THREE MONTHS IN CAMP:

BEING THE DAILY JOURNAL OF A

MEDICAL MISSIONARY ON TOUR

AMONG THE

SANTALS.

BY

JAMES M. MACPHAIL, M. A., M. B., C. M.,
Free Church of Scotland Santal Mission,
Chakai, Bengal.

[Printed for Private Circulation.]

PRINTED AT THE SANTAL MISSION PRESS,
POKHURIA, INDIA.

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BANYAN TREE AT CHAKAI.

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NOTE.

ALTHOUGH the following pages explain themselves, a word of introduction may not be out of place.

It has often occurred to the writer that mission reports are as a rule less interesting than they might be, through that "deficiency of detail" which is the fault of an under exposed photograph. The statistics, which are of prime interest to the missionary himself and to a limited circle of professional friends, are less likely to create a real interest in the work, especially among friends at home, than an account of the actual daily routine. The object, therefore, in printing this journal has been to furnish a sort of appendix to our ordinary reports, giving a more particular account of at least one department of mission work. If it be objected that such a task should rather have been attempted by some one who had been longer in the field, it may be said in reply that a missionary who is comparatively new to the work is always more impressed with its novel and peculiar features than one to whom they have long ceased to be strange or striking. It must be understood, of course, that any opinions expressed or observations made apply only to that very small corner of the Indian Mission field with which over three years' work have made the writer to some extent familiar.

That this diary contains much that is trivial and common-place is not denied, but it would not be a true picture of the life which it seeks to represent if it did not.

The two illustrations are from photographs taken by Mr. Alexander Thomson, M. A., of the Duff College, Calcutta. One represents a banyan tree, one of the characteristic trees of the district, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Chakai Mission; the other is a group of Santals, who were stopped on their way to a fair, and who are therefore represented as wearing much more apparel than usual. It is but fair to say that in this case, the engraver has lamentably failed to do justice either to the skill of the artist or to the personal appearance of his subjects.

The author's thanks are due to his friend and colleague, the Rev. Andrew Campbell, of Toondee, for his assistance in seeing these pages through the press, and he doubts not that the journal will be welcome to many readers, in India and in the old country, were it only for the fact that it is the work of Mr. Campbell's Santal Mission Press at Pokhuria.

Any trouble which the preparation of this diary has involved will be amply repaid if it proves helpful in giving any one a deeper interest in the work of Christ among the Santals.

J. M. M.

FREE CHURCH MISSION,
CHAKAI,
BENGAL.

CAMP NUMBER ONE.

BASBOOTEE,
Thursday, 3rd Nov. 1892.

ONCE more, at the beginning of another cold season, I find myself in camp. I have resolved to keep a diary of our camp work and print it for circulation among the friends of our Mission, not that there is any probability of its containing anything which is in itself novel or striking, but simply to give those who may care to have it some account of our daily routine when engaged in what is usually considered the most interesting part of missionary work.

Most of the packing having been done yesterday, the two bullock carts, with tents and other *impedimenta*, started for here early this morning. The bullock carts, or their drivers, are about as sore a trial to the itinerating missionary as the "Commissariat camel" is reputed to be to the British soldier in India, according to Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

'Wot makes the soldier's 'eart to penk, wot makes 'im
to perspire?
It isn't standin' up to charge nor lyin' down to fire;
But it's everlastin' waitin' on an everlastin' road
For the Commissariat camel an' 'is commissariat load.'

When I was a year or two younger than I am now and much more sanguine, I fixed two miles an hour as the

proper rate for bullock carts. Well, our two left before 8 a. m. to-day, for a journey of 10 miles to the present camping ground. I gave them 7 hours of a start and then followed on horseback, hoping to find the tents up and everything in order when I arrived. I passed the carts on the road and received them here between 5 and 6 p. m. They had come at the rate of a mile an hour and seemed to be very well pleased with themselves. The drivers seemed to think it was a joke when I asked them where they had slept. However I must admit that they had some nasty rivers to cross. Then it was found that one of the poles of my tent had been left behind, so I can't get settled until to-morrow night. I have got my table set up and am writing under the stars, and shall sleep in one of the two small tents or *pals* used by the servants and evangelists.

We are 10 miles south of Chakai Mission, in the direction of Pachamba which is 20 miles further south. The country is rather bare, compared with Chakai, the most striking feature of the landscape being a banyan tree under whose ample shade we are encamped, and some clumps of palm-trees to the west. There is hardly a prettier sight in India, I think, than a group of tall palm-trees standing out against an evening sky, with the sun setting behind them. We stand high and have a good view of the country. The hills of Chakai are still seen to the north, while due south, 40 miles off, Mount Paresnath stands out very clear and conspicuous, and the Toondee Hills are visible to the south east. It is a new district which I have not visited before and seems interesting.

Our party numbers thirteen—two evangelists (or our senior evangelist and a senior school-boy recently baptised

and now in training), two carters, a postman (the most popular man in camp I think, or any where else in India), 3 servants (cook, bearer, and sweeper), 4 coolies and myself. Last year nearly all the men except myself were prostrated by fever at the beginning of our camp. This year we have started earlier, so it is not so cold at night, but on the other hand the ground is not yet quite dry after the rains, so the risk is equally great, but no one complains as yet. In reading an old paper from *Blackwood* by Captain Speke, on his discovery of Lake Victoria Nyanza, I find that he was struck by the fact that his carriers and servants were very often down with fever after beginning a march. He hazards the explanation, which I am afraid would make a modern pathologist smile, that after a rest the marching stirs up the bile, which suffuses the body, excites the blood, and so causes fever! It certainly is the case that the natives of India are much more liable to be affected with fever on going to a new district than the European, but I suppose it is simply due to the fact that they are so much exposed to cold, wearing little clothing (and that cotton) and lying down to sleep on the ground after a day of long marches or heavy work. Surgeon Parke's experience in the Emin Relief Expedition was that fever and chill were inseparably connected, the one never occurring without the other. I am inclined to think that the same holds good of India. The skin is a most important organ in a tropical country and any interference with its functions, as by chill, is naturally attended with much more serious consequences than would be the case in a temperate climate.

* * *

We have finished our evening meal, have had worship, and the men are sitting round their fires, some singing themselves to sleep, and others reading the scriptures to

their companions or teaching them to do it for themselves. I am always struck by the willingness our educated Santals show to teach their less fortunate friends, heathen or Christian. Some of our men sit for hours at night teaching the coolies to read, after the day's work is over. John's Gospel is the favourite text-book.

It is a glorious moonlight night, and were it not for the prospect of a busy day to-morrow, one would feel sorry to turn in.

Friday, 4th Nov. 1892.

Two coolies went off this morning and brought the missing tent-pole, so everything is in proper order to-night.

This morning I had a few patients, 20 in all, and spent the afternoon visiting the villages. We did not find many people as most of them are now busy in the fields, but preached to a few. The answer we got from a couple of old village chiefs was very similar to that of Agrippa to Paul: "With but little persuasion thou wouldst fain make us Christians." They said, what the people often say, that in worshipping stocks and stones and demons they are doing as their fathers have done from time immemorial and as all their neighbours are doing now. They do not see their way to change their religion until a gathering of all the chiefs in Council has settled the matter. We tell them again and again that everyone of us must answer for himself in this matter, but it is very difficult to bring home to the people here any idea of individual responsibility. A recent writer on India has said that the people here live not by principle but by custom and I fear it is truer than

This afternoon our preaching party came across two wolves. It was a splendid chance for a shot, as they were quite near and scampered over a wide open space before getting into the cover of the jungle. We much regretted not having a gun. The evangelists begged me to get one before going into camp this year, and although I wrote to a Calcutta agent for one there is no word of it yet. A couple of wolves, if shot, would have paid our camp expenses for a month as the Government reward for wolves is a pretty high one, and we would also have earned the gratitude of the people of the district.

When sitting in my tent to-night I heard a great howling and yelling in the neighbouring villages and at the same time heard my cook exclaim that the moon was being eclipsed. So it was, sure enough. The people say they yell to frighten away the demon who, they suppose, is devouring the moon. It has not had any effect to-night as the eclipse is going on beautifully and will be total in half-an-hour. But I am told that the people get out of the difficulty by saying that if they didn't make a noise the moon would not reappear again as it does. Their yelling seems to act as an emetic upon the demon.

As we are early out this year, riding to the villages is in many cases rough work, as there is still a good deal of water in the rivers and the low rice-fields are full of mud and water. But the country looks much prettier than when the fields are bare. The yellow of the ripe crops and the rich green of the later ones present a fine variety of colour. There are also great stretches of a long grass used for thatching which when covered with dew in the early morning and reflecting the light of the rising sun forms a remarkably striking

and beautiful picture. It is a pity that our visitors as a rule see India when it is least interesting. The climate is certainly delightful in the cold season, but the fields are bare, the rivers dry, and the trees have lost their freshness. In the hot season the jungle is at times one blaze of blossom and in the rains India looks its very best. On a fine day in a break in the monsoon nothing could surpass the blueness of the sky, nor the whiteness of the great masses of cloud, nor the fresh greenness of the sprouting rice. One must see these things to know the beauty of India.

Monday night, 7th Nov. 1892.

On Saturday I left camp for Giridih, to conduct services there and at Pachamba on the Sunday. This distance is about 22 miles. I left here at mid-day and a Mohammedan was calling the faithful to evening prayer from the top of a mosque as I rode into Giridih. It was a fine ride, through country for the most part new to me. Yesterday all the services passed off all right—a Santali service in the collieries at 8-30 a. m., two at Pachamba at 12 and 4, and the English service at Giridih at 5-30 p. m. I had as companion during the entire day the Rev. Mr. Darling from Hazaribagh, which is 70 miles from Pachamba. He is one of the Dublin Mission there. There is a brotherhood of five young men, all fellow-students from Trinity College, Dublin, one of them a doctor, and also two trained nurses. They are connected with the S. P. G. but their mission is supported and directed by a Committee of their own college. They have only been in India since March and have done little except study the vernacular but seen hopeful about their work.

To-day I left Giridih early in the afternoon and got back to camp in the evening, finding everything all right. The post bag contained a bundle of home letters just three months old. They had followed me up to Sylhet in September and not finding me there have been wandering over the country looking for me. They are travel-stained with post-marks, some of them places I never heard of before. A note from Chakai reports all well there. An old Mohammedan upon whom I operated for cataract the day I left is doing well. The Mohammedan cases give most anxiety; for some reason or other they make the worst surgical subjects, the Santals being the best and the Hindoos coming next.

Tuesday, 8th Nov. 1892.

The first bit of work this morning was to get my mail ready and despatched to Chakai. Then patients, of whom I had 21 new ones, kept me employed till mid-day. The afternoon was spent in visiting 3 villages, a round of about 10 miles. We did not meet with many people but had a small meeting in each village, and got back to camp at 6 p. m. as it was getting dark. The sun sets now shortly after 5, giving us a short working day and a long quiet evening.

Wednesday, 9th Nov. 1892.

29 new cases to-day. The Hindoos come with all sorts of trivial complaints; there hardly seems to be a man among them thoroughly sound in wind and limb. But when I meet a Santal in the crowd I know it is something serious and make up my mind for "a good case" as we used to say in our student days. A Santal must

be really ill before he or his friends put themselves about to get medicine. Too often they do not make up their minds about it until the case has become hopeless. In the afternoon visited 3 villages; in the first had a good meeting, in the second found nobody, in the third came upon the village chief, slightly drunk, selling tusser silk cocoons to some Hindu traders. He only got a few pice for them, which he gave, along with a big black bottle, to a young man, telling him to go and fetch liquor at once. I got hold of the bottle and kept it in my possession until they had listened to all we had to say to them, and then the old man promised to send for no more liquor. The people say they can get drunk here for two pice (equal to a half penny), and they drink just to get drunk. They can ill afford even that sum as 8 pice (two pence) is a good day's pay.

The event of the evening, which is also the event of the week, has been the arrival of the home mail of October 20th, the anniversary of my last Sunday in Scotland, three years ago.

Thursday, 10th Nov. 1892.

Fewer patients this morning—16 new cases, so spent a long afternoon visiting 5 villages. The first two were empty but we found the people of the one at work at the threshing floor, and of the other harvesting in the rice fields. We had a talk with them there. It was hot, for we had just to "beek fornent the sun" instead of sitting in the cool shade of the village street or under the thatch of the village temple. Harvesters at home would not care to have their work interrupted by an evangelistic meeting,

offence. The people are not so much pressed for time and are always glad to sit and have a talk. In the third village not a man was to be found, and the women, as is nearly always the case in these circumstances, refused to appear. In the last two villages we had meetings. I notice that our evangelists, in giving in reports of their meetings, just give the number of *men* who attended, leaving out the women as of no account. If the same system were followed in connection with many mission meetings at home it would yield very meagre returns. The Santals, for heathen, are fairly good to their wives, but the village women never seem to dream that they can have anything to do with religion. One great blessing is that they leave the drinking likewise to the men. I have not seen a drunk woman since I left Glasgow.

In the evening we had our first magic lantern meeting, to which we have been inviting the villagers for the last few days. The screen was hung from the branches of the banyan tree under which we are encamped and the lantern placed on the top of a kerosene oil box which again was set up on my camp table. This lantern, the gift of Partick Free High Sabbath Schools, has been of great use in connection which our Evangelistic work. To-night we had a good crowd and they listened well to the story of the life of Christ. At the close the people told me the rent-collector or big man of the neighbouring village was coming, and he turned up just as I was packing up the things. As he had several bright-looking children with him I could not send them away disappointed, so began again. Others came trooping in all the time and as most of those who had been present from the beginning stayed on, the second meeting was much larger than the first. In this land where clocks and watches are unknown it is difficult to

fix a definite time. We usually ask the people to come "at sunset" or "when the kye come home." When we had finished the people pressed me to fix a night for another meeting to which the Hindoos said they would bring their women, but as our movements are a little uncertain I was sorry I couldn't make an engagement. As our chief evangelist has been summoned back to Chakai by the illness of his son we were short-handed to-night. Every thing had to be explained both in Hindi and Santali to the mixed crowd, and I had to do the lecturing in Santali in addition to working the lantern. It is a curious thing that the people here seem inclined to laugh at the sight of suffering. A few days ago, when I was visiting a village, all who had any sick friends brought them out and put them down before me in the street, and the sight of so many invalids gathered together in one place seemed to strike the crowd as irresistibly funny. But when this occurs in connection with the life of our Saviour the effect is horrible. Still they have not the slightest intention of being irreverent and listen most attentively to what is said. I never saw an audience at home more affected by the story of the death of Christ than are the people here, and what I noticed particularly to-night was the amount of sympathy expressed for Mary at the foot of the cross when we explained to the people that she was the mother of Jesus.

A number of the people stayed behind and attended our evening worship, not entering the tent but sitting round the door. Truly many of these poor people, with all their ignorance and superstition, seem at times to be "not far from the kingdom of God"—much nearer, perhaps, than many of their fellows who enjoy greater privileges and make greater pretensions.

Chakai Mission, Friday, 11th Nov. 1892.

Home again for a couple of days. This morning visited 3 villages, completing the list of Santal villages within easy reach of the present camp. Had meetings in all. We came across a lead-mine which had been worked for a short time and then given up. Probably they were looking for gold as well as lead, for a craze for gold mining in this district set in a year ago. The chimney-stalk and brick buildings looked very much out of place in the jungle.

In the evening I rode back to Chakai. The men are to strike camp to-morrow morning and make for "fresh woods and pastures new," and it was always a weakness of mine to keep clear of "flittings." Then I had some cases requiring operation among my patients and agreed to come in and meet them here. I have also some business to attend to at head-quarters and after conducting services on Sunday hope to rejoin camp on Monday.

In passing through Chakai bazar, which is four miles from the mission, I was startled by a "Good evening, Sir" from a native squatting at his door. It is always an event to hear English spoken here and it is very uncommon to hear a native who only knows a little of it use the expression "Good evening." It is usually "Good morning" even at 10 o'clock at night. They seem to consider it an equivalent of the *Salam*—a salutation suitable for any time or place. I remember one of our Livingstonia missionaries telling me that the expression "Good morning, Sah" meets one everywhere from the mouths of the Zambesi right up to Lake Nyassa.

A short distance from here I came across an encampment of *Birhors*, a gipsy tribe closely allied to the Santals and speaking practically the same language. Some time ago a friend in Glasgow wrote to me saying that he had

read in Tylor's *Primitive Culture* that the custom of marriage by capture prevailed among the Santals of Bengal, and asking me if it was still the case. On making enquiry I found that it is of these Birhors that the statement holds true. The marriage ceremony consists in the bride running away into the jungle and the bridegroom running after and capturing her. But it appears that the young man who wishes to enter upon the state of matrimony has not only first to catch his bride, but also to get her permission to be her "follower" in the most literal sense of the term. These people make a living by doing all sorts of rope work and selling it. They called out to me as I was riding past tonight that they could give me a young monkey. I got a monkey from them two years ago, but she hanged herself when I was out in camp last winter. *Birhor* in Santali means "a wild man of the woods", and some people would say that for the Santals to call other people by that name is very much like Satan reproving sin. The Santals sometimes apply the term as a nickname to one of their own number who spends most of his time knocking about the jungle. The Birhors live entirely in the open and the men are fine stalwart fellows, while the women are in many cases positively handsome with a remarkably erect carriage and strapping appearance generally.

I found everything in good order here, but a great many of our people, including the medical assistant and his family, are down with fever, so that my visit has been well timed. One of my boys, the cook, came in last night and had a cup of tea ready for me after my ride. What a blessing a cup of tea is in this thirsty land! I have had absolutely no experience of the stimulating effects of wine, beer or spirits, in sickness or in health, but I am

CAMP NUMBER TWO.

JOBORDAH-PIPRA,

Monday night, 14th Nov. 1892.

THIS has been a tiring day. Busy most of the day at the mission. Medical assistant ill and 30 patients to be attended to. Diagnosing and prescribing are no doubt the most responsible parts of medical work, but dispensing drugs and dressing sores are more laborious and take more time. What I regret most is that I had to send away two cataract cases. I would have operated without assistance, as I have often had to do, but could not have left them in the charge of a man who was ill. However, they said they would come back again.

It was late before I could start for camp, and half of the way, a distance about 16 miles in all, had to be done in the dark, over rice fields, across rivers and through jungle. My mare was inclined to rebel at times and I could not blame her. I wonder how our men can find their way in this roadless country even by day but above all by night; but they do it and are seldom beat. The camp fires were at last a welcome sight, but we find that two coolies who left four hours before us with luggage, including bedding and a number of things "which no family should be without," have not arrived. There is not much chance of their turning up now, so we must just make the best of it and "if we can't be aisy be as aisy as we can."

I noticed a good many fields being prepared for opium cultivation as I came along. It is a cold weather crop. I did not realise that it was so extensively grown in this district, but of course we are just on the borders of the great opium growing province of India.

Can't say yet what kind of place our new camp is. The surroundings at least, are "real Santal country" which means jungle, and a big tree of some kind overshadows the tents.

Tuesday, 15th Nov. 1892.

The coolies turned up this morning—smiling of course Their story was that owing to the weight of their loads they had made slow progress, and being overtaken by night were a afraid to proceed through the jungle in case they should lose or break some of the things. The Santals have a very provoking way of smiling all over at times when you would like to be angry with them. Then there is no language, I believe, in which scolding is more difficult than in Santáli. In Hindi you can tell a man to "Go" in one syllable, as in English, but in Santali you can't do it properly under four. In fact when the Santals take to abusing each other they have to drop their own language and take to Bengali or Hindi. There is no difficulty then.

Morning light showed that our new camp is prettily situated. We have not got such an extensive view as we had from Bãsbootee, neither the Chakai nor the Toondee hills being now in sight, but there is a greater variety in our immediate surroundings. A number of Santal villages cluster round us, and beyond that on every side, as far as the eye can reach, except where the dim outline of Pares-

nath appears to the south, is jungle, mainly of *sal* trees, called *sarjom* by the Santals who hold them sacred and make their food plates from their leaves. We are again under a banyan tree, not so large as the last one, but of better proportions. In fixing a site for a camp, the two main points to be attended to are, to have a supply of good water near at hand, and some large trees to shelter horses and bullocks from sun and dew.

Had 15 patients in the morning and visited two villages, having a good meeting in the second.

This evening I have been doing some tailoring. At Chakai there is always somebody at hand, some servant's or mission agent's wife who has been trained at Pachamba, to do any "mending", but I quite enjoy having to do it myself when in camp, and the thorny bushes in the jungle keep up a good supply of it. Sorry I can't darn.

Wednesday, 16th Nov. 1892.

Our evangelist who had to go home last week on account of the illness of his son has asked leave again for a day or two because, as he says, "a new friend has come", which means, in Santal lingo, that a child has been born to him. When a Santal tells you this bit of news the proper thing to do is to ask "Does it carry on the head or on the shoulder?" which, being interpreted, means "Is it a girl or a boy?" It would be much too straight-forward and commonplace for a Santal to put the question in the latter form. Here the women carry their burdens on their heads,—it is good calisthenic exercise, giving then a fine, erect carriage fit for a queen,—while the men suspend theirs from the ends of a pole carried on the shoulder.

Visited five villages to-day, with the apprentice evangelist. It took us through rough but very pretty country. In trying to ride across a rice field in one place I got into a mess. The rice was still standing in the field, hiding the nature of the ground. When almost over my horse floundered into a bog, sinking up to the saddle-girths. Thinking we would have a better chance if we parted company I scrambled off the saddle and up the bank. We rescued the horse with some difficulty and then fished out the stirrups which had been left behind. We washed the horse in a small pond, but it is not so easy to put me to rights as I am 30 miles from my *dhobi* (washerman). I was bespattered with mud from head to foot. The mare seemed to think it was my fault for just as I was about to remount she landed me a most vicious kick, which I got right on the thigh. It was very painful at the time but has done no harm.

I remember getting into the very same kind of scrape when camping two years ago, but then I fared worse than to-day for in the struggle I slipped over the horse's hind-quarters right into the bog.

When I got back to the tent this evening, and before I had time to wash or change, as luck would have it, I had a distinguished visitor. A baboo, gorgeously arrayed in green silk, lined and trimmed with red, rode up to my door with a small retinue. He introduced himself as the son of our Maharajah's Dewan (or Prime Minister) and proprietor of the land here. He said he had called to pay his respects, but at the same time asked me to prescribe for himself and two servants. Strange to say, he declined to take my medicine, saying that it was "for the poor", and that he would order it from his chemist. Perhaps he

thought the medicine we give to the poor is of inferior quality, but more probably he was afraid I would give the drug in water which would involve caste difficulties. As a matter of fact I was going to give him it in powders, and if any of my professional brethren would like to know I may say that it was Santonine. He asked for the poor's medicine for his two servants.

To-night the home mail has come in, with my usual weekly letter and a fine budget of papers.

Thursday, 17th Nov. 1892.

Visited four villages to-day. The name of one, Bhalkudar, reminded me of Balquhidder, and there were plenty of "braes" about it too. In two villages we had fairly good meetings with the people; at a third we found the old chief and some young men at work at the threshing floor, and spoke to them there; at the fourth, a solitary man was sitting in a hole in the ground, weaving cotton cloth. Almost every Santal village grows cotton and a very pretty crop it is when in flower. The country-made cloth is much stronger and warmer than the cheap Manchester article which is driving it out of the market. This man said that by working all day he could make 2 yards of cloth and that he would sell it at 2*d.* a yard. The cotton, however, was bad and always breaking; with good cotton he could get through more work.

We have had another magic lantern meeting this evening. The crowd was composed almost entirely of Santals so that only one language had to be used. People came trooping in as we were closing and as many of them carried torches we could see them still coming from afar. Some

of them had come a considerable distance, so we showed the slides rapidly again for their benefit and sent every body away happy.

I find that Dr. Dyer was in camp here five years ago, and his magic lantern meetings are still remembered.

Friday, 18th Nov. 1892.

The remaining villages in this circle are further away, and it took us the whole afternoon, form 12 o'clock till sunset, to visit three to-day. In the first we found a poor helpless invalid lying by himself, a mass of sores. He said he had been ill for 10 years, but very ill since the year when the rivers were in high flood. This was probably 1888, as I have often heard the people speaking of the floods of that year. For a year or two he has not been able either to stand or sit up. He begged for medicine, but as nothing short of a prolonged course of hospital treatment and perhaps the amputation of both legs would do him any good, I can do nothing for him. It seems to me that surely something might be done in India for the relief of other incurables besides lepers, for the blind, of whom at last Census there were 456,000, and the insane, especially. Dangerous lunatics can be confined; others sink or swim. It is hard to believe the heartlessness of the people here towards the helpless who are not closely related to them. I once visited a village in Toondee with Mr. Campbell, where he knew that an imbecile lad had lived with his mother. He asked the people where the mother was. "She is dead," they said. "And what has become of the son?" "What *was* to become of him? Who was there to give him his food," they replied. He had been allowed to starve to death. The lad we saw

to-day said his mother fed him, but, he asked piteously, when she dies what am I to do? He listened very eagerly when we told him of Christ and His power to save, and said he would be glad to worship our God if he only knew how. I am making preparations for building a hospital,—100,000 bricks are being made at Chakai just now,—and it is to be hoped that this time next year will find me better prepared to treat cases like this poor fellow's. In the second village we found a few men, but the third was empty of men and women alike. It is not very inspiriting work, visiting deserted villages, but I never grudge the time thus spent. The people when they come home find that we have been there and are pleased to know that they are not forgotten.

We came across some magnificent trees, among them one of the finest banyans I have ever seen, for this district is well wooded.

Some people came this evening asking for another magic lantern exhibition, so we are to have it to-morrow night.

Saturday, 19th Nov. 1892.

