

Bible & Stethoscope in India



DR. GEORGE HENDERSON'S
MISSIONARY & MEDICAL
STORY OF VICTORY



CHRISTIAN PRESS
Sydney, Australia
1954

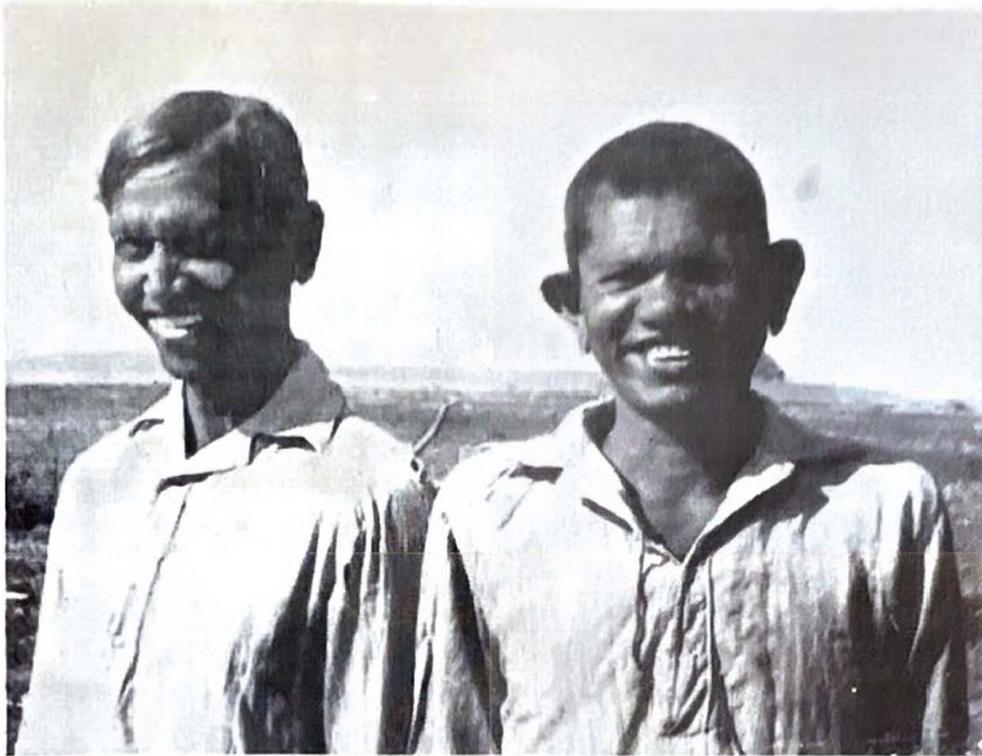
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TO MY BELOVED WIFE

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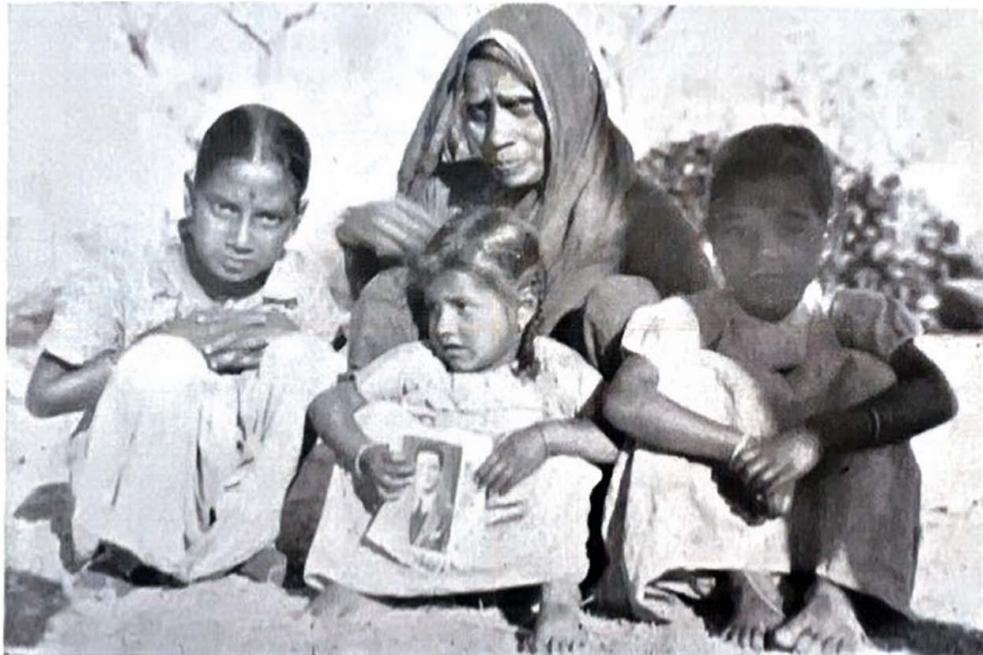
Mrs. Edith Henderson departed to
be with Christ on 20th February, 1954



LEPERS and CHRISTIANS!

**"We have found Him, of Whom Moses in the Law and the Prophets
did write, Jesus of Nazareth"**

(Taken at Sankeshwar Leper Hospital).



" IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE ARE MANY MANSIONS "

**The girl on the left, while suffering from cancer, trusted Christ.
She lived to 26 years of age.**



HARGAPUR (Showing Main Street)—about a mile from Sankeshwar. This is a typical Western Indian village. The houses have tile roofs (tiles made by Indian potters) and mud walls.

MR. A. QUINTON SPEAKS

Autobiography comes not easily from the pen of such as Dr. Henderson. In this record, "reading between the lines" becomes necessary to appreciate the nature of the sacrifices involved and the full value of the achievement. Under the best conditions, who would desire to spend a year under canvas — some experience of India's heat and insects, its monsoonal rains — yes, and of prying eyes — is called for before it can be fully realised what it must have meant, and particularly to the mother with her young family.

During a recent visit to Sankeshwar, we saw the banyan tree under which that tent was pitched at the beginning. We saw also the material developments of many years of hopeful faith and devoted labour. Unwittingly, Dr. and Mrs. Henderson illustrated Nehemiah's words: "The God of Heaven, He will prosper us; therefore we His servants will arise and build." They builded well, both a General Hospital and a Leper Hospital which have now ministered to the physical needs of Belgaum sufferers for many years. Indian women in their hour of need, the outcast leper in his misery, have received here Christ-like ministry to body and soul, with the result that an area notoriously irresponsive to the Gospel is yielding a steady harvest. The Gospel Hall across the road from the General Hospital and the assembly hall at the Leper Home hold companies of believers whose faith in Christ is amply testified to by the warmth of worship and by change of life. What a memory we carry of the worship meeting of the Leper Assembly — "the spirit of heaviness" so evidently exchanged for "the garment of praise."

So far as Sankeshwar is concerned, Dr. Henderson's Bible and Stethoscope have passed to other hands. Dr. Gilbert to-day carries on a work that is increasingly exacting. Worthily to cope with this promising medical and evangelistic opportunity calls for, amongst other needs, the enlarging of buildings and the provision of adjuncts which doctors and nurses know are desirable for the efficiency and usefulness of their department of service for the Lord.

This book will surely be used to stimulate interest in Sankeshwar.

A. QUINTON.

Melbourne, Australia.

FROM AN EX-MISSIONARY (INDIA)

It has given me great pleasure to read the manuscript of "Bible and Stethoscope in India".

A clear picture is given of India in its desperate need of spiritual and bodily help, and in his own quiet way Dr. Henderson impresses us with his knowledge of so much that is of vital interest to those who want to pray, to pray intelligently, for the mighty hand of God to be manifested in dark India.

There is little "fuss" made as Dr. Henderson casually tells us of his money stolen, of his amazing medical experiences, of how Mrs. Henderson worked so patiently, amidst tremendous opposition, until she finally won through to be affectionately known as "Mother" to those who at first so steadfastly rejected her advances: for all these things he quietly praises God, knowing that his labour "is not in vain in the Lord".

It is only necessary to read of the leper work at Sankeshwar to realise something of the wonderful courage and patience of these two faithful servants of God. May He be pleased to raise up others like them — men and women with compassion from the Lord Himself, prepared to reach out, as Dr. and Mrs. Henderson did, to the "Untouchables" of India.

A READER'S IMPRESSIONS

Dr. Henderson's narrative truly is stirring. His cobra experiences are worthy of an artist's illustrations; his descriptions of the people in their superstitions and ignorance lend themselves fully to the imagination. The horror of immorality, with suffering mothers and unknown fathers, could be used by social writers for lengthy discussion. His hospital work and treatment of special cases, sometimes under emergency conditions, are worthy of a place in Medical Journals. And then the author comes to a military experience that in itself would fill the lives of most men.

But Dr. Henderson passes on to the great purpose of his mission work — the preaching of Christ to the people of the land of his call; and the joy of his own soul is to tell of sinners who have found the Saviour and the peace that He alone can give.

This book is commended as the sincere effort of a devout herald of the Cross to further the work of evangelisation.

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A SAVIOUR FOR INDIA

("... a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."—Luke 2:11)

Now preaching on the roadside
Where beggars ply their trade,
To halt and lame and leper,
Nor is the message stayed
When in the busy market,
Midst clamour, noise and dirt,
And choking wind that's laden
With dust, the eyes to hurt.

Then into homes of suffering,
Where cruelty's lash is seen,
The dying gasp of conscience
Is lost 'midst the obscene;
The purity of Jesus,
When brought before their gaze,
May rouse some sleeping conscience
And sinking souls upraise.

Then into homes of mourning
And wailing and despair
The comfort of the Saviour
The preacher brings through prayer.
'Midst hopeless consternation,
And helplessness and woe,
In hearts bowed down and bleeding
The seed of love he'd sow.

Thus to exalt the Saviour,
Where earth's dark need we see,
To spread His wondrous message
He's calling you and me.
What have I done to serve Him
Who left His home on high?
He trod this world a stranger,
Can I *His* claim deny?

1933:—*Edith Henderson.*

FOREWORD

Dr. and Mrs. Henderson finally left India in December, 1946, but those still working in Sankeshwar and district say their memory is still fresh and fragrant. There will evidently be many to welcome them in the everlasting habitations.

Mr. J. W. Laing and I had the privilege of visiting Sankeshwar in December, 1948. While there, something happened which moved me profoundly.

Lying in the maternity ward of the hospital was the proud mother of a beautiful child, only three days old. Five previous babies she had borne in the horrible conditions of her village home, many miles away, and these were either born dead or lived for only a few minutes. For this sixth child her relatives had brought the mother to the hospital; and how proud and thankful she was — she had borne a living child — her reproach had been taken away!

Alas, alas, less than three hours later that beautiful little one was dead!

As I listened to the tragic wail that arose from all the heathen around, and watched the poor mother rocking herself back and forth in her grief, "having no hope and without God," I realised as never before the great privilege and responsibility resting upon us all — whether medical or not — who possess the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. Through that woman's visit to the hospital, she and her relatives heard the Gospel for the first time — and not merely once or twice, but on several occasions.

That hospital was built by Dr. Henderson.

I commend this most readable and illuminating book to the Lord's people everywhere. I suggest that it should not be read by children, but it should be carefully studied by young people exercised about missionary service in India. It will give them a glimpse of the conditions in which many in India still live and die.

W. T. STUNT.

Echoes of Service,
1 Widcombe Crescent, Bath.
21st December, 1953.

INTRODUCTION

Fifty years ago, in Glasgow city, I heard the call of God. There I found the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour. The Man of Calvary claimed me; and the mighty change took place which altered the whole course of my life. I saw myself as one for whom Christ died; and there arose before my mind the vision of India's tremendous need.

The following pages are a record of the 39 years of toil and joyous service which followed in that land of teeming millions—years shared since my marriage, in 1912, with my beloved wife. "God is faithful."

My thanks are due to my son, Dr. Robert Henderson, and his wife for helpful criticism and advice.

I acknowledge also the valuable assistance of other dear friends, who have done much to relieve me of many duties involved in placing this volume before you.

G. HENDERSON.

Melbourne, Australia.
February, 1954.

Chapter I

EARLY IMPRESSIONS

INDIA. Land of mystery, land of wealth uncountable, land of poverty, caste and ignorance; but for me, the land of my call — “Come over into . . . India . . . and help us !”

And then at last I stepped off the Poona-Bangalore Mail at Belgaum one sunny afternoon in October 1908, after a three-day railway journey from Tuticorin in South India, a journey which had been extremely interesting, scattering to the wind my preconceived ideas of India.

To see passengers packed like sardines on the wooden seats and on the floor of every compartment — to hear their shouting in the train and on the station platforms—was new to me. They appeared to be quarrelling, judging by their gesticulations, but I soon learned that in crowds and in personal conversation, Indians speak loudly. My heart went out to the partially clad, dark-skinned men at stations we passed: their poverty and ignorance distressed me. The better class men looked smart in their Indian dhoti (lower garment) and turban, but the poor wore only a small dirty-looking loin-cloth, about 12 inches square, fastened to a string tied around the waist. Most had curious caste marks of different shapes and colours on their foreheads. The women were modestly dressed in their coloured saris which covered their heads and extended to below the knees: with few exceptions they had red marks on their foreheads, signifying that they were married and had performed their puja (worship of idols). The sari may be of silk or of cotton. Much material is required in its making; it has no buttons or hooks, and can be draped over the head.

The mosquitoes bit furiously at night time, especially when the train stopped at large railway stations, and their sharp stings lasted for hours. Bugs, too, were busy, although I was in a second class, and not a third class, compartment. They hid under the clothing and came out of woodwork joints and from underneath the upholstery. Their irritation to us was very severe and we were glad when that train journey ended.

My temporary home was three miles from the city near a small village, with a mission school, a grain shop, and a temple of the god Maroti, all close together. Two missionaries.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Brown, had invited me to stay with them, and they made me comfortable in an upstairs room of their house. Meals were served downstairs by an Indian Christian, who spoke to me very politely — "Salaam Sahib, I hope you are well".

The first night I was tired after the journey with its broken rest. I went to bed early, but how could I sleep? The cook, Gabriel, was a Goanese, and for hours he kept muttering his prayers in a nearby servants' room, and I just could not go to sleep. Next morning Mr. Brown told me that rats were dying in the compound and that this was a forerunner of plague. The rat-flea transmits the disease to man — in the nearby village two men had died of bubonic plague the day I arrived. The mission doctor (who lived half a mile away), advised me to vacate my room in the bungalow until the plague scare had passed, so he pitched a tent for me in his compound and I settled down to my first night under canvas. I had just retired when the weird howling of the jackals near the tent terrified me with their almost human shrieks, and I did not sleep a wink. In the morning when I told the doctor of my bad night and my fear of being bitten by the jackals, he laughed at me — he thought it was a great joke!

Language Study

When the plague scare was over what a relief it was to return to the Browns — at last I was able to commence the study of Marathi, which I had to learn to enable me to work among the people. I employed a Brahmin pundit (teacher), who came to teach me for two hours each day, my first task being to learn the alphabet. Back to ABC! I had to learn the correct pronunciation from an educated national while he taught me a little of Hinduism and tried to improve his own knowledge of English at the same time.

I had not studied phonetics before and, as I battled with lingual, dental, labial and guttural sounds which had to be mastered, I became more and more confused. However, after a month I had learned the alphabet, and was able to read slowly, and the pundit told me my pronunciation was correct. I studied for about six hours daily, and by the help of God and sheer determination, I came through those early days at the language. A farewell message had been given me by a friend in Sydney from Acts 26 : 22—

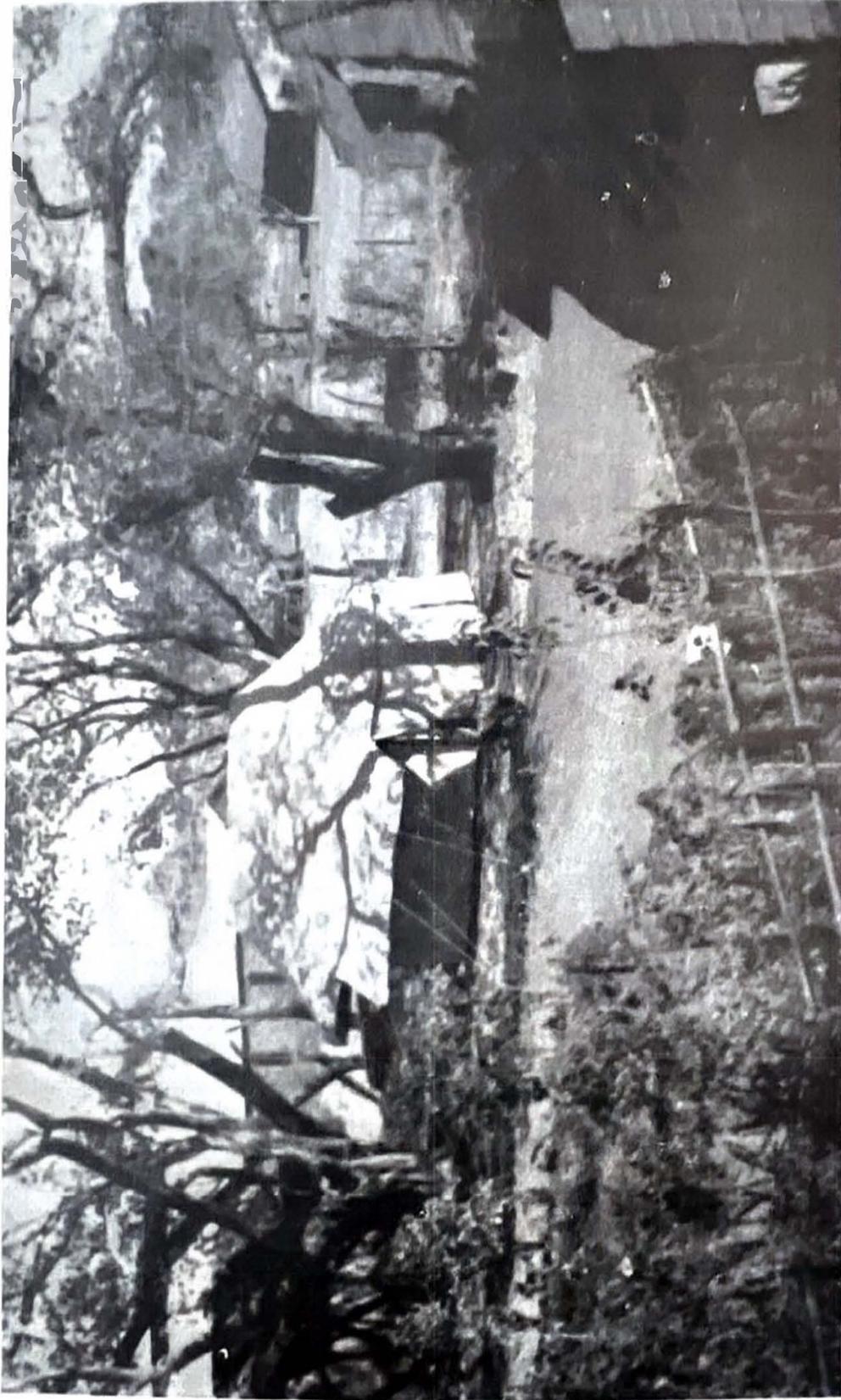


"CLEANSE THE LEPERS"

Gouravva Patil, formerly a patient, applying lotion to wound of Shiva Parit, one of the greatest sufferers in the Leper Hospital. His sunken nose is significant. In the background is Chandrakai Kanagle, another Christian.



VIEW OF GENERAL HOSPITAL, SANKESHWAR—Tree to the right.



"OUR GOD WHOM WE SERVE IS ABLE."

Dr. and Mrs. Henderson lived in a tent, half the size of the one shown, and preached and did dispensary work under the tree with the cut branch. Cooking was done behind prickly pear bushes, which then were common.

Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come.

This precious portion of God's Word was verified many times during my long sojourn in India.

I was worried by Gabriel praying at night and did not feel fresh for study when I got up at five, but after a few months I began to enjoy language study. I also improved my knowledge of Marathi by going out with Mr. Brown and an Indian Christian preacher. It was thrilling to give my first talk in a small village after I had been there eight months—eight months of real testing; I was no linguist and had to grind hard at the language, and had to persevere for two years in order to acquire a good working knowledge of it. I successfully passed the first and second Marathi examinations in a little over two years.

The missionary needs to be impressed strongly that language study will be his important work for at least two years on the field. Many there are who quickly learn a new language, but there are those who reach their goal only after hard application. This, of course, applies to all forms of study. However, it always must be borne in mind that "practice makes perfect," and there will be pleasure in noting progress and seeing difficulties removed. Especially will the new missionary be delighted when able to *think* in his acquired language. Rapid improvement in delivery will follow, at this stage, through the better choice of words and more skilful construction of sentences. Also in this way may be attained that which is the distinctive mark of every true orator—ability to think while upon his feet. The presentation of the Gospel message can be helped greatly thereby. Recourse to notes by any speaker is justifiable, but unquestionably it is he who is able to collect, dissect and communicate his thoughts while facing his hearers who will specially delight them and command their attention.

Chapter II

A PARTNER IN THE LORD

Together We Serve

THE 19th century novel was characterised by its love story of the couple who would be drawn together eventually as man and wife; but ere that stage was reached many difficulties were encountered, rivals appeared, financial considerations hampered, relatives frowned disapproval—yet, through it all, true love won its victory. These were not my experiences, nor are they the experiences of many whom God draws together in holy matrimony. But were this present story of a different character I could tell of happy times with my bride-to-be, of deep affection, of God's blessing on our courtship, of the full assurance of happy and useful life together when the time of our marriage arrived. How I would impress on my dear young friends the need to be guided by the Word of God in the choice of a life partner! Unequal yoke means unhappiness: it cannot be otherwise. But when there is prayer together, service together, and hope together—how blessed! The years have passed; the dear one given to me of the Lord those long years ago is now in declining health, feeling the burden of the heavy life in the mission field, but we exult as husband and wife that there is a crown of rejoicing to be received from His hand.

The most popular Hill station in Bombay Province was at Mahableswar, and while I was there, for my second language examination, I met the Australian lady who later became my wife. In those early days God gave us visions of what He wanted us to do in His service in that part of India, in lives of devotion to Him. We were married in 1912 at Belgaum, at Dr. Hunter's bungalow, the wedding guests being missionaries and Indian Christians. Mr. J. F. Brown conducted the ceremony in godly fashion, after which we left for our honeymoon. However, Mr. M. J. Wark's second son contracted plague, and the doctor sent a messenger asking me to come with haste to Daddi, so our honeymoon ended abruptly. I cycled the distance of 30 miles to Daddi and, on arrival, the doctor inoculated me against plague, as rats had been dying in some of the nearby villages. This, coming on top of the journey by cycle along muddy roads, proved too much for me, and I suffered a severe reaction, which was quite usual in those days after plague inoculation.

With careful medical care and nursing, Mr. Wark's son made a good recovery.

Camping in Various Parts

After our marriage we camped together in various parts of the district. Camping brought us interesting experiences. We were encouraged by the numbers who listened, but there was no real response to the Gospel. It was not easy to bring the people under conviction of sin, and they appeared to be satisfied with their heathen gods.

In the cool season of 1912 we set out to work from a large town called Gad-Hinglaj, with a population of 10,000 (mainly Marathas), in the Indian State of Kolhapur, about forty miles from Belgaum. We did the journey from Belgaum by horse tonga — a kind of buggy. The road for the first thirty miles was fairly good, and we made excellent progress. On the second day of our journey — what a road! — we passed through Sankeshwar, which was later to be the scene of our labours for thirty years.

