

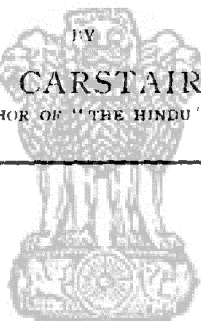
REV. JAMES SHEPHERD, M.D., D.D., R.I.H.M.

SHEPHERD OF UDAIPUR

AND
THE LAND HE LOVED

BY
GEORGE CARSTAIRS, B.D.

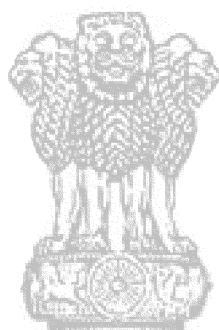
AUTHOR OF "THE HINDU"



"WHOSE humorous eyes took in each phase
Of full, rich life this earth displays,
Yet evermore kept well in view
The far-off goal it leads men to."

HODDER AND STOUGHTON
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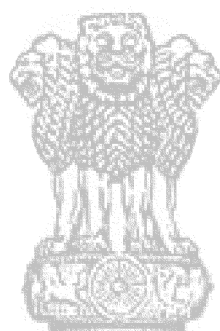
Dedication

TO

MY COLLEAGUES IN RAJPUTANA

WHO WILL APPRECIATE THE DIFFICULTY OF THE
TASK I HAVE ATTEMPTED, AND, FROM THEIR OWN
MEMORY AND AFFECTION, WILL MAKE GOOD THE
DEFICIENCIES OF THIS BOOK

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Preface

THIS sketch of the life and work of Dr. Shepherd makes no pretence of being a biography in the ordinary sense. For such it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find the requisite material. Dr. Shepherd's life was lived in comparative isolation. He was a man who wrote very little about his own experiences. His voluminous correspondence with members of his own family has, it is true, been carefully preserved ; but the letters are, for the most part, strictly private and domestic. For more than forty years Dr. Shepherd kept a diary with unfailing regularity ; but his daily entries are limited to four or five lines ; mere personal memoranda, with little of a descriptive or reflective nature. Instead, therefore, of attempting a detailed biography, I have sought—as I am sure Dr. Shepherd himself would have preferred in such a sketch—to give some slight picture of the land itself and of the people among whom he lived, and to convey some idea of the greatness of the work he did. At the end of writing I feel regretfully that the vivacity and charm and simple goodness of the man have escaped. To appreciate these, one had to know him personally.

I have to acknowledge the generous help of Mr. W. P. Livingstone, who placed at my disposal a considerable quantity of notes that he himself had made, and of Mr. Alexander Esslemont, in procuring information regarding Dr. Shepherd's family and early life.

I am also deeply indebted to Lieut.-Colonel F. D. S. Fayrer, I.M.S., for allowing me to illustrate this volume with photographs taken by him when, during Dr. Shepherd's last days in Udaipur, he himself was Residency Surgeon in that State. All the illustrations, except the frontispiece, the following three, and the last five photographs, are the work of his camera.

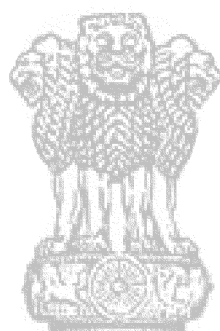
I have to thank the Rev. John Willcock, D.D., D.Litt., O.B.E., and Mr. Alexander M. Shaw, for kind assistance in the revision of the proofs.

The extracts from Mr. Rudyard Kipling's *Letters of Marque* are given with the author's kind permission, for which I am sincerely grateful.

G. C.

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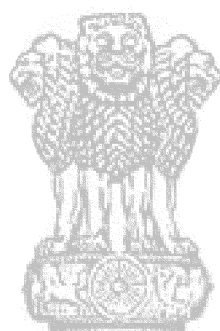
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Chapter I—Preparation

OPPOSITE the town of Lerwick, in Shetland, lies the island of Bressay. It is five miles long, and forms with Lerwick Bay the famous harbour into which, at certain seasons, gathers the northern fishing fleet with its forest of a thousand masts. Close to the western shore of Bressay is the little isle of Noss, rising by a grassy slope to a sharp headland that fronts the North Sea waves. From the Noup, as it is called, one can look down a sheer six hundred feet to the white foam at its base. On the face of the cliff are the nests of countless sea-birds.

In the summer of 1912 a visitor had climbed the Noup, feasted his eyes on that wild and lonesome scene, and returned to the one house upon the island—a shepherd's cottage. While her husband was fetching the boat to row him back to Bressay, the shepherd's wife gave the stranger a cup of tea. When he had finished she refused payment, but, producing what looked like a diminutive cheque-book, asked if he would care to take "a ticket for the lepers." The "ticket" proved to be a receipt for a one-shilling subscription to the Leper Mission in India.

The stranger stood amazed. Not long before he had visited the leper hut in a corner of the Mission Compound in far-off Udaipur. He had talked there with two poor souls into whose bodies the disease was eating its dread way, yet into whose closing years a radiant Christian faith had brought peace and even cheerfulness. And the money which supported them came from this same Leper Mission Fund !

It is a far cry from the Noup of Noss, that lone outpost of the Northern Seas, to the fairy-land city of the Rajputs. Why, for weeks on end, as the shepherd's wife had just been saying, the Noss is cut off by storms from all communication even with Bressay. What was the mysterious, unseen bond between that shepherd's cottage and the far-off lepers' hut ? Only the fact that nineteen hundred years ago a certain Jew was executed as a rebel on a hill outside Jerusalem, and that the significance of that death had come home to the heart of a young man in Aberdeen.

No one meeting Dr. James Shepherd for the first time in the years of his retirement could have guessed at the experiences that had filled his life. His figure, short and portly, but erect and dignified, the clear-cut aquiline profile and deep-set, keen grey eyes the flowing soft grey beard that concealed the clerical collar, the neat grey suit,

and the gracious and courtly manner, all suggested rather the prosperous, retired city merchant than the man of far travel and adventure. Yet, could one only have made a "film" of all the scenes that, through the years, had in succession impressed themselves upon the retinas of those grey eyes, what a series of pictures it would have formed ! There would have been scenes of gorgeous colour, the pomp and splendour of an Oriental court, royal processions of elephants and camels and horses gaily trapped ; scenes of appalling poverty and human suffering among the plague- and the famine-stricken ; scenes by the camp fire in wild mountain valleys among the aboriginal Bhil tribes, and homely scenes among the little flock of simple Christians that gradually gathered round him. But the eyes are closed that looked on all these things, and the heart is still that loved and pitied.

Dr. Shepherd left little written record of his life. It is only from hints and glimpses, odd jottings in his diary, gleanings from old reports (often matter-of-fact and dull enough in themselves), accounts by travellers who visited him, and personal memories, that we can hope to reproduce something of his fascinating career, and see him again living and working in the picturesque and romantic surroundings in which his lot was cast, a great missionary, a most

humble and simple Christian, a most lovable and attractive man.

On both sides of the family, Shepherd was of Aberdeenshire stock. His father, James Shepherd, was a son of the village wright of the village of Kintore, about thirteen miles north-west of Aberdeen. Early in life he came to Aberdeen, and entered on a business career. For a time he represented a London tea-house; later he started business in partnership with a Mr. Souter as a wholesale druggist and drysalter, and the firm of "Souter & Shepherd" long held an important place in the commercial life of the town.

Mr. James Shepherd was a man of fine presence, with an aptitude for business and a reputation for absolute personal integrity. His home was conducted according to the best Scottish traditions. Family worship was held morning and evening, and double attendance at church took place as a matter of course. It is characteristic of that practical sense of responsibility in the use of money which has caused Aberdeen to be the object of so much jest and banter, that one of his favourite sayings to his family used to be, "Remember that worship begins at the church plate." Although keenly interested in every branch of Church life, Mr. Shepherd was of too shy and retiring a disposition to take any prominent part. He was repeatedly called to

the eldership, but always declined to accept the office. On the other hand, in less conspicuous ways, he was always ready to place his services at the Church's disposal. A useful man with his hands, he preferred doing practical work to making public appearances. It is told of him that when the front of the gallery was being re-lined with linoleum, and the contractor—himself an elder of the church—was having difficulty in getting the work done in time for the Sunday as promised, Mr. Shepherd donned a workman's apron and spent the whole Saturday afternoon helping him to get the work completed.

His wife, whose maiden name was Mary Hendry, was the daughter of Mr. William Hendry, a house-painter in Aberdeen, and a niece of James Henry (the brothers spelt the name differently), who was Lord Provost of Aberdeen from 1850 to 1852. She was a woman of shrewd judgment and remarkable force of character, with great business abilities, which were applied not only to her house-keeping but to her Church service, gifts which were inherited and similarly used by the eldest child of the marriage, Miss Mary Ann Shepherd, in later years. In addition to this daughter and to a little girl who died in infancy, there were four sons. The eldest, George Jamieson Shepherd, resembled his father in appearance,

but his mother in disposition. Unlike his father, he had an aptitude and liking for public work, took a leading part in the affairs of the Aberdeen Chamber of Commerce, and thoroughly enjoyed public speaking. He took a vigorous part also in Church life, as an elder, as secretary of the Missions Committee, and as Superintendent of the Sunday School. The second son was James, the subject of this biography, who was born on 2nd February, 1847. The third, William Hendry, inherited the retiring disposition of his father. Although he accepted an eldership and conscientiously visited his district, both in Church life and in the business world he shrank from publicity or prominence. A fourth son, Henry, entered on a banking career, and went to Calcutta in the service of the Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China. There, however, he fell seriously ill, and died at Madras on his way home at the age of thirty-four.

Not one of the family ever married. The life of the old home at 6 Bon Accord Crescent went on with little change until, with Dr. Shepherd's death, the last of the family disappeared. It was to the scene of his boyhood, to his own room, and to the same home life that Dr. Shepherd returned on his furloughs. It was in the home of his birth and childhood that he, the last of the family, ended his days.

Born thus in a prosperous middle-class family, James Shepherd had none of the early struggle with poverty which men like Carey and Livingstone and many other pioneers had to face in their youth. Of his childhood few anecdotes are preserved. He was sent, it is told, at a tender age to a dame's school, but returned incensed at the indignity of finding himself in a class of little girls, and stubbornly refused to go back to it. He did, however, for a time attend a school in Little Belmont Street in which both boys and girls were taught, though mainly in separate classes. One incident shows that the instinct of chivalry towards the other sex which throughout life characterised Dr. Shepherd was of early growth. A girl had misbehaved and punishment had been decreed. The master, however, asked the boys if any of them would volunteer to suffer in her place. Up jumped James Shepherd and took the whacks! To the end of a long life the lady used to speak with gratitude and admiration of her gallant rescuer.

Shepherd showed himself an industrious and competent, if not a brilliant scholar, and at the Aberdeen Grammar School had a fair share of prizes and honours. He was keen on games and captained the school cricket team. He had his hobbies, such as collecting shells and geological specimens, and took a pride in a small

museum which gradually grew in his own special sanctum in the basement of the house.

The more serious bent of his mind showed itself early. When an uncle took his sister and elder brother for a trip to the Continent, in which James had hoped to be included, his mother sympathised with him in his disappointment. "Yes," he replied, "I should have liked to go, and the devil has tempted me to bitterness, but I've overcome him." It was an instance of the deliberate effort for self-mastery which, as his private diary shows, was not to cease as long as he lived.

Like most Scottish fathers, Mr. Shepherd made no attempt to influence him in the choice of a career, but waited for his own natural bent to reveal itself. Other influences, however, were at work. The family, until near the end of his student days, belonged to St. Nicholas Lane Church. In connection with it, a certain Miss Melville ran a Bible Class which had a wonderful influence upon boys and girls who attended it. No less than five of her pupils devoted themselves to foreign mission work—Dr. Laws of Livingstonia, Mrs. Laws, Dr. Webster of Manchuria, the Rev. Alexander Cruickshank of Old Calabar, and James Shepherd. It is hardly to be doubted that Miss Melville's influence had much to do with turning his thoughts to the foreign field.

It is significant of the reserve which Scotsmen, and perhaps especially Aberdonians, practise even towards those nearest to them, that James had to screw up his courage to tell his father that he had made up his mind to go abroad as a missionary. His father heard him in silence, and turned away without a word of reply, leaving James distressed at having, as he thought, caused him pain and disappointment. He soon found his mistake. His father had, indeed, been overcome with emotion, but it was the emotion of joy. His mother had more misgivings. In his old age Dr. Shepherd remarked to a friend: "I was the delicate member of our family. When I made up my mind to go to India, my worthy mother was displeased. Not that she grudged my becoming a missionary; only that she thought I was not strong enough for India. And yet," he added, as if speaking to himself, "I've lived longer than any member of our family."

Once his mind was made up, Shepherd was thorough in his preparations. He was determined to be fully equipped both as a doctor and as a preacher of the Gospel. The medical course at the Aberdeen University was a sheer delight to him. Great reader though he always was, he was not so much a lover of literature as of the practical and scientific

branches of knowledge. He delighted in using his hands and became engrossed in surgery. It was at this time that his friendship with "Bobbie" Laws (now Dr. Laws of Livingstonia) ripened into close intimacy. Down in Shepherd's little sanctum the two would carry out experiments and study the anatomy of animals. When, at times, Laws was seen slipping down to the basement carrying a covered basket, some member of the family would remark, "James, there's another dead cat down the stairs."

In due course Shepherd graduated, first in Arts and then Medicine, receiving the degrees of M.A., M.B., C.M., and later that of M.D. For theological training he had to leave Aberdeen and go to the Divinity Hall of the United Presbyterian Church in Edinburgh. The system followed in those days was to have a brief two months' course for five years in succession. It meant a prolonged period of training, but it enabled the poorer students to devote the rest of the year to earning their living and, if possible, sufficient over to carry them through the college term. As the divinity classes were held during the University recess, Shepherd took them concurrently with his medical course until the latter was finished, and then devoted one winter—that of 1871-72—to further medical study.

For this purpose he spent one term at Berlin University, and in a letter to Robert Laws he tells something of his experiences there :

FRAU WOYCKE,
NEUENBURGER STRASSE 25, BERLIN,
Saturday, 30th December 1871.

“DEAR ROBERT,—The time will soon be here when you will be electing new office-bearers for our Y.M. Missionary Society. I beg leave then to send in my resignation as Correspondent Secretary through you. I feel this somewhat, as I have been connected with the Society ever since its commencement, and on this account take a deep interest in all its concerns. However, although I shall never again be officially connected with the Society, the link in spirit which has been formed between me and it will never be broken. . . .

“My time in Berlin is passing quickly and pleasantly away. I have a great deal to see which is highly interesting and instructive, and I have managed to most public places in the town. I am getting my heart's desire in the Medical department, and especially in one division, Pathology. I have seen as many as twenty *post-mortems* lectured on in a day. They do P.M.'s here as we used to do the *cats*'. . . . I have managed to get over the difficulties of the

language at last. I feel quite at home in German, and although I could not preach in it, yet I could carry on a tolerable conversation. . . .

“The weather here is very delightful. We have no snow now but severe frost. The ponds are all frozen, and you can fancy how I have been enjoying myself. Very soon the canal will be closed up, so that we will have miles on miles of skating. It is very dangerous to go on the Spree, as there is seldom a winter sufficiently cold to freeze it thoroughly. I should like to tell you of the customs of the people, but I have reserved so little space that I must keep that till I come home. By that time you will be R. Laws, M.A., and I will give you a hearty shake of the hand if that is the case, and perform the trick we Meds. have to endure when we pass, namely, of knocking your hat over your ears. You must write and tell me all your experiences. You will have little time, I know, but then think of the pleasure such a letter would give me.

“Remember me to your father and mother. Wishing you the compliments of the season and a very happy new year.—I am, your old friend,
JAMES SHEPHERD.”

Shepherd looked back on his Edinburgh days with mixed feelings. In many ways it

was a period of inspiration and happy human fellowship. There were some great men among the professors. Principal Cairns he always regarded as one of the greatest men he had ever known, and he came under the spell of Dr. John Ker, whose genius for expounding and illustrating the art of preaching had led to a Chair being created for him. More than the teaching Shepherd enjoyed the friendships that he formed among his fellow-students. The United Presbyterian Church at its best was characterised, not so much by profound or exact scholarship, as by a warm-hearted, genial humanity. Warm religious zeal there was in abundance, but with little of the ascetic or puritanical element. It was an atmosphere in which friendships flourished. The Church was small enough for every minister to be known to every other. The Synod meeting in the month of May was like the annual gathering of a large family.

Among the students there were many eager spirits, only a few of whom are still alive. Groups of them used to meet in each other's lodgings for prayer, and for the long discussions which are the joy of student life.

But it was not all pleasant or inspiring. Shepherd had been many years at college, and there comes a time when a man wearies of

acquiring knowledge, and longs to be out in the world and doing something. That time had come for Shepherd long before his course was finished. Also, he was strangely oppressed by the necessity of preparing and delivering sermons and addresses. It is strange that a man who was heart and soul an evangelist, who was in private so fluent and racy of speech, and, especially in the vernacular, so ready an extempore speaker, should all through his life have found anything in the way of a formal sermon or address a toil and a burden. The preparation cost him anxious labour, and the delivery left him, as Sunday evening entries in his diary continually show, depressed by a sense of failure. As a student, this side of the work worried him to such an extent that at times he thought of giving it up altogether, and certainly it clouded much of the happiness of his student days.

When his training was nearing completion, he was approached by the English Presbyterian Church with a view to foreign service, but he preferred to remain with the Church in which he had been brought up. He offered himself, and was duly accepted, as a missionary of the United Presbyterian Church, and having been consecrated to this work at the annual Synod meeting in May 1872, sailed for India towards the end of that year.

Chapter II—Udaipur: its Traditions and its People

Nor very long ago one of Dr. Shepherd's younger colleagues home on furlough was giving lectures on his work in the churches in Scotland. Exasperated at the total ignorance he found, even of the existence of the country he came from, he remarked one day to a friend, "In the next church I visit I am going to begin like this: 'Rajputana is not what a great many people seem to think, just a large city!'" The following week he was asked if he had really begun as he intended. "No, man, I couldn't," he replied. "When I arrived at the manse, the first thing the minister asked me was, 'Well, Mr. T——, and is Rajputana a very large city?'"

A land larger than the British Isles, a land of true Oriental pomp and splendour, of marble palaces and howdah-ed elephants, of ancient chivalry and wars and high romance—yet all unknown!

Rajputana does not form part of "British" India, but comes under the foreign or political department of the Indian Government. It is composed of Native States, some as large as the lowlands of Scotland, others more like a small

county. Each is governed by its own Indian ruler. He may be styled a Rajah or a Maharajah or a Maharao or a Maharana—the title being in each case local and traditional and having little or no significance as to comparative rank. The ruler wields practically despotic power over his people, and, while he owns the suzerainty of Britain, the old treaties with that Power promise him freedom from interference in the internal management of his kingdom.

Hence it is that in many of the Native States there is not a single European resident; and even in the largest—Jaipur, Jodhpur, Bikanir, or Udaipur—there have never been more than a mere handful.

Rajputana lies immediately to the south of the Punjab, and is bordered on the west by the Sind desert, on the east by the United Provinces, and on the south by Central India and the Gujarat and Kathiawar districts of the Bombay Presidency. It is mainly flat, but from the south-west corner to the north-east there runs obliquely across it a range of very rugged and, in places, tangled mountains which rise up from the plain with startling abruptness. The more fertile tracts are found to the south of this range, which checks the vapour-laden, south-west monsoon winds of the rainy season, and tends

to make the moisture precipitate and fall as rain. To the north lie great stretches of barren sand, over whose burning heat the monsoon sweeps on its course without being chilled into cloud or rain. It is the land of the camel and the sand-storm, the "Abode of Death," as the old name has it.

The State of Mewar or Udaipur, which was to be the scene of Shepherd's labours, contains both types of country. It lies in the course of the Aravalli Mountains at their wildest part, wilder than anything in the Highlands of Scotland. These catch the rain, and pour it through steep valleys out over the southern plains in streams such as are to be found nowhere else in Rajputana, making the land fertile and prosperous. To the north, on the other hand, the land becomes drier and sandier, until it merges into Marwar, the Abode of Death.

"Rajputana" means "the land of the Rajputs," but, it must be understood, only a small percentage of the population is of the Rajput race. Just as Manchuria has taken its name from the ruling minority, so Rajputana is named from the Hindu caste which has for many centuries occupied its thrones. The three "twice-born" or "high" castes of the Hindus are the Brahmins, the Kshatriyas, and the Vaishyas. The *dharma* or religious duty of the

Brahmin is concerned with religion and scholarship, of the Vaishya with business and trade, while that of the Kshatriya or Rajput concerns ruling and warfare. The "Sons of the King" or "Royal Seed" (which is what the name "Rajput" implies) are the born warriors of India. Erect in carriage, clear-cut and handsome of feature, a born horseman, and trained from early boyhood in the use of sword and spear, the Rajput to this day is distinguishable at a glance from the less virile castes around him. There is pride of race in the set of his head, in the glance of his eye, in the care with which he parts his beard at the chin and brushes it out to either side or folds it back to fasten it over the ears. And if ancient lineage is a legitimate matter for pride, the Rajput has ground for boasting. Long before William the Conqueror's day, his ancestors were ruling in the Punjab; and although successive waves of Muhammadan invasions from Afghanistan drove them from their ancient homes, they claim to have preserved their racial purity and their independence, retreating into the strongholds of the Himalayas on the one hand, and, on the other, south into the centre of almost impassable deserts such as surround the ancient forts of Jodhpur and Jaisalmir.

Like the Highlanders of Scotland, they are

split up into many clans ; and their records, preserved through the ages in the poems of court bards, are full of tales of war against the invaders and continual fights between each other. In spite of these constant bickerings among themselves (which lasted up to the days of the *Pax Britannica*, and would almost certainly break out soon again were India suddenly left without a suzerain power), a wise instinct led the Rajputs to form a rule that none should marry from within his own clan. A Rathor Rajput of Jodhpur will find his princess in the Sesodia house of Udaipur or from the Kachwahas of Jaipur, but not from his own Rathor branch of the race. This safeguarded the clans from the evils of too close intermarriage. At the same time it naturally led to complicated intrigue that was not confined to one State, but had its ramifications throughout all the kingdoms of Rajputana.

The one check on the despotic autocracy of the ruler is the powerful position occupied by his *thakurs* or nobles. All are of the royal race—Rajputs. The Rajah is, in theory, *primus inter pares*. The social system was, and still is, very similar to the old feudal system of the Normans. In the Udaipur State, for example, only one-third of the land is *Khalsa* or Crown Land, paying revenue (mainly land-tax) directly

into the royal coffers. The remaining two-thirds is owned by hereditary *thakurs*, who collect their own revenue and administer their own estates. Some have an income of over £20,000 a year, while others, of course, are comparatively poor. The ancient feuds were not only between ruling princes, but between rival houses of unruly *thakurs*; and not the least important part of a Rajah's task was to keep his nobles, not only loyal to himself, but at peace with one another.

Like the earlier feudal lords of England, the *thakurs*, as a rule, pay no direct tribute to the Crown, but must, when summoned, give personal attendance at the Court, and also provide so many horsemen and so many foot soldiers for the royal service. For the rest, they live, each a small ruler in his own way, in their massive stone palaces surrounded by great, loopholed walls, and sometimes with a moat and draw-bridge and a massive wooden gate, studded with spikes six inches long to guard against the assault of elephants. There dwells the *thakur* in isolated dignity. From the flat roof of his palace he looks down on the village close clustered outside his walls, and across the plains to other villages he calls his own. In his courtyard, at his very door, are stalled his cattle and his horses, the pride of his heart. On his

walls hang swords and spears and daggers and, nowadays, an up-to-date shot-gun and a sporting rifle. In the inner rooms, of which the windows are filled up with marble trellis-work, live his beautiful women-folk. Every morning the beating of a soft-toned drum announces the rising of the sun ; every evening the same mellow sound tells that it has gone to rest. As he rides out of his gate to go a-hunting his subjects bow low as he passes. When darkness gathers, and the first light is brought in, his retainers, of whom there are always many sitting round (for privacy is little valued in the East), rise and, with hands joined as in prayer, murmur their blessings on the head of the house, reminding one of the Irish " Grace for Light."

His days are spent in sport and in the management of his estate. In the latter he has the assistance of a factor or *kamdar*, who does most of the work ; but the *thakur* knows his people, and he is usually accessible to all. His power over their lives is great, and their happiness depends much on whether he be benevolent or harsh in his treatment of them.

The weakness of the *thakur* is apt to be an undue love of opium or of the fiery spirits which are locally distilled. The Brahmin and the Vaishyas, according to their caste rules, never touch alcohol. For the warrior it was deemed

essential. In olden days the Rajput heroes aided their courage with doses of opium, and to this day the use of wine and opium is permitted in their caste. His outstanding virtue is his hospitality. The traveller who, with tent and camels, makes his way into a Native State, soon finds that he can remain there only as a guest. If he be an ignorant and tactless or discourteous person, mysterious difficulties—lack of supplies, refusal of necessary assistance, and other obstacles—will soon bring his travels to an end. On the other hand, even if he be a stranger, if he understands something of Rajput etiquette, a courteous call at the palace will usually result in a warm welcome and most kindly treatment. As we shall see, Dr. Shepherd was soon a welcome guest in many a *thakur's* home. His winning personality, his love of sport, and his fastidious courtesy won for him a place in the heart of the Rajputs that few Europeans have attained.