Have had few patients for the last few days as we are away among the Santals, who are, from a professional point of view, a provokingly healthy people. However I have to record, with a combined feeling of thankfulness on my own behalf and of sympathy with the less fortunate, that since I took charge of Chakai station 2½ years ago I am the only man about the place who has never been a day off duty through sickness. The climate seems to suit me better than the natives! Had a dozen patients this morning, mostly Hindoos.

From 12 o'clock till dark we were out in the villages. Four visited; had a meeting in the first; in the second found nobody, and had small meetings in the other two. After leaving the last village, and when crossing a river with steep banks which separates the districts (or counties) of Hazaribagh and Monghyr, I suddenly found myself projected over my horse's head and rolling in the sand and water. We had got into a quicksand, and as the horse's forelegs went in first I went on a little further before stopping. It was probably the best way of getting us both out with the least trouble, although somewhat unceremonious. I got to firm footing with some difficulty and for a few seconds my horse looked as if she was going to disappear as completely as "a snowflake in the river." But a boy who was with me got hold of the bridle and brought her ashore while I was extricating myself. It was cold riding home after sunset, wet to the skin, but I am all right now. This is a fine country for getting about in. You can ride across country anywhere without a hedge, dyke, or barbed-wire fence to obstruct you; you can trespass to your heart's content without being prosecuted: you need not keep off the grass unless you please, and any number of dogs are allowed. But I admit the rivers *are* a difficulty. They are often impassable in the rains, and I have had to spend two nights in a cowshed on a river bank from which I could see the smoke rising each meal time from the kitchen of a colleague's bungalow on the other side. Then the banks are always steep and these quicksands are treacherous. In the hot weather and the rains, too, horses when crossing rivers have a habit of lying down and having a roll at the deepest parts, which is very inconvenient. People in civilised conutries seldom think of thanking God for their roads and bridges, but after living here for a while without them we would look upon

them as among the highest blessings of modern civilisation. It is to be feared, however, that good roads will never help us much in our work among the Santals, for when a district becomes civilised the Santals in it retreat further into the jungle.

I had to run the magic lantern exhibition to-night in my sleeping suit, but as my audience was not a very fashionable one no objcetions were raised, not even by the ladies. We haven't roads and bridges, it is true, but we can dress as we like,—or undress,—and that is one comfort. We had a quiet, attentive audience, Santals and Hindoos, and now we are looking forward to a Day of Rest.

Sunday, 20th Nov. 1892.

Sunday in camp is a quiet, refreshing day. We do not go out to the villages, and while not turning any one away who really needs help, we let the people know that we would prefer them not to come on that day for medicine if another day would suit them as well. As a rule they respect our wishes. Living among heathen and seeing the work going on all around for seven days in the week, one feels that it would be worth while being a Christian if it were only for the sake of the Sabbath.

Had service twice with the men in my tent. At midday service the cook started the Hundredth Psalm with a Common Metre tune—*Evan*, I believe. I may say, with apologies to Tennyson, that "from out this bourne of time and place *this tune* did bear me far," for it carried me back to a Sabbath evening service in Sliddery School-house in Arran over eight years ago, in August 1884, at which a

same mistake. I did to-day what I could not have done then for my weight in gold—I came to the rescue. In this part of the world we know only three Psalm tunes,—one Long Metre, the *Old Hundred*; one Common Metre, *Evan*; and one Short Metre, whose name I don't know. The late Dr. Inglis, in one of his books, says *Coleshill* became very popular with the New Hebrideans, and I mean to teach it to the Santals some day, as I think it would suit them. One of our difficulties in singing is that we get lower and lower each verse and often have to stop before we get to the end of a hymn as we can get no lower. An instrument would be useful. We have a number of well-known hymn tunes, including one or two of Sankey's; and we sing one of my favourite hymns to the tune of "Scots Wha Hae."

Monday, 21st Nov. 1892.

This morning on looking over some of my things I found that white ants had invaded my tent. They had eaten their way right through my velvet-lined case of tooth-forceps, but beyond that have done little damage. They are a pest; tin or iron boxes are the only things that defy them and are the best kind of luggage for India.

Had about a dozen patients in the morning, including one of our own men who is down with fever and dysentery. We call it dysentery at least, but it would probably be more correct to describe it as gastro-intestinal catarrh. He is better to-night. We have been remarkably free from sickness in camp, but reports are still to the effect that nearly everybody at Chakai has fever. The work here suffers a good deal from the fact that when a woman is ill no one but her husband is considered to be a proper

nurse for her. At present one or two of our men are always away on leave, nursing their wives at home. To make sure of keeping camp work in full swing one would require to take about twice the number of men actually required. Young, unmarried men are the best for camp; they are not always on the outlook for an excuse to go home to see their wives.

Were out the whole afternoon. Visited one village at a distance and on our way back revisited two villages where formerly we had met nobody. Were more fortunate to-day and had some good meetings. In one village I found an example of a kind of deformity painfully common in India. A woman in an epileptic fit had fallen into the fire. Her left arm was badly burnt, and through want of proper treatment the hand had become folded right down upon the forearm, so that the two had become united, forming an ugly, useless stump for which nothing can be done. She did not seem to be so very much distressed, for her right hand had escaped with only a few injuries, and *she could eat.*

Tuesday, 22nd Nov. 1892.

Have been out all day in the villages. In the morning re-visited three villages. Most of the people were away to a fair or some kind of festival in a Hindoo village 6 miles from here, but we found a few people in each village. In one house, found three out of a family of five down with high fever, one of them delirious. The afternoon was occupied in visiting the last and most distant village on our present list. The people were very hearty. We found one family here, too, wth three fever patients. The mother, who has had a long-continued attack

of fever,—since the rice-planting, she said, which means July or August,—told me she had spent all her money or "broken all her rupees" on the *ojhas* or native physicians, and had sacrificed fowls and goats to her gods, without avail. They eagerly accepted an offer of drugs, and the husband is to come for them to-morrow morning. I am sorry I shall not be able to await the result, to see if our drugs prove more efficacious than the native drugs and sacrifices, for we hope to shift camp some time to-morrow. But to get the full effect of quinine, its administration has to be carefully regulated according to the periodicity of the fever, and it is impossible to do this unless the patient is at hand.

We have visited 26 villages from this camp, and revisited some of them. Most of the people say they have never heard the gospel before, but this statement is not to be trusted as they soon forget what they hear.

Saron; Wednesday, 23rd Nov. 1892.

We struck tents this morning and are on our way to a new district. We find we can't reach it till to-morrow, so we are spending the night here. We are not putting up my tent, so I am "dining out" to-night, under the stars.

Moving camp has always an element of sadness about it. We have to move on just as the people are getting over their fear of us. However little encouragement they may give us when we are with them, they always seem sorry to see us go.

As two of our principal men are off duty I have taken my full share of the 'flitting' this time. People will turn

up for medicine after the packing has begun, and it is a very common thing to have to unpack the tooth-forceps again. The dental patient often does not "screw his courage to the sticking place" till the last moment. This was the case to-day, and as we moved on to the next part of our campaign we left two large molars on the field of Jobordah-Pipra.

I well remember the place of to-night's encampment, for it was here that our camp was flooded by a thunder-storm two years ago and my tent blown over. It narrowly escaped being destroyed altogether, for the kerosene oil in the lantern caught fire while I was lying beneath the ruins unable to move. My men quickly came to the rescue however, and stamped out the fire with their bare feet. It is a Hindoo village, about the most wretched, poverty-stricken, disease-smitten place I know. I wonder what our Queen would think of some of her Indian subjects if she only saw them.

CAMP NUMBER THREE.

CHANDADIH,
Thursday, 24th Nov. 1892.

WE moved from Saron and came here this morning, visiting one or two villages on the way. Our new camp is well situated. Visitors to Chakai are always struck with the prospect from the roof of the mission bungalow, looking to the west, especially at sunset. There is a great stretch of undulating country, dotted with villages, trees and clumps of bamboo, with a background of bolder hills on the horizon. We are encamped on the summit of one of these undulations, with a splendid view of the hills, which we hope to cross after a few days' work here. We are on the outskirts of a big Santal village, and I have got the names of 22 more villages in the neighbourhood. The last district we visited was 10 to 20 miles south of Chakai. We have now worked round to a position about the same distance to the west. As Chakai is just on the borders of Monghyr, at a place where several districts meet, our itineration takes us into various districts, —Hazaribagh (Giridih Sub-division), in which we are now, the Banka sub-division of Bhagulpur, and the Deoghur sub-division of the Santal Pargannas. Our last two camps were in Monghyr.

When shifting camp or moving rapidly, I live mainly on the native food, rice and *dal*, and enjoy it. If I were condemned to live on one kind of food all my life and were allowed to choose what it should be, I think I would select the national dish of Bengal, rice and *dal*. It is

theoretically a perfect diet, containing all the necessary elements of human food in proper proportions; then it is digestible, and, thirdly, it is cheap. I feed my hospital patients, and feed them well, on rice and *dal*, on a penny a day. I am not disloyal to porridge, but in India it is a delicacy, the oatmeal being imported in small tins. In a classification based upon diet, the *Genus* Anglo-Indian would consist of three *Species*, Beef-eaters, Mutton-eaters, and Fowl-eaters. Those who live in the large towns, with a good bazar, constitute the first species. Then in smaller European stations, it is the common custom to unite in forming a "Mutton Club," while those of us who lead a solitary life in the jungle live on the humble fowl, and have every reason, in my opinion, to be content with our lot. But it is enough to make a man turn vegetarian to think of the number of lives that are sacrificed on his behalf in the course of a year. My cook has the settled conviction that a *sahib* can't live on less than three fowls a day, but as part of every fowl killed goes to himself or his friends I am afraid his culinary zeal is not altogether disinterested. It must be remembered, too, that the Indian fowl is only a poor relation—a very poor relation—of his friend at home, nor is he improved by the *post-mortem* process, almost universally used by Indian cooks, of being dipped in boiling water before being plucked. But this is a very worldly digression.

To-night the home mail of Nov. 3rd has arrived. A melancholy interest attaches to this week's mail throughout India from the fact that it brings the full particulars of the loss of the *Roumania*. I have got a splendid budget and am celebrating a kind of family re-union in my tent to-night, as two of my brothers as well as my mother have written by this mail.

Friday, 25th Nov. 1892.

Visited 4 villages and held meetings in two of them. In the first it made my blood boil to find Brahmin money-leaders reaping the poor people's rice—whole fields of it, in payment of debt. In the hard and hungry time, before harvest, the money lenders make advances to be repaid by their getting so much of the crop. The people in this village told me they had got a loan for three months at the rate of 50% interest, or 200 per cent. per annum, but I have known cases where 300 per cent was regularly charged. The money-lender is the curse of this country. The simple-minded, ignorant Santals fall an easy prey to his clutches, and, however extortionate the rate of interest may be, the pound of flesh is exacted with merciless severity, with the aid, if need be, of a British court of justice! In a great many cases, the principal is but a trifle compared with the accumulated interest; the former may be hundreds, the latter thousands. The only hope of the Santal lies in Christianity, which, with the education which accompanies it, and for which the Santal cares nothing until he is a Christian, makes him a match for the wily Hindoo. At the same time it must be confessed that some of our Christian Santals unless carefully watched, are very liable to get into debt, and I have known a well-educated Eurasian gentleman of high character borrow money at 120 per cent. to celebrate his son's marriage.

Saturday, 26th Nov. 1892.

Visited two villages to-day. In the first I was again sorry to find the money-lenders reaping the harvest in the fields. On inquiry I was told they were taking the entire crops in payment of interest alone, leaving the prin-

cipal untouched. Probably, in such a good investment, the money-lenders would be sorry to have the original loan repaid them. As the people had to sit idle while their crops were being reaped they were at leisure to listen to the preaching, and we had a good audience of about 50 men, women, and children in the village street. In the second village, too, we had a good meeting of between 30 and 40 people.

Magic lantern in the evening. The people of the nearest and largest village told us plainly that they would not come, as they were afraid of us; they were sure we had some evil designs upon them. So we had a small meeting but a very attentive one.

Monday, 28th Nov. 1892.

After a quiet Sunday, we resumed the visitation of the villages, and held meetings in four. In the first, the only man left in the village was a leper, without an entire finger or toe; most of them quite gone, and of the others only stumps remained. He said he felt no pain, for his hands and feet were "just like wood." My limited experience of leprosy would tend to strengthen the belief that it is not contagious, but I cannot speak with authority upon such a controverted subject. Among the Santals who live huddled together in small unventilated huts, any contagious disease is apt to spread very quickly, but although the lepers are not segregated in any way, they are not found in family groups but only as isolated cases. This man has been living for years with his wife and son, neither of whom shew any trace of the disease, and he said that neither of his parents nor any of his friends had suffered. In one case, however, a father and son came to me for medicine, both lepers.

The people in this neighbourbood, which we have never visited before, seem to be very much afraid of us. When I appear in a village, the women sometimes run as if I were a man-eating tiger. If I had small-pox or cholera, they would not be any more alarmed; in fact they would be less afraid of these plagues. It is not pleasant to find oneself an object not merely of suspicion but of terror to one's neighbours, but it is one of the things we have just to put up with. Meanwhile my name migt be called Magor-missabib,—terror on every side.

Tuesday, 29th Nov. 1892.

Visited 5 villages to-day, finding few people as there was a weekly fair or market in a neighbouring village, but doing some work in each. In one village, there was a school of four boys, bright, smart-looking little chaps, and I taught them the first Commandment.

Nearly every time we enter a new district I am tempted to declare it is the prettiest I have seen in Santalia, a tribute, I suppose, at once to the beauty and variety of our scenery. The wooded hills with all their autumn tints, and the light and shade in the valleys looked very fine to-day. We are having beautiful moonlight nights again, which helps us in our work as we do not require to hurry home at sunset.

Wednesday, 30th Nov. 1892.

The end of the month brings a squaring of accounts and payment of men, and an estimate of the cost of camp work may be of interest to some body. We hire an extra bullock-cart at Rs. 10 per month, which includes

cart, driver and a pair of bullocks; also three coolies at Rs. 4½ a month, which comes to Rs. 13½. The Evangelists get no extra allowances for camp work, not even for food, as their salaries (only Rs. 8 per month at the highest) are meant to include every thing; but the carter and postman, whose wages are just Rs.4 per month, get four annas weekly for food when in camp, or Rs. 2 per month for both. Then earthern cooking pots are required for each new camp, and when far from jungle we have to buy fire wood,—all of which is covered by Re. 1 a month. To this must be added the cost of the blankets supplied to the men. They cost from Re. 1 to Rs. 1½ each, but as some of them last two seasons or more, it brings the monthly cost to just about Rs. 30 a month, less than £2 sterling. I do not think touring could be done more cheaply anywhere. Sometimes, when I wish to travel quickly, leaving the tent at home and living mainly under trees, the bill comes to less than Rs. 10 a month. It is the big tent which makes both an extra cart and coolies necessary. The above, of course, is just our extra expenditure over and above our ordinary Mission expenses. It does not include the salaries of our regular mission agents, nor the up-keep of a bullock cart which is mission property.

This is St. Andrew's Day, a red letter day in the Indian Calendar. But I would have less respect than I have for Saint Andrew if I believed that a knowledge of the amount of whisky consumed to his pious memory tonight afforded him any gratification. It is an indication, however, of the prominent place held by Scotsmen in India, that the St. Andrew's Dinner in Calcutta is one of the events of the year, often made memorable by the speeches delivered by distinguished guests. It was the occasion of one of Lord Dufferin's famous speeches.

Visited 4 villages to-day in a different direction from those we went to yesterday, and had good encouraging meetings in three of them. Some people came to-day asking to see the Magic Lantern. They have heard glowing accounts of it from the few who came on Saturday, and find that no harm befell them at our hands. We fixed to-morrow night for the meeting. To-night the home mail of Nov. 10th came in.

Thursday, 1st Dec. 1892.

Among my patients this morning was a buffalo, which I declined to treat as I make no profession of veterinary skill. Besides, the treatment of such a substantial invalid would be a serious demand upon my already too limited stock of drugs. I sometimes think that a veterinary surgeon would have a larger practice among the Santals than one who only deals with human ills. A buffalo costs two or three times as much as a wife and is more difficult to replace. Men who would have allowed their wives to die within a stone's throw of the mission, without seeking my help, have come and begged me to treat their cattle. The people here have been slow to come for medicine, but the number is increasing daily, and this morning the people of Chandadih had so far got over their fears that they asked me to visit one or two patients, too ill to come to the tent, in their own homes. I was very glad to go, for the best audiences I ever get in the villages are those who crowd the court yard when I visit the sick. The patient, as a rule, does not lie in the house but basks in the sun in the little courtyard which nearly always separates a Santal house from the village street. Into this the friends and neighbours crowd, especially if there is an operation in

Visited three villages. In only one did we find the people at home, but we spoke to the people of the other two in the harvest field and at the threshing floor, where they were at work. It is a pleasant sight to watch the villagers in the evening carrying home their sheaves. Carts are not used, for few of the people can afford to keep one and the crop is too scanty to require one. The pity is that so much of the harvest goes to the money-lender instead of the cultivator. The people of this district tell me that the money-lenders in Chakai have a good reputation, as they charge only 25 per cent. per annum, which is certainly very moderate for this country.

The Magic Lantern meeting to-night was attended by a large crowd, composed entirely of Santals and containing, I was glad to see, a large proportion of women and children, many of them with babies in their arms—or astride their waists, to be more correct. When the first pictures were being shown some Santals in the crowd declared that the babe worshipped by the shepherds of Bethlehem was different from the one to whom the wise men from the east were offering gifts, although I could not see any difference myself. The evangelist who was lecturing, with more 'cuteness than I gave him credit for, explained that the child had grown a little in the interval.

Friday, 2nd Dec. 1892.

The camp to-day has been resounding with the strains of the twenty-third Psalm. We have not hitherto had any metrical version of this psalm, as far as I can make out, so I have tried may 'prentice hand on one, and set the men to sing it to see if it goes all right, before sending it to press. They seem to manage it all right to the tune *Evan.*

We visited two villages to-day, the last of twenty-five in our present neigbourhood. To-morrow we hope to move our camp a day's march further from home.

CHAKAI MISSION,
Saturday, 3rd Dec. 1892.

After the day's work was over yesterday I got a message from here which led me to ride home. I had thought of doing so to-day in any case, as several things require looking after. I came in last night, so as to have the entire day for work. It was a beautiful moonlight ride of about 16 miles and I almost felt sorry when I came to the end of it. After tent life, too, the bungalow seems big and bare and cold.

The business demanding my presence here was not of a very heroic nature. Among the many things which the graduate of an ancient university has to turn his attention to in this romantic land is the carting of coals. We use wood and charcoal for ordinary purposes, but for burning good bricks coal is necessary. I am getting 20 tons from the Giridih collieries, the Manager kindly giving it at a reduced price, but I find that the freight from Giridih to Simultola, a distance of 57 miles, is more than the original cost of the coal, while the charge for carting them from the station, not more than 15 or 16 miles, threatens to be equal to both other items put together. However I am getting the bricks made very cheap, I think,—one rupee per thousand, so must not complain. A workman undertakes to make 100,000 bricks for Rs.100, fuel being the only thing supplied. We make our bricks without straw, yet out of 50,000 which I saw to-day, ready for baking, not one was broken.

It is a relief to find the people here much better in health. Only a few have fever now. After conducting services to-morrow, I hope to return to camp on Monday.

CAMP NUMBER FOUR.

GANGANPUR,
Monday night, 5th Dec. 1892.

RETURNED to camp to-day. At the risk of provoking a smile of incredulity, I must say our new camp excels all previous ones in the beauty of its surroundings. Like Macbeth's castle,

> "It hath a pleasant seat; the air
> Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself,
> Unto our gentle senses."

We are surrounded by hills, which, wooded to their summit, present every variety of shade and colour. We have not, for this reason, a very extensive view. We cannot see Paresnath, which, over a great extent of our mission field is to us in our wanderings what the pole star is to the mariner. If we had a heliograph station on Paresnath, Mr. Campbell, Dr. Dyer, and I could communicate with each other on any clear day, tho' floods between us roared. The hill is in full view of Pachamba and Chakai and can also be seen from the neighbourhood of Mr. Campbell's bungalow.

The ride to camp to-day made me think of the description I got of Chakai, when I first came to it, from its only English-speaking inhabitant, the Bengali Postmaster. "This, Sir," he said "is a country of barbarous people, precipitous mountains and ferocious animals". This sentence, no doubt, was constructed more with a view to

exhibit the author's knowledge of English than with a conscientious desire to convey a correct idea of the district, but I am not prepared to dispute its general accuracy. Whether the people are barbarous or not is a matter of taste, and to my taste they are not; but there is no disputing the precipitousness of the hills, which might well look like mountains to a Bengali; and if the jungles don't contain ferocious animals there can't be many left in this part of India. It took me 7 hours to ride, although the distance cannot be much over 20 miles, but it was very rough, and I had to wait on coolies to urge them on. "Keep your eye on your luggage" is one of the rules of travel in India. The common measure of distance in Bengal is the *kos*, about two English miles, and there is a native expression, "a full kos," which is the exact equivalent of the "mile and a bittock," or the "matter o' twa or three mile" at home. The Santals and many other natives usually express distance by pointing to somewhere in the sky between east and west, and saying that if you start in the morning you will reach the place when the sun is *there*. When I asked a man to-day how far our camp was from Chakai, he said "If you leave at midday you won't get there," which was more vague than encouraging. What he meant was, of course, that I must leave before midday to get there the same night. If it is a long distance, the Santals say it is "so many sleeps," which means so many days' journey. The Khasis in the Assam hills, who are inveterate chewers of betel nut, express distances as "so many chews," meaning that they would get through so many mouthfuls of betel nut on the way.

Our Evangelist has given me a list of 37 villages, which, he thinks, we can reach from this camp, so we have our work before us. Two villages were visited to-day

Tuesday, 6th Dec. 1892.

This morning we had a visit from a snake charmer. He came carrying a basket, the contents of which he asked me to inspect. I readily consented, thinking I was to enjoy the rare luxury of a little "shopping," and was a bit startled to find half-a-dozen snakes. They were stiff and lazy with the cold, and the only performance they seem inclined for was to wriggle back to their basket. The man, a Hindoo, said he destroyed the venom by means of a drug, an acid. It was a new sensation to me to handle living venomous snakes and examine their fangs which, as far as I could make out, had been left intact.

In looking over this diary, it has struck me that while continual reference is made to the visitation of villages, no account has been given of our procedure there, a procedure now so much a matter of routine to us that we are apt to take it for granted that others are equally familiar with it. Well, most Santal villages consist of one long, but by no means unlovely, street. There are no back closes to explore, and no stairs to climb. A walk through the street proclaims the fact of our presence to the people, but I prefer to ride, as it enables me to see and speak to the people over the wall of their courtyards. The people could never "caw the missionar' owre the windey," as my friends in the old country occasionally threatened to do, for they have no windows, the door being the only opening. But the Santals live very little in their huts, except at night, most of the work being carried on in the courtyard which separates the house from the street. When I was missionary in Kinning Park, I had a thickening of the skin on the middle joint of the index finger of the right hand, which I attributed to the

incessant irritation of knocking at the people's doors. It is needless to say that it has disappeared since I came to Santalia. If the hearts of the people were only as open to receive the gospel as their houses are to admit its messengers, our mission would soon be accomplished.

Our meetings are held in the street. It is all open-air work here. Our favourite meeting places are the little temple with its raised floor, on which we can sit, and its thatch roof; or the village smithy, which is always at the foot of a shady tree; or the oil-press, which makes a good seat. But an almost invariable act of courtesy on the part of the people is to bring out a native bed, a frame on four legs, with twine netting, for the sahib to sit on. If the people seem disinclined to turn out, we go from house to house and speak to them there. Santal villages, in our district, are small,—anything from one or two houses upwards,—and house to house visitation is quite possible. Our audiences are often very small and never very big. At times we don't find a single soul in the village, for the people go off hunting or to a fair in a body. Sometimes there is only one individual, but we know that if we speak to him, every individual in the village will, by night-fall, have heard of our visit and the nature of our message.

Our preaching is of the simplest kind; in fact it is chiefly conversational. The Ten Commandments form a frequent text, and especially the first commandment. Positively, it announces the existence of a Supreme God; negatively it condemns demon-worship and idolatry. Humanly speaking, our greatest difficulty is to awaken in the people a sense of sin. They listen with interest to the New Testament narratives, and when we wish to explain the Gospel as briefly as the Ten Commandments convey

the law, we naturally turn to the Third of John. Often we sing a hymn, which is always appreciated. The people very readily ask questions and state objections, and are inclined at times to turn the conversation from religion to something of more importance in their estimation,—the state of the crops, the exactions of the money-lender, their quarrels with the landlord. A few of them have heard that in our belief the world is round, and wish to know particulars of this strange theory. What would strike one most forcibly and painfully is the utter, deplorable ignorance of the people. They commonly ask "Why have you come?" "To speak to you about God," I reply. "Who is God? "is their next question, "where does he live?" To this I often ask "Who made you?" to which the invariable answer is "The sun." "And who made the sun?" I ask. "Who knows?" is the reply. A Santal never says "I don't know". He always tries to condone the defect in his own knowledge by the insinuation of universal ignorance I then tell them that God is their creator, that He keeps them every day, and more than that that He loves them and sent His Son to die for them. This Son of God is Jesus Christ, *Jisu Masi*. Through him we obtain forgiveness of sin, and he is our teacher, our guide, our great example. All this seems simple enough to us, but it is strange doctrine to the Santals. They profess to be well enough pleased with it until they are told that to accept this faith implies the renunciation of demon-worship and idolatry, drunkenness and all manner of wickedness. This is the stumbling block. They would gladly put on the armour of light did it not involve the casting off the works of darkness.

