made of rice and was intoxicating though it took a good quantity to make them drunk. Later in the day we camped at a village named Mundi-

murka and had a good time preaching to the people there.

Thus we traveled and preached from day to day till we reached Vijyapur, another Tashildar's headquarters. Here we got information that Commissioner Frazer had started around Bastar to the east, and would go down to Kunta, and then follow up the same route we had come, and eventually come to Vijyapur. I therefore concluded that our best course was to travel on to Jagdalpur, exploring as we went, and get back to this place in time to meet the Commissioner's camp. So on we plodded, through forests, villages and out on the trail of tigers we never met, and in one instance on the track of two fine bison, preaching to our guides, picking all we could out of them about their customs and religion, till at last we passed the bounds of the Telugu language. As we turned the spur of the Baila Dila mountains, we came upon an old filthy place of note, the seat of the worship of Danteshwari or Kali, the goddess of cruelty, to whom once human sacrifices were made. This goddess was the Bastar Rajah's deity. As the story goes, when the Mohamedans took the Telugu kingdom of Warangul, the original Bastar prince or king was a refugee from Rajputana and a guest of the king of Warangul. The goddess Danteshwari took him in charge and said to him I will show you a greater kingdom than you ever had. She took him to the home of the aborigines, east of the Godavery and told him to take all he wanted. Thus he became possessed of the state now known as Bastar in area about 13,000 square miles, and a population of about 350,000 at the present time. Dantawarra at the junction of two small rivers was made the home of the goddess. And here perhaps later than at any other place in India was human sacrifice offered. The last case which occurred, about ten or twelve years ago, was so clear that the pujari was removed from the temple and his young sons were made joint priests in his room,



with such limitations as to expenses and liberty as make it sure that there will be no more human sacrifice there. I later saw the old murderer who no doubt murdered many a victim in that place in the name of religion. The worship of the goddess is a part of Hinduism, and is not a part of the religion of the aborigines. It is the Rajah's religion and he supports it. The people look on, and join in the sports that form so large part of the Hindoo feast. In the evening of the day we were here we went to see the temple and the town and were asked to take off our boots that we might enter the temple and see the idol. My reply to this was, that I could not take off my boots to an idol. If required, I was prepared to show this respect to God who made heaven and earth, but never to an idol. And there and then preached Jesus Christ on the threshold of the temple and exhorted these idolators to turn away from such things to the living God. We were told that no such want of respect to Danteshwari was ever before shown.

The rest of our way to Jagdalpur was through a country well watered and well settled and one of beauty. The weather was much colder than we were accustomed to at Yellandu, even in the coldest weather of our winter. On the morning of the 4th of March we saw forty-six degrees for a little time. This was the only time in all my eighteen years in India that I ever saw the thermometer below fifty degrees. Sunday March 6th, we were in the capitol of Bastar nearly 300 miles from home and glad of a chance to rest. On Monday we began the exploiting of the town. The Naib Dewan or assistant Superintendent of the state was very kind to us and gave us all the information that we desired. He lent me a horse to ride about the place upon, and see all there was to be seen in the shortest time. The good animal was an intelligent one, and as soon as he had gone as far as he thought was good, he very promptly lay right down in the road. He did this several times with

such general good nature, that I took the hint and came home with him. Jagdalpur is a town of about 7,000 inhabitants situated on the south bank of the Indavatti river on the nineteenth parallel of north latitude. Its poverty stricken, filthy appearance, showed the blight of idolatry at every turn. The Rajah's palace was only a grass hut and the Government buildings were a little better. But the residences of the people were no better than the poor village huts all over the country. There was no trade or industry, and no shops of any consequence in the town. If ever a place on earth needed the gospel it was Jagdalpur. About the place were some of the finest groves of mango trees I have ever seen. In one of these, the Monday of our stay there was held a bazaar like the one I have already described but attended by about 8,000 people of all nations and kindreds and tongues. I never before saw such an assemblage of mixed races. And when all of them got at their business, buying and selling the sound was as that of mighty rushing waters. We walked among the people for hours, studying them. We could not understand their language for they spake many. There were some Hindoos among them, but the bulk of them were aborgines. There was one school with 120 pupils in the town, and an excuse for a hospital. Now that the Rajah was dead, the state had fallen into the "Court of Wards" till the little Rajah, aged eight, should be fit to take it over. Thus British rule had come to bless this long oppressed people and with the blessings will come the liquor and opium curses. A magnificent large tank lies to the west of the town, and from it largely comes the water supply of the town, though good water can be had by putting down wells. A well regulated jail and work-shop is found here and only a few prisoners are in the jail. The state has hitherto taken its taxes on lands in kinds, and thus a great store house to receive it, was a necessity. There was a few years ago, no coin whatever in the state. All

business was carried on in kind or barter. But the British Government has begun to introduce its coinage and soon money will be found everywhere.

While here I received word that the Nizam's Government had taken steps to confiscate our village property at Yellandu. This was Satan's counterplot to confound us and try to break down our faith and bewilder us that we might abandon the advance on Bastar. But I did not falter nor did I for one moment believe that we should lose our property or be compelled to leave Bastar as we found it, for no one could tell how long, till others should come to see it.

We turned back on the 9th of March and on the 16th entered Vijyapur to find we were ahead of the Commissioner. On the following day he came and we saw him, and gave him a petition, asking permission to open five mission stations in Bastar and begging the favor of leases of land in each station. To this I received the following official docket the very next day:

From

A. H. L. FRAZER, Esq., I. C. S.

Commissioner,

Chhattisgurh Division, C. P.

No. 171 of 1893.

To

Rev. C. B. WARD,

Missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Dated Camp the 18th of March, 1892.

Sir:

I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your letter of yesterday's date. There are two separate questions raised therein.

(1.) As regards sites for buildings there will be no trouble in granting you suitable sites in Bastar for such buildings as you indicate on terms that will secure your possession of them free of charge so long as they are used

for such purposes as you mention. When your plans are matured you can apply to the Superintendent of the Bastar State.

(2.) As regards your purpose to establish villages, I would refer you to the scheme which has just been formulated for leasing waste villages in the Bastar State. This scheme probably supplies all that you require. In that case you should apply to the Superintendent of the Bastar State for such villages as you are prepared to settle. The Rules regarding this scheme have been given you for information and guidance.

I have etc.,

Signed

A. H. L. FRAZER,

Commissioner.

My meeting with the commissioner was all that I could have asked for. He was a christian and believed that the British Government owed something to the souls of men as well as to their bodies. He did not conceal his sympathy with our plans. He gave us every encouragement to push on, while the field was virgin soil. He farther gave us a letter of introduction to another officer, who later on helped us to land in Sironcha, on the banks of the Godavery, 120 miles farther up than where we crossed when we started for Bastar. We had found out that the way into Bastar was not the way that we had taken, but via Sironcha, and so decided to take up that station.

Now we saw our way, and set out for home, still exploring country and people as we went, and reached home on the 4th of April, just two days over two months away from home. We had walked about 700 miles and preached to several thousands of poor people, that had for the most part never heard of Jesus before, and had official permission to plant missions all over the home of the Koiwar, and a conviction that I had at last dropped upon the work for which I had been all these years getting my lessons in God's school.

Shortly after my return I wrote, though owing to an error of my own, it was never published, the following lines:

“Myself and two of my native preachers, Nursaya Naidu, and Rama Gnanappa, set out, on the 2nd of February, for a somewhat extended tour of exploration among the aborigines whom some have called Gonds. The word Gonds means people who live in the hills. There are yet some two millions of these aborigines living in Central India, divided up into about thirty different tribes, some of them very small, while the largest tribe numbers about 400,000. The aborigine is the prearyan inhabitant of India. They were here in power 2,000 years ago. When they came no one can tell. And as the white man in America has crowded the red Indian almost off the continent, so the Hindoo and Mohammedan have driven these people into the remote and almost inaccessible forests and rugged mountain fastnesses of Central India. The American Indian is a warrior, but the aborigine of India is the opposite. He endures oppression to the last extreme and then flees rather than resist or retaliate. Each tribe has its own language, but none a written one, till the missionary reduces it to letters. Our tour was undertaken to look up the Koiwar. He occupies the Godavery valley along both sides and for a long distance back each way. From our home at Yellandu to the river for fifty miles these are the inhabitants, for the most part. Eastward for 100 miles they live in Bastar. All through the valley the women wear a single cloth and nothing upon the upper body. The bulk of the men wear the lungoti only, *i. e.*, a single piece of cloth about 9 inches by 3 feet. Nearly everybody is bareheaded. Higher up to the east, where they are called Hill Kois, the men and women dress almost alike. Both sexes wear long hair and but a single cloth, far too scanty in dimensions, and all are bareheaded. North of the Indravatti river the Kois are called Marias, and are the near-

est to wild and naked people yet left in all India. Not long since these last named wore no cloth, but instead a mat, simply made of woven grass. We saw some of these poor people and in our hearts we could but ask how much lower is it possible for Satan to reduce these people. The home of the Maria Koi is high and cold, yet they wear no blankets, but sleep between large camp fires. On the plateau about Jajdalpur the people are better clad and do not seem so utterly poor. Many of these people we found getting their living largely from the wild fruit of the forest. Many depend on the hunt, and the bow and arrow are their weapons. They eat ants and in the season no small part of the work of the women is to get the ants and prepare them. They dig them out of the ground. Some eat lizards, serpents, and rats. They have no priests, no temples and no elaborate system of sacrifice, that requires a doctor to explain it. There are no caste barriers among them, but all seem on a common level. Polygamy is common among them, though not universal. The most common way of getting married is that of going through a farcial abduction or kidnapping of the girl. They worship the gods of the hills, Beema and Arjuna, and Dharma Raj. Every conspicuous hill or mountain is sacred, as the home of their gods. The small-pox goddess of the Hindoos, comes in for a great deal of attention among them. Their sacrifices are fowls, pigs, goats, buffaloes and birds. They offer ghee, rice, flour, oil, and flowers. Every head of the house or person is his own priest.

We frequently saw them worshipping a tree, or the soil, or the river, or the sky. They are, however, really demon worshippers, endeavoring to appease evil spirits they imagine to be all about them. Yet all have an apprehension of the one God, and will invariably say, God is above, if you ask where he is. They fear a coming judgment, and long for happiness as we do. They are a strange people. We passed through about 150 villages and every-

where they flocked to hear us as well as to see us. Like little children they would listen and seemed to us like shepherdless sheep, for whom Jesus died. This tour marks one of my happiest periods of my then sixteen years in India. What more shall I say? There are 600,000 people in the country we have now been over and no mission among them except ours."

After reaching home I found that it was only too true that the Revenue Secretary of the Nizam's Government had gone through the performance of confiscating our village without any compensation to us.

I immediately made an appeal, but was told that the orders that had been issued were final and that no appeal would be entertained. After some consultation I decided to stake my claim to justice as a citizen of the United States of America, and not as a missionary. I therefore made out my claim as best as I could with the help of a christian brother, and sent it all to General S. M. Merrill, United States Consul General at Calcutta, asking him if he could, to send it up to the viceroy of India, with a request that the British Resident at Hyderabad be asked to investigate the matter and secure me justice. This appeal was sent to Calcutta in the latter part of May, 1892. Before the end of June the case was in the hands of the resident at Hyderabad. The gentleman, who began on me, now wanted to settle up with me and get the case out of the British residency. Upon the advice of the resident I declined all back-door negotiations and referred the matter to the resident. I however sent up to General Merrill the terms on which I was willing to settle the matter, and these terms were communicated to the viceroy and sent on to the resident at Hyderabad, to be supplied to the Nizam's Government as my reply to secret negotiations. Well, it may not be needful for me to say that these were trying times. Many eagerly caught up the news and the rumor sped as if it had wings, that I had lost all, and here was

another instance in proof that it was not safe for persons to give money for missions, except through the old and regular missionary society. Some friend reported it to America, and the friends who had been helping us there, were justly stirred up to hear that all was lost. And for some time further help was withheld. On the 14th of May I received a cablegram, stopping the payment of a draft not yet received from Bro. Grant. I was at Bro. Gilder's when I received this cablegram. I opened my bible without a word for some light to cheer my heavy heart. My eyes fell upon these words in the ninth Psalm and the tenth verse: "And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee; for thou hast not forsaken them that seek thee." I could read no more, and had Gabriel come with a trumpet, the message to my heart would not have been more real than the voice of God to me in these words. The load was gone and I bowed and praised the Lord with a full heart. Months passed by before matters were settled, but in the course of time the village was restored to us, with the unqualified promise, that my claim for Rs. 4,253 damages should be looked into. This was a great victory. We now had our village, with a title, assured to us by the Nizam's Government and endorsed by the British Government, and on record in the office of the U. S. Consul General. The devil overshot his mark again, as he has often done in his efforts to drive us out of the country and missionary work.

One other trouble met me on my return from Bastar. Mrs. Smootz had no heart for missionary work and soon began to make her husband trouble after they reached India. He was a noble soul and I had loved him as a brother and had expected much of him, believing him to be eminently fitted for our self-supporting work. But his wife had no heart for the work, and soon after I reached home she took him out of the mission and later out of India, and the Methodist Church, and unless I mistake, will have one



day to answer to God for spoiling a good missionary and doing much to bring reproach upon a good man and christian.

During the first few months after the Bastar tour I wrote about twenty-five newspaper articles, which were most of them published thus awakening in India, England and America a good deal of interest in the Bastar field. On the advice of Brother Gladwin, and upon my own judgment of what was best for the whole work, I started the "Pauline Mission Message," in September of 1892. I had decided to call it the P. M. Ensign, and to Brother Maurice Gregory of the Bombay *Guardian* belongs the credit of the change to the Message. It has not been published regularly, but has done us good, and is published from time to time as we are able to get it up and pay for it.

My hands were full all the summer months after my return from Bastar, and the preachers did splendid service in the country all about us. The first orphan house was put up and ready for use, the village was much more improved and more land cleared, and our house was more nearly completed and furnished, for we made nearly all our own furniture in our own workshop. In September I put up a chunam butty, or lime kiln, that we might burn all the lime that we might stand in need of, and have to sell. Later on we put another by the side of the first, and eventually a third, and burned lime for the market with coal lying waste about the mines. It has been a profitable item of business for us in more ways than one. And one or all of the kilns has been going all the time now for three years.

In September the Lord took another occasion to show us his power and put us under deeper obligations of gratitude. It was on the 5th of September, about 4:30 P. M., a man came up from the village to say that a big breach was opening in the big tank, and that by 6 P. M. the whole tank would be gone. I hastened up stairs, and in a few

words of prayer commended the keeping of the tank to God, and then made for the tank on foot. I found that at the point where an old breach had once been on the back a serious and very considerable landslide of our new work had begun. The entire back half of the breach, about forty-five feet wide, was slowly in motion. I judged about 25,000 cubic feet of earth was going at the rate of about one foot per hour. The front was still intact. I found that all the work people were doing was simply making matters worse. They were piling more earth on the moving mass. I stopped this and drove a line of long stakes down in front, and set all hands to loading the front of the bank that it might be better able to resist the water pressure that would soon be so heavy upon it as the back of the bund went down. Myself and thirty men worked hard till 10 P. M., and until that time kept it about three feet above the water. I sent the weary men for something to eat and bade them return, I could see we had an all night battle before us. I had with me two christians and a heathen man. As we watched I saw the moving mass take on speed, and all seemed gone for a moment. I went away alone and prayed. I thought of the Lord making the waters of the Red sea stand up like a wall, and I asked for some word or token if Israel's God were with us. The words "All things are possible to him that believeth," came to me, and I repeated them over and over, my faith kindling as I did so. It occurred to me that we should go to the far end of the tank and breach the tank, and thus reduce the water level, which I had not thought of before. This we immediately began with all the power we had. I mean the four of us. Later one of the christians brought me something to eat. I had no hunger, as much was at stake. If the tank went at the slip we should lose all our water, and several villages below us would be flooded. I asked the brother to join me in prayer. He did, and for a time we seemed to be asking the impossible. At midnight we had a breach working

two feet of water ten feet wide, but the amount of earth at the slip was not two feet thick, and no man dared any more to step upon it. I exhorted the coolies to make still another effort to strengthen it, and I sped me to the breach to widen it as fast as we could. Thus we toiled, and that thin slice of earth stood like a stone wall till it was no more than one foot thick, and it did not seem possible that it could stand another minute. We widened our breach and the water level began to come down a little, but still we toiled till dawn came, and then sent for more help. Soon fifty fresh men took the places of the thirty who worked all night. "All things are possible to him that believeth," kept ringing in my ears, as we toiled away. At 9 A. M. it was very evident that the Lord was going to see us through to victory and our tank saved. We worked on all day, and before night everything was fairly safe. Others may say what they like, but while I have breath I shall praise God for holding millions of cubic feet of water back by his own hand till we could get another outlet for it, and one at a higher level that would not empty our tank.