Of all the Rajput clans the Sesodias claim to take the highest place. It is to this clan that the ruling house of Mewar or Udaipur belongs; and the Maharana of Udaipur is acknowledged by all Hindus as the premier Hindu chief. Hindu mythology makes him the descendant of the Sun, a less remote ancestor being Ram

Chandra, the hero of the famous epic, *The Ramayan*, worshipped to-day throughout India as an incarnation of the god Vishnu. But even such records of the Mewar dynasties as come within the bounds of history are sufficiently full of romantic incident. There is a tale of the sixth century of how, when Balabha, the Sesodia capital of that day, was sacked by barbarians and its ruler slain, the queen, giving birth to a son, entrusted him to the care of a Brahmin woman, and then performed *sati* on her husband's funeral pyre. The Brahmini was the daughter of a temple priest in the wild hill country to the south of Mewar. There the foster-mother sought to give him the upbringing of a Brahmin, but his Rajput blood was not to be restrained. The lad haunted the forests and the mountains in company with the wild, aboriginal Bhils, surpassing them in the hunt and in warlike enterprise. One day in sport the Bhil youths elected him their king, and one of them, cutting his finger, with his blood applied the *tika*, a round red mark upon the forehead, as a sign of sovereignty. What the boys had done in sport their elders confirmed, and Goha reigned over them. Eight generations later a similar fate befell the three-year-old Prince Bappa. His father having been slain, he was hidden and nourished by descendants of the same Brahmin

family as had nurtured Goha. Like his ancestor, Bappa, as he grew up, he rebelled against the peaceful rules of a Brahmin household, consorted with Rajputs and Bhils, and was the ringleader in all boyish pranks. One frolic had serious consequences. On a certain festival all Hindu boys and girls disport themselves by swinging from the trees. On one occasion the girls found they had no ropes, and asked Bappa to fetch them. He said he would if they would first join him in a game of marriage. They agreed. The end of his turban was tied to the dress of the daughter of the chief. The village maidens joined hands, and in a ring all performed the mystic revolutions round an ancient tree. Some time later the daughter of the chief was to be married, when, to her parents' consternation, the family priest of the bridegroom announced that he knew by occult means that she was already a married woman. Bappa fled for his life, accompanied by two faithful Bhils. Many families in Udaipur still trace their origin to Bappa and his village maids. When, a little later, Bappa had captured the fort of Chitor, then the capital of Mewar, it was one of the Bhil companions who with his blood marked the royal *tika* on his forehead. So tenacious is Hindu custom, that still to-day after over a thousand years, when a new Maharana ascends

the throne, it is a descendant of one of these two Bhil companions of Bappa who applies the *tika*, and a descendant of the other who holds the tray with rice and other articles used in the ceremony.

But it is round the ancient capital, Chitor, that the finest stories cluster, stories that every Rajput mother tells to her children. The city stands on a hill about three miles long by half a mile wide, that rises abruptly from the plain, looking, as Kipling says, like a gigantic man-of-war. The summit is a fairly level plateau, surrounded by a stone wall of great height and strength. Though now deserted, the palaces and temples and the two high Towers of Victory and Fame are hardly yet in ruin. As one walks through the crumbled bazaars, peers into dark temples a thousand years old, or enters the cave where the Cow's Mouth continually pours water from its carven lips, ghosts of the past seem to haunt that city of old Romance.

What scenes Chitor has witnessed !

There is no Rajput child that does not know the story of the beautiful Queen Padmini. The fame of her beauty had excited the desire of the conquering Muhammadan Emperor Allauddin, and he led his army against the Fort of Chitor. Having failed in his first assault, he moderated his demands, and said he would be

content with a sight of her marvellous beauty. It was arranged that he should see her face, not directly, for that would be against the honour of a *pardah* lady, but through the medium of mirrors. Knowing he could trust a Rajput's word, he entered the fort with a small escort, gratified his wish, and returned down the winding road to the lower gate. His host, with true courtesy and equal confidence, accompanied him to the lower gate. But his confidence had been misplaced. An ambush had been laid, and Bhim Singh found himself a captive in his enemies' camp. The surrender of Padmini was demanded as the price of the prince's liberty. Padmini pondered awhile, then consented to be given up; but she stipulated that she should go, as befitted her high rank, surrounded by her ladies and hand-maidens, those who would accompany her to Delhi, and also all who wished to pay her their last tribute of respect. So down the mountain side and across the plain to the Muslim's camp wound a long procession of seven hundred covered palanquins. The royal tents were surrounded by walls of canvas. Behind these the Hindu prince was allowed to have a farewell interview with his bride in private. Alla-ud-din was growing impatient at their delay, when suddenly there burst forth from the litters a band of armed

Rajputs. Every palanquin had contained, not a lady, but a warrior. Every coolie had been a Rajput, with sword and dagger concealed beneath his clothes. In the fight that followed the flower of the Rajputs fell, but the prince and Padmini made good their escape back into the fort, and Alla-ud-din was compelled for the time to raise the siege.

He returned, however, with a strong army in 1303, and there is a strange story of how the Rana one night saw a vision of the guardian goddess of Chitor, who said to him, "I am hungry. I must have regal victims; and if twelve who wear the diadem die not for Chitor, the land will pass from the line." One after another the eleven sons of the Rana were each enthroned king in turn for a single day; and each in turn, donning the saffron robe of a devotee, plunged into the battle and was slain. Only one remained. But a still more terrible sacrifice had first to be made. Rather than fall into the hands of their foes, the queen and the wives of the Rajput nobles performed the horrible rite of *johar*. A procession of several thousands of women entered a great subterranean retreat. A vast funeral pyre was lighted, the entrance was closed up, and there they perished, to preserve their own and their husbands' honour.

The Rana and one son remained to complete the sacrifice demanded by the goddess, and the father compelled his son to make his escape and carry on the line, while he himself and the remnant of his followers threw themselves upon the Muslim ranks and perished to a man. The conqueror mounted the hill, and entered the great gateway of Chitor, to find himself in a city of the dead.

The surviving prince with a faithful band took refuge in the mountains to the south of the present city of Udaipur. A generation later his nephew Hamir Singh, by cunning and valour, won back Chitor from the Hindu governor whom the Mogals had placed in charge. But it was to know little peace. Again in the days of Humayun, and again in the days of Akbar the Great, it was sacked, and on each occasion the terrible *johar* was performed.

There is a grim story of the seventeenth century. A fierce rivalry had sprung up between two rival Rajput clans or houses, the Chandawats and the Saktawats, for the privilege of leading the Mewar forces into battle. At the time siege was being laid to the town of Ontalla. The Rana decreed that the clan whose leader, dead or alive, was first within the walls, should hold the coveted honour. One mode of attack was to make an elephant batter in with its head

the great wooden door that fills the gateway of every Rajput town. But the doors, to guard against such attack, are studded with iron spikes six inches long. One leader rode his elephant against the door, but it flinched back from the spikes. Grasping the rope of the howdah, he hung down so that his body covered the elephant's forehead, and then cried to the Mahawat to urge it forward. The elephant charged. The leader's body was impaled upon the spikes, and crushed to a shapeless mass. But the door gave way, carrying the body with it within the walls. A shout of triumph rose from his followers ; but they rejoiced too soon. For meantime the rival leader had attempted to scale the wall by means of a ladder. He fell, pierced by a dozen arrows ; but his men seized his body, and just before the gate gave way flung it over the wall into the town.

Rajput history is full of such tales—of Rana Sanga, of Rana Pratap, of Udai Singh (the disgrace of whose cowardice has never been forgotten), and of countless more. They are recited and sung in every Rajput home, and have entered into the very blood of the race. It is the proud boast of the house of Mewar that never once, in conquest or in defeat, has a prince of their line made submission to the Muhammadan invader. In this Mewar is

unique among the Rajput kingdoms. The Emperor Akbar, in the sixteenth century, made many alliances with Rajput princes by taking to himself wives from among their daughters, but no such alliance was ever made with Udaipur. It is told that, when the powerful Rajah Man Singh of Jaipur was returning home from the conquest of Sholapur, he invited himself to an interview with Rana Pratap of Udaipur. The Rana advanced to meet him, and had a feast prepared and spread on the shady embankment of a lake. At the last moment, however, no Rana appeared. A message was received that the host had a headache and requesting Raja Man to waive all ceremony and commence his meal. The Raja divined the cause of the headache, and said so bluntly. Further subterfuge being unnecessary, the Rana plainly declared, "I cannot eat with a Rajput who has given his sister to a Turk." The insult was not unnaturally resented, and it brought down on Pratap the full force of Akbar's anger and of his army. Driven into the wild protecting hills to the west of Udaipur, he lived for years, the leader of guerilla bands, the indomitable Robert Bruce of Mewar history, until, the tide of fortune again turning, he emerged once more victorious to win back Udaipur, Chitor, and the wide kingdom of Mewar.

Even the break-up of the Mogal Empire in the seventeenth century did not end the constant warfare which Mewar waged for her independence. With the melting away of that great power came the rise of another. As the foe from the north retired, a new foe from the south advanced ; and the Maratha was an even more relentless invader than the Mogal. Wherever Sindia marched with his countless hordes of followers, he left devastation in his train. Fields laid waste and villages in flames marked his progress. Internal divisions between her own clans rendered Mewar less able to resist, and for a time she had the humiliation of having a Mahratta army quartered on her land and becoming practically a tributary to that power.

One black story stains the annals of the Mewar throne. In 1806, at a time when Lord Lake's armies had not yet finally overthrown the Mahratta power and delivered the Rajput States from its oppression, the ruler at Udaipur was Rana Bhim Singh. Harassed already by the avaricious Mahrattas, a further trouble pressed upon him. His daughter, the lovely Krishna Kumari, had been betrothed to the prince of Jodhpur, but the latter died before the marriage had taken place. The Maharaja of Jaipur now sent to Udaipur a cortège of three thousand men to solicit the hand of the Princess.

The offer was accepted, and a reply to that effect dispatched to the royal suitor. Meantime Man Singh, the new Rajah of Jodhpur, made the preposterous claim that in becoming betrothed to his brother, Krishna Kumari had become betrothed to the throne of Jodhpur, and so demanded her for himself. Sindia, the Mahratta chief, took on himself to interfere in the dispute; Having succeeded in obtaining money from Jodhpur, but not from Jaipur, he ordered the Udaipur ruler to send away the Jaipur cortège from the capital. On his refusing, he marched with his army, defeated the Udaipur forces, forced the pass into the valley in which the city lies, and encamped within cannon range of the town. Rana Bhim Singh had nothing left but to consent to his demands. But the matter did not end there. The Jaipur Raja, furious at the insult to himself, invaded Jodhpur territory, and a bloody war between these two States ensued, to which no end seemed possible. At last it was suggested to Rana Bhim Singh that the only way in which he could bring peace, and himself escape making an implacable enemy of one or other of these rival suitors, was to remove the cause of the dispute. To his lasting infamy, he harboured the suggestion. The price was a terrible one, but the endless feud was bringing three kingdoms to chaos and ruin. The death

of the princess alone would seal the peace of Rajasthan. A noble of the name of Daulat Singh was asked to perform the deed. (Colonel Tod, the historian of Rajasthan, writes : "I knew him well—a plain, honest man.") Horror-struck, he cried, "Accursed be the tongue that commands it ! Dust on my allegiance, if thus to be preserved !" Jawan Das, a natural brother of the king, was next called on ; the dire necessity was explained, and how no common hand must perform the deed. He accepted the dagger, and made his way into the secluded quarters of the zenana. But when he gazed upon the youthful loveliness of Krishna, the dagger fell from his hand, and he came away more wretched than his intended victim. The plot was now revealed. The frantic shrieks of the mother rang through the palace. But what men's hands failed to accomplish women's hands achieved. They prepared a poison draught, and it was presented to her in her father's name. She guessed too well what it contained ; but, sending to her father a message of filial obedience, she drank, and died.

One of his most powerful *thakurs*, arriving at the capital a few days later, cursed the Rana to his face : "Thou stain on the Sesodia race, thou impure of Rajput blood, dust be on thy head as thou hast covered us all with shame ! May

you die childless, and your name die with you ! ”

In truth, of his many sons all died before their father ; and since that date, as superstitious Rajputs will tell one in confidential talk, no direct heir has followed his father to the throne of Mewar.

A thousand pages might easily be filled with the tales of chivalry and daring, of treachery and intrigue, that form the annals of Mewar. I have tried to give a glimpse of them to illustrate the traditions of the race. These are no forgotten legends. They are known to all, and form the background of the Rajputs' thoughts. From them he learns to honour courage and truth, to scorn treachery and cowardice, and to give a high place of honour to the women of his race. It was among the near descendants of these men that Dr. Shepherd found his closest friends, men bearing the old names and titles, wearing the same fashion of clothes and carrying the same weapons, men filled with the pride of their Rajput heritage.

While Rajput tradition and Rajput custom are the dominant influences, there are of course many other currents in the life of a Rajput State. The Rajput caste, indeed, forms only about 7 per cent. of the total population, though its influence, owing to its ruling position, is out of

all proportion to its numbers. As elsewhere in India, one is confronted with the strange living-mosaic of divided castes. The many beautiful temples of Udaipur, intricately wrought in white marble, witness to the place of the Brahmin. In the great temple of Jagannath the idol is assiduously tended. The god is roused from his sleep with bells in the morning. He is bathed, and the water from his ablutions flows out through a little channel, from which devout worshippers can lap up the sacred fluid. He takes his siesta in the afternoon, and at night soft bells again lull him to sleep. But it is not one god but a thousand that are worshipped in Udaipur. The land is full of idols. They may be costly images of gold or silver or graven marble, housed in magnificent temples, or they may be mere upright stones daubed with red paint. They meet one at every turn—in the city, in the village, by the wayside. Far more than Christianity, Hinduism is a religion that catches the eye. There are endless festivals, and many of them are State functions. At the Dasahra, an autumn festival, the nobles and all the military forces are assembled, the weapons of war are worshipped, and the Maharana in a golden howdah heads a great procession of elephants, camels, cavalry, and infantry. At Diwali, the Feast of Lights, the city is illuminated,

and houses, temples, and palaces outlined with lamps. At Gangaur, the women's festival, troops of women carry their special goddess to the lake, while the Maharana and his court sit resplendent in gay-coloured silk, on huge, gaudily-painted and gilded barges. There is little of the philosopher about the Rajput. It is the polytheistic side of Hinduism that appeals to him, and, like many another fighting race, he is strangely superstitious.

The narrow, winding, picturesque bazaars of the city are the special home of the merchant class. Here is the cloth bazaar, gay with its brightly-coloured calicoes and muslins; there the street of the grain-sellers, seated beside their heaps of wheat and barley. In the sweetmeat-sellers' lane, the sweets are being boiled in great pots in the open air, and add a sickly, heavy odour to the other more pungent odours of the city. Whole quarters of the town, again, are given over to the distilling of strong liquor from the flowers of the *mahwa* tree. The proportion of distillers to the population is extraordinary. Less obvious, in the humbler quarters, are the despised but necessary low castes and outcastes—the weavers and leather-workers and sweepers. Each caste is, as it were, in a water-tight compartment. They live adjacent to each other, but cannot mingle. The European alone can

come into close contact with them all, as, through the long years of his residence among them, Dr. Shepherd did. His calling, both as a doctor and as an evangelist, led him into every kind of home, from the royal palace to the sweeper's hut.

The great mass of the population, however, is rural. The patient peasant is the backbone of the country. There are no isolated farmsteadings. For protection from wild beasts and from robbers, the cultivators cluster together in small villages. Every evening the cattle are driven in from grazing and penned in enclosures of high, prickly thorn. The clouds of dust raised by hundreds of hoofs, and shining like a golden mist in the sun's last rays, are one of the most typical sights of the Indian plains. Those villages are all so much of a pattern, the life and work in them so unvaried, so unhasting, so unchanging through the ages, and the number of them is so vast, dotted over the more fertile parts at only two or three miles' distance from each other, that to any one who knows the land at all, it is they that constitute the real India. And no less than the Rajput with his traditions of bygone chivalry, the peasant is redolent of the past. Mogal armies and Mahratta hordes may have swept across the land, pillaging, plundering, destroying. Drought may have withered the blade before the grain even formed

in the ear. The very grass may have failed, and half his cattle died. The farmer grasps his wooden plough again in patient hope ; the wheel creaks at the well as he irrigates his fields when the grain has sprouted once more. When he has paid his dues to the local *thakur* or the Crown, and paid his interest to the money-lender on the debt the lean years have left him, he will be glad if there is food for himself and his children, and enough to buy clothing and a pair of shoes. Such, for the most part, is the lot of the small farmer. Yet the whole land depends upon him and his patient toil.

The village is, to a large extent, self-contained. The local weaver manufactures the coarse cotton cloth that serves the farmer for clothing. The village carpenter can make his simple implements of agriculture, and even build a heavy, broad-wheeled bullock-cart. The potter provides him with earthen drinking and cooking vessels at little cost. If he visits the town (of which he always has a certain dread), it is usually to attend a festival or to push a lawsuit in a higher court. For the rest, his life is filled with the great, simple, elemental things of life—birth and death, hunger and food, wife and children. Daily he looks out on the world before the dawn, and in the hot season, when he is compelled to rest through the noonday heat, he will

sit late talking under the clear stars. And if his local gods command his superstitious homage, he has his own long thoughts, too, about the soul of man, its whither and its whence.

Quite distinct from the Hindu peasant of the plains are the wild Bhil tribes that inhabit the mountain tracts to the west of Udaipur. These are among the few pre-Aryan peoples who have kept their identity during the four thousand years since the Aryans invaded India. The difference in race is obvious at a glance. Short and thick-set, they have very dark skins and almost negroid features, though their long hair is straight and not curled. They live a savage life in their mountain valleys, having great skill in hunting. Indeed, one seldom sees a Bhil without his bow and arrows or spear in hand. As we have seen, the Bhils once and again sheltered in their hills a Rajput prince fallen on evil days, and the old tradition requires that a Bhil take part in the coronation ceremony of a Mewar prince. Yet there is little coming and going. To the Hindu the Bhil is an outcaste and a barbarian. If he leaves his own hilly country, and seeks the softer life of village or town, he is treated almost as a serf. In his own land he is feared if not respected, for the Bhils are born robbers, and do not hesitate to use violence. No Hindu merchant would venture

Chapter III—The Beginnings of the Rajputana Mission

FOR a people who have shown such a capacity for empire, the British, as a whole, have always been strangely incurious about foreign lands. The mind of the public remains insular. Even to-day, with interests in every corner of the globe, great events in China or India or Africa are disposed of in a few lines in the daily Press, while petty trifles of parochial interest fill whole columns. Especially has this been so in regard to India. The "Great Mogal" was a name on men's lips three hundred years ago, a figure dimly conceived, as of *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments* rather than of real life. The French wars of the eighteenth century stirred some interest. Clive was the hero of an hour, then disgraced and soon forgotten. The doings of Wolfe in Canada overshadowed those of Clive at Arcot and Plassey. The steady progress of the East India Company interested few except those in touch with the wealthy merchant Nabobs, who returned with ruined livers and vast fortunes to end their days in London, or those who had relatives fighting in the Company's service as it spread its tentacles out over India.

It was not until, in 1857, the horrors of the Sepoy Mutiny thrilled the heart of the nation, that India became a reality to the British public as a whole. In the lurid light of that terrible episode the spectacle of Indian life stood out vivid and distinct. The first shock of horror had not passed before many Christian men and women in Scotland began to feel that here was a new call, or a call newly realised, to the Christian Church. It has always required a quickening of the imagination to move the Church into fresh missionary enterprise, and the Mutiny served as a strong stimulant to the imagination.

The Free Church of Scotland was already in the field. Dr. Duff's educational work in Calcutta had been established for more than twenty years. Dr. Wilson was building up his college in Bombay. But the United Presbyterian Church had as yet no Mission of its own in India. At the Synod of May 1858 a guarantee fund of £10,000 having been practically secured, this small but zealous Church resolved to establish work in some unoccupied field of the great continent. Thorough inquiries were made as to the most suitable locality. Advice was sought from such experienced Anglo-Indians as Dr. Wilson and Dr. J. Murray Mitchell of the Free Church Mission at Bombay, and, after

various suggestions had been considered, it was decided by the Mission Board, and sanctioned by the Synod of May 1859, that work should be opened in the Province of Rajputana.

As has been already seen, Rajputana is composed almost entirely of Native States. In these no stranger can make a home except with the sanction of the rulers. Confidence and friendship must first be won, and this naturally could not be achieved from Edinburgh.

At the very centre of Rajputana, however, there is a small district, Ajmer-Merwara, 2710 miles in extent, with a population of half a million, under British rule. The town of Ajmer, with the fort of Taragarh towering 1200 feet above it, has long been known as the "Key of Rajputana." The conqueror who held Ajmer dominated the province. It was long held by the Muhammadans, an agent of the Delhi emperor having command of the fort. Then, as the Mogal power weakened, it came into the hands of the Mahratta invaders from the south. When they in turn fell back before the growing strength of Britain, a British garrison occupied the fort, a symbol of the new suzerainty. This happened in 1818. The headquarters of the one Brigade which the British kept in Rajputana were fixed, however, not at Ajmer but at the small village of Nasirabad,

fifteen miles distant. There in 1818 General Ochterlony founded the cantonment which our soldiers still occupy to-day.

To the south of Ajmer lies the extremely mountainous district of Merwara. The wild glens of this section of the Aravalli Range were thickly forested with thorny trees and bushes. Here and there, on almost inaccessible heights, robber barons had forts of stone. They were really leaders of bandit gangs, living by plunder, and striking terror into the villages for miles around. Their forays reached even to Ajmer itself. Every night the city gate was closed at sundown (for, like every Rajputana town and city, Ajmer is surrounded by a massive wall), and none dared to be left outside. The long narrow strip that forms Merwara is bordered on the east by the Jodhpur State and on the west by Udaipur. Each of these States had claim to portions of the district, and for generations had striven by repeated expeditions to bring the turbulent robbers to submission. But these were too secure in their mountain fastnesses. So void, too, are they said to have been of the usual religious feelings of the Hindu, that when hard pressed by greater numbers, they would even kill cows, throw the carcasses into the wells, and thus depriving their enemies of water, compel them to retire. It was here that the

French traveller Bernier, on his way to the Mogal Court at Agra in 1656, was captured by the wild Mers, but by the exercise of his skill in medicine so won the goodwill of his captors that they let him go.

When Ochterlony's force reached Nasirabad in 1818, the outlaws found they had a different kind of soldiery to deal with from the State troops of Jodhpur or of Udaipur. Finding their lawlessness intolerable, the British General sent a few hundred British soldiers, under a Captain Hall, with a few light mountain guns. The robbers, after an ineffectual resistance, retired to their stone fortresses on the heights. But a mountain gun was carried up the hill across the valley, and a few shots made them desert their precarious refuge and flee. Soon after a regiment of native infantry, the 44th Merwara Battalion, was raised from among these very people, and stationed at the little village of Beawar near the skirts of the hills. Order established, the next step was to induce the people to change their old habits for the peaceful occupation of agriculture. Forest and jungle were to some extent cleared; fields were ploughed and seed sown; and a new era began. To this day, however, the wilder parts of the Magra, as that hilly tract is named, are not free from dacoity; and reports frequently

come in of merchants being plundered as they journey from Todgarh to the plains.

As the district prospered, a local market became necessary. Colonel Dixon, the Commissioner of Merwara, was an official of the old school who lived for his district and his people. He had married a Muhammadan wife and made Beawar his home. His bones lie in the little churchyard, and his marble tombstone is used as a shrine, and offerings are made there to his spirit. A man of enterprise and imagination, he resolved that a town should grow on the empty land beside the little cantonment. His method of achieving this was odd but successful. In 1835 he hired innumerable labourers, and built a huge stone city wall, faced with finely polished marble cement. Then he marked out where the city streets should run, and invited merchants from Ajmer to come and build shops and houses and open business. Ere long it was a busy market town. In more recent days wealthy Hindus have opened jinning factories and cotton spinning and weaving mills. There is a population of over 20,000, and it is the greatest cotton market in the province.

Two years before the mission was resolved on, the red flame of the Mutiny had blazed even in this remote corner of British territory. The Merwara Battalion at Beawar fortunately re-

mained loyal. Ajmer and the fort of Taragarh, in which the treasury was kept, were saved as by a miracle. The garrison was formed of two companies of the 15th Native Infantry from Nasirabad. Towards the end of May they were relieved one morning by a company of the Merwaras from Beawar. They rejoined their regiment in Nasirabad, and a few days later, with the rest of the regiment, rose in mutiny. There are few more vivid narratives of those terrible days than the detailed account of the happenings at Nasirabad written by Captain Pritchard of the 15th Native Infantry. He makes one feel the suspense that hung over the cantonment, and share the mingled apprehension and misplaced confidence of the officers. When at last the men refused to obey orders on parade, and, infuriated by doses of *blang* with which a party of *faqirs* had plied them, directed their fire against their officers, it was a miracle that only two were killed. The women and children had been hurried out into the jungle, and, as the night fell, the whole European community—on horseback, in tongas, in buggies, and in bullock-carts—set off across country for Beawar. Even at night the hot wind of May was scorching, and the thirst became almost unbearable. Stumbling on through the dark over broken ground, there were many mishaps. The

Colonel's buggy was thrice overturned, and an English nursemaid, to whom he had given a seat, begged to be allowed to walk rather than risk a fourth upset. It was the next afternoon before they arrived, parched and exhausted, at Beawar. There the military surgeon, Dr. Small,¹ a man of fine Christian character, gave refuge to twelve families in his own small bungalow.

Meanwhile the mutineers at Nasirabad were having an orgy of drunkenness, plunder, and arson. The church and bungalows were in flames ; and, with a cannon placed at the end of the main bazaar to overawe the townsfolk, the soldiers were helping themselves to the contents of the shops. For two days the riot went on. Then with one accord the mutineers set out on the long march to Delhi, leaving black ruin behind them. Two days later the narrator rode back the thirty-three miles, and entered the cantonment at dawn. The road between the ruined bungalows was white as snow with torn papers and letters blown by the wind, and here and there the houses were still smouldering.

