# SAM HIGGINBOTTOM: FARMER

## AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

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*AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY*

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A

DEDICATED
WITH AFFECTION AND NEVER-FORGOTTEN GRATITUDE TO
OUR COLLEAGUES IN TOIL
AT ALLAHABAD
AND TO
THOSE FRIENDS AND CO-WORKERS
BOTH INDIAN AND AMERICAN
WHOSE UNFAILING GENEROSITY
HAS BUILT THE AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE
AND WHO KEEP IT GROWING

# PREFACE

In offering as an autobiography this account of my life and of any work which I have been doing, I hope that inadvertently I may not have given even the slightest impression that I regard the agricultural enterprise at Allahabad as a one-man show. To mention the very numerous colleagues who at one time and another gave their lives to the work would have been impossible and to mention some without including others would have led to misunderstanding of my gratitude to all. None of these devoted men and women sought personal recognition, and I rejoice to know that they can have the satisfaction which comes only from a difficult but constructive job well done.

Writing this book has not been easy for me after a life in which writing has had to be a subordinate luxury. I hardly know in what terms to acknowledge the hard work of Mrs. Ira D. Hatch who for two months wrestled with my first draft. She brought to bear on her task a mind trained at Vassar College, and for fifteen years she and her husband were our colleagues in Allahabad where she was fully acquainted with the whole situation—an experience which proved to be invaluable. Sometimes I am doubtful whether without her skill—let me add her persistence—the work ever would have reached completion. Our son David worked closely with Mrs. Hatch, and his memories of the Institute were helpful. Revisions were taken in hand by my daughter, Elizabeth Clough, and her friend, Miss Claire Claus. Elizabeth's husband, Lynndon, made valuable suggestions and

it was his great uncle, the poet, Arthur Hugh Clough, whose line has been my constant companion:

"Say not the struggle naught availeth!"

Of what I owe to the suggestions of my wife, I can never say enough. She has provided a courageous and unremitting comradeship which often enabled me to carry on when my own spirit faltered, and it seemed as though the struggle did indeed "naught avail."

With all this help I still felt that in the production of this book I needed further assistance. I was overwhelmed by the mass of material and reminiscence that crowded into the pages. For years I had read the books and articles of Mr. P. Whitwell Wilson who had lived at Spuyten Duyvil, New York City, as the friend and neighbor of my brother, David. Mr. Wilson, like myself, was born in England, in fact, he was at one time a member of Parliament. He has always had an active interest in India and its people, and for years has been in sympathy with the objectives of the Institute at Allahabad. I was thus delighted when it was suggested by my publisher that Mr. Wilson should edit the manuscript for presentation in print and should rewrite such portions as he thought would make it more interesting to the general reader. A successful journalist on *The New York Times,* he came not as a stranger to the task. The facts and the opinions contained in these pages are mine. Insofar as he arranged the manuscript in orderly sequence and rendered it more interesting, I am most grateful to him.

SAM HIGGINBOTTOM

JUNE, 1949
BABSON PARK,
FLORIDA.

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# SAM HIGGINBOTTOM: FARMER

## AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

## CHAPTER ONE

# A BOY BEGINS LIFE

I WAS born October 27, 1874, in Greenheyes, Manchester, and as my father was Samuel Higginbottom I was christened "Sam", not Samuel, after a Jewish friend Sam Mendel.

The name, Higginbottom, is Saxon, and it is to be found in Doomsday Book. It means the family that lives in a valley under the shade of the ash tree. It is thus an old name that has lasted a long time.

Some of my friends kept on saying,

"Sam, what you need to do is to write your autobiography. Tell us all about it."

Their interest in me is kindly and personal, and I appreciate it. But what they really mean is that they would like to have some connected account of my farming in India, a vast sub-continent now passing out of her ancient ways into a future all unknown. What is it that we are trying to do at the Agricultural Institute at Allahabad? What was our experience with the lepers? What do I think about Mr. Gandhi whom I knew so well? And how did I come to give my life to such activities in the Orient? I am a missionary, and George Borrow of Spain is one of the many who have shown that missionaries do not always have such dull lives as some people suppose. Mine has been a long and, in its way, uncertain but rewarding and happy adventure.

I come of a Lancashire family. Half way between Manchester and Bolton lies the village of Little Hulton, and in the churchyard you will find the names of six generations of Higginbottoms carved upon the tombstones. Little Hulton is no longer what it was. Coal was found below ground and trestles with pulleys above the pits changed a peaceful landscape.

The maiden name of my mother was Baines, and her home was in North Wales. She was of Celtic rather than Saxon descent, and her forbears included the Parish Clerk of Llangollen in 1640. My maternal grandmother was a Davies of Wrexham in Denbighshire, an ancient borough with a church which required three centuries to build and, incidentally, contains a memorial to Elihu Yale. My mother married first a man called Griffiths, who left her a young widow. Her son by that first marriage, David Baines-Griffiths, my half-brother, was beloved of us all. The second marriage of Jennie Baines Higginbottom, as she signed herself, was regarded somewhat as a twofold mésalliance. Father's family were none too pleased that he had married a foreigner from Wales, and my mother's family had an idea that she had married beneath her. For several years we saw little of our relations on either side.

It had been the intention that my father would as a matter of course follow the family occupation of engineering and mechanics in the coal mines. When he was eight years old, however, he was stricken with a malady that withered and twisted his left foot, and this affliction unfitted him for what had been in view for him. They lived—that older generation—on a rented farm and here my father learned to love and care for animals. He was, as it were, withdrawn from the rising tide of machinery, and he could be himself.

His schooling had been scant and, even so, one-sided. For he was taught to read and do arithmetic. But he was not taught to write. In later years, therefore, he found it difficult to sign his name. But it would be a mistake to describe him as illiterate. For throughout his life he was a great reader

and, in his humble but thoughtful way, a philosopher. He peopled his world with the characters of Dickens. His favourite newspaper was none other than *The Manchester Guardian*, the holy scripture of the forward-looking intelligentsia, and this in itself was a liberal education. He followed closely the politics of his day and was always well informed about what was happening in Parliament. He was of the very stuff out of which is woven a free democracy.

If it was these outside interests that made life worth while for my father, however ordinary his occupations, so in fully equal measure was it with my mother. She had been brought up in a well-to-do home where the parents wished to do all that they could for the advancement of their children. Money was spent on her education, and before her first marriage she taught school. As a young widow she resumed that profession, and behind all this lay a deep interest in things unseen. What we call theology, the queen of sciences because it overshadows the significance of every other science, was much more to my mother than a study of religious formulas. It was a search into the truth of everything within and around her, not only exercising the intellect but satisfying the soul. From that spiritual enjoyment within her radiated an influence of blessing among her family and friends. For Jennie Baines Higginbottom, with her personal piety and culture, was also a bearer of domestic burdens. She had her son, David Baines-Griffiths, by the first marriage. She had my full brother, Hugh. She had me, the third of her children. She had Jonathan. She had Elizabeth and Alice and Annie, all of whom survived to maturity, and she also had little Walter, the sorrow in her heart, who died in infancy.

The England of that day was developing as rapidly as any state in America, and my father was carried onward in the surging tide of prosperity. He was a coal merchant and in managing his business he rode around in a pony trap. As some kind of affluence came to him he moved into the city—that is, Manchester—to live, finally settling near Alexandra

Park, which was at the time open fields and farms. He had his hired men who carted coal from the mines in the district to Manchester's cotton mills, and he was thus one individual taking his small part in the vast economic swirl of commerce that originated in the plantations of America's South, was borne across the Atlantic by the merchant marine, was spun and woven by England's machines and then whisked away at home and abroad, to China, India, the Near East and even back to the United States herself whence had come the cotton in the first instance.

At the time of my birth and for a year or two afterwards my father was doing so well that he launched out into real estate which was a fine field for profit; for houses were needed and my father bought land on which to build them. He made money so fast that he was able to acquire a property called Oak Field Farm at Irlam on the Moss. This was the Chat Moss that has a place in England's industrial annals. For it lay on the direct route between Manchester and Liverpool where George Stephenson, the inventor of steam locomotion, was putting in his railway. Somehow or other he had to sink a foundation within the bog and he dumped in shiploads of bales of American cotton, over which ran his permanent way.

My childhood memory has it that if heaven is half as lovely as Oak Field, it is worth striving for. To begin with, the previous owner of this estate had good taste in the layout, with hothouses containing many varieties of grapes and fruits collected from all over Europe. For fuel we used peat which was dug from ditches around the estate, and the acrid smell of peat smoke still seems to cling as a fragrance to my nostrils. Our horses wore pattens or wooden frames extending beyond the hind hoofs to prevent them sinking in the bog as they plowed. Our favourite pony was old Gray Bob who lived until he was forty-two years of age. One shire brood mare was turned loose. She was an intelligent lady and she betook herself to the smithy when she needed shoeing and returned newly shod. Ours were days of comfort and

there were many servants to wait upon us. I still remember my old nurse called Niny, which is Welsh for grandmother,

Suddenly all this was changed. Angry men visited our home and we heard them scolding my father. Against this incredible onslaught he seemed to be defenceless, and my mother burst into tears. To one of the intruders she said as she wept,

"You would not sell the bed from under me, would you?"

And he replied,

"Certainly I would. I'll take every stick and stone you have."

He was as good or as bad as his word and we lost pretty well everything. We children could not understand for the life of us why, but learned later that it was a faulty title, and it had caught up with us.

So we were evicted from our brief paradise at Oak Field into outer discomforts. Father moved us into a little shop at Weaste, a suburb of Manchester, where he tried to earn a living as greengrocer. One incident, stamped on my memory, illustrates once more the vicissitudes of human experience. Across the Firth of Tay on the east coast of Scotland had been constructed one of the wonders of that world. It was a long metal viaduct known as the Tay Bridge, and along the single rails there laid, Queen Victoria, on her way to Balmoral, had travelled in full state. An engineering friend of my father called on us one evening and arranged to take my father to see the Tay Bridge for himself.

It happened that the night was dark and blustery. We children had been put to bed, but my youngest brother, Jonathan, got up and stood in his nightshirt near the fire. Someone opened the front door and a gust of wind carried his nightshirt into the flame. He was badly burned and had to be in hospital for eight months. In the morning following this accident they brought us the newspaper and we read the headlines. The storm that had swept over our little home had also assailed the very Tay Bridge that my father was to visit. Under the weight of a train its central

span had collapsed and a train, with its engine, had vanished into the waters beneath, not one survivor living to tell the tale.

For the next few years we who had seemed to be so securely established in the scheme of things had to exist somehow or other as wanderers on the face of the earth. Our fortunes sank to the lowest level when we reached an address in Chapman Street, Manchester, near All Saints' Church. By that time there was little furniture in our home and our beds were of straw laid on the floor. What we had to eat was for the most part oatmeal porridge, and great was our joy when there was a teaspoonful of treacle to spread on it. Once in a while we had a real treat—a sup of milk. Yet, looking back on those dark days, I cannot but recall that my parents at least kept their faith intact and it was by that faith that I was able to pull through to something later which has been worth while.

My brave old father hobbled along day after day, intrepid in his persistence to find a job. But for many a weary week he could find nobody willing to employ a cripple. At long last he found work driving a cab at nights. The owner was a maiden lady, Annie Shoebottom, and she paid my father a wage of twelve shillings, to which were added the tips. It was something, yet not so much, on which to feed seven hungry mouths.

About my father, despite all his troubles, there was a quality of unconquerable resilience. He did his work well, whatever it was, and so pleased Miss Shoebottom that she promoted him to be her manager at a guinea a week which, of course, made things a little easier in our home. The mews or stables that she owned were close to the Hulme Cavalry Barracks and my father became a favourite with the officers. They liked him, appreciating his ready wit and jolly mien. About him was a quality that won respect and they knew him as "Guv'nor."

Out of our Valley of Humiliation we began to emerge again into circumstances that were more tolerable. We

moved into a large rambling old house on the corner of Chester Road and King Street in Hulme. It was, I must confess, in one of the worst slums of a too-hastily-expanded city where sanitation was defective and health bad. We saw at first hand how poor housing was one reason why the public houses were crowded every evening from six o'clock to eleven. Stanley Jones tells of a man who gave as a reason for his almost constant drunkenness that it was the quickest way out of Manchester. Many were they who thus escaped from Manchester; nor was language always as sober as might have been desirable. In the harness room of the mews and in the guardroom of the barracks we heard profanity and obscenity to the *nth* power of self-expression!

Opposite our home was a corner beer house. Friday was payday at the mills and Friday evening saw that pub, like others, full to overflowing. Many a time I have seen barefoot ragged women with still more ragged children at their skirts, pleading with their husbands to give them money before they went to the drinking bar. Sometimes they received a little but only too often they were rebuffed with a curse or a kick. The debt to the pub was, of course, a debt of honour that had to be paid whatever the desperation in the home, and there was an etiquette that was, perhaps, worth recording. A man would have a grudge against his neighbour and would decide on taking action. But before applying violence he would get himself intoxicated. When brought before the magistrates he was thus able to plead that he was only disorderly when drunk and he would be let off lightly.

If then I was afraid of drink it was not because of any temperance lectures or teetotal propaganda. I saw the thing at first hand and dreaded the idea that one day I might become like the down-and-outers who were all about me, and in later years I came to see what the Preacher in the Bible meant when he recorded the proverb: "Experience teaches fools"; nor would I forget our mother's prayers. They were answered in her boys who avoided liquor.

My mother took in roomers and the house was always full

of the families of soldiers who, as the military phrase has it, had married "off the strength." This meant that, having failed to secure the permission of the authorities, they were not eligible for the free quarters and allowances for children provided when soldiers married "on the strength." It meant that we saw life from many angles and were at school the hard way. Our worries were by no means over.

Two years after employing my father, Annie Shoebottom died and the business was sold to a man who was very far from sharing her moral standards. Miss Shoebottom had given orders that there should be no unnecessary work on Sunday, and no cab on that day must ply for hire. The new proprietor reversed this policy and horses and men were set to work a seven-day-week. He used my father to get acquainted with the regular customers and then my father was discharged. Fortunately he was able to buy a horse and brougham on instalments and make a fresh start.

What happened next suggests a certain logic in justice. For the horses and men who had to work all the week round were soon worn out, and the business failed. But my father had so prospered that he was able to purchase what was left of the business, which quickly recovered under his management. He was back where he was, not as an employed person but as the employer. Our favourite horse was "Brownie," one of the hardest working, gentlest and best natured animals I have ever known. We children learned to recognise her step and we would rush out with a bucket of gruel for her while the customer sat in the cab and waited. With our assistance she did the work of two horses for over a year.

Father also supplemented our income by running a dairy. He went out to Cheshire to buy his first cow for which he paid £30. His judgment evidently was excellent for that cow was the best we ever had. She was a shorthorn called Betty and she gave us thirty quarts of milk a day. For us boys it meant that our playtime after school was curtailed. We had to go out selling milk. One of Father's ideas was that milk should be cheaper than beer as a beverage. Not that he quite

succeeded in underselling the intoxicant. Still, he reduced his price from the current threepence halfpenny or fourpence per quart to threepence, which was held by his customers to be most reasonable.

In the ups and downs of my earlier years, there was involved something more than the material and secular factors that played their part. One of my earliest recollections is of kneeling in prayer at bedtime at my mother's knee. I can still hear her voice singing:

> Jesus, tender shepherd, hear me,
> Feed thy little lambs tonight,
> Through the darkness be Thou near me,
> Keep me safe till morning light.

That was how she ended our early devotion in days when feeding the little lambs was, as we have seen, something of a problem.

My mother taught us the difference between right and wrong. She drilled it into us that the only safe way to live is to be truthful, regardless of the cost. She always said we could trust God because He was first of all honest. Also, she had decided ideas as to when a child should start going to school. She quoted John Wesley's mother as saying that no child should be sent to school before the age of seven, and up to that age she taught us herself. In one respect it was something of a battle.

My mother, although she used excellent English without a trace of accent, was a Welsh woman. Welsh was the language of her home and her church. She tried very hard to teach us all Welsh, insisting that it was a much more flexible and expressive language than English. When we complained that no one else around us used that language and that we would rather go outside and play, she assured us that the time would come when we would be glad we knew Welsh, because when we reached heaven we would not have to take time off to learn the language. She always spoke Welsh to her eldest son, David, and she tried to attend at least one Welsh service

on Sunday in Manchester. Thus worshipping she met one who shared her loyalties. She was the Welsh mother of David Lloyd George, England's first Welsh Prime Minister.

Among my happiest memories are those Sunday evenings when my father would take us to the Free Trade Hall in Manchester where in a spacious auditorium was held the Birch's Orphanage Service. The choir of the orphanage was well trained and we joined in the hymns. Also, there was a rousing speaker. On other Sunday evenings Father would read aloud to us, usually from the Old Testament. He read with such dramatic power that the biblical characters became real people for us. He appreciated good preaching and often went to hear Canon Knox-Little, one of the most eloquent Anglicans of his period, at the Manchester Cathedral. Another of his favourites—for he was quite interdenominational in his tastes—was the great expounder of scripture, Alexander Maclaren, at the Rusholme Road Baptist Chapel. Once he took me on his shoulder to hear Moody, the evangelist from the United States, then at the height of his prestige in Great Britain as a heart-changer, with Ira D. Sankey, his sweet singer of hymns; but as we approached the Old Cook's Circus where the revival was going on, we could not get within a block of the doors. Little did I think at that time of the influence, direct and indirect, of Dwight L. Moody on my later career.

What an incredibly busy life my mother must have led! However trying the circumstances, she bore her children and herself brought them up. She cooked for us and gave us lessons, no matter what. She knitted all our socks, and she made over the most unpromising garments so that we should be presentable in school when the time came for us to go there. At one of our schools we were the only boys who wore shoes. All the others clattered in on their wooden clogs. Our shoes might be mended or second-hand but they were shoes, and this was Mother's way of keeping up our standards.

My mother had one helper who stood by her faithfully through thick and thin. She was Mrs. Angelo, the Welsh

widow of an Italian husband. Each of us was tended by her as we came along and she enjoyed one privilege in our home beyond what was allowed even to my father. For she was permitted in the evening to bring in a glass of ale, which Father, when he married Mother, had promised never to do. Indeed, Mother had begged him also to pledge himself as a teetotaler and abstain altogether from drink but here he had drawn the line, greatly to our cost. For twice to our knowledge false friends had plied him with liquor into signing papers which otherwise he would have left unsigned. They were lapses from self-restraint for which we had to pay dearly.

And so, when I reached the appointed age of seven, I was sent to the Whalley Range Wesleyan School. I passed the tests and skipped the first two classes. However, in less than a year, we had moved to Hulme, and I had to attend the St. George's Parish Church School. The fee was "thrupence" or six cents a week. In two years I was four times promoted and at the age of ten I had reached the fourth standard. But it was not always pleasant sailing.

One of the masters was named Hancock and of him I think in gratitude. He was quiet, gentle, accurate and efficient as a teacher—"Tom Pinch" to me when later I read Dickens. But of the headmaster I cannot write in quite the same terms. He was a giant of a man with a terrible red, fierce face who used up several canes a day.

Many a boy who came within his reach felt a sharp cut over the shoulder. If he sent for a boy for punishment, he grabbed his left wrist and struck four to eight sharp blows on his left hand, not touching the right hand lest the bruises interfere with writing. There was a final cut or two over the shoulder where the welts might be visible for a week or more.

Once I ran home to show my mother my bloodstained shirt and back. She was at the washtub with her dress tucked up. She grabbed me and hurried the third of a mile to the school. It was parliamentary language that she used but the

headmaster caught her meaning and from then on I escaped the cane. But sometimes I had to stand in the corner for quite a time on one foot.

Not that my mother was entirely indifferent to the age-long principle that sparing the rod may spoil the child. On the rare occasions when she applied corporal punishment, she would first commandeer our pocket-money for the week which amounted to one halfpenny. She would send the culprit with this coin to a shop where he would purchase a birch rod. Her view was that by the time he returned she would have cooled off, and be able to explain to us carefully why we were to be punished. Afterwards came the loving and the forgiving. For she held strongly that forgiveness is the right relation between the sinned against and the sinning, which relation should be restored as quickly as possible.

How she could love, that mother! Not for an instant did we doubt it. And we felt that we were partners in her struggle to make us worthy men and women. Her great idea was that Satan will find mischief for idle hands to do, and she kept us busy. All of us, boys included, helped in the housework, and when we boys had chores outside the home, our sister Elizabeth became the great housekeeper of the family. She was a wonderful cook and even her rice puddings were a joy. We boys teased her unmercifully and my name for her was Pug because of her turned up nose. Although she was good-natured and ready to join in any fun that was afoot, the name Pug was ever a sore point with her. The last time I saw her was in 1938 and she was still laughing over her grievance.

"Sam," she said to me, "I can never forgive you for that."

So you can imagine us—David the eldest, seven years old when I was born, Hugh, myself and Jonathan about eighteen months apart, Elizabeth, Alice and Annie the babies two years apart. Annie was our darling and we did our best to spoil her, but without success. For, until she was taken from her sorrowing family and friends in 1942, she was everywhere as loving as she had been loved.

It occurs to me to remark that towards the end of her arduous and intensely practical life my mother's never-failing interest in theology and the Bible was highly honoured in her Calvinist Church. Ministers from all over North Wales would come and consult her over difficult passages in the Welsh Bible and knotty points in their common beliefs.

Curious and even tragic incidents suggest that public and private fortunes may be linked together. I happened to be still at St. George's School when one day at home I stood by a second-story window. In the street below a procession was passing our house, and flags and banners were streaming by while bands played their marching music. I was not so big a child myself at the time but I held in my arms little Walter, then a year old. He was much excited and gave a jerk. To my dismay he floated through the window on to the pavement below. I rushed down to pick him up and he was taken to the doctor who could find on him no mark, bruise or broken bone. The medical conclusion was that his clothes must have acted as a parachute. And the procession? It was accompanying none other than John Bright, England's great Quaker statesman and orator, to Pomona where he was to deliver himself of his incomparable eloquence. Poor Walter! Two months later he succumbed to convulsions, and often I have wondered whether his fall had anything to do with it, though the doctor was always quite certain that it hadn't.

It must have been before my father bought his cows and turned milkman that I would go to the local butcher for two hours on a Friday evening. I would hold the beef and mutton while he did his cutting and sawing, and on the Saturday following I delivered the meat to customers. Incidentally I acquired some very useful knowledge—the names of all the cuts and joints as sold. And for my day and a half of work I was paid one shilling and this helped the family budget. I was allowed to deduct a half-penny of pocket money—that is, as a rule. For there were black weekends when even this small change was beyond my hard-pressed mother's means. We brothers and three of our closest friends used to plan

beforehand what each would buy with his pocket-money so that, by sharing all round, we could enjoy a variety of good things. Of all the delicacies parkin, or gingerbread, yielded the best value for our money. A boy who had been in our party for some time surprised and disgusted us one day. For he shared what the rest of us had to give and then ate all of his own purchase, saying it was too good to share. From that day onwards he was out. He pleaded to be taken back but not if we knew it.

When I was ten my mother made a great change in our education. We started the teaching year at the Deansgate Higher Grade Board School. It was an immense institution with three thousand students, and the atmosphere of the school was very different from what I had suffered at St. George's. The fees—a shilling a week—were a great strain on our family budget, but it meant that the pupils came from better homes. They were better clothed and fed. If the cane was ever used, it was in private, and never did we see anything of the chastisement.

The masters were gentlemen and some of them were great teachers. I began with one whose name was Sam Parrish to whom I owe a debt of gratitude. He had a passion for accuracy and would not tolerate sloppy work. He imbued in me a love for the Old Testament, covering the books of Joshua and Judges in successive years. He had us memorise many of the Psalms, also the Beatitudes and the charity chapter in First Corinthians. All of my life I have realised how great a possession was this first hand absorption of scripture. For the interpretations that he gave to these passages were an introduction, not only to theology in the narrow sense of that word, but to philosophy and life itself.

Many of our schoolmates talked of the time when they would be going on to college and the university. But, in this wonderful school, I spent, alas, no more than a little over two years. My ambition for further study was awakened but it was not to be. At the age of twelve my hopes were dashed because of the very progress I had made in my studies. For

I had passed all the schooling required by law and was thus permitted to leave before the regular age of fourteen.

It was the year 1887 and Queen Victoria was celebrating the first of her great Jubilees. Manchester held a successful exhibition and the caterers within it advertised for help. I persuaded my father to allow me to apply for this employment. I became an errand boy in the buffet and, when there was a rush on, I filled in as dishwasher. The wages were half a crown a week with two meals a day, and I kept it up for about a month. I then decided that work at home was better. For at the age of thirteen I became the youngest licensed cab-driver in Manchester, and not only that! For the eldest son of King Edward VII and heir to the throne, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, with his brother, the Duke of York, later King George V, often visited the cavalry officers stationed in Manchester, and I was the person who several times drove them to the theatre.

Leaving school seemed at first to be freedom. I liked being among the horses and cows and chickens. But I soon discovered my mistake. For not only had I to carry milk to customers as I had done before and after school, but morning and evening I had to milk several cows. I remember telling my father that I now knew what the Preacher in the Bible had in mind when he said: "He that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow." Not much was left of my playtime.

Thus it was that I arrived at the age of fifteen by which time my father was once more on his feet. He was doing very well and our only trouble lay with my mother who began to be very anxious as to the temptations that surrounded us in our area of Manchester. She did not like the idea of us growing up in such an environment and she persuaded my father to dispose of his now considerable assets and migrate into Wales. We thought it out and estimated, as we supposed conservatively, that our carriages, horses and cattle would bring in three thousand pounds at auction—this after reserving six carriages and horses for our trek along the northern Welsh seaboard. On paper it looked quite all right.

Of course, my dear old father ought to have put a reserve price on our property which would have enabled him to stop the sale if necessary. Instead, it turned out for us very badly. The auctioneer was drunk on the day and allowed the lots to be knocked down at a mere fraction of their real value, with the result that we found our capital reduced to a no more than four hundred and forty pounds or one seventh of the sum on which we had reckoned. We started our new life under a very considerable financial handicap. And there were no more cricket matches at the Old Trafford where much cricket history was made.

Our idea was to settle in the lovely Welsh resort of Llandudno, a gem of a watering place if ever there was one, nestling within a kind of riviera of rockbound coast. In the spring of 1890, then, I was sent forth a lad of fifteen years with a horse and landau to spy out the land. I took fares during the summer and found that business was good, and in early May 1891, the whole family migrated from the smoke and grime of Manchester into the sunny, breeze-laden and beautiful seaside.

One reason why we welcomed the change was that, in our family council, we were unanimous in dissuading Father from keeping any more cows. But with a winter dragging along without earnings we had to admit that a few cows might be a help. Father was able to rent a farm, Maes Dolar, with a large house, a cottage, some good farm buildings and twenty acres. It was not long before its shippons were stocked with black Welsh cattle, and we were soon as busy as ever with the old familiar routine of caring for the cows, milking them and delivering the milk to customers.

It was at this time that I began to realise the full content of my father's personality. For this man of inexhaustible energy was becoming quite a cattle dealer and in his pony and trap he would visit the fairs in North Wales. I see him still—physically a big man, weighing around three hundred pounds. His lameness made walking or any kind of exercise with his legs a difficulty. But with his hands he was extraor-

dinarily strong. He could throw with ease a hundred-and-sixty-pound bag of meal across the loft. I once saw him take two quarrelling, drunken workmen and, one in each hand, knock them together remarking that he hoped he was knocking the nonsense out of their heads. With his family and with animals he was gentle and kind, often getting up in the night to make sure that a cow had enough hay or water.

My father was a man of great originality, always doing the unexpected, and in the light of events, it was usually seen to have been the right thing. For he had the power to think things through. He was not without his faults. He had a very hot temper and in his rages he said and did things that he regretted in his quieter moments. He worked so hard that he was apt to be impatient with those who wanted to see a cricket match or go to some entertainment. For outside his reading he did not seem to need recreation.

We boys, as I have made clear, did not drink or frequent the pubs. It was in the public library at Llandudno that we spent most of our evenings, reading or playing chess or draughts or checkers. Chess, as it seemed to me, was less a game than an occupation, and it consumed too much time and thought. But all my life I have had great joy in checkers. It was the reading in that library that we enjoyed the most, and in me it fostered a divine discontent over my lack of schooling. I saw how Hugh developed his mind without such schooling and it set me wondering what he would have accomplished in the way of culture if he had had my opportunities. How much did that old England lose by restricting its system of education to certain classes! For it is a truly national education that releases the pent up brainpower in a nation.

In Llandudno there were three elderly ladies who wished to be taken for drives. They looked at me askance and wondered whether one so youthful could be trusted to drive safely. Would I not be too reckless? And it was some time in those days when automobiles were unheard of before I gained the customers' confidence. The horse that I drove was

wonderful—a most gentle animal that had been a colonel's charger,—a sixteen-hand Irish hunter. On the last day that I took those ladies for their outing, they said that they wished to give me a present in appreciation of my care of them and thoughtfulness. They handed me a small parcel wrapped in brown paper. I carried it away unopened.

Over our family tea I unwrapped the parcel and to my disgust—for that is not too strong a word—I disclosed a leatherbound Bible with Oxford helps all in one. I resented the gift, partly because I had expected something of greater value, and partly because my mother had already seen to it that I had a Bible. Also I feared what would be my brothers' reactions when they learned how I had been treated. All of us slept together in a large room and I hid the Bible under the clothes in my drawer, asking myself again and again why they had given me the book.

As I lay in bed, this led to other thoughts. What was ahead of me if I kept on as I was? For we boys had begun to gamble on horses and cards, and I had noted that the local bookmakers were prosperous. One who was also a cab-driver had been able to put up a row of ten workmen's cottages a year for a number of years, all paid for out of his book. As we put our money on the cards one man when banker would quote:

"Come on, gents, speculate and try your luck! Speculation has made many a rich man poor and many a poor man poorer."

In my heart of hearts I knew that betting was a losing game, and I must make my choice. Either I must cease from gambling or I must give up my ambition to be a rich man. As I pondered over it almost in desperation, I thought:

"Well, I will read the Bible and see what it has to say."

And read the Bible I did—several times, from cover to cover. For I was concerned to know first of all, what was in the Bible. It was some little time before I wanted to know what there was in it for ME.

## CHAPTER TWO

# THE BOY GOES WEST

THERE was a haymow that had been arranged as an artist's studio. It had a plate glass window in the northern slope of the roof. Here I found a comfortable spot for study—quiet and warm—and in that studio I spent several hours a day between morning and evening deliveries of milk. I still wanted to be rich—I wanted to be rich much more than I wanted to be righteous. And like Jacob I set out to bargain with God. I read about the tithes and was quite ready to double the tithe, giving to God one fifth of my profits instead of one tenth if only He would help me to be rich. And then I read how Jacob after a career of bargaining and sharping other people summed up his life in the sad words:

"Few and evil have been my days."

To be rich and honest as a business man did not satisfy me.

All the time I found that the attitude of Jesus was strict and uncompromising. He would not accept the position of being Lord of half my life—He wanted it all. I had to deny *myself* if I would be His disciple. I must take up my cross daily. He would accept no conditions. I used to think of my betting experiences where it was all or none. Jesus was just that way with my life—all or none and I was not willing to

go so far as that. Why, I thought, He might want me to be a minister or a missionary, and of all classes of men I thought least of ministers. As for missionaries, they were always interfering with other people's affairs and one had to be crazy to become one. Not for me—not for Sam Higginbottom—no, sir.

But I went on reading the gospels and the more I read, the more clear did it become that I should find no other way out but complete surrender to Christ. He would not accept me with conditions. I argued and tried to think of some way to get around this demand but whichever way I turned, there He was, insisting on his imperative, "Go ye into all the world." I could think of little else and I became very miserable. At long last I concluded that there would be no peace of mind for me unless I yielded to Him without reservations. For I had wrestled alone through an entire winter and spring and was weary of it. I hoped He would want me in business where at least I could make a comfortable living. But I was willing to be anything that He wanted me to be, even a preacher, if it had to be that way, or a missionary.

So I made my decision and, having made it, I went to my father and told him of all that I had been through. I confessed that I did not have much to offer to God, and I recalled the law of sacrifice in the Old Testament according to which only the perfect victims could be accepted for the altar. My mind was wild and undisciplined and I needed further education that might take me away from our home. I was surprised to find how strangely sympathetic was my father as he listened.

To lose me, he said, would hurt. For I had built up the milk business to the point where it was the most profitable of all the enterprises in which we were engaged. And he pointed out that we were just getting back on our feet after the terrible experience of the auction. My leaving would be hard on the rest of the family. However, he consented to my writing to several schools in Great Britain to ask upon what terms I would be admitted. The answers were unanimous—a

young man of eighteen, as I had become, would not fit in. I should have to study with pupils of twelve or thirteen and it simply could not be done. The door was closed.

I have mentioned my elder half-brother, David, the son of my mother by her first marriage. To my father David was ever as his own son and he made us feel that way. David belonged to our family one hundred per cent. Over David's future there had fallen the glow of that spiritual giant, Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist, and after one of Moody's mammoth missions, David had crossed the ocean to the United States, finding himself at the Mount Hermon School, Northfield, in the Connecticut Valley, founded by Moody for boys and young men whose normal education had been arrested by untoward circumstances. The absence of David was a lasting sorrow in our home and there developed a dread that I might be drawn that way. Father suggested, therefore, that I might do well to attend the English Presbyterian Church at Llandudno where, he felt, the minister was to be reckoned an outstanding man.

As a judge of character Father proved to be quite right. The minister whose name was Astley, after I had told him of my experience and desire to serve God, gave me every assistance in his Sunday School Class, in his Bible classes on a weekday, and eventually he devoted many an evening to me alone, giving me lessons in Greek and theology. He guided my reading into the right channels, introducing me to that redoubtable organ of Free Church opinion, *The British Weekly,* edited by the canny Scotsman, W. Robertson Nicoll, of many memories, and *The Christian,* also published in London and the very essence of missionary fundamentalism. These journals were to me a great guide and help. An ally to the minister was his radiantly beautiful daughter, Miss Astley, who took immense pains with the young people. With her friend, Daisy Dawson, she was instrumental in bringing the Christian Endeavor—also, like Moody himself, an American influence,—to Llandudno, and they reaped a rich harvest in the number of boys and girls of the church who were in-

spired to throw themselves into various fields of aggressive Christian service.

In this way I was unconsciously preparing myself for a further experience. It was the return of David, and with him his wife, Nellie, from New England. The date was 1894 and Father immediately exacted a promise from David that he would not do anything to influence me to migrate to America. Nor did it happen that way.

Not far from Llandudno was the seaside town of Colwyn Bay, and the English Congregationalists asked David to preach in their church. Father asked me to drive him with Mother to attend the service. David chose Hebrews 3.1 for his text *"Consider . . . Jesus Christ"* and his was a moving and effective plea. The drive home was six miles and at one point over the Little Ormes Head, the hill was steep. I jumped down from the box seat and picked up a stone to scotch the wheel which enabled the horse to stop for a breather—a necessity that occurred several times during the ascent. At the last of these halts I stood by the door of the landau and there in the darkness I heard my mother's voice.

"Sam," she said, "after hearing David preach, Father says he is willing to let you go to Mount Hermon. The only condition is that you persuade Hugh to take over the delivery of milk."

I fairly jumped for joy, and that night in our room I told Hugh of Father's decision with the condition attached. I was almost trembling with anxiety for I knew all about Hugh's dislike of delivering milk. He was silent for a time and then he gave his consent. For, as he put it, it would give me my chance. How I thanked him! To this day my gratitude to this loyal brother has never ceased. A few years later when I happened to be at home for the summer, I offered to stay there in order that Hugh might go to Mount Hermon, as I had gone. He thanked me but said that he was about to marry. He had the largest milk business in town which, in effect, Father had turned over to him.

I was born, as I have said, on October 27th, 1874. When, therefore, I arrived at a memorable date in my life, August 9th, 1894, I was just completing my twentieth year. That was the day when I stood, my few possessions in hand, on the famous Prince's Landing Stage in Liverpool Harbour, the floating platform that rose and fell with the tide, where the rough realities of oversea commerce were expressed in smoke, noise and dirt. Never had I had any nautical experience save one trip along the north coast of Wales twenty miles to Llandudno and, of course, riding there at times in a row-boat.

Happily, I am not much of a victim of seasickness but what did nauseate me on my first voyage were the smells below deck. For whereas David and Nellie were booked first class on the S.S. *Pavonia,* I could only afford second, and in those days first and second were separated by a gulf hard indeed to bridge. I did catch a glimpse of David daily but only a glimpse. Indeed, I can claim to have qualified as an emigrant. For Father sent me forth with no more than £11 sterling, of which £9 were paid for my berth. Most of the balance of two pounds was spent on clothes and a trunk, but not the right kind of clothes—they might as well have been left at home. Then, the trunk! Its handsome strap was stolen on the ship and I had to beg a piece of rope from the ship's carpenter, so confirming my emigrant style.

The one Sunday that I spent aboard was for me the great occasion. For we of the second class were invited into the first class saloon above us, there to attend public worship. The captain made his appearance leading the crew in procession, all turned out in their best. He recited the service from the Prayerbook. I can still remember the lesson that was read by the ship's doctor, the thirty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, *Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not.* His enunciation was clear, his cadences musical and all eyes were directed to him. For he was a Roman Catholic from Dublin, and in school I had been told, years earlier, that the English of Dublin is the best in the world. Then came a

memorable evening. For we were invited a second time to the first class saloon where an informal service was conducted by one whose name was not known to me but with whom I was later to have close contact—Robert E. Speer. I was eager to hear what he had to say and was not disappointed. Never before had I heard such a stimulating talk. After the meeting David introduced me to Dr. and Mrs. Speer—not even names to me at the time—and Dr. Speer asked me to be sure to keep in touch with him. Thus did I come in contact with one of the great missionary statesmen of the day, never imagining how closely we were to be associated in later years or how hard it would be to appraise what he came to mean to me.

On the next Sunday, August 19th, 1894, we docked in Boston, and as we were leaving the ship David asked me how much money I had. I told him about ten shillings. This was not enough for me to land with and he lent me $5. Thus did I step ashore and find myself on American soil, nor can I forget—still less describe—my feelings. I wanted to laugh, I wanted to cry, for nothing that David had told me about the United States in our snatches of talk gave me any real idea of what I found when I arrived. Here was my opportunity, an opportunity which had been denied me in my own land. Many people have asked me which I like the better—Britain or America. My answer has always been that when I married I did not love my mother less because I loved my wife.

We left the docks and I had my first luncheon in the new world. At the time I was quite too excited to appreciate it. For it was served in the best New England tradition. The array of little dishes round the plate seemed odd. I was acquainted with mashed potatoes, squash and fresh peas, but the sweet potatoes and corn on the cob were new to me, and they challenged my English conservatism. For where was the boiled cabbage? And at home sweet potatoes were Irish and so frozen as to be quite inedible. As for corn, it had been for horses, not for me.

But my education went on apace. We spent the evening

with some friends of Nellie's in Danvers, and their home—the first American home I had seen—fascinated me. It was, as I have said, a Sunday and we went to the young people's meeting in the Congregational Church where I was introduced as the half-brother of David known by all as an interesting speaker. I was asked to say a few words and sat down when ten words had completed a sentence. I do not think that it was stage fright—merely a misunderstanding that had left my mind a blank—and to cover my embarrassment they sang hymns for the rest of the evening.

On Monday—how clearly I remember it—our host took me into Boston to see the sights, and I received my first lesson in American history. I was told all about the Boston Tea Party and the Ride of Paul Revere. Already citizenship was beginning to seep into me. Next day we left for Fitchburg where we stayed the night with other friends of David's and Nellie's, and on Wednesday I found myself at my destination. Between wooded hills through a broad and fertile valley flowed the Connecticut River and here was Mount Hermon School.

It was still three weeks before the opening of school but a crew of students were already at work cleaning the dormitories. I joined them and for a ten-hour day I was paid eighty cents. Of this remuneration fifty cents was deducted for board and room, leaving a balance of thirty cents which I spent on books. One privation was, at the time, a hardship. In Wales I had been quite a smoker, cigarettes, cigars and Limerick thick twist in a clay pipe. But David had warned me that any boy caught smoking at Mount Hermon would be sent away by the next train. My earlier attempts to give up smoking had failed miserably. Even on the *Pavonia* I had still had one last whiff. Anyone who has gone through this really terrible experience of self-denial will understand the torments I endured. Yet I have always been glad that I broke with the habit, especially when I came to deal with schoolboys and older students.

The man who made the rule against smoking at Mount

Hermon, where he was the presiding influence, was none other than the great evangelist, Dwight L. Moody. He insisted that the school he had founded was for poor boys and that any boy who could afford to smoke had better be at a more expensive place. Never in England had I managed to see Moody—so great had been the crowds at his revivals. Here at Northfield he was a familiar figure, driving his one horse buckboard around the countryside, and at once his stout solid figure reminded me of my father. For each of us boys, D. L.—as we lovingly and admiringly called him—had a special word of hope that he expected us to make something of our lives. I have never known anybody who was so greatly beloved by those who knew him best. To all of us he became on the instant our hero. More than anyone else, Mr. Moody —for "D. L." in retrospect will ever be "Mr." Moody to me— made us feel that we were wanted. He was glad we were there, and we loved him with all our hearts, not so much for what he said or did but just because he was himself.

We did not see Mr. Moody on the platform with immense crowds waiting to hear his words. To us he was the neighbour, driving around in his dogcart, reins and whip in hand, and interested in all the rural gossip of the countryside, a man who knew as much about farming as any other farmer in the valley and the very embodiment of commonsense. There is the story of him having his beard trimmed in a barber shop. He was an entire stranger and other customers were hanging around. He chatted with the man who was wielding the scissors and a kind of awe fell on the place. It was caused not by anything particular that he said but by his whole bearing towards the one who was serving him. When he had left, the little group in the shop drew together and asked one another who he was. That was the D. L. Moody whom we knew at Mount Hermon.

The great day came at last and I was duly enrolled as a preparatory student. It meant that after my driving of cabs and milking of cows I was back at high school again and not far from the foot of the ladder. It was, of course, what I

wanted but my determination to succeed was severely tested. To begin with, we went through a long and arduous day. From the rising bell at six in the morning to lights out at ten in the evening there was not allowed to be one idle moment. Five or six hours a day were devoted to classes, after which there was homework. Two hours were given to manual labour of various kinds—that is, to chores. Most of us were beyond the ordinary school age and our teachers convinced us that we were at Mount Hermon to make up for lost time.

But it was hard going. There was the settling down to an unaccustomed discipline of the bell, and there was trying to keep one's mind on one's studies. At first the excitement of new experiences saved me from thinking too much of home, but as time went on several of my classmates complained of homesickness and even dropped out of the race because they could not stand it any longer. I also began to understand the meaning of that distressful word. For the letters from home only came at long intervals and even then they contained so little of what I wanted to know. How I longed and ached to talk to old friends and walk again the familiar paths! But home was now across the wide sea, and I had no money to go there. I had no home.

Non-smoking was not my worst privation. For having forsworn My Lady Nicotine I discovered that I was deprived further of what in England I had regarded as a good cup of tea. In the old country we had been used to having tea—and I mean tea—at all hours of the day and even of the night. So what with the loss of tobacco and English tea and the homesickness, it began to be almost too much for me. However we found in the end a remedy even for these sorrows. We formed a new union. It was called *The Terrible Thirsty Tea Triumvirate* and consisted of an Irishman, another Englishman and myself, and we made sacrifices of time, money and trouble for a good—I repeat, *good*—cup of tea. It became quite an honour society.

