

**A Fragment of
Missionary Life**

(Being an account of our trip to Phul-
jhar, Thursday, Sept. 16 to
Wednesday, Sept. 22, 1926

By Martha R. Burkhalter



Missionary Literature

**Women's Missionary
Society**

General Conference Mennonites
of
North America
Bluffton, Ohio
1927

ERS

size
WIDE THICKNESS
inches 1/2 inch
" " "
" " "
" " "

INC.

M
200.00954
B9124

A FRAGMENT OF MISSIONARY LIFE

On the banks of two great rivers,
Mo-haw-no-dee and Has-do rivers,
Stands the Birra Mission Station,
Near a village called Mau-haw-dee,
Twenty-five miles south of Champa,
That's the distance from the railroad.

Here I came, 'twas last November,
After having had a furlough.
At Mau-haw-dee are the Thiessens,
Working hard, enthusiastic,
Cheerful, patient, optimistic,
"Will you teach the Bible-women,
"Pray with them, and send them often,
"To the villages in darkness?
"Spend some time in the dispensary,
"Where the medicine is given
"To the many, many coming
"Daily from across the river,
"And the villages around here,
"For their ailments and diseases."
Thus were pointed out my duties.
Gladly do I give my time here,
Working where I am most needed,
Telling God's Good News to people
Who have never heard of Jesus.

At Mau-haw-dee is a Boys' School
Supervised by Mr. Thiessen.
He is teaching Christian manhood,
By example and by precept.
From among these ninety young boys,
Will the church obtain its leaders,
Preachers, farmers, teachers, helpers,
All are needed in the Kingdom.

Days go swiftly by in working,
Varied are the tasks we do here,
Often we help one another
Also at some other stations.
"Will you come and help in teaching?"
Was the call that came from Basna,
Thirty-seven miles to southward,
Far away from civilization.

"We will have a Bible Course here
"For the preachers and the teachers."
When the Moyers to Mau-haw-dee
Came, the sixteenth of September,
Having taken a vacation
In the cool air of the mountains,
They invited me to travel
Safely down to Basna with them.

On the morning when we started
It was clear, the sun was shining.
Many people came to bid me
Farewell, for the two months absence.
One, a faithful Christian woman
Sleeping near my bed at night-time,
Bid farewell with tear-drops falling.
"It will be for me quite lonely,"
Said the faithful woman sadly.
Others came to bid me God-speed.
Esther Bai, the Bible woman,
Begged in prayer to be remembered.
Also came the trusty gardener
Saying, all would surely miss me.

But the boat-men now were calling,
It was time that we were going.
"Good-bye Harold, good-bye Arthur,"
They with blocks were building houses.
"Aunty see our big, big bungalow,
We have built for you to see it."
Then good-bye to Mrs. Thiessen,
Who was teaching basket-weaving
To a class of eager school-boys.
And we hurried to the river,
Where our luggage and provisions
Had been piled into the doonga.
There they were, the happy school boys,
Swimming all around us gaily,
Shoved the boat into the river,
Raced a distance with the boatmen,
Waved a farewell greeting to us.

Swiftly we were gliding onward,
In the narrow wooden doonga.

3607

.....
.....
.....
.....
; other-
nal day.

Soon we came to where the current
Swifter flowed, and where the sharp rocks
Hidden lay beneath the water.
Cautiously the boatmen paddled
Through the roaring rushing torrent,
Safely brought us to the landing,
Where a crowd of men and women
Waited to be taken over,
Some with baskets, some with bundles,
Some with naked screaming children.
They were on their way to market,
There to sell what they had gathered
From their fields and from the forest.

On the shore were waiting for us.
Cartmen with two pair of buffaloes,
And a native cart with only
Two wheels, wooden boards, and springless.
This conveyance was to take us
Forty miles into the jungle,
To the Mission Station Basna.
Are two pairs of water buffaloes
Needed for a cart of this size?
One would surely feel like asking,
If one did not know the journey
Was to take us on through trackless,
Rice-fields, into sandy stretches,
Rocky hillsides, muddy rivers.

If it were not for the lost souls
Groping blindly in the darkness,
And for those who have accepted
Jesus Christ as their Redeemer,
Scattered far and wide in hamlets,
One would never chose this method,
Travelling simply for the pleasure.
For there is not much of pleasure
Going in a springless wagon
Loaded with our bags and baggage,
Lanterns, pickaxe, cooking-vessels,
Folding-cots, mosquito-netting,
Blankets, tin-trunks, our Coronas,
Feed for buffaloes, food for travellers;
All must be securely fastened

To the bamboo poles and matting.
One must have a covered wagon
For a journey in September,
It is still the rainy season.
On the day we started southward,
It was bright, no rain-clouds threatening,
Thursday morning, clear and sunny.
We had written to our workers
Down in Basna, that we surely
Would arrive there in the evening
Of the third day of our journey.
Even though the water-buffaloes
Do not travel fast, they're better
Than a horse or automobile,
For a journey through a country
Where there are no bridges spanning
Rivers, creeks and mountain torrents.
Slowly, slowly they will travel
One or two miles in an hour.

