

ONE SHILLING.

WORKING AND WAITING
FOR
TIBET.



WOMEN OF TIBET.

A Sketch of the
Moravian Mission
IN THE
WESTERN HIMALAYAS.

From the German of
H. G. SCHNEIDER.

Translated and Revised by
ARTHUR WARD.

LONDON: MORGAN AND SCOTT,
OFFICE OF THE Christian, 12, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS.
MORAVIAN PUBLICATION OFFICE, 32, FETTER LANE, E.C.
And may be ordered through any Bookseller.

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TO THE READER.

THIS little book is not the story of a successful mission, at least not of a mission whose success is already apparent to human eyes. It claims the interest and sympathy and intercession of Christians on behalf of a noble effort for a great closed land, Chinese Tibet, the stronghold of Buddhism. It tells of "working and waiting for Tibet," of seed time rather than of harvest, of patient continuance in well doing in spite of small results as far as human standards can measure.

Its subject is the Moravian Mission to Tibetan-speaking people in Lahoul and Kunawur, border provinces of British India, and in Ladak, a part of the territories of the Maharajah of Kashmir. That mission has now been carried on for nearly forty years, and at present its statistics show, besides those that have died in the faith, scarcely forty converts at the three stations, Kyelang, Poo and Leh. Nevertheless its agents leave no stone unturned to win a people

wholly persuaded of the superiority of their own religion to every other in the world. Here Christianity has to contend with the deep-seated self-sufficiency, indifferentism and inertia, engendered by the vast system of Buddhism, which has reigned for centuries over the hearts and consciences of the inhabitants of Tibet.

The Moravian missionaries are not alone in their endeavours for that land, or in their experiences of the difficulties of work among Buddhists. The China Inland Mission is advancing towards Lhasa from the north, while from hill stations in the north of India, as *e.g.* the Presbyterian Mission at Darjeeling, and that of the London Missionary Society at Almora, Tibetan tracts and Scriptures are sent across the frontier by every opportunity. The Roman Catholic Church has long been zealous for Tibet, yet what gospel has she to offer to its Buddhists? Salvation by works and misplaced trust in human merits they have already; the message they need is "the exceeding riches of God's grace in His kindness towards us through Christ Jesus. For by grace are ye saved through faith and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God."

But the long toils of the Moravian missionaries at those three Himalayan foreposts, 9500, 10,000, and 11,000 feet above the sea, have not been in vain; they shall yet achieve great results, and receive their rich reward. A glorious harvest shall yet be reaped from

the Gospel seed sown in their schools, by their preaching, and by the tracts and portions of Scripture distributed on their extensive evangelistic journeys across the bleak plains of Rupchu, Ladak, Nubra, and other lands, and over passes far higher than the summit of Mont Blanc.

Further, not only have they been sowing the good seed wherever their personal influence could reach, but they have been preparing weapons for future attacks on Satan's kingdom beyond that frontier, which they themselves have crossed from time to time, only to find that they were "boycotted" by the jealous Chinese authorities, and that they must return or perish. Some day the door into Chinese Tibet, at which they have so often knocked, shall be opened, though prayer be now its only key. Then will the Tibetan Dictionary and Grammar, laboriously prepared by these Moravian missionaries, and the books of the Bible, including the whole of the New Testament, translated by them into that difficult language, prove to be the best preparation for wide-spread missionary activity in *the last land of earth still closed to the Gospel*.

What gives you such faith in the future success of this mission and other efforts for Tibet?

I reply that the spirit of supplication is being poured out by the Holy Ghost upon God's people with respect to this matter. From Britain, from North America, from China, from India, eager eyes are turned towards

Chinese Tibet, and longing hearts are making definite request that God's truth may penetrate this stronghold of Buddhism. Does not this seem like the drawing back of some of the iron bolts? The Lord hasten the time when door after door shall be unbarred, and His servants shall plant the Gospel standard at Lhasa itself.

It only remains to be stated that the ground work of this pamphlet is a German book written some years ago by the Rev. H. G. Schneider, author of many missionary tracts, and now editor of the "Missions-Blatt der Evangelischen Brüdergemeine." This has been freely translated and revised to date by Mr. Arthur Ward, a member of a thoroughly missionary family.

That it may reward his careful work by spreading an earnest and prayerful interest in the mission of which it treats, and in the land for which it pleads, is the wish of his friend,

B. LA TROBE,
*Secretary of Moravian Missions
and of the Tibet Prayer Union.*

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WORKING AND WAITING

FOR

TIBET.



CHAPTER I.

In the Valley and on the Height.



THE country south of the Himalayas offers a striking contrast to the northern side. Northward the mountains lose themselves in the almost unknown land of Tibet, the priest governed state. On their slopes feed the flocks and herds which form the wealth of the people, and they send forth from their rugged bosom the three great streams which fructify the north of India. But the upper courses of these rivers are marked upon the map with dotted lines, and few Europeans have penetrated into the country, save an adventurous huntsman in search of some rare kind of mountain-sheep, and one or two equally adventurous explorers. Southward from the enchanted home of eternal snow, "where the silence lives," the scene changes. Railways convey the passenger to his destination while he sleeps. The telegraph brings the

latest news from the ends of the earth. Roads, bridges, steamers, everything which an enlightened government can supply, make intercourse and traffic easy, and improve the condition of the people.

Not in the plains of India, but ten thousand feet above its "coral strand," lies the particular region, which this volume invites its readers to visit. Where the mighty ranges of the Himalayas spread out and trend northward, British territory becomes like a wedge driven in between Tibet and Afghanistan, while not far off the outposts of the Russian Empire stand waiting for an opportunity to push forward towards the rising sun. Here are the sources of the ancient Indus, the boundary of Alexander's empire; and of the Sutlej, "the river proceeding from the elephant's mouth," and descending through deep gorges to water the Punjab. Between these rivers lies the lovely valley of Kashmir, whose charms are so great that many a Christian scientist has been tempted to believe that this was the cradle of the human race—the Paradise of our first parents—destroyed by sin. Few places in the world, perhaps none, tell with such power the glory of God, and the might of his terrible acts.

These Himalayan districts know all the climates of the three zones. The passage from a tropical to a temperate, or even an arctic climate, is exceedingly rapid, for it takes place, so to speak, in a perpendicular instead of in a horizontal direction. Nature may be likened to a three-storeyed house. Down in the plain and in the valleys wave fruitful rice-fields; the bamboo grows exuberantly; the soft warm breath of the tropical breeze gently fans the tops of the slender palm-trees; the underwood forms impenetrable walls of green, rich in strange flowers, and alive with birds of gorgeous plumage. Here are all the beauty and luxuriance, but at the same time all the drawbacks and terrors of the torrid zone. The heat of the blazing sun is unbearable. The rainy season brings flood-like torrents; and these jungles are a refuge for the blood-thirsty tiger and the treacherous serpent.

Panting and bathed in perspiration, the traveller climbs the rocky landings which nature provides him as a staircase to the second storey. Here the air is cool, the cedar invites him into its shade. Curran and gooseberries grow wild. The walnut, the willow, the poplar, and the oak flourish in the fertile soil. Every kind of vegetable and corn grows better than in Europe. The vine, laden with enormous clusters, forms thick natural arbours. Within easy reach of the hand splendid melons, peaches, pears, and apples hang, waiting to be plucked. The apricot clothes the hills in thick forests, often attaining to the size and strength of the oak. These trees are a fine sight when in bloom, and delightful it is to wander in their cool and refreshing shade. Dried apricots form the main staple of food for the winter, generally boiled down into so-called "coolie soup." So plentiful are they that the export of fruit is one of the chief sources of income for the inhabitants of these hills and valleys. Above and beyond gleam the mountains, whose brooks and rivulets water the soil and moisten the roots of this rich vegetation. A majestic, a marvellous sight! From their foundation of limestone, often most weird and jagged, these giants of the world rise rugged and bold. Clad in purest white, their dazzling crests stand out in clear relief against the deep blue sky. The grandeur of Switzerland, the romantic beauty of Norwegian mountains, fade into insignificance before the splendour of this scene.

Onward, up to the dizzy height of the third storey! The way is long and difficult; for the breaks in the massive wall of mountains are for the most part at a higher elevation than the summit of Mont Blanc, with its 15,732 feet! These passes, between 13,000 and 19,000 feet above the level of the sea, are covered with a mantle of eternal snow. Alpine roses, and all the other beautiful flowers of Alpine regions are left far behind. No vegetation can exist here, save in some sheltered spot the hardy birch; not even the bush-like dwarf-pine can crawl along the ground. Dried dung



THE YAK OR TIBETAN OX.

forms the only fuel, hardly sufficing to provide a warm beverage for the traveller whom night overtakes in the passes or on the adjoining plateau. Scarcely able to breathe the rarefied air, suffering acute pain from the "ladug," or "pass-poison," as it is called by the natives, he lies down exhausted in his tent. This, along with the rest of his baggage and his provisions, has been carried for him by hired porters or the faithful yak. This animal is to these countries what the camel of the desert is to the Arab. His huge size, his enormous head, his terrible horns, impress a stranger with a feeling akin to dismay. His eyes stare wildly from under the mass of shaggy hair which hangs down his forehead; his legs look shorter than they really are, on account of the long hair with which the whole body is covered. He is shorn once a year, and his hair used for manufactures. His fine bushy tail is a valuable article of trade, and is regarded by the princes of India as a sign of dignity. Useful as he is to the farmer—being almost universally employed in ploughing—the yak is absolutely indispensable to the traveller; for no other animal is so sure-footed and reliable on the most slippery and dangerous paths. Wild as he is in appearance, he is good-natured withal, enduring the changes of cold and heat without apparently minding them in the least; free from dizziness on the precipices, and unaffected by the rarity of the atmosphere, whilst even horses and asses are said to bleed from the nose when crossing the Taglang Pass, which is 18,000 feet above sea-level.

But when the traveller has spent the night shivering in his tent, if the morning is fine and clear, a sight awaits him beautiful and grand beyond all description. The tops of the mountains far and near, the vast glaciers, cleft with deep chasms and fissures, are tinged with a soft rosy light. Beneath him the mountain-tarn, whose deep waters are by broad daylight a transparent green, slumbers still in violet shade, while in the east the glorious sun arises out of his golden bath.

In bad weather, however, the passes are dangerous.

A thick mist, which usually dissolves in snow, envelops them, shutting out all view; the storm howls, the cold is intense; man and beast grow weary in the struggle against wind and weather, and often know not in what direction they ought to proceed. Many a bleaching skeleton of fallen baggage-animals, and here and there a human skull, silently witness of the fate that has overtaken not a few in these regions of icy cold.

CHAPTER II.

Ways of Communication.

NOT only the passes are dangerous, but also the ways leading up to them. Frequent avalanches bring the thundering greetings of the giant hills down into the valleys; or masses of detached rock and rubble and earth rush down from the heights, destroying everything that lies in their way. A companion of the messengers of peace, of whom we shall speak by-and-by, once escaped only by jumping into a river and crouching down behind a projecting rock, whilst a torrent of stones and mud thundered beside him and over him into the stream. He saved his life, but an injured foot long reminded him of the danger in which he had been.

So the mountains bear harsh sway over the valleys at their feet. When winter has held his triumphant entry into this kingdom of eternal snow, each valley is debarred from intercourse with its neighbours by an inexorable line of sentinels. Such immense quantities of snow collect even in the lowest passes, and such storms rage there, that it is impossible to cross them long after smiling spring in the vale below may suggest excursions and travel. This quarantine lasts sometimes three or four months, during which time all communication with the world on the other side of the "valley walls" is cut off.

Even in the summer months, when the passes are

not blocked, the connection with the outer world of civilization is very slight, for several reasons. There are at present very few proper roads. True, the English Government is untiring in its improvements in this respect and in the postal service; but these tasks are fraught with enormous difficulties and expense. To make a road amongst such mountains is not easy, and when it is made, an avalanche may ruin the labour of weeks, destroying bridges, breaking down galleries, and tearing up the solid ground. For European travellers, as for its own officials, the Indian Government has built houses at certain halting-places. These "dak bungalows" are intended just for spending the night. The greater the distance from Simla, the smaller, the less habitable, and the more dilapidated do they become. They sometimes consist of only one very small and narrow room, without any arrangements for heating it. There are also certain natives in the villages, whose duty it is to send on mails by carriers or chance visitors. Seldom is anything lost, but letters are a long time on the way. "For six weeks," writes one of the missionaries in a remote district, when about to set off on a tour down the left bank of the Sutlej, "I shall be cut off from all communication with my home, as the transmission of letters is very difficult and uncertain. At one place the rope bridge across the river is not always to be found; in that case letters are attached to a stone and thrown across, and naturally not every letter reaches the opposite bank." Only when despatch is very urgent do the "post-munshis" rouse themselves to greater expedition; and in order to show that this is required, the sender fastens an eagle's feather somewhere on the missive. In Chinese Tibet the address of a letter, which is to be promptly forwarded, is written in blood.

Bad roads and the slowness of the natives are not the only impediments to communication with the rest of India and Europe. The greatest obstacles are the numerous rivers. Their current is always fierce, and their breadth astonishing. One cannot dream of

crossing them in boats ; for they mostly rush madly down the deep ravines they have hollowed out, and their beds are strewn with rocks in the wildest confusion. One has therefore, where the banks admit of access, to employ a very curious and very suitable, though not exactly elegant, craft. The hide of an ox or yak is carefully sewn up till only a very small opening is left. Through this air is forced into the huge bag, so that it once more assumes the appearance of a sleek ox with stumpy legs. Then the last opening is sewn up, and your vessel is ready. It is placed in the water, legs-uppermost ; the ferryman lies down between them, and steers partly with his feet, and partly with a small paddle which he holds in his hands. The traveller lays himself upon the ferryman, clinging tightly to him. Then the voyage begins, and it is always a very quick one. So the faithful yak yields willing and devoted service even after death. Often the perpendicular banks make it impossible to use even this method of crossing, and compel the traveller to go miles out of his way. Sometimes he may have to wait for the waters to subside. Not that they will flow away entirely ; but, as the streams are fed chiefly, if not altogether, by the glaciers, they vary in volume and depth according as the sun has time and power enough to thaw the ice. In the latter part of the afternoon they are fullest and their current at its strongest ; towards evening the waters fall, and one can venture in some places to ride through them. This difficulty may be avoided if one can start in June, before the melting away of the snow bridges over the mountain-torrents, and before the rapid rising of their waters have increased the perils of the journey. At another season of the year one is often obliged to climb for hours along steep slopes to find a place where the torrent can be crossed by a snow bridge or any other means.

Here and there one finds bridges, but very Himalayan in character, filling a European with dismay. They are of two kinds. One consists of a footway of inter-

woven willow and birch twigs, about half-a-foot in width. Above this at about the height of a man's waist, two ropes of the same material serve as hand-rails, and are connected at long intervals with the basket-work which forms the bottom of the bridge. One might easily slip between them. The ends of the bridges are firmly built into solid mason-work on either side, and if they were renewed every three years, as they should be, there would be no fear of their breaking. But some are made to serve for even five or six years, till they have stretched so much, that the traveller is all the time in fear lest the rotten twigs should give way and precipitate him into the stream. The best of them are unsteady and shaky, besides being several feet lower in the middle than at the ends; for their great length, which varies from 100 to 150 feet, makes it impossible to stretch them quite tight. Nor does it add to the comfort of the situation when the footway is made a yard or four feet in width, and therefore is considered to require no side-ropes to hold on by. At least the European does not think so, who has to stand and watch his wife and children being carried across one by one. If the water ran smoothly about four feet beneath the bridge it would not be anything very dreadful; but it does not. About fifty or a hundred feet below, a seething torrent chafes and frets, and charges, and crashes against the rocks which have fallen from the cliffs into its deeply hollowed bed. The bridge seems to swim, the roaring torrent to stand still. No wonder the stranger becomes dizzy at every step on his swinging pathway. Not so the natives. They are accustomed to nothing better, and have not learned to consider a broad path with hand-rails at all necessary. They walk over their bridges quite unconcernedly, and even make way for one another to pass.