Ere long the cantonment was restored, but with some slight changes of locality. Where the General's bungalow once stood, there is

¹ It is interesting to note that a niece of Dr. Small's, Dr. Lillas Thomson, recently retired, after many years' service as a missionary doctor at Jaipur.

now the Mission Girls' School. The stone floor, which alone escaped the fire, is the very same as the General's feet once trod. The house-father of the Boys' Boarding House lives in a small building which was once the Treasury. Being built of stone, it had escaped the fire and remained intact.

Such, then, had been the condition of the district of Ajmer-Merwara just two years before the United Presbyterian Church resolved to make it the starting-point of the Rajputana Mission. Beawar was selected as the first station, and in November 1859 Williamson Shoolbred and T. B. Steele, the first two missionaries, arrived at Bombay *en route* for that town. With great kindness, Dr. and Mrs. Wilson offered to accompany the newcomers to their destination. There was as yet no railway to make the journey easy. The party went by sea, along the coast to Surat, and then started on the long six weeks' trek up-country by horse and bullock-cart. To those in good health such a journey in the cold weather is more a pleasant adventure than a source of hardship. But unfortunately Mr. Steele fell ill, and grew steadily worse, until at last, at the military station of Erinpura, 120 miles from Beawar, it became obvious he could proceed no further. He lay for a month, carefully nursed by Mr.

Shoolbred, and tended by the military doctor; But their efforts were unavailing. With a sad heart Shoolbred had to lay his companion to rest in the little graveyard of Erinpura, and resume his journey alone. The Wilsons had pushed on to Beawar. Shoolbred followed, and reached the scene of his long labours on the 6th of March. A few days later the Wilsons had to start back on the long journey to Bombay, and the young missionary was left alone to shape his career in a strange land as a herald of the Kingdom of Christ.

More than that of any other calling, the success of a missionary's work depends upon his own personality. He has nothing to commend him but his own tact and the sincerity of his goodwill. The pioneer especially requires initiative, patience, and a great gift for friendship. These Shoolbred possessed in an extraordinary degree. The language once mastered, he set himself to visit the villages, near and far, with an assiduity that soon made him the best-known figure in Merwara. With the development of institutional work, no missionary since has had the same opportunity, or perhaps the same gift, for winning the personal affection of the village folk. It surprised the present writer, when stationed in Beawar in 1913, to find the warmth of affection with which the older Hindu men in the hamlets

up and down the countryside remembered the "Pappa Sahib," as they called him. His frequent visits had meant much in their lives.

One great service he rendered to the Church at home and to the Mission cause. He had a fluent pen, and his vividly descriptive letters to the *United Presbyterian Magazine* came to be eagerly awaited by the home Church. They did as much to rouse and maintain missionary interest in the United Presbyterian Church as Dr. Duff's speeches had done in his own denomination. As an illustration of the kind of work in which the missionaries were engaged in those first days, I give an extract chosen almost at random from a letter describing one of his earlier tours in the hill country of the Mugra, lying immediately to the south of Beawar.

"On another occasion, after Mr. Robson had left me to return to Ajmer, I had spent the later hours of the afternoon in addressing the people of the old village of Murlan, built like an eagle's nest in a cleft of the highest ridge of hills forming the backbone of the Mugra. The tent lay far down in the plain, beside the broad waters of the Beem Talai, and between lay a large hamlet, which, as chiefly inhabited by farmers, I had left till my return journey in the evening. But, induced by a large and attentive audience, great part of which was made up of merchants, I was later

of leaving the top of the hill than I intended ; and long before I reached the lower hamlet, situated on a sort of platform in the wild gorge, darkness had fallen. I had no lantern with me ; in the village itself darkness and silence seemed to reign ; and I was about to abandon all thought of halting to preach. Just then, on turning a sharp corner, I came upon a hut, in whose court blazed a cheerful fire. A man and two boys were seated near it, engaged in an operation which at first puzzled me, but which, on nearer approach, I found to be peeling lint, with the rough outer husk of which the fire was being fed. Here was my opportunity. Leaping from my pony, I threw the bridle to the *sais*, and joined the busy group. After the usual salam given and received, I sat down upon a stone bench, and entered into conversation with them about the lint in whose preparation they were engaged. Then, for the first time, in that lonely Mugra hamlet, I reaped the advantage of my researches into the preparation of lint, prosecuted previous to leaving Scotland. As I detailed to these simple hillmen the complex process and ingenious machinery by which the beautiful, almost silky, flax of Wilayat is prepared, they listened with eager attention and mouths agape with wonder. ‘And now,’ I resumed, ‘I have come wellnigh ten thousand miles to teach you

greater wonders than these, and to bring you glad tidings of great joy. But now, go call your brothers and the village people, that all may hear the good news I bring.' Up started the brawny farmer, scant clothing and ample beard whitened with shreds of the broken husk, and shouted in a voice that woke the echoes of that gloomy gorge; and his two sons started off in different directions to call together the people of the hamlet, whom even that stentorian shout could not reach. Scarcely had the echoes died away, when from all sides answering shouts were returned; and clambering down steep rocks, atop of which small cottages were perched in a way that brought back vividly the wildest scenery of the Tyrol, and climbing up from lower platforms, came the hardy Mairs, some wrapped in their coarse blankets and some shivering with the cold of that Indian winter night, which to my northern blood felt no more than pleasantly cool. Soon the court was full—crowded most in the neighbourhood of the fire. And leave asked from me, the hookahs were sent in constant circulation; and for a full hour I broke down the bread of life to these rude and simple-minded men. The parting salam was spoken, and my foot in the stirrup, when one from the circle came near, and folding his hands, said, 'Cherisher of the poor, my brother is very

ill in the house ; will you have the goodness to come and see him and give him medicine ? ’
‘ To be sure—lead the way to your house. ’ It was a poor place enough, where uncouth buffalo cows contested the small space with their biped masters, and where it would have puzzled an analytical chemist to say how much air would have been left had the smoke been abstracted. Into the smoky glimmer of the fire a poor consumptive man was carried on his rude couch. Alas ! what could I do for him ? There are times when the missionary longs—is almost tempted to pray—for the possession of those miraculous gifts which the Master and His first disciples dispensed. As it was, I did what I could. A soothing mixture for his racking cough, some words of advice about diet and the breathing of a purer air ; and then, invoking the blessing of God upon them, while the poor man’s mother clasped my feet and sobbed, I turned sadly away.”

Shoolbred was not left long to work in solitude. About a year after his arrival, he was joined by Mr. and Mrs. John Robson and Mr. and Mrs. William Martin. Converts were not readily made, and they were to learn the full power of that Hindu conservatism which made Henry Martyn declare he would count it nothing short of a miracle if he ever saw a caste-Hindu

embracing Christianity. But the miracle was once and again achieved, and gradually a small number of converts gathered round the missionaries. There is a touching letter, dated November 1863, in which Shoolbred describes a little Communion Service in which eleven Europeans and nine Indian Christians took part.

It had been intended that Ajmer should be occupied as the second station of the mission, but circumstances ruled otherwise. In September 1861, an epidemic of cholera broke out among the British troops stationed at Nasirabad. There is a lonely graveyard four miles out in the jungle from that town—just a grey stone wall enclosing a little square of land that in the Highlands would be taken for an unusually large sheepfold. Within are the graves of the men who died in a cholera camp that had been pitched near by. At the time there was no chaplain at Nasirabad “to exhort the living and to speak a word of guidance and comfort to the dying.” There are few diseases more dangerous to work among than cholera, and its swiftness strikes terror to the heart. When news of the epidemic reached Beawar, William Martin could not bear to think of hundreds of his fellow-countrymen dying without the consolations that a minister could offer. He made his way to Nasirabad, and offered his service

for two months, until a chaplain should arrive. His offer was accepted. So for two months he toiled among the sick and dying, and by his devotion won the high esteem of the military authorities. Even at such a time William Martin could not forget that he was, first and foremost, a missionary to the Indians. Finding a strong desire among the town folk for a school, and especially for some teaching in English, he secured a house in the bazaar and formed classes. By the time the two months were over, he was convinced that Nasirabad afforded the best opening for mission work, and decided to remain. The Mission Board in Scotland had had other ideas, and at first wrote out refusing their consent to this step. But Martin was a man with a will of his own, and would not be moved from his plan. His two colleagues at Beawar supported him, and the Board somewhat unwillingly gave way. In the result his foresight has been justified. In many respects Nasirabad has proved the most useful and fruitful of the Rajputana stations.

The staff of the mission being further augmented, other strategic points in the British territory were gradually occupied. Ajmer was opened in 1862; and Todgarh, 44 miles from Beawar, in the heart of the Merwara hills, in 1863.

As Indian climates go, the climate of Rajputana

is regarded as a healthy one. So it is for those whom it suits. It has little of the enervating moisture of southern India. For nine months of the year there is practically no rain. Indeed there is always the annual haunting dread that the "rainy season" may prove rainless too, and gaunt famine follow in its wake. The heat from April to June is intense, but is counter-balanced by four months of delightful winter weather when the days are comparatively cool and the nights crisp and cold. For some, however, the climate is totally unsuitable; and there is always the danger to health from malaria and the epidemics of cholera, dysentery, plague, etc., which make their periodic visits. During the first ten years of the mission, twenty-two Europeans, including wives, joined the staff; yet at the close of that period it numbered only twelve. Seven had died, and three had been compelled to leave the country in shattered health. Of those who remained, however, several lived beyond the allotted span of seventy years, and two to over eighty. The places of the fallen were filled by new recruits, and the work went on.

Very early in their career the missionaries were to realise what a grim reality famine could be to the people of this land of drought. Modern facilities of transport and the organised machinery

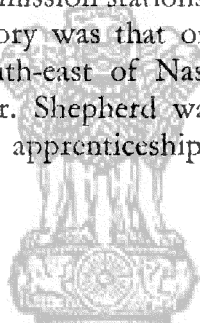
of relief have rendered the extreme horrors of the past practically impossible ; but time and again, during the first forty years, the dread spectre of hunger stalked the land and claimed its victims. Again and again the native church has been recruited from the little orphans left homeless and friendless in the missionaries' hands. It is not the way men would choose to advance the Kingdom of God, but it was the way God chose. There was something prophetic in the words in which Shoolbred, writing in 1864, described the beginnings of this side of his work :

“ It was in the August of 1864, I think, that Major Lloyd, then Deputy Commissioner of Ajmere, first told me that six orphan children had been picked up in the district, that no trace of parent or guardian had been found for them, and asked if, failing relations, we would feel inclined to charge ourselves with their rearing and education. My heart at once responded ‘ Yes ! ’ It seemed to me that the representatives of Christ in Rajputana could not do less than open their arms to embrace these poor forlorn children, even as He, the Master, while on earth took in His arms the little ones and blessed them, ‘ for of such is the kingdom of heaven.’ Might not that passage find a new illustration, and the kingdom of heaven in Rajputana find

even in these poor waifs, a base for its upbuilding and a nucleus for its growth ? ”

The orphanage started for those six little waifs was destined to grow in more terrible years to come, and others like it sprang up in other stations. But of famine, and the work it brought, there will be occasion to tell in due course.

The last of the mission stations to be opened in the British territory was that of Deoli, fifty-six miles to the south-east of Nasirabad ; and it was here that Dr. Shepherd was to serve part of his missionary apprenticeship.



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Chapter IV—Apprentice Days

DR. SHEPHERD was appointed a missionary to Rajputana in 1872. He reached Bombay early in 1873, and made his way up country with greater ease and rapidity than the earlier missionaries, the railway having been extended into Rajputana. His destination was Deoli, and one can imagine the interest and eagerness with which the young missionary traversed the last fifty-six miles of straight dusty road that led him across the flat plains from Nasirabad to his home. "Eager" is, perhaps, the best word to apply to Dr. Shepherd, even to the very end of his life. Though he had shown thorough competence in college work, he was not naturally a student; but his eye was keen, and his mind always singularly alert to impressions from the world around him. All the fascinating life of the jungle was a constant interest to him—its beasts and birds and insects. Most Europeans always remember their first journey away from railways into remote parts of India, and Dr. Shepherd often used to refer to that first ride through open country, and the joy of it. Now it would be a couple of ravine deer that would start off as he passed; now a black buck, with

spiral horns laid back. On the lakes, which in one or two places lie close beside the road, the wild duck were on their winter visit to the plains. In the early morning and in the golden sunset the partridges would be calling from the scrub. His love of the jungle and the jungle life was born on that day. He had in him a good deal of the naturalist and a great deal of the sportsman.

It was down this road that Kipling passed on his way to Bundi fourteen years later, and in *Letters of Marque* he has given us, not only an account of his journey, but in a humorous way an impression of the personality of the Rev. William Martin of Nasirabad, received second-hand through the tonga-driver :

“ The Englishman came to Nasirabad before sunrise, and there took an evil-looking tonga. Quoth Ram Baksh, proprietor, driver, *sais*, and everything else, calmly : ‘ At this time of year, and having regard to the heat of the sun, who wants a top to a tonga ? I have no top. I have a top, but it would take till twelve o’clock to put it on ! And behold, Sahib, Padre Martum Sahib went in this tonga to Deoli. All the Officer Sahibs of Deoli and Nasirabad go in this tonga for *shikar*. This is a “ shut-in tonga ” ! ’ ‘ When Church and Army are brought against one, argument is vain.’ But to take a soft,

office-bred unfortunate into the wilderness, upon a skeleton, a diagram of a conveyance, is brutality. Ram Baksh did not see it, and headed his two thirteen-hand rats straight towards the morning sun, along a beautiful military road. 'We shall get to Deoli in six hours,' said Ram Baksh the boastful, and, even as he spoke, the spring of the tonga-bar snapped 'with a harp-like melodious twang.' 'What does it matter?' said Ram Baksh. 'Has the Sahib never seen a tonga-iron break before? Padre Martum Sahib and all the Officer Sahibs in Deoli——'

" 'Ram Baksh,' said the Englishman sternly, 'I am not a Padre Sahib, nor an Officer Sahib; and if you say anything more about Padre Martum Sahib or the Officers in Deoli I shall grow very angry, Ram Baksh.'

" 'Humph,' said Ram Baksh, 'I knew you were not a Padre Sahib.'

"The little mishap was patched up with string, and the tonga went on merrily. It is Stevenson who says that 'the invitation to the road,' Nature's great morning song, has not yet been properly understood or put to music. The first note of it is the sound of dawn-wind through long grass. It is good, good beyond expression, to see the sun rise upon a strange land, and to know that you have only to go for-

ward and possess that land—that it will dower you before the day is ended with a hundred new impressions and, perhaps, one idea. It is good to snuff the wind when it comes in over large uplands or down from the tops of the blue Aravalis—dry and keen as a new-ground sword . . . and, while the ponies wake the long white road with their hooves and the birds go abroad in companies together, to thank your stars that you are neither the Subaltern who has Orderly Room, the ‘Stunt’ who has office, or the Judge who has the Court to attend; but are only a loafer in a flannel shirt bound, if God pleases, to ‘little Boondi,’ somewhere beyond the faint hills beyond the plain.”

It was at the dawn of just such a crisp winter morning, along the same white road, and perhaps in the self-same hired tonga that Shepherd, twelve years earlier, had set out for Deoli.

Arrived at Deoli, his first sense was probably one of disappointment. There is no Indian village of any size, and the small cantonment has an essentially British look—trim little bungalows set in prim walled gardens, neat roads, and the bare and rather ugly barracks for the native soldiers. He was surprised, too, at the terms of easy, cheerful camaraderie on which he found his senior colleague, Mr. Bonnar, living with the officers of the Deoli regiment,

who, with the political agent and medical officer, formed the whole white population. Mr. Bonnar was a personality, and in many respects unique among the missionaries. Fond of art and fond of literature, he had a vivacity and social charm that made him welcome in any society. In later years he underwent a strong religious experience at Keswick which, he used to tell us, changed his life and character. He would accuse himself of having lacked true evangelical zeal in his early years, and tell how he had been led to give up his love of the "things of the world." But those who had known him long knew that he grossly exaggerated his former shortcomings, and those who knew him only as an old man recognised that, through all his simple piety and complete devotion to his work, the old love of wholesome "worldly" things, all unknown to himself, kept peeping out, and added greatly to his charm. His gift of anecdote and racy reminiscence, as well as his wise spiritual counsel, made him, as an old man, the choice companion of the youngest members of the mission staff.

The chief thing, Dr. Shepherd used to say, that he learned from Mr. Bonnar was skill in the *bandobast* of camping. (*Bandobast* is an invaluable Hindustani word, for which there is no English equivalent. Literally, "tying and

binding," it is used to signify "arrangements" in the widest sense—the planning, organising, and carrying out of the practical details of an enterprise.) Dr. Shepherd was noted for being an excellent *bandobast-wala*. Though he camped much in later years over remote and very difficult country, there was never any avoidable hitch in his tours. Supplies, transport, and all the hundred and one details that make a tour go smoothly, were carefully thought out and arranged for beforehand. The same was true of all the organised work of his station. Mr. Bonnar, though he had much less general organising ability, had a knack for camping. No one made such prolonged and far-reaching tours as he. For months on end he would wander with a kind of cheerful *insouciance* from village to village, his tent and supplies on bullock-cart or camels. He had a gift for getting quickly on to friendly terms with Indians of all classes, from the *thakur* in his fort to the humblest peasant, which made things easy for him. In his company Dr. Shepherd visited the villages around Deoli. The British territory ends at that point in a long, narrow strip of land, bordered on one side by Jaipur and on the other by Jodhpur, while to the south lies the State of Bundi, with its picturesque mediæval capital situated in a steep gorge of the Aravalis. Within a few

miles one could reach the country homes of *thakurs* belonging to any of these three States. It was here that Dr. Shepherd made his first acquaintances among the Rajput nobility, and learned something of their social customs and etiquette.

Intercourse was naturally limited, owing to his ignorance of the language ; and it was to language study, along with the practice of his profession as a doctor, that he mainly devoted himself. The burden of his writing during the first two years is always, " Oh that I could speak the language ! " What he saw of Hindu life around him, especially the excesses at the celebration of the grosser festivals, made him long to lead men into a purer life and bring them a higher vision. Keen doctor as he was, and much as he enjoyed social intercourse with Hindu friends, from the day he set foot in India till the day he left, eagerness to preach the gospel was the ruling motive of his life. So to the study of the language he devoted his best energy. He never had the same accurate and scholarly grasp of it as had men like Mr. Gray of Ajmer and Mr. Robb of Nasirabad ; but before many years he could preach in clear and intelligible Hindi with almost the same ease and fluency as he did in English. His practical command of the language was largely due to his having this first quiet year in Deoli, with comparatively

light medical work (there being no hospital, and his reputation not having had time to spread), and no responsibilities for any other organised work. Not a few medical missionaries have been hampered throughout their whole career by being placed from the moment of their arrival in charge of exacting and engrossing medical work, and so failing to get that facility in the language which, as experience has shown, if not gained within the first two years in the country, is seldom afterwards acquired.

Within little more than a year, however, Dr. Shepherd was to have the burden of responsibility laid upon him. Dr. Husband, the medical missionary of Ajmer, had been transferred temporarily to Jaipur to relieve Dr. Valentine there, and in March 1874 Dr. Shepherd had to be brought from Deoli to take charge of the Ajmer hospital. It was no light task for so young a missionary and so comparatively inexperienced a doctor. Patients of every description thronged the hospital for treatment. Operations of the gravest kind had to be performed without skilled assistance. He found himself, indeed, called upon to be a specialist in every branch of medicine and surgery. The mission report for 1874 shows that throughout that year an average of 600 new cases were treated every month, or, counting old cases with the new, over 1700.

But this by no means exhausted his energy. In addition to language study, or perhaps to aid it, he accompanied preaching parties into surrounding villages, listening where he could not speak, and making his first essays, in halting, broken conversation, to tell the Indian of Christ.

One experience made a deep impression on him. This was a week spent with Mr. Gray and others at Pushkar, seven miles from Ajmer, at the time of the great annual Mela, or festival, held there on the five days preceding the full moon of November. The Sacred Lake of Pushkar has been a place of pilgrimage for considerably over two thousand years. It is known to have been regarded as specially sacred as early as 800 B.C. It may be called the Benares of Rajputana. The waters of the lake are as holy, in Hindu estimation, as the waters of the Ganges. No pilgrimage round the great shrines of India is considered complete unless it finishes at Pushkar, a bathe in whose waters at the auspicious hour is believed to cleanse from all sin.

The story of the lake is not without interest. Brahma, the head of the Hindi trinity (Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva) desired to perform the elaborate ceremony of the Royal Sacrifice. In order to choose a suitable spot on earth for its consummation, he let fall from heaven a lotus

flower. It bounced twice, and on each spot where it touched the earth a lake was formed. The three little lakes still exist in close proximity to each other. The chief one, however, is that of Pushkar. On its shores many beautiful temples have been built, the chief being the temple of Brahma, with an image of the four-headed god. Strangely enough, although India is full of temples to Vishnu and to Shiva, this is almost, if not absolutely, the only temple to Brahma in the whole continent. Pushkar itself is on the edge of a rocky span of the Aravalis. Immediately beyond it commences the great sandy desert of Marwar—sand like the sand of the seashore above the tide-mark, but finer in grain, hard to travel over for man or beast (except the camel), quick to rise and fly in dense clouds when strong winds blow. Each about a mile from the lake across this sand, and a mile apart from the other, stand two conical hills, rising like great sugar loaves from the plain. Each has a temple on its peak. The duty of the pilgrim includes, besides a bathe in the lake and worship at the temple of Brahma, the ascent of these hills and worship at the temples. The story of these temples is an odd one. Preparations for Brahma's great sacrifice had been made. All the gods of the Pantheon with their consorts had been invited and had arrived. The aus-

picious day chosen by the Brahmans, and which must not be missed, was at hand. Only the goddess Saraswati, the consort of Brahma himself, was late in putting in her appearance. Now, according to the rules laid down for the sacrifice, the performer of it must be accompanied by his wife. What was to be done? Acting on priestly advice, a comely maid was found and quickly married to Brahma. With her by his side, the ceremonies were commenced, and Saraswati, arriving when they were in progress, found her place taken by another. In high dudgeon she refused to join the great company, but retired to sulk upon the top of one of the hills referred to. Later, perhaps to escape her wrath, the new bride retired to the other, and so in memory of each, in later days, a temple was built where they had rested.

Such is the story that every year brings hundreds of thousands of worshippers to Pushkar. As Dr. Shepherd, with Mr. Gray and the rest of the preaching party, went out the rough road and over the high pass that leads from Ajmer to Pushkar, it was through a strange, motley, brightly-coloured throng, a pageant procession of India of the ages. Stalwart bearded Rajputs, in gay coats and girded with swords, rode at the head of their retainers. Sleek merchants bumped along in tongas. Swarthy

men of the desert would swing past on trotting camels. And on foot trudged the endless crowd of common folk — townspeople from the city bazaars, peasants from villages far and near, countless religious mendicants in saffron robes, and naked ascetics with matted hair, and face and body smeared with ashes or yellow ochre. One with an eye to pick out differences of race and costume could detect here and there among them men from the Maratha country, from Madras, from Bengal and from the far north, for Pushkar draws its pilgrims from the length and breadth of India.

A week spent at such a Mela is an unforgettable experience. Through the narrow streets one can only move slowly as the crowd moves. At the long bathing ghats whose stone steps border the lake, thousands of pilgrims devoutly perform their ablutions, and with folded hands and abstracted expression recite their prayers. Thousands continually throng up and down the temple steps. One realises the firm grip that religion, or superstition, has upon the Indian soul.

Round the selling booths, with their gaudy trinkets, thousands more are treating the whole affair as a gay holiday. On the sandy plain beyond the town is a strange scene of another kind. There a great fair is in progress. Thousands of camels from Marwar and Bikaner

are tethered in groups. Bullocks too are there in their thousands, and ponies and horses from Kathiawar and Marwar and Kabul and Arabia. There is a continuous "thud-thud" of horses' hoofs on the soft sand, and the softer "hush-hush" of the camels' pads as paces are tried along an improvised track.

There is, of course, no accommodation for such a multitude. Round the little schoolhouse on the edge of the town in which Shepherd and his companions slept at night the ground was thickly carpeted with sleeping forms wrapped in cotton blankets. And even the night brought little peace. "After nightfall," says Mr. Gray, writing in that very schoolhouse with all these scenes around them, "cooking goes on vigorously amid the groups all over the place, and the smoke is anything but agreeable. Even now, when cooking must be well over, as the smoke is not so very obtrusive, I am not allowed for a moment to forget my surroundings, as the hum of the Mela, the sound of distant temple drums, and the singing of women—too near from its screeching nature to be very pleasant—keep on incessantly. Before midnight the place generally gets pretty quiet, but by four o'clock the singing starts afresh, and is kept up uninterruptedly till daybreak."

There is little or no attempt at sanitation,

and after the Mela it requires months of India's sunshine before the precincts of the town recover anything approaching to salubrity. Some years cholera breaks out in the midst of the festival, with swift and dire consequences. Hundreds fall victims, panic ensues, and the great crowd scatters to the four quarters, carrying the dread infection with them.

Naturally in such a throng a medical man finds plenty of work to do. For the most part Dr. Shepherd remained beside his medicine chest, and treated the patients that poured in as soon as it was known that a doctor was in the place. But often he stood, soaking in impressions, beside one of the preaching parties that, in three or four of the opener spaces of the town or beside the temple stairs, preached hour after hour to a changing audience. He longed still more for speech, and he helped eagerly in the selling of the gospels. His letters show that his imagination was captured by the thought of what these gospels might do, carried away, as many of them were, to distant towns and villages, far, far beyond the reach of any preacher.

By December he seems to have gained sufficient confidence in the language to attempt some speaking in public, and at the end of the year he went on a month's preaching and doctoring tour round the Ajmer villages with Mr.