We visited three villages to-day. In two, sad sights were seen. In the first I was taken to see a woman who

had been fearfully burnt through falling into the fire when in an epileptic fit. Epilepsy, I find, responds readily to proper treatment if the people only know to apply for medicine, but this woman, if she survives will be a cripple for life. In the next village we found the men and boys assembled in the sacred grove outside the village. "What are they doing?" I asked. "*Bongak' kanako*," was the reply; "they are worshipping their demon-gods." Then I noticed a ram tied to a tree, and while we were still speaking to the men it was sacrificed before my eyes. I have seen the sacrifice of goats at Kalighat in Calcutta, where the kid's neck was placed in a forked post fixed in the ground and held by a wooden pin, and where the head was severed by a single blow. But the sacrifice to-day seemed much more brutal. One man held the ram by a string, while another, after having failed by four successive blows to divide the neck, completed the operation by sawing it with the axe. The men and boys all yelled with laughter as the poor brute jumped about in agony between the blows, only one little child cried bitterly. What surprised we most was that there was not the slightest trace of solemnity about the ceremony, or of reverence on the part of the people. It was simply disgusting and sickening. We left the worshippers to gorge themselves on the remains of their victim. Other sacrifices were to follow. We have in Santali a translation of a hymn which must have a fuller meaning to the minds of our native Christians than it now has to ours:—

"Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace
Or wash away the stain."

Wednesday, 7th Dec. 1892.

Another snake charmer appeared this morning with three large snakes, two of them cobras. They made a show of fighting, raising the anterior half of the body into an erect position and throwing the head forward, hissing and darting out their long prong-like tongues. The snake charmer who came yesterday afterwards captured a snake in a neighbouring hut. It seems to be a good place for snakes; but in the cold weather they stay in their holes in the jungle and give us little trouble. The "snake season" is the rains, when, being flooded out of their holes, they seek the shelter of the houses: I have found several in my bedroom in the mornings during the rainy months, and in September last year one of my visitors had a very ugly adventure with a cobra during the night.

We visited four villages to-day; had small meetings in the first two, and only found two or three children in the third. The fourth had been visited on Monday, but as it is a large village with several divisions we re-visited it to-day, but met very few people. The best audiences we have at present are those who come to camp for medicine during the morning hours reserved for medical work. Fourteen patients came this morning, but as every patient comes backed up by several friends, this gives us a good crowd to speak to. The people are coming to us much more readily than at the last camp. We are inviting them to a magic lantern meeting on Friday evening, and have several times been asked "Is there to be dancing?" A "Soiree, Concert, and Ball"—feasting, music, and dancing, —represents the Santal's ideal of perfect bliss. His *Soiree* is to gorge himself with meat and get gloriously

drunk; at their marriages and festivals, they dance day and night on end; and they are very fond of their own primitive music,—the flute played by the men, the cymbals by the women. But we have a musician of a superior order in camp, a fiddler with a one-stringed fiddle. He draws crowds of people, to whom he sings hymns with his own accompaniment, and they seem to be much pleased with the performance. He ought to be proficient, if practice will make him so, for he has nightly entertained us all, for five weeks,

> "In notes, with many a winding bout,
> Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out."

Thursday, 8th Dec. 1892.

Few patients came this morning, probably on account of a weekly fair in the district, so we were free to spend most of the day preaching in the villages. We visited six, in only one of which we found no one to speak to. In one village, called Madhupur, or "the city of honey," a common name for Indian villages, we held three meetings, as the people were at work in different places. In another, a very common question was asked, "How can we worship God, what can we poor people give Him?" They argue that if the propitiation of the demons demands their fowls, goats, and sheep, how much more must the great God demand, who, as we tell them, holds the very demons in subjection. We tell them that all God requires of us is our love and obedience, things "hard to be understood" to the Santals.

I was coming home in the evening at a hard gallop, with the slanting rays of the sun falling full in my eyes, when

I suddenly felt my head going smash against a bough of a tree, which I had either not seen, or of which I had misjudged the height. For a moment I thought it was all up with me. Fortunately I was able to retain my seat in the saddle, and my horse, owing either to the shock or to an involuntary jerk at the reins, stood still. I found that the front of my pith helmet was in splinters, like the prow of a ship in collision, and my spectacles twisted out of shape, and that was all. Many a man in India owes his life to his helmet, and I am certain that I owe to mine the integrity of my features. My boy was much distressed to find my helmet destroyed, but neither he nor any one else thought it worth while to congratulate me on my escape. Missionaries *are* cheap, now a days.

To-night the Home mail of Nov. 17 reached me, a day later than usual as I am now 20 miles from a post-office. It has brought the invoice of my yearly supply of drugs from Glasgow, which I much need, and of a number of gifts from friends in Pollokshields and elsewhere. If our kind-hearted friends in Scotland could only hear the benedictions pronounced upon them in the silence of the jungle, they would perhaps realise that their labour of love is not in vain. The *City of Oxford* which brings these goods should be somewhere in the Indian Ocean just now, so I hope to see them safe in Chakai before Christmas.

Friday, 9th Dec. 1892.

Visited five villages to-day, and had good meetings in three of them. It was a long round of 10 or 12 miles, taking us from midday till 6 p. m. Then we had a magic lantern meeting at night, which was well attended. Some of those present told me that the poor woman I saw in their

village on Tuesday is dead. I had sent medicine to her on Wednesday but had little hope of its doing any good.

This district is rich in mica. Bullocks laden with it pass our camp daily or meet us in the hill passes, for the country is too rough for carts. They carry it for sale to places where there are mica mines, some distance to the west. The sandy soil is full of spicules of mica, which in the noonday sun have an almost painful glare, but form a pretty sight in the bright moonlight, sparkling like frosted silver. Here and there we pass great holes in the ground out of which the mica has been dug.

I hear there is another sahib in the district, on a hunting expedition, but I do not know who he is nor have I come across his tracks. "Perils from our own country men" are *not* among the apostolic dangers which trouble us here. During the time I have been in Chakai no European has passed my door; the only ones who have come our way have been personal friends of my own. Once or twice however, European officials have passed within a mile or two, when on their winter tours, but have never visited the Mission. Probably I would have seen them had I been at home, but I have always been out on tour myself at the time.

Saturday, 10th Dec. 1892.

This morning I had a visit from two baboos engaged in mica-mining in the neighbourhood. With the politeness characteristic of their race, one of them asked me "if I lived only on provisions," to which I answered "yes," truthfully, I hope, for I didn't know what else there was to live on, except expectations. A present which he afterwards

sent by a servant, of potatoes, onions, and a kind of flour from which a substitute for porridge is made, has left me more than ever in the dark as to what his meaning might be. He seemed a smart, business like fellow. He told me he had taken a ten years' lease of the hills here, to work the mica, and that he had now been living for five years in the jungle, having been a few years in Manbhoom before coming here. They had a visit from a tiger last night at their house, which can be seen from our camp.

We set out to the villages at midday and got round four. It took us two hours to reach the first, but after that we got along more quickly, for the very unsatisfactory reason that we found very few people in any of them. Still, we spoke to somebody in each village and asked them to invite all the people to our next magic lantern meeting. We got back to camp at sunset.

Going to and coming from the villages to-day we passed a public house, the first I have seen on this tour. The publican-spider in India does not make his "little parlour" nearly so tempting as that of his brother in the trade at home. Instead of the handsome shop, the bright gaslight, and the general air of cosy comfort which make the descent to the Avernus of drunkenness so very easy to the poor at home, we have in this land only a dirty tumble-down shed, with some big earthen pots full of liquor standing on the ground. No seats are provided; the customers squat on the ground. The "finished product", however,—the drunkard,—is very much the same kind of article, except that in this country he is less violent. This utter want of comfort or attractiveness about the liquor shops is characteristic not only of the out stills in rural districts, but also of the low public houses in Calcutta

frequented by British seamen. The buildings there are more substantial, and seats are provided, but they are dismal looking dens.

A letter from Chakai reports all well there, notwithstanding the fact that one of the men has been bitten by a bear when gathering firewood in the jungle. They are getting on with the brickmaking.

Monday, 12th Dec. 1892.

Yesterday was spent in camp. We had a good many people about us all day, some of whom attended our midday service. In the course of an evening walk I had a talk with a group of herd-laddies, who were tending their cattle on a hillside. One of them asked me "Is it true that you make dogs?" I could not make out what he meant till he explained that the *chowkidar*, or night watchman of their village, had been telling them that "I made dogs" at the magic lantern exhibition on Friday evening. Of all the forty odd views, illustrative of the life of Christ, which this chowkidar had seen on the screen, what had made the deepest impression had been the dogs in the picture of Dives and Lazarus. Such being the intelligence of the sole representative of Her Majesty's Imperial Government in this village, I tested the young herdsman's general knowledge by asking him how many fingers and toes he had. He had not the slightest idea, so I set him to count them. After a great deal of cogitation, he gave the result as "nineteen." A second and even a third effort gave the same result. I then pointed out to him that he had twenty and that his mistake had been due to his omitting the finger he counted with. He gave in, evidently more with a desire to be agreeable than

from a conviction that he had been wrong. The boys said the jungle around them abounded with every kind of wild animal. These herd boys are hardy, plucky little fellows; I have no doubt that any of them, although he did not know the number of fingers and toes he had, would sacrifice his life in the defence of his cows and sheep.

There is an encampment of Birhors near us (a tribe previously referred to), and one of them has brought me a large supply of wild honey.

To-day we visited four villages. In the first we read to the people an account of Christ raising from the dead the widow's son at Nain. One of the men present asked when this happened, long ago or recently, for he had heard of something similar which happened in the neighbouring district of the Santal Pergannas last year. A man from there had been at this village and told them about it. An old man had died. According to Santal custom, his body was burned and the bones carried down to the Damoodah, the sacred river of the Santals, and buried in its sands. Two days later, his daughter-in-law, in going to draw water, passed the spot where the body had been burned, and was terrified to see the old man revived, Phœnix-like, from his ashes and sitting on the ground. But he said to her "Don't be afraid, my daughter, it is I." I thought this was going to be a good case for Mr. Stead, or for the Psychical Research Society, but was hardly prepared for what followed. The old man went back with the young woman to his former home, and there convinced all his friends that he was just the same as he had been, with this important difference that he had become the preacher of a new religion, and possessed a miraculous power of healing all sorts of incurables. The

two evangelists, however, brought to this story a criticism more destructive than any that has yet been applied to the narrative we had read. The story referred to a religious imposter who made a great stir among the Santals a year ago. He had got hold of a smattering of Christian truth, professed to teach the people to worship God, got a reputation as a wonderful healer, and filled his coffers with the poor people's money. I knew about him, for an account of the movement appeared at the time in the *Dharwak'*, the monthly Santali paper published by Mr. Campbell, but I had not heard the story of his resurrection. Nothing seems to be heard about him now. From time to time the Santals have shewn themselves to be remarkably susceptible to movements of this kind. Like a great many others who ought to know better, they are more ready to accept a spurious religious teaching, combined with quackery and imposture, than the Gospel in its simplicity and purity. The Christian Santals have yet to learn to subscribe to their Church as freely as their heathen friends gave their money to the *Babaji*, as he was called.

After six weeks of unclouded sunshine, such as might well throw Giant Despair into fits, the sky to-day has been slightly over cast. It does not look like rain, however, for it is far from being sultry; but we often have a shower of rain about Christmas time, and that is not far off now. Although it is very much colder than it was a month ago, there seems to be much less fever among the people, probably because the difference between the temperature by day and by night is not so great as it was then. The real climatic danger in India is neither the heat nor the cold, both of which can be guarded against, but the sudden changes. When the thermometer runs

down in half an hour from 110° to 80°F. the system can hardly be expected to adapt itself to the change, with so short notice, without some disturbance. An irregular rainy season is said to be unhealthy, the probable explanation being that long spells of hot, sultry weather are followed by bursts of heavy rain with a sudden fall in temperature. One of our men in camp has fever to-day. He has applied for leave to go home to his wife, which was refused. It may be that, in such a case, a bachelor who is never ill may be deficient in a fellow feeling to make him wondrous kind, but I have no doubt he will make a more rapid recovery where he is. A man who has a wife to nurse him when he is ill is sorely tempted to postpone his convalescence as long as possible, especially in a land where man's chief end is generally considered to be to get through life with as little exertion as possible.

To-night I have been delighted to receive a series of splendid photos of Chakai, taken by Mr. Thomson of our Calcutta Mission during a visit in October. They illustrate some of our finest trees, the boys' school, a village preaching party, the mission staff, the interior of a Santal courtyard, some of the events in a day's athletic sports, and other subjects.

Tuesday, 13th Dec. 1892.

We have had a busy day. I only get letters once or twice a week now, so they come in batches. Last night's post brought about a dozen letters which had to be answered this morning, and this was Home Mail day, too. Then the number of patients to be attended to rose from 18 yesterday to 52 to-day, an increase partly due to the discovery on the part of the people that I have a medicine which

cures itch! This disease is a terrible scourge in this country. It has been in India that I have realised the truth of the statement about itch common in text-books and lectures, that it simulates every other disease. In the cold season, when the people give up washing or bathing, it plays terrible havoc among them. It is loathesome to look at, always intensely irritating, and often very painful; in fact the actual sufferings of a leper, even when his disease has reached an advanced stage, cannot be compared with those of many victims of itch. Now that every variety of disease is receiving a name of its own, I think I might draw the attention of the profession to a form of itch to be known as *Scabies peripatetica*, in which the patient's body becomes so covered with sores that he can neither sit, lie, nor stand still, but wanders about, leading a wretched life. I should decidedly object, however, to its becoming known as "Macphail's disease." It is almost impossible to carry about a sufficient supply of sulphur, for, once they find out its virtues, applicants come for it not as individuals but as families, or even as village communities. It would be impossible for me to procure sufficient lard to make all the Sulphur Ointment required, so I just deal out Flowers of Sulphur and give the people directions to make their own ointment. Remembering how this disease used to be spoken of with bated breath by hospital patients at home, and how the suggestion that any one was suffering from it was often resented as a personal insult, I have scruples about letting this paragraph stand in a journal which may possibly find its way into polite society. But it is better that the truth should be known. The halo of romance which surrounds the head of the medical missionary does not bear close inspection. Probably some of our best friends, who talk of the life as an ideal one, would not care to shake hands with us if they had

once seen us at work,—and I, for my part, would be the last to blame them.

There were also a good number of surgical cases in the crowd this morning, and they take up more time than others. The Mission agent who would be of most use to me personally in camp is the compounder, but I have only one, and do not care to bring him into camp, as it would leave Chakai without any medical agency. There is no one in camp to whom I can entrust either the dressing or the dispensing.

Having got through the medical work, we crossed over a wooded hill to the south of the camp, and found ourselves in a basin with hills all round. Four villages were scattered through the valley, with little patches of arable land around them. We had meetings in all, finding the people very friendly. The first village, we found, consisted of one patriarch with a numerous progeny of children and grandchildren. There had been eight families in the village, he told us, but four years ago two wild elephants began to devastate the place, destroying crops and cattle, and at last killing one of the villagers. All the other seven families took fright and ran away, as did the elephants too, leaving our friend in sole possession. The poor folks no doubt regarded the elephants as demons incarnate, and concluded that the place was haunted. They were probably the same elephants which visited Toondee about the same time. Mr. Campbell applied to Government for permission to shoot them, but by the time he had obtained permission they had fled. They had perhaps wandered along from the forests of Central India, for I do not think we have wild elephants in this part of India.

In another village, the people advanced their usual plea,—why should we give up the worship of our fathers? To this the evangelist replied that children always do as they see their fathers doing. If the father is a thief, so is the child, but that does not make thieving right. So the fact that in worshipping demons they are doing as their fathers have done does not justify their actions. As the Santals love parables, I gave them one. All men once I said, my forefathers as well as theirs, dwelt in darkness, ignorant of the true God; but now the day was breaking. The sun had reached my country before it reached theirs, but the light was beginning to shine in this land too, and it would be wrong for them to continue to do in the light of day what their forefathers did in the darkness of night. They admitted that our doctrine was good, "but we are not people of the book, like you; we live away in the jungle here, and know nothing." "That is just why we have come to you," we reply; "believe what we tell you, act upon it, and you will soon learn more." One man then started off on another tack, singing us a few verses of a song about the good old times, when there were no magistrates, and when every man held his land rent-free, but we pointed out to him that he was wandering away from the subject. No Irishman living can wax more eloquent about the wrongs of his "most distressful country" than can the Santal when he begins to talk about his agrarian grievances. Everybody, he thinks, is in league against him; the landlord, who exacts rent for land which he has reclaimed from jungle; the money-lender, who is too often "the gentlemin who pays the rent," for it takes the Santal pig all its time to make a living for itself; and the magistrate, who enforces payment of the money-lender's claims.

Our magic lantern meeting this evening was attended by a large and most attentive crowd, the best we have had this year. The crowd stimulated my men, who sang hymns lustily both before and after the meeting, the fiddle accompanying. The people make queer remarks at times, but they are useful, showing that the story is being closely followed. "Here," says the lecturer, "is John the Baptist pointing out Jesus to the people." "Just as you are pointing out the pictures to us," says a man in the crowd. "Having seen a dead man come to life, the people wondered." "Why shouldn't they wonder?" remarks another philosopher. "This is Jesus driving the traders with their sheep and goats out of the temple." "Of course; he wants to keep the place clean." One night last winter, a Santal, looking at the picture of the Flight into Egypt, declared to me that Joseph was a Mussulman! It was an anachronism, no doubt, but it showed some power of observation. Joseph in the picture has a beard, and a beard, in India, is one of the signs by which a Mohammedan is known. One thing the magic lantern does is to teach at least the name of Jesus to many who never heard it before. It is repeated to them with about every picture, and becomes familiar. As they go away when all is over, I hear them repeating to themselves "*Jisu Masi, Jisu Masi*—Jesus Christ, Jesus Christ."

Wednesday, 14th Dec. 1892.

Three villages were visited to-day. In one we were told that nearly all the men had been compelled to go and work for the money lender, who often exacts labour in payment of interest. A man may even sell himself and his family, binding himself to labour without wage as often as required, and to make his children do likewise. I do not suppose

a British court would recognise a bond like this, but the people are often too ignorant to avail themselves of legal protection. These villages make a total of 36 which have been visited from this camp. Several more are on my list, some new ones having been added, but they and a number of others will be much nearer to us if we move our camp a few miles further west. So we strike tents in the morning.

I am sorry to leave Gangânpur. Our stay has been a very pleasant one. "The barbarous people have shewed us no little kindness;" at least they have welcomed us to their villages, turned out well to our meetings, and listened attentively to what we had to say. They have been very willing, too, to supply us with what they had. Some of the people have asked me to start a school here. I wish I could, but at present I have neither a teacher to send, nor money to support him. Of the 36 villages, only one has a school, and it is one of the outlying villages, not in this district, but in Hazaribagh. The sense of the beauty of the scenery has grown upon me daily, and added much to the interest and enjoyment of the work. If I am spared to see these hills and valleys dotted with Christian villages, and to hear them resound with Sabbath bells, I shall be able to pride myself upon having one of the bonniest parishes in the Free Kirk. It will come in God's own time.

CAMP NUMBER FIVE.

KHAURO, GAWA,
Thursday, 15th Dec. 1892.

WE left Ganganpur about midday, and journeyed five or six miles to the west, visiting four villages on the way. In one of them, a man asked us if women worshipped God. In his religion, he said, only men worshipped. Shortly after my arrival, a Hindu came beseeching help, as he had been in agony from toothache for four days and nights. I asked him just to wait till the carts arrived, when I would give him relief. He sat patiently, but at last the sight of the forceps put a sudden end either to his toothache or his fortitude, for he fled. I make it a principle never to operate on a man without his own consent, or on a child without its parents' consent. If I were to do so, and some accident, such as a death from chloroform, were to happen, the consequences might be very serious, not so much to myself personally as to the influence of the Mission generally. If, even at home, people believe that there are surgeons who are

> "Happier using the knife than in trying to save the limb,"

we cannot be surprised that even graver misconceptions may be easily formed here.

This camp is in much more open country than the last. The hills are still near us to the north and east, but south

and west the country slopes away to the horizon. It is pretty country, broken by hills and rich in timber, and also, I am told, in mica. Our camp is marked by two trees. On one side is a very fine mango, which serves as stable. The mango is about the best tree, I think, for shade. Its leaves are dark olive green in colour and thickly set, and it sends out great branches at right angles to the trunk. The fruit, too, is generally considered to be the finest of Indian fruits, but the wild fruit has a flavour of turpentine. This disappears, however, when it is made into sherbet. Fortunately the fruit is in season when it is most acceptable, in the hot weather. Planting a mango grove ranks in India as a work of merit, with digging a tank or sinking a well. On the other side of the camp, a solitary palmyra palm tree stands over us like a sentry on guard, or like a Pharos to mark our port for miles around. It will be very useful, for, with all becoming modesty, I may mention that I do not think any man living could excel me in the facility with which I lose my way in this country. It is hard to believe how completely a man may lose his bearings in the jungle, when once he has got off the track. A knowledge of trees is very necessary, for they form the common landmarks, by which directions are given. A native, especially a Santal, is as familiar with every tree in his district as a London policeman is with the streets in his beat. When you ask your way to a place, instead of getting the answer "Two to the left, three to the right, straight on," you are told to go due north till you come to a banyan tree, then turn to the east and you will see two palm trees in the distance, keep them on your left and you will come to a tamarind, then turn south till you meet with a mango, and so on.

Friday, 16th Dec. 1892.

A combination of trifling annoyances has disturbed the even tenor of our way to-day. During the night, the bullocks devoured the horses' gram, which is wetted at night and left to stand till morning. As we have only a limited supply of gram with us,—all our supplies, indeed, are running short, drugs included,—my two horses had to go without their breakfast, for which both they and I were sorry. Then one of our men said he was out of supplies, and asked me to provide for him. In a generous mood, and not having change, I gave him a little more money than was sufficient to keep him going for a week, but he came to me again to say that it was not enough. I then, at considerable pains, made out a detailed bill and proved to him that according to his own estimate, I had given him more than he required, and then deducted the surplus from the amount I had previously given him. He looked very much as if he wished he had not "asked for more." This illustrates a curious trait in the native character. Give a man his exact due, and he is pleased, for it is probably more than he has been in the habit of getting. But give him a little extra, and he, not understanding kindness but mistaking it for softness, tries to impose upon you by asking more. Or once give a servant a present and be will thereafter claim it as a right and think he has a grievance if he does not get it. I should be very glad to find that others have had a happier experience in this respect than has fallen to my lot; but I think all Europeans who wish to be just to their native servants feel that they have to steer very carefully between a Scylla of leniency, which is sure to be taken advantage of, and a Charybdis of severity which would be as unreasonable in their case as it would be in that of young children.

Then our chief evangelist has fever, and, as he is the only man familiar with the lie of the land, a good deal of our precious time has been spent in losing our way and finding it again. However, we have got through a good day's work, having visited five villages and held meetings in four of them. The near neighbourhood consists of rounded hills, bare of trees, reminding me of the downs in the south of England; but they have deep ravines between them, which are a serious obstacle in getting across country. The country is beginning to have a burnt-up appearance already. In one village, the old *Manjhi*, or chief, asked us if the Gospel was only for Santals! He may have noticed that our chief efforts are directed towards them, but we explained that just as we were endeavouring to evangelise the Santals, other missions were devoting their energies to Hindus and Mohammedans. The difference of languages in India necessitates some degree of specialisation in the work of preaching and teaching, but it has always appeared to me that one of the great advantages of the Medical Mission is that its benefits extend to every class of the community, of whatever creed, caste, race, or tongue. As a matter of fact, the majority of patients at any of our Santal stations are non-Santals, and I think it a most desirable thing that our Santal Christians should be taught that the mission is not only for the benefit of its own converts, but is intended to be a blessing to one and all, an ageney for "doing all the good we can, in all the ways we can, to all the people we can."

On getting back to camp in the evening, I was glad to find the evangelist better. The man who was ill on Monday is now better, and has been at work since yesterday. The home mail of Nov. 24th received to-night.

PACHAMBA MISSION,
Saturday, 17th Dec. 1892.

This morning I left camp to ride into Pachamba, a distance of 35 miles, to visit Dr. and Mrs. Dyer after their return from furlough more than a month ago. It was a cold, grey morning, and even after the sun had risen I had to walk several miles to get warm; yet an hour or two later, I passed natives on the road, and pilgrims too, with umbrellas up. The umbrella threatens to be the national costume of India. In other respects there is an almost infinite variety of dress in different parts of the country, but nearly every one who can save up a few coppers now buys a cheap umbrella in the bazar. Even our poor Santal coolies come to us, asking for an old umbrella. The first four miles were rough enough, but for the rest of the way I had a road which it did a man's heart good even to look at. Yet it was only what Indian engineers call "a third class road." A first-class road, I believe, is one which is metalled and bridged; a second class road is metalled but not bridged; a third class road is neither metalled nor bridged. When I applied to our District Engineer for a road to connect our mission with another leading to the railway, he at once agreed to make "a fourth class road," and I am waiting with some interest to see what it is to be like. As the ground is fairly level, it makes, even at present, a better road than some "third class roads" I know. When once the hills and jungle of Gāwā were left behind, the country was much more fertile and therefore less interesting. A great stretch of rice land, when the harvest has been reaped, is anything but picturesque. Cut into squares of various sizes by the *bunds* or little embankments which separate the fields, it looks

of a uniformly dirty yellow colour. I passed the offices of a mica mining company, with an Eurasian gentleman *in* charge. The only other person with whom I had any communication on the way was a Hindu, who came running up to introduce himself as an old patient, and to announce that he was "five annas well." This is the common way the natives have of recording the effects of treatment. There are sixteen annas to the rupee. Now I can quite understand a man saying he is "eight annas well" or "twelve annas well," which means "almost better"; but "two annas well" is distinctly discouraging, while "three, five, or seven annas well" shows a power of quantitative estimation and a spirit of scientific accuracy which make me envious. The same system is used for calculating the yield of harvest, and as the Indian ryot is about as hard to please in the matter of weather and crops as the British farmer, it is cheering to hear many of the people declaring that they have reaped "a sixteen anna crop." It is not often we meet patients who admit they are "sixteen annas well," but perhaps that is hardly to be looked for in this world, or in this hemisphere at least.