Mr. Moyer, Mrs. Moyer,
And myself made up the party,
With four native Christian helpers
Dur-jho-dhen, our trusty cartman,
Honest, cheerful, always ready,
Mee-noo, sullen, pessimistic,
Not as Christians ever should be.
He was also driver, sitting
On the long tongue of the wagon.
Deen-bund-hoo was useful steady,
Carrying wood, boiling our water.
For we never drink the water
Of this country ere we boil it.
As it is a source of sickness,
And is often very filthy,
Since there are no wells or cisterns
In the country towns and districts.
Daniel was cook, and helped us
Anywhere where he was needed.

As we travelled on through plowed fields,
Or passed rice fields filled with water,
Through the villages of mud huts,
Many a native stared and wondered

Why we had two pairs of buffaloes,
Were we making a long journey?
Why then were the women walking?
O, our cart was full of baggage,
It was more convenient walking.
When we came to creeks and rivers
Then we all would climb in quickly,
Hold on tight to pole and baggage,
Lest a box or something useful
Slide into the muddy water.
Thursday noon we ate our luncheon
In the cool shade by the roadside,
Rice and curry, bread and split peas.
While we ate, the village children
Came and stood near by to watch us.
On we walked, refreshed and rested.

In the afternoon the hot sun
Beat upon us mercilessly,
Arms and faces red as lobsters,
What a change there was since morning,
Surely was a rain storm coming,
Yet the sky was clear and cloudless.
On we hurried through a village
Where a large stone house stood vacant.
It was haunted, said the people,
Therefore no one came to live there,
All afraid of evil spirits.
Now we came to muddy places,
Through a long and shady lowland,
Then we climbed up in the wagon,
Sat on top of box and baggage.
It was surely inconvenient
To forget our inconvenience
Mrs. Moyer read a story.
It was pleasant, we enjoyed it.

Then again we walked a distance.
Suddenly we saw a black cloud
Rising swiftly, growing darker,
Far it seemed, we hoped it would not
Come our way, till we were settled
For the night, securely sheltered.
Here again we crossed a river,

Up a deep ravine and onward.
Steadily the cloud grew larger,
Swiftly lightning played within it.
Now we heard the thunder rolling,
We must hurry to a village
Ere the storm o'ertake us swiftly.
In a field we saw a farmer,
Called him, asked him where his village
Could be found, and whether we could
Shelter find from wind and weather.
Off behind the woods his village
Stood, but on this side a river
Flowed, and open road there was none.

There we could not stop for shelter,
Onward quickly we must travel,
Find a village by the roadside.
Nearer, nearer came the storm-clouds,
Soon the rain-drops fell in torrents;
Through the roof of bamboo matting
It came dripping on our baggage.
Near a tree we stopped a moment,
Hoping there to find some shelter,
But the wind was blowing strongly,
And the darkness now was falling
Over flooded fields and roadway,
For the night we could not stay there.
Creeping slowly with their burden,
Through the mud the buffaloes waded,
Wheels were deep in mud and water.
Once they lost the road, and almost
Overturned the cart and baggage.
It was then we felt like singing
Songs of safety and deliverance,
Praying that we might be guided
To a place of rest and shelter.
It was hours later when we
Rode into a quiet village,
Not a sign of life around us,
It was raining, we were strangers,
Could we find a place to stay in?

Yes, we found an empty mud-hut,
Built for travellers, by the kindness

Of the Hindoo-village owner.
It was small, had only one room,
But this night, not less than seven
Weary, hungry, rain-soaked travellers
Found in it both rest and shelter.
It was lowly, had a mud floor,
Mud walls, thatched roof and no windows,
By the doorway sticks and briers
Had been placed to keep out cattle.
These removed, we entered gladly,
Thankful that no snakes and scorpions
Occupied the place we needed.

By this time some friendly neighbors
Brought us wood and built a fire-place
On the floor with stones and mud-bricks,
Tried to build a fire in it,
We were grateful, but the kindling
Had been soaked with rain and smoldered,
Filled the room with smoke so densely,
That our eyes were smarting, burning,
Tears began to flow as freely
As the rain-drops through the thatched roof.
It was well we had some humor
Left, and could still keep on smiling,
It was really quite amusing
How we mopped our eyes, still laughing
In the face of difficulties.
Soup we made of egg and onions,
Had potatoes, bread and butter,
Thanked the Lord for His protection,
For the food and friendly neighbors.
Then we opened cots and bedding,
Hardly able any longer
To keep open weary eye-lids.
But the rain came splashing on us,
Till we opened umbrellas,
Fell asleep and slept till morning.

We were hoping that the sunshine
Would dispel the gloomy rain-clouds,
But no sign of pleasant weather;
All day long the rain kept falling,
We had muddy drinking water

Carried in from ponds and ditches,
Damp and smoking wood for fuel.
Then we tried to catch the water
From the thatched roof of our mud house.
But it looked like weak tea, was it,
Seeping through the jungle grasses
On the roof through which the smoke came?
Just outside the door the buffaloes
Stamped the ground, till our small front
yard

Gave resemblance to a pig pen.
Once we caught some clear pure water
From a tile-roof in the village,
But a buffalo came and drank it
Ere we had a chance to use it.