A few days later all the tanks above us breached in a time of heavy rain, and all this water coming down upon us, gave us another night of prayer and anxiety. I was sick and had to leave the work to the christians to attend to. They brought me a message of progress every hour of the night, and they wrought, widening the breach we had before made, till it was eighty feet wide, before the rise of the water level could be stopped. As the reports came to me hour by hour of higher and higher levels, it seemed to me that the next report must be "all gone." But no, God held the waters in his own fist, till we managed it, and all was safe. Such manifest interposition of providence on our behalf meant more than many thousands of gold and silver. Blessed be the name of the Lord forever and ever.

The Hyderabad district conference was held at our



Hyderabad District Conference - 1892.

place on the 7th to the 10th of October. Owing to Brother Gilder's long sickness Brother Ernsberger presided. While the conference was in session a letter came from Mr. Beers, of Cawnpore, saying that he had Rs. 500 for Sironcha. This was an approval of the proposal to appoint a man to Sironcha, at this district conference: He told me how the spirit had, in a very remarkable manner, told him he should send this sum for this purpose.

We praised the Lord, and Bishop Ernsberger appointed Nursaya to Sironcha, along with Brother Cheddaya.

Early in November came a letter to say that Dr. Batstone and wife were in England en route for India. The brethren in America had caught on to the Bastar work, and here were re-enforcements coming for that work.

Necessity made it seem expedient for me to borrow some money at this time, which I did of a christian brother.

In November it was plain to me that an open door was before us to do some work in the mines. William Plumley, a christian brother, came along to assume the responsibility of carrying out most of the work, and my name went in as a partner. The first work undertaken was the sinking of two shafts for the mining company. I did some little at it, but the bulk of the work was always done by Bro. Plumley.

December 17 Dr. and Mrs. Batstone reached Yellandu for Jajdalpur. Christmas and New Years were pleasant days with us, and the church enjoyed the blessing of the Lord this year. God's blessing was with us, and our christian families had increased till our whole christian community had grown to about 120 persons. Beemaya was this year added to the number of our preachers. The number of baptisms was more than it had been for several years, but yet we saw no break among the heathen, as we had anxiously hoped for many a day. In January of 1893, we were adjusting affairs so as to be absent several months in Bastar.

Thus ended our thirteenth year as a mission, and one of the best of the history, and marked by fiercer trials from the devil than we ever had before. Just as God was leading us out to greater things, Satan fell upon us with the fiercest malice. God led us on all the same, and every onslaught of the adversary was turned to our account decidedly.

Old South India conference met in Bombay Christmas week, and divided into South India, embracing Madras Presidency and the Nizam's Dominions and Bombay, including everything in India north of the twentieth parallel not in any other conference. On December 27th of 1892, my brethren unanimously voted me back into conference, after having worked as a local preacher for seven years, and having lived down forever the fears some once had that I had a comeouter spirit. So far as I know I have the good will of all my brethren in the conference, and their prayers that I may succeed in pioneering self-support mission work without salary or the help of the missionary society.

## CHAPTER X

### PREEMPTING OUR MISSION FIELD. 1893-1894.

I shall briefly in these closing pages narrate how I settled the first mission aries in Bastar, secured our first land, and made our applications for more. Leaving Yellandu February 10th Bro. Batstone and myself marched and preached our way to the capitol of Bastar in twenty-one days. On our way up, we posted Bros. Nursaya and Chendaya and their families in Sironcha, nearly midway from Yellandu to Jagdalpur. Our trip up was one of much encouragement to us, as missionaries. Every where the people received us gladly and remembered our visit the year before.

I cannot do better than to enter here what I wrote for publication the month following our arrival there.

## A MONTH IN THE CAPITOL OF BASTAR.

Dr. Batstone and myself reached Jagdalpur on the 3rd of March. The Superintendent, Ram Krishan Rao, Esq., received us most kindly and made haste to make us welcome and help us to a comfortable camp.

We found the complexion of the place greatly changed since last year, and that for the better. The capitol last year was a very unsightly town. The old mud wall fort was surrounded by a very deep mote or trench which had been used as a public latrine and hiding place for wild animals, and was vile enough to breed the death of all the Rajah's people and Government officers inside.

Commissioner Frazer did a favor to the State when he ordered the old wall to be filled into the trench. Then many of the most unsightly insanitate buildings and shops around the Rani's quarters and the few State offices were demolished, and the people whose houses were demolished were made to move out into more roomy quarters to the south. Roads were laid off through the old fort and in the plain, south, and Rudrapa Pratab Gunj as a bazaar or shop street, and public sanitation was undertaken for the first time in history. The first new State edifice begun was a public school house. If this is a prophecy it is a good one. Surely the enlightenment of Bastar is a certain way to future prosperity.

After looking about to note the trend of improvements, we proceeded to select the site for our mission quarters and our village. The Superintendent kindly pointed out the most conspicuous and finely located place in all the vicinity, just to the south of the plain reserved for the extension of the rapidly growing town. We finally concluded his selection for us was the best we could find. The whole town front, 1,900 feet by 1,200 feet back, is our selected mission building site, both for ourselves and the W. F. M. S.

Then on exploration, exactly adjoining this plot, we found a fine waste land area, more or less a jungle, with two old tanks, a scarce article in Bastar, one and a-half miles west to east, by about one mile north to south. The village land measuring nearly 1,300 acres.

The two plots cost us less than sixty rupees per year, the first and second, and for each of the three following a little less than ninety rupees. After that a new scale of rents will be taken on each plot separately, one-fifth of the village land, however, falling to us free of tax as "Sir Land." We have much reason to thank God for this liberal welcome by the State.

On the 16th, Dr. B. left for Yellandu for his wife and effects, while I remained for the further adjustment of Bastar mission matters with the State, and meanwhile to see a temporary house put up for Dr. and Mrs. B. when they arrive in May.

At first we could find no one to work for us. Some unseen hand seemed to be working against us. For ten days not a man would work or accept an advance. Daily we prayed the Lord to help us through. At last, on the 27th of March, a few horse-keepers ventured to try it, and we came out at the end of our second week with nearly twenty workpeople, and the way to success open.

Meanwhile we had a birthday, March, 23d. It was our fortieth. We devoted the day mostly to searching the Scripture and prayer. "All power is given unto Me," Matt. xxxviii, 18, led me to search out all the references to that remarkable proof text of the Regency of Christ. We found Jesus using it just before He gave the *great invitation*, "Come unto Me," in Matt. xi., and again in the beginning of His *great prayer*, John xvii., and lastly just prior to the *great command*, "Go, preach." But we found David, Paul, John and Peter all had their attention drawn to this remarkable idea in the Messiahship. It was indeed good for my faith to fix and feed upon in the face of this



Yellandu-Bastar work. Exiled here, I received no post from anyone for sixteen days.

The doctor had to have our little tent and most of our traveling kit to go back with. Brother Gilder's Lobo volunteered to go back and cook for him on the way, and I kept one of our christian boys, Nursoo, with a kit worth nothing—one small cooking vessel, two plates, one cup and saucer, one knife and fork, one enamelled cup, my steel traveling trunk and hammock-bed, and not an item of stores. The Superintendent of the State loaned me a sepoy's "pal;" our genial Roman Catholic postmaster, son of a Nagpur Methodist, loaned me a box for *saman* and stores, and a small cooking vessel, and the bazaar gave us rice, chillies, salt, onions, brinjals, etc., and soon we were comfortable. My horse was tied to a mango tree hard by, my hammock was swung to the posts of my "pal," and a good bed of paddy straw made me a fine place to sit leaning up against the "pal" pole to write, a place for my *jamkan* spread for a dining table, and a place for me to receive my guests. I soon employed a horse-keeper and *chaprassi*, and have been happy and busy every day since. Here I have daily read my Roman-Urdu testament, and prayed with as many as I can get about me. Here on Sunday, March 26th, I first attempted to pray in Hindustani, which experiment I continue to make. Here I have written about 150 foolscap pages of MSS., about thirty letters, and had some of the most blessed seasons of prayer I have ever enjoyed. I am joyfully laying foundations in Bastar for a future Christian kingdom.

C. B. WARD.

Still a month later I wrote:

"In speaking of our expanded work we find ourselves designating it Yellandu-Bastar. In the month past we have to report some progress. We have explored northern Bastar, and decided upon two mission stations north of the Indravatti river. This makes a better distribution

of people to each station and will more centrally locate the missionary workers. It will give about 100,000 souls each to Jagdalpur, Kondagaon and Autagarh.

We left Jagdalpur on the 11th of April with *begaries*, to carry a few necessary things, and reached Jagdalpur again on the 25th, having located our station at Kondagaon, forty-two miles north of the capital, and Autagarh about 100 miles north. By the generosity of Bastar State, we have now secured three admirable and valuable building sites of over fifty acres each in the above-named stations, and large tracts of village land as well. At Sironcha we have secured by the order of the Deputy Commissioner of Chanda the best site in the town, being the old parade ground, eighteen and a-half acres.

Initial steps have been taken to secure our sites and villages in Koonta and Gungalur,

Here in Jagdalpur a beginning has been made. A temporary house is well under way for Dr. Batstone who is *en route* from Yellandu with family and goods to occupy it. A well is in progress, something has been done toward clearing our building site of brush and scrub, and steps taken to repair our tanks. Plans for bungalow, hospital, work-shop, etc., are ready, and work will commence on a bungalow as soon as possible.

We have received letters from two persons desirous of entering the work here in India, and a lady of the north inquires with reference to the support of a worker. A brother who has helped our work greatly in the past sends Rs. 1,000 *via* Calcutta. This friend is not a Methodist.

We have preached in Hindustani here and prayed as well with some encouragement. There are even here a few very hopeful cases. If the work can be followed up I think we shall have a little church in this city soon.

One young man has cast in his lot with us wholly, though I have not baptised him. Of one family I have much hope. But the low caste Hindus here are fearfully enslaved to

opium. There is a shop in the town selling about one lb. per day of crude opium, enough, I am told, to kill 500 persons taken as a poison. This curse will prove a great hindrance to work among these poor people.

Nursaya and Chendaya write of much encouragement in their beginning in Sironcha. The workers and helpers at Yellandu write of much encouragement there.

Dr. and Mrs. Batstone reached Jagdalpur on the 24th of May, and entered into the humble home I had tried to get ready for them. I had been compelled to leave Jagdalpur before they arrived, and on the way, by accident we passed each other, without meeting. It was a heroic, long journey for Sister Batstone, just out from home, and that too knowing that she was going where she would have no society but that of her husband and the heathen servants they might have. Alone among the heathen, 300 miles from the nearest Methodist brother missionary. But they went, and stuck, under much and deep trial of faith and will stick we trust till we shall have an army of the Lord with banners in that hilly land. I did a good deal of exploring till I reached home on the 5th of June, trying to take new routes all the while that I might see more of the people and preach more widely. When I had remained at Jagdalpur sending Dr. B. back for his family and things, giving him all the stores we had between us, I expected to see a little of hard times and was prepared to lose a little flesh on the hard fare I expected to be on, for a few months. After reaching home I weighed and found myself heavier by several pounds than when I had begun my hard fare. So I thought it was not worth while to say anything about my self denial and hardships. I am coming to think that a good deal of what we now consider essential can be dispensed with to our bodily good. I have ever been satisfied since those months that I was better off without tea and coffee. Sweetened hot water will do as well and we would be spared the headaches.

After getting turned around I wrote up Bastar and indeed our whole field. I will enter what I had to say of it all round, that friends may see what a heritage God has given us for the rest of our missionary days. I pray for thirty years for this field and hope that God will send my children in to carry on the work with and after me.

#### OUR MISSION FIELD.

When in 1886 we went out to the very end of the extension of the Nizam's State Railway, 150 miles east of Hyderabad, his Highness' capitol near Singereny, we found about us a strange people speaking Telugu with a very peculiar accent. They differed much from the Hindoos in physical appearance and dress. They were smaller in stature for the most part, with rounder faces, and contrasted strikingly with their aryan neighbors in the matter of honesty, and in sticking closely to the jungle recesses, in the midst of which one by one they actually hewed out their humble villages. Who were these people of whom we had not so much as heard in our seven years in the Dominions? We were told they were Koiwars. Their docility, and simplicity of lives, the absence of priests, temples, or caste among them, soon attracted our attention. But it was not till three years later when we settled at Yellandu, that the idea of especially laying ourselves out for this people seized us, as we began to work out. We found more of these people than of any other, and they were more accessible, readier listeners, and presented the most hopeful class of people we had ever worked among. It did not take us long to learn that the sua patria of these Koiwars was beyond the Godavery River in the hills and jungles of the state of Bastar.

When they spread out and filtrated themselves through the dense jungles of Telingana, of the Nizam's Dominions, is by no means certain. They utterly shun the open

country and seem to be most content where their axes can find trees, and the women's hands jungle fruit. We have we think, compassed the borders of the habitation of this most interesting people. Stretching from about twenty miles south of Yellandu, north-east 300 miles on a due line by about 100 miles in width, these people are found, in number about 400,000.

But in the Godavery valley and somewhat diffused elsewhere are more than 100,000 low caste Hindoos, whom the Brahmin has not thought worth looking after, who are more or less assimilated to the Koi, and vastly more accessible than the same classes surrounded by the other caste fraternities of Hindus. The home of this people is our "Mission Field," and these perhaps 550 or 600 thousand souls are the people to whom the Lord hath step by step led us.

Humbly we confess to a commission "in as much as in us lies" to evangelize this little Koiwar empire.

Here we realize we have a life work for a score of missionary workers "full of faith and the Holy Ghost."

We accept the commission at the Master's hand, and with all "prayer and supplication" implore such divine manifestations of gospel power as shall christianize this people ere we go hence.

This world *can* offer naught compared to the honor Christ has given us in this commission.

For ourselves and every missionary worker, Indian or foreign, who shall labor in this field, we implead the experience of Paul. "Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God." Acts xx. 24.

The entire field we divide into six circuits, each of which must have a capable missionary in charge, either Indian or foreign. In each of these circuits there will be three or more out appointments for helpers. When every point is

occupied, the working force will far exceed half a hundred men and women.

Who is sufficient for all these things? He who said: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," Mark. xvi. 15, and who "is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that *worketh in us.*" Eph. iii. 20.

#### THE SIX CIRCUITS.

I. Yellandu Circuit.—This circuit with its headquarters at Yellandu, is wholly in the Nizam's Dominions, and comprises the jungle region of the once magnificent Telingana.

The old Telugu kings of Warungul, at least the later ones, were the patrons of industry. Under their hands many thousands of splendid tanks and dams over numerous streams were constructed, and three or four times the present population must have found ample comfort.

But with the advent of the "Crescent," nearly 600 years ago, blight settled on much of the once fair kingdom.

Perhaps millions of the looted people fled south, and the villages without inhabitant, the tanks without guardians, soon fell into decay and half of the old kingdom became a dense forest, covering and often hiding the remains of what once was.

It may not be amiss if we surmise somewhat of the advent of the Koiwar into Telingana.

When Warungul fell, there was a Panjab prince at the court of the Telugu king, who had lost his all in the north. This Kshatriya prince with numerous followers and allies fled eastward beyond the Godavery. The successful footing of the Mohammedan at Warungul debarred any return. This prince with his allies set about making himself king over the aborigines, and the Bastar kingdom is the result. But these sturdy hill people did not quietly submit. We opine that in those days, perhaps some of these Kois fled from their own home into the deserted Telingana. Here

in a space of about forty by eighty miles are found now more than 60,000 of them, and perhaps 20,000 Hindus intermixed.

The country is wild, without made roads, most of it 1,000 feet above the sea, healthy except in the months of October, November and December, after the rains, when fevers are prevalent. But wise precautions leave little to be feared from this source.