The Fakir Was Mad

We were under canvas at Gad-Hinglaj for two months. Excitement was evident the day after our arrival. My wife and I went for a walk on the outskirts of the town by the river side. The day was hot — hotter than usual. The Indian sun poured down upon a thirsty earth, but the modern idea of discarding too many clothes does not prevail in India; on the contrary it has been said that clothing insulates from heat. On this day the women water-carriers appeared in their bright saris, very colourful against their dark skins and fine features. On their heads the shining water-pots caught the glint of the glaring sun and gave an effect that could be produced only by the sun shining in his strength. My wife and I were entranced at the sight, but our thoughts were soon turned to more mundane things than water-carriers from an Indian village, and our contemplation about the woman at Samaria's well was interrupted. One of the women had gathered a bundle of green pulse in the fields to take home to her family. Bundles of this are sold by the roadside and in bazaars, and it is enjoyed by young and old alike. This woman was suddenly confronted by a fakir (holy man) dressed in a saffron coloured robe, wearing

brown beads round his neck, and he demanded some green pulse from her. The woman was terrified, and when she refused to give it, he snatched it from her. We remonstrated, not knowing that the man was mad, and soon a large crowd gathered, and it took some time and diplomacy for us to get away.

Guns in the Night

In our tent that night we found it difficult to sleep. The crowd had seemed hostile, but we were there on the Master's business, and were assured He would protect us. We could not restrain a feeling of fear, however, when we heard, amidst much shouting, guns being fired off about midnight. We were young and in a new part of the district, and had not been in a native State before, and how were we to know that the guns were fired in honour of the birth of a son to a wealthy resident? The long hours of the night dragged slowly by and, after little sleep, my wife had to rise early and dress because of prying eyes at crevices in the tent and over the tent door. After a cup of tea the first morning, Tukaram, the Indian brother who was my companion, accompanied me into the town to preach. We got into a rather hostile crowd that morning, as the fakir followed us wherever we tried to preach and shouted out that I had stolen ten rupees from him.

The Fakir's Accusation

We had to return to our tent, and soon a crowd gathered, followed by the mad fakir. He shouted out, "You stole ten rupees from a handkerchief of mine containing mutton". A red handkerchief had been brought to the tent in my absence and was offered to my wife by a boy. She refused it, as it looked dirty and she did not know what it might contain, and so gave it to the tonga driver for disposal. A short time after the arrival of the crowd, the noise became distracting, and the fakir became menacing.

"Give me the ten rupees you stole from me or I'll kill you!" he shouted.

While I stood there wondering what I should do, the wild fanatic swung a great stick up ready to strike me. Just at that moment someone sprang up and struck the fakir's hand with a stick, and another man went and called the police.

A police inspector soon arrived, looking rather scared. With him were three constables, and an enquiry was held in front of the tent. The fakir persisted in the story that he had sent me a red cloth, and in the corner had been tied ten silver rupees. The astute police inspector called for the cloth and this was produced. "Did you say ten silver rupees were tied in a corner?" he asked. Then suddenly he waxed bold and declared that if the rupees had been tied in the corner of the cloth their impression would be left. The fakir then saw that the evidence was against him, so he confessed he had lied in order to get ten rupees from me. Not so mad, after all! The only thing to do was to forgive the fakir, especially as the police seemed so afraid of him. The inspector told us that he was the most feared man in the place.

Blessing was the Outcome

"All things work together for good to them that love God", but little did I think that blessing was to come to me from these untoward incidents! A stranger in a foreign land, seeking to preach Christ, shrinks from anything that tends to bring him into conflict with the people of that land. "As much as lieth in you live peaceably with all men". The adventure of the Gospel is not a smooth-running, uneventful activity: constantly situations arise that call for resourcefulness and tact. The man of God truly must be fashioned as Paul describes, to fight the good fight of faith—with the whole armour of God.

The claim for ten rupees was a material one, but my poor Indian adversary had a great claim on me—next time a just one: *I was to tell him of the Lord Jesus Christ!* That he had caused me distress of mind and inconvenience sank from memory with the closing of the affair, but later a privilege was to be mine when he became ill. His friends could not understand his request when he sent for the missionary. And what a joy and privilege it was to tell that man who had so few opportunities, a man representing millions of his race, that the blessed Christ of God was the Redeemer and Friend of sinners and that He was waiting to bless him with a present salvation!

The Gospel to the Learned

We continued under canvas for two months. A few days after our arrival, the lawyers and teachers asked me to address them in Marathi, and to give our reasons for being camped there.

I agreed, and at the time appointed found a large audience of educated Hindus.

What were my impressions? God had called me. I was His servant, away from kindred and home, material ambitions set aside. I was in a foreign land. Early reading had set the missionary as a hero in my imagination; one who took his life in his hands and hazarded all for the Gospel. And so those men of God had been my heroes. Outstanding names in Church history serve as incentives to service in a later age and are an inspiration to the sowers of this time to go forward bearing precious seed.

And here I was in India! In front of me were those who did not have the privilege of living in a Christian land, who did not hear the Gospel and did not know the Bible. Perhaps the thought above others at such times is how neglectful those in the homelands are. How regardless of their *priceless privileges!* With what regret we read distorted versions of the Gospel of God, and how we sorrow because of men who are placed as spiritual advisers of the flock preaching "another gospel!" To all who would take the responsibility of mission work — at home as well as abroad — I would say "Preach the Word!" Not what you or another may think, but only what the Word of God declares.

On this occasion I was thrilled as I looked at their faces and was able to speak with power the Gospel message. The chairman even thanked me for stating so clearly our reason for being there, and we praised God for such a splendid opportunity to proclaim the glad tidings. For years we preached in the weekly bazaar in that place.

INDIA'S CALL

In a land of sunshine, on the swelt'ring plains,
Dwell the high and low caste, in its thronging lanes;
On each towering hilltop, under spreading tree,
In its many temples, idols you may see;
Superstition's symbol, Freedom's enemy,
From whose deathly presence, hope and joy must flee.

Men! These souls are dying — dying without light!
Let there be compassion, as they pass from sight!
In your heart is dwelling God's own Holy Word;
They know not the Saviour; they have never heard
Of the One who loves them; gave His life to save
From the power of Satan, and a hopeless grave.

Some have gone before you, making light the task;
Theirs was conflict, suffering — glorious gain at last!
Who are there to follow — men of courage bold—
Snatching from the wolf-den lambs for God's own fold?
It is His voice pleading — "Who will go to-day?"
He asks *you* to serve Him — can you say Him nay?

Edith Henderson

BRAHMINS AND DARKNESS

On our return journey from Gad-Hinglaj we stayed at a Government bungalow near Sankeshwar, and spent some time in the town to consider it as a station to be opened up, for the darkness here was appalling. I preached publicly several times at the main entrance of the Math (monastery), which was built in 1199, according to an inscription near the entrance. This huge building covers two acres. The north gate forms the main entrance. The south gates faces towards the Harinkashi River. At one time there was a sacrifice chamber built on the river bank to accommodate 1,000 persons, but by our time it had fallen into disrepair. The devotees of the Swamy (priest) are Brahmins, Rajputs, Marathas and Shimpis (tailors), and his jurisdiction extends from the Malprabha River in the south to the Himalayas in the north. It was into this centre of Brahminism that we came after our first furlough in 1918. The Brahmins told Mr. Wark and myself then that even if we stayed twenty years we would not see a convert. Praise the Lord, their prophecy was not fulfilled!

Housing Trouble

My wife and I were living in a small tent with our two children about half a mile from the town of Sankeshwar, and we daily made enquiries about a block of land on which to build a mission station, but without success, and so my wife reluctantly returned to Khanapur until suitable accommodation could be arranged. Several people told me they had land for sale and asked me to call again. When I did call, they were engaged in puja (worship of idols) or bathing and could not see me. This went on for several weeks, until one night my tent was blown down in a storm, and it became so soaked that it was impossible to pitch it again.

Abraham by his tent door could receive the blessing of angels. All my life I had regarded a tent as a temporary dwelling: it certainly had proved so to me! Christian friends often had exhorted fellow-believers to have their tent-pegs loose, having in view that we did not belong to earth, that we were pilgrims and strangers, that Heaven was our home. All very, very good advice. But this morning, sitting under a banyan tree awaiting the rising sun, as I shivered in wet, clinging clothes, not daring to think of such luxuries as hot soup or hot

porridge, I would have given heartfelt thanks for a shelter from storm and rain, that would stand between me and the unkindly elements as I had experienced them that night. However, the morning sun restored my dampened ardour and then I walked up and down in the sun to get my clothes dried.

Now, I seemed to be able to think clearly again. Something must be done. I was the Lord's servant; what would He have me do? Perhaps I should return to Belgaum. Such thoughts in no wise were connected with a "looking-back", but were the contemplations of one who was faced with difficulties and realised that God-given wisdom must be exercised in a walk of faith. There is a vast difference between self-will and acting according to the best of one's mature consideration of a problem — always bearing in mind that the Christian has sought the will of the Lord in prayer and that his life is being lived in conformity to God's Word.

A Temple Musician on the Scene

A surprise was in store for me and the answer to prayer was close at hand. Returning warmth allowed me to take note of my surroundings, and soon I saw someone coming towards me. To my surprise it was a temple musician who was approaching. In such circumstances he was far from being what one would have considered an answer to prayer. He was altogether unlike my idea of one carrying a message of value to me concerning the Lord's work in that dark land! With his Eastern garb and "nanny-goat" beard he approached me respectfully and told me he would sell some land on the main road. Here was the hand of the Lord opened again in blessing to His servant: The land was suitable and I agreed to buy it, although the price was rather high.

In our own land how much trouble, protracted litigation, and disappointment have been caused over land transactions! Astute agents have misrepresented, overcharged and defrauded; but my temple musician was not of that type, and although the Brahmins did not want missionaries there and placed every obstacle they could in the way to prevent the transaction being completed, he was adamant. He was a family man. At home one of his daughters was on the verge of being married. She was his daughter; he had a duty towards her. He needed money for that marriage. He was proud to be able to supply the

finance needed, but it must come from the sale of that land. Moreover he had made a promise to the Sahib to sell the land: he would not — could not — break his word! I think now of the forthrightness of that idol-worshipper. Many in favourable environment have been far below his standard of honouring a promise. How I yearned that such a one might know Christ as his Saviour!

We went to the court for the registration, and there court officials and others sought to hinder him from making the transaction. He told them he was a man of his word, and that he would keep his promise, and would then cut his throat! The sight of 700 rupees, about £45, on the court floor, brought a smile to his face, and the title deed was soon forthcoming.

Owner of an Idol

Now I come to a very strange fact — I, a Christian missionary, became the owner of an idol! I had bought it with the land!

These lines well could have been before me then:

With zeal anew he tells them
Their idols to disown,
If but one soul forsake them
No greater joy is known.
The comfort of assurance
That those who sympathise
Are praying for him, raises
His thanks beyond the skies.—(E.H.)

The musician had his mud house on the land, and under a neem tree was the idol of the temple musicians, named Kariwa. I took no notice of the idol at the time of purchasing the land, but one day later on told him that, as the land was now our property, I intended to remove it. He protested and said it was really "child's play", and pleaded with me to leave it. I had heard a good deal of the power behind the idol, but the word that came again and again to me was "an idol is nothing". I reasoned in my mind that if that were so, it could do me no harm and, therefore, I called one or two Moslems and a Christian working for me to assist in removing the idol. It was a slab of stone, 3 feet in length, stuck into the ground and splashed over with red paint. When it was removed, we broke it into small pieces and built it into the walls of the house.

As we worked, Hindus came and looked on. Here was something terrible: this Christian missionary was interfering with the supernatural. The idol was being broken up! The crowd increased. Heads were shaken, whispers went from one to another, murmurs grew in volume. Then one summed up the judgment of those poor superstitious idol-worshippers: "Something will soon happen to the Sahib for interfering with the idoll"

Dear Hindu friends, I am an old man now, and all that has happened to me is that God has given me precious Indian souls, and my dear wife and I spend the evening of our lives praying for the land that claimed our best years—best not only in physical energy, but best in the enjoyment of Jehovah's power and presence and in the victory of our Lord Jesus Christ as we, by His Spirit, preached and ministered to the people of our charge!

Blessed are those days in our memory, and our hearts' yearning is for those who will take up the work when we, by the shortness of earthly life, must needs return to our homeland, to duty calling for less stress on aged bodies. Oh, what blessing will be yours, dear Reader, if the call to you is heard and responded to as by one who would be the bond-servant of Jesus Christ!

A Mother in India

Florence Nightingale of historic fame has been an example to brave women to render nursing service to suffering humanity. The lady with the lamp is remembered gratefully by her fellow-countrymen and nearly all, at some time or other in their lives, have appreciated the tender care of a nursing sister and her assistants.

With natural hesitation I have mentioned the wonderful work of my devoted helpmeet. With a high degree of nursing skill, and actuated by the love of Christ, she cared for the sick and suffering, exposed herself to grave dangers of infection, and worked amongst the filth of foul surroundings: and *never* from that dear soul, by word or expression, were there complaints that this was included in her missionary work. Above all this, was the deep experience of God's own Presence—the knowledge that the lamp of her nursing career was the one shining as a light unto her path and a lamp unto her feet. Amid all this busy

service there were the additional duties of family care and responsibility, and in that household she performed her duties with the same love and zeal as characterised her ministrations to others. The Lord reward her!

In those early days my wife undertook some dispensary work for which she had been trained in Bethesda Hospital, Melbourne. She was also a qualified midwife, and undertook cases of abnormal midwifery over a wide area. She had wonderful success in this work, and was made a blessing to many. Her work on behalf of the suffering and neglected Indian women was much appreciated, and she was always held in high esteem by the people. She was familiarly called "Mother". She often went out at night with Indian men to attend to these cases in the village, and was accorded the greatest respect.

THE LEPER

He lies uncared for on the busy street,
Despised by men, who pass with sandalled feet;
They fear Pollution, thus they hurry on,
But leave the leper — sore distressed — alone

The pilgrims hasten to the temple near,
Bring offerings to gods they see and fear:
Made but of wood or clay, perchance of stone—
They still believe these can for sin atone.

By passers-by unheeded, lo he lies —
His sores exposed to filthy dust and flies.
He's but an outcast none would dare to touch —
Called "The Accursed", who would care for such?

When on this earth, our Saviour wonders wrought,
An outcast, suff'ring leper healing sought.
Lo in despair before the Lord he kneels:
He stoops, He touches and—behold!—He heals.

The Saviour calls for helpers in this work:
Ours is the loss if we this duty shirk.
If His pure hands could touch the Leper's sore, —
Ours, cleansed by Him, should serve Him
more and more.

Edith Henderson.

Chapter III

LEPROSY

OF ALL diseases with which mankind is afflicted leprosy is probably the most terrible. Apart from the physical suffering, the insidious malevolent progress of the disease, there is its separating and ostracising effect. The "Unclean, Unclean!" of Scripture days has its counterpart in this modern age. "Psychology" is a word used now by laymen with only slight medical knowledge, but those same laymen know quite well what the psychological reaction will be in the case of a patient afflicted with an "unsocial" complaint of any description.

Leprosy, needing cleansing and then observation before cure could be declared, was surely an apposite type of sin, and none other than this fearful scourge was chosen in Holy Scripture to show sinful man his need.

It has been said that "Little is much if God is in it". I lived in a certain house in India—a house not much different from other houses. At that time it was a shelter from the heat, the storm and the wind, and a place to which retirement after strenuous duties was so welcome. In it the Scriptures were read, prayer was made. All around was the dire need of those in darkness and physical ill-health—the people to whom the Lord had sent His messenger. I lay this claim most humbly, but our gracious God acknowledges the desire to serve Him; and the reward is great indeed. Not for anything that could be offered would the missionary, after years of service, exchange what has been his in spiritual experience, as he has learned in the place of affliction and realised the Lord's preciousness to him. Not for any gift this world could offer would he exchange the joy that has been his in standing in places where Satan's power has been manifest and yet where God has come in and defeated the enemy. This is, as it were, God's seal upon the missionary's service and the fulfilment of the promise of the Lord Jesus: "Lo, I am with you alway . . ."

It is a coincidence that the house in which I lived when I arrived in India later became the office of the Leper Home. The large outbuildings built of laterite stone were converted into wards for the lepers. It was at Belgaum Leper Home that

I first came into close contact with lepers; and, like millions of my fellow-men, I dreaded the leper's touch and shrank from these unfortunate people. Leviticus states the leper shall dwell alone. "Without the camp shall his habitation be". What a state for a man whose disease is not his punishment but his misfortune! How awful this isolation and social ostracism!

A Leper's Blanket

The following incident portrays my reaction to contact, or fancied contact, with a disease so much to be avoided. (Compare the Scripture in Matthew 8:3.)

It has been my privilege to experience, even as did Elisha of old, the hospitality of those who would set aside a room for the man of God. How I should like to thank again all those who so cared for my wife and myself in our many years of service! Truly they are holding up the hands of those who labour for the Master, thereby rendering service of the greatest value. The accommodation so generously given has been as an oasis to the weary traveller across the sandy desert. Sisters especially are commended for the work they have done and are doing, at home and abroad, for missionaries travelling and on furlough. And such kindness is often accompanied by strain on the resources of the household.

On one occasion I stayed overnight at Chandgad with Mr. and Mrs. Storrie.

I am not an eavesdropper—a Christian is not concerned about what is not meant for his hearing; but the word "leper" struck me with all its distressful force. Borne down upon me was a vision of suffering humanity with flesh falling from bones, eyesight perhaps gone, struggling upon sticks as supports for legs that had been eaten away to show protruding bones—mankind in suffering and death—and yet I, preserved by God's grace, able to enjoy physical health and the blessing of strong, young manhood! I had overheard this dreadful statement: "We will give the leper's blanket to our visiting friend the missionary!" I had not met my friends before and did not care to ask them what they meant, although I thought missionaries would be careful not to use anything that had been in the possession of a leper.

My host and hostess had used the word "leper". That had caused this onslaught of dreadful foreboding. The meal they

had prepared for me on my arrival, the fellowship enjoyed, and the comfortable surroundings would have set my mind at rest had I had more experience; for my regard for missionaries was high.

Sleep came and went. I fought against the oppressing thought; I prayed; I sought to forget surroundings; I carried my mind to distant scenes of homeland and friends—all in vain. This was the leper's blanket! Yet why should I, a missionary, a servant of God, a man commended to the work of the Lord in India, be concerned about these things? God was able to preserve me. His Word, so long my guide, assured me of His presence. The leper's blanket! On my right side I lay, then turned on my left. But the cold of the Indian night was made null and void to me only by the blanket of — a leper!

In the morning, tired and miserable, I gazed on my bed-covering and again determined to dismiss all thoughts of it and, even as the sun rose across the Indian plain to bring a new day, so I would go forward in the strength of the promises of Him Whom I loved and sought to serve.

Months after I learned that Mr. and Mrs. Storrie had bought this blanket to give as a Christmas present to a leper who lived alone in a grass hut in the fields some miles away!

Belgaum Leper Home

Belgaum Leper Home, which is Government property, was taken over by the Mission to Lepers and was opened in 1911. I was then stationed at Belgaum. Dr. E. V. Hunter became the Mission's first Hon. Superintendent, and he soon altered the buildings and had the fencing of the large compound done. Just when lepers were being admitted his furlough became due, and he left for England; so I agreed to take charge during his absence.

It was a difficult decision to make, because of my dread of the disease which was so repulsive to me. I prayed for grace, which was abundantly supplied; and I had the joy of seeing three of the first group of lepers turn to Christ, and I baptised them towards the end of 1912, just after our marriage. It was a joy to teach them the things of God and to preach the Gospel to others who had been admitted to the Home.

One of that first group—Dongaru—died a few years ago, after a bright testimony of about thirty years. He became totally



MRS. HENDERSON WITH GANGABAI
Gangabai was the little leper maid whose story is told in this book. She is now a fine Christian girl, and is cured of leprosy. The photograph was taken after discharge from Sankeshwar Leper Hospital.



VILLAGE TRANSPORT.
Cart, with sick patient, arrives at General Hospital, Sankeshwar.

blind some years before his death, and was a typical "burned out" case, but rejoiced in the Lord to the end. He loved to visit his own village from time to time to witness to his people, and was occasionally accompanied by one of the missionaries. For many years he and other leper Christians publicly preached the Gospel on bazaar day, by the side of the main road, to large crowds of passers-by. During the monsoon they preached under the shelter of a grass and bamboo hut, which they erected in such a way that it was open towards the road. Thousands from distant villages heard the Glad Tidings from their lips.

Dreams

Another leper in 1912 was saved through a dream, and continued in the things of God. I have heard of other illiterate men who were saved through seeing Christ in dreams.

Dreams have been always the subject of controversy. How are they caused? How long do they last? Have they any bearing on real life? Such questions are asked frequently. The dreams of Scripture are most interesting and the fact that they are recorded by the Spirit of God shows that man has been spoken to by this method. Pilate's wife could not dismiss by sleep thoughts of that tragic trial: One in innocence standing before a judge holding powers of life and death! The message is sent to Pilate: "Have thou nothing to do with that just Man: for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of Him". In the words of warning given, the character of the Lord Jesus portrayed—that just Man—and in the distress of her mind and conscience because of her husband's association with such a trial, there is a direct pointing to God's intervention by the dream. Pilate's rejection of his wife's warning, his hand-washing, and his yielding to the multitude have brought on him the reproach of millions, when he could have had the admiration of Heaven and earth had he put into effect his true estimation of the prisoner—"this just Person". Tragic beyond all description!

During my sojourn at Belgaum I learned something of the compassion of Christ for lepers. It was always a joy to visit the institution and speak to them from the Scriptures. Mr. Irvine, one of the commended missionaries, on his return from New Zealand, took over the work and carried it on with blessing for many years.

Chapter IV

BUILDING EFFORTS

Utilising Local Labour

In Australia, where progress building statistics are sought by Government departments, a new term has come into use, "builder pro tem". Thousands of people these days are conducting the erection of their own houses. Such builders seldom get beyond the "pro tem" designation. They know something of the difficulties of labour and supplies, and of the inconvenience of "living on the job". Such "builders" would understand something of our approach to the housing project before us during our early days at Sankeshwar.

We lived in a small tent with our two children, George and John, while the bungalow was being erected. My wife did the cooking in the shade of some nearby prickly pear bushes, which grew to a good height. A path was made into the bushes, so that she might be sheltered from the strong east wind which prevails at that season. The bushes also afforded some shade from the sun, but, of course, the smoke from the fire was trying on the eyes.

Most of my time was spent supervising the work of the masons and, three times a week, building stones (which men cut out of boulders on the top of a hill some miles away) had to be measured. The stones were brought to us on low carts drawn by buffaloes. The masons were Marathas by caste and terrible drunkards; they would leave the work in the early evening to visit the licensed toddy shop to drink. Some of them slept in a tent which we lent them, and others in a nearby rest house used by cart men passing through from the coast.

One evening a quarrel broke out while they were under the influence of drink, and shearing hooks were freely used. I was obliged to intervene, and settled the quarrel only after I had tied one of the men to a tree! They were determined to do poor work in order to get away quickly with a good sum of money in hand, and I constantly had to be on the job. Friday, being bazaar day, was pay-day, and they always tried to get more money than they had earned, but I carefully measured up the work done, and paid accordingly. When they had built

the walls to a height of about five feet, they began to complain that they had taken the contract at too low a rate.

A Robbery at Night

My wife, being somewhat worn out by the conditions then obtaining, went with the children to Daddi, twenty miles away, to spend a few days with missionary friends. The night before she returned I was robbed. The thief had pulled out the suit case containing forty rupees and my best blue serge suit from underneath my camp cot. Thinking it was a dog, I called out to frighten it. The suit case, ripped up by a knife or shearing hook, was later found some distance away. I informed the local police inspector of the theft, and he assured me he would soon catch the culprit.

The next night the masons left and we never saw them again — even their week's pay was not collected. Little did they know we were short by one hundred and fifty rupees of the amount due for the work done! They must have left the district altogether, for I never saw them again.

I visited the police on several occasions to enquire if they had succeeded in catching the thief, but the inspector usually said in English, "Investigations are proceeding".

In our homeland we regard the policeman as standing for strength. Our daily papers frequently record police doings — capture of criminals, cliff rescues at great risk to the officers themselves or water-police endangering their lives to rescue marooned fishermen. These are the men who are set to preserve order and render service and bring respect to the police force as we know it. But those Indian police, no doubt, had accepted a bribe from the thief, for bribery was very common. The culprit was never caught, but I suspected the masons.

