

ON THE TRAIL OF THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS

This Distinguished American Journalist is Traveling Around the World for the Purpose of Investigating the American Foreign Missionary from a Purely Disinterested, Secular and Non-Sectarian Standpoint. Illustrated with Drawings and from Photographs.

"Gift of Tongues" Given to Christians in India

Kedgaon, India.—I have stumbled upon an extraordinary religious manifestation, as remarkable as anything in connection with the great revival in Wales. So startling and wonderful is it that I feel quite unwilling to pass an opinion upon it, so I shall simply narrate, soberly and consecutively, what I have seen and heard concerning this "baptism with fire," and pouring out of "the gift of tongues," whereby ignorant Hindu girls speak in Sanskrit, Hebrew, Greek, English and other languages as yet unidentified.

The name of Pandita Ramabai, "the Hindu widow's friend," is known among educated people all over the world. She is the most famous of all Hindu women. There is an International "Pandita Ramabai association," which cooperates with her in her work of rescuing, training and caring for high caste widows. She, more than any other woman, has made known to the world the horrors of the child widow's lot in India. Herself a high caste widow, of rare gifts and education, her appeal has been made to people of culture; nor was her work regarded as strictly religious or missionary, not being associated with any religious body.

A World-Famous Work.

Ten years ago, at the time of the great famine, Ramabai took hundreds of famine orphans, and ever since she has had about 1,400 widows and orphans and deserted girls under her care, as well as 100 famine boys. All caste lines are now down, and the whole immense work is known as the Mukti mission, although in certain respects the original enterprise for widows maintains its separate identity.

Because of the fame of Pandita Ramabai, and because of the greatness of her work, I conceived it to be my duty to take the hot journey out to Kedgaon. Were it not for the more important incidents which follow, I

A Tumult of Praying Girls.

In a large, bare room, with cement floor, were gathered between 30 and 40 girls, ranging in age from 12 to 20. By a table sat a sweet-faced, refined, native young woman, watching soberly, attentively and without disapproval the scene before her. After a few minutes she also knelt on the floor in silent prayer.

The other occupants of the room were all praying aloud. Some were crying at the top of their lungs. The tumult was so great that it was with difficulty that any one voice could be distinguished. Some of the girls were bent over with heads touching their feet. Some were sitting on their floor, with shoulders and bodies twitching and jerking in regular convulsions. Some were swaying to and fro, from side to side or frontwards and backwards. Two or three were kneeling upright, with arms and bodies moving. One young woman, the loudest, moved on her knees, all unconsciously, two or three yards during the time I watched. She had a motion of her body that must have been the most exhausting physical exercise. She, like others, also swung her arms violently, often the gestures of the praying figures were with one or both hands outstretched, in dramatic supplication. Not infrequently, several girls would clap their hands at the same time, though each seemed heedless of the others. At times the contortions of the faces were painfully agonized and perspiration streamed over them. One girl fell over, asleep or fainting, from sheer exhaustion.

All had their eyes tightly closed, oblivious to surroundings. Such intense and engrossing devotion I had never witnessed before. It was full 15 minutes before one of the girls, who had quieted down somewhat, espied me. Thereafter she sat silent, praying or reading her Bible. The discovery of the visitor had this same effect upon

Hindu fashion, but in white, and her hair is short, for she is a widow. She elects to sit on a low stool at the feet of the person with whom she converses, for the sake of better hearing. While we were talking her grown daughter, Monoramabai, her first assistant in the work, sat on the floor with her arm about her mother, and occasionally interjected a pertinent word. Ramabai (the suffix "bai," means "Mrs." or "Miss") speaks simply, naturally and directly. So she told me of the growth of Shadal Sadan, the work for widows, and one of the Mukti mission, the whole supported by faith.

"We do not make a special point of the gift of tongues; our emphasis is always put upon love and life. And undoubtedly the lives of the girls have been changed. About 700 of them have come into this blessing. We do not exhibit the girls that have been gifted with other tongues, nor do we in any wise call special attention to them. We try to weed out the false from the true; for there are other spirits than the Holy Spirit, and when a girl begins to try to speak in another tongue, apparently imitating the other girls, without mentioning the name or blood of Jesus, I go up to her and speak to her, or touch her on the shoulder, and she stops at once; whereas, if a girl is praying in the Spirit I cannot stop her, no matter how sharply I speak to her or shake her."