My friends who have been reading the proofs of this book

ask me what I mean by a good cup of tea. Let me dismiss at once the idea that water poured on a tea bag in a cup is any reply to the question. First, you select the right brand of tea and in Ireland where they are experts they never go in for cheapness per pound. A very little tea of the best quality gives far better results than a much larger dose that is little other than dust. Next, you heat the teapot leaving it warm and empty. Enough of the tea is then inserted to make sure that it will really be tea without undue stirring and wading around with a spoon. Finally, the water is poured on—boiling water that has had no time to go off the boil—water that keeps its heat in the pot because the pot already is warm.

My first summer in New England was spent as porter at the Northfield Hotel where my pay was $20 a month with room and board. At this fine resort the help consisted almost entirely of students from the schools at Northfield, past and present, and many lifelong friendships were there cemented. But that was not the only advantage to be enjoyed. The Summer Conferences at Northfield were the counterpart of the great Keswick Convention in England's lakeland—a rallying of evangelical leaders interested in the gospel preached at home and abroad. The leaders of the evangelical cause were brought by Mr. Moody to the platform—men like Dr. F. B. Meyer, then of Leicester and later of London, Canon Webb Peploe, Dr. Robert E. Speer, and our own Dr. John R. Mott, later a winner of a Nobel Prize. I had a way of knowing them intimately. For I hustled their trunks and I shined their shoes. I met them and again I met them, and the talks that I had with them were a profitable part of my education. During that summer I was really happy.

The nine years of school at Mount Hermon and of college afterwards I think of as a bridge. There were the vagaries of the approaches to the bridge—the manoeuvring through traffic which is plying in every direction, some cars turning to right or left of the bridge, some proceeding straight ahead and a few, it may be, turning back to find something lost on the side of a road. Then the bridge itself—a smooth pas-

sage with no complications. This was to have been my bridge but it did not quite happen thus. I was still the emigrant boy and I was still wondering what was going to happen to me. I became faint from gazing too long over the side of the bridge into the depths of seething tumbling waters far below. I wondered time and again whether I should ever reach the other side. Grateful was I for the wonderful companionship of others who caught my arm if I stumbled and diverted me from my dizziness of mind.

The family name of my sister-in-law, Nellie, wife of my half-brother, David, was Budington, and the Budington Farm was about twelve miles from Mount Hermon. I walked there and back for week-ends—as a rule, twice in the fall and twice in the spring. For seven years, moreover, I went there for Christmas and Easter. At Christmas we were busy as well as festive. We made our way into the deep woods and cut down the biggest and straightest beech and maple trees and snaked them forth to where the woodpile was to be. The Easter vacation was devoted to one end of a cross-cut-saw or, it might be, splitting the logs for the stove. Then there was the setting-out of buckets for maple sap which was boiled, often far into the night, till it was delicious golden maple syrup. How good it tasted on a pan of clean snow!

I became much attached to Father and Mother Budington. Both of them were well educated, Mrs. Budington being a graduate of the Boston Conservatory of Music. Their two daughters went to Northfield and the younger of them was a classmate of mine. The older son, Robert, home from Williams College was my workmate and teacher of life's fineness—what surpasses money and its use—and from him I learned of American farmways, so different from what I had known in Wales. My brother David referred to Mr. Budington as the most noble Roman of them all.

The farm was largely self-supporting and only the surpluses were sold for income. There was a herd of Jersey cows, a flock of sheep, a litter of pigs and poultry. The cellars under the house were well-stocked, one with cured and salted meats,

vegetables and home grown apples, the shelves of the other loaded with home-made preserves. I have travelled far in this world but for food I give pride of flavour and excellence to the Budington home. It would have satisfied an epicure. How often had I read and re-read that romance of New England *The Wide, Wide World,* and how fascinated had I been with its descriptions of farm life. I had suspected exaggeration—a kind of poetic license—in the volume, but the Budington kitchen as fact surpassed the fiction.

Satisfying the appetite was, however, no more than the outward and physical sign of an inward and spiritual grace that appealed to me even more. For there was atmosphere in that family. My home in Britain had been above the average in loyalties of kin but we had our little differences around the table. There were frequent clashes when each of us considered himself first. But in this quiet farm-house at Leyden I never heard a voice raised in anger or protest. There was always so much love and peace, and always the first thought of everybody seemed to be for the others. It was true of the parents and it was true of the children. At Christmastide great was the air of secrecy amid efforts to secure some gift for another that would convey in some way a special affection.

Yet the basis of all this in the home was discipline and self-restraint. Sometimes there was a hired man on the farm but seldom a hired woman, and at all times there was an intense activity. Indeed, there had to be to wrest a living from those New England hillsides. But there were never any tensions or strain—no bustle or fuss, only smooth and efficient working. In the evening we read, played games, or with young people of the countryside went straw-riding in the farm wagon sleigh.

The furniture included shelves for good books and every morning, every evening, there were family prayers while attendance at church on Sunday was regular. At long last it dawned on me what Jesus had in mind when he taught his disciples to pray: "Thy Kingdom come." Here and now was the Kingdom in this New England hill village. And I began

to generalise. If, I said to myself, every home in America had this same atmosphere of unselfish responsibility to family, church, town meeting and affairs of state, then the Kingdom of God would be here in America. New England did much for me, and the farm in Leyden did as much as any other experience.

During these years there was always the question whether I could stick it out. Once I did try to leave school to get a job and earn some money. But the headmaster, Dr. Cutler, was there ahead of me. I told him how I could not keep up with expenses, that doctors, dentists and glasses for my eyes had had to be paid for out of my summer earnings and that my clothes were hopelessly shabby and ill-fitting and insufficient for the climate, that when I came to leave school I should be older than most men leaving college, and he listened patiently while I poured forth my worries. My idea was to take a job and return to school after a year of earning.

He assured me that he would try to find me the job I had in mind and, when he had calmed my troubled spirit he began to put the other side of the case. Would it not be very difficult to find the job I wanted? I had had as yet no specific training in any trade or skill. By staying on I would increase my earning power, for this capacity varied in direct proportion to time spent on study. How can I ever thank that kindly, clear thinking gentleman for his patience and forbearance and powers of persuasion! For he made me feel again that I was wanted, that to finish school was worth the struggle and pain involved, that, if I gave in to discouragement, I would destroy the pattern of my whole life, of which the first clear colours, little as I realised it, were being woven into the web.

The ties of home in England were still so strong that during my next nine years I crossed the Atlantic ten times, back and forth. The first of these vacations was in 1896—the year following my season at the Northfield Hotel—and I sailed from Montreal on the first boat of the season, the S. S. *Lake Huron*. I was a passenger on this vessel—second

class—and my fare cost me £6.0.0. The *Lake Huron* distinguished herself by having her propeller shaft break in two as we were making the Straits of Belle Isle. For eleven hours we rocked helplessly on the waves while the engineer spliced the shaft. Our horizon was a half-circle of ocean and we amused ourselves by counting the icebergs. There were seventy-five of them and the captain was inclined to be nervous over this interesting enumeration. There happened to be about 300 Canadian cattle below decks and so interested did I become in these animals—also there was my economic necessity to be considered—that on my four later trips to Wales I travelled as a cattle-puncher. My second boat, the *Londonian,* out of Boston, had had a piece inserted in her middle which was all very well save for the fact that it made her difficult to steer. She carried 1100 Texas longhorns on one deck and another thousand cattle on three decks. I returned steerage on a Cunarder for £2.

On a cattleboat the men who tended the livestock were known as "stiffs." They accepted this term—usually applied to corpses in a mortuary—because they considered themselves to be dead to the world and unable to sink lower in the social scale. Indeed they were the queerest gang I had ever seen. Most of them had criminal records and they gave me free advice as to jails. Some I should avoid but in others I could have an easy winter and be well cared for. Several of these men had gaols of their choice where they could be sure of good winter jobs, and their way of proceeding was carefully thought out. Along in the autumn, when the storm was on the sea, a brick through a store window or some other petty offence would provoke an arrest. Brought before a judge they would ask for a six months' sentence, after serving which they would return in the late spring to the cattleboat.

Such regular men received their food on board and a sum of $25 on landing in port. As a rule they would rush to the nearest pub where they were quickly relieved of their earnings, after which they would spend the rest of their time

in port on the ship, dependent on the cook's bounty, peeling potatoes and scrubbing the pots and pans.

The conditions on these ships were deplorable. The food was all served in one dish, soup, pudding, vegetables and meat, enough for six or eight men. On one voyage, our foreman was a middle-aged Irishman who had been a sergeant-major in the British Army of India. He had been dishonourably discharged for drunken and disorderly conduct, but the atmosphere of the Army still clung to him, and we obeyed his orders. He told me that English gaols were not fit for any Christian, even a Protestant, but you were treated well in Boston provided you behaved.

We would emerge between decks, all hot and wringing wet with perspiration after four hours of watering the cattle and ready to drop from exhaustion. He would let us sit down on the hatch and would say in his rich Irish brogue:

"Boys, I hope you are enjoying your well-earned rest." After a moment or two he would add:

"Boys, while you are resting, just hustle a few bags of corn along—them steers is hungry."

Even the most hardened of the "stiffs" would do as he said. Of all the ways of earning a living, punching cattle thus became the least attractive to me. Yet the home ties were strong and compelling. I went through it four times in nine years.

On that vessel, we released the cattle at noon on Sunday, and, being in London, I was then free to find myself in Westminster Abbey. It was, indeed, a contrast to the scenes on a cattleboat and I listened to the chanting of a glorious choir. Among the psalms for the day was the hundred and thirty sixth, and I can still hear the verse, "O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever." It was one of those occasions that are never forgotten.

The problem of my future again loomed large when, on finishing at Mount Hermon, I had to face the prospect of college. I had set my heart on Princeton as it was considered to be a Presbyterian institution but, after most of my bills were met, I had not even the fare for the train journey to

New Jersey. It was to the trusted and beloved Dr. Cutler that once more I appealed. Would he not recommend me for a job to which I might be suited? He agreed to do this but something then happened in the manner in which things so often had happened in my life to keep me to my course. A classmate of mine at Mount Hermon, Harold Drury, heard that I was giving up college and looking for work. He urged me strongly that this was foolish, merely because I could not go to Princeton. Were there not other colleges much nearer than Princeton and also good? He himself was entering Brown, and he advised me to try Amherst, a very fine college and one where I would have a good chance of getting a scholarship. This seemed good sense to me and I told Dr. Cutler of my change of mind. He was delighted and gave me a letter at once to "Old Doc" Hitchcock—well to be remembered at Amherst.

The next morning I was up at six o'clock and considered my financial position. It was simple. I had 50¢ in my pocket and that was all I had in the world. Thus endowed I mounted my bicycle and drove a protesting pedal over dirt or gravel roads, some thirty miles to Amherst. Thus did I reach Dr. Hitchcock, and he put to me some direct questions. He then stated that I would be admitted to Amherst, and not only that. I would be granted a scholarship available for students training for the ministry which would cover all fees. Also, he said, there was a suite of rooms in South dormitory which had been assigned already to two students from Mount Hermon, James C. Young, an Englishman, and William Baeslack, a German. I could join them and this would mean that I would not have to pay rent. All square with the world, I paid 25¢ for a good dinner.

I started back for Mount Hermon, my capital now reduced to 25¢. Before I reached Sunderland, however, I had a puncture, and a flat tire brought my cycle to a standstill. I had no repairing kit with me and there was nothing for it—I must push the machine back to Amherst for repair. It cost me my last quarter and it was not until ten o'clock that I

arrived at Mount Hermon. In the kitchen I found some crusts and baked beans, and good they tasted. I then packed, borrowed ten dollars and was back at Amherst in time for registration.

My college life might be described as two years of ups and downs. Incidentally, history repeated itself and, needing the money, I found myself driving a carriage once more for two dear old ladies.

The money that I received for driving the ladies enabled me to repay the debt of $10 that had helped me into Amherst, and from time to time I acted as supply in little country churches around Amherst, averaging about $5 in recognition of the service rendered. New Englanders of that date were theologically minded and I am not sure that I was always able to prepare in advance what was expected in a sermon. But I did my best. As my Sophomore year drew to a close I acted as tutor for classmates who had not spent as much time as they should with their books and this brought in $1 an hour which was very welcome. Over one pupil sent to me by a professor I was not very successful. "Please do not worry," said the professor, "When I sent him to you, it was for you to teach him. You could not provide him with brains."

Our suite of rooms at Amherst was unfurnished and we had no furniture of our own or money with which to buy furniture. Jim Young one of my classmates, had worked his way through Mount Hermon with a kit of carpenter's tools and his experience was useful. In the basement we found old packing cases from which Jim made saw-horses. Planks were laid across these and they served us as beds. Jim also made tables and chairs and desks for us which were crude but served their purpose. While the furniture was being made, Bill Baeslack another of my classmates, and I found some burlap and gunny sacks which we stuffed with excelsior for our mattresses. When we had become used to these couches we slept as soundly on them as we had ever slept in our lives.

The cheapest board at Amherst was $3.00 a week a head. We did not have that $3.00, and we decided to board ourselves. We secured two oil stoves, a few pans, plates, cups and saucers. One of us had to be cook for one meal each day for a week and this meant that, by rotation, each of us had a turn at breakfast, dinner and supper every three weeks. We decided that it would be no economy to skimp on food and the diet each day consisted of a quart of milk apiece, meat or fish, oatmeal and fresh vegetables, but no desserts or luxuries. Within three minutes walk of our dormitory there was, happily, a farm with a herd of Jersey cows. The farmer's wife allowed us as much of the rich milk as we wanted for 5¢ a quart. Our food thus cost each no more than 90¢ a week.

I started off by having a couple of fights. Those were the days when cane rushes at college were the customary thing. During our first Saturday night in college the rush kept us busy. My soul rose within me over what I considered to be a most unsportsmanlike affair, and it was, I cannot but think, a great relief when the ceremonial was abolished, in part, at least, due to my efforts.

The next of my difficulties was, perhaps, more serious. On my first Sunday in Amherst the chapel was crowded, and in the evening the Y.M.C.A. held its first and largest meeting of the year. The upper class fraternity men shepherded the freshmen pledged respectively to their own fraternities. There were many expressions on the part of the freshmen of an intention to live sober, decent and godly lives, and nearly everyone asked to be prayed for. I felt myself to be very much alone—with no elder brother in a fraternity to guide my thoughts and words into the right channel. And again my soul rose within me.

There had been forty-five minutes of these exercises, and some who, the evening before, having taken long swigs from the whiskey bottle and using language that would have been quite out of place in a prayer-meeting were most eager to be prayed for. I rose to speak. I said that I could understand from their conduct the night before that upon calmer

reflection they felt the need of these prayers. I intimated that if they had behaved with reasonable decency the previous evening, they would not stand so much in need of prayer. I sat down.

No one else rose to testify and the very silence hurt. The president of the Y.M.C.A. and a prominent senior, Alden Clarke, jumped into the breach and called for the hymn by Whittier:

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways,
Reclothe us in our rightful mind . . ."

and I became red and hot. For I was sure that he had chosen this hymn to express his thoughts of me. After the hymn had been sung and the Mizpah benediction pronounced, we went to our rooms.

There I was visited by Alden Clarke. He shook his fist in my face and declared that I had ruined the meeting for which so much careful preparation had been made. He said that many present were going to confess openly their faith in the Lord Jesus, but that after my shocking display it was doubtful if they could ever be brought to the sticking point again. As an opening episode to college life, it was not a success. No deputation from a fraternity came near to interview me, and the sophomores gave me special attention during their weeks of hazing. However, I took it good-naturedly, and an advantage was that I was not compelled to do some of the things that would have hurt my pride. As for Alden Clarke, everything worked out all right. Before a year was over he became one of my closest friends and so he remains unto this day.

At Amherst I soon felt at home and as a student I was happy. But my hankering for Princeton continued. For, as a non-fraternity man, I was regarded as queer, and this hurt. I thought of myself as a social person who wanted to be friends with nearly everybody. At Princeton there were no fraternities. The authorities were willing to take me but only

as a sophomore, which would have meant a further three-year course. At this I was somewhat discouraged, for the third year was what I could not very well afford. They did agree finally that if I passed my examinations on my first two years of work, they would take me in as a junior. This I did, and due to the good preparation that Amherst had given me, I entered Princeton without condition. I took Woodrow Wilson's course and next year, 1902-03, he became President of the University. His lectures on political science crowded the classroom and I found them to be a thought-provoking experience.

The question at Princeton was whether I should be allowed credit for the two years work put in at Amherst. Would they or would they not allow me to continue as a Junior? I had an anxious time, especially over Greek. My oral in this subject should have taken a quarter of an hour but I was grilled for fifty minutes and emerged in a wilted condition. Happily I was able to recall the saying that "ease is the lovely reward of forgotten toil." The net result of it all was that I proceeded with my courses as a Junior with reservations. All of us enjoyed Henry Van Dyke, nervous, brilliant and stimulating, with his lectures on British poets of the nineteenth century. Of Dr. Francis L. Patton's discourses on ethics, read from notes, one student said, "Dr. Patton, I cannot hear you." Came the quick reply, "No matter. You would not understand if you could hear." Dr. Patton was at his best when, *ex tempore,* he summed up his course and told us, leaning over his desk, what it had all been about.

I helped to pay my way through Princeton by living in the cheapest boarding house where I was excused the payment of $3.00 a week because I had secured twelve student boarders for the establishment. When I graduated I had the comfortable feeling that I had had the best of two worlds—the small college where I had held offices dear to the student heart, and the larger university where I had been amply repaid for the wrench that it was to me to leave Amherst, not so far from Mount Hermon.

Hitherto I have told the story of an English boy without money behind him who migrated to the United States in order to catch up with an interrupted education. It is, I think, a significant story. For, take them in succession—Mount Hermon, Amherst and Princeton—they all gave me of their best. Never did they grudge me anything, never throw it up to me that I was a foreigner eating the children's bread. As I thought of my three benefactors—the friendships I had made, the kindnesses I had received, the wealth of knowledge that had been laid bare for me to grasp all I could carry away—my mind was absorbed in a gratitude too deep for expression. To this finest side of the United States I owe a debt I can never repay. I prayed and I still pray that I may not prove unworthy of the trust that was placed in me. In no merely rhetorical sense I say, "America, I thank you. God bless you."

To each of the three institutions to which I am indebted, I always come back with a sense of eternal things, as if I were conscious of

> . . . Such a tide as moving seems asleep,
> Too full for sound and foam,
> When that which drew from out the boundless deep
> Turns again home.

It was said of Enoch that he walked with God. I am led to realise in looking backwards how God—unseen and unheard—walked with me.

I may be asked why I put into books so much time, so much energy, so much endurance of poverty, when I might have taken a job and—as the saying goes—made more of myself in the way of material success. My answer is that something had really happened to me during those lonely hours that I spent in the haymow with the Bible in front of me as I lay on the hay. It was the manger in my Bethlehem where the call of Christ was born within me. It was a sense of His love for mankind that drove me into a conviction that I was not my own, I was bought with a price, that henceforth doing

God's will must be for me the one and only thing. This was the faith that kept me going when the fulfilment of my hopes was so long delayed. I was conscious all the time of a slow unfolding of a design above and beyond my own—the will of God.

I lived at a time before the world wars. The clarion call to foreign missions was still ringing in men's ears. In the churches was heard the command of Christ, *Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel,* and by the thousand men and women in the full flush of youth went forth. They were too few but they were right. For had that command been more generally obeyed, we should have had no two world wars, no dread of a third. We should have been thinking of other things.

To be a missionary, that was my object in life, and I did not mind very much what the field. South America, China, Africa—they were all one to me. What did worry me was the passing of the best years of my life in drawing the bow and taking aim. I was eager to release the arrow. For when graduating from Princeton I would reach my twenty-ninth year, and they said to me that the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions would only accept me for service abroad after I had spent a further three years in a theological seminary, and been ordained as a minister. It meant that nearly half of my life—more than half of my active and adult life—would have been spent without getting down to the business in hand. I did not like it.

At this point on my road, there occurred one of those incidents as they seem to be that are nothing in themselves, yet lead to important developments later. In January, 1903, Wilfred W. Fry, General Secretary of the Trenton Y.M.C.A. and an old friend of Mount Hermon days, invited me to spend the week-end with him, saying, "Sam, my mother is English and still fond of her tea. She would be delighted if you would have a cup with her." With him I went to the Y.M.C.A. men's meeting Sunday afternoon. After the meeting a stranger to me, a clergyman, was standing waiting, as

I also was, for Wilfred. Wilfred introduced me to this stranger, Henry Forman, a missionary from India, whose station had been at a country town called Etah—merely a name to me. I did not suppose that I should ever see him again, I thought no more of it. For I had never looked on India as a possible field of work—only China or South America or Africa.

Next morning I took the old trolley back to Princeton. It was full save for one vacant seat which, without an idea of anything of importance in my head, I appropriated. I found that next to me was sitting the stranger of the day before, Henry Forman, and I could not for the life of me remember his name. He was more polite, however, and had my name handy. The trolley rolled on, slowly but surely, and we had time to talk, but not too much time. In twenty minutes we reached Lawrenceville and there he jumped off the trolley leaving me with a new outlook on the future. I had been fascinated by his quiet voice, the humour that played around his eyes, the fine courtesy of his approach. But what struck me as a blow was what he had to say to me.

Because of his wife's illness, he could not return to Etah—which was on the Grand Trunk Road mentioned by Kipling in *Kim*—for another spell of work and he wanted me to take up his position there for a period of two years. I told him that I was still a layman and had never thought of India as my field. Speakers on India whom I had heard had emphasised the intellectual brilliance of the Indians, and I feared that I might not be able to keep up with them. Dr. Forman made good use of the time in that trolley and when he left me I had promised to write as he suggested to Dr. Robert E. Speer of the Presbyterian Board. Would he accept me for this service just as I was after graduating and without further training? The idea was that after the expiration of the two years I could return to the United States and a theological seminary.

That day—it was in January, 1903—I had a feeling that the die was cast. Yet it had all been so casual—haphazard—that

I was almost breathless to think of the step that I had in mind. In my heart of hearts I half hoped that they would refuse me. But I wrote the letter and the answer was in the affirmative. I was accepted.

My last term at college was full of preparations for the future. Everyone was asking about my venture, anxious in friendly fashion to speed me on my forward course. I remember particularly a lady called Mrs. Owen. Her house on Alexander Street interested me because its timbers had been brought on a barge a hundred years before from Northampton in the Connecticut Valley that I knew so well. But her talk had a further significance. For, by another of these seeming coincidences, her husband's father had been an early missionary in India, and at a place called Allahabad. There at Princeton, long before I ever set foot in India, I was talking Allahabad by the hour and becoming almost as accustomed to the place as if I had already been walking its streets, so familiar to me in years to come.

Another interlude was decisive in my career. In Cleveland, Ohio, there was a small non-denominational church consisting in the main of working people. It was a "Gospel church" and its custom was to tithe. Their minister had been a missionary in Africa and, led by him with the cooperation of two elders, they decided to support a missionary of their own, to be associated with a regular denominational board of missions, the Presbyterian Board being approved. I was asked to visit the church, not to "supply" the pulpit but to get acquainted with the people. For some days I stayed at the house of the leading elder.

Those were the days when William Frederick Cody—scout, hunter and showman of the wild West was the hero of all who appreciate red-blooded skill and courage. For everyone spoke well of Buffalo Bill. And here in Cleveland I found myself the guest of his first cousin, Lindus Cody—the two were born in the same house—and delightful indeed was the hospitality. For there were daughters in that family—six of them—two of them living at home, a third married and living

nearby. I found them to be charming girls. After my long and austere period of discipline, here was a paradise.

It seemed that there was another sister at a distance. She was a student volunteer attending a kindergarten college in Chicago. The married girl in one of her letters happened to mention that there was a young missionary staying with them and in due course the student volunteer made her appearance. From the first moment I saw her, I knew that Ethelind Cody was the girl for me. What she thought about it, I had not the least idea, save that she promised to write to me, and this, for the time being, was enough to send me back to Princeton with my head in a whirl. Everything seemed to be happening to me all at once, and there glowed a brightness over the horizon.

The house where Lindus Cody and Buffalo Bill were born was situated near Davenport, Iowa. It may be seen near the museum at Cody, Wyoming. Between the two cousins—Lindus and William F.—there was maintained a close kinship. After the death of his father, William F. joined the family of Lindus in Cleveland, in order to get an education. But he did not like school and soon ran away. An anecdote illustrates the affection of the cousins amid differences of outlook on life. Deeply spiritual and animated by a compelling sense of obligation, Lindus once asked of William Cody where his successes would lead him. "Well, Lindus," he replied gaily, "I may not have much of a show in heaven but at any rate I have the greatest show on earth!"

## CHAPTER THREE

# THE BOY IS CALLED EAST

AFTER ten days at Cleveland with the Codys, I returned to Princeton to be graduated. My farewell to the university came all too quickly. For I who had been my own impetus, as it were, now found that I was under orders. The Presbyterian Board wished me to attend a conference of outgoing missionaries and this meant that I must depart from the university immediately after graduation, missing the usual two days of class functions. Indeed, I was the first of my year to leave and, having this distinction, I was honoured by special attentions. When I had finished my simple packing, classmates bore me in tumult to the train and hoisted me bodily through an open window into the coach where I landed on my hands and knees. I stood at the window and heard their shouts of good wishes and singing, and then the train moved away. As it gathered speed I saw the last of those towers above the trees for many a long year.

I felt rather like David Copperfield must have felt as he mounted to the top of his coach, aware that after all his vicissitudes he was now a man full-grown, well-educated and, above all, with a stylish suit of clothes on his back. For the first time in my life I knew that I could hold my own anywhere. I visited Mount Hermon and the neighbouring Northfield for another student conference and was thus able to say

farewell to many friends there, all of them full of congratulations and good wishes. And so to New York, from which port I set sail for England on July 8th, 1903.

I was now learning that there is much more to the world-wide church of Christ than appears on the surface of civilisation. For wherever I wandered I came across companions in the gospel whom I had met before or now met for the first time. The Board paid for my second-class fare on the liner and this, of course, was much better than what I had suffered on the cattleboats. But I ran into a friend who was alone in a first-class cabin, and by paying an additional two pounds I was able to join him. He was an English medical missionary going back to Africa and had been to Northfield as speaker at the conferences. We had an excellent time together and my mind was broadened by his telling me what the gospel means in saving bodies as well as souls in regions which have lagged far behind Western civilisation in progress along the path of knowledge and social service that leads to the more abundant life. He had been telling his story at Northfield.

And so I found myself once more at my boyhood home in North Wales, where my heart was moved to its depths. It was not only the wonder of those drives with my father, up hill and down dale, through a countryside where the panorama spread from mountain peaks and ridges down to the deeply indented coast and the high seas beyond. My father was full of enthusiasm for his dairy business and as I listened to his talk I realised how far I had advanced into a wholly different world. For it was my mother whose face was lit up with delight over my decision to be a missionary. I asked her what she thought of it and her answer was in her eyes.

"Sam," she said, "I have been so happy since you gave your life to God that I could hardly contain myself for joy. Before you were born I prayed that God would take you and use you for His glory. At times my faith burned low but now I sing all the time. Nothing you could do, Sam, could ever give me greater joy than that you are giving your life to God's work."

Her words seemed to make all I had been through worth while. Yet I had the curious sense that I was now separate from others. I was asked to preach from the pulpit of the church we attended and I had the feeling that the people looked on me as one who had passed out of their range of outlook. I had many a happy day working on the farm and renewing the old contacts with my nearest kith and kin. But here again I was conscious of regrets. They had such excellent minds—such capacity for service—but they had lacked my experience in personal development. My home-coming was thus something of a "Hail and Farewell." Once more I was stepping out of my past.

On Friday September 3rd, 1903, I set sail from Birkenhead on the Mersey. My ship was an old-timer—S.S. *Arabia* of the Anchor Line bound for Calcutta. She carried cargo and it was in the stern that she accommodated about twenty cabin passengers at £30 apiece for the passage. There were also deck passengers of whom most were Indians, and for the first time I saw for myself the people of Southern Asia with whom I was to be associated for so many years.

No sooner had we cleared the estuary than we plunged into a storm which surrounded us until, two days late, we made Gibraltar and entered the Mediterranean. The boat was carrying equipment for railways—rails above the keel, locomotives above them and then lighter cargo. The ballast allowed the vessel a wide arc for rolling and, over the Bay of Biscay, roll she did. I struck up an acquaintance with a young British officer bound for Port Said and service in Egypt. He was Lieutenant Buckle and his name suggested that it is after all a small world. For here was I from Mount Hermon and he belonged to the family that included an historian of civilisation and an editor of *The Times,* of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and of Queen Victoria's *Letters.* We used to sit amidship in the passage-way just under the captain's bridge. The side rail of the bridge was often under water and we wondered if the boat would right herself. We held onto one another awaiting what would come, but the first mate when

he passed us was quite complacent. The ship, he said, was seaworthy and would make port.

The Red Sea was hot and the Indians on deck, their blood congealed by the cold tempests we had survived, began to thaw out. Among them was a troupe of acrobats and jugglers who had completed a successful season at Coney Island, the famous amusement park in New York. Each of the men wore a woven bag belt which, we learned, was full of five-dollar gold pieces and English sovereigns. Some of the youngsters in the troupe enjoyed sunning themselves clad only in pairs of white kid gloves. The performers gave us free exhibitions on the forward hatch, which whiled away many a pleasant hour.

When, however, we emerged from the Red Sea, our troubles began again. For we had to battle with the monsoon all the way through the Straits of Bab-El-Mandeb and well into the Bay of Bengal. Off Ceylon we ran out of ice, and much fruit, with vegetables, was spoilt. After two weeks of sliced onions for salad and stewed prunes and rice for dessert, we suggested to the captain that he should call at Colombo and take in supplies. He answered that the port charges at Colombo were too high and that, in any case, he had no cargo for that destination. Thus, a week or more late, we docked at long last on the Hooghly, Sunday, November 10, 1903, having spent nearly ten weeks afloat with but two hours ashore at Port Said.

And this, at last, was India, the vast and seething subcontinent where I was to live and labour for forty years—live, labour and learn. On my first day in Calcutta I began to grasp the beginnings of the great oriental mystery that one may spend a lifetime in studying without reaching into the inner shrine of its realities. I was at once conscious of India as a land of extremes. There was the tropical heat of the Ganges Valley. There were the eternal snows of the Himalayan uplands. There were deserts still awaiting the fertilising of irrigation while wide muddy rivers poured their silt into the oceans. There were rich farmlands. There were palaces of

extravagant splendour and luxury which, for centuries, had been citadels of what was known in the West as the gorgeous East. There were hovels of mud and straw where human life was lived on the lowest conceivable level of poverty and filth. There were the suave and brilliant intelligentsia whose courtesy and culture so deeply impress the outer world. There were the peasants, dirty, ignorant but eternally lovable. I began to appreciate the content of our missionary battlecry—*The Evangelisation of the world in this generation.* It did not mean merely changing people's labels. It meant turning the world up-side-down.

I spent my first night in India at the Great Eastern Hotel. After taking my room I made my way as usual to the dining room which, at first sight, seemed to be a place for dinner. Waiters were serving guests and I seated myself at an otherwise empty table. Nobody took any notice and, after a period of impatience, I beckoned to one of the waiters. He caught my eye and came over to me, but only to inform me in his broken English that he was unable to help me. He was waiting on his own "Sahib," and I would find that every other waiter was in a similar position. A sahib would always bring his own bearer who would go to the kitchens and bring back the kind of food his master liked. I appealed to the clerk at the paydesk, and asked how I was to obtain food. He was astonished that anyone without his own servant should expect to be served but he managed to find a man in the kitchen who brought dinner—eight courses of it—and when I gave him a shilling tip, he seemed to be very happy.

I returned to my room where I was besieged by a crowd of servants—there must have been a dozen of them—each begging me to read his testimonials from former employers, and I did read a few, but decided that I would find out more about the customs of an Indian hotel before committing myself.

Then occurred one of those coincidences which so often have made a difference to my life. I was in a streetcar when a lady recognised me. She was a former student at the girls'

school at Northfield, and she recalled to my memory a colleague of mine from Mount Hermon who had been night watchman at the Northfield Hotel at the time when I was porter. That had been in 1895 and, of course, I knew his name, Charles Harvey, and here was the girl he had married. The two of them invited me at once to their home for the remainder of my stay in Calcutta.

Their hospitality, gracious in itself, illustrated a factor in the missionary field which may be described as atmospheric. My label was Presbyterian and the Harveys were Baptists. Yet between us there was immediate and spontaneous cooperation, of especial value to me as experience. For Charles Harvey was in charge of the famous press in Calcutta which had been started at Serampore as the nineteenth century was born, and the story of that great enterprise brought me into touch with an even greater memory. I added to my knowledge of and admiration for William Carey.

Here had been a child of the midlands in England who was apprenticed to a shoemaker. Until he was twenty-four years of age he had followed that trade, so becoming, as I had been, a victim of delayed education. But he had caught up with himself, learning Greek, Latin and Hebrew and entering the ministry. Under the urge of the gospel he had made his way to India, earned a living in the indigo trade and enriched his life with oriental scholarship, founding a missionary college and teaching Sanskrit, Bengali and Mahratta at the new Fort William College in Calcutta. Of his marvellous lexicons I have no space to speak here. Enough that he translated the whole Bible into six Indian languages, and the New Testament into twenty-six, also making considerable progress with a translation into Chinese. In Carey's career I saw the full content of a missionary's opportunity—how the gospel covers the whole range of human life and aspiration. Of particular significance to me was Carey's establishment of an agricultural society in Calcutta, and his botanical garden at Serampore. Taking his achievements as a whole—the churches that he built, the asylums for lepers that he

founded, the high standard that he maintained in all that he tried to do—I have come to consider him the greatest Christian since the Apostle Paul. His diversity and persistence struck me very forcibly—also the evidences that his works follow him. All over India they grow with the years, and the record of what his helpers and converts have achieved is stamped indelibly on the ever-increasing Christian community.

This was the debt that my mind owed to a Baptist pioneer. I was also grateful to Methodists, especially a missionary and his wife called Lee. They were heroes of calamity. For amid the hills of Darjeeling there had been a landslide which had trapped six of their seven children. The way that they took the disaster was a lesson in living. They became more active than ever for others and more sympathetic for human failings. During my days of first impressions they were my guides around Calcutta.

The very name, Calcutta, initiated me into one of India's darker mysteries. For it signifies Kalighat or Place of Kali and at Kalighat I was shown the temple—one of many in this land of faith—where the Goddess of Destruction is worshipped or more truthfully appeased by the terrorised of the ultra-Hindus who dread lest in lust for blood and crime she should prevail over blessing in their lives, taking the people unaware and cursing their wellbeing.

Scores of pilgrims in the day arrived to purchase Kali's goats which, bleating at the smell of blood, were suspended and beheaded on the spot by one skilful stroke of the priest's knife, their meat being eaten in the precincts of the temple or sold to customers. The priests were on hand to take from the people all that the traffic would bear. Not only the ceremony itself but the attendant proceedings seemed to me to be commercial and completely lacking in all that I had associated with a spiritual experience of God's care and gratitude for what He bestows on His children. I appreciated what he meant who wrote of people sitting in darkness who saw a great light. For here was not indifference to religion but

religion in its intensity of pressure on the people, the astounding alternative to what I had known of Christian religion at Northfield.

One evening Charles Harvey allowed me a glimpse of the night life of Calcutta, fairly to be described as flagrant. In the opium dens the men were chiefly Chinese, and there they were in all stages of inertia induced by the narcotic, their one escape from a life without that redemption which makes life worth living. There were, of course, the red-light districts where, amid an environment of utter poverty, crowds of men were leering at women of every nationality who, in their solicitations, exposed themselves without a thought of decency or what was due to self-respect.

All that I saw in Calcutta—for me the gateway of India—convinced me that I was looking on a civilisation whose roots, branches and fruit were far different from the civilisation with which I was familiar. There were contrasts in the good and contrasts in the bad, and they puzzled me. East was indeed East to me whose West was West. Yet this system of India, or whatever it is to be called, had held the people in its tentacles for thousands of years, even squeezing out a reforming Buddha and holding down the conquering Moslems to a minority. If, however, a tree is to be judged by its fruit, this tree of India, whatever the luxurious appearance of its foliage—the Taj Mahals and the philosophies of the intelligentsia—was yielding harvests of something amiss that involved the people as a whole in physical, mental and spiritual poverty. Never before had I been face to face with —never had I faintly imagined—such a low standard of living. I moved hither and thither bewildered by the incredible.

From Calcutta I caught the mail-train for Benares. Here as at Kalighat I found myself confronted, not by irreligion or irreverence, but by mysticism in its most concentrated expressions—it was what many generations of the orthodox had maintained and honoured as the uttermost in holiness. In the early morning I was rowed in a boat along the sacred Ganges. Here in actual fact were the pilgrims of whom I had

read as in a traveller's tale, worshipping and bathing in a river into which, just above these ablutions, sewers were emptying their filth. As a solemn rite they would even drink of the polluted water and how they escaped the consequences filled me with amazement.

I visited the famous Burning Ghats, and once more I was impressed by a strange appearance of contempt for the dignity of man. Cremation is, even in the West, a recognised way of disposing of bodies but here was cremation as a public spectacle. Men were searching through the charcoal of the wood burned and the bones of what had been the human form divine, which had been swept upon the bank of the river. They were applying fine rakes to a hunt for gold fillings and jewelry that had come through the fire.

I visited the temples and saw cows wandering in and out among the pilgrims and, of course, I knew about cows which, as animals, are much the same all over the world. What I had to learn is that the cow in India is a creature apart. By most Hindus it is most highly venerated, and villagers say that they have a verse of a song for every hair on the cow's body. It is a mortal sin for a Hindu to be party to what is regarded as the murder of a cow. The ox is, of course, the only domesticated draft animal that can work in the heat of India, and its sacredness, doubtless, is enhanced by a sense of its economic value. In the temples a few of the worshippers had learned English, and when they learned that I had just arrived from America, they were most gracious and friendly, and following the natural instinct of us all to make ourselves understood to others, they tried to explain some of the rituals. Not having had anything in my experience with which to compare what I was seeing and hearing, I fear that my mind was not very responsive. Yet several of these informants with their English were elderly men with refined faces and soft voices—men of education who wore bifocal glasses. Some of them told me that they had retired from Government service and were now, in accord-

ance with the dictates of their religion, devoting their remaining days to religious exercises and austerities.

It was with a sense of bewilderment and confusion that I left Benares. Yet I was captivated by it all, and from that moment to this India has been to me the land of enduring and ever-increasing fascination, nor has a day passed without my learning something new and strange about the working of the Indian mentality. How to express the thing is difficult, but I may put it thus. As opposed to the Western mind, the Indian mind does not seem to be conditioned by facts. Take the most highly educated Indian graduate of Oxford or Cambridge, a man versed in the arts, sciences or philosophy. He will not think it incompatible with his learning to go on believing what he had been taught as a boy. He has absorbed a new knowledge but it has not displaced the old. Also, there seems to be a fusion in the Indian mind between myth and history, as though both were of a piece. Of Indian thinking as I encountered it at the end of the nineteenth century, the most consistent thing was inconsistency. Yet Indians in general are highly intelligent. Their lawyers are among the best, and their linguists and teachers compare favourably with those of any other people. The pity is that these intellectuals, even today, represent no more than about twelve per cent of the population, with a heavy preponderance of men over women, and if only the figures for literacy and illiteracy were to be reversed, who can say what would be the result?

During those first days of acquaintance with India I learned that one meal a day was all that a majority of the people could count on. Even so, most of the people had to skip a day's meal when work was scarce. The usual meal consisted of a pound of cheap rice, millet or barley. Wheat was a luxury beyond the reach of most of the people. A thin split-pea soup with plenty of red peppers—these, by the way, are rich in vitamins—served to moisten the grain. Seldom did the diet include fresh fruit or vegetables, and milk was more

than most people could afford. The effect of insufficient nutrition was apparent in the skinny calves, thighs and ribs of the men.

Statistics of mortality told a terrible tale. The expectancy of life in India was 21 years. It has now risen to 27 years. This compares with an expectancy of 64 to 70 years in the United States. The expenditure on clothes did not exceed one dollar a year per head. In many houses there was no furniture. Many a village had neither a pair of shoes nor a pane of glass nor a kerosene lantern. It was not long before, like others, I learned that physical hunger entails mental and spiritual starvation.

It took me three hours in a slow train to cover my last lap in a long journey—the seventy-two miles between Benares and Allahabad. I arrived in the evening and was met by my host, Dr. Arthur H. Ewing, Principal of the Allahabad Christian College, who took me to his home for dinner. The group of American missionaries in the city gathered to give me a most hearty welcome, very refreshing to a tired man who after nine years of exacting study had travelled well over ten thousand miles in order to join them in their work.

Incidents continued to enliven my life's adventure. For it was not in the bungalow itself that I was accommodated but in a tent nearby, under the shade of one of those neem trees, from which Indians derive oil and gum for various uses—twigs from the tree being the most popular tooth brushes among orthodox Hindi. I soon fell asleep but was awakened suddenly by a most unearthly yowling. Animals were sniffing around the edges of the tent as though anxious to find a way in and get at me. My blood ran cold for I had nothing available with which to defend myself. I lighted my candle, seized a shoe and cried "scat" and much besides. The animals, whatever they were, withdrew into the darkness, leaving me with no more than fitful sleep for the rest of the night.

At breakfast I related my experience and my hosts laughed heartily over what they considered to be a great joke. They apologised for not having warned me of jackals prowling

around but they added that jackals are the most cowardly of four footed creatures. I did not wholly relish the humour of it, but at any rate it was reassuring to know that I had been in no danger.

Dr. Ewing as a personality rose far above the popular caricature of a missionary which, among the scornful of the Victorian Era, had been current. He was a great student of Hindustani, both Hindi and Urdu, and at Johns Hopkins University he had been awarded the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Sanskrit, and it was along this hard road of linguistic achievement that I had now to make my humble start. I was handed over to a famous teacher of languages, a dignified gentleman of the Moslem faith who was to give me one hour a day of his time, six days a week, for ten rupees a month, about $3.33. Under his direction I wrestled for hours a day on the Urdu alphabet and the curlicues of the Persian script, sometimes despairing of the little progress that I was making. Also he drilled me on common words and on the phrases most needed in my use of completely strange tongues.

More than all this he taught me Allahabad, one of India's historic cities. Situated at the junction of the Jumna and the Ganges, it is the scene year by year, of bathing festivals, or "melas," attended on big days by four to five millions of pilgrims, the largest gathering on earth of humans, at one place and for one purpose which, in this case, is to escape re-incarnation. Its earlier names were Prayag or Trebeni, and when the Mohammedans came to the place as conquerors their sensation was that of Paul alone at Athens. Everywhere the temples were crowded with idols and in derision the invaders named the city "Illahabad," the place of false gods. As Moslem influence was established, unlearned people changed the name to Allahabad, the place of Allah, the one true God. It is characteristic of a deep schism in Indian culture that later I heard a Hindu scholar claim that all this was quite wrong. The city had owed its name to a famous old Hindu saint, Ilabilas!

It was the Emperor Akbar who built the great fortress

which for centuries has been among the Gibraltars of northern India, and the remains of Akbar's palace still recall his scarcely credible magnificence. Out of these memories has arisen the modern Allahabad, with its more than 260,000 inhabitants, capital of the United Provinces, a center of education and missions, where in those days I am recalling could be seen the authority of the British Raj at the height of its Westernising prestige under the glittering Viceroyalty of Lord Curzon. Little did I imagine that all my working life of forty-one and a half years—save for furloughs—would be lived in a metropolis made rich to me by friends in all of its various communities, drawn from every walk in life.

It may be of interest to note that at the outset the mission at Allahabad was due to an entirely unforeseen accident. It had not been marked on the map as the site of a projected mission but a boat passing the city happened to capsize and a printing press belonging to the missionaries fell into the water. It took quite some time to recover the printing press and during the delay the missionaries decided to make Allahabad their destination. In due course they set up the press which was still in use when I came to the place in 1903.