Only nine miles from Mau-haw-dee
Had we slowly travelled thus far,
Had we known that rainy weather
Would prevent our going farther,
Happily we would have waited
In the frieindly Mission bungalow.
All day Friday and on Saturday
We had rainy misty weather.
Here we stayed in Saja-palee
Waiting for some brighter weather,
Wishing that we might go onward.
Little did we know at that time
That it was no local rain-storm
That the wind was doing havoc
All the way as far as Champa,
That the rains had caused much damage
On the railroad tracks to Kutnee,
That at Jubbul-pore in three days,
Twenty-seven inches rain fell!

While we waited village people
Brought us green corn and cucumbers,
Through the rain they came in large crowds,
Boys and girls and little children,
Standing by the doorway watching,
Peeping in and sometimes laughing.
When we ate our meals they wondered
Why we did not use our fingers,

ERS

size
IDE THICKNESS
inches 1/2 inch
" "
" "
" "

INC.

Knives and forks and spoons they have
none.

Then we sang some Hindu bhajans,
Songs about the life of Jesus,
Showed them pictures, told them stories.
Then the news spread round the village,
Men and women came and begged us,
"Will you not come to our houses?"
"Sing again your songs of Jesus."
Mr. Moyer had a meeting
With the men and boys around him.
Mrs. Moyer and I hunted
For a place where all the women
Could be gathered for a meeting
Neither church, nor hall, nor school house
Could be found in Saja-palee,
But we found a place where fifty
Girls and women with their children
Gathered round to hear our stories.
Quietly and long they listened,
Many who had seldom listened
To the Good News of Salvation.
And again on Sunday morning
We had services together.
In our little room we gathered,
Hardly big enough for seven,
But the singing brought the people
To the doorway; in they crowded,
Sat upon the floor around us.
After songs and prayer and message,
We gave time for asking questions.
May the Word of God have fallen
Deep into the hearts of many.

In the afternoon of Sunday
On the fourth day of our journey,
Suddenly the storm-clouds vanished.
Gloriously the sun burst on us.
We decided to move onward
To a village called Gut-he-dee.
As we were leaving Saja-palee
Many friendly people followed,
Showing their appreciation.

An older woman bidding farewell,
Said, "I wish that you would tarry
Even longer in our village,
It was good to have you with us."

It was difficult to travel,
For the ground was soft and soggy,
Still we must be up and going,
We were far behind our schedule.
And we travelled on till nightfall,
Through the high flax, through the rice
fields,
Till we came to rocky places
Where there was no road to follow
But a stony mountain streamlet,
Here we passed low mountain ranges,
Jungles deep where dwell the panthers,
Tigers, deer, wild boar and jackals.
Just as darkness fell upon us
We climbed up a rocky hillside,
Till our vertebrae seemed shaken
Out of joint, our cart was springless.

In the midst of a quaint village
Built on rocks and crags and boulders,
Came our cart now to a stand still.
"Where to stay," again the question,
From this crowd of weary travellers.
On a log sat Mrs. Moyer,
And myself sat down beside her,
Hoping, praying, that the spirit
Of the people might be friendly,
Even as we sat there waiting,
Came the chief man of the village,
Brought a message from the widow
Who was owner of the village,
For us all to come and tarry
Through the night on her verandah.
It was spacious, long and rain-proof,
Made of stones and bricks and mortar.
Here we cooked a hasty supper
Used a camp cot for our table,
As we sat around on boxes
Crowds of people gathered near us,

Crowded up on the verandah.
Here we had no private corner;
Was it like a circus to them?
Very quietly they watched us,
Some had never seen a white man.
Wouldn't you too come out to see them
If a crowd of Hindoo travellers
Came through town quite unexpected?

After supper we had singing,
And the crowd increased in number;
Mr. Moyer asked the audience
Who among them read the Hindi;
Only two or three were present
Who could read the tracts we gave out,
Hindi tracts about salvation.
Then we told to all the people
Of our Saviour, Lord and Master.
When we tried to close our meeting
They would not disperse nor leave us,
Till we told them we were sleepy,
Tired, longing for a night's rest.
In the morning when we woke up,
All around stood early risers,
Some were peeping from their door-ways.
All the streets are very narrow
In this rocky mountain village.
In the night a rain had fallen,
Through the middle of the stone street
Now a stream was flowing swiftly,
Carrying with it all the refuse,
It was far from sanitary.
Ere we left our sleeping quarters
On the long and high verandah,
We went in to thank the widow,
And her son, the village owners.
To her young son we presented
A harmonium we had with us.
Then we wished to pay for lodging,
But the woman kindly answered
That the gift which we had given
To her small boy made him happy,
And that it was quite sufficient.

Again we loaded all our baggage
And our cots into the wagon
All was ready, we were starting
On the fifth day of our journey,
Crowds of people gathered round us;
Then a moment ere we started,
In the midst of all the Hindoos
Prayer was offered for these people,
That they might accept the Saviour,
Prayer that we might be protected
On the way, from dangers round us.