"The Wonderful Gift of Tongues." "My hearing is peculiar," continued Ramabai, "in that I can understand most clearly when there is a loud noise (a well-known characteristic of the partially deaf) and I move among the girls, listening to them. I have heard girls who know no English make beautiful prayers in English. I have heard others pray in Greek and Hebrew and Sanskrit and others in languages that none of us understands. One of the girls was praying in this very room (the room of one of the English staff) a few nights ago, and although in her studies she has not gone beyond the second book, she prayed so freely and clearly and beautifully in English that the other teachers, hearing, wondered who could be praying, since they did not distinguish the voice." "Yes," spoke up the occupant of the room, "and she prayed by name for a cousin of mine whom I had forgotten, and of whom I had never once thought since coming to India."

When I asked why, in Ramabai's opinion, tongues that served no useful purpose being incomprehensible to everybody should be given, whereas the gift of tongues on the day of Pentecost was so that every person in that polyglot multitude should hear the story in his own speech, she replied, "I, too, wondered about that. But it has been shown to me that it is to rebuke unbelief in the gift of tongues, she herself has been given the gift."

All these wonders I have set down impartially, as phenomena of great interest to all who give thought to religious or psychic themes. Neither Ramabai, nor the native teacher who led the meeting which I described, is an emotionalist, so far as I could perceive. Both, in fact, are persons of more than ordinary reserve, culture and discernment, nor can I explain the relation between what is happening at Mukti and the revivals that are being reported from various parts of India, most of them characterized by astonishing confessions of sin, on the part of Christians and by prolonged and even agonized prayer, with pronounced physical emotion.

Making Presbyterians Dance.

There has been a pronounced physical side to the demonstrations, as I found at Kedgaon. Entire audiences have shaken as if smitten with palsy, strong men have fallen headlong to the ground. Even lepers have been made to dance. Leaping, shouting, rolling on the floor, beating the air and dancing, have been common. Concerning dancing, Bishop Warne said, "Personally, I have not seen much of the dancing; that is reported as mostly having taken place in Presbyterian churches!" It is a fact that the dignified Presbyterians, even the Scotch church missions, have been foremost in these revival experiences.

The revival has continued in various parts of the empire for more than a year; I have reports from Lucknow, Allahabad, Adansol, Moradabad, Bareilly, Khaasia Hills and Kedgaon. The Methodists baptized 1,900 new converts during the year, besides the notable result of having secured more than 800 new candidates for the ministry.

Dramatic in the extreme have been the confessions of sin, and restitution therefore, and the reconciliations between enemies.

Everywhere there is agreement that the lives of the people have been markedly altered for the better. "The revival," says one, "has given India a new sense of sin." The spontaneous composition of hymns has been a curious feature of some meetings; Bishop Warne thinks that "there will be a new hymnology in the vernacular as an outcome of this revival."

While columns more could be written concerning incidents of this revival, there is only room here to add that it must not be assumed that all of India is being stirred by these events. Many churches and missions are strangers to them, and the European population of the country as a whole know nothing about them. Yet it is the conviction of those who claim to have received the Pentecostal baptism that all of India is to be swept by a fire of religious revival. Some even say that they have been given direct supernatural assurance of this fact.

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

TRAP HOLDS MAN CAPTIVE TWO DAYS

STEEL DEVICE SET FOR BEARS NEARLY KILLS ONE-ARMED CANADIAN HUNTER.

TRAGIC STORY OF HARDSHIP

Partner of Victim Ill in Bed and Unable to Render Assistance—Is Finally Liberated by Pair of Strangers.

Ignace, Ont.—The trapping season has developed one tragic story of hardship. The tale comes from the far belt, a hundred-odd miles from the north, and is one of the most peculiar brought here in recent years by woodsmen.

Early in September Ben Hardy, an old-time trapper, took as his partner for the season Hendy Sandford, a short and stockily built one-armed man, who, in spite of the fact that he is crippled, is one of the best hunters in this region. For 30 years Sandford has made his living shooting and trapping, and has been so successful that he has had no difficulty in finding a partner each fall. He is particularly expert in locating game and enticing it to the traps. He is said to possess valuable secrets for decoying wild animals, being the originator of a formula which, when placed on bait, is irresistible to carnivora.