M'Quiston. He was still in charge of the Ajmer medical work in 1876, and had the great satisfaction of seeing it grow in his hands, over twenty thousand old and new cases being treated by him at the hospital that year. There is an interesting account, written by himself, of a prolonged tour on which he went alone with a catechist named Isa Das. It shows something of his energy, and of the strenuous day's work that falls to one who fills the double role of doctor and of preacher. He describes one busy Sunday. The morning was spent in paying a visit of ceremony on the local Hakim, or native magistrate, with whom he had a long talk on the subject of their tour, and ended by presenting him with a copy of the New Testament, first reading and explaining a portion to him to ensure his interest. Returning to his tent, he found many sick folk awaiting his care. As evening fell he went into the bazaar to preach, and from his writing we see the appeal which this form of service made on him :

“ We shall never forget the feelings of gratitude to God which passed through our minds as we stood in the midst of that large bazaar on that Sabbath evening. We were not alone, for God was with us, and was a mouth and wisdom to us. To our right, towering high above us, rose the pointed minarets of a splendid mosque,

which served in its silent grandeur to protest against our preaching. To our left, with its whitened walls and grotesque figures brought into striking relief by the golden rays of the setting sun, was the famous old Jain temple, on which for so long the hearts and hopes of the people had been set. In front of us stretched the main bazaar, with its busy hum and variegated appearance; while, in the midst of the crowd, and sitting beside us, was Hakim Schay Mull with his retainers. In these circumstances, with so much around us that plainly showed how bigoted the people were, and how firmly the chains of a degrading superstition were still binding them, were we enabled 'without let or hindrance' to declare to this large audience the gospel of God's love to men.

"Taking leave, we returned to our camp, to find that our day's work was not yet completed, for, although dark, some people were still waiting for medicine. By the aid of the tent lamp, we were able to give them some relief, which we did all the more gladly that they had come from a great distance to see us."

This was to be Dr. Shepherd's last tour from Ajmer. At the end of the year, Dr. Husband resumed charge of the work there.

He returned for the time being to Deoli, but it now fell to be decided whether he should

seek to build up medical work at Deoli, or make an effort to get a footing in one of the Native States. It had long been the desire of the missionaries to get a footing in native territory, but so far Jaipur was the only one that had been entered. The accident of his having been able successfully to treat one of the Jaipur Maharajah's household had led to Dr. Valentine's being asked to settle there in the somewhat anomalous position of missionary and salaried physician to the Maharajah. In no other State had any missionary so far settled, although no hindrances had been offered to the cold-weather tours made within their boundaries. It was in the hope that, bordered as it is by three Native States, it would prove a good jumping-off ground, that Deoli had been chosen in the first instance. In Bundi specially the prospects seemed favourable, but a change of Maharajah brought a change of attitude, and that door was closed and has remained closed. In October 1876 the missionaries, met in conference, resolved to send deputations to the capitals of three important States—Mr. Gray and Dr. Somerville to Kotah, Dr. Shoolbred and Dr. Clark to Jodhpur, and Mr. William Martin and Dr. Shepherd to Udaipur—to ascertain whether facilities for missionary work might be afforded in any of these places.

In January 1877 the two last-named set out with tent and camels from Nasirabad on their long march of one hundred and eighty miles, across the plains of Mewar. Dr. Shepherd, in writing later of this momentous expedition, gives few details of the journey. He does, however, tell of one sad sight by the way that is all too familiar to those who have lived long in Rajputana :

“From Raela to Bhilwara, as we marched along, we met large numbers of villagers from Jodhpur, whom the impending famine in their own land had compelled to seek relief in the distant but always fertile plains of Malwa. Mr. Martin often joined company with these care-worn, weary, and almost hopeless travellers : and from his previous experience, and in a way no other one could, was he able oftentimes to comfort and cheer them. ‘To us both it was a heart-rending scene to witness cavalcades of whole villages, with bullocks, carts, and all their belongings, marching in solemn procession across that broken highway, to meet a fate which to most of them would be dark and sad. ‘Death is behind us, and death may be ahead of us, but we must go on,’ said some of them to Mr. Martin.”

Of what took place on their arrival at Udaipur, we have a full account in Dr. Shepherd's own words :

“ On reaching Udaipur, we pitched our tent in the broad ‘ chaugan ’ or parade ground, at an easy distance from the city. Our first acquaintance was the Rao of Bedla, who on previous occasions had warmly received Mr. Robson, and subsequently Messrs. Robb and Jameson. We were both struck with his kindness, as well as with his benevolence and intelligence. To him we communicated the object of our visit ; and from him it elicited a hearty and ready response. That this response was real is clearly proved from the valuable assistance he kindly tendered us in the trying circumstances in which our mission was afterwards established in Udaipur.

“ We spent the few days we remained in Udaipur as well as we could, in making inquiries, moving about the city, and in preaching. Although the people seemed kindly disposed to us, we could see that the prejudices of the Rajputs, and the bigotry of the Brahmans, were very much against us. This, however, was not to be wondered at, as Meywar is one of the oldest and most conservative of the Rajput States, and is ruled over by a prince who is himself priest as well as king in his own wide dominions.

“ The Maharana of Udaipur we had the great pleasure of interviewing, and never did Mr. Martin’s noble Christian character come out so

beautifully as when he talked freely with this heathen prince. He received us with his usual courtesy, and kindly gave orders that we should be shown the interesting sights in his ancient and remarkable city. Our interview took place in one of his lovely water-palaces, the Jagniwas, when we had an opportunity of unfolding to him the purpose of our visit.

“It was a scene which will not be readily effaced from my memory. The prince, surrounded by his nobility, was standing on the charming verandah, enjoying the cool afternoon breeze, which was wafted across the surface of the immense lake in which this picturesque palace is built. The native court, over which he had been presiding, had risen. An expression of anxiety and thoughtfulness somewhat clouded his young, handsome face, but this quickly passed away as he conversed freely with Mr. Martin. The frank and genial manner in which Mr. Martin approached him, and the facility with which he could speak to the prince in his own native tongue, I could see, made a wonderful impression, not only on the Maharana, but on his numerous retainers, who, according to custom, pressed around to hear what was being said. We did not get a very satisfactory reply when the object of our visit was explained, but still we expressed the hope that, in the event

of our coming to settle in their midst, no obstacle would be thrown in our way by the Durbar.

“We returned to our tent, after thanking the Maharana for all his kindness, to plan a short journey to Kherwara, a military camp fifty miles south of Udaipur, and the headquarters of the Meywar Bheel Corps. By this visit we intended to make the acquaintance of some of the Bheels, of whom we had heard so much, and who, although an aboriginal race, untrammelled by caste prejudices, are extremely friendly and loyal to the British. As we marched southwards, we had ample opportunities of making ourselves acquainted with the language and customs of these strange, wild mountaineers. Our road led us past Barapal, Parsad, and Rikabnath, which is only eleven miles from Kherwara.

“We were very hospitably entertained by Colonel Gordon, then Commandant of the station, who was able to introduce us to three of the principal *gametis* or headmen of the Bheels. With these we had several meetings, and through them we arranged to address one of their tribes. We could get no house large enough to hold us all, so we assembled in a stubble-field near the hut of one of these *gametis*. To show us every respect, native beds, covered with rough blankets, were brought for us to sit on, while

our congregation squatted around us on the ground.

“As I myself was a listener, I could mark the peculiar effect the earnest and stirring words spoken by Umrah and Mr. Martin had on these rough and untamed hillmen. At the close of our service we all knelt in prayer, and as Mr. Martin implored a blessing on our meeting, I could not help feeling that the Master was with us, and would cause the seed which had been sown that morning to spring up and bear abundant fruit to His praise and glory. We were both impressed with the hopeful field for mission work presented to us by these Bheels, an impression which is now taking practical effect in the operations carried on round our recently opened station of Udaipur.

“On our return journey we halted at the famous shrine of Rikabnath, which nestles in a well-wooded mountain gorge, not far from the high road between Kherwara and Udaipur. It was a festival day when we arrived, in consequence of which the old temple and its capacious galleries were crowded with eager and excited worshippers. Mr. Martin and I joined the throng, and I was never more moved by our dear brother's earnestness and enthusiasm than I was on this occasion. He asked at once to see the Pujari, or high priest of the shrine, who,

at our request, showed us the costly jewels with which on great occasions the idol is adorned.

“ The interview was a long and very interesting one. For our comfort, a rich carpet was spread on one of the inner platforms facing the shrine, and around us soon gathered many of the important Brahmans of the place, while a large and motley crowd leaned over the balconies above us, to see and hear what was going on. The conversation was started by the Pujari repeating a Sanscrit ‘shlok’ or stanza, which was soon turned by Mr. Martin, with his usual aptness, into a channel through which he was able to preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified to the attentive listeners. There was no discussion, there was no interruption; all seemed to listen with interest to the simple story of God’s love to men. To me it was a matter of great thankfulness that we were permitted to declare our message in the courtyard of one of the sacred shrines of India, and to representatives from all parts of the country, who were vainly seeking, in their religious pilgrimage, to obtain that forgiveness and salvation Christ alone can bestow.

“ We soon reached Udaipur once more, to start for Deoli, 180 miles off, where our Spring Conference was to be held. This march opened a new route to us, and took us past the ancient fort of Chittore, where we lingered for some

Chapter V—Beginnings at Udaipur

It was in November 1877 that Dr. Shepherd set out on the great adventure of his life. He was then twenty-nine years of age, and had been over four years in the country. He had acquired a thorough working knowledge of the language, and enough experience of Indian life to enable him fully to appreciate the difficulties of the task that lay before him.

Difficulties there were to be overcome—enormous difficulties. Physical hardships many a missionary has been called upon to face. To a man of adventurous spirit the prospect of them is almost an added attraction to the life. These Shepherd, too, was to know; but the problem that most filled him with anxiety was of a different nature. He knew that Udaipur was a veritable stronghold of age-long Hindu orthodoxy. There idolatry was no mere effete traditional superstition, but the living religion of the people, from the Maharana on his throne to the humblest outcaste. And along with the religious conservatism was the racial pride of the ruling caste, the exclusive and aristocratic Rajput. How was he, coming frankly as the representative of an alien faith, even though

with gifts of healing in his hand, to make himself acceptable to the people, and above all to the rulers of Udaipur? Without their favour, without their consent and assistance, his whole enterprise would be foredoomed to failure. So far the Maharana, though courteous and friendly when they visited him, had been cautiously non-committal as to giving his consent to the establishment of a mission. Any enemy of the mission at his court, any bigoted religious adviser, might poison his mind against it from the start. It was towards the unknown that Shepherd set his face when he mounted his horse to ride with his camp to Udaipur. His own object was simple and sincere. To achieve it he knew that all the tact and wisdom of which he was capable would be required; and there would always be factors beyond his control, or even his knowledge, working for him and against at the native court. But Shepherd, though never one who could speak easily to others about religious experience, was a man of very simple and very strong faith. He believed in God and he believed in prayer—in the power of others' prayers for him as well as of his own. In his diaries and letters there is little that could be called devotional writing. The diaries contain but the briefest, most matter-of-fact record of daily happenings—but one of these "happen-

ings" is always "Prayers." Only occasionally is added a single sentence of his prayer, of the cry of a lonely and humble soul leaning upon God: "Keep my heart ever pure so that Thou mayst dwell in it, O Lord"; "Give me, O Lord, Thy Spirit to prepare me for the work of to-morrow."

In such a spirit, with no little anxiety for the future, yet with an eager zest in the outward aspect of the adventure, Shepherd mounted his horse to ride to Udaipur. He has left no record of this journey; but just two years later he was visited by two deputies from the home Church, the Rev. David Young, D.D., and Mr. Duncan M'Laren, the former of whom wrote an interesting account of their tour. A few extracts may give an idea of Shepherd's own journey two years earlier, though Shepherd, of course, went alone, without guide or helper, and not to a friendly mission-house but to the unknown. After describing the route from Beawar to Todgarh in the Highlands of Merwara, Dr. Young goes on:

"Starting from Todgarh at noon on the 17th of December, well mounted on little ponies, we followed for about eight miles a *pukkab* road, gradually descending through the rough Magra hills until we reached the plains. . . . The road now almost disappeared, and we seemed to

choose at haphazard from a labyrinth of tracks which opened everywhere—through tilled fields or through stony or bush jungle. But Manawir Khan (the Todgarh native pastor) was our leader, to whom every foot of the way was familiar; and as we saw him before us jolting on his way, flourishing his stick, and letting off the exuberance of his spirit in an incessant flow of cheery talk, we followed without misgiving. Early in the afternoon we halted for lunch on the banks of a considerable *talao*, in the neighbourhood of a town called Deogarh. . . . Taking to the saddle again, we came upon a very ugly piece of ground indeed. We had to descend over shelving rocks with gaping fissures, where only the initiated could imagine that a track could lie, till, reaching a lower level, the jungle opened for us more smoothly to the south. But our horses kept their feet with amazing skill, and we crossed what looked like a giant's staircase without damage to girth or limb. The weary afternoon sped on, the heat became less oppressive, the light began to fail, our bones were sore, and we longed for some sign of a resting-place for the night. . . . We came upon our tents pitched on the outskirts of a miserable village, with camp fires kindled round it. The place was utterly unromantic, but it was near the habitations of men, and therein lay our

safety. Dreary as the surroundings were in the gathering gloom, we alighted at our first camping ground in the jungle with much content. . . . Later, in the chilly evening, we made a fire of dry sticks in the open, and sat round it chatting, and watching the play of the ruddy light on the swart faces of the natives. Here we had our evening worship, in which the native Christians joined us ; and then betaking ourselves to our three camp beds in the roomy tent, we slept as securely and as soundly as if stone walls had encompassed us, or we had known that our city policemen were keeping marauders of the night in check."

One night their encampment was beside the castle of one of the *thakurs* who had most befriended Dr. Shepherd at Udaipur, and here it was they found themselves in difficulties. The ponies that had brought them so far could be taken no further. A day's march further on, ponies sent out from Udaipur were to meet them. They had trusted to finding ponies they could hire, but none were available. At last in despair, knowing the *thakur* himself to be away from home, they sent to his representative in the castle, asking if they could possibly have the loan of an elephant.

"The reply promptly came back that the elephant was at the Sahib's service. Such is

Indian courtesy. In the morning the elephant with his driver appeared before our tent. He was a huge beast, about the size of a one-story house, with legs like pillars, and an eye that seemed to say he 'knew a thing or two.' A contrivance like an iron bed-frame, well supplied with cushions, was fastened on the creature's back. On a hint from his master, he meekly got down on his knees; then a short ladder, which he carries as part of his furniture, was set against his ribs, by which we mounted to our places. We sat two on one side of the bed-frame, and one on the other, with our feet dangling in the air. Then he rose, heaving us up to what seemed a dangerous elevation for travelling, and with great swinging steps strode on his way. It was a new experience to us, and not particularly pleasant; but the situation was dignified and we sustained it as best we could. . . . At one point in our journey our elephant showed us a fine instance of the sagacity of his race. A heavy topcoat was accidentally dropped, when, at a single word from the driver and scarcely pausing, he threw his trunk behind, seized the garment where it lay on the sand, and pitched it neatly on the howdah at the feet of its owner."

At the next stage ponies awaited them. Later, when they reached a road, a fine carriage, sent by Dr. Shepherd's good friend Colonel Walter,

the British Resident, was ready to convey them comfortably the last fourteen miles.

Somewhat similar must Dr. Shepherd's journey have been, except that he came without elephantine aid, sitting in the saddle all the way, and not out-running the tent, which was his only home and habitation.

Udaipur City is surrounded by a circle of mountains some twelve miles wide. One can imagine Shepherd's feelings as he mounted to the head of the pass by which entrance is gained, and gazed down on the wide valley and fair city that were to be the scene of his efforts. The beauty of it was a thing he never ceased to delight in to the end of his forty-three years in Udaipur.

Just two months after his arrival, Mr. Bonnar, far-wandering from Deoli, came camping through the States of Bundi, Kotah, and Mewar, right to Udaipur itself, to see how the younger missionary was faring. He spent four days with Shepherd, and one evening the latter took him out in a boat upon the lake. "As the sun sank behind the hills on the west," writes Bonnar, "a deep purple light fell, bathing hillside and glen in a rich glory, and the still water became a mirror of burnished gold. The long receding and darkening glens, the ridge beyond ridge of rugged hills, distinguished only

by the comparative sharpness of their outline, and the lovely lake, with its deep bays and bold promontories, carried one back in fancy to the west coast of Scotland. Turning to the east, however, where the crest of the city with its magnificent crown, the marble palace gleaming white in the soft clear moonlight, overlooks the now rapidly darkening waters, the dream is abruptly dispelled, for nothing more thoroughly Eastern than this could be imagined."

Indeed, Udaipur, seen from the lake at sunset or in moonlight, seems like a realisation of the visions raised in childhood by pictures in fairy books and illustrated tales from the *Arabian Nights*.

But Shepherd, on his first arrival, had other things to occupy his mind besides the beauty of the scene. First of all, he sought a place to camp in, and was granted permission to pitch his tent on the parade ground of the State Cavalry outside the city. From the Resident, Colonel Impey, he got a warm welcome, and the promise of what assistance he could give. He sought the friends he had made on his former visit. One especially, the Rao of Bedla, one of the leading *Sirdars* of the State and a most generous and liberal-minded man, proved his firm friend. Through his aid a house was procured near the grain market in the bazaar

to serve as a dispensary, and without delay his medical work was begun.

There is never any lack of sick and suffering in an Indian city, nor, for that matter, in an Indian village. But they are often very chary of the help offered by an alien doctor. They fear his medicine may be such as would break their caste. They greatly fear chloroform and the knife. A patient urgently needing operation would, in sheer desperation, consent to remain in hospital. Preparations would be made overnight. Next evening there would be a note in Dr. Shepherd's brief diary: "Went to dispensary in the morning. Found surgical patient had fled." But a few successful cases gradually won the people's confidence. After eleven months we find him writing in his first report: "The success which has attended our fourteen major surgical operations has hastened not a little, under God, the establishment of our work here. The report of these, and the progress of our efforts, soon reached the ears of the Maharana, and from conversations we have had with His Highness and with many of his courtiers, we have reason to believe that what we have tried to do has produced a most favourable impression. Not long ago we had some talk with the Maharana's favourite courtier, who at first did not wish us to settle in Oudeypore. He

said to me, ' Sir, we were all very much opposed to a Padre Sahib coming here, but you have come amongst us, and gone among the sick, and have so gained the hearts of the people, that were you to try and go away they would not let you.' "

So popular did the dispensary rapidly become that within these eleven months there were 27,472 attendances of patients (a monthly average of 2497, and a daily average of 83). In addition, he was constantly being called into the homes of rich and poor, and his short, erect figure and flowing beard became a familiar sight in every corner of the city as, seated on his little pony, he daily wound his way through its narrow, twisted streets.

It was not merely his medical skill that won him favour. He had a bright, cheerful, sympathetic manner that could not but disarm prejudice and reassure the timid. It is not easy now to picture him as a young man; but it was a sight to see him as an old one, encouraging some humble, trembling mother as she brought her sick child to the dispensary or to the bungalow for treatment. A kindly hand would be laid on her shoulder, a cheering and understanding word spoken, and soon she would be pouring out her story. As his friendships with the nobility and better-class merchants grew, he was

frequently called in to attend their ladies. Often, it is true, he had to prescribe after only having seen a hand held out through a curtain that he might feel the pulse; but to the ladies, looking out on the world from their fretwork windows, he was much better known than they to him. He used to tell a delightful story—belonging, however, to later years when he was an elderly man—of a medical visit to the zenana of one of the chief ministers of the State. He had ridden down on a bicycle, probably one of the first seen in Udaipur and soon dispensed with, as the flints and thorns of Mewar proved too much for pneumatic tyres. The ladies had heard of the marvellous contrivance, and got their husbands to beg Dr. Shepherd to ride it round the square courtyard behind the house, and overlooked by the zenana windows. Much too chivalrous to refuse such a request, the dignified old padre mounted the bicycle, and rode round and round as in a circus ring. A further message came from behind the curtain that they could not understand how he got on and off. So with great deliberation he demonstrated half a dozen times how the difficult feat was accomplished. Dr. Shepherd did not charge fees, but he invited contributions to his hospital. He used to end the story saying, with a twinkle in his eye, “And, do you know, next morning that man

sent a fine, big, fat subscription along to the hospital!"

The actual medical work recorded above might seem enough to fill any man's working life, but he had many other activities. The patients at the hospital heard the gospel from his lips. Twice a week, in some open space within the city, he held a preaching meeting along with his catechist, Isa Das. The latter's tours in the villages were carefully planned by Dr. Shepherd and fully reported to him. Even the Sabbath was no day of rest. Here is a typical entry in his diary at the close of a Sabbath day in May 1878, just six months after his arrival:

"Had Hindustani service this morning. Preached on Hebrews iii. 1, after which went to Residency for English service, and preached again on 'Wherefore, holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling, consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus.' Caddell, Beatson, Bryan, Band, and the Ingels were present. Went to the dispensary, and from there round the bazaar and saw a few cases. In the afternoon a *Shami* came to have a talk about our religion. Went again to dispensary and to see Nazar Mahomed, and from there to see three cholera cases. Returned to dinner and prayers."

And all this while Dr. Shepherd was living in

no little discomfort. His only home was the tent he had brought with him from Nasirabad. In the cold season living under canvas is no hardship, but when April passes and May arrives, and the heat in the sun is 160 or 170 degrees, a tent becomes a veritable oven by day. By night as well as by day hurricanes of wind blew across the dusty parade ground. An occasional sandstorm made the night hideous. Throughout the whole hot weather he stuck to his tent. When the tropical rain of late June threatened to flood him out, he obtained permission to occupy a kind of portico adjoining the parade ground. It was merely a stone-paved platform, with a roof supported on stone pillars, and open to the four winds of heaven. To the pillars he attached tent canvas by way of wall. "This," he wrote home, "enabled us to pass that trying season of the year in comparative comfort." But one does not wonder that he enjoyed frequently dining at the Residency with Major Caddell.

No suitable house being available on hire, Dr. Shepherd had for months been trying in vain to secure a site on which to build a bungalow for himself. Again and again negotiations were begun, only to end in disappointment. At last his attention was drawn to a tumble-down little building, on a little hill not far from the city



VIEW OVER THE CITY TOWARDS THE JHAI COUNTRY



AT THE WATER GATE.

gate and overlooking the lake. It was owned, but not occupied, by a banker in the town, who was willing to sell it with an acre and a quarter of the land around it. "We at once entered into negotiations," writes Dr. Shepherd, "which were for a time unfortunately hindered by the unreasonable demands of the owner. As we knew that no land could be sold which had been given in gift from the Durbar, without permission from the Maharana, we resolved to call on His Highness, and personally ask for the site. The Maharana received us with his usual affability, and, on hearing our request, at once gave orders that the whole of the land, to the extent of nearly two and a quarter acres, should be made over to us on behalf of the mission, so long as we may choose to remain in Oudeypore. The house and walls were at once valued, and the sum of Rs.500 paid to the banker according to the estimate, and the whole became the property of the mission. We were thus permitted in less than a year to see our dispensary in full working order, and a site secured for a bungalow, thereby accomplishing what we had so long sought and prayed for, the establishing of God's cause in this stronghold of Hinduism."

Before the rainy season of the following year, 1879, the bungalow had been built; and Dr.

Shepherd was well settled down in his new home, when the two deputies from Scotland, Dr. David Young and Mr. Duncan M'Laren, visited him at the end of that year. A further quotation from Dr. Young's record of their tour may fittingly close this chapter on the establishment of the mission in Udaipur. It shows us very clearly how crowded these first two years had been.

“It was Saturday evening when we arrived in Oudeypore. Our first day, the Sabbath, was devoted almost exclusively to the various services of the little mission church. Oudeypore, the reader will bear in mind, is one of the most recent of our stations. The Rajpootana brethren had long cherished a desire to break ground in the capital of Meywar, both on account of its own importance and because it was regarded as a hopeful centre from which to influence the southern portion of the State. Dr. Shepherd was detached to commence the mission in 1877. No better pioneer in such an enterprise could have been found. He has proved himself a skilful medical practitioner, while he is equally distinguished for evangelical earnestness and zeal. Dr. Shepherd is, besides, a man of great amiability, and wins his way readily to the hearts of all sorts and conditions of men. The young Maharana treats him as a friend, receiving him

at the palace, conversing with him, reading with him, and encouraging and appreciating at least the medical portion of his work. He also enjoys the confidence and esteem of the chief men of the Raj, and lives on cordial terms with the British Resident and such officers as from time to time surround him.

“At the time of our visit the mission had only been about two years in existence, and had done little more than organise itself, and make itself known in the place. At first Dr. Shepherd had no small difficulty in finding a weather-proof dwelling, and suffered considerable hardships before his present bungalow could be erected. For a suitable dispensary, too, he was and is much at a loss ; and he still meets his numerous patients, preaches and prescribes to them, in a ramshackle building in the heart of the city, which at home would probably be rejected if offered at a nominal rate for a stable and hay-loft. Still, the mission has made progress, and it would soon make more if the Church could provide the missionary with commodious and moderately attractive premises in which to hold his meetings, to draw around him the multitudes who would willingly consult him as a medicine-man, and listen to the good words which he always speaks to them from the Blessed Book. The Mission Church at Oudeypore numbers

only as yet sixteen communicants, and these are not all converts of the Mission, some being agents or servants brought from other stations, and those connected with them. The Christian community, young and old, numbers twenty-three. The native assistants are three or four, and among these Dr. Shepherd lives, animating all by his own active and hopeful spirit, and carrying on, besides what is done in the dispensary, bazaar preaching, schoolwork, and the distribution of Christian books. The magnitude of the dispensary work itself, and the opening it affords to an earnest-hearted missionary, may be imagined from the fact that, in the wretched premises already referred to, nearly 30,000 cases—more than 6000 of which were new—were dealt with during 1879.