That is one kind of bridge. Whether the other is safer and inspires one with more confidence, the reader may decide. It consists of a hempen rope, stretching from bank to bank. The traveller sits or stands on a

large movable loop, also formed of rope, which is pulled across to the other side by a thinner cord.

Considering the primitive means of communication, the varied dangers which threaten travellers, and the many accidents which happen in these mountains, we can easily understand that the messengers of the Gospel, when they go on their preaching-tours, commend themselves more earnestly to God, than we may be in the habit of doing when we set out on a journey. Yet by rail or road or dizzy mountain path it is the mercy of the Lord alone that causes us to reach our destination in safety.

CHAPTER III.

The Tibetans at Home.

The inhabitants of Little Tibet belong mostly to the Mongolian race. They are short but strong, lithe and active. They have round faces, prominent cheek-bones, and eyes not quite so small and slanting as is usual with their race. The colour of their skin is a brownish-yellow, but no darker than that of a European after a tramp of a few weeks in bright summer weather.

There is very little distinction in dress between men and women. Both sexes wear trousers, hidden from sight by long woollen mantles of homespun, differing only in colour. The women are always dressed in black, the men in white. They wear a long sash round the waist, and on their feet home-made shoes of straw-elegantly shaped. In winter a short cloak of sheep-skin or goat-skin is worn over the usual clothing by both sexes.

The women do up their hair in about thirty plaits, a piece of work which requires so much time that it is undertaken only about once a month. The real head-dress, fastened upon this forest of plaits, varies very much in different districts. In one they wear what they call a "kyir-kyir," a coronet of silver, ornamented with nuggets of gold found in the rivers; in another a so-called "berak," a strip of woollen cloth two-and-a-half yards long, and about the width of a man's hand. It is bound round the forehead, flowing down behind

to the seam of their long mantle, and is adorned with large silver ornaments, studded with turquoises. The largest and most beautiful of these stones is fixed in the middle of the forehead, and the whole head-dress is often costly even among the common people. Besides this the women wear necklaces of amber and silver, and large, heavy ear-rings, fastened, not in the lobe, but in the upper part of the ear. As they have five or six of these the ear becomes dreadfully deformed.

Just as in Switzerland, the Tyrol, and every mountainous country each valley has certain peculiarities of custom, dress, dialect, and building, so here the houses are in no two districts entirely alike. They are usually two-storeyed, with flat slate roofs; but in some places the roof is made of branches resting on narrow beams, and covered with earth well stamped down. On the ground-floor are the stables for the cattle; the people live upstairs, spending much of their time on the verandah which occupies one side of the house. Chimneys are seldom met with. In fine weather the smoke finds its way out by an aperture in the roof, which is closed with a large flat stone as soon as it begins to rain. Though the population is very scattered, the houses are usually built in larger or smaller groups so as to form villages.

Nearly all the people are farmers. They cultivate barley, wheat, rape, buckwheat, and peas; they raise cattle, and especially sheep and goats. Every man has at least enough sheep to provide him with sufficient wool for the clothing of his family and himself. Besides various dishes prepared from milk and flour, the apricots mentioned above, and rice, they use the Tibetan "butter tea," or "brick tea." It receives the latter name from its shape. The fresh tea-leaves are pressed in moulds into a solid cake, like a thin brick, which in colour reminds one of a cake of tobacco. A piece is broken or cut off and boiled with salt and butter, or mutton fat. The concoction tastes more like broth than tea.



WOMEN OF LADAK.

Even in these secluded regions no tribe is to be found which has not some kind of intoxicating drink. Unfortunately they are too fond of indulging in their favourite beverage, "chang," a thick dirty-white liquid prepared from barley, but quite unlike European brandy or beer except in its intoxicating qualities.

For the greater part of the year they are farmers. But when August and September come round they turn traders. Caravans assemble from far and near to attend the fairs in the larger villages and towns with their different wares: wood, rice, corn, spices, sugar, salt, goat's hair, borax, etc. Every man gives what he has in exchange for what he wants. Even Europe is, to a certain extent, dependent on the fluctuations of this Tibetan market; for it is in these countries that the real valuable Kashmir goods are manufactured from the soft fine hair of the graceful snow-white Kashmir goats.

Tibetan borax, too, plays an important part in the European market. It is used as a cement in the preparation of glass, enamel, and china, in making varnish, and for other purposes. The natives pack it in leather satchels, which they strap across the backs of their sheep. Sometimes there are as many as three or four hundred sheep in a single caravan. These climb up-hill and down-hill, over snow-covered passes, and up the mountain-sides in search of food with their pack on their back. Not even during the night are they relieved of their burden. To make up for it, they are very much lighter on the way home; for they also carry their own fleeces to market, and when they arrive there, they get rid of their wool as well as of their baggage.

In character the people are by no means repulsive. They are good-natured, cheerful, friendly, and fond of singing both at home and at work in the field. True, their singing cannot claim any excellence from a musical point of view, but it indicates a certain simple-mindedness, which is always ready to take a bright view of life, and to see good in everything. "On the other hand, any-

thing like real gratitude is not to be found in them. It seems as if benefits and injuries were equally soon forgotten." This was the verdict of the earlier missionaries. But a later report says: "Complaints are often made of the ingratitude of the natives; perhaps because their thanks are expressed in their own way rather than in the European manner. A friendly 'Salaam' (*i.e.* 'Peace' be with you), or 'Shu,' on the part of a native is quite equivalent to a formal 'Thank you' in Europe. Their favourite mode of expressing their gratitude is by taking hold of the coat lappet and touching it with the forehead." It is with them as with all nations; their character varies according as a district retains its rusticity, or becomes a centre of enterprise and commerce. So the unsophisticated Tibetan is a good-humoured, tolerant being, not on principle but by nature. But where foreign traders traverse the land in great numbers, the people deteriorate. Lying and deception, theft and immorality, gain the upper hand, and the heart is blunted for everything higher. Avarice, their besetting sin, becomes intensified to such a degree as to deter them from doing anybody a favour, if it be connected with sacrifice to themselves. In the same way their tolerance is easily converted into persecution; for though as a rule they do not view foreigners and missionaries with hostile feelings or suspicion, yet, when excited by their lamas, they are treacherous and cruel. Judging from the ability they display in business, one might suppose them to be possessed of considerable intelligence; for they are hard-working and remarkably handy. Yet they seem often to be almost incapable of brain work. This appears due not so much to lack of understanding as to other reasons. The very way in which they feed their children is enough to sow the seed of early stupidity. They are not weaned till they are four, five, or even six years of age, and then they are stuffed with food prepared chiefly with oil, obtained from apricot-seeds. Nor have they any idea of cleanliness. In winter they never wash their children, but the mother rubs them all over with

fat. All this cannot be conducive to a healthy development of the mind.

Further, they are utterly lacking in perseverance. They are allowed to run wild from childhood, and as they are never taught to fix their attention on mental work of any kind they soon get tired of it. For instance, three young men, seeing the great advantage, under present political circumstances, of knowing English, went to one of the missionaries and asked to be taught. He willingly agreed to teach them without payment. They persevered for a few weeks, but then they said to him: "You Europeans are quite different from us in learning. It is not in our line." With that they left him and never returned.

But a great reason for the backwardness of the Tibetans is that their lamas purposely keep them in the grossest ignorance, because it is for their own interest to maintain the superstitions which they themselves sneer at.

The custom of polygamy has a good deal to do with this mental incapacity, and still more so the degraded custom of polyandry among the poorer classes. They themselves realise their backwardness, which is most striking among the women. Some of them once declared to the missionary, with sad *naïveté*: "We are as stupid as oxen." A sad confession on the part of beings formed in the image of God! Their stupidity and superstition are most terribly shown in their treatment of the sick. When small-pox breaks out, the sick are sometimes conveyed to the monasteries. The inhabitants of those villages, where the epidemic has not yet made its appearance, endeavour to stay its progress by placing thorns on the bridges and at the boundaries, to terrify the evil spirits supposed to carry the disease. Patients who die are thrown into the rivers. If isolated cases occur, the victims are taken to the top of a mountain and there left, to get well or die. The richest man in one of the villages was once compelled by public opinion to expose his daughter on the mountains, and leave her to her fate.

Their great panacea is butter. Butter taken internally and externally is expected to cure every disease. If not, the sickness is supposed to be caused by evil spirits, and then the lamas have to be called to the rescue. Some people have a supply of butter fifty years old laid by in their houses, sewn up in sacks and skins; this is produced with great pride on special occasions, as the oldest wine is brought out at European banquets.

CHAPTER IV.

Social Life of the People.

The social and political position of the lower classes is deplorable. Two out of our three mission-stations are within the borders of British territory. The third is in Ladak, and on their evangelising tours, our missionaries traverse other districts belonging to the Maharajah of Kashmir, where not long ago Europeans were not allowed to reside. The mass of the people are Tibetans, but the rajahs or princes and the nobles are Hindus and Brahmanists. So there exists between rulers and ruled not only a political, but also a religious antagonism.

Two or three times a year the peasant has to render unpaid service to his lord, with wife and child, and cattle, for several weeks at a time, for his ruler is usually the richest merchant of the province, and he must carry his salt or other merchandise over the mountains to the great marts. Further, the poor down-trodden peasant not only pays burdensome taxes, but has to support the tax-gatherers. These officials are intent on filling their own purses whilst collecting the revenue of their masters. One finds whole villages deserted because the inhabitants, weary of intolerable oppression and cruelty, have fled into English territory, leaving all their possessions behind. Often on their journeys the missionaries have interfered with some official, whom they have seen beating the coolies under

his charge with the most shameful brutality, and without the slightest provocation. But this inhumanity reaches its height in the report of what was done to some people at Shipke, in Chinese Tibet. The inhabitants of this border-village having given trouble by their resistance to taxation, and the like, the governor at last received instructions to kill them all. He had one after another thrown on the ground, and beaten with cudgels up to two hundred blows. Three men died under the punishment, and others were in a shocking condition. The rest fled, for a time, from the place. In the interior of Tibet Proper, such savage punishments are said to be common.

Over and above all this, their Hindu masters try to force upon them Brahmanism with its system of caste, and its veneration of cattle. Sometimes a Buddhist, for killing an ox, has had his hands and nose cut off. Thus, Hinduism, being intellectually superior, makes its power felt, not only in customs formerly unknown to the Tibetans, but also in despotic oppression and cruelty.

In the territory under English influence the natives are much better off; but even there a poor man's lot is not a happy one. The English Government wisely works very gradually when aiming at an extension of its power, and the opening up of new lands to civilization. It confirms the native princes in their position for a time; it appoints native officials; partly because there are no European officials available; partly because Europeans would be ignorant of the language and customs of the country. Politic as is this method of gradual advance, it involves, for a time, the necessity of overlooking many an evil that demands reform, not only for the sake of Christianity, but for the sake of common humanity and justice. Hence the establishment of British supremacy is not simultaneous with the cessation of despotism and cruelty. At first, perhaps, a few crying abuses are abolished, especially when they are complained of by Europeans. Still the native officials feel that a certain restraint is laid upon them.

The magic of the English name inspires them with fear, yet they cling to their old heathenish traditions, which teach them to oppress and plunder their subjects. Sometimes they can indulge their natural instincts unchecked. Occasionally the English officer may be a young man, who treats the common herd in Asiatic rather than in European style. His arrogant, harsh, contemptuous manner deprives them of the courage to appeal to this hero of civilization, as the guardian and upholder of justice, for protection against their oppressors. On the other hand, there are men among the higher English officials who show the deepest sympathy with the lot of the poor people, and do their utmost to help them. Least of all can the missionaries of the Moravian Church complain of their treatment at the hands of the British Government. Both officially and privately they receive in various ways the most kindly support. Without such help they could scarcely have continued at their post for so many years. For they have to grapple with no common difficulties. Their task is to arouse out of the sleep of death a heathen race which has for centuries been isolated, and is petrified in the formalities of a gigantic religious system, compounded of philosophy and superstition.

CHAPTER V.

Buddhism and its Priests.

Fully to understand the greatness of the missionary task in these countries, we must glance at the power which holds captive the hearts of men. That power is *Buddhism*.

Many centuries before the birth of Christ, Brahmanism developed out of the worship of the phenomena of nature, fire and water, the sun, and the great vault of heaven, emblem of the unknown. It teaches that Brahma is the supreme being, from whom are all things. But he is a being without personality, a vague, shadowy existence, incomprehensible and indescribable, a mere eternal life. He, nevertheless, energizes in the visible world, now forming, now preserving, now destroying. As the preserving principle he is called Vishnu. Vishnu is the preserver not only in the realm of nature, but also in the history of mankind. By so-called incarnations he appears in certain heroes and great intellects, in order to stay the advance of evil. But that which comes into being must also decay. The god of decay and destruction is Siva; and, since that which dies and passes away always makes room for new life, he is at the same time the god of generation and propagation. In him, love and hatred, death and life, are united. These three, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva form the Hindu Trimurti, bearing a faint resemblance to the Christian Trinity. Side by side with this Triad,

which, of course, could never be understood by the people, there is an innumerable host of demigods, subordinate deities, demons, and saints. The mass of the people content themselves with these, and calmly leave it to the priests and learned men to busy themselves with speculations regarding the Trimurti.

Brahmanism has a social as well as a religious aspect. It is synonymous with the harsh, haughty, and heartless system of caste. The priests, or Brahmins, form the highest caste, unattainable save to those born into it. To it belong the keys of heaven. To it all others are subject, and though the priest may have intercourse with the upper castes, the lower ones are unclean, and are treated by all the rest with disdain.

In the sixth century, B.C., a reformation in Brahmanism, resulted in the establishment of a new religion, Buddhism. Its founder was Gautama, who received the title of the Buddha, *i.e.* the Enlightened One. A prince by birth, he is said to have lived at first in splendour, and in the pursuit of pleasure. Suddenly overcome by a conviction of the vanity of all earthly things, he left his throne, betook himself into solitude, and from that time devoted himself solely to the welfare of his fellow-men. In order to make his teachings acceptable to the adherents of Brahmanism, his disciples declared him to be an incarnation of Vishnu. But soon the difference between his new teachings and those of the priests began to make itself felt, and a general persecution broke out against his followers. They were driven out of India, and going northwards spread themselves over Tibet, China, and Mongolia, till now the Buddhists are said to number 120 millions, while the Brahmanists are reckoned at only sixty millions.

Buddha merely went a step further than Brahmanism. The latter had defined the supreme being in as vague a manner as possible, teaching that he was not a person but a power. Buddha declared the supreme being to be "a nothing." Just as all sensuous appearances were nothing but revelations of this supreme

being, all destined to pass away, the particular to be sunk in the general, so, too, it was the highest happiness for man to be divested of all corporeality, and to be dissolved in the nothing. This supreme destiny of mortals is called Nirvana, the "extinction" of wishes and desires, "freedom from the evils of being." This blessedness is, however, granted only to those who seek after the highest knowledge and practise the greatest virtues. Each one must gain it for himself by consistent walking in the path of virtue, whilst the wicked man after death returns into a body, the prison of the soul, until he is purified, and walks in virtue's ways. Then, at last, he too is removed to that highest sphere, where all is Buddha and Buddha himself is nothing.

It was not this part of his doctrine which made Buddhism so hated by the Brahmanists, but his view of social life. He taught that all men on earth are suffering brethren, and must help one another. He therefore rejects the inhuman system of caste. The priests of his religion are all unmarried, and so cannot possibly form a class distinct from all others; for every man may become a priest.