The Work of Building Expedited

I heard of two Indian Christian builders who were living in a town twelve miles away and wrote asking if they could undertake the remaining part of the building. In reply one of them came to see me and promised to bring men to finish the work. His men were good tradesmen and needed little supervision. Every morning before they commenced, we had hymns, reading of the Word of God and prayers in Marathi.

At night the contractors and their Christian men asked for Bible talk when their evening meal was over. We had happy times, and enjoyed this welcome change after the swearing and quarrelling there had been previously. The standard of work of the Christian men also was superior.

What a difference—the bungalow completed, strong walls to keep out heat and wind and rain; a substantial roof to protect us overhead; at night our rest unbroken by being forced to give attention to tent pegs and ropes; prying eyes no longer a source of distress; and we could settle down to our real work for the Lord!

Chapter V

THE DREADED COBRA

Seven Feet of Terror Despatched

ABOUT THE TIME that the bungalow was completed a Jain living in a large mud house, not far away, called me one night to kill a huge cobra in the roof of his house. Followers of the Jain religion must not take life of any kind, and at night no open fire or light is used in case moths or other insects should be burned. But the sight of the cobra scared this man, and he said:

"Sahib, you *must* kill it, as our lives are in danger!"

Cobras in that district were not our only danger, and because of the menace of mad dogs I had provided myself with a gun.

So I accompanied the shaking Jain to his house where his wife was distraught. What a specimen that cobra was! I despatched him, and as we looked on his writhing body it certainly was not a pleasant sight. Seven feet in length, his strike would have meant death. His ugly head even now seemed to indicate hate to mankind, and the two Jains, working themselves farther away from the reptile, seemed near to collapse. They regarded themselves as having been delivered from death, but the man told me later that he and his wife ate no food for a week, in order to atone for their sin of calling me to kill the cobra.

Soon afterwards the house changed hands, another Jain becoming the tenant. With the new tenant came a new brand upon that house. No longer the home of at least respectable people, it became a place of immorality. This Jain followed Buddha's teaching in not taking life, but the soul-destroying wickedness of man was permitted, bringing shame on his own name and on that of the house he occupied.

But a remarkable change was imminent: The property was offered for sale. Perhaps it sold more cheaply because of its unsavoury character. The local Christians bought it and turned it into a Gospel Hall. What a transformation! Praise the Lord!

Cobras Again

We had quite a few interesting experiences with cobras.

One day my wife was sitting down to breakfast when she heard the cry, "Snake-bite!" She ran immediately, for every moment counts, and found an excited crowd at the dispensary, with a young man in the centre of the crowd who said he had been bitten by a snake. Sure enough there were two puncture marks on the young man's hand. Incisions were made over the punctures, and blood was sucked from the area. Permanganate crystals were then rubbed into the wound, and stimulation given to the patient in the form of injections and strong coffee. The young man was told to forget about the snake bite, since the necessary remedies had been given. Next day Joti came to say "Thank you". The usual custom (much as we dislike it) is to bow prostrate at one's feet. He was about to leave for a village 20 miles away.

In treating cases, the greatest difficulty lies in the fact that cobra-bite victims always come too late, partly because some time is usually spent saying mantras (incantations) before seeking medical aid. Often we have seen men who had been bitten by non-venomous snakes frightened, thinking they were going to die.

The cobra is often exhibited by snake charmers in order to make a living. It is kept in a cane basket with a lid, and is taught to keep time to the tune of a crude wooden musical instrument. It raises itself up on its lower part and moves its head from side to side — apparently loving the music, which is played by the charmer while it performs. As soon as the music stops, the cobra is immediately placed in the basket and the lid closed. These performing cobras are, as a rule, deprived of their poison fangs.

The serpent, with graceful movement and lightning attack, is in special evidence in this land of India. No more fear-inspiring reptile can be imagined than a cobra. He would seem to represent all the enmity of the evil one against mankind. Always spoken of as "the deadly cobra", native and European alike are ever on the alert for his appearance. My two close acquaintances with him were anything but comforting. Paul, on Melita, shook the viper from his hand into the fire. My own deliverances were just as attributable to the inter-

vention of God as was the experience of the loved Apostle to the Gentiles.

An experience which stands out clearly in my mind is one I had in the bathroom at Sankeshwar. The cobra seemed to be supported on its tail, with its body raised and its head advanced, and it made a hissing sound. It was about to strike, but I was able to burst the inner bathroom door by my back and thus effect an escape before being bitten—only just in time! Cobra bite is usually fatal within 18 to 24 hours.

One Sunday afternoon while I was reading on the verandah, my wife saw a cobra about five feet in length, hanging on the wire netting of the verandah, with hood up, and moving its head backwards and forwards in front of my face. Whether it was interested in my glasses or was about to strike I do not know. I saw it only after it was killed. My wife called some Christian men, who came silently and broke its back and then killed it. It is always wise to use a bamboo stick about six feet long to break the back, thus curtailing the snake's movements, so that it may be killed easily. In India one is always on the look-out for snakes, especially at night.

Every missionary has an obligation to understand how to treat snake-bite. With the exercise of care, especially at night-time, the risks are greatly reduced. Feet and legs should be covered always, as the fangs then penetrate the shoes or socks and thus much of the venom is lost. Fatal bites are usually on bare parts. Thousands die of snake-bite in India every year.

The startling experience of a boatman and some other men of my acquaintance was reported by the "Times of India" on 10th July, 1936. "At Nilgji, a country boat carrying about 25 people met with a curious experience. Cobras swimming over the flooded water approached the boat, and one big cobra coiled itself around the boatman's leg. He escaped after a hard struggle. The boat then sprang a leak and was carried a distance of a mile by the force of the current. The occupants tried to climb some overhanging trees, but were terrorised by two big cobras. The boatman, however, managed to reach the other bank, thus saving the lives of the occupants."

Mongoose v. Cobra

The mongoose in India is well known as a snake killer. When attacking a cobra, it creeps in front of it. While the cobra

rears up and sways from side to side preparing to strike, the mongoose springs round and grips the snake at the back of the neck and below the hood. He maintains his grip until the cobra dies, being always too quick for the snake. We tamed a mongoose some years ago, and no cobras were found in the compound while it was about. Because of its food-stealing propensities we had to send it away.

20,000 Fatal Snakebites Each Year

I had considerable experience with reptiles. The cobra, Russell's viper, kariat, and saw-scaled viper are much to be feared. To-day, at the Haffkine Institute, in Bombay, serum is prepared from snake venom, to be used as an antidote for bites. Government statistics show that about 20,000 people die annually as a result of snakebite.

A few years ago a person bitten by a deadly snake was almost certain to die within some hours, but to-day in Brazil and Bombay the serum is producing good results. At the Bombay institute poisonous snakes are "milked" by massage of the poison glands. The venom is converted into crystals, which can be dissolved in distilled water as required. If a horse is given an injection of venom a surplus antitoxin is formed. Several pints of blood are then taken from the horse's veins and used as a serum for human beings. It has proved effective, and those living in areas where poisonous snakes abound have now a great measure of relief because of this scientific advance—a relief realised more readily when it is borne in mind that, according to some authorities, India has *about forty species of poisonous snakes*.



"I AM COME THAT THEY MIGHT HAVE LIFE".

The children are both severe lepromatous cases. The taller girl was "dedicated to Yellama" before she came to us with leprosy. She is very bright and is learning to read well. Her name is Houshakka.
The younger girl is Sushila.



THE LATE MR. A. E. STORRIE (a true missionary). In front of his house at Chandgad and about to visit villages by bullock-cart.



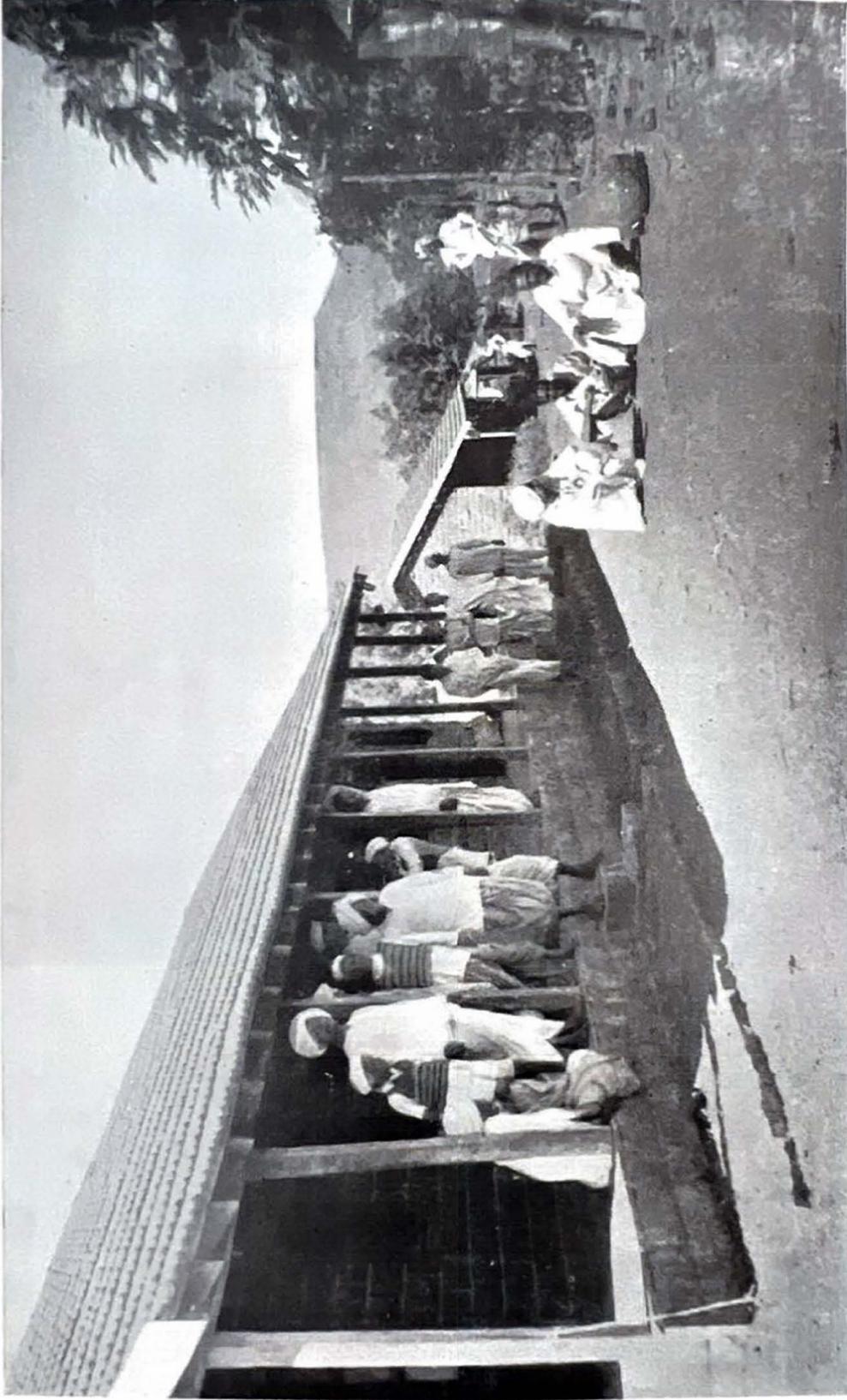
KAGAL
Temple and Mohammedan Mosque.



TREATMENT of LEPROSY.
Intra-dermal injection of hydnocarpus oil.



"COME OVER AND HELP US!"
Leper women at Sankeshwar Leper Hospital.



**GROUP OF LEPER MEN (taken outside Sankeshwar Leper Hospital).
"Heal the sick; cleanse the lepers",**

Chapter VI

EARLY BLESSINGS

The Patil Gives Us a Block of Land

THE PATIL (head man) of Sankeshwar now gave us a gift—a block of land, about an acre and a half, between the bungalow and Poona-Bangalore road. On this we were to build a dispensary.

This man was very religious, and spent most of his time in idol worship.

We were soon able to build three rooms and, later, the General Hospital, where the medical work has been carried on with blessing to the bodies and souls of many.

The buildings were added to as the Lord provided funds. The first sum of money for the hospital was a gift of £200 from the trustees of the Girls' Orphanage at Belgaum. The orphanage had been sold because all the famine orphans had grown into manhood and womanhood.

Dr. Long, of Bath

In our early days in Sankeshwar, Dr. Long, of Bath, stayed with us. Dr. Long's conversion at the age of 32 years was unique. Although not an habitual drunkard, he had imbibed from time to time and even gambled at Monte Carlo. After his conversion his whole life was changed, and the change was seen by the patients in his practice, and by his relatives—among the latter being his brother, who at that time was Mayor of the city of Bath. The doctor was a man of independent means, and he became exercised about service for the Lord. After some time he relinquished his practice and sailed for India to work among Europeans and English-speaking Indians. He rendered valuable help to missionaries in dispensary work.

Dispensary work had proved its worth, first as a handmaiden of the Gospel and then as means of help to the poor who were unable to pay medical fees.

Dr. Long came on a visit to our station to help us, and returned from time to time over a period of several years.

Much of the hospital equipment was given by him, and often he purchased drugs and dressings for the work.

Although Dr. Long could not speak any Indian vernacular, and had to speak by interpretation, his service and messages were much appreciated by all.

His approach to Europeans was unique. He visited them in their clubs, at football matches for British soldiers, and at the racecourse on the hills. One of his methods was to stand out and shout out a text when near a crowd. A favourite was, "It is appointed unto men once to die and after this the judgment". The usual remark he made was, "Yes friends, there is an *after this* for every man: What about it, men? Don't miss your way to heaven". He styled this method "a nine point two", being the name given to a certain gun used in World War I.

He was preaching in his home city one Sunday evening, his subject being *Eternity*.

Finishing his address, he sat down on the chair and immediately passed to be with Christ.

First Sankeshwar Convert

The first convert in the Sankeshwar area was a man named Luxman, a low caste man, who hailed from the village of Nul, about five miles away. When we first contacted him, he was in poor health. He consulted Dr. Long, who was visiting us at that time.

Well do I remember the poor patient, with swollen face, prostrating himself and saying: *Do something for me or I will die!*

The diagnosis was Bright's Disease. Dr. Long gave him food and treatment, and the sufferer was given a room in the compound. This cost-free service, together with Dr. Long's other kindnesses, impressed him greatly.

The result was that, after some weeks, Luxman was brought to Christ.

He returned to his village a new man — physically and spiritually. Later he was baptised at Sankeshwar, and was the first convert to take his place at the Lord's Table.

For some years he regularly attended the Sunday meetings, which meant a journey of five miles each way. He was not strong, but his wife and family cared for him. Regular supplies of medicine from the dispensary helped him to carry on.

His was a faithful testimony over the years, and when the time of his departure was at hand, there was the confidence of being absent from the body, present with the Lord.

A Doctor Needed for the Station

This case of conversion through the medical work encouraged us, and we began to pray for a doctor for the station. Dr. Long was not to be the man, although the people were greatly impressed by his service on their behalf; but he did not know the language, and always spoke by interpretation. He also liked moving about from place to place, helping missionaries in dispensary work, and preaching to Europeans and English-speaking Indians over a wide area.

Often I have heard worldly people telling their experiences and stating that their lives had been full of adventure. My own witness is that the life of the Christian missionary is one long adventure, filled with joyful surprises and unexpected happenings. From the quietness of everyday occupation in my own land I was transferred to a new land, new people, new ways, with new claims upon my time and upon my willingness to serve with whatever ability the Lord had given me.

The immense field of *reaching these people through medical work* was opened up. Our prayers were earnest that God would bless us in it.

Dr. Long's departure impressed on us the need for another medical man to take his place. And here I should like to express my thankfulness to God that He put me into the ministry of healing . . .

When Dr. Long left, little did I know that I would be the doctor to take over, in answer to the prayers of His people!

Typical Spiritual Experiences

Kalappa was a Lingaite (Merchant caste). He was a young man, living in a village 60 miles away. I had come in contact with him previously and had given him a Gospel and a Scripture Gift Mission booklet, "God Hath Spoken". Awakened interest caused him to travel the 60 miles to see me. A young man keen enough to undertake such a journey met with a real welcome on arrival, of course. It was my privilege to lead him in the way of life. He seemed real and decided to stay at Sankeshwar.

I accepted his offer to accompany me to the villages. Later he confessed Christ and was baptised.

Among the girls from Miss Bird's orphanage, at Kollegal, was a Christian girl named Loisbai. Kalappa's attentions to Loisbai were reciprocated and the wedding day was arranged. The local rejoicings and commendations were appreciated by the young couple. They seemed to be fond of each other — which, with their Christian foundation, augured well for happiness. Their language was Kanarese and they were useful to us when we spoke to those of that language.

Fifty miles away was an American hospital to which Kalappa's wife went to train as a nurse. She was an outstanding Christian, her grace and patience bringing comfort to many, and also she was a successful student, passing her examinations and completing her training satisfactorily. I then procured her an appointment at a Government hospital in Bombay, where she was sister in charge of wards for many years. There, in faithfulness to the Master, her opportunities for witness were many, and the name of Loisbai is written as that of a woman with life dedicated to Christ, serving Him in a ministry of physical healing and spiritual succor in a land of limited opportunities. Her name will endure!

But what of her husband? Poor Kalappa did not "run well". The race for him was too exhausting. In spite of his good start, he fell back. The sixty miles of travel, which he undertook in the days of his seeking after the way of salvation, became only a memory. Kalappa was slipping gradually; the bright Kalappa of those days was passing and another was taking his place in the race to victory. Finally weakness overcame and, in mental illness, Kalappa finished his course.

She had been Dedicated to Yellama

On the field, just as at home, from time to time we had disappointments. One of these disappointments — and a very serious one — was at Sankeshwar, where Rama and Gangawa his wife lived. In their house we had weekly meetings for years. Rama and Gangawa were baptised. This meant so much for them, such a complete cutting off from the old things, that our hopes for that family were bright indeed. Several members of their family were saved and, later, one grandson. Praise the Lord for this fruit for our labours!

But we had a great disappointment ahead of us. Years before our meetings the eldest daughter had been dedicated to the goddess Yellama. Such a dedication brings fear to the heart and yearning for the poor Indian girls, for dedication to the goddess means a life of immorality! The sweet babe of a household to be reserved for the terrors and the evil intents of men — What heathen darkness! May God awaken you, my Reader, to the need of help to your fellow creatures to deliver them by the power of the Gospel from the dominion of Satan.

Rama and Gangawa did not continue. They lacked the moral fibre to forbid the carrying out of their dedication of infidel days.

We must look beyond this dark page of our story for results. Grace has triumphed again. The "dedicated" young woman's son is now a well-educated, well-set-up young man, stepping bravely along life's pathway — but, best of all, he is a true believer, rejoicing in a Saviour's love! "Your labour is not in vain in the Lord".

Chapter VII

MEDICAL STUDIES AND EXPERIENCES

The Healing of the Sick

MY WIFE AND I, from our early experiences, were convinced that medical work was of great value in missionary life. Many cases came to us which we could not, with our partial qualifications, attend to. As I moved about in the heathen villages preaching the gospel, I was appalled by the poverty, especially among the Untouchables, and the lack of medical aid to all classes. The ignorance of the villagers, their traditions, and idolatrous worship and caste system made the work of preaching the Gospel difficult. Periodically, we had epidemics of plague, and as the people had no resistance to the disease, they quickly succumbed.

Many missionaries in India realise that the healing of the body helps the sick to a truer conception of the love of God. We both believed that one of us should qualify in medicine, in order to be more efficient as messengers of the Cross. As I was more free from family matters, and perhaps more able physically to endure the strain of a medical course, we decided that, in the will of God, I should commence the course of study. The more we prayed, the more we had the vision of a General Hospital and a Leper Hospital at Sankeshwar. But much had to be accomplished before these became realities.

Preaching and Healing

Being considerably over the usual age for taking up the study of medicine, I was the more exercised before God that guidance might be given me in the matter. The combination of preaching and healing appealed to me. I, therefore, during a long furlough, succeeded in passing the examinations of the first three years at Edinburgh. I desired to do the clinical terms at Bombay, where I would be in close touch with Indian doctors and students; and to return to Britain afterwards for the final examinations.

On my return to India I was granted a favourable interview with the Dean of the Grant Medical College, that College being recognised by the General Medical Council in Britain. My

class examination certificates were accepted by the examining bodies for the final examinations. I became friendly also with the Superintendent of the J. J. Hospital, one of the largest civil hospitals in India. This man was a Parsee and an officer holding the rank of Colonel in the Indian Medical Service. He helped me in many ways while I was doing my clinical studies in hospital.

Testimony Before Students

During the first year I lived in a room allotted to me by the Dean, which was 9 feet by 10 feet, the same as those allotted to Indian students. My food was supplied by an Indian servant, and nightly, young Brahmin and other students, after study hours were over, came to converse with me. I had spiritual talks with many, and one young Bombay Brahmin confessed Christ. After graduation, he invited me to his rooms in the city, where I saw, above his bed, a large picture of Christ on the cross. When I brought before him the necessity of publicly confessing Christ, he said, "It seems too much to be baptised".

During the second year in Bombay (and my last in medicine) the students sent an ultimatum to the Surgeon-General with the Government of Bombay, informing him that the quarters provided were unfit for human beings to live in and, unless suitable quarters were provided at once, they would go on strike. A day or two later I went out in the morning and found the walls covered by great notices written in whitewash:

"Stables to Let.—Apply to the Surgeon-General."

A year in those rooms had affected my health. I found a room outside the hospital building and was more comfortable in my off-duty periods.

Bombay Riots

The history of the Bombay Riots is fairly well known.

At our hospital, for many weeks, we admitted two or three hundred casualties a day. The Moslems attacked the Hindus from behind, stabbing their victim under the last rib. Often death resulted before the patient reached the table, the renal artery having been severed. The Hindus used a long loaded bamboo (lathie), striking on the head. Those terrible happenings continued until machine guns were brought into action to stop the riots. Most of the students had left the city at the

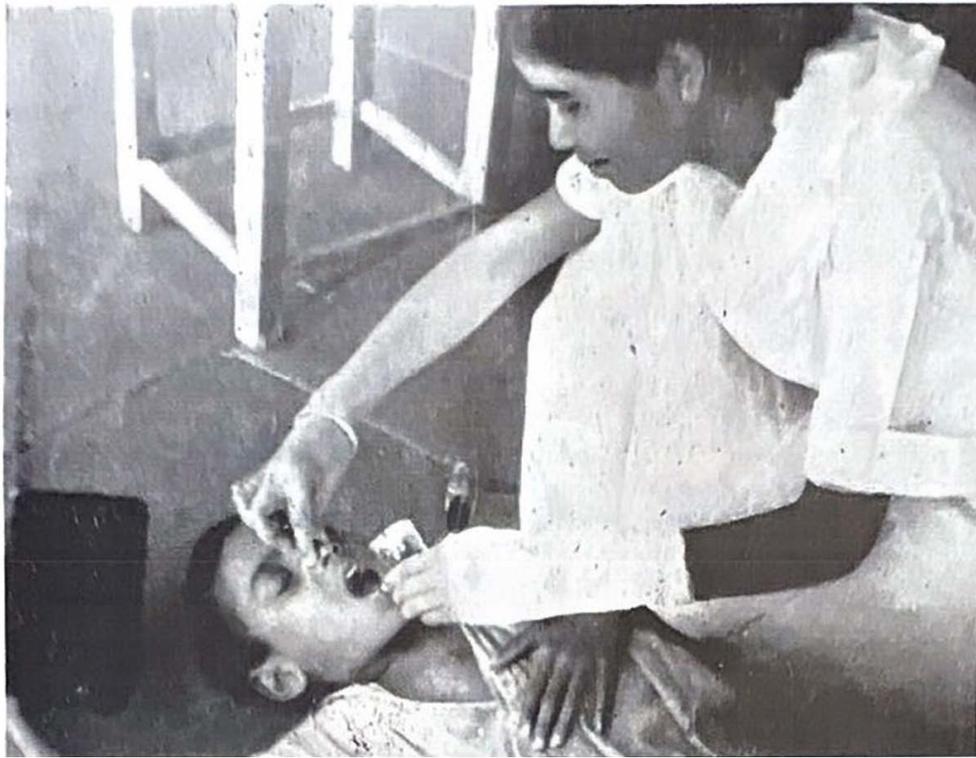
outset, but I continued and performed many operations, some being depressed fractures of the skull. I also did several amputations.