Here we have had four preachers at work many days and there are abundant signs of a coming harvest.

At Yellandu we have a day school for christian children, but this must be made a training school and enlarged.

Here are located our christian village, Mission headquarters, workshop, school, orphanage, etc.

II. Sironcha Circuit.—Headquarters Sironcha, a town of 3,000 on the east bank of the Godavery 120 miles north of Yellandu. This Circuit about sixty by forty miles in extent, lies up and down the Godavery valley, is rather densely populated, and has about 80,000 souls; low caste Hindus more than 50,000, and the remainder Kois.

This is an exceedingly good field, and we have for three years been preaching to many of these people at Yellandu where they go in numbers to work in the coal mines. On the invitation of some of these people we have occupied Sironcha with two of our best local preachers this year. This field is hot a portion of the year, being on an average but 400 feet above the sea. On the British side of the river roads are made, on the Nizam's side none. Travel will be difficult in the rainy season.

Within fifteen miles of Sironcha are 10,000 low caste Hindus, of three most accessible castes, and for them special effort is being made with much promise. Here, too, we must have a training school. For after all our workers are yet among the people. We must hunt them up, garnish and arm them. To an Indian business man fell the honor of giving the first 500 rupees for the Sironcha circuit.

III. Gungalur Circuit Gungalur, is a small town fifty miles in from the western border of Bastar state, situated upon a beautiful plain 1,000 feet above the sea. Here we have an area of about sixty miles west to east, and fifty the other way, with 50,000 population almost wholly Koi and very widely distributed in small villages. We may call this a forest region, with good water, splendid soil, on the whole healthy. Half the circuit is below the plain by more than 500 feet. Roads are good, fair weather only. Gungolar is to be the headquarters of the western Tahsil of Bastar. But in the circuit fall three zemindaries subject to Bastar, with fully half the population of the circuit.

This field, as yet wholly unoccupied, is a splendid one, and must have a medical missionary, hospital, village, etc.

The authorities have bidden us select our site, and this we have done.

The only Hindus in this field are but little separated from the Koi people.

IV. Kunta Circuit. This circuit includes the southern Tahsil of Bastar, and also two large zemindaries, is about fifty miles square, and has a population of about 40,000. Koonta is the headquarters of the Tahsil, and is on the banks of the Severi river, 250 feet above the sea—the lowest station in our field. Wholly a forest region, scarcely any but Kois are found. After the rains fevers prevail. Bastar state provides good fair-weather roads. The great source of income in this and Gungalur district is the sale of timber.

Koonta is the southern port of entry by water. Timber in rafts goes from this point to Rahjamundry, and river boats reach here with goods and salt from the sea.

The population is very sparse, but most needy and promising. Kunta calls for a medical missionary, hospital school and village.

Probably the headquarters of our mission in this circuit will be Mokpal, a place about 1,500 feet above the sea,



where the church mission had property, which they have handed over to us.

V. Jagdalpur Circuit. Jagdalpur is the capitol of Bastar, a town of 7,000 population, mostly Hindu, though all the surrounding population is aborigine.

This circuit extends about sixty by fifty miles, with a population of 160,000, almost wholly aborigine. Nearly 2,000 feet above the sea, the entire circuit is a beautiful healthy plateau, thickly peopled, yet more or less forest. Vast resources of sal and teak timber are found here, for which there is no way down to the great river of the west, or the smaller one on the south.

We have just occupied this important point, Dr. W. H. L. Batstone and wife being the first missionaries. The state has given us, on splendid terms, 1,300 acres of land adjacent to the town, on the north border on which we shall soon have hospital, dispensary, bungalow, workshop and school. The climate is the most delightful I have seen in India. Now in the end of March the thermometer ranges from sixty to eighty-five degrees.

The whole state has come under British administration for perhaps fifteen years to come. The late Rajah, Byram Deo, died in 1891, and left a little son who is now eight years of age. This little king is a descendant of the Kshatriya prince who fled from Warungul over five hundred years ago. His name is Rudrapa Pratab Deo.

The deceased Rajah was never willing missionaries should enter his state, and until Commissioner Frazer last year gave us official permission to enter, the door of Bastar was shut against the gospel.

We find in Jagdalpur itself about 3,000 people, old and young, of Mahar (or Mallah), Gaoli (or shepherd), Chucker and sweeper castes. The first, 350 houses, the second 200 houses, the third twenty houses, and the last ten. How these people came here no one can tell. They seem either to have followed or gathered round the Bastar Rajah, and

here they are. Brahmins seem never to have been favored much by the Rajahs of Bastar, and few traces of their work are here seen. The Rajah encouraged *poojaris* of their own caste; Thus these forsaken Hindus have forgotten their own language and history, and are not far removed from the aborigine, except that they seem lower down in the scale of excellence. Here lies our first ready-to-hand work in Jagdalpur.

All the other circuits have been wholly Telugu. Here in Jagdalpur a very low Hindu prevails, or rather a mixture of Hindi, Hindustani and Marathi. What we shall do in the matter of the aborigine language does not yet appear. A wonderful field is before us. Two ladies of the W. F. M. S. and about twelve Indian assistants will fill this field.

VI. Kondagoon Circuit. This circuit lies north of Jagdalpur and the town of Kondagoon is but forty-two miles away from the capitol. It is beautifully located and is the center of about 40,000 souls. It is higher than Jagdalpur by about 200 feet and is healthy. There is here a small sprinkling of low caste Hindus and all the rest are aborigine. A great many Marias will be found in this field. We have applied for a large tract of land here and a building site of fifty acres. The station must have a doctor, a hospital, school and mission house.

VIII. Antagarh Circuit.—This takes in northern Bastar, and it is near the small State of Kanker; this may be counted in and will make a field of more than 80,000 souls in a territory of eighty miles by forty. Here are the wildest, nakedest people said to be found in all India to-day. It is said but a few years since the Mariah of this region wore no cloth. If anything was worn (as often it was not) it was simply a broad leaf or a little woven grass. Even now they are almost naked, living much on wild fruit and game, using no oxen or plow, but cultivating a little by hand. This circuit calls more loudly for christian

pity than any locality I know of in all India. Hindus are scarcely found in all this region. It is a purely aborigine population. Two missionaries are required and one must be an M. D. Antagarh, should have a hospital, bungalow, school and village.

## SUMMARY.

All these circuit headquarters lay along an irregular public line, except Kunta. From Yellandu to Sironcha is about 120 miles. Thence to Gungalur east ninety miles, on to Jagdalpur about ninety miles, thence north to Kondagaon forty-two miles; and thence to Antagarh sixty miles more. Kunta lies south and east of Gungalur 100 miles, and south and west of Jagdalpur 120. One tour around this field will require 1,000 miles of travel. The work is a tremendous one. Its call for workers and money is great, and yet we stagger not at the promise of God through unbelief. We solicit the prayers of God's people everywhere, for ourselves, bodies and spirits, and the immediate wants of this half million souls.

## MORE INFORMATION.

In all this Yellandu Bastar field, save Yellandu and Jagdalpur, there are no towns of over 5,000 inhabitants. Only three other towns exceed 3,000. There are nowhere any manufacturing interests, except the abominable liquor business, which is vigorously carried on in the Godavery valley. The coal mines at Yellandu represent a great industry, and perhaps we shall have a town of 20,000 here in a few years. The forests of the Nizam and those of the Bastar state provide a large trade in timber, which gives the Kois plenty of work with their axes during the dry season. Agriculture and stock-raising are the occupation of the people of this great field.

The Nizam's Dominions has now its railway, and the produce of the soil commands a higher value. Bastar, though unsurpassed as a rice and sugar cane soil, has little

market, owing to the utter want of roads up and down the hills. Some day a railroad will make these weary toilers a market for their produce. But why all this? Well, a great deal. It indicates something of the line of work we have before us.

Our work must be itinerant, almost exclusively. Medical work will localize itself somewhat in hospitals, but even this must be itinerant more or less. The exceeding sparsity of the population, for the most part of no more than an average of twenty-five to a square mile, leaves us no large centers for work. Everywhere the population is scattered in villages of fifty to three hundred souls. There are between six and seven thousand villages in the whole field. Perhaps more. We may estimate at least eight miles of travel to each village once, or say 50,000 to go all around once. And what are these people, that we must reach at so great trouble? Well, they are the simplest-minded people you ever saw. They will do anything for you when they know that you have come to do them good. They will receive you as the angels of God, collect in their largest houses or under their village tree, or in the open air, of an evening to hear you tell the story of Christ and his salvation. They will beg you to stay and make them know it better. They will bring you out their sick and afflicted and ask you what you can do for them. They are like those Jesus had compassion upon, because they were faint, having no shepherd, Matt. ix, 36.

But are there no obstacles? Yes, most formidable ones. First in ourselves, the greatest. We like comfortable work in a station, life in society, and the comforts of a good home, good food, good bed, and the constant association of wife and children, or friends or all. Here, like Asbury and good John Wesley, we must live on little and enjoy it, be much of the time on pony, foot, or cart, and be content.

## ALL ABOUT OUR MISSION FIELD.

## THE PEOPLE'S HISTORY.

1. India has to-day the remnants of many pre-Aryan races. Sir. William Hunter reckons these relics at fifty millions in the empire. There is no written history or monuments from which to gather the dates of their entry into Hindustan. But the aborigines of India are no doubt descendants of some of the companies that moved eastward after the "confusion" of tongues at Babel. The bulk of them came in by the northwest passes and some evidently at a later date, came in by the north door, and were perhaps a part of those who first settled China.

The aborigine population of the central Provinces is given in the census of 1890 at about two and a half millions. Entrenched upon, on every side, they have retreated before armies of Hindu aggression to the hill bound recesses, and here they form the bulk of the people. They are divided into about thirty tribes, great and small, each with a language of its own, unwritten, customs that differentiate them, and religious ceremonies and ideas more or less alike. Their history is gathered from sundry sources. There is abundant evidence that the aborigine kingdoms were here in power before the beginning of the christian era. The heroes of conquest have ransacked well nigh every nook and corner of the empire over and over again. But the roadless hills and impenetrable forests of Gondwana were no inviting bait for greedy kings of freebooters. Less disturbed, less mingled, less removed from their ancient estate, are the aborigines of this part of the Indian Empire, than any other large body to be found in the orient. The Brahmin has made no religious inroads on this people. Here they are with an autonomy of their own, of which they are as proud and jealous as the Brahmin himself. Indeed many of them regard the Hindu as an intruder, and despise him as their inferior. Among these

thirty tribes, the Koiwar, Gotta, Koi, Muria, Maria race is perhaps the largest. It numbers about 400,000. Bastar is preeminently its home. But they are spread out into Jeypur on the south and the Ahiri Zemindary and the Nizam's Dominions on the west. About 500 years ago an ex-Panjaub Prince, a refugee from Warungal, escaping the hands of the minions of the Mogul, foisted his dynasty successfully upon this people, and that same dynasty is represented to-day at Jagdalpur by the little prince Rudrapa Pratab Deo.

Much less is known of the earlier history of this people than of many other aborigine races.

That any kingdom of any consequence ever existed among them is very doubtful. No remains of cities, no monuments to declare any development of art, or any other significant traces of any past greatness can anywhere be found.

The conclusion is that they were, previous to the establishment of the Bastar kingdom, a pastoral and agricultural people, content with little, and governing themselves in a quiet way under petty chiefs or head-men.

Everywhere below the plateau on the south and west they are called Koiwars. In among the more inaccessible hills is a section called Gotta Koi. The word *Gotta* meaning hill.

On the Jagdalpur plateau they have been given a Hindustani name, Muria, by whom, or when, cannot now be ascertained. North of the Indravatti River, which runs across the State nearly on the 19th parallel, they are called Maria. But there can be little doubt when we examine their original language, the slight difference in their customs and religious ideas that they are one.

The various sections are so geographically separated naturally as to preclude any great amount of intercourse once a residence is selected. And the variations they make in the one language that they use, is not so much as

is found in the English of different shires in England.

The entire Koi section use Telugu, and it is a question whether this will not in time supplant the aboriginal tongue in those parts.

Every foot of Godavery valley seems once to have been made sacred by some incident in the flight of Rama and his recaptured wife.

Scores of traditions are extant, and many traditional spots are pointed out along up the valley. But except by pilgrims at Budrachellam no place is now much esteemed by caste Hindus. The population of the valley is essentially low caste Hindu, and the the Koi is close by on both sides.

Our conclusion is that the Koi came into the Nizam's Dominions 100 years or so after the Telugu kingdom fell into the hands of the Mohammedan.

Low caste Hindus in the Godavery valley and elsewhere make up one-fourth of the population of our "Field."

The other three sections of the race use the aboriginal language only. This language is known to the Koi below the plateau and used somewhat among them, though much less than they use Telugu.

About Jagdalpur, the capitol of Bastar, are other petty tribes using a mongrel Hindustani-Hindi-Marathi, and the fact of a Hindustani speaking ruler with thousands of followers has induced the use of much of this mongrel language by the Muria and Maria sections of this race.

The Halba tribe is somewhat represented in Bastar, likewise the Gudba.

We found two villages of the followers of Kabir Pant, the first of this class we have ever met. They are weavers by trade. There are other villages of these people we hear, but how many we cannot find out. But beyond question the people of our "Field" are ancient and interesting.

## GEOGRAPHY.

II. We have hill and valley in profusion. The Godavery river drains all the field except a small part drained by the Krishna at the Yellandu end. Many natives call the Godavery "Gunga." Its real meaning is, *Goda*, cow; *eru*, river. Receding from the Godavery, east and west the country gradually rises, though ever and anon rugged hills jut up. In the west we have the great coal bed valley of the Nizam's Dominions. Fifty miles east we burst up against the abrupt ledge of the Jagdalpur plateau where we have nearly 1,500 feet ascent in one to three miles.

Between the Indravatti, after its bend southward toward the Godavery, and the Baila Dila mountains, the western verge of the plateau, lies the Vijyapur plain, about half the elevation of Bastar's great plateau, which maintains an elevation of nearly 2,000 feet above the sea, over 8,000 square miles. The Vijyapur plain is about 1,000 square miles in extent and is a fine region.

North of the Indravatti, the country is exceedingly hilly, and the lofty hills are intersperced with narrow, fertile valleys. But this whole region is wild, woody, weird, beautiful and terrible. The valleys come down to 1,000 feet while the hills rise to 3,000 feet high.

Bastar has one great river, the Indravatti, and three-fourths the state is drained by it and its many tributaries. The southern border has one river the Severi, and there are a few small ones in the west-central, all flowing toward the Godavery. But coming as they do from off the plateau or from among the hills these fine rivers are all more or less full of barriers rendering them useless as means of commercial communication.

The Indravatti falls 1,000 feet in 100 miles and has one magnificent waterfall at Chiterkot, where the water has a perpendicular drop of 100 feet.

In the Nizam's Dominions are many rivers making Godavery-ward, but the Kinnarsani is the only large one.



All the western tributaries are torrents in the rainy season and dry beds of sand in the hot. Many of the Bastar rivers do not dry up at any time. Beautiful springs, waterfalls and green forest verdure please the traveller's eye.

The Godavery valley is low. We have about 150 miles of this river and its principal feeder, the Pranhita, rising from a height of only 200 feet above the sea in the south to 500 on the north.

Our whole field is essentially a forest region. The Nizam's wealth in forest is well nigh gone, but is more than made up in the coal discovered over a large area.

Bastar has no coal, but immense wealth in forest only waiting the road-maker to let it out westward to the waterway to the sea, the Godavery.

#### CLIMATE, SOIL, WATER, ETC.

III. Years ago we often heard the statement made that Telingana went into ruin owing to the unhealthiness of the locality. But history leaves no chance for such an opinion, at one end, and the comparative healthiness of any locality therein in our day when proper precautions are taken, none at the other.

Yellandu, a mining town of now nearly 10,000 people, is in the midst of a jungle, grown up on former civilization. Since good water was provided, sanitation attended to, the health register has been exceedingly good. Supply these conditions and the same result will follow elsewhere.

Dense forests and on the whole a higher elevation east of the Godavery gives a cooler climate and a much heavier rainfall.