With the shadowy pantheism of Buddha it is evident that the common people could do nothing. Consequently an entirely different view of Buddhism has asserted itself in every-day life, based, however, upon that which has just been sketched. Briefly and aptly to define the practical Buddhism of Tibet, one may call it a kind of Catholicism in Asiatic surroundings. This comparison may at first sight appear uncharitable, yet it is borne out by the impartial testimony of the Jesuit travellers, Huc and Gabet. From 1844 to 1846 these two Catholic missionaries travelled through China and Tibet, the chief seats of Buddhism, to seek for traces of a former mission of their order, and to see if there was any prospect of success in renewing it. Although at first startled by the resemblance between the ritual of their Church and of Buddhism, they take it as a sign that the Buddhists are predestined for Catholicism: "The cross, the mitre, the priestly

robes, the surplice which the Grand Lamas wear on their journeys, or when performing any ceremony outside the temple, the service with two choirs, the chanting, the exorcisms, the censer hanging by its five-fold chain, and opened or shut at will, the benediction which the lamas pronounce with the right hand extended, the rosary, the celibacy of the clergy, the monastic life, the worship of saints, the fasts, processions, litanies, and holy water—all these things," say they, "form a remarkable resemblance between the Buddhists and ourselves."

As one of our missionaries has said, it would be easy to convert numbers of these Buddhists into Roman Catholics. "Let them give the people instead of their present prayer-flags such as are customary in the Roman Catholic Church, and instead of their amulets a crucifix; let them teach them to mutter "Ave Maria" instead of 'Om mani padme hum,' and to make the sign of the cross; they do not need to give them the rosary, for they possess it already; but above all let them offer, along with the assurance of eternal life on easy terms, the means of subsistence for this life, and thus ensure them freedom from anxiety, and the poor, at any rate, would flock to such a Christianity in crowds." This outward similarity springs from deeper causes. It is the result of the whole hierarchical organisation, and the mechanical system of good works.

The head of Buddhism is the Dalai-Lama, regarded as the incarnation of the supreme being. He is the political and spiritual head of all worshippers of Buddha, though he has suffered the same fate in his Church-state, Tibet, as the Pope in his. For the Chinese Government has compelled him to abdicate his secular authority and to share it with Chinese officials. Even in his Rome, his capital, Lhassa, there resides a Chinese Governor. Still the Dalai-Lama is regarded by his true followers with the deepest veneration. He owns no superior and yields obedience to none. When he dies, the "Soul of the Universe" takes up its abode in some new-born child, which the priests of the Grand Lama's

court recognise by certain signs. This child is then brought with great pomp to Lhasa, whilst tens of thousands throng the road and gather in the city to pay their homage and to receive his benediction. A council of lamas undertakes the regency till the child grows up; then he assumes the reins of government, and retains them in his own hand until his death. All the higher clergy and chief lamas are also incarnations, with which the subordinate deities and former saints favour humanity.

The following instance will show how they discover the incarnation of a "kushog," or saint. In the year 1870 two of the chief lamas in the province of Ladak died. They had received divine honours from the people, who supposed that they brought special blessings, both temporal and spiritual, to the province. When they died there was great mourning. But people soon began to speak, as is customary, about their new birth. One of them had even said on his death-bed to his weeping sister: "Weep not, for in three years I shall have assumed another body, and shall be with you again." But three years is a long time to wait. Soon after the death of this kushog a baby was born in a rich family, whom everybody took to be an ordinary child until some interested person found that the soul of the departed saint had entered into the boy. A lama, who had been a long time in the service of the family, and had only just left it, was deputed to examine the child, and as it stretched out its arms to him, there was no further doubt about the matter. The baby itself, they said, had shown that the soul of the deceased had taken up his abode in it, and was longing for the embrace of his old colleague. The lama took the child with him to the monastery, and it was thenceforth the chief lama of the province, the bringer of blessings to the people.

Life does not run altogether smoothly for the lamas. Many of the laity, instead of recognising the blessings supposed to be brought them by this hierarchy, compare their own hard lot with the easy life led by most of the

lamas in the lamaseries maintained at their expense. Sanguinary struggles have repeatedly broken out in Lhasa during the last few decades between the embittered laity and the clergy. A former lama named Gjalzan (the Nathanael, of whom we shall speak later,) gave our missionaries an account of a rebellion which broke out in 1872. All the lamas had to take up arms. Their numbers were by no means small, as there are no fewer than eleven monasteries in Lhasa, the largest of which has 5,000 lamas, and a great many more in the immediate neighbourhood of the city. Many supporters of the Dalai-Lama fell in the contest; but at length they gained the victory, and wreaked a cruel vengeance upon all who fell into their hands. The leaders of the insurrection were bound, their flesh torn off bit by bit, and the pieces forced into their mouths till they were suffocated. Then they were flayed, and their heads and hands cut off, and these ghastly trophies displayed in the monasteries as a warning against revolt. Gjalzan bears the marks of wounds received in battle for his Order.

These things show that the power of Buddhism is shaken. Indeed, in the border-lands between Hinduism and Buddhism, it has adopted the system of caste, and one now meets with Buddhist fakirs, a class of fanatics originally peculiar to Brahmanism. These are people who hope by extraordinary self-denial, or bodily torments self-imposed, to earn a special place in heaven. They support themselves by begging and conjuring. They usually have a drinking cup, made out of a skull, preferably that of a saint if it can be got; for by using it they hope at the same time to imbibe the wisdom of the departed. Another part of their equipment is a flute, likewise made out of the bones of a saint, with the unharmonious notes of which they conjure up spirits. The lamas have adopted from them the use of similar drinking cups and flutes. Surely then the time is coming when the banner of Christianity will be unfolded in this benighted land, and when the darkness shall flee away before the glorious light of the Day-spring from on high.

All lamas, whatever their rank, live in monasteries, each of which is connected with a temple. There are also nunneries, though these are considerably fewer in number. As in the Roman Catholic Church, so there are amongst the lamas many degrees of rank, and a great number of different orders, distinguished by their dress. Red and yellow are the predominant colours, not only of their dress, but also of their hats and umbrellas. Only younger sons may become lamas, whilst the elder brothers inherit the family estate. To have full authority with the people a lama must have gone through a course of study at Lhasa. Previous to despatching future students from one of the distant provinces to Lhasa, the monks assemble in the large hall of their monastery to hold a so-called "Kurim," or religious service. This ceremony is supposed to ensure a safe journey and a successful course of study to the young aspirant, for the journey is often long and perilous. But the majority study with their "khangpo," or professor, in their own monastery. Comparatively few out of the thousands of lamas in Tibet attain to the higher grades, and some of these students are old men with grey hair.

Many monasteries are built with great ingenuity and boldness in the most romantic situations, generally on high, almost inaccessible rocks. The monks willingly show strangers over these establishments. Even our missionaries, whose work they know, are courteously received, often respectfully listened to, and permitted to inspect both monasteries and temples. These are all built on one general plan. In the centre is a court-yard surrounded by lofty buildings and cloisters, into which the cells of the monks open. In the cells there is little to be seen—a small carpet, rich or plain according to circumstances, used as seat by day and as bed by night; a small wooden box, which serves as a receptacle for a variety of things; some cooking utensils; a book-shelf for the sacred writings—that is all. After harvest-time the cooking is done for everybody in the large kitchen of the monastery; but during harvest

most of the lamas are away, helping their friends and relations to get in the crops. Besides this they travel about a great deal, partly to conduct worship in distant villages, partly to collect gifts for their lamaseries, whose endowments seldom suffice to feed so many hungry mouths.

The daily avocations of the lamas are varied, but all characterized by the most senseless formality. Every monastery has its library, containing books neatly covered with silk cloth and numbered in figures of gold. There the lamas sit and read, not because the contents are attractive, or instructive, or edifying, but because it is a meritorious work. Many spend half their lives and more in reading aloud volume after volume, without thinking what they read. They also practise religious games, half musical, half pantomimic. The costumes and masks which they wear on such occasions are generally made of Chinese silk and richly embroidered with the most fantastic devices imaginable. Amidst many-coloured lanterns and sacred utensils and idols a crowd of the most wonderful figures swarm in the courtyard and in the temple itself—beings with the head and tusks of a wild boar, dragons, kings, hobgoblins, blue devils, red devils—all keeping time to the music. The music gets quicker. Boars, dragons, kings, hobgoblins in ever wilder confusion redouble their pace. The excitement becomes infectious. The spectators join in. Quicker, and yet quicker, wilder, madder, till even a matter-of-fact European is seized with a feeling of horror at the sight of this witches' dance, mingled with deep compassion at the thought of the ignorance which can imagine such a scene to be an act of worship to the Supreme Being.

No less pitiable is the impression produced by the "melas," or festivals of the gods, instituted by the lamas to awaken the religious instincts of the people. They collect in one village all the sacred images of the district and those which perform the most miracles. At the head of the procession marches the band,

making a deafening noise with trumpets and drums. Then come the bearers of the sacred images, which are draped with bright-coloured cloth and have faces of gold or silver. When the spot is reached where the festival is to take place the bearers take up their position in two lines facing one another, moving all the while to the music, now forwards, now backwards, getting gradually quicker and quicker; and each time the two ranks meet the images are made to bob up and down to represent the deep bows with which they greet one another. This is repeated over and over again, all present evincing their sympathy by laying their right hands upon their foreheads and bowing with the images. The whole ceremony reminds one of the way in which children play with their dolls.

Of course the manufacture of idols is another meritorious employment, profitable both from a religious and from a business point of view. It must be confessed that considerable skill is displayed in the carving of these sacred images. They betoken a perfect knowledge of the proportions of the human frame, and artistic taste in the representation of folds and drapery. They possess even beauty, especially in the regularity of the features, although the face is often entirely void of expression. The material used is mostly wood, or clay, or bronze, and their ideal is, strange to say, Caucasian, not Mongolian.

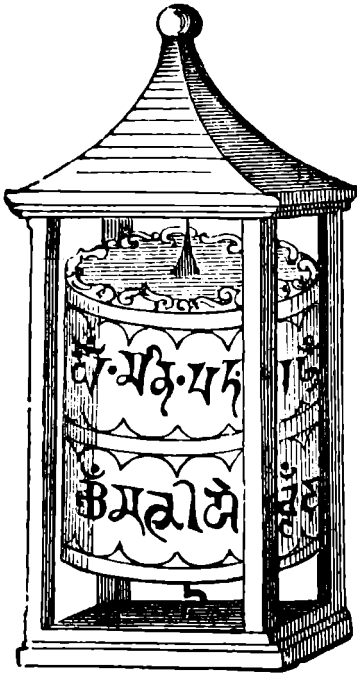
But of all the ways of attaining to perfection as a lama the surest is contemplation, the art of fixing one's thoughts so entirely on the one great idea, which after all is "nothing," as to be incapable of having any thought beside. This they call "the perfect rest," a preparation for the Nirvana, which is extinction of the individual and absorption into the universe. For this purpose the abbot will retire for several weeks to a grotto hewn out of the rock for him by his brotherhood, or he may spend his whole time in solitude, and visit his flock only on festival days. For this purpose the khangpo (professor) will retire to his cell for weeks, and leave his students to pursue their studies alone.

For this purpose the hermit will spend his whole life in the wildest solitude, seeking by continual meditation with his eyes fixed upon one spot to attain to the dignity of Buddha. Yet this is really nothing but a thoughtless dreaming, ruinous to the mind, imparting to the face a look of ineffable stupidity. It renders those who practice it incapable of any depth of thought, so that in conversation with the missionaries they contradict themselves, or keep silence, unable to answer for want of knowledge and clearness with regard to their own religion.

Another reason for the mental sluggishness so noticeable amongst the lamas as a body must be glanced at. According to the reports of Nathanael, the converted lama, those terrible sins, which the apostle enumerates in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans as characteristic of heathendom, are here also its sad features, and the monasteries are the chief seat of these crimes. One of our missionaries found the walls of a temple covered with indecent words and pictures. A number of lamas had assembled to see him. When he pointed to these things with the remark that they themselves had evidently very little respect for their own sanctuary, they were ashamed and ill at ease. It was most disagreeable to them that the missionary had seen this; but he used it as a text for his testimony concerning Jesus Christ, who makes the sinner clean and free indeed. Truly they need this cleansing; for amongst the laity and the common people especially sensuality is terribly rife.

Finally the lamas spend a great deal of their time in actual worship in their temples. These involuntarily remind every European who enters them of Catholic Churches. They are full of sacrificial vessels, musical instruments, and pictures of saints painted on paper, or worked in silk, or moulded in bronze. There, too, are artificial flowers, the undying lamp, basins of holy water, censers, bells, and, opposite to the entrance in the centre of the building, the altar. Carpets are spread before the pictures and down the aisles. Morning

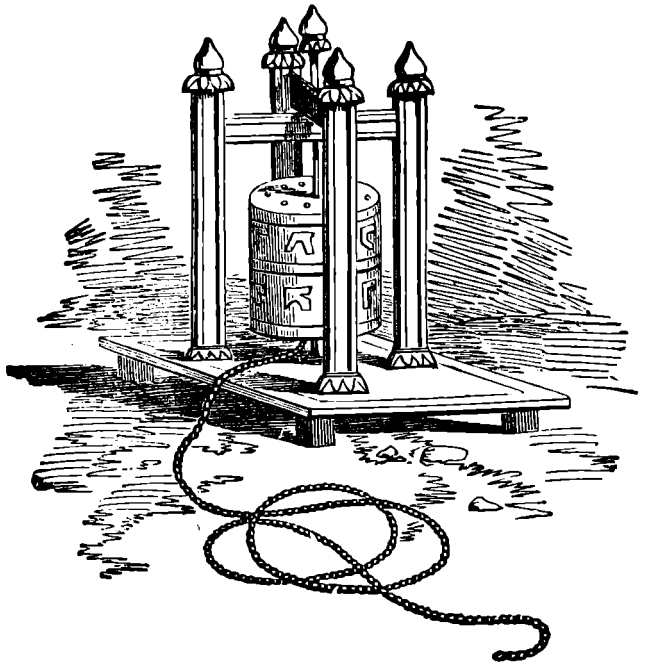
and evening the lamas, and those of the laity who will, assemble for prayer. Having prostrated themselves at the door, they seat themselves upon the carpets, read the sacred writings, sing, drink tea, and, when all is over, believe themselves a few steps further on "the way to perfection."



PRAYER MILL.

This mechanical conception of religion reaches its climax in the use of an instrument, which is intimately connected with their worship, the *prayer-mill*. Prayer-mills consist of cylinders, called "mani," or "manupane," which can be of any size. Most are little cylinders with a handle from six to eight inches in length. Some are five or six feet long and three or four feet in diameter.

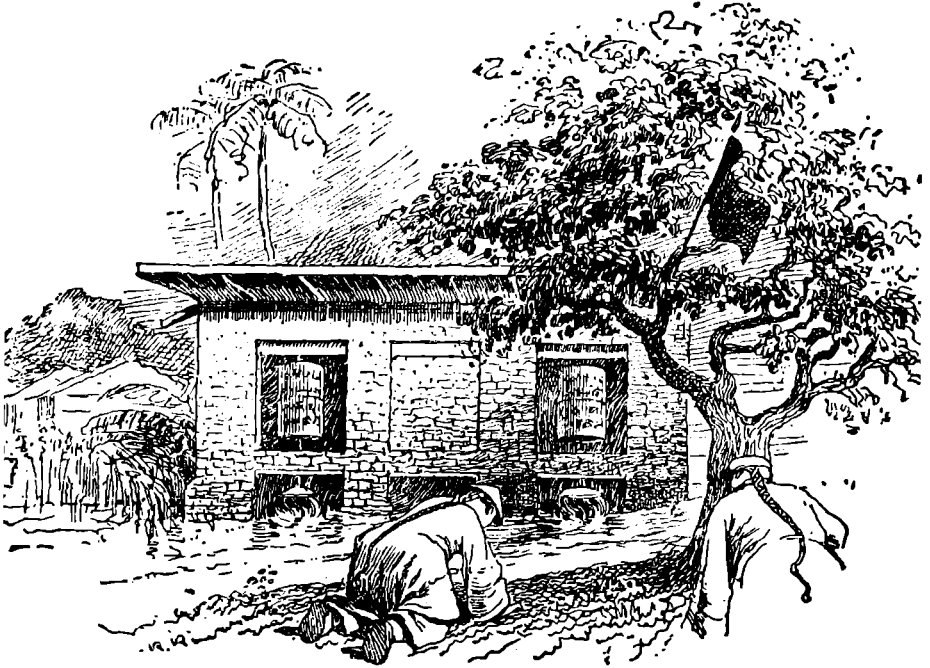
Through the centre there passes an iron axle resting at one end on a beam, at the other, where the handle is, on an iron support. A large prayer-wheel usually stands either in the temple, or in its immediate vicinity. The cylinder is covered inside and outside with gold-paper, on which are written a countless number of times in every colour imaginable the



PRAYER MILL.

six-syllable prayer: "Om-ma-ni-pad-me-hum," ("Blessed be the jewel in the lotus flower!") This is the Ave Maria of the Buddhists.*

"Om mani padme hum!" "Om mani padme hum!" How quickly one can pray by simply turning a handle,



PRAYER WHEELS AND FLAG.