I had a change of horses half way, and on getting into Pachamba after a very pleasant ride, was glad to find both Dr. Dyer and Mrs. Dyer looking very well, and to hear all their news of home.

CAMP, KURHO,
Monday, 19th Dec. 1892.

Got back to camp from Pachamba to-day, by the same road and the same horses as I went by on Saturday. It was an uneventful journey; the horses were not quite so fresh as they had been on Saturday, but with a cool breeze

blowing all the day from the north, and therefore in our faces, we got along very well. It is mainly the wind which determines our temperature at present. If there is no wind, it is still hot during the day, but if it blows from the north it feels chilly sometimes even in the noonday sun. As we reached the jungle, a beautiful young antelope appeared, took a good look at me, bounded forwards a few yards, stopped and looked again, and so on, keeping ahead of the horse for some distance. I had a very pretty little antelope as a pet at Chakai, but it died when I was in camp last March. This evening I could see the white tent gleaming in the sunlight six miles away, but the last and roughest part of the journey had to be done in the dark. The sight of the palm tree against the sky, and the sound of the fiddle, were at last very welcome. All in camp are well, except the cook, who has fever.

Tuesday, 20th Dec. 1892.

On Saturday, during my absence, the evangelists visited four villages, and two yesterday. To-day, after treating over 20 patients, we visited the only remaining village on the list, and re-visited another, in which formerly we had met no one. In both we had good meetings. We have sold half a dozen Hindi gospels to-day to Hindu youths. This is at least one department of our mission work which is self-supporting. I have come to the conclusion that it is much better to sell the gospels than to give them away. A man who can read is, in this district, comparatively well-to-do, and can easily afford to buy, and is, as a rule, glad to buy, the books we offer at a nominal price. He will take more care of them, too, however small the price may have been. When I have given gospels gratuitously to intelligent patients

who have come to Chakai for medicine, they have sometimes torn them in pieces and thrown them away before leaving the compound. I hope such occurrences are very rare, but it is safe to say they will never occur if the book has been bought. We sell very few scriptures, for we meet with very few who can read, but no one gets any commission on the sales, and we even sell at a profit. The books are sold at the published prices,—gospels one pice or two pice each (one farthing or a half-penny), or a New Testament for four annas (four pence), —but I get discount on buying large supplies, which enables me to give away a number of copies in special cases, as school prizes, etc, without any cost to the mission. Although our colportage costs the mission nothing, we are of course indebted to the Bible Society, which publishes vernacular scriptures at less than cost price.

In the evening, we had a magic lantern meeting. The audience, tho' small, seemed to be much interested. We have found fewer Santals in this last district than reports had led me to expect. The people say there used to be a great many more, but, owing to the Raja increasing the rents, some have gone to other districts, and others emigrated to the tea-gardens of Assam.

CHAKAI MISSION,

Wednesday, 21st Dec. 1892.

We broke up camp this morning and made for home We might have stayed a day longer, but as the carts had to go a very round-about way, it was best to start them to-day, to make sure of their getting in before Sunday. Of course a number of patients turned up at the very last, and expressed much regret because they had not

heard of our camp being in the district sooner. The ride home was about 30 miles, but it is difficult to be accurate, for it was by a foot path all the way, with no milestones. We passed our last camping ground at Ganganpur, where the mare I was riding recognised the tree which had been her stable a week ago; she seemed inclined to linger over it, had not the length of the road before us made any surrender to sentiment inadvisable. The cook, who has had intermittent fever of the quotidian type since Monday, started bravely in the morning, but was overtaken by the fever when on the march, and had to be left in a village 20 miles from here, with a man in charge. I have noticed a marked difference in the effects of intermittent fever in natives and in Europeans. The former, during the actual attack, collapse much more completely than the latter, lying like logs, supremely indifferent to everything; but they make a much more rapid recovery. During the intermissions, they appear quite well, and, when the fever has run its course, they resume their active duties as quickly and with as little concern as did Peter's wife's mother. Of course there are many exceptions to this rule, for I have known of a European riding 16 miles in the evening, spending the night in high fever, and riding back 16 miles in the morning. Many natives, too, suffer much from anæmia as a consequence of long-continued fever, but an enormously enlarged spleen seems to give them wonderfully little trouble. In some districts, especially at the foot of hills, nearly every inhabitant seems to have an enlarged spleen, nor do we call a spleen large here until it can be distinctly felt beneath the ribs.

We got home in the evening,—some of us did, at least, for the baggage is still on the road. Found all well here,

but was sorry to learn that a teacher's child, born during my absence, had died.

We have been out exactly seven weeks,—have visited 124 villages, treated 394 patients, and sold 12 gospels. It is seldom possible to get away for so long a spell without interruptions, and we have every reason to be thankful for all our "journeying mercies." We have never before visited so many villages in the same time. This is because we have gone to out-of-the-way places among the hills, where we have had little else to do. The number of patients treated is small, for the population has been very scattered, and we have sold very few gospels, for we have been among the poorest and most ignorant of the people. Had we gone to more accessible and more civilised places, we would have had crowds of patients, and sold many more gospels, but would have found it impossible to devote so much time to village preaching. To reach the Santals we must work more among the by-ways than the high-ways.

I find I owe an apology to my two *syces* or horse-boys for having omitted them in a census I made of our camp at the start,—an unpardonable omission, for they are hard working lads, upon whom a good share of the heat and burden of the day has fallen. So we numbered 15, but that was our maximum; we had three coolies as a rule, with an extra one occasionally, and the postman spent most of his time on the road. The weather has been perfect throughout, and our health in camp good; five of our men have had one attack of fever each, but it is probable that among the same number of men, at this season, there would have been more illness had they stayed at home. The record compares favourably with that of last year's

camp during the same months, and I believe there has been much less fever in our camp than in the mission or in any of the villages during the same time. For this we ought to be thankful, for a camp is a very poor place to be ill in. The men, on the whole, have done well, and worked as if they enjoyed it.

On Monday, the 26th, I hope to start for Bombay, to arrive on the 29th, for the Decennial Missionary Conference, which opens on that day. Some weeks must elapse before camp work can be resumed, but the conference comes only once in ten years, so that we shall have a chance of making up for lost time before the next one comes round. This tour we first went 10 miles due south, then a little to the south-east, then worked round to the south-west until we were about 30 miles to the north-west of Chakai. I have not yet determined in what direction our next tour will be.

CAMP NUMBER SIX.

KEAJOREE,
Friday, 10th Feb. 1893.

AFTER a longer interval than I had anticipated, I am glad to be under canvas again, for the touring season will soon be over. An account of my movements since our last camp might be interesting, but as it is beyond the scope of this diary, a brief recapitulation must suffice.

Starting from Chakai on December 26th, I reached Bombay on the morning of the 29th and attended the meetings of Conference daily till the close on the afternoon of Jan. 4th. The beauty of Bombay must have taken all who, like myself, had never seen it before by surprise, for it far exceeded anything I had ever heard or read. A faithful attendance at the Conference every day from 10 a. m. till nearly sunset, left little time for sight seeing, but I was able to get a splendid bird's-eye view of the city and bay from the Rajabai tower of the University and to visit the Caves of Elephanta and the Parsee Towers of Silence. To Poona on Jan. 6th, visiting the Karli Caves on the way. Monday 8th to Wednesday 10th Jan. were occupied in getting from Poona to Jalna, which is 96 miles from the railway. Leaving the railway on Tuesday morning a party of four of us—all fellow students in Glasgow,—drove 44 miles by tonga to the Caves of Ellora, over thirty in number, some of huge size and beautiful workmanship, hewn out of solid rock. A further drive of 15 miles, past the picturesque hill fort

of Daulatabad, whose solid rocky base 500 feet high, conical in shape and bounded by cliffs, reminded one somewhat of Ailsa Craig, took us to Aurungabad where we spent the night and saw an imitation of the Taj-mahal which might be imposing to any one who had not seen the original at Agra. 40 more miles by tonga took us into Jalna on Wednesday evening, to enjoy the hospitality of a fifth Glasgow fellow-student, Dr. Mowat. A gathering of all the Christians on the Friday and Saturday and a united Communion Service on the Sabbath gave us a good opportunity of seeing the mission in all its force, and a most interesting sight it was. Leaving Jalna early on Monday morning, the 16th, we did the 96 miles in one day, with a break for breakfast at Aurungabad, and I got back to Chakai about 3 a. m. on Thursday the 19th. Various business, including annual reports, accounts and statistics, kept me engaged till Monday the 29th, when I had to go to Calcutta for a meeting of our Mission Council. The meeting was delayed till Tuesday, Feb. 7th, and I left Calcutta the same night, got home on Wednesday afternoon, prepared for camp yesterday and started to-day. The carts left before daybreak and I followed in the afternoon. During the respite the tents have been repaired and everything seemed spick and span when I arrived at sunset.

Keajoree is a Hindu village on the road from Chakai to Deoghur, 9 miles from the mission by road, but not much more than 6 by a short cut through fields and jungle, by which I rode to-day. Our previous camps were to the south and south-west of Chakai; this one is south-east. All our camp work last year was to the north and east. The village lies very snugly among mango trees, but the surrounding country is comparatively

bare and *not* by any means the prettiest I have seen. A few miles further east is a rounded, well-wooded hill called Deoli, which can be seen from the roof of my bungalow, and which lies near Deoghur, a famous shrine for Hindu pilgrims, to whom it is known as Baidyanath, "the Lord of Physicians." We have camped beside an old banyan tree which consists mainly of trunk.

Our staff is almost the same as formerly, but the apprentice-evangelist, who has been put in charge of a new village school opened this month, is replaced by our junior evangelist, who was on leave before. The fourteen souls consist of 9 Christian Santals, 3 non-Christian Santals, one Hindu and myself.

When in Calcutta I fulfilled my promise to buy a gun which was used for the first time this evening. One of our Christians, formerly an evangelist but now engaged in trade, is a keen sportsman and a good shot. If there is a bear, leopard or tiger anywhere in the district he is asked out to meet it. A few months ago he came across two wolves and shot one; the other was still within range but his gun missed fire. A short time afterwards it again missed fire when aimed at a leopard, so he gave me no rest till I furnished him with a better weapon. The gun is to be mine in the meantime—which means public property—until he has saved up enough money to buy it. To-night he brought down three huge birds with two shots,—a *tarjua* and two *sunkal*—of which the first has been given to me as *baksheesh*. There is a large tank here, so it is a good place for water fowl. A tank in India means an artificial pond or reservoir, called *ahar* if simply formed by throwing up an embankment, and *talao* if excavated.

Barring the risk of an occasional thunderstorm, February is a capital month for camp. The fields are quite bare and dry, enabling one to ride across country anywhere. The weather begins to get just warm enough to be comfortable, and the harvest being over and the ploughing hardly begun, the people have more leisure than at any other period of the year. It is a favourite time for Hindu pilgrims and for marriages. It is true of India at least that

"In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love,"

partly because he has nothing else to do, and partly because the cheapness of the rice enables him to get over the wedding feast as economically as possible. Our neighbourhood is kept lively with long strings of Hindu pilgrims wending their way to and from Deoghur by day, and with the sounds of music and dancing by night.

Saturday, 11th Feb. 1893.

Our nearest neighbours being Hindus, I was prepared for a run upon the medicine chest, and was not surprised to have 60 patients to treat before breakfast. I sold a Hindi Gospel, price one farthing, to the only man in the crowd who could read. Among the patients was a boy with epilepsy, who had a siezure as he was sitting before me. The place where an increased practice makes itself felt in my case is not in the pocket but across the small of the back. The people squat on the ground, and bending over them to examine or dress their sores, for hours together, is tiring work. But it's better to have too much work than too little; better to be bothered by the people coming all day long than to know that they don't come because they

are afraid. The expressions of gratitude used by the Hindus seem irreverent almost to blasphemy to the Western mind. "You and God are one," is a very common one. "You have been speaking to us about God," said a young Hindu to me this morning, referring to the address which precedes the dispensing; "we have never seen God but now we have seen you; you are God." To the pantheistic mind of the Hindu I suppose all this seems natural and reasonable enough. These people know how to get around one; they know the doctor's soft side. When they are about to ask a special favour they begin to talk about all the wonderful cures your honour has performed. If half of what they say is true, the drugs I have dispensed have more virtues than either I or the British Pharmacopœia ever credited them with.

The Santal villages lie at some distance from our camp. Starting about midday we crossed the borders of Monghyr into the Santal Pargannas and went a round of about twelve miles, visiting three villages. In the first, the old village patriarch was found to be quite blind from cataract. His son had come to the camp in the morning, to ask if anything could be done for him. As it seemed to be a hopeful case I told him to go to the mission on Saturday next where I would meet him. He has been blind for three years; and with the carelessness about these matters characteristic of the Santals, he had been debating all that time whether he should go to Chakai for healing. He would say in his mind "Will he be able to cure me?" and would reply "Who knows?"; then "Will I find him at home?" to which also the reply was "Who knows?" and so on. He mentioned as a matter of no importance that his wife was blind too; she was too old to work, so what

glaucoma I could hold out no prospect of cure. The second village was of a good size, with several tiled huts, which are always a sign of prosperity. We had a good meeting in the street, attended by about 40. A youngster on seeing my horse shouted out "O look at the big calf!" A good sized horse always attracts much attention in the villages, the mothers bringing out their babies to look at it. All the men of the third village were away hunting.

The Santals in the Santal Pargannas have special protection by law from the land grabber and the moneylender, the result, I believe, of the Santal rebellion of 1854, when the people, goaded on to desperation by their oppressors, banded themselves together and massacred Europeans right and left. It was a foolish thing to do, for their original intention had simply been to march in a body to Calcutta to lay their grievances before Government; but it was the first thing to draw public attention to their condition and procure redress for their wrongs. What the Santals in other districts cannot understand is why they, living perhaps within a mile or two of their more highly favoured neighbours in the Pargannas, are not entitled to the same privileges.

Apropos of the moneylender, the newspapers this week report a murder in the Deccan, 1200 miles from here, which shows how widespread this evil is. A Marwari moneylender, having got four Mahratta cultivators into his clutches, demanded their crops in payment of debt. They begged to be allowed to sell them at the market rate instead of giving them to him at his own rate, by which plan they would be able to clear off the debt and have a surplus for themselves to live on. The money-lender would not hear of this, and proceeded to the fields to sieze

the crop. The cultivators then set upon him, overpowered him, and strangled him with the string which he had brought with him for tying up the sacks of grain.

Part of our way to-day lay along the Deoghur road, which was simply crowded with a continuous stream of pilgrims. A great festival is held about this time, to celebrate the marriage of Parbati and Mahadeo, I believe, but as I know next to nothing of Hindu mythology I would not advise anybody to take my word for it. It is attended by multitudes, gathered from all parts of India. Many of the pilgrims to-day presented quite a gay appearance. They are by no means careless of "creature comforts," carrying their pots and pans, blankets and pillows, tied to the ends of a stout bamboo suspended over the shoulder. This luggage was in many cases adorned by red and white flags, peacocks feathers and tinkling bells, giving them music wherever they went.

As our camp is some distance from the hills, we have to buy firewood for cooking and grass and straw for the horses and bullocks.

Sunday, 12th Feb. 1893.

The rule printed on our dispensary ticket—"Sundays excepted"—had to be suspended to-day. Patients with trivial complaints whose houses are near, were asked to come to-morrow, but 30 of the more pressing cases had to be attended to. Among them was a leper, a young lad not more than twelve years old. His mother came with him, and from what she told me I have no doubt the father has had leprosy for twelve years. Although the mother has been living with her husband all these years, she

shows no trace of the disease, nor do three other children, one of them older than the patient. This case, like some others I have come across, points to leprosy being hereditary but not contagious; but in face of so many conflicting opinions it is just to be hoped that the forthcoming but long-delayed report of the Leprosy Commission will clear up these debated points. A well-to-do Hindu asked me to go to his house to see his mother, who was in great suffering. I was glad to find that the extraction of two teeth was all that was necessary to relieve the old lady, and the operation was witnessed, with much interest, by all the family of three generations and a large gathering of friends and neighbours. An old Hindu present told me with pride that he knew something of the Santali language. I found he could count up to ten, and knew the words for "boiled rice," "to eat," "bed" and "fowl." Strange to say, he had acquired this knowledge not in Santalia but away in Assam, where he had been employed by a doctor who had a large number of Santal coolies from the tea-gardens among his patients.

At intervals between services and dispensing to-day, I have read *James Gilmour of Mongolia*, a most interesting and stimulating book. The two drawbacks he mentions to medical work among the Mongols probably hold good in the mission field everywhere: "First: most of the afflicted Mongols suffer from chronic diseases for which almost nothing can be done. Second: in many cases, where alleviation or cures are effected, they are only of short duration, as no amount of explanation or exhortation seems sufficient to make them aware of the importance of guarding against causes of disease." If we add to this that a large proportion of the diseases met with are not only chronic but absolutely incurable, and that in many cases

the extreme poverty of the people makes it simply impossible for them to guard against disease, we get a very fair statement of the difficulties to medical work in India. Very excellent is the advice Gilmour sends to a brother missionary in another field: "Don't get weary; stick to it. Don't be lazy, but don't be in a hurry. Slow but sure; stick to it. We have no great effort to make, but rather to stick to it patiently." May God give us all grace to stick to it.

Monday, 13th Feb. 1893.

A day of dirty disagreeable weather. It began to rain last night, and all day to-day it has been showery, cloudy, windy and bitterly cold. I have made myself fairly comfortable in a heavy ulster, but feel sorry for the poor natives. Forty new patients and a number of old ones have come for medicine, their teeth chattering and their naked bodies quivering with cold. I wonder if in all the wide world there are such a wretched set of beings as the poorer class of Indian villagers.

"The gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Shower'd on her kings barbaric pearl and gold."

Perhaps so, but it's a cruel country for the poor. Two American missionaries from China, whom I met Agra last year, told me that what had impressed them most in a rapid run through India from Cape Comorin to the North-west, was the poverty-stricken appearance of the villages. There was nothing like it in China, they said. An account of Tierra del Fuego which recently appeared in the *Fortnightly* indicates that the inhabitants of that bleak spot have about as hard a struggle for existence as any here, but they are just a handful and rapidly approaching exter-

mination. What makes one almost despair of the poverty of India is not so much the depth as the extent of it. What can be done for the forty millions who never get enough food to satisfy their hunger? or for a country in which the average of a man's income is 1½*d* a day? The multitudes of Galilee, who moved our Saviour with compassion, can not have been fitter objects of pity than the poor of India.

The cook is in difficulties. The firewood is wet and the wind blows the flames from under the pot, for our cooking is done in the open air. But unless he had apologised for the tea I would not have known there was anything wrong with it, and he has given me a very substantial dinner of rice and *dal*. After writing the above paragraph it would never do to grumble about a little discomfort.

On taking up Mr. W. S. Caine's *Picturesque India* lately, one of the first statements which caught my eye was "It never rains in the cold season." Doesn't it? My own first experience of Indian fever was due to a wetting and a chill in my first cold season, and the most serious outbreaks of illness I have had to do with in Chakai—with the exception of a cholera epidemic last hot weather—have been due to heavy storms, with hail and rain, in the cold weather. In the rainy season, a wetting seems to do no more harm to a native than to a duck, but wet and cold combined, as at present, kill them from pneumonia by the score. The death of Mr. Lionel Tennyson has been attributed to a wetting at Delhi on New Year's Day.

Our camp has not suffered in any way, so far as I know. "Once bitten, twice shy;" having been wrecked once in

a thunderstorm we know to strengthen our stakes and look to our ropes "when the stormy winds do blow."

We have not attempted to visit the villages, for all the people, unless compelled to go out, are huddled up in their huts. We are so accustomed at this season to be able to go in for long spells of outside work without any thought of the weather, that we are apt to be impatient under "the restraints of Providence"; but the rain will do good, making early ploughing possible and giving us a longer term of cool weather. A most important crop for the poor is the flower of the *Mahua*, a jungle tree upon whose flowers they live for months. Cloudy weather in March prevents this flower from maturing, but I trust it is still too early for any injury to be done. The buds are just appearing on some of the trees about here. It is said that this has been the coldest season known in India for 25 years. I put my thermometer out on the grass one evening in January, and it registered 38° F. at sunrise next morning,—just 6° above freezing. There have been heavy snowstorms in the Himalayas, and snow has fallen even at Rawalpindi, a phenomenon said to have occurred only once before as far as any records go. It is raining again to-night, but the wind has fallen.

Tuesday, 14th Feb. 1893.

The weather has improved to-day. It has been showery all day, and cloudy, but with occasional glints of sunshine and the cold is not so keen. I remember one of our lecturers at the Glasgow Western Infirmary remarking to us that we should never abuse the Scottish climate (it is the only part of his lecture I remember), for if our lot was to be cast in a tropical clime we would often long

for a dull day and an overcast sky. I have not found it so. We welcome the rains, it is true; the bursting of the monsoon after the parching, scorching heat of May and June is exhilarating, but a cloudy day without rain always seems depressing, and the sunshine always welcome. I have not yet reached the stage of sympathising with the old Indian who, on retiring to England, used to shut himself up in his room every fine day, with the remark that "he had seen enough of that old sun". Nor do I believe the sun to be responsible for half the mischief attributed to him. Every infirmity of temper, the effects of errors and excess in diet, alcoholism in all its forms, hysteria and other mental derangements are too readily attributed to "a touch of the sun." Surgeon Parke, whose book, referred to before, I have found very useful in affording points of comparison between India and Africa, says he has seen more cases of sunstroke in single day at Aldershot than during seven years in Africa, although his African experiences included the desert march to Khartoum and the Emin Relief Expedition. His explanation is that drink is the predisposing cause.

We were able to get through our usual routine to-day. In addition to old cases, 96 new patients have been treated, about 60 before breakfast and the rest after getting home from the villages in the evening. The fame of my "itch cure" is spreading on every side. Visited two villages; in the first the people were bewailing the loss of cattle carried off by a leopard, and in the second all the men were away and we had a short talk with a few young herd lads.

A most welcome gift reached me by post to-day in the shape of a sample case from Burroughs and Wellcome, containing a dozen bottles of their compressed tabloids.

Wednesday, 15th Feb. 1893.

A delightful day after the rain; the sky cloudless, the dust well laid, the trees fresh and green, and a balmy feeling in the air like that of a fine spring day at home. A note from my medical assistant reports that the rain, gauge at the mission registered about quarter of an inch on Monday and half an inch yesterday. The cultivators have been busy in the fields all day, turning up the surface of the soil with their primitive, one handed, wooden ploughs, drawn by bullocks. One of the funniest things you can tell a native is that ploughs in England are made of iron and drawn by horses.

Treated 77 patients in the morning and spent the whole afternoon till sunset visiting four villages. We had a small meeting in each. The senior evangelist has had to go to Chakai for two days on business, but the bullock cart driver volunteered his services and preached very well. He is ambitious to be an evangelist and with that end in view has learned to read in his spare time. A man who has driven bullocks is well up in exhortation. On our way to-day we passed fields white with the poppy in flower, for opium seems to be pretty extensively cultivated here.

The home mail of Jan. 24th reached me to-night, a welcome treat after a fatiguing day.

Thursday, 16th Feb. 1893.

We have had a day of it. Treated 150 patients in the morning, but am positively ashamed to say that 122 of them had itch--in additon to more respectable diseases in many cases. I have already mentioned that this plague

causes more actual suffering than leprosy itself, and in confirmation of this I noted among the crowd to-day a leper who came not on account of his leprosy, which, although it had almost destroyed his right hand, he did not even mention, but to beg medicine for the disease which was keeping him in torture night and day. A grown up lad, he cried like a child when describing his sufferings, but little description was called for as he was just covered with sores from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. The directions given to the patients include washing or scrubbing with warm water daily for three days before applying the medicine, and if this alone is done it will work a social reform in this neighbourhood. My supply of sulphur, the second received this week, went done, or I would have treated a good many more. The patients included a family party of thirteen. Some other patients had to go away untreated as I could not possibly attend to them all.

The sight of the crowd which gathers every morning would melt a heart of stone. They are nearly all Hindus or semi-Hinduised aborigines. I tell them every morning that God loves them, that Christ died for them, that pardon of sin and life eternal are to be obtained not by penance or pilgrimage or sacrifice, but by faith in the Son of God. But what a difference there is between preaching the gospel at home and preaching it here. *There* all the terms you use,—God, Christ, sin, salvation, righteousness, faith,—are intelligible to the people; a fair knowledge of the Word of God may safely be assumed, and however degraded the audience may be there are sure to be some hearts that respond to the message while all understand it. But *here* it is like preaching to a stone wall. Mr. Wells tells of a joiner, engaged in mission work in the

Wynds of Glasgow, who remarked to a companion that "the wud was that rotten the nails wouldna haud"; but here you feel that you have no wood to work upon at all, that you are driving your nails into airy nothing. A few of the better educated Hindus show some real interest in what you say, and pride themselves upon knowing much more than any of us can tell them; but of the great bulk, although they assent to everything, it is doubtful if they carry away a single definite idea from all that has been said and repeated time after time. I think we would all endorse a remark which Dr. Stalker makes in *The Preacher and His Models* that "the greatest difficulty of missionary work is that in the heathen there is, as a rule, hardly any conscience." One boy to-day bought a Gospel; besides him only one man in the crowd could read.