I held my commission from the Board of Foreign Missions of the North Presbyterian Church. I thus became a member of the Board's North India Mission which operated chiefly in the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh. The area of this province is 120,000 square miles, which compares with 95,000 square miles for Great Britain and Northern Ireland. The present population of this large territory is 55,000,000 which equals the population of the British in their homeland. The Province is right in the heart of the Ganges Valley and it stretches for five hundred miles from Benares in the east to Delhi in the west. The North India Mission at that time consisted of ten principal stations of which Allahabad was one and forty outstations. In these stations there were forty-five American missionaries at work. Several times that number of Indian Christians were engaged in evangelism, both urban and rural, in school and college

education for boys and girls; also there was an extensive medical work, with hospitals and dispensaries and American nurses training Indian nurses. Many women went singly into Indian homes where women were living in purdah. An experienced staff provided Christian literature, putting out several monthly magazines in vernacular for circulation in the villages. The Mission included training of Indian preachers and teachers, and shared in providing the staff for a theological seminary.

The Mission used to meet in conference once a year for about ten days. Each missionary then presented a report of his activities, telling how he had spent his time and strength. The Mission as a whole thus received a precise impression of what exactly was going on in all the various fields. It was the Mission that assigned to each of us what was to be our work, and it voted before a missionary's first furlough on the fitness of each missionary for a continuance of his work when the furlough was over and, in the meantime, what studies he might usefully undertake during his period at home. The Mission at its conferences tried to preserve a balance between its several branches, with special help to be available in times of flood, frost or famine. I have found that comparatively few people in the United States have an adequate idea and a clear understanding of the way in which a foreign mission does its work and of the immense care devoted to wise administration.

I had arrived at Allahabad with no other idea in my mind but proceeding to Etah where it had been arranged in New York that I should take up the work of Dr. Forman, particularly in the villages. Etah lies on India's famous Grand Trunk Road or highway, and is a little town nineteen miles from the nearest railway station, and there I would be brought into immediate contact with the toiling peasantry on the land. When, I asked, should I start?

Dr. Ewing's reply was, perhaps, evasive. In about a week, he said, there would be a gathering of American Presbyterian missionaries of the United Provinces at Ludhiana in the

Punjab, where the first of our missions was inaugurated in 1834, the second of them being started at Allahabad in 1836. Ludhiana was 600 miles away but there I went, nor was I sorry. I cannot think of a better introduction for a newly arrived missionary than a gathering such as this.

For the selection of Ludhiana as a rendezvous there was a practical reason. It was the bungalow. The designing of this bungalow had been entrusted to a missionary who did not happen to have any knowledge of how bungalows should be designed. He drew a plan on paper and told an Indian contractor to trace the plan on the ground. In the great open spaces the dimensions seemed to be absurdly small so the contractor was told to add two feet to each side of a room and go ahead with the building. The resident missionary found that it was hard to live amid distances where ordinary furniture was lost. But for conferences the bungalow was just fine, and the kitchen and pantry were large enough for catering to two hundred guests. In the dining room the whole missionary force could meet in comfort.

I cannot but compare the gathering as it was more than forty years ago with what it would have been today. What I attended was an all-American affair, with but a few Indian pastors. Today the majority of that Synod are Indians. We have the United Church of North India, consisting of the Presbyterian Churches of the United States, Great Britain, Australia, and New Zealand, with other churches included, the United Church of Canada and the Church of Scotland among them. I cannot say that I foresaw so impressive a development but in retrospect I can look back on it without surprise. For the missionaries of forty years ago maintained an air of good fellowship. They talked and acted as one large and happy family. In those days there was no retirement at seventy. It was enrolment for life. Old Mr. Woodside, still active, had fifty years of service to his credit and was well over eighty. If he returned to the United States it was only because he wished to end his days in that country.

The work of the Mission was most carefully organised and

I was thrilled as I listened to the various reports of what was going on. Each missionary was questioned quite frankly by his peers and made to justify the worthwhileness of his work in relation to the whole programme. About the proceedings there was a commonsense—a detached and critical attitude—which I found to be reassuring. There were the district missionaries who had headquarters that served as points of departure from which, for most of the year, they toured the region around them, pitching their tents in some convenient grove. Thus they were able to visit small groups of Christians, most of them converted and liberated Untouchables, to whom they preached and taught, with a ministry of healing and a constant endeavour to build up these grown children of the church in their most holy faith. The force of women in the missionary field, whether married or single, were visiting their Indian sisters living in purdah who by social custom were debarred from appearing in public and being seen by men outside their families. Also, these women were in charge of four or six girls' schools. It was among the poor and needy, as in Galilee of the Gentiles, that an ever-invigourating gospel was heard most gladly.

With the education carried on by the Mission I was much impressed. From the primary schools in the villages to graduate study in the Forman Christian College at Lahore, with the intermediate high schools and colleges, the general practice was prayer and Bible-reading every morning with a daily hour for Bible-study during the day. Of England in the Puritan days, John Richard Green, the historian, wrote that here was a country of a book which book was the Bible. The teaching of the Bible in India was already leading to a somewhat similar result. People who would not listen to street preaching or attend meetings within a mission acquired a Christian approach to life. Throughout the India of this later day, whether in the legislatures, in the press or in conversation, the Bible is the most quoted of all religious books. I have been in many meetings in India where the speaker, not himself a Christian, has ended what he had to

say with an apt Biblical quotation, feeling that such a climax to his argument would be incontrovertible. Perhaps, I may recall how at the San Francisco Conference after World War II, a stampede of international misgiving was halted by a delegate from India who declared that you cannot destroy the Sermon on the Mount by an atom bomb. That delegate was not a Christian. He was a Hindu, and among the educated classes in India there are an ever-increasing number of secret believers in Christ. I have come to the conclusion, therefore, that the most important result of Christian effort in India is not direct, whatever the mass-conversions, but indirect. Mr. Gandhi, for instance, used the Bible effectively in his paper, and gifted missionaries have devoted themselves to providing Christian literature for converts released from the bondage of illiteracy—one of the most needed means of education and development of the personality.

That conference at Ludhiana was thus a kind of preface to what lay ahead of me as a missionary in India, and among my impressions was the urgent call for helpers in the fields of work. Active forces had been depleted by ill-health, furloughs and death. Competition was thus keen for the allocation of the five missionaries who happened to be available. All went well save in the case of one woman who did not want to be re-allocated. She preferred to stay where she was. Indeed, her insistence created some feeling and I was sorry for her. Yet I could not but feel that she was blocking the whole programme by her lack of adaptability. I asked myself what I should do if I found myself in a similar position, and I decided that I would accept the judgment of the Mission and comply. With my job at Etah all arranged it was easy for me to sit back in my chair as a spectator.

But on the following day it was my turn to hear from the "location committee," and I also did not like it. To my astonishment I heard that they wished me to stay at Allahabad and teach in the college.

"Oh, no," I said, "I came out for the village work at Etah.

I do not know how to teach and I don't want to teach. Please let me do the work I came out to do."

They listened to what I had to say and then they put their side of the case. During the Indian Mutiny of 1857 the higher classes of the college had been closed. Not until two years ago had they been re-opened and there was a need for men and equipment in the higher work. Affiliated with the university at Allahabad were eighty colleges scattered over an area of 250,000 square miles and inhabited by more than a hundred million people. Another teacher was essential and I had come along at a most opportune moment.

"Young man," I was told, "you signed a contract in New York—we trust you read it—stating that you would be willing to abide by the will of a majority of your fellow-missionaries. That majority has expressed its will in a vote which says that you are to go back to Allahabad and teach."

"Gentlemen," I answered, "I am afraid you have me. I came out here for a short term and a specific purpose and paid little attention, therefore, to the contract in question. But I am not willing to break it and I accept under protest your assignment. But I do not hold myself responsible for results."

I cannot pretend that I was happy about it.

By way of filling in the background of the picture I may say a word here about education in India during British rule. The Government was careful to keep such education under its control. But its resources allocated to education were not sufficient to meet the general need. It was thus arranged that any individual or group might open schools and colleges. If these institutions complied with regulations laid down by the Government they received a grant-in-aid—to use the official term—amounting to any sum not exceeding fifty per cent of the expenditure incurred. The Government prescribed the courses of instruction, laid down specifications for buildings, set the examinations and conducted them, and granted the certificates, diplomas and degrees.

Such institutions were known as "recognised," and any institution without recognition had a great difficulty in obtaining pupils. This was because a certificate granted by the Government was a necessity for any sought-after position in the public service. When I arrived in India there were five universities for a territory half as large as the United States, with three times the population. The University of Allahabad had been founded in 1894. Some of its eighty colleges were maintained by various Hindu castes, some were strictly Mohammedan. The Christian missions were strong for this system of education and for an understandable reason. As long as they complied with the Government regulations, they were permitted to have daily Bible classes. These have proved to be among the most fruitful evangelistic agencies. Through his schools Alexander Duff, a great pioneer missionary in India, led hundreds of high caste Hindus into a knowledge of Christ, and a similar record had been established by William Carey through the college which he established at Serampore.

Thus it was that, by no desire of my own, my back was turned on the immediate contacts that I would have had at Etah with the Indian peasantry, and on leaving Ludhiana I found myself again in Allahabad. The Ewings put their guest room at my disposal, taking me in as a boarder on the usual missionary terms, $15 a month for food. I must employ a bearer to care for my room, wait on me at table and do his share of washing the dishes. I must also contribute fifty cents a month to the sweeper's wages which were $1.50 a month with the table scraps in addition. Before a year this man resigned for domestic reasons. He had taken unto himself a second wife and no longer had any time to work for himself, for he had to devote his whole attention to supervising the two wives working their rounds of houses which in those days had no sanitary conveniences. The dhobi or washerman dealt with my laundry for seventy-five cents a month.

I cannot say that I had as yet found myself. For several

hours a day I had still to work on languages. Then there was duty in college, after which I would play tennis or soccer with the students, who were eager to learn about college life in the United States. They introduced me to Indian food, most of it so spiced and so hot with red peppers that it left my mouth tingling for hours.

At noon one day I had a revealing experience. There were vendors who brought their confections for sale to the students, who would pay a pice or half a cent for a small mouthful. They would ask me to try these dainties, and one day there was a man with a dozen varieties from which I was to make a choice. I stretched forth my hand and touched the sweet that struck my fancy. The students drew back in consternation and the man uttered a cry of protest. It was my first contact with what is meant in Hindu India by caste. The tip of my finger had spoiled all the food on that tray. I offered to pay for it and I did pay, but that was only the beginning of sorrows for the poor vendor. He had to go to the Brahman priest and submit to ceremonies of purification that cost him before he was through what was for him a large sum of money. For nearly a month he was away, and in spite of his payments and his penances, his business suffered. A few of his customers would not buy from him again, for inadvertently I had broken his caste.

I well remember my first Christmas in India. I was invited to spend my vacation in a camp at Etawah attended by about one hundred and fifty students drawn from the wide area embraced within the influence of the University of Allahabad. A year or two before, John R. Mott had toured the colleges of India and some of the students who met at Etawah had come out openly as Christians as a result of his evangelism. Of this group many have made a great contribution to the public life of India. They have included high government officials, lawyers, professors and teachers, ministers of religion and, after years of service, a few judges. I made a point of asking each of the more recent converts what exactly it was in Dr. Mott's words that made him become

a Christian. Every one of them gave an answer that surprised and greatly interested me. Each in turn said independently of the others that he had been a student in a Christian place of education where he had studied the Bible, learned of our Lord and desired to be like Him. Several added that they had watched their Christian teachers closely and had even provoked them purposely to anger and revenge, only to find that they were treated with patience and forgiveness. My life in India has borne out the view that what changes mentality into a Christian mould is the study of the life of Jesus year after year during the period of growth and development. The non-Christian background of the Indian, like the Jewish background of the early Christians, also plays its part, as if Jesus still came not to destroy but to fulfil, and there are many who believe that out of this synthesis there will arise an enrichment of Christianity as we understand the content of that word in the West.

Suddenly there descended on me what is always a menace to Europeans living in India, a spell of sickness. I suffered much pain with dizziness, nausea and diarrhea. One doctor said that I had a touch of sunstroke, another that I had chilled my liver, but years later the same symptoms were diagnosed—I think correctly—as dysentery. I was very miserable and wondered whether they would send me home. However, I recovered sufficiently to take some classes.

At the outset of May 1904, the heat in Allahabad had been over 110 degrees for more than a week and it was very exhausting. However, I was to have relief by a trip to a hill station called Landour, 525 miles n. west of the city. Leaving the railroad we mounted a two-wheeled cart called a tonga and began to climb. There was another eight miles on horseback at the end of which we had actually risen to over 7,000 feet in altitude. It had been very hot and dusty and I could not resist a bath. It was a cold bath and it seemed good—that icy water standing there in porous earthen vessels. But, as older missionaries explained to me, I had given my body a

severe shock. For the pores of my skin had been suddenly closed throwing a heavier load on the kidneys than they could bear. I learned that it is harder to pass from heat to cold than from cold to heat.

I kept at the languages and passed the first year examinations. They were all that I ever did pass. For I was loaded with duties that seemed to be more compelling than these studies, and I made the serious mistake of neglecting matters linguistic, which seriously handicapped me all my days in India.

"I am come that they may have life," said Jesus, "and have it more abundantly." It is as a study of life breaking forth into abundance that I look back on my experience as a missionary—not a mere routine but opportunities, constructive influence, hardships and hard work with an objective ever in mind—the greater good of the greatest number. At Landour it was the same as elsewhere—one never knew when or how the barriers would be broken down.

Our vacation ended on the Fourth of July and as there were a hundred Americans at the hill station we had a fine celebration of what in human terms that anniversary means to the world. On the following day a number of us walked down the steep eight miles to the point where we would meet the tonga or cart that would carry us on to the railroad. My bag weighed about one hundred pounds but a coolie carried it cheerfully on his back for a payment equivalent to eight cents, and to this I added four cents as tip or baksheesh, at which modest honorarium he seemed to be happy. These coolies have their homes in the mountains. They walk in to the hill stations for the summer when they earn enough—a mere pittance—to eke out their living during a long snow-bound winter. I never could get over the fact that it was cheaper to hire a man than a pony or ox as a beast of burden. It degrades a human being to feel that he is worth less than an animal. As He said, "are ye not of much more value than they?" and in this case the words had not been said in vain.

Among our graduates at Allahabad was a man from the

hills. He was born a Brahman breathing pride of caste. He was won for Christ, and he received many offers of well paid employment. With all the stigma of conversion on him he insisted on returning to his native mountains, and at Mussorie near Landour he worked through several seasons as a coolie among the coolies. He persuaded the municipality that it had a duty to coolies. Were they not essential to the very existence of the hill stations—to the economic prosperity of these summer resorts? Why should the coolies live in dilapidated shacks that were worse than sheds where livestock are housed? By such protests he secured shelters for the coolies and decent living quarters. Also he organised the coolies themselves and their remuneration was raised. For the service that cost me 8¢ forty years ago, the coolie now receives 40¢, all of it due to the Christian principle of social justice which, among other factors, recognises a higher cost of living.

An instance of progress delayed by social custom, including educational progress, was to be found in the medley of calendars respected in India. Each of these calendars contained the holidays, call them sacred or secular, observed by the various religious and social groups. At the college, being a Christian institution, there were no classes on Sundays or at Christmas and Easter. Work ceased similarly on the Hindu and Moslem holidays. It meant that one of my classes, supposed to meet twice a week, could not be held for six weeks. It illustrated the remark of President William Oxley Thompson of Ohio State University that education in America was the one commodity where the purchaser was willing to take less than he paid for. That was certainly true also of India, and how to make use of holidays was a problem to which, as a teacher, I was bound to give attention.

At the opening of college, Principal Ewing called me before him and said,

"Higginbottom, you will have to teach economics."

I protested that I had only studied economics for one term at Princeton and even then only because it was a subject required for graduation. He answered that the university

had introduced economics and that there were plenty of books on the prescribed list. I chose one entitled *The Scope and Method of Political Economy* by a certain J. M. Keynes of Cambridge. He was, of course, the father of a distinguished son, the redoubtable Lord Keynes. It was stiff reading and even stiffer teaching. My students frequently asked questions to which I had to reply,

"I will look it up."

They began to protest. They were preparing for Government examinations. At high rates of interest they had borrowed the money to cover a two year course. Was it fair to leave them without a degree at the end of it? Should there not be a teacher who knew the subject? Their idea was that I should simply dictate notes which they would commit to memory and so win the needed credits. I answered that this did not seem to me to be education, and in any case it would take me two years to prepare the notes.

Part of the trouble was that our English and American textbooks gave no illustrations drawn from the life of India, and here it was that the numerous holidays were found to be a help. I suggested that each of us sacrifice at least one holiday every week to searching out how the laws of economics work out in our own environment, and many students agreed, seeing near at hand what they had never seen before. For instance, there was the workshop of the East Indian Railway. They stood in awe before a lathe on which two driving wheels of a locomotive were being trued up, great shavings of steel falling from them as they slowly revolved. How, asked the students, could there be so much power with so little noise? They were comparing the sight with half a dozen coolies struggling over a handcart and using much more energy to encourage each other by shouting than actually to move the load.

On another day we visited the brick fields. Here the family worked as a unit moulding the bricks by hand. Each of them 9 by 3 by 4½ inches. The bricks were air dried and then carried on the coolies' heads to a Bull continuous kiln. Each

bearer as he passed a teller was paid either one or two couries or sea shells according to the distance he had to walk from the pile to the kiln. One courie was worth a fortieth of a cent, and at the end of a nine- or ten-hour day each worker exchanged his couries for money. A good strong man would earn about 8¢ or 9¢ a day, a woman or child from 4¢ to 7¢. The number of bricks fired in the kiln ran up to about a million a month, and, as I pointed out to the students, here in operation was Adam Smith's principle of specialisation in industry, as well as the rule of equal pay for equal work.

One of our holidays was devoted to visiting the Naini Central Gaol. Here our host was the Superintendent, Colonel Hudson, and we were able to see for ourselves what a man of vision and ability could make of a great opportunity. He had to deal with 3500 long-term prisoners. On the one hand, they were criminals. While each one followed his caste occupation as far as possible, he was free from much of the bondage of caste and from other religious impediments to productive use of his energies. The only power machinery was the printing press which employed about five hundred prisoners and turned out Government forms. There were handlooms on which were woven carpets, cotton rugs and cloth for the prisoners' clothing, with towels and dish cloths. Nodular lime, which forms of itself in the soil, was picked up in the fields, washed, burned and ground into a strong natural cement.

In sharp contrast with the Hindu use or non-use of the sacred cow, Colonel Hudson bred the best herd of Indian dairy cattle to be found for many a mile around. He had a favourite cow that yielded eight thousand pounds of rich milk in three hundred days, and to improve the land he was using every bit of waste from the gaol—human excreta, cattle manure, leaves from trees, weeds, waste paper and dressings from the hospital. His sweeper coolies would dig a trench five feet wide and one foot deep across the length of the field. This contained the fertilising material for the day.

Alongside of it was dug a parallel trench from which the earth was used to cover the waste, etc. When the morrow came there was thus an empty trench always ready for use.

Twenty years of observation have justified this system of covered trenches. The land stands out more fertile than neighbouring land which has been enriched by as much manure. For if the manure had been left on the surface, it would have been burned out by the sub-tropical sun. Also, all waste was disposed of daily and without any unpleasant odours or unsightly piles. It was set just where it was to do its work and needed no second handling. The earth was passed through a three-eighths-inch screen which broke up clods, between which flies could lay their eggs—flies that spread disease. When Colonel Hudson started his work as superintendent, each rainy season was accompanied by cholera, dysentery, hookworm and intestinal parasitism, all of which evils were arrested.

The land was frequently cropped—three, four or even five times a year, and any one of these crops would have been enough to be regarded as a reasonable profit on the occupancy of the land. Whenever water was available as irrigation, seed was immediately sown. The field crops of sorghum and millet for silage, and the yield of vegetables—cauliflowers, cabbages, tomatoes, carrots, Brussel sprouts and potatoes—were the largest I have ever seen, the whole of which meant a more adequate diet for the prisoners, and it was shown that an Indian in gaol had a greater expectancy of life than an Indian out of gaol. For nothing was left to chance. In the rainy season heat for cooking had been derived from wood that was often wet. It did not burn properly and the food suffered, with consequent illness among the prisoners. Colonel Hudson invented a stove on which proper cooking could be done with cinders from locomotives on the railway, and at one-tenth the cost of wood. He had an oil press where mustard, linseed and castor oil could be extracted, and cake from the linseed and mustard was, of course, rich cattle food. Castor

cake when ground serves also a double value. It is poisonous to unwelcome animals, and it nourishes lawns, gardens and land for crops.

To the students and myself it was apparent that within this gaol had been developed a greater variety of industry than we could find anywhere else in our district. Moreover, prisoners who would eventually be released were encouraged to make themselves proficient in some form of work which would yield an honest living. Some of these prisoners learned to do things well which caste would not permit them to do when they were freed.

The comment of the students on all this was significant. They questioned the expense.

"Yes," replied Colonel Hudson, "for an ordinary farmer this treatment of the land is expensive, but over a period of years it returns a higher profit on rupees invested than any other system of applying manure."

I took the students to villages nearby where the filth and flies were appalling. Knowing now what use could be made of village waste, the students asked the villagers why they did not adopt Colonel Hudson's methods. Some said it would be too much work, others that their caste forbid them handling the waste. In not one of these villages that we visited did we find a system of sanitary sewage disposal, and during the rains the stench was almost too much for me. In the early morning the razor-backed hogs and the dogs had still to clean up, and one had to hold his nose and watch his step. Men, women and children used the fields for defecation. Disease-carrying flies and ants flourished, nor was it any wonder that cholera, dysentery, diarrhea and hookworm were endemic. Yet it has to be made plain that every attempt by the public health services of the government or by the Rockefeller health service or by Christian missions to introduce sanitation has met with persistent opposition. You ask the villagers why they resist what is so obviously for their own good, and the invariable reply is that the new methods are not in

accordance with custom, including often enough caste and religious regulations.

Day by day we improved our acquaintance with the villagers who began to look on us, not as strangers, but as friends genuinely interested in the lives they were living. They became willing that we should take inventories of their worldly possessions—household goods, farm implements and livestock. We found that many of them did not own as much as twenty dollars' worth in all of these things. We learned of their rotations of crops and consequent yields of produce. Comparing these with what we had seen at the gaol, the production in the villages seemed to us to be pitifully low. We tried to explain to these small farmers how they could make full use of their wastes which, instead of being a cause of so much ill-health, would increase the production to three or four times its present meagre volume.

Their response was interesting. Oh, yes, they believed us. But what good, they asked, would the better farming do them? The more they produced, the more would be exacted illegally from them. There was the landlord or his agent. There was the patwari, a notorious government official who kept records of land ownership and tenancy, and of the crops produced, with the area under each crop, and reports the number of fields, wells and trees in the village. Frequently, for sufficient inducement the record was changed in favour of the landlord and against the tenant. Then there were the police, the revenue department which collected the taxes and, last but not least, the money-lender who left to his debtors not more than just enough to live on and sometimes not even that.

The farmer in any country has his difficulties and, as some of my readers will be farmers, a few words might be interesting in explanation of the contrast between agriculture in India and in the more temperate zones. Recently a debate developed on the question to plow or not to plow. I doubt very much whether any clear reply to this question can be

given for India. Many varieties of soil and climate are involved.

In the temperate zone the growing season extends over no more than a part of the year—three to nine months as the case may be. In the tropics this growing season covers the whole of the year.

Around Allahabad the year opens with the coming of the rains in early July. During July, August and September the average rainfall is 37.5 inches which compares with an average 1.5 inches for the whole of the other nine months. The annual rainfall is thus 39 inches, concentrated generally within one-quarter of the year. The distribution of the rains is most uncertain. There may be a cloudburst of one inch an hour for eight or ten hours continuity. This may be followed by a break in the rains extending to two weeks or thereabouts, in which case most of the crops die and resowing has to be undertaken. But it may then be too late to secure a full crop.

The rainy season is the time to grow fodder crops—sorghum, millet and the rest—and a shortage of this produce may lead to deaths among the cattle. October is the month when, after the rains, things dry up. Incidentally it is a month when there is a liability to malaria. During October the farmer has to think about sowing crops which are familiar in the temperate zone—wheat, barley and the others. Sowing is seldom undertaken before the end of the month for the soil has to have time to cool. If the temperature of the soil is too high, the tendency is for seeds to germinate too quickly and then die. Only one-third of the cultivated land in India is under irrigation and over the other two-thirds, therefore, the winter crop has to depend on what moisture can be stored within the soil itself, replenished somewhat by an occasional shower and heavy dews. In the Ganges Valley a rainfall of one-half to one inch between December 15 and January 15 is reasonable assurance to the farmer that he will have a hundred per cent yield. Occasionally frost hurts the growing produce and a strong dry west wind in March called

the "Loo" shrivels up vegetation. In March, moreover, the cold weather crops should be ready for harvest, and it is here that irrigation proves its value. When there is this assistance to the farmer he can grow some of his crops during April, May and June. The weather is then hot—with daily temperatures rising to 118° Fahrenheit, and there is little humidity. But irrigation supplies the lack of moisture. Broadly, the economic plants in India have to be grown in a much shorter time than, say, in Ohio or Iowa. For instance winter wheat in the United States will be in the ground from eight to ten months. The corresponding periods in North India are four to six months. The same acre in India yields three crops in the year—20 bushels of wheat, 25 bushels of corn and 20 to 25 long tons of green fodder. Individually these yields would put India near the bottom of the list of countries in corresponding production but, taken together, the total of nutrients is good. We may draw the conclusion that Indian soil, properly treated, can support her increasing population at a rising standard of living. But the Indian farmer needs education that will enable him to take advantage of factors in his favor.

The immensity of the problem involved is seen by the fact that India, with only one-third of her land under irrigation, as I have stated, has yet the largest area of any country under irrigation, and it is irrigation at the cheapest cost. She has more than half of the world's acreage under sugar cultivation and she grows 95 per cent of the world's jute. She produces more vegetable oil seeds, more peanuts and more tobacco than any other country. She is the first or second producer of rice and tea and is second only to the United States in production of cotton. She stands fourth or fifth in the list for wheat, barley and legumes. The variety of fruits grown in India is wider than in the United States. Orchards of fruits associated with the temperate zone—apples, pears, peaches, cherries, plums—are terraced on the Himalayan foothills at altitudes ranging from 4,000 to 7,000 feet. In brief, every kind of problem faces the Indian agri-

culturist—how deep has been the penetration of moisture into the soil among them, a factor which affects the plowing that is always under discussion.

The average size of a tenant's holding was about five acres. But not five acres all in one place. The little farm would be "fragmented" or split up into ten to fifteen widely scattered fields. Seldom did the tenant cultivate the whole of this quite insufficient acreage for he held it to be of little use to plant crops unless he could guard them night and day as they approached maturity. First, there were the crop pests—jackals, porcupines, rats, squirrels, green parrots, crows and other grain-eating birds. Then there were the trespassing cattle—the sheep and the goats. Worst of all were the human thieves who, in a single night, would clean up a small field and leave no trace of how they had done it. Sheer malice would intensify these evils. A personal enemy for spite might set fire to a ripe standing crop of desperately needed food, and cattle-lifting was a common occurrence. In those villages —and small wonder at it—one did not often see a strong, healthy and well-fed individual. But sometimes such a person turned up and if you asked him how he managed it, he would shrug his shoulders, raise his eyebrows, smile and walk off. In due course, I found out what in many cases was the answer to the mystery. I came to know of an Indian underworld—gangs of thieves who went off robbing the railways, moonshiners who paid the police for protection, slavers engaged in the very profitable trade of abducting girls and young women and taking them to the Punjab where there was always a steady market for them.

We would sit by the wells in these villages and discuss matters. The well would be sixty to ninety feet deep, quite too deep for profitable irrigation, and it was not possible to lay down canals. The supply of water for the fields was thus seasonal and the farmer was seldom gainfully employed for more than eighty or ninety days a year. His oxen worked not more than sixty days a year, plowing and harrowing the

fields—also threshing the grain by trampling on it, and carrying the crop to market. Man and beast had thus to provide for a consumption of food for three hundred and sixty-five days in a short working year of one fourth that length.

As I talked with the villagers around the wells, I was oppressed with a sense of their poverty. From the cradle to the grave many of them were under-fed and under-nourished, never knowing what it was to enjoy a good square meal. We suggested that there might be some means of amelioration. But most of them were victims of fatalism. They were sure that they were being punished for wrong they had done after some previous birth nor did they see how anything could be done about it in this present incarnation. Of what use was it to fight against God? God always got the better of you. The farmers were fatalistic and nothing is more deadly to progress than fatalism, for it cuts the very nerve of all effort. Most of these people were thus helpless, nor was it any wonder that so many of them died of trivial ailments that could have been thrown off with ease by a well-fed sufferer. What had they to live for? To die was much easier than to live. In those villages it took no effort to die.

Over the domesticities the villagers were instinctively reticent. But inevitably we began to suspect how the other half of the people lived—India's women. Much that was common rumour had not been spoken of or written up in government reports. Nor could it be openly alluded to in general conversation. In our talks with the village men we could learn little or nothing directly about how life went on behind the scenes; we could only surmise.

As soon as we entered a village, every girl and woman scurried for cover, and it was only in the distance that we could see them. Not until I had married, therefore, could I learn about their life, and then through my wife. Later on, after the villagers were less afraid to talk, I learned that some of the work was too laborious and monotonous for men and

so much of this work was done by the women. They found safety in numbers. Not one of them would ever work alone. Always a woman had another woman in sight.

I may mention one incident. We had a very capable Mohammedan foreman in charge of the field crews. One evening he disappeared. A week later a disintegrated body was found and with it his keys and shoes which served as identification. The Indian villagers are very mild, but only up to a point. Then the villager takes the law into his own hands. Everyone seemed to know who the low caste plowmen were who had committed the murder. But the police could collect no evidence that would lead to a conviction. It was known that this Mohammedan foreman had made improper advances to low caste coolie women.

On one point in our discussions, the students were unanimous. Methods of improving life in the villages were not their business. Everything was the fault of the government and all reform, therefore, was the government's responsibility. I pointed out to them that the chief exploiters of the villager were the petty government officials. They answered that the government should appoint better men. I asked where the government could secure these better men. The students were at a loss to know. All they could say was that anyone who joined the government service was soon doing as all the rest did. They assured me that nothing I could propose to them, to be done by them as private citizens or by an agency independent of the government, would work. The government was responsible and the government must do it.

It was useless for me to point out that in the last analysis they—the private citizens—paid the taxes and so became partners in the task of government. They would have none of this, and I learned that there is as much human nature in the average Indian as there is in the average Englishman or the average American. For these Indians derived a certain satisfaction from their troubles because they could lay the blame on somebody else. So long as they did not have to admit that the troubles were due to their own efforts or lack

of them, they were rather pleased than otherwise to endure their hardships, miseries and disabilities.

An advantage of the first of my classes in economics was that it was small—only a dozen members. We could thus discuss things at leisure and search out the reason why a thing was done as it was and not in some other way. The contrast between the well-fed prisoners in Naini Gaol and the lean-limbed villagers just outside was a challenge. The students were convinced by the evidence of their own eyes that Colonel Hudson was doing nothing that the villager could not understand and do himself if he were so minded. And it was from this practical point of view that the students approached economic theory.

They saw two factors without which prosperity would be impossible. They were land and labour. Asked which of these two primary factors was the more important, they answered in true oriental fashion with another question. Which foot is the more important when you walk? Which blade of a pair of scissors is the more important when you cut cloth? India's economic ills were thus brought into relation with the whole range of the world's often disordered economy. The fundamentals that would help the village are no different from the fundamentals that would maintain and restore civilisation.

Those students faced the fallacy that all increase of wealth is due to labour. They learned that poverty is in direct proportion to the amount of hand-labour in a community. For labour alone is as little productive as land alone. In production land and labour are united, and labour through self-denial in consumption produces an offspring called Capital, and Capital resulting from the cooperative self-denial is God's own gift applicable to the relief of man from degrading, debasing, time-consuming, leisure-robbing drudgery and toil that are the lot of all who work barehanded where tools and equipment might have been made available. Increase in production per man employed on production is according to the investment of Capital in labour-saving machinery, and on

this increase in production depend improved standards of living, not only in India, but among any people.

And then came a surprise to all concerned. Every one of those dozen students passed his government examination! Following the same method of teaching, I prepared four succeeding classes, and every man in them passed his government examination except one in the fourth class who had come to us after failing in another institution. Mr. De La Fosse, then Director of Public Instruction, wrote to Dr. Ewing:

"Who is this teacher of economics you have? He is securing results such as no other university teacher is getting. We were suspicious at first of these results, but a committee has examined the answer books and is satisfied that every candidate ought to pass. For each of them seems to understand something of the subject."

I may remark that in all subjects taught by the university the number of passes ran to no more than about forty to fifty per cent. The passing mark was thirty-three per cent.

About my explanation of the students' success, there was, perhaps, a touch of irony. They had learned at once, I said, how little I knew about the subject and that they must depend very largely on their own efforts. Thus they got into the habit of using their minds to think as well as depending on their memories.

The teaching of economics to Indian students, however interesting and important, became with me no more than an incident in the development of my whole outlook on India. Before I came to India I had heard of her famines. American newspapers had printed pictures of men, women and children reduced to mere skeletons and had announced that deaths by starvation exceeded a million in number. These famines were explained by a variation in the weather. The wind known as the seasonal monsoon brought rain every year which was the essential refreshment of Indian farming. If the monsoon failed, if the rainfall was subnormal, naturally the harvests suffered and food, always at a minimum, was cut

off. But when the monsoon returned to normal again, there would be food—call it, subsistence—for all and the crisis would be over. But while waiting for the monsoon and the crops to grow there was stark starvation and death. Much of the country was roadless and in such areas the transport of food was difficult. Drought areas were patchy. Often they were bordered by areas with a surplus of food but lack of transport made the surplus unavailable.

It now dawned on me that such explanations had been quite too simple. In an average year when there was no special famine, more people in India lie down to sleep every night hungry than there are inhabitants in the United States. I was, in fact, anticipating by forty years the impressions of American soldiers who, during World War II, were stationed in India and with their Western eyes saw things, as I saw them, for themselves. There at Allahabad I began a systematic study of poverty in India and I was appalled by what I learned. It seemed to be undeniable that in many parts of the great peninsula conditions were worse than those, near at hand, with which I had become more or less familiar. I consulted missionaries, especially those at work in the villages and they all confirmed what my own studies had revealed.

I was so bold as to ask the somewhat pointed question what was to be done about it. Most of the missionaries admitted that they had never thought of doing anything. It was not that they were unwilling but they did not see what they could do. They had never been trained for that kind of work. And there were a few missionaries who raised a matter of principle. Why, they asked, were they in India? They regarded the answer as fundamental. They were in India to preach the gospel and so to save souls which are eternal, whatever happens to the body which is temporal. They claimed that they knew "nothing save Jesus and Him crucified." The business in which they were engaged was the Church.

I could not see it that way. I had been trained under the influence of Dwight L. Moody and if any man on earth has

ever been more zealous in preaching the Gospel of Christ as the power of God unto salvation than Moody, I have yet to hear his name. Yet Moody was quoted as asking of what use it was to try to get a hungry man converted—that his immediate need was food. Had not Jesus Himself been moved by compassion and said of the multitude, "Give ye them to eat?" Had not the Apostle Paul in I Corinthians 15:46 also stated that that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural, and afterwards that which is spiritual? And were not these practical realisms that cannot be ignored without our paying a terrible price? One of Moody's favourite sayings was, "I like to see things grow."

"Jesus and Him crucified!" Why was Christ crucified? Jesus pitched full tilt into the social abuses of His day, even emphasising hunger. For had not the priests given David, when he was famished, to eat of the very shewbread on their altar? In order to feed the hungry the Redeemer dared to challenge the vested interests of organised religion, than which none have been more insistent than those in the Jerusalem of His day where He was nailed to the Cross.

Of course, there were those who assured me that there had been poverty in India from time immemorial and that there would be no India without poverty. They quoted the saying, "The poor ye have always with you," but without indicating the context, namely the devotion of Mary as she emptied her alabaster box of ointment most precious on the person of the Master. Nothing for which I contended would limit the abundant flow of reverence for the Saviour. On the contrary, consideration for the poor tends to provide resources which can be used in His service, and in His selected reading in the synagogue at Nazareth, when He quoted from the prophecy of Isaiah, see Luke 4:18, the very first plank on His Messianic programme was:

*He has anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor.*

In retrospect I am not surprised that these ideas were poured as new wine into old bottles. It was no wonder, all things considered, that many missionaries thought that the

problem of poverty in India lay outside the range of Christian agencies and that nothing could—or, indeed, ought to—be done about it. Let me also record that a few encouraged me in my efforts, while others who argued against my plans have since told me that the years have proved my work to be more lasting in its effects than some other missionary efforts. For there are outcastes or Untouchables who accepted Jesus gladly when they heard about Him but afterwards have not had the physical stamina to stand firm against oppression. Though Christian they were still in the bondage of poverty, needing to be taught how to produce enough out of the soil to live with the dignity appropriate to their new status in Christ. As the years have passed, I have come to the conclusion that this is still the major task in bringing into permanent being a self-supporting Church in India.

Returning to the beginning of things at the outset of the twentieth century, let me add that I talked also with government officials. Many of them were sincerely interested in the welfare of Indians and were themselves working to improve conditions. They were as eager as I to see things bettered in the country but they were at a loss to know how a generally higher standard of living could be brought about. Any such scheme—in these days it would be called a five-year-plan—would cost a vast sum of money—new money, and where was this money to come from? The officials held that it could only be raised by taxation, and such an increase of taxation, they argued, would only work hardship on those least able to bear it. The thing was just not possible.

One or two assured me that I was getting myself all stirred up over a matter that was none of my business, and that many better men than I had come to the conclusion that the problems involved in the situation were insoluble. If, on the other hand, the thing were left alone, it would somehow or other solve itself. The Indian, it had to be borne in mind, had never known anything else, was used to it and took it all as a matter of course. Why raise hopes in his mind that were bound to be falsified?

And then there was that Voelcker Report! Voelcker was an expert brought to India in the Eighteen-nineties to survey Indian agriculture. The gist of what Voelcker said is that on the whole and considering his resources and the implements at his disposal the Indian farmer is one of the most industrious in the world. He has a fund of accumulated lore that includes much that is true. Also he has worked out a cropping scheme that does not exhaust the soil. This being so, argued the Report, it would be unwise to disturb things as they always have been. Better leave the Indian farmer to work out his own system in his own way. Admittedly, his account is useful and informing. But, being negative in tendency, it did not always help the situation. For officials, having no time to keep themselves abreast of advances in the practise of farming, accept the Report as the law and the gospel which closed the chapter against improvement. Had not the Indian farmer worked out methods of cultivation and rotation of crops according to long experience of just what the land would produce? Had he not arrived at a balance between the wise and the unwise which is always delicate, and was he not resisting innovation which would upset that balance? Whatever Colonel Hudson had achieved in his gaol, there was still much to be said for the good old *status quo*. It was in vain that I thought of more education in India, a better medical service, roads, libraries, playgrounds and parks—all the amenities of life of which in the United States I had learned the value. For there was no way of getting these things except from the land and labour of the Indian peasant, so associated as to yield a larger productivity.

## CHAPTER FOUR

# GIRL JOINS BOY

IT WILL be apparent, I think, that little time had been available in my life for the romances of youth. When, therefore, there came to me, unexpected and unsought, the inescapable appeal of a great love, I was, as it were, defenceless. I make no secret of the fact that the whole heart within me was won.

Every outward circumstance was against the idea. It had only been for a few hurried days at Cleveland, Ohio, that I had set eyes on Jane Ethelind Cody, there in the home of her father, Lindus Cody, before being parted from her by half the long rim of this planet. Also, there was no engagement between us—no promise of any kind—save that she had said that, if I wrote to her, she would answer my letters. Yet in some mysterious way, she on one side of the world and I on the other, had become inseparable, each an integral and absolute part of the other. Marriage had become merely a matter of time, place and circumstance.

The bond between us was not merely personal. There was a comradeship in a certain way and use of life. You might say that there was little in common between her work among children in settlement homes and poor neighbourhoods in the foreign-born sections of Chicago and Cleveland who needed supervision and direction in their early years, and my concern for the students and peasants of an impoverished India.

On the surface of things our several activities seemed to be in complete contrast—climatic, racial, social. Yet what we were respectively trying to do was essentially within one mission designed to bring in the Kingdom of God. She, as a Student Volunteer, was dealing with a work among people who were, as history reckons, far advanced along the path of civilisation. I, as a missionary abroad, was wrestling with conditions describable as appallingly backward. But both of us in our small way were helping others along the same upward path where those who go ahead and those who lag behind advance, all at their own pace, towards the one goal.

One incident in Ethelind's social service became an anecdote. From a Settlement in a Cleveland slum she took seventy-five kindergarten children on a streetcar to the park. When the conductor came she handed him 15¢ as fares for herself and two assistants. The conductor wanted to know what about the car full of children. She pointed to the notice that children up to five years of age were carried free. The result was a change of the notice throughout Cleveland to "children not more than three accompanied by parent or guardian."

The day came when I took my courage in both hands and wrote a letter to Ethelind, not merely of news and other things, but of a definite proposal. Would she marry me? Would she leave the comforts and associations of the United States, cross the oceans and make her home in an Asiatic country with its very different manners and customs, its strain on the health of a white woman and its problems of parentage? In the hill station of Landour while on vacation, already described, my whole being was on tenterhooks of uncertainty. But one great day they handed me a cable. It was from Ethelind. Yes—and the one word meant that she was willing to accept me as her husband. I hoped that she would try to come to India with the fall party of missionaries and would land in Bombay. As I read that prompt message, I felt as if I were walking on air.

At Allahabad I had to arrange for my classes. I could not

be absent even for marriage without leaving things in order. So I set some written tests which could be given at the regular class while I was away. In one English class I asked the meaning of the phrase "rapt expression." The brightest of the boys wrote that it meant a person who was engaged in thinking of some painful subject, such as, love. But I did not find love painful. I counted the days until, at long last, Ethelind and I should meet.

In October 1904 I set out for Bombay. I was accompanied by my colleague at the college, Preston Edwards, and we were to meet a boat due on the 27th which happened to be my birthday. The boat did not quite make it for she only docked on the early morning of the 28th. However, it cannot be said that Ethelind and I lost much time. At five o'clock of that afternoon we were married in the Scottish Kirk, and I can recall every detail. Preston Edwards was best man. The maid of honour was Lucia Fuller, whose friendship Ethelind had enjoyed while studying at Oberlin College and on vacations at Cleveland. She was stationed at Bombay and was a member of her parents' mission, the Christian Alliance. The missionary party from the ship attended the wedding and I well remember how Mr. A. G. McGaw gave away the bride. It was his son, aged six, who acted as page and carried the ring.

We might be missionaries but we had decided that for just this ten days of honeymoon we would be selfish. That honeymoon was as memorable for all the years to come as every honeymoon ought to be. Indeed, it was more romantic. We stayed in old government rest-houses, one of which we shall never forget. It consisted of a restored corner of a beautiful and ancient castle called Burwa Sauga overlooking the lake and the countryside near Jhansi. A more ideal and beautiful site for a honeymoon could not be imagined. The old fort at Burwa Sauga stood high on a rock. We were awakened in the early morning by the sweet, plaintive, antiphonal singing of the girls and women as they came to bathe and fill their earthen vessels with water to carry back to

their homes. Morning and evening, the temple bells were tolled with the haunting quality of tone that sounds in the line, "Far, far away like bells at evening pealing." Just before sunset the women came with their offerings of food to the priests and the monkeys, also to take back an earthen vessel of water for "household use."