Lawlessness of the kind mentioned turned one's meditations again to the One upon Whose shoulder shall be the government; and in so contemplating we thanked Him that in some measure we were permitted to serve and speak of Him amidst the turmoil of man's selfish aspirations and hopeless groping in darkness.

The Sins of the Fathers

The shame brought to every land where sinful man has gone is terribly prevalent in India. Smug discussions in so-called educated and cultured circles in the homelands deplore sex laxity, and offer early sex enlightenment, general education, and ethics as the cure for this frightful ill. In India, where prostitution is seen in all its ugliness and filth, where its ravages in disease and sorrow follow to succeeding generations, and where the steps "taking hold on hell" are already close to the abyss, one is certain, in the very depth of his being, that nothing but the Gospel will have effect on this tragedy of mankind's lust. In Melbourne the Government displays notices warning of the danger of venereal disease. Could that same Government bring before its people the terror, the awfulness of immorality as I have seen it in India, potential wrongdoers would shake with fear of lifelong maladies in bodies which should be temples of the Holy Spirit. Oh, that young men and women would come to Christ and save their bodies as well as their souls!

At this time I had to do several midwifery cases in the underworld area in company with an Indian student, the women belonging to the prostitute class. They had been brought from country districts by men who trafficked in women. There are streets in that part where thousands of these women live. Apart from Salvation Army effort, I did not hear of work being done among them at that time—and even the student who worked with me said he felt faint when he visited cases in the Chauls! I had read "The Underworld of India," by General McMunn, and was somewhat prepared for the ordeal. Such cases were sometimes attended by final year students, as no accommodation could be found for these forsaken women in the maternity wards.



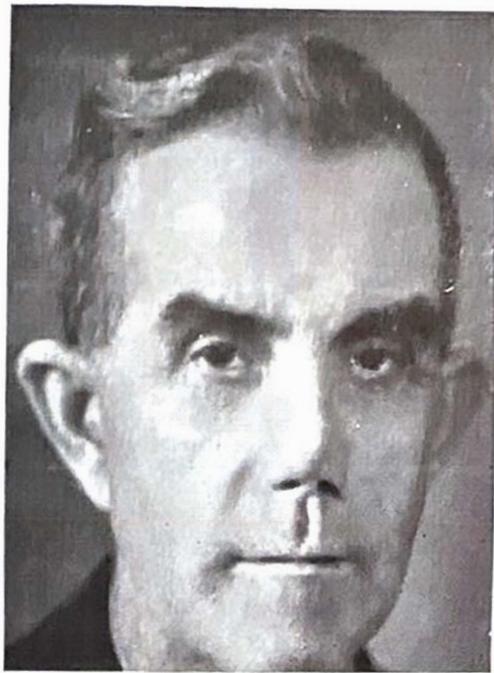
CASTOR OIL!
Not in favour with boys in India or anywhere else.



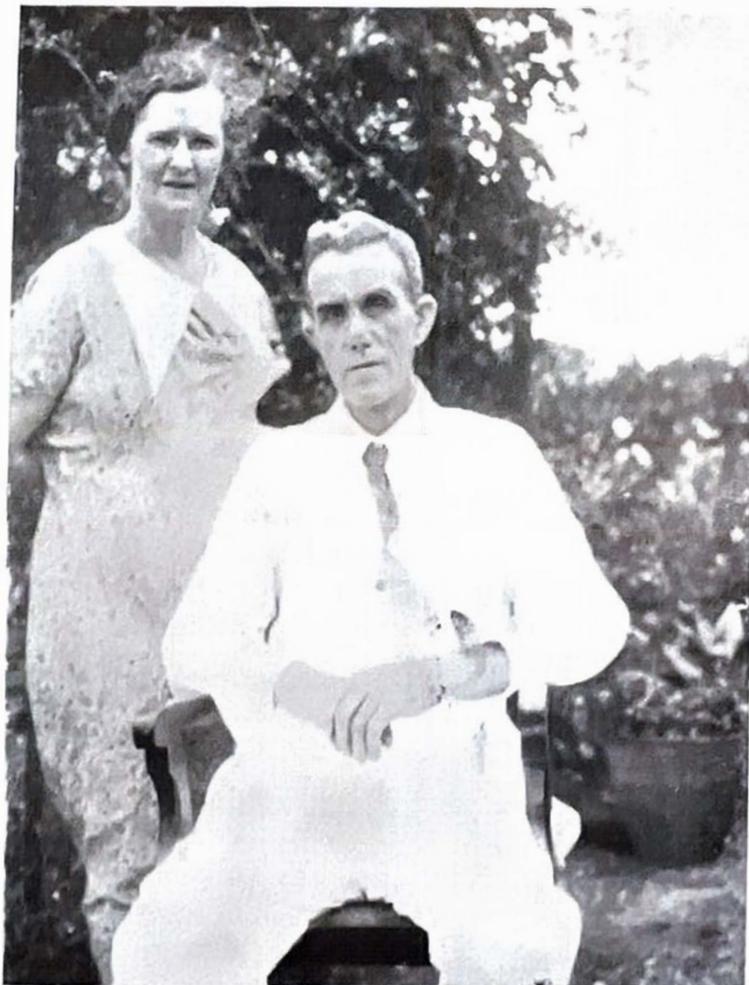
MRS. HENDERSON admitting patients.



CULTIVATED FIELDS near Sankeshwar—crops are millet, sugar-cane, chillis and cotton — small hamlet in foreground.



DR. GEORGE HENDERSON
in 1943.



DR. and MRS. HENDERSON in later years.



NEW ASSEMBLY HALL at SANKESHVAR LEPER HOSPITAL (Building provided by Australian Christians)
"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

Hospital Experience

Going home to Scotland to take my finals, I decided to go across to the famous Rotunda Hospital, in Dublin, for further experience in this branch of medicine. There it was not immorality, but poverty, which we encountered, as most of the husbands of the women attended were workers in the breweries of Guinness. There was always stout or beer in for the doctors, and I think my Australian companion was pleased that I was a teetotaler. He was willing to spend money to help mothers, who were often so poor that they did not even have things necessary for the birth of the baby. They were mostly devout Roman Catholics, and the prayer we often heard was "Holy Virgin, help me!"

During my stay at the Hospital I experienced a time of severe testing. The Lord would have me lean fully upon Himself; He would bring before me that I was His servant and that every step of my way was in a path of direction that I might be more conformed unto Christ. Those were days of endurance, but times of prayer. My shoes were rapidly deteriorating, and my clothing was reaching the stage where sponging and brushing could no longer accomplish much.

On my return to Glasgow I received a cheque for one hundred pounds from a Christian lady, which enabled me to purchase shoes and articles of clothing I needed, as well as pay the fees for my finals. The Lord reward her!

Some medical friends advised me to spend six months in hospital before returning. It would have been a great experience, but I was anxious to return to India. A friend, who was the Superintendent of a large American hospital, advised me to return at once and he would give me the necessary experience. Altogether, I spent about fourteen months there, and was given every opportunity, especially in general surgery, in which I was keenly interested because of the tremendous need in the rural districts of our mission field.

"Half-Caste"!

A curious experience befell me one day near Belgaum. I was going out to see a friend who lived five miles from that city and was driving in a tonga which he had sent to meet me, when a car driven by a European came in the opposite direction.

Some bullock carts got in his way, as the bullocks were frightened at the motor. He alighted and gave one man a beating and pulled off his turban.

I drew near at that moment and said, "This is what spoils the name of Europeans in this country". He looked at me, while his wife hung her head in shame. He asked, "Who are you?"

I replied, "I am an Englishman". He immediately shouted out, "You are a half-caste", and drove away.

One Year Later

I had no idea at the time who the man was, but the sequel to the incident took place while I was working as a surgeon at the American Hospital a year later.

The Superintendent informed me one day that two Europeans, man and wife, were coming from Belgaum, and that they would be my patients. When I went to the private ward to see them, they were none other than the couple I have referred to. The man remembered me, I am sure, but he made no reference to the incident. He was one of the highest officials in the Public Works Department in the Presidency. I was able to give the necessary treatment, and also to refer his wife to a London surgeon for an operation (for which her husband had taken leave).

The beating of Indians has largely ceased now, but was common when we first arrived in the country. The native people were spoken of disparagingly by many who should have had respect for them and who should have borne in mind that they were dealing with a people who had fewer opportunities of education and enlightenment than had the European men and women; this altogether apart from the fact that the white people were from supposedly Christian countries.

Chapter VIII

THE OPENED DOOR THROUGH MEDICAL WORK

Help to the People of Sankeshwar

AND NOW AT LAST I was back in Sankeshwar, qualified to help the people in their times of sickness. The medical work certainly proved to be *the golden key to open closed doors to the Gospel of Jesus Christ!*

I had not long returned when we were cheered by a high caste woman named Shantabai turning to Christ. She was of the Maratha caste, and was twice married as a child, first at the age of nine, and again at eleven. In both instances the husband had had a wife and family. Her father had died while she was very young, and her mother found it a great temptation to make some money by the marriage of her daughter, so another marriage was arranged when she was seventeen.

Shantabai disliked the man chosen by her mother, but in spite of this her mother continued with the arrangements for the wedding. Clothes were bought and the stage set for the event, but when they went to bring Shantabai, she was nowhere to be found. She had gone to the house of a Christian doctor, and was found by the doctor's wife, hiding in her bathroom. A Christian nurse who had influenced her was with her at the time. Shantabai said — "I have left home, as I will never be able to come out for Christ if I marry that man".

Conversion of Shantabai

The doctor's wife and the Indian Christian nurse decided to send her that night by a roundabout road to Sankeshwar. The following day she arrived with an elderly Christian woman, and my wife looked after her, daily teaching her the things of God. After a time we had the joy of seeing her come out for Christ.

Soon after she had come to us, she suffered an attack of appendicitis. Before performing the operation we prayed for God's help, and later she told us that it was during that prayer that she definitely gave herself to Christ. She was later baptised and received into Church fellowship. She commenced her training as a nurse and gave evidence of a changed life, and

had been working in hospital some months before her relatives, who lived fifty miles away, discovered her. A man from her town came as a patient to the hospital and found her working there. After being told by Shantabai that she had accepted Christ, he informed her people.

Then the trouble began.

A Cry for Help

One morning my wife heard a shriek, "Mem Sahib!" She rushed out to see what was wrong. A number of men were trying to carry Shantabai away by force. We prevented them, but all day they sought to persuade her to go with them. This all happened while Shantabai was convalescing after the operation, but she stood firm through the trying ordeal.

Needed help came at this time. One of the missionaries arrived on his motor cycle. With his assistance we rescued the girl by force. The men were not her relatives and were pulling the clothes off her body. The police patil came at her request, and took her into a room in the hospital and asked her privately if she wished to go with the men. She immediately said — "No, I have accepted Christ and have no intention of going with them!" He asked her age.

She replied: "Seventeen."

"Well," he said, "you are of age and are at liberty to decide for yourself!"

It was a thrill to us to have the joy of helping this soul spiritually, and to see her learn from this experience the joy of trusting in God in time of trouble. She has gone on well as a Christian and now conducts a nursing home for midwifery about thirty miles from Sankeshwar, where a group of Christians maintain a testimony for Christ.

The General Hospital

In our homelands we have seen many splendid hospitals, equipped with every appliance that modern medical knowledge and technique can bring to the alleviation of human suffering; the massive structures going up many storeys, windows to the sun, sheltered balconies, sound-proof walls, polished timbers and chrome fittings; operating theatres and appliances that are a delight to the surgeon; and a staff trained to render every

assistance. From every window the convalescing patient gains glimpses of lawns and gardens; he is visited by friends, and the spiritual adviser has access at all times to members of his congregation.

Perhaps our imagination did not soar to such heights, but our General Hospital was added to as money came in answer to prayer.

It is a compact hospital for a rural area, with a good theatre and maternity section. As a rule only serious cases are admitted; ordinary cases take treatment at the out-patient department, which has grown tremendously. It is an impressive sight to see the crowds waiting for the doctor, especially if there is an epidemic of malaria.

"Borne of Four"

It always has been interesting to notice the different ways the sick are brought to hospital. The well-to-do are usually brought by car or taxi. Often a patient is brought in lying on the floor of a motor-bus; but the most common means of transporting patients is by bullock cart. A very sick person sometimes would be brought sitting in a baby's cradle, fixed to a pole by ropes and carried on the shoulders of two men. The palanquin—a large box with sliding doors for carrying sadhus (holy men)—is occasionally used. One of the latest ideas is that of a high caste merchant who daily brought his wife for the dressing of a poisoned foot on the carrier of a cycle. Frequently the poor who are sick are carried on men's backs.

Midwifery Work

At the beginning, all midwifery done was abnormal, and had to be undertaken in the village houses, as the people would not bring the patients to hospital in the serious condition they were usually in. To-day many women arrange to come to the hospital, and emergency cases come early, whereas formerly they called us after four and sometimes five days had elapsed.

The Mission Hospital has been a blessing to women and children especially, and from it the Message of Life has been constantly told out. "Heal the sick and preach the Gospel" was Christ's command to His disciples, and our hospital workers, Indian and European alike, have shared in that most important part of missionary work.

In general, Indian qualified doctors are more interested in medicine than in surgery. They treat their patients by injection, whether indicated or not, and in this way they earn a fair living. Even if an Indian doctor in a rural area desired to do surgery or gynaecology, he would be unable to keep up an establishment where so much equipment is necessary.

An Open Door

The medical missionary seeks to maintain the tradition of his profession, that the poor have as great a claim to his service as the well-to-do, and it is the privilege of the medical missionary to serve such. The call of suffering humanity in India is as urgent to-day as ever. The Christian medical man of the right type will find an opening for his every gift. The missionary doctor in rural India is conscious of the limits of his ability, limits often due to lack of adequate facilities, and limits due to the trying tropical climate.

"The beloved physician!" What a picture of nobility is presented in these three words, designating one who "had perfect understanding of all things from the very first" concerning our Lord during His sojourn among men! No doubt, Luke was loved for himself: the beauty of his own character, moulded by Divine grace, would be seen by all with whom he came in contact. Then his healing knowledge, given as we should think unsparingly to those in suffering, would bring to him the gratitude of all who benefited by this ministry to the afflicted.

The doctor who has had a vision of the great need, and desires to use his professional skill to show his faith in Christ, will find in India an open door of immeasurable opportunity; but he has ever to remember his main object — that of preaching Christ to the people.

While the medical work which is being carried on is of the greatest value to the unfortunate sufferers, we who are followers of Christ rightly place emphasis on the preaching of the Gospel — and this pervades all the activities of the Mission Hospital.

Even more important than the alleviation of suffering, and the healing of the sick, is the salvation of the soul. The temptation to lose sight of this in a busy Mission Hospital is great. The physician has ever to remember that his principal work is preaching the Gospel to the people and telling the unsearchable riches of Christ to his patients.

Hospital Work Invaluable

The hospital work has been of great value in helping the patients, and their relatives who accompany them, to understand Christian faith and worship. The relatives of the sick attend the meeting which is held every morning before the work of the hospital commences, and in this way they learn the difference between Christianity and their religion. Some attend the Sunday and week-night meetings in the Gospel Hall, across the road from the hospital. They see that there are no idols connected with our worship, and in conversation they comment upon this. We pray that, as a result of the witness, many more souls may be saved.

Chapter IX

THE WORK GROWS

IN "The Discovery of India" Pundit Nehru states:—"India, it is often said, is a land of contrasts, of some very rich, and many very poor". A large part of the community lives in plenty, while many starve. "The average income of villagers is estimated at about thirty rupees per capita per annum," Nehru adds.

Moving about in Indian villages one is constantly aware of the poverty and sickness. I have vivid recollections of visiting Amingi, a small town 5 miles away, during the monsoon. I went that day to the Untouchables — who were mostly Mahars. Their poverty was the worst I had seen in western India, although in other parts it is much worse.

Many of the Mahars whom I saw that day had no houses to live in, their only shelter being a few bamboo poles as a framework, with crushed sugar cane fibre or bamboo matting thrown loosely on top. The rain simply poured into their miserable shacks, and many were suffering from malaria and dysentery.

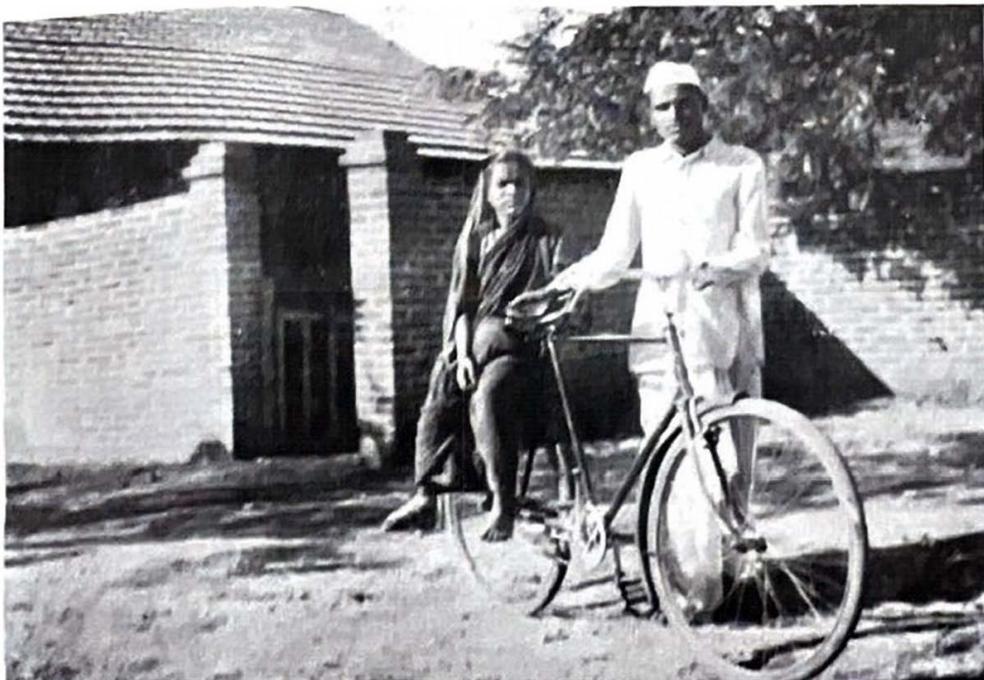
I had a large meeting, to which most of the men came and listened. On conversing with them afterwards about their miserable existence, one of their leaders said — "God gave us this birth". This fatalist belief is common in Bombay Province. After distributing some quinine and dysentery tablets I called at the house of the Patil and asked if he thought anything could be done, but he only answered — "What can be done? it is their nashib" (fate).

Every day one meets those who seem doomed to suffer, and such cases are brought to us in the villages and hospital. They are hopeless and helpless, with their powers of resistance lowered by malnutrition to such an extent that, in many instances, little can be done for them. What a service it is to treat their bodily ailments and instil hope into their hearts by preaching to them the unsearchable riches of Christ!

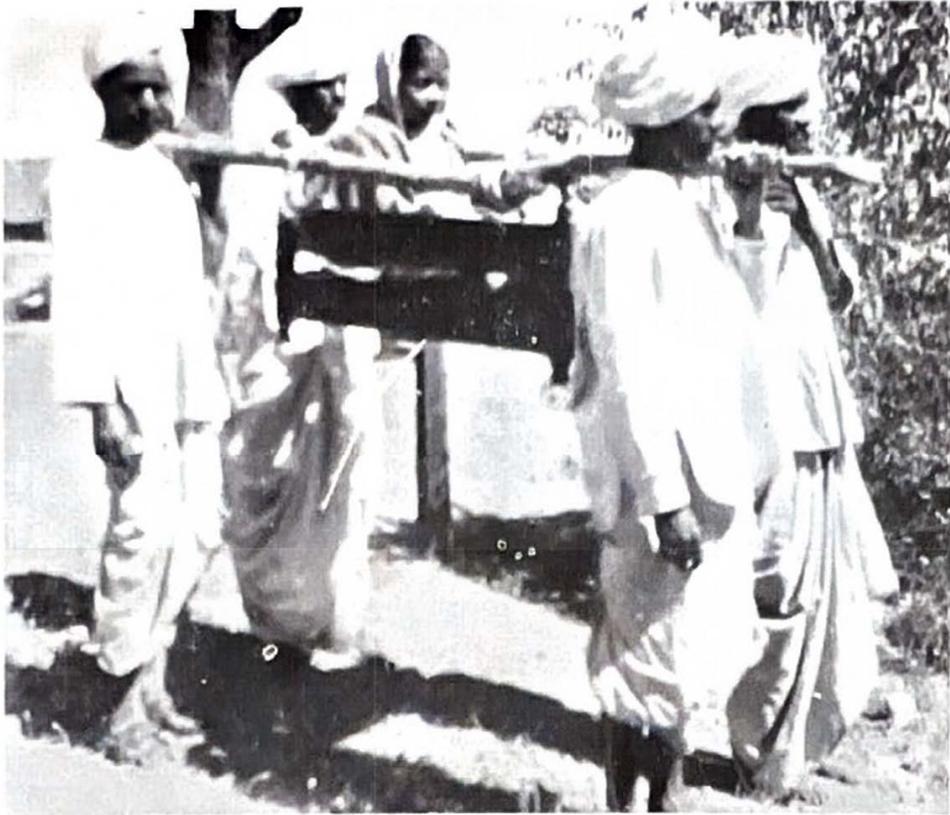
Moving about amongst these people we constantly remember the three *Ds*—*disease, dirt and debt*—which are so common. Some years ago Mahars were carrion eaters; I have often seen



JAMES AGASEMANE and his wife, SUNDRABAI — BRIGHT CHRISTIANS — and their three children. Construction of the house which they will occupy.



CYCLE AMBULANCE in INDIA. Merchant Caste man bringing his wife for dressing of poisoned foot.



"BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS".
Sick girl carried to Sankeshwar Hospital in baby's cradle.



PATIENTS WAITING AT SANKESHWAR GENERAL HOSPITAL.
"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."



INJECTIONS and DRESSINGS
by a Christian helper.



Overseer Busgonda Patil, one of the choice
Christians of the Station.



SNAKE CHARMERS.

The serpent, a deadly enemy of mankind in India, is an emblem of sin in the Holy Scriptures.



LEPERS WHO KNOW THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.
Making sandals at Sankeshwar for Lepers.

them cut up for human consumption the carcasses of animals which had died through disease, while scores of vultures stood nearby waiting their turn to devour portions left by the people. Eating of carrion by Untouchables is not so common to-day in western India.

Scattered Gatherings

Scattered gatherings in distant villages are at present encouraging. At Gokak, a Taluk town 25 miles from Sankeshwar, a young Christian with his wife are baptised believers. When workers are able to visit them, a meeting for the breaking of bread is held in their home.

Shantabai, the nurse who was saved at Sankeshwar, and her daughter and a Christian policeman and his wife, also meet. Miss K. L. Peebles, who faithfully served her Lord for many years in and around Sankeshwar, speaks in very high terms of this gathering.

In another Taluk town 15 miles distant there is a small group of Christians. The headmistress of the Girls' School belongs to Sankeshwar and she and her husband gather a few believers in their home. Miss Peebles went there as often as possible to teach them the Word of God, which they enjoyed. There is a great need for regular meetings to teach the Word in these and other centres where outlying groups of believers live. Sankeshwar being the home town of some of these scattered Christians, the local workers feel their responsibility towards them. We thank God for those who have given themselves to this important branch of the work, and we seek to remember them in prayers.

An Army Dinner

I took my wife and baby daughter to Belgaum in my first motor cycle and side-car. The combination, though old, was useful, as money could not buy a motor car in those days. The first World War was over, but the switch to peace-time industry had not really commenced. The motor cycle behaved well on the outward journey of thirty miles, and on the return journey, too, until we were 12 miles out from Belgaum and had stopped under the shade of a mango grove to cool the engine.