(The wheels are turned by a running stream.)

for a single turn of the prayer-mill causes all the prayers inscribed on the cylinder to ascend to the deity! So the Buddhists are taught to believe, and muttering their formula and turning their prayer-wheels, on they go, marching in the "way to per-

* "The person addressed in these words," says Jaeschke, "is not Buddha, but Splyan-ras-zyigs; by some he is thought to be the author of them. The Tibetans themselves are ignorant of the proper sense of these six syllables, if sense at all there be in them, and it is not unlikely that some shrewd priest invented this form of prayer, in order to furnish the common people with a formula, or symbol, easily to be retained by the memory, and the frequent recital of which might satisfy their religious wants. And though

fection." They have been clever enough to make machines of this kind turned by water, so that day and night prayer is being made continually for him who built the mill, or paid for it. It would be ridiculous, were it not so sad! What gods must those be who accept such service! What a faith is that which imagines that thus it can gain peace for the soul!

there may be no obvious meaning in such exclamations or prayers, yet their efficacy is sure to be firmly believed in by the people whose practical religion chiefly consists in the performance of certain rites and ceremonies, in a devout veneration of their lamas combined with frequent oblations to them, and in abstaining from gross sins. The numerous attempts that have been made to explain the 'Om mani padme hum' satisfactorily, and to discover a deeper sense or even a hidden meaning in it have proved more or less unsuccessful. The most simple and popular, but also the flattest of these explanations is derived from the purely extrinsic circumstance, that the Sanskrit words of the prayer consist of six syllables, and accordingly it is suggested that each of these six syllables, when pronounced by a pious Buddhist, conveys a blessing upon one of the 'six classes of beings.'

CHAPTER VI.

The Laity.

The religion of the people of Tibet is even more superficial and mechanical than that of the lamas. How can it be otherwise, when they are designedly kept in a state of spiritual bondage, ignorance, and superstition, and taught from youth up to soothe conscience by the most mechanical works? Their own term "to make religion" aptly expresses their whole conception of the matter.

It is not their enmity that makes this mission-field the hardest in the world. Open opposition is contrary to the natural disposition of the Tibetan, especially towards Europeans, of whose mental superiority he is conscious without acknowledging it. The natives of Lahoul treat the missionary with coolness, for he is "a man without caste;" but they seldom show open hostility. The Ladakese are friendly, though open friendliness is only a part of their natural hospitality and cheerful temperament. It does not indicate a drawing toward the preacher of the Gospel. The natives of Zanskar are frank and open, and always willing hearers; but this is due to their simple manners and amiable disposition, a result of the isolated position of their province with no main road traversing it. Nor is it their stupidity which raises such a barrier to the gospel, for in business affairs they are often astute. It is simply the thoughtlessness and indifference with

regard to vital religion in which they have been trained for centuries. The ruling principle of Buddhism, the attainment of salvation by merit, flatters the heart of "the old man" not a little. Self-righteousness and justification by works were in the time of the Pharisees, and have been ever since, the main hindrance to the message of free and undeserved mercy in Christ Jesus. In Tibet they rule supreme.

The spiritual sloth of the laity and their dependence on the lamas are illustrated by the following instances. The lamas annually announce the commencement of the Tibetan New Year. One year two of them had calculated that it would fall on January 12th; a third, who had quarrelled with the other two and wanted to finish carving an idol before New Year's Day, asserted that it fell on January 16th. When a missionary asked one of the heathen: "What do you think? Which day is the right one?" he received the naïve reply: "Oh, we don't think at all, the lama thinks for us!" In 1885 their New Year was "granted" at the same time as that of the Christians, on account of the prevalent smallpox. During the first fortnight no intercourse takes place between the different villages, and the authorities wisely designed to use this custom as a possible preventative to any further spread of the epidemic. From this it will be seen that, if they have any object in view, they do not regulate the New Year according to the calendar drawn up by the lamas.

It is the same with regard to agriculture. A missionary advised a native to devote more pains to the cultivation of his fruit-trees, telling him how his own care had been rewarded by a far better fruit-harvest than usual. "You have evidently accumulated more religious merits," replied the man; "therefore, if you were to plant trees here, they would certainly thrive, but when we sinful men plant them they always die." In spring solemn processions march round their fields, headed by lamas pouring out libations as a protection against harm by bad weather. The lamas are consulted in the choice of a day for sowing and reaping, and

they profess also to be able to make rain. One year our missionaries took advantage of the moistness of winter to sow their fields; the young corn was already coming up nicely before the heathen were allowed by their lamas to begin sowing. Then no rain fell. The drought became worse and worse, and the poor heathen had to sow again, because the first seed had not sprouted at all. Such things are of frequent occurrence, yet the spell which rests upon their minds is not broken, though the laity are beginning to lose faith in their lamas.

According to Buddhism the best means of progress for a layman on the "way of perfection" are pilgrimages and self-castigation. One meets a beggar. Three years ago he had a house and farm of his own; but he was fond of hunting, and killed, so he says, more than a thousand animals. This was condemned by the lama as sinful, and now the man wanders as a mendicant through the land in order to atone for his sin.

High up in the mountain is a mighty glacier. At its foot lies a beautiful mountain-lake, from which several rivers take their rise. Beside its calm waters, amid the most romantic scenery, stands a monastery. To walk round this lake and glacier takes seven days, yet one sees pilgrims toiling over rocks and ice; for to do this, and to present an offering in money and in kind to the monastery, saves from all sin. Or they undertake pilgrimages in great caravans to places hallowed by the tomb of some saint. There they pray, offer gifts at the monastery which is always erected on such a spot, and crawl round its estate on hands and knees, a toilsome task of three or four days, supposed to be a work of great merit.

In the houses of the rich there is usually a family museum of sacred things, consisting of idols, bright-coloured flags, sacrificial basins, plates of corn and flowers offered as sacrifices, figures made of flour, and, most important of all, *books*. The Tibetan regards all books with veneration, for he never meets with any that are not religious. He bows down before every

book, and lays it upon his head, thereby intimating his desire that the blessing of this sacred thing may rest upon him. The Kyelang monastery, which was built near the mission-farm to counteract the influence of the white man's religion, possesses a great Buddhist work consisting of one hundred thick volumes. All the villages of the district united to purchase it for 1,000 rupees, and paid besides about 400 rupees for its conveyance to Kyelang. It was brought from Chinese Tibet in 1886, and was carried up into the monastery with music and great rejoicings. The contents of these expensive books are quite a secondary matter; few of the lamas themselves take the trouble to ascertain what is really to be learnt from them. But the villagers value these volumes as a charm, blessing the whole surrounding country.

The Tibetans willingly receive and even read the Christian books translated by the missionaries into their language; many even believe that the teachings contained in them are stronger than their own. Therefore in cases of sickness they often tear pages out of the Gospels, roll them up into little pills, and swallow them, considering them an effective charm. It cannot be denied that the Tibetan layman possesses a religious nature and religious needs, but that only increases one's compassion at seeing how the longings of his heart are misdirected by his spiritual guides. His piety, childish as may be its expression in acts, contrasts favourably with the conduct of many of the lamas, who frivolously discard their religion and yet continue to occupy their position for the sake of its advantages.

The religion of any nation takes a prominent place in sickness, death, and the last honours paid to the dead, and Tibetan superstition gathers round these events. When a person is seriously ill the lama is sent for. He makes a dummy, "oni tshab," *i.e.* "a representative of the man," which is adorned with the sick man's earrings and trinkets. By ceremonies and prayers the sickness is laid upon the dummy, whilst an incessant shooting, drumming, and whistling is kept up. At last

the dummy is carried out of the house and burnt, but the ear-rings and trinkets remain in the hands of the lama, as payment for his services.

If death ensues after all, the nearest relations and friends assemble at once, and there is a grinding of corn in hand-mills, and a putting of great kettles of tea on the fire, and a feasting of visitors. Of course the lamas are busy with exorcisms and prayers. All this is done on the roof, because the inside of the house is made unclean by the presence of death. Presently all fear of harm from evil spirits is removed and then the body is burnt, if the relatives can afford to pay for it. The bodies of the very poor are often cut up by persons specially appointed for that purpose, and given as food to dogs and vultures. The highest lamas are interred in their own palaces, their bodies being covered with salt to prevent corruption, or at any rate to make it unnoticeable.

The relations, if they can afford it, celebrate year by year the day on which anyone has died, in order to improve the condition of the departed in the other world. All who will can come to the feast. They assemble in the open air, and sit down in rows, the lamas in a group apart. If it is winter the snow is shovelled off a field for the occasion. Tea and oil-cakes are handed round, and any representative of a family is allowed to take home two oil-cakes for each absent member. The celebration finally becomes a weird orgie, at which "chang" is drunk in enormous quantities, not least by the lamas.

The remains of the dead are kept in so-called "cho-ten," pyramids of stone, often very tastefully built, which stand in different places not far from the villages. The lamas offer sacrifices before them, and keep in them sacred objects, such as pictures of deceased lamas, and torn books which can no longer be used. We have not been able to ascertain whether the "chod-tens" are also tombs. These are pyramids erected at cross-roads and in passes, just such places where a crucifix usually stands in Catholic countries.

It is customary for the traveller on safely crossing a dangerous mountain-pass to lay upon one of these "chod-ten" one or two navo horns (the curved horns of a species of mountain sheep), with the cry, "Sollo, sollo!" an exclamation of gratitude to the gods.

Near a village the roads are lined with interminable walls covered with stones inscribed with the words: "Om mani padme hum." These inscriptions are made by the lamas for money, and men buy the stones and lay them upon the walls that they may receive a blessing, or gain the fulfilment of a wish.

Thus the Tibetan is devoted to his gods in life and death, partly out of piety, partly out of habit. But, not to mention the continual cursing and swearing in daily life, there are occasions when he practically acknowledges by his conduct that his religion does not satisfy him. In one village the farmers first examine the fields to see whether the harvest is likely to be satisfactory, before they decide whether it is worth their while to celebrate a harvest-thanksgiving. They are but representatives of a large class, who so long as they are getting on well, are perfectly willing to praise their gods, and to say: "That is so by the favour of God." But when trouble comes, they first make "kurim" with all their might, *i.e.* they run to the lama, and before the image of Buddha he has to perform rites, offer up special devotions, and employ his magic. If that is no use they abuse their god and cry: "Thou blind, sightless god, couldst thou not act differently!" They curse Buddha, and take refuge in fatalism.

A strange custom must be mentioned, for it recalls the scapegoat of the Old Testament, devoted to Azazel, and shows that even Buddhism has a faint perception of vicarious atonement. Every year in Lhasa a man belonging to the lower class, clad in goat's skin, and with a strange kind of hat upon his head, is led by the lamas, amidst the jeers and taunts of the rejoicing multitude, out of the city to the river-bank. There the sin of the whole people is symbolically laid upon

his head, and he is sent away alone into the wilderness on the other side of the river. There he remains for several weeks, supplied with food in abundance, but shunned by all his fellows. At last he is allowed to return, and receives large presents from the people; yet the shame is so great that it is hard to find a man willing to represent the sin-bearer.

So much concerning the land and the people to whom the Moravian missionaries are sent. They battle with a heathenism which, with its superstition, its ignorance, its avarice, and its carnal sins, needs the message of Him who alone can make free indeed, who is the light and the truth. No coarse, crass fetich worship this, but a heathenism based on hundreds of folios, evolving their philosophic system of dialectics, a hoary heathenism, centuries older than Christianity. Proud, self-righteous, and self-satisfied it is, in spite of its hollowness and superficiality; stubbornly tenacious of life, and so complete and minute in its organization that it inexorably sways the whole life, religious, political, and social, of its adherents. Such is Buddhism in its form, character, and spirit, and all this necessitates patient enduring toil of no ordinary kind on the part of those who would effectually grapple with this tremendous system.

CHAPTER VII.

The first Missionaries.

It was the well-known Chinese missionary, Gützlaff, who, in 1850, first urged the Moravian Mission Board at Herrnhut to begin a work among the Mongolians. They took up the matter, and issued an appeal for volunteers. From among the thirty applicants they selected Edward Pagell, a Pomeranian, a man of undaunted courage and iron endurance, and Augustus William Heyde, a Silesian, blessed with unfailing buoyancy of spirits, both laymen who had had a good education.

Having acquired some medical knowledge, these two set out July 13th, 1853, in firm trust in their Lord and Saviour and in His guiding hand. Their original plan had been to make their way to Mongolia through Russia and Siberia; but the necessary passes were refused them, so they had to go by way of England and India. They reached Simla at the beginning of April, 1854. Simla, the summer capital of India, stands at an elevation of 7,200 feet above the sea on the southern slope of a mountain, whose summit commands a magnificent panorama. Southward can be seen the gray, rocky outposts of the Himalayan ranges, northward deep wooded ravines, and far away on the horizon the gigantic snow-covered summits of some of the highest mountains in the world. Little did those two missionaries then think that among the future supporters of their work would be Government officials resident at

Simla, including the Viceroy and his lady, and that Government inspectors from that city would visit their schools.

Here they rested a short time, and then passed on to Kotghur, distant two days' journey, where Mr. Prochnow, of the Church Missionary Society, received them with great kindness.

Here they were to perfect themselves in English and to learn Hindustani. At the same time they continued their study of Mongolian, and began Tibetan. It may seem surprising that they should learn so many languages; but they required English and Hindustani, as they would often come in contact with Englishmen and Hindus; Mongolian was indispensable for the work originally proposed to them; and to reach Mongolia they must needs pass through Tibet, which lay hundreds of miles in extent between them and Mongolia. Little did they think as yet that they would never reach that land, nor penetrate more than a day or two's journey into Chinese Tibet. The most careful inquiries made in Europe before their departure had failed to gain all the information desired. It had to be acquired by experience on the spot, amid difficulties and sacrifices.

In 1855 they started on their reconnoitring expedition, still with their original destination, Mongolia, in view. They passed through the provinces of Kullu, Lahoul, and Ladak, peopled with Buddhist Tibetans. Their repeated attempts to cross the Chinese borders into Tibet Proper were defeated by the stubborn opposition of the Chinese officials. Even Pagell's fearlessness and determination had to yield to the insurmountable difficulties. It was impossible to get into Tibet by this way, much less through Tibet into Mongolia. So the missionaries and the Mission Board came to the unanimous conclusion that they must for the present give up their original plan, and pitch their tent where they were till the closed doors should be opened by providence. They therefore took up their abode at Kyelang in Lahoul. Presently Poo, a village of Kunawur, close

to the point where the Sutlej issues from Chinese Tibet, was chosen as another starting-point for the evangelistic tours possible only in summer. But these little stations, some 10,000 feet above sea-level among the lofty valleys of the Himalayas, whilst important for their respective districts, are but means to ends never lost sight of. Poo is close enough to the still-closed gate of Chinese Tibet, but Kyelang is too remote as a stepping-stone to Mongolia. Our pioneers early visited Leh, the capital of Ladak, and at once saw that it was the very best centre for work among the western Tibetans; but the establishment of a mission in that city was attended with almost insuperable difficulties, owing to the jealous exclusion of Europeans from the territory by its native ruler, the Maharajah of Kashmir. Until a few years ago, none might pass the winter there, and only a limited number of Englishmen were provided with passes permitting them to spend the summer in Kashmir or Ladak. A British official was indeed stationed in Kashmir, at first only residing there during the summer, and later another was appointed for Ladak with the special duty of supervising the carrying out of a commercial treaty concluded to stimulate trade between British India and Central Asia. But neither had any influence upon the home politics of the country, and all other Europeans were still jealously excluded.