And, of course, there were other experiences. I was accompanied by the bearer, Bachai, who had worked for me in the home of the Ewings. He did our cooking and on the whole did it fairly well. We had been told that there was no food of the kind we would need in the village, and in Bombay, therefore, we had laid in supplies, including a large basket of delicious fruit.

One night, however, we were suddenly aroused by the clatter of falling dishes and pans. We struck a light and discovered that we were having a visit by the "bander log" or monkey folk. The monkeys had raided our fruit and destroyed a lot of other things, broken eggs being strewn all over the place. Bachai the bearer went into the village and reported that it had just one "bania's" shop or store. But there were no supplies suitable for use by Europeans. When, therefore, we wanted lamb chops, we had to buy a whole sheep. The shepherd told us quite frankly that nobody in the village ate meat except a few outcastes, nor in the village was there any butcher. However, Bachai belonged to the low caste chamar group, the leather workers, and there was no objection to his doing the butchering. In that climate it was dangerous to keep meat for more than twelve hours. So, after we had removed our mutton chops and a leg cooked for the morrow, we left the rest of the carcase for the low caste villagers to eat and they had quite a feast. The cost of the sheep, by the way, was less than a dollar.

Ethelind had spent ten days with my family in Wales—alas, she did not meet my father who had died a few weeks before—and she had got acquainted with my family and background. But we had much to catch up with each other now that, after long separation, we were at last alone. We

sang together, we laughed at each other, we prayed together —our first family prayers. For forty-four years those prayers have continued over land and sea.

Quite too soon the honeymoon came to an end and Ethelind and I were faced by the inescapable realities of life together as missionaries in the orient. Our combined salaries at this time were $1080 a year, out of which we had to pay an income tax. In September, 1905, within our first year of marriage, there was granted to us our daughter Gertrude. She was a wonderful baby and she soon twined her small self around the hearts of her parents, especially her father. But we noted that on the happy event of her arrival no Indian student or acquaintance sent us a syllable of congratulation. With one accord the non-Christians avoided any reference to the subject. But when, a year later, a little son arrived, the whole body of students with their band paraded before our bungalow and saluted us with a serenade. They sent us "dalies" or baskets of fruit and flowers, and non-Christians in the city showered us with cards and congratulations and good wishes for the boy baby. Even the college servants took note of the event, treating us with greater deference now that we had a son.

The two children were a great joy to us, and in both of them the students took a keen personal interest. Their name for Gertrude was "Bahin" or little sister, while Laddie was "Biya" or little brother. Not for an instant did I regret marriage. Of course, it implies a restriction on one's movements and added burdens and responsibilities. But it leads one to look at life from a different angle. Whatever may have been one's school and university, marriage adds an ultimate educational experience. If the parents help to educate the child, it is the child that helps to complete the education of the parent. Also, a husband develops sympathy and understanding and an ability to look at the world from the wife's standpoint, and so with the wife. Both of them become more useful members of society, denying themselves for the sake of each other and their children. Our two youngsters

grew up together, always loyal to each other. Laddie looked up to his sister because she was older than he. She made all sorts of demands on him "'cos he's a boy." The students adored them.

To bring up children in India, however, is no simple matter. The ordinary rules of sanitation were generally disregarded and no water was safe unless it had been boiled for about twenty minutes. All fruits, vegetables and salads had to be carefully sterilised. It was not safe to keep some cooked food from one meal to another, and such food left over was thus given to the sweeper. Electricity and the ice-box were, of course, quite unknown.

Gertrude and Laddie thus suffered from the usual children's diseases, including a severe bout of whooping cough, with dysentery in addition. Gertrude was so ill on one occasion that we despaired of her life and one terrible night Colonel McLaren, the Scottish doctor in charge of the Government Medical Service, stayed with her till four o'clock in the morning. He was convinced that the trouble was due to milk. In vain did I tell him that the gwala brought his cow to the door and milked her in our presence, and that the milk was then boiled. It did not change his opinion. The milk was to blame.

I went forth there and then to buy a cow. After about an hour's hunt, I was directed to the home of an elderly Anglo-Indian lady who had been making her living by running a dairy. She had been ill and her servants had stolen the grain that had been meant for the cows, which in consequence were exceedingly thin. She was so discouraged that she had decided to sell the cattle and she would let me have one of the best for $25. The cow was then giving about six quarts a day of good rich milk. I brought her home and fed her myself. Part of the time I milked her, and I did not allow the professional gwala to go near her. I gave the gardener about 50¢ a month to look after the cow and let him have the manure for his garden. In about two weeks that cow was giving twelve quarts a day, and from that time onwards our

two children improved in health, growing strong and hearty. Ethelind now says that this was really the beginning of the Agricultural Institute.

I was telling some of my story years later to a friend when he remarked that it made him think of a characteristic quip by Chesterton. Most people, said that expert in paradox, quote the proverb that if a thing's worth doing at all, it's worth doing well. But, according to Chesterton, if a thing's worth doing at all, it's worth doing badly. In a foreign mission you cannot expect the equipment and the personnel that you find at Harvard and Yale. For the missionary is a pioneer. He rumbles along in a covered wagon. He sees the need and it may be only by improvisation that he is able to meet the need.

In 1906 the university at Allahabad decided that biology should be taught. The class must be opened by July, 1907. So I was informed that I should be relieved of teaching English in order to substitute biology, for I was the only person on the staff who had ever studied the subject. But I could not pretend that my study had been adequate. At Amherst I had taken an introductory course which had been more inspiring than informing, and in the laboratory we had got down to business by drawing what we saw on a slide under the microscope. At Princeton I had taken courses in comparative anatomy, embryology and comparative osteology and had greatly enjoyed them. But only as a preparation for philosophy. This was no sufficient training for teaching general biology. However, the instructions were that within six months I was to secure the books, laboratory and its equipment and knowledge necessary to start a new department.

In the early eighteen-forties the government had turned over to the Mission about seventy-five acres of land, with buildings. There was the former mint, courthouse and the two oldest European bungalows in the North West Provinces. In one of these bungalows, once occupied by a general, there was a half-basement which was much cooler than the build-

ing above. Most of the basement was filled with receptacles for bottles set back to back. I tore out the bottleholders and fitted up a useful laboratory. But my difficulties had only begun. For when I compared the curriculum laid down by Allahabad University with courses at the University of London and other universities in the United States, I found that Allahabad had more courses than any other of these seats of learning. It would have taken nine teachers to cover the prospectus and the students would have had no time for other subjects. The only thing to do was to limit the instruction to what the student could absorb.

Well, we started with a class of about a dozen. All went fairly well until we came to dissecting an earthworm, a frog or a cat, when most of the students gave it up. Only four took their final examinations and only two passed. It was not that the failures had not done their work well. They had not worked at a sufficient number of subjects. The struggle to obtain an effective department of biology continued, I hardly need say, with the determination without which foreign missions would be impossible.

At the College I was now teaching for twenty-two hours a week and over ground the whole of which was new to me. I thought, therefore, that I was carrying all the load that, so far as I was concerned, the traffic would bear. But there was another and a different assignment awaiting me which was even more formidable.

I had many a talk with Dr. Ewing about Mount Hermon School in Massachusetts and what it was doing for poor boys of whom I had been one. Dr. Ewing was much impressed and he asked me if, with Ethelind, I would take charge of a boarding-house for Christian boys attending the Jumna Mission High School, the oldest in the city with a continuous existence, where there were about five hundred boys of all persuasions in attendance, including day scholars with the boarders.

Before coming to Allahabad Dr. Ewing had been in charge of the Christian High School at Ludhiana and had raised it

to an excellent pitch of efficiency. For two years he had been giving attention to the high school at Jumna, and again with good result. But there was still a good deal to be desired in the provision made for the Christian boarders. It had been difficult to find a "housefather" qualified educationally and in other respects to stay with the boys during those hours when they were not in school and supervise their homework and games. Would we take on the job?

The pay of the housefather was $10 a month for the ten months of the school year, or $100 a year. One of the housefathers had been immoral and when the parents had learned of the conduct of this man, they had withdrawn their sons. When we took over there were thus only nineteen boys in the house, and most of the mission grant for the year had been drawn and spent. The money in the school treasury was 9¢. I may add that the pay of the cook was $3 a month, and of the bearer who made the beds and washed the dishes in the dining room, $2, and of the sweeper who cleaned the latrines, $1.50. The washerman was paid 8¢ a month per boy, and each boy made a monthly payment of $1, of which about 80¢ was available for food. Not that this money was always forthcoming. Most of the boys—all of them Indian—were the sons of mission workers, teachers and preachers. They were thus entitled to concessions based on the principle that their fees must not exceed ten per cent of the father's salary. If two boys from a family or more were boarders, there was a further reduction of monthly fees. It meant that taking the house as a whole, the average amount for food a month for each boy was not more than 60¢ per boy or 2¢ a day. I was informed that if in our management we went into debt, we would be held responsible for making up the deficit.

We came at once to the conclusion that the rations available for the boys were insufficient to maintain them in good physical condition. We were surprised by the monotony of the diet and the consequent fact that even of their meagre helpings the boys would leave quite an amount of the food

on their plates. These leavings were carefully gathered up and they provided enough to feed the sweeper and his family. For breakfast the allowance was four ounces of whole wheat flour, mixed with barley or sorghum, kneaded into thin cakes without the use of raising or shortening. For each boy there were five such cakes and the cakes could be dipped into a thin gruel made up of about half an ounce of pulse, a legume varying with the season, and about a twelfth of an ounce of mustard oil or ghee—that is clarified butter—with red chillies *ad lib,* all these ingredients being boiled together with salt.

Breakfast was at nine o'clock and the next meal was at six in the evening, nine hours later. The supper consisted of about six ounces of boiled rice of the cheapest grade. Two or three times a week there was either spinach, eggplant, okra or some kind of squash. Potatoes were regarded as a luxury food and not available for the boys. On Sunday, spices and a few raisins were boiled in with the rice, and once a week about four ounces of goat meat, served as a curry, took the place of the thin gruel. From his breakfast cakes each boy was supposed to save about half a cake to eat next day with the rising bell at six o'clock.

Over these arrangements my wife and I were increasingly unhappy. Here were these boys, one with ourselves in Christian fellowship, with whom at half-past six of every day we gathered at family prayers, and what was their routine? Morning study from seven to nine which Ethelind often supervised, school sessions from ten till four with half an hour off for lunch—only there was no lunch! How could we expect our Christian boys to amount to anything as a small minority in their own India if they were brought up in this way? We must do something—anything—to get them more food.

Our plan was simple. We would dispense with the servants and use the money so saved on additional nourishment for the boys. We submitted the idea to other missionaries and they were very dubious as to its wisdom. Would not the

parents of the boys object to their doing manual labour? We pointed out that, even as things stood, no boy was paying in full for what he ate—every one of them was benefiting by a subsidy from the mission. However, our advisers were unconvinced and we had to go forward on our own initiative. We were convinced that what we had in mind would be good for the morale of the boys.

With the utmost care we explained to them exactly why we were asking them, for instance, to make their own beds. We were not taking the money so saved for any purpose save their own good. It was only after this explanation that we released the servants, and we followed up the theory with practice. The cooking was done over a stove fed with wood. This fuel was brought a cartload at a time, each load weighing a ton and a half. The logs were thick and of about cordwood length. A coolie with an axe—a clumsy affair—came with the wood and split it into suitable size, charging 50¢ a load.

When I was in Calcutta I had bought an American axe, similar to what I had used at Mount Hermon School and on the Budington Farm. When the next load of wood arrived I sent the coolie away and myself applied the axe to the wood. The boys stood around not knowing what to make of it. Why was I not playing tennis or football as usual? Remarked one of them, "So he was a coolie before he came here." However, I took no notice and carried the split wood into the shed. Next day I went at it again and one of the larger boys said, "Sir, may I try to cut the wood?" I replied, "I am a bit afraid. If the axe slipped, you might cut yourself. Then, too, some of the boys might think that you were a coolie."

That afternoon I went on splitting the wood, chopping it and carrying it into the woodshed. Next day several of the boys wanted to try their hands on the American axe, and with a show of reluctance I let one of them hold the axe, giving him a log to work on. He found that the axe weighed less than the Indian kind and did the cutting much more

easily. Indeed, the chopping was great fun. When he had finished his log, there was quite a scramble among the boys to get hold of the axe, and I let them take it in turns. When the wood was all cut, together all of us carried it into the shed. I then put the axe into a corner of my study, near the desk.

In a month the next load of wood was delivered, and the boys came to me for the axe. I still played reluctant—afraid that one of them would be hurt. I went out with them to see them started, handing the axe to one who as yet had not had a turn. They started a contest to see who could cut through the thickest stick of split wood with one blow, and the captain of our first eleven cricket team easily won. From that time onward I had no further trouble over the wood. The boys did the work.

Even so, our kitchen was not very satisfactory. The stove was Indian and this meant that it consisted merely of an open horseshoe shape of mud, eight inches high and fifteen inches deep. Two or three pieces of wood were burned at a time and as the ends were charred the cook pushed them in further. Over the fire was a saucer-shaped iron on which the cakes were baked. The vessel for cooking was placed on a second stove. The wood was often green and wet after the rains, and the stoves—quite primitive in design—were always smoking. Anyone staying in the kitchen thus suffered from smarting eyes, and while we whitewashed the place every month, it was always grimy.

I could not help comparing all this with the way that Colonel Hudson in his gaol had cooked for over five hundred prisoners in a kitchen where hot water was always available. It was true that he had used cinders from the railway but not before he had done the best that could be done with wood. I got in touch with the Colonel, therefore, who let me have the plans for his stove, with the name of the foundry where the parts could be made and of the right man to put the parts in their place—a very important matter if the stove was to work properly. If it were not installed just right, it

would be a failure. And then came the difficulty—it would cost $100 and we did not have it.

One day Dr. Ewing said to me, "The Scottish chaplain at the Kirk wishes to go on furlough which is overdue, but no one can be found to take his place. If you would take the parade service in the morning, I can take the evening service. We will divide the pay which is fifty rupees a Sunday." I said that I would be willing to help out. And here I may mention that none of our missionaries can retain for himself any money earned for speaking or writing articles or marking examination papers. For each paper the payment was 50¢ to $1.00 and often I had as many as several hundreds of them to go through, which yielded quite a sizable sum which I handed over to the mission.

But the income tax authorities did not see it that way and charged me for the fees as if they were my own. The more work of this sort I did, therefore, the less was the income that I had left, and the same injustice was felt by other missionaries, including doctors who were charged income tax on fees handed over to their organisation. Well, my preaching at the Kirk yielded $250 and I was granted $100 of it for the stove. I discarded wood, finding it cheaper to buy coal direct from the mine, and this coal was dumped in front of the school.

I called the boys together and told them how much money the contractor wanted to carry the coal to the woodshed. Would they like to earn that money? I made it quite clear that they would only receive the balance after I had paid for two shovels and about a dozen head-baskets, and that payment would be according to the number of baskets carried. Those boys did the job much faster than the coolies.

Our plan of cooperation with the boys in the development of productive labour did not go unchallenged. All the social instincts of families, as sensitive as they were poor, were aroused to protest and we received angry letters from parents who told us that they sent their sons to the boarding-house for an education and not in order to be turned into menials and coolies. I replied with equal candour, telling of my life

at Mount Hermon where I had to care for my own room—the rule, by the way, at West Point—and for two years had worked for two hours a day in the school kitchen cutting bread, carving meat and cooking for four hundred boys. I was thus only asking the boys to do what I had done myself, and as long as all the boys shared and shared alike in the work, there could be no question of favouritism or of a well-to-do boy being treated with more consideration than a poor boy. Also I pointed out that none of the boys paid what it cost for food and room, and that I would be in a much better position to ask help from America if I could tell the people over there that the boys were doing all in their power to help themselves. I passed on to them a remark of my father—"It's a proud horse that is too proud to carry his own corn."

But, of course, there were casualties. Over the dismissal of the servants four boys were withdrawn from the house, and over the carrying of fuel, another boy. Influence, however, began to tell. The boys noted how my wife spent several hours every day in the kitchen and dining room, how she cared for any boy who was sick and so gave a human touch to the place that it had never had before, a kindness that the boys in many cases mentioned to us years later, and especially those who had been homesick. In her odd moments, when she had any, Ethelind relieved me by looking after the finances and sending out the monthly bills.

The money that I earned as chaplain and for other speaking engagements completely refurnished the Boarding House for Christian Boys, much to their comfort and our great joy, and the boys themselves, now able to earn a little money of their own, were able to buy sweetmeats at which previously they had looked with longing eyes and watering mouths. The whole of this was intended by Ethelind to promote self-respect within the individual boy. With this end in view she insisted, moreover, that a boy should have a safe place where he could keep his own things, and that every boy should receive an anna or 2¢ pocket-money every week. One quarter of this—a pice—went into the church collection. Also, she

persuaded the parents to give the son a small tin trunk with a lock and key in which he could keep his belongings. Often the trunk had been a five-gallon standard oil-can.

Few of the boys had warm clothing for the cold weather. Only about one in ten had shoes for his feet, and in the winter mornings there they would sit in the bare study hall with its chill stone floor, their teeth chattering, quite too cold and miserable to study. To meet this situation we had to do something. First, we ran the boys once round the track of the athletic field and this started circulation. Then, after prayers, we handed round half a pint of skimmed milk served hot with a teaspoonful of raw sugar which had all the minerals left in it. They were then able to apply their minds to study.

But, of course, there was trouble. Parents wrote scolding letters in which they accused me of degrading their sons by feeding them on skimmed milk. I replied that the skimmed milk they had at school was probably better than the adulterated milk they had at home. Also I instructed them on the truth about milk. The cream was a lubricant and energy-producer. But the milk without cream contained all the proteins and body-building materials needed for bone and muscle. However the complaints only died down when it was found that the boys had gained in weight and lost their tired look.

There was an improvement, also, in scholastic records. After about a month the headmaster of the school congratulated me on the excellent tutors I had secured for the boys. All the teachers had noticed that their work was better. "I have employed no tutors," I answered. "Thank half a pint of hot skimmed milk and a spoonful of raw sugar"—all of which reached the ears of the offended parents!

Still, there was the problem of the house-fathers. One of them with a family had been highly recommended. But he was unsatisfactory. He loosened bricks in the boundary wall in such a way that they could be easily removed and then replaced. While we were at classes the man was unobserved

and he took some of the boys' food which he handed to his wife waiting outside the wall, especially wheat flour, cooking butter and sugar. He had to be dismissed, and several others guilty of the same kind of pilfering were also sent away.

The inescapable fact was, of course, that the rate of pay for house-fathers—$10 a month—was insufficient, even in India. It was a case of one man after another falling down on the job. At last, I came to the conclusion that the only thing for me to do was to kick over the traces. There was a clerk and teacher in the school, Mr. Jacobs, who seemed to be just our man. His young wife had died of plague leaving him with a small daughter and in various ways he was making a fair income. I could have him for three times the usual pay of a house-father, and I decided that it was worth while.

Inevitably I was taken to task by authorities in the Mission. Was not payment determined by a man's grade and was I not paying this man far more than, by grade, he was entitled to receive? "Are men made for grades," I replied, "or grades made for men? Do grades give due allowance for development after the grade was fixed? What of postgrade experience and of ability of which the grade took no notice?" Again, it was a case of all's well that ends well. The value of our house-father was recognised even by our critics. His child spent many hours in our home until she was eighteen years old and we helped in the preparations for her marriage. She became a beautiful and well-educated Christian wife and mother. To sum up the whole record, after two years the Boarding House, despite withdrawals of boys, was as full as it could be.

From day to day, the imperative needs of the situation around us militated against missionary practice, and tradition accepted them without question. For instance, there was a shortage of teachers in the high school to which the Boarding House was attached. Ethelind, therefore, was moved to offer her services in a Bible class. She was met by the objection that it would be out of place for an attractive young American woman to teach such a class. It had never been done

and we must not forget that India was not America. However, with no male teacher available, permission to my wife was reluctantly granted, and apart from the Bible class she was constantly coaching students for declamations, debates and plays, also helping me out by teaching my students in English. One difficulty was that the boys shied at acting women's parts. One of them was dressed so daintily that Ethelind congratulated him on making such a handsome young lady. He answered that it was better to be as the Lord had made him.

And it all had its results. I have had dignified lawyers come up to me in later years and tell me that they owed much of their success in life to what they had learned in my wife's Bible class. Once a week we tried to have Indian students in our home where they could see for themselves what an American home was like. Ethelind would prepare refreshments in accordance with Hindu requirements—no meat, animal fat or eggs in the cakes. She taught a group of boys how to make such cake with a view to teaching their wives when they went home. We thus did a good deal of entertaining of our Indian and non-Indian friends, so obtaining what proved to be invaluable as we approached our great call and opportunity, nor was it any wonder that, when I came to write about it in my little book, *The Gospel and the Plow,* I referred to Ethelind as "the one without whose unfailing courage, good temper, faith in God and in me, this book could not have been written." She was, indeed, "the helpmeet and partner in all the struggles represented herein." That was true years ago. It will be true for all time and eternity.

I have now to pick up what was, perhaps, the grimmest aspect of our lives as missionaries. I have told how I landed alone in India at Calcutta and had a look around. I visited the market with its strange fruits and vegetables, many of them quite new to me at that time. I watched a butcher sitting on his block and holding his knife between his toes and cutting the meat by rubbing it up and down the edge of

the blade. The beggars seemed to be everywhere, many of them crippled, many of them blind. Suddenly there was thrust under my eyes the most loathsome object that could be suggested to a Dantesque imagination. It was a decayed hand held close to my face, while a grating voice pleaded, "Baksheesh, baksheesh." Never before had I seen such a terrible phenomenon and by instinct I recoiled in dread. For this was a leper.

I arrived, as I have told, at Allahabad, and among my first experiences was a meeting of the missionaries where work was assigned. I listened with enthusiasm until the eyes of Dr. Ewing were turned to me. "The new missionary," he said calmly, "always has charge of the home for the blind . . . *and the leper colony*. I have had charge for two years. Higginbottom, that is your job now."

The horror from which I had recoiled not long before in Calcutta had now caught up with me. I proceeded to the Leper Colony and was appalled. In mud huts were crowded victims of that awful disease in poverty, hunger and dirt. My entire being revolted against association with such a community but I had no choice. It was as if an unseen hand had been laid on me—the hand that had touched the leper—and that obedience to Him whose command it was to cleanse the lepers was inexorable. I had to obey.

When Ethelind joined me, leprosy was one of the problems—brave woman that she has ever been—she had to face. There began to be a change in the aspect of the Leper Colony. For she found time to spend in the home for lepers and so laid the foundations of a work that extended over thirty-three years. The whole place was cleaned up, and neat clean dwellings provided. By careful observation we found that a definite majority of children born of leper mothers, if separated from their parents in the first two years of life, do not contract the disease. We have watched many of these children develop into wholesome manhood and womanhood —and these men and women in their turn have become parents of children as healthy as themselves.

Over these facts there has been much controversy, many qualified doctors believing that every child of a leprous mother must be a leper. But even these doctors admit that they could find no leprosy in our untainted children. When we took over the leper colony there was the traditional fear and horror of the disease, and people were terrified of coming in contact with lepers lest they contract the dread malady. It was not then known that leprosy is not as communicable as tuberculosis, or smallpox, or other common ailments.

My wife and I fully recognised the risk we ran when we went in and out of the colony daily, and we took all possible precautions to guard against the disease.

The significant thing about Jesus' healing of the leper was that he stretched forth his hand, *touching* the leper; this brought the latter back into the human family from which the Mosaic Code had excluded him.

Indeed, I have come to see the situation in a somewhat unusual perspective. Attention is being paid to the lepers. But the blind and the crippled in India are still in great distress. The blind especially need qualified people to look after them. For with proper training as basket-makers, cane-workers and weavers they are quite capable of becoming economically self-supporting.

## CHAPTER FIVE

# THE DECISION

IN 1909 I was completing my sixth year in India. I had been happily busy. Apart from regular duty I had served on the executive committees of the Bible and Tract Societies, the Y.M.C.A. and on a number of missionary and educational committees. I had run across my friend of the streetcar from Trenton to Princeton, Henry Forman, without whose persuasion I might never have come out to India at all, and together we had made a survey of mission boarding and industrial schools.

But there was now seething within our minds—Ethelind's and mine—that our real and distinctive task lay still ahead of us. Whatever might have been our experiences and efforts we could not get away from the idea that there would be no Kingdom of God in India without an amelioration of poverty and that this must be founded on a more productive agriculture. This conviction dominated all that we said and did.

Dysentery and malaria had taken their toll of me, both of which maladies are debilitating, and a bad attack led the doctors to order me out of India on an immediate furlough. We left Bombay on March 20th, 1909 and after a spell of rough weather in the Mediterranean which sadly upset the children, we arrived in England, where for six enjoyable weeks we stayed with my family at Llandudno in North Wales. Delight for me in those mountains and rocky inlets,

those steep roads and cattle! But our friends were most interested in Gertrude, aged 3½ and Laddie or Sam aged 2½, for their language was Hindustani which they jabbered to one another in great style—only Gertrude knowing a few words of her ancestral English. Their Aunt Elizabeth sent them one day to the greengrocer saying, "Tell them to bring back a really green cabbage." The greengrocer was much amused when the little girl said to him, "I want a green green cabbage for my auntie." He did not realise that the way to emphasise a word in Hindustani is to repeat it.

During our stay in Britain we spoke in many places, telling especially of work among the lepers. As a result many women sent mufflers for the adults, clothing and toys for the children and contributions of money. Even to this day this practical interest in the lepers continues in Great Britain and Ireland.

It is true that we were on furlough. But this did not mean a vacation. For we had a story to tell and in the United States also people were anxious to hear it. We sailed for New York and had no sooner docked there than I was whisked away to the little church in Spuyten Duyvil where I was to speak at the morning service. My brother David was the minister and I arrived on the stroke of 11 o'clock, with no chance to brush up. I spoke about the lepers. The leading people in Spuyten Duyvil were four brothers, the Johnsons, who ran an important steel factory, now swept away in a city improvement. Jane Johnson was of their younger generation, a girl just entering her 'teens, and with her parents she dropped into tea at David's. She had been earning five dollars by doing household chores and this five dollars was her nest egg at that moment. With some embarrassment she asked me to accept the five-dollar bill. It was the first money we collected in the United States and the gift was sacrificial. It helped greatly to encourage many others to follow her example, nor have we ever forgotten the charm and significance of her youthful impulse.

We made our way to Cleveland where Ethelind's family

could not do enough for us, and there was also the welcome back to the Gospel Church. It was the church founded by Lindus Cody, the church where my wife had been inspired by a constructive faith. In earlier years she had joined in street preaching, at which the young people helped in the singing and joined in the speaking to people on the edge of the crowds. Afterwards, the members went into the saloons and brought in many to be sobered up who needed it, putting them to work and staying by them during periods of temptation. Most of these active Christians were quite poor—not more than three or four of them had more than enough for their immediate needs. Yet most of them tithed, giving an average of fifteen dollars a year to the church and its benevolences. They helped a number of their boys and girls to secure more education.

They did not forget that theirs was a world-wide Gospel and with the encouragement of Lindus Cody, my father-in-law, they made me their first missionary to be supported; that support continued for more than twenty-five years, only ending with the stress of the depression and its resultant unemployment.

With our children still chattering Hindustani to the general amusement of all who heard them, we thoroughly enjoyed a few weeks of vacation at the summer home of Mr. Cody on Lake Erie—a spell of rest that enabled us to take our bearings with a view to the future. However in July of that year, 1909, our plans were disturbed. I was sitting in Mr. Cody's office when I became conscious of a sudden chill. It was as if I had fallen into the lake with my clothes on. It was malaria and for nine months or more I was subject to such attacks. Weak, yellow and depressed, I was an interesting specimen to the doctors who had had no previous experience of this particular type of the disease. Addressing some of the meetings I had to be seated.

During this difficult period Ethelind and I were brought face to face with a momentous decision. Were we to go on living our lives as our lives had been lived or were we to

make a far-reaching change in our outlook? We arrived at the conclusion that, before I could really help India, I must make a much more serious study of agriculture than hitherto had been possible. I must go back to college.

It was a drastic decision. I was thirty-five years old, and had already spent many valuable years on education. I was married and responsible for a family. Was I to change the entire direction of my activities in response to an idea, convincing indeed to me but new to others than myself? How would it work out? And what about the attitude of my colleagues?

We rented an apartment in Columbus near the Ohio State University. In the College of Agriculture there I had to start as a freshman, and the teachers were much interested to learn my reason for this special study. By means of credits for work at other colleges they cleared my way for exclusive attention to what really mattered to me, namely agriculture, and by taking in all I could absorb and using summer terms I was able to complete the requirements for a degree in two years. At Ohio State University I crossed my Rubicon and made what was, in effect, a new start.

Day by day we were, like others, pursued by the eternal want of money. For six months we received a monthly check from the Board for our home allowance. I raised the question whether this allowance might not be continued in view of the fact that I was studying for further and special service abroad. But the rules of the Board did not allow of this and I held that they were unduly restrictive. Others came to the same conclusion and today provision is made for missionaries, especially after their first term of service, to continue study. The change has added much to the efficiency of the missionary body and a number of missionaries by their researches are making an increasing contribution to the fund of knowledge needed in a world seeking long-delayed unity.

This reform came, however, too late to be of assistance to us, and we were thrown upon our own resources. We hated the idea of being dependent on my father-in-law for support

and we accepted every speaking engagement that could be fitted into our schedule. I averaged thirty addresses a month. The rule of the Board was that those inviting a missionary to speak provide him with travel, entertainment and five dollars for incidental expenses. Many have expressed surprise at this arrangement, holding that the Board itself should find this money. But, as it seemed to me, the Board would have laid itself open to criticism if it had spent on missionaries in the United States funds given for the support of missionaries actually in the foreign field. From the days of Charles Dickens onwards the jibe had been that the revenues of missions had been diverted to soft and "cushy" jobs for people living at home, and in 1909 so untrue was this slander that accountancy allotted 94¢ of the Board's income to workers abroad and only 6¢ to administration.

My speaking had to be mainly over week-ends. On a typical Sunday I would deliver four to five addresses—sometimes six, returning to college on Monday morning. My record number of speeches was made in Philadelphia with John Wanamaker presiding. He had his chauffeur meet me at the train about 6 A.M. and he put me back on the train at 10 P.M. and on that Sunday I spoke seven times at full length. Happily I have always cultivated the habit of falling into a nap, even for ten minutes at a time, and this has been a preventive of complete exhaustion.

My wife also did her share of speaking when she could. But, as it happened, her attention was diverted for a time to our third and only American-born child, a little daughter whom we named Elizabeth Baines after my sister and mother. After the baby's arrival, Ethelind resumed her programme of public appearances, proceeding to the church or whatever place it was with the infant in her arms. Elizabeth Baines would be deposited on a back seat in charge of anybody who might be sitting there, and on one occasion the lady in question was so interested in the mother's talk that Elizabeth Baines rolled over onto the floor where she lay

for a time unnoticed and fortunately unhurt—all, of course, in the best of all possible causes!

Our first summer at home we attended a student conference at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. Malaria had none too good an effect on my appetite and afternoon tea was a help where, in due course, they really did put enough tea in the pot to enable me to get the flavour without having to wade for it. A widely known and scholarly clergyman opened the conference and he greeted the girls by expressing the hope that they had brought with them their Brownings—the poet then essential to intellectual culture. His address bore a flattering resemblance to what he had been saying to his classes in philosophy for twenty years and it was not what those girls had come to hear. I was asked if I would speak to an extra meeting on the Sunday afternoon. The results were very encouraging. I did not ask for any show of hands or other commitment but the girls themselves applied for Student Volunteer pledge cards to be passed around at the evening meeting and many signed them. During my later years in India I have shaken hands with five of those girls, all dedicated to the Gospel—the real Gospel of teaching, healing the sick, bringing joy to imprisoned women and light to those who sit in darkness.

Willingly would I fill pages with warm memories of the kindness and the good wishes that followed me during those months of campaigning in the year, 1910. It was like running for office and trying to get there. Among the men who made a difference to me was that quiet, omniscient, effective publisher, Fleming H. Revell. His sister was Mrs. Dwight L. Moody and for many years Mr. Revell had been the silent partner in Moody's great evangelism. Revell was adamant in resisting any kind of personal publicity for himself, whether in his lifetime or after his death, and for this reason I will say no more about him, save this, that he was treasurer, a thankless job always, of the American Branch of the Mission for Lepers. His reason for sponsoring a subject so lacking

in loveliness or romance was quite simple. The command of Christ had been to "cleanse the lepers" and Fleming Revell wished to obey.

One day I found myself at Round Top in Northfield. Only one who knew the Northfield of those days can appreciate what that meant for me. For Round Top lay within a glorious setting. The hills of Vermont and New Hampshire surrounded the little knoll. The Connecticut River flowed like silver at the foot of the long slopes. The forests crept close to the central scene. More students of those volunteering days had given their lives at Round Top to definite service of the Prince of Peace than in any other spot known to the evangelical world. And I was among the most highly privileged. For I had been one of the chosen few who, when Dwight Moody was glorified in death, had carried his body and slowly lowered it into the grave where it lies on Round Top. I was to speak to the friends on Round Top; it has always been an inspiration to return there and remember Mr. Moody as he was, full of vigour and a tower of strength. Being dead, he yet spoke.

But that evening it rained and we had to go indoors and I told the people about our work at Allahabad among the lepers. When the meeting was over, the people gathered around me. I had no chance to get their names and addresses, for they were pushing money into my hands. There had been no appeal for money and no collection, but when in due course I emptied my pockets the count was over $500. Fleming Revell seized the opportunity and pressed me to give my whole time as American Secretary to the Mission for Lepers. His plea was backed up with what afterwards had been said about the Naini Leper Home by none other than a college friend, the redoubtable Norman Thomas, later Socialist candidate for the Presidency, who had spent three days with us at Allahabad—he and two friends. To these visitors a leper girl called Frances had been invited to tell her story, and I did the translating. Thomas asked whether there was anything that they could do for her. No, she answered, all her needs

were supplied. But there was just one thing that she had always wanted to have. What was it? they enquired. Oh, if she only could get a harmonium for her Bible Class to help them with the hymns. A harmonium would make them all so happy. The three of them handed me enough money to purchase the harmonium which proved to be a great joy to Frances and her quite large group of leper girls and women in the Sunday morning service.

Despite all this allurement I had to tell Mr. Revell that I could not allow myself to be drawn aside from agriculture even by the opportunity to help the lepers. For had not Christ also issued the command "feed the hungry" and this had become our special call. But, needless to add, the lepers were not overlooked in our talks, and money for them was forthcoming.

Of the Student Volunteers of that day, by now very nearly forty years ago, a volume could be written. Youth was kindling at the torch of the gospel and crusaders of friendship were on pilgrimage to the ends of the earth, everywhere combatting the smouldering enmities that were to break forth so soon into incendiary conflagration.

I must pass lightly over the months that we spent in the United States, wondering at the response of a generous and farsighted group within our Commonwealth which sought for every opportunity to share their own resources with others, the wide world over, who too often were in desperate necessity.

I may instance the one particular church where the gifts to benevolence had been less than $100 a year. On our first day there they caught the gleam of what they could do in a world wider than their own and gave us some hundreds of dollars for the lepers. In 1911 I talked to them of our plans for the Agricultural Institute, then inaugurated in a tentative manner, and immediately they began to discuss finances with me. It was no use for me to protest that I wished scrupulously to observe a promise that I had made to the Presbyterian Board in my zeal for agriculture that I would not ask for

money in churches. They answered that this was their affair, not mine, and if they wanted to give, they would give. They also undertook to keep up what they had been giving hitherto to the Board, which would not be allowed to suffer. When I thanked them for a particularly large donation one of the older elders took me aside and said:

> "You should not thank us. We should thank you. You have opened our eyes to a world in need, and our Christianity has been more vital since we have seen the far horizon. Before you came I usually put a quarter or fifty-cent piece into the annual missionary plate. But when you started talking about plows and harrows and threshing machines, I saw that my quarter would not go very far. I have tried, therefore, to give each year the price of a plow or a cow."

The year 1910 had a special significance in the annals of Protestantism. For one who had been a missionary in India, Campbell White, was prominent in the Laymen's Foreign Missionary Movement which had two effects. More money was given to missions and with the money went more lives. One incident with an amusing side will illustrate how the leaven worked. I happened to be in Chicago for the International Fat Stock Show, and some classmates from Princeton asked me to join them at lunch at the University Club. One of them was Cyrus Adams who, as we were breaking up, said:

"Sam, I think my aunt would be interested in your work."

With him I was ushered into a fine mansion and greeted by an official—his name was Gorton—who was the first secretary to a lady that I had ever met. I gathered that very few visitors had access to my classmate's aunt, and it was fortunate that I had Cy Adams with me.

After the secretary had put me through my paces with a few questions, I was shown into a study where, seated at a desk, sat the lady. She looked frail and elderly and her hair

was white. But her smile was pleasant, and while she had to use an ear-trumpet, her eyes missed nothing. She looked right through me.

Mr. Gorton informed the ear-trumpet that I was a missionary from India.

"A missionary from India, is he?" she queried "Well, I'm not interested in India. That is Great Britain's job."

She detached the nozzle of the ear-trumpet and went deaf. The secretary pleaded for me and she agreed to listen to me for just one minute, after which I found that the nozzle was again detached and that I was talking into the air. She insisted that she was exceedingly busy. At this point Cyrus took the ear-trumpet, adjusted the nozzle and said firmly,

"Aunt, you know that Sam is a classmate of mine at Princeton."

"Oh," she snapped back, "a classmate of yours at Princeton, is he? All right then. I'll give him a thousand."

My insides were all Hallelujah.

But Cyrus had not as yet finished with his aunt. He replaced the nozzle and held it there.

"Aunt," he said, "Sam is not only a classmate of mine—he is a friend."

"Oh, he's a friend, is he? All right—he's a friend. I'll make it two thousand."

The old lady was known in Chicago and, indeed, throughout the world as Madame McCormick and for years she was one of our most generous supporters. Even when she died in 1921, it was found that she had made arrangements for three years of payment to be continued.

It was in 1914 when Ethelind and I were speaking in Chicago that my wife came into contact with Madame McCormick. She invited us to dinner and we enjoyed the privilege of seeing her within her beautiful home. Our hostess was attended by her companion who enquired about our four children, and the next question was how Ethelind's family accepted me as the one who was keeping her living so far away from them.

"Oh," replied Ethelind, "my father has always been ardently devoted to missions—he has ten children and is happy that my sister, Mary, and I should be in the foreign field," and Ethelind told how I had come to her home because her father had been elder of the church which was employing a future missionary. There was a good deal of laughter over the hospitable impulses that had led the Codys to "kill the fatted calf for Sam" when he arrived after completing his speaking engagements.

"Didn't they kill the fatted calf for you and the four children?" asked the companion.

"Only a chicken!" retorted Ethelind, and Madame McCormick with her ear-trumpet wanted to know what the fun was all about.

From that moment onwards the *grande dame* got on excellently with Ethelind, each of them fully understanding the other, and the day came when they had their own talk together.

"Mrs. Higginbottom," said Madame McCormick in her decisive way, "I have made a gift to your husband's work, and now I want to give you something for your own work."

So Ethelind, as the students had been sleeping under the trees, received the sum of $5,000 for the first wing of a dormitory, and I had a tractor with equipment, both of which, as extras to her regular subscriptions, were very acceptable.

At Allahabad we were forever receiving visitors, many of whom were very interesting personalities. Several times Charles R. Crane, once American Minister to China, dropped in for a few days, his excuse being that he liked a milk diet and knew that our milk was safe. In Chicago he lived next door to the McCormick family and he told us that neither his own father nor the McCormicks, father or son, ever took an important step in business without first obtaining Mrs. McCormick's approval.

And so it went on. At Richmond, Virginia, the Rector of Grace Episcopal Church was Landon Mason. His wife, a wiry little woman with enough energy in her to shake her

frail body to pieces, and zealous to the point of fanaticism for the causes she was advocating, affectionately described me as her "leper man." After one service at Richmond, where it had been announced that no collection would be taken, the Rector calmly requested the ushers to hand round the plates. I made a mild protest. It was against our promise.

"I should like to know," he answered with a touch of Episcopal hauteur, "who can tell me what I can or cannot do in my own church. It would be a sin against God not to give the congregation a right to respond."

It was quite an amazing collection and for years that church helped us.

When at last we left New York for India I was tired. This furlough, like all the seven furloughs I had during my service at Allahabad, had been no vacation. On the contrary, I had seen less of Ethelind and the children than when I was at work for the Institute at our home.

But how well worth while it had been! I had won an agricultural degree at the Ohio State University, over which I was naturally very pleased. Two experts had consented to join me at Allahabad and their maintenance had been provided for. Despite my agreement with the Board not to appeal in churches directly for our work, which agreement I adhered to, we had received $30,000. We had not been able to do as much as we should have liked for the blind in India, some of whom had been placed in our care, but the lepers had benefited. And we had left behind us a host of friends, many of whom backed us for the rest of their lives.

CHAPTER SIX

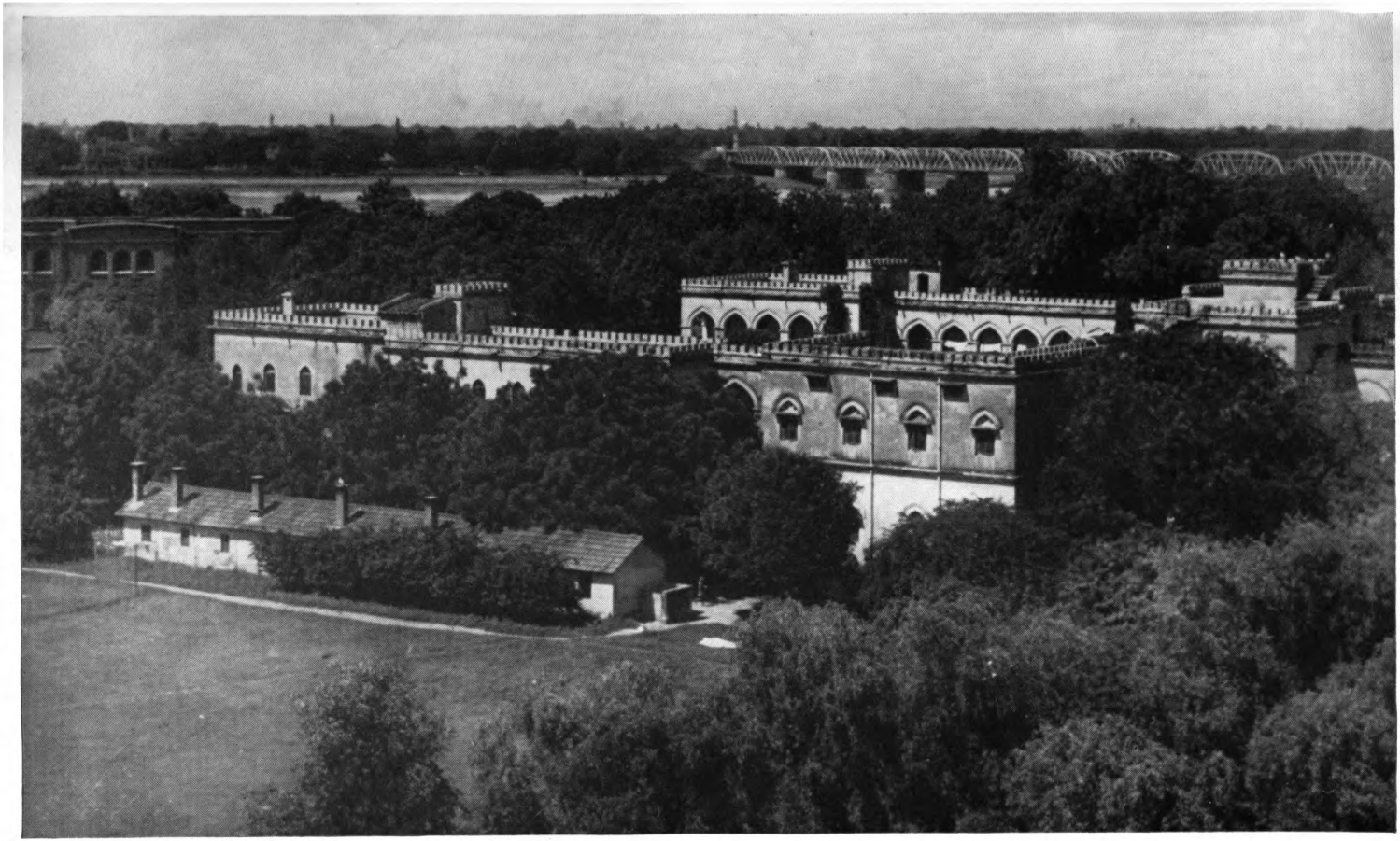
# THE FIGHT FOR FOOD

THUS did we leave the United States once more, with its seething and abundant life, and find ourselves again in the wholly different atmosphere of the orient. It was in October 1911 that we arrived again in Allahabad and with work ahead of us. For we were not long in discovering once more that starting anything new in India is quite a business.

