

will not for long pay two-pence more for a thing merely for the privilege of buying it from a fellow-benefactor.

A barber has become a Christian. He had five hundred Hindus or Moslems as his customers, shaved their heads in due course, and earned his living. There are only twenty Christians all told in the place. It is not their custom to have their heads shaved. If it were, they could not, even to support him, have them shaved. If they did, the non-Christian would do it for a half-penny less! What is our Christian barber to do?

It may be thought that the custom of Europeans would be a royal road to livelihood. At first sight it looks as if nothing could be easier. Here again the non-Christian rule. The servants are mostly heathen, in which I include Mohammedans. Apart from the religious side, it pays them much better to give their master's custom to men of their own stamp.

Europeans in India, from the nature of the case, are in the hands of their servants. Service is a name which covers a multitude of acts of petty deceptions and rascalities of all kinds. Non-Christians play into the hands of each other. The Christian is a nuisance to heathen servants. He hurts their religious pride, which is bad, and their pockets which is worse still. Here we come to the third great difficulty a Christian has to meet. Even if he can follow his trade and obtain custom, how is he to avoid the rascality on all hands?

A Christian trader secures the custom of a European house. The master orders his servants accordingly. They bow low in humble submission, and "hope tells a flattering tale." Then they set to work to insult and bully the Christian, to thwart him in every way, to play tricks with the things supplied, till the baffled master goes back to the old order of things, and the heathen triumph.

We once started a Christian milkman. Cows were bought. People were pleased to drink the milk. Here was a chance of success—pure milk of the best kind, at a reasonable rate. We thought we could not fail. We secured the custom of every large house, which in itself was ample for our needs, and for a week or two all went on well. The heathen servants were kindness itself, polite as could be, anxious to further us. The words of their mouths were softer than oil, but war was in their hearts. One afternoon a very large party were having tea, when out of the milk-jug four huge earth worms squirmed into the cups. There was

horror, but to the indignation of his mistress the butler meekly replied, "It is Christian milk, your ladyship, as you ordered. What knoweth thy slave of the living creatures? Christian milk—as your honor willed." The cows had to be sold cheaply and speedily, I believe.

On another occasion I tried to set up a man as a butcher. That was his trade. He became a convert in connection with the medical mission. Shortly after, one of the clan was ill. They brought him to the hospital. A formidable operation was satisfactorily done, and the delighted butchers, in the warmth of their gratitude, embraced me, as much as they could get hold of, saying the while, "You are worthy to be a butcher." As a result my convert was not persecuted; in fact, some went beyond neutrality and actively helped him. I associated myself with him, and our firm began life with bright prospects.

My Mohammedan cook, out of a personal regard for his master, gave the Christian butcher much good help and advice in connection with joints. Punjabis, for instance, do not use knives and forks, so all meat for their use is cut small by the butcher. It took our friend some time to realize that the taste of the English ran to legs of mutton and joints, and not to little knobs of meat. I spoke of the virtues of Christian mutton over every other form of food, and persuaded my friends and acquaintances to give orders for it. In my own house Christian mutton appeared at every meal, till after months my long-suffering wife and children begged for a change. As long as I went about with my friend all went on well. Then things began to follow the natural course. I would get a letter from a lady to say, "Your Christian butcher never came at ten o'clock as ordered." The unfortunate man was there, but the servants would not let him see the lady. A very fine joint of Christian mutton purchased was much enjoyed by the cook and his cronies. A tough piece of non-Christian meat set instead before the master was not relished by him or his friends. The excuse was "not the fault of your lordship's slave. Lo, it is Christian mutton."

In another household the cook carefully hung the meat in the sun. The result at the table was impressive. The dish could not be removed too quickly. Many another trick could I tell of. The result was as it ever is. In spite of the exceptional advantages which I was able to command amongst non-Christians