Then we travelled down the rocky
Steep and rugged mountain roadway,
Came to where a shallow river
Swallowed up the road before us .
For a mile or more we travelled
Over rocky river bottom,
Rather than endure the jolting
Of the wagon over boulders,
We walked on the narrow foot-path
Following the river road way.
We could easily walk faster
Than the lazy water buffaloes.
In some places where the rice fields
Had been dammed to hold the water
We could not go any farther;
And we often came to places
Where the narrow pathway ended
Where the mountain streams flowed swiftly.
At such times the trusty helpers
Carried us across the water;
Sometimes stones were very slippery,
It was really quite exciting
Till again we found dry footing .

Then we came into the jungles,
Where the turtle doves were cooing,
Where the wild birds twitted gaily,
Where the dragon flies were fitting
With their fairy wings were darting
Some were blue and some were golden.
Heard the wierd and ghost-like squeaking
Of the tall and hollow bamboos,

With their stately branches swaying
Bowling to the gentle breezes.
Saw the wild flowers of the forest
Some with lovely hues and colors.
Here we felt like walking slowly
That we might enjoy the longer
All the beauties of God's nature.

Once I left the narrow roadway
For a spray of purple flowers,
Rare and beautiful and fragrant,
Midst the thick luxuriant foliage
Of some shrubs and jungle grasses
But I had to pay for picking
Such a lovely jungle flower,
Got some thorns into my fingers,
And my dress became entangled;
Deen-bund-hoo, the helper, laughing,
Said he thought it was not worth while
Going after jungle flowers;
But I got a thrill in finding
Something rare and new and lovely.

Suddenly we hastened onward,
It was not the jungle branches
That had hid the sunshine from us,
Overhead the rain-clouds gathered,
Presently the drops came splashing,
On our heads and all around us.
We were far from any village,
We had hoped to be at Lamar
For our noon-day meal that Monday.
But we did not reach the village
Till the shades of night had fallen.

Just an hour before 'twas midday
We had reached another ravine
Here our cartman with the buffaloes
Halted, for direct before them
Were the steep banks of the ravine;
With their shovels, hoes and pickaxe
Quickly they began to level
Ruts and furrows made by streamlets,
Waded through the river knee deep

On the other side to even
Ruts and furrows and to fill up
Where the two wheels of our small cart
Would sink in, and progress hinder.
All the while it kept on raining.

In an hour when the cartmen
Waded back across the river
Came to where our cart was standing,
They had disappointed faces.
"Oh," they said, "it is a bad road,
"It will take another hour
"Till the washed out slope is levelled.
"Really, we are not quite certain
"That the buffaloes can make it
"Up the steep and slippery mud-bank.
"You had better eat your luncheon,
"We are going back to labor
"On the road beyond the river."

It was one o'clock, we opened
Traveller's handy "Ic-mic" cooker,
Took out steaming rice, potatoes,
Green "taroi," a native vegetable,
Looked around to find a dry spot
Where we might sit down while eating;
But the grass along the roadside
Dripped with rain, we too were dripping.
In the middle of the roadway
Near the place where we were standing
Was a rain-washed, rocky boulder,
That we then chose for our table.
Sat around it, holding o'er us
Umbrellas, dripping, dropping,
Raindrops on our backs and faces.
We were having an adventure
Far from pleasant, some would call it;
But it was a fragment only
Of the life the missionary
Faces in the far-off countries.

It was two o'clock when Minoo

And Dur-jho-dhen drove the buffaloes
Down the steep bank, through the river
Up the muddy slope with caution,
Yelling, shouting, urging onward,
Like true natives do with buffaloes
When they drive with difficulty.
More than half-way up the hillside
Went our faithful water buffaloes,
Deep the wheels cut in the loose mud,
Deeper sank, when but a moment
Animals took time for resting.
With more shouting onward urging
They advanced a few feet farther.
Then the forward pair of buffaloes
Fell upon their knees in slipping;
Pushing cart and shouting, coaxing,
Did not bring us any further,
We were stuck in mud so deep now
That we all began to wonder
How we'd ever get to Basna.

We unyoked the water buffaloes,
One man fed them grain and grazed them,
One cut down a tree and brought it
To the cart to use as a lever.
One cleared mud away from cartwheels
And the rest of us unloaded
Bags and baggage from the wagon.
Then to make a solid footing
For the animals to stand on,
Scores of cubic feet of gravel
Brought we from a near by quarry,
Also branches, which we cut down
In the jungle by the roadside.
Thus we built a road, like soldiers
Do when on a journey marching,
And they wish to be victorious.

Thus we labored six full hours
Trying, testing all plans thought of
To complete the ravine crossing,
Which had brought us into Phuljhar.
Then the buffaloes were fastened

To their yokes, and all united
Strength and courage, pushing, shouting
In an effort to go forward.
We moved on! A shout of triumph
Rose, as up the hill we journeyed.
On we travelled, through the rainfall.

It was six o'clock, we halted.
"Shall we stay here," we inquired
Of our cartmen and our helpers.
"Yes," they said, then quickly followed,
"No, we must go on to Lamar.
"There is there another river,
"If the rain falls it will fill up
"And our speedy progress hinder
"If we cross it on the morrow.
"Onward now we go to Lamar."