Yet the missionaries never lost sight of Leh, and they left no stone unturned to gain a footing there. In 1864 the Maharajah gave permission for them to undertake missionary journeys in his territory every summer without the necessity of procuring a pass each time. That was something gained, but years elapsed without any apparent advance towards a permanent footing.

Meantime, before the founding of the second station, reinforcement came from Europe. In 1856 Jaeschke followed the two others, an extraordinary man, whose work was of importance for the whole future of the undertaking. No one in the small circle of the Moravian Church was better fitted for the great task

of the translation of the Bible into the Tibetan language than this man, whose talent for the rapid acquisition of languages was only equalled by his zeal in utilizing every opportunity for learning them. When at the Theological Seminary at Gnadensfeld, in a district of Silesia where Polish is spoken, he mastered that language, besides surpassing all his fellow-students in the ordinary linguistic studies of the college course. As a teacher at Christiansfeld, in Schleswig, he acquired Danish, and during a holiday tour added Swedish. Quite a new domain was opened to him by Sanscrit, Persian and Arabic, and his studies in this direction were of special use to him in his subsequent missionary career.

Hindustani and Urdu presented no great difficulties to him, thanks to his acquaintance with Sanscrit, Arabic and Persian, but the thorough acquisition of Tibetan proved a harder task. At the beginning he seldom met with a native sufficiently intelligent to be of real service to him as "munshi." A few months after his arrival, however, he journeyed northward to Ladak, where he spent more than three months alone in the midst of a purely Tibetan speaking population. He lived at Stok, near Leh, in the most frugal and primitive fashion. His food consisted of oatmeal porridge, and the woman of the house faithfully kept for him the egg which her one hen laid every day. From his curiously-shaped bedroom he had to climb to his study by a stair composed of five unequal blocks of stone, and his furniture consisted of a tottering table and a still more defective stool. On his return to Kyelang he was exceedingly glad to meet with some lamas of higher culture than the majority of the natives, and better able to assist him in his studies. He was soon able, with the help of his colleagues, to enter on a course of literary labours, really marvellous when one considers the singular diversity of the daily duties which make incessant demands on the time and strength of missionaries at such remote stations. They were all indefatigable workers, and one after another

in quick succession school-books, catechisms, liturgies and hymns, Christian tracts, Bible histories, a children's Bible, and other works issued from their lithographic press at Kyelang.

Nor was Jaeschke forgetful of the advancement of science and the future needs of missionaries in Tibet. Having mastered the language and its idioms, he proceeded to write a Tibetan Grammar, which has become the standard authority. Still more important is his Tibetan Dictionary. His great commission to make preparations for, and to commence the translation of the Holy Scriptures into Tibetan, necessitated a thorough investigation of the full sense, exact range and living powers of the words and expressions to be used. During his twelve years' residence among the Tibetans he therefore embraced every opportunity to trace these through the rich literature of their ancient language down to their modern equivalents in the present provincial dialects of native tribes. "It seemed to me," he says in his preface, "that, if Buddhist readers were to be brought into contact with Biblical and Christian ideas, the introduction to so foreign and strange a train of thought, and one making the largest demands upon the character and the imagination, had best be made through the medium of a phraseology and diction as simple, as clear and as popular as possible. My instrument must be, as in the case of every successful translator of the Bible, not a technical, but the vulgar tongue."*

* Professor Max Müller, of Oxford, bears the following testimony to the scientific value of this work : "I have followed Mr. Jaeschke's Tibetan studies with much interest, and I have no doubt that they will in time lead to very important results. But it would be presumptuous for me to express an opinion on the scientific value of his dictionary. All I can say is that it fills a gap that has long been felt, and that it will take a long time before any scholar in Europe would feel competent to pass judgment on Mr. Jaeschke's contributions to Tibetan philology." But its main interest to us is its ample provision for the future needs of missionaries entering on the same wide field of Christian enterprise among Tibetan Buddhists.

“The chief motive of all our exertions,” he says again, “lay always in the desire to facilitate and to hasten the spread of the Christian religion and of Christian civilization among the millions of Buddhists who inhabit Central Asia and who speak and read in Tibetan idioms.”

No task could further this aim more effectually than the one to which Jaeschke applied all his linguistic talent. This was the translation of the Scriptures into Tibetan, his main commission. Beginning as soon as ever it was possible to him, he had nearly finished the New Testament, and had also commenced the Old Testament, when in 1868 his health broke down after ten years of incessant toil. He was obliged to return home to Germany to seek medical aid. But the great work did not cease. At Kyelang his colleagues carried it forward. His able successor, F. A. Redslob, assisted by Nathanael, a baptized lama, rendered into Tibetan the Epistle to the Hebrews and the Revelation of St. John; and the New Testament, thus completed and thoroughly revised, has been published by the British and Foreign Bible Society. An edition of 5,000 copies was carried through the press at Berlin, and the proofs were corrected by Jaeschke, until in 1882 growing infirmity obliged him to request that they be sent out to the missionaries at Kyelang. He still struggled on in the attempt to complete his life's work; but, as the year waned, his strength waned with it. The New Year found him still working, but increasingly feeble, and on September 24th, 1883, he “fell asleep.”

In January of the same year the veteran Pagell and his wife died at their lonely post in Poo, and were laid to rest with pious reverence by their little flock of Christians. Thus, after nearly thirty years of toil, these patient and courageous workers died without having seen the realization of their hopes; and of the little band of pioneers only Heyde and his wife have survived to see the new impetus given to the cause by the commencement of a work in Ladak; the establish-

ment of a medical mission at Leh under the charge of a man trained by the kindness of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society ; and the reinforcement of the workers in Tibet by three others, the last of whom, F. B. Shawe, is the first Englishman to go to this mission-field.

The heroic perseverance and self-sacrificing toil of those thirty years can be best realized by a glimpse of the every-day life of the pioneers, with its mighty influence upon the people of the power of daily example. Their industry was amazing. When not engaged in literary work, or in the printing-office, or in the school, or on evangelistic tours, they occupied themselves, partly for their own support, partly for the good of the people, with gardening and farming. They raised all kinds of vegetables, and gave seeds and young plants to all who could be induced to accept them. But the natives could not be persuaded to cultivate such things until they saw how successfully the missionaries managed their orchards. It was not the custom of their forefathers. It had not received the blessing of their lamas. When the spring came, and the snow lying in masses on the ground delayed the seed-time, they saw the white men sprinkle the snow with earth and ashes, to increase the power of the sun upon it, and they perceived that this soon got rid of it. Then the native mind, unconvinced before, saw that it was a wise thing, and they did the same. Some, as we have already seen, even followed the example of the missionaries, rather than the counsels of their lamas, with regard to ploughing and sowing. In the winter of 1875 to 1876 they went still farther. They had had hardly any snow in Poo, yet moisture was absolutely necessary for the spring-corn. Mr. Pagell was surprised that the ceremonies usual under such circumstances were not performed, and still more so when a deputation came from the heathen, requesting him in the service next Sunday to insert a petition for snow. He preached to a large gathering on the text : "The eyes of all wait upon thee ; and thou

givest them their meat in due season. Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing." There was no answer to his prayer that day, nor the next, nor the day after; but he prayed unceasingly; and then such a mass of snow fell, lying forty-five inches deep, that the oldest inhabitant did not remember anything like it. The following Sunday there was a solemn thanksgiving service in the little Christian church, when he preached on the text: "I am the Lord; that is my name: and my glory will I not give to another, neither my praise unto graven images."

The inhabitants of those remote valleys were especially impressed by a system of irrigation carried out at Kyelang. From the glaciers high above them innumerable streams and rivulets dash down on every side to water the plain, yet there, close to the fountain-head of inexhaustible supplies, the dry summer often parched up the fields, and made good land useless. The missionaries therefore conducted the water from the glaciers by a long aqueduct into tanks, from which the fields can be easily irrigated in the driest summer. At first the natives shook their heads and laughed at the undertaking; but when they saw how well it progressed, the seventy men whom the missionaries had hired for the work could not be induced to strike, though the lamas tried hard to persuade them to do so. Now, thanks to this supply of water, considerable tracts of land, once barren and useless, are yielding plentifully, and helping both to support the little band of converts, and to show the heathen what the white man's civilization can do.

Another means of reaching the masses was by gratuitous medical assistance. Here again the Government rendered valuable aid in the supply of medicines. Both on their preaching-tours and at home the missionaries were visited by numbers of sick folk, and though they had not received a complete medical training, they acquired experience which enabled them to deal successfully with difficult cases. The people

soon learnt to put more confidence in them than in the expensive magic of the lamas. What a pleasure it was to Pagell when he pitched his tent one day in a village he had visited a year before, to see a man, who at his last visit had been brought to him with severe wounds received in a fray, now strong and sound, thanks to the "white sahib." This man came to bring a present of flour, butter, salt, peas, and walnuts, as a token of his gratitude. Nor can it fail to make an impression when the missionaries, like good Samaritans, bind up the wounds of a man they find lying half dead among the mountains, even though, as in the following case, their help may come too late. Crossing a precipitous mountain pass, Heyde saw far beneath him, lying motionless on the rocks, beside the roaring torrent, a horse and its rider. A Buddhist would have passed by unmoved. Why should he trouble himself about one who has been overtaken by fate? Such accidents are common. But the missionary rescued the man from his dangerous position, carried him to a place of safety, made him a soft bed with their blankets, and sent several miles to the next village to fetch help. It was only too evident that there was little hope, but Christian care soothed the man's dying hours; and loving hands closed his eyes in death, and laid him to rest in his lonely mountain grave.

Such patient love asks for no reward, nor is it discouraged by ingratitude, yet the following incident shows that it has not been in vain. In their earlier days at Poo Mrs. Pagell was taken very ill. There seemed no hope of her recovery, and she and her husband bade one another farewell for this life. She asked him to give her love to all her school-children, most of them heathen, whom she had taught to knit and sew, to spell and read. But, as soon as they heard that she was dying, they all came to see her, and some of the mothers came too. The sick woman told them in a weak voice how she longed to have them all reconciled to God by faith in Jesus, for she loved them all, and knew no better wish for them. They all burst

into tears. She must not die! All wanted to do something for her. They hastened away, and returned, each with an offering of some kind, some with a kettle of tea, others with butter-milk. Most, of course, brought butter to rub her with. There was much ignorance displayed, but so much love that the husband and wife were deeply moved. Nor did they ever cease to believe that the time would come when these simple-minded people would receive that Gospel, which is hidden from the wise and prudent, and revealed unto babes.

We have thus seen something of the dangers the missionaries encounter, the work they have to do, the life they live. But nothing, perhaps, could so well illustrate the isolation in which the pioneers lived, as the pathetic story of the death of Pagell and his wife in their lonely village of Poo. About Christmas, 1882, they both fell ill; yet the man "of iron endurance" appeared at his place day by day when the people assembled for worship. At New Year he had to be assisted into the church; for there was no one to do his work for him, though he could scarcely speak or stand. He knew that the angel of death was near; but to him it was a bright angel, summoning the good and faithful servant to enter into the joy of his Lord. On January 2nd, supported by one of his flock, he entered the adjoining building to get some medicine for his wife, and there he fell down unconscious, and never rose again. They bore him to his rest three days after; and ill as she was, his wife followed to the burial-ground, where the Litany was read by one of the native Christians. On January 9th she called the Christian children to her bedside to bid them farewell, and earnestly commended them to the care of the three adult Christians. Three days later she was laid by the side of her husband in the far off Himalayan village, and men felt that they had that day buried a saint. The head man of the village summoned a representative from each house in the village, entered the missionaries' dwelling, took possession of the cash-box, counted

the money in it, sealed it, and then gave it into the charge of a trustworthy man. The house was sealed, and two watchmen by day and four by night were told off to guard it. The head man himself came every day, or sent a deputy to see if everything was in order. And so they watched the place out of real love to the "white sahib" and his wife, till Mr. Redslob arrived in May, and they could resign their charge into his hands.

CHAPTER VIII.

How the Mission-work is carried on.

School-work occupies more time than is usual in other mission-fields. More children than adults come under the influence of the missionaries, for not only do the children of people living at the station go to school, but scholars come from distant villages and board there part of the year. In 1876 there were 100 pupils at Kyelang. The senseless opposition had already broken down, for the parents had found out that a good education was a great pecuniary advantage to their children, qualifying them for subordinate offices under the Government. Not that they pay for the schooling of their children; the missionary may thank them for being so good as to send them. Indeed, at first it needed all the support of the Government to make it possible to continue the work, such was the opposition which was offered to it. The lamas knew that the ultimate aim was to bring the children over to Christianity, so they resisted the movement, and were supported by the chief men of the district. Their hostility led to the close of scholastic work among the boys and young men at Kyelang, and it was daily expected that the girls' school would next be attacked. Nor were these fears groundless. An edict had gone forth that no girl should be sent to school; but one man, who bore no very good character, yet possessed a degree of independence very rarely met with in Tibet,

defied the edict, and sent his daughter. Others followed his example, and the girls' school was saved. An appeal to the commissioner against the mission school-work led to a complete vindication of the missionaries, and the boys' school was re-commenced.

Tibetan school-books are much the same as elsewhere. The children begin with the A B C book. Then they use as reading-books the New Testament, a primer of Old Testament history, and a Church history. Their geography, history, and arithmetic books were all compiled or translated by Jaeschke. His description in Tibetan of his journey back to Europe is a favourite with the children. All these books are printed on the Kyelang lithographic press, with the help of the converts. At Poo, in the province of Kunawur, which is only gradually coming under English influence, Pagell could get his scholars together only for three or four months in the year. The teaching in Kyelang is uninterrupted all the year round. The course lasts three years, and the more gifted pupils receive extra private instruction, if they are willing to become teachers. All the schools established in the surrounding villages are visited from time to time by the missionaries, and the young teachers there often write to Kyelang, where they assemble once a year for a short course of additional instruction.

There is great joy among the young people when the English school-inspector arrives, expresses his satisfaction, and distributes prizes; or when the missionary presents his pupils with turnips as a reward for regular attendance. Turnips would not kindle much enthusiasm in the soul of an English school-boy—just about as much as apricots would in the soul of a Tibetan. Many a European child might take a lesson in neatness and care from the beautiful hand-writing of the boys, with which the school-inspector is so well pleased.

It has hitherto been impossible to get the girls all the year round; in fact, some of them come only because they can earn something by knitting and other arts taught at the school. They can be naughty, too.

One of them stole some of the cotton given to her for knitting; but as she knew that it was weighed, she cunningly put a stone in the middle of her ball of cotton to make up for the weight of what she had stolen. Her knitting got slower and slower, as the ball got smaller and smaller, but at last the black traitor peeped out between the white threads, and gave mute witness against her.

The missionaries point out to their pupils the dark side of heathenism, and tell them of Christ, the Saviour of the world; but they do not try to persuade them to become Christians, or set them in opposition to their heathen parents. These, as they know, send their children to school for every possible reason except to have them made Christians. They hope their boys may obtain Government appointments bringing in ten rupees a month (about £1), a splendid income according to their notions. Thanks to his training in the mission school, a former pupil and teacher at Kyelang was able to spend two winters in the Indian town of Dharmsala studying medicine, and has now settled down in his village as a doctor with a good practice. Of course the missionaries rejoice at such results. Even those of their pupils who may remain heathen know a hundred times as much as the ordinary lamas. Further, the different dialects, corrupted as they are in almost every valley to such an extent as to be scarcely recognizable, are gradually giving way to the pure Tibetan. But the greatest joy of the missionaries is that their pupils, by learning to read, are becoming acquainted with the Gospel, and that will bear fruit in due time.

