## THE MISSION FIELD.

LETTER FROM THE SOUDAN.

From The Guardian.

## (Concluded.)

"There is also here a man named Rose, chaplain to the Australian contingent, in English orders, a *portigi* of Bishop Barry. He has put himself for duty under me—a very hard worker. Every one in the contingent speaks highly of him. He has real influence among his men. I have utilised him hitherto for the cavalry brigade. He had parade service for them on Sunday, and a celebration (twenty communicants), and another parade for convalescents and Medical Staff Corps at 5 p.m. "The hospital work here is heavy.

"The hospital work here is heavy. Bulimba and Ganges, two hospital ships—one at the base, and another at H. redoubt, just in rear of the fighting ranks, for the wounded when brought in from the front. There is so much work of this kind that I have divided it among us all. They must be visited every day, especially as sickness is increasing every day in the shape of fever and dysentery.

As you most likely know, we are all dressed in Khakee, and there is nothing to distinguish us from other officers. I don't know what to suggest, but something is wanted to let it be known who we are. Any badge that would tell its owr story at once. The Medicos have robbed us of our cross. Perhaps something on the right arm might do. But it is a want that ought to be supplied. A surplice has a marvellous effect on a campaign. I have been told over and over again how actually refreshing it was to see a vested clergyman, when they had, been fighting all the week, a man of peace, in the midst of a scene of war. "There is no difficulty in getting access to men's hearts here. I have

"There is no difficulty in getting access to men's hearts here. I have had more religious talks with men in a week here than in a month in the piping times of peace. There are plenty of good prayers made even by men who never prayed before. And men's hearts are softened in a marvellous way. I spend between two and three hours a day in the hospital tents, and I hope I do some good."-Guardian.

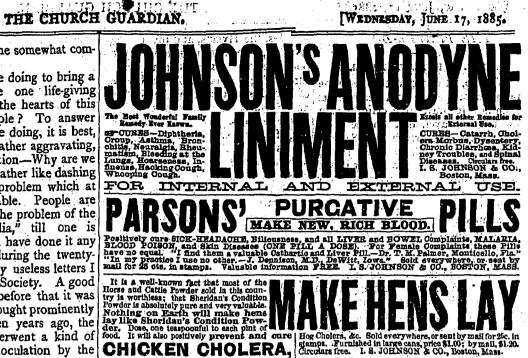
## DELHI.

REVIEW OF THE MISSION FOR THE YEAR 1884; BY THE REV. R. R. WINTER.

Let us look at our position for a moment topographically. In the Delhi and South Panjab districts, worked by the S.P.G. and Cambridge Mission, we have before us a widely spread tract of country, reaching north and south 125 miles, from Karnaul to Riwari, and east and west 110 miles, from Delhi to Hissar ; then situated centrally to the chord, but not to the circumference, we find dominating these many hundreds of thousands in all that constitute interest and importance, the old yet young city or Delhi, which rolls on to us from the past through many miles of ruins of tombs, mosques, and forts, that are typical of kings, invaders, fights, and bloodshed, to the knives, scissors, and cotton goods which now flood our bazaars, and are highly typical of the somewhat commonplace present.

Now what are we doing to bring a knowledge of the one life-giving religion home to the hearts of this great mass of people? To answer clearly what we are doing, it is best, though, perhaps, rather aggravating, to ask another question-Why are we doing it? This is rather like dashing oneself against a problem which at present is unsolvable. People are often talking of "the problem of the conversion of India," till one is rather sick of it; I have done it any number of times during the twentyfive years of mainly useless letters I have written to the Society. A good seventy-five years before that it was talked of; it was brought prominently forward when, seven years ago, the Delhi Mission underwent a kind of second birth or inoculation by the infusion into its old life of the fresher blood of Cambridge, yet somehow or other we do not seem to get much nearer the solving of it. The only present answer is, "work in trust and prayer," yet work must be on certain lines, and be done with a reason and an object, else its aim will be crooked though the bow be bent ever so tight. I am not going, in the face of elaborate treatises by great Oxford professors or retired governors of Indian provinces, to venture on a dissection of the "Indian mind," or that mysterious, unconnected, un-fathomable, clueless thing, its " mode of thought," but simply to state the difficulty which comes most to the surface in our dealings with the people, from humble day-laborers to acute college-students; and this is, their intensely materialised views of life, and the weakness of the spiritual faculty, and of all that should be based on trust and not on sight. Practically the hearts of the people are wholly centred in the present, that is, the limit of their aims for profit or pleasure, and teaching which aims at a higher future ideal seems hardly to find the latent capacity that is needed to lay hold of it. An abundance of acute argument is readily forthcoming, but it is the merest and most soul-depressing logomachy, a fighting over the superficial use of worr's, not over their inner teaching, and you feel it would be almost as fruitful to attempt to convert the cheap highly-glazed Manchester prints of the Delhi traders into the serviceable cotton garments they are supposed to represent, as to make spiritual thoughts find a home in the hearts and minds that are wholly fixed on the balance between profit and loss. The spiritual faculty is there. but it is well-nigh dead.