Telling more of difficulties
We encounter till we got there
Would be tiresome; it suffices
That we found a pleasant mud-hut,
Called a way-side inn by travellers.
It had three rooms, one for white folks,
One for Indians, one for buffaloes.
Thus, at least, we all decided
There would be accommodation
For the weary group of travellers
On their way to far-off Basna.

First we cleaned our room, which sometime
Had been used for a cattle stable.
For the people here in India
Do not worry when their cattle
Come into their homes and stay there.
When our room was swept, and cobwebs
Brushed from rafters and from corners,
Cots and bedding rolls were opened
While our cook was getting supper.
Oh, the room was full of blue smoke
And our eyes again were smarting;
But this sounds as though repeating
Things that have been told before this.

Suddenly we heard a clip-clap,
"What a funny noise," said some one,
It was in the grass roof surely,
There to our consternation,
Right above our heads was hanging
Such a very poisonous viper,
That its sting would kill a person.
We were really all much frightened.
Quickly, quietly, Mr. Moyer
With a long stick felled the serpent,
As it writhed upon the mud floor
All prepared to strike opponent,
Daniel, our faithful helper,
Beat with all his might upon it,
Killed it quickly, cast it outdoors
Far away into the darkness.

Then we felt that it was safer
To put up mosquito netting
All around our cots that evening.
It is really quite essential
For the India Missionaries
That they use mosquito netting
For protection from mosquitoes,
Sand-flies, snakes, and other livestock.

As we sat to eat our supper,
We were greeted by a stranger,
He was friendly, smiled upon us;
He reminded me of Moses,
In some picture, or Elijah
With his long white beard and mantle.
It was clear, he was no Hindoo,
For they do not wear such garments
Nor the long beard, such as this one.
"With your presence will you honor
"Me, tomorrow morning early,
"Into my lowly house will enter
"Ere you leave again this village.
"It will truly give me pleasure
"If my wife and I may serve you
"Tea and milk and meat and wheat cakes.
"If you wish to start real early,
"I will have it ready for you

"At four o'clock, or when you wish it."
We were really quite astonished
At this courteous invitation;
And with pleasure we accepted.
But we said that we would hardly
Rise so early, being tired
From a hard and strenuous day's work.

There are always friendly people
Found in every clime and country.
It was Emerson who wrote it,
That a friend should be accepted
As a gift, from God, our Father.
In the morning, ere we started
On our journey to the southward
We were shown the lowly mud house
Of our friend, whom we had never
Seen before, or might not ever
See again. Now we were seated
On a mat, spread on the mud floor
Over which a clean white sheet
Had been spread for our reception.
In the name of Christ our Saviour,
We gave thanks, before this follower
Of Mohammed, for the blessings
Given to us here in this wise.

Big brass plates were set before us,
Filled with cakes and chicken-curry,
Hot with peppers, turmeric, garlic;
Here we ate with hands and fingers,
Forks and knives and spoons they have
none.

Tea was served with milk and sugar.
It was good, we all enjoyed it.
We enquired of host and hostess,
What their reason for such kindness,
When we had not showed them any
Ere we got the invitation;
What there name was, where they came
from;

Mohammet Yusef was our host's name
They had come from Bombay City
He was merchant selling produce;

In the cities he had often
Come in contact with the foreigners.
Many times he had been treated
In a very friendly fashion.
He was pleased, he said, to offer,
Kindness in return, to white folks.
To his daughter we presented
Safety pin with ribbon on it,
She was happy, little brown maid,
Showed the gift to her companions.
When we parted they requested
That we keep them in remembrance.

Just as we were leaving Lamar,
We were stopped by village owner,
He requested that we tarry
For a moment in his abode,
That his little son was very,
Very ill with dysentery.
Fortunately we had with us
Medicine for such an ailment,
Then we prayed to God to heal him,
Told the people it was Jesus
Who alone could heal diseases,
That they should not worship idols,
That the only name to call on
Was the name of Christ our Saviour.

On we journeyed, hopeful, happy,
On the sixth day of our journey,
We were feeling fine and thankful,
We were now in Phuljhar District,
Half the journey had been covered.
Soon we passed low mountain ranges,
Still more rice fields, pulse and flax fields,
Then we came to cotton country,
Where the soil is black and fertile,
Where the natives raise much cotton,
Spin and weave it into clothing.
On this day the sun was shining,
We were having cooler breezes,
It was pleasant to walk briskly.
But we could not get too far off
From the cart and from our baggage,

For in unexpected places
There were jolts, some piece of baggage
Might be shaken off and damaged.
Once when we were quite a distance
From the cart, we had been walking
Faster than our water buffaloes,
I looked back and saw some object
Floating swiftly down a muddy
Stream of water on the roadway.
It was only my umbrella,
Which I brought from Indiana;
I could not afford to lose it,
I might need it ere the nightfall,
Rain storms often are quite sudden
Here in India in September.
Back I ran and quickly snatched it
From the swiftly flowing streamlet
On its way on toward the river.