West of the Godavery the average annual rainfall is about twenty-five inches, on the east about fifty inches. Yet in the west an enterprising Telugu people built thousands of tanks, dammed most of the streams to store all possible, of the scanty rain fall. On the east with a heavy

rainfall and better opportunities for storing arrangements, the easy-going aborigines built no tanks, constructed no dams, and has contented himself with a little dry cultivation.

We heard dismal stories from persons who had never seen it, concerning Bastar. But after having seen for ourselves and inquired extensively we can but say the conditions of health in Bastar, naturally far excel those in the Nizam's Dominions.

Delicious running or spring water abounds in a state of nature that no artificial arrangements can so adequately provide in the Dominions.

Of temperatures we may give at least three. (1) In the Dominions from  $40^{\circ}$  in the cold, to  $112^{\circ}$  in the hot season represents the extremes. (2) In the Godavery valley from  $50^{\circ}$  to  $115^{\circ}$ . (3) In Bastar from  $32^{\circ}$  to  $101^{\circ}$ . These are the greatest extremes we can hear of. Certainly the hot season in Bastar is short and mild, to us personally delightful. Everywhere precaution should be taken to get good water; in the Godavery valley be careful of tempting the sun, and in Bastar of despising the cold. The natives suffer much from improper housing and clothing, though they make much use of camp fires.

Malaria must everywhere in India be guarded against more or less, and certainly in every part of our field after the rains, October to December. More people die of fevers and smallpox than any other two causes.

The reason is patent. There is almost no medical relief, and in the case of smallpox, religious superstition leads many to think the disease a mark of favor shown them by the goddess who presides over this disease, and little or nothing should be done to interfere with the natural course of the ailment which is usually deeply aggravated by neglect in smallest matters.

Cholera is not a stranger, but seldom starts except upon the occasion of some pilgrimage when insanitation soon

breeds the plague. So-called sacred shrines seem to emit cholera when large numbers of devotees assemble. In this respect we are favored, having comparatively few *jatras* in our territory. The Koi is not much of a pilgrim. The Hindu does most of this work.

Geologically the western part of our field seems to have been much handled by nature. The Godavery valley and the country for sixty miles west upon a time subsided and became an inland sea when the coal beds that extend for hundreds of miles northward were formed. Then there came a series of upheavels and subsidences, and the formations of many layers of coal till at last one upheavel gave the present surface of the country, with a backbone more or less tortuous, that leaves the coal strata in the Nizam's Dominions dipping strongly to the south. If the denudation theory be correct, Bastar escaped and corresponds to the western Ghauts on the other side of India. Many miles of the Godavery valley is all alluvial soil; farther west sandy and black (not cotton) soil prevail, while Bastar is for the most part a fertile light clay, very productive when watered. The luxuriant forests of sal, teak, muddy and eppa attest the general value of the soil. Corn, wheat, jowari, rice, cane, oilseeds, cotton and all sorts of garden plants and vegetables do well wherever the proper care is taken of the soil and the growing plant. Water is the essential. The rainfall is good and water has but to be stored and then wisely used. Both in climate and soil we are well favored.

#### THE GOVERNMENT.

IV. We come under three. West of the Godavery the Nizam, Her Gracious Majesty's "faithful ally," is king. The history of the Nizam's state has many dark pages. The days of the greatest prosperity ever seen by this country were before the first Nizam was born. It is our opinion that once, twenty-five or thirty millions lived where

now the Nizam rules over eleven. The ruler is a Mohammedan but the populace is Hindu or aborigine. There has been a steady advance in the direction of good government for the last forty years. Days of oppression are well nigh passed, and we can confidently expect protection and the privileges of good government at the hands of the Nizam.

East of the Godavery we have the administration of the British along the banks of the river and then the British administration of feudatory territory in Bastar during the minority of the young Rajah. Here things are in the most antiquated condition imaginable. The people existed for the Rajah. He did nothing for them. When the British Government appointed a superintendent for Bastar in 1892, education, justice, police law and protection, public works and orderly revenue system had almost literally to be begun *de novo*. There were no roads for the convenience of the people, no public buildings of any value for the use of the state. The king himself had been happy in a grass hut. It was a splendid country with a wretchedly inadequate and effeminate government. Under a beneficent administration for the next twenty years there will be great prosperity. Until 1892 the state was not open to the missionary. Some years back the German Lutherans made an unsuccessful effort to get in. Now we are liberally welcomed and our assistance in the general uplift of the people is confidently expected. To this honorable work God has given us a call.

#### SOCIAL CONDITIONS, CUSTOMS AND RELIGION.

Measured by any standard of actual possessions this aborigine and intermixed Hindu population is poor indeed. But estimate their condition by the degree to which their actual wants are met, their general contentment and happiness, and we conclude they are as well off as their fellows who possess more. Everywhere the aborigine of this field out does his Hindu neighbor in building a roomy

and comfortable house. It has often been a wonder to me that all the laboring classes among the Hindus build so poorly, and one is not less surprised to see the comparatively superior houses, the Koi takes pains to build. An adult can scarcely stand in a poor Hindu's one to three rupee house. But he can always do so comfortably in a Koiwar's. But this house is about all. Seldom do brass vessels appear in the hands of the Kois. The most common earthen ware, cheap, easily broken and quickly replaced by the potter, do them. Better utensils are seen among the Hindus even though they are poor. Here and there are flocks, a few fowls, perhaps a few goats, a dog, a genuine "scalawag" pig or so. In the west they dress better than in Bastar.

Our hearts have been touched with pity many a time as men, women and children have come out to hear us preach, sing and pray. It is noticeable that the natural modesty of mankind is not wholly lost even among the most barbarous tribes, or under the vilest of heathen systems. "Natural" we call it, but we do not regard it as inherent in fallen humanity, but rather from the "light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world," the "conscience witnessing them" (Romans ii, 15, margin). The modesty of these poor women is not yet buried by their low estate in heathenism. Surely our Savior and theirs waits in "the travail of His soul" (Isa. liii. 11,) for His Spirit-anointed daughters to come and tell these, their degraded and oppressed sisters, that their bodies are created to be temples of the Holy Ghost.

Head covering is used by neither men nor women as a rule in Bastar. West of the Godavery the Koi dresses more like the Hindus in the valley, yet the villagers use little cloth.

The Maria of northern Bastar formerly used no cloth, and still many among the hills use only a green leaf or small grass mat suspended from the waist in front.

We first thought such nudity would prove the depravity of the people. But to our surprise we do not find any more immorality among the aborigine than the Hindu. Children up to eight or ten years are usually utterly naked.

Among the Hindus the marriage relation is very lightly esteemed. Keeping women is exceedingly common. Interchange on the part of both men and women frequently occurs. The Koi may polygamize, but generally he has but one wife.

Notwithstanding the apparent poverty of the people they seem remarkable happy. Almost every night you hear the village song and the tom-tom. This is to amuse themselves and frighten away the wild beasts that are about them and the plague of their stock pens.

Whatever else the people have or have not, they get and use tobacco. They grow it and its use by both sexes is everywhere seen. Even little children indulge in the poison.

Drinking under the British "out-still system" is fearfully prevalent along the Godavery and drunkenness is spreading greatly in that vicinity; up to a recent date the people of Bastar have been comparatively free from this vice. But the British excise system is set up, and the mohwa tree, the flower of which yields liquor, abounds.

Formerly in Bastar no labor was ever paid for, no matter what the service, or how great; it was the duty they owed the king for condescending to rule over them. Five years ago there was practically no money among the people except cowries (shells). It was "barter" all around. Buying and selling was all in kind. Last year even, we found our guides very loth to take pice, asking the rather for salt. The Bastar Raj never had a coinage, and now British money is used. Formerly all State taxes were paid in grain and live stock. Even now this is partly the case. It will be some time before there will be money enough in circulation to permit of its being otherwise. Being with-

out any large towns and markets, a system of weekly bazaars in different localities on different days affords a place for buyer and seller to meet. And still little money is used.

Five thousand people meet in Jagdalpur every Sunday market day. These weekly bazaars afford a fine opportunity for evangelizing.

Much of the grain carrying is done on the heads of women, or by *kavardi* on men's shoulders. The *kavardi* is really a spring stick resting on the shoulders in the middle with a load suspended from each end. Immense burdens are thus borne and are easily shifted over the back of the neck from one shoulder to the other.

The aborigine wears plenty of jewelry. Men put on most of it. We frequently see from ten to 100 different articles of ornament and the whole worth perhaps Rs. 2. Naked they may be, but they must have jewelry. We have seen thirty-eight rings in a man's two ears on a feast day.

It is remarkable to know the extent these people everywhere, from Yellandu to Jagdalpur, live on jungle fruit, tubers and flowers. By eating it in various ways they make good use of the Mohwa flower. But many also eat rats, lizards, snakes, swine and ants. With the bow and arrow they bring in much game for their humble larder.

Marriage customs are simple; choices are made sometimes by parents, oftener by the persons concerned. Sometimes the wife is bought. But the initials all settled, a village feast finishes the ceremony. A Bastar villager spends about Rs. five to seven, in getting married. At these feasts one item of expense is for liquor made of rice, called *Landa*, and though intoxicating, is freely partaken of by men, women and children. The curious custom of practically kidnapping a wife where one is wanted, exists both in Bastar and in the Nizam's Dominions.

Under British administration the sale of opium and

ganja is being spread among these hill people where a few years ago it was unknown. We can but call it a shame to England's fair name. The evil exists in the Nizam's Dominions but is not pushed with such vigor as in British territory. The great respect shown woman among the aborgines is in striking contrast with her standing among the Hindus. She is reckoned fairly man's equal. This greatly simplifies missionary work among them. Our preachers can at the same time reach both men and women. At Yellandu three-fifths of all who hear our preachers are women. There is much more domestic happiness among these people than among the Hindus. In hundreds of villages we have heard but little quarreling. No one can stop over night in a Hindu village without hearing male and female brawling, and often liquor has a hand in it.

In the matter of religion we meet with the greatest difference. The Hindu has his pantheon whether the priest is on hand or not. The village jangam is ever ready to offer his services and his services are generally utalized in the absence of the priest, and he becomes at once priest and magic man and drives a good trade, preying upon the superstitious fears of the people. However, orthodox Hinduism goes to the dogs, under his rule, yet his power is very great and the people fear him exceedingly. Caste will be in a way kept up, but it is becoming more and more an inextricable maze among the low castes, and will be easily broken down under the preaching of the gospel. Poor as these Hindus are, they have their temples and support them well.

The Koi nowhere builds a temple. The words of the poet concerning the Red Indian oft comes to mind with reference to this people.

"Lo the poor Indian whose untutored mind  
Sees God in the clouds and hears him in the winds."



These people revere gods they think dwell in the hills. One is sometimes astonished at the yarns they relate about their gods and their sacred hills. A roaring cataract, a waterfall, a dismal wind in some lone cavern, becomes an astonishing wonder, the concomitant of the presence of their gods. They have no idols, but they will put up a wooden pin taken from the ox yoke, or a small plug of iron and do puja around it, usually sacrificing fowls or sheep and goats for one occasion only, after which that place and implements are no more to them than any other. Sacrifice is common and anybody does it. Buffaloes, sheep, goats, fowls, pigs, are the common animals sacrificed. They offer rice, ghee, milk, flour, incense, oil, cocoanuts, flowers, fruit and numerous other things. They sacrifice and offer to the ground that gives them grain, the tree that yields fruit or toddy, the rainingiving sky and the fish yielding river. In like manner do they, to appease the demons when sickness comes, or to keep it off if they think it is coming. Yet all say God is above. When asked why he does not worship him only, he frankly says he does exactly as he has been taught. Then tell him how God, he has wandered from and almost forgotten the name of, wants to make himself known once more to him, and bless him, and his waste country, and that he has sent Jesus Christ into the world to reveal the Father in his consciousness, and forgive him all his sins and change and purify his heart, and he often puts his hands together and pleads that we stay and teach him these things more perfectly, as without some one to lead him he wont be able to give up their expensive and worse than useless mummery and idolitrous folly.

Oh that christian friends could hear and see these simple minded poor as we have many times.

About Jagdalpur the old Rajah did all he could to establish his kind of religion, and under his patronage human sacrifices were offered for generations at the shrine of

Danteshwari at Dantawarra in the central part of the state. He built hundreds of crude temples and supported them. But the villager worships the gods of the hills all the same, and where the Rajah's temples are, they join in the great holi and Dasara ta mashas.

Everywhere the magic-man is dreaded, and he takes good care to fleece the people well for his own profit. Jagdalpur is full of temples and literally somebody has made "priests of the common people" here.

Such is the country, the people, their history, their customs, condition, and religion told but in part

But with the all-constraining love that burned in the hearts of early Methodist pioneers, we shall tread these village footpaths and trails through the densest forests, fearing no wild beasts though they abound, shrinking not at turbulent rivers, nor hesitating in the face of any of the great and terrible mountains, till we have found out all those dear people and given them the message Jesus has entrusted us with for them. Before us is weariness, fever, pain, trials, and disappointments and untellable hardships, still Jesus says, "Go."

We shall hear these hills and valleys echo and re-echo with the Redeemer's praise.

Oh, for the pioneers who are ready for 2 Cor. 26-27, and the conquest of this people for Christ. It is all here and more, and an eternal weight of glory at the end.

This people for Christ in ten years should be our aim and effort. Amen.

I have entered so much of our field once for all that it may be seen what sort of country and the kind of people we have to evangelize.

This was the year of great trial in America among business men. Our friends who had sent Dr. Batstone and wife and had expected to send help regularly till our property was all fitted up into working and productive shape, were so straightened that for the last few months of 1893

they were unable to send us a single rupee. I need not say this involved us in severe trial. I tried to make ends meet as best I could but in spite of borrowing and economizing we were all sorely tried. It called us to much prayer but I could not feel that it was right for us to withdraw a single worker, or cancel any plans for the prosecution of the work among these people to whom God had sent us.

I made an attempt to do some work that looked as if it would make us something, but after months we had to drop it as an unfruitful enterprise. The trial came heavily on our dear workers in their far away home in Jagdalpur. God had, mean while, given them a little missionary daughter. Thus matters went on getting darker and darker till it came time to go to conference in Madras. At the last moment I felt it my duty to stay from conference, and try to help out somehow. Thus I wrote to the Bishop excusing myself from attendance. What shall I say? Our extremity became God's opportunity to bless us with a great blessing. Before the conference was over I received a letter from an old friend who had before done liberally in this work. That letter was worth Rs. 17,000 of the Nizam's money. Do I need to say we were filled with gratitude too great to contain? Just before I had ordered all work at Jagdalpur stopped. Now with a heart trembling with joy I ordered an advance again and we were able to repay what we had borrowed. Coming as it did just before the holidays, it made a time of gladness all around. We had a glad christian dinner for all our camp in Yellandu on New Year's day. It was prepared by the christians mostly and came off in the open air in front of our school chapel. Over 100 persons, old and young, partook with joy, and it was a pleasant sight for us and the Plumley's to share. The whole affair cost about Rs. 30, or less than \$10.

The work among the villages around us, and in the

town was vigorously carried on though no conversions encouraged us. In Sironcha our preachers prosecuted their work with much cheer and some very hopeful cases of inquirers were found.

Soon after this deep trial of faith was ended God poured out his spirit in Jagdalpur and four souls were blessedly converted. One was a Catholic and the other three were heathen converts.

Our force of workers was increased at Yellandu. An old man named Samuel, who had been many years in the Lutheran Mission, south of us, came to us and at first we did not feel disposed to keep him. But after months of trial with us he became a member of the Methodist Church and a preacher with us on Rs. 15 per month, Nizam's money, about equal to \$3. So the year closed with a staff of eight preachers in Yellandu and Sironcha.

Brother Nursaya is troubled with asthma and was very despondent over his health about this time, but a change cheered him up and his condition improved, so that he was able to resume his work at Sironcha. He was made a member of conference in December and he will probably be missionary in charge in this station for years to come.

C. B. W.

I here append a report of Dr. Batstone's medical work in Jagdalpur for the first six months after his wife went there:

METHODIST EPISCOPAL HOSPITAL.

JAGDALPUR, BASTAR, INDIA.

SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT.

PATIENTS TREATED.									
Out-Door Dept.			In-Door Dept.			Grand Total	Average Daily Attendance	Surgical Operations	Deaths In-Door
Males	Females	Total	Males	Females	Total				
New Cases,.....830			Males..... 9				Average Attend-daily.....13	Major..... none	
Calls.....1,172				Females.....1		Total.....10		Minor.....5	
New Cases.....215								Refused Operation.....1	
Calls.....215									
Total.....2,432									
						Grand Total... ..2,432			

REVISED MONTHLY STATEMENT  
OUT-DOOR DEPT.