Started at one o'clock for the villages, with the carter and junior evangelist. In the first village found nobody; then we spent two hours in the jungle, looking for a village we had heard of but never seen. At four o'clock met some herdsmen who told us we had gone off the track. It was too late to retrace our steps, but they directed us to a near village, of whose existence we had not known. Here we met with a few men, and after speaking to them started back for camp, getting in at sunset just in time to prepare for a magic lantern meeting which we had intimated for to-night. It was attended by a large crowd of Hindoos, so large that we had to group them in two divisions, one on each side of the sheet, which was wetted to make the picture visible from either side. The carter and evangelist explained in Hindi on one side of the sheet, while one of the syces and myself worked the lantern and did the lecturing in Hindi between us on the other. They all listened well and

seemed much interested, although some seemed disappointed that they heard "nothing but religion." This meeting finished at 8-30, and I had packed up the lantern and settled down to write when the sound of flutes in the distance announced the approach of a party of Santals. I was inclined to ask them to come back to-morrow, but they begged me to show them some of the pictures at least so that they might hot go home ashamed. My men were eager for it, for the Santals are a clannish lot, so we fixed up the lantern again and showed them the whole series, and got to the end of our programme about 10 o'clock. There were rumblings of distant thunder early in the evening, but it turned out a fine starlight night with no moon, very favourable for magic lantern work.

The world is getting very small. Sitting in my tent here this Thursday night a solitary European, I have read a summary not only of Mr. Gladstone's speech in introducing his Home Rule Bill on Monday night, but also of Mr. Balfour's reply on Tuesday. The former is contained in a Wednesday's Calcutta newspaper, the latter in a slip inserted in it, with telegrams received in Calcutta before the papers were sent off by the mail train in the evening. So within 48 hours the report of Mr. Balfour's speech travelled over 7000 miles by wire, 217 by train and 20 by road. The late disturbance in the weather seems to have been general,—rain in Lower Bengal and more snowstorms in the Himalayas. It is much milder to-night, and there is lightning in the east, which is said to be a sign of rain.

Friday, 17th Feb. 1893.

During the night, at one o'clock, a thunderstorm broke upon us, with half an hour's terrific rain such as is seen

only in the tropics, I believe. I turned out to watch the storm from underneath the eaves of my tent, and when I turned in again found the tent flooded. We ought to have dug trenches round the tent as a safeguard against this, but the storm came upon us so suddenly that we were quite unprepared. However, little serious damage was done. There was a heavy shower again in the morning, and all day till the afternoon there was a thundery feeling in the air with threatening rumblings. It cleared in the evening.

123 New patients to-day. The number of old cases who come for dressing and renewed supplies of medicine naturally increases daily, but I have not time to count them. One old man said he had four diseases. I undertook to treat three of them. Then he said he had no food, although one of the symptoms of one of his diseases had been loss of appetite. I gave him just three times the sum he begged, and then came back to say his clothes were—or rather, to be accurate, his cloth was—in rags, but I could do no more for him. Had I given him cloth, he would probably have come back to ask a house.

Revisited one village in the afternoon, and had a fair gathering of men, women and children. The chief was absent, and the men said there was no use discussing any religious question without him; to which the carter replied that they did not leave the matter of eating to their chief, and religion was just as important to each man of them as his daily food!

On our way back to camp we met the old blind Santal mentioned in Saturday's diary, on his way to the mission, led by two sons. So I ride in to-morrow, all being wel and stay over Sunday to officiate.

CHAKAI MISSION,
Saturday, 18th Feb. 1893.

Had 32 new patients in camp this morning before breakfast. Then we struck tents to move on to new camping ground and I rode in here. The old Santal was waiting for me and the operation for the removal of his cataract came off all right. He was able to distinguish objects at once, counted fingers correctly, and noticed the rafters in the roof above the operating table, but did not recognise his son, not having seen him for three years. I trust he will get on all right, if he submits to have his eyes bandaged for 8 or 10 days. Those who are quite blind often make the best cases—better, for instance, than those blind in one eye, for they submit more readily to a few more days of darkness before the bandages are finally removed. Early in this diary a Mohammedan cataract patient is referred to. He came back to have the second eye operated on a few weeks ago, and positively refused to stay even a few days after the operation as he maintained he was quite well.

During our week in Keajoree, 12 villages have been visited, 608 patients attended to, and 3 gospels sold. In our work as a rule the number of villages visited is in inverse proportion to the number of patients treated. It is the Hindus and Mohammedans who swell the list of patients, and in districts where they are numerous Santal villages are few and far between.

CAMP NUMBER SEVEN.

PUNHASSI,
Monday, 20th Feb. 1893.

REJOINED camp this evening. We are now in the Santal Pargannas, 16 miles from Chakai Mission, still in the Deoghur direction, and near the Deoli Hill before referred to. There is a good road at present, running right past our camp, so I drove here in my bamboo cart, the first time I have used it in connection with camp work this year. I shall send it home to-morrow, as it is more of an incumbrance than a convenience in moving about. The part of the road from the borders of Monghyr is new, and not yet fully made. It is 60 feet broad all along the way, with young trees planted at both sides. In course of time it will be a splendid avenue. The magistrate of the district, whom I occasionally meet, told me that one reason he had for making the roads so wide was because in a few years they would be the only pasture lands for the cattle. It hardly looks like it at present, for there is plenty of jungle round about us. I have seen very little of our surroundings, as it was getting dark when I arrived. My men have not put up my tent, but prepared a small one of their own for my accommodation. They had come to the conclusion that this was not a good centre for work. The evangelist and carter visited four Santal villages to-day, and say that the only others, a group of five lying together, could be visited on our way

to a new camp to-morrow. But as I agreed to meet a number of patients here to-morrow, I prefer to spend at least a day here before moving on. When driving along this evening, in one place doing five miles in half an hour, I just thought it was a rare thing to have a Santal camp with such a road to it.

Tuesday, 21st Feb. 1893.

Whether my friends will believe me or not, it is nevertheless true that I have dispensed medicine or given advice to-day to 269 patients. 119 were dealt with in the morning. At 12-30 we started for the villages and visited five, grouped within easy reach of each other at the foot of the Deoli Hill. These villages are part of an estate which belongs to a Mr. Grant, whom the villagers eulogised as a most lenient landlord. They say he tried to introduce the indigo cultivation here, but it was a failure. In four of the villages we had meetings, one being attended by a very fair crowd, of whom some members were inclined to be argumentative. They argued on the familiar lines that the old is better than the new, tradition safer than innovation, and that, even if a change were desirable, it could not be effected without the consent of the assembled chiefs. Got back to camp between four and five, and was then kept doctoring a most pitiful crowd of sick, sore, maimed and blind, till the sun had set and the moon was in the sky. Of course I had not to deal with 269 individuals, for many of them, with contagious diseases, were in family groups, with members of the family left at home. Much of the medical work here is of a routine description; the disease can be diagnosed at a glance or by means of a single question. But in almost every group of patients there are some rare

and interesting cases, over which one would like to spend hours. To-day there were two lepers, one of five, the other of two, years' standing. Both said that neither wife nor children shewed any trace of the disease. Another patient, a little boy, suffered, if my diagnoses was correct, from cretinism, of which I have never before seen an example either in Europe or in India. I felt sorry I had neither a camera, nor a tape to measure his enormous head. A piece of bandage cloth, measured round its greatest circumference, was longer than my arm's length by two or three inches. He was quite insane, and unable to stand. When left by himself without support he fell back as if helpless under the weight of his head. His father, who was in great distress about him, and to whom I could give little comfort, had brought him in a *dooly*, a stretcher suspended from a pole. Another case of some interest to the crowd was that of a pilgrim from Gaya, who came for medicine for his father. Both had gone to Baidyanath (Deoghur) three months ago as pilgrims; there the father had taken ill with fever and dysentery, and had been unable to move since. I asked if *Mahadeo*, the great god of the Hindus, had not been able to cure him, but his only reply was, "*You* are Mahadeo, *You* are the great god." Such heresy was hardly to be expected from a pilgrim. Two years ago, an old Brahmin crawled to my door at Chakai. He had gone to Baidyanath as a pilgrim and had there been siezed with paralysis, which affected the lower part of his body. He could neither stand nor walk. His friends had urged him to go home, to a place beyond Benares, by train, but he was very unwilling to do so, as it would detract from the merit his pilgrimage had acquired. So he started to *crawl* home, a distance of about 300 miles. He reached me, after twenty miles of it, in a very helpless condition, but still

very unwilling to give in. He lived for a few days in my verandah, but how he lived was a puzzle to me. His caste prevented him from taking food or drink either from me or from anybody about the place, and he had to depend upon the services of Hindus among my dispensary patients to get a supply of water brought to him from the well. After a lot of persuasion he surrendered, and we put him into a bullock cart and sent him off to Simultala, the nearest railway station.

The mail has come in early this week, our thanks being due, I suppose, to the P. and O's new and powerful steamers. It reached Chakai on Monday evening, and I have received it to-night. The most important news it brings me is of the birth of a nephew, whom his father describes, in somewhat unprofessional language for a medical man, as a 'thumper'.

Wednesday, 22nd Feb. 1893.

Another wet day; rain from morning to night with a few intermissions, and a good deal of thunder and lightning. At intervals patients came for medicine; 74 new cases and a number of old ones. The pilgrim came to say that his father was very much better, and a number of the others showed a more decided improvement than I had anticipated. As a rule, in favourable circumstances the diseases respond well to treatment, partly, perhaps, because the remedies are new to the people. But the favourable circumstances are the exception rather than the rule. Medication can do little to correct the results of life-long malnutrition, exposure and filth.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody good; to-day's rain has helped me to put myself right with some correspond-

ents who have been waiting many months for letters. I have not been able to get abreast of my correspondence since I started for Bombay two months ago, but I am considerably nearer it to-night than I was in the morning.

Thursday, 23rd Feb. 1893.

It rained again all through the night and until pretty late in the afternoon. We meant to move camp this morning, but could not do it very well in the wet. It is desirable to give the tent and other things time to dry before packing them, but we can hardly hope to manage that now. More letters written in the morning. As it cleared up a bit in the afternoon a number of patients turned up; 40 new cases treated and a number of old ones.

Yesterday my men were unable to cook their food, but contented themselves with parched rice bought at the nearest bazar. To-day there is less, almost no, wind, so they have resumed their customary and much more palatable diet of boiled rice and dal. A few months ago the *Review of Reviews*, commenting on the fact that the defeat of the French in the Franco-Prussian war was largely due to the mismanagement of their commissariat department, remarked that 'armies, like snakes, move on their bellies'. If this is true of the highly trained soldiers of civilisation it is not to be wondered at in the case of our semi-barbarous coolies. Give them sufficient food, and they are good for any amount of hard work and exposure. My cook has never been beat yet, but has given me both to-day and yesterday rice and dal for breakfast and dinner, with the addition of a plate of genuine Scotch porridge

at the former meal. Our water, got from a neighbouring river, has assumed a rich yellow colour since the rain began. The river is in spate and the water freely mixed with mud and sand. But as I seldom drink water in camp except in the form of tea, it makes little difference. There is no doubt that one of the main dangers, if not *the* main danger, to health and life in India, lies in the contamination of drinking water. Whatever be the nature of the cholera poison, it is pretty certain that it is propagated mainly by means of water. Drinking water should be both boiled and filtered,—that is one of the golden rules of Indian domestic economy. It is more difficult to take proper precautions in camp, but while your boy may neglect to boil your drinking water he is bound to boil the water to make tea. The Santals attach great importance, in a way, to their drinking water. When a man among them is ill, he goes away, not, as with us, for a change of air, but for 'a change of water.' I have once heard them saying of one of our missionaries who was home on furlough, that he had gone to Scotland for a change of water.

The weather fails to damp the ardour of the natives engaged in celebrating the marriages of their friends. In a neighbouring village, singing, music, and dancing have been going on in the rain, day and night on end; and at every interval between the showers gay processions have been passing along the road which runs past our camp. Their decorations are very tawdry, paper and tinsel, making a poor show in the wind and rain.

CAMP NUMBER EIGHT.

CHIHRADIH, SILPHURES,
Friday, 24th Feb. 1893.

THIS morning broke fair, so we determined to shift camp. Early birds to the number of 47 having received the medicinal worm,* raising the number of patients treated in four and a half days to 430, we started at 10-30 a. m. A ride of ten or twelve miles across country brought us to this place, and very pleasant it was to be out and about after two days' confinement. The advanced guard got here in the early afternoon, and we settled down to wait, with as much patience as we could, for the bullock carts, which had to take a more roundabout road. We did not expect them much before six, but at eight were disappointed when one of the men in charge of them arrived to say they were hopelessly stuck. They had got into a river with soft sand. By unloading them they had got them through, only to stick again in a muddy field a mile further on, where, our informant declared, the carts, even when emptied, and the bullocks were simply 'drowned in mud.' I sent off a man to bring my bedding, and made up my mind to trust myself to the bosom of Mother Earth for a night, for a native bed, which the village chowkidar had brought, about three and a half feet long, seemed to have been specially designed for keeping people awake. A modern Inquisition would find in these native beds a very effective instrument of torture. They are usually alive with vermin, too. My supplies were in the cart, but the men who were with me had taken the precaution to bring theirs with them, and offered me a

share of their rice and dal, which I was glad to accept. To our pleasant surprise, the carts turned up at 9-30, not much the worse of the rough treatment. A friend in Manchuria, a medical missionary, writes to me that in the wet weather in North China you have to consider not the length of the road you have to go, but its depth. As our soil is sandy, the roads, bad as they are, are not so muddy as they might be, but the rivers, as I have mentioned before, are the crux. It was beginning to rain again when the carts arrived, but we have got the small tent, which I have occupied the whole week, set up before the bedding had time to get more than moist, and now I am thankful to find myself in much more comfortable circumstances than I expected three hours ago.

Our postman met me here with a batch of letters from various parts of India, from Poona to Sylhet. There are complaints of cold and wet weather everywhere, and friends at considerable distances write to say they are thinking how miserable I must be in camp. I don't feel it. Working among the crowd of sick and suffering who are coming daily, I have little time and would have less excuse for thinking of the discomforts of camp life in wet weather. But if this weather continues I shall be more reconciled than I usually am to find myself "cabin'd, cribbed, confined, bound in" by the walls of my bungalow when the camping season is over. I am glad to say I have not heard a murmur of complaint from my men, who are much more exposed than I am. In fact they seem to be in extra good spirits, and are always eager to sacrifice their own comfort for the sake of mine. We are all in perfect health, I am thankful to say. Mr. Campbell writes to say that his men in camp visited 55 villages in 12 days, which was splendid work, but were driven home by the rain.

Our new camp is in the threshing floor, on the outskirts of a large Santal village. There are three shed-like erections, posts with a rough roofing of branches, piled up with straw, which we use, instead of trees, as stable and kitchen. There is a fine grassy sward adjoining the clean-swept threshing floor, with a large mango tree standing alone, and just opposite is the grove of *sal* trees, sacred to the village gods. The Deoli Hill, which was south-east of our last camp, now lies to the west, for we have skirted its base to-day. We are back to the Monghyr district again, but still near the confines of the Santal Pargannas. We get a fine view of a range of hills, the Teor Hills, as rugged as the peaks of Arran and probably about the same height, which form a conspicuous feature of the latter district. There is jungle all round about us, but a well used road passes through the village, along which a gorgeous marriage procession, with over twenty bullock carts, three palkis, a small troop of horsemen, and bands and banners *galore*, passed this afternoon. Had a talk in the evening with the old village chief and a number of his men. Wishing to make friends with a bright looking little fellow who was standing by, I patted him on the head, but he roared like murder. A number of people came for medicine as soon as I got here, and even one section of the marriage procession halted, to allow one of its number to consult me; but I had to ask them all to come to-morrow, as my medicine chest was packed in the bullock carts.

It is raining hard again to-night, extraordinary weather. We are only a few miles from the railway, and can hear the trains passing. Indian railways are quiet compared with those at home. Along this, the main line in India, eight passenger trains pass daily, four going east and four going west

Saturday, 25th Feb. 1893.

Heavy rain all last night. My tent was pitched on slightly sloping ground, and when I awoke in the morning streams of water were trickling under my bed. It rained steadily until the afternoon. We then erected my own tent, and I am in it again to-night. It feels very roomy and commodious after the small tent, but will not be very comfortable until it and the ground have dried. It is very cloudy to-night, but not raining, and the moon seems to be struggling through the clouds.

A few patients, nine in number, came for medicine to-day. Among them was a little child of four or five, of the dhobi caste, brought to me by its parents on account of some mental deficiency. I was struck with its eyes, which were of a pure bright blue. I do not recollect having seen another native of this part of India with blue eyes; they are nearly all brown. The combination of blue eyes and dark skin seemed strange.

Towards evening we visited two villages, had a good meeting in the first, and a very small one in the second. Intimated a magic lantern meeting for Tuesday evening, "weather permitting."

Monday, 27th Feb. 1893.

We have now had two delightful days after the rain, clear, warm days, with bright moonlight nights. Yesterday the sky was laden with the remnants of the storm, great masses of fleecy clouds; to-day it has been one expanse of spotless blue. Everybody, birds and beasts included, seems to be in good spirits, rejoicing in the

return of the sunshine. Indian scenery looks its best after rain, which dispels the haze which at other times obscures the distance. There has been unusual activity in the camp, making up for the previous days of comparative idleness. A cart has gone to the jungle to fetch firewood, and messengers have been despatched to Deoghur and Chakai, to bring supplies and attend to other business.

About half a dozen patients had to be attended to yesterday. Among them was a Santal child very ill with pneumonia, a thing to be looked for after the cold and wet. I had to teach its parents how to make and apply poultices, a thing unknown to them. We use rice for poultices, and it does very well. This district is not so thickly populated as the last we were in, and most of the villages in the neighbourhood are Santal; consequently the demand for medicine is less. 36 new cases to-day. One Gospel has been sold to the only man I have met here who can read.

Three villages visited to-day, and good meetings held in each. In the first, the people said they were starving, and looked like it. Their rice crop had been a failure. The people in another village, who seemed to be more familiar with the name of God that most are, said they worshipped God *in addition to* the *bongas*, or demon-gods. This is a line of defence which the more enlightened among them soon learn to adopt. We told them they could not worship God and the demons too, for one of God's great commandments was "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." The evangelist who was with me, using a homely illustration, asked them if they would be showing proper respect to a village chief to set up another chief at the other end of the street? Certainly not, they

all agreed, without a moment's hesitation, for they are loyal to their chiefs. In the same way, the evangelist replied, God was supreme, and it was a sin to give to any other the worship due to Him alone.

Tuesday, 28th Feb. 1893.

52 new cases to-day. The number of cases of suppurating ears has struck me as a feature of the medical work in this camp. This disease is very common everywhere in our district, but seems to be specially common here. Unfortunately, as in so many other cases, they often neglect to apply for medicine until it is too late. A patient this morning complained of toothache, and the extraction of one of his teeth led to seven others, belonging to various members of the crowd, being pulled. The fact that decayed teeth can be extracted is a revelation to these people; they never saw it, heard of it, or thought of it before, and are delighted with the discovery. They stand it wonderfully well, too; I have very seldom been able to extract a cry or even a groan along with the tooth. The people are inveterate tobacco-chewers, and with the tobacco they mix lime, which forms concretions round their teeth and loosens them by eating down into the roots. Many a tooth I pull is just a shapeless mass of lime, with a tooth as its nucleus. But, apart from this, toothache is common, why I don't know.

We visited three villages. Two seemed to be fairly prosperous and we had good meetings, but the third was a very broken-down, deserted-looking place. The old chief told us that nearly all the villagers had been forced by poverty to go off to the tea-gardens of Cachar. He himself had a very bad knee, for which he begged medi-

cine. He said he could manage to come into camp by resting every few steps of the way, but I promised to ride out in the early morning and do what I could for him. As an operation may be necessary, it is better in any case that I should attend him at his own house. The magic lantern meeting to-night was attended by a large crowd, mostly Santals, but with a sprinkling of Hindus. The best part of the entertainment, in the estimation of the people, was seeing me at dinner, using knife, fork and spoon. One of the first rules of Indian etiquette is never to disturb or even look at a man when he is eating; but so great is the novelty of our ways of taking food that the curiosity of the people overcomes their sense of propriety. Even those natives whose position renders some regard to the laws of society obligatory are fond of taking a constitutional up and down in front of my tent at meal times, and enjoying as much of the show as they can get by squinting sideways through the door in passing. I never saw so many women and children coming out to one of our meetings as were present to-night. It is a good sign. Among the patients, too, there is daily a larger proportion than usual of women, both Hindu and Santal.

Calcutta newspapers received to-night report another snowstorm, the heaviest of the year, at Darjeeling, on Wednesday of last week, one of the rainy days here. The snow was lying on the ground to the depth of six inches. A death from lightning took place in Calcutta. It is slightly cloudy again to-night, after a beautiful day.

Wednesday, 1st March 1893.

I much enjoyed my visit to the old chief this morning. It was a pleasant ride in the cool of the morning; I was

able to relieve his pain, and he seemed to be really grateful. He asked if my horse would have anything to eat, a little act of courtesy I do not remember having met with before. Although all he could give was straw, they were "straws that shewed the stream of tendency," to use a phrase which was a favourite with Professor Bruce when I was in his class. Strangers, I fear, would be disappointed to find how little gratitude the Santals show. It usually seems to take the form of "a lively sense of favours to come." A man who has had his sight restored, for instance, very often comes to ask a present before going home. Having done so much for him, you can easily do a little more, he argues. I could give some curious instances of this trait, were it not that I do not care to publish abroad the weaknesses of my friends, my nearest friends, geographically speaking. But the fact that they do not express gratitude in words does not necessarily imply that they do not feel it. Perhaps they think, in their ignorance, that kindness comes natural to us, that

"Blessing we are. God made us so.

* * * * * *

Nor have we ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless."

At any rate, the reserve of the Santals is much to be preferred to the fulsome flattery so common among Hindus and Mohammedans.

The people of the village were by no means sure about me. When I asked for anything I wanted in dressing the old man's knee, such as water, leaves, etc, a boy was sent to put it down beside me, and then to retire to the safe distance from which the women and girls were watching

operations. Leaves, I may mention, are used by us for the purposes for which those surgeons who can afford it use such expensive luxuries as oiled silk, to keep the dressings of a wound moist. The leaf of the banana is very useful in surgery, but unfortunately it grows in very few villages in this district, although I have seen it growing wild on Paresnath. Probably the soil is too poor, and the water supply deficient.

Visited two villages to-day and held a meeting in each. There is a hill a few miles from here, made conspicuous by having a solitary tree on its very summit. I have often seen it from various points, and finding myself at its base to-day climbed it. It was a stiff and slippery climb, but the magnificent view from the top was ample reward. There I came across a party of Santals, cutting thatching grass, who hailed me with all the heartiness of unsophisticated savages. Their first question was, Would I eat tobacco? I was almost sorry that I had to decline, for tobacco-chewing is almost as much a promoter of friendship among the Santals as the "blood brotherhood," so popular with Stanley, seems to be among the Africans, or as dram-drinking was between Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny,—

> "Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither,
> They had been fou' for weeks thegither"

Then they wanted to know where I was born, and in what direction the country was: what my helmet was made of, where did I get it, and how much did it cost; how many children I had, boys and girls, what my watch was for, how did it tell me the time, what were the different parts of the day called, according to it? and so on; I let

them have their say, and then I had mine. They listened with evident interest when I told them of our God and of His Christ, and explained the commandments. They had heard already of the magic lantern last night, and wanted to know all about it.

The two villages we visited to-day were visited two years ago from a camp in a different direction. With one or two exceptions, all our camp work for three winters has been breaking what to me is new ground, the exceptions being that once or twice in travelling towards a new district we have encamped for a few days in a place previously visited. There is just one district remaining, within easy reach of Chakai, which we have not yet visited, and we hope to make for it after striking our present camp.

New patients to-day numbered 67 ; two Gospels sold.

It is a glorious night ; full moon so bright that I can read small print by its light with ease ; a cloudless sky ; the outlines of the hills stand out almost as clear as by day, and not a breath of wind stirs the leaves in the jungle. My comrades are all sound asleep in their tents, and the only sounds which break the silence come from a party of Santals merry-making in the nearest village. Heard from a little distance, the flutes and cymbals, blended with the singing of the girls with their soft musical voices, make harmony quite in keeping with our Arcadian surroundings.

CHAKAI MISSION,
Thursday, 2nd March 1893.

As the next camping ground lies in a direction directly opposite to the last, our way to it lies through Chakai.

57 new cases were treated in camp in the morning. A crowd, even of patients, has always a sense of humour, and a little joke always helps us to get along pleasantly. This morning, a little fellow six or seven years old, in first rate condition, the very picture of health and strength, pushed his way manfully through the crowd and took up a position right in front of me, with a look of determination about him which plainly said that whoever else might be left to suffer *he* at least was going to have his case attended to. "What's wrong with you?" I asked. "I haven't been hungry for six months," he replied. A man in the crowd shouts "*Bhala! Chokra*, Well done youngster." and there is a laugh all round. I ask him "How much can you eat?" And he holds up one hand with fingers extended. "And how much would you like to eat?" And up go both hands. I give him a mixture of Quinine and Nitro-Muriatic Acid, and he goes away supremely happy.

At mid day we broke up camp, distributing our spare firewood and earthern vessels to the poor. When the men were packing the carts, they suddenly threw down their bundles, siezed their sticks, and made a rush at two fine deer which had just emerged from the jungle. The fellows can never resist the temptation of a hunt, whatever business they may have in hand. But the deers got clear away, and I was not sorry, for they were beautiful, innocent looking creatures. People still came for medicine after

everything was packed, although I had kept out the medicine chest to the very last, but we had to ask them to come to the mission for what they wanted. My last professional service was to draw a molar.

The people told me it was twenty miles by road from the camp to Chakai, but it must have been considerably less by the way I rode, straight across country. The native made roads, which are not made at all, are very round about, for the natives prefer to make a very long detour, rather than sacrifice a few yards of rice land.

