

LETTER OF REV. S. H. KELLOGG, D.D.

THE FOLLOWING IS AN EXTRACT FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY DR. KELLOGG TO A FRIEND.

'Never in all my life in India has my enthusiasm, if I may use the word, over British rule in India risen so high as during this last terrible year. It is not that the Government is perfect, though, in my opinion, their errors are almost entirely on the side of a mistaken kindness and far too much concession of so called "liberty," which at last this year has brought us to the evident brink of a catastrophe. But the imperial way in which they have dealt with the famine is magnificent; and when one comes to speak of the awful Black Plague, I really think it is hard to exaggerate in praise of the spirit that has been shown by both the civil and the military authorities, from the highest officials down to the soldiers in the ranks, by unofficial people, as well as by officials, and notably by ladies as well as gentlemen. The contrast has been heightened by the abject way in which, where plague has prevailed, the leaders of native society have commonly fled and left their countrymen to die, in a way that has called forth the indignant scorn, in some cases, even of their own papers. If ever the Government called for volunteers for hospital work, or for the much more dangerous house to house visitation, whether for men or for women, Englishmen and Englishwomen have always been forthcoming. And so for months this heroic work has gone on, and this not only in constant danger of speedy death from infection, but under the bitterest threats of insurrection and assassination, alike from the native press and by placards and anonymous letters. In Poona, as you will have read, it was attempted to assassinate three of the officials detailed to plague inspection; one was killed, and also another official, by mistake, who was not connected with the plague work, though supposed to have been. A detective charged with the discovery of the dastardly outrage was also assassinated, and to this hour, despite a reward offered of Rs. 20,000, the assassins have not yet been detected, and the largest part of the native press glories in such and other outrages daily increasing and boldly threatens worse. And yet these brave men and women have gone on day by day in their self-sacrificing work, just as if they did not know that any hour they might be killed for trying to save the lives of these dark-minded and most wretched people. The result has been that the plague has been largely limited to the region where it first broke out, and the mortality, which undoubtedly had otherwise been far in the hundred thousands, as yet has only reached the ten thousands.

It is truly heart-sickening to see how the total result of this year of magnificent self-sacrificing work for India, which has cost many Englishmen and Englishwomen their lives, has resulted in engendering such a spirit of insane and malevolent hatred against the Government, and indeed all foreigners, as has never been surpassed even in the dark days of the mutiny; while even then the seditious spirit was not, as now, almost absolutely universal. Undoubtedly this is largely due to the native press, which, with few exceptions, unceasingly denounces the Government, and circulates the most atrocious falsehoods as to the doings and the intentions of Government in connection with plague, etc. These, although incredible to anyone with common sense, are yet eagerly credited by the ignorant masses, filled with hatred of the "raj," and so things go on from bad to worse; while we all wonder why Government, fettered by home ideas of the importance of "liberty of the press," does not suppress such papers and punish the editors with the severity their crimes demand. A few such arrests have been made in connection with the Poona assassinations, but we wait anxiously to see whether Lord Elgin's Government will have enough of 'grit' to deal with the criminals as they deserve. If not, there is no possible doubt that worse is in store.

As if all this were not enough, has also come this revival of Mohammedan fanaticism, occasioned by the Turkish successes, military and diplomatic, in Europe. Ignorance again helps to make all ten times worse; the Mohammedans exaggerating the greatness of these Turkish triumphs, and the might of the wretched Sultan, in a way which if it were not so dangerous, would be most ludicrous. You will have read of the anti-European Mohammedan riots in Calcutta in June, when for several days no European could venture on the streets without risk of assault. And now in rapid succession have come these Mohammedan insurrections and raids on the north-west frontier, in the Tuchi valley, the Malakand, and last of all at Shabkadr, eighteen miles from Peshawar. Happily these did not all come at once, else the case had been harder to manage; but as it was, the military authorities did splendidly, moved with swift precision troops to the several spots, and have administered a bloody lesson to these fanatics.