This, you will say, is a discouraging outlook, and so, indeed, except to Christians it would be ; but still the facts which call it forth lie very much at the bottom of our present and past endeavours. I feel, therefore, that we must direct our efforts to whatever will leaven this great materialistic lump before us, and which will educate the hidden spiritual aspirations



which are overlain, well-nigh like the baby in Solomon's trial, by the all too solid mass of worldly principles around them.

To do this we must try to reachfor after all it is little but trying that we can do-the different and often strangely conflicting elements that constitute Indian body politic. I will almost at haphazard take one of our means of approaching the adult part of the population—the public preach-ing. This is carried on every week in five parts of the city. Our leader in this is Mr. Lefroy, who, with one or two catechists, preaches at two of the appointed stations, and one or other of the Missionaries is generally present at one of the others. Our two best siations are, one at the west end of the Chandney Chauk, with a broad roadway in front of it leading up to the gate of the Fathpuii Masjid, the second largest mosque of Delhi, built with two others by the daughters of Auruzebe; the other in a wide open space to the west of the Jama Masjid, the Mahommedan 'cathe-dral" of Delhi. At these places a crowd of fairly well-to-do, decentlydressed people collects round the preachers, and listens to a connected address. The same people often come week by week, and many stop to the end of the discourse ; many, however, go away, and several who stop do not listen; but these characteristics, in wish or fact, are, I believe, not unknown among welltrained listeners within even some of our churches.

My opinion, approaching after long experience to conviction, is that the present function of bazaar preaching is not so much to set before the people Christian doctrines, as to *prepare* them for them. Our main object now is to stir them up to some elementary knowledge of the difference between righteousness and sin; of this they receive bnt scant instruction in home, mosque, or temple; and our public preaching is nearly the only thing that brings *koliness*, as distinguished from ceremonial worship or caste duty, before the mass of

the people. They are not yet in a position to appreciate those spiritual truths of Christianity which can only be spiritually discerned.

The same kind of preaching, only carried on in a more quiet and conversational manner, goes on in the country districts. Mr. Carlyon is the one of us who has mostly freed himself from city ties, that he may have liberty for longer itinerations. I shall speak more fully of our village work later on, but in this respect it forms a very important part of our efforts to reach the adult population; it has received a more lively impetus of late from a magic lantern with slides on Scripture snbjects introduced by Mr. Martin, who by the light of his lantern, and the energetic life of his descriptions, has largely increased the numbers of the village audiences.

May I now make a leap from these attempts to reach the grown up people, to a group of institutions that touch a higher class, and have more individual influence, *i.e.*, St. Stephen's College, High School, and seven branch school. There are only two salieut points in the scheme aimed at, to which I can refer in this general sketch of our plan of operations. One is the important position which the college properly so called is as-suming in Delhi. You doubtless know that the term "college" in India is used technically of a place of education that teaches up to the B.A. degree, as distinguished from "schools," which only prepare boys for the matriculation or lower examinations. St. Stephen's is the only Christian college north of Agra, it is therefore of considerable and rapidly increasing value, both by its teach-ing and by intercourse with the teachers, in leavening the minds of several of the best educated young men of North India with Christian truth. I say "several," because there is a larger Government College at Lahore, where the system omits to train the moral or spiritual part of man, but which attracts to its, in this degree, limited scheme of instruction a larger number of pupils. (To be Continued.)