1893	MONTH	New Cases	Calls
* July.....	100	147	
August.....	126	151	
September.....	192	295	
October.....	252	328	
November.....	162	236	
December.....	164	207	
1894	January.....	138	175
	Total.....	1,173	1,562
	Grand Total....		2,735

\* 8 days in June only. Dispensary opened 22nd June.

During the year 1893 I did all I could to get the W. F. M. S. to enter Bastar with us. For a long time there seemed no token of encouragement in this direction. At last however, Bishop Thoburn took up the matter and Mrs. Keen of Philadelphia, then visiting India, became interested, and authorized Miss Blackmar to draw on her for the expenses of the tour to explore, and the Bishop then commissioned her to go with me and the Presiding Elder, Bro. G. K. Gilder, and settle the question of the ladies going in with us for the conquest of Bastar.

The day before we started from Yellandu a telegram informed us our mission house at Jagdalpur was burned down March 1st.

On the 8th of March, 1893, I set out from home at Yellandu on my third tour. Brother G. K. Gilder, my Presiding Elder, and Miss L. E. Blackmar of Hyderabad, accompanied me. Brother Gilder to look up all I have reported, and look at the possibilities of greater extensions, and Miss Blackmar to arrange to plant W. F. M. S. work all over the field. It is with deep thankfulness I record that the Lord has very largely answered my prayers for the awakening of practical missionary interest in this great and long neglected field.

Owing to many unavoidable circumstances, we were delayed from starting till the hot weather was well on us, and we expected some warm traveling. We made only about 200 miles in a month, but we did not find the weather unbearable nor the tour fruitless. Much of the marching was by night and that over roadless jungles. That is, we have had only the commonest cart tracks often through thickets and rocky hills. Wesley Asbury, thirteen years of age nearly, rode the fourth horse in our cavalry brigade. We had, as far as Sironcha, a large stock of medicines for the Jagdalpur hospital besides a lot of iron and iron ware for the bungalow and hospital in Jagdalpur. Thence this equipage preceded us. We had three small tents and

these were not always pitched if we found shade without. Together we scanned the line from Sironcha to Yellandu over which we have been scattering gospel seed for the last two years and do still. My companions were impressed with the excellence of Goondala as a place for the location of two good preachers. At Sironcha we were detained a whole week and much good was done. Brother



The First Bastar Convert.

Gilder was impressed that my nine acre lot was by no means enough for the work that ought to be inaugurated here, and made forthwith an application for a fifty acre lot more. Miss Blackmar found what seemed to be just the thing for the W. F. M. S. and set negotiations on foot to get it and commence the work of her society soon. I was able to get fuller information about some property that we occupy already and want to purchase. We were a little impatient of the delay, but good work was done and time

will probably show that we were providentially hindered. My companions were deeply impressed with the value of this point as a centre for work up and down the Godavery valley for 300 miles, taking in all the Telugu field of the Nizam's country east and north of that already taken up. To me, Sironcha had seemed an important point in the Yellandu Bastar work, being within the land of the Kois.

Our preachers have done good work here for the year past and already the results begin to appear. Brother Gilder, at our Sunday service, baptised Somnath whom I picked up in Bastar last year. The young man has been a seeker for a long time, has come out very brightly at last and was baptised in Sironcha—the first fruits of Bastar. We went to see a very deeply interested family two miles out who ask for baptism, and we were much struck with their simple story of the way they were led to turn away from idols to seek the Lord. We were almost persuaded to baptise them, but at last consulting with Nursaya, we decided to wait till our return this way, meanwhile have them more fully instructed in the things of God. Surely a great harvest awaits us in this valley if we be faithful, In Sironcha district are over 10,000 most accessible people. The encouragement our preachers meet with is very great.

From this place we deployed along the east bank of the Godavery for twenty miles, noting the many large villages, and taking note of the classes of people who live in them. We then turned north-eastward up the west bank of the Indravatti, Bastar's great river, and then crossed over into Bastar. At Bhopalpatnam we camped for several days; Brother Gilder was summoned home by wire. This was a great disappointment to us all but the needs of a sick wife, called a dutiful husband home. I returned to the Nizam's side of the Godavery with our brother and returned to join camp and resume the march on Monday, the 2nd of April. While waiting here, Miss Blackmar and the preachers did some little missionary work in the bazaar. Miss Blackmar



called to see the Rani and had some talk with her and saw the palace and its surroundings. The time was not lost.

Monday the 2nd of April we moved on toward Bastar by easy marches. On the morning of the 4th we made the first ascent to the lower plateau. No sooner were we up, than we noted the difference in the atmosphere, though the altitude was but little above that of Yellandu. But it was a real difference to us to be only 700 feet higher than we had been for two weeks in the Godavery valley. All day at Vijyapur we saw no more than ninety-four degrees in the hottest of the day. This is at present the head-quarters of the *tahsil*, but will not be so long. It was once somewhat of a place but it is little better than a waste now. From this on to Gangalur we passed the following day, and the way had been made very pleasant for us by a small shower of rain in the night, and the many beautiful mango trees on this sixteen mile march was a most cheery sight. I have before this noted that as we find tamarind all over the Nizam's Dominions, so in Bastar we find the mango. The new leaves make this magnificent tree of India a thing of beauty at this time of the year. At Gangalur we camp for a day. Here we must have a missionary station soon. How great the need of a medical missionary here. A great ovation was given Miss Blackmar on the part of the women of the Mallah section of the population. Old and young they came to the tent to see her, and I bear her witness that she tried to talk with them. But her Hindustani would not fit in the best. But as I write she is having better success in the Hindi-school over the way. The school house is a shed without walls with a grass roof. Our camp is in a fine tope of mangoes. By the side of the tope is a tobacco garden. Hundreds of times I suppose it has been said that man is the only animal that will eat tobacco. We are now in a position to positively deny this serious statement that has so long come down heavily on tobacco users. We all saw several goats

and their kids deliberately eating the broad green leaves of the filthy weed with apparent relish for some time. It came to us that the goats of Gangalur were not aware of the bad company they were getting into. We had some conversation with the people as to their wellbeing and their need of medicine and medical help. The death rate is certainly abnormally large and yet they look on it all as their fate. Many die in infancy that might be saved, had they a little help. In this district up to date, nothing appears to have been done for the medical comfort of the people; yet right here by orders of the British Government, hundreds of rupees are paid in advance for a stock of opium which is sent here and held in the Government treasury and sold out to the people and supplied to a contractor as well. We submit that it is a rotten source of revenue and a wrong thing to do in any case, and especially so when no medical provision is yet made for the benefit of these poor people.

As we journey, we are stuck, as in previous years, with the rich soil and the sparsity of the population. One village we camped in, two years ago had at that time forty houses, and has now but four, and the presence of a police station near by, was given as the reason for the depopulation of the village. But what a field is here for the poor of India's over-populated districts, if the tide could but be started. But these poor of India are slow to move from the home or customs of their fathers.

As hitherto it comes to me that the hope of this land and these poor, is in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Secular government alone cannot do all that ought to be done for these people. There is no need so great in Bastar to-day as the need of the gospel. These people waken my deepest sympathies more and more each time I see them. If God did not send me hither to call the attention of christians to these neglected regions I am at a loss to understand the ways of the Master.

Up to this date I do not see more than the beginning of the much needed work, but I believe the good time is coming when all these people shall be the Lord's. Whether I, or my church, is to do all that will be required or not may not now be said; but somehow, I expect to see the answer to my prayers for Bastar before I go hence.

From Gangalur we moved on for thirty miles over ground we had not hitherto seen till we struck the old road at Nelsenar. Thence we moved on till we reached Jagdalpur on the 13th of April. All through the part of the Nizam's country we passed and the Godavery valley we found everything dry and parched. Scarce a tree had leaves. When we ascended the first plateau at Vijyapur we found the country a little greener but when about fifty miles this side of Jagdalpur we ascended the main plateau and found ourselves 2,000 feet above the sea the change was marvellous. At Katanar below we found but little green but in two hours we found ourselves in a land robed in living green. It was a sight to cheer the weary heart. Miss Blackmar said the country looked like Pennsylvania. Showers of rain are common all through the season on the plateau and the evaporation does not seem to be so great and the result is a land of beauty all the year.

At Jagdalpur we soon came to see how great was the loss of the Mission and to Dr. and Mrs. Batstone by the fire that burned them out on the first day of March. The doctor was out at his work and Sister B. was not aware of the fire till the whole house seemed to be ablaze and she had barely time to make good her escape with little Evangeline from the burning building. It was the grass house I began for them last year with such additions as the doctor had made during the year. All that was saved was the clothing they wore and that without a single change. All the doctor's medical and religious books, even to their bibles, went, Medical instruments and apparatus, with furniture, clothing, and personal effects, with many things

presented them on their marriage, the house, etc., represented a loss in money of more than Rs. 4,000. Money can't replace much that went. Really they have suffered the loss of all things. And strangest part of it all is, that they both say they cannot mourn over it and they bear the loss joyfully, declaring that God has made the loss of all a great blessing to them. Bishop Thoburn on the eve of his departure for America heard of the loss and sent them Rs. 100. Others have sent in help and many have written letters of sympathy. But it will be some time before they can get to be as comfortable as they were before. A sewing machine is now on the way overland for them and when they get this they will be able to do somewhat to replenish their very spare wardrobe.

We saw the two wings of the hospital started while there and the doctor will live in one and work in the other for the present, till a bungalow and dispensary is built. When we left Jagdalpur on the 24th, the work was in a fine state of progress and our pioneers were in fine cheer at their prospects. We had to take the masons from Yellandu for the building work at Jagdalpur. Carpenters and coolies can be had there.

Leaving Miss Blackmar in Jagdalpur, with my preachers, I left on the 25th, for a run south to Sukma, a place as yet not visited by us. We reached this place in four days, the distance being sixty-four miles. In going south we went down off the plateau to 600 feet above the sea at Sukma. As may be imagined we found a different atmosphere. At Jagdalpur we enjoyed eighty to ninety-six degrees, at once we came to 110 at midday at Sukma, on the 29th of April.

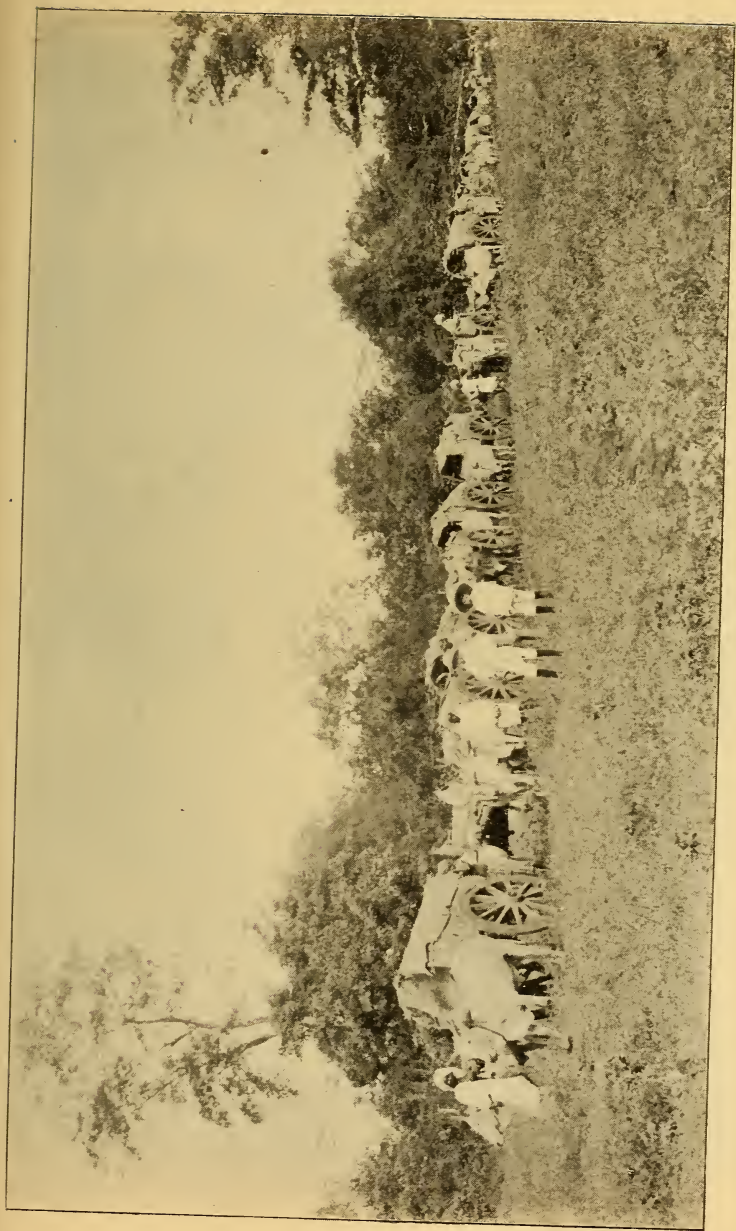
From this place we went west twenty-five miles and climbed the plateau again to Mokpal where for the last eleven years till last December, the C. M. S. has had two or more workers but no missionaries. When Gen. Haig was acting as missionary at Dummigudium early in the

eighties he sought to lead the C. M. S. into Bastar, by taking up five acres of land at Mokpal and getting the workers appointed there. But in December last, the Rev. John Cain of Dummigdiu handed over to me this station with all property held there. It was my business in part on this occasion to take over the property and decide what we should do with it. After looking over the ground we concluded the place was good and the field needy, and that we ought to make the station a medical one as soon as convenient. Our C. M. S. friends have found the field unfruitful and so have with the heartiest good will handed it over to me and withdrawn their workers. We are not at all discouraged by the report of the land thus coming to us and so shall try to man the station as soon as we can. We found the field surrounding Mokpal the purest Koi we have yet seen. Telugu is almost utterly unknown, as is the Hindee of Jagdalpur, and the only language current is the original Koi. Indeed we seemed to be here in the very home of the Koi. Hemmed in by hills so as to make a field much to itself are about 300 villages of these pure Kois. It is the most rugged part of Bastar I have yet seen. The hills too, differ from those of other parts in that they are cultivable to the very top. Here we found many of the old Koi grave yards with their peculiar and many shaped head-stones. But the people seem to be abandoning the custom of erecting these stones now. We have only seen one new stone erected within a year. They burn the body anywhere and then in memory of the person deceased, erect a head-stone in some given place. This Mokpal field will be a little difficult of access, but it is therefore more needful to make it a field to itself. Mokpal is forty-five miles to the west of Jagdalpur. Its elevation is about 1,500 feet above the sea.

From this we made our way twenty miles to the west, to the top of the Baila Dila hills, to see if a sanitarium could be made there if needed. We reached the foot of

the hills on the 3rd of May and the next morning, leaving our carts, we collected ten begaries for our beds, cooking utensils, etc., and on the 4th ascended 2,000 feet to the topmost part of these stalwart hills. The ascent was not so difficult as I had expected, but what a sight and what a breeze. Here 4,000 feet above the sea we had a view such as I did not expect. Sixty miles away to the west we could see and identify the hills along the Godavery. For seventy-five miles east, towering range over range, as far as the eye could see, were the Jeypur hills. Much of Bastar was at our feet and the sight was one not soon to be forgotten. We came up well warmed up and the breeze seemed icy cold to us at 8 a. m., in this the hottest month of the year. We spent the whole day exploring and then slept on the top that night to get an idea of the night temperature. There are fine locations here for sanatoria if needed, and splendid spring water abounds near at hand. Roads will need to be made to reach the hills and for the ascent to the hill. But this is neither expensive nor impracticable. Well pleased with the discovery made, we descended on the morning of the 5th and returned to Mokpal for Sunday.

On the 10th we were back in Jagdalpur but having had four days of the hardest travel that has yet fallen to our lot in Bastar. The hills were certainly terrible for our carts. There we found Brother Gilder, who had dropped down from Raipur. On the 11th he baptised the four converts and organized the first quarterly conference in Bastar. God has given Dr. and Mrs. B. soul saving success the very first year, and these four converts are the result. They are most promising cases. Sunday following Evangeline was baptised, and the next day a little one for the first convert family. Our little flock in Jagdalpur numbers eight souls old and young. As I write this morning the doctor writes me that two more seekers have come to them of the sweeper caste.