Now we came to where the highway
Broad and level, built by rulers
Of the country, many years past,—
Forms the boundry line in Phuljhar
Of the two great mission forces,
English Baptist, Mennonite Mission,
Working side by side in earnest,
In the Vineyard of our Master.
Ten miles south to Basna village,
All the way a gravel highway.
Were the road like this with bridges,
From Mauhadde on to Basna,
It would only take two hours
Riding in an automobile,
For the trip that we were making
In a week with difficulty.
All along this splendid highway
Even mile-stones had been set up.
And we keenly watched the progress
We were making with our buffaloes.
They seemed lazy, these our animals
On this good road, going only
One and one-half miles an hour.

It was noon now when our cartmen
Turned our cart into a school yard,

Stopped before a large brick building
White-washed both inside and outside,
Standing near a good-sized village.
We inquired from the master,
Educated, high-caste, Brahmin,
Whether we could eat our lunch here,
He was kind and said politely,
"You may eat on the veranda,
"I will bring you chairs and table."
Chairs! the first ones we set eyes on,
Since we left the Mission Bungalow.
Also we had sparkling water
From a well within the village.
Neither wells nor pure clear water
Had we found in other places.
Here we had a hasty luncheon,
Not much left in tiffin basket,
We had eaten our provisions
On the trip which had extended
Over days we had not counted
When we started from Mau-haw-dee
We were hoping that ere evening
We would be in Basna village
And perhaps we would be able
There to buy something for supper.
No one worried for the morrow
For we knew we'd be provided
With good water, food and shelter,
At the end of our journey
Which was Basna Mission Station.

After having lunch at Bhor-poor
We proceeded on the highway .
In the middle of the roadway
Sat a crowd of Hindoo people,
Women wearing flowing saris
Men with very little clothing
As the custom is in India,
Most of them with backs uncovered
Brown skins glistening in the sunshine.
In their midst there were some baskets,
Filled with rice, which is the Hindoo's
Daily food, with pulse or vegetables.
While I stopped and watched a moment

How a man, his measure filling,
Poured it into laps around him.
I inquired what his price was,
Thinking that he was a merchant
Selling produce by the roadside.
But he said he was not selling
That he paid his workers daily
Giving rice instead of money
For the work they had been doing
In his rice fields all around him.
It was plain he was a rich man
And these people were his servants.

On we travelled, walking briskly,
Often in the shade of big trees
Planted all along this highway.
But it was no perfect highway
For we had to cross some ravines
Over which there were no bridges.
Once when I forgot to direct
My attention to the baggage
When we climbed a muddy incline,
My Corona, new and precious
Fell into a hole and stuck there
Till I pulled it out. Alas! Ah,
We must never count too precious
Anything we carry with us.
Sometime one would feel like saying
Far the best way here in India
Is to travel like the native
With perhaps one little bundle
If we wish to have no worries.
But as I am not a native
Of this country, and I cannot
Even go without a topee,
I must carry with me baggage,
Cots and bedding and provisions.
Neither can I sleep on mud floors
Without fear of snakes and scorpions,
Neither can I eat their curry
Several times a day as they do,
For it gives me indigestion,
If I eat such red hot peppers,
Mixed with mustard, turmeric, garlic,
And a lot of other spices.

weeks; other-
Additional day.

Mr. Moyer now is speaking,
"Metta, look ahead who's coming!
"I am sure it must be Nit-tae.
"Sure it is, and what's he bringing?
"Water in an earthen vessel,
"And a bucket of provisions."
Now he meets us and he greets us
With a letter from the Wengers.
Eagerly we read the message:
"Greetings from the missionaries,
"We are wondering what has happened,
"We have long been looking for you,
"We expected you on Saturday,
"This is Tuesday, we are anxious,
"Therefore we are sending Nit-tae
"With boiled water and some food-stuffs.
"We have told him not to tarry
"Anywhere till he has found you.
"If he then can find you nowhere,
"He should walk on to Mau-haw-dee.
"We will keep on looking for you,
"Praying for your safe arrival."

We were happy, so was Nit-tae
That he need not go on further
In the search of these lost travellers.
For a moment we all rested.
Mr. Moyer asked him questions
All about the Mission Compound,
The new bungalow, almost finished,
All about the Indian Christians.
Were they all behaving nicely?
No, they were not, some were quarrelsome,
One man beat his wife so badly,
That they were afraid he'd kill her,
In his anger and his fury.
Another one had left his own wife,
And had sought a heathen woman,
One had broken into someone's
House and stolen cooking-vessels.
But besides that there were many
Who were really good and earnest,
Who were bearing testimony
Of the Christ who dwelt within them.

On we walked till nearly night-fall.
We were only two miles distant
From the village which is Basna.
All day long it had been pleasant,
Now the rain was softly falling.
Just ahead another river,
This the widest and the deepest
And the last one on the journey.
We all climbed into the wagon,
Got across the river safely,
But the damp and sandy incline
On the other side was steeper
Than we had first calculated.
Up we climbed at such an angle
That the wagon tilted backwards
And the end of it touched water.
We who sat upon the edges
Of the boards which formed the bottom
Of our tilted two-wheeled wagon
Were with one hand holding baggage,
With the other held on tightly
To the roof or sides or bottom,
That we might not slip in backwards
Into rushing muddy water.
Then what happened? All the buffaloes
Stopped, and would go no further.
Well, it simply was impossible
To keep holding on to baggage
And to keep it all from slipping
Down into the river bottom
With the cart at such an angle.