Incidents were not long in occurring. We were to dwell henceforth in a new bungalow to be built with walls in which cheap burnt brick was used with mud, instead of lime mortar—all second-hand materials. The walls were already standing but the roof had still to be added. Hence we had to live for a while in tents, and in the dry season this was no great hardship.

But on our first Sunday in November the weather broke the rules. Without warning there descended on us a tropical cloudburst. The rain flooded our tents, also washing away the mud from the exposed walls of the bungalow. In helpless dismay we watched the inundation bury the books and other things we had brought from America. After this it was not long before we had the roof on a part, at any rate, of that bungalow. Even so, the mud walls were damp all winter.

We soon learned that more than money was needed to



ALLAHABAD AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE

[illegible]en's dormitory; Student kitchens in foreground; Science building left background; Jumna Bridge to city right background; Ewing College across the river.

*Top,* Dr. Higginbottom at the Palace Advising the Rajah of Jaunpur and the Rajah's Secretary on Agricultural Problems.
*Below,* Students Working in Food-preservation Laboratory.

inaugurate an agricultural institute. Assuming that the money is provided, there are still the minds of the people to be faced, and these minds are somnolent within the age-long lethargies of an immemorial past. Rich resources, urgently needed for the nourishment of millions living on the hunger line, are frozen by unchallenged and almost unchallengeable custom.

Our institute at Allahabad was to be situated according to plan just across the Jumna River and near a Moslem village. The land to be occupied at the outset was to be two-hundred and sixty acres or about two-fifths of a square mile, and first we had to acquire that land.

While we were still in the United States, Dr. Ewing, my valiant comrade, wrestled with the difficulties of purchase. For no more than one or two lots there were more than fifty legal proprietors, each of whom had to be approached and satisfied, whence it was only too evident that the preliminary steps to acquiring the whole area would take years. Appeal was made, therefore, to the Provincial Governor who agreed to put into force an act under which land could be acquired for a public purpose. The only stipulations were that we compensate all the parties with a claim and pay the legal expenses involved.

To begin with, there were the landowners. The court allotted to them shares calculated by the record, not forgetting a certain sum reserved for a baby to be born within nine months. Then there were the rights of tenants and subtenants, to whom compensation for disturbance was granted at a customary rate. It was not until two years of hard work had elapsed that Dr. Ewing informed us that we could take possession, and the great date set was July 1st, 1912.

Even so, what was left of private ownership had still to be counteracted. The area that we had to deal with was broken up into three hundred plots or fields, and these were usually divided from one another by little paths about eighteen inches wide. Throughout the whole property trees were scattered, and if one of us felled a tree, before long a man

would appear and ask why we were cutting down his tree. Unless we were willing to pay for it, he would take us into court. It took months of hard bargaining to buy up the trees and, even so, we did not get all of them. It was years before some of them could be removed.

The village near our land being Mohammedan, there was the usual large graveyard nearby. We had thus to respect some dozen isolated graves and certain little places that had been cleaned of earth. These were prayer-spots facing Mecca, and if we had plowed them under, the result might have been rioting. It was a matter in which we had to be more than careful.

About the way it worked out, there is, perhaps, a touch of humour. For as the Institute came into being I was able to give less and less of my time to the actual task of farming. I had no choice but to entrust responsibility to competent Indians. Among our labourers was a Mohammedan called Shahadet. He lived in the village near our land and he knew everybody around. Also, he could read the Persian script. At first, he had been among the most stubborn men we had to deal with, and very hard to persuade into changing from the old ways to the new. But he had owned five acres, now taken over for the Institute, and had provided two carts for hauling brick, lime and produce into Allahabad. I appointed Shahadet a foreman, in which capacity he was a great success, and I valued him even more highly as a friend.

I asked him to pay particular attention to the graves and the prayer-spots, and to select only Moslems for plowing in that area. They were to be told to plow around the sacred places and never over them. In a year or two, however, I noticed that the prayer-spots had been obliterated and also the graves, none of which had headstones or other markers. I asked Shahadet how it could possibly have happened. He answered sadly that the plowmen had found it to be less trouble to make a straight than a curved furrow, and he feared that they had been, perhaps, a little careless—this

despite all the many words he had said to them. From the village itself there was not a peep of complaint from anyone, and henceforth we were able to do our plowing and laying out of the fields on the most economical lines.

While it is of necessity my own story that has to be told in these pages, I must make it clear that our work at Allahabad was by no means or at any time a one-man job, even with Ethelind as my partner. During my recent furlough in the United States, I had happened to be attending the final meeting of the Layman's Missionary Movement in Chicago. I was standing in the lobby of the Hotel LaSalle, where I had a room. Will Moody, John Timothy Stone, and another were there. Will called out,

"Join us, Sam."

We all had lunch together. The fourth man was a quiet person who said very little until we were separating, when he suggested that I talk with him further while he had his shoes shined. He plied me with questions and I told him of a brilliant young agricultural chemist whom I had first met at Rochester as a Student Volunteer anxious to go out to India and had followed up at the Agricultural College at Guelph, Ontario, where the President had praised him highly as a chemist and a man. His name was A. E. Slater, and I wanted Slater on the staff at Allahabad. The quiet man was Charles L. Huston and he pledged himself, there and then, to pay all the expenses of Slater and his fiancée on their way out to India and their maintenance when they got there.

Slater, before leaving, spoke to the men's brotherhood at the Presbyterian Church in Coatesville, Pennsylvania, telling them that certain professors at Pennsylvania State College had given him some pedigree poultry. But someone must pay for the crates and freight to Allahabad. This the group readily undertook to do, and they put labels on the crates, "Missionaries in Feathers." The raising of chickens became one of his avocations. At one time there were eight hundred

of them—White Leghorns and White Orpingtons—and never had such chickens been seen in that part of the world. Crowds came to have a look at them.

Suddenly the chickens began to die, nineteen out of twenty of them in a single week, until we had fewer than twenty left alive, and we asked ourselves what could be the reason. Most of the chickens had been hatched in an incubator which, of course, had been hygienic. But we recalled that a few eggs had been put under a hen bought in the village. This hen, it was discovered, had brought ticks into our chicken run and on the thigh of every dead chicken one or more of these ticks had been busy. We worked out a way of preventing a recurrence of so serious an epidemic.

I must say a word more about Slater. He started our Department of Agricultural Chemistry at Allahabad, and he proceeded to turn his attention to Etah where, it may be remembered, I was to have been stationed when first I came to India. Slater toured the villages around Etah and met converts to Christianity. They had been of low caste, they were without land, they were eking out their living as casual labourers at $2.00 a month. How could they find money out of such a pittance to build churches in which to worship and be preachers and teachers for their children? For many of them the only wealth was a few razor-backed hogs, and chickens no larger than bantams laying about thirty eggs a year.

We released Slater from Allahabad and encouraged him to fulfil his vision of improved poultry as a way out of economic bondage, and he saw to it that the poultry did not die by ticks. The "missionaries in feathers" have certainly made a difference to Etah. At the annual poultry show in the county town more pure bred fowls are in competition than at the All India Poultry Show. Most of them belong to Christian "Untouchables," many of whom are now well off as things are counted in India.

Missionaries in feathers had an unsuspected importance in

the developing scheme of things. They ushered in a better appreciation of the Gospel in certain of its aspects—a view of higher ethical standards, less fear of modern medicine on the part of families attending the little mission dispensary and a vision of a fuller richer life within reach of the Indian home. Among the results of the feathery evangel were several new village churches and two fine schools, one for boys and the other for girls. I recall how my nephew, Walter Griffiths, listened starry-eyed to the stories that Ethelind and I had to tell during our first furlough together. It was Walter D. Griffiths, who in later years built up that boys' school. It has continued to grow. Several Christian boys of low caste origin have gone to college from this school.

For me the development of the work at Etah has had a personal significance. For, as I have told, Etah was to have been my own sphere of work. It was hard for me at the time when I was told that I was not to go to Etah but was to take up other duties at Allahabad. Had I been stubborn and insisted on Etah, I would doubtless have tried to improve the condition of Untouchables converted to Christianity, and I might have started some sort of amateur gardening or dairy farming. In that event, I would have left Etah, humanly speaking, with scarcely a ripple of result to show for my life work.

But I accepted what was ordained for me and stayed at Allahabad. I was instrumental in securing for Etah another than myself—that is Slater. The Government recognised his value, and Slater received generous grants for experimental work with chickens and goats. When he needed trained helpers, we at Allahabad were in a position to supply them, and in many cases they went into Government service at much higher salaries.

Slater had a great talk on the theme: *The Goat is the Poor Man's Cow,* and it was an actual fact that the goats bred by Slater gave more milk in the year than the average cow in a village. His Jumna-Pari breed is among the largest goats. It

gives a lot of milk and yields more meat in a given time than any other animal. My admiration for Slater's goats was unbounded but I used to tease him none the less.

"Yes," I would say, "you are right. The goat *is* the poor man's cow. But that is because he has a habit of feeding on the neighbour's property."

There came a time when the goat enterprize at Etah grew beyond the capacity of the farm there. The Government, therefore, asked us at Allahabad to take over one of the breeds of goats at Etah, and we used these goats to improve the local flocks. During the second world war the military were desperately put to it to find enough goat's meat for the Indian troops, and we found that within a year sires from our flock used with local goats increased the yield of meat. Our whole association with Etah was fruitful of results and seemed to me to be an indication that God's planning was much better than mine. I had wanted badly to go there in the first instance but it was providential that I was prevented.

Our basic problem was the land itself. Much of it had never been plowed within the memory of man. It was badly eroded and scored by gullies. It was infested by weeds, and some of these weeds were so poisonous that nothing would eat them, or so thickly studded with thorns that of all animals only the camels would touch them. The Indians looked on, curious to see what we would do. They were quite sure that we could not plant anything worth while where grew the two grasses with the underground stems.

I had secured some good American and Canadian prairie-breaker plows. Slater had bought oxen and carts but it was stiff work. We had to have stronger yokes made for the oxen and long chains, for we had to hitch five pairs of oxen to one plow. It took a driver for each pair of oxen and a strong man in addition to hold the plow handles. Mr. H. T. Avey, an engineering graduate from Ames, Iowa, was starting the engineering department of Allahabad Christian College, and I do not know what we would have done without his help.

We needed farm labourers and had great difficulty in

securing them. Most of our neighbours would have been glad to earn 8¢ to 10¢ a day in their spare time but they were not their own masters. They had their little rented farms of about five acres each, divided into ten to fifteen widely scattered fields. It was true that, from sowing time to harvest, the weeding of their crops, the care of their livestock, the watching of their fields, were all done by the women, the girls and the boys in their families. But the rule was that they could not work for themselves at these times until they had sowed and harvested for their landlords. The landlord paid in cash not more than 4¢-5¢ a day or, roughly speaking, one third of what we would have been glad to pay had they felt free to work for us. They were victims of what amounted to forced labour, illegally extracted by the landlords, but the tenants refused to invoke the law which might have protected them. They were afraid.

Inferior to the tenants in social standing were menials of low caste. Limited by tradition to the occupation assigned to their caste they were chronically under-employed, and therefore chronically under-nourished, ill-clad and poorly housed. Our cattle could be cared for only by the *gwala*, cattle-tender; by the *ahir* or goat-tender; by the *gareya* or sheep-tender; with the poultry handled by poor Mohammedans. In our neighbourhood there was also a criminal tribe of professional robbers. Many of their men were in gaol for an offence not strictly within the law. They had failed to hand over to the police a lion's share of some successful robbery. This criminal tribe supplied us with *pasis* or pig-tenders as well as with farm labourers.

An incident will illustrate some of the ideas with which we had to contend. We secured from the Government a pure bred bull out of one of the best dairy breeds of India. I gave orders that he was to be used for current breeding but I made the mistake of not disposing of our other bulls. When the calves were born, not one had been sired by our pedigree bull, and for a long time I could not discover the reason. At last the head gwala pointed to the bull and said,

"Look, Sahib, that cowlick above his loins is double. It looks, Sahib, like a serpent. All of his calves would be snake-like and dangerous for us to work amongst. We knew you did not know of this so to save you from all the trouble of having cattle with snaky natures we did not use him."

Only when I was present would they use the pedigree bull, and when his calves turned out to be some of our best milkers, the gwalas still shook their heads.

During the earlier years of the Institute my work was mainly in the realm of education. Whether I was in the field or in the barn I spent most of my time trying to teach illiterates of low caste that the wages they received from us had to be paid out of the value of what we produced. Produce little—small wages. Produce much—more wages. That was the persistent instruction. But it was uphill work.

I had a dozen American hillside plows. They had a lever to be turned at the end of every furrow by which the next furrow was started so to adjoin the one just completed. It was the best method that I could find for levelling and smoothing our badly eroded and gullied fields, and we always plowed so that the soil was turned over downwards, so filling up the depressions. For days I stayed with the plowmen, showing them how simple it was to shift the lever and myself demonstrating the work, which they copied. They all assured me that they understood and that the American plows were really wonderful. One day I was called away and when I returned I could have cried with disappointment. For they were not plowing along the slope as I had taught them but uphill one furrow and downhill the next, nor were any of them using the lever. They had forgotten about it!

There is a proverb common in India: "the best manure is the master's foot," and I realised its meaning. All my carefully taught method was of no use unless I was present to enforce it, and henceforth I spent every minute I could with the farm-workers, for I had to change their actual thinking. With the plow it was as it had been with the pedigree bull.

At first, there was feverish haste to work in my presence.

But as soon as my back was turned, the work ceased. I did not blame these poor fellows. Were they not under-nourished, debilitated by dysentery, hookworm and malaria? Given the best will in the world on their part, their flesh was weak. So after fifty minutes of labour I would call a halt. I would urge the men to smoke the hookah just as if I were not present. And each had a drink of water. As they sat and smoked, we would talk over the hunger in India, and the poverty, and how the only remedy lay in getting more out of the soil. I invited them to make suggestions of ways to increase the produce of the fields and to ease the working. When they had little of constructive value to say about it, I begged them to do as I wanted even though they might think I was wrong, and in particular I impressed on them the value to the soil of manure, weeds, leaves and other organic matter. When ten minutes were over we started work again on the hour.

But good had been done. Both men and oxen had needed the brief period of rest and the discussion had been friendly. We put into practise as an experiment whatever had been agreed to, and the labourers on the farm gradually became intelligent and cooperative. They saw for themselves the results. Our crops were doubled. More than that, they realised that we were using methods that they in turn could apply to their own farms. They had been accustomed to little wooden iron-tipped plows. But it was seen that our small steel plows which inverted the soil could be pulled by their under-sized and under-nourished oxen with four or five times the effective result.

In due course we were able to survey as a whole what we had achieved. Groups of students at high school, and university and government officials would visit us and I would ask Shahadat to explain what had happened since our opening in 1912. He knew no English but in his own language he described the uneven and eroded fields, somewhat as follows:

Why, he would say, if one elephant stood on top of another one in that gully, you could not see the top of that second

elephant's head—if, that is, you were standing ten yards from the gully's edge.

As boys he and the other young villagers had not dared to venture near the dry stream-bed which was known to be the hide-out of bad characters of all sorts.

Then came the big iron plows, each drawn by five pairs of oxen, which were driven right across the farm, with a furrow half a mile long, which broke down the old earth barriers between the fields, helped the drainage and levelling and added about fifteen per cent to the cultivable area of the property. The land was left rough and it thus absorbed the rain that fell and when the "loo" or hot, dry west wind blew, the fine dust thus distributed was itself equal to a manuring. The land had produced three crops in two years and it now produced three or four crops in a single year.

The villagers at first, went on Shahadat, had always spoken of me as "Pagal Sahib" or the crazy man. They were sure I was mad when I dug great deep holes in the earth and put good green fodder into them. The smell around these holes was awful but the cattle liked their food. One year there had been a partial failure of the crop and I had gone around the villages to gather what weeds there were, put them through the cutter into the silo, so keeping our cattle alive and fat at a time when most of our neighbours had to sell their plow oxen because they had no fodder for the latter and no money with which to buy fodder. In the end the fields produced ten times what had been the record when the villagers owned the area.

So spoke Shahadat, and he welcomed questions. There were plenty of questions and he gave answers that satisfied.

Our neighbours would have one good crop of fodder in three years. In nine years out of ten ours was a bumper crop. We kept on discussing cooperation with the villagers, and with the use of farm implements the idea seemed to be feasible. But when it came to a cooperative silo into which each farmer would weigh his fodder and out of which he would weigh fodder as he could use it, they said it would not

work. The way that Shahadat put it was that half of the village would be murdered and the other half in gaol for committing the murders. Then there was our dam. This caught the silt from neighbouring fields on its way to the river, so reclaiming about ten acres for us and fifty acres for our neighbours. Shahadat insisted that our neighbours would willingly pay for such an improvement but I pointed out that we were already repaid and only rejoiced in the benefit to others. "That is all wrong," he protested. "If you are not allowed to do harm to others, why do them good?"

I would visit some of the cattle fairs in the Punjab. One of the largest of these was at Jind where were assembled more than a hundred thousand cattle, water buffaloes and camels. There I learned some of the tricks played by the dealers at the expense, I fear, of the animals they were trading. They would leave a cow or a buffalo unmilked for forty-eight hours, allowing the udder to swell and give the impression that the beast was a great milk producer. They would feed the animal's milk back to her with drugs that stimulated for the time being the production of milk. Also they practised "phuka," the insertion of the tail into the vulva which again tended for the moment to increase the supply of milk. All of these tricks were intended to deceive the purchaser and many of them inflicted permanent injury on the helpless animal victims.

The news that better agriculture was really and truly possible was spread abroad. Our Indian workers themselves became our missionaries. They advocated our methods in their villages, and reasoned with their neighbours on the mud platform where it was the custom to discuss and debate and settle the affairs of their world. There began to be a demand for the tools and implements of which we had taught the use, for better seed and new varieties. The outcastes, and many of the criminal tribesmen, soon became our most trusted and efficient workmen. We regarded many of them as warm personal friends who were ever ready with their helpful suggestions. No doubt self-interest was at work, but

it was intelligent self-interest. The larger the yield of the crops, the greater was the income earned, and, therefore, their share of the income. For the Indian working-man is at the heart of him no different from the American working-man. He likes to be considered a human being and treated as such. For this reason I learned the names of the farm-workers. I made it a part of my business to do this. They soon were aware that on sight I knew each one of them.

The land laws, customs and practises were so different at Allahabad from anything that I had seen in England or America that I was constantly hurting the pride of the people or going contrary to their way of doing things. It was then that my Moslem foreman, Shahadat, was of such assistance. I told him to warn me whenever I was about to make a mistake, and what he saved me in worry and litigation it would be hard to assess. I always talked over our programme with him in advance and accepted ten of his suggestions for one I rejected. For he understood perfectly what it was that we were aiming at.

Those early years of experiment with an Institute hardly yet in being were full of ups and downs. There were times when my health was on the verge of a breakdown due to malaria, dysentery and, in 1912, forty-five days of typhoid, and my weight dropped to 95 pounds. Then, that new bungalow which had been flooded out—it was dangerous with plague, from which even the rats had died, and it had to be thoroughly fumigated before we could occupy it. Also, when we set up our home on the farm the roof was over only four of our six rooms, and none of the rooms were plastered. No floor had been laid nor had they as yet put in doors and windows, from which it followed that at least the ventilation was good. After the forty-five days of typhoid and three and a half months of convalescence, I returned to work.

We put our food in a wire screened cupboard and went to bed, tucking ourselves within mosquito nets that seemed to give protection. It was not a very restful night for wild cats and jackals prowled around us. In the morning we found

that the sides of our larder had been smashed in and the food had disappeared. I was, to be frank about it, hardly in a condition to face these upsets. For an hour at a time I would work at my desk and then I had to lie down and rest, but milk from cows that I had bought helped to restore my strength, and kindly comrades sent us fresh vegetables.

We wanted to admit students into our somewhat visionary Institute but, of course, we were not ready as yet to receive them. However, our hands were forced. A number of converts to Christianity from the Punjab who had been of low caste arrived and would not take "no" for an answer. They had secured land in the colonies irrigated by canals and they wanted to know how to farm it. These boys assured us that they did not mind roughing it and we gave them training on those terms. They made good use of their time with us and on returning to their homes they proved to be much better off than their friends who had not troubled to come to us. They were valuable, moreover, as "pioneers by example" in what is meant by better farming. Also we had a few boys from the Jumna High School who slept under a tree when the skies were clear, and, when it rained, they took shelter with the cattle.

We had to put up with a scrambling kind of existence. Our front verandah served as classroom and laboratory, our back verandah as dining-room and dairy. My study was at once office and bedroom for our colleague, Bembower, and an Indian Christian and graduate of Cornell, Eddie Warren, who were staying with us. It was only gradually that things were brought under control. Within a year of our start we had a dairy building that much relieved our dining room, and Ethelind supervised the washing of the dairy utensils, and the making of butter and cottage cheese. Everything that she sent out was pure and everything found an immediate market.

One day we bricked in the doors and windows of one of our bath-rooms. For we needed it as a granary. We had been very fortunate in obtaining some of the improved Pusa wheat

developed by our friend, Albert Howard. Not only did this wheat increase the yield of the crops, but the quality of the yield was much better than that of local wheat. Every grain was thus precious for use as seed. The following year we had sufficient seed for fifty or sixty acres, and watchmen were kept busy day and night protecting it from overzealous neighbours who had learned of its excellent quality.

And there were other marauders. I had always admired the bright green parakeets for the beauty of their plumage, and I now watched them for another reason. Each would cut off one full ear of wheat, then fly to a tree and peck one grain at a time. Often the ear would be dropped before being stripped clean, after which the bird would be back to the field for another of the full ears. From under some trees I could have gathered a half-bushel of empty ears of wheat. For it was not one alone of these attractive but expensive birds that had to be dealt with. They flew around by the thousand. Children tried to scare them off with slingshots, shouting and banging on old tin cans. But the parakeets would merely circle in the air and then settle on another part of the field.

The improved grain was spread throughout the district to the definite advantage of the farmers, and within a few years even the weddings felt the benefit. For the "Padre Sahib's" wheat was required for the viands provided on these occasions—the chappatis and puries—thin, unleavened, rolled cakes of whole wheat flour, the former baked and the latter fried in deep oil or butter.

One of our tasks was to dig silos that would be really worth the name. They were below ground and twenty feet in diameter with a depth of twenty to twenty-seven feet. We had good rains but at the outset the land was so poor that it took the sorghum from a hundred acres to fill one silo. At first I myself fed the silo-cutter because it took quite a time to teach the Indians how to prevent their hands being caught under the roller. The neighbours held it to be a great pity to

take such good fodder and make such a foul-smelling mixture out of it.

Years afterwards we were very short of milk for our customers. Some owners of water-buffalo suggested that they stand their beasts in our cattle-shed while we supervised the milking and pasteurisation. We would then pay them so much a quart. They added that they would provide their own food as we did not know how to feed cattle, and their animals could not be expected to eat from the malodorous silo. One midnight I had a sudden call to go for the doctor. The bright lights of my motorcar revealed that something was going on. The villagers were themselves raiding our silos and were carrying baskets of the stuff on their heads which they were feeding to the water-buffaloes. So far from disliking this food, the creatures were eating it ravenously, and I have yet to see an Indian animal that has not enjoyed silage the first time it had a chance to try it.

In one of those years the Academy of Sciences met in Allahabad. Our Institute invited these distinguished scientists to tea and see the farm. The guests included one of the most prolific writers on rural India, and when he saw the silos he was horrified. Why, the food that we were giving to cattle was worse than manure! I called to our men to set silage and fresh green grass side by side. Then, I had them lead a cow to each choice of diet. Without exception the cows ate the silage first.

"Doctor," I said, "in many things I respect your opinion, but on the subject of silage, I prefer the opinion of the cows."

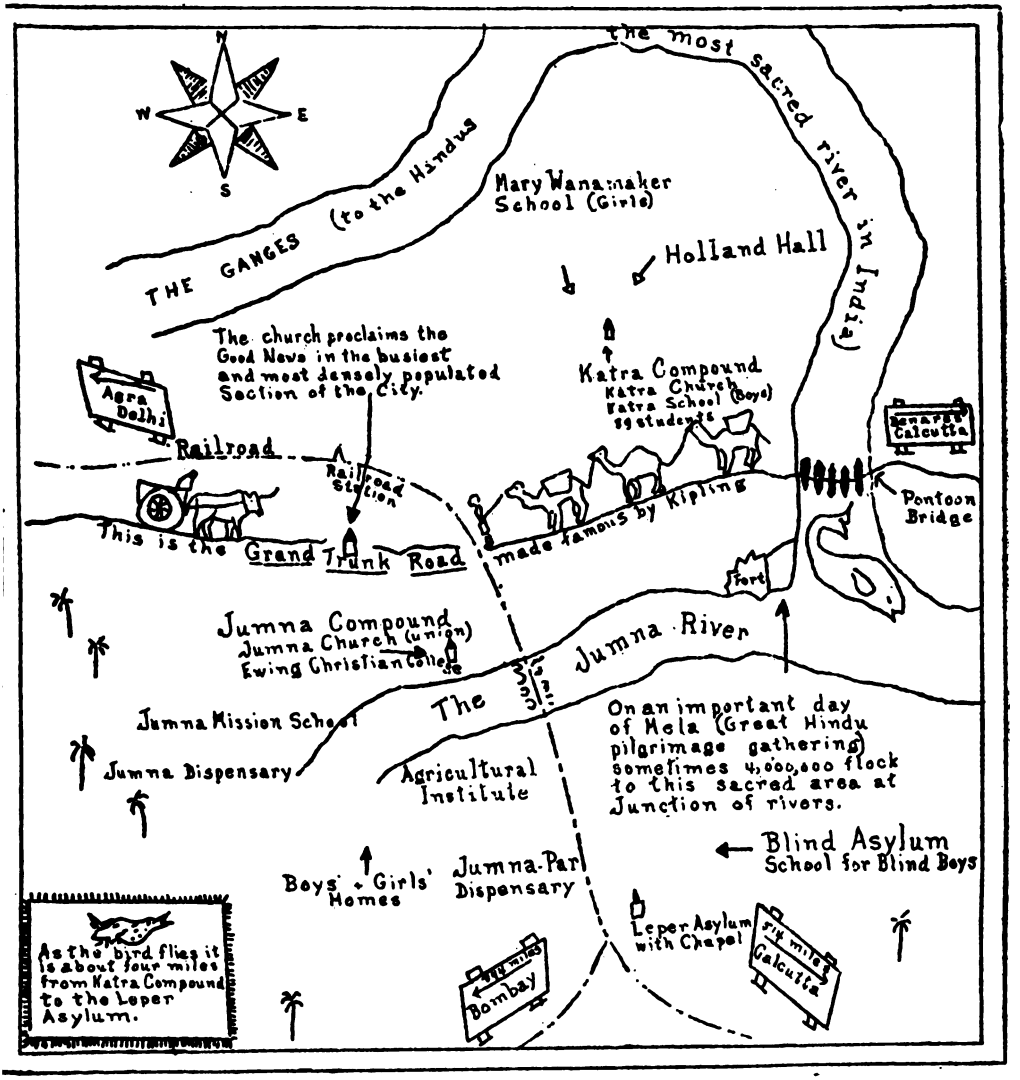
For the rest of his visit he was satisfied to be a listener and a learner.

Ninety per cent of the students regard government service as the most desirable of all vocations. The government controls all education and, in those days, conducted all examinations. It was thus greatly to be desired that the government recognise our agricultural course. Otherwise it would be almost impossible to secure the right kind of students qualified to study work of college grade. There was at the time no de-

gree in agriculture given anywhere in India. The five agricultural colleges then run by the government were chiefly useful for training land revenue officers who could be sent into the villages to collect official statistics and revenue. When, therefore, we drew up courses modelled on the example of State universities in America and applied to the University of Allahabad for a degree in agriculture, they appointed a committee of science teachers to look into the matter. They consulted their English catalogues and prospectuses of agricultural schools and reported that they could find nothing worthy of a degree. The difference between English and American agricultural courses was great. The former emphasised basic science whereas the latter stressed the application of science to agriculture.

I had been appointed a member of the All-India Board of Agriculture. I asked that the question of a four-year course in scientific agriculture leading to a degree be put on the agenda. I was called on to present the matter and found myself in a minority of one. The head of the largest agricultural college run by the government declared that no one knew enough about scientific agriculture to keep students busy for two years, let alone four! I was permitted to close the debate. I insisted that if India was to feed herself adequately, some of the best brains in the country must be devoted to scientific farming with a view to higher yields and better quality crops at a lower cost of production per unit of crop. Agricultural scientists were needed, not for their own sake, but in order to discharge the function of finding out better systems and methods for the farmer. Otherwise there was no reason for the existence of the scientists. I have to add that these remarks did not win any votes.

Thus it was that we came to an end of the first attempt to found the Institute, and by December, 1913, the prospects of success were bleak indeed. All the money that I had raised in the United States was spent. However, land had been bought, buildings had been put up, the farm had been laid out, the dairy and orchards had been established and classes had




الٰہ آباد
(Urdu)

# ALLAHABAD

इलाहाबाद
(Hindi)

This is a *sketch* map, made by Mrs. Ira Hatch, of one of the world's greatest pilgrimage centers, indicating activities of the North India Mission (Presbyterian, U.S.A.). In this area there are probably four hundred *mosques* and at least *one thousand Hindu temples and shrines.*

been started. We thus had something to show for our efforts and the funds that had been entrusted to us.

I had expected to secure a grant in aid from the government in accordance with its recognised fiscal policy, and as I talked with officials I found that they were greatly interested in what I said. They were eager to see how I would make out, but they made it clear that what the Institute was doing was so new and experimental that the government would not be justified in giving public money to it. For the government could only invest in an institution already established and with a future reasonably assured. Only at a date later than this critical time did the government at last agree that the Institute had proved itself to be a permanency and was filling a need that no other institution was meeting.

The Director of Public Instruction visited the Institute and afterwards, with hope in my heart, I talked to him about it. He told me that it was beyond him to fathom why I should work so hard and get so much in the way of buildings and equipment for people who were totally unappreciative and would not thank me for what the Mission was trying to do for them. However, as to a grant, he would see what could be done and when I left him I hoped that this meant a definite promise. However, nothing happened, and when I asked him about it, he enquired of me whether I could show him any promise in writing, which I could not.

There was some hard argument between us and I put it to him that the Institute was entitled by law to a grant. For it was an educational institution within the meaning of the Educational Act. He doubted this and because of the doubt there could be no grant. Why did I not try the Agricultural Department? So I went to the Agricultural Department and their answer was that they had no way of giving a grant to an institution that was obviously educational. For fifteen years the Agricultural Institute at Allahabad was like a football dribbled up and down the field between the two departments without scoring a goal.

We had no grant from the government. We had no grant

at that time from the Mission. All that was paid us was my wife's salary and my own salary. Several of my missionary colleagues suggested that I had fallen down on my job. Had not I assumed the financial responsibility? Was it not my fault that there was now no money? I was sent home, therefore, to raise money enough to pay the bills and keep going. Otherwise, the Institute would have to cease operations. It was neck or nothing.

And so in 1914 we found ourselves back again in the United States. It was a supreme moment in the history of mankind—the last gorgeous sunset of long accumulated civilisation in the West—the eve of what was to be an apocalyptic devastation of what we had taken for granted or much of it. Looking back on it I may suggest that we were in a position to put a question. How could life on this planet be stable and contented while such wealth was enjoyed and wasted side by side with such poverty endured to the point of disease and death? We at Allahabad may not have realised fully the bearing of our enterprise on the overwhelming situations that were developing but, in retrospect, we may claim, perhaps, that we were handling essentials.

In any event, we had a story to tell, and it was as if we had two arrows to our bow. For the work at the Institute was duplicated by our supervision of the Leper Asylum nearby. The same methods of farming and dairying were applied in the two enterprises, and with the same results. There was a noticeable improvement in the health of the lepers themselves, and in the case of reclaimed children of lepers the improvement was remarkable. These children, supposed to be handicapped by the condition of their parents, could still outstrip the children of normal parents in the villages, both mentally and physically. The advantages to the children of lepers were the observance of a regular routine, a balanced diet including milk and vegetables, outdoor exercise which often consisted of vegetable gardening, and attendance at school.

The lesson was not lost on our neighbours and sometimes

there were grumblings. One village woman complained to Ethelind that she was doing for the outcastes what she was not doing for others. This, it was argued, was the reason why results in the village were not what they were in the Leper Asylum.

It was not for nothing that the brave blood of the Cody Clan ran in the veins of my wife, for her energy was inexhaustible. She started a dispensary on our back verandah. It began with one or two chance cases. Coolie women working on the farm would come for first aid, for instance, after the bite of a scorpion or when a baby was suffering from dysentery or diarrhea. Ethelind would do what she could for the sufferers and the word was passed around. Within no time at all she had more patients than she could manage single-handed. It gave her a chance to chat with the women and in those conversations the veil that had hidden miseries endured for thousands of years was drawn aside, and the truth underlying India's social, religious and political exterior was shown in something of its tragic actuality. She heard of babies drugged with opium to keep them quiet while the mothers went about their work. She learned of other evils that grip the poor of India and her active mind was aroused to seek remedies.

There entered on the scene an Indian woman called Lallie. She was the wife of our cook and after his later death she remained with us. Her four small children were the playmates of our children, and with some rapidity her family increased to ten. Not that her brood kept her long from her work which she loved. Lallie helped us as a practical nurse. She was a woman of strong and colourful character, with a tongue not above profanity, all in a good cause, and a pillar of strength to women around us. She could neither read nor write and remained to the end obstinately illiterate. Ethelind was never tired of trying to teach her to sign her name but Lallie was unresponsive.

"Memsahib," she said firmly, "it does not come to me."

Yet she knew medicines by name and could identify most

of them. Whatever Ethelind or the doctor called for, would be brought by Lallie without hesitation, nor was she baffled by diagnosis. She could recognise common complaints and suggest the right remedy.

The dispensary played a very important part in the founding of the Institute. Some of the villagers had been violently opposed to the foreigners who had come amongst them and deprived them of their lands. Even after the lands had been well and truly paid for, there was sporadic opposition around us. But the dispensary won the people's confidence and that was a victory in the minds of the Indians. Most of the villagers have shown a pride in the success of the Institute, considering that their work for us gives them a part in the achievement.

It was a great story to tell and in the United States we were never tired of telling it. But in August, 1914, the First World War exploded like a bombshell. Its immediate effect on the United States was a paralysing depression—war orders had not made themselves felt—and it was hard to make travelling expenses, let alone raise money. And perhaps I was not very good at begging.

"You are not asking the money for yourself," said a friend. "You have given all you can give already—your life—and you cannot give more."

We needed $100,000 and the result of it all was that we collected $20,000; with this poor result weighing on us we were further discouraged by news that the Institute imperatively needed us back again. We must return to India.

After having delivered about a thousand addresses, we left New York on January 30th, 1915. The ship on which we sailed is not unknown to history. It was the *Lusitania.* The storms in the Atlantic were heavy, and off Queenstown I went on deck in the early morning and was much surprised to see that we were flying the American, not the British, flag. I asked of a ship's officer the reason for this and he replied curtly, "Orders, sir, orders," afterwards walking away smartly.

We soon learned the reason for those orders. Submarines

had entered the harbour and sunk ships. If we had not been delayed by bad weather, the *Lusitania* might have been sunk with us on board instead of a few trips later. We left Birkenhead on March 15th in a small convoy of three vessels, escorted as far as Gibraltar by the Royal Navy. There we heard that ours was the only one of the three to get through. We arrived in Bombay on April 15th, and were soon back in Allahabad. We began a period of fifteen years during which the Institute had to fight every inch of the way for its existence.

It was only at long last that substantial relief arrived. I had invited one of the largest mill-owners in Cawnpore to visit the Institute. His name was Sir J. P. Srivastana and at the time he was Minister for Agriculture in the United Provinces. He looked at everything with a businessman's eye, and when he had made the rounds, Ethelind served one of her breakfasts at eleven in the morning, which have contributed to her fame as a hostess. Next day we attended a garden party at Government House in Allahabad and we were greeted by Sir J. P. Srivastava in his most cordial manner.

"Well," he said, "I have decided that the Institute is to receive an annual grant of 20,000 rupees as long as it performs such useful public service. But I want you to know that it was not you who persuaded me to make the decision. You nearly walked me off my legs and just about killed me. You have to thank your wife. Her wonderful breakfast decided the matter."

CHAPTER SEVEN

# INDIAN PRINCES JOIN THE FRAY

TO TELL this tale in strict order of time is a ticklish task. For Ethelind and I were in touch with life at many points and it sometimes seemed as if everything was happening everywhere all at once. Also, one thing led to another and circumstances were wound around us year after year where we least expected such subtle ties.

We were always eternally indebted to Colonel Hudson of the Naini Central Gaol. Among his friends of medical college days was another colonel in the public service whose name was James Roberts, afterwards knighted as Sir James. Roberts was a physician and surgeon, as brilliant as he was beloved, and he was a good many other things as well. He was medical adviser to many of the Indian Princes and they consulted him on matters outside his profession. In those palaces of wealth and luxury no door was closed to him.

In 1913 he was paying a visit to Hudson and took the opportunity of looking over our Leper Asylum. Afterwards he inspected the Institute with its farm and asked me what it was all about. Finally, he turned to me and said:

"Would you be willing to give a few lectures in the Native States, telling them how they might increase the yields of their crops?"

He pointed out how desperately poor were the backward people in the States. I replied that I would be only too glad to fall in with his suggestion and he proceeded to make all arrangements for me.

I visited about a dozen of the Native States. I was plunged at once into a mediaeval and a feudal world. I saw barbaric splendour and ostentation, startling in its crudity. Also I saw good taste without such ostentation.

The name of James Roberts meant that I had been properly introduced, and the result was a hospitality, flattering in its suavity. As a rule I was met at the station by none other than the Dewan himself, or Prime Minister, who conducted me personally to the State guest-house which was elaborately furnished. The servants had instructions to attend to all my needs and a conveyance was always at my disposal. I was told at what hour officials would wait on me to present State maps and crop statistics for my examination. In each of the States visited I spent from two to three days, and I learned much about farming conditions in non-British India that I could not have learned in any other way.

The poverty in British India was bad enough. But in the Native States it was, incredible though it may seem, worse. In some of the States there seemed to be no limit to the greed and rapacity of the officials. A state official would go on tour. The people in their mud hovels would be required out of their penury to furnish without reimbursement all supplies for his retinue and officials—grain, goat meat, milk, eggs, fuel and transportation for the tents and their equipage. Without any payment in wages, labourers would often be forced to make roads and bridges for the official to pass over. In some States, the villagers, when they heard that they were to be inspected, fled at our approach with all their belongings as if we were a scourge. Many touched my feet with their foreheads and I found it hard to persuade them to stand upright. To the last limit of their beings they were cringing and servile.

In nearly every area that I visited, I found the same old

story—land that was abundant and fertile but uncultivated. Take one detail. If the great organic waste in the villages had been trenched according to our methods, the crops would have been at least doubled. What impressed me most was the hopeless attitude of the people. Yes, they could understand all I said and they knew that they could have larger crops by following my advice. But—and there they stopped silent. The officials were listening and they would say no more.

In some of the States a spokesman in English, usually not an official, would explain that the ruler demanded so much of his subjects that they were left with hardly enough to live on. Also, he allowed to his officials a generous commission on revenues collected. The ruler had ways of knowing if one of his subjects was prospering and it was not unusual for him to enact a law which in effect confiscated the wealth of anyone who was becoming a little better off. The argument was that the prosperity often resulted from business done with British India. According to the ruler, it was only right, therefore, that one of his subjects who profited by such an association should pay his prince for the protection he gave. In due course, I learned that the rulers were often jealous of anyone who rose above the common lot. It was the jealousy of misgiving. They feared competition.

As years passed I came to know some of the rulers by personal contact. I found that few of them could see anything wrong in the system of which they were the symbols and beneficiaries. What was a ruler? He was one of God's favourites. This was his *kharma*. He was born and placed where he was in order to do as he pleased. The nobles around him had but one wish—to change places with him in order that they might behave just as he was behaving. Several of the princes had the power of life and death over their people. There were formal courts of law before which a case would be tried. But it was the prerogative of the prince to have the last word—to confirm a sentence or to pardon the offender. No law was held to be valid unless it served the purpose of

the ruler. One ruler was quite frank about it and with a touch of humour. Law-courts, he held, were a luxury and luxuries should not come before necessities. Hence, he would not allow a case to be submitted for final decision until both sides had bribed him. Not that the side which provided the largest bribe always won the case—oh, no. Justice lay with His Highness.

From time to time the British Government at Calcutta and later at Delhi would deprive a ruler of his power. The reasons were usually grave indeed—sadism, cruelty, injustice and the taking of life without legal cause. Unfortunately, the government, having in mind the status of the order of princes as a whole, did not think it wise to publish the whole case against the offending potentate. For this reason the sympathy of the Indian public was often with the prince who did not deserve it. Had the grounds for the deposition been revealed, that sympathy, in all probability, would have been withheld.

I visited a State in which the ruler had been given his powers before he was twenty years old. He went wild and in eighteen months had emptied the treasury of more than 4,000,000 rupees or $1,300,000, this in addition to his monthly allowance of $40,000 as pocket money. On top of this the upkeep of the palace cost more than 700,000 rupees a year or $233,000. The dancing girls of Bombay reaped a rich reward and there was a sigh of relief when the spend-thrift fell a victim to the influenza epidemic and was hurried away to join his ancestors.

I had the privilege of drinking tea with one of the nobles of this State. "Why are the British not consistent?" he asked. "They say that theirs is a policy of non-interference with the internal affairs of the States. Yet how would they have acted in this instance? If we nobles had risen in revolt against this young man who brought disgrace and economic ruin on us, the British would have marched in and shot us down. Had it not been for this threat of British interference in our domestic affairs, we would have strung the fellow to the

highest lamppost in the palace grounds and we would have saved our State."

Lord Acton, the historian, has said that power corrupts and that absolute power corrupts absolutely. If anyone wants to verify that dictum, he need only look for evidence in the Indian States. It is true that some of the maharajahs I met, desired quite sincerely to develope their territories. But their motive was seldom to enrich their people. They wanted to arrange for more income to accrue to themselves, and among their motives was a childish desire to outshine some rival ruler. Their outlook upon sovereignty originated in an education from which a developed sense of true public responsibility had been lacking.