Our India Caravan.

On the 14th I transferred to George K. Gilder and Miss Blackmar one half of our fifty-three acre building site for W. F. M. S. purposes, and we hope to see the ladies at work here early in ninety-five.

Leaving J. this same day we visited the waterfalls at Chitterkot and made our way on north to Kondagaon and showed the W. F. M. S. trustees the land available for them there. Here we parted camps and Brother Gilder with Miss Blackmar went north exploring the way to Raipur while I with my camp turned back homeward. I had planned a return through the Maria country but a few days fever made me abandon this plan. On the 24th of May we bade our missionaries and christians at Jagdalpur farewell and set out for Sironcha and home. Before we parted we had the Lord's supper together.

We have now selected all our building sites in the five Bastar stations and in a little time shall have all the papers and shall be ready to begin operations as soon as we can get our medical missionaries on the spot. We are well pleased with the locations given us, and by God's blessing we shall see a grand harvest in this land for the Lord.

Nine days march brought us to Sironcha on Saturday night the 2nd of June. When we got off the Bastar plateau we found we could not travel by day; we had suddenly come into a temperature that registered 114 degrees in our camp. So for a week we traveled all night and camped all day.

We have sent to Jagdalpur twenty-five cart loads of iron ware, clothing, machines and other necessary things for our work and workshop there. The cart hire for this 300 miles of hill and valley is about Rs. 800. There is no other way in this the beginning of this work with no railway.

I am more than glad that Brother Gilder and Miss Blackmar have seen the country and are pleased with it. We have done a good year's work and hope we may get home.





Two Orphan Girls.

We are closing a tour of about 1000 miles in much comfort within a little over three months. Four of our preachers have accompanied us and much preaching has been done that we hope will bear fruit. Among other things we have the beginning of a Koi vocabulary and skeleton grammar.

At Yellandu we have been tried with sickness among our christians. We hardly see why, but believe that there must be some good intended for us in it all. While away from home, a letter comes to say that two orphan girls have been taken into the mission. We could wish for 100 orphans. No work we have done in India seems to us so gratifying as that for orphans. But for this work we have not had the workers we have to-day. While Beemaya and Samuel are keeping up the preaching in the home field, Nursaya and W. Eraya are at work at Sironcha and Chendaya, Ramaya and Yati Hamama are with us on tour, or as we sometimes say, blazing the forest in Bastar.

## YELLANDU BASTAR MISSION FIELD CALENDAR.

### YELLANDU CIRCUIT.

C. B. AND E. M. WARD, *missionaries*. Rama Gnanappa, Yati Hanama, Beemaya, W. Eraya and Samuel, *preachers*. Church Members forty-nine, Probationers six, Sunday-school Superintendents three, Class-Leaders three, School Teacher one, School Chapel one, and one day school.

### SIRONCHA CIRCUIT.

M. Nursaya, G. Chandaya and G. Yellaya, *preachers*. Members six.

### GANGALUR CIRCUIT.

### MOKPAL CIRCUIT.

### JAGDALPUR CIRCUIT.

W. H. L. and Alice Batstone, *missionaries*. Church

Members five and Probationers two. Sunday-school Superintendent one and Class Leader one.

## KONDAGAON CIRCUIT.

## ANTAGARH CIRCUIT.

By the above it will be seen that we have only four missionaries and eight preachers in all this great field and they in three circuits. While four circuits are utterly unmanned. The entire field comprises a population of nearly 600,000. It is a rare thing to find so large a field unentered by any mission, but this is what we found when we first visited Bastar in 1892. And to this day we are the only parties on the ground and it looks as if the Lord had given us a commission to evangelize this people. To do it we need many helping hands. We thank God that He is raising up for us more native workers and we are earnestly praying for the pioneers we yet need. Who will come over and help us and that soon.

Five preachers are now at work in the bazaars and villages, with much to encourage them. Yellandu itself grows monthly larger. Continued call for labor in the mines is bringing people in here from the four quarters of the compass. Latterly some people from the sea-coast have been dropping in here and among them a few christians of different missions, and we try to do what we can for them; for left to themselves they will soon be more heathen than christian. But I fear that the worst material the missions represented had in stock, has floated into our sea and so the work for and among them is not very encouraging. But the people who are coming here from the east coast, have all heard much of the gospel from the Baptist and C. M. S. missionaries and their helpers.

Our Presiding Elder held the quarterly conference on July 10th. Preachers, Sunday-school Superintendents, Class-Leaders, Stewards and one Committee reported well of the work of the church spiritually and financially. The

Telugu church services and Sunday-school have been growing in interest and numbers this year steadily. The former has an average attendance of sixty to eighty and the latter nearly 100

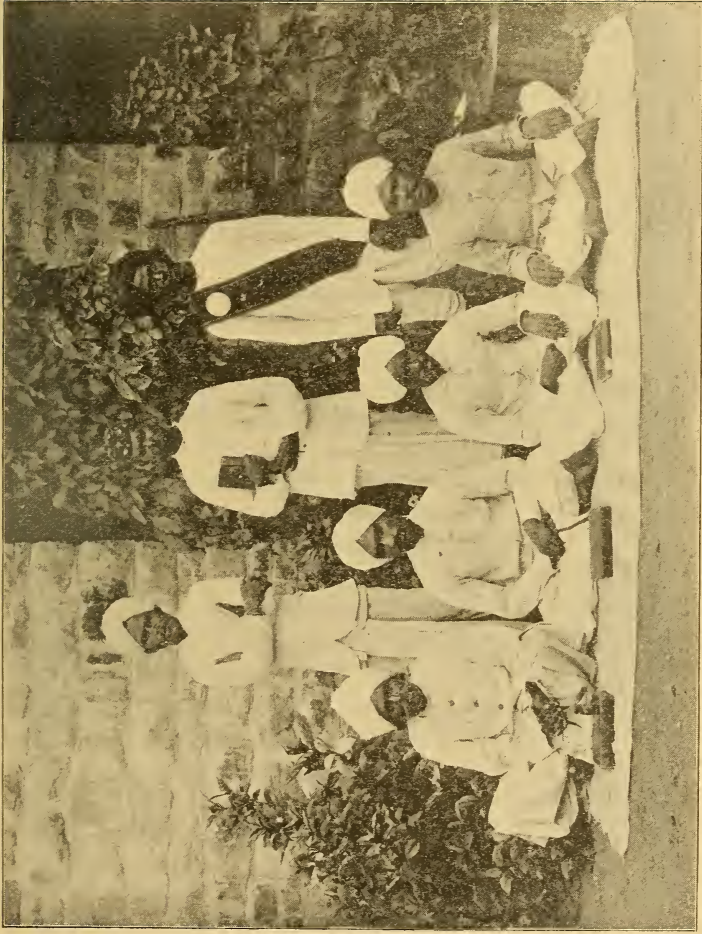
The English Sunday-school reported Rs. 24-14-9, for the last quarter and the Telugu S. S. for the same time Rs. 8-0-4. The Stewards reported Rs. 664-7-1, and expended for the same long quarter Rs. 626-9-0, leaving a balance in hand of Rs. 37-14-1. We observed that the amount contributed by the native christian community increases and the blessing of the Lord rests upon them in their business. They at present give about Rs. fifty per month. Other members of the church and friends put into their hands the balance of the amount needed to carry on the work they have undertaken, costing nearly Rs. 150 per month. They continue to manage the affairs of the church and as they assess the salaries of the preachers so they pay them.

At the quarterly conference Ramaya, Yati, and Beemaya were all recommended to the district conference for admission into the annual conference on trial, For the next four months it was arranged that Brother Plumley look after the English services and Sunday-school and Brother Ramaya be responsible for the Telugu work.

We are very thankful to the Lord for so many favors in so many ways, but we do so much long to see souls being converted to God. The people have been hearing the gospel for a long time and great numbers now daily listen with deep interest and we feel that the time has fully come when we should see souls coming to the Lord.

We must search our hearts and see whether we are not in the Lord's way in the work, and if not, betake ourselves to fasting and prayer till the times of refreshing from on high come upon these poor souls.

We cannot persuade ourselves that we should go on



A Group of Preachers.

preaching year after year without seeing souls saved. It was not so in the times new testament writers tell us of.

#### OUR VILLAGE AT YELLANDU.

We are getting into shape at last and begin to see what we may expect out of our colony in the near future by the blessing of the Lord.

In land tax and produce this year the village has netted Rs. 2,700. This we consider about one-half the sum we shall get in a couple of years more. The attempted confiscation of our village by the Nizam's Government put us back more than a year in our reconstruction work. But in two years from this date we expect to have the village up to the average of its capabilities. We have been endeavoring to get all the ways to income in hand and feel as if we had made a start. In 1891 we purchased one candy of paddy and planted a part and lent out the rest. This is but the fourth year and that candy has grown into more than thirty. By lending out three and taking in return four, the putwarries and patels of villages in these parts make more than the land tax amounts to. From the beginning I have given out four and have taken in return five and have reserved this to cultivators on our own village. Those who get the benefit of our rate, think we are kind. We have shown that sugar cane yields well here and saffron and ginger as well. We have lately put a good stock of singara into the tank. Up Jagdalpur side every tank is full of this productive vine, and it yields a handsome profit with very little trouble or cost. We are also trying to get 1,000 babool trees to grow. This wood is very valuable and is scarce in these parts. After the Buckingham canal was constructed in the time of the last great famine the banks were seeded down with babool. For the last five years there has been a great abundance of that wood cut yearly from the canal banks for sale. It grows easily and upon ground where other things wont

grow, so we are trying hopefully for 1,000 trees from which we may hope for a good return in about ten years. Meanwhile they will cost us little and help us utilize ground otherwise idle. We are getting a garden well under way with all sorts of good fruit trees many of them grafted. Thus in time, we shall reap if we faint not, and our christians will have learned how more effectually to get the good out of God's ground there is in it, for them who seek it.

Our tanks and villages in Bastar will in a few years do us no little help in our work there. But the work calls for patience such as the successful emigrants of all lands possess. I for one have a call to help the poor Indian to dig his native gold out of the ground that Satan has caused to be all but lost sight of in weeds of sin.

About our home in the station may now be seen more than 500 fruit trees, on which we have bestowed much labor, and even now we begin to see the fruit of our labor in lime, guaves, plantations and other things.

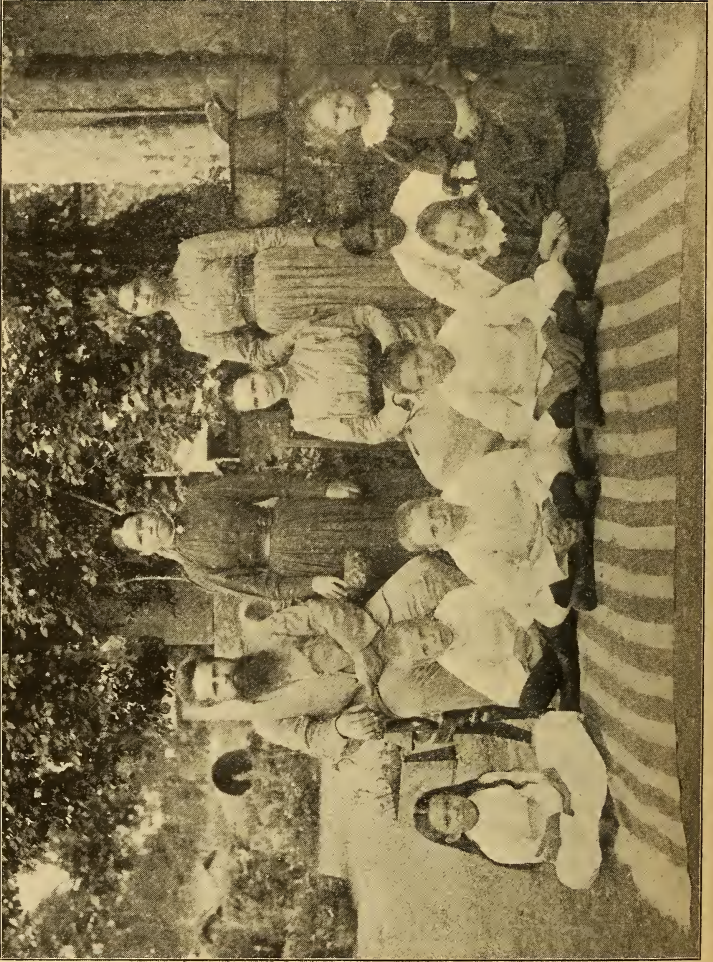
We are as ever a *faith and works mission* as the ring of the workshop anvil and the smoke of our lime kilns give daily witness. And the best of all is the Lord is with us.

It will take us years to get all our Bastar mission stations up to what Yellandu is now, but I hope to see all that and more, ere I go hence. It pains me to see Satan getting all the good of the land when the Lord intended it for his own children. As God helps us, we shall make him trouble in doing so well as he has been done in the past.

People are coming in and settling upon the village, who are not christians and those become a little parish of souls for us to evangelize. Our opportunities for good work are grand and we need grace to be faithful.

#### JAGDALPUR.

At last writing the Batstones were living in the wing of the hospital we started when I was there in April. All the



Our Family.



buildings undertaken were well under way and prospects cheering. All the goods we started up to them got through before the rain fell, and they are now a little more comfortable than they were. They have the tools and machines for a workshop like ours at Yellandu and will no doubt soon see the profit of it.

The Transit and Building Fund Society (New York) on learning of the results of the fire at Jagdalpur ordered their treasurer to expend \$500 for the relief of the station and the Doctor and Mrs. Batstone. Of this \$364 was put into purchases for their benefit in New York and the balance remitted to them in cash.

Thus about Rs. 2,000 of the loss of the missionaries and the mission has come in again. It is less than half the value of what went up in smoke, but for it all praise the name of the Lord.

At latest writing all were well and full of zeal for the souls of the people.

They need a good pair of Hindee-speaking workers there. One of their converts will in time make a worker, but must be made.

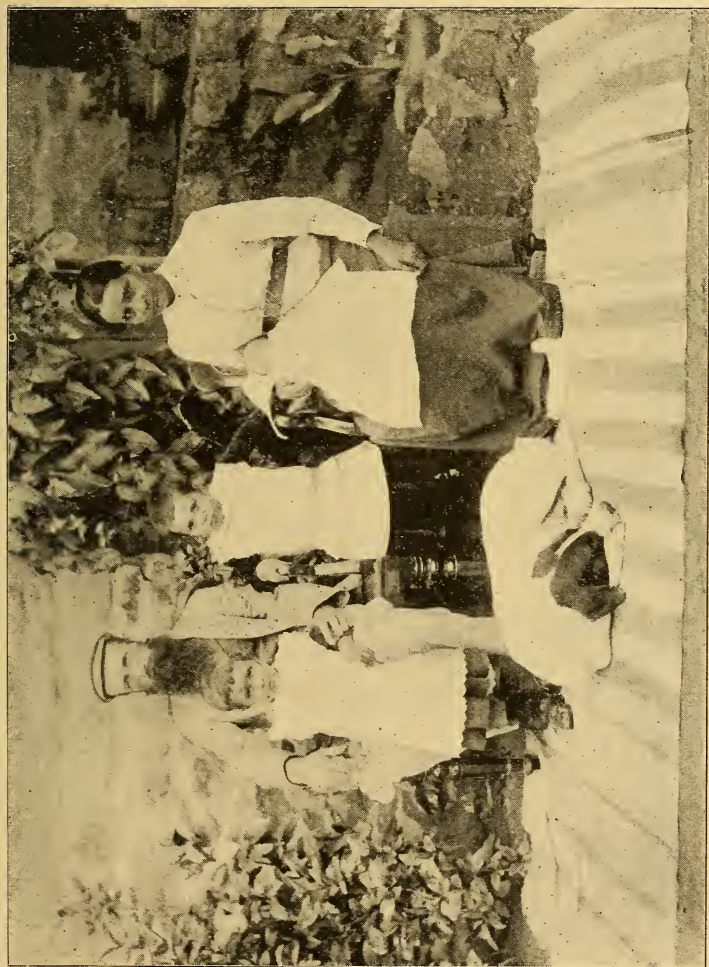
Let these workers have a chance and the Lord will bless and souls will be saved there.