Still, though there is a momentary lull, no one feels that anything is settled. The air is filled with ugly rumors, and I am glad to say that the military authorities are apparently awake. A considerable army is being massed in the Punjab, with full equipment

for active service. Military guards have been stationed on all the railway bridges in that province, and whatever comes, I think it clear that, unlike 1857, the authorities will not be found wholly unprepared.

It is generally believed, and I judge with abundant reason, that immediately behind these Mohammedan risings in the extreme northwest is the Ameer of Cabul. He professes effusively to be our ally, and at the same time writes and publishes tracts on the duty of Jihad, or religious war, and circulates these, amazing to say, unrestricted by Government, among the Mohammedans of North India, and even among our soldiery. There is active interchange of messages between him and the Sultan of Turkey; and the latter has sent out here to be read in all the mosques, a document insisting on the duty of all Mohammedans, if need be, to support him with their money and their lives. I believe that would the 'Powers' but unite to crush the Sultan by one swift, decisive blow the Mohammedans here would very soon quiet down. But, alas, the spirit of the Crusades is nowhere to be seen.

Well, I have been giving a dark picture of the situation; but it is only fair now to give the other side. For all this, so that England keeps out of war with any European power, as Russia, I cannot think that there will be any such organized insurrection as in 1857, not because the people are not even more ready for it, but because the conditions are so different. The railway system, now covering thousands of miles, was then non-existent, and the most of the telegraphs also; and all these are laid out by military authority for military ends. The people generally are disarmed. The native army, in 1857 almost 250,000, is now only about 145,000, while on the other hand the British troops, then less than 40,000, are now almost 80,000. To these must be added the various European volunteers, totaling now about 22,000; almost every little station has now an organization, constantly drilled and armed to act in any emergency, until the regular regiments could be called. Then, the forts generally, as also the arsenals, were in native hands, for the most part; now they are exclusively garrisoned by British soldiers; so also, with the exception of a few artillery regiments of Goorkhas—thus far always loyal—all the artillery too is manned by Englishmen. So that even supposing that the native army should rise, it is difficult to see how they could make any continued headway without any supply of the material of war on which they could draw, till they should have captured without artillery, magazines and arsenals. Happily—and rather to my surprise—with all the bad spirit in the country, there has not yet been even a rumor of any such mutinous spirit being displayed by the native regiments as presaged the mutiny of 1857. On the contrary, both in the Calcutta riots and since in these sharp frontier engagements of the last fortnight they have fought magnificently. Then again, no doubt the English troops are armed far better than in 1857. A retired brigade surgeon told me the other day that the Government, for instance, was placing five Maxim guns with each regiment of British troops; and by the way, it was a single Maxim that had much to do with the splendidly successful defense that the besieged troops in the recent Malakand affair made against enormous odds, until reinforcements reached them.

I have tried to put before you, in a brief way, the general situation, which you will agree is not cheerful, but yet by no means hopeless. Besides all this, think of the length of time that in 1857 it took—without an ocean cable, and no such swift steamers as we have now, and no Suez Canal—to get troops out from home, and then when reinforcements were once here, there was still in those days a journey of weeks to reach Upper India, where it is now but a matter of a few days. I suppose that in an emergency it would be quite possible now, in contrast to that day, to have British troops from home actually entering the Punjab within a month from the time a cable summons for them was sent home. But we will hope that it may not be necessary."—*Presbyterian Messenger*.

TRY IT THIS WEEK.

Let no day pass without personal secret communion with God.

Begin each day by taking counsel from the Word of God, if but one verse while you are dressing.

Put away all bitter feelings, and brooding over slights or wrongs, no matter from whom received.

Have on your heart some person or cause for which you are pleading God's blessings each day.

Let no opportunity pass without owning your Saviour before others, and modestly urging all to accept His service.

Let no opportunity pass to say a kind word, do some kind deed, or at least smile upon those you meet. Do this, not affectedly, but sincerely as unto the Lord.

Guard well the door of your lips that no unchaste word, jest or story, no slander or cutting remark, no irreverent or untruthful statement, shall pass out.