The foregoing does not imply that the grown-up people are neglected, though the work among the children is far more hopeful. Every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock there is a public service, attended by Buddhists as well as by the converts. At 2 o'clock there is service for the baptized converts only, when a discourse is given on the Epistle for the day. On Monday evening they have a New Testament exposition, and on Wednesday the Old Testament is expounded.

On Friday evening there is a singing-meeting, and morning prayers are held daily, which the converts attend pretty regularly.

Besides welcoming and inviting all heathen to these meetings, the missionaries use every possible opportunity for intercourse with individuals. They point out the untenableness of heathenism, whilst they tell of Him who, in a manner so different to Buddha, became a man to gain eternal redemption for all. They attend the frequent heathen festivals which take place in the winter months, and deliver their message to the people assembled. Yet they often leave the place sad at heart, because the hearers turn away from them to their "chang," and give themselves up to their wild orgies. Their words have some effect, especially when they point to the corrupting influences of such scenes upon the young, and their very presence lays a certain moral restraint upon the heathen; yet there is a great difference between restraint unwillingly borne, and an entire break with heathenism from full conviction of the truth.

We have mentioned the evangelistic tours in the neighbouring provinces. They are difficult and costly undertakings; difficult, owing to the state of the roads and the dangers that beset the traveller; costly, because bearers and baggage-animals are needed to carry the tent, the provisions, and the books. But they have done much to prepare the way for a widespread knowledge of Christianity. And is it not a useful and indispensable work to clear waste land of stones, and thorns, and bushes, and to break up the soil, in order at last to turn it into a fruitful field?

When a village is reached the tent is erected at some suitable spot, under high trees, or close beside the idol temple. A crowd collects at once, some out of curiosity, others because they are ill and want medicine; for they know the "white sahibs" well. Even lamas come. A conversation is soon commenced. Questions are asked, objections raised, or a religious disputation held. The lamas often contend that Bud-

dhism teaches that there is a God who has created heaven and earth. Then the missionary points out the great difference between the Bible story of the creation and the Buddhist account of the origin of the world. His opponents acknowledge it and are silent. Then he begins to preach to them of Jesus, the crucified and risen Saviour, and of justification by faith and not by works. The converts who accompany him are meanwhile not inactive, but fearlessly proclaim their faith. One of them, Matthew, saw the chief lama of a village reviewing the idols he had just made. He asked him whether he honestly believed that such lifeless effigies could do any good, or could be called God? The chief lama smiled, but was silent, for he did not know what to answer. One of his servants came to the rescue, commanding Matthew to be silent, and calling him a stupid child—not a very convincing argument. Often the missionary's tent is not empty till late at night, when the supply of books is diminished, and the questions of the visitors have all been answered. When morning comes it finds the tent filled again, and many standing round outside; persons once stolid and indifferent now inquiring, "What shall I do?" Such occasions are specially encouraging when the worker has left place after place with a sense of failure. "O that the joyful reception given me in Debring were a sign of belief on the Saviour!" cries Heyde. "That we cannot yet say; it is a great advance, if the name of the Lord is known and spoken of with reverence."

On the same journey he spent a whole day at a monastery; for these Buddhist monasteries are never passed by. "The few lamas who were at home," he writes, "struck me as being particularly lazy and indifferent. The outer walls of the building, which is at least 300 years old, are in very good condition; but inside it is dilapidated and neglected. The costly idols stand in dust-covered shrines. Of religious life and activity there is no trace." This is not everywhere the case, nor are the lamas all stupid, lazy, or indifferent.

Were it so the end of Buddhism would be near. We will take Mr. Redslob as our guide to three monasteries very different from this.

A great religious festival is going on. For a whole day the lamas and the people have fasted and kept silence, the abbot alone speaking to them. The abbot himself has come forth for the festal celebration from his cave in the mountains, and is imparting, with laying on of hands, his blessing to the believers, when Redslob arrives on the scene. "The good-sized room was brilliantly illuminated with small lamps, placed around a sacrificial object, which was a dumpling of flour weighing about forty pounds, decorated with large lumps of butter. Plates heaped with roasted barley, on which lay coins or small turquoises, encircled the sacrifice. The silent assembly wore an aspect of great solemnity. Entering the room during a pause in the musical performance, I stepped up to an old half-dressed lama whom I recognized as the abbot from the marks of respect paid to him by the others. At first they listened to me in silence, as I explained the uselessness of their efforts to get rid of the burden of sin, and pointed to the Friend of Sinners, who had come down from heaven to redeem us. Then the abbot began to dispute with me, maintaining that they had about the same creed as I, only with a difference of names; that they not only knew the need of a Saviour from on high, but actually had such an one, and that the true incarnation was not unknown to them. He repudiated the notion that they worshipped their idols, saying that they merely became mentally absorbed by gazing at them, whereby their thoughts were drawn from earth to heaven."

In the second of the three lamaseries some were "evidently in earnest to be cleansed from sin." Passing the lodge, and accompanied by a venerable-looking lama, whom he had met riding on a little donkey to the neighbouring village, the missionary entered the main building, and was allowed to speak to the inmates. "My audience consisted of a number of the 'drapas' or

students, a younger lama, and the old man who had followed me back to the monastery. I was soon to learn his motive for doing so. Whilst conversing with them I distributed books to all. The fairly animated discussion was chiefly conducted by the older lama, in a very bland manner, and, when the lateness of the hour obliged my departure, he rose and collected all the books. These he returned to me with the remark: 'The young people must now learn their sacred books, and every interruption in this course of study is sinful.' With some difficulty I persuaded the old man to retain one for himself, in order to compare its truths with his own way of holiness. Evidently the chief stewards were absent, so it was the duty of the aged lama to receive me, and he made use of his authority to protect the students from the influence of my teaching."

Now, to learn that not all the monasteries are dilapidated, nor all the lamas light-minded, let us go to the Hemis monastery, the richest in Ladak. It owns land in almost every village, and has managed to keep its treasures secure from the rapacious Hindus. Hidden between rocks and trees, its appearance, when one catches sight of it, is truly imposing. The interior is also fine. The ceiling of the chief hall rests on many pillars, and over the centre rises a lofty dome, through which light is admitted. A small apartment contains the principal treasures, prominent amongst which is a silver "cho-ten," or receptacle for offerings, with steps richly inlaid with gold, turquoises and other precious stones. There were several golden vessels, the value of which lay in the metal alone, as the art displayed in their construction is very poor. The meanings of certain figures in earthenware my guides could not explain, as they were only "drapas," *i.e.* lamas who had not yet passed their examinations. The latter circumstance perhaps accounts for their great levity, so different from the grave demeanour of the genuine lama.

Thus these heralds of the Prince of Peace pass from monastery to monastery, now received with music, a

mark of high honour, now with coldness; now they visit a place of pilgrimage of Buddhistic times, now a place reminding one of the pre-Buddhistic times, with their worship of demons, of tutelary spirits, and freaks of nature; now they pass a bush hung with rags and charms to keep off spirits, just like those one sees in Eastern Germany in the forests of Lusatia and Silesia; now they meet a procession headed by a venerable lama, clad in red, or yellow, with a huge red or yellow sun-shade; and everywhere alike they deliver their message, and leave their books, tracts, or portions of the Scripture.

The tracts are partly polemical, pointing out the hollow character of Buddhism; partly instructive, treating of Christian doctrine. Of the latter some are descriptive and narrative, others give the teachings of Christianity in the form of question and answer, all with a view to influencing men trained in Buddhism. And they do influence them.

At a lonely spot on the steep banks of the Spitti River, a cave far below was pointed out to Mr. Weber as having been for more than sixteen years the abode of a hermit. He belonged to the richest and most influential family at Poo, but had left wife, children and estates to attain by continual meditation to the absorption into Buddha, or the "Nirvana"—that is, utter annihilation. As according to Buddha it is misery to exist, not to exist must be felicity. Intending to visit this man, Mr. Weber attempted to descend from rock to rock, but was obliged to give it up, as a single false step would have precipitated him into the torrent beneath. His servant, being more accustomed to Himalayan climbing, declared himself ready to go for extra compensation, so he sent to the hermit some scriptural pamphlets, accompanied by a few lines. The hermit answered by a letter written in magniloquent Oriental style thanking him for the books, which he said he would read with meditation, and saying that he would gladly have come up to see Mr. Weber had his body, emaciated by fasting, permitted him to do so. He

remembered Mr. Pagell as a fatherly friend, who had made him acquainted with the teaching of Christianity, but he was of opinion that there were many ways to the same goal.

“On my return to Poo,” writes Mr. Weber, “I met a lama from the country east of Lhasa, who had intelligently studied some pamphlets given him years ago, and was able to relate, almost word for word, passages from the life of Jesus. His first question was, ‘Whither did Jesus go after his death—He who had a heart so full of love for men, and whom the godless lamas killed?’ I answered that the Lord Jesus did not go to the Nirvana, but to God, the Judge of all, and that He lives to represent before His Father every soul who has believed on Him in this life. ‘That is a beautiful belief,’ he answered. ‘Through the merits of Christ, then, the Christians hope to be blessed? This is beautiful, very beautiful; I must and will reflect upon it.’ He expressed himself willing to tell his countrymen of Him, and of the hope of Christians. Nor were these empty words, for a few days after, when I was conversing with a Kushog (a Holy man), he stepped openly to my side in a concourse of lamas, and praised the Christian religion as one worthy of the serious consideration of every lama.”

In another village a young man named Gergan sent word to the missionary that he wanted to become a Christian. He was born in Lhasa, was a married man, and in good circumstances. When asked why he wished to become a Christian he answered: “I have read your books, and am persuaded that Christ is the true helper.” He wanted to sell all that he had and go with his wife and child to Kyelang; but the missionary advised him to stay, telling him that Christ is a living Saviour, and able to help everywhere. He insisted on accompanying the missionary to the next village, and a few days after appeared in Leh to see him again, and repeat the question: “When may I come to Kyelang?” At first he could receive no definite reply, but Nathanael, a native Christian, stayed

with him for a fortnight to tell him more about Christ. Then Gergan again repeated his request, adding that his wife thought as he did. As head man of one of the largest villages in Nubra, enjoying a position of considerable dignity and influence, he anxiously strove to regulate his private life and official dealings by his new principles. But after awhile the latter aim proved too difficult, and he went to Leh to resign his office. When a new station was begun at that place he was appointed school-master, a post which he occupied till his death.

It may seem to some readers as if the missionaries were over cautious in baptizing converts. Those who blame them must bear in mind that the character of the people renders it necessary to make sure that it is not the hope of temporal advantages, or a fitful enthusiasm which leads to the expression of a desire for baptism, lest there be disappointment on both sides. He who becomes a Christian here has often literally to forsake father and mother, and house and lands. Yet many, like Gergan, have been brought to hunger and thirst after the truth, and to long for the next visit of the "white sahib." The number of earnest enquirers was one of the strong reasons for the commencement of the third station at Leh. It is evident that such people require more care than can be bestowed upon them during the short summer visits. Yet how could visits become more frequent, when the journey from Lahoul to Ladak leads over the Baralacha Pass, 14,000 feet in height, and then over many of a much greater altitude; when for eight days one marches through a perfectly uninhabited country, when even in the months from June to October so many lose their lives, that Heyde has seen dead bodies on the road each time he has passed that way?

CHAPTER IX.

Telg and the Medical Mission.

Eighteen hundred years ago Ladak was a province of Eastern Tibet, and from thence derived the Buddhist religion. Regaining not long afterwards its political liberty, it still recognized the spiritual supremacy of the Dalai-Lama, just as some European nations acknowledge the spiritual sway of the Pope, and it continued to send tribute to Lhasa. The great Muhammedan invasion which swept over Northern India, and gave to many of its states rulers of the warlike and hardy race beyond the mountains, destroyed the Buddhist temples and monasteries of Ladak. This was in turn succeeded by a great Mongolian conquest, which re-established the lamas in their ancient seats, and renewed the former connection with the Dalai-Lama, "the mother of souls who has an ocean of greatness," and the holy city of Lhasa, "the mountain of spirits."

This connection was not broken, when in 1834 Ladak was once more conquered by the Rajah of Kashmir, though many temples were plundered, and many lamas fled to Chinese Tibet. Nor were affairs materially altered when the country was further reduced by the cession of Spitti to England. The result of all these changes is that one finds there a marvellous mixture of races, of customs, of religious creeds and religious observances, historic and pre-historic. Consequently

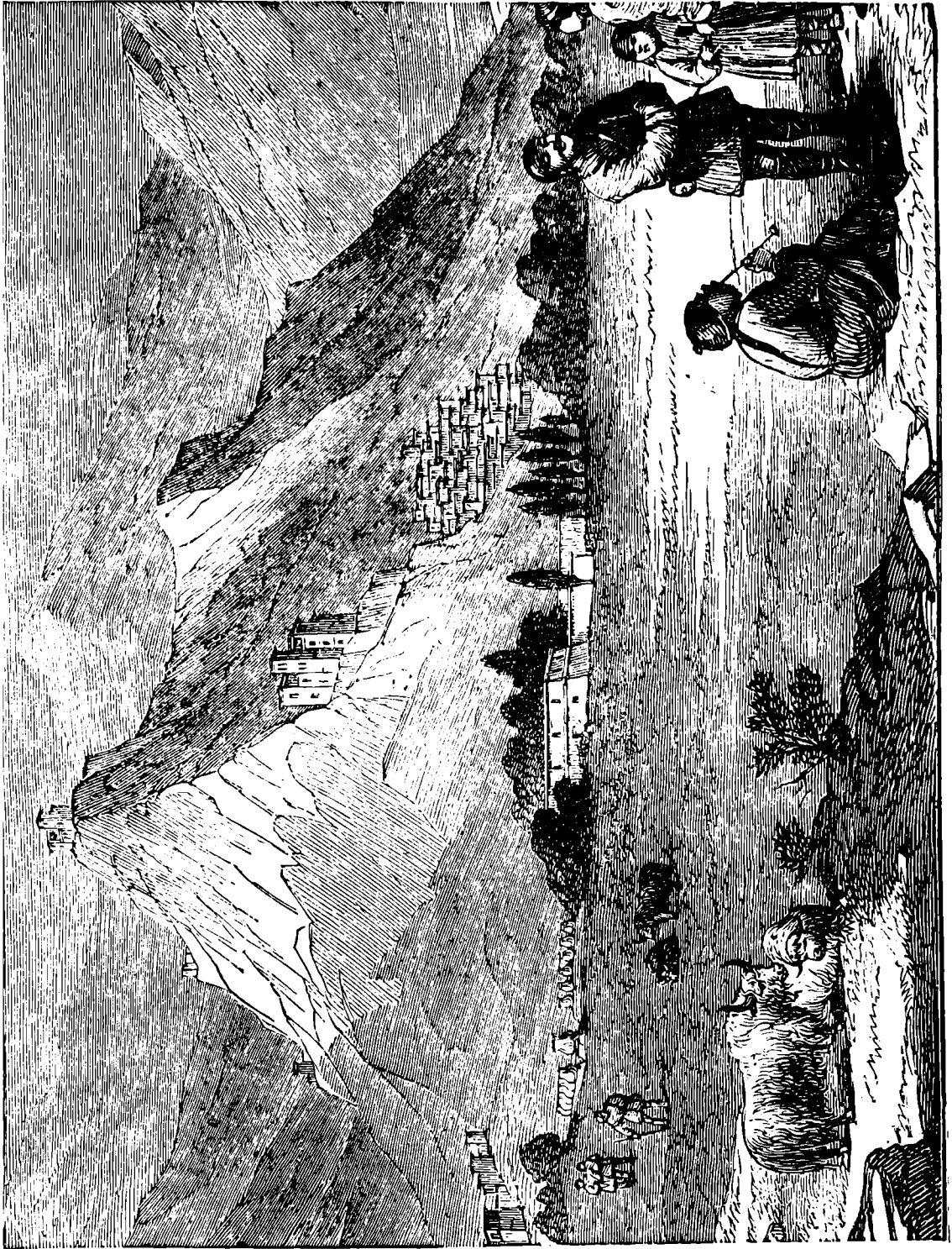
the Buddhist population is more tolerant than elsewhere, and less slavish in its submission to its local Hindu rulers. This independence is due to the admixture of a strong Muhammedan element, and the retention in some districts of the old Mongolian nomadic customs. Yet its ruler, the Maharajah of Kashmir, used to dread the presence of any Europeans in the land. He was particularly anxious to keep missionaries out, for he thought they would criticize his mode of governing, and send home reports which would certainly touch on political matters, thus exercising a sort of unofficial watch over his country. Meanwhile the missionaries did all they could to get a footing in Leh, the capital of Ladak. Bit by bit concessions were granted; first the permission to white men to spend the summer in the country; then the special permission to the Moravian missionaries to travel without obtaining a new pass every year. At last, after a long delay, partly owing to the Afghan War, the mediation of the Marquis of Ripon gained for them a promise from the Maharajah that a mission-house should be built for them at Leh.