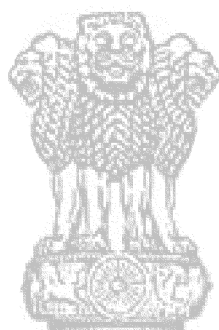
“On the Sabbath of our stay we met within the little church, first of all, at morning service. At the close there was an adult baptism—that of an interesting young man who had for some time been under instruction, and in whose sincerity the missionary had confidence. He took the vows of the Lord upon him with quiet solemnity, and all the people seemed sympathetically impressed.”

On the following day Dr. Shepherd showed his guests the sights of Udaipur. They visited by boat two of the marble summer-palaces,

built on little islands on the lake. In one of these they saw the room which had sheltered a large company of English women and children when in the Mutiny, twenty-two years before, fleeing for their lives from Neemuch, they had been rescued by Dr. Shepherd's good friend, the Rao of Bedla, and conveyed to this place of refuge. They visited the Rao himself, now an old man and feeble, and they went through the great palace of the Maharana, who was at the time from home. By way of contrast, they were then taken to the bazaars of the town, and into squalid haunts of poverty and disease.

"On the way we halted at the mission dispensary, where a goodly number of patients—two tall and fierce-looking Afghans among them—were waiting for the doctor's visit. He sat down among them and talked to them earnestly for a little from an open Bible before him, then examined into their ailments, prescribed for them, and sent them to his native assistant for the medicines they required. There were a few in-patients—miserable objects, suffering from various forms of chronic disease which required continuous and patient care. Everything was satisfactory here, with the exception of the premises—a narrow court surrounded by crumbling walls—sheds on the ground floor scarcely fit for cattle—a rickety stair—and some

low apartments on the upper floor where it seemed needful to tread softly lest the whole erection should topple about one's ears. We trust Dr. Shepherd, with all his zeal and skill, will not long be hampered and hindered by such drawbacks in his work."



सत्यमेव जयते

Chapter VI—The City on the Lake

HUNDREDS of years ago some Indian engineer, with that imaginative insight which is akin to poetic genius, cast his eye over the wide valley with its almost complete circle of hills, in which lies the city of Udaipur. He saw where the little river issued through a narrow gap; and across the gap he built a massive dam of stone and earth. Then he saw his dream come true. As the river rose with the monsoon floods, the valley disappeared from sight for ever, and in its place a great lake, several miles in extent, lay placidly reflecting the mountains by which it is encircled.

At one corner it narrows to a long neck, leading into a smaller lake. On both sides of this neck run lines of stone steps that serve as bathing ghats. On the remoter shore stands a row of intricately wrought temples with broad, blunt-topped spires. Facing them, on steeply rising ground, tower the massive white buildings of the royal palace. Beyond these the bazaars of the city slope steeply down to the more level ground where the busy life of commerce is crowded into narrow space. One or two steep, narrow streets do lead down to the bathing

ghats, but the main part of the city lies over the brow of the hill from the lake shore. From the lake itself no sign is visible of the squalor and sordidness of city life—only white palaces and marble temples, yellowing with age, and specks of brilliant colour where women in gay dress are bathing at the water's edge.

Passing the palaces and temples, one rows out into the open lake. Here and there is a tiny island. On two of them are marble summer palaces of exquisite design. The most beautiful building of all, perhaps, is on the Jagmandir Island—a palace built for Shah Jahan to shelter in when seeking refuge from his own sons. The marble has long since lost its snowy whiteness, but the yellow dome and “elephant cupolas” rising above the dark green of mango trees and palms lend a touch of fairy-land.

And, indeed, there is much that reminds of fairy-land or suggests the country of Peter Pan. On the shore, as you pass, a great turtle is sitting on a boulder, craning his neck in grotesque fashion. At the point of a little promontory you may see a twelve-foot crocodile basking in the sun. A shy fellow! If your boat comes within a hundred yards, he will slide silently into the water. All you are likely to see of him again is a few inches of his nose and head floating on the surface. When you reach the far side

of the lake, some two miles off, with its deep bays winding along under wooded hills, you may see a dainty gazelle trip down to the water's edge to drink, or a black buck, or a spotted deer. Black-skinned wild boar there are sure to be in abundance, for the hillsides are alive with them.

The bird-life is more fascinating still. As you set out it was probably a big, black, ugly Cormorant that caught your eye, where it sat on a stone drying its outstretched wings in the sun, or a Snake-bird swimming along, with its heavy body submerged, and only its long thin neck showing serpent-like above the water. On the trees of the little islands many water-fowl build their nests. There, with a little caution, you may watch the painted Storks bringing food to their young, or study a whole colony of Black Ibises or White Ibises. In a secluded bay a Pelican goes sailing along like a broad-beamed barge, its enormous bill ready to dip down and engulf the small fish that cross its path. Waders and Storks of every variety stand along the margin of the shore—the *Saras* or Giant Crane, standing five feet high, a study in French-grey and white with a crimson cap; the high-shouldered, bald-headed, old-mannish Adjutant; and, at certain seasons, like soldiers in line, rows of graceful Flamingoes, snowy white, with a delicate flush of pink. Among

the smaller birds the Swallows are conspicuous, their wings shining blue in the sun. Most brilliant of all are Kingfishers—the Pied Kingfisher all jet-black and silver; the large Kingfisher in white shirt-front, maroon coat, and bright blue wing; and, lovelier still, the vivid little blue-green Kingfisher of the English streams. In the cold season there are many winter visitors—Ducks of many varieties, Mallard and Pochard and Widgeon and Shoveller and Teal, and an occasional flock of Bar-headed Geese. There are spots where one may sit in the gathering dusk and see or hear great flocks of birds winging their way home for the night; first the blue Rock-pigeons, then the green Parakeets with straight, arrow-like flight, then the unmistakable whirr of flight after flight of Duck, the last swooping down with a noise like the wind in a sail to come to rest with a “swish” upon the lake. By this time the Bats are abroad on silent wing, and the great Flying-Foxes that have been hanging all day upside down in the mango groves flit by like ghosts, and the Night-Jar begins to send out its strange, long, trilling cry.

The lake is beautiful at every season and at every hour of the day. At early dawn, before the sun has risen behind the high white palaces, the soft pearl-grey light lends a touch of faërie, and in the stillness every temple and palm and

tree and every mountain peak is mirrored to perfection in the quiet water. But perhaps best of all, when the rainy season has filled the lakes up to the brim, and left the air clean-swept of dust and moisture-laden, to watch the fading glow of wonderful colour that the setting sun throws over sky and lake and distant town.

About two miles round the lake-side from the city, under the steep forest or scrub-clad hill, stands a lonely white building. It serves at times as a kind of shooting post for the Maharana, and it also contains a deep pit in which tiger and boar may be set to fight each other for the entertainment of His Highness. From the flat roof of this building, every evening at sunset, a very strange sight is to be seen. Just behind the house, between it and the scrub of the hillside, is a patch of rough, bare ground—mere rocks and dust, out of which every vestige of vegetation has been trampled. As the sun sinks a man appears with a great sack full of maize, the grain of Indian corn. This he scatters over the rocks and earth. Then, with hand beside his mouth, he sends forth into the forest and the mountain glens a long wailing cry. Within a few minutes there is a sound of rustling among the bushes and a pattering of many feet upon the rocks. Then out into the open space pour dozens upon dozens of wild

pig—black, old, bristled boars with ugly-looking tusks, sows with a litter of piglings at their heels, and half-grown youngsters that push eagerly in the way of their elders, and for their pains get a smart thrust of a tusk into their ribs that sets them squealing aside. More and more pigs arrive until there may be a couple of hundred. A perfect orgy of feasting ensues. And what a grunting and squealing and scrapping and fighting! The surly old boars brook no interference. Having found a rich vein of their own, they toss aside any that dare intrude. Here and there is a regular stand-up fight, but it seldom lasts long. There is more important business on hand than fighting, and they soon turn back to their noisy guzzling of the grain. The small fry are the most pathetic. With a wary eye on their cross and dangerous elders, they hover round the richest patches, snatching a mouthful when they can.

Meantime, behind us the sunset glow is fading from the drooping cupolas of Shah Jahan's old home on the Jagmandir Island, from the temple spires, and from the high white city palace. Soon the stars are out, or, if it be near full moon, a new and silvery light floods the valley and the lake. The feast is ended, and the uncouth beasts slip off up the mountain side to the dark haunts from which they came.

To one visitor the whole strange scene brought back a passage from Sir John Mandeville :

“ In that abbeye is a gret gardyn & a fair, where ben many trees of dyverse manere of frutes. And in this gardyn is a lityll hill full of delectable trees : In that hill & in that gardyn ben many dyverse bestes, as of Apes, Marmozettes, Babewynes & many other dyverse bestes. And every day when the Couent of this Abbeye hath eten the awmener let here the releef to the gardyn & he smyteth on the gardyn gate with a clyket of sylver that he holdeth in his hond & anon all the bestes of the hill & of dyverse places of the gardyn comen out. . . . And men geven them the releef in fair vessels of sylver clene overgylt. And when thei han eten the monk smyteth eftsones on the gardyn gate with the clyket & than anon all the bestes retornen agen to here places that thei came fro. And thei seyn that theise bestes been soules of worthi men that resemble in lykness of the bestes that ben faire & therefore thei geven them mete for the love of God. And the other bestes that ben foule thei seyn ben soules of pore men & of rude comouns ; & thus thei beleeven & no man may put hem out of this opynyoun.”

The Hindus also share the belief that the souls of the dead may return to earth in the guise of beasts, but it is hardly likely that the belief

has anything to do with this feeding of the pigs at Udaipur. Although the boar is not to the Rajput an "unclean" animal, as he is regarded by the Muhammadan, he is valued mainly as an object of sport. In the level country the Rajputs pursue him on horseback with spears, in the hills they shoot him with rifles, and the flesh is considered a delicacy at their feasts.

Dr. Shepherd's bungalow was eventually built on a little hill outside the city wall, and near-by the shore of a small subsidiary lake connected through winding straits with the wide Pichola. Outside the compound wall to the back is a deep ravine, down which thunders the overflow from the lakes, in the good years when the monsoon has filled them to the brim. Crossing the bridge over the head of this ravine, the road passes through a gorge in the hills, and within a quarter of a mile brings one with startling suddenness to a total change of scene. One finds oneself on the shore of another lake, the Fatch Sagar; but here there is no sign of human habitation. One might be remote from cities, in the heart of the Highlands, save that the hills are brown and bare except where covered with dense prickly bushes.

Dr. Shepherd was fond of telling how he saw this lake come into being before his eyes. A European State Engineer had persuaded the

Maharana to carry out a scheme of his devising. A small river, flowing only in the rainy season, passed down the wider valley not far off. The engineer tapped the stream some miles higher up, cut a little canal along the hillside into the valley where the Fatch Sagar now lies, the mouth of which he had first closed up with a massive dam nearly a mile long, and wide enough to carry a carriage road. To the uninitiated the canal, as it was being cut in the dry season, seemed to slant uphill. Curious Indians from the town laughed and jeered, and asked if the Sahib thought he could make water flow upwards. Some even told the Maharana he was throwing away money on a fool's scheme. When at last the rains came and the river rose, crowds poured out of the city to see what would happen. Sure enough, the Sahib's calculations had been true. The water came pouring in a foaming torrent down the last rocky stretch of the channel into the bed of the valley. Then a rumour was spread that to ensure the safety of the dam a human life was to be sacrificed, and that the Engineer Sahib wanted an Indian child for the victim. Dr. Shepherd had to go into the city and help to reassure the people.

Meantime the water kept pouring in. Bushes were submerged, and rocks and trees. Hillocks became islands and then vanished from sight.

At last only two islands remained—one a tiny thing of rock and trees, the other a few hundred yards long. The water had reached its height, the surplus pouring over the escapement, and plunging down to rejoin the river channel it had left.

The beauty of the Fateh Sagar is that of a peaceful, natural scene. The only buildings in sight are a whitewashed fort on a high hill-top some miles distant, a tiny temple on a smaller hill, and, if you look closely for it, the crumbling ruin of what was long ago the fort of Rana Pratap, the Robert Bruce of Mewar. Here, as in the Fateh Sagar, the water-fowl congregate—the storks and the duck and ibises. The crocodiles have found their way to it, and hide their eggs in the mud of the islands, to hatch in the baking sun of May and June. A family of otters may at times be seen swimming out from under the overhanging bushes or gambolling among the boulders on the shore.

I have dwelt on these beauties of Udaipur because one always thinks of Dr. Shepherd in this setting. He came to love Udaipur greatly, and he often thanked God for the soothing and comfort and strength its beauty brought to him when things were hard. He had many hours of depression as he ploughed his lonely furrow, disappointments to bear, difficulties to face, horrors of cholera and plague and famine to

live through. He used to say that nothing brought him peace of mind like an evening hour spent by the lake-side or out in his little boat. It was his practice, in later life at least, every Sunday evening when the English service was over and the sun not yet quite set, to drive in his little dog-cart round the edge of the Fateh Sagar, and walk along the bund until the golden glory of the sunset had faded from the sky and from the lake, and then drive home again through the gathering dusk.

The little bungalow in which he was to spend more than forty years, owing to the eminence on which it stands, commands a wide view. Though only a bow-shot from one corner of the city wall, it is aside from the main thoroughfare. From the verandah one looks down on one side upon a branch of the great lake not a hundred yards away. Here the washermen, ankle-deep in water, ply their craft the livelong day, swinging the sodden clothes above their head and thumping them on flat stones at the water's edge. Morning and evening there is a clatter of hoofs as the horses from the State Cavalry lines below the mission-house come galloping up to drink. On the fierce summer days great black milch buffaloes protect themselves from heat and flies by standing completely immersed in the water except for the brow and nose.

Many an odd sight is seen from that verandah. I remember how the Doctor laughed one hot May afternoon when, hearing loud shouting, we ran out to find the cause, and were just in time to see a great "dust-devil"—a whirling pillar of sand some sixty feet high—come madly careering across the sloping shore on which the *dhobis* had stretched out their washing to dry in the sun. Away went the clothes, shirts and loin-cloths and streaming turbans, higher and ever higher, as they gyrated in the whirling column. The "dust-devil" romped across our compound and down the hill. The *dhobis* pursued it, shouting abuse that was happily unintelligible. Gradually its force was spent, and one by one the clothes came fluttering again to earth and were recaptured.

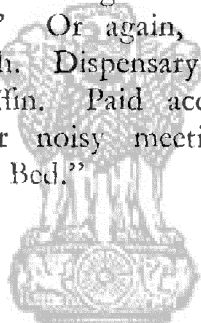
Another day it was a sudden brief but terrific hailstorm, right in the middle of the hot weather, that drew us out. The hailstones were as large as pigeons' eggs. Man and beast had fled to shelter. Only, where the road crossed the bridge over the outlet from the lake, a solitary donkey was being battered by the elements. As we watched, it put its head between its knees and kicked out furiously with its hind legs. Poor little beast, kicking at the universe!

On the other side one looked far out over the *girwa*, the wide mountain-girt circle within

which lie the city and lakes of Udaipur. How often has Dr. Shepherd gazed out with anxious, longing eye to the distant hills in years when famine threatened, to try to detect some sign of cloud or rain! He lived, as it were, with the land beneath his eye, and he bore it on his heart. How many thousand times he stepped from that verandah to mount his pony and ride through the dust and heat to church or hospital or the homes of the sick, or to preach at some corner of the bazaar! How often he returned, weary, and at times disheartened, to pray for that city and its people—for the sick folk he had tended, for the mourning he had sought to comfort, for the thousands who could not be brought to see the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ because of the strange images that came between and hid Him from their sight! Then, as he sat out on the verandah or up on the flat roof-top, the peace of the night would bring him solace and refreshing. Before he sought his rest he would make in his diary the brief entry which is missing scarcely a single day throughout these forty years—a bald, matter-of-fact jotting, yet throwing a light on his daily life and thought :

“ Spent forenoon at dispensary. Attendance fair Addressed patients. On return called on Collins. Found him better. Mrs. Collins and

the children sang 'Lead, kindly light' and 'For ever with the Lord.' After trying work of dispensary found this most refreshing. After tiffin read Bible with Khuda Baksh. Visited some patients. In late evening went up Moti Dungri and enjoyed the view. 'God grant that as the scene beneath us lay in placid beauty, we may have calm and peaceful thoughts of Thee to elevate us to greater spirituality and greater holiness.' Or again, merely: 'Read with Khuda Baksh. Dispensary; large audience at address. Tiffin. Paid accounts. Bazaar preaching—rather noisy meeting. Felt very tired. Prayers. Bed.'



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Chapter VII—The Missionary at Work

I. DOCTOR AND PASTOR TOO

UDAIPUR has another aspect besides that of picturesqueness, and it was with this other aspect that Shepherd, as a missionary, was most concerned. In the narrow bazaars of the city that lies beneath the palaces there is much that is far from beautiful. Here the poor leper is to be found, and old men blind with cataract, and sufferers from guinea-worm, and thousands who are subject to recurring attacks of malaria. There is a fearful mortality among little children, and many a mother needlessly dies in childbirth. The estimated percentage of the population that is infected, directly or congenitally, with diseases that have their source in immorality is so high that one hesitates to put it into print. Great quantities of country liquor are manufactured in the town; certain quarters reek continually with the smell of the distilleries. Although certain castes are total abstainers, among the low caste, and especially among the Bhils, who come and go from their mountains to buy and sell, there is much drunkenness. The money-lenders flourish—the city has a

surprising number of them. When famine comes, the poorer classes, already in debt, have nothing to fall back on. When epidemics come—cholera or plague or influenza—they claim their thousands. Time and again the city has been deserted like a city of the dead until the raging plague abated.

From the moment he arrived Shepherd found work for his hand to do. The dispensary in the ramshackle house in the bazaar was never, from the first, without its patients. Of course, as has been said, there were obstacles to overcome—shyness of the European, considerations of caste and religion, dread of the knife. But there was no mistaking the kindness and sympathy of this strange doctor who had come among them. Soon there was an average daily attendance of over eighty patients. When, in his first summer, cholera broke out, and Dr. Shepherd, ignoring all personal risk, entered the hovels of the poorest to fight the terrible disease, he won the hearts at least of the common folk.

In January 1882, Dr. Shoolbred of Beawar camped as far as Udaipur, and he has left us a picture of Shepherd at work in his “ramshackle” dispensary :

“On repeated visits I found the reception room crowded with patients of all castes and classes, who listened with patient attention while,

in a brief address, they were pointed to the Great Physician. Then in a steady stream they passed through the miserably small and stuffy consulting-room—bad even in cold weather—almost insufferable, I should think, in the heats. The cases were as various as the castes of the patients, and were promptly treated. Where minor operations had to be performed, they were done on the spot; and it was curious to witness the varying degrees of nerve and endurance which the patients manifested. A poor *gosain* was brought from whose feet pieces of carious bone had to be extracted. The operation must have been painful in the extreme, but he submitted to it without groan or murmur. When the patients had all been attended to, we prepared to leave the dispensary; but it usually happened that several persons were waiting to ask the doctor to visit cases which could not be brought to the hospital. Indeed, he was usually beset also on the way by such urgent application. Now it was a husband solicitous about his wife, brought to death's door by a fever, and unable both from weakness and the exigencies of caste to visit the dispensary. Now it was a poor mother pleading for an only son, lamed by a fall from a camel. 'I fear his leg is broken,' she said, 'and if so, what am I to do, for he is my only son and bread-winner?' None of these

appeals were ever made in vain. It might be long after noon, and sundry appeals of the lower nature might tell of breakfast waiting and wanted. But no matter; the claims of compassion are paramount in our brother's heart; and following our guide, we would dive away into some back slum, through tortuous windings that seemed interminable, until at last the patient was reached and aid given."

Doctoring in India is not without its amusing incidents. A story is told of a retainer of the palace whose eye, injured by an accident, Dr. Shepherd had removed and replaced by a glass one. This glass eye created great interest, especially when it was discovered that it could be taken out. For the entertainment of visitors the poor man was made to extract and replace it twenty or thirty times a day. At last some careless person, while examining the eye, let it fall from his hand and it was smashed. Dr. Shepherd, hearing of the accident, was full of sympathy, and at once offered to write and procure another for him. "No, Sahib," begged the man, clasping his hands; "please don't! I have suffered too much with that eye already, and I want no other."

There were other needs besides relief from physical pain that Dr. Shepherd was even more eager to supply. He saw in the homes he

visited the sorrow that comes to all human lives, and he saw the tyranny of evil habit, and the corroding influence of human sin. The remedy for such things lay beyond the doctor's art. Only religion can help men in their deepest needs, and free them from their greatest bondage. Of religion there was abundant evidence. Innumerable temples, some of great beauty, witnessed to the sense of the spiritual. Innumerable priests served the idols and encouraged the alms and homage of the people. But the very number of the gods and the variety of image—from Hanuman, the monkey-god, or Ganesh, the elephant-headed, to Krishna, the herd-boy—showed how futile any one of them had been to bring comfort or strength. Much as he loved the Rajputs and the common folk of Udaipur, or because of his love for them, Dr. Shepherd never ceased to long wistfully that he might open their eyes and hearts to Him who alone could meet their need; and the heart of the austere Presbyterian never ceased to shudder as he passed the great temples at the times when bells were ringing to denote the worship of those strange mockeries of God.

It was not only to his patients that he proclaimed the love of Christ. He had mapped out the chief thoroughfares of the city, and two evenings a week he and his Indian assistants

preached in its most suitable corners in succession, to ensure that no quarter should be left outside the sound of the gospel. Here again Dr. Shoolbred comes to our aid, and gives us a glimpse of a bazaar-preaching, in which he himself took part :

“ It was evening, and the business of the day was wellnigh over, and the roar of its traffic almost stilled. As soon as we took up our position in front of the shops, on one side of the broadest part of the street, a crowd gathered round us, larger almost than our voices could command. Behind us, too, on the shaded platform in front of the shops, the *baniyas* (merchants) crowded in from both sides; and although a stream of traffic ran along the far side of the street, impinging on our audience, sometimes absorbed by it, and sometimes carrying away with it its outer floating masses, still our audience was quiet and attentive to a degree. Nothing like discussion even was roused until Rati Ram, who spoke last, indulged in some rather stinging strictures on idol-worship. This roused the wrath of a large and somewhat truculent Brahman, with flaming caste-mark on his angry brows. Struggling to the front, he lifted up his voice in praise of all the gods, who, as he said, fed and clothed him, and were his *ma-bap* and all in all. Stepping in between, I

spoke soothingly to the excited Brahman about the Father and Maker of us all. He gradually calmed down and began even to assent—always, however, with a reservation in favour of *Chaturbhuj* (four-handed form of Vishnu) who filled the shrine in his own temple.”

It was not Dr. Shepherd's own method to antagonise even the priests of the other faith, and he was probably not at all grateful for the tactless zeal of the visiting Indian evangelist. Among the priests were doubtless many to whom their profession was primarily just an excellent means of livelihood. But others among them were sincerely religious men, seekers after God in their own fashion. Among these Dr. Shepherd had many friends whom he visited in their homes, and who visited him at his bungalow, for long talks about religion. One of them was himself a religious teacher, the head of the Jain priesthood of Udaipur, who lived with his disciples in a large house in the town. Though he never was led to accept the Christian view, there came to be between him and Dr. Shepherd a bond of mutual sympathy and respect.

Converts in those first years were few, but a few Christians had accompanied Dr. Shepherd to Udaipur, and gradually one and another was drawn in, so that by 1881 there was a little

Christian community of twenty-four members. Being so remote from the other stations of the mission, it was deemed advisable to form this small community into a congregation. Although he had taken a full theological training, Dr. Shepherd had not, before leaving home, applied for ordination. Alone in Udaipur, having to act as pastor as well as doctor and preacher, he felt the need of the ordained status. So in October 1880 he was duly ordained at Ajmer by the Rajputana Mission Presbytery, Dr. Shoolbred being moderator. The service was the first of the kind ever held in Rajputana.

Nowhere was Dr. Shepherd's far-seeing wisdom more clearly shown than in the way he cherished his little congregation, teaching his little company with infinite patience, and leading them step by step towards independence. When at last the day came in which they were able to "call" and to support a pastor of their own, he showed infinite tact in giving that pastor his due place of authority, always ready to help and support him, yet never allowing his own prestige to overshadow his young Indian colleague.

Reading these early records, and looking back on one's own experience of his work in later days, one is amazed that Dr. Shepherd, amid so many arduous medical and other labours, took such pains with the pettiest details of his congre-

gational duties. He read with inquirers and new converts. He had a weekly class for the women of the congregation (and, later on, bachelor as he was, a sewing-meeting for them!). His sermons, both for the Indian service and for the still smaller English service at the Residency, were prepared for by hours of study and writing on the Saturday. If any part of his work was laborious to him, it was this task of preparation; but to the end of his life he never shirked it. However few the hearers, he gave them of his best, and at the end was always disappointed with his own effort. Almost the only note of despondency we find in his diary is the frequent entry on a Sunday night, after mentioning the text on which he had preached, "Feel very heavy-hearted." He was subject to the reaction that most preachers know.

Another glimpse, for which we are once more indebted to Dr. Shoolbred, shows how like a family of his own the little Christian flock was to Dr. Shepherd. During the time of the former's visit, Dr. Shepherd planned an excursion for the whole Christian community—a congregational picnic that lasted two days. The place he chose for it was beside the beautiful Bari Lake, about six miles away. "The lake is reached," writes Dr. Shoolbred, "by climbing a rocky and precipitous road, running along the

side of the right-hand scaur, and then the scene that bursts upon the view is like a bit taken from the wildest and barest of our Highland Trossachs—a lonely sheet of water, not a mile in width, but running far to the left and right until lost amid the windings of the hills. These hills are the Bhil country; and see—these young men and maidens, with great loads of grass and firewood on their heads, descending in a long string the shoulder of the hill, are Bhils—wild, untamed children of nature, who as they pass eye you askance, even as the wild animals that roam with them the hills. Hither the whole of the little Christian community of Oudeypore was transported, the women and children being brought half-way in bullock carts. And here we spent two days under canvas. All day long the wilds resounded with Christian *bhajans* or hymns; and, as night fell, all gathered under the sheltering canvas of Dr. Shepherd's big tent, stretched out in an almost fabulous way for the occasion, and special services of prayer, and the joyous voice of praise and thanksgiving were carried far into the night." There were games through the day and bathings in the lake, in spite of crocodiles; and in the evening a party went to a near village to preach and sing.