During my absence in Bastar, Sister Ward had been sick most of the time. It seemed to be at last a matter of necessity that she should go where she could rest wholly for a time, or in all probability break down altogether. Never before had it been possible for us to leave the work even for a time. Bro. and Sister Plumley were ready to hold shop for us a few months, and the workers were in a condition to carry on their work without me for a time and so we decided that we would take a trip to America. Everything was therefore hastily arranged and advantage taken of the reduced fare to get away as soon as possible.

On the 16th of July we left Yellandu, a company of eight persons. A missionary father and mother with their

five children and one of the Indian girls we have brought up to years of womanhood. Our home had presented a very busy scene for a couple of weeks before the start. To secure the cheap passage rate we must needs take the *Arabia*, or pay more than Rs. 1,000 more to get to New York. Our effects all packed up, we were so helped of the Lord that we enjoyed the rare experience of having all our things and ourselves at the railway station in time for the train with a few minutes for rest. A few dear friends accompanied us to the first junction, and sent us off with tears and smiles. Two nights and a day on train brought us to Bombay. Here other friends met us and did us no little kindness during our waiting for the steamer's departure. On the nineteenth we left the harbor. About four hours at sea, and as if in battle, one and another fell, till the upper deck was about clear of our company, I alone was found unslain. Upon me therefore fell the task of nursing more or less all the rest. But the next day found the children nearly all up, and bold enough to go above again. But their mother bravely showed discretion for another day.

We set out upon our journey in the moonsoons, and so we had moonsoon breezes at their full force in the Arabian sea. Mighty waves laved our decks for eight days out. There was not much comfort in the voyage so far. When however we passed into the Gulf of Aden we found our wind milder and the sea calmer and the sun shone as if it loved to make us happy if it could. Eleven days brought us to the entrance of the Red Sea and found nearly all our ship's company in good trim and spirits. From a distance we saw Arabia's barren rocks that the British lion crouches upon the prow of, at Aden and at Perim we admired the Lion on guard at the gate-way to the sea of the Pharaohs. As we saw Arabia we thought of Israelite, Phœnician, Ishmaelite, Bedouin and Arab. In mind we queried: Is Mr. Bent right when he says he has found the land from



Wm. Plumley and Family.

which the Phœnician learned letters? The Red Sea treated us well, and one day a terrible rocking was all the company aboard wanted. Much of the time we were in sight of land on the one side or the other. When the peaks of Sinai loomed up on our right we had resort to our bibles to find all there was there about those historic rocks.

Fortunately for us we had an old missionary with us who had wandered all over the hills and valleys of the peninsula, namely Dr. Jacob Chamberlain of the Arcot Mission. With his help we were able to identify Jebul Musa, the encampment by the sea, with the seventy palm trees (Dr. Chamberlain says there are but sixty-eight now); the wells of Moses and the probable place where all the host of Israel crossed the sea just behind where we anchored at Suez. We read over the bible story and retold it to the children. It was Sunday, a sacred day to travel over this sacred region. For another reason I found the memory of this spot sacred to me. Here a little less than eighteen years ago the Lord wrought a deliverance for me not less wonderful than that the Egyptians saw Him work for long oppressed Israel. My long night struggle with the corruption of my unsanctified heart for seven years, my Savior brought to an end just here on the evening of December 10th, 1876. Miriam's song was no more joyous than mine. The memory of my bondage seems like a nightmare. Oh how I groaned, prayed, struggled and tried. But all in vain. Jesus ended all, by bidding me while I was crying for help, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." What a deliverance came with those words.

We entered the Suez canal the night of the 5th of August. The next day as we moved slowly along by Ismailia I could but look away toward Egypt and think of the wonderful history of that land and of the yet possible historic discoveries to be made there. But for Israel's hardships there, we might have known little or nothing of it all. The more the curious turn up to light in that land of

tombs, temples, sphinxes, obelisks, and pyramids the greater confirmation finds the bible record. Already a Tom Payne is an impossibility except bereft of honesty or reason.

Port Said in 1876 was but begun, and now it is a great and wicked city. Men roam the streets to spot every stranger and openly solicit their patronage for places of infamy. What need of some tremendously energetic and courageous christian work here. Threepence to post a letter reminds us that we are out of the Postal Union on Egyptian soil.

In the Mediterranean and we began to think of another part of the bible and Paul. His tours and labors called for one more glance over. When Crete and Clauda came in sight we felt that we were near the scene of the veteran missionary's toil. Just beyond we crossed the track his vessel went driven by the wind towards Malta. But we were intensely interested when we stood just off Rhegium. There after the shipwreck he had touched and then passed on through the Straits of Messina. The scenery along the passage of the strait was beautiful but the most interesting of all to us was the fact that this was the way the Apostle went on his way to Rome. The terraced hillsides and continuous sprinkling of houses all along the coast for fifteen or twenty miles both on the Italian and Sicilian coasts was indeed a sight to be remembered. Opposite Paul's Rhegium stands Messina, a large city, to the eye at least. As we passed the narrowest part of the strait I tried to see where the Sirens sat and sang. I could see no bandstand either on Scylla or Charibidis. The latter on Sicilian shores is all sand and Italia's Scylla is a rock indeed, but full three miles of ocean intervene, and never probably was less. Dr. Chamberlain says the Sirens are not kept up in these days owing to the expense, so we passed safely and yet charmed, (by what we saw). Not least among the wonders of this Saturday (Aug. 11.,) was Ætna's smoking

crown way off to our left, After we had turned around the point of Sicily and made westward again for hours we still saw this lofty volcano till we found ourselves well nigh along side of Stromboli. We were told that Stromboli and Ætna work alternately. When we were passing along side of Ætna her fires were dying down and as we neared Stromboli her fires were waking up. Smoking mountains were a great wonder to the children.

They call this summer but we found it extremely cold as we went forward from Messina toward the Strait of Bonifacio and on to Marseilles. It was cold as an Indian winter. We sighted France in the early afternoon of the 13th of August and anchored before the magnificent harbor at Marseilles at 9 p. m. The next morning we were tied up to the docks by seven o'clock. All these parts are historic. Evidence has been found in Marseilles in modern times that show that the ancient kings of Sidon were here. Italian Sardinia has also yielded Phœnician foot prints. As we passed the Strait of Bonifacio the Corsican rocks upon our right reminded us that they bare Napoleon Bonaparte. Marseilles is a city about the size of Madras, with a harbor perhaps unexcelled. In front of the harbor is one of the finest breakwaters in the world. Anchored here we found more steamers than it was ever our lot to see in any one harbor at one time. Then there were sail ships by the hundred. Fishermen's craft and pleasure yachts too many to try to count. Here among them all we discharged and took on cargo for three and a half days. Leaving Indian wheat, linseed and peanuts, we took on oil, pig lead, Russian and Turkish wool and a few other things much of which is to go to America.

While our ship was here we hunted up the Salvation Army, attended one of their meetings, and through an interpreter spoke of India and salvation to a small house full of the middle class. At this meeting we met one of the Guinness Algerian missionaries who chanced to be in the city and dropped into the meeting as did we.

He, Mr. Liley, was our interpreter. An elderly lady of English birth, the widow of a French gentleman, we also met and we were all invited to take tea with her the following day which we did. Though a member of the aristocracy she took pleasure in sympathizing with and helping the S. A. in their unpopular and difficult work in Marseilles. We found her a dear christian soul and enjoyed her company, and after a song and a prayer with her and the S. A. Major and his wife, we bade them all good-bye in the name of the Lord.

The same day Mr. Liley took us about to see the city. Notre Dame is the name of a Roman Catholic church on a hill overlooking the harbor, and especially regarded, as the seamen's cathedral. Topping the tower of the church, is an immense image or statue of the Virgin Mary. The full name of the church is Notre Dame de Gard or our Guardian Lady. The harbor is regarded as under the especial guardianship of the Virgin Mary. To the top of the hill we went and found the church in the centre of military barracks, and soldiers on duty in the midst. We were taken to the top by a hydraulic car and made our way about as we pleased to see inside and out. What shall we say? Idolatry we have never more certainly seen in India than we saw it here. And as for abominable imposture, at and around the door language fails to express me. Inside were numbers bowing down to images, statues, pictures, crosses, relics, etc., and outside and at the very door were similar things in miniature for sale at the hands of holy sisters who thus serve the church, not the Lord, and these same holy servants of the church have for you holy cigars, cheroots, cigarettes, all sorts of liquor, etc. We saw ladies who had come to pray, sitting upon the church door-step regaling themselves with whiskey and bread.

From this eminence we had a splendid sight of the whole city but we came down with a heavy heart to think that all this heathenism was carried on under the name of

Jesus Christ. Then we visited a cathedral that has been thirty years in building and is far from finished yet. We did not ask the name but simply took a look round and here found worse idolatry than we saw at Notre Dame. In this magnificent building were a number of chapels where mass is said, at cost to suit the purses of those who come. In one we were told mass could be said for one franc, in another for five, in another for ten, in another for 1,000. And so on according to the means of the comers. But what here attracted our attention most, was a full sized statue of Christ upon the cross but bolted not nailed. The right foot we noticed was covered with a silver slipper toe. We did not wait long to see why this was. As each worshipper was about to retire from the bulding from any chapel he or she went before this statue, bowed to it, crossed themselves, stepped up upon a little raised platform and kissed this silver toe. Little children were put through the preliminary processes and lifted up to permit them to kiss the silver toe. We had no heart to take the dimensions of the great cathedral, almost as long in building as was Herod's temple. We learned that in Marseilles were some thirty or forty Roman Catholic churches. On inquiry we learned that there were some three or four Protestant churches only (and they not noted for their aggressive character), a McCall mission, a Baptist mission, a sailors' home and a detachment of the S. A. These make the little gospel leaven that is silently and slowly working in this great city. Thank God that there are here a few of the Lord's own. The city is said to be fearfully wicked. The S. A. had an officer here who had wasted two million francs in riotous living and at last was converted. While a sinner, his father paid all his debts. Now that he is converted, he is disowned and outcast.

On the eighteenth, at noon we moved out to sea again, bound for Liverpool. Does all this change of scene and people put India out of our minds or hearts? Nay



verily. Much of our time on ship board is spent in the interests of our Yellandu-Bastar work. The year thus far has been an uncommonly busy one. Three months on our tour and one busy one, getting ready for this voyage, left much in arrears. Accounts, reports, correspondence and much beside. So a bundle of memos, a few books, a pack of letters and other data came aboard with us for attention on the way. Twenty-one letters went back and forward from Suez in spite of the boistrous Arabian sea. A large bundle of arrears has been cleared and we have found time to read Ben Hur, William Penn, the History of the Turk, and re-read a part of Wesley Fletcher and Henry Martyn. Among our thoughts for the Telugu work is the hope of being able to bring out in the years to come illustrated brief biographies of some of the holy men and women of old. We have made selections of a list of twenty-four worthies whose histories would be nerve food for our rapidly multiplying Teiugu christians, if God will, we shall do something toward this much needed work.

Plans for the early taking up of all the remaining Bastar posts are in our thoughts and prayers day by day. If the Lord will, two main colonies we shall develop in that coming state. Two large tracts of land are promised us and we trust the Lord of Hosts is with us to bring them into shape. Would that we might bring back with us half a dozen missionaries for this needy field. Just what we shall be able to do in the little time we can remain in America, we cannot now say, but we have a feeling that the Lord is with us now, as truly as when we were led into Bastar.

On the 26th of August we reached Liverpool and the following day we were transferred to Glasgow where we had to wait three days for the steamer. Our enjoyment was marred in this beautiful Scotch city by the sickness of Sister Ward. She was confined to her room most of the time. The Philps-Cockburn Temperance Hotel was our

home here and the stars and stripes always at the top reminded us that we were nearing America. On the 30th we boarded the Ethiopia, the very same steamer on which in different years we had both crossed the Atlantic. Ten days landed us in New York. Here sickness and other causes kept us waiting a few days when we took the train for Chicago via Suspension Bridge and met some old friends at the latter place, and pushed on to our old home in Cropsey, McLean Co., Illinois. Met by dear ones we were soon as comfortable as kindness could make us.

Thus we have written our story. It is but the beginning of the work yet before us. Soon I return to the work in India, my wife and the children will stay in America a couple of years and while recruiting health, the children can attend school and learn a few lessons in doing things for themselves which it is ever hard to learn in India. If God will, I hope we may have yet one-third of a century in that far off land and that our children may help us and carry on the work when we are gone.

It is my prayer that these pages may be made a blessing to other young men and young women, encouraging them to trust God and undertake great things for Christ. Great fields yet lie untouched in many lands, awaiting the heroic young men and women of christian America. Oh, that many may be encouraged to say to God, "Here am I, send me."

I praise God for my years in India. The story of all its toils and trials and victory is but imperfectly told in this little volume. Much that I have done has no mention here. Much we have gone through is not here. I have been an editor most of these years in a small way, and have written hundreds of articles for other papers than my own. I am left no room to question that this work has accomplished much for the work of God in India and much in the souls of individual persons. I have for many years carried on an extensive correspondence, writing I suppose, not less than 500 letters per year.

I have had time for extensive reading and study. If any ask where, I will say simply by using all the *minutes* at home or abroad. A good man has said to us Methodist preachers, "Never be unemployed." In trying so to do, I have had plenty of time. My work is well begun and to God is my heart lifted that I may have grace to accomplish all my Savior's will and be permitted to see, ere I go hence in my chosen field, many thousands led to the Savior from heathen darkness. God has highly honored me and mine in sending us as pioneers to more than half a million of souls. We know of no field in all Methodism that could tempt us away from this. Our prayers is to God for grace and helpers to do all that lies before us.

The work calls for many workers yet and not less than \$50,000, before the whole of our industrial settlements are equipped to a productive base, that will forever make the work self-supporting. We have the unfailing promises of God to plead till all this good work is set up, a multitude gathered together to praise and serve the Lord Jesus Christ.

Interested friends may at any time for years to come I trust, write me as below.

Now unto God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be honor and glory forever more.

C. B. WARD,  
Yellandu, Nizam's Dominions, India.

## "THE GOOD WORD OF GOD."

God's word has formed so important a part in the development and discipline of our faith, as we have journeyed through a land by us hitherto unexplored, that we are constrained to add a few of the *Bible searchings* that have been so blessed to us, to show that God has given us a good foundation for this sort of work, and also in the hope that they may be blessed to others.

## "THE FATHERLESS."

Deut. xxvi. 13, xiv, 29, and x. 18; Ps. xiv. 6-9, lxviii. 5, x. 14, lxxxii. 3, lxxii. 4, cxxvii. 3; Jer. xlix. 11; Ex. xxii. 22; Isa. i. 17; Deut. xxiv. 19-21; Ps. cxlvi. 9; Hos. xviii, 14.

## "THE POOR."

Lev. xxiv. 22; Esth. ix. 22; Ps. cxxxii. 15, cxl. 12, lxix. 32, xli. 1, lxxii. 13, lxxxii. 3, cvii. 41, cix. 31; Prov. xxxi. 9, xxix. 7, xxviii. 8, xxviii. 27, xxii. 9, xvii. 5, xiv. 31; Zech. xi. 7; Deut. xv. 11; Lev. xix. 10; 1 Sam. ii. 8; Matt. xxvi. 11; Luke xiv. 13.

## "THE NEEDY."

Deut. xv. 11; Ps. ix. 18, xii. 5, xxxv. 10, lxxii. 12, 13, cxviii. 7; Prov. xxxi. 9, 20; Isa. xiv. 30.

## "THE LORD'S POSSESSION."

Josh. vi. 19, xi. 14; Gen. xiv. 19, 22; Ex. xiv. 19, ix. 29; Job xli. 11; Ps. cxv. 16, xxiv. 1, 1. 10, 12; 1 Chron. x. 26, 28; Matt. xi. 25; Joel iii. 5; Hag. ii. 8; Lev. xxv. 23.

## "ALL THINGS."

Matt. xi. 27; John iii. 35, xvi. 15; Rom. xi. 36; 1 Cor. viii. 6; Rom. viii. 32; 1 Cor. iii. 21; 2 Cor. iv. 15, vi. 10.