After a while I tried to start it, but without success; I continued my efforts until tired out. I gave up.

But just then a Raja's carriage, with two servants in Indian livery, and drawn by two black horses, appeared in the

distance. Somewhat like the evangelist, I joined myself to his chariot. The Lord had provided transport for me in this difficult situation, for the Raja and his men were delighted to help, and took my wife and baby to a dak bungalow (rest house) five miles farther on.

There was provision for myself also: A hired man was available to help me push the motor cycle and side-car up a long hill, so that I was then able to coast down the ghat (hill) for a distance of three miles.

On arrival at the dak bungalow I found my wife had been invited by two British Army officers, who were tiger-hunting, to share their dinner. They provided a good dinner, but had no milk, either fresh or tinned, for baby, and none was available at that place. We had expected to reach home before dark, and had a supply sufficient only to last till the evening. My wife gave baby warm water in the bottle, and the little one was soon fast asleep.

We were up betimes next day, and I learned that the Raja's men had halted there. I told them I had not been able to start the motor cycle, and asked if they would take my wife and baby to Sankeshwar, fifteen miles distant, through which they had to pass. The army officers were not mechanically minded, but I succeeded in getting the cycle started, and I also was soon on the road.

Goats to the Rescue

My wife told the Raja's men that her baby had not had milk since the evening before. Her statement did not fall on deaf ears. These poor men, so different in outlook, so far away from the faith of the Gospel, were to be used of the Lord to provide the needed sustenance for our loved infant. They kept on their way, but with eyes alert. Soon they overtook a man with a herd of goats. What a sight for a mother concerned about her babe's nourishment! Money was forthcoming, the owner of the goats was willing to sell milk. Several goats were caught and milked and soon the hungry babe was satisfied, while a mother's thanks ascended to the Father she trusted for all things. The humble goatherd of dark skin and darker spiritual condition had provided something far beyond monetary recompense in her dilemma.

The Quack

In British communities everywhere, the medical quack is receiving much less patronage than was formerly the case. By Act of Parliament his claims to curative powers must be reduced to a very moderate statement. Newspapers now do not carry large advertisements that certain preparations will cure disease. They are permitted to say only that the preparation will give relief. The quack himself is prohibited from using terms that would seem to indicate that he is a qualified medical practitioner.

How different in India!

The children in the Indian villages are undernourished, and most suffer from intestinal parasites. In most villages there are no facilities for medical treatment, not even a dispensary. Thousands suffer at the hands of the village quacks, who are found everywhere and have great power over the people. The chief qualities of the quack are his dangerous ignorance, his brazen impudence and his knowledge of the credulity of the villager when sick. His chief field is in the treatment of chronic conditions. Disease seems to cloud the judgment of the sufferers, and the chances of relief are eagerly grasped at. The attraction of the marvellous and mysterious is strong in the Indian villager, so he falls an easy prey to these enemies of health.

Usury

The money-lender is found everywhere and is a curse to the poor. He takes fabulous interest, and a man never gets out of his clutches, nor do his children. The lot of the Untouchables in this respect is very much worse than that of the millions of poor not belonging to the low castes. Rates of interest are so high that the poor people are never able to get out of debt, but go deeper and deeper until they die; and even then the sons have to shoulder the burden.

Dr. Ambedkar, who was at one time Principal of the Law College in Bombay, and himself one of the Untouchables, said, "Money-lending is the most blighting curse of India". The money-lender advances money for marriages, and houses and animals have to be mortgaged. It is evident to all that something needs to be done urgently about this, as the rate of interest and compound interest on borrowed money is tremendously high. The money-lenders see to it that the people remain poor.

Chapter X

CASTE VERSUS CHRIST

WE REJOICE that we have been enabled to keep an open door at the Mission Hospital since it was first opened. It is a real joy to serve the sick, especially the poor sick. The workers there give their best in service for the suffering people, and friends by their prayers and fellowship have helped us to carry on. It has been difficult. Medical missionary work is not easy. How wearying to the soul to be in constant daily contact with people wholly given over to their heathen religion!

A popular belief among Hindus is that of transmigration. According to their theory the soul passes from one body to another after this life. For this reason animals are sacred. As we got closer to the people by means of the healing ministry we saw how deeply transmigration had spread its roots.

All orthodox high caste Hindus believe that they have to pass through a cycle of existences. According to the Shastras (religious books) they pass through 8,400,000 births. If they live well in this life, they may be born wealthy in the next life, but if they live bad lives they may in the next be born as animals. "Every man receives the portion which he merits, and his lot in life is precisely determined by his deserts." The doctrine, moreover, does not limit the possibilities or sphere of rebirth to human creation. It includes animals and all human beings—and even inanimate things, as trees and stones.

Not as Others Who Have No Hope

How different is the faith of the Christian, whose sure and certain hope is that, should death come, he will depart to be *with Christ, which is far better!* The Hindu's anticipation of an almost endless succession of rebirths is depressing to the utmost. The ambition of the Hindu, according to the Vedas, is the absorption into a supreme impersonal spirit—to become part of Brahm, the great god.

In dealing with enquirers in hospital, it is not easy to convince them of the truth of the Bible, because of their belief in transmigration, which has become part of their being.

Another High Caste Convert

The story of a high caste man who was converted in hospital, and, when first spoken to, was an ardent believer in transmigration, illustrates this.

His father was a Maratha man whom I had met a number of times in his village, and he brought his son Bulwant to hospital for treatment of cardiac failure. He had been the round of the doctors and the village quacks, but had derived no benefit. His condition was so bad that I was reluctant to admit him, as he appeared to be near the end, and I did not want a death in the hospital. After some persuasion on the part of the father, I admitted him, and gave him a small private room where he would be quiet. After a week he began to respond to treatment, but we kept him in hospital for two months.

When his condition improved, my wife and I had talks and prayer with him on many occasions. Before returning to his village he came out for Christ, and immediately confessed Him before his relatives. He kept fairly well for about a year, but the condition recurred. One morning I received a letter from his father by the hand of a servant, asking me to go with haste to the village as Bulwant was seriously ill. He arranged to have a bullock cart waiting beyond the river to take me to the village. My wife accompanied me, as she had been able to help him spiritually while he was in hospital. We took our bedding and were prepared to stay overnight if necessary.

Bulwant's Abundant Entrance

On nearing the village we saw a great crowd of people outside the house, and came to the conclusion he had died. When a prominent person dies, the whole village gathers outside the house, as there is a feast on the twelfth day for those who attend the funeral. However, Bulwant was not dead, but was in great distress from cardiac asthma. We gave him treatment and sought to make him as comfortable as possible.

He confessed Christ to all in the room that day, and urged them to accept the Saviour. Early next morning, before sunrise, his spirit returned unto God Who gave it . . . In my Father's House are many mansions . . .

Many in the village who had come in contact with this child of God told us of his faithful testimony among his people and of his declaration that he had turned to God from idols.

His was a lone witness, as no other member of his caste or village ever turned to Christ. The Marathas are a hard people, and few of that caste in our part turned from idolatry to Christ. We have often been encouraged in the midst of discouragement by the remembrance of Bulwant.

High Caste and Low Caste Mixing in Hospital

Caste presents great difficulties in carrying on hospital work. At first we tried as far as possible to group the patients in wards according to caste. Occasionally in the early days we tried to admit low caste patients with high caste, but it usually ended by the high caste ones leaving hospital. Since Sister Jaap came to the hospital fifteen years ago, that has changed. By years of instruction of patients, and practical demonstration, the Sister has won an unbelievable victory, and to-day many of the high caste people are ready, in hospital, to mix with those of low caste. There has been of recent years—in some sections of the people—a breaking-down of the rigid caste rules. Gandhi by example and precept helped this movement, but that does not mean that he has encouraged men to turn to Christ. Now the new Government of India is endeavouring to remove Untouchability. But it is a colossal task!

In "Verdict on India" Beverley Nichols states that the thing which impressed him most was that there was only one trained nurse to every 65,000 people. This would correspond to having about 120 nurses for the whole of Australia!

The caste system still looks upon nursing in India as a profession of disgrace, and how long this continues depends upon the leaders of the people.

Caste involves certain restrictions on marriage, profession and social intercourse, especially in the matter of eating and drinking.

There are four chief castes in Hinduism. Nehru stated: "The first is the Brahmin, comprising priests teachers and intellectuals. The second is Kshatriya, or rulers and warriors. The third is the Vaishya, or merchant. The fourth is the Sudra or agricultural workers."

In "Fifty Million", Dr. Orissa Taylor states that "Brahmins are born from the head of the great god Brahm — they are therefore the head and brains of India. The Kshatriya (soldier) comes from Brahm's shoulders, signifying strength. The Vaishya was the merchant, banker and landlord. They all come from Brahm's loins, and stand for the solid wealth of the community. The Sudras are the lowest members of the caste family, and originally subserved the interests of all the other classes, and they spring from Brahm's feet".

Seventy Million Untouchables

Outside the chief castes of India there is a section of the people, numerically seventy million, previously called Untouchables. Gandhi gave these people a new name — Harijans — which means in Hindi "sons of Hari" (one of the Hindu gods).

In our time in India they were outside the pale of Hinduism; they were not allowed to live in the towns or villages nor were they allowed to draw water from village wells — they were untouchable! In every circumstance of life the wretchedness of his lot was brought home to the poor Untouchable by a system of social oppression so degrading that it would be impossible to find a parallel to it in any part of the world. It has been said that "Hinduism means to the outcast the system which secures his degradation, and makes of the unfortunate the accursed".

Gandhi and the Untouchables

Gandhi sought to gain temple entry for these people, as the portals of many temples have not yet been opened to them. What is there in temple entry for them? It will not help them either spiritually or socially. It is from this section of the Hindu people that the majority of the Indian Christians have come, and there are many trophies of grace among them. It has been a joy throughout the years of our service to labour among them, and "our labour has not been in vain in the Lord".

Educated Hindus explain that they do not really worship any idol, but the supreme being through the medium of the idol. Many of the illiterate, however, believe the idol is their god. Brahmin priests state that by a ceremony — pran pratishtha — life is brought into the idol. It is amazing that Gandhi, with his daily reading of the New Testament for years, should have countenanced idolatry.

Every country produces its statesmen, soldiers, or national heroes whose names go down in history as those who stood for the deliverance of the people. With the accession of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II it has been popular to call to mind the greatness of the first Elizabeth — of England's progress under the rule of that outstanding woman. In it some would like to see portents of progress now that a second Elizabeth is in that exalted position. As we sing "God Save the Queen", we pray that the people of the mighty *British Empire* may realise that God does save and that God is with the people who put their trust in Him. "Righteousness exalteth a nation".

Gandhi's best work for India was his fearless teaching against Untouchability. At the outset he made enemies among high caste people, but his self-denial on behalf of the depressed classes has certainly borne fruit. The passing of this man, who was undoubtedly the most outstanding figure in India, received considerable notice in the world's press.

Was Gandhi A Christian?

This question is often asked by people at home. Let him give the answer —

"I cannot set Him (Christ) on a solitary throne, because I believe God has been incarnate again and again."—Quoted by C. F. Andrews in *Mahatma Gandhi's Ideas*.

"In my religion there is room for Krishna, for Buddha, for Christ, and Mohammed." . . . "Christ is an incarnation of God as much as I am."—*The Unique Christ and the Mystic Gandhi*, page 234 (quoted by P. V. George).



**RAMA, the potter — a Christian.
Formerly a leper — now symptom free — To Mrs. Henderson buying
a vessel: "How could I take the money?"**



**LEPERS GOING OFF TO WORK from Sankeshwar Leper Hospital.
Grain, vegetables and fruit are grown by the lepers for their own use.**



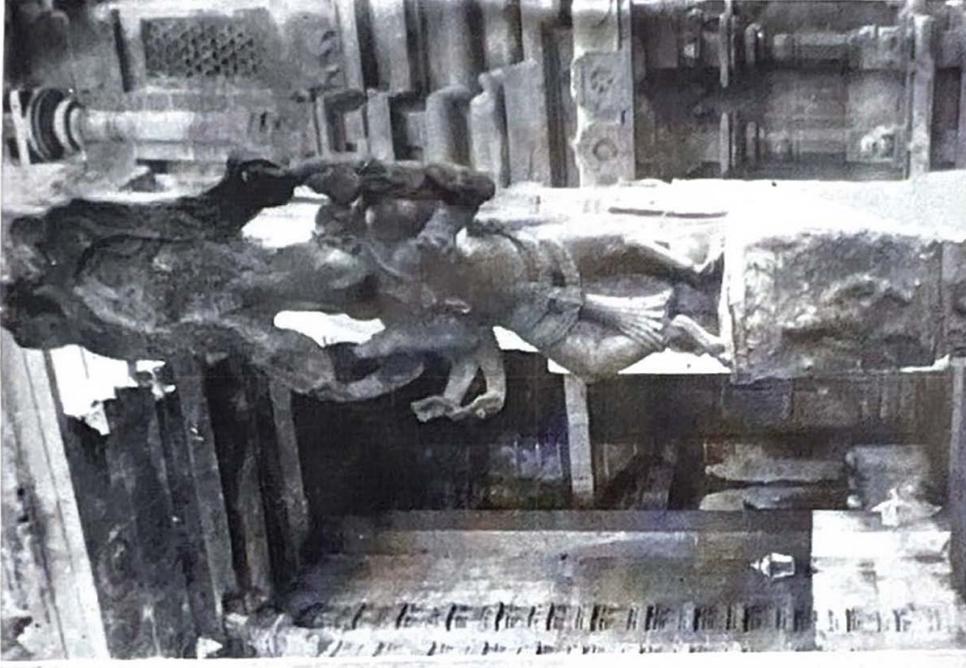
SISTER JAAP and a little INDIAN.



**SISTER RUHMAH, an INDIAN CHRISTIAN—
in Sankeshwar Dispensary.**



A HINDU GOD.
"Changing the glory of the incorruptible God
into an image"



A HINDU GODDESS.
"There was neither voice, nor any to answer,
nor any that regarded"



LEPER ASSEMBLY HALL at SANKESHWAR.
"Whoso offereth praise glorifieth Me"

Chapter XI

THE SHAME OF HINDUISM

The Festival of Yellama

EVERY YEAR IN JANUARY, and again in February, hundreds of bullock carts pass the hospital carrying thousands of people to the festival of the goddess Yellama. This goddess is a favourite with the Untouchables, but is also worshipped by other castes. The hill where the idol is established is about seventy miles from Sankeshwar, and tens of thousands gather from villages within a radius of a hundred miles for the festival.

The pilgrims stop at stated places to enable devotees to dance before the people. One of these places is right opposite the hospital, where crowds gather to witness the dancing of the women with their hair hanging loosely down, sometimes almost covering their faces. The frenzy and shouting, the singing and the beating of tom-toms are sufficient to make the Christian sick at heart, and yet the onlookers seem to glory in it.

The "Possessed" Dancer

Sometimes a devotee suddenly will become apparently possessed, and this is enjoyed by the onlookers. Whether she is actually possessed it is impossible to say, but her behaviour certainly indicates that she is wrought upon by the evil one. The staff of the hospital on such occasions seizes the opportunity to preach the Gospel to the people at their halting places, where they spend the night in order to cook their food and rest the bullocks. Gospels are sold and tracts distributed to those who can read.

At this festival, held during the full moon, ceremonies immoral beyond description are engaged in. The dedicated women carry on their heads a peculiar basket with brass mountings in which a brass image of the goddess is carried. These women are dedicated to Yellama by their parents when very young, and spend a good deal of time in the villages, singing songs in honour of the idol and taking alms from the people.

It is sad to think of so many of India's daughters who are devotees through no choice of their own, but because their

parents dedicated them in infancy. Many of them live in temples and are often immoral.

A Heathen Orgy

In western India there is a favourite goddess — Lukshmi — the goddess of wealth, which is universally worshipped throughout the province. The people believe that by worshipping this idol they will become wealthy.

I once attended a great festival of this goddess which is held in a village in our area once in ten years. Over a thousand goats and a large male buffalo were sacrificed by severing the head from the body by a single stroke of a great sword, while the blood stained the idol, and the ground in the vicinity ran with blood. The worshippers carried away the bodies of the goats for their consumption, but the heads remained in a heap before the idol. The head of the buffalo was placed on a large board, and carried several times round the village on the heads of four Untouchables. Amidst much shouting and quarrelling they cut up the carcase of the animal, and carried it home for their own consumption.

The object of these offerings is to appease the goddess in case of sickness—sometimes to invoke aid when enemies are at work. Always a meal is prepared for the worshippers.

In village Hinduism, each god or goddess has his or her particular attributes. Each story about them has its special meaning, and the knowledge many of the illiterate villagers have of them is amazing. Ganpati, an elephant-headed son of Siva, is an example of a god universally worshipped. He is believed to be a bringer of good fortune: consequently a clay idol made by potters and painted in bright colours is placed in every Hindu home at a certain season every year. After being some days in the houses, the images are taken out and thrown into tanks and wells, amidst great shouting.

These instances of the worship of popular gods will enable readers to visualise in some measure India bowing down to wood and stone. Not cities only, but towns and villages are, in the language of Scripture, “wholly given over to idolatry” in India.

Chapter XII

MEDICAL MINISTRIES

Unrelieved Suffering Rife in India

THE MISSION HOSPITAL ministers to that appalling amount of unrelieved suffering which is rife in India. It demonstrates that the Gospel is a practical message, and that Christ is concerned with the healing of the body as well as the salvation of the soul. This work calls for loving service for the people—a service to be rendered daily as a handmaiden of the Gospel.

Cases of loss of sight which could have been prevented are constantly encountered. Dr. Orissa Taylor, in "Fifty Million", states that "India has two million blind people, and a very large percentage of this blindness is preventable or curable".

Mr. B. G. Kher, Chief Minister, Bombay, recently stated that in Bombay there are 50,000 sightless persons and 150,000 who are partially blind.

It is estimated that 90% of blindness in India is preventable and about 5% curable. In the districts generally treatment of the eyes is left to civil and mission hospitals. Instruction in cleanliness and care of the eyes and giving of simple remedies, especially to children when conjunctivitis is rife, is of great value, and most missionaries in rural parts render such service.

It is encouraging to note that the Government is attempting to tackle this vast problem, and its present efforts are to be commended highly. Ignorance and lack of facilities must first be dealt with. Physically nothing is more precious than sight, and one mourns for India's sons who have lost this treasured possession. Cataract, too, is common in some parts—not so much in Western India.

Eyes (and then Ears) Opened

In many cases, cataract patients, if they come early, regain a good measure of vision after a simple operation. In North India some missionary doctors have thousands of operations for cataract to their credit. After cocaine is instilled, the crystalline lens is extracted, and when the operation is performed the eye is kept bandaged for ten days, after which the patient is allowed to see the light for only a brief period at first. It is one of the

most satisfactory operations performed by the surgeon, and one which brings him the friendship and opened ear of the patient.

Optic Charlatans

The Indian hakim (quack) performs an operation for cataract termed "couching". In this operation the lens is dislocated downwards so that light can get through to the retina again. The patient often regains sight for a brief period, and the hakim usually holds up his fingers before the patient to ascertain if he can see. In most cases, infection due to lack of aseptic methods takes place, with disastrous results, but by this time the hakim is far away in a distant village with his fee in his pocket.

The only instruments used by the hakim are a sharp babul thorn, or a small knife, and a probe for displacing the lens. Some couchers kill a fowl, provided by the patient, and apply some of the blood to the eyelids. The fowl, of course, goes to the hakim for his meal. No local anaesthetic is used, and the patients suffer severe pain. The coucher tours in all rural areas, and exercises great power over the ignorant villagers. As a rule he keeps clear of large centres where qualified doctors are to be found — he does not thrive there!

Bearing Children in Sorrow

What tragic tales one could record in connection with suffering at childbirth! In the early days all obstetric cases which were treated were abnormal, and had to be done in the patient's home. In many cases the woman had been long in labour, and had been unsuccessfully treated by village dais (untrained village nurses). I remember being called one day to Ankli, the nearest village to Sankeshwar. The man who came informed me that a young woman had contracted plague which was raging in the village. The girl was about twenty and unmarried, which is unusual in her caste. Her mother was dead, and her father had tried to get her married into a family above his station, and had failed. She had been educated up to the third standard in a village school carried on by us.

On arrival at the house I found her seriously ill, with high temperature, and with enlarged inguinal glands. I soon learned that she was also in labour. She had succeeded in hiding the fact of her pregnancy from her father and other members of her family. She looked ill and was weeping bitterly. The room in

which she was lying was of the usual village type, with cattle tied up nearby. The floor was smeared with cow manure, as most village houses are, with sacks of grain piled up at one end.

I had a Christian nurse with me, so I sent her to inform the father of my patient's condition, as I was unable to leave her. He was staggered at the news; he had not expected such a thing. The woman tried to strangle the baby during delivery, but I was able to prevent her, and a live baby was born. I then concentrated on the woman. Her condition was serious, and I did my best for her. After spending two hours, I left for home, assuring her father I would return should her condition become worse.

But tragedy lingered near that poor hovel. The distraught soul passed by her own hand into eternity. A messenger came, not to call me back to the patient, but to tell me that she had hanged herself.

In such a case I was thankful that again I had had the opportunity of repeating to her the Gospel story that she had heard so often in school. An unmarried young woman is in constant danger in India.

An Emergency Operation in a Butcher's Shop

Another case which stands out clearly in my mind is that of a young woman living in the butcher street in Sankeshwar. The patient was at that time about sixteen. My wife, who accompanied me, had attended her mother when she was born. Between us we had treated many such cases in their large family. (In those days women refused to come to hospital, but now they come for normal deliveries.) I learned she had been in labour for over two days, and it was a face presentation in which the chin had rotated backwards.

What a place to perform such an operation! Half a dozen goats were tied up in the room waiting to be slaughtered next day. Twice during the operation I stood erect, and banged my head. The floor, as usual, was smeared with cow manure and, no table being available, we cleaned the floor as best we could. The mutton which was for sale next day was smelling badly, and was blackened by flies, while mosquitoes were biting furiously.

Wearing only shirt and trousers, I sterilised the instruments while my wife got the patient "under" for the operation. We

were soon rewarded by the birth of a boy, to the joy of the mother and her relatives. The husband was not in the house, as women usually return to their own homes on such occasions.

These two cases are interesting, but hundreds of others could be recorded. In those days they were all serious obstetric emergencies, and it was quite common to be called to cases which had been in labour for four days.

"Mother" Helps the Women

My wife was the pioneer in this branch of the work. When we commenced at Sankeshwar over thirty years ago, few women would have a male doctor in attendance. She was familiarly spoken of as "Mother" for many miles around, and was much honoured and respected by all the village people, especially by those she had helped.

Not so many obstetric emergencies are carried out in such circumstances to-day; the people know where efficient help is available, and do not neglect these cases through ignorance and fear, as they did years ago. However, there are still those who refuse to come to hospital, and they have to be attended under difficult conditions in the village homes.

Immunity from Infection

It is amazing that so few of these serious cases develop infection; it is possible that they have, through constant sitting on the floor, become immune to the organisms which are so virulent and which cause so much infection among our European women. It may be that such organisms are not so common. At any rate, in serious emergencies, as a rule, only slight rising of temperature takes place, and this may be explained by the possible absence of the very virulent haemolytic streptococcus so common among white races.

The Sick and Dying

Occasionally, sick beggars were left on our hands in hospital. One Sunday morning a young beggar woman was left in one of the wards by two men who left without any explanation as to why they had not remained with the patient. On examination we found the woman in a dying condition. We had no Indian nurses in those days, and we ourselves had to do everything for such patients, but she died about three days after admission. We sent for the men employed by the municipality to remove

the body for burial, but they refused to come unless we gave money for drink which, of course, we could not do. Eventually we asked the Patil (head man) to give an order for them to come. When they did arrive we were horrified to see that they had brought only a bamboo pole and rope. The corpse was hung from the pole and was carried by two men, who threw it into a hole as they would that of a pariah dog.