This was the first of many such picnics, and was one of the ways in which Dr. Shepherd

sought to draw near his people, and to teach them that, in contrast to the Hinduism they had left, Christianity is a religion full of joy.

For lengthened itinerancies, such as formed so great a part of his later work, there was little time during these first years. Only once, in 1881, was he able to make an extended tour. It led him first through villages of the plains. Even at this early date he found that in not a few of them his hospital work had prepared a welcome for him. More than once the headman or other important personage in the village proved to be a patient who had come to town for treatment. When such was the case, the whole village would throng to see the white doctor of whom they had heard, and it was easy to get an attentive audience for the preaching. His route led him past the ancestral castles of some of the greatest nobles of the State. With these *thakurs* Shepherd had already become acquainted when they were in Udaipur at the Maharana's court, and from them he received a welcome no less cordial. It is one of the fascinations of an Indian missionary's life that it brings him into close touch with every grade of society. His mixing with men of every caste may puzzle the orthodox Hindu to begin with, but he soon learns to take it for granted. It is the way of another faith. But every Indian has a reverence

for the professedly religious man, and the Padre's motives, at least, are recognised and respected. So one hour of the day would find Shepherd sitting on a string-bed in the low-caste corner of a village, and the next might find him the honoured guest of a Rajput princeling, who could trace his ancestry far beyond the days when William conquered England.

Eventually the tour brought him to Kherwara in the southern part of the Bhil hills, and he found himself in touch again with those primitive people who had so captured his imagination when on his first prospecting trip to Udaipur. He had, of course, all along been meeting the Bhils who came to the city to sell firewood and grass and to buy oil and liquor. Not a few had come to him as patients. But once a Bhil has left his native hills, he is a changed man. In contact with the Hindus, he knows himself a despised outcaste. Those especially who settle permanently in villages on the plains degenerate sadly. The village Bhil is a poor cowed creature compared with the huntsman of the mountains, who will face a panther or a wild boar with only bow and arrows and spear for weapons. It was amongst the real Bhils that he found himself again at Kotra and Kherwara. He preached to them, tried to pick up something of their broad dialect of Hindi, and resolved

more firmly than ever, when opportunity should be afforded, to establish work among them.

The following year, indeed, he planned a tour into the hills thirty miles from Udaipur, but troubles had arisen which rendered it impossible. A party of Hindu merchants, attempting to cross a corner of the Bhil country, had been set upon and plundered, and several of them killed. In defiance of the Maharana's orders, their tribesmen refused to surrender the murderers or make any reparations. An expedition was being sent against them, and the British Resident asked Dr. Shepherd not to add the complication of a white man's presence. To return to Kherwara, Dr. Shepherd's tour was brought to an abrupt close, and in a manner that shows the energy and devotion of the man. From Udaipur, sixty miles off, a letter reached him one evening with the news that one of the Christian women was seriously ill. He had been at work all day, and was just returning from preaching in the village. Yet he did not delay a moment. In the gathering dusk he set off in a shaky tonga along the long rough road to Udaipur. At midnight he halted at a village, obtained some milk to drink and some coarse native bread, and lay down and slept in his clothes. At dawn he took to the saddle for greater speed, riding one of the tonga ponies. After resting for a little at noon, he

mounted again and rode on the last twelve miles to Udaipur. He arrived to find, to his joy, that the danger had been much exaggerated. His recall, indeed, had hardly been necessary. The first news of the sufferer's welfare reached him as he passed the dispensary. In his diary that evening he jotted, after recording the journey to this point: "Rode on with a light heart to bungalow, and saw Sara. Although there was no real necessity for calling me, still I feel glad I have come on. The happiness this visit has given more than compensates for any bodily discomfort."

Little wonder that his people loved him !

2. SOME CONVERTS AND INQUIRERS

During those first years Dr. Shepherd made few converts. Of the fruit of his work as a whole we shall have occasion to speak later. In those early days the miracle was that in such a stronghold of conservative, orthodox Hinduism he was able to establish a Christian mission at all. As we have seen, he never sought to win favour by attempting to disguise the real motive of his coming, or pretending that he was only there as a healer of the body. In hospital and bazaar, and in the homes he visited, he continually kept the religious interest in the fore-

front. It was for long talks on religion that some of the religious leaders of the town came to see him at his bungalow.

Among the Hindus there is a more keen and a more general interest in religion than among any other people of the world. Their own faith allows such a wide range of doctrine and of speculation that they are very willing to enter into theological discussion and even to accept many of the teachings of Christianity. To change their religion and profess Christianity is, however, quite another matter. Until one has lived for a time in India, it is difficult to realise how enormously difficult such a step must be, especially for the high-caste Hindu. Even if he be intellectually convinced of the truth of the gospel, all the traditions of the past, all the influences that he has regarded as sacred in his life since childhood, still exercise their power upon the mind and heart. His birthright as one of the "twice-born" he has always regarded as his most precious possession. That will be utterly lost, and its loss will mean complete ostracism by all his relations and friends. And, at least in the early days of a mission, there is no equivalent social circle for him to join. In addition to all this he will almost certainly lose his means of livelihood, and find himself penniless in a hostile world where no man will employ

him. The miracle is that any converts from the higher castes are ever made ; yet the miracle does take place.

Strangely enough, however, Dr. Shepherd's first convert in Udaipur was not a Hindu, but a Muhammadan. This man, Khuda Bakhsh by name, had first heard the gospel in Todgarh, forty miles from Beawar. Soon after he went to live in a village in which there was a little mission school. Though a grown man, he joined it as a pupil, and was soon able to read the gospels for himself. Then he made his way to Udaipur, and remained for several months under Dr. Shepherd's instruction. Nearly every day during this period Dr. Shepherd's diary contains the brief entry for the hot hours of the afternoon, "Read with Khuda Bakhsh." Eventually he was baptised. Hitherto he had been living on his own savings, but these now came to an end. For a time the building of the bungalow provided employment for him, but this too came to an end. No one in the State would employ him now he was a Christian, and so, like so many of Shepherd's converts in later years, he was compelled to leave Udaipur to seek employment in British territory. It was disappointing to one who had dreams of building up a local Christian community, and there is pathos in a diary entry of January 1881: "At

six this evening had prayer-meeting with Khuda Bakhsh and the church, as he wishes to leave. He left to-night for Ahmedabad, where he hopes to find work. We commended him in prayer to God, who can abundantly preserve and bless him."

The next to be baptised was a most interesting man. In 1875, when Dr. Shepherd was still at Ajmer, in the course of a preaching tour he visited the small town of Merta, forty miles distant. Among the listeners at the meeting was a *sadhu* or religious mendicant, who became deeply interested, and expressed a desire to learn more of this new faith. Dr. Shepherd invited him to visit him in Ajmer, but by the time he came the Doctor had left for Udaipur. Undaunted, the *sadhu* continued his wanderings in that direction, and having travelled on foot from village to village for nearly two hundred miles, found him at last in his tent on the dusty parade ground outside the city walls. For many months he drank in Christian teaching, attending the little Christian services, and reading in private with Dr. Shepherd. It was a desperate struggle, and for a long time he halted between two opinions. Through two years of darkness and of doubt he hesitated. More than once he left to go a-wandering again as a Hindu *sadhu*, but the truth he had heard haunted him and drew him

back. Finally courage and conviction came to him, and he received baptism. The teaching of religion was Nirbhay Das's only occupation, and he continued it in the new faith, accompanying Dr. Shepherd's evangelist, Isa Das, into the villages, and using his knowledge of the ancient Hindu scriptures to demonstrate from them the truth of Christian doctrine. His former caste as a Brahmin and his intimate knowledge of the thoughts and customs of the people made him extremely useful as an evangelist. Of his sincerity there was no doubt; but he had one weakness which Dr. Shepherd did not discover for some time. It was during an extensive tour that he jotted in his diary, underlining the words so that they stand out poignantly, "Found out to-day that Nirbhay Das carries opium." Here, again, is one of the obstacles with which missionaries not infrequently find themselves confronted. Especially among this class, the *sadhus* or "holy men," although the use of alcohol is forbidden, the use of opium or *bhang* is all too common. They will sometimes tell you that it helps them in their religious meditation, and doubtless it may produce a state of ecstasy, which they mistake for worship or devotion. The diary does not tell whether or not Nirbhay Das ever quite overcame his failing.

Many of a missionary's most interesting and

promising cases of inquiry are destined to end only in disappointment, so far as outward results can show. Dr. Shepherd tells of one such case. In a village at the far end of the Pichola Lake there lived an old Brahmachari or religious teacher of the Brahmins. Once and again Isa Das, the evangelist, visited the village and preached there. The old man became so interested that twice a week he would walk round the lake to Udaipur to attend the Christian service. Dr. Shepherd gives an interesting account of his own first visit to him :

“ Having obtained a boat from the palace, we embarked, and after about an hour’s row reached Siarma. The Brahmachari had been on the look-out for us, because, as we neared the shore, we recognised his tall figure, clad in the salmon-coloured cloth of his religious order, appearing from the dense jungle on the banks of the lake. We all got a very hearty welcome, and were conducted to this old man’s hermitage. There was nothing particularly striking about his house, except that it appeared cleaner and better in order than most of the other houses in the village. Under his guidance we ascended a very narrow staircase leading to an upper room, which he had furnished after his own peculiar taste for our reception. We squatted on the carpet. After the usual compliments, he pre-

sented us with handfuls of jessamine flowers, to show how he appreciated our visit, and with sweetmeats, that we might not empty-handed leave his threshold. Our conversation soon turned on religious matters, when I had an opportunity of speaking with our host and with those of his friends who had assembled in that upper room about the salvation of their souls. While I spoke a bundle of our religious books was produced, and, selecting two from the bundle, the Brahmachari said, 'I have already read them all except these two.'

"I have seldom addressed a more hearty and interesting little meeting. We bade our friends good-night and made for our boat, but they would not let us go alone. Accompanying us to the shore, the good Brahmachari waded knee-deep in the water to the boat, and it was only when I assured him of my comfort that he made his last *salam*. As evening was closing in on us, we had to go, but not without the good wishes and affection of the friends we had left.

"On Wednesday the old Brahmachari returned to the bungalow to be present at our prayer-meeting. Before leaving, he declared with apparent earnestness that he believed Jesus to be the only Saviour of the world, but that he was afraid to confess Him before his fellow-men. We promised to remember him in prayer

that he might realise how precious Jesus is to those who believe."

Little wonder that Dr. Shepherd hoped that his prayers for this old man would be answered. But it was not to be. There is something touching in the entire kindness and absence of censure with which, a year later, Dr. Shepherd sorrowfully ends this story :

" His regular attendance at our services had let us to hope that he would be enabled to confess Christ before his fellows. The influence of his village *panchayat*, however, proved too strong for his convictions ; and he came to us one day to say that he could not attend the services any more. We parted with him, assuring him we would not forget him in our prayers, but would continue to ask God to bless him."

From such a tale of hope, raised only to be disappointed, we learn much more of a missionary's life than from many records of success ; for his failures far out-number his successes. Yet, even in such cases, is it altogether failure ? God alone knows.

3. CHOLERA—FAREWELL—HOME

Dr. Shepherd had now been eight years in the field. He had taken no holiday to the Himalayan hill stations such as missionaries of to-day are

encouraged to take in the interests of health. He had a remarkably strong constitution, but the strain of so many hot weathers and the effects of occasional attacks of malaria were beginning to tell on him. He was tired, and in need of furlough.

Before rest could be obtained, however, he had one more strenuous piece of work to go through. In the summer of 1882 Udaipur was again visited by an epidemic of cholera. People fell sick and died by the hundred. For the Doctor there was little rest night or day. The strain of working in such an epidemic is enormous. There is the sheer physical strain of incessant toil, the strain on the nerves, and the strain on one's faith. Poor India is woefully liable to the terrible ravages of various epidemics. They are so frequent they hardly excite interest in the wider world. I remember reading in an Indian daily newspaper that an outbreak of plague in China had caused 10,000 deaths, and the news had stirred people in England to raise funds to combat it; while, in the "Indian News" column of the same issue, it was stated that in India over 100,000 had died within the week; and the fact was not even commented on at home. Even more terrible than plague was the awful epidemic of influenza that swept over India in the autumn of 1918. We mourn the

900,000 British soldiers who lost their lives during the four years of the Great War. In India, during a few months of that terrible year, influenza alone claimed over 6,000,000 victims. But neither of these scourges is, perhaps, quite so awe-inspiring as that of cholera. The seizure is so sudden, the course of the disease so swift, the result so frequently fatal, that sheer terror takes possession of the people. The risk, especially in those days when preventive inoculation was unknown, was extremely great. We all admire the courage of the soldier who steels himself to enter into battle. It must require no less courage for a doctor to face all the perils which, as he knows only too well, surround him while, hour after hour, he works among cholera patients. Dr. Shepherd used to tell how many a morning, as he stood on the verandah waiting for his pony to be brought round, he found himself trembling with nervousness, with fear of what he had to face. But no sooner did he reach the scene of his work, and see again the distress and suffering, than all fear left him. Terrible sights there were. A woman collapsed by the roadside in the last extremities. Shepherd picked her up, all befouled as she was, and carried her in his own arms into the hospital. A *dhobi* or washerman stood knee-deep in the lake beside his bungalow. There was a shriek

of terror. The man had suddenly realised that he was smitten. He staggered ashore and collapsed with terror and with weakness. In a few hours he was dead. A certain temple priest had always been hostile to the mission. As Dr. Shepherd passed down the street he was told that this poor man, in the extremity of his sickness, had crawled into a dark culvert through which passes an open drain. He was too weak to come out, and, knowing the hideous risk of contact, no one would go in to him. Shepherd at once crawled in, dragged him out, and tended him.

The summer passed, and with the coming of the rains the scourge was stayed. But it had left the missionary very weary and more than ever needful of his furlough. He was not the man to complain. Indeed, though he often used to speak in later years of the horrors of that fight with cholera, the only reference to it in his annual report to the Home Church is the very bald statement: "With the exception of an epidemic of cholera which broke out in April last, there has not been any serious disease prevalent in the city." But his colleagues in Rajputana knew what he had been through, and insisted on his taking furlough.

Longing for home and for the sight of his own folk though he was, the parting was not

easy for him. The last days were filled with visits to friends, high and low, among the people of the town. The Maharana received him at the palace, expressed real sorrow at his going, and arranged for a relay of tonga ponies to make his sixty-mile journey to the new railway as comfortable as possible. Dr. Sommerville had arrived to take charge of the work in Shepherd's absence, and Shepherd begged the Maharana to show him kindness. "When you come back, Padre Sahib, you will see that I have done so," was the reply.

Four separate farewell addresses were presented to him. Rich and poor alike seemed to feel they were losing a friend. One address, signed by public officials and many of the leading *thakurs*, ran as follows :

"SIR,—In all the world there is nothing so worthy of memory as a good name, and they who have obtained this excellence have earned it only by labour. Before you came amongst us, the people generally would have nothing to do with English medicines. The reason of this was twofold, namely, ignorance, and the restraints of religion; and the consequence was that hundreds of lives were needlessly sacrificed. In the year of Jesus 1877, when you opened a mission dispensary here, this great blessing was bestowed upon the people that they

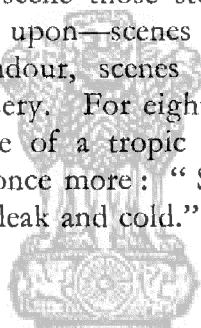
began to appreciate English medicines, and they acquired such thorough confidence in you that they began to send even their wives and daughters to be treated at your hospital; and so a beginning of progress was made, and thousands of people were saved from death. In the year of Jesus 1882, when there was an epidemic of cholera in the city, by your labours and care for the people in the lanes of the city, you abundantly showed that sympathy with the people is a characteristic of European gentlemen. The people are in grief at your departure, but thinking it not right that they should give large expression to their grief, they pray that God may take you in safety to your native land, and bring you quickly back to us in renewed health and strength."

It was in no holiday spirit that he set out. "Have felt very lonely to-day," he records on the evening before he left, "and worried and sad because of my own unworthiness." And next day, "Rose early this morning. After packing, had prayers with the congregation and then said good-bye to them. It was hard to do. How I do love them, with all their imperfections!"

A few days were spent saying farewell to friends and colleagues at Nasirabad, Ajmer, and Jaipur, and then he took train for Calcutta,

where he had a happy reunion with his banker brother, Henry, with whom he spent some weeks before sailing.

When at last, the month's voyage over, the *City of Calcutta* threshed her way up the Channel, the Shepherd who so eagerly watched the shore was very different from the raw young Aberdeen student who had gone forth eight years before. Many a strange scene those steady, keen grey eyes had gazed upon—scenes of beauty and pomp and splendour, scenes of squalor and suffering and misery. For eight years they had known the blaze of a tropic sun. Now, to quote the diary once more: "Steaming up the Thames. Day bleak and cold."



सत्यमेव जयते

Chapter VIII—The Shepherd Mission Hospital

“VISITED old friends” sums up Dr. Shepherd’s activities during the first weeks after his return. He was rich in friends. His old circle in Aberdeen welcomed him with open arms. He had many to see in Edinburgh, and his old intimates of college days were scattered over the country. To these he had added not a few in Indian official circles, and some of these or their relatives he visited in London or its neighbourhood.

But family ties were the strongest of all. To a very exceptional degree the Shepherd family was one which “hung together.” The sons and their sister Mary were devoted to their parents, and deeply attached to each other. Each regarded the other with a kind of family pride as well as with affection. Not one of those at home ever married, and the old home at 6 Bon Accord Crescent continued to be the centre of the family life until, with Dr. Shepherd’s death, the last representative disappeared. In a sense he just took up the old life where he had left it. There had been no change save what

time brings. Only in the back of his mind, remote but clearly seen, were vivid pictures of the Rajputana he had left.

He was full of his work and eager to talk about it; and so good a talker was he that he was as eagerly listened to. He was a prophet not without honour in his own country. In Aberdeen itself he became a well-known figure, and the town was proud of him. But even the most casual stranger, meeting him in hotel or hydropathic, often fell under his spell. He was the very opposite of the man who tries to thrust his religion down other people's throats. He told his tales of the East with raciness and humour. The faith behind them was implied, not expressed. But it *was* implied. As he told people in private talk about the life he had led, and his scheme for building a hospital in Udaipur, more than once it happened that a chance acquaintance gave him at parting a pound or five pounds towards it.

The thought of his hospital was never far from his mind. As soon as he arrived he had persuaded the Students' Missionary Society of his old Theological College in Edinburgh to take up the hospital as the "scheme" for the year. Then, as now, it was part of the divinity student's apprenticeship to plead in the churches for some particularly needy part of the foreign

work, as well as for their own home mission work in the city. Dr. Shepherd associated himself with them in this pleading, and their combined efforts were successful in raising the necessary funds within the year.

At first he was supposed to rest. July was spent in a trip round the Shetland Islands with his father and brother. August was spent with his father and sister at Moffat, where he greatly enjoyed hearing the Rev. Alexander M'Ewen, afterwards Professor, preaching on the Sundays. But he himself was not allowed to rest. Everywhere he went he was sure to be asked to speak, now in a church, now to a gathering of children, now to a drawing-room meeting; and he did so willingly. It cost him labour. His diary tells of laborious preparations. He wrote most of his addresses, and spent hours committing them to memory. Probably they suffered by it. For a man who was so excellent a *raconteur*, he was strangely ineffective with his pen. He wrote always with a certain decorous formality that robbed his tale of half its charm. His written word had little of the sparkle and vivacity of his spontaneous speech. To his biographer's infinite regret, he left nothing in print or manuscript that represents the man at all. But when animated by congenial company he was hard to resist.

One of his most intimate college friends, still living, tells how once during this year he had been taking part with him in some meetings in the Border country. On the return journey they had to travel in adjoining compartments. In Dr. Shepherd's were a number of young fellows, not too enthusiastic about things ecclesiastical and religious. Every now and then his friend could hear coming from it shouts of laughter and applause. Later one of them remarked, "That's a rare sort of missionary. We never met one like him before. He's a great chap."

In the autumn he got to work again in earnest, visiting many churches in the Presbyteries of Ayr, Banff, Kelso, and elsewhere. Often it was a case of three services on the Sunday and several meetings to address during the week. Few ministers at home have the same opportunities of becoming widely known in the Church as has a missionary on furlough. "Shepherd of Udaipur" was soon a familiar figure to thousands; and if he had not the eloquence of a Duff to thrill and rouse his hearers, he had a personality that left behind it everywhere affection and goodwill. His very pronunciation of "Rajputana," the broad Hindustani "a's" getting their full sonorous value, caught the people's ear and imagination, and helped to

impress that land and its claims on the mind and heart of the Church.

Before the winter was over his spell at home was robbed of much of its joy. His father, who had been ailing for some time, died in January, and the loss cast a shadow on the remainder of his holiday.

With May came the meeting of the Synod of the United Presbyterian Church. On the ever-popular "Missionary Night," when the Synod Hall was crowded to overflowing, Shepherd was one of the chosen speakers. Along with him spoke two of his closest personal friends—Dr. Laws of Livingstonia, the friend of his youth in Aberdeen, and the Rev. G. L. Carstairs, an intimate friend of his Edinburgh college days, who had just returned from a visit to the Church's mission in Kaffraria.

The summer was spent in further deputation work, much reading on Indian subjects, and in seeking to bring his medical knowledge up to date by attendance at the hospital clinics.

In October he sailed again for India. He returned, knowing that he had the prayerful support of a great number within the Church. Aberdeen certainly left him in no doubt as to its sympathy. At a great meeting held in his honour he was presented with three separate addresses—one from the Presbytery, one from

the Young Men's Missionary Association, and one from the Ladies' Zenana Committee. He was deeply touched, and, as his private diary shows, felt humble and ashamed rather than proud of the honour done him.

Just before he sailed his heart was rejoiced by a piece of great good news from India. To realise its significance we must return to Udaipur, where Dr. Sommerville was holding the fort in Shepherd's absence. While Shepherd was so successfully engaged in raising the money for his hospital at home, it was Sommerville's part to try to secure a site on which to build it. We have seen how difficult it was to get a site for a bungalow. To obtain one for a hospital was more difficult still. It had to be right inside the city, and building sites there were scarce. It had to be acquired, not only with the seller's, but with the Maharana's consent. Though religious prejudice had to some extent been overcome, among many of the property-owning merchants there was still enough to make them unwilling to have the mission thus planted in their midst. The common folk, who attended the ramshackle dispensary in hundreds, would welcome the hospital; but the landowners would not sell to a foreigner, or only at an outrageously exorbitant figure. Dr. Sommerville felt completely baffled.

Then the unexpected happened. The Maharana became seriously ill. Along with the Residency surgeon, Dr. Sommerville was asked to attend him. In due course His Highness was restored to health, and in acknowledgment of his services wished to pay Dr. Sommerville a fee of Rs.3000. This, however, Dr. Sommerville declined to accept, explaining that the motive of his work was not pecuniary gain. He suggested that, instead, the money might be granted towards a mission hospital, or, better still, that the gift might take the form of a suitable piece of land on which to build. The Maharana willingly agreed, and a plot of land near the grain market in the heart of the town was promised for the purpose.

With such news to cheer him, it was with a light heart that Dr. Shepherd set out for his second spell of service. Railways had greatly extended since his first arrival, and he travelled comfortably by train to Chitor, within sixty miles of Udaipur. Here he was met by Dr. Sommerville, who had camped down from Udaipur on his way to try to open up new work in the Jodhpur State.

The Maharana had, as we have seen, fully kept his promise to "be kind to Dr. Sommerville." The latter, on the way to Chitor, passed the camp of the Maharana, who was himself

returning from a visit to that State. Dr. Sommerville had with him a letter from the Mission Board at home, thanking His Highness for the gift of land for the hospital site. This, together with a translation in Hindi, he presented in person to the Maharana in his tent. The prince was much pleased at the terms of the letter, and expressed warm gratitude to Dr. Sommerville for the services he had rendered him. "You remember how very ill I was, and now I am able to move about as you all are doing." Learning that Dr. Sommerville was actually on his way to Jodhpur, he promised to write to the Maharaja of that State, asking him to show the doctor kindness, as a personal friend of his own. In the event, even this recommendation did not make it all plain sailing for the pioneer; but that is another story.

Shepherd received a very warm welcome on his return to Udaipur, but his pleasure in it was soon to be shadowed by sorrow. A few days after his arrival, the Maharana, who through all the years of his stay had shown him so much kindness, was again taken very seriously ill. Along with Dr. Mullen, the Residency surgeon, Dr. Shepherd was in constant attendance upon him; but within a fortnight he had passed away. Dr. Shepherd felt the loss keenly. "In his death," he writes, "I seem to have lost a

very dear friend, for while in constant attendance on him in the palace, he showed that the affection he had for me was heartfelt."

The mourning of an Indian people for their prince is an impressive sight. Dr. Shepherd used to tell of the weird thrill it gave him to go out one morning and find himself apparently amid a strange people. The bearded Rajputs, whose black whiskers were wont to be so fastidiously curled and tied, had vanished. Every man on whom his eye lighted was clean-shaven as a Brahmin priest. The usual gaily-coloured turbans had given place to others of plain white, the sign of mourning. The wailing cry of innumerable women mourners filled the air. The sense of disaster lay heavy on the heart.

Maharana Sajjan Singh died without leaving a direct heir to the throne. No direct heir has, indeed, ascended the Mewar throne since the famous curse was pronounced on that Maharana who sought to preserve peace by the sacrifice of his own daughter. In the absence of a direct heir, it is the right of the ruler, within certain limits of consanguinity, to name his own successor. Maharana Sajjan Singh had, however, died without giving a hint of his will in the matter. The selection thus fell to be made in accordance with very complicated law and

custom by the leading *thakurs* of the State, and, as Kipling puts it, "Futteh Singh was chosen by the *thakurs* from the Seorati branch of the family which Sangram II. founded. He is thus a younger son of a younger branch of a younger family, which lucid statement should explain everything."

The choice was not made without others having intrigued on their own behalf. Kipling, in a few lines, gives a vivid picture in which Dr. Shepherd figures :

"But shortly before the departure, the Padre Sahib, who knows every one in Udaipur, read a sermon in a sentence. The Maharana's investiture, which has already been described in the Indian papers, had taken place, and the carriages, duly escorted by the Erinpura Horse, were returning to the Residency. In a niche of waste land, under the shadow of the main gate, a place strewn with rubbish and shards of pottery, a dilapidated old man was trying to control his horse, and a *hookah* on his saddle-bow. The blundering garron had been made restive by the rush past, and the *hookah* all but fell from the hampered hands. 'See that man,' said the Padre tersely, 'that's —— Singh. He intrigued for the throne not so very long ago.' It was a pitiful little picture, and needed no further comment."

Dr. Shepherd must naturally have taken a keen and anxious interest in the election. With its result he was amply satisfied. "We learn," he wrote home, "that the new Maharana is a young man of very great promise, and universally beloved by the people."

In recognition of his medical services at the palace a sum of Rs.1000 had been presented to Dr. Shepherd. This he accepted, not for himself but for his work, and announced that he would devote it to the erection of a special ward in the proposed new hospital, to be named in memory of the late Maharana.

Maharana Fatch Singh implemented the promise of his predecessor in the matter of the hospital site, and building operations were begun. There was, however, one serious hitch. The piece of land granted for the site did not include a strip of ground, 112 feet long by 20 broad, immediately in front of the hospital, and between it and the street. This strip belonged to a merchant who was hostile to the mission, and refused to part with it, or only at an exorbitant figure. After much negotiation, the matter was referred to the Maharana, who decided, after a valuation, that Dr. Shepherd should pay Rs.560 (about £47) for it, which he willingly did. A few days later, quite without Dr. Shepherd's knowledge, the Resident,

Colonel Evan Smith, C.S.I., in conversation with the Maharana, jocularly remarked that it had been rather like giving the Padre a horse and saddle without the bridle to drive him. The Maharana at once caught the point and smiled. Next day he sent to Dr. Shepherd the amount he had expended, thus making the entire site the gift of the Raj.

For many months to all Dr. Shepherd's other work was added the constant superintendence of the building of the hospital. At the close of 1886 it was ready for use, and the day for which he had hoped and prayed and toiled so long arrived at last. The account he sent home of the opening ceremony merits quoting at some length. It is characteristic of the man, and of his career. There is the element of pomp and pageant; the great of the land—the Maharana and his nobles, the British officials—are there in entire goodwill and genuine appreciation of the little padre doctor. His own speech shows his courtesy, his simple, unashamed piety, and his simple family affection. Who but he, in such a place and on such an occasion, would have referred so naturally to his own mother in far-off Scotland?

His Highness the Maharana had consented to perform the opening ceremony.

“Every possible endeavour was made to do

all honour to such a distinguished visitor. The entrance hall was carpeted, and red cloth laid from the bazaar to His Highness's seat, while a beautiful cool porch of evergreens was erected from the front verandah to the point in the bazaar where His Highness's carriage would draw up. In this porch the ladies and gentlemen of the station awaited His Highness's arrival. In addition to the missionaries of the station, there were present the Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Robb of Nusseerabad; Rev. James Gray of Ajmere and Miss Gray; Rev. W. F. Martin of Nusseerabad; Rev. C. S. Thompson, C.M.S., Kherwara; Major and Mrs. Curzon Wyllic; A. Wingate, Esq., I.C.S., C.I.E., Settlement Officer, Meywar; and Campbell Thomson, Esq., Executive Engineer, Meywar. Punctually at 11.15 His Highness the Maharana, accompanied by Colonel Walter, Resident, Meywar, arrived at the hospital. On alighting he was received by Dr. Shepherd and the representatives of the Mission, to whom he was in turn introduced. Dr. Shepherd presented him with the key of the hospital, and requested him to open the building for the use of the public. The key was of silver gilt, on the solid head of which was engraved His Highness's crest, while the outer rim bore the following inscription in English: 'Presented to His Highness Maharana

Fateh Singhji, on the occasion of his opening the Mission Hospital, Udaipur, December 1886.' As soon as the door was flung open, His Highness entered the building, and took his seat at the further end of the entrance hall, with Colonel Walter and other European friends on his left, and his own sirdars and suite on his right. In a short while the room was quite full, and all, including the Maharana, rose *en masse* as Mr. Robb of Nusseerabad offered up a most beautiful and appropriate dedication prayer, which was listened to with rapt attention by Indians as well as by Europeans. When the audience had resumed their seats, Mehtaji Rae Panah Lalji, C.I.E., Prime Minister, then read His Highness the Maharana's speech in Hindustani, of which the translation is as follows :

"Colonel Walter, Representatives of the Mission, Ladies and Gentlemen—It has been a great pleasure to me to be asked to declare this fine new hospital open.

"I am specially gratified at being asked to give permission to call this hospital by my name—an honour I fully appreciate, but which I decline with thanks ; being of opinion that this institution, owing, as it does, its existence solely to the indefatigable and conscientious labours of Dr. Shepherd, it is but just that the worthy doctor's name should be associated with

the hospital. I have done nothing save granting a plot of ground for the purpose. I would be much pleased if you agree with me, gentlemen, when I propose that this hospital be named "The Shepherd Mission Hospital, Udaipur." My best wishes are for the prosperity of the institution, which has for its aim and object the physical well-being of my subjects. I hope that the benefits of a charitable institution like this will be spread far and wide, and I desire to offer my best thanks, not only to Dr. Shepherd, but to all those who have contributed so liberally to the construction of this hospital.

" 'I now declare the hospital open for the use of the public.' "

Dr. Shepherd replied in Hindustani. After thanking His Highness for his kindness in honouring them with his presence, he recounted the difficulties under which he had laboured in his former unsuitable premises, spoke of his hopes and efforts, and of the work actually being done. He then proceeded :

"I have to thank your Highness for your good wishes, and to assure you that nothing will be wanting on our part to make this new hospital not only an ornament to the city, but a source of benefit to your people. As I pass from ward to ward and from bed to bed, in the discharge of my medical duties, I shall ever

be reminded of those dear, true friends who have come forward so willingly and so liberally to my aid. Among these let me first of all place my own dear mother's name, because she has given me to this work, and as the result of her training and teaching have I the honour and privilege of labouring in Udaipur.

"In the midst of all our medical work, Maharana Sahib, we must ever remember that in healing the sick we are doing God's work, and, if that is done prayerfully and faithfully, we shall receive His blessing."

Colonel Walter spoke in warmest appreciation of Dr. Shepherd and his work, and the ceremony ended in characteristic Oriental fashion with the recital of Sanskrit verses specially composed for the occasion by the Poet Laureate of Mewar.

The great having inspected the building and departed, the carpets were removed, the doors thrown open, and the humbler folk of the bazaar poured in to see the hospital which had been built, after all, mainly for their benefit.

It was a glad day for Dr. Shepherd, and it must have added to his joy that it was shared by so many of his friends. It was no mere formal tribute that the Resident and other officials paid to the missionary. They were true friends and genuine helpers. They had subscribed liberally to the funds. The Resident's

interest and sympathy had helped to ensure the goodwill of the Raj. The State Engineer, Mr. Campbell Thomson, had himself drawn the detailed plans of the hospital and rendered invaluable assistance in superintending the building. Major Curzon Wyllie, an officer destined to a distinguished career and a tragic end at the hand of an assassin, was a staunch supporter. Of Mr. Wingate, the Settlement Officer, Dr. Shepherd wrote in his diary at the time of his transfer: "He has been my best and truest friend ever since I came to Udaipur."

The "Wingate Ward" and the "Walter Ward" were named in honour of those men who had done so much to create them, while a third ward was named after the Rao of Bedla, the distinguished nobleman who had befriended Dr. Shepherd from the day of his first arrival in Udaipur.

Shepherd always kept his flag flying high. The very fact that he was so utterly unashamed of the cause he served, that he so gloried in it, commanded the respect of these Christian-hearted men. So far as he could, he entered into *their* lives with zest, sharing their interests, joining in their sports. On the other hand, probably no missionary ever drew his European neighbours more into sympathy with his work or got more practical assistance from them. If

all missionaries had the same gift, or, having it, took the pains to exercise it more, less would be heard about the hostile attitude to missionaries of their fellow-countrymen abroad.

With the opening of the new hospital Dr. Shepherd's medical work entered on a new phase. He was able to treat surgical cases with greater confidence, and he was able to take in many more in-patients and give them much more suitable accommodation.

Within a few months Dr. Shepherd was able to report the "firstfruits of the hospital." He wrote home: "A young Rajput, by name Chel Singh, came to me very ill just before we left the old hospital. He remained with me, and was one of the patients taken to the new hospital. From the first he was an earnest inquirer and read most diligently with me. The turning-point was a strange vision of Jesus he had when almost at death's door from an acute attack of pneumonia. He believes that Jesus raised him from death that he might serve Him. After a careful and prayerful examination by my Session, we resolved to admit him into the Church by baptism. Since his baptism he has shown himself to be a consistent Christian, as well as an earnest worker. Thus God is encouraging our hearts."

Another result was that, with the expanding

reputation of the hospital, Dr. Shepherd began to come more and more into contact with Bhils from the hilly tracts. As these came into the city with loads of grass or wood or bamboos for sale, they heard of the padre-doctor and his cures. They had their own sick, and they began to bring them in to him across the hills. Thus new links were formed with these strange, primitive jungle tribes, and the way was prepared for an entrance into their country and into their affections. But that is a story which will be told in due course.

It was soon after the opening of the hospital that Rudyard Kipling visited Udaipur. With his keen eye for a personality, he was evidently attracted by the missionary who filled such a striking place in the life of the State.

“There is a saying in Upper India,” he writes in *Letters of Marque*, “that the more desolate the country, the greater the certainty of finding a Padre Sahib. The proverb seems to hold good in Udaipur, where the Scotch Presbyterian Mission have a post, and others at Todgarh to the north, and elsewhere. To arrive under Providence at the cure of souls through the curing of bodies certainly seems the rational method of conversion ; and this is exactly what the missions are doing. Their Padre in Udaipur is also an M.D., and of him a rather striking

tale is told. Conceiving that the city could bear another hospital in addition to the State one, he took furlough, went home, and there, by crusading and preaching, raised sufficient money for the scheme, so that none might say that he was beholden to the State. Returning, he built his hospital, a very model of neatness and comfort, and, opening the operation-book, announced his readiness to see every one and any one who was sick. How the call was, and is now, responded to, the dry records of that book will show; and the name of the Padre Sahib is honoured, as these ears have heard, throughout Udaipur and far around. The faith that sends a man into the wilderness, and the secular energy which enables him to cope with an ever-growing demand for medical aid, must, in time, find their reward. If patience and unwearying self-sacrifice carry any merit, they should do so soon. To-day the people are willing enough to be healed, and the general influence of the Padre Sahib is very great. But beyond that . . . still, it was impossible to judge aright."

Chapter IX—Through the Years

MORE than anything else, Dr. Shepherd was a plodder. The full record of his work through the years would be a somewhat monotonous tale of methodical, conscientious, constant labour. There was abundant variety in it, but there is no material that would enable us to write the story in chronological fashion, nor would it lend itself to such treatment. We shall attempt rather to separate the strands, and show some of the many forms of work in which he was engaged. Certain special features, such as his work among women, and the mission to the Bhil tribes, and the days of the Great Famine, will require separate chapters to themselves.

Although little mention has been, or will be, made of Dr. Shepherd's colleagues, it must not be imagined that Dr. Shepherd was throughout working alone. On the contrary, he had a long series of colleagues, including Mr. Traill, Mr. Jameson, Mr. M'Innes, Mr. M'Quiston, Mr. Tudhope, the present writer, and Mr. Grant. It was the definite policy of the Mission Council to have two missionaries at Udaipur, but such were the exigencies of work in other stations that no colleague ever remained with him for

more than a very brief period. It was one of the Doctor's grievances that he so often had hopes of a permanent colleague, only to have these hopes dashed again by the transfer of that colleague elsewhere. Not only so, but most of those who came to him were young men at the beginning of their missionary career, mere learners who had to be taught, rather than helpers who could share his burdens. With such beginners Shepherd was extraordinarily patient and encouraging. He introduced them to many sides of Indian life they might otherwise never have known, stimulated them to a thorough study of the language, and encouraged them in their first timid efforts at preaching in the vernacular.

But though he had thus some intermittent companionship at the bungalow, there was none, until the last years, who remained long enough with him really to grow into the work and establish for himself a position in Udaipur. Shepherd, and he alone, was "the Padre Sahib," and it was upon his shoulders that all the responsibility and burden of the work lay. In 1904, when on furlough, he wrote to the Foreign Mission Committee, giving up his salary on the stipulation that he should have a permanent colleague in Udaipur. Even then the first appointed to assist him had to be transferred in

1907 to Alwar, and it was not until the Rev. J. W. Runciman joined him in that year that his long-cherished desire was realised. Mr. Runciman, except for brief spells when the needs of other stations called him elsewhere, remained with him till the close of his career in Udaipur, and succeeded him in the charge of the station.

It was thus, for the most part, a lonely furrow that he had to plough, and at times the loneliness oppressed him. After a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Ashcroft we find an entry in his diary: "We have had a very happy time together. I wish they could stay for good, to bring cheerfulness into my lonely life." And years later, when Runciman had left him for a spell, "Feel very lonely without Runciman."

ISA DAS

His chief antidote to loneliness was sheer hard work and the companionship of his Indian friends and fellow-workers. Of these last, the most notable was the evangelist who accompanied him to Udaipur, and to whose faithful work and remarkable personality much of the early success of the mission was due. His story is so remarkable as to deserve telling at some length.

Isa Das (Servant of Jesus) was the son of a

poor farmer who was, however, of pure Rajput blood. In a year of famine his father, driven to extremities, had sold him to a Jati or Jain priest. This was, from a worldly point of view, a piece of good fortune for the boy. The Jatis are celibates and perpetuate their Order by adopting sons, whom they train as disciples to take their place when they die. As a Jain the lad received the name of Magan Bijai, and was instructed in the sacred books and rites of the Jain religion. His preceptor died while he was still a young man, leaving him, as his heir, all his property and the revenues which he received as spiritual head of the Jains in several wealthy villages. The possession of such wealth by a young man led him into a dissipated life, which, however, did not interfere with his position. The Jain religion is atheistic, and in place of the worship of God, the worship of holy men and of the priest seems to satisfy the religious craving. Magan Bijai was thus at stated times worshipped by crowds of devotees. But often, as he used to tell afterwards, when he was sitting being worshipped, he felt so miserable he would fain have destroyed himself. Dissatisfied with the negations of Jainism, he turned for relief to one of the secret sects associated with the worship of the goddess Devi. In public doing his work as a Jati, in private he worshipped Devi, learned

certain magic rites, and came to believe he had power to compel the gods to serve him and to enforce his will on men. But the licentiousness of certain secret orgies repelled him. He began to look elsewhere for a more satisfying faith.

Dr. John Robson tells the story of his conversion and later Christian service :

“ In this state he heard of a new religion which was being taught in Ajmer. He came to the city, visited the mission school, obtained some Christian literature, and began to read. This led to his coming to me for further instruction. His mind seemed to me to be in utter confusion, and there was a wild look about his eye. . . . He took up his abode with our native catechist, and came regularly to get instruction in the gospel ; but it was long before any light seemed to enter his mind.

“ One day the catechist came to me saying they could no longer tolerate the Jati in their house, that through all the previous night he had locked himself up in his room, and had been shouting and singing and yelling in a way that prevented him and his family getting a wink of sleep. I was surprised to hear this, and still more when, shortly after, Magan Bijai came to me with an expression of rest on his face such as I had not seen before, gave me his sacred books, and told me he was resolved to be a Christian.

I did not learn what had taken place in his room that night for some time after. It seems he had set the image of Devi on the one side and the Bible on the other, and invoked Devi, if she was greater than the God of the Bible, to give him a sign as she had done before. He continued praying and shouting with ever-increasing intensity, cutting his fingers and sprinkling his blood on the image of Devi till morning dawned. Devi neither appeared nor gave him any sign; so he concluded that she had been conquered, and at once and definitely abandoned her worship for ever. Thereafter his instruction in the Christian religion proceeded regularly, and he was soon received into the Christian Church by baptism, giving up his Jati name for that of Isa Das."

Like not a few sincere converts from Hinduism, he never gave up his belief in the existence of the Hindu gods. At least he did not try to convince his fellow-countrymen there were no such beings. He looked on them all as devils, who might rule and harm men who yielded themselves to them, but who could not harm any one who had given himself to Christ. Similarly his magic charms he looked on as a gift of Satanic power which faith in Christ forbade alike to use and to fear.

His revenue was, of course, lost to him. In



VIA FROM NEAR DR. SHEPHERD'S PEN-ALON



ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE FROM THE CITY SIDE.

time he became an agent of the mission—at first by no means a satisfactory agent, as the evils of his upbringing long clung to him, but eventually gaining the entire confidence and respect of the missionaries.

His conversion took place in 1864. In 1868 a severe famine brought about a reunion with his parents. Once more deprived of all their possessions, they bethought them of their son, traced him to Ajmer, and were horrified to find him a Christian. He at once undertook their support, and tried hard to win them to Christ. His father died without professing faith, but his old mother was received into the Church.

He had been some twelve years a Christian when he accompanied Dr. Shepherd to Udaipur, and had matured and grown in experience. His intimate knowledge of Hindu religious thought and practice made him invaluable as an evangelist, and won him personal respect among the Hindus. He came to have a touch of Puritanical sternness that was doubtless a reaction from his youthful excesses, but a poor man was never turned from his door. At the time of his death in 1891, Dr. Shepherd wrote of him: "He was eminently a man of prayer. He seemed fully to realise that unless the Spirit of God was given us, no good or lasting work could be done among these wild people."

Such was the man who, more than any other, supported Shepherd during his first fifteen years in Udaipur. It was through him, as we shall see, that an entrance was won into the Bhil country ; through him too that many of the first converts were brought to the light.

HOW THE "SHEPHERD TRADITION" GREW

Morning by morning, while Shepherd was toiling in the hospital, Isa Das was visiting the homes of the people, or riding out on his little pony to a neighbouring village. In the evening they would join forces and preach in the bazaar or hold a meeting in the hospital.

Dr. Shepherd always looked on the hospital as an evangelising agency. Daily, before the dispensary work began, an address was given to the assembled patients ; and the patients in the wards were regularly instructed. But he was not long in finding that the influence of the hospital was far more widespread than he had dreamed. When he began to tour among the villages of the plains, again and again he found the initial timidity and suspicion of the people suddenly vanish as some one in the crowd recognised him and cried, " Why, it's the Padre Sahib who cured me in Udaipur ! " and doors would be opened to him that would otherwise have remained closed.

So the "Shepherd tradition" grew. He stood for something new in their lives—a disinterested, beneficent being who for no apparent reason had their welfare at heart. His words were "good words"—such of them as they could understand. "Blessed are the pure in heart," and "Blessed are the poor," were sayings that had echoes in their own proverbial lore. "The Prodigal Son" and "The Good Samaritan" were stories at which they nodded their heads in cordial approval. Perhaps to many he appeared as the Good Samaritan himself.

PROGRESS UNDER DIFFICULTIES

But converts were few and mostly from those who lived in closer contact with the mission than did the villagers. It is almost impossible, as we have already indicated, to exaggerate the difficulties that an orthodox Hindu has to overcome before he can understand and still more before he can accept the Christian faith. His mind is saturated with traditional beliefs. The very words used to translate such ideas as "God," "sin," "salvation," etc., have for him a different connotation from their English equivalents. On the external side the difficulties are overwhelming. Let a man show the least tendency to come under the influence of Christianity,

and at once the relentless hostility of his caste-fellows is aroused. Let him make a serious breach of caste rule, as, for instance, by eating with a Christian, and he becomes the victim of a social ostracism such as has no parallel in the West. He cannot be received in his father's house nor by any of his native caste; and, of course, he can find no entrance into any other caste than that into which he was born. He stands alone in the world except for his new-made Christian friends, and they were too few to form what could be called a social circle. Too often, also, conversion means complete financial dependence on what the mission, with its very limited resources, can do for him.

It was only a man of considerable independence of character, and one who was by instinct a seeker after fuller truth than his own faith afforded, whom one could hope to win. The marvel is that there were any converts. Yet there were, and not a few of them of the higher castes. Now it is a young Rajput patient in the hospital of whom we find Shepherd writing with prayerful anxiety in his letters, and later recording his baptism with joy. Again it is a young Brahmin seeker, whose enthusiasm outstrips his knowledge, and who presses for baptism long before Dr. Shepherd regards him as understanding sufficiently all that it involves.

Yet again it is a young "bard" who comes under the spell of the gospel, reads for a time, disappears suddenly, fearing where he is being led; but is irresistibly drawn back. Another time it is an old man in hospital who has been hearing the gospel off and on for twelve years, and only in his last days finds peace in surrender.

Some of the converts had to endure no little persecution. A Muhammadan family had joined the Church. When the old father died, an uncle sought to reclaim the three orphan sons, tempting them with his wealth, which was considerable. He persuaded one to come on a visit to his house far beyond the Mewar borders, and there, when he found argument of no avail, he imprisoned him in his room and sought to starve him into submission. But one night the young man broke out through the window, and sped homewards across the jungle. Another, a Hindu of good caste, sought baptism only after many years' private study of the Bible, and indeed after long using it in the privacy of his home for private worship. Scarcely had he declared his faith and become openly a member of the Christian Church when reason was found for putting him in prison. He was a man of little physical courage, and as he was led, chained, along the dusty road to the jail, he felt utterly dejected and forlorn. Then suddenly, as he

used to tell afterwards, there flashed into his mind, as from without, Paul's triumphant boast, "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers . . . shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." And a new courage and exaltation thrilled through his soul. For two years as he lay in prison he preached, like Paul, to his fellow-prisoners. Dr. Shepherd got permission to visit him once a week, and he marvelled at the courage and enthusiasm he found in him. And his brave and devoted little wife awaited his release with a courage equal to his own.

THE CHURCH

Some of the glimpses we have given belong to later years. During the first dozen years of his work, the little Christian community had grown to only some fifty souls. There was as yet no church building, and Dr. Shepherd longed to have one, not only in the interests of reverent worship but as a visible witness to the gospel in the State. The usual difficulties were met in obtaining a site, and it is not known how they were overcome, except that it was due in part to the tact and skill of Mr. Traill, who was Dr. Shepherd's colleague at the time, that, in

1890, a suitable piece of ground was at last secured. The money for the building was obtained largely by Dr. Shepherd's own efforts, and indeed largely from his own personal friends and relatives. The State Engineer at that time, Mr. Campbell Thomson, took the keenest interest in it, acting both as architect and as superintending engineer. The building, though not a large one, is of exceptionally beautiful design, and Dr. Shepherd never ceased to remember with gratitude the debt he owed this truly Christian helper for his labour of love. It was, indeed, a proof of the genuineness of all his work that the Europeans who lived beside him were always ready to help him where they could, and it always touched him. "Our friends in the station," he writes in one of his letters, "are most helpful and ever willing to do what they can for us in the way of helping on the work. I think we missionaries do not utilise as we ought the help our fellow-countrymen are always so willing to give us." But he utilised it more than most.

It was opened on 5th July 1891. The Hindu is a strange mixture of tolerance and intolerance. From first to last there was little abatement of hostility to the proselytising side of Dr. Shepherd's work, and probably every case of conversion was keenly resented. Yet along with



H.H. SIR FATEH SING III, G.C.V.O., G.C.S.I.,
MAHARAJA OF UDAIPUR



THE PRESENT RAO OF BEDLA

this hostility went the deepest respect for him personally, as a religious man, and the warmest friendship. In token of that respect and friendship there was a large gathering at the service with which the church was opened. It included the young Maharana's father, the Poet Laureate, and many of the leading nobles, besides humble folk. The service was conducted in the vernacular by Mr. Traill. In the afternoon the little congregation met for Communion service. "My own heart," writes Dr. Shepherd, "was brimful of gratitude to God as I presided over our first Communion in our new church, and more than ever did I feel that the Lord had spread a refreshing table for us in the wilderness, that we might get new strength for serving Him better." And again: "In less than fourteen years we have been privileged to enter the third stage of our stational history. The first period was our entering Udaipur, and all the events which, under God, led up to our obtaining a site for the mission house. Our second period commenced with the new mission hospital, which friends at home assisted so materially to build. And now our church is built and opened for Divine service. We would go forward with the same hope and faith and joy to the future, knowing that God will make His name still more glorious in this city!"