The men established a camp about half-way between Cat and Pach-Hoom lakes, on the west bank of the Cat river, and set out a line of light and heavy traps. From the first they were successful, and had taken many fine fur-bearing animals, when Hardy was taken ill of a fever and was obliged to lay up. This threw the entire burden on Sandford and forced him to set traps, the one labor difficult to him to accomplish because of his lack of two hands.

Hardy begged his companion to leave the large traps alone, but one morning when signs of bears were seen in Indian Gut, a dried river bed, three miles from camp, Sandford set out with a big spring trap with the declaration that he would set it or die



The Teeth Held Him as in a Vise.

in the attempt. Before leaving he placed a pot of gruel by Hardy's bunk and said he would be back at sundown.

But Sandford failed to return, either at dusk or the following morning, and Hardy became semi-delirious through worry and lack of nourishment. He was too weak to leave his bunk, and all that day he lay hoping against hope that his partner would enter the cabin and end the terrible strain under which he was laboring. Night fell with no signs of Sandford, and Hardy fell into a sleep brought on by exhaustion.

The man was aroused before daylight next morning by voices, and next instant two strangers opened the door of the cabin and entered. Few words were wasted. Hardy explained briefly, gruel was cooked, and then the men set off on a hunt for Sandford. One of the strangers, a trapper named Smithson, told the rest of the story when he reached here.

"We took a map drawn by Hardy's direction and got into the timber as soon as possible," he said. "Now and then we shouted or fired a gun, but we got no response for nearly three hours, when we thought we heard a faint call from about the center of the Gut. We located the sound as best we could, and pushing on, shortly came upon Sandford. I shall never forget the sight. The man's one arm was caught above the elbow by the powerful spring, and the teeth held him as in a vise. He was bent over and as he turned his face to us he looked ghastly."

"As I remember it, the man didn't say a word until after we had liberated him, and then he began to jabber as though he was crazy. And I guess he was temporarily, but after we had stripped him and rubbed his back and legs so that he could walk and had given him food and water, he became rational. Little by little we got the story out of him."

"He said that he had spread the trap and was placing the bait on it when the catch-cog slipped and the trap tipped him. The teeth sunk into the flesh and for a time he was dizzy from pain. Later on his arm became numb

and he set to figuring out how he could liberate himself. It didn't take him long to decide that he was caught for keeps and knowing that his partner was unable to leave his bunk he came to the conclusion that it was all up with both. He didn't give up completely. He yelled until his throat gave out, and when he heard us he had just voice enough to reply.

"It took us a week to straighten out the pair so we could leave them. Sandford's arm then was so well mended that he could use it, and his partner was well enough to get about the camp a little while each day."

INJURED MAN SEWS WOUND IN OWN ARM

MEMBER IS CAUGHT IN MACHINERY, BUT OWNER'S PROMPTNESS SAVES IT.

Chester, Pa.—Gazing affectionately at his right arm, James Cassidy had the satisfaction of knowing it was beautiful.



Cassidy Took Stitch After Stitch.

cause of his own fortitude he still wore it, to say nothing of the fact that he was still in the land of the living. Cassidy had the arm, and there was a Cassidy to have an arm, because with his left hand he clumsily but effectively sewed up a wound in it through which his life blood was pouring at an alarming rate. Medical men said it was one of the best bits of bastage they'd seen in a long time. With practice, they added, Cassidy easily might learn to decorate himself from top to toe with hemstitching and embroidery. It would not astonish them to see him in the convalescent ward setting insertion into his cuticle or adorning his ears with Hamburg edging.

"He's so handy with a needle," they explained, admiringly.

Cassidy was earning his pay in the Edystone print works when his right forearm became involved in an altercation with part of the machinery, and the next moment it was spurting a ruddy fountain.

"Get me a needle and thread, quick, or I'll bleed to death," he cried. A needle was threaded and placed in his left hand. Both needle and thread were dipped in an antiseptic solution that stood at hand. Swiftly and steadily Cassidy took stitch after stitch in the ugly wound until he closed it. Then he asked his friends to rush him to a hospital, saying the surgeons could finish felling the seam.

GIRL'S HEROIC DEED.

Sucks Poison from Hand Bitten by Gila Monster.

New York.—Frank Gillian, an attendant at the Children's museum, Bedford park, Brooklyn, is back at work after six weeks in a hospital, with the knowledge that he owes his life to the promptness and bravery of Miss Mary Day Lee, formerly of Richmond, Va.