It was getting dark so quickly,
It was raining too, remember.
Off we pulled our shoes and stockings,
Waded through the muddy water,
Had the baggage all unloaded.
"Ho, what's that, its floating swiftly!"
Mr. Moyer's khaki knapsack.
"Light a lantern!" someone shouted.
"Take this box, and here, take this one!"
"Clear the sand away from cart wheels!"
We all worked, and all were shouting,
For this was no time to linger.

ERS
g sizes
WIDE THIC
inches 3
"
"
INC.

weeks; other-
ditional day.

Two men passing by were halted,
And were asked to help in pushing,
Then with some more savage yelling
By the cartmen, we moved onward.
It would really be amusing
For our friends at home to hear it,
All the noise the Indian cartmen
Know and use when driving buffaloes,
Trills and yells and modulations,
Sometimes shrill and sometimes lulling.

With the baggage all reloaded
Quickly then we moved on forward
Passed through avenues of shade trees
Which stood dimly in the darkness,
Mango trees and gnarled wild fig trees.
In the distance saw the village,
Fire-lights in many a mud hut,
On the edge a stately palm tree.
Took resemblance in the darkness
Of a city water-tower.

We were fortunate in finding
Shelter, for the night in Basna,
In a merchant's empty building.
It was large with long veranda,
We were eager for a night's rest.
What a pleasure now to open
Up our bucket of provisions
Which the Wengers kindly sent us.
Here were eggs and cheese and jelly
Bread and baked beans, salmon, sardines,
What a feast we had among us.
Just as we were spreading supper
On the folding cot for table,
Someone came to tell us quickly
That the Basna village owner
Sent us greetings through his servant
Who was standing by the doorway,
Carrying in his hand a brass plate
Filled with rice and salt and peppers,
Split peas, onions, buffalo butter.
In his other hand he carried
Squawking rooster, for our supper.

We were truly showered with blessings.
Rice and split peas, buffalo butter,
With a lot of hot red peppers,
Made a good meal for the helpers
Without whom we could not travel
On long journeys here in India.

Wednesday morning, bright and early,
We had tea and toast and butter
In our latticed room of bamboos.
As we sat there contemplating
The last stretch of our long journey,
There came peeping through the windows,
Through the lattice and the doorway,
Many black haired, brown-eyed school boys,
Carrying books and slates and pencils.
There was not a girl among them.
It was early, but in India
School is held when minds are brightest,
When the air is not too stifling,
In the forenoon when 'tis coolest.
First we thought the boys were only
Passing by, and seeing strangers
Stopped a moment, being curious.
When two masters came we questioned
Where the school house was, they answered,
"Here it is, where you are sitting,
"For the school house which the government
"Built for us is leaking badly.
"Here is where we teach our lessons
"Daily, till the rains are over."

So we hurried with our packing,
But the teachers took the school boys
To an empty room above us.
Soon we heard a master talking
Like a general giving orders,
In a loud voice boys were answering,
Stoic, parrot-like, monotonous,
In a story they were reading
All about some funny monkeys,
Playing tricks upon a traveller
In the woods while he was sleeping,
Clambering up the trees with garments

ERS

g sizes
WIDE THICK
inches 2 1/2
"

INC.

Which they found within his bundle.
These were serious-minded pupils,
There was neither smile nor laughter
In the reading of this story.
Would they disrespect their teacher,
Who showed neither mirth nor humor?

Just before we left the village,
Mr. Moyer went to visit
And to thank the village owner
For the gifts that he had sent us.
Then we turned our faces northward,
Up till now we had been going
East and south and also southwest,
From Mauhawdee on to Basna.
On account of rains and ricefields
We were doing some detouring.
When the rice is cut and garnered
Many roads again are opened
Which were closed to store the water
In the rice fields for a season.

We had travelled nearly four miles
North from Basna Wednesday morning,
When we came to where the Mission
First bought land for a new station
(Nineteen hundred twenty-three 'twas)
Where the Moyers lived for sometime
In a tent under a banyan
Where they did some pioneer work
Under greatest difficulties.
It was there where they were hoping
Soon to build a church and bungalow,
Bricks were hauled and plans were laid
there.

But what happened? Late one evening
Came a crowd of angry natives
Pelted tent with stones and mud clots,
Tried to drive the missionaries
From the place with angry violence.
Then it was that Mr. Moyer
Had to do some more transactions
With the Zemindar from Phlujhar.
Long and tedious were the dealings.

Finally it was decided
That a tract of wooded acres
Would be given in the jungles
In exchange for what the natives
Had been fighting for that evening.
One and one-half miles to northward
Was the tract that had been given.
This was now our destination.

Deep the jungles were on both sides
Of the road on which we travelled,
Then again we came to stretches
Where the land was cultivated;
Here we saw green waving rice fields
Ponds and lakes, and stately palm trees,
Here and there a little village
Houses built of mud and branches
And the roofs of jungle grasses,
Not far distant, hills and mountains
Home of deer, wild boar and panthers.
None of these came out to meet us,
What we saw were goats and cattle
Grazing in the fields and forest,
Tended by the half-clad Indians,
Boys and little girls with brown skins.