Found nearly everybody well here. One of the school boys is down with pneumonia, but seems likely to pull through. We have a "daft body" about the place. He was baptised in 1891 and became insane a short time afterwards. His heathen friends, of course, attribute this to the offended gods, and it has been a sore trial to all his family. Since I went away he has been having periodical epileptic fits, during one of which he fell into the fire, getting his left hand badly burnt. I am inclined to attribute his symptoms to a cerebral tumour, which seems to be growing. He seems to have no recollection of how his hand was burnt. The old Santal upon whom I operated for cataract on the 18th went away well on the 28th.

I find that on the 22nd an inch and a half of rain fell, and about two and a half inches during the week; a good rainfall for this time of the year. The cultivators are complaining that it has injured their cold weather crops.

Among a number of letters awaiting me here was one from my friend Dr. Revie, who is camping in the Central Provinces, and who gives me some particulars of his medi-

cal work. He says ringworm, scabies, rheumatism and fever, form three-fifths of his cases. In India we call all these "trivial", not that they are by any means trivial to the patient or easily cured, but because they are so painfully common. From what I have heard from Drs. Revie and Sandilands, ringworm is *the* skin disease of the Central Provinces. It is certainly common here, too, but our people hardly regard it as disease; the *Trichophyton tonsurans* has to hide its diminished head in presence of the ubiquitous and all-victorious *Acarus Scabiei*. This climate may be trying to the human species, but it seems to suit parasites uncommonly well.

I may here mention that I have a little difficulty with statistics of medical work in camp. For one thing, many are treated who are not seen. It is a good principle to insist upon seeing every person you are asked to treat, but I, for one, find it impossible to adhere to it, and in a great multitude of cases, there is just too little room for doubt about the nature of the case from the description brought. In a case, too, where a whole family has a contagious skin disease, it is impossible to cure one member except by curing all. In such cases I adopt the plan which I saw used in the Skin Hospital in Glasgow; if a person who came with a contagious skin disease said other members of the family had it, they were all entered as patients and had medicine sent to them. Then many of our patients here would each be counted two or three if they attended a home Infirmary as out door patients. They would go to the Medical Department for their bronchitis or rheumatism, to the Surgical to have their sores dressed or an abscess opened, to the Dental to have a tooth pulled, and to the specialists on the Eye, Ear or Throat for treatment of these organs. My plan is to put down

the number of persons (not diseases) who have been treated (not necessarily seen). But while, in this way, not all the patients have seen the missionary or heard his message, on the other hand there are a great number, not patients, who are brought within reach of Gospel through the medical work. In some cases, especially with females, half a dozen friends may accompany the patient; parents come with their children, sons and daughters with their aged parents, servants with their masters and masters with their servants; and palki bearers (often six to a single patient) and bullock drivers help to swell the crowd. I am quite safe in saying that the crowd who listen to the preaching is often twice or thrice as great as the number of patients.

Again, it would be desirable to keep a record of the number of visits paid by each patient, but I have been simply unable to do so. I only give returns of new cases, day by day, although the greater part of the time and trouble may often be given to old cases. Another letter I have received to-day is from Dr. Griffith Griffiths, of the Welsh Mission in the Khasia Hills of Assam, who has charge of the finest mission hospital I have seen anywhere, at Cherrapunji. He informs me that the total number of patients treated last year was 4,569, who paid 13,335 visits. This probably is the average at most dispensaries—3 visits to a patient,—except perhaps in cities where the patients all live near at hand. In my case, so much of the work being in camp, and the distances being so great and travelling so difficult, the number of visits per patient is probably less. The striking feature of Dr. Griffith's work is the large number of visits paid by himself and his compounders to patients in their own homes,—3686. I suppose this is because he is surrounded by a large Christian population. I have entered into these figures, which will be of interest to very few,

in this place, because I expect that the medical work will occupy a less conspicuous place in the remaining part of our campaign. During the past three weeks I have treated more patients than during the 107 days spent in camp last year, mainly because our camps have been in very populous districts. It may be that the people are learning to put more confidence in us, but it is too soon yet to be sure of that. The exceptionally cold weather has probably had a good deal to do with it.

The number of patients treated in our last camp is 227 11 villages were visited, and 3 gospels sold.

CAMP NUMBER NINE.

GUNIATHAN,
Monday, 6th March 1893.

As I was told it would be impossible to have the new camp ready before Saturday, I spent Sabbath at the Mission. To-day I rode out here in the morning, had a late breakfast, and started with the evangelists to visit the four nearest villages, two of which we found empty.

We are back again to the hills and jungles west of Chakai, in which most of December was spent. Guniathan is a Santal village, about half way between our mission and Camp Number Four (Ganganpur), ten or twelve miles from Chakai. It is exceedingly pretty country, but very sparsely populated as there is almost no arable land. There seems to be none but Santals in the district. It is the quietest place we have been in this season, and we shall probably have a peaceful time. We are far away from roads, in an out-of-the-way corner in which strangers would have a difficulty in finding us. The country is very hilly; the men do not seem to have been able to find a bit of level ground big enough for a camp, for they have pitched the tents on a slope and in the only ploughed field I can see. A great number and a great variety of trees surround us, but few of those in the immediate neighbourhood are very big. The ground is exceedingly stony, and as it is broken up by steep-banked, rocky-bedded streams in every direction, riding is difficult. My horses are not every thing they should be,—one is a buck-

jumper and the other at times seems capable of every vice that equine depravity can invent; but they are good climbers. In the words of our Anglo-Indian poet, they would almost "climb up the side o' a sign-board, and trust to the stick o' the paint." Another obstacle to riding is the wealth of thorns, which it is impossible to avoid in the narrow paths. Once when riding in Toondee, I was completely pulled off my saddle by the thorns catching my clothes, the horse walking away from under me.

In the course of a talk with the people of the village this evening, they told me that their rice fields gave them only from two to eight annas of a crop this year, from one eighth to a half of the full crop. But in a poor place like this I should think that it would be only in an exceptionally good year that the fields could yield a decent crop. The people must depend largely upon other kinds of food. At present the prospects of the *Mahua* crop are being much discussed. The people are afraid that the rain has injured it. I am told that hares are about the only game to be had in our neighbourhood, but that all kinds of wild animals are to be found in the hills at a little distance.

We had a very few drops of rain this morning, before I left home. It felt sultry in the afternoon and has become cloudy again in the evening.

Tuesday, 7th March 1893.

Only four patients to-day; three children from one of the villages visited yesterday were brought to me in the morning, and in one of the villages visited to-day I found a man down with pneumonia, the attack dating from the wet weather a fortnight ago.

These villages we visited seemed from camp to be right on the slopes of the hills which form the northern boundary of our district, but after crossing a deep densely-wooded valley to reach them, we found there was another valley and another ridge beyond, and were told that there was still another beyond that. These villages nestling among the hills are exceedingly picturesque; one of them we saw to-day is built right up and down the hill side, with a long straggling street as steep as one of the side streets of Malta. In the first of the three meetings held to-day, we were asked if this Gospel we spoke of was a new thing, for they had never heard of it before! The villagers were anxious to know what the people in the other villages we had gone to were saying about it. In the second village, I asked the people why they worshipped demons, to which a man replied "For fear of our lives." In the third village the people were more interested in my horse than in anything else. They sent for their children, who were playing at some distance, to come and look at it, and amused themselves by asking them to guess what it was. But they listened very well to what we had to say to them.

The absence of patients leaves me free to knock about among the people, and I much enjoy joining a family party in the evening and having a "crack" round the boiling pot. One family I visited this evening had just gathered a bundle of leaves from the jungle, which, with a little grain, were to make their evening meal. The head of the house was, like Antony, a plain blunt man, a man of the street who called a spade a spade, a candid friend. He asked me the price of my boots. "About ten rupees," I said. "That's a lie," he retorted. I assured him it was quite true. "But I don't believe it," he replied. Strange

are the vicissitudes in the career of an Indian missionary, who is told one day that he is Mahadeo, the great god, and next day charged with telling a lie; but such experiences were not unknown to the greatest of his predecessors,—"the barbarians.....said among themselves, No doubt this man is a murderer,.....but.....they changed their minds and said that he was a god." When I had asked my friend to examine my boots carefully and got him to admit he had never seen anything like them before, he was willing to grant that my statement *might* be true, but still he seemed doubtful. A man who is deemed incapable of telling the truth about the price of his own boots, cannot be surprised if people are inclined to doubt what he tells them of the unseen world. "Do you tell me," my outspoken friend asked, "that you never sacrifice to demons?" "Never." "And still you are quite well?" "Perfectly." That seemed a hard fact, upsetting many of his cherished convictions, but in the end his main objection was, "What good would it do us to worship God?" We had the general objection brought forward,—we cannot move in this matter until we all move together. This argument had met us again in the villages to-day, but the evangelists are always prepared for it. One favourite reply is that as every man must eat for the satisfaction of his own hunger so each man must believe to the salvation of his own soul. Another brought forward to-day was,—if a flood were coming you would not wait to see what others were going to do, before seeking a refuge; so, while we are waiting for others, the flood of sin is carrying us away. A very good illustration, but the difficulty is that the Santals do *not* consider religion to be as vital to a man as his daily food, nor do they at all feel the urgent need of deliverance from sin,—nor do thousands of our fellow countrymen who have lived all

their lives under Christian teaching and in an atmosphere of Christian thought and influence.

Our camp seems to be in a part of Hazaribagh jutting into Monghyr, bounded by the bend of a river. Going a short distance to the north, west or east, we cross the river and find ourselves in Monghyr. The first two villages visited to-day are in Hazaribagh, the third in Monghyr. Those visited yesterday are in Hazaribagh, and in the first of them, Bhatnakuraõ, there is a school superintended from Pachamba. They have holidays at present, so I did not see it.

It is intensely quiet. In going about we do not meet a soul, except in the villages, and few there. With the exception of the patients referred to and a few children from the nearest villages, no one has come near our camp to-day, a very great change from the experiences of the previous weeks. There was a rumble of distant thunder in the afternoon, and it still feels sultry and looks threatening.

Wednesday, 8th March 1893.

To-day's programme began with a wolf hunt. In the early morning, the people of the nearest village raised a cry that a wolf had carried off a goat. My men joined in the pursuit, but it was impossible to track the wolf when once it had reached the thicket of the jungle.

We started at twelve o'clock to visit the villages, for the forenoon is still reserved for patients, although none come. The first village lay among the hills, in real Highland scenery, which looked all the more homelike seen through a drizzling rain with a cloudy sky overhead.

The fact that the people were preparing for a day of sacrificing on the morrow did not prevent them giving us a hearty welcome and a patient hearing. On our way we passed through a village of *Jolhas*, a Mohammedan caste of weavers, the only non-Santal settlement I have come across in this district. We then revisited one of the villages in which we had found nobody on Monday. We were fortunate in finding all the people gathered together, doing business with visitors who had brought more popular wares than ours. They were Hindus with two bullock loads of brass ornaments, of which the Santal women, Christian and heathen, are very fond. At the moment of our arrival, one of the traders was piercing the ears of a little urchin with brass rings, two for each ear. For these he charged a *ser* (about two pounds) of rice, value about a penny, per pair, a price which seemed to me to be excessive. They explained, however, that this included the charge for boring the ears, and that the rings would be renewed, if necessary, at a pice (a farthing) a pair. The Santal women, if they can afford it, load themselves with ornaments, ears, neck, fingers, wrists, forearm, upper arm, toes and ankles being profusely adorned. When first put on the anklets sometimes cause the flesh to ulcerate, but I can never get them to admit that this gives them any pain. I do not recollect, however, that I have ever noticed among the Santals the hideous nose-rings common among many other women in India. One that I bought at a fair at Allahabad measures 4 inches in diameter, and 12 in circumference. I believe there is a case on record of a Santal maiden whose ornaments were found to weigh about 40 lbs, but at this moment I cannot recall either the authority or the exact figure. But this fades into insignificance when compared with the weight of iron chains which the Hindu fakirs often burden themselves with, not

for "beauty" but for "holiness." Last hot weather a fakir made himself famous in the North West by going about with a mass of chains which were found to weigh 5 *maunds*. The maund is equal to 82 lbs. and a fraction avoirdupois, so the fakir's burden was about 3¾ cwt. At Meerut railway station he applied for a ticket, but the station master, deciding that he was more iron than man, insisted upon booking him as "goods by weight." There is simply no limit to the self-imposed sufferings of these poor creatures, who seem to think, as Wulf the Goth says of the monks in *Hypatia*, "that their God likes them the better the more miserable they are."

The old chief of this village was blind from cataract. I urged him to come to Chakai for operation. He first stipulated that I should feed both him and his friends as long as they might be required to stay, which I gladly promised to do. Even then he seemed very doubtful about it, but said he would think over it. I once had to offer a reward of five rupees to anyone who would bring in an old gentleman that I was determined to operate on,—quite blind but a very promising case. A coolie brought him in and got the rupees,—more than a month's wages,—but two days after the operation the patient ran away and I have not seen him since. The wife of the chief I saw to-day had elephantiasis. I am afraid, from what I have seen in the villages, that the absence of patients at the camp is not due to the absence of disease, but to distrust or superstitious dread of the sahib.

We had a magic lantern meeting in the evening. There is a very perceptible difference in the length of the day now, and our magic lantern exhibitions have to be at a later hour than formerly. There is an hour and a half

(an hour and thirty three miuntes to be strictly accurate) of difference in the time of sunset in Calcutta on the longest and the shortest day of the year, and we are still further north. Sun sets to-night at 6-7, in mid summer at 6-48. I used to think I was the only man in camp who could rig up the magic lantern for action, but one day lately, having intimated in the morning that there was to be an exhibition in the evening, I found on coming back from the villages that everything was ready for it. I did not know that my boy, who was responsible for this, had ever even watched me at the work. Our audience to-night, consisting of Santals only, was fair in numbers and very attentive. A dance is going on in the nearest village and will probably be kept up all night. It has been cloudy all day with a little rain; bad for the *Mahua*, I fear.

Thursday, 9th March 1893.

The old Santal blind from cataract came to my tent this morning, led by a friend, to say he had made up his mind to come to the mission next week.

There was a good deal of rain during the night, but it cleared in the morning and left a fine, fresh day, exceptionally cool for this season of the year. We started for the villages before mid-day, as we had a long round before us, and travelling up hill and down dale, through juugle beginning to put on "its green felicity", we reached a cluster of four villages nestling together in a valley at the foot of the last range of hills, beyond which the country slopes away down to the plain of the Ganges. We found very few people. In the first village an old man had died in the morning and nearly all the men had gone off to

burn his body. In two others, the people were away celebrating a festival, the same as that in whose honour our neighbours were dancing last night. In these three villages we held small meetings, but the fourth, a very small collection of huts, seemed to be absolutely deserted. Many of the trees are now in flower, and there seems to be a good show of mango blossom. It is fortunate that the trees look their gayest and are most refreshing to the eye at the time when the ground is baked as hard as iron and about as bare as the desert. Although we are in the thick of the jungle here, the horse-boys have to go miles for grass, unless they buy it from the villagers. But the earth is soft and green now, compared with what it will be two months hence.

The home mail of February 16th reached me to-night. The articles in the home papers of most interest to us here are those in the medical journals on inoculation for cholera. If M. Haffkine's method proves successful it will be an untold blessing to India.

A letter from a friend in Poona says that all work has been stopped for five days on account of the Holi festival. The fact that this is the first definite intimation I have received that these holidays are on is an indication of our isolation. One day the postman was very late in bringing letters and gave as his excuse that the Hindu postmaster was feasting; beyond that I had seen or heard nothing of one of the great Hindu festivals of the year, always held on the approach of the vernal equinox. It is a stale Indian joke to say that the Holi festival is a most unholy affair; it seems to be a time of unbridled license among the Hindus. One explanation of the festival is that the equinox marks a season when the cold weather is giving

way to the hot, and as this transition is always trying to the constitution it is deemed expedient to stop all work and give yourself entirely to merrymaking. Whether this be the true explanation or not, it is a reminder that the hot weather will soon be upon us.

In a Calcutta newspaper I have just read of a little incident, which, in any other land but India, would probably be regarded as an invention and a joke. It is proposed to remove the Leper Asylum in Calcutta to a suburb called Manicktollah, the municipality of which is vigorously protesting against the change. They say the drains in their municipality are blocked and overflowing, thus polluting the tanks which supply the drinking water, for the whole year with the exception of a month or two. If a leper asylum were to be located in their midst, the infectious matter from it would find its way first into the drains and thence into the drinking water. It does not seem to enter into the heads of this enlightened municipality that it is about time they were putting their so-called drains in order. But their objection, they say, is based upon more than a purely local consideration, "for the milkmen, *who use the water among other things for increasing their outturn*, have customers in Calcutta." This is about as refreshing as a letter in my possession, from the secretary of a certain Maharajah, in which he makes the innocent remark that an enhancement of rent, against which I had helped the people to protest and appeal, "although illegal is customary."

Friday, 10th March 1893.

We visited three villages to-day, at a considerable distance, in a different direction from yesterday, but in

country almost as fine. The first was a good-sized village, and a crowd of about thirty adults gathered. The old chief, a perfect picture of the noble savage, was almost disabled through paralysis, but the son, who acted in his stead, seemed to be more deeply interested in what we told him than any one I have met in this district. "We know nothing about God," he said, "but you people have seen Him, and written down what He said, and you know." The audience in the second village was smaller. The men of the third were celebrating a festival in their sacred grove, a beautiful little dell at a short distance from the village, and we spoke to them there. Our evangelist argued that, apart from all other considerations, our religion was much more reasonable than theirs. "You," he said, "worship demons whom you never saw, and of whose existence you can give no evidence; you believe they have power, but you have no proof of it except in your own imagination. But our God has given us visible tokens of His love and care for us, rain and sunshine, food and drink, health, strength and life itself." The argument from design always seems to come home to the Santals, ignorant and simple minded as they are. I have often noticed, too, how readily they admit the folly of idolatry when we use Isaiah's argument against it in his forty-fourth chapter. It is ridiculous, they say, for a man to take a piece of wood, use part of it as firewood, and set up the rest as a god.

I felt it really warm to-day, and the glare of the sun led me to look out a pair of smoked-glass "goggles" which had been lying unused for nine months. They are a very great relief. Soon after getting them last year I had one day to ride 20 miles during the hottest hours of the day, when the thermometer was 104° in the shade, and was

surprised to find that I felt the sun less than I formerly would have done in a ride of a mile or two. It is the nervous system which suffers first and most from exposure to the sun, and it may be as readily affected through the eye as in any other way. If protective glasses are properly made, with well-fitting gauze round the rims, they are a further safeguard both from the dust which is blown about by the hot winds, and from the pest of small flies which are both troublesome and dangerous, as they are believed to carry the infection of ophthalmia from one person to another. Things like these should be purchased in India rather than at home, for Indian opticians know exactly what is wanted. Any one who wears spectacles ought to have protectives specially made to suit him, so that he may use them not in addition to, but as a substitute for, his ordinary glasses.

I think we feel the heat more at the in-setting of the hot weather than later on, as we have not got accustomed to it; but the heat of to-day may be the harbinger of another thunderstorm. On a day like this one would have to change clothes at least twice a day to be comfortable, for the mornings and evenings demand a warmth of apparel which would be oppressive during the day.

The medical assistant left in charge at the mission has asked for a few days' leave to attend the marriage of a friend. Consequently I shall ride into headquarters to-morrow, to officiate on Sunday, and the camp will be moved in my absence.

CHAKAI MISSION,
Saturday, 11th March 1893.

Rain fell last night and this morning, but it faired in the forenoon and enabled us to break up camp before mid-day. One fever patient turned up for medicine, making a total of five cases in the week, certainly the lowest record in my experience. If I could believe it was due to the healthiness of the district, it would be very gratifying and would suggest the advisability of building a sanatorium, but I fear there must be some less satisfactory explanation. The people seem to be, in the language of an old lady friend of mine in Kinning Park, "blate, backward, dour and distant;" but we'll get to know each other better by-and-by. This patient said he had *tehgr*, which seems to be a special term used in our part of India for intermittent fever of the quartan type. Fayrer says the vast preponderance of fever cases in India are quotidian, and quotes Chevers who says that in the course of 27 years' experience in Lower Bengal a case of quartan never occurred in his practice. But the type of fever seems to vary very much in different districts. Quartan abounds here; indeed my impression is that it is the most frequent, —*bokhar do din chut jata, ek din lagta* seems to be the almost invariable formula used by dispensary patients. Perhaps the fact that a man who has a two-days' intermission can more easily come for medicine than one who has fever every day, should be taken into account.

Having seen the carts start I made for Chakai, visiting three villages on the way, which makes the number visited from this camp 17. In the last of the three the people were preparing to welcome a young bride to her new home. The houses had been properly "cleaned" by being well

smeared with cow-dung, and the pillars of a courtyard, which was to serve as reception hall, were being gaily decorated with white clay and home-made paint by women-artists who kept up a song while they worked. Strings with leaves and flowers suspended were hung across the street, while for gay and smart appearance the village girls could not be excelled, not even where

> "Upon the banks o' flowing Clyde
> The lasses busk them braw."

Upon the forearms of several festive maidens I count twelve heavy brass bracelets, covering the arm right up to the elbow, in addition to ornaments of the same material on ears, neck, fingers, upper arm, toes and ankles; they have flowers in their carefully dressed hair, and oil to make the face to shine; their gala dress consists of one *sari* of country cloth, five or six yards long, red and white in colour, wrapped round and round the body and then thrown over the shoulders, with heavy folds hanging in graceful curves: altogether a very pretty sight. They all turned out well to our meeting.

On arriving here I found all well. There have been slight showers during the week, amounting in all to ·15 of an inch. The only bit of bad news I have heard is that a family in the village, out of which two girls and a boy attended our schools, have run away to Assam. At least they disappeared during the night, and as one of the grown-up sons is a professional "coolie-catcher"—a man engaged in enticing away workers to the tea gardens,—it is supposed he has taken them off. It is a great pity that coolie recruiting is such a disreputable business. The coolie catchers are often men of the very worst, or of no, character, and most unscrupulous, kidnapping girls and boys

and deceiving grown-up people. Emigration to the tea-districts, if properly conducted, would be a blessing to the people, for it is very often the only way open to them for bettering their position. If any who wish to go consult us we can send them to gardens where we know they will be well cared for, and where they will be in regular communication with the friends they have left at home. But the coolie-catchers get large sums as commission and naturally wish to keep the trade in their own hands. Any man in the country who has got into disgrace, or wishes to fly from his creditors, or get rid of his wife, has just to put himself into the hands of a coolie-catcher, and he is quietly packed off to Assam without giving his friends a chance of tracing him. When any of the people here once get into the hands of these fellows, their friends, fathers, mothers, wives, children, look upon them as dead. I am very sorry to lose these children. The girls have been in my Girls' School since it started, and one of them was among the brightest; while the boy, although not a brilliant scholar, was a famous bow-and-arrow man, having won the first prize for archery at our Athletic Sports last October.

A thunderstorm is passing over us just now. But any bad weather we have had is a trifle compared with a storm in Hyderabad reported in the Calcutta papers of yesterday. On Thursday a storm broke, with a phenomenal fall of of hail; "masses of hailstones are heaped up everywhere, and in one compound in Chudderghaut there is a solid mass of ice from two to three feet thick (!)." The storm brought down the temperature over 30° below normal (from 96° to 65°); trees uprooted; property injured; telegraph wires cut; no lives lost, but a great slaughter of birds.

CAMP NUMBER TEN.

CHIHRA-BEHRA,
Monday, 13th March 1893.

WE have moved camp to a spot not more than four miles from Chakai, so feel quite at home. In fact some sharp-eyed school boys at the mission declared this morning, before I left, that they could see the tents. I remember that when we were once camping here before I could see the white walls of my bungalow quite distinctly on a clear evening; but they are not so white now as they were then and the trees have grown up to obscure them. I find myself camping to-night in the very same field in which I began tent-life in January 1891. We decided to open our campaign here because the people of this neigbourhood had long been noted for their hostility to Christianity and Christians. It is the only place, I believe, in which the people ever refused to sell us food. They seem to be more friendly disposed now, but I have not seen much of them as they are busy with a festival.

When I reached my tent in the morning, the cook came to ask leave. He had received news that a "new friend" came to his home last night, and was anxious to go to pay his respects to it. Hereby hangs a little tale. My cook is a Christian, a good cook and a good Christian, of the muscular kind, trained at Toondee. The sweeper is a Hindu, the only non-Christian I have about the place. One evening last rains, shortly after I had engaged him, he came to me in a state of great indignation to say he was going to work here no longer as the cook had struck

him for no fault. I summoned the cook and witnesses and held a judicial inquiry. It had been a wet afternoon, and a small crowd had gathered in the cook-room or kitchen, which is always a separate building from the rest of the house, and also a favourite "howf" for loafers and gossips. In the course of the conversation, the cook had remarked that he had no children. (He married on a shilling a week as soon as I engaged him, not the girl of his own choice but one which the Missionary recommended to him as being more suitable.) The sweeper told him he ought to sacrifice a goat, which would put it all right. "No," said the cook, "if it is God's will that I should have children He will send them; if not, sacrifices will do no good." "God has nothing to do with it," replied the sweeper, whereupon the cook struck him. This was the evidence. The cook's only defence was that he had only threatened to strike him when he retreated. I managed with some difficulty to pacify the sweeper, but as he refused to listen to reason or to accept the cook's offer of reconciliation, I told him he could go as soon as he liked. He said no more about it and is here still. So I was rather glad this morning to hear of the arrival of a little stranger, whose coming has, all unconsciously, put to silence the scoffing of at least one heathen. I asked if it bore on the head or the shoulder, but the happy father said they had not told him, which means, I fear, that it is a girl. He dressed himself up in his Sunday clothes and went off in high spirits. I gave him leave for a week, by the end of which time he will probably he glad to get back to camp.