Six weeks ago Gillian was cleaning out the cage which is occupied by the Gila monster in the museum when the venomous reptile bit him. Its teeth were buried in Gillian's hand, and he was forced to pry its jaws apart. Gillian at once bathed his hand in alcohol, and then Miss Lee lacerated the hand with a sharp knife and, applying her lips to the wound, sucked out the poison. In spite of her prompt action Gillian's hand at once began to swell and he was rushed to a hospital, where he was forced to remain for six weeks. The bite of the Gila monster is usually deadly and the surgeons say it was only Miss Lee's promptness that saved Gillian's life.

Now the reptile is dying, not from the effects of the bite, but because it is unable to stand the cold northern winter.

Fierce Hog Fights Farmer.

New York.—W. Irving Green, a farmer of Ocean township, was attacked by a vicious boar, and before ad reached him the hog had nearly chewed off his left hand. Green is now at the Monmouth Memorial hospital. The boar refused to be driven into its pen. Green was compelled to fire his shotgun, using blank cartridges, three times at the hog before it would enter. He tried later to drive the boar with a big stick. Green struck at the boar but fell. The boar attacked him, grabbing him by the left hand and dragging him down the field. Green's cries were heard by his small son who fired a blank shot at the boar, frightening it so that it dropped Green's hand.



Copyright, 1907, by Byron Williams.

Willie's Skates—
mi Father sez I never Swore—
he licked me with his cane—
and onct Ma washed my mouth with SOAP:
I took His naim in vain!
ma sez a Hare will set me up
and gnaw my bones and feet
if I don't stop a-saying things
I heer upon the Street!

I'm sure I hav sum new skates though.
I ast my Pa. He sez:
"O yours are good enuf, I guess;
now hustel off 2 Bed!"
I didn't though; I hanged around
and watched Pa dressing up.
It's plunny how he makes the Soap
gist Lather in thees Cup!

I hanged around! I tored his sock
and couldn't find his Kuff!
and sed 2 Ma, "plague take this shirt,
the Kollar's oful ruff!"
Ma went away 2 dress herself.
mi pa was fuming mad!
he dropped thees Stud rfid down his
back
and SWORED gist oful bad!

I cried a little and Pa yelled.
"Why are you Sniffling there?"
"I'm ac-sc-scared," sed I 2 Pa
"That—ma—has—herd—yew—SWEAR!"
he seamed 2 sorter stop and Think
and then He kuffed and sed:
"Here is a Dollar for yew skates,
now hurry off 2 Bed!"

Wayside Fancies.

The hop crop out my way was frozen stiff last night. Uh huh, the lake's frizzed so hard the bullfrogs all have gone into winter quarters.

What's the use of working so hard for more money which has to be spent, just like the little you make now?

Sometimes a man goes with a red-haired girl just for a change—and sometimes the change suits him so well, he is atung for life.

When Fame makes up its jewels, it is safe to assume that it doesn't always include those who had their pictures in the medicine advertisements.

An Ohio humorist says, "An honest man is the hypothetical unit in an impossible Utopia." You're another.

Some men don't seem to care what kind of a temptation they bite on.

The man behind the gun is after the sportive little cottontail these snow-flurrying days.

Sometimes a sweet little bride gets so excited over her clothes, her wedding, where she is going to live and how many servants she is to have that she almost forgets the name of the man who is to be her husband.

Jobert says all luxury corrupts either the morals or the taste. I have no fear of this. Sometimes it frightens me to think how refined and moral I am from lack of luxuries.

Sometimes the gossip of the boarding house is a better advertisement for the establishment than its prunes.

It takes a pretty woman to live up to her favorite photograph.

If money made people good, Uncle By would be in jail half the time.

An Oklahoma farmer has traded his farm for a merry-go-round. The merry go 'round of a farmer from morning until night was probably what gave him the idea.

I paid \$2.50 for eight hours of post-hole digging yesterday and spent \$18.00-worth of time bossing the job. Talk about your financial stringency!

No Wonder He Died.

Speaking of obituary poetry, here is what they did when father died out in a town which shall be nameless because somebody loved him there:
No throb of anguish no moan of pain
No dying pang will be know again
But safe and sheltered, owned and blest
Our father has entered his holy rest.

