

language used in its work, with an elephant at the head of it and 1,600 people in the ranks. They found the great pavilion, which would seat about 3,000 persons, two-thirds full before they arrived, and a throng of thousands more surrounded the pavilion during the services.

"When Bishop Thoburn was sent out to India Dr. Durbin tried to encourage him by telling him that unlike many other missionaries he would have to learn only one language, and that the work of the Methodist Church in India was never to go beyond the provinces of Oudh and Rohilkund. When I was in India in 1898 there was an Epworth League mass meeting at Lucknow during the session of the Central Conference, at which twenty three banners were displayed with mottoes in as many languages, in all of which the Epworth

League was then working in Southern Asia. Now it has chapters among people speaking thirty-seven different languages.

"Monday was the day of the baptismal service, and 350 men and women were baptized. They were brought in from many villages, and all had been carefully taught. They were seated in lines on the floor—straw covered with carpets—the presiding elders went down the lines feeling the top of each man's head to see that there was no lock of hair sacred to the heathen god that had not yet been cut off. Many a time the scissors clipped, and many piles of 'locks' were at the end carried to the platform. The foreign bishops (we have got in the way of counting ourselves with the Indians) then taking bowls of water, went along the lines baptizing one by one."

Missionary Work in India

BY REV. H. GULLIFORD.

A MISSIONARY in India has all kinds of work to do. He is the centre and moving force of all that is done in his circuit. He is superintendent, young man, general evangelist, circuit-steward, chapel-steward, poor-steward, architect, builder, school inspector, and everything



Native Christian School, India

else that is needed to give life and movement to the work of God—temporal and spiritual—within his own charge.

The ideal missionary life, in some respects, is that of an evangelist, who travels unfettered with but one object, the proclamation of the Gospel; with no flock to feed, no schools to catechise, no buildings to plan and build, but free to devote all his time and energy to preaching Christ. There are, however, few mission stations where this can be done, but most missionaries try to secure an occasional week or fortnight for a preaching tour.

The daily life of the evangelist has elements of sameness in it, but there is generally plenty of incident and something of romance. To do the work comfortably he needs a tent and its appurtenances. That means a number of carts and followers, which the missionary can ill afford; consequently he often goes without them. A cart or two he must have; a rough vehicle without springs, padded with straw, and drawn along by oxen at the surprising speed of from two to three miles an hour. In the carts the preaching party and their equipment are stored away. The party consists of the missionary, a native preacher, a colporteur, one or two lads from the orphanage, to assist in singing and make themselves generally useful, a servant, and the bullock-drivers.

The equipment has to be elaborate; for all one needs for the whole journey has often to be taken; food, such as bread, preserved meat, tea, sugar, etc.; pots and pans for cooking; blankets and clothes, and a cot to sleep on; for one does not meet with hospitable Methodists in every village, neither is there "mine host" to provide for the wants of the itinerant preacher. Then the magic lantern and all that pertains thereto must be packed up, as well as the colporteur's stock of books, and various other articles that are necessary for a fortnight's tour. Having carefully mapped out the journey, the party starts to visit some of the unfrequented villages of the wide circuit. The dry season is usually chosen for work

of this kind, for then the rains and unbridged rivers present no difficulty. An account of an actual day's work will best show what the work of an itinerant evangelist really is.

The night has been spent under a tree, because we were much more exempt from attacks of vermin there than we should have been in a native house. There was little or no danger from malaria at that season of the year, so exposure to the night air was not imprudent. We were up with the dawn, and after a cup of tea and some bread were ready for the work of the day. We arranged to breakfast at a village some six miles away; and as there were several villages on each side of the track, we resolved to divide our forces. The native minister and the orphan boys took the villages on the left, while the missionary and the colporteur took those on the right. The native minister and his companions visited and preached in two villages before reaching the place where we had agreed to meet.

The missionary and the colporteur walked off in the delicious coolness of the morning air along a track that could hardly be dignified with the name of road. The country was rough and hilly, and after proceeding about a couple of miles, we saw a little village in the midst of some fields. It was enclosed by a high mud wall; for in days of yore the petty chieftain that lived on the neighboring drug, or fortified hill, often sallied out with his retainers to secure plunder, and each village community had to take care of itself. Thanks to the benign rule of the British, there is no further need of such walls, but in many cases they remain to remind men of the troublous and not very remote times when



A Village in India

life and property were at the mercy of any one who could raise a few armed retainers.

We found some men outside the village engaged in the slaughter of a sheep for food, and ascertained from them that most of the villagers were at home. We entered the gateway