Contrast this with a holy cow which had been locked in a room by the man who was supposed to give it food and water: He went to a wedding in a distant village and forgot all about the cow. On his return he was horrified to find it dead. To the villagers it was a disastrous thing that a holy cow should die in such a way. A truck was brought and the dead cow was propped up as though it was lying in a natural position. Hundreds of men drew the truck through the streets, by great ropes, amidst shouting and beating of tom-toms and bagpipe music. The procession lasted hours before the final disposing of the cow.

The Science of Healing

“Variety’s the spice of life that gives it all its flavours,” but it can also be the cause of tremendous anxiety. The field of surgery has been most interesting, especially in the rural area where we have laboured. Each morning as we arose, we did not know what would have to be attempted before evening. So far as surgical work was concerned we were unopposed, as Indian doctors, as a rule, are more keen on medicine.

When we commenced our medical work, the villagers were afraid of injections—“engines” they usually called them. They believed that an injection would cause them to lose the power of their arms. Now, on the contrary, they generally demand injections.

An Infirmary for Twelve Years

In rural parts, surgery makes a deep impression and is more effective from the spectacular standpoint than medicine. Sufferers from stones, especially boys, are very common in some parts. A few years ago I treated a man who came from a jungle village and he had suffered from this condition for twelve years. His village people believed he was demon-possessed and said

they had come to see if I could remove the bhut (demon), and when I told him it was stone he would not believe me, but persisted that it was a demon. After some persuasion he agreed to an operation, and I removed a stone weighing 8 ounces. That convinced him and his people that it was not a demon.

At home such cases are treated early, so that a stone of that size is seldom seen. What suffering that man must have endured during those twelve years!

Surgical opportunities in the homelands comparatively are limited, but a mission doctor is called upon to perform an endless number of intricate operations, with an almost incredible scope for his medical knowledge. This is especially the case in rural areas.

Woman With Tumor

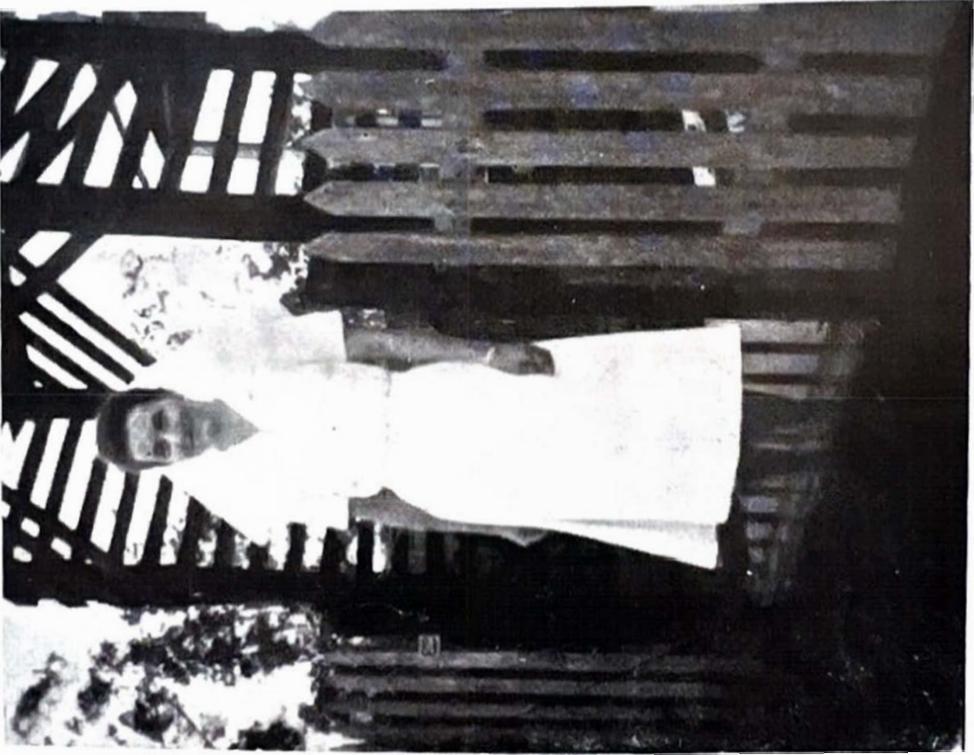
During the evenings, whenever possible, I went into the Untouchable section of the town to preach the Gospel and frequently talked with a woman who was suffering from a very large tumor of some years' duration, apparently of the ovary. She was suffering from pressure symptoms and breathlessness. I always told her we could operate and remove the tumor, but she put off the evil day. At last she turned up, with her relatives and cooking utensils, to have the operation performed. As it was the hot season, the European sisters were on the hills, but I had urged her so often to come for the operation that I could not send her home, to return later. I had an anaesthetist (my wife), so had no anxiety in that respect, and an Indian Christian staff nurse was my assistant.

Had I known it was a dermoid cyst I was dealing with, I certainly would have postponed the operation. On opening I found it was a very large semi-solid tumour, and not a fluid tumour. Not having adequate assistance for such an operation I felt I would have to close without removing it. However, looking up to God in brief heart-felt prayer, I was able, by His help, to remove the tumour, the contents of which were sebaceous material containing teeth and hair. It was one of the most difficult operations I had performed up to that time. Text books state that a dermoid cyst may reach the size of a child's head, but this one was as large as three or four children's heads.

I have referred to this case to show that the medical missionary often has to do his work under conditions altogether



HARGAPUR VILLAGE lower section. The people are farmers working in nearby fields. Approximately 80% of India's people live in villages.



SISTER EDNA RAMAGE — a good helper from Australia,
at Sankeshwar —



SISTER BENJAMIN
Awarded the Florence Nightingale
Scholarship while at Sankeshwar
Mission Hospital.



STAFF at SANKESHWAR MISSION HOSPITAL.
Sister Isa Jaap, Dr. Gilbert and Mrs. Turner; Dr. Ghadge, Sister Peebles, and Indian Sisters and Nurses.



CHRISTIAN LEPER WOMEN with DR. HENDERSON.
The Saviour said: "I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand."



DR. and MRS. HENDERSON with INDIAN CHRISTIAN DOCTOR.
Garlanded in true Indian fashion, before leaving on furlough.

unknown and unthought of by the surgeon or medical practitioner in favoured lands.

We are believers in prayer, and with the theatre staff we ask the Lord's help before commencing each operation. God has worked for us beyond our asking and beyond our imagination: "Able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think" (Eph. 3:20). As I have moved about in different countries I have been asked by many what kind of medical work we do. I have mentioned some of the surgical cases, some of which are unique and are of real interest to the Christian layman.

Worm Infestation

One day a young man of eighteen was brought in from his village by bullock cart, having sustained a kick on the abdomen by a bullock three days previously. His temperature was elevated, and his abdomen swollen and tender. Peritonitis was diagnosed and the patient was prepared for early operation.

On opening the peritoneum, a round worm (*ascaris lumbricoides*), six inches in length, presented. I then searched for the puncture in the bowel by which the worm had emerged, but could not find it. I closed with drainage, and the patient was returned to bed. Next day his condition was worse, and on removing the dressing, another worm of the same length came out. Evidently the small puncture caused by the kick, by which the worms got into the peritoneal cavity, healed, for no more worms came out, and the patient began to improve until he was quite well in a fortnight.

This case I have mentioned because it is an unusual one, and not because of special skill required in performing the operation. The round worm resembles the earth worm, and practically all village children in India and many adults are infected. It is quite common after a dose of santonin to pass twenty or more worms, and they are sometimes passed by mouth. I have on several occasions admitted patients suffering from obstruction due to round worm infestation, justifying surgical interference. These patients usually complain of abdominal pain and vomiting, and for a longer period of constipation and poor appetite. On operation turbid fluid is present, and usually a coil of small bowel presents, packed with worms.

Chapter XIII

SUPERSTITION

Rife in India Beyond Expression

AUSTRALIANS, GENERALLY, consider themselves above superstition. Yet headings appear almost daily in the newspapers of someone's luck in gambling, of another's unlucky day, of a person succeeding, although it was Friday, the 13th; and then follow lists of numbers of lottery results and prices of betting at race meetings. Such forms of superstition are not far removed from the ignorant dogmatism of my Indian friends who have not had the benefits of Christian teaching, and usually have not had the advantages of general school attendance.

Nevertheless, as we go through the streets of the great cities of our homelands, too, we rejoice because the Gospel is proclaimed powerfully in the open air. In my early days groups of open-air listeners could be seen at many corners. The speaker, without amplifier and often without musical assistance, told the story of the Cross. With changing times, waggons and record music have made their appearance. But the earnestness remains, and one is thankful to know that new generations are telling of the love of God and a Saviour who died for sinners. How different is India's lot!

It will be possible to refer to only a few of the strange customs and superstitions which one meets daily in India.

A Brahmin had been admitted for an operation for hernia. The theatre was prepared and the staff ready for the operation, but as the patient was being taken from the ward to the theatre his dhoti (loin cloth) caught on the key of the door. This was an unlucky omen and he immediately sent the nurse to inform us that the operation could not be performed that day. The preparation of the theatre and inconvenience caused were of no consideration to him compared with the belief that something would befall him if he went on with the operation that day.

My wife was travelling from Ootacamund to Mysore by bus a few years ago. On the way a snake crossed the road in front of the motor. The lawyers and businessmen who were travelling in the bus were downcast because of this unlucky happening. The motor was carrying mails and had to proceed, but the men told my wife that no business could be done that day. However,

after some miles a jackal crossed the road in front of the bus and immediately they shouted with glee. They explained that the ill omen caused by the snake crossing in front of them had been overcome, and that their prospects in court and in business that day were good.

Hanging by the Hair

If a woman has a premature labour it brings a curse upon the whole village, so the woman has to be hung up by the hair of the head for a time in order to remove the curse. Actually they sit on the floor with the hair tied by ropes to the rafters. Villagers have told me of this custom and, although I personally never saw a case, my wife was one day asked to see a woman and found her hung up to the rafters by the hair. In this case the woman suffered partial avulsion of the scalp.

As already shown, there are strange customs at childbirth. No clean cloth is used on these occasions and, considering the conditions under which deliveries are conducted, it is amazing that virulent infection so seldom takes place. I am of the opinion that Indian women are fairly immune to infection because they invariably sit on the floor. As soon as a confinement (which is always conducted on the floor) is over, a rough rope bed is brought in and the woman placed upon it. Then a charcoal fire is lit in a segidee (container about six inches in diameter made of hoop iron) and is placed under the bed. Believing this to be an unhealthy practice we have advised against it, but it is usually lit after our work is done and we have gone. A woman after a normal delivery has to remain inside the dark room without light, and often with buffaloes and bullocks as companions, and with fowls (under baskets with stones on the top to keep them from getting out).

Pollution of Streams

Hindus make much of ceremonial defilement, but have no concern for the infection caused from streams that have been polluted by their insanitary habits.

Nor do they think much of the defilement caused by sin! It is heart-breaking to see them in their desperate need for deliverance and to realise their indifference to the claims of our glorious Saviour.

Chapter XIV

CLEANSING THE LEPER

He Can Make Them Clean!

"LORD, IF THOU WILT, THOU CANST MAKE ME CLEAN!"

Many have preached on this verse. The faith of one desiring healing is dwelt upon, the sinner is exhorted to turn to the Saviour; the Saviour is exalted as One Who has the power to cleanse. To me it has a stirring appeal in another direction. There are people in straits as dire as those of the man in the verse quoted, helplessly and hopelessly in the depths of sin. But here is the answer—He can make them clean! Lord, awaken us with the message of Thy power. May the truth of the verse bear upon us; the Lord can make them clean. May our knowledge of responsibility lead to faithful service!

The leper has been the "melancholy figure of human history" and the cause of the most fearful loathing, but because of his misery many have manifested the compassion of Christ to him. In India alone the number of lepers, according to reliable authorities, is in the vicinity of one million.

In ancient history the leper appears as a man "without the camp". He had to cover his upper lip and cry "Unclean! Unclean!" In those far-off days he was an outcast as he is in India to-day, where orthodox Hindus believe the leper is under the curse of gods.

When known to be lepers, people usually are forced to leave their homes. Some will go to grass huts outside the village and there be cared for by relatives. *But many become beggars!* In large cities, in bazaars and at heathen festivals, beggar lepers can be seen sitting by the wayside.

The leper loses his status in society and has before him the choice of only two things—to beg or to die.

Predisposing Factors in its Cause

The cause of leprosy is unknown, but it is believed that poverty, insanitary conditions and overcrowding are predisposing factors. The diet of the vast majority of India's poor is limited in quantity and deficient in vitamins. The well-to-do

seldom contract leprosy. In many rural parts there is an always prevailing water scarcity. The economic condition, no doubt, is an etiological factor. The Bible teaches that leprosy is a house disease, and that infection in some form remains in the house after the leper has left. The Scripture portions relating to this are most interesting and bring forcibly before us the awfulness of the disease so often mentioned in the Holy Scriptures. Bugs and flies, in such infestation as is seen in India, are likely carriers.

Two Main Types

Generally the disease is grouped under two main types—neural and cutaneous. In neural leprosy the lesion appears as a depigmented anaesthetic patch on some part of the body. A form of neuritis is common at certain stages, and causes intense suffering.

There is a remedy — potassium antimony tartrate — used for this condition, which is given intravenously and is almost specific. The end result in this type is seen in the claw hand, loss of fingers and toes, and in perforating ulcers of the soles of the feet.

Although these cases are loathsome to look at, they are not considered a danger to the healthy people. Of recent years leper homes have not, as a rule, admitted these “burned out” cases, as they cannot be helped much by treatment. The aim has been to admit only early cases of neural and cutaneous leprosy which will respond to treatment. The burnt out neural cases often live many years, as shown by a leper I baptised at Belgaum nearly 35 years ago who died only recently.

The other type — the cutaneous — begins with a thickening of the sub-cutaneous tissues of the face and other parts. It is often first noticed by a thickening of the ear lobes or eyebrows. All cutaneous cases show large numbers of bacilli and are much more infectious than the neural cases. A well developed cutaneous case assumes the lion-like appearance described in some medical text books.

For many years the treatment of leprosy has been by injections of hydnocarpus oil. The initial dose is usually $\frac{1}{2}$ cc. and the maximum 5 cc., the injection being given into the buttock or some large muscle. New hopes have lately been raised by recent reports from intravenous use of sulphones, promin and diasone.

We have found manual work to be of the greatest value in the treatment of the disease, and all lepers who are able are expected to perform some work daily. By this means they are provided with exercise, and prevented from moping about with nothing to occupy the mind. Lepers should be taught to read and write in their own language, this also making them more contented.

Possibly Contracted Early in Life

Dr. Muir, an authority on leprosy, considers that leprosy is largely a children's disease, usually contracted early in life. Children seem to respond more readily to treatment than older people do, and they certainly fall into hospital routine sooner. Dr. Cochrane, who is in highest repute in the treatment of the malady, says:—"Leprosy is largely a village disease, and in the majority of instances, commences in childhood. Therefore it is in the villages, and among the children that we are likely to reach a better understanding of the disease".

At one time medical science had little to offer those suffering from leprosy, and the compassionate could only provide an asylum for them with food and clothing, but during the past twenty years treatment for leprosy has advanced. There is now hope for the patient who comes for *early* treatment. In the Mission to Lepers alone about 700 lepers are discharged symptom-free from their hospitals annually. Sixty-five of our Sankeshwar lepers are now symptom free, and the majority are baptised believers living in the villages, well in body and spirit. We little realised when we commenced this work that we were preparing evangelists to witness in many outlying villages. These lonely witnesses need our prayers.

The latest treatment is showing great advances, and new hope for the poor sufferers is offered in many tropical parts where leprosy is prevalent.

Latest Drugs in Use

Dr. Wharton recently reported in "Leprosy Review" the results of the treatment for one year of a number of lepers with promin given intravenously. Those treated were advanced cases, between twenty and thirty years. Three were men and four women, two being practically blind. After a month's treatment a marked improvement in the physical and mental conditions

of the patients was noted. After three months' treatment chronic ulcers were showing rapid signs of healing, oedema of the face and legs had subsided, and the patients were gradually assuming a normal appearance. There was no marked improvement in vision, but the nodules were flattening out. This result in cases which had not responded to treatment for years is certainly encouraging.

To-day those new drugs are being tried out on a large scale by doctors in many of the foremost institutions, the result of such efforts being that alleviation of suffering and reduction in the death rate of leprosy are constantly recorded. May their further efforts be crowned with success!

Sankeshwar Leper Hospital

The Leper Hospital, opened in 1935, has been the most encouraging branch of the work there. It is an up-to-date hospital with accommodation for 75 patients, and it is always full.

Our inaugural treatment of lepers was in an outdoor clinic, carried on near the General Hospital. Many lepers attended, but the work was discouraging, because of irregular attendance. Several came fairly regularly for a year or two, but it was usual to attend for a little while and then discontinue.

We had been praying for some years that if it were God's will we might be able to open a Leper Hospital. There was a Leper Home at Belgaum, and another at Miraj, 60 miles away, but both were full. Application was made to the Collector of Belgaum for a block of waste land not too far from Sankeshwar. He instructed an Indian magistrate to find a suitable site, and he chose a piece of land on the top of a stony hill two miles away. He was influenced by local residents who considered any place good enough for lepers who, orthodox Hindus believe, are under the curse of their god. I refused the land, as no leper would ever have lived there, no water supply being available.

Difficulties Removed

A friend who was then the Assistant Collector and later Legal Remembrancer in Bombay, was instrumental in securing from a Mohammedan a suitable site for the hospital. About seven hundred citizens of Sankeshwar sent a petition to the

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Difficulties Removed

A friend who was then the Assistant Collector and later Legal Remembrancer in Bombay, was instrumental in securing from a Mohammedan a suitable site for the hospital. About seven hundred citizens of Sankeshwar sent a petition to the

Government asking that permission might not be granted to build a Leper Hospital there. However, the Commissioner and Collector satisfied themselves that the site was far enough from the town and that it would not be a danger to the healthy people. We commenced the building and within two years had erected three wards with accommodation for about fifty lepers. Later a fourth ward was built of the same dimensions, and was soon occupied by early cases of leprosy.

A Melbourne friend who spent some time with us at Sankeshwar gave money for a dispensary and a small ward with two beds for seriously ill patients. This was soon built and, according to the donor's wish, it was named "Jehovah Jireh". The latest building to be erected was given by a Melbourne lady in memory of her son who was killed in a plane crash in India during the war. This will stand as a monument of usefulness in humanity's cause and will help greatly in that needy part.

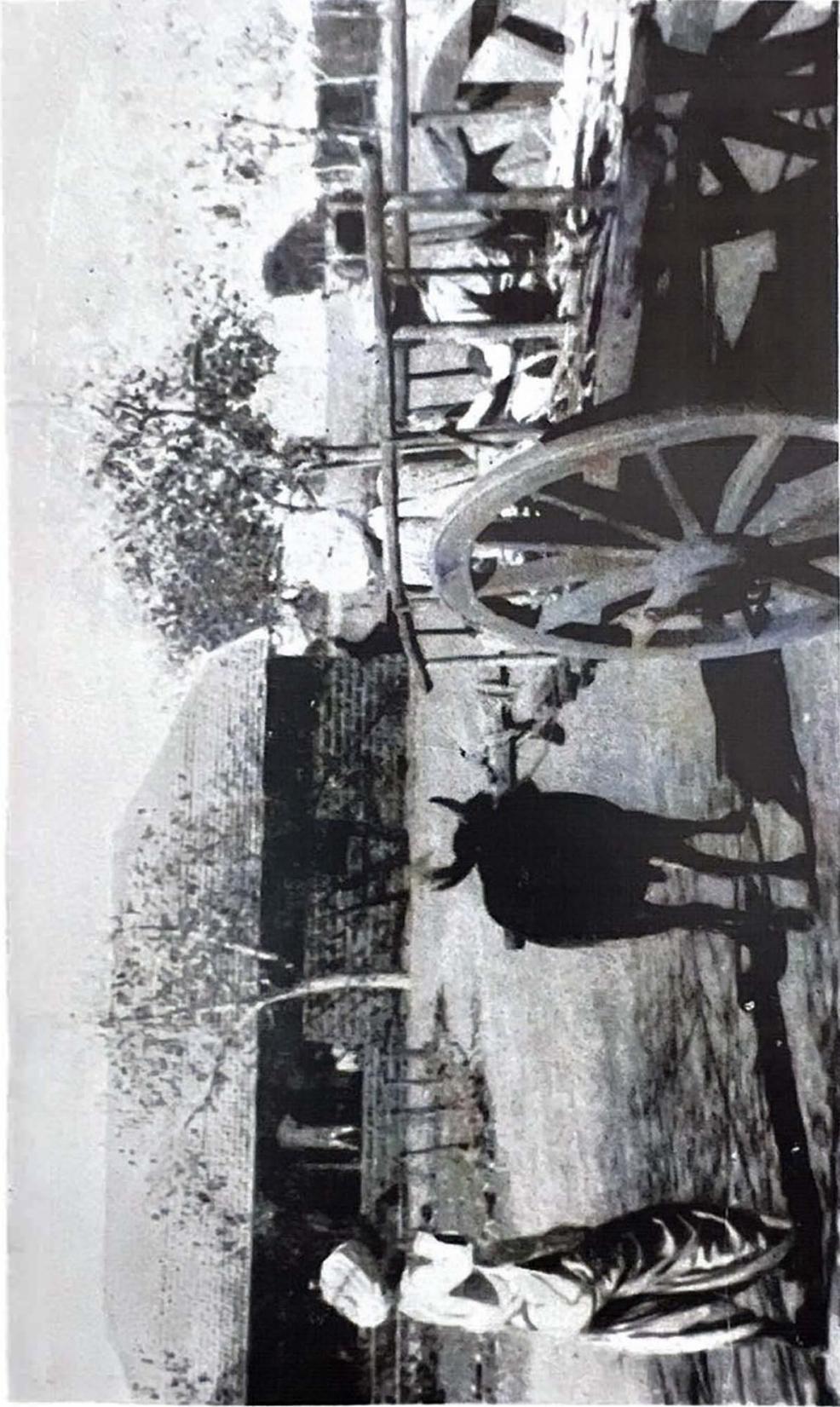
The Mission to Lepers provided money for the building of a meeting room, now in appreciated use.

I acted as Hon. Superintendent at Miraj Leper Hospital for the Mission to Lepers where there were 160 in-patients in 1935, and I was in charge there for nearly a year during the absence on furlough of the Superintendent, Dr. Richardson. There were about thirty Christians in the institution, and most were bright. In addition to medical care of the lepers, I was responsible for the Gospel preaching to them. There was a home for symptom-free lepers, and numbers of these were trained for the Lord's service.

Lepers Who Came to Christ

The spiritual side of this work has been most encouraging. Since the opening of the hospital about ninety lepers have professed faith in Christ and have, after baptism, been received into the leper Christian gathering. God has honoured the preaching of the Gospel, and the fruit-bearing has been an encouragement to His servants in that field.

Launching out on a venture of this kind we had to lay hold upon God for fruit, and He has given precious souls. There are able, well-taught men and women in the hospital



BRINGING THE SICK
Patient arriving at Sankeshwar General Hospital by bullock-cart



LEPERS WHO LIVE IN HOPE (taken in 1941).

who seek to win other lepers, as well as relatives, for Christ. A visit to the worship meeting on Sunday morning is always enjoyable. A number take part in worship intelligently, in a manner which often puts us to shame. A recent visitor from Australia wrote, "What a memory we carry of the worship meeting at the Leper Hospital — 'The spirit of heaviness' so evidently exchanged for 'the garment of praise'!"

The leper Christians are fond of singing. They sing Marathi hymns till a late hour; the townspeople in this way often hear the songs of Zion.

During the past few years numbers of leper Christians have become symptom-free and are now witnessing for Christ in their own villages. Some of these symptom-free believers are living in remote villages where the majority are illiterate. The villagers gather round them at night to hear the Gospels read, and they listen with marked attention to the wonderful story. A word of personal testimony, with an appeal, is given after the reading.

Busgowd's Good Work

The most outstanding leper believer is Busgowd. He is Patil (head man) of a village six miles away.