For though we cannot see his dear face
His memory sweet we will embrace
Though we loved our darling father here
Jesus loved him more dear.

No more the voice we love to hear
Shall fill our listening ear,
No more the tones he joined to swell
The joys he loved so well.

When we gather round the table
When we see the vacant chair
We will think of our dear father
We will miss him everywhere.

We will listen for his footsteps, coming
through the open door
That we sadly will remember
Father will come back no more.

Oh how true and well we loved him
We will grieve for you I know
But the God that dwells above us
Bid you come, and you must go.

An Editor's Hard Luck.

Recently we mentioned the fact that Thanksgiving was drawing nigh and nobody hadn't sent us no turkey yet. The item, coming to the eye of the Chula (Mo.) News man, by force of suggestion, reflex action or impression on the think tank, set him going thus:

Not long since, one of our noble band of delinquents, invaded our sanctum with a very fine fat turkey, and informed us that Thanksgiving was near at hand, and as ready cash was scarce, he would like very much to let us have the fine specimen on subscription. Of course, we accepted the proffered prize, and thought it a lucky deal, as it only left him owing a balance of \$4.30 after deducting the price of the bird which was \$1.70. None but a member of the craft, can know any thing of the thoughts that crowded them selves into our cranium, and how we wished for the 25 of November. As we reached for the turkey, he flopped his wings, and we awoke!

Prevent Without a Knife.

In a Kansas newspaper, I read the advertisement of a man who says: "You can learn how to cure and prevent disease in yourself and others without drugs or knife. There's money in it!" There ought to be!

Byron Williams



Pandita Ramabai Dongre Medhavi.

should tell at some length the story of this great settlement, with its wide acres of farm land, its many modest buildings, and its varied forms of industry. Study and work are the rule for every girl; clothes for that multitude must all be woven on the spot, and the industrial plant is large. An uncommunicative English woman guided me faithfully to every spot of the settlement that she thought of interest, from the cornerstone to the steam engine and the dyeing vats. But not a word did she say that would lead me into a knowledge of what is by all means the most noteworthy fact concerning this famous institution.

Stumbling on a Revival.

Of course, I was aware of the unusual religious experiences reported from many Christian communities in India; but I had never associated this sort of thing with Pandita Ramabai's work; probably because some of her foremost supporters in America are identified with the "new theology" which has scant room for the camp meeting type of "old-time religion." My first clew was a pamphlet which I chanced to pick up, relating strange spiritual experiences on the part of some of Ramabai's girls. I began to ask questions, which were answered, I thought, with seeming reluctance, and discovered that this revival was still under way.

For half an hour I had been hearing strange sounds, now of one person shouting in a high voice, now of the mingled utterance of a crowd, and now of song. At last it settled down into a steady roar. "What is that I hear?" I asked. "It is the girls' prayer meeting," was the answer. "Could I visit it?" I pointedly asked my guide, after hints had proved unavailing. "Why—I suppose—so. I'll see." In a few minutes I found myself witnessing a scene utterly without parallel in my experience of religious gatherings.

half a dozen other girls during the next quarter of an hour. At my request the guide after a time asked the leader if I might talk with her, and while a dozen of the girls were still left, praying aloud and unaware of the departure of the others, the leader withdrew.

A Strange Story.

My first interest was to know whether the girls had been "speaking with tongues" that day, for I had thought that I detected one girl using English. Yes, several of the girls had been praying in unknown tongues, this young woman quietly informed me. Then, in response to my questionings, she proceeded to tell me that these meetings are held twice daily by girls who have been "baptized with the Holy Spirit and fire;" it is common for them to speak in tongues which they do not understand, and also to be smitten dumb, so that they cannot speak at all, even in their own language. During the early part of the meeting at which I was present, one of the girls had been obliged to write her message, because her tongue was held. Sometimes the girls will go about their tasks for days, unable to utter a word, although they understand perfectly everything that is said to them, and are able to pray in other tongues, and when they especially pray for the power to do so they are able to speak in religious meetings. The girls show no effect whatever of the terrible strain they undergo during these prayer meetings, and they all do their regular daily work. The burden of their prayers is intercession, that all the mission, and all India, may be converted and experience a great revival and receive the Pentecostal baptism. So much I learned from this young woman.

The Most Famous Indian Woman.

Ramabai herself is a quiet, strong personality. She dresses after the