My procedure during a visit to a State was simple and according to a regular etiquette. I would learn all I could from the officials and by personal observation of what was going on at the farms. I would then write my report and would be conducted into the presence of the prince to submit it. Most of the rulers spoke good English and were pleasant persons to meet. Where he was needed, an interpreter was made available. Some of the princes were very enthusiastic about my advice and tried to do something about it. Others had their doubts. They felt that it would involve them in too much effort and keep them from their hunting and other diversions. Others were simply bored. The things I advocated, they said, were for their officials to work out. A ruler had to concern himself with high matters of state.

It was something of an experience for me, after my hard-fought boyhood, to find myself in the Durbar Hall of an Indian palace—the scene of splendid pageants—an edifice sometimes reconstructed in modern architecture but more often magnificently oriental. The maharajah would be present in person with his leading nobles, the officials and the gentry of his realm. High in the walls was elaborate lattice work from which proceeded the faint sounds of laughter and tinkling of jewels. The ladies of the court were there, faces unseen by men other than the maharajah and his immediate

family, ladies living in a world of their own. After the lecture questions were asked which I answered to the best of my ability. My impression of the proceedings was that in large measure they were a formality showing deference to my introducer, Colonel Sir James Roberts.

In some cases, there was, however, a response that made me feel that my time had not been entirely thrown away. Younger sons of the nobility came to study at Allahabad and many of these went back to their States where they improved conditions. Some of the States invited me to pay them return visits and the result was real progress. The Maharajah of Rutlam was at that time India's Number One polo player, and he gave me a seven-acre plot within the grounds of his palace on which to show what I could do. I asked him for permission to clear up all the heaps of refuse in his capital. From Allahabad I sent three trained men to supervise the trenching into which this refuse would be absorbed and then I planted therein an improved variety of cotton. The yield of ginned cotton was no less than 800 pounds an acre, a record at that time for India. The result greatly interested Bernard Coventry, Agricultural Adviser to the Government of India, who in person checked the crop. In his annual report he mentioned the yields but added a somewhat chilling comment. The experiment, he thought, had little significance for there would be so few willing to adopt the methods used!

Several States called on me to draw up schemes for agricultural development and to prepare estimates of the expenditure involved. In some cases a brave start was made but it was hard to keep the progress going. There was the dead weight of inertia, there was active opposition, there were vested interests opposed to the forces behind reform. Sometimes men of high caste and education became afraid of what would happen later. The village folk, having tasted of what was possible for them, would become, it was said, discontented with their lot. The Almighty, said these Hindus,

knew better than I did, or He would not have placed low caste folk where they were, to be treated as they were.

The late Maharajah of Gwalior by inheritance ruled over territory half as big as England, and he was among the very wealthiest of the princes, his jewels and other treasures being reported to be fabulous. In himself, be it added, he was among the keenest businessmen in the country, always consulting the best financial advisers in India and paying them well. He foresaw the development of Bombay and invested heavily in that growing city, reaping a rich reward. It was said that his income reached $15,000,000, and this, mind you, without a cent of internal income tax. One third of the revenues was derived from the State itself, one third from Indian investments outside the State, and one third from other investments outside India. He called upon the services of experts in British India who advised him over forestry and irrigation. He built dams that held enough water for over 2,000,000 of his acres. He constructed roads and bridges. He laid two hundred and ninety-five miles of light railway, two-foot gauge, so making his State more easily accessible to transit, and by these measures there is no doubt that the standard of living among many of his subjects greatly improved.

I spent months in consultation with him, and it was a strange experience. Here was a potentate whose sole philosophy of life was sovereignty, and here was I who had never known a day without rendering service. Yet we met on the common ground of realism. He wanted things done, he wanted them done right, and he was ready to pay whatever it cost, on which basis a scheme was drawn up.

"Now, Higginbottom," he said, when all was ship-shape on paper, "who is going to carry this out?"

I suggested that he ask the British Government to lend him three of its best agricultural officers for five years, which would be a beginning. No, he replied, that would not do. The country was in the midst of an exhausting war and every

government official who might have been spared in peacetime was doing war work. Finally, he made his meaning plain.

"Higginbottom," he said, "it is your scheme and it is up to you to carry it out."

I told him about the struggling Institute at Allahabad and asked him what would happen to it if I forsook the enterprise for which I had made myself responsible.

"Would you be willing," he asked, "for me to ask your mission to release you for three years?"

I answered that those three years might mean death to all our hopes for the project at Allahabad.

In the end we worked out a compromise. Subject to approval by the mission in India and the Presbyterian Board in New York, I would devote to Gwalior one week in each of eleven months for three years. My salary as missionary was to be paid as usual, but the Maharajah would defray all my travelling expenses and, in addition, contribute $7,500 a year to the mission for my services, also providing ample office staff and equipment. To these arrangements the Board and the mission agreed.

In Gwalior, whenever I went there, I was treated with great consideration. I was entertained at the Maharajah's guest-house, and I was provided with a new automobile and chauffeur; nor was there any lack of money to be used in our activities. A sum of $6,000,000 was assigned to me. At 5 per cent it was to yield an income of $300,000, and this fund was under my control. I was encouraged to draw on the principal and told that there was plenty more where that came from. But I was only to use the principal after consulting the Maharajah.

The problem as a whole was simple. There were over 700,000 acres of good, rich and fertile land lying idle in the State of Gwalior, and what the Maharajah desired was the cultivation of this land according to the best agricultural practice by a progressive peasantry. The first need was for equipment and I was instructed to obtain without delay

thirty sets of American tractors complete with equipment which would help to break up the virgin soil and make it more easily cultivable. But in wartime it was not so easy to obtain those thirty tractors, and the Maharajah's mind was kept busy.

One afternoon I was invited to the palace for tea. I was conducted to the roof garden where His Highness was seated with his six Indian advisers. My life had been full of surprises but on this occasion I was taken quite off my guard. For in all solemnity His Highness handed me a periodical. It was one of those magazines *de luxe* which are chiefly circulated in the more exclusive clubs of the United States. Did I know the publication? he asked. I admitted that I had seen it from time to time.

It dealt with yachts and the Maharajah pointed to a large ocean-going vessel that was advertised for sale. For a long time he had wanted such a yacht and this seemed to be quite the thing. Would I be so good as to cable to Dr. Robert E. Speer and request him to purchase the yacht? He furnished me with the name of his financial agent in New York who would pay for the purchase.

The idea of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions acting as a buyer of yachts for Indian princes appealed to my sense of humour. But the Maharajah had it all worked out. He would get his yacht and I would be provided with shipping space for my tractors. Between us we would kill two birds with one stone, and before afternoon tea was over, the cable to Dr. Speer was actually drafted and despatched. The reply, alas, was disappointing. Dr. Speer informed us that we were just too late. The United States Government had taken over the yacht for coast defence. There was a long and discouraging delay illustrative of the interference of war with the aims of peace, and it was only later that the tractors arrived. In the years that followed they were worn out in the service of Gwalior.

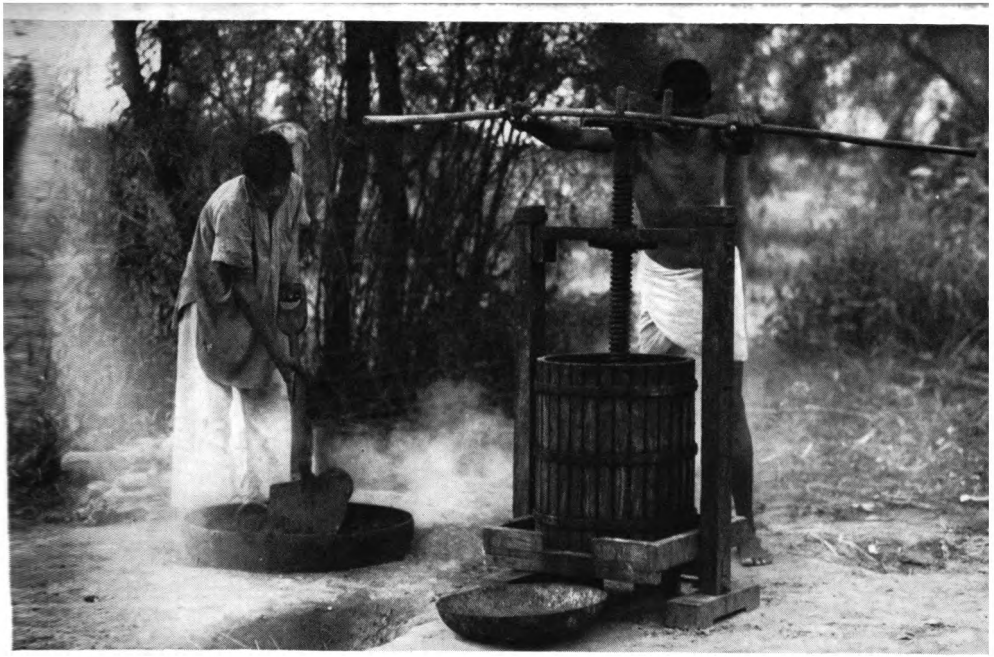
I was assisted by three American experts and in time of war these were not easily found. For they were to be on

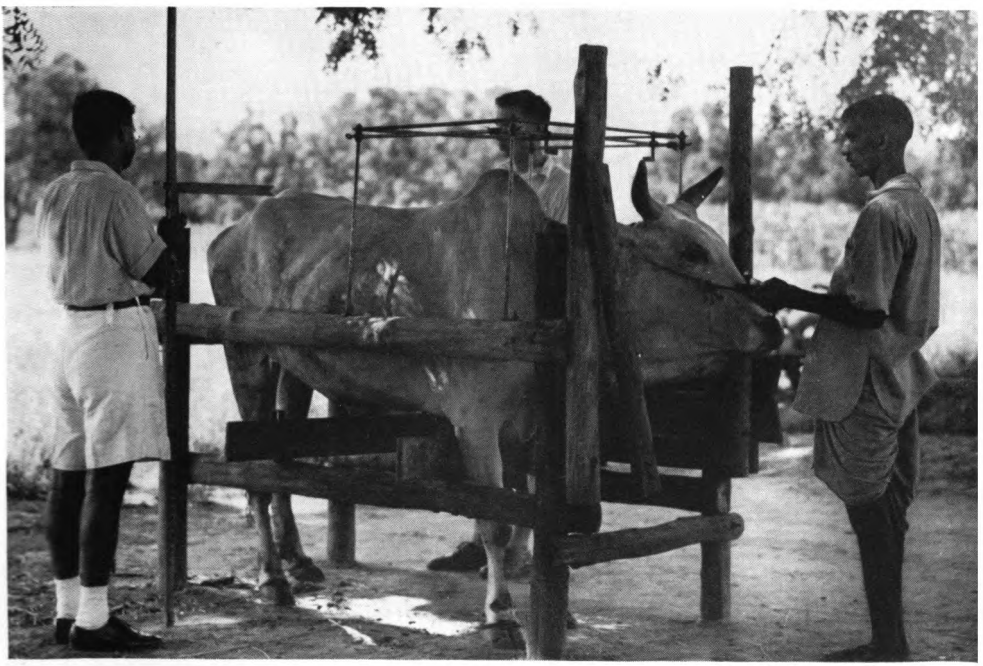
appointment as missionaries but in the pay of the Maharajah. Two of the men did excellent work of lasting value but the third was not able to adapt himself to the peculiar position of working in a native State. Invaluable was the service rendered by about a score of young men, most of them noble in social status, who, with their homes in Gwalior, had received training in the Institute at Allahabad.

The State was divided into eleven administrative districts. Our plan was to select one village in each district and build it up from bankruptcy to some kind of prosperity, and it was just here that our Indian helpers trained at Allahabad came in so usefully. For they knew our methods and just what we were driving at—bigger and better yields at lower costs. They visited not only the villages selected for treatment but other villages in the neighbourhood, persuading the farmers at least to use their wastes to grow more food. The general result was that within three years most of the villages, at any rate, previously describable as bankrupt, had been brought out of the red into the black. They had achieved solvency.

But it was a tough assignment. Some of the villages were so badly located as to be almost inaccessible. No roads suitable for wheeled traffic passed their way—only footpaths—and goods from a distance had to be carried by pack animals or loaded on the human head. Also, the entire problem lay within a background of discouraging social conditions.

The people of Gwalior were arranged according to caste and every occupation—even prostitution, even banditry—when thus classified, was held to be a part of the established order of things. One village was near the end of the State railway at Bhind, not far from the Chambal River where were ravines with a most unsavoury reputation. These bad lands harboured many members of the criminal tribes wanted by the police, with notorious bands of dacoits or thieves, skilled in cunning ways of murder. The region was typical of badlands, both in the Native States and in British India, where the police had little success in rounding up the robber gangs. For a period one Maharajah was sequestered





*Top,* Bloodmeal Press Made by Students. Bloodmeal Reduces Cost of Raising Calves 50 per cent.

*Below,* Measuring an Ox during Research to Ascertain Best Type for Draft.

Dry Land Plowing Leaves Land in Clods so It Absorbs Rain without Runoff.

from his throne, so deplorable was the non-enforcement of law in his dominions. For his reluctance to deal harshly with the offenders there was, perhaps, a reason. One of his surest sources of revenue was derived from the loot collected.

In Gwalior the gangs became so daring in their depredations that the Maharajah sent part of his army to break up the robber bands. The troops encamped in a square, and Kitson lamps on poles throughout the camp kept it almost as light at night as in the day. Guards patrolled the general's tent. The next morning only the bed on which the general had been sleeping was still in the tent. The whole of his uniform and kit and furniture had been quietly removed and carefully deposited in a heap. Nothing had been seen or heard by any of the guards.

More than once I was asked to deal with this situation. One day I was summoned to the palace where the Maharajah in person received me. He was quite frank in what he had to say about the criminal tribes in Gwalior. Christian missions, so he had heard, were more successful than any other agency in reclaiming these miscreants and, just in a sentence, as it were, he suggested that I add work among the criminal tribes to my other rather miscellaneous avocations. What could I reply? Merely that I would do what I could. I was given charge of a criminal settlement. It consisted of an old fort surrounded by several thousand acres of excellent land. Here lived many of the criminals and their families, and every six hours the men had to answer to a roll-call by the police, a discipline which, as a deterrent, was a failure. To give one instance that occurred after I had taken charge. News came that there was a large wedding party travelling across the country: it was waylaid and robbed. The guards received their share of the loot in return for marking the robbers "present" at roll-call.

We laid down good irrigation around the fort but, despite this preliminary, we could make little progress among the criminals themselves, for we had still to deal with the human factor. The criminals looked over our improved American

plows and quite agreed that they might do very well in some places. But not here. Such plows were not for them. For the steering of so heavy a plow would roughen the hand, so injuring that sense of touch on which the livelihood of a bandit depends. The problem of the criminal tribes required much more attention than I could spare from other duties, and I could not find the time necessary for personal teaching and training.

Still we did our best. We selected the neighbourhood where the unfortunate general had been so impolitely treated during the night and proceeded to organise there a demonstration village. I selected the most experienced man in the department to be in charge, and we spent 50,000 rupees in money and two years in time on having the land cleared and the fields laid out. Our hopes over this village were high, for the Bhind Canal was just about to open and supply us with water for irrigation. I was sure of results.

I had some reason for confidence, as I thought I had the Maharajah at my back, multi-millionaire and transcendently magnificent. The palace where I was welcome grew out of an inland Gibraltar and was the inner heart of a fortress, comparable with Windsor Castle itself. Surely I might take it for granted that the word of His Highness would prove to be his bond. Not for an instant did it occur to me that this great potentate was himself ruled by others. Day in and day out, he was under pressure that defeated his best intentions. As a Hindu he was the slave of the Brahmans.

In conversation the position was put this way. "You see," said a high Brahman official, "our Maharajah is really a fighting man, a soldier who does not know how to govern. For this reason he entrusts the government to us Brahmans who do know how to govern," and it was not long before I began to learn what these words implied.

I was called to the palace. The Maharajah greeted me with some general remarks and I knew that something else was coming. It was about the demonstration village that he was concerned. The place included a temple which was supported

by a rather wide clientele. The temple provided a good living for the priest.

This priest had called other priests together and appeared before the Maharajah as a deputation. One and all these Hindu ecclesiastics objected to the village being taken over for agricultural demonstrations.

"We hear," they said in dismay, "that this foreigner will spread bone manure on the fields. It will defile the land. The goddess will be very angry and calamities will follow. Please send the man away to some distant village."

It was a head-on collision between one religion in its social effects and another religion. Christianity was checked. Hinduism was victorious. Two years of work under an enlightened but terrorised ruler and a good deal of his well-spent money were largely wasted.

The grip of Hinduism meant for Gwalior that not one head of cattle throughout the State could be slaughtered for food. All cattle had to linger out their lives until they succumbed to old age or disease. The number of cattle was thus very large and in various places there were immense herds. The income of the cattleman was made up mainly of what he could derive from the sale of hides and bones. What at Chicago is salvaged as a by-product of the industry was thus the main output in India. When the chamars or outcaste leather workers have had one of their feasts, vultures and jackals strip the skeletons of the dead animals. The bones were exported out of the State.

I had some of these ground to powder in a mill used for mixing mortar and applied the fertiliser to a field on our experimental farm at headquarters. The field yielded twenty-seven bushels of wheat per acre, and this compared with eleven bushels on a check plot nearby that had not been treated. I took the Maharajah out to see these results for himself and he was much interested. So I put up a bone-grinding mill and collected heaps of bones ready to grind. Once more the dead hand of Hinduism was laid heavily on Christian enterprise. There was a temple in the neighbourhood. In the

temple was a priest. He went to the Maharajah and protested that the bone-mill would be a defilement. The Maharajah asked me to desist from starting the mill, and twenty years later when I visited the place I found that the mill and the bones were lying derelict, just as I had left them.

The Maharajah was keenly interested in the welfare of the colonists who began life afresh on our improved land. But, for some reason, few of these pioneers remained on their holdings. Most of them went their way disappointed, embittered and having lost whatever of small capital they had brought with them. There was an outstanding instance of this failure. He was a Sikh gentleman of excellent position, an engineer from the Punjab where he held a position in the service of the British Government. He had brought with him about 40,000 rupees or $13,000, had taken up a thousand acres, built a house and settled his family therein, with some of his domestic servants to do the farmwork. He had acquired a number of beautiful Punjab buffaloes. All looked promising when things began to happen. A number of the buffaloes were stolen. When his wheat was ripe, some of the cattleherders, grumbling that they had been displaced, set fire to the field which became a total loss. And why? He insisted that his troubles were due to the fact that he had omitted to pay for the protection of Brahman officials. These Brahmans with their high pretension to superior sanctity!

The summer capital of Gwalior is Sipri and a lovely resort it is. It is situated in some of India's finest tiger-jungles and here it was that the world's record tiger was shot. Then, the lakes. Some of them were from twenty-five to thirty square miles in area, the result of the dams for irrigation constructed by the Maharajah.

At Sipri I happened to be staying in the hotel when a Brahman gentleman asked leave to speak to me.

"Sir," he began, "I am in great distress. I am the subha"—meaning chief official—"of Ujjain. I have served the State for thirty years and now the Maharajah has called me here, and I have been summarily dismissed without any pension or

prospects. I am a ruined man. I beg of you—can you help me?"

"I must know the facts," I said, and he poured forth his story.

The rains had failed—conditions were so bad that in the worst districts rent had been remitted by the Maharajah—elsewhere rent had been greatly reduced according to the losses suffered by the tenants. Now, he had been a zealous officer and had made himself aware that many of the villagers had reserves of money in their possession. So he had gone to them and told them that they must pay something. They had answered him back. Had not the Maharajah issued orders for rent to be reduced or remitted? They declined, therefore, to pay what he had requested.

"So," continued this aggrieved Brahman, "I took some of my assistants into the village and told the leaders of the disobedience that if they still would not pay, I would take strong measures. In one village my men gave two of the fellows a very severe beating and what did these men do? Without washing their wounds they went right to the Maharajah, Sahib, and showed themselves to him. And the Maharajah, Sahib, called for me, and now, Sahib, I am dismissed and disgraced."

"It would be difficult for me—very difficult to help you," I answered. "For I consider that you have done a very terrible thing."

But he could not see it that way.

"Well," he replied, "everybody knew that the Maharajah would remit the rents for the sake of saving his face. But we thought that surely he would reward his officers who collected them at such a time as this. But now I find myself dismissed—disgraced—ruined!"

Despite these inevitable difficulties due to conditions in the State, the record supports the claim that in my three years at Gwalior the progress of modern agriculture was very satisfactory. An agricultural department was organised and, despite the war, its staff was selected and trained. A central

laboratory was built and equipped at which qualified men undertook research. More important than all concrete results, however, was the effect of the experiment on the minds of the State officials. Many of these men were Brahmans and most of them were full of doubt. The village farmer, they had urged, was so conservative, so ignorant, so poor and so indifferent. How would it be possible to teach him anything new that would involve a change of any kind? Was it not just a waste of time and effort to attempt such a thing? When, however, they toured the eleven demonstration villages, their attitude was modified. They were convinced that, after all, something of positive value might be accomplished.

My contract with the Maharajah ended on June 30th, 1919. Several times His Highness had suggested a renewal. But I had not encouraged the idea. With a war on hand the combined burden of Gwalior and Allahabad was, doubtless, justified as an emergency measure, but I could not agree to the programme as a permanency in time of peace.

The Maharajah was certainly persuasive. Said he:

"I am pleased that the agricultural department of Gwalior is a going concern. Most of my British friends among the officials have been assuring me that the war would make the enterprise impossible. My Indian advisers were no less pessimistic. You have started it off so well that they are now surprised. I want you to take leave of absence from the mission for a period of five years, and this is what I will do. I will grant you, here and now, a furlough for six months on your full salary and I will pay for first-class fare for you and your family to America and back again. It will take you a month to go there and a month to return which will leave you with four months vacation."

The salary that he offered would have amounted in a month to what the mission was paying in a year. Without seeming to be unappreciative of his attitude, it was not easy to decline proposals so favourable.

There was one occasion when he was driving me out to see his fine Tigra Dam. This engineering work formed an arti-

ficial lake ninety-three feet deep near the dam and twenty-six miles in area. Once more he brought up the question of my staying on at Gwalior.

"Maharajah Sahib," I said laughingly, "if you really want me to stay with you, a gift of three lakhs of rupees to the Allahabad Institute might help me to decide."

For a man of his resources this suggestion of $100,000 for our struggling venture was not in itself very formidable. But he clapped on the footbrake of his car right in the middle of the road.

"Higginbottom," he answered with decision, "you want me to pay you to destroy my religion. You know as well as I do that if you succeed in your efforts to Christianise India, Hinduism must disappear."

Agriculture had brought us face to face with the real issue —the choice between a faith that fed the people and a faith that made it difficult for them to have food. I put up my hands as if in surrender.

"Maharajah Sahib," I said, "you have me. My hands are up. I will not ask you to give."

It was under the happiest auspices that I left Gwalior. It is true that there was some let down in our eleven demonstration villages when direct supervision was lifted, and the State department of agriculture has had its ups and downs. Nevertheless Gwalior is much better off with the department than it would have been without it.

Often have I looked back on that road to the Tigra Dam and the Maharajah's stalled car and the Maharajah's dramatic decision for Hinduism as his ancestral faith. For here was not merely a question whether India should be Hindu or Christian. It was the question whether this ruler, with his millions and his majesty, was to live out his natural term of life or die untimely, and what he pronounced to me with such energy was, in effect, his own death warrant.

In the year 1925, the Maharajah was the guest of King George and Queen Mary. He was accompanied by a Maharani only thirteen years older than himself. She was his

mother and had borne him when her age was thirteen. When he was in Paris he was troubled with a carbuncle on the back of his neck. King George sent over his personal physician to look after him and he seemed to be making good progress toward recovery.

His mother was a lady of the old Hinduism. She cabled to India for her favourite vaid or practitioner of Hindu medicine. It was one of four schools known in the country. Against allopathy there was prejudice because it was foreign. Homeopathy was mistrusted because its pills were so small that, if they did you no harm, they did you little good. Finally, there were the indigenous systems—Hindu and Moslem. Some of my Indian friends, when needing medical attention, would call in doctors of all the four schools in order to be on the safe side. None of these practitioners would be told what the other was applying as treatment, and all the medicines prescribed were taken in doses during the same illness. If the patient recovered, any one of the systems could claim the credit, and it was surprising how many did recover. If he died, each system could blame the other three.

In Paris that year the Maharani as a Hindu had her way. Her Indian physician descended on the Maharajah and, without consulting the King's western doctors, tore off their bandages. The cobwebs prescribed by Hindu science were substituted for western remedies and they were held in place by cows' dung. Nothing henceforth was of importance to my royal friend save his cremation and here also there were difficulties. Harry Bull, an Englishman and graduate of Cambridge, who served Gwalior well as Director of Public Instruction and undertook many confidential missions for the Maharajah, went to work on the French official who permitted the cremation so that Hindu ceremonial was observed. The ashes were sent to Gwalior where for several days they lay in state, after which, with great pomp and ceremony, the chief nobles, officials and military escort attending, they were taken to Allahabad—to the Tribeni or meeting of the three waters—the Holy Ganges, the Jumna and the sacred

underground river, Saraswati, named after the Goddess of Learning.

Out of respect to the Maharajah who had proved himself to be my very good friend, and to the State of Gwalior where I had been made so welcome, I spent quite a lot of time at the Sangam, or meeting of the waters, and watched with interest the final disposal of all that now remained of His Highness on earth. The remains were thrown into the broad bosom of the united stream and the Hindu priests were very happy about it. For the casting of those ashes cost no less than eight lakhs of rupees or about $267,000 which expense had to be defrayed in the last analysis by a gravely impoverished population.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

# WHAT IS THE GOSPEL?

IT WILL be realised, I am sure, that my employment by the Maharajah of Gwalior, as described in the foregoing pages and my refusal of a comfortable and permanent place in his administration, were no more than an interlude in the main story that I have to tell. For it was at Allahabad that the battle for a more productive agriculture in India, so far as I was concerned in the matter, had to be fought and won. What hung in the balance, was nothing less than the progress—indeed, the continuance—of the still-struggling Institute.

I have recalled how in 1915 we sailed from the United States on one of the very last voyages of the ill-fated *Lusitania* and, with a world war upsetting every constructive enterprise, our own included, arrived in Allahabad to face the music. It was music that included some discord, and even in retrospect its echoes at times are painful. With personal aspects of the troubles I am no longer concerned. But the principles that, amid the sound and fury, were at issue, concern the Christian Church and its message to a world in need, and these may be usefully clarified.

At the outset of the fifteen years of stress and strain, I was encouraged by evidence that the great idea for which I was contending had been grasped even by the leaders of Hinduism themselves. In the autumn of 1915 I received a visit from two important Indians. There was the Honourable Pandit

Madan Mohan Malaviya, a prominent upholder of orthodoxy in that religion, and there was Sir Sundar Lal, of the High Court at Allahabad. They wished to see over the farm and I showed them around.

They proceeded to make clear the purpose of their visit. In February of the coming year, 1916, there was to be inaugurated the great Hindu University at Benares. To my astonishment they asked if I would be willing to deliver a lecture during the ceremonies, and the purpose of the lecture was to be a plea for the inclusion of agriculture as a course of study in the new seat of learning. Up to that time even the University of Allahabad had not agreed, despite our persuasions, to start such a department.

In view of a common misapprehension among those who have never seen India, a word may be said here about the basis of the University of Benares. Many people use the words "Indian" and "Hindu" as if they were interchangeable, and this is a mistake. An Indian may be of any religion—Hindu, Moslem, Christian, Buddhist, Sikh or one of the others. But a Hindu is of the Hindu religion only and to the exclusion of other forms of faith. The new university with its campus of more than 2000 acres was founded to be the cultural flower of Hindu religious and cultural ambitions throughout India. It expresses the civilisation of the distinctively Hindu community.

With my wife and some guests—they included Frank Buchman of later prominence in the Oxford Group—I spent three days at Benares. Over the opening reception in the afternoon, the Viceroy himself, Lord Hardinge, presided and most of the Hindu maharajas were there in all the glory of their festive robes and gorgeous jewelry—the most impressive display of such grandeur since the Delhi Durbar of 1911. And that same evening there was held a meeting at which the chairman was the Maharajah of Bikanir. There were several speakers.

The first of them was Annie Besant, then in her late sixties, the sister-in-law of a famous novelist, a former associate of

Charles Bradlaugh and later the high priestess of Theosophy and, in 1916, actually founding the Indian Home Rule League, as a prospective President of the Indian National Congress. If ever there was a spellbinder, it was she, and she was much loved and revered in India.

The second speaker was Mohandas K. Gandhi who had just returned to India from South Africa and his historic campaign in that Dominion on behalf of civil rights for his fellow-Asiatics. I heard what he had to say about non-violence and he heard what I had to say about feeding the hungry, and as I was impressed with him, so was he with me. Not long afterwards he lectured at Allahabad University and I was in his audience. Smiling he said that he was glad to see me again—he had heard me speak at Benares.

"So far as I am concerned," he went on, "it was a case of love at first sight."

Thus began a friendship with Mr. Gandhi which continued through the years, despite all differences between our respective points of view. At most times when he came to Allahabad he would find an hour or two to visit the farm, the children's homes and the leper colony, and on one occasion that I recall he was accompanied by the Chairman of the Allahabad Municipality whose name was Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, then at the outset of a career that was to lead him to the Prime Ministership of an autonomous Indian Dominion.

Even in those remote days of more than thirty years ago, Mahatma Gandhi, advancing into the forefront of affairs, was irresistible in his personal charm. Slowly he walked through the Leper Home and stood for a moment at the gate when leaving the place.

"Mrs. Higginbottom," he said, turning to my wife, "I have been watching the faces of these poor inmates. Everyone of them lighted up at your approach. I would give anything if people loved me the way these lepers love you."

My words at Benares about agricultural possibilities seemed to have made an impression. For half a dozen or more

of the Indian princes who had attended the meeting broke their journey home at Allahabad, where the sight of several private trains in the station aroused quite a sensation. Their Highnesses visited the Institute to see things for themselves, and this, of course, was a compliment that encouraged us to believe that our ideas were beginning to affect public opinion.

I have now to turn, however, to quite another side of the story. If there had been any tendency on our part to pat ourselves on the back, it was held in check by a long period of painful worry during which, at times, nerves and temper were severely tested. For whatever success was achieved, we paid the price in full.

There was nothing of the exceptional in our difficulties. In all human affairs, sacred and secular, there has ever been a perpetual interplay between the individual with his initiative and the accepted rule of organisation. I have told how the scientific methods of farming that we advocated had to be adjusted to Hindu, and even certain Moslem, susceptibilities. I have now to make it clear that there was a stir within the household of the Christian Faith itself. In retrospect I can only suppose that this was one of those things which had to be, and I am inclined to subject the difficulty to analysis. In origin it may be defined as theological. Its repercussions were financial.

Over the religion there was no mincing of words. One of my opponents did not hesitate to declare that the greatest service he could render to the missionary cause would be to get me out of India, and for this stated reason: I was giving he held, an entirely false view of Christian missions both in India and in the United States.

The theological issue may be most simply expressed in the words of a district missionary for whom I had the deepest respect. "Why," he said of me on one occasion, "if I could have had for evangelistic work the money that Higginbottom has wasted, think of how many I could have reached." I decided to have it out with him.

"Do you really think," I asked him, "that you could have used as much money in evangelistic work as God has given us for the agricultural work?"

"I certainly do," he replied.

"Then," I argued, "God forgive you for not having that much money. Where is your faith? Did not Jesus say, ask and it shall be given you? And He made no condition. I believed that God would give money for the Institute and He has done so."

I have always been frank to admit that the agricultural enterprise added greatly to the worries of my missionary colleagues in Allahabad. The needs of the Institute were great and growing but, in 1914 and 1915, I had raised less money than was required to meet those needs. I aimed at nothing less than a first-class college. Under the circumstances, and human nature being what it is, one need not be surprised if criticism grew like a snowball rolled down a slope in New England when the conditions are wintry. I was accused of pouring money into bricks and mortar which, so far as converting the non-Christians was in question, might as well have been thrown into the Jumna.

A good deal was said about my financial incapacity. I was forever raising money only to spend it, and there was always, it was said, a background of obligations unfulfilled. My answer here was that I did not raise money in order to keep it as a balance in the bank. It was money to be invested in the future of the Institute—in laboratories, barns, silos, equipment and salaries.

In one case the mission by unanimous vote authorised me to collect $50,000 for a given purpose. Even my most persistent critic raised his hand in assent. But, as it turned out, only because there was complete scepticism over my ability to find so large a sum of new money. When the $50,000 was actually in hand, ready for the assigned use, there was in some quarters much surprise.

According to a Hindustani proverb it is always darkest under the lamp. For a time I failed to realise the force and

extent of the tempest that was gathering around me. New men on arriving at the Institute were asked by some missionaries, "What do you find wrong with Higginbottom? No one can get along with him," and I could not understand it. I had an idea that I was, on the whole, a friendly and sociable kind of person, and, on one occasion after church on Sunday evening, I called on one of my critics in order to render him a personal apology for whatever I might have said at any time that might have hurt him. He did not invite me under his roof but kept me standing on the threshold while he answered briefly, "I accept your apology" and that was all. Even when an intermediary sought to bring us together, it was of no avail, for my colleague declined to meet me, saying that since I was wholly to blame it would be no use. The rule among missionaries is that anyone writing unfavourably of an associate to the Board in the United States must first show that associate the letter. It seems that in my case this wise and just rule was not observed.

My wife and I had to pray our hardest to escape being bitter and resentful. Also, I was helped by my love of the Bible and especially the Old Testament, for instance, Isaiah 54:17—*no weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper.*

During this often unhappy period I was fortunate in my friendships and especially in one stalwart comrade, James Joseph Lucas, born in Ireland but brought up in Kentucky. He was a graduate of Centre College, of Yale and of Princeton Theological Seminary whence he left for India in 1870. His career as a missionary may be summed up in the simple statement that in 1939—almost seventy years later—he died, a man greatly beloved, in Lahore. We knew him during his residence at Allahabad where he covered the district with his preaching and teaching.

He will always be associated in my mind with an incident that occurred when I had been in Allahabad for about a year. Plague was raging, people were dying around us, and with Dr. Lucas I was visiting a town on the banks of the

Ganges. The government did not then know that plague was spread by fleas from rats and the authorities were experimenting desperately with trial remedies which might prove to contain a preventative. Among these measures was an attempt to purify water by dropping two or three ounces of potassium permanganate into a well. The chemical turned the water into a deep pink and some of the people, ever willing to believe the worst, spread the report that the plague was due to government magic. The last straw, they said, was this permanganate. It was blood, and blood was abhorrent to a community by religious profession vegetarian. The officials, not content to inflict the plague, were determined to kill the people by enforcing thirst, and was it not most thoughtless of the government to flout their religious beliefs in this manner?

In the town Dr. Lucas had many friends. There were Hindu shopkeepers who would invite him to sit in the shade and talk religion. There was an old Mohammedan philosopher who also liked to talk things over and would offer cool sherbet. As a rule wherever my friend went there was a friendly response to his smile. But not on this particular day. The shopkeepers told him to keep his distance. A crowd gathered and Lucas tried to calm the people. But without effect. The crowd was becoming a mob and was working itself up into a frenzy.

"Make your way towards that wall," said Lucas quietly, "and keep your back to the wall. Look out for sticks and stones."

For the villagers were saying that we were foreigners and several of them had heavy knobbed clubs of bamboo that would have crushed our skulls like eggshells.

"The tightest spot I've ever been in," remarked Lucas, "you'd better pray for deliverance."

We saw a young man forcing his way through the excited people.

"You all know me and my family," he cried, and he was recognised immediately as the son of the largest landlord of

the place. He protested to the people that Lucas and I were not officials of the government. We belonged to the American Mission at Allahabad which ran the high school which he had attended, and had just opened a college, where he was himself now a student.

"Please do not bring disgrace and trouble on our town," he pleaded. "Please go away quietly and I will apologise for you."

It was to be noted that he would not have been there to help us if the college had not been closed for the time being because of the plague.

The experience opened my eyes still wider to the value of missionary education as an agency of goodwill. I was also made aware of the difficulty of handling illiterate people, with fear-ridden imaginations, whose whole lives were shadowed by the superstition that the very air they breathed was filled with evil spirits. Never trained to think for themselves, such people are swayed inevitably by the fanatic and the demagogue, however far from the truth his statements may be. Once more it was brought home to me that there is no problem of government for which ignorance is a solution. On the contrary, problems are multiplied in direct proportion to the mental inadequacies of the governed.

Throughout his long life Dr. Lucas was as a father to me. I turned to him at all times as a pillar of strength and often he saved me from myself. He was clear as crystal in his logic.

"If any proposal is made affecting the mission," he would say, "I always ask myself this one question—'does the Lord Jesus need this for the advancement of His Kingdom in India?' If it seems to my best judgement that He does need it, then I am all for it, even if I know little of the details that may be involved. But if I am not convinced that it is needed for the Kingdom, then no matter how strongly the idea may be advocated, or how forcefully it may be recommended, I will have nothing to do with it."

I told him what Dwight L. Moody had done at North-

field for girls, and at nearby Mount Hermon for boys, and that this was the principle which he applied to the case.

"You have convinced me," he said, "that we need a Mount Hermon on the banks of the Jumna."

And, according to the same principle, he supported the Agricultural Institute, without which support I question sometimes whether the Institute would have survived. For Dr. Lucas was one who could see things in perspective. He had a long memory and he would recall how there was essentially the same opposition in the past to medical missions that was confronting the agricultural crusade.

It was Dr. Lucas who, as an older man than I, played the part of candid friend. One day he found me at work on the farm and he asked me to sit quietly with him for a few minutes. We found seats together on the edge of the manger in the ox-shed.

"I have been hearing some hard things said of you," he began. "If they are true, you are not fit to be a missionary. But I know that they are untrue and I still believe in you. I still want to see Mount Hermon on the banks of the Jumna!"

He then told me of a special Providence to which he once owed his life. He had been scheduled with other missionaries to proceed by ship to Liverpool. But his sister in Danville, Kentucky, had been seized with typhoid and this had meant a delay of two days in the sailing, on a different vessel, of course. There was good news of the sister's recovery but on reaching Liverpool Dr. Lucas was faced on the dock by large newspaper placards announcing the loss off the coast of Ireland of the steamer on which he was to have been a passenger. It had been a case of storm and fog, with but two survivors—a woman and a sheep.

"Be careful of your spelling," added Dr. Lucas, "Dis-appointment may prove to be His-appointment."

The conversation came at a moment when my wife and I had been on our knees asking for guidance over the question of whether or not we should send in our resignations.

I would be the last person in the world to minimise the gravity of the complications that entangled us. Broadly, the allegation was carelessness in the use of subscribed money. They said, among other things, that I was riding around in a limousine that no missionary on his stipend could possibly have afforded. The second-hand car in question was the gift of my father-in-law, Lindus Cody, and quite modest in type. It was useful and, some would say, a necessity, if I was to get through my day's work.

At a very early stage in my activities I had appreciated the paramount importance of receiving no money, whether as a collection or as a gift from an individual, without giving an immediate receipt for the same and handing over the remittance to some independent and authorised authority of the mission, whether in New York or at Allahabad. One day—to give an instance—a Jewish gentleman looked over our Leper Colony. His emotions were so deeply stirred that there and then he thrust his hands into his various pockets and emptied them of whatever cash he had on him, piling it up into my hands. I told him that his gift must be counted and a receipt handed to him.

"No," he objected, "if my people at home heard that I had been helping a Christian mission, they would give me . . . Hades"—if that was really the word he used.

One of the friends who stood sponsor for monies received by me and handed in to others was Arthur Ewing, the Principal of Allahabad College. The load of responsibility that he carried and the accumulations of work that he disposed of were scarcely credible. I had but one difference with him and it arose out of my quoting Dwight L. Moody, who had said that he would rather set ten men to work than do the work of ten men. The trouble with Principal Ewing was that, after setting ten men to work, he went on and did ten men's work notwithstanding. He was teacher, preacher, and a kind of universal treasurer and member of committees, so wearing out his reserves of energy. To the dismay of us all he was seized with high fever in 1912 and the doctors took

him to hospital. As chief speaker at a conference, he had occupied a room where a fortnight before a patient had died of malignant malaria, and within five days, Arthur Ewing, catching the infection, was taken from us.

According to the testimony of his wife he had left on his desk the black-bound ledger containing the accounts affecting my work. That ledger was found to be missing nor was it ever recovered. Irregularities, not in my finances, were discovered in due course and suspicion fell on a certain quarter. But that did not assist me very much. For I could not prove that the suspected party had also removed the ledger, and he only confessed to what had been otherwise ascertained. The very care with which I had handed over receipts to Principal Ewing thus proved to be an embarrassment later, for I had no record apart from his accountancy.

Looking back on it all I am inclined to be grateful for the criticism that had to be met and overcome. For there was stimulated during those years a debate on the essentials of the Christian Gospel that was carried on in churches and organisations, everywhere promoting thought and action. I was helped to clarify my own thinking, to strip my ideas of non-essentials, to discipline my will to perseverance, and above all to place my whole dependence on God and His guidance. Also I learned that I was not alone in my perplexities. I talked with a number of agricultural missionaries who were pioneers in their respective fields. All of them seemed to be acquainted with my kind of experience, being bitterly assailed in some cases by those who had yet to see the gospel in the fullness of its manifold applications. Some were warned that their activities must be on a modest scale, only what they could themselves care for, and they were even forbidden to come to Allahabad lest, as it was piquantly said, they should be "Higginbottomised." For there had arisen a widespread misgiving over "white elephants," of which the Institute was held to be an outstanding example.

This was the troubled passage of time that drew us on, year by year, to the month of March, 1925. The North

India Presbyterian Mission then arrived at a decision. We must return to the United States and raise more money. Otherwise, we were told, the Institute must close and all our work, with the hopes inherent therein, be brought to an end. It was a choice between funds and liquidation.

In New York we had to deal with Dr. Speer of the Presbyterian Board. One day he called me into his office, his face very serious. He had received letters from Allahabad. They contained the news that the North India Mission had decided to vote the Institute out of its activities and on these grounds. The mission did not have the means and facilities or the knowledge required to run an agricultural college. Such an enterprise, it was stated, interfered with real mission work. The mission recommended, therefore, that it be relieved of this responsibility and that I be dismissed from my position as an accredited missionary within the Presbyterian organisation. In the main, the adverse vote came from the stations whose main work was evangelism; with few exceptions, the missionaries at Allahabad were on our side.

Dr. Speer asked me what I would do if the Board in New York followed the recommendation of the North India Presbyterian Mission and called for my resignation. I answered that I would decline to resign of my own volition, and I repeated what I firmly believed to be the command of Our Lord according to which feeding the hungry was no less imperatively enjoined than healing the sick. If, then, I was put out by the Board, I should be out, and that would be just that. But in the meantime I proposed to act as if I was still inside, for the Agricultural Institute was doing the work of the Church just as much as the preacher in the pulpit.

The Board was thus faced by the necessity of taking action. In 1925 it accepted the position of the North India Presbyterian Mission according to which the Agricultural Institute was, as it were, placed out of bounds of the mission, which was thus relieved of all further responsibility for the enterprise. At the same time the Board would allow the

Agricultural Institute to continue under its direct supervision in New York. This would enable the Board to ascertain for itself what were the values inherent in the Institute and to answer the question whether the Institute contained a valid approach to the problems of the rural church in poverty-stricken areas. It should be added that after five years the North India Presbyterian Mission voted us back to full membership.