Suddenly all our attention
Was attracted by a figure
Running on the road to meet us,
Dressed in blue, a little white boy,
With a khaki solar topee.
He was laughing, shouting, panting,
In his eagerness to greet us.
"Salaam, Baba," said the cartman,
"Hello, Laurence!" we all shouted,
"How are you, we're glad to see you."
He was out of breath from running,
He could hardly give us answer.
Tenderly I kissed my nephew,
My dead brother's only off-spring.
"How we have been looking for you!
"Many days we've looked and waited.
"Were you lost somewhere? We wondered

"Why you did not come on Monday.
"Yesterday we had a dinner,
"Ready for you, in the evening."
Thus my little nephew chattered
As we walked along the roadway.
"Will you play with me while you're here?
"Will you go out walking with me?
"I will show you many places
"In the jungles all around here,
"Many kinds of trees and flowers;
"There's a lake which I will show you
"Where we'll see some lovely sunsets
"In the evening when your work's done.
"I am glad you came, Aunt Martha."

Soon we came to where a pillar
Marks the boundary of one corner
Of the Basna Mission Station.
Here we met the missionaries
And a crowd of Indian Christians
Who had come to bid us welcome.
Thus we reached our destination,
Safe and sound and truly happy,
After weary days of traveling.
"Where," said I, "is your new bungalow?"
"Here within the jungle forest.
"See the roof among the branches?"
Suddenly I saw an opening,
'Twas a clearing in the forest,
In the midst of it stood nobly
A fine dwelling newly builded,
Made of bricks with tin roof on it,
Which they said would soon be covered
With flat tiles to make it cooler.
Here the carpenters were busy
Making doors, and frames for windows.
Others were engaged in clearing
Stumps and fallen trees from pathways.
Everywhere the Indian workmen
Trained by patient missionaries,
Stopped their work a happy moment,
Greeted us with smiling faces,
Said "Salaam" and bowed in greeting.

Then a group of little children,
Black-haired, brown-eyed, bright and eager,
Mrs. Burkhard's boarding children,
Stood in line and proudly faced us,
Sang a song their teacher taught them:
"Jesus, Thou wilt lead and guide us,
"Draw us close to Thee and keep us,
"Show us all, the way to heaven,
"May we have our sins forgiven."

Here's a part of God's great Vineyard,
Where the light in darkness shining
Has been reaching souls benighted,
Till we have today in Phuljhar
Baptized ones four hundred-fifty.
But the task is not completed,
Pray, my Sisters, pray, my Brothers,
That the Holy Ghost in power
May abide in all these people.
Only then can they be conquerors
Over all the superstitions
Which for ages have been binding
Them in darkness and in slavery.
When the Holy Spirit truly
Takes possession of our Christians
Then will they have life victorious,
And they will be singing, praising
Him who is their true Redeemer.

Sometimes friends will boldly ask us,
"Is it worth the inconvenience
"You are bearing, out in India,
"Are you sure the people want you
"In that heathen land of India?
"Are their Shastras not sufficient
"For their needs, their understanding?"
It is true you have some comforts
In the homeland, which are lacking
In the lives of Missionaries.
Many a journey such as this one
Missionaries make to rescue
Precious souls from sin and darkness
Precious in the sight of Jesus.
They are His, who suffered far more

ERS

ng sizes
WIDE THICKNESS
inches 3/8 inch
1/8 " "
" "
" "

INC.

BETHEL COLLEGE HISTORICAL
LIBRARY

North Newton, Kansas

266.00954 Date Received

B918f..... Donor

No. 3607..... Fund

Book should be returned at the end of two weeks; otherwise
a fine of 2 cents a day is charged for each additional day.

Than the frequent inconvenience
Suffered by the missionaries.
Everything we count most precious
In our lives, is won through hardships;
What, pray tell me, is more precious
Than a transformed human being?
What more noble calling is there
Than to spread the Gospel Message,
Bringing to our Lord and Master
Due rewards for His great suffering?

Here in Phuljhar there are many
Hundreds who have heard the Gospel,
But who have not had the courage
To leave all and follow Jesus.
Yet among them we are always
Finding such who truly hunger
After Truth and Bread from Heaven.
That the Door is open to us
Throughout Phuljhar and in Deovri,
Is a fact which has been proven
To the workers here at Basna.
Daily people come for more light
Begging that the missionaries
Might take time to go and carry
Jesus' Message to the people.
For some time a Brahmin master
Has been seeking in the Scriptures,
He is tasting of God's goodness
And His mercy to the sinner.
Also, there's a village owner,
Who through prayer was healed from
sickness

Who comes often to the bungalow
For more light and Christian knowledge.
From among the high and lowly,
God is calling out His people,
From all nations, tongues and climates
Will the Church of Christ be gathered.
May the day be not far distant
When all knees will bow before Him
Who is Lord of earth and heaven,
King of Kings, throughout all ages.

PAM

also call
HIGH
1523 9 inches
1524 10 "
1525 9 "
1526 9 3/4 "
1527 10 1/2 "
1528 11 "

Divi