Hastening thither to choose a site, Mr. Redslob found a house already erected for two Englishmen appointed to make meteorological observations. The meteorological conditions were not favourable, the officials were recalled, and the house handed over to the Moravians, together with the plot of ground adjoining it, with permission to erect upon it a church and school. These houses and the land remain, however, the possession of the Kashmir Government, which is still unwilling to grant Europeans permanent possession on any terms. The great aim thus attained, a second, connected with it, was actively taken up. For many years it had been felt that a qualified medical missionary was needed. There was a dispensary at Leh with a native doctor appointed and salarized by the Indian Government. This was placed at the disposal of the Moravian Mission, with the promise that the necessary medicines and instruments should be supplied.

The death of the Maharajah in 1886, and the accession of his son, Pertab Singh, brought about a great advance of English influence, followed by a number of reforms, and a consequent increase of the commercial importance of Leh. "A walk through the bazaar from July until September is of the greatest interest," writes Mr. Redslob, "for this is the time when the merchants swarm in picturesque confusion. Traders from Lhasa exchange their expensive tea for apricots from Baltistan, saffron from Kashmir, and wares from Hindustan. People from Yarkand, on their gigantic Turkestan horses, bring to market hemp (which is smoked as opium), and sometimes Russian dress goods. I have even had Russian roubles offered to me as change. Merchants from Bokhara and from Kabul, fine-looking people; natives of Kashmir, and Hindus from the plain—all these frequent this rendezvous of Central Asiatic traffic. Amongst them we met Indian fakirs, Moslem dervishes, pilgrims to or from Mecca, wandering Buddhist ballad-singers. Then there are lamas of low rank, real mendicant monks, or a 'kushog,' an incarnate Buddha on a splendid horse, with many followers, really also a mendicant monk, only of a more respectable kind, as he carries on a more wholesale business. In short, it is a picture as gay in colour and as full of contrast as one can wish, but all in Asiatic filth and dust; for the bazaar is in every respect a place where filth gathers, especially that of morals. At Kyelang and Poo I had to do almost exclusively with Buddhists. Here at Leh, Islam is the preponderating religion, for natives of Yarkand, Kashmir, and Baltistan, who are very numerous here, are all Mussulmans.

"High above the town tower the ruins of the huge old castle, witnessing to the former splendour of its past race of kings, and the background is the lofty mountain range between Ladak and Nubra.

"Let us now leave the bazaar, with its confusion, and its rather bad than good odours, and go through several small streets out of the city. We pass the



LEH, THE CAPITAL OF LADAK.

hospital of our medical mission, and in two minutes more reach our mission buildings. They are very finely situated, near to the city, and yet in the finest, freshest air, the tumult of the city entirely shut off by a grove of poplar and willow trees."

From this home one missionary goes forth on his tours through the country, a much easier task than it used to be, when he had to cross the passes from Kyelang or Poo; for the snow-fall at Poo is usually two or three feet, at Kyelang often six feet, at Leh seldom more than three or four inches. The other is the medical missionary. All manner of cases come under his treatment, from cataract down to dyspepsia and rheumatism. No fear of ceremonial pollution deters patients as in Lahoul. In winter they average about one hundred a month. Later the numbers increase. Dr. Marx writes: "In autumn especially, Baltis come in great numbers to the hospital, and almost every one asks for medicine for two or three friends at home who cannot come, and yet may require, according to the imperfect descriptions given, very thorough treatment.

"I do not begin before nine o'clock, in order to allow a number of patients to collect. Then I have the gong sounded and we assemble in the operating-room. Around our Christians gather an ever varying number of heathen or Muhammedans. Outsiders frequently listen at the door, wishing to learn a little about Christ and His teachings, without being seen to attend a place of worship. So I have often twenty or thirty or even forty listeners around me. They sit on the ground, and I seat myself on a chair, in order not to look down too much upon them, but be more like one of their number. Then I read a few verses from the Gospels, and expound them in a homely talk about the passage. I conclude with the Lord's Prayer. The little meeting over, the out-patients are treated one by one. These generally are finished by mid-day; operations, if any be necessary, must be done whenever there is time. The wards are visited as soon as the out-patients have been attended to, and again in the evening."

Dr. Marx's medical skill has also proved useful to some Europeans at Leh. He writes of one:—"Mr. Kitty, the Roman Catholic priest, who had recently come to Leh, was very ill. As a serious operation had to be performed, and careful nursing was indispensable, I invited him to our house, where he passed peacefully away a month later."

Of all the intelligence from this new station the most encouraging is that concerning the success of the school. The governor of the province finding that the people in the district of Leh were the worst educated in the country, issued a proclamation that *one* child at least of every family must be sent to school. But what school? He inquired, found that the Moravian school was the best, and gave orders that they must be sent there. Then there was a putting of heads together, and a hunting for reasons, why this command was given. "They are to be kidnapped," said some. "They are to be sent to England and made Christians," said others. "They are to be trained as porters and made to carry packages across the mountains, and from one part of the country to another." The decree was ignored, or disobeyed. But when the missionaries went round to the parents and explained matters, all misgivings vanished. The children were sent. They even began to attend the religious instruction, which was left optional, and now there is a daily attendance of sixty, when the Gospel is read and expounded. One feels, when reading the accounts of the new mission in Leh, that the whole character of the work is changed. It is no longer the almost hopeless work of yore. It may be rendered somewhat difficult by the competition of the newly-formed Catholic mission, but the work of the pioneers is done, and well done. Now comes the time when the foundation is to be built upon.

CHAPTER X.

The Results of the Work.

Many results of the work have necessarily been mentioned in the foregoing narrative, but we must refer to some far-reaching issues and mention some personal cases to present the work in a true light.

Statistics it is hard to give; for useful as they are he who tries to measure the kingdom of God by statistics is like a man who would gauge the produce of a turnip-field by the green leaves above ground. The turnip is often fine and large, and the leaves small; often the turnip is small, and the leaves fine and large.

A striking illustration used by Mr. Redslob shows not only the slow progress of the cause, but also the spirit of the men to whom it is committed. "The *juniperus excelsa*, commonly called the 'pencil cedar,' is considered by the Tibetans a sacred tree. Its wood is much used by the lamas as incense on account of its aromatic perfume, and its branches for sacrificial fires, and for these purposes boughs and pieces of the wood are often taken to Lhasa, as the tree is not found in that neighbourhood. It grows on the driest declivities, where no other tree could thrive, binds itself fast to the ground with a wonderfully intricate network of fibres, and thus bids defiance to wind and weather, for it can only be uprooted by an avalanche. In appearance it greatly resembles the cypress, and, like it, is an

evergreen. As fuel it gives forth an agreeable warmth, and when the stem is large enough, it is prized as excellent timber for building purposes. But it is of astonishingly slow growth. Many generations elapse before a little seed develops into a tree from ten to fifteen feet in height. Yet there are trunks—there is one, for instance, in the neighbourhood of Kyelang—which, at five feet above the ground, measures thirty-six feet in circumference. Such venerable specimens are held specially sacred by the people, and are never cut down.”

“The parable should teach us patience and faith; patience, when we consider the slow progress of our work; and faith, that the wondrous power of the Gospel of God can and will, in His own good time, cause His work here to grow into a mighty tree, which no enemy shall be able to uproot. Like the prophet Elijah under the juniper tree, we have our seasons of depression and of weak faith, but, like him, we have been strengthened by the bread and the water of life, and have been able to hold on our way in the strength of that meat.” Fruitless toil does not inspire courage to continue or faith in its success. Yet those best able to judge of the results of their long and faithful labours possess such faith and courage. Not to speak of the fruits they see in the lives of their converts, the results of the school-work confirm their hopes.

It is customary in Tibet for anyone who has a request to make not to do it himself, but to get a third person to do it for him. In this way Heyde was informed that one of his old pupils wanted to become a Christian. A quarter of a year had elapsed when the man himself came. He had lived for some years on the farm, and by attendance at family prayers had learnt more fully the doctrine of salvation in Christ. His reason for wishing to be a Christian was, he said, that he had found out how vain the Buddhist religion was, and felt the need of a Saviour. For Buddhism teaches that sin exists, but that the escape from it is by works. In olden times it taught the need of repen-

tance, but now few even of the lamas know of this ancient doctrine. But he who feels that he cannot escape by works must have a Saviour.

When the young man's intentions became known at home his relatives attempted to poison him, nothing unusual in Tibet. Though they made him very ill, they neither killed him, nor did they shake his convictions. He was excommunicated; but after a while his neighbours began to speak to him again, though he was now a "man without caste," with whom it was sin to eat, or smoke.

Another pupil, now a teacher at Kyelang, requested to be allowed to speak with Heyde concerning the Christian religion.

This man was not a Buddhist, but a Muhammedan. The missionary read the Bible with him several times a week, and explained to him especially the Messianic passages of the Old Testament. At first the man was chiefly intent on drawing comparisons between his religion and Christianity; yet he was an honest enquirer. At last on December 24th, 1876, he was baptized with his wife into the death of Jesus, after "many a conflict, many a doubt."

His influence on his pupils was very great. Five of them repeatedly expressed their earnest desire to become Christians like their teacher. The missionary gave every encouragement to the oldest of them, an orphan, who had been at school in Kyelang for three years. The others he could only advise to wait patiently till they were of age, as he did not consider it right to baptize them without the knowledge and even against the will of their parents.

But there is something else which confirms the hopes of future results. There is a wide-spread belief among both lamas and laymen that the days of Buddhism are numbered. Both in the English and in the Chinese provinces, one finds a general feeling that the merits derived from men's virtue are becoming less and less, and that the supply of holiness accumulated for posterity by past generations of pious Buddhists is

nearly exhausted. There is even a suspicion that the whole of lamaism is a fraud. The lamas themselves confirm these suspicions, for they have to confess that their own prayers and magic formulæ are useless and they explain this by publicly declaring that the merits procured by former incarnations of Buddha and his saints are fast diminishing, and will soon be powerless to help. This explanation the thinking part of the laity does not accept; for, having done all that their religion and the lamas demand of them, they are more inclined to think that they have added to the store of virtue, than that they have drawn on it for their own need. They prefer to explain the want, not by a decrease of virtue and the merits it acquires, but rather by a defect in Buddhism itself. So they begin to doubt. Of course, heathen who do not believe in Buddhism are not therefore Christians. Yet this impression among the people is a fresh encouragement to that enduring love, which hopes all things.

If the future is not without hope, so neither is the present without its signs of encouraging import. One missionary writes concerning the behaviour in church: "At first it was a common thing for anyone who disagreed with an expression in my sermon, to talk about it aloud with his neighbour. Or, if a man thought anything in our doctrine laughable, he gave way to unrestrained merriment. For at the Buddhist religious ceremonies all manner of nonsense and pastime can be indulged in, and nobody thinks it wrong. Now our regular listeners put a stop to a new-comer's mirth, if he allows himself such liberties, and let him know that he must not distract the attention of the meeting."

The native converts introduced benches into the church at Kyelang, and paid for them themselves, because they heard that the Christians in the plain have them. Formerly they used to sit on carpets on the floor, according to the custom of that country. They have improved in their personal appearance, too. Mr. Redslob, after relating some far from pleasant instances of native uncleanness, says: "It is all the

more pleasing to see the humanizing effect of Christianity on our converts. When one sees our Christians sitting in church neatly dressed, the women with their green and red cloaks lined with sheepskin, and behind them some heathen, the contrast involuntarily calls up the thought how well the darkness of heathenism is typified by the dirty faces of the heathen, so black that one can scarcely tell the real colour of their skin."

Speaking of their houses, he adds: "Their dwellings are small, but one sees that they take pains to keep them tidy. They have no stoves, only an open hearth such as one sees in the Swiss Alps, with a hole in the roof over it to let the smoke out. Of course the warmth goes out with it, and the roof is always black. But look at their brass pots and plates brightly polished, standing in a row on a neat side-board. Mark the pride of Lydia and Mattha in their shining utensils. I have seen many a house in Germany that looked far less inviting. Mattha, who likes to be doing something, has made himself a little study eight or nine feet square and five feet high, which he has papered with pictures out of the *Illustrated London News*. Many an English statesman would be surprised to see that his portrait, if not his fame, has reached the hut of a Tibetan in the far-off Himalayas."

The same progress is visible at the other stations. A missionary at Poo writes: "The contrast between the inhabitants of Poo and the other villages of Kunawur is such, that even those living at a distance remark that it is easy to see when a man is a native of Poo."

He goes on to tell of the natural and pleasant intercourse between the missionaries and their converts; how they come every now and then to see the missionary without any special purpose; how the missionaries often go and drink a cup of tea with them; in short, how they feel that they belong together and are really bound together by faith in one Lord. Then he describes the first communion he partook of in Tibet: "I can scarcely describe the feelings of my wife and myself, when we approached the Lord's table for the first time

with our little flock. The men were clothed in white, the women had a white shawl over their dark dresses. One sees that one is in the East; for instead of falling upon their knees to pray, they throw themselves upon their faces. It was a touching, and at the same time an inspiring sight, to see the first-fruits of this people solemnly and with evident eagerness waiting to partake of the flesh and blood of our Lord."

Of course these converts sometimes fall into sin. The women occasionally quarrel with a bitterness which belies the Christian fellowship and unity which they treasure so much at other times. The earnest reproof of the missionary is, however, always enough to reconcile them and make them ashamed of their want of Christian patience and love.

Some individual cases will complete our sketch of the Christian life of these little congregations among the Himalayas. We again quote Mr. Pagell: "A well-to-do man living here at Poo, Kungsang by name, and about sixty years of age, was in poor health last summer. In the autumn he was so weak that he could not go out. He was the only man in the place who had never set foot in our church—not that he showed any enmity, he was only perfectly indifferent to the mission. But when he was ill he gladly received my visits, and I always went to him with the prayer that the Lord would bless me and touch the man's heart. As he had no knowledge of the love of God, I told him the story of the fall, and of the Saviour's sufferings and death to save us from sin, and assured him that he also could share in this salvation, though all his good works could not free him from the judgment of God. When I told him how I should rejoice to meet him again before the throne of God, he assured me that he had no other comfort but Jesus, and prayed to none else. That was the last time I saw him. Soon after we received the unexpected news that he was dead. The sick man had been in the habit of going out on to the verandah at mid-day to warm himself in the sunshine, and there I could speak to him. Otherwise the

sick always lie in the inmost part of the house, to which the heathen do not admit a missionary. As soon as the news of his death reached me, I hastened to the house, where I found everything in commotion, and everybody busy with funeral preparations. The lamas were there performing the customary ceremonies, and offering up the usual funeral prayers.

“The eldest son told me that his father had very much wanted to see me a few hours before, but they had not sent for me at once; and after that he had never spoken again. As heathen they did not understand the longing of a sinner for pardon and peace, and neglected the last wish of the dying man. One cannot be surprised at it. But I have the consolation that Kungsang died in faith and is gone home.”