Visited three villages this afternoon and had a good meeting in each. The people are much exercised about the weather, and ask us what it means, why God is sending it,

whether there is to be a famine. The evangelist took the opportunity of trying to impress upon their minds the uncertainty and imperfection of all things earthly. The weather is indeed remarkable; there is still a thundery feeling in the air and a threatening sky overhead; towards evening we could see heavy rain falling a few miles away, and now at night there is lightning flashing in the east.

The country round about our camp is bare; rounded hills, covered with stones, with trees here and there standing alone or in groups of two or three. The hills, however, are not far away, and near every village the sacred grove of sal trees has been left standing intact. We noticed some very graceful tamarind trees, however, in the villages to-day. Another fruit common in this neighbourhood and in our entire district is the jack. It has a pretty leaf, smooth and dark olive-green in colour. The fruit, as it is seen just now, is about the size and shape of an average pear, but when it is fully grown, as it will be three or four months hence, a single fruit is often one man's burden. I like to see fruit trees in a district, for they are sure to be a permanent feature in the landscape, surviving the rest of the jungle, which in course of time is almost bound to be sacrificed for the sake of its timber. There are not very many Santal villages near us, but those that are nearest are of a good size, and we are in a more accessible place than Guniathan, as several well used foot-paths and cart-roads pass near us. Riding along the serpent-like path that brought me here this morning, I thought of Professor Drummond's description of the foot-paths in Central Africa and his explanation of their crookedness. He traces the sinuosities which always exist, even on level ground, to the absence of altruism among the natives. Each bend denotes that at

some period of the world's history there was some kind of obstruction lying in its concavity, and for each man individually it was an easier task to walk round it than to remove it *pro bono publico*.

I had ten patients this afternoon and sold two gospels. One patient, blind in one eye from cataract, promised to come to the mission for operation. The rule at home is, Do not operate till both eyes are blind; the rule here is, Operate when you can. By the time both eyes are blind there is no saying where the patient may be.

Tuesday, 14th March 1893.

Four villages were visited to-day and meetings held in three. In one preparations were being made for bringing home a bride, similar to those mentioned on Saturday. The large number of marriages which are being celebrated this year is evidence of a good harvest. Probably a good many were postponed last year.

In one of the villages we found a school with a Santal teacher. A village school in India is not conducted on the good old principle that little children should be seen but not heard; it can usually be heard long before it is seen, for the children always learn aloud and altogether. To start a school at home a building of some kind, books, paper, pens, slates, pencils, seats etc, are all required; but none of these is necessary here. If there is a shed to shelter the school, good and well; if not, it meets under a tree. The teacher or *guru* chalks the first few letters of the alphabet on the ground, first the vowels and then the consonants, and teaches the children both to repeat them vocally and imitate them in writing. At a more

advanced stage, leaves such as those of the palmyra palm serve as a copy-book and the *calamus* as a pen, while ink is made from jungle products. The hum of the children is rather a pleasant sound. One youngster takes the lead; pointing to one of the letters on the ground he shouts its name, and the others repeat it in a chorus. In the same way they are taught to count up to 100. The leader says "One", and all respond. After nine he shouts "nothing at the back of one is ten," "one at the back of one is eleven," "two at the back of one is twelve" and so on. Once this system has been started the teacher has an easy time of it, basking in the sun and leading a life of contemplation while the children themselves run the school.

Schools are scarce here. This is just the second Santal school I have seen during the present tour. The people in many villages say they are very anxious to have schools for their children; but at present I have no teachers to spare. A village school opened in February has collapsed already, as the teacher has got tired of it and resigned.

Ten new patients again to-day. On man had three teeth drawn standing; he did not think it worth while sitting down. Thereupon a man in the crowd who had come as a sight-seer surrendered himself to have a molar extracted. The first man had hesitated a little at first, but one of my men shouted to him "Don't be afraid; get a tooth drawn to-day and you'll be able to eat Indian corn to-morrow." The ability to eat Indian corn without pain is the standard by which the Santals judge their teeth. When the Indian corn season comes in in August or September I have always a run of dentistry, as the people then find the presence of decayed teeth in their gums a serious inconvenience. Sold one gospel to-day.

Home and home friends—"the dear hearts across the seas,"—have been a good deal in my thoughts to-day, as I sent off my mail in the morning and received my mail from home in the evening. Bishop Heber wrote that he had heard much of the luxuries of Indian life, but knew of only two, —cool air and cool water; can he have forgotten the home mail? At his farewell banquet in Calcutta on Saturday evening, Lord Roberts spoke of changes which have taken place in India since his arrival 41 years ago. There was only a monthly mail from home then, and the number of letters passing through the Indian post office in a year has risen from 15 million to nearly 180 million. There were 20 miles of rail road in India then, there are 17,000 now; no telegraph wires then, 40,000 miles of them now. Letters were then carried by runners over the greater part of India. It took a letter 12 days to go from Calcutta to Peshawar, a distance of 1,500 miles. As this was at the average rate of five miles at hour it was fairly good running, especially when compared with the rate at which passengers then travelled. It took Lord Roberts three months to do the same distance, going from Calcutta to Benares by boat, from Benares to Meerut, where the metalled road came to an end, by horse, and completing the journey of 600 miles from Meerut by palankin.

One very gratifying bit of news brought by to-night's mail is that of the appointment of two fellow-students at Glasgow to India, one as medical colleague to Mr. McCulloch at Hooghly, the other as clerical colleague to Dr. Mowatat Jalna. Glasgow University men may take some pride in the fact that their *Alma Mater* has furnished eight out of the ten male medical missionaries of the Free Church in India, and I believe some of the ladies who are to graduate from Queen Margaret College this year

are also destined for India. By the end of this year, if all goes well, there will be scattered over our Indian mis-son field from Aden to Bengal eleven men who were fellow students in Glasgow. So Aberdeen is not to have it all its own way much longer. "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word" is the ancient motto of St. Mungo's City, and I have no hesitation in affirming that the more men she sends out to preach the word to the heathen the more truly she will flourish in all her best interests.

It has been fair to-day, less cloudy, and warm, but the evening is pleasant after a brilliant sunset. A plague of flies is one of the signs of the approach of the hot weather.

Wednesday, 15th March 1893.

Still another wedding is being celebrated in the nearest village of Chihra. The music, dancing and singing were the last sounds I heard last night and the first this morning.

The cook has sent word that "the new friend bears on the shoulder," on the strength of which he asks a fort-night's leave. so I withdraw the base insinuation that he was a girl. But I do not think the baby girls have such a bad time of it among the Santals. "A neebour woman" came along to call on me one afternoon lately, and told me, among other things, that a new friend had recently arrived. "Is it a boy or a girl?" I asked. "A girl," she replied. "And which do you like best?" I asked. "Both are best," she answered; "does not God send them all?" Not bad for a heathen Santal, I thought, and cordially commended

her doctrine, adding that for my own part, if I had any preference it was for girls. It's as well to be neighbourly. A girl, of course, always fetches a good price in the marriage market; even if deformed, she will do for a widower, at half-price. It is but fair to state that this woman has probably been influenced by Christian teaching, as two of her grown-up sons have been baptized.

We visited five villages to-day, and were fortunate in finding the people at home in each. Two had been visited on Saturday, in coming from our last camp. We had good meetings. In one village all the people were employed at a burnside in an industry quite new to me. They were boiling down the bark and wood of a tree which they called the *kaiar* in big earthern pots till they got a semi-fluid extract which they spread on leaves to dry in the sun. A Brahmin trader had a little shop on the spot, and supplied rice and other food in exchange for this preparation, which, he said, was exported to Lower Bengal, where it was much in demand. The people smear it on the walls and wood-work of their houses, and also eat it along with the betel nut* The solitary Brahmin seemed hardly to feel at home among the Santals, who amused themselves by talking to him and about him in Santali, not one word of which he understood.

I was struck to-day with the number of fine specimens we came across of a tree which the Santals call the *edel*, commonly known in India as the cotton tree. There is a big one close to our tents. It has a huge flower, with red fleshy petals, measuring at least ten inches from tip to tip. Being in blossom just now, these flowers and its whitish bark make the tree very conspicuous.

* This turns out to be catechu.

One peculiarity is that it throws out buttresses from its trunk, in a line with its main branches, and another is that it is covered, when young, with protecting spikes, which it discards when it has become strong enough to be independent of them. It would be a blessing if all our trees had a similar protection, for one of the great difficulties in growing trees in this country is that the cattle do their best to devour them in the hot season, when there is little grass to be had. The other trees round our camp are what the Santals call the *terel*, a term which has no English equivalent, so far as I know. *Diospyros tomentosa* (Roxb.) is its botanical name. The fruit, which is ripening just now, resembles a very small orange in size and shape, but the rind is harder, something like that of the pomegranate, and of a less brightly yellow colour. The edible part is the stringy yellow pulp which surrounds the stones. This, and the *tarop*, *Buchanania latifolia, (Roxb.)*, a damson-coloured berry about the size of a cherry, are in season at the same time, in the hot weather, and are among the favourite fruits of the Santals. An occasional ripe *terel* is dropping from the trees just now.

I have lately read Alfred St. Johnston's *Camping Among Cannibals*, a very delightful book, in which he eulogises everything connected with the South Pacific Islands except the missionaries. It is evident, however, that a little personal contact with these misguided beings somewhat modified his unfavourable opinion of them, for he speaks very respectfully and even gratefully of the late Dr. Turner of Samoa. But what makes me mention the book is a remark of the author that always having had very unpleasant thoughts associated with castor oil, he was taken aback to find what an

exceedingly graceful plant it came from. It is a plant which adorns in profusion every village we visit, and very pretty it is without a doubt, doing much to give a pleasing and picturesque appearance to a Santal village street. It has a tall, slender stem, not unlike the bamboo, surmounted by graceful branches with digitate leaves. The mottled seeds, which every student of medicine knows, or ought to know, so well, are contained in groups of three in green balls with prickly looking projections, like the quills of the fretful porcupine on a small scale. Readers of the life of Mackay of Uganda may remember that he nearly poisoned himself with these seeds, having forgotten that they contain a poison of which the oil is free. The people here make a kind of bread by mixing the oil with flour, and when I administer it medicinally they often lick the spoon with evident relish. The oil is used in the villages for lighting purposes, a little piece of wick being burned in an open vessel of oil; but the kerosene oil, which the people call "earth-oil," imported from America and Russia, seems to be rapidly taking its place. But apart from its medicinal value, castor oil will always have a ready market as a lubricant. Another constant feature of the villages we visit, probably suggesting pleasanter associations to most men than the castor oil, is a little patch of the tobacco plant, which is in flower just now. It is a very common sight just now to see the women cleaning cotton. The cotton is passed through a machine like a small mangle, to separate the seeds, which are used as food for cattle, or for sowing another crop.

It is getting pretty hot, either for men or horses, to be out for a long round at midday, but our best part of the day, for village work, is during the hot hours, from

twelve to three. The people come home from the fields and jungle for their midday meal, and hang about for a few hours before going away again. When it gets a little hotter, however, they will all go to sleep for an hour or two at this time.

We had a magic lantern meeting to-night, attended by a large crowd of Santals, good-natured as crowds here usually are, but excited and therefore noisy. I have had only five new patients to-day, and sold two gospels. The hot season, which is sitting in, is certainly a healthy season for natives, and on the whole for Europeans too. The disease most to be feared is cholera. Fever and pneumonia in the cold, cholera in the hot, dysentery in the wet weather, are the diseases we have always to be prepared for.

CHAKAI MISSION,
Thursday, 16th March 1893.

We broke up our camp at Chihra this morning. Four new patients turned up in time to be supplied with medicines, and a considerable number, with men among them who were very ill, followed me in here, where I am better able to treat them satisfactorily. The old Santal, blind with cataract, who is mentioned in last week's journal, is here, and will be operated on to-morrow morning. An old man from one of the Santal villages came along to ask a parting gift of a few coppers to get drunk with, "in order that my name might remain." He got what he had not bargained for, a temperance lecture, the truth and reasonableness of which he fully admitted. It takes some time for our Santal friends to realise that religion and drunkenness, in our opinion, do not go well

together, and it is always a sign of progress—hardly apparent yet in this part of the field,—when the heathen become ashamed to be seen drunk. It has not been by any means an uncommon thing for a man to come to my door saying, "I am on my way to visit a friend and shall pass a public house on the way; you might give me a few pice to get drunk with." My experience of home mission work convinced me that the great bulk of the money given to beggars at home goes straight to the public house, and the difference in these heathen beggars is that they do not add the sins of lying and hypocrisy to that of drunkenness.

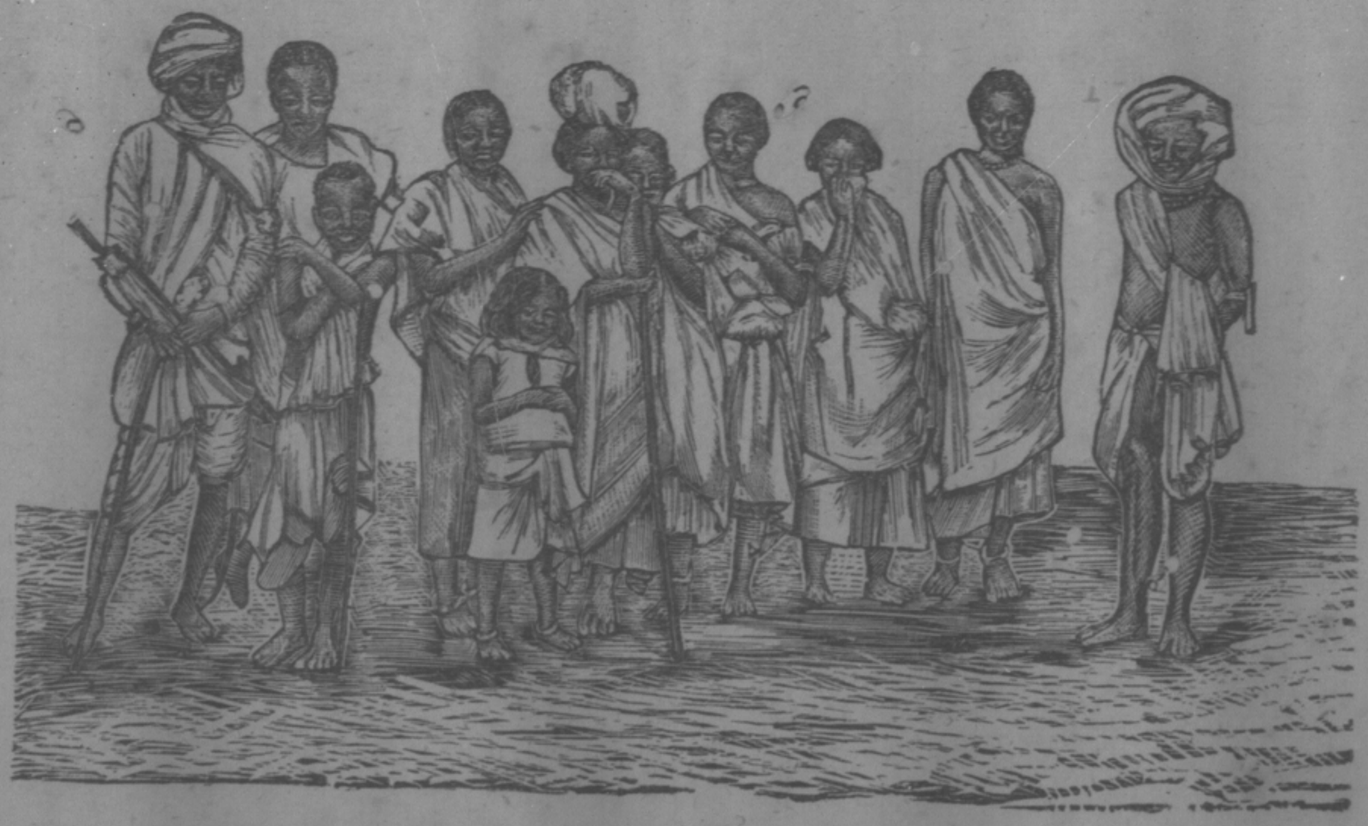
We visited four villages before coming home. In one the village was very gay, with a triple wedding, two brides were being brought home to the village and a third maiden was being despatched as a bride to another village. In another village also, a wedding was being celebrated; the young folks had been dancing till they were tired and were quite willing to rest for a little while I told them the story of the wedding feast of a king's son, contained in our *shastras* or sacred writings. The dancing among the Santals, I may as well state, is altogether different from the dances of modern civilisation. The sexes do not dance together; even the heathen would regard that as most improper. In many cases, the men just look on, and in any case, as far as I have seen, the performance is of the most innocent description. The women form themselves into a row shoulder to shoulder, and keep time to the music by advancing and retreating, with an indescribable movement of the body, something like curtsying, and with faces of funereal solemnity. As in so many cases, any evil lies not as much in the thing itself as in the abuses

which seem to be inseparably associated with it. So the rule is that Christians do not dance. Many of our hymns, however, are set to dance music!

It has already been mentioned that our last camp was in the place in which my first campaign was opened three winters ago. We have now gone the round of all the districts within reasonable distance of Chakai in which there are a number of Santal villages, and which are being evangelised by no other mission. Probably my camping work in the future will mainly be over the same ground. A district which is, roughly speaking, 60 miles from east to west and 20 from north to south, and which it takes three years to visit, is big enough for one man. There is room for extension in every direction, but among the people at our doors the ignorance, superstition and indifference to all things spiritual are so dense, that they demand our first attention and all our energy in the meantime.

I hope to be able to do a little camping still, before the weather becomes too hot, but find that for a week or two I have work at Chakai which demands my presence. For one thing, I must get a start made at building a hospital.

During the five weeks we have been in camp during this tour, we have visited 62 villages, treated 1,280 patients and sold 11 gospels. The number of Gospels sold is probably just about equal to the number of patients who could read, a proportion of less than one per cent. Of the 62 villages, two had schools.



GROUP OF SANTALS.

TOONDEE.

MISSION HOUSE,
POKHURIA, TOONDEE,
Saturday, 8th April 1893.

As I regard a visit to Toondee once a year at least, for the purpose of attending to the medical wants of my colleague Mr. Campbell's large and growing family, as a regular part of my itinerating work, I may as well continue my diary during my residence here, although I am no longer in tent, but under the substantial and hospitable roof of the mission bungalow.

Since coming in from Camp Number Ten, I have got a good start made in the building of our Chakai hospital, with a view to have the roof on before the regular rains set in about the middle of June. On the evening of Monday the 3rd, I had to leave Chakai for Calcutta, to attend a meeting of Mission Council. Mr. Campbell and I left Calcutta on Thursday evening, spent that night and the next day at Hooghly, and left Hooghly last night by the mail train for Jamtara, the nearest railway station to Pokhuria. We arrived there between 2 and 3 a. m., and after riding sixteen miles by moonlight, got to our journey's end about sunrise. I rode my old friend Beauty, a famous piebald pony which Mr. Campbell has used for nearly twenty years. He was not just quite so fresh and frisky as when I used to scour the country on his back three years ago; still, after sixteen miles of very rough country,

he galloped up to the bungalow only very slightly out of breath.

The feature of the district at present is the *mahua* tree, laden with the flower which is such a boon to the poor. Immediately upon leaving the station this morning, I recognised the heavy, sweet, somewhat sickly smell of the flower, and every now and then we passed little groups of women and children sitting over fires which they had kindled under the trees, to guard them till the morning. The flower is found lying on the ground like manna in the morning, and is eagerly gathered up and dried in the sun. It begins to fall from the tree about two or three in the morning and ceases to fall in any quantity when the sun gets strong. A "village" here includes the adjacent fields and jungle, the mahua trees of which are divided among the people. Owing to the rain in February and March the flower is late in falling this year, but it promises to be a good crop. When in season it is sold at four annas (fourpence) a maund (over 80 lbs.), but in a bad year the price rises to four times as much. Those who are not so poor as to require the flower for their own food, use it for feeding their cattle. It is also largely used for making an intoxicating drink. It is to be feared that in course of years the tree will become scarce in this district. Well-to-do landowners fell the trees, which are often very large, with hard, heavy wood, for timber, and as the trees take a long time to grow it will be difficult to replace them. Mr. Campbell calculates that in some parts of this district the trees are disappearing at the rate of six per cent. per annum. As the tree would seem to be specially designed by a bountiful Providence to relieve the grinding poverty of the people, its threatened disappearance is very much to be regretted. We found all well here. The only bit of

bad news was that during Mr. Campbell's absence a murder had been committed in a neighbouring village, and the police, baffled in their attempts to detect the murderer, have applied to him for assistance. Great and manifold are the uses of the Toondee Mission!

I need hardly say that I always feel a special interest in Toondee, and renew my youth each time I visit it. It was here that I served my missionary apprenticeship three years ago, and there is hardly a man, woman, or child about the place whom I cannot claim as an old patient and therefore friend. On the morning of my first arrival early in February 1890, I found patients sitting in the verandah waiting for me; in the same verandah I performed my first operations, and learned to tell the people in their own tongue of the love of God. A good many changes are observable since I left. The Printing Press, which was started during my stay in one of the rooms of the bungalow, now occupies a well built house of its own, and while all the work was then done in Roman type (for English and Santali), Hindi and Bengali are now used as well. Among the works at present in the press is a translation into Bengali of Professor Drummond's *The Greatest Thing in the World*, by Mr. McCulloch of our Hooghly Mission. An old familiar friend of my early days, *Line upon Line*, is being produced by Mr. Campbell in Santali. The Girls' School, too, used to meet in the verandah, the hum of the girls' voices as they began work almost with daylight being the first sound in the morning. Now both the Boys' School and the Girls' are accommodated in new buildings. The silk-worm industry, of which I saw the beginnings, has also attained a large development, the room which was formerly the printing house being now filled with caterpillars and moths in all stages.

There is, however, no improvement in the road from here to the railway. It is a good sixteen miles, and from here to within a mile or two of the station there is not even a track for a bullock cart. A foot path leads through the jungle and across rice-fields, with one large river and a number of smaller ones to ford. It is difficult even to ride on ordinary horses, the jungle is so thick in some places and the banks of the rivers so steep. The large river is the Barrakar; at present it is almost dry, a great stretch of sand with shallow streams trickling through. After some rain has fallen the fishermen will still be able to carry travellers across on their shoulders; later, a ferry-boat, consisting of two hollowed tree trunks lashed together and propelled by a long pole, will come into use. When the river becomes too deep for poling, a rude raft called a *suli* is made of reeds, piled up with bundles of sticks upon which the passenger sits, while the fishermen propel the craft obliquely across the river by swimming. When the flood is too strong even for this mode of travelling, cross-communication just comes to a standstill. There is, however, a bridge across the river about 26 miles from here, and at present a branch line of railway is being made to a new coalfield, which is to bridge the river at the same place and provide a railway station ten or twelve miles from the mission.

I have spent a lazy day, resting after the night journey, inspecting the new buildings, and attending to a score of patients who have been dropping in all day. A coolie had brought my small medicine chest,—my Kinning Park medicine chest I call it, as it was one of the parting gifts from my friends there,—straight across country from Chakai, a distance of about sixty miles, to have it ready for me here.

Monday, 10th April 1893.

Sunday being spent in very much the same way at all our stations and from week to week, I may as well give yesterday's routine of work.

The first service is Sunday School at 8 a. m. As any schemes of lessons procurable here are either in English, Hindi or Bengali, and therefore of comparatively little use to the Santals, we have a specially prepared book, published here in Toondee, somewhat on the model of the one used by the Glasgow Foundry Boys' Society. For the current year, the first thirteen chapters of John's Gospel are divided into fifty two lessons, and texts for repetition, taken from these lessons, are printed in full. There is a page for registering the attendance, and a few hymns for the young are added. Mr. Campbell's school, attended by over 200 boys and girls, is a most interesting sight, and although the numbers in my own school seldom exceed 60, I find the conducting of it about the most enjoyable part of my Sabbath day's work. The children are taught, not in classes, but in a body; and, strange to say, they are much better behaved and more easily controlled than children at home. We have often noticed that our youngsters sit more quietly in Sunday School than in Church. In the former, we have them under our more immediate control; but during service they take advantage of their safe distance from the preacher and of the slackness of parental discipline to do pretty much what they like. The Sunday Schools are attended by the day scholars and by the younger Christian children who are still too young for the day school. Among the heathen, work goes on as usual on Sundays as on other days, preventing the children from coming to church or school.

The principal service is held at midday. While this is about the hottest part of the day, on the whole it suits the people best. Our Christians are all poor, and are employed during the earlier part of the day in preparing their morning meal. The people all sit on mats on the floor, in rows, the men on one side, the women on the other. A few heathen may attend service, forming a separate group at the back of the church. The service is very much like the simplest Presbyterian service at home, with the exception that the Ten Commandments are always read, and that the people join in repeating the Lord's Prayer and also respond to the other prayers. A second service is held in the afternoon, taking the form of a prayer meeting. There is always more or less medical work on Sundays; heathen who know nothing of the Sabbath and urgent cases come from distances and must be attended to, surgical cases under treatment may require to be dressed daily, and Christians who come from outlying villages take the opportunity of procuring the medicines they require. Yesterday I preached in Santali at the midday service on "Remember Lot's wife," conducted the afternoon prayer meeting, and treated about half-a-dozen patients.