He was treated at the outdoor clinic for some time before the hospital was opened, and has been an in-patient ever since. He became an enquirer before being admitted and, afterwards, took a stand for Christ. He has been symptom-free for some time, but continues to live in a house built for him near the gate, as he believes his work is to teach the lepers the Word of God. He gives valuable help in supervising the work of the lepers in the fields, where they grow part of their grain and vegetables. He is a great help to the missionaries, and looks after their interests in the fields, and in the bazaar, where he assists the Christian brother who buys the food and clothing.

Gowrawa, a Bright Christian

Busgowd's sister, Gowrawa, also contracted a mild form of neural leprosy fifteen years ago. After treatment in hospital for a few years, she became symptom-free without deformity. She, like her brother, is an outstanding Christian, and for some years has been employed in the General Hospital in the dispensary. Three years ago she was received into the Sankeshwar assembly,

and is one of its brightest Christians. Through their testimony a cousin has been won for Christ, and their mother has for some years been interested in the Gospel.

Gowrawa is keenly interested in the work among the lepers, and helps twice a week with dressings and injections. I had on one occasion to call for her at the house of a relative who is a Judge in Belgaum. Just as she was going the Judge's wife said to her — "Before you go, come to the family god for worship". She immediately replied: "I now worship the living God through Christ and will not worship an idol".

Before leaving Sankeshwar, Busgowd and Gowrawa invited me to their village to give a last testimony to the villagers. Sister Jaap and a number of the Indian Christians accompanied me, and we took our stand in the street outside their home. I was the first speaker and was thankful for the privilege of addressing such a large crowd. When Busgowd began to speak the crowd increased, apparently anxious to hear their head man preach the gospel, which he did for at least half an hour, and his message was with power. In the doorway of their home stood Gowrawa, her brother, and Sister Jaap. The Indian way is for women to keep in the background. Their cousin, who was brought to Christ through them, stood with us, but did not have the courage to speak.

Such a meeting was something we did not dare think possible when we first commenced the leper work. Both these believers have been symptom-free for some years, and could now be living again among their people, commanding the respect due to the family to which they belong, but they have heard the call of God to labour at the Mission Station — Busgowd in the Leper Hospital, and his sister, Gowrawa, in the General and Leper Hospitals. Their cases are unique in our district.

Caste Pride Overcome — Through Leprosy

Desai, a high caste man sent to the hospital eight years ago by the son of a Raja friend of ours is a bright Christian. He was a very infectious case, and was a picture of misery! To be in an institution where all castes were living together was most distressing to him. For some time he ate scarcely anything, and we feared he would not stay. The fact that he was deemed by his people to be under the curse of gods, and was treated accordingly, made him stay with us, although reluctantly.

After a time he began to attend the meetings and, later, asked for a Bible. He studied constantly and soon came out brightly on the Lord's side, so much so that he has been instrumental in leading a number of lepers in the hospital to the Lord.

This brother recently left with the doctor's certificate that he was symptom-free, after eight years in the Leper Hospital. At the farewell given him by the leper church, he said — "It is now my desire to win some of my people, and build up a church in a village where I am now manager of a business."

"Desai Carried Me on His Back"

In May, the hottest month of the year, we did not give injections, and the leper patients who wished to visit their villages were given permission to do so. It was the custom on their return to have a testimony meeting to give them the opportunity to tell what the Lord had done for them. Sidappa, a leper who had been extremely ill for a long time, to the surprise of all present, pulled himself up on his painful and swollen feet and said: "I desire to give my testimony. I have accepted Christ as my Saviour and now follow Him. I take this opportunity to testify as to what Desai has done for me. When I was ill and helpless he did everything for me. Whenever I needed to go outside he carried me on his back and performed those duties which, for a man of high caste like Desai, was a degrading work done only by Sweepers. He did far more for me than my own mother or father would have done, and he did it for Christ's sake. Through his loving deeds he taught me the love of Christ."

Trophies of Grace

A boy of eleven named Krishna came to the hospital for admission nine years ago. Mrs. Ray Atkinson found him crying at the gate, covered with sores, and in rags. He had walked from his village, a distance of twelve miles, and was very tired. The poor lad's cry was — "My mother drove me out of the village". This was doubtless due to pressure from the villagers because he was a leper. Krishna was admitted, taught to read and write, clothed decently and fed. He attended Sunday School, where he became interested, and was finally converted. He went on well as a Christian, and always aspired to become a preacher of the Gospel. His note-book and pencil were much in evidence at any special meeting held for the lepers. Three years ago he

was discharged symptom-free, and is now employed at a tile factory, earning his living and serving the Lord.

A Missionary's Letter

A fellow-worker writes (11/8/'53):—"I should like to mention for prayer the work of a young brother called Krishna. He was a leper in the Sankeshwar hospital some years ago, but is now symptom free, and regular tests show no return of the disease. He is happily married to a girl whose parents were lepers, and they have one healthy little girl. His one desire is to preach the Gospel and, in order to support himself and his family, he sells medicines in the different bazaars held weekly in all the large villages. He is away from home for days at a time, always with a stock of books to sell and tracts to give away. His first work is to preach and sell his books, then his medicines. Do pray that he may be encouraged as he works for the Lord, and that he may prove Him more and more. He desires to make the Daddi district his centre and to work out from there. He is praying about this move. At present they live in Belgaum."

Two brothers of Sankeshwar, tanners by caste, left the hospital symptom-free about four years ago. The younger was a well-educated young man. His case illustrates the possibilities for those who come for treatment while young. Upon becoming symptom-free they can be re-absorbed into society. This man has been given a position as messenger in the University of Bombay, where he mixes with young people from good families: Being symptom-free, there is no reason why he should not. His elder brother, who lives in Sankeshwar, recently gave Mr. Atkinson 7/6d (a generous gift from a poor Indian) to be put in the lepers' offering.

Another symptom-free leper who is witnessing for Christ is Rama Kumbar. He turned to Christ through our preaching in his village about twenty years ago. He contracted leprosy and was admitted to the Leper Hospital, where he was a patient for several years. He was about the first to be discharged as symptom-free, and he continues his village witness. He often comes to Sankeshwar to worship with the lepers in the Assembly. Rama Kumbar earns his living as a potter, and from time to time shows his gratitude to the missionaries by bringing water vessels which are needed in the bungalows and hospitals. When offered payment for these vessels he said: "How could I take anything when you have done so much for me?"

The Tiny Leper Maid

At one time we thought we would not take in more lepers, because it meant more buildings, and the work of the two hospitals was more than one medical man could do satisfactorily. The work of evangelisation and the teaching of the Christians was, after all, the most important part of the work. But who could refuse a little child who was brought to us? Her parents had died, her father having been a leper. A married sister had taken charge of this girl of nine, but what kind of care did she receive? She was given a corner of a hut to live in and was not allowed to enter the house. Her food was thrown to her as if she were an animal. She had to earn something for her grain by collecting and selling wood which she picked up in the jungle. When admitted to our hospital she was clothed in rags. She was small for her age, undernourished and anaemic and covered with sores. She was timid and always hid behind the leper women when spoken to by any of the missionaries.

It was wonderful to see the child develop, although the process was somewhat slow. In due time she learned to read and write, and took pleasure in reading the Bible and in singing the Marathi hymns.

She was in hospital about nine years, and during the early months professed faith in Christ. She was eventually discharged as symptom-free and returned to live in her village. She was supported by friends in America during her time in hospital and, even after her discharge, these friends sent us money for clothes, which she greatly appreciated.

Outpatient attendances at the Leper Hospital are about 400 a month; many of these have their names on the waiting list for admission to the hospital. One of our saddest duties is to have to tell cases that are suitable for treatment that we have no accommodation. What a tragedy!

The burned-out cases need a home of refuge, even if little can be done for them in the way of treatment. Most Leper Hospitals are to-day concerned with the treatment of early cases, and especially the treatment of children who have had the misfortune to contract the disease.

The Lord Has Provided

Since the opening of the Leper Hospital we have never had anxiety regarding funds to carry on this work. Friends in Britain, Australia, and America have sent gifts from gatherings of Christians, and many individuals have given liberally.

We rejoice that all the needs of the lepers — food, clothing and medical treatment — have been supplied in answer to prayer. We well remember the first gift towards the leper work: *it came from Brookvale, Australia*. That was an earnest of the large sums which we received throughout the years for this branch of the work.

Visitors

Some friends at home have said: "Did you not find the conditions in a Leper Hospital trying and the life lonely?" We were too busy to be lonely, and the work of evangelisation and healing was so engrossing that thoughts of being away from our fellow-countrymen did not trouble us much. But we had our European visitors, too. They were mostly missionaries of our own group, and American missionaries working in Western India. Being on the main road, officials often called, most of them being friends interested in the work.

The Visitors' Book in the Leper Hospital reminds me of the visit in 1941 of three notable Europeans. One of these was Sir Rodger Lumley, Governor of Bombay. This English gentleman spent some time at the Leper Hospital and made this entry: "I am very glad to have seen Dr. and Mrs. Henderson's Leper Hospital. I have heard for a long time of the splendid work they do."

Major General Candy, Surgeon General with the Government of Bombay, also visited the hospital that year. Here is part of his entry: "The air of well-being and the atmosphere of hope are very noticeable. The site is very suitable, and the water supply ample. The thanks of the people are due to Dr. and Mrs. Henderson and their fellow-workers."

Mr. Donald Miller, Secretary for India of the Mission to Lepers, visited us. He wrote:—"Faith has been wedded to understanding in the planning and development of this Leprosy Hospital. Very great credit is due to Dr. Henderson for his most successful efforts on behalf of sufferers from leprosy in this district who may benefit from treatment. The atmosphere of good cheer and self respect is most marked. The school, cultivation work, and other occupations all have their therapeutic value, and above all, the religious spirit in which the work is conducted gives to the medical work a dynamic purpose and power which helps to account for the very hopeful results achieved."

Chapter XV

THE EVER FAITHFUL GOD

"There Hath Not Failed One Word of All His Good Promise"

DEPENDENCE UPON GOD for the supply of all our needs has been to us a reality throughout the years of our service. We were often tested, but God kept His every promise to us.

A thousand times over we proved the reality of trusting Him. Faced, humanly speaking, with the impossible, we emerged triumphantly, having learned the lesson God desired to teach us. We proved it is no vain thing to trust in the Lord. We never asked for money but from God, and it is always a joy to make our needs known unto Him.

In acknowledging gifts, letters were sent to the donors, telling of different aspects of the work and mentioning items for prayer; but we never cried poverty in letters sent to friends and supporters. To the many dear friends who helped, we cannot do better than quote Paul's word to the Philippians. "I thank God," wrote the Apostle, "for your fellowship in the furtherance of the Gospel from the first day until now."

I had been only two months in the field when the first real test came regarding money.

Payment for my board was almost due, and I was without funds. In the evenings, after my language study was over, I made it a practice to go to a disused quarry, some distance away, to pray for that necessary money.

It was upon my return from praying one evening that the answer came. I opened my Newberry Bible at one of the Minor Prophets—and *there was an envelope containing two sovereigns!*

To this day I do not know how that money came to be in that Bible. There was a brother who came to see my cabin, as I was about to leave Sydney, and I have often thought it might have been his gift.

That was my first real testing regarding money, and that was how God answered my prayers. I have been thankful for the experience, for it taught me that dependence upon God is a reality and not a theory. From that time until I had passed my

Marathi examinations, money was often in short supply, but my every need was supplied.

Another trying financial testing came when we were building the Mission House. The trustees of the Girls' Orphanage at Belgaum gave us a sum of money towards the building of the Mission House at Sankeshwar, but the amount was not sufficient to finish the work. For some considerable time we had no doors or windows and no slabs on the floor. We had ordered the slabs from a place four hundred miles away. The cost of the slabs and the railway freight had been met, but the cartage from the nearest railway station, a distance of twenty miles by bullock cart, had still to be paid for. One morning the carts arrived loaded with the slabs, and I found we were short by nine rupees five annas of the amount that had to be paid to the cart men. You cannot tell Indian cart-drivers to come later for the balance—they refuse to go until paid in full. Knowing that my wife occasionally laid by small amounts, I told her my difficulty, and she found she had the exact amount to an anna that was necessary to pay the cartmen. We were left without any money, but were full of praise to God for enabling us to pay off the men. God's promise to supply all our needs still holds good. Often during the thirty-nine years in the field our banking account touched bedrock. We have proved that if we are working according to His will He will see to it that the money necessary will be forthcoming. "The only cheque book you can reckon upon," said Dan Crawford, "is God's own blank cheque, your Bibles". Another writer has said, "The promises of God are just as good as ready money any day".

The growth of the work in the early years was slow; indeed we saw no souls brought to Christ at first. The Maratha field seemed to be barren and unfruitful. Later in our work for the Lord we saw only one here and there converted through village and hospital efforts. But the numbers have grown as the years have passed by. At the Easter meetings in 1950, twenty-six professed faith in Christ—the largest number at any one time since the work was commenced.

That was a never-to-be-forgotten experience in the history of the church at Sankeshwar.

The Christians were greatly enriched and uplifted by the ministry of Mr. Gordon Junk and others. We give God

all the glory and praise for what He has done. God still continues to bless; and Dr. Gilbert and others have the joy of teaching these young converts the Word of God and leading them on in the ways that be in Christ.

Now small groups of Christian witnesses are to be found in different parts of the district, and the numbers have been considerably augmented by symptom-free leper believers, many of whom are witnessing quietly among their own people in the villages. The paths of these dear people are not easy; they still have the stigma of leprosy to contend with, and mostly stand alone without the blessing of Christian fellowship. They need our prayers. They attend the Sunday meetings at the Leper Hospital as often as they can, for they have learned the value of gathering together, especially for the Lord's Supper and the Gospel meeting. It has always been a trial to these symptom-free lepers to return again to their villages, to continue their witness, after a time of fellowship and help from the Word of God. The Leper Hospital to them is home.

"Daughters of Shallum"

Regarding the service of women the words of Scripture are plain. No sister need be in doubt as to her position. The Spirit of God speaks decisively, and all the arguments contrary to those injunctions fall on deaf ears where a woman in sincerity desires to serve her Lord and Master. Many a man envies the woman when he realises, as I have done over so many years, how God uses her whose desire it is to serve in conformity with the Word of God.

Elsewhere I have remarked that it is with a degree of reluctance that special praise is recorded in this book concerning my wife's work—when the facts must come from me. But as eye-witness, as her helper, and later as she assisted me after I graduated in medicine, I testify that the opportunities have been without number when the devoted service of that good woman has brought alleviation of pain, bodily comfort, mental tranquillity and, above all, knowledge of the Lord Jesus to many of her dear Indian fellow-beings.

Throughout the long years of her sojourn in that land she ministered to every need. Never complaint of overwork nor expression of the awful revulsion of the filth and disease would mar her service. She brought to bear on the sick and suffering

and ignorant, on the wicked and vile in life and thought, the Christian grace of service, and with that service the glorious message of hope that filled her own soul and gave her the courage for her faithful life. Truly can I say that nothing but the power of Christ in her own experience could have produced the fruit yielded in her missionary career. To those who would follow on, may I again emphasise that the joy of service is its great reward. No regret will ever lie at the door of the heart who hears India's call and responds to the Master's voice to carry His banner to that field. Yes, it is a battlefield! But *if God be for us, who can be against us?*

There are many calls on the field that can be answered by the woman more satisfactorily than by the man: not that the man cannot be fully occupied; but the sister's work takes her right into the home. She gains the confidence of mother and children. In sickness her ministrations, even if only in minor attentions, give her a standing of respect and, when the Word of the Cross is spoken, attention is given courteously as a token of thanks for the help given.

With the children there is a special work for sisters. It seems natural for a woman to instruct the young, and through these young ones the Word is carried to the parents. In the village work, which often takes the form of visitation from house to house, there is a useful avenue. Sometimes these visits can be followed by the male missionary where his presence would be of special value.

" S E N T "

Each day brings varied duties,
 Sometimes through darkest night
 The worker takes the Gospel
 Of everlasting light.
 Some people scorn the message,
 Yet he is not dismayed,
 For by him stands the Master—
 And some at home had prayed! — (E.H.)

A Call to All

The need of India is urgent. Her unevangelised millions need your interest, your prayers, YOU!

Dear Reader, you have only one time of witnessing, only one life to live. If you have accepted Christ as your Saviour, will you give ear to the blessed Lord's call to the vast country of India in its deep, deep need?

In that precious Name, let your answer be YES!

To-day the call is the more urgent because of communism. Its agents are active and its followers include many misguided idealists.

Christ is the answer to India's need!

Chapter XVI
THE WAR AND AFTER

Furlough

EARLY IN 1939 I went on furlough to England, my wife having preceded me by some months, and this proved to be our last furlough.

The voyage home on an Anchor Line steamer was most interesting. At the entrance to the Red Sea a high-ranking officer of the Indian Police became ill with an acute attack of appendicitis. The ship's surgeon asked me to help him with the case. We operated just in time, as an abscess had formed. The sea was calm, the captain slowed down, and the operation was soon successfully performed.

In the Mediterranean, an Indian lascar (sailor) had to undergo an operation for the same condition. In his case we had to operate in rough weather. Both patients made good recovery, the Police Officer being able to leave the ship at Marseilles, and to travel overland to London.

The shipping company in Glasgow called me to the office to thank me for the help given to the ship's surgeon, and informed me a free passage back to Bombay was being arranged in appreciation of my services.

At the outbreak of war I took a post at Glasgow Military Hospital as a Civil Medical Practitioner, being given charge of the general wards, but soon we were able to return to our beloved India.

In May, 1940, we left for Bombay in the ship carrying the Admiral in charge of the convoy. The voyage out to Karachi was uneventful. The captain was a true Christian, but was much affected by the capitulation of France. He asked me if I would preach on the Sunday following the capitulation on the text, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me". His thought was that the cup to us was the possibility of suffering defeat in the war. I spoke from the text, but gave its true interpretation, and the message was a source of strength to the captain and to ourselves.

He was soon to be with his Lord. On the next voyage out his ship was sunk by a submarine, and he and all the officers succumbed. Several Indian seamen were picked up.

Dr. Churchward's Help

It was good to be back at Sankeshwar with our fellow-workers and the Christians there. The medical and leper work had prospered in the hands of Dr. R. S. Churchward, who had kindly come to relieve us. His service was much appreciated.

The following year was a busy one, but we had been refreshed by the furlough and had been encouraged by the fellowship of the Lord's people, and now felt fit for another term. The suffering people and their need of the Gospel were ever before us, and the preaching of the Gospel was a joy. The villages around and others farther afield seemed to be calling — "Come over and help us". The labourers were desperately few; but following what I understood to be the leading of the Lord, confirmed to me by subsequent events, a new sphere of service was opened to me.

A New Work

In November 1941, the Surgeon General visited me at Sankeshwar to invite me to join the Indian Medical Service for military service. He told me of the great shortage of British doctors in India and that many Indian doctors were not willing to take emergency commissions. My assistant at Sankeshwar was ready to carry on in my absence, but did not wish to undertake military service.

On 5th December, 1941, I was posted to the Indian Military Hospital at Shillong, the capital of Assam. When I arrived, the hospital had only 250 beds; when I left nine months later, the Combined General Hospital had 2,200 beds. I was Surgeon to the Indian Military Hospital, and later to the British Wing also, as well as Staff Surgeon to the Gurkha Regiment.

Brave in Suffering

In February, 1942, General Alexander began his march out of Burma, the evacuation being due to superior Japanese forces. During April, May and June, the daily convoys arriving were from 200 to 800 sick and wounded. The surgical cases which filled my division were gunshot and shrapnel wounds, and fractures which had received but little treatment. The men had endured terrible physical privations and were exhausted because of the strain of their injuries and sickness, and, in many

instances, of weeks on the road. Notwithstanding, for sick men their morale was good.

In our hospital we lacked the necessary equipment for the treatment of surgical cases. The Welsh Mission in Shillong, which is one of the best in India, did all X-ray work for us and also undertook some of the operations. The work of this institution was of the greatest value and was another instance of the ministry of Christian missions in the service of mankind. Without such splendid help in the name of Christ, India would be the poorer. After a brief period of rest many of the malaria and dysentery cases were sent to large hospitals in India. Serious medical cases were retained.

In order to accommodate the patients we took over large Government offices, which, when provided with beds and equipment, gave us accommodation for nearly a thousand patients. We also took over part of the Roman Catholic Seminary, which met the need of seven hundred more.

"Such as Should be Saved"

The Officer commanding the hospital was an Anglo-Indian of the regular Indian Medical Service, and it was easy to get his permission to do Gospel work among the patients in hospital. A number of missionaries from Behar were at Shillong for rest, and workers among the people of Nepal were ready to co-operate in distributing Gospel literature.

In the section for British troops in the Roman Catholic Seminary, we commenced a Gospel meeting on Sunday evenings, Christian officers and missionaries taking part. The priests had reserved part of the building for their own use, and we saw them, on occasions, listening on the verandah of the patients' recreation hall where the meetings were held. Convalescent Christian men joined to help with the singing, as well as women from the Welsh Mission. Praise God, souls were saved, and we were much encouraged.

During the peak days at Shillong we were often on duty eighteen hours a day, and had no leave. The majority of the patients were suffering from malaria and dysentery. Most of the surgical cases had to be treated there, owing to the difficulty of transporting them long distances. Many of the fractures had been neglected for weeks, and their treatment constituted a problem.

In June two British medical officers arrived from England, and were posted to the surgical division. With this new help we were able to organise the surgical side of the hospital. About a hundred Indian doctors—civil medical practitioners—worked on the medical side—some full time and some part time.

The work of the surgical division was heavy, but then things began to slow down a little when the monsoon broke, enabling us to perform many operations which up to that time had been beyond us owing to shortage of staff and equipment.

The World's Wettest Station

I was able during the wettest part of the monsoon to visit Cherrapunji, about 40 miles from Shillong. It has an annual rainfall of 580 inches, and has the reputation of being the wettest station in the world. It simply poured all the time I was there, and the place was enveloped in mist, so there was nothing to be seen. I was glad to leave when the military engineer with whom I travelled finished his work.

Cherrapunji, earlier in the history of the British Empire, had been a garrison town.

The Mighty Brahmaputra

Late in August I was posted to the 43rd Indian General Hospital near Tejpur, on the Brahmaputra River. I journeyed by motor to Gauhati, and from there by river steamer which took two days.

The Brahmaputra is a mighty torrent in the moonsoon, and in some parts of great width. Navigation on the river is difficult owing to the force of the current and the winding course of the stream. The hospital was partly under canvas, and partly in bashas (grass and bamboo wards). It was surrounded by tea-gardens, and in the early morning we looked out on the magnificent snows.

Snow-clad Himalayas

These Himalayan snow-clad mountains are seen behind the foothills in the winter mornings. They stand out in all their grandeur about 120 miles from the hospital. One peak is pyramid-shaped. In the early morning sunshine it is a sight of dazzling splendour, worth coming to Assam to see. The country in this part is flat, and is either bamboo jungle or rice fields. In certain areas tea is grown, the tea gardens being controlled by British firms and managed by British personnel.

Lower Burma Baptist Missionaries

I had my office in a large tent, but the surgical wards were built of bamboo and grass. At Shillong, the nurses were Anglo-Indians and Indian Christians, but at the 43rd I.G.H., they were Anglo-Burmese, Karens, with about twenty Indian Christians.

The Karen sisters were true believers. They had been brought to Christ by Baptist missionaries in Lower Burma.

The history of the work among the Karens is very interesting and romantic.

When Judson arrived in Burma the people were spirit worshippers. They had no written language, and lived in the hills, and in the early days were much persecuted by the Burmese. In this year 1954 there are hundreds of companies of Karen believers in Burma.

It was a privilege to find myself attached to a hospital with a devoted Christian occupying the position of Sister-in-Charge of surgical wards.