## CHAPTER NINE

# GANDHI

PERIODS and communities are symbolised by outstanding personalities, and it has been in the character and appearance of Mohandas K. Gandhi that our generation has visualised the emergence of a new India, which attitude must be shared by all who have known Mr. Gandhi as I knew him and seen at first hand the problems that were brought under his influence. No man in the long history of India has ever occupied the place that Mr. Gandhi won for himself. Many of the figures of India's past failed to satisfy modern demands. Not only did he make full use of means of publicity denied to his predecessors, but he had the courage to stand up to the British Government, challenging the authorities to put him in gaol and repeatedly going to gaol. Moreover, his asceticism, his abstemious life, his costume recalled the prestige of rishis and yogis of old whose contempt for material things he apparently shared. He was seen to be a great saint, all the more compelling in his sway over the people because of his frequent kindliness, his capacity for friendship despite differences of view, and his witty repartees. His place in Asia is thus unique. He has been loved and venerated by more Indians than anyone else among them. The verdict of his contemporaries is thus absolute and unchallengeable. It must be reserved for posterity to see this great figure in the perspective of realities.

He stood forth in the estimation of the public as a poor man like Buddha or St. Francis who shared the poverty around him—but with this difference. Among the masses of India, non-ownership of wealth means non-use of wealth. Not so with Gandhi. He spent little on his own account but he was in a position to have at once whatever he wished. He could dispatch an expensive cable to England without a thought of the cost or who would pay for it. Let it be known that he had planned to travel by train and immediately his tickets—third class, so he insisted—were bought with every provision for his convenience *en route*. When about to attend the Round Table Conference in London, he needed a suitcase. There were sent to him so many suitcases that they would have half filled the ship! Did he contemplate a trip by motorcar, the automobile would be waiting at his door. Between the poverty of Gandhi and the poverty of the peasants in India there was thus no real correspondence.

There is a popular impression that Gandhi was a classified Hindu whose real mind was Christian. A Methodist Episcopal Bishop in his book has said that Gandhi was a better Christian than most of those who use that name. At the Jerusalem Conference in 1928 a speaker went so far as to describe Gandhi as the greatest of living Christians. That fine missionary, Charles Andrews, a hero of the Congress Party in India, has written with appreciation on Gandhi's ideas. For a number of years Gandhi was often invited to address groups of Christians and he usually spoke from the New Testament. One of the best addresses I have ever heard was his talk on the Rich Young Ruler.

What admirers and, indeed, what critics have said about Gandhi, however interesting, must be regarded as secondary to what, according to record, Gandhi has said about himself. One of his greatest friends was the French writer, Romain Rolland, and in order to visit Romain Rolland in Switzerland he broke his journey back to India after the Round Table Conference of 1932. In 1924 Gandhi's chief exponent wrote a defence of the Indian leader to which he gave his

approval. Quotations from this volume may be regarded, therefore, as decisive.

On page 10 we read that the Mahatma "realised that for him salvation could only lie in Hinduism." On page 38 we learn that he did not "disbelieve in idol worship," and on page 37 he is thus quoted: "I am a reformer through and through. But my zeal never takes me to the rejection of any of the essential things of Hinduism."

On page 36 he stated his position in these words: "I do not believe in the exclusive divinity of the Vedas. I believe the Bible, the Koran and the Zend-Avesta to be as divinely inspired as the Vedas. . . . Hinduism is not a missionary religion. In it there is room for the worship of all the prophets in the world. . . . Hinduism tells everyone to worship God according to his own faith or "dharma"—right behaviour—and so it lives in peace with all religions." *

In 1920 Gandhi told an English clergyman that of all books the New Testament had influenced him most, and he also mentioned Tolstoi and Ruskin. The last words of his *Ethical Religion* are a quotation from the New Testament and he said that the revelation of passive resistance came to him, not from the *Bhagavad Gita* which he revered and admired but from the New Testament. A great joy welled up within him when this revelation of passive resistance had come to him, and again when the *Gita* had confirmed the revelation (pages 39-41). But in the *Harijan,* the Mahatma's newspaper, Mr. Gandhi stated that his spiritual home was not in the New Testament—it was in the *Bhagavad Gita.*

Dr. Katju, now Governor of Bengal, was our guest here in the United States over Christmas, 1946. He was asked why the *Bhagavad Gita* had suddenly taken on a new lease of life in India and had become the most widely read book among Hindus. He replied that the *Gita* justified war, and that Hindus were forsaking non-violence as inadequate for the need of the hour.

Many Christians have regarded Mr. Gandhi as essentially

* Romain Rolland, *Mahatma Gandhi,* Century Co.

one of themselves, and his life as an example of the Christ-life. It is well to remember that both Jesus and Mr. Gandhi were members of subject races. Among the disciples in Palestine were many who hoped that their leader would be the one to free them from the yoke of Rome. In somewhat the same sense Lord Mountbatten, indulging in hyperbole, described Gandhi as "the architect of India's freedom." Within this line of thought may be found, possibly, the key to an understanding of—even a certain commiseration for—Judas Iscariot. I do not imply for a minute that Gandhi and Judas are in the same category, but it is interesting to note that the latter was, like Gandhi, at the outset an ardent, aggressive young nationalist, willing to follow anyone who would revolt against an alien tyranny? Gradually it dawned on him that these were not the aims of Jesus, and may it not have been in the bitterness of his disappointed soul that in the end, he turned betrayer?

The question was put to Jesus, "Is it lawful to give tribute to Caesar or not?" Within the question there was obvious trickery but He answered it in plain terms: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's." Gandhi, as a highly educated lawyer, fully understood the inner implications of Christ's words yet deliberately and with his eyes open he taught civil disobedience to duly constituted authority. His advocacy was do not render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's. Again several times when, as a result of his teaching, his zealous followers became violent, he admitted he had made an Himalayan blunder. Mr. Gandhi was so much of an individualist that he often failed to consider the effect of his words and actions on others. For himself, to gain his ends a fast unto death was justifiable, but he forbade several of his followers to do likewise. He introduced a new factor into Indian life: the deliberate flouting of the law. The authorities begged Mr. Gandhi to cooperate in bringing about responsible government in India, pledges which from 1917 onward had been reiterated. But Mr. Gandhi, full of unfaith and unbe-

lief, chose the way of non-cooperation and delayed for years the attainment of India's self-government. After India had been granted independence and communal strife had broken out, Mr. Gandhi did his best to persuade Hindus, Sikhs, and Mohammedans to live at peace with each other. Wherever he was present usually he succeeded as a peacemaker. But beyond the sphere of his physical presence, the smouldering and ancient fires of communal tension burst forth with tragic results.

It is only when we condescend to precise accuracies that we detect the profound distinctions between Gandhi's idea of life and Christ's. Our Lord said, "love thy neighbour as thyself," but He never levelled the neighbour down to the status of a beast or a bird. On the contrary, He taught that the dignity of man is unique in creation—that He "is of more value than many sparrows" (Luke 12.7). But according to Gandhi "every living thing is thy neighbour." Neither a rat, nor a cobra, nor a shark can be exterminated in the interests of society without a logical infringement of this defined and accepted Hindu altruism.

Here has been a repudiation of Man's primeval charter in the Book of Genesis according to which he has "dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth" (1.28), nor was the repudiation merely spiritual or academic. According to Romain Rolland, the Gandhi whom he knew believed in the "protection of the cow in a much larger sense than the popular." The Mahatma contributed to a book published by the Bombay Humanitarian League entitled *Romance of the Cow* by Dahyadhai H. Jani, B.Ag., and his words may occasion surprise:

> I hold the question of cow protection to be no less momentous but in certain respects even of far greater moment than that of Swaraj (or self-developement). . . . The term Swaraj would be devoid of all meaning so long as we have not found a way of saving the cow, for

> that is the touchstone on which Hinduism must be tested and proved before there can be any real Swaraj in India. Cow protection to me is not mere protection of the cow. It means protection of all that lives and is helpless. . . . India is one country where cow protection is a religious obligation for over 24 crores of her people (240 millions). And yet the cattle of India are miserable looking. Ill-treated, underfed, over-burdened, deteriorating, and are even said to be a burden on the land. Nowhere else perhaps do cattle give less milk than they cost to feed and keep. . . ."

In my little book *The Gospel and The Plow* I dealt with this problem of India's uneconomic cattle. I pointed out that there were 260,000,000 domesticated horned cattle in the country, including water buffaloes. There were thus more cattle protected by Hinduism than there were Hindus to protect them and my estimate of the annual loss on each of these animals has been $10 apiece, a very large slice out of the small income of the average family in India. The plea of Gandhi that the cow is the symbol of the weak has thus to be carefully examined for the cost of the cow is laid upon the weak.

Some years ago Gandhi did go so far as to permit a calf with an incurable disease to be destroyed, which caused acute criticism on the part of orthodox Hindus. But the Mahatma justified himself, and the incident illustrates his scarcely believable influence over Hindu communities. The man in charge of our cattle at Allahabad was a Brahman, by name Joshi, and one day a cow jumped twenty-seven feet down into an empty silo, breaking her legs and back. Something had to be done about it and Mr. Joshi sent for a Moslem butcher who put the animal out of her misery. The cow was killed according to Mohammedan rules, cut up and carried out. The Mohammedan villagers had a great feast that night and, of course, the expense of burial was saved. The Hindu students were irate over it. They threatened to go to the city

and cause a riot over the murder of a cow at the Institute. But the Brahman appealed to Gandhi's example and what he had done to the sick calf, after which there was no further demonstration.

A statement by Mr. Gandhi has been quoted in the United States press of which the importance to India is not easy for Americans living at home to appreciate. The date of the pronouncement was August, 1946, and I wonder whether there is confirmation of it. What Mr. Gandhi said was that monkeys destructive to crops might be destroyed. After the cow, the monkey is the most sacred of animals to the Hindu and if monkeys are allowed to be killed, there will be little difficulty over rats and other pests destructive to crops. Such a developement would be among the best things in an economic sense that has ever happened to Indian agriculture.

Romain Rolland has made it clear that Gandhi submits to the Hindu conception of a future life. According to the teaching of Our Lord, immortality loses its terrors for those who are His. In a mansion prepared for each of us, we retain unimpaired our definite personality, perfected in Him. Not so in Hinduism as expounded by Mr. Gandhi. On pages 48 and 49 of Romain Rolland's book the case is thus presented:

> "It should not be forgotten, moreover, that according to Hinduism reincarnation establishes a general equilibrium—as in the course of successive existences a *Brahman* (or man of highest caste) becomes a *Shudra* (of lowest caste) and *vice versa*. . . . I would rather be torn to pieces than disowned by brothers of the suppressed classes. . . . I do not want to be reborn but if I have to be reborn, I should be 'untouchable' so that I may share their sorrows, sufferings and the affronts levelled at them in order that I may endeavour to free them from their miserable existence." *

For over a hundred years missionaries in India have been labouring to liberate the Untouchables from what is, perhaps,

* *Ibid.*

the severest of all forms of social servitude. It was not until the close of the Round Table Conference where he had failed to secure Hindu-Moslem unity that Mr. Gandhi emerged as the champion of these unfortunate millions. He changed their name to Harijan or "Children of God," and I rejoice that he did this. For among the orthodox Hindus he raised the issue.

Dr. Ambedkar, an Untouchable, a highly educated lawyer, now a member of Jawarhalal Nehru's cabinet, the pilot of India's new constitution through the legislature, has secured a clause abolishing Untouchability. A few years ago he was so dissatisfied with the status of the outcastes that he invited other faiths to present their case to a gathering of thousands of his own people in Lucknow. The Untouchables would then consider the faith that appealed most to them. After hours of noisy presentation by the other faiths, a Christian woman spoke for ten minutes. She was received with profound silence and respect. He has written a book, *What Congress and Gandhi Have Done To The Untouchable,* in which he has offered an adverse verdict on the alleged reforms. According to Dr. Ambedkar, the advocacy of the Mahatma has not improved the condition of the Untouchables but is calculated rather to keep them perpetually under Hindu domination. It is true that Mr. Gandhi's agitation led to certain temples being thrown open to the Untouchables, but in some cases the result has been that caste Hindus refused to worship in those temples, which abstention left the Untouchables exactly where they were before. They still had to live apart from the human society around them and they were still denied their rights and privileges by the caste Hindus.

A good deal was made of the fact that Mr. Gandhi adopted an Untouchable girl, seven years old, and made her one of his family. But, according to reports this child was not admitted into the kitchen and in due course I learned that she had ceased to be a member of the Mahatma's household. I mentioned the fact in one of my classes and some of the

students wrote Mr. Gandhi of what I had said. He replied to me that it was true. The child had become naughty and so had been sent away.

Among the group of Untouchables that Dr. Ambedkar leads are many that refuse to be classified as Hindu. Many are aborigines by race and animist in religion who, of their own initiative, have never had anything to do with Hinduism. It is the Hindus who, contrary to the wishes of those affected have reduced these independents to the status of outcastes and turned them into menials. Other Untouchables say that they have nothing to do with Hinduism except that they owe to this religion their age-long oppression and degradation—treatment as subhumans. "Hindus," they say, "keep us down, they will not let us rise, they deny us ordinary human rights, such as education, medical care, the right to carry an umbrella in the rain, to sit on a chair, to keep shoes on in presence of caste people, to draw water from public wells, to walk along public roads when caste folks approach, to sit in schools to provide which we are taxed, and to enter most Indian temples. Such Untouchables put the question, "Who invited Mr. Gandhi to represent us?" Dr. Ambedkar pleaded with the British that, before they leave India, they recognise the Untouchables as a separate political entity or communal party, enjoying the same representation proportionate to population on the basis of religion as the caste Hindus and the Moslems. In their precipitate haste to leave India, Mr. Atlee's government ignored promises that minorities would be cared for, just as it permitted Jinnah to get away with his fallacy of the two nation theory—one Hindu and one Moslem.

In March, 1927, I visited Mr. Gandhi in his ashram, keeping an engagement of long standing. I saw the beginning of his cottage industry, gardens and trenching of night soil, which he had taken over from us. For two whole days and more I sat on the back seat of a Ford car, with Mr. Gandhi between Mrs. Gandhi and me, travelling in the Tapti Valley. In order for him to reach villages where demonstrations of

spinning were in progress, roads had to be built and under the direction of youths from the city the villagers had gladly made those roads. I remarked to the Mahatma that if he could spend all his time touring rural India and getting such roads made, he would do more for the economic and intellectual uplift of India than almost anyone I could remember in her history. For a good long road is like a university—ideas travel with the people who pass along such a road and it gets rid of isolationism.

Of Mr. Gandhi's personal prestige, there was plenty of evidence. Enormous crowds everywhere greeted him, some estimated at 20,000 people, and he was welcomed with veneration. He spoke five or six times a day and he received gifts of yarn and purses. At the end of the day we were entertained in booths cut out of local timber or bamboo, with grass sides and roofs of palm leaves. It was the beginning of the hot weather and the shelter was very pleasant and airy. After the evening meal Mr. Gandhi invited me into his special reception room where he sat cross-legged on the floor. I had to confess to him that I did not begin to sit cross-legged early enough in life to do it comfortably and he let me sit on a bench. His secretary took notes.

Our conversations ranged, broadly, over industry and agriculture. Of Mr. Gandhi's approach to industry I had been warned by Romain Rolland's book where on page 57 we read: "But the nucleus of modern civilisation, its heart, so to speak, is machinery. Age of iron! Heart of iron! The machine has become a monstrous idol. It must be done away with. Gandhi's most ardent desire is to see machinery wiped out of India."

I never failed to read *Young India* and *Harijan,* as the paper was called when its name was changed. If one wants an account of Mr. Gandhi's growth and progress—also of his conservatism—these successive papers are the place to find them. For instance, as late as July 28, 1946, he outlined his vision of a free new India and stated: In this society there

In the Evenings Following Busy Days, Dr. and Mrs. Higginbottom Sometimes Relax with a Game of Halma.

*Top,* Dr. Higginbottom Directing the Plowing.
*Below,* Crushing Improved Sugar Cane. Yield: Two Tons Sugar per Acre; Local Variety, One-half Ton Sugar per Acre.

will be no room for machines that would displace human labour and concentrate power in a few hands.

It was in vain that I, with others, had tried to convince him that labour-saving machinery creates employment, than which nothing can be more easily demonstrable by experience in these days. I could never persuade Mr. Gandhi to look at the thing that way. He would reply that the power-loom in India had practically destroyed the hand-loom as an industry and he could not see that this was an advantage. In vain did I try to bring out the fact that, of all the monotonous jobs with which I had become acquainted, weaving by hand-loom was about the worst. Not only does the power-loom turn out more cloth, of better quality, at lower cost; with suitable and modern safeguards for labour, it is not nearly so monotonous for the worker. It improves his standard of living; makes equitable labour conditions and it shortens the working day.

I was thus careful to tell him that what he was doing in teaching spinning and weaving, even if it added only two cents a day to a villager's income, was very well worth while, as it might easily make the difference between hunger and comfort. I pointed out, however, that I knew of things that would yield greater returns with the same expenditure of time, but these returns would not be so immediate. He asked me to explain.

I had just been the guest of the Royal Commission on Agriculture in the Punjab, and I told him of the terrible erosion of soil in the region I had passed through and of the loss to the farmers of top soil which there did not seem to be any effort to prevent. Similar erosion had been visible that day during our motoring. I put the point that the villagers themselves by merely using the land and labour of which they had enough, and without any expenditure of capital, could prevent most of this erosion and build up the fertility of their fields. What they needed was someone to teach them how to do it.

I also referred to the heaps of village waste breeding flies, spreading hookworm and dysentery, and keeping cholera endemic, which refuse could be trenched according to the system that Gandhi had seen at our home for lepers and at the Institute farm, and was practising himself at his ashram. I also insisted on the terrific harm done to the soil by gathering all the cattle dung as the animals grazed and using it for fuel—also, of collecting stubble and weeds and leaves each day in the winter for one glorious bonfire which did not last more than an hour. If all this had been properly trenched, it would have yielded crops large enough to enable the farmer to buy warmer clothing. As it was, they would roast for an hour and then spend the rest of the night with their teeth chattering. I also stressed the necessity of better tools and implements in order to save labour and to increase yields.

"You have talked to me as an economist," replied Mr. Gandhi at length, "and unfortunately I know little about economics. Would you not come and take charge of all the rural and economic activities of the Congress Party? I would see that you had adequate finances."

His suggestion greatly interested me. It was in line with the similar proposal that I had received years before from the Maharajah of Gwalior, and I realised at once that, in the later as in the earlier case, the one from a prince and the other from a proletarian, I must answer in the negative. I assured Mr. Gandhi that I greatly appreciated his offer but I felt that my responsibility and work were at Allahabad. But, I added, if he would send some of his young men to Allahabad for training, we would do our best for them. Since he first visited us, he has from time to time sent us such students, each with a note which would read something like this:

> Dear Friend,
>
> The bearer of this is interested in dairying—or erosion prevention or whatever other aspect of agriculture it

might be—and I hope you will let him pluck your brains on the subject.

The applicant was, of course, taken into the Institute and he received the best that we could give him.

The earthquake at Bihar was a terrible affair. The official estimate was that 30,000 persons had been killed, but this large figure appears to have been an underestimate. Mr. Gandhi asked me if I would go and make a personal inspection of the stricken area and report to him, nor need I add that I was very glad to do this. I was met at the station by one of the Mahatma's closest friends, Rajendra Prasad, a member of the working committee of the Congress Party who has spent much time in public life, this despite the handicap of ill-health. Twice on the trip I ran across Mr. Gandhi and on one of these occasions I made my report to him. We walked together down a road for half an hour and then walked back again.

I told him that never had I seen anything like the damage wrought by this earthquake. Railroad bridges were down, with the track bent and twisted. In fields of not more than an acre in size I counted little bubble holes in the ground from some of which steam was still issuing. Enormous quantities of sand had been blown up which covered thousands of acres of the richest land in India. The devastation was very bad and in some cases houses had been submerged. A local engineer had developed buildings of reinforced brick cement. Between each course of brick an iron rod was run and the cement laid in like mortar. Iron beams up to forty feet in length would have been very expensive and hard to get but beams made of the reinforced brick cement were quite serviceable—throughout the Hindu University at Benares they are used, and much cheaper. Over a wide area at Bihar the only buildings left standing were of this construction which gave way like woven wire fence but without breaking, even though every arch was cracked. Having seen for myself that reinforced construction is stronger

than the old kind, I saw to it that we adopted it at Allahabad in our new buildings, so falling in with the recommendation of Mason Vaugh, our agricultural engineer at the Institute, a pioneer and improver of the use of reinforced brick work.

My relations with Mr. Gandhi were thus curiously intimate yet with differences of opinion always in the background. For instance, he took my note on Indian cattle as submitted to the Royal Commission on Agriculture and published it in his paper *Young India* in three instalments. In this note I had pointed out that cow worship was responsible for the poor quality of Indian cattle because, failing to control the numbers of cattle meant that India had far more of the animals than she could feed—cattle and humans alike suffered from shortage of fodder. Mr. Gandhi's comment in his paper was characteristic of his kindliness and humour. He warned his readers not to pay attention to Professor Higginbottom when he wrote about Hinduism because he did not know much about Hinduism, but urged them to pay attention when he talked "cow" because he was then talking about what he did know.

In the subtle and frequently elusive mind of Mahatma Gandhi it is possible to discern the philosophy of a typical Hindu. He believed in *Maya* or the idea that the physical universe has no substance or reality but is merely illusion. As speculation this creed is fascinating, but it is difficult for one who thus approaches life to set for himself a norm or standard of thought and action. Here is the reason why India, under the hold of Hinduism, can receive so many different and contradictory systems of philosophy, all of which can be believed at one and the same time, without suffering the least trace of mental indigestion. There is, indeed, a boldness about this lack of finality that sometimes startles the spectator. I have alluded to the worshippers of Kali in Calcutta and other places. They ask the simple question why one should conceive of a god that is good and pleased by goodness rather than of a god that is pleased by evil as the opposite of goodness. One sect, on the chance that God is not good

but evil, sets aside one month of the year as a festival during which they give way to orgies of debauchery and licentiousness.

In Western philosophies and their applications there is doubtless much to criticise. But thinking is conditioned to some extent by Aristotelian canons of logic. But what would be regarded as inconsistent and irreconcilable to one inheriting the Greek tradition of certitudes causes no qualms at all to the supple indecisions of the Hindu. Like others Gandhi is doubtless much better than the workings of his mind. Yet we can scarcely avoid asking what he means by *My Experiments with Truth*. How does one set about experimenting with Truth? Truth, when arrived at, is surely final and beyond experiment, and the only question then is whether Truth should be obeyed and put to use or held in abeyance.

That Mr. Gandhi is a great saint has been freely conceded by public opinion. But it has also had to be recognised that as a shrewd politician he has stood second to none in history, and that no political "boss" has ever wielded more influence. He is past-master in the art of taking up a question which immediately attracts the attention of the masses in India. It is arguable that he has been beaten on nearly every major issue which he has advocated but he never referred to these defeats; instead, he changed the issue and bounced back onto the front page. A striking instance of this was his struggle for Hindu-Moslem unity. For a time he was quite willing to give representation on religious grounds to Moslems in those provinces where Moslems were in a minority. Indeed, he went so far as to say that he was perfectly willing to give his Moslem friends a blank check and let them write in anything they wanted. It was in order to bring about this Hindu-Moslem unity that he went to London and attended the Round Table Conference. But both Hindu and Moslem members of the Conference have told me that everything was going well until Mr. Gandhi arrived. How did he then handle the situation? He asked a few simple and apparently disarming questions which prevented any agreement being

reached. Later events have shown that Hindu-Moslem amity was not founded on any mutual affection between these great communities but upon a common dislike of a third party, the British. And such dislike has proved to be but a poor cement, witness the independent status of Moslem Pakistan. After the Moslem League came into power, its leaders spoke of Moslems still in the Congress Party as "Quisling Moslems"—an indication of group sentiment.

It was after this Conference that Mr. Gandhi turned his attention to the sorrows of the Untouchables. Yet, here again, he wavered in his policy. He spoke so strongly about doing away with Untouchability with its injustice and humiliation that many caste Hindus complained that, in removing Untouchability, he was going to destroy Hinduism. So as not to lose the support of the orthodox, he modified his claims for the Untouchables and reiterated his belief and adherence to caste. But Mr. Gandhi's critics were right,—a caste system without the outcaste is meaningless. Those who do not conform to caste are punished by being put outside of caste. However, Mr. Gandhi did not openly disavow interdining between different castes, one thing very likely to break down the caste system.

As years passed, much that Mr. Gandhi has said and done has been puzzling even to his most loyal friends. In preaching non-violence, he has used violent and even military terms. Hot-headed young Nationalists hearing of such language have sought to use military methods in order to get what they wanted. At Chauri Chauri, for instance, the village police station was destroyed, and unarmed constables were stoned to death by the crowd. In August, 1942, Mr. Gandhi wrote violently in *Harijan* and our plowmen asked me what new thing was this. Here were the Congress walas telling them to cut the telegraph wires and remove the wire, destroy signals at the railway stations and take up the rails, which advice came from the very men who had been canvassing for their votes at the election.

Mr. Gandhi chided his followers for their violence. When

they appealed to his own language, he became as mysterious as the Delphic oracle. They had misunderstood his meaning. Mr. Gandhi was not a reformer in the sense in which we use the term. He never tried to change or rid Hinduism of caste, cow worship, belief in the doctrine of transmigration or re-incarnation. These are the fetters that hold a lovable capable intelligent people in chains. As long as Hindus hold these beliefs, social and economic progress is limited and India's poverty irremovable.

A company of friendly Indian Christians—the third largest community in India—waited upon Mr. Gandhi to discuss with him the place of the Christian minority in free India. They spoke to him in Hindustani, he replied to them in English. When asked why, he replied that he always spoke English to foreigners. (Some of this group happened to be Syrian Mar Thoma Christians who have been in India since the second century, one of the oldest Christian churches with a continuous history.) The deputation left disappointed and hurt.

Mr. Gandhi's practice of fasting to force a decision on some public problem indicates that his belief in non-violence is quite different from repudiation of coercion. According to what I have been told by a Hindu friend acquainted with Hindu philosophy, there is a doctrine *dharna* which is of much interest to debtors. If I owe a man something and cannot or do not want to pay, I am entitled to go to my creditor and ask him to forgive the debt. I tell him that if he refuses to do this, I will sit on his doorstep and fast until I die. He then will be responsible for my death because all he had to do to save my life was to give in to me.

In every one of Mr. Gandhi's fasts except one, in 1943, while Lord Linlithgow was Viceroy, he was thus able to gain his ends, and among those who have suffered are the Untouchables. Under Dr. Ambedkar they had actually secured the promise of independent recognition as a political entity. A certain number of seats were reserved for them in the legislative bodies and they were to vote as a separate com-

munity. They did not ask for Mr. Gandhi's leadership. But Mr. Gandhi knew that if he could keep the Untouchables under the banner of Hinduism, there would be no possible combination of parties that could disturb the Hindu majority. The sixty million Untouchables would be debarred from any sort of coalition or agreement with Mohammedans, Christians, Sikhs or other minorities. It was on this issue that Mr. Gandhi started a fast unto death in 1932. It was put to Dr. Ambedkar that he should save the Mahatma's life, and so great was the pressure that Dr. Ambedkar considered that he had no choice but to submit to what is known as the Poona Pact, according to which the Untouchables are still classified as Hindus. When the strain was lifted, Dr. Ambedkar realised his mistake and he has later sought to liberate the Untouchables by means of civil disobedience; now as law member he has secured Abolition of Untouchability in the Indian constitution.

It was this coercive pressure that, as Viceroy, Lord Linlithgow had to face. He was called upon to give way, not because Mr. Gandhi was right in his attitude, but because it was essential to save his life. Had Mr. Gandhi died there might well have been the most violent upheaval in India's long and troubled history. But he did not die. He survived without gaining his objective and the spell of his fasting was broken.

With the Mahatma on the road to recovery, I wrote to the Viceroy and asked for an appointment. My purpose, as I explained, was to appeal for Mr. Gandhi's release from gaol. The Viceroy received me and told me that he would very much like to accede to my request. He said that he wished he could understand Mr. Gandhi. For not long before, the Mahatma had come to see him in that very room and the Viceroy had asked him to write down on paper, there and then, just what he wanted so that he—the Viceroy—could see clearly what was desired. Mr. Gandhi wrote for about an hour and handed the paper to the Viceroy. When Lord Linlithgow had read it, he told Mr. Gandhi that every single

thing he had asked for was in the Act of 1935. Mr. Gandhi said that he had never read the Act.

Mr. Gandhi was one of those men with whom, whatever the differences, it was impossible to quarrel. An outstanding instance of his many friendships was his association with Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru. For Gandhi was of the third or Vaisya caste, much ridiculed for its love of money and devious ways of acquiring it, whereas Nehru was a Kashmiri Brahman of proud distinguished and ancient lineage. But a majority of Nehru's followers observe caste and, if Nehru tried to minimise caste, he would weaken his leadership. He has agreed to the law abolishing Untouchability and talked of the hampering effects of caste.

A leader of the bar at Allahabad had been his father, Pandit Motilal Nehru. His income from legal practice had been princely, his home hospitable, his taste as a host at once faultless and delightful for jolly geniality. This was the man who, to the surprise of all who knew him, gave up his wealth-producing profession and took to the simple home-spun clothing of a follower of Mr. Gandhi. The Kashmiri Brahmans have produced great scholars, great administrators and great lawyers. The elder Nehru fully maintained this prestige. Yet he gave of his best to the Nationalist Movement and his death was a great loss to the country.

It was thus into a home of wealth and culture that his son Jawaharlal Nehru was born. He was sent to Harrow and Cambridge, and read for the law in the Inns of Court, London. He travelled widely in Europe and thus combined in his education all that Indian and European training, assisted by wealth, could give. Humorous, brilliant and informed, he was widely read, yet very modest; the charm of his conversation, whether as host or guest, was enhanced by a gentle and well-modulated voice. No man could have been more interesting to meet and, like his father, he decided not to follow the practice of the law but to go into public life. With Mr. Gandhi, as I have related, he visited our Institute and Leper

Home, and I retain a picture of him holding an American plow.

Over the restrictions on immigration into the United States there was a good deal of feeling in Japan, and India had her special reason for a certain resentment. Being Asiatics, Indians were excluded from naturalisation, but by some mistake on the part of the United States authorities, a few Indians were in fact naturalised. Later, this citizenship which they had accepted in good faith was taken away from them. Public opinion in India asked, why not allow the few naturalised Indians to retain their citizenship? Surely it was for the authorities concerned to be more careful in future.

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru had a cousin who held a seat on the Central Legislature at New Delhi and also on the Municipal Board of Allahabad. He spoke with eloquence, advocating a boycott of all American goods by India, such as motorcars, sewing machines and hurricane lanterns. Also, he wished to extend this boycott to all American institutions, including schools, colleges, hospitals and dispensaries. After the speech the municipality was ready almost to a man to vote the boycott of everything American, whether commercial or missionary.

Jawaharlal then rose. He admitted that India had just cause for resentment against the Government of the United States. But he asked what would happen if they allowed their resentment to be visited on the local group of American missions. He told of having visited the home for lepers where nearly five hundred of these unfortunate people were cared for—where their children were protected from leprosy and given an education. He also told of the Institute—how he had seen that also—how the aim was to remove the poverty of Indian villagers by applying the principle of self-help. Did not the American missionaries in Allahabad maintain one of the oldest high schools in the United Provinces as well as a fine high school for girls?

"We know," he went on, "that these American missionaries

are helping our country and especially the under-privileged of our land. Let us say all that we can say against the action of the Government of the United States, but let us not interfere with those Americans who have proved themselves to be such friends of India. Few of us Indians have worked for the lepers. Few of us have thought of starting a school to remove India's poverty."

The resentful members of the Municipal Board were moved by his appeal, based as it was on personal observation, and our work was not interfered with in any way. Looking back on this memory, I cannot but draw two conclusions. First, it is significant, surely, that the very men who were working for the independence of India from the British Raj recognised the dependence of India on the Christian Gospel in its application to the need of Man. Secondly, they drew no distinction at all between the educative and medical activities of missionaries and our more recent but no less urgent efforts in the agricultural field. It was a point-blank answer to the critics who had denied that the Institute was to be reckoned within the legitimate evangelistic programme.

At the same time, I must point out that, during Mr. Nehru's chairmanship of the Congress Party, his policy of non-cooperation led at times to frustration of India's best interests. In the cause of Hindu-Moslem amity, he prevented the Institute from buying an area of 500 acres of land for which Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. had given the money.

We have always kept up our friendship with the Nehru family. There were two sisters of the Congress leader and one of them sent her three daughters to be educated at Woodstock, the American school at Landour for the up-bringing of missionaries' children. At some of the functions given by the Nehrus my wife and I were often the only non-Indians present. We dined with the family and they dined with us.

In due course reports came from Switzerland that Nehru's wife was desperately ill in Switzerland and not likely to live very long. The husband was at the time in gaol, and there did

not seem to be anything that the family could do about it. My wife went to the collector or head official in Allahabad and asked for the pandit's release. He advised her to arrange for the family to make a direct appeal to the Governor and my wife followed the advice. The Nehru family appealed to Mr. Gandhi who gave his consent to appeal to the government authorities. Nehru was set free.

We went to the airdrome at Allahabad to see him off. A crowd of five hundred supporters of the Congress Party had assembled and as he walked through the gate into the field they followed him through the gate. It was irregular but they were in a sorrowful, black mood and the police were afraid to hold them back. Ethelind saw at once that there would be grave danger to life if so many people congregated under the wings of the plane, and at the gate she held up her hand.

"Only the close relatives are allowed through," she declared, and the crowd stood back without a murmur. Young British officers standing by remarked,

"What a general the Army missed!"

The relations between Gandhi and Nehru were always worth following. Nehru was the more broadly educated of the two men and more socialistic in his philosophy. Despite all his denunciations of machinery, Gandhi was on intimate terms with many of the capitalists and large employers of India. There were thus sharp arguments and debates within the leadership of the Congress Party, but when matters were brought to a decision it was always Gandhi's view that prevailed. Frankly he was treated by many Indians as chosen to lead, and to be obeyed. Those who disagreed might state their case. But if they still disagreed, they had to leave the party. Mr. Jinnah, the Moslem leader, when a member of the Congress Party, realised that the logical result of this position was a Hindu Raj in India. The Moslems would be permanently out-voted in a country innocent of proportional representation.

During our long service we met many Indian people—some of them leaders, and others typical of those who fol-

lowed the lead—with whom we had frank and leisurely conversations which revealed something, at any rate, of what lies within the age-long mystery of a sub-continent that, even by Rudyard Kipling, was regarded as inscrutable. If I were asked to put into one word the clue to the bewildering riddle I should say that the inner meaning of it is pride—a deep clinging to superiorities of race and caste and wealth and religion, with consequent forcing of inferiority on others, and bitter resentment when pride is wounded. About this pride there is to be found a quality that is human and, as between man and man, entirely pardonable. But as a way of life, even justified pride is found to be inadequate. The real and only serious cause of the resentment felt by Indians against the British is the assumption, largely instinctive, of superiority by the white race. Take the case of Nehru himself. He had been to an English public school, Harrow, and an English university, Cambridge, and the citadel of English law. In each of these centres of training, he had been received as an equal among equals, able to maintain without embarrassment his position as such—no favours shown to him—no standards let down to meet his case. He returned to India to find that some of his former comrades were now officials—British officials—specially honoured as such—privileged because they were white—while he, their intellectual equal according to the records, was assumed to be an inferior. Is it any wonder that educated Indians were bitterly hurt?

I know of nothing either in India or in the United States that would do more to bring about cordial relations, trust and goodwill between races than a recognition of what is entirely obvious—that not all white men are superior and not all coloured men are inferior. And there is urgency in this matter. Hatred rankles in the breast and grows in intensity. Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, the Indian poetess, serving on the working committee of the Congress Party and one of the Mahatma's closest advisers, is among India's clearest thinkers. She said in advance of the happening that India's break with Britain would be due to the colour bar, and that when the

break came it would mean the end of the assumed superiority of the white man over the coloured.

In quiet talks with educated Indians of all ranks and ages drawn from all walks of life, I have learned that the thing that is most difficult for them to understand in American life is the treatment of the Negro. They are told that all men are created equal, yet, despite this resounding statement in the Declaration of Independence, the Negro is lynched, denied his just and legal rights as a citizen, refused the vote in certain States. Indians have been hearing all about the Jim Crow car, the segregation of the coloured people in separate churches, schools, and moving-picture theatres, about the higher expenditure of money on the education of white children in communities where the Negroes pay a large percentage of the taxes. They know all about a candidate being elected governor on a platform based on white supremacy and coloured submergence. "You are trying to persuade us," they say, "that Christianity is superior to our caste religion because it recognises the worth of the individual. Is that only true of whites? The generally accepted theory of caste is that the lighter skinned invaders put the darker skinned inhabitants into menial and lower orders of society; that caste originally meant colour.

## CHAPTER TEN

# CONSERVING GAINS

I HAVE now to recall the fact that I was born in the year 1874, and that in 1934 I was entering my sixties. The time was approaching when I would wish to hand on my responsibilities to others.

Among Indian officials it was said that the man who stops work when he retires does not live long. I prefer to say with a laugh:

"I have retired and now I have nothing to do but work."

Closing years were abundant with the zest of life, especially travel. In March of 1938 it happened that I left India as a lone traveller on furlough, and with the world on the eve of earthquake, there was no question of comfort on my journey to the west. I made my way by train to Karachi and took ship thence to Basra on the Persian Gulf. On train and boat all the upper class accommodation had been reserved for the favoured in that shaking society—a party of Arabs that included the heir to a throne and others of his royal family, and engineers working for oil interests in the United States. I could have joined them but decided to save money and so travelled "deck"; it was more comfortable than a stuffy cabin, second class, on one of the hottest journeys anywhere on earth. Also, I saw more of Arab and Indian life—always fascinating to me. Many Arabs on the boat had still to be

house-broken but the ship's crew kept the decks clean. From Basra to Baghdad only third class was available; as it was a distance of more than four hundred miles on a car with totally inadequate facilities the trip seemed unendurable.

It was an experience. On the one hand, talk with the oil-men opened my eyes to the limitless supplies of oil that were under discovery in the islands off Arabia and on the mainland itself, which prepared my mind for news of the jockeying that there was to be for so rich a prize. On the other hand, I learned how the other half of the East lives. At Baghdad I came again into contact with a tragedy—minor in extent but major in intensity—that was adding martyrs to the long honour rôle of the Christian Church. With the British surrendering their mandate over Iraq, the little group of Assyrian Christians were left unprotected from the tender mercies of Arabs bent on a policy of annihilation. We had first met the group in 1925 and, after gathering the facts have kept in touch with them ever since. They have had no redress and are today in danger of extermination at the hands of Iraqi Mohammedans. I was hoping so to state their case as to arouse public opinion that something like justice might be done for them. But, like others concerned in this pitiful affair, I was unsuccessful.

I left Baghdad for Damascus, a distance of five hundred and sixty-five miles. Transit was by trailer and the trailer was air-conditioned. The over-all speed, moreover, worked out at over sixty miles an hour, which assuredly would have surprised Abraham when he trekked out of Ur of the Chaldees. And so I reached Beirut where, not for the first time, I was enthusiastic over the University organised as an expression of American goodwill. Its fine buildings and magnificent campus, its faculty which combines Christian and Arabian erudition, its body of students which is international, inter-religious and inter-racial, are, all in all, a witness, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, to what is meant by the inner spirit of the United States and her

genuine desire, whatever the chaos in the world, to establish and maintain friendly relations with historically ancient peoples.

In the Middle East there are age-long feuds and hatreds. Not so in the classrooms, the dormitories, and the athletic fields of the University of Beirut. This kind of institution does not just happen. It is the result of patient purpose and a well-thought-out programme. The results are only possible where the teaching and the spirit of Jesus prevail.

After leaving the Middle East we went on to England and I was fortunate in having a glimpse once again of North Wales, where I spent so much of my boyhood. During these weeks in Britain, the Institute at Allahabad, as ever, lay near my heart. When in India the Marquis of Lothian—better known for a while as Philip Kerr, and later Ambassador to the United States, the intimate adviser of David Lloyd George—had paid us a surprise visit at Allahabad on Christmas Day which we were celebrating as a family. He revisited us later and looked over the Farm, and I discussed with him one of our projects, Holland Hall, named after its founder, Canon Holland of the Church Missionary Society, who greatly influenced students and intelligentsia. At first it had been known as the Oxford and Cambridge Hostel, for every one of the one hundred rooms in its dormitories had been provided for by a graduate or graduate's friend from these universities. I wanted to find support in Britain for two graduates to include in the team running Holland Hall. Lord Lothian, when I saw him in England, was most sympathetic and pledged half the money needed for one such graduate over a period of five years. A few weeks before his death, Ethelind and I lunched with him at the British Embassy in Washington when again he spoke to us of the value of international teamwork at Holland Hall. But, his untimely death in the prime of life, alas, arrested this and much other progress in the pursuit of happiness. World War II interrupted our plans and Holland Hall still awaits

its team. Canon Holland, I should add, made a great contribution to a better understanding in India of the meaning and purpose of Christianity.

Again, I crossed the Atlantic. A speaking programme took me into a majority of the States of the Union, and I spent twenty nights a month on a sleeper. I was able to see some of the latest developements in the field of agriculture—wonderful herds of cattle, for instance, and the organisation of Birdseye Frozen Foods, which, as it seemed to me, would have great possibilities in India. Ethelind had joined me by this time and in July, 1939 we had set our faces for the return to India leaving New York on the *Queen Mary*.

Other plans, however, were made for us. The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. honoured me greatly by electing me Moderator for the coming year. The election was the more pleasing to us both because it indicated an understanding by our Church of the importance of the type of work in a distant land to which we had devoted our lives and a recognition of our Christian motives. For our colleagues also the seal of approval set at rest any doubts that there may have been at one time as to the wisdom of the enterprise in which, with us, they were engaged.

I have never worked to receive honours or public recognitions, but I have welcomed them as indications of confidence on the part of others well qualified to judge what I was trying to accomplish. It was years before—in 1925—that Princeton University conferred on me the honourary degree of Doctor of Philanthropy—a novelty in such academics—and it came upon me at the time as a great surprise. One appreciative brother wondered how I had wangled it and in disparagement he supposed that I had received an unusual distinction because I had done nothing to merit one of the ordinary degrees. Often have I thought it over and always with the conclusion that to be named "lover of man" is to be associated, however distantly, with Him who loved others as none other ever loved. So with the Kaisar-I-Hind Medal for public service in India which was bestowed on me by the

Government in 1924. It came at a moment when I was the storm-centre of a criticism that was intense enough to hurt. In 1935 I was awarded the King George V Jubilee Medal, and in 1937, the King George VI Coronation Medal, while in 1944 there was added a bar to the Kaisar-I-Hind Medal. What particularly delighted me was the fact that Ethelind also received the same three medals as myself. In honours as in love and service we were thus united.

Nor did Amherst forget me. In 1928 I received there the honourary degree of Master of Science, and in 1940, that of Doctor of Humane Letters. Mount Hermon gave me the award due to one, who, in its estimation, has done something of note, and in that year the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education, recognising that this had been my real field of endeavour, gave me an award making this approval clear. Western Reserve University is situated in Cleveland, with which city I have had many domestic associations and, as Moderator, this seat of learning made me Doctor of Humane Letters. It means much to me that, along with Sir Wilfred Grenfell of Labrador, I am part of a stained-glass window in Lincoln's church in Springfield, Illinois. Could anyone be in greater company, or have a greater honour while still alive?