To-day I have had 46 new patients, many of them old friends. Among them was a girl who for many years has been almost blind, able to see the light but nothing else. Three years ago she came to me for operation and I performed an iridectomy, to make an artificial pupil, with a very faint hope of slightly improving her vision. She says that she immediately saw much better, but three days after the operation and before the wound had healed, her mother struck her on the eye. After that, the eye became as useless as before. Fortunately for the girl, her mother

is now dead; she herself has remained at the mission ever since she first came as a patient, and now desires baptism. Every time I come here she begs me most piteously to renew the operation, but I am very unwilling to do so, believing that the very slight chance of effecting any improvement is not sufficient to justify the risk. Another case which has given me a good deal of anxiety to-day is that of a Santal with an abscess on the side of his face. It seemed to me that this owed its origin to two decayed teeth, and the man's own story was that his trouble began with toothache. So I extracted the two teeth without difficulty and sent the man out to spit blood and rinse his mouth before having his abscess treated. This was in the early forenoon, and I could find no trace of him till late in the evening, when one of the evangelists came to say he was lying helpless at the foot of a tree in the jungle. There I found him extremely weak from hunger and loss of blood. He had bled profusely all day, and had been unable to procure food or drink. The bleeding had ceased, and we brought him back to the mission and made him comfortable for the night, Mr. Campbell supplying him with a good drink of milk, the only food he felt able for. I could not find out why he had wandered away, for he was too weak to give any account of himself, and I feel very grateful that the evangelist found him when he did. I fear he would soon have died of exhaustion.

In the evening, I took a walk with Mr. Campbell to his mulberry plantation, about a mile from the mission. This has been planted to supply food to the silkworms, the cultivation of which has become an important element in the industrial department of the Toondee mission. The Government of India, anxious to revive the silk industry, has set itself to improve the quality of the silk-

worms. To several centres in healthy situations, they have sent a supply of silk eggs. When the worms emerge from the eggs, they are fed on the mulberry leaf till they enclose themselves in cocoons of their own spinning, from which they appear as moths. The blood of the moths, whose eggs are retained here for rearing purposes, is examined microscopically for traces of disease, the disease being evidenced by a deterioration of the blood corpuscles. The eggs of the diseased moths are destroyed. Eggs are also supplied, under the direction of the Government official in charge of Sericulture in Bengal, to rearers throughout the country. In this way, the disease which injures the quality of the silk is stamped out, and a healthy cultivation is maintained. The industry has hitherto been the production of healthy silkworm eggs for the use of the Government Silk Department, which pays for them at the rate of Rs 2. for the eggs of 600 moths, a healthy moth laying from 250 to 400 eggs, but the cocoons from which the moths have emerged, are also a marketable commodity, and steps are being taken to introduce the reeling and spinning of silk. When the cocoons are to be used for silk supply, and not for rearing, the moth is destroyed by exposure to the sun or by steaming before it has had time to pierce the cocoon. The number of lives that have to be sacrificed, done to death by roasting or steaming, to supply enough silk to make a lady's dress is simply appalling. The Government is at present encouraging the industry in this district by offering a premium on all mulberry bushes above a certain height. The attempt to improve the quality of the silk has, I believe, proved most successful, and also promises to be the best paying industry that Mr. Campbell has introduced.

Tuesday, 11th April 1893.

Another old patient is in my hands again to-day. He is a Santal Christian whose forearm I amputated just three years ago, for longstanding and incurable decease of the hand. But he suffers from another malady for which amputation is unfortunately no remedy, incorrigible laziness. Before the operation he was a miserable spectacle, a burden to himself and to all his friends. The operation effected a wonderful improvement on his mental condition, making him quite bright and happy, but he has persistently refused to exert himself. When he stayed here we used to put him through his morning drill in the verandah regularly, but since going home to his village he has been allowed to sit still till his joints have all become stiff. He is now back for disease of the foot. The man whose loss of blood and extreme weakness alarmed me yesterday is much better to-day. 19 new patients have been treated to-day.

This evening a middle-aged Santal, accused of the murder referred to in Saturday's journal, was brought by the police to Mr. Campbell, as Honorary Magistrate, to make a declaration. It took the form of a very simple and straightforward confession. The murdered man was his brother-in-law. They had gone together from their home in Chetan Toondee, twenty miles to the west of us, to sell parts of a plough in Barrakar, where there is a large bazar. On their way home they each bought four pice or one penny worth of liquor, and lay down to sleep under a mango tree near a village in this neighourhood. They began to quarrel; it was just a stupid, drunken quarrel as to whether they should stay where they were or go further on. The accused, who had lost his own stick, snatched his friend's stick from the ground and dealt him a

blow on the side of the head, which killed him. He then dragged the body into cover, threw away the stick, washed the blood from his own person, and went home, buying some more liquor on the way. He had no intention to kill his victim, "it was the drink that did it," he said. The police, having ascertained that the deceased had been last seen in the company of the accused, tracked the latter to his home and charged him with the crime, which he at once confessed. Had he just put himself into the hands of the coolie recruiters, he would have been packed off to Assam before any one knew of his crime. The stick, a stout cudgel freshly cut from the tree and stained with blood, was produced by the police and identified by the prisoner as the one he had used. His wife, poor woman, a quiet, decent looking Santal, accompanied him, and the prisoner himself looked about as unlike a murderer as possible. Neither he nor the police nor any of the crowd who came with them, seemed to realise the terrible nature of the crime. He asserted that he made the confession entirly of his own accord, and put his mark to the declaration after Mr. Campbell had carefully read it over to him; but I am told that in this country a confession is so often extorted by the police that unless it is corroborated by independent evidence little weight is attached to it in the trial. But the likelihood is that even if this unfortunate man escapes hanging, he will have to spend the rest of his life as a convict on the Andaman Islands, a bleak prospect for a man whose old home lies in one of the bonniest spots in all Santalia. I have often remarked that one seldom saw the natives violent here, even when drunk, but this case just proves again how unsafe it is to make generalisations about anything. Within recent years, only one other murder is known to have been committed by a Santal in this district, and it,

Wednesday, 12th April 1893.

An outbreak of smallpox has occurred in a village which contains a number of Christians a few miles from here, and I have sent to a firm of chemists in Calcutta this morning for a supply of vaccine lymph. Among those attacked is the young wife of one of my teachers in Chakai, who was on a visit to her friends and whose baby is unvaccinated. With all respect to the good intentions and earnest efforts of our authorities, who no doubt do their best in very difficult circumstances, I venture to express the opinion that the arrangements for vaccination in this part of the country are most unsatisfactory. Native vaccinators, with no knowledge of medicine, are sent round the district once a year, to vaccinate children at the rate of two annas or two pence per head. This charge, equal to a good day's wage, is a heavy tax upon the poor, who have every temptation to evade vaccination, which is not compulsory. The willingness with which the people pay, and also in many cases give extra gratuities to the vaccinators, is a remarkable proof of the confidence which they have learned to place in the efficacy of the remedy; and it seems to me that the comparative rarity of the disease can be traced to nothing but vaccination, for in most of the villages the sanitation is just what it was a thousand years ago. "I believe in vaccination" is one of the first articles of my sanitary creed, for I have treated over 10,000 cases of illness without seeing a single case of small-pox, in a country where it was once a terrible scourge. It is no doubt a good rule to encourage the people to pay for what is a benefit to themselves, but as the inability of some, at least, to do so is not only a personal misfortune but a public danger, some means might surely be taken to provide free vaccination for the very poor.

New patients to-day numbered 31. Among them was a young man with a wound on his forehead, received at a fight in a fair held last night in a neighbouring village. This fair is a survival of the swinging festival in which men used to be swung in the air, suspended from poles by means of hooks fixed in the muscles of the back. A man just getting grey used to come to me here for medicine who in his younger days had been swung in this way, and just last year a revival of the custom was reported from Madras, where the people, threatened with famine, had resorted to it as a means of prevailing upon their gods to send rain. Another fact, reminding us of the recent date of even worse horrors, is that my medical assistant in Chakai, a Santal Christian and quite a young man, is the nephew of the last Santal who is known to have offered a human sacrifice; while in the neighbouring district of Bhagalpur a case of the same kind has occurred among the Hindoos since I came to India.

This was Mr. Campbell's *kacheri* or court day, and a number of cases were tried in the verandah in the afternoon. During the short time that I sat on the bench, a witch case came on for hearing. The supected witch, a young Santal woman with a baby at the breast, a remarkably good looking witch, as I remark to the Bench, complains that her husband's friends have turned her out of doors because she is a witch. His worship grants a decree against these friends for maintenance, with the hope that they will soon prefer to take her back to her own home rather than keep her living in her father's house at their expense. Cases in which unfortunate women suspected of being witches have been maltreated with almost inconceivable brutality, are by no means uncommon in the courts. The only other case I heard was a very character-

istic one, in which an old *Koda*—a tribe closely allied to the Santals,—complained of the oppression of a Brahmin who had claimed a tank which the complainant's father had dug and bequeathed to his sons.

A great many natives take to litigation as naturally as a duck takes to water. When I was here three years ago, a case in which a large family of sons quarrelled about their father's land, was dragging its weary length in the court, and the village in which the parties lived was the scene of endless bickering and riot. I find that they have at last taken Mr. Campbell's advice to make a fair division of the land, but are now quarrelling as bitterly as ever over every step in the process of demarcation. One of the men came to me on Monday for medicine, and, after getting his drugs with directions, asked "Is anything forbidden?" "Yes," I replied; "all fighting and quarrelling are strictly forbidden as being extremely injurious to the constitution," an opinion to which the magistrate added all the weight of his legal authority. This question, "Is anything forbidden?—*kuchh baran hai?*"—is almost invariably asked by the patients, for the native doctors make a strong point of vetoing certain articles of diet. It gives me a rare chance of inculcating the principle of total abstinence. It is sometimes varied by the query "Is anything recommended?—*kuchh palan hai?*"—which means, Do you recommend any particular diet to increase the efficacy of the medicine? With people who live only on rice and dal it is difficult to know what to forbid, barring the drink; and as most of them are too poor to buy any thing else it is equally difficult to know what to recommend. Happy must be the lot of those highly favoured doctors who can walk round their hospitals in the morning, or drive the round of their patients, ordering chicken broth

or beef-tea, peptonised milk or arrow root, to their hearts' content for all who need them. Here we have just to make our therapeutic bricks as best we can, without the help of any dietetic straw.

Our work, even when slack, is pretty continuous, with remissions rather than intermissions; like women's work, it's never done. As the sun was setting I went off for a walk, only to have another patient brought to me in the first village I came to. Returned as it was getting dark, to conduct the weekly prayer meeting, which, at all our stations, it held on Wednesday evening. It is well that we should remember our friends at home at a time when many of them, we trust, are specially remembering us.

Thursday, 13th April 1893.

I have had only 12 new patients to-day as all the villagers are now busy gathering the mahua, which is now falling in large quantities. Owing to the growing warmth of the weather, too, the people now bathe regularly, and this greatly diminishes the prevalence of skin disease. One of the patients to-day was a very pretty little Bengali girl, six or seven years old, with a flexed knee-joint, the result of a burn. Her friends said their chief motive in seeking medical aid for her was to improve her prospects of marriage. All the Hindu's thoughts concerning his girls, from their infancy onwards, seem to be centred in that of their marriage. If these people have patience to carry out a prolonged course of treatment, the girl's deformity may be very much improved, if not altogether cured. They promised to carry out the directions faithfully, and looked as if they intended to do so.

Mr. Campbell is busy sending off a supply of silk eggs to Srinagar, for the Cashmere Government's silk department Berhampur, the headquarters of the Indian Government's silk department, is in Eastern Bengal, eight days' journey from Cashmere by post. At this season, the eggs hatch in eight days, so, as Toondee is a little nearer Cashmere, they are being sent from here. But is it just touch and go even then, for it is seven days' journey from here to the Happy Valley, and the country lying between is now becoming uncomfortably hot. The eggs are deposited on large sheets of paper, which are covered with a layer of cotton, and packed in huge envelopes, with open ends to admit a little air.

Friday, 14th April 1893.

We had a visit this morning from a Santal Peter Peebles, an old man who, years ago, had a village which he lost, and who now spends his time wandering from court to court, repeating the long story of his wrongs to any who will listen to him. "I have at home," he said to me, "a great collection of papers, your papers and our papers, papers of the ancients and papers of the present day." Mr. Campbell tells me that his collection of papers is a remarkable one, containing all sorts of English advertisements, circulars and other rubbish, but also an old tattered copy of the Queen's Proclamation to the people of India when the government of the country was transferred to her after the mutiny.

Having more leisure than when in camp, I to-day made an analysis of my list of patients. There were 19 new cases and 11 old ones, 30 in all; not a large number, for the people are still busy gathering the mahua. Of these

30, 19 were medical and 11 surgical, dentistry being included under surgery. There were 16 men, 6 women, and 8 children. 17 were Hindus, one a Mohmmedan, 6 Santals, and 6 Christians. In camp the proportion of women is usually less, with no Christians. There were two incurables, hopelessly blind from neglected ophthalmia. One of them, a young Brahmin, was able to identify most of the plants in the verandah by fingering them. The languages spoken were four, Hindi, Bengali, Kortha, and Santali. Kortha is what we call "the jungly language," as it is spoken by the uneducated people in the villages. It is, more than any other, a *lingua franca* all over our district. It used to be described as a dialect of Hindi but those who have investigated it say it is just as much a distinct language as Bengali. It is a language in which, I believe, no literature of any kind exists, with the exception of some tracts published by Mr. Campbell. Bengali is the language which gives me most trouble, for it is hardly ever heard in Chakai. It is common here, being the court or official lauguage of Manbhoom, but in going north to Chakai we pass from the Bengali speaking country into the Hindi speaking province of Behar. But there is no lack of interpreters, as all the Santals about here know more or less Bengali.

Saturday, 15th April 1893.

Last night Mr. Campbell and I took to sleeping in the open air, a luxury in which our friends whose lot is cast in the moist climate of Lower Bengal dare not indulge. Mr. Campbell had been compelled to adjourn from his room to the open during the previous night, but I had been able to get a fairly good sleep inside. Very pleasant it is to sleep beneath the stars, fanned by every breeze and

wakened by the dawn. One is compelled to be virtuous, too, in the matter of early rising; for the people begin to move about before the sun is up. I remember once, when I was staying here and sleeping outside, Mr. Campbell was alarmed during the night to hear painful groans from the direction of my bed. On coming over to where I was, he was relieved to find that the groans proceeded not from me but from a patient who had squatted down beside my bed, determined to get the first word in the morning. Dogs disturbed us once in the very early hours of the morning, but on the whole each of us had a splendid night. These nights in the open air, cool, quiet, and restful, are the redeeming feature of the hot weather, and it is a great blessing that, owing to the dryness of our atmosphere, we can enjoy them without fear. Were it not so, life would be barely tolerable for several months of the year. As it is, I quite enjoy the hot weather, nor have I ever felt the need of a change. My own experience is that a man can stand almost any degree of heat during the day if he is careful of his diet and gets a good sleep at night.

The weather, however, has not yet become very hot. What makes our hot weather really hot is a wind that blows from the west like a blast from a furnace, sending the temperature up to 104°, 106° or even at times to 110° in the shade. What it is in the sun I do not know, for my thermometer at Chakai, evidently of continental make, was never meant for India, as it only registers up to 130°F. Our heat, however, is so dry that I would rather have 110° here than 100° in Calcutta. I prefer roasting to stewing. Our temperature at present is probably something between 90° and 100° during the day, for the hot wind has only been coming in fitful gusts.

New patients to-day numbered 14. In the evening I walked down to visit a Santal Christian lad who has been an invalid ever since I knew him. He used to be a teacher, and I believe he was the first convert baptised here by Mr. Campbell. He seems to suffer from locomotor ataxy, which has rendered him helpless for over four years. Once when I visited him with Mr. Campbell, he told us that, when the illness first attacked him, he feared his mind was going to be affected, and going away into the jungle he knelt at the foot of a tree and prayed that if he was to suffer from disease, God would confine it to his body and spare his mind. He believes his prayer was answered, for through all his illness his mind has been clear and strong. He is a gifted hymn-writer, and is altogether one of the finest Christian characters I have been privileged to meet, in this land or elsewhere. He told me to-night that what weighed most upon his mind was the thought that so many of his friends were still heathen and that he had no longer the strength to preach to them; but I felt that his patience under trial and his unwavering faith were as eloquent a testimony to the power of God's grace as any spoken sermon could be. I did my best to convey to him in Santali the sense of Milton's ode on his blindness,—

"God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mind yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest,
They also serve who only stand and wait."

Monday, 17th April 1893.

Yesterday was the hottest day we have had this season, with the hot west wind blowing steadily all afternoon. I took my share in the work of the Sunday School, and preached at the midday service on the Thief on the Cross. A few medical cases had to be attended to. An old Bengali came seeking help for himself and three sons; he himself had a tooth to be extracted, one son had ophthalmia, another quartan fever, and a third was troubled with daily bleedings from the nose.

To-day closes my work here for the present. Having treated a dozen new patients and as many old ones in the morning, I sent off my luggage by bullock cart to Jamtara, and I follow in the evening. The journey from here to Chakai, going round by the railway, is 30 miles on horseback with between 60 and 70 by rail. Leaving here about sunset I hope to get home about sunrise. I would gladly stay longer, but it does not do to be away from home for more than a fortnight when building is going on. I have not been able to vaccinate anyone, as the lymph has not arrived from Calcutta, but Mr. Campbell will attend to that. The baby of the Chakai teacher has also taken smallpox, but all are doing well. A surgical case for operation has just turned up, after my instruments have been sent off, and several others which were to come have not put in an appearance, but I suppose that, however long I stayed, it would in the end be equally difficult to get away.

Mr. Campbell has just received his home mail. The *Oriental* which brought it has broken the record, arriving in Bombay on Friday night, Sunday or Monday being the

usual day. I often think it must be a strange mixture of joy and sorrow that each mail-steamer brings to Bombay, and this week we are much saddened by the news of the death of Colonel Young, one of the oldest and best friends of our mission as of every good work. When we heard a few months ago of the death of his wife, we feared that he would not long survive the shock of her loss, and our fears have been too true.

A Reuter's telegram annoúnces the publication of the Leprosy Commission's Report at last. It does not seem to be of a startling, but rather of a reassuring character. Its conclusion is that the disease is due not to climatic but to hygienic conditions, that it is not hereditary and scarcely contagious, and that it seems to be decreasing in India. Arsenic and Chaulmugra oil are said to be the best remedies, and the theory that the disease is propagated by vaccination is held to be untenable. The only part of the report which comes to me as a suprise is that leprosy is held to be non-hereditary, but of course a disease which is due to insanitary conditions is very likely to affect whole families and so give rise to the belief that it is hereditary. There is no recommendation of compulsory segregation, but voluntary asylums throughout India are called for; a splendid field for missionary enterprise.

CHAKAI,

Tuesday, 18th April 1893.

Got home this morning at 5-30. There is the real hot weather feeling in the air now; even before the day had dawned the breeze was quite warm. I made a push to get in before the sun was up, and when I dismounted at the door and turned round to see the position of the enemy, his face was just appearing above the eastern horizon. Now the temperature in the shade of my verandah, at two in the afternoon, is 103° F. Found all well here; hospital and other buildings in full swing; no serious illness among the people; three cataract cases left in assistant's care gone home all right.

Here, I am sorry to say, my camp journal for the year must end. I had intended going to the great Santal hunt held every year, in the hot season, on Paresnath Hill, but I find that it is fixed to take place at the same time as our Communion. The great day of the hunt is to be Saturday, the 29th, and our Communion is to be on the 30th. Full moon in the month of May used to be the time for the hunt, but two years ago the hunt was broken up and several men killed by a severe thunderstorm. The leaders think they are more likely to avoid such disasters in the future by fixing an earlier date. Hunting in large parties is common throughout the Santal hills in the hot season, but the Paresnath hunt is the most popular, being attended by thousands of men and boys. It affords one of the few opportunities we have of meeting the Santals in large numbers, for they do not congregate to fairs and festivals like the Hindus and Mohammedans.

Among new impressions made or former ones deepened by another season of camp work, I may mention one or two.

In the first place, it is work in which a man's interest and pleasure tend to increase with his experience of it. It is by no means a life of hardship: the daily change of scene, the variety of work, the active, outdoor exercise, the sense of freedom and unconventionality, and the abundant opportunities of doing good, every day and every hour, are stimulating to mind and body alike, while the occasional discomforts which are inevitable would be lightly thought of if they occurred in the course of a picnic at home. The real difficulties and dangers of mission life in India, as far as my experience goes, are not physical, but moral and spiritual. The daily contact with heathenism is deadening, and the only privation which is keenly felt is that of Christian fellowship. But when we suffer in this way, we are perhaps much too prone to blame our surroundings when we ought to blame ourselves. The external conditions of our life in the jungle, in other respects, compare very favourably with those of our fellow-labourers who work in the fetid air and under the leaden skies of our home cities. As for the climate, it *is* a climate, which is more than can be said of what passes for weather at home.

At the same time, there is much in the work which is saddening and depressing in the extreme. There is an ever-growing sense of the physical poverty and misery of the great mass of the people. A *Decennial Review of the Condition of Bengal*, compiled by Mr. Skrine of the Civil Service and published last January, while taking a favourable view of the progress of the peasantry generally, is forced to admit that in this district "the margin between subsistence and famine is perilously small." That people should be in a condition of chronic starvation, in a country where a penny a day per head would keep them

in abundance, may seem hard to believe, but it is true. To be poor here is to be hungry; to possess a few handfuls of rice is to be well-off. The great majority of the diseases treated have been those of poverty, due to insufficient or bad food, to dirt and exposure. It is easy to say that poverty does not excuse dirt, but the poverty of India is a poverty unknown in Europe. The people, including little naked children, have often to sleep on the ground, —not on a floor but on the ground,—all through the year, without walls or roof to shelter them from wet or cold. The entire clothing probably consists of one piece of cloth, to wear night and day, which can never be washed because there is nothing to take its place; nor do I believe that one person in a thousand among my patients ever possessed a piece of soap for personal use. Perhaps a medical missionary is led to take a gloomier view than others would of the social condition of the people, for wherever he goes, and all day long, he is brought into personal contact with the most wretched of them; but in many places the poor and miserable seemed to constitute almost the entire population, and the fact that throughout our district women gladly do a ten hours day of hard, manual labour for 1¼*d.* is sufficient proof that the poverty is both general and extreme. The figures of many of my poor patients which remain fixed in my memory resemble the spectres of a nightmare rather than human creatures made in the image of God.

The ignorance, indifference and spiritual darkness of the people have been in keeping with their temporal condition. The word we use for "heathen" here is *bedin*, "without religion," and strange to say the Santals at least are not only not offended when we apply the term to them but even apply it to themselves. I once rebuked a Santal

woman for having sold her daughter. "It is a heathenish custom," I said. "Of course it is," she replied, "and are not we heathen—*bedin*—without religion?" To be without religion here is nearly always equivalent to being without education. Of the 186 villages visited, six had schools, each with an attendance of from three to a dozen boys, and of these, five were outlying Schools of our Pachamba Mission. It is hardly necessary to say that in all these villages we did not meet with a single girl who attended school, or a woman who could read, a fact not to be wondered at when it is remembered that the proportion of the female population under instruction throughout all India is less than 1 in 800.

Many in India speak and write as if the conversion of aborigina and other non-caste tribes or "depressed classes" were an accomplished fact, or at least as if a steady movement towards Christianity were now established among them. There is no evidence of it here. The people no doubt listened to our message more attentively than they would have done a few years ago and showed a disposition if not to trust us more at least to fear us less; but among the thousands we have preached to I do not know that we have met one who showed any desire to be a Christian. We are still in a part of the field where we must give all our mind to the girding on of our armour, with little thoug' t of the day when we can put it off, and with no tempt tion to boast ourselves. Among letters awaiting me here to-day was one from Dr. Mowat, of Jalna, in which he tells me that in the course of his winter's tour he has baptised 34 adults and 26 children, and met with as many more who wish to be baptised. I trust that in Chakai, too, the time is coming when the work of reaping the harvest of our camp work will go hand in hand with

that of sowing the seed; but it is not yet. "Duties are ours; events are God's." Since I came to Chakai in 1890, I have baptised 27 converts, including 8 children. Of these, six were boys and girls from the mission school; two were a servant and his wife; two were villagers in the neighbourhood of the mission, many of whose friends were already Christians; and the remaining seventeen were one large family who, although living in a remote village which had never been visited by a preacher, had for years been having the claims of Christ pressed upon them by one of their number, who had become a Christian in our Pachamba School and then an evangelist of the mission. So, as far as baptisms go, I have seen no fruit of camp work in this or previous years.

I say this not with any sense of disappointment, for there has been much to be grateful for, and to make one hopeful, but because it makes one feel keenly the feebleness of any effort we are making to win these people to God. In mission work in Glasgow, we aimed at visiting every non-church-going family in our district regularly once a week at least; here it will require an effort to visit every village in my district once in three years. We know that nothing is impossible with God, that He can save by few as well as by many, that it is not by strength nor by might, but by His Spirit, that the work of the Kingdom is to be done; and were it not for this assurance we might well despair. But it is also scriptural truth that faith comes by hearing and hearing by the word of God. "How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?" We must teach our people line upon line and precept upon precept, fanning the smoking flax and tenderly handling the bruised reed. There are no old associations

to appeal to, as at home, no half-forgotten truths to recall. We have to sow the seed not in soil which has become hardened through neglect, but in a stony wilderness which has never been ploughed. We attempt to do in a few years what in many other countries it has taken centuries to accomplish. The task before us is so great, and the means of overtaking it so meagre, that all effort at times seems to be paralysed. I recently heard one of our most highly honoured missionaries, who has done his life-work in a centre of Brahman influence, remark that in looking back upon it all the work seemed to be like that of a child hammering a rock. We have not the bigotry of Brahminism nor the fanaticism of Islam to encounter, but open and violent opposition would sometimes seem preferable to the dull, dense, perfect indifference we meet every day.

Still, let us ever remember that the possibilities of the work, even with all its present imperfections and inadequate force, are infinite. I was told lately that one of our most faithful Christians in the mission traces his conversion to the preaching of an unknown stranger who once passed through his village. He knows not whence the stranger came nor whither he went; he had not seen him before, nor has he seen him since. Yet he sowed by the wayside one seed at least which now bears "the white flower of a blameless life." What has occurred may occur again, and if God should own and bless the feeble attempt which has once more been made to make His name and His love known among the people, it will be all the more to the praise of His wondrous grace.