Shredol is a young man, born in the neighbouring province of Spitti. His education in the school at Kyelang enabled him to gain the position of “munshi” under his own government, through the recommendation of the English commissioner. Three-quarters of a year before he entered upon his office he asked to become a Christian, and as he persevered in his request he received instruction from Mr. Heyde during the winter. When spring came he repeated his request, that he might be baptized before he commenced his new duties. Although the missionaries had nothing against his future work, they were undecided whether to grant his request or not; for they thought of the many dangers to which he must necessarily be exposed. If he remained true to his faith, his life might be endangered. If he, a young man, returned home to the old scenes of superstition and sin, and lived isolated in the midst of heathen surroundings, there was grave cause to fear, lest he should relapse into heathenism. They represented all this to him; but he pleaded the strength of the Lord, which could keep and preserve him, and proved himself so much in earnest, that he was baptized on Whit-Sunday. His stepfather, who had come to fetch him home, declared that it was all the same to him what his son did. He even attended

the baptism, but without being at all moved by it. He declared that after this life he wished to be wherever his people were, and there he would find existence quite bearable.

Shredrol had chosen for himself a Tibetan name never borne by any Buddhist, "Den tong ga wa," i.e. "He who rejoices in the truth," which is usually shortened down into Denga. His subsequent life entirely justifies the hopes of his teachers. His Lord preserves him.

CHAPTER XI.

Nathanael.

We will devote a separate chapter to a former lama, Sodpa Gjalzan, whose baptismal name is Nathanael.

His father was an official of high rank at the court of the Dalai-Lama. The son accordingly received an education in keeping with his father's position, and such as should fit him for the high rank to which it was hoped that he would attain. For seven years he studied in a lamasery, gaining an unusually thorough acquaintance with the Buddhist religion and history. Of a clear, keen understanding, of extensive culture, of deep and earnest thought, he was far superior to the mass of his fellow students in knowledge and mental capacity. In character he combined the habitual self-restraint of a lama with the excitable nature and hasty temper of a son of the soil. Cautious as a merchant, suspicious as a Chinese official, he had yet a certain frankness, which scorned to give a false reason instead of the true one. When his studies were completed, his thirst for knowledge drove him out into the world, and he spent four years in travelling, not only in his own country, but beyond the borders of the Chinese Empire.

Clad in the ordinary dress of a lama, the long red robe, sewed up from top to bottom, reaching almost to his shoes, with a girdle round the waist, and the jacket worn over the robe, he wandered about as a begging friar. His family was rich and influential, yet he

might possess nothing but what he could carry about with him. Two leather wallets contained his whole property—a cooking utensil, a spoon, a brass drinking-cup, a book, and any food that might be given to him.

Such was Gjalzan when a chance visit to Poo made him acquainted with Pagell. Some tracts seen at a farmer's house induced him to attend the Christian service, and to seek an interview with the missionary, in order to learn something more about the religion of the white man. At this interview Pagell presented him with the Gospel of St. Matthew in Tibetan. Again and again he came to converse with the "white sahib" on Christianity and Buddhism, their points of similarity and their differences. His keen intellect showed him the greater depth and universal sympathy of Christianity, and his reverence for "The Light of Asia" steadily gave way to a growing love to "The Light of the World."

Ere long he brought three little pictures of Buddha, printed in gold on a kind of black paper, which he had hitherto worn as an amulet, and gave them up to the missionary, because, he said, he had no more faith in them. He no longer prayed to Buddha, but to Jesus. As a sign of his growing confidence he asked his new friend to read some papers, in which he records his own spiritual impressions. "Though my thoughts be sinful to the end," so he prays in one place, "let me not go on the way that leadeth to destruction. I pray Thee to make me a believer on Thy Gospel." In another place he says: "We must forsake even the slightest evil, and strive after even the slightest good." Again: "Jesus Himself has brought us this doctrine. He is our only salvation. O that He may draw me to Himself, and keep me as the apple of His eye!" "O God, when I was still in my own country, I had never heard of Jesus; now that the white sahib has told me of Him, I believe on Jesus Christ. When the name of Jesus was unknown to me, I was ignorant; enter not into judgment with Thy servant for this sin."

He refused to perform the duties of a lama, though

he was thereby reduced to great want. Some of the farmers asked him to read aloud portions of the Buddhist books at different places on their estates, in order to ensure a plentiful harvest. The lamas always receive good pay for doing this; but Nathanael firmly declared that it was deceit and sin, and he would not do it. Another time he was less firm. Having been called to a sick man, whom he was to cure by superstitious formulæ, he went home to fetch a book he needed, and found the door fastened. He hesitated, went to Mr. Pagell, told him the whole story, and agreed that it was no mere chance, but a direct interposition of God.

At last he made up his mind to remain at Poo, and to become a Christian. When he asked for instruction preparatory to baptism Pagell's joy knew no bounds. This was a real reward of his toil; a man whose earnestness and thoughtfulness contrasted so favourably with the superficiality of his fellows; a man whose knowledge of Buddhism would make him a splendid instrument for the spread of the Gospel among his countrymen; a man who might be able to enter into the stronghold of Buddhism still closely barred and defended against the white man, the dreaded "Peling," who they fear will come over from Calcutta and conquer Tibet.

In order to strengthen his resolution by acquainting him with the life and intercourse of Christian Europeans, Pagell took Gjalzan on a visit to Simla. The kindness and sympathy he experienced there from Europeans and Hindu Christians, the solemn services in the large, well-filled churches, the Christian life in several English families, all made a deep impression upon Nathanael. On his return to Poo, he set to work to thoroughly master English, and being appointed teacher in the school, he went to live at the mission-house. This act created an immense excitement, especially among the lamas. It amounted to an open declaration that he was a Christian. For, though the Buddhists have intercourse with the missionaries, and

attend services in the church, yet they look upon it as defilement for a servant of Buddha to live under the same roof with them, or to eat with them. One lama after another came to ask an explanation of his conduct. To all alike he confessed joyfully and resolutely that he had found peace for his soul in the Gospel. They shook their heads. They could not understand it. But his words produced the greater impression, because they felt themselves inferior to him even in his knowledge of Buddhism. Half-a-year after the visit to Simla he was baptized and received the name, Nathanael. Well might Pagell rejoice; for Nathanael was the first-fruits of the Buddhist priesthood, and his life after his baptism was at first an eloquent witness to the power of that faith to which he had sworn allegiance. Not that he was faultless. He was too stern and too impatient as a teacher; but he was glad to be corrected, and improved greatly.

It was feared that the lamas would seek to kill him, as they have sought to kill others; but they respected him highly, partly for his knowledge, partly for his godly life. Some of the more bigoted peasants, who had formerly loaded him with tokens of honour and esteem, now treated him with neglect, but he did not mind it. He of his own accord proposed to go to Lhassa to preach the Gospel to his own people, and spoke with sadness of the failure to reach the Mongolians, whom he considered superior to the Tibetans on account of their religious earnestness.

Suddenly, however, there was a change, as though a hail-storm should gather and threaten the golden harvest. "How honestly he came; how earnestly he sought after peace and truth," mourns Pagell; "how truly had he learnt that the Lord is gracious! How he delighted in the assurance: 'The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.' How willingly he endured shame and contempt! He refused even to copy out a heathen book, because he was no longer a Buddhist and wanted to have nothing more to do with

such things. As a Tibetan I have never seen his equal; a cultured, intellectual man, able to express himself on the Christian doctrine with such clearness as to amaze us—in short, he was our ornament and our pride. Now the house built for him stands empty, and we feel ready to weep; for we miss him sorely. Yet the Lord has assuredly some wise purpose in view, and we do not give up hope. The remembrance of our love will go with him, and may the Lord cause him like the prodigal son to ‘come to himself,’ and to arise and return, if not to us, yet to Him, the Saviour of sinners.”

What had happened? The old instincts of heathenism had been aroused; the pride of the lama had been awakened in him. He had yielded to sudden temptation and committed an act of violence. Helping to build his house, he quarrelled with one of the masons. The man challenged him with insulting words, and Nathanael seized his opponent by the hair and stretched him senseless on the ground with a blow from his hammer. The news was brought that Nathanael had committed a murder. Pagell hastened to the spot, helped to carry the injured man to his house, where he soon recovered so far, that he could be removed to his own home. But Nathanael was an altered man. In vain were all attempts to induce him to confess his fault. He declared he would leave the village, where retribution threatened him. He was advised, at any rate, to go to Kyelang, but he replied: “I might be made angry there also, and then I should be transported to the Andamans. I had rather go back to Tibet.” He stayed in Poo a few days, but neither went to church nor visited the mission-house. When he sent for his possessions Pagell gave up everything but the implements of magic, these he broke in pieces and burnt, saying: “Tell him I will give them up to nobody, least of all to a convert.” The next day Nathanael had disappeared.

A short time after news reached Kyelang that Nathanael had been making his way through the Spitti valley, telling the people wherever he stayed that he

was a Christian, and asking whether they were afraid of defiling themselves by eating with him. No better proof could have been given of his honesty. He need have said nothing about it, especially as he wore the dress of a lama. A few days later he made his appearance in Kyelang and asked to be received there. All the time between his disappearance from Poo and his arrival at Kyelang, all through his wanderings in the lonely valleys, the Spirit of God had been at work in his heart. He reached Kyelang a different man. Of his own accord he confessed that he had done wrong, and declared that he must write to Mr. Pagell to ask his forgiveness. The missionaries at Kyelang gave him a trial. His repentance proved itself to be real. He became a most useful assistant to them. His linguistic attainments and his thorough knowledge of Buddhism were invaluable in the work of bible translation. This he did partly alone, partly in conjunction with one of the missionaries, displaying great talent, and still greater conscientiousness. Often he was in dread lest, by the use of wrong Buddhist terms, he should misrepresent the truth and depth of Christian doctrine.

After he had been in Kyelang some time, he began to undertake preaching-tours in the neighbouring provinces. He thus became the first native assistant. He knew the language and customs of the country better than the missionaries, and was a native speaking to natives, whilst they are after all foreigners. Mr. Heyde met with many traces of Nathanael's work. In one village a woman told him that "the monk from Kyelang" had spent a whole day with her, teaching her out of books that the religion of Buddha could not bring salvation, and that one could find rest only by giving up the service of idols, and serving the living God. Then he met Nathanael himself in the busy market-town of Leh, and found that he had been addressing large audiences in the bazaar. "I do not feel nervous," he said, "when preaching Christ. On the contrary, I feel strengthened in my faith."

Unfortunately this continued only a few years. Then this son of a nomadic race announced his resolve to go down into the plains. He left Kyelang for Simla, whence he went to Lahore. He is still in the North of India, bearing a good character wherever he has been. Whether he will ever return to his home or resume his missionary career, we cannot tell; but for the invaluable aid he rendered in the great work of translation, his name deserves to live in the annals of the Mission in Tibet.

CHAPTER XII.

Buddhist Tolerance; how far it may be trusted.

The foregoing may have left the impression that Buddhism distinguishes itself from other heathen religions by a degree of tolerance. This is true to some extent in the provinces which border on Chinese Tibet, and it is due, partly to the lethargy and contented self-complacency of its adherents, partly to the intellectual superiority of the European and the magic of the English name.

But in Chinese Tibet itself the missionaries would scarcely find their lives secured by the supposed tolerance of Buddhism. Why have they hitherto failed to penetrate into Tibet Proper? The following account of the latest attempt by Mr. Weber will supply an answer to that question: "Living at Poo, on the borders of Chinese Tibet, I have cherished the desire to carry the message of peace as far as possible into the darkness of that Buddhist land. So I started at the end of June on my journey. A day's march eastward, and then a comparatively easy pass lies between Poo and Shipke, the first Chinese village beyond the Tibetan frontier. I rested for the night at the foot of the pass, and had an opportunity of conversing with some merchants about heavenly treasures. Next morning I began the ascent on foot, but half way up my strength failed. Fortunately I was able to obtain a yak, on

which I continued my journey. The summit of the pass does not consist of a ridge, but of a plateau about four miles in breadth. Crossing its everlasting snows, the tropical sun shone down upon us out of a cloudless sky, yet it was very cold. However, the view of the land lying before me made my heart warm, and with a prayer for its Christless inhabitants, I descended into the valley, and reached Shipke at a late hour of the evening. The villagers, many of whom were personally known to me, received me in a friendly manner, and after a long search a level spot was found on which I could pitch my tent. Till late at night I was surrounded by a crowd, and at daybreak the scene round my tent was again quite lively.

“I had settled with my attendants that they should accompany me into the interior of Tibet as far as I wished. When the head men of Shipke heard of this they tried to dissuade me from my plans. I replied that I in no wise asked for their help, and whither I wished to go was no concern of theirs. To this they answered that personally they were not averse to me or my plans; they had, however, received orders from the authorities to resist the advance of any European, if necessary with force. If they did not, severe punishment awaited them, perhaps even death. They showed me scars and wounds which they had received for offences which would have been considered by the Chinese Governor quite trivial as compared with the heinous sin of allowing any European to enter the country. The notorious barbarity of Chinese punishment is still in full force here. Simply for non-payment of taxes people may have their bones broken or be beaten to death.

“Under these circumstances I could only do what Br. Pagell had done before me, *give up my plan*. If I pursued it the head men of Shipke would answer for it with their lives, or limbs, so with a heavy heart I turned homeward. I was accompanied by some of the village inhabitants, not from friendship, but rather from mistrust lest, in spite of my promise, I might take

a detour and find the way into the interior of their country."

Even in the border provinces where the work is carried on, the converts have had to suffer, though the missionaries have not been in danger. Samuel, one of the Christians in Kyelang, had his house in another village pulled down by order of the rajah, his fields confiscated, and his mother turned out of her home, all because he had become a Christian. When a lama who was somewhat inclined to Christianity, visited him in Kyelang and ate with him, the head man of the place issued a proclamation to all the inhabitants, forbidding anyone to hold communication with him, so that being thus boycotted the lama was compelled to leave the place. The same head man gave the following characteristic orders to the heathen inhabitants of Kyelang: "When the sahib preaches to you, say nothing but 'Yes, yes!' and go away quietly."

The worst instance of fanaticism was shown in the case of a young lama who lived near Kyelang, and who was more and more drawn to Christianity as he read the Christian writings. The other lamas had spoken very bitterly about it, and it was evident that they were intensely angry with him. Suddenly the missionaries heard that he had accidentally fallen from the roof of his house, and that, before help could be brought, he had died of his injuries. They went to the spot at once, and saw that the fall might possibly have broken the dead man's neck, but even that was in the highest degree improbable, since the roof was low and the ground soft. Besides they found some people trying to cover up the traces of a pool of blood on the ground. The body, too, had been burnt already, a thing which is never done in such haste. Further inquiries made the missionaries morally certain that it was a case of murder, caused by the fanaticism of the lamas. This would be quite in keeping with what Nathanael relates of his former life. Many a time poison has been administered out of revenge, jealousy, or fanaticism.

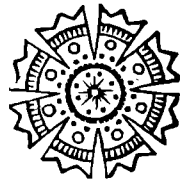
True, our missionaries have at present nothing to

fear; nay, they even complain of the careless indifference of the heathen, to whom the gospel is scarcely a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence, so that they neither accept it, nor openly oppose it, Yet what has been said will justify the assertion that their toleration cannot be trusted very far.

Now we bring our narrative to a close. May it create a lively interest which shall last far beyond the perusal of these pages, and cause many a reader, when repeating the petition, "Thy kingdom come," to think of Tibet, the stronghold of Buddhism, the last great land of earth closed to the gospel.

Our parting word shall be to those noble heralds of that gospel, WORKING AND WAITING FOR TIBET far away in yonder Himalayan stations ten thousand feet above the sea. It shall be the cheery greeting with which the Tibetan bids adieu to a friend setting out on a journey among those vast mountains: "Tan-po-kyod!"
"*Tread firmly.*"

FINIS.



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