In Cleveland also was the Gospel Church and I was its first missionary. Then the Presbyterian Church of the Covenant took me as one of its representatives in the foreign field. It was much more than a supporting church in the ordinary sense. The minister, Dr. Philip Smead Bird, and the officers and members were always doing and giving to help our work. This church made me an Elder when, in order to remain in the pension plan of the Presbyterian Church, I had to give up membership in the church at Allahabad. We had joined the Indian Church there and had our own children christened by the Indian pastor so as to identify ourselves more closely with the Indian Church which is part of the Church Universal. Regretfully did we give up our membership there and joyfully did we become

members of the Church of the Covenant. Its session elected me a Commissioner to the General Assembly which met in Cleveland and at which I was elected Moderator. This church, therefore, was, humanly speaking, a contributing factor in bestowing upon me the greatest honour the Presbyterian Church can give to one of its Elders. Dr. Bird was one of the best friends God ever gave me. His untimely death is a great loss to me personally, but a much greater one to the community in which he literally burned himself out in his work for others.

Once more it was war. To return by way of the Suez Canal would have been difficult, if not impossible. Ethelind and I had to choose the Pacific route which meant doubling the distance of travel. On July 8, 1940, we set sail from San Francisco on the *President Cleveland,* and after a day among the sugar plantations of Hawaii and an evening in Honolulu where, as it seemed to us, our armed forces would have been well-advised to restrict their consumption of intoxicants, we steamed away to Yokohama *en route* for Tokyo. I was unfavourably impressed with what I saw of Japan. Shops and restaurants had little on display and little to sell, and what there was to be bought was of poor quality. Man was still treated as a beast of burden which, as in India, is the least economic use that can be made of man. Taxis and buses had wood for fuel with producer gas plants fitted to them—a cheaper source of power than gasoline but less efficient. In some ways the Japanese worker appeared to be worse off than the worker in India.

Two incidents seem in retrospect to have been significant. Our steamer unloaded scrap iron at Yokohama and also lubricating oil—both from the United States. At Kobe, as we entered the port and dipped our flag, no Japanese ship returned the courtesy. Our captain had never seen such a thing before and he was so impressed that he changed the ship's route, omitting the scheduled call at Shanghai and proceeding straight to what were held to be the more sheltered waters of Manila.

There were military and naval people on board and they, like the captain, held that the calculated slight by the Japanese was ominous. But they were not worried. Suppose that Japan did go to war! It would be a pushover, so we were assured, in three weeks or thereabouts. The Japanese Navy was like the Italian Navy. It was built for in-shore fighting and would not venture upon the high seas. It would be bottled up in harbours and would not dare to come out to fight. When we reached Manila this was the kind of talk that we heard also among officers of our fighting forces.

Thus, right on the eve of war, we spent twelve days in the Philippines where our personal concern was not with arms and ammunition but with those less exciting but more fruitful factors in civilisation which contribute to the life of man. We visited the fields where grew the sugar-cane, and the mills where the sugar-cane was crushed, and the cocoa nut shredding factories, all of which industrial activity we found to be highly organised and well-equipped. As we rode around the country, one observation surprised me. There was an absence of dairy cows. I could not but notice how this compared with the situation in India where, from a train or car proceeding through the open country, cows are always to be seen in large numbers—altogether too many for the supply of fodder. I enquired about this scarcity of cows in the Philippines and was usually told that the grasses were not suitable for dairy cattle. However, when we reached Los Banos, we found that the Agricultural College there maintained a small herd of Sindhi cattle, to which may be added a word of explanation. The College was in charge of a very well trained Filipino gentleman who had graduated from an American university. He had visited the Institute at Allahabad at a time when we happened to be away, and our colleagues had given him such a good time that, with a desire to reciprocate, he did all in his power to make our visit instructive and enjoyable.

He told us that, while he was in India, the government there had given one of its best herds of Sindhi cattle to the

Philippines, and this was the herd of which he was in charge. These animals, when I looked them over, proved to be much better than our own stock at Allahabad when we were beginning our policy of breeding. One of the main difficulties faced by our host was the poor market for milk. The Filipinos, he said, were not milk-minded, and with milk outside the usual diet of the people, its flavour had to be disguised even when prescribed as medicine. We had to admit that the fresh milk which was served to us in Manila was of poor quality, for which reason Americans in that city would use canned milk in preference. At the college it was the teachers who had lived in the United States who used fresh milk and gave it to their children. As for the grasses which were said to be unsuitable for cattle, I can only say that I recognised many varieties which in India we consider to be excellent as feed, and much of the country appeared to be well suited for dairies.

This interchange of constructive ideas was not all on one side. It is true that American missionaries kept us busy talking to Filipinos about what had been achieved in India. But we on our side took back to India what had been a success in the Philippines. As we went about the countryside, we stopped at many of the village schools. For every one of these schools had its garden and every child in the school had its own plot in the garden on which he worked and from which he gathered the harvest. If only there were this kind of garden in the village schools of India! What a difference it would make!

It was years before that I had first heard of the school gardens in the Philippines. At that time we started them with success in the homes for the healthy children of lepers. I invited the collector of the district, Mr. S. H. Fremantle, to see them, and he was favourably impressed. He asked the Institute to give a year's course in gardening to the sixty-two teachers in the government's village schools of the Allahabad district. For two years, he sent us thirty-five such teachers a year to take the course. For each school he acquired five

acres of adjoining land, had it fenced and a well dug, if there was not one already, which provided water for irrigation. In his gaol at Naini which was such an inspiration to us during the years, Colonel Hudson had provided a Planet Junior set of tools for the garden, and these were given out to the village schools.

After a few months of the experiment, Mr. Fremantle took me to see what was going on in the village schools under his jurisdiction. Some parents had objected to the plan on the ground of caste and had protested that they did not want their children to be brought up as coolies. But in each case the teacher of the school had been thoroughly sold on the idea of the new gardens with their individual plots for the students. Such a teacher had cultivated his own plot and supplied his family with fresh vegetables. As for the children, they did much better than we had expected, and liked to see things actually growing after they had planted the seed. Despite all prejudices, it only took two years for the gardens to be accepted as a part of education, and much was added to the otherwise monotonous village diet.

We also learned, however, that progress of this kind depends in India on sympathetic leadership. Mr. Fremantle was an official who let his assistant write the reports. His time was reserved for actual contact with the villagers, and many a case was settled by his influence which otherwise would have been taken into the courts, costing the litigants the whole of their resources. On tour, he listened to both sides in a dispute—listened patiently—and he knew village ways so well that he could catch a false witness and see that he got his deserts. What a change when he was transferred! Teaching in the garden was discouraged—it was not in the prospectus! Why did the children waste their time in this way? Gardens were rented and a promising advance in real education was arrested. In those days this was by no means the only case where officials without vision of social need and opportunity squashed the endeavours of those who saw further into realities than they saw themselves.

Contrasts in the Philippines with India met us at every turn. Driving to Baguio in the hills we saw men with strings of dogs chained together. About a foot of chain was passed through hollow bamboo and attached at each end to a dog's collar. The length of bamboo kept the dogs from biting one-another. They were what India calls pi-dogs—that is animals of indeterminate breed. In the market-place of Baguio they were sold for food, and I could not but think of what a business opportunity awaits some person who has the enterprise to load dogs from India for shipping to the Philippines! For the canine population of India owing to her dominant religion is far beyond what the country should be asked to support, and no pi-dog can be killed unless it developes rabies. Hence one sees in India a two-fold phenomenon—on the one hand, half-starved humans and cattle, and on the other hand the thin, diseased yet still living skeletons of miserable and multitudinous dogs.

With Professor Francis Sayre and his first wife, Jessie Wilson Sayre, daughter of President Wilson, we had spent a week at Harvard, and they had visited us at Allahabad. As High Commissioner at Manila, the Hon. Francis Sayre and his second wife were now our hosts for two days, but we saw less than we would have liked of the country. Ocean transit was uncertain and we had to keep in touch with sailings. Finally, we left on a British freighter bound for Singapore. It had the roughest decks that I have ever seen on a ship and when I asked the mate about it, he replied that the owner would not allow the decks to be holystoned lest they should be worn out! We had every reason to know that the war was upon us. For we were under a black-out and slid through the seas at night, dark amid the darkness. Any day we expected to hear that Hitler had landed in Britain where, for lack of arms, the people would have to oppose him with axes, forks and hoes.

The aforesaid mate, however, rough, clear-eyed and cool-headed, was not downhearted.

"Hitler can't win," he said, and when we asked him why, he retorted with another question. How many German ships

had we seen sailing the high seas since we left San Francisco? If we had seen any such ships, where had they been? Tied up in neutral ports. No matter how large the stocks of war materials piled up in Germany, war would deplete them and the Germans, therefore, must replenish their armaments from the outside. Our blockade might not be one hundred per cent effective, but it was severe enough to prevent the Germans obtaining enough supplies for a long war. Yes, he argued, we would lose a lot of ships and good men, but we would win the war.

My own view was in line with my whole conception of things. It seemed to me that Hitler was flouting all the conventions that hold society together. If he was right, the world for which I strove was impossible and the God in whom I believed was impotent and defeated.

It was a Dutch boat with Java sugar for the Persian Gulf that bore us back to Colombo and Bombay. The passage was cheap, the food was good and the crew was young, upstanding and well-disciplined. To be on such a boat at such a time was a joy. But war was in the acrid air that we breathed. There in Rotterdam, when it was destroyed, had been living the wives and families of the captain and the doctor; repeated cables yielded no news of their fate. The doctor was especially bitter. Into his home he had taken German orphans after the First World War. He had befriended them and educated them. And then these ungrateful beneficiaries had acted later as guides to the German aggressors in their invasion of a hospitable and completely unoffending country.

Our daughter was about to present us with a grandson, so upon our arrival Ethelind proceeded to Dehra Dun to be with her. I went by car direct to Allahabad along one of the highways of history. The Grand Trunk Road from Bombay stretches for a thousand miles or more. Its surface is macadam and the engineers select the monsoon as the season for repairing, for there is then plenty of water for consolidating the materials. It meant that every few miles we had to negotiate a detour, and at the Jumna River we were brought

to a full stop. The mud was so deep that we could not reach the ferry, and the river was in such flood that the ferry was not running. But there was a high bridge across the Jumna for the railway. It cannot be said, however, that the service at the local station was what it should have been. Hundreds of carts were at the freight yard awaiting attention, and for stranded passengers there were few facilities. The dry rot on the railroads of India is corruption and it is a great handicap to business. For loading and unloading at the platform the attendants expected baksheesh, and even after making a payment of this kind it took me forty-eight hours to get the car onto a freight truck for transit.

Driving a car in India, moreover, is a troublesome business. The pedestrian holds on to his immemorial right to walk in the middle of the road, never looking back to see if anything is catching him up. If there is a crowd, it parts, some to the right and others to the left, leaving just enough room for the car to creep through. Again and again, just as you think all is well, someone without warning will dart from one side of the road to the other, and brakes, however good, are overworked. Everyone expects to be greeted with his own special toot of the horn—they regard it as a kind of musical accompaniment to their marching. Then there are the strings of bullock carts, sometimes a hundred of them, staggered in one long line occupying the whole of the twenty-foot roadway. During the rains the shoulders of the road are so soft that it is unsafe to drive onto them, nor can you sneak by quietly. The drivers of the carts have a habit of visiting one another or falling asleep, their patient oxen following the lead of the cart in front. Awaken the drivers and they are found to be so confused that some swing their cart one way and others swing the other way, and one must avoid collisions. For an automobile can only too easily be incapacitated by a bullock cart—seldom is the cart hurt—and when this happens the driver abandons the vehicle and takes to the tall timbers or hides in the crops lest the sahib give him a scolding. The wise motorist goes it very easily. For if he has a

break-down, he may have to be towed by oxen a distance of seventy miles to the nearest garage.

And so it was that, after two and a half years of absence, we found ourselves again at Allahabad. Never had I seen the students in such a disturbed state of mind. There was the political situation in India, there was the war news, and these kept their nerves on edge. Heretofore, our students had been less affected by the nationalist movement than students of other local schools and colleges. But in this new atmosphere around them some of the brightest in our classes paid so little attention to their studies that they failed to do themselves justice, passing in a low group or not passing at all. It was a great disappointment to their friends and families.

It was a new era. At long last the historical tradition in India of bowing the head till the storm of invasion had rolled over society seemed about to be broken. From now on Indians would keep their own house in their own way. No wonder that impatience was expressed in unusual language, often very disquieting.

Suddenly India was becoming the arsenal of Asia. When the war ended the Indian Army had become the largest volunteer force in the world—indeed, in history—two million men and all of them freely offering their services to the country. In Africa a large Indian contingent dispelled forever the impression that Indians cannot develope fighting peoples.

After my strenuous time in the United States I had told my friends that I was returning to India to live a decent, ordered and regular Christian life again. I was soon undeceived. Amid the preoccupations of war the officials were trying to devise ways and means whereby the whole economic structure of India could be lifted to a higher level, so raising the standard of living by seventy per cent in real values for those who were chronically under-nourished in body, mind and spirit. I found myself on many committees, and happy I was in the knowledge that at long last efforts were made to work at these basic problems.

For I had a platform from which to preach my gospel. As long as India produces so little per worker, whether in agriculture or industry, the standard of living cannot rise. Her only economic hope lies in labour-saving machinery and methods that lead to increased production per worker.

Hand-spinning and hand-weaving may have been useful ways of arousing the feeling of the people against Britain. They may have dealt a blow at the cotton trade in Lancashire, one of Britain's largest and most prosperous industries. But for India to continue this policy would be to set a powerful brake on her entire social and industrial progress.

To hold down sixty million Untouchables as scavengers, and as casual labourers on land belonging to others than themselves, is a social iniquity much more costly to the nation's life than modern plumbing, laundries and farming would be. It is unfortunate that Indian leaders should suppose that the evils of the Industrial Revolution in Britain, so insistently publicised long after their worst features had been abated, would be the fate of the Orient. Should it not be realised that the evils of an economic transition can be abated by a partnership between management and labour based on a reciprocal appreciation that their interests are cooperative, not antagonistic? Share the wealth, is not the basic slogan. Produce the wealth, is the slogan that comes first. Had this been realised in the early Church, the noble economic experiment of which we read in the Acts of the Apostles would not have been an apparent failure. What those Christians did was to share wealth already existing. They did not produce new wealth to replace what they had consumed.

The root cause of India's continuing poverty and low standard of living is her failure to use adequately the natural advantages and resources with which she is so richly endowed. Were she fully to use her soil, her water for irrigation and homes, her climate, her village wastes, her minerals and forests and above all, her people, her standard of living could be raised to compare favourably with any modern na-

tion. Her people, equipped with modern labour-saving machinery, could produce enough to satisfy her own needs and have a surplus to pay for what she cannot produce herself, and must import. Many writers on India think her hunger is irremovable, because of the steady increase in her population. But if her standard of living were raised, the population increase would be retarded. I believe it is almost an axiom that increase in population is slowed down with every increase in the standard of living.

There is talk—idle talk—about India's teeming millions. The idea is that India's birthrate is high and that despite her abnormal infant mortality, she has become an overcrowded sub-continent in which there are unemployment and many labourers clamouring for work. The whole of this is contrary to the facts. Much of the work that has to be done in India doubtless is seasonal—for instance, sugarcane-crushing, seeding and harvesting and transporting the harvests that lead to such bottle-necks on the railways. But India's textile industry, her iron and steel works, her transport system, her coal and other mining—all of these provide steady work for a large population. Indeed, the main problem of the employers has been to secure enough labour to keep their facilities working to capacity all the time. Most industries maintain recruiting staffs that go round the villages and try to persuade the underfed folk therein to forsake the countryside for a higher standard of living in the towns. It is estimated that this urban standard of living is from sixty to one hundred per cent higher than the rural standard.

There is a reluctance on the part of the Indian peasantry to leave the village behind, and that is no new phenomenon in social evolution. The fear of the unknown is ever with us and mechanised industry is no paradise. Hence a majority of industrial workers even today maintain homes in the village. They leave their families there and they hold on to their small farms. At seed time and harvest they take vacations from industry and give help at home. Better pay, moreover, does not always mean that more days are worked in the

month. The argument is that at twenty rupees a month instead of eighteen, the worker need not work so many days. Few of the new workers have yet learned that larger wages must be associated with full time employment if there is to be a correspondingly higher standard of living. They need something to touch the spring of ambition and inspire them to want a betterment of their conditions.

In the committees the old and out-moded ideas—keep wages down and avoid new machinery—died hard. What forced the issue was the demand for armaments, and the Institute at Allahabad was consulted. A course of training for mechanics was drawn up and twenty boys or thereabouts were recruited at $7 a month. The experts were united in the opinion that the scheme would be a failure. However, we provided food enough to enable the boys to put in an eight-hour-day on wood and iron work. At the end of six weeks, the boys were put through their paces. Those who showed aptitude, were given further training. The others were dropped. In a government factory the worker must weigh one hundred pounds, and morning and afternoon each of the boys had to drink milk. The officials who had been sceptical at the outset soon wanted to know how many more of the boys we could train, and within a year many such training schools were opened throughout India. Thousands of village youths who had never owned a pocket-knife became valuable technical helpers in war production.

There was a committee on Post-war Planning. The question was how to deal with the demobilised villager. When he had volunteered, he was illiterate, undisciplined, with little sense of time, not well-grown, ill-clothed, unshod, conservative in his ideas and caste-conscious. The Army fed him, clothed him, gave him school and books, drilled him, built up his physique, developed his time-sense, and taught him games in which the individual became a member of a team. This is a great step forward as the social customs in India develope individualism and make common effort difficult. Furthermore he developed an appreciation of what

is meant by discipline. His record is written on many a battlefield.

But as veterans these soldiers did not want to go back to the old semi-starvation of the village, to a dirty and illiterate wife, whose knowledge of cooking and home-making was at a minimum. The agricultural colleges were thus asked to take as many soldiers as they could care for and give them a year's intensive training in practical agriculture. The idea was that these specially trained men could be used at the end of the war as teachers for demobilised soldiers. The military authorities found forty men who had been wounded and had recovered, but not sufficiently for further service on the front line. Each man—they varied in age and came from many parts of India—was given a plot of one twentieth an acre under irrigation, and we have never had a keener body of students. Their eagerness to learn made it a joy to work with them, and as we sat and discussed things, it seemed as if in turn they caught the vision of an Indian village, well-fed on what it grew on its land, clean and sanitary within itself, this because its wastes were trenched as I have already described, and its filth and flies thus eliminated.

They saw and worked in the gardens where mangoes, guavas, limes and papayas grew in profusion. They inspected the chicken-farm and dairy. They talked long and enthusiastically about improvements along these lines in the villages. They might teach the women, who after all would have to do a large part of the farm work, as always.

But the homes! Must they always live in the same barren, inefficient mud homes? The better income from improved crops would not do more than give them more food, but not necessarily better food. They burst into exclamations of surprise and joy as they were shown over the Girls' Dormitory of the Home Economics Department—Ethelind's special project. They were thrilled to see the practice houses, with girls at work in the laboratories and gardens.

Then the girls prepared a tea and served it at our home.

It was the first time that most of these men had received food from the hands of any woman outside their own homes. They were served Indian food and an American cake. They were delighted and, though warned that the cake contained eggs (taboo to an orthodox Hindu), none refused.

But it was in the Rural Reconstruction Centre, where the girls with Ethelind did their practical work in rural sociology, that they really saw light on their own problems. The council house was simple,—it cost only $130—and could be built by villagers and had a variety of uses. In the mornings it was the girls' school, in the afternoons the women had their classes there, and in the evenings the men gathered to listen to the radio with its news of the World War. Gathered around the big fire-place, all the villagers saw dramas or lantern slides and heard lectures. There was also the library and simple dispensary, with bathing places for babies and girls which, used to its capacity, would be a blessing to any village.

The simple model house cost no more than any village home but it had windows with shutters, a chimney and improved cooking fire-place, a small built-in rat-proof grain bin, rat and white ant-proof floors, a sanitary bore-hole latrine and bathroom, and on the verandah a double-decker bed. Yes, they could build all this but how could the women be taught to keep it that way? The girls led the visitors to the village where the old homes had been improved by the women themselves, and they heard from the village women how the latter had learned to make homes better in the classes at the Centre; mud walls had a groove dug out for a mud, but improved, cooking-fireplace and chimney. With sunlight streaming in through the windows, the attractive stencilled pictures and the pretty bedspreads made by the women presented a cheerful appearance. Turning to Ethelind, the veterans asked, "Will it ever be possible to have one of these young ladies, so well-trained by you, come to our villages to teach our women these things?" Will it indeed?

*Top,* Harvesting Wheat on Reclaimed Land That Never Produced Wheat Before. The Crop Averaged Thirty Bushels per Acre: Local Yield Was Ten Bushels. *Below,* Explaining Set of Imported Farm Implements Cheap Enough for Village Farms to Buy. Designed by Institute American Engineers.

American Dairy Bulls Used to Increase Milk Supply. Daughters Yield Threefold Their Indian Dams. *Inset,* Students Milking.

Yes, they admitted, if they could have a house like that, and their wives could be taught to cook and be clean and care for the children, it would not be so bad to go back to the village. The scheme was given priority over all other post-war development plans for the United Provinces, and it was taken up by the Central Government in New Delhi.

About this time I was impressed by the accuracy of the Psalmist when he wrote, "the pains of hell gat hold of me." I said to myself that he must have had an attack of *herpes robusta*. For shingles was among my afflictions and the doctor ordered me away for recovery. However, before our departure, Allahabad had become the station for many American troops, and Ethelind had her hands full. The first group were on their way from Honolulu to Manila to strengthen our forces, but, while en route, the disaster at Pearl Harbor occurred and they were switched to Australia. They arrived just when the hot weather was setting in and the temperature—107 degrees Fahrenheit at noon—was reasonably cool for a season in which normally the heat rises to 118 and even 120 degrees Fahrenheit. A more homesick body of men could not be imagined. Many had left a wife and family behind them and Ethelind promptly invited fifty officers and men for American-Indian ice-cream and cake. While we were away, our colleagues, both American and Indian, entertained a steady stream of American boys and many who had proceeded further east would come back to the farm when they had a few days leave. About the first thing they would ask for was a glass of milk.

It will be noted that, owing to the special conditions of the war, we were brought into contact both with the East and the West, and at the same time, the same place. "Never the twain shall meet," Kipling had written, but that is only a part of the quotation. Kipling added, "Till two strong men stand face to face." The twain have met, and the twain have discovered that, despite the contrast in their racial, religious and social backgrounds, their essential needs were the same—home, family, sympathy—in a word, love.

The principles of Christianity were found to be effective in the same way for all the varied desires and discontents of this younger generation, whether American or Indian.

There was never any lack of humour. Two boys dropped in one day. They had been working on the Lido Road and it had been hard work. Could they please have some milk? Ethelind took them out to the refrigerator and filled two bumper glasses. They sipped the nectar and looked at it as if it were some rare beverage.

"Mrs. Higginbottom," said one of them, "there may be something in this cow worship, after all. If you will take me out to the barn and show me the cow that gave that milk, I will throw my arms around her and kiss her."

Another time Ethelind had a dozen of our boys to dinner to meet some Indian Christians and their wives. By way of starting the conversation we asked our American guests to name the States they came from and one gigantic fellow mentioned Utah. Naturally we praised the magnificent scenery of Zion and Bryce National Parks, at which his face glowed with pleasure. At that moment the bearer brought in a huge double-decker frosted cake to go with the ice-cream. The big boy from Utah blurted out,

"Say boys, talking of scenery, did you ever see any scenery to equal that?"

On October 27, 1944, I reached my seventieth birthday and this brought me under the rule of compulsory retirement imposed by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. Our successors had been chosen, Dr. and Mrs. John Goheen of the Western India Mission. He was born of missionary parents in India—his wife, of missionary parents in China. He had studied agriculture at the Universities of California and Cornell, and had a high reputation as a first-class botanist. Mrs. Goheen had been active in work for women and girls.

Dr. Goheen had acted for years as prime minister or business manager for a rajah in western India but it was thought advisable for him to have an additional year at Cornell in the field of rural economics and rural sociology.

Hardly had Dr. Goheen started on his new work when he was stricken with an illness from which he did not recover. His untimely death was a great loss to the Institute and to India. In 1948 Dr. Arthur T. Mosher, who had been a member of the staff of the Institute for fifteen years was appointed Principal. A graduate of the University of Illinois Agricultural College and a Ph.D. in Economics from the University of Chicago, he is very well trained for the work. Furthermore, several years ago he took his family to live in a primitive Indian village so that he would be more familiar with the actual daily problems of those whom he was trying to help.

It was not until the spring of 1945, that Ethelind and I were able to break up our home at Allahabad and turn over our responsibilities to those who were to follow us. It was farewell to innumerable friends and the breaking of many ties. Even so, the Government of India invited us to continue serving on its committees until we took plane for the United States, and every day continued to be crowded with interest, also, what was of greater satisfaction to us, it was clear evidence that our work in agriculture had not been in vain.

The special committee of the Government of India which was dealing with the subject made its recommendations. It declared that agricultural education be increased tenfold. The existing colleges ought to be developed and each province should have its own research institute. The colleges should train youths as demonstrators. Near each town there should be a demonstration farm in charge of one of these graduates, and on the farm other demonstrators —one for each of ten to twenty villages—would be trained. Agriculture was to be introduced as a regular subject for

instruction in village schools. Finally, the Central Research Institute at New Delhi was to be enlarged and was to cover problems embracing the whole of India.

The member of the Viceroy's Council—what we should call the Cabinet Minister—in charge of agriculture, health and lands was a Sikh, Sir Jogendra Singh. He had experience as a successful farmer and the owner of a sugar mill—one of the earliest of such modern mills in the United Provinces. For many years I had enjoyed the advantage of his friendship.

The Secretary under Sir Jogendra was a Parsee gentleman, Sir Phiroz Kharegat. A graduate of Oxford and a member of the Indian Civil Service, Sir Phiroz, during his official career, had not always understood what we were trying to do at Allahabad and in the United Provinces we had known him well. But he had recently visited the United States where his attitude had been completely changed. In his committees it was soon made evident that he had been convinced that much more in the direction of progress was possible in India than had yet been attempted, and he displayed all the enthusiasm of a convert who had seen the light. Impatiently he demanded that we should get on with the job, and in two years after his trip to America more was accomplished for the advancement of agriculture in India than in the preceding decade.

Sir Phiroz Kharegat had a special piece of work that he wanted me to do before leaving. Each of the leading religious communities in India had its university, and I was asked to visit them. The Hindu University, as I have mentioned earlier in this book, was at Benares, the Moslem University was at Aligarh, and it will be noted that my brief mission to these seats of learning suggested a field of activity in which, forgetting their deep communal differences, they could work, severally and sympathetically, along common lines for the good of the entire country. In each case the Central Government at New Delhi would provide generous grants.

Since 1916—that is, for almost thirty years, I had been an adviser of sorts for the University of Benares. It was something of a disappointment to me to find that the authorities were pushing their law school, and neglecting their agricultural college. However, I had kept in touch, and now had a look over the situation. At the dairy farm, I was met with a surprise. The calves were in excellent condition and for a reason that greatly interested me. They were fed according to a practice adopted at Allahabad. This meant that they were not suckled directly by their dams but had been given measured amounts of milk. To this new method of rearing the animals there had been religious opposition. Was it not contrary to Hindu custom? Indeed, the gwalas, or cattlemen, threatened to go on strike and force the issue but the appeal had been to facts. Some of the calves had been allowed to suckle as before, others had been hand-fed, and the superior condition of the latter carried the day. Not only was this a direct and successful appeal from religious tradition to objective science. It was of an importance to India that it is hard to overestimate. For it meant a definite advance among orthodox Hindus. A satisfactory scheme for an enlarged agricultural college was drawn up and submitted to the Central Government at New Delhi before we left. The university official responsible for this was the retired accountant general of the United Provinces. Looking forward to retirement he had purchased 1400 acres of rich raw land which he proposed to farm. He was a frequent companion as I walked round the Institute farm—our visitors were many and much of my time was spent constructively in showing others our methods. He took notes and accepted ideas readily: but the Hindu University needed help and he accepted their offer. He it was who had insisted on the calves being fed the way they were at Allahabad, and much he had learned from us was embodied in the scheme. Going round the Institute farm for something for himself he was prepared for service for the whole Hindu community.

It was fortunate that at the Moslem University as at the Hindu University I had to deal with old friends with whom I had worked for years on various educational boards. Sir Zia-u-Din Ahmed, the Vice-Chancellor at Aligarh, with his staff, helped to work out a different scheme for the Moslem University. Each university thus had its own approved scheme, which was acceptable to the government of India. However, our duties even then were not at an end. Sir Phiroz Kharegat informed us that the government was looking to us to help recruit five hundred American agricultural experts in the United States to act as qualified teachers under the new conditions. He went so far as to propose sending a thousand Indian graduates to America for further training assisted by scholarships. For those scholarships twenty thousand students applied, but a promising developement, like so many others, was interrupted by the shortage of American agricultural experts and of shipping due to the war.

One day I was taking lunch at the home of Sir Phiroz Kharegat and his sister-in-law remarked,

"They say you are seventy and I can hardly believe it. How is it that you look so youthful?" I alluded to my total abstinence and non-smoking.

Her father, the Speaker of the House in the Indian Parliament, came in at the moment, and his daughter repeated her comment on my appearance, with my explanation. The old man blurted out,

"He is all wrong. I am eighty-two and active, and for fifty years I have taken all the alcohol I wanted and have enjoyed good cigars. Alcohol is a wonderful internal disinfectant."

My readers may take one view or they may take the other. I am still of my lifelong opinion.

Early in October Ethelind and I were honoured by a letter informing us that the Viceroy, Lord Wavell and Lady Wavell, would be happy if we would spend a few days at Viceregal Lodge. We were met by the Viceroy's car and allotted adjoining suites. The programme, explained to us by an official, was impressive and precise. In the morning we

witnessed a ceremony in the maidan or meadow—a magnificent setting just outside the Fort at Delhi with its grim and historic memories. We were seated immediately behind Lady Wavell, Lord Mountbatten and many other high officers and civil servants belonging to the British Raj. The occasion was of a moving significance. The Victoria Cross was to be bestowed on six of India's wounded soldiers who had been exceptionally gallant during the war and on two widows whose husbands had been killed. In a clear voice, easily audible over a wide area, the Viceroy enunciated the citations, giving due weight to every syllable that he read. Never have I heard of greater courage or steadfastness under fire, than of these Indians, several of them only two years away from the easy-going life of the village. I would like to pay this tribute to the Indian volunteer soldier, for there had been a widely accepted belief that the Indian soldier would not and could not fight. Lord Wavell's campaign in Africa against the Italians gives the lie to this, as we have said before.

The lunch at Viceregal House was simple, consisting of three courses. For us it was memorable because of the company assembled from all of the far-flung battlefields. During the afternoon about six hundred Indian soldiers from the hospitals—most of them in hospital dress—came to tea at Viceregal House. Many were bandaged, some were on crutches and others in wheelchairs. They were served on Viceregal china—these men, some of whom had never in their lives eaten a meal in European style. However, they added sugar to their tea until it was like syrup and they did full justice to the cakes.

A company of only six, ourselves included, we found a table with places for eight. A Briton joined us and asked,

"Who are you?" to which I answered,

"Sam Higginbottom, farmer. And who are you?"

"I am Auchinleck," he replied, "Commander in Chief," after which we had a heart-to-heart talk about feeding India.

At dinner our company was small. Apart from ourselves,

there were only two guests and they had to leave immediately afterwards by plane. My wife and I thus were seated next to Lord and Lady Wavell, and Ethelind was invited to tell the Viceroy all about her relative Colonel Cody—Buffalo Bill. It seems that a different Colonel Cody had made himself very popular in military circles during the early days of flying. We had to disentangle these two namesakes. After dinner an aide led me to the Viceroy and another aide led Ethelind to Lady Wavell, which continued our pleasure in a most gracious hospitality.

"Please sit on my other side," said the Viceroy, "my blind eye is very useful to me at times but not when I want to see the one I am talking to."

Next day breakfast was sent to our rooms and we were shown the Lodge, which was full of interest—also, the glorious view of the gardens. It was a most wonderful climax to our long years of toil and trouble in India. Yet when I thanked the Viceroy, he almost brushed me aside.

"You should not be thanking me," he said. "I should be thanking you and your wife for all you have done for India."

Little did we think at the time that we had been privileged to look upon the gorgeous but fading splendour of a sovereignty over India which in a year or two would be a thing of the past. It was farewell not for us alone but for British rule. But it was the dawn of the day for a free, self-governing India. No one worked harder to hasten this day than our host. But, like so many of us, he believed a free, yet divided, India was little short of tragedy.

Lord Wavell's record as a soldier is imperishable, and on the Indian problem he brought to bear a sympathy, an insight and an understanding as Viceroy that has been surpassed by few. He saw the Indian problem from an Indian point of view to which few can attain. His chief endeavour was to turn the government over to Indians, but to Indians united, not divided. He used every legitimate measure to

persuade Mr. Gandhi and Mr. Jinnah to agree on a united, single, central government for the whole of India. I have not yet seen any explanation by him as to why he failed, but my own opinion is that two old men (who had long been friends and fallen out) proud, stubborn, jealous for leadership and power, would not yield enough for cooperation. Again my own belief is that a divided India is the worst possible solution that could have been arrived at. Both Hindu India and Moslem India pay an almost impossible price for division. Lord Wavell convinced many Indians that Britain meant to leave India at an early date. He won the good will of India for Britain.

When I first set foot in India, there were the signs of a free India and there was the hope that within a generation the British connexion, dating from 1600 and the reign of Queen Elizabeth, would be brought to an end with agreement on all sides. It is true that, as Queen Victoria was beginning her long reign, Lord Macaulay had said in effect that the proudest day in British history would be the day when Britain turned over a peaceful and prosperous India to India's own people, able and ready to govern themselves. But in 1877 the wand of Disraeli was waved over the British Parliament and Queen Victoria found herself, not unpleased with the title, Empress of India; and even Lord Morley, a Liberal Secretary of State for India, thirty years later, held that India would require two hundred years of maturing before she would be ready to assume responsibility for her own destinies. It was a view that India resented and the resentment was expressed by bomb, dagger and pistol.

In 1917, E. S. Montague as Secretary of State visited India, where he conferred with Indian leaders and British officials. As a result there was promulgated the Montague-Chelmsford Declaration according to which India was to attain responsible government by progressive stages, with ever-increasing opportunity for Indians in the public service which undertaking was embodied in an act of Parliament. That

was a pledge by Great Britain which, contrary to many prognostications, has been kept. The imperial power is out of India—Viceroy, Governors, Army and all.

As a missionary I am not concerned with the politics involved in the momentous developement, only with its effect on the lives of the people. The one unmistakable benefit conferred on India by British Rule was unity, and never had there been such unity in the long annals of the country. We have to face the fact that the departure of the British as rulers has been accompanied at once by a breach in India's solidarities, and it has been no academic difference of opinion. Two million people have been massacred and ten million people have been driven from their homes. Moslems have ruthlessly slaughtered Hindu males and taken their women and children into zenanas and harems where the captives are kept in purdah or seclusion with little chance of ever returning even to catch a glimpse of their kith and kin. And there have been reprisals. Many of us like to think of Indians as mild, gentle and non-contentious people. They who know them at first hand do not need to be told that they have, in common with white people, a genius for differing from one another and regard litigation as a pleasant pastime. In no region on earth is the ethic of Christian conciliation more needed than in India.

This book has been written in vain unless it leaves on the mind an impression that, in a world generally underfed, India especially needs food. It is deplorable, therefore, that the areas most disturbed in India, where the killing and migration of the people have been most calamitous, should be the very areas where normally there is a surplus of food for transportation elsewhere. Especially is this true of the "canal" regions of the Punjab. From the acute unrest in India's granary, there results a loss of food or under-nourishment throughout the whole of India, and if food should be brought in from overseas, it would follow that things would be made harder for the world as a whole. Here is no theory. Here is reality.

Approaching these problems as a practical person, I could not but regret the threats of Mr. Jinnah as leader of the Moslems addressed to all who were working for an India which, however diverse in her groups, would be united in organisation. I find it difficult to believe that Mr. Jinnah at the outset really wanted an independent Pakistan, and especially a Pakistan won at so terrible a price in human suffering and loss of property. Indeed I am wondering whether Mr. Gandhi whose death was so sudden and so significant, may not have felt that sometimes he was tilting at windmills.

As I watch from afar the great change that has come over India, two thoughts occur to my mind. Both of them are abundant with hope for the future. It is true that the British have left India. But the termination of the British Raj has emphasised the far-reaching importance of the Christian Church. When the Roman Empire crumbled, it was Christianity that emerged as the upholder and the restorer of civilisation.

Secondly, we hear the western missionary. He has been like John the Baptist when a Greater than he appeared upon the scene. The western missionary has watched the growth of the Indian Christian Church. As that Indian Church increases, so must he be ready to decrease. Indeed, the missionary's success is largely to be measured by the speed with which he works himself out of his special job and sees an autonomous fellowship grow into the fulness of the stature of Jesus Christ, the One and Universal Head of the Christian Church.

I have written quite frankly in earlier pages about the surgery by which the Agricultural Institute at Allahabad was severed from the North Indian Presbyterian Mission. This surgery ended a long and painful controversy. But, as we have seen, it did not bring the Institute to an end. On the contrary it opened up a new era in that enterprise during which many hopes were fulfilled, and in conclusion I may,

perhaps survey briefly and broadly, the principles on which our entire efforts were based.

The inspirer of university settlements throughout the world was Canon Samuel A. Barnett of Toynbee Hall in Whitechapel. He was fond of saying that the Church serves as the pace-maker of the State. It was the Church that was pioneer in education and organised medicine, and it was only after the Church had shown the way that the State began to realise that here were fields of service which had become of indispensable value to the community as a whole. It was within the Church that, as an application of the Gospel, the Agricultural Institute at Allahabad originated, and had there been no Church at work in the world, there would have been, humanly speaking, no Institute. It was the Church that promoted and organised the unbounded generosity throughout the United States which resulted in so substantial a gift by a free people to others, thousands of miles away, who unseen were loved. The Institute was thus born into the Christian faith and became the only Christian college of agriculture and home economics to be found in India amid diverse yet intermingling races and religions embracing 400,000,000 individuals. Hindu, Moslem or whatever they may be, they were and still are united in the poverty which will only be abated when the vast possibilities of soil not yet fully utilised are appreciated and liberated from restrictive conservatism.

The separation of the Institute from the Presbyterian Mission at Allahabad was thus in line with the theory of spiritual pace-making which had been explained by Canon Barnett with such clarity. The change came, as we have seen, in 1925 and, when I was leaving the direction of the Institute to others in 1945, there had developed precisely the association of a Christian enterprise with progressive forces within the State which has been a tradition throughout Christendom for nearly two thousand years. The revenues of the Institute, gathered at the outset with such stress

and strain, came to be derived roughly as follows—thirty per cent from government grants, thirty per cent from students' fees, fifteen per cent from endowment and twenty-five per cent as free will offerings from the friends of India and of mankind in the United States.

The importance of these free will offerings, and of the spirit which is expressed in the sacrifices involved in such unusual cooperation between East and West, can hardly be exaggerated. Most of the American money is devoted to maintaining four missionary families provided by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. A number of church and missionary organisations are now combining to furnish cooperative and inter-denominational support and direction to the Institute which thus stands as a symbol of unity and goodwill in Christ.

Throughout the world there are many agricultural schools and colleges, large and small, and it would serve no useful purpose for me to enlarge upon the innumerable technical and scientific details, the departmental arrangements, the administrative steps taken year by year, which led up to the Allahabad Agricultural Institute as we know it today. A plan has been included in this chapter which shows the site of the Institute as a whole, and the buildings erected upon it. In these days, financial figures are merely tokens of elastic values but the accountancy of the Institute is careful and precise, resulting in definite monetary statistics. The present plant of the Institute in the year 1948 is appraised at 1,164,639 rupees and the endowment is 604,462 rupees. Under the International Monetary Fund the rupee now stands at approximately one-third of a dollar. The Institute started in 1910 with the purchase of two hundred and sixty-four acres of badly eroded land immediately across the Jumna River from Allahabad and the Allahabad Christian College, named later the Ewing Christian College after one whose services to the gospel—already indicated in these pages—will never be forgotten—one to whose friendship and

guidance, as I have told, I owe an immeasurable debt of gratitude. The Institute now owns about six hundred acres of land, all of which has been reclaimed, and about one half brought under irrigation.

To sum up the story, the Institute began as a department of what is now the Ewing Christian College at Allahabad. We undertook the progressive reclamation of the land, the organisation of a farm and dairy, and the instruction of students in agriculture and animal husbandry with a view to a diploma granted by the Institute.

In 1926, the Institute, separated from the Ewing Christian College, was continued under the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. In that year, 1926—after sixteen years of growing pains in which, at times, I was carpeted for running into debt!—the Government of India designated the Institute as a place for training students during a two-year course ending with the Indian Dairy Diploma. Also, in 1926, the first class to be prepared for the government's intermediate examination in agriculture was graduated—again, sixteen years after the founding of the Institute. A further advance was made in 1932 when the Institute became associated with the University of Allahabad. The first class of candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Science in agriculture was graduated in 1934, and the Institute's own course of agriculture was inaugurated in 1942 the only such course offered in any Indian university.

Training of young women in home economics, taught at the college level, was introduced in 1936, and this study was recognised in 1944 for the aforesaid intermediate examination.

At a recent date there were two hundred and forty-five students in the Institute. Of these, one hundred and eleven were candidates for the intermediate examination in agriculture, thirty-two for the Indian Dairy Diploma, fifty-nine for the degree of Bachelor of Science in agriculture with special courses in agronomy or pomology or animal hus-

bandry and dairying, twenty-three for the degree of Bachelor of Science in agricultural engineering, and twenty for the intermediate certificate in home economics.

Also the Agricultural Institute is another demonstration that the foreign missionary enterprise is two-way traffic. Two Sindhi bulls and two Sindhi heifers from the Institute herd are now in the U. S. Department of Agriculture experimental stations. They will give the Southland a better dairy cow when crossed with American dairy cattle. The Sindhi contribution is (a) a sweatgland much more efficient than that of American breeds. It enables Indian cross-breds to stand the hot weather. (b) A high digestive efficiency. They keep themselves in good condition on less food than American cattle. (c) Some substance on the skin that repels biting flies. This importation may bring to the United States much more than the United States has given to found and maintain the Institute. It may well bring out the truth of Jesus' statement that no one has done anything in His name but receives in this life up to an hundred fold.

If any final verdict on the Allahabad Agricultural Institute is to be sought, it may be found in the simple and sufficient fact that out of every seven applicants for enrolment only one can be admitted. That fact surely is conclusive.

I am frequently asked, "If you had your life to live over again, would you be a missionary to India?" I hope this book answers that question. But I would ask, "Do you know of any greater miracle than my life? An uneducated farm boy, with little prospect in life, receives all that the best of American schools and colleges can give, and becomes associated with the only Christian Agricultural College among four hundred million people?" Whatever has been accomplished has been possible because God gave me the sense to commit my life to Him to use as He saw fit. I have found His plan for my life greater than anything that I could have imagined. We have been blessed with highly qualified associates who lived dedicated lives. Then there have been that

great company of co-workers who, having not seen, yet believed that the enterprise was of God and gave of their substance. My life proves that

> The steps of faith
> Fall on the seeming void
> And find the Rock beneath.

I know that

> With mercy and with judgement
> My web of time He wove,
> And aye the dews of sorrow
> Were lustred with His Love,
> I'll bless the hand that guided,
> I'll bless the heart that planned,
> When throned where Glory dwelleth
> In Emmanuel's land.

How Ethelind and I would rejoice if we could give ourselves to India and her beloved people for another forty-year life!

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