EDUCATIONAL WORK

Like every other Indian missionary, Dr. Shepherd had early come to feel that without more constant and systematic teaching than is provided by occasional talks and addresses, there was little hope of making much deep impression on the Hindu mind; and even while he was still quite alone in the station he had added to his other work the organisation and superintendence of schools. At first the difficulty was to find suitable teachers. There were few Christians with the requisite qualifications, so, especially in the central Anglo-Vernacular School in the city, he had to appoint well-disposed Hindus. Christian text-books were used in the classes, but for some time he was much troubled by the inadequacy of the religious instruction given, and he did not rest satisfied until he had procured a Christian headmaster from one of the other stations of the mission. It was then decided that the work of the school should be opened each day with reading of the Bible and prayer in the presence of all the boys. Strangely enough, although the morning prayer and address at the mission hospital had never given rise to any trouble or protest, this new order in regard to the school created consternation in

the town. The attendance at once fell from over three hundred to eighty, and the prospect looked dark enough. Shepherd, however, was resolved to have a Christian school or no school. The new headmaster, a man both of tact and of zeal, supported him, and carried on the work of the attenuated school as if nothing abnormal had taken place. Gradually the boys returned to their classes. The excitement and opposition died down, and Dr. Shepherd wrote home expressing his thankfulness that "we have at last in this great city a school in which the Bible is daily read, and in which the Bible is daily taught by a Christian teacher."

It was one of Dr. Shepherd's dreams to see the mission lead the van in educational work in Udaipur. With a permanent colleague to aid him and sufficient funds, it might well have done so. But neither the funds nor the colleague were available. The State authorities, following the example and advice of the British Government, began to develop their own educational system, and for many years Dr. Shepherd acted as a member of the Educational Board of the State. With rising standards came a rise in expense, and eventually, about the time of the great famine, the Mission Council was compelled, in the interests of economy, to withdraw from the English side of education in Udaipur alto-

gether. It was one of the keen disappointments of Dr. Shepherd's life. The seven smaller vernacular schools which he retained continued to do invaluable work among the less literate classes; but the influence which a Christian High School exercises on the life and thought of the leaders of a whole community cannot be overestimated. Such an influence was, however, not to be known in Udaipur.

The fact is that Dr. Shepherd was throughout hampered by the limitations under which he worked. He was a man of big ideas and boundless energy. He laid plans that were statesman-like in their wide scope. He had dreams of an efficient High School in the city, of village schools and evangelists dotted through the villages, of an out-station to the south of the Bhil country, and so forth. Had he been the pioneer of a new field, and not merely of a new mission station, his work might have developed as did, say, the work of Dr. Laws in Livingstonia. As it was, he had often the chagrin of finding or creating great opportunities and having to forgo them for lack of men and money.

TRAINING AGENTS

With the agents of the mission Dr. Shepherd had a very deep and understanding sympathy.

If the missionary, with all the advantages of his culture, comparative comfort, and racial prestige, often feels the loneliness of his position and a great longing for congenial fellowship, what must be the lot of a village teacher living perhaps thirty or forty miles from his nearest fellow-Christian? His Hindu neighbours, if not actually hostile, keep him outside of their social life. He and his family live in isolation, a tiny Christian island in the ocean of Hinduism. That such lonely teachers, men of comparatively little education and little resource in themselves, remain so loyal as they do, so sure of the faith that is in them, and so courageous in the face of not infrequent contempt and disparagement, is one of the great witnesses to the power of Christ in simple lives.

To help these scattered workers to maintain their spiritual life, there was instituted a Summer Class at Nasirabad, which met towards the end of May, when the schools had closed for the hot-season holidays. It was a great reunion of old friends. Pastors, evangelists, and village teachers from the far corners of Rajputana were gathered together, a hundred and more, for the ten days of the class. Three missionaries were appointed to give daily lectures, and there were less formal meetings and discussions and social gatherings in the evenings. It was the only

suitable time of year in consideration of the work, but it was a trying time, especially for the Europeans, owing to the heat. The thermometer would be anything from 110° to 115° in the shade. Occasionally a sand-storm would interrupt a lecture, or break the slumbers of the weary in the small hours. Most of the work was done in the early morning and after sundown, the hot hours of the day being devoted to talk and the renewal of old friendships.

In the work of this class Dr. Shepherd, throughout all his time in India, took a very active part. For many years he was convener of the Committee which made the arrangements for it. Each year he would prepare his lectures with the utmost care, writing them out in the vernacular, a task which occupied all his spare time for weeks. But it was not so much his lectures as his kindly presence that gave character to the gathering. Although he belonged to so remote a station, among the older missionaries there was none who was better known to the Christians of Rajputana as a whole. They turned to him, both men and women, sure of a kindly welcome and a kindly interest that included all their children and all their family affairs.

HOSPITAL AND LEPER MISSION

Of the work of the hospital through the years only a doctor could write. That he was a sound physician and a skilful surgeon the records of his cases would show. Like most doctors in India, he had to turn his hand to every department of his profession. Of the greater scourges he had ample experience—cholera, plague, dysentery, typhoid, and malaria. The crying need of India's women made him take an interest in midwifery that was, to some extent, against his own natural inclinations. But there was no limit to the range and variety of his practice—most of the diseases with which we are familiar at home, with many more peculiar to the tropics. In surgery he never knew what the day would have for him to undertake—a cataract or an amputation or an abdominal operation. There were times, in the early days, when he invented and made with his own hands some of the instruments with which his operations had to be carried out.

There was one class of sufferer to whom his heart was especially drawn. The terrible disease of leprosy, now happily unknown in our own country and rapidly disappearing from Europe, is still very prevalent in India. It is much less so, it is true, in Rajputana than in any other

province ; but this fact was not at first known to Dr. Shepherd, and when, in the 'nineties, a few cases came under his personal notice, he was greatly moved by their pitiable condition, and thought he saw opening up for him a large new sphere of service. In 1896 he had four under his care—two in advanced stages in the hospital, and two living in a little hut in a corner of the mission compound. The latter had been under instruction for some time and were baptized that year. “Poor fellows !” he writes, “they are in a miserable condition. I am making them do such light work as their maimed condition allows, and they seem very steadfast and happy.” As there was no possibility of these poor souls supporting themselves, Dr. Shepherd applied to the Mission to Lepers for assistance, and a grant was at once sent, and increased in after years. The settlement of the two men in the Leper Home soon attracted three more, and it looked as if this branch of his work would develop rapidly, but though the famine of 1900 brought a few more cases to light, there did not prove, after all, to be very many in the State.

To the sad hearts of these poor lepers the message of the gospel came as a wonderful ray of light and hope. Recent advances in medical science (in which some of the missionaries have taken prominent part) have made it possible

greatly to check the ravages of the disease, and even, in many cases, to cure it completely. In those days there was no cure and little alleviation. The leper could but sit and watch his body die by slow degrees, an object increasingly abhorrent to his fellow-men. It was amazing to see what a measure of real cheerfulness the knowledge of the love of God in Christ brought into those darkened lives. There was a day in 1902 when six of the lepers were together admitted into the full membership of the Church, and a seventh received baptism. The last, a Bhil, had been won entirely by the witness of his fellow-sufferers. The most remarkable of all was a young man named Ratna, who, even when blind and unable to walk, never lost the joy and radiance of what his spiritual eye had seen. "He was a fine lad," wrote Shepherd when he died, "and did much to witness for Christ among those who came about him."

On Communion Sundays a pathetic little group of the less advanced sufferers sat on the floor in an isolated corner of one transept, and to them Dr. Shepherd always, with his own hand, gave the bread and the wine in a special cup. Their presence seemed to add to the depth and meaning of the act of worship, bringing home to all the cry of the needy world of men and the all-embracing love of the Great Sufferer.

One by one the little band of sufferers passed away, and the last glimpse of the leper work at Udaipur is given in the death of Lal Singh in 1908. The outstanding feature of this old Christian leper was his unselfishness and eagerness to help others. It was found that for months before his death he had been carrying on quiet little meetings in his own isolated ward in the hospital for the benefit of the patients in the adjoining wards. Almost his last words were, "Now, I am ready to go home." Little wonder that Dr. Shepherd once wrote of this work: "More and more I feel that the Master is with us in this department of Christian work."

There proved, however, to be far fewer lepers in the district than he had imagined, and in 1908 the intention of establishing a permanent Leper Institution was abandoned.

FURLOUGHIS

Dr. Shepherd was not greedy of furloughs. He had been a further term of ten years in India before, in the spring of 1894, he set sail once more for the home country. In 1883 he had returned with the glamour of his first days at Udaipur still upon him, and full of plans for his hospital. Now he came home, no less eager, but with a sense of accomplishment, the hospital

having been in full swing for eight years, a church built, a little congregation established, and the work among the Bhil tribes opening up. After a few months' rest he was as indefatigable as ever in deputation work among the churches, and no less successful than before in rousing interest. He had brought home a large assortment of Indian costumes, and there are many who still remember his addresses to children when members of the audience were dressed up to represent the different Hindu castes. He was always looking forward rather than back, and it was with his vivid description of tours among the Bhil tribes, of their life and customs, and of his hopes for the development of work among them, that he aroused most interest. Of this department of his work we shall have much to write in later chapters.

The home in Bon Accord Crescent had suffered a sad change in the loss of its ruling head. Old Mrs. Shepherd had died in 1891 at the age of seventy-eight, and her daughter Mary was now in domestic charge.

In the spring of 1895, Dr. Shepherd persuaded his sister to accompany him on a continental tour, the memory of which afforded him great pleasure all the rest of his life. It occupied nearly two months, and in the course of it they visited Paris, Nice, Monte Carlo, Mentone, San

Remo (where they spent some happy days in company with Dr. Beatt, their own minister from Aberdeen), Rome, Florence, Venice, Milan, and the Italian Lakes, returning by Lucerne and Zurich. It was in an hotel on the shore of Lake Maggiore that they had an encounter which Dr. Shepherd used often to quote as an example of strange coincidence. There was only one other guest besides themselves in the hotel, a youngish man of their own race. Over the first meal they fell into conversation. Remark- ing on the weather, the young man said he found it a decided change after that of India.

"You know India?" said Dr. Shepherd. "What part? Have you ever been in Rajputana?"

"Oh yes. I've just come from Udaipur."

"Udaipur!" cried Dr. Shepherd. "That's where I live."

"Then you must be Dr. Shepherd," exclaimed the other. "I have just been living in your house, where I was visiting Dr. Whitehouse. I am Dr. Young from Manchuria."

In this odd way a friendship sprang up between them, and they journeyed for several days in company.

The whole tour was a complete success, and in after years he would often gaze long at the large coloured views of Italy that hung on the

walls of his sitting-room in Udaipur, and re-live those days in memory.

It was not only of lovely scenes that he carried back rich memories. His visits to the churches had renewed old friendships and created new ones. No man was ever more careful of possessions than Dr. Shepherd, especially if these had come to him as gifts. For twenty-five years after this furlough he never went a long journey or out into camp among the Bhils without a certain black-and-white check plaid, a valuable thing in itself, but valued more because it had been the gift of an interested hearer in the Border country.

Of later furloughs there is little to record. When he came home in 1903, the strain of the famine and the strenuous years that followed it had so told upon his health that the doctor forbade his taking part in any regular work. It was during this furlough that Dr. Shepherd asked the Foreign Mission Committee to guarantee him a permanent colleague at Udaipur, and gave up his salary in order to facilitate this arrangement.

His next furlough fell in 1909, when he spoke, a grey-haired veteran, at the General Assembly's "Foreign Mission Night." He was a little saddened to find that many of his contemporaries had passed away, and a new generation risen to

which he felt a stranger. Also how the newer and widening interests of the united Church had rather crowded out the old knowledge of, and interest in, his own particular field.

One letter of this period we are permitted to publish, and we do so because, though intimately private in nature, it reveals that deeper side of Dr. Shepherd's life which his natural reserve tended to keep hidden from men's eyes. It was addressed to the Rev. W. M'Robbie, on hearing that he had lost his wife :

“6 BON ACCORD CRESCENT,
ABERDEEN, 16th December 1910.

“DEAR MR. M'ROBBIE,—I only knew yesterday of the great sorrow and bereavement that is now darkening your heart and your happy home. I was on my way from Inverness to Aberdeen, and, at Insch, my thoughts carried me back to the month of August, when your dear wife met me at the station, and drove me to Premnay. I shall not readily forget her, or her kind, thoughtful, and deeply helpful character. I hardly like to intrude into the sacred chamber of your own private sorrow, but I would like, as one who was so impressed with Mrs. M'Robbie's beautiful and saintly personality, to weave a little wreath of tribute to the memory of one who was so universally beloved and respected. I know, in

a measure, what her call to the 'Better Land' means to you and your family, and I would like to express my heartfelt sympathy with you in this sore bereavement. The Master is leading you now gently along the sorrowful way, but He is very near to you, to whisper into your fainting heart that consolation and help He alone can give. Do you not hear Him saying to you, 'It is I, be not afraid'? May you more than ever before hear His loving voice and feel His sympathetic touch. The cloud is dark to you just now, and the sad blank in the manse ever reminds you of the beautiful, noble life that has gone from your side to the Sanctuary above. Behind it all is Jesus Himself, assuring you that whom He *loves* He chastens. Sorrow and bereavement are, after all, the Master's love-token, drawing us away from earthly things more closely to Himself. The hand that smites can also bind up. Into God's gracious keeping I would seek to commend you and your family, praying that, in this time of great sadness and loneliness, you may be comforted by the presence of Him who can wipe away all tears.

"Your dear departed wife, with whom for so many years you have enjoyed such uninterrupted fellowship and help, is not lost to you, only gone before. She will eagerly await your coming to renew that loving intercourse above

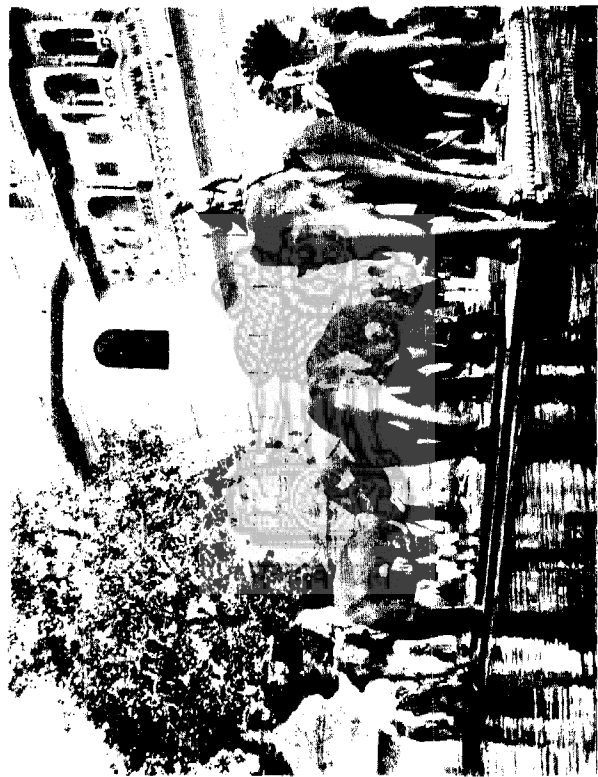
which was so imperfectly enjoyed amid the work and cares of this sinful world.

“With very kind regards and affectionate sympathy.—I am, my dear Brother, yours most sincerely,
JAMES SHEPHERD.”

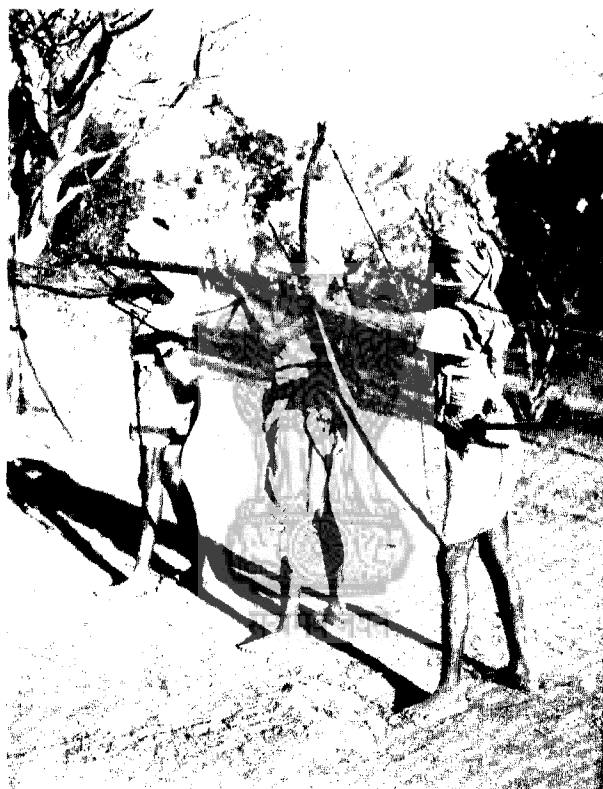
Such a letter reveals something of the real Shepherd, the man of childlike, unclouded faith, that lay beneath the courteous, affable, yet intensely reserved Aberdonian gentleman who fronted the world.

His last furlough was in 1916, when the shadow of the war was over the land, and it was hard to turn men's thoughts to anything else. Already the war had touched him nearly. His young colleague at Udaipur, the Rev. A. C. Grant, had gone home on short leave the previous autumn to be married to Dr. Christian Maitland, daughter of ex-Provost Maitland of Aberdeen. The newly married couple were returning to India on board the s.s. *Persia* when it was torpedoed in the Mediterranean, and both were lost.

Undaunted by the danger that had been so forcibly brought home to him, the old missionary, in October 1917, turned his face East for the last time. The night he spent in London was that of one of the air raids on the city, but, in recording it, his terse diary does not change its

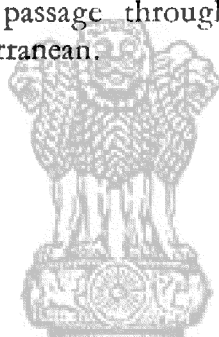


WAITING THE ELEPHANTS



EBELS WITH GUN AND BOW

even tone. "8 p.m. Warning of another air raid. The electric light went out while packing. Had to use candle. Went to bed early and only heard one gun." And next day, "The raid last night was in the City area. Bomb dropped at Piccadilly Circus." That, and no more. Nor do the daily jottings in his diary of little ship-life events show any trace of anxiety as they made the dangerous passage through the torpedo-haunted Mediterranean.



सत्यमेव जयते

Chapter X—For India's Women

DR. SHEPHERD never married, but it was certainly not due to any trace of misogamy. As of many bachelors, his attitude to women was one of the utmost chivalry, and he was popular among them. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than to act as host when brother missionaries brought their wives on a visit to his house at Udaipur. To that gallant and charming little lady, Mrs. Robb of Nasirabad, he was specially attached, and would often tell how her bungalow had been to him in his young days the most home-like spot in India.

For the women of India he had a deep sympathy. As a doctor, he knew much of the untold suffering that is screened from ordinary eyes. He knew of those slowly wasting away with phthisis in the confines of the zenana. He knew of the unnecessary suffering and not infrequent deaths in childbirth due to the ignorance of untrained midwives. And it hurt him like a wound to himself. I have never known him so passionately angry and grieved as when he returned one day from a case to which he had been called. A poor woman had been in agony for over twenty-four hours ;

and it had been too late for him to save her. That was only too common an experience. Caste prejudice prevented people from calling in the foreign doctor until all other help had failed, and that too often meant when the time for help was past.

Apart altogether from disease, there were many things in the lot of Hindu women that filled him with pity and made him very tender towards them. In a letter written home in 1885 he gives one instance :

“ A very painful scene was enacted at the edge of the lake, near our house, the other day, which Mr. M'Innes and I stood watching for some time. The victim was apparently a young woman. Her husband, who had died that morning, had been carried from her house, and was burning on the funeral pile, while she with her friends, and in charge of two old barbers' wives, repaired to the edge of the lake. I could see it was with difficulty they could get the poor woman to come along. The operation commenced by knocking off her ornaments, which were purified with water before they were given to the other barber's wife. I saw myself one of these wretches take a stone and break some of the ornaments over the poor woman's arm. How this wretch gloated over the lovely black hair, which hung in streaming tresses far

beyond her waist! It made my blood boil to see how she gathered it several times in her hand, as if taunting the poor widow. She would never have to comb or dress it again. It was soon cut off, and flung away as a polluted thing. Bereft of her bodice, her hair, and her ornaments, and clad only with the fragments of an old chaddar or veil, the *nains* or barbers' wives left her for a little to mourn alone. When this was finished, they clad her in the dark garments of widowhood, and led her away home to a life of lonely misery and trial. . . . Poor Hindu women! Your lot is certainly a hard one. It is a satisfaction to know that something is being done to help you in many ways, and to make your cheerless and aimless life a brighter and a happier one."

Apart from the Hindu attitude to widowhood there was much in the Indian woman's lot that touched him deeply. The happy little fair-skinned girls of the higher castes who flash, bright specks of colour, about the bazaars, while they are still too young to be secluded, won his affection; and it pained him to think of the long years to be spent behind the purdah. As he grew older he was adopted almost as a brother in a few, a very few, of the families of his most intimate friends, and admitted to the family circle. By far the majority clung to their

custom of seclusion, and, even when grievously ill, could rarely be persuaded to admit the doctor. Among the lower castes, who do not keep *pardah*, he had greater scope. The dispensary and hospital were thronged with women patients, and he was called freely to their homes. He had a remarkable memory for names, and people in Udaipur will tell you to-day how on his visits he would pat the little boy or the little girl on the head, and have the name ready.

Among the many strange cases that came to him were occasionally poor women whose noses had been cut off by their husbands. This is a punishment not infrequently inflicted by Muhammadans upon their wives for infidelity, real or imagined. It is done savagely and thoroughly, and the result is ghastly beyond description. The operation of supplying a new nose, with skin grafted from another part of the body, was one on which Dr. Shepherd rather prided himself. The result might not be altogether beautiful, but at least it was a vast improvement on the living horror it concealed.

One day, by way of encouraging a little woman who was waiting for the operation, he asked her chaffingly, "Now tell me, what kind of nose would you like?" and he stroked his own, which, though well-cut, was somewhat prominent and aquiline. To his great amusement, she clasped

her hands and begged, "Oh no, Sahib; *please* not such a big one."

Dr. Shepherd early realised that any efforts to educate or influence the people which did not include the women were sure to be ineffective. In spite of all the burdens laid upon them, the women are even more conservative than the men. Their respectability, their personal honour in the eyes of the world they live in, depend largely on strict adherence to the very customs that cramp their lives. And how can any vision of a freer, ampler life ever come to them? Unable to read, hearing little but local gossip and old tales of heroic women whose merit lay in the devotion of body and soul to the service of their lords and masters, they have neither desire nor opportunity for wider knowledge of the world.

It was obviously through the little children that the door of knowledge was most likely to be opened, and Dr. Shepherd determined to supplement his boys' schools with schools for girls. As soon as he had Christian women capable of acting as teachers, he opened first one, and then a second girls' school. At first it was only by bribery that the little girls could be induced to attend. They received the large sum of one pice, equal to a farthing, for each day's attendance. There was much suspicion

and opposition. Children would come for a few days or a few weeks, and then, owing to pressure from the orthodox, be kept at home. At the best, none of the higher caste and few others ever came beyond the age of twelve; but those who stayed so long had at least learned the three "R's" fairly thoroughly, and amongst their reading and in their tiny library were gospels and other simple Christian books.

Perhaps the finest types of Udaipur Christians were amongst the women. There were two especially—Nauli Bai and Ajburi Bai—who had charge of the two schools in later years, the force and dignity of whose character did much to commend Christianity. Almost every day, before returning home for tiffin, after a long morning in the hospital, Dr. Shepherd would ride round to a boys' school or a girls' school, and examine a class here or there. It was no awe-inspiring inspection. A tiny tot would be perched on his knee, others leaning against him or peering over his shoulder. For he was one of whom little children never were afraid.

But there was the sad side. One by one those little girls he knew and loved would be claimed by the zenana. Before they had enjoyed half their girlhood they would be married. If you inquire of an elderly Hindu, you will very often find that, though monogamous in personal

practice, he is living with his second, third, or even fourth wife. It is even rare to find an elderly Indian with whom the girl-wife of his early youth still survives. Little wonder that the tender-hearted Doctor used to sigh as his little pets vanished from the school! Some might have a happy future, proud little mothers in a happy home, wrapped up in the children as they came. For others the burden of their womanhood would prove too grievous to be borne.

At times there were more tragic happenings. One day, returning from a month in camp, Dr. Shepherd was greeted with strange news. Ajburi Bai, the head teacher of a school of sixty little girls, was waiting at the bungalow. She said a little girl of four, who used sometimes to accompany her older sister to the school, had disappeared. Her parents, decent people of the goldsmith caste, were distraught, and searching everywhere. She had not been to the school; she was not to be found in the bazaar. Next day the police unravelled the mystery. A neighbour, a man of good caste, had enticed her into his courtyard. She wore a gold collar or necklace round her neck, the ends welded together. For the sake of this the brute had murdered her, cut off her head, and buried her body beneath the earthen floor of his house.

The murderer was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment.

British law is not in force in the Native States, and one is driven to the conclusion that the Indian law reckons the value of a woman lower than that of a man. In the capital of one Native State, not long ago, a Muhammadan was charged with having beaten his wife to death. He was found guilty, fined a few rupees, and given less than a week's imprisonment. The same week a boy running through the bazaar brandishing a bamboo staff accidentally killed one of the innumerable pigeons that haunt the grain market. For this offence he served three months in jail.

Muhammadan literature is full of a love romance of a kind. There is no lack of passionate love-songs. And Hinduism has always given women high place of honour, guarding her purity and the sanctity of the home. Yet with both her supreme virtue lies in her complete subordination to man. It was she who committed *sati* to follow her lord and master through the flames; never he who made the sacrifice.

Not a few visitors to India, coming in contact with the Indian Christians, have remarked the new look in the faces of Christian women. The Hindu women, when their faces are seen at all,

have a sad and downcast aspect. The Christians, even where they have come from the lower castes, have a brighter, happier, more intelligent appearance, as if life had a greater value to them and a keener interest. They have found themselves in finding Christ. Nowhere could this have been better seen than in the women who were slowly gathered into the little church at Udaipur. A few had been of good caste, others of humble origin, and not a few, latterly, were simple Bhil women; but one and all had something of the joy of the new faith shining in their eyes.

Dr. Shepherd took great pains with their