## "ASK."

John xv. 7, 16; 1 Kings iii. 5; Ps. ii. 8; Isa. vii. 11; Matt. vii. 11, xviii. 19, xxi. 22; John xvi. 13, 14; Eph. iii. 20.

## "TRUST."

Ps. xxxvii. 3, xxxiv. 22, lxii. 8; Job. xiii. 15; Ps. cxviii. 8, 9; Prov. iii. 5; Isa. xxvi. 4; Ps. cxxv. 1; Isa. xii. 2; 1 Peter ii. 6.

## "PRAYER."

1 Sam. i. 9, 27; 2 Chron. xxxiii. 13; Ps. v. 9, x. 17, xxii. 24; Jonah ii. 2; Luke i. 13; Acts x. 31; Num. xi. 2, ii. 7; 2 Kings xix. 15, 20; Dan. ix. 20, 21; Ez. viii. 21-23; Neh. i. 5-8, ii. 4; Ps. cii. 17; Prov. xv. 8, 29; Phil. iv. 6; Eph. vi. 18.

## "RICHES."

Eph. i. 7, 18, ii. 7, iii. 8, 16; Phil. iv. 19; Col. i. 17.

## "A WORD FOR A MISSION."

Ps. ii. 8; Gen. xiii. 14-17, xv. 18; Deut. vi. 18; Num. xiv. 7-9; Josh. i. 7; Ps. xlvi. 10, xlvii. 8; Luke x. 2.

## "GOLD AND SILVER."

Matt. x. 9; Hag. iii. 8; Joel iii. 5; 1 Kings xv.; 2 Sam. viii. 11; Josh. vi. 19.

## THE SPECIAL MISSIONS OF

Zerubbabel, Nehemiah, Ezra, Jonah, and the prophets have been the subject of much study, profit, and encouragement to us.

These are a few of the flashes of light from God's word which have been greatly used of God in leading us. Along this royal road we walk and work, and pray and sing.

## ACCOUNTS.

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We present two tables of figures: The first presents our accounts as compiled up to March 1st, 1891. The second embraces our account as compiled from July 1st, 1890, the date when transactions with Bishop William Taylor's Transit and Building Fund Society commenced. Thus table No. II. goes back over ground covered in table No. I., eight months. I am unable to alter this, not having by me the necessary account books. Had I the needed data it would simply reduce the totals on both sides by perhaps Rs. 10,000, leaving the result June 30, 1894, however, just the same.

It will be seen that the total monies contributed by christian friends from different countries, has been in the 15 years and 4 months, about Rs 164,000 or about \$40,000. During these years we have earned in various ways and turned wholly into the mission nearly Rs. 70,000, or about \$18,000.

We have spent about Rs. 3,000 in printing and circulating vernacular tracts and scattering holiness literature in India. We have spent Rs. 4,000, more on publishing reports and papers in the interests of our work.

Our contributions to other christian work and causes has amounted to nearly Rs. 13,000. It will be noted that of about Rs. 228,000, expended in the maintenance of the mission and the securing of mission property something over one-fourth has been the result of our efforts at self-help. Over Rs. 70,000 has been put into property. Thus of the Rs. 158,000 that our mission has cost us for the support of missionary workers, orphans and all other kinds of work Rs. 64,000 or two-fifths of the whole have been earned by us in India. We have but little of orphan work now on hand. In the fifteen years we have spent about Rs. 20,000 on Eurasian orphans. In all we have had twenty-five different

boys and girls. Before the native orphan work became self-supporting we spent upon it about Rs. 18,000.

Our mission has given India about sixty years of individual missionary service i. e., our staff has been four male and female missionaries, all through on an average.

In *Kind*, many dear friends in India have put us under deep obligations. Gifts of this sort would probably aggregate Rs. 7,500, in the history of the work. The Transit and Building Fund Society has spent a considerable sum sending us missionaries and tools and various other things of value to the mission. But we do not have the totals or the details of this help.

This is "my story," we have pioneered a native christian community out of heathenism and orphanhood, and that at starvation's door, into a self-supporting body of christians, who now represent a christian community of nearly 150 persons, who are now actively engaged propagating the gospel that has done so much for them. We are located at strategic points in a field of 30,000 square miles with a population of half a million. We have property worth Rs. 100,000, and good prospects of getting much more at an early day.

We are proud (humbly) of our living epistles, and tangible acquisitions, and of our glorified dead.

We have learned to work and pray, and pray and work, and with a faith that sees the "triumph" all along. We closer grip our Saviors's loving hand, and press on to greater things.

A dear friend has dubbed us the "Faith Works Mission." Well, "self-support," and, "faith and work" index our missionary politics.

May thousands rise to do more and better, and to Christ be all the glory.

C. B. WARD.





## TABLE NO. II.

Abstract of Accounts from July 1, 1890 to June 30, 1894.

## RECEIPTS.

From The Transit and Building Fund Society.	71,504.15.	3.
Other Contributions.....	32,889.	9. 7.
Trade and Earnings.....	22,267.12.	7.
Village Income.....	3,284.	7. 6.
No. II Orphan House.....	1,997.13.	0.
Loans.....	26,405.12.	2.
Miscellaneous.....	50.	0. 0.
Balance in hand July 1, 1890.....	139.15.	1.

Rs. 158,540. 5. 2.

## EXPENDITURES.

I. On Mission Property Yellandu.....	23,474.12.	0.
Village Reconstruction.....	28,468.	4. 2.
Orphan House No. II.....	2,067.11.	8.
Stock.....	1,142.14.	0.
Loans Made.....	1,162.	8. 10.
Miscellaneous.....	94.	5. 0.
Books and Printing.....	1,482.12.	5.
Jagdalpur Property.....	16,146.14.	7.
Sironcha Property.....	259.	8. 0.
Bastar Towns, '92, '93 and '94.....	2,292.	1. 6.

Capital Outlay, Rs. 76,592. 3. 2

II. On Food Supplies.....	10,976.14.	4.
Clothing and Furniture.....	4,901.14.	5.
Servants.....	3,989.	7. 2.
Books and Printing.....	1,397.13.	2.
Traveling Expenses.....	1,016.	7. 11.
Parcels, Post and Telegrams.....	390.	3. 1.
Medicines.....	904.	9. 10.
The Lord.....	2,712.15.	1.
Children's Schooling.....	1,203.	1. 2.

Five Months in Bangalore.....	Rs. 1,132. 7. 6
M. F. S.....	862. 9. 6
	<hr/>
Mission Maintenance, Rs.	29,488. 7. 8
III. On Trade and Productive Work, Rs.	26,270. 5. 10
IV. On Loans.....	Rs. 22,005. 11. 10
	<hr/>
Total Expenditures, Rs.	154,356. 12. 6

## SUMMARY.

Grand Total Receipts.....	Rs. 158,540. 5. 2
Grand Total Expenditure.....	Rs. 154,356. 12. 6
	<hr/>
Balance in Hand, Rs.	4,183. 8. 8

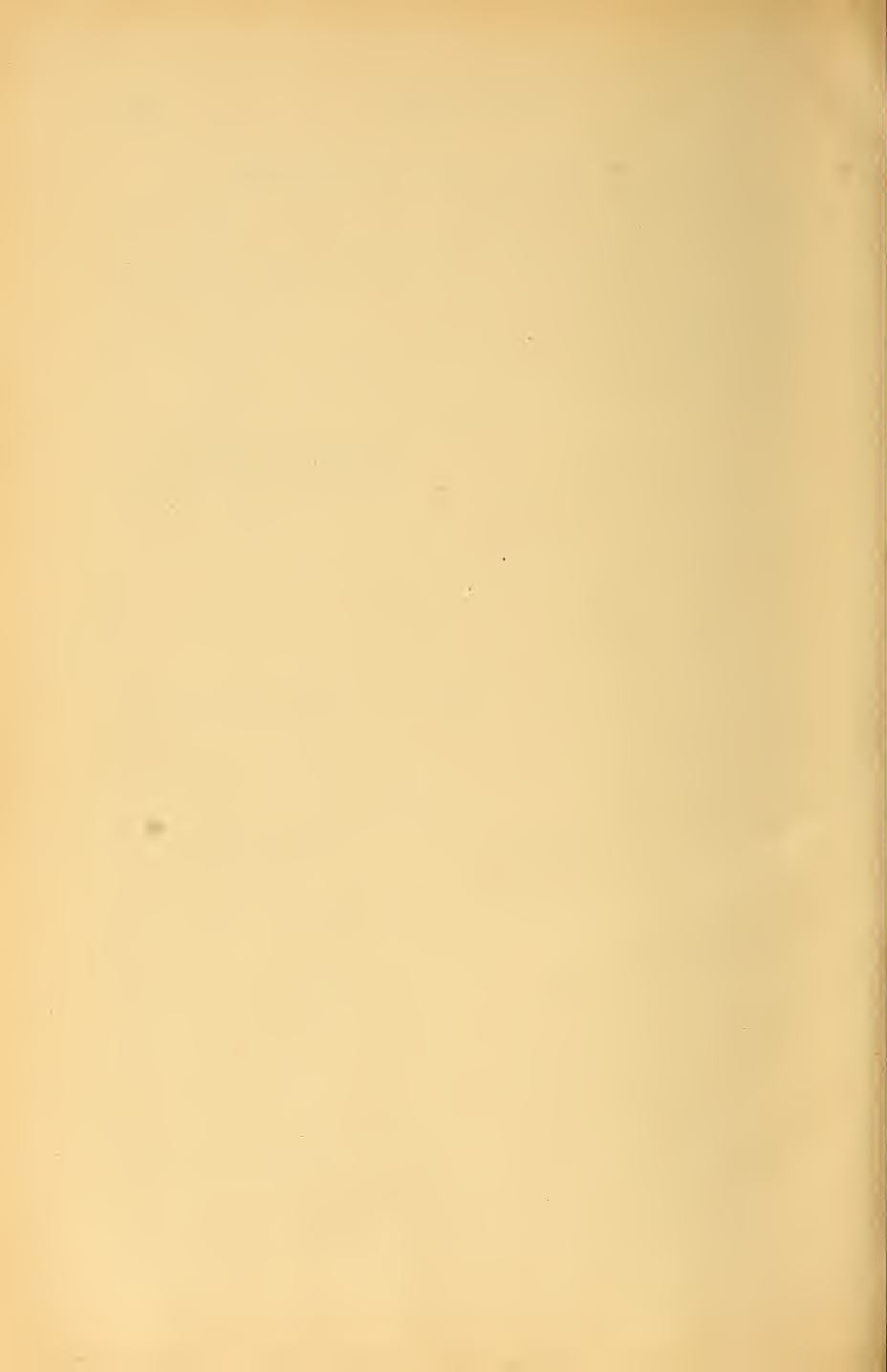
## TABLE NO. III.

## MISSION PROPERTY IN INDIA.

Yellandu Mission House, grounds and houses, etc.....	Rs. 19,000. 0. 0
One School Chapel.....	Rs. 3,000. 0. 0
Orphan Houses and grounds.....	Rs. 6,000. 0. 0
Work Shop and Tool Plant.....	Rs. 2,500. 0. 0
Todalagudum Village 3,000 acres and im- provements....	Rs. 40,000. 0. 0
Frazerpur Village 1,300 acres at Jagdal- pur.....	Rs. 10,000. 0. 0
Jagdalpur Buildings and material.....	Rs. 9,000. 0. 0
Jagdalpur Medical Stock.....	Rs. 1,500. 0. 0
Jagdalpur Live Stock.....	Rs. 1,000. 0. 0
Mokpal Property 70 acres of land and Buildings.....	Rs. 1,000. 0. 0
Sironcha Property, 9 acres.....	Rs. 1,000. 0. 0
Autagarh Property, 52 acres.....	Rs. 1,000. 0. 0
	<hr/>
Total Value of Real Estate, Rs.	95,000. 0. 0

## MENU OF CURRENT ASSETS AT YELLANDU.

31 Candies of Rice unhusked.....	775. 0. 0
6 " " Tamorind.....	150. 0. 0
2 " " Saffron.....	100. 0. 0
1,000 cft. of Building Timber.....	1,000. 0. 0
Recoverable Loans.....	1,360. 0. 0
Advances on Trade Account.....	654. 0. 8
Stock.....	1,750. 0. 0
	<hr/>
Total, Rs.	5,789. 0.



# OUR WORK,

—BY—

C. B. WARD.

—



EIGHTEEN YEARS A METHODIST MISSIONARY IN INDIA

—

“Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.”—*I Sam 7, 12.*

—

CHICAGO:  
E. J. DECKER COMPANY, PUBLISHERS.  
1894.

1872





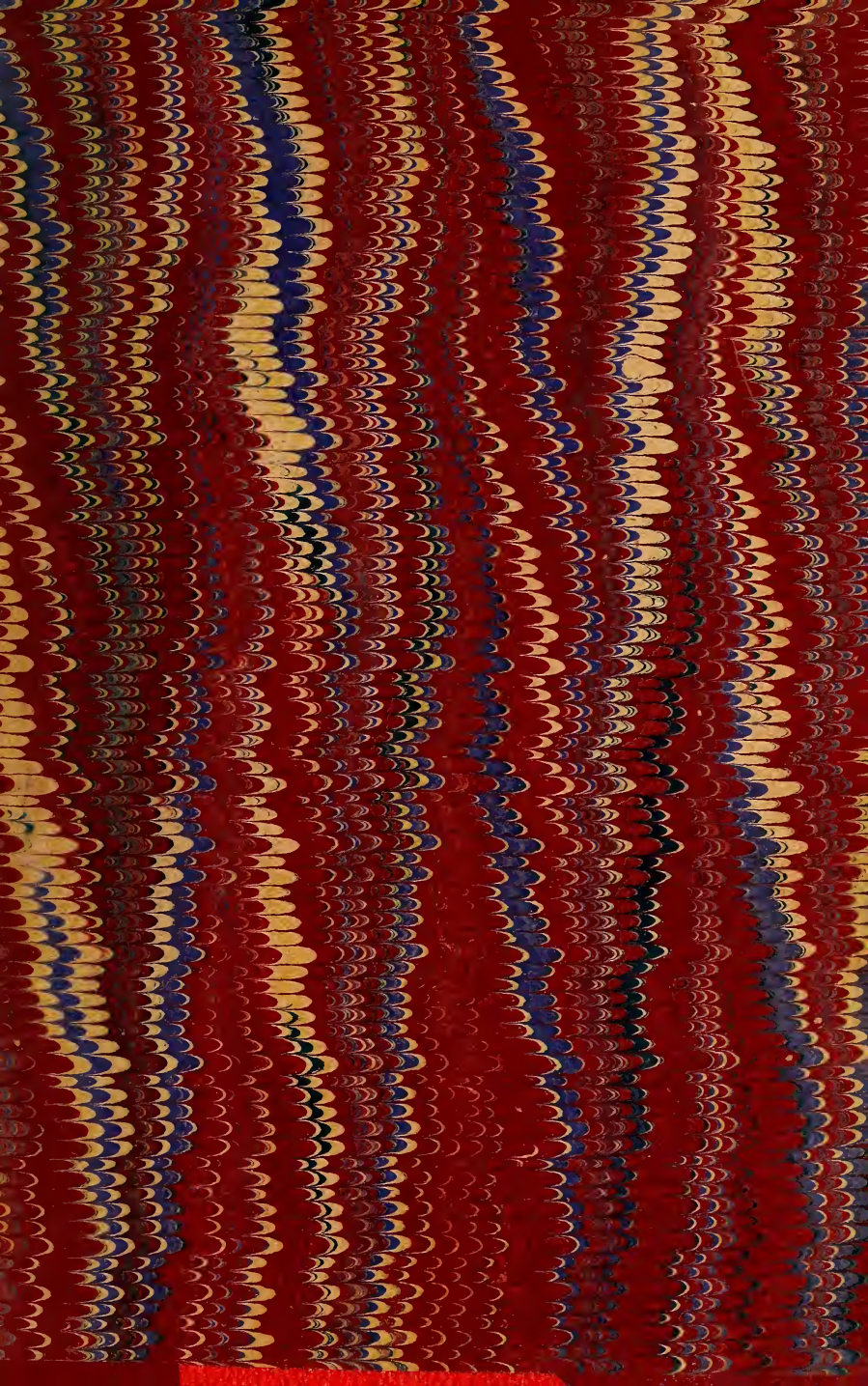






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