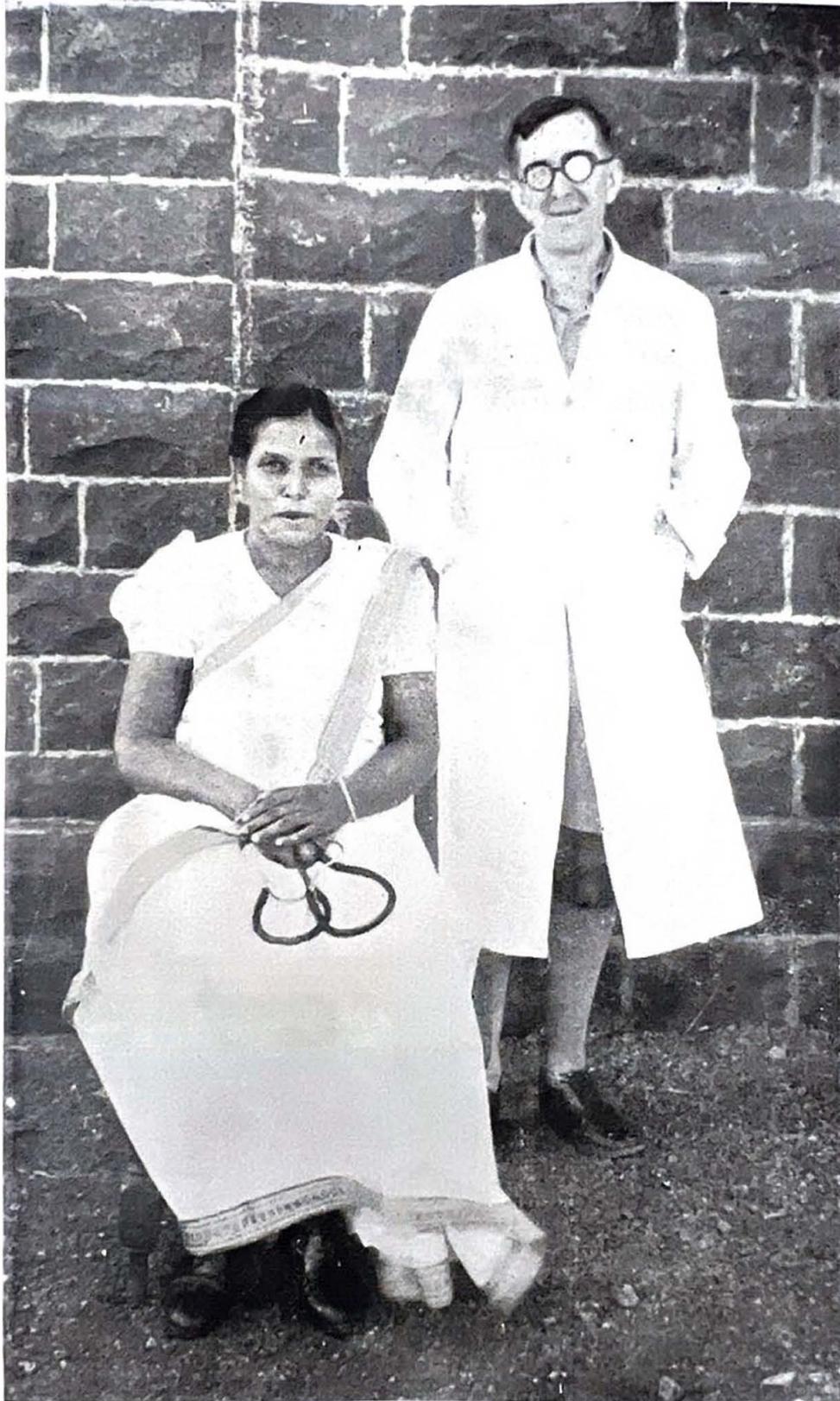
Sunday Morning Services

This base hospital was away from large towns where Christians meet, and I was given permission by the commanding officer to hold services on Sunday mornings. A basha was set apart for a meeting room, and it was always packed.

The O.C. and one of the British surgeons were Roman Catholics. They attended the services.

Head-hunters Won for Christ!

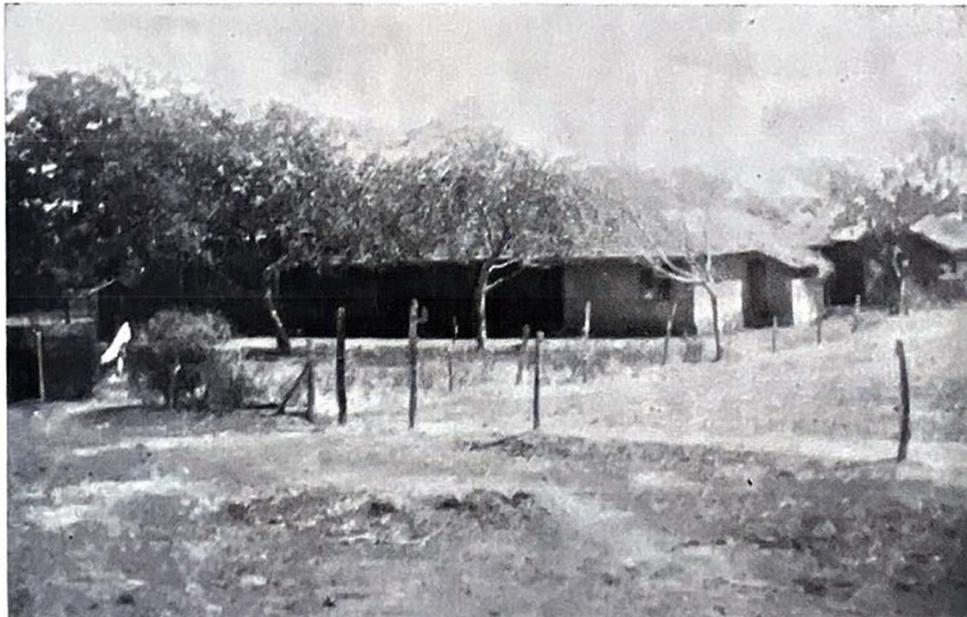
Assam is little more than a name to many people of our own country, but in the hills of that land a mighty work has been going on. The Welsh missionaries and their helpers in that far-off field have 200,000 Kashi Christians as a reward for their faithful service to the wild people. Dr. Hughes, of the Mission Hospital, told me that many of the converts were formerly head-hunters. Their land was a land of fear, for what more dreadful experience can be contemplated than contact with such murderous men! Lack of regard for human life, callousness to suffering, no fear of God before their eyes! What I write of their changed condition is what I saw and heard. In



**DR. GHADGE (seated) and DR. GILBERT —
at Sankeshwar.**



ALL MEMBERS OF ONE FAMILY
Showing how Leprosy spreads in families (Taken at Sankeshwar
Leper Hospital)



GENERAL HOSPITAL, SANKESHWAR (built by Dr. and Mrs. Henderson). This picture was taken at midday, when out-patient department closed: hence deserted appearance.
View from main Poona - Bangalore Road.

my presence a company of them sang Christian hymns, and it was delightful — the head-hunters' cry replaced by songs of praise to God!

I heard a company of them render selections from Handel's "Messiah".

What has an unbeliever to say to this? He cannot answer. And, oh, what a victory of the Cross! What a glory to the Name of the Son of God! From darkness to light! Praise His Holy Name forever!

Lonely Graves in a Distant Land

War left its sad mark. In worship we have sung of the "restless world that wars below", and probably the hymn-writer was thinking of all the strife around from which the Christian was in spirit delivered. In Assam, however, there were young Britishers who had left home and kindred for military service abroad. They had been sent to Assam when wounded. Many of them died. Lonely graves in a distant land were to receive their poor torn bodies, while loves ones at home mourned the fathers and sons and lovers gone from them. The Bishop of Assam came to select a site for a cemetery, and in this I was detailed to assist him. Because I was a missionary he was interested in me, and during the days he spent at the hospital we had conversations on spiritual matters. Later he became Metropolitan of India.

Lost in the Jungle!

One day I admitted to my wards 14 Chinese who had been lost in the dense jungles of the Assam-Burma border. They were suffering from ulcers of the legs — naga sores they are called up there, and they are prevalent in the monsoon. Some were six to seven inches in length. The men were weak through starvation, leech and insect bitten, and had for several weeks lived in terror of wild animals.

Although they could not speak, their faces showed their pleasure at being happily and comfortably settled in hospital. What an experience — to be lost in the jungle! For endurance those Chinese were far ahead of the Indians. The difficulty was that we could not speak to them, for they did not know English or Hindustani. God undertook for us, however. A

squadron of new planes was being flown from Karachi to China, and one of them crashed two miles from the hospital. One officer was injured and had to be admitted for treatment; the other suffered no injury, and acted as interpreter.

One of the Chinese gave a vivid account of the experience of being lost. He described the terror he experienced through being alone in the dense jungle into which they had wandered. At night they heard the cries of the wild animals all around them, the mosquitoes and other insects inflicted torture beyond description, and most of them suffered from malaria, for which they had no remedy at hand. Their food during that period was roots and leaves, and drinking water was brackish.

I shall never forget those men from China!

Hearty Send-off

After three and a half months at that hospital, looking out on the magnificent snows, and thinking often of the plight of the people who lived beyond those mountain peaks without a knowledge of the Gospel, I was informed one day by G.H.Q. that I was soon to be posted back to India. In a way I was disappointed, as I liked the place, and the work. The Christian orderlies and nurses gave me a hearty send-off, many of them coming to the railhead in station waggons, in carts and on cycles.

Poona of Military Fame

I was then posted to Poona, one of the largest military stations in India. There were 20 hospitals, including two American ones. My hospital was opposite the Aga Khan's Palace. The Aga Khan is one of the world's greatest racehorse owners, but his stables were almost empty during the war. He is a leader of a large section of the Moslems. More prominence was given to the Aga Khan recently by the marriage—and divorce—of his son.

Gandhi was interned in that palace, and his wife died and was buried there.

I was posted to the surgical side of this hospital. The Officer Commanding was a Parsee, a regular Indian Medical Service officer of the rank of full Colonel. He granted me permission to hold services at midday on Sundays for Christians on the staff, the number usually attending being about 60.

was 14 months there, and saw the hand of the Lord working among British and Anglo-Indian troops in Poona Cantonment.

An old Christian friend, Capt. Stokes, who was for years in a bank in Bombay, joined me in the opening of a meeting for Gospel work on the ground floor of the Nanking Cafe, which we were able to rent. Soon other Christian officers and men joined us, and a branch of the Gospel team, which was to become a blessing to so many, was started in Poona. The meetings of the team were held on Saturday and Sunday evenings.

Weeping Their Way to the Cross

The open-air meetings in Main Street were attended by thousands of men who were in training for the big push which appeared to be imminent at that time. At the inside meetings on Saturday and Sunday evenings, we saw men literally weeping their way to the Cross. At this time a meeting for the Lord's Supper was commenced, and still continues.

Hydrophobia!

From Poona I was posted as Officer Commanding the Combined General Hospital at Kedgaon. The British servicemen in that area were commandos, and security restrictions were stringent. I had my quarters in the hospital grounds, and messed with the officers of the commandos.

One evening an officer and his batman were bitten by a small, mad dog.

For many years stories have been told of the awful effects of mad-dog bite. A hundred years ago the cry "Mad dog!" cleared the streets instantly.

In this case the officer's sister had died of rabies, so he immediately caught the dog and *twisted off its head!*

After giving the first dose for rabies, I sent the head to the Central Laboratory in Poona. Later the laboratory wired me to give the full course of treatment.

The disease hydrophobia is communicated to man by the bite of a mad dog, and is due to a virus carried in the saliva of the dog. It is a terrible disease. The victim develops violent convulsions, and if untreated, dies. Thanks to Louis Pasteur, vaccines originally made by him are injected for fourteen days; in this way sufficient antibody is formed to cure the condition.

The officer and batman were watched for a month, but showed no signs of rabies.

Preaching to Women

To me Kedgaon was of great interest, as the Pandita Ramabai Mission was near the hospital. It was a joy to preach in Marathi to the women in the large meeting room, which accommodates about 2,000 people. I was able to give some help to the two European nurses in their medical missionary work, and the fellowship with the missionaries in the evenings was pleasant.

Scrub Typhus

At this time I was sent by the A.D.M.S. to the Maldives, where there was an outbreak of scrub typhus. This atoll is in the Indian Ocean, right on the Equator. Now a large ocean base had come into being. The harbour, surrounded by coral reef, with a natural entrance, was capable of accommodating large vessels.

Many of the atolls (coral islets) in the Indian Ocean are inhabited by Mohammedans, but these particular people were removed to other atolls to make way for troops. The only trees there are bread-fruit.

Little was known by British doctors of scrub typhus before the war. It is a mite fever which is prevalent in the Indian Ocean and in New Guinea, its duration being from 16 to 20 days. The mortality rate varies, but in untreated cases is between 30 and 60 per cent, the most common cause of death being heart-failure. I brought back 40 patients to Colombo, and after handing them over to the hospital authorities, returned to Poona.

Healing Their Bodies and Souls

On my return from the Maldives, I was five months at St. Thomas Mount, Madras. For security reasons the only work I was able to engage in was personal evangelism. The invasion of Burma and Singapore appeared imminent at that time.

From the medical standpoint, the experience in the army was wonderful, but above that, the work of witnessing among Indian and British troops was well worth while. I was face to

face with men in proximity to death, men who literally carried their lives in their hands. With this before me, I was able, in the power of the Holy Spirit, to speak of the Saviour Who died to deliver them, Who died to set them free and Who, if they came through the tragedy of war, would enable them to live for Him—to His glory.

Chapter XVII

CHANGES IN OUR TIME

GREAT CHANGES HAVE TAKEN PLACE in India during the past twenty-five years in the matter of caste rules. When we first went to India these were rigid, and orthodox Hindus sought with all their might to enforce them. Intermingling of the castes was then uncommon, and Untouchables were entirely outside the pale of Hindusim. Several factors have helped to bring about a change for the better.

Travelling by rail and bus has increased at a tremendous rate, and in third class compartments, which are always overcrowded, the observance of caste rules is impossible. In buses found all over India, high and low caste must brush shoulders with each other. All this has helped to weaken the caste system.

Gandhi's Influence

As mentioned in an earlier chapter, the powerful influence of Gandhi has been felt.

A great change in the observance of caste rules has been brought about by his always persistent efforts. The response to his call to the people to remove Untouchability was at first slow, but of recent years has worked as a leavening process.

Protein Diet

When studying medicine in Bombay, I noticed that many Brahmin students ate mutton once or twice a week. They had learned that protein in the diet was essential, and although most of those men (who have now taken up practice in towns and villages) never eat meat in their homes because of their womenfolk, who are keener than men to observe caste rules, this shows the beginning of a great change in outlook.

Partitioning of India

Many changes geographically have taken place since World War II.

The country has been divided into two parts—Hindustan and Pakistan—according as the Hindu or Moslem predominates.

The estimated population of Pakistan (80,000,000) makes it the largest sovereign Moslem state in the world. There are 30,000,000 Mohammedans in India.

The Republic of India is Born

The greatest development in our time was the birth, on 25th January, 1950, of the Republic of India.

Ten years ago, very few people could have envisaged this mighty political change!

The Constitution is Federal, and contains 35 articles, one of which is of great interest to the missionary of the Cross, for by it Untouchability has been abolished, and made an offence. It was amusing to read the following in an Indian paper recently — "The Law Hits Untouchability: Two Hindu priests, who in accordance with age-long prejudice, recently tried to prevent Untouchables from entering a Hindu temple, were fined 25 rupees each by a magistrate in Orissa."

The emblem of the new India, Truth Will Triumph, is a symbol taken from the Upanishad (Vedic treatise) and is in keeping with the late Mr. Gandhi's teaching. The Constitution guarantees equality of protection to all citizens, irrespective of religion, race, caste, class, sex or place of birth. But unless there are drastic reforms, heathenism will remain unchanged.

Gandhi's Call to Boycott Tea

Some years ago Gandhi called upon Indian people to give up tea-drinking because it is a European custom and bad for health, but he met with little success. Tea-shops have helped to break down the caste system. The craving for tea is great. A cup three-quarters full costs half an anna, and this they call a "single"; if the cup is full and overflowing into the saucer, it is called a "double" and costs an anna. They nearly always drink out of the saucer.

During our time there has been a great increase in tea-drinking. Forty years ago tea was not taken by the villager, but to-day the majority drink it. The tea-shops are dirty, and the tea is black, after having been boiled for long periods. Sometimes chloral hydrate is added, resulting in a dulling of the senses.

Chapter XVIII

OUR LAST DAYS AT SANKESHWAR

IT WAS A JOY to be back at Sankeshwar after over three years in the Army. This, my last, proved to be my best year.

We saw the medical and leper work fully established, and we praised God to see two churches as the fruit of the years of Christian witness.

The flow of converts was slow, but regular. How encouraged we were! *To God be the glory!*

I missed my wife at Sankeshwar, as she had finally to leave on account of ill-health and live on the hills.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. E. Atkinson were more to me that year than just fellow-workers. Their constant concern was that I should be comfortable and without anxiety in the work. We owe them an unpayable debt.

Miss Isa Jaap was on furlough, and Sister Benjamin, Government-trained Indian Sister from Bombay, was in her place. She worked well in the hospital and she and Mrs. Atkinson were real sisters in Christ. The combination of the Indian and European is my ideal for a land like India.

Sister Benjamin was awarded the highly-prized Florence Nightingale Scholarship while at Sankeshwar. She left us to take the post-graduate course in England.

Another Bombay-trained Indian Christian, Sister Ruhamah, was the other sister. She was loved by all because of her Christ-like manner. These two experienced Christian sisters were a blessing to the believers who had lately come out of heathenism, and to the junior nurses.

No record would be complete without mention of the work done by Miss Peebles since the hospital was opened.

The administrative part of the hospital was carried out efficiently by her when she was not touring in the villages.

Her name is held in honour for distinguished service, as also are the names of many faithful missionaries with whom I did not have extended contact.

Sister Jaap rendered invaluable help during the ten years we laboured happily in a professional capacity. Night and day she cared for the sick, and was loved by the people for her

self-sacrificing, Christ-like service. The success of the hospital during our last few years was largely due to her.

When the people of Sankeshwar and surrounding villages learned we were soon leaving, they came with their expressions of esteem. Old patients showed real sorrow because our service for them was over.

The Hindu Wedding Day

I was invited one day during this period to a wedding in the family of a well-to-do man in a nearby town. Several members of his family had been patients in hospital, and I decided to go. I had seen only two or three such weddings and thought that, as I was soon to leave India, I should gain some knowledge of a wedding ceremony as practised in Bombay Province. Hindu marriages are usually arrangements of convenience and to marry for love is scarcely known, as the custom is for the parents to make the choice of a wife for the son.

The bride was waiting for the bridegroom when we arrived through an arch of banana leaves. He came on horseback, followed by his relatives; as he dismounted, the bride advanced and placed a garland round his neck. All the people then threw flowers at the bridegroom. The ceremony was conducted by a Hindu priest, in a pandal (shelter of bamboo poles and matting) erected in the main street. The bridegroom placed a tali (necklace) round the neck of the bride, and the bride's father gave the dowry. The newly married couple had a meal together, and the guests surrounded the bridegroom, a band providing Indian music suited to the occasion. Thousands of rupees were spent on this Hindu marriage, and the priest received a sum of money for having officiated.

Mrs. Henderson's Farewell

My wife was able to come down from the hills for a short stay at Sankeshwar, and the last week or two were taken up with farewells. It was not until we were leaving that we realised how much our service had been appreciated by the people. Old patients, high and low caste, came to see us for the last time. It was a comfort to them all to know that the senior missionaries on the station were to be Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson, and that my assistant, Dr. Chandikar—the Indian Christian lady doctor—was to be in charge of the medical section.

These workers had endeared themselves to them and we left happy, knowing that the work would be well carried on.

"Seeing Our Face No More"

Saying good-bye to the converts from heathenism, and those who had been saved in the Leper Hospital, was hard. The word continually in my mind at that time was "not in vain in the Lord."

But our greatest wrench was when loved fellow-workers from other stations gathered to meet us and commend us to God.

The last link with Sankeshwar came as a surprise the day after we had left. A young woman belonging to Sankeshwar heard in Belgaum that we were passing through, and came to Mr. Ritchie's house to garland us with flowers and say good-bye. It is unusual for an Indian caste woman to garland a European; but she and her mother, her sisters and her brothers' wives had been attended by us in the day of sickness and distress, and now she came to express her gratitude.

So now we turned our heads to the Nilgiris and, later, to Calcutta to wait for the ship to take us to Australia, where we had planned to retire.

"Now Therefore Arise"

These were the words spoken to Joshua, the one whom God raised up to carry on His work. One servant had passed on, but another would continue. Praise God, this is still true!

Mrs. Henderson and I have been forced by circumstances beyond our control to leave the sphere of our life's labours. But the work is His; we have been privileged to be His servants: Now we rejoice that other carry on!

God has raised up devoted servants of the Lord; we are thrilled to see such capable people as Sister Edna Ramage and others sowing—and reaping—in the fields of our beloved India.

Since the arrival of Dr. and Mrs. Gilbert, the work of the hospitals has been energetically and efficiently extended.

Dr. Gilbert is thorough in those tasks he undertakes. He is most efficient in his labours professionally as a medical man and shows by his interest in the lepers that he possesses some of the compassion of Christ.

It means much to one of his ability and worldly opportunities, to give his life to the service of the outcast leper. May he know God's richest blessing and the sure knowledge of his Lord's good pleasure in the work he carries on at Sankeshwar!

At present Dr. Gilbert is on furlough. During his absence Dr. James McMillan, of Adelaide, South Australia, who joined the work a year ago, has the entire medical responsibility of both hospitals.

Dr. McMillan, for whom we thank God, will continue as Dr. Gilbert's colleague on the latter's return.

To-day has every appearance of the last times: therefore response should be urgent. Whilst some lands are now closed to the Gospel, and others report that missionary labours are being retarded, India is still open to Christian missionaries—for how long we cannot say. To-day "the fields are white already to harvest, but the labourers are few". India needs young men who are willing to consecrate themselves in His service to take the Gospel of redeeming love to its many millions while the day of grace is still open. Young men, what are you doing about it?

A Personal Testimony

Long ago—it was in a Glasgow tram in 1904—a verse came before me: "When I see the blood I will pass over you." The power of the Spirit of God held me, and I found the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour. The Man of Calvary claimed me and a mighty change took place, altering the course of my life. I saw myself as one for whom Christ died, and then I resolved that I would serve Him in India. By His grace my humble service was accepted and now, in years when that service cannot be continued, my mind goes back with joy and thanksgiving to a work for the Saviour I love—a work which, from the depths of my being, I would urge young Christians to enter upon. The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few.

God had for me a time of waiting, a time of preparation before He allowed me to enter upon a life of service as a missionary. At times it is borne upon me that young missionaries expect too much at the outset. "God is able" may well be the motto for His servant. But there are most important lessons

to learn as we embark upon the Master's service. Moses was forty years in Pharaoh's household and a further forty years in the desert ere he led the people of God in their journey from the house of bondage towards the Promised Land. Be patient, dear young believer. When you know His will and have heard His call, place yourself in His hands and the way will be made plain.

Looking back, as I do very often in the long evenings when recollections seem to follow so easily, I often ask myself this question: "If I were young again, would India claim me?" Now, having retired from active service on the field, I sincerely affirm that if I had the same opportunity as before, I would by the grace of God, go to India, that land of charm, but a land of darkness and sin, to present Christ Jesus the Lord as the only Saviour—that blessed One as the only solution to individual and national problems.

Conclusion

Dear reader, I have brought you in thought through the long years of a mission of joy. You have been with me in my prayers, my service and my hopes; you have met my beloved wife and co-helper; you have rejoiced with us over those who have found Christ in India; over those whose awful physical ailments have been alleviated; and, above all, you have heard the voice of appeal for helpers to carry the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ to India's millions so that there may be an abundant harvest in that day.

Then when the last sheaf's gathered,
 The earthly course is run,
 Shall I among the reapers
 Hear "Welcome Home," "Well Done"?
 To give a cup of water
 Will please our gracious Lord.
 Much more a *Life of Service*
 Will bring a sure reward!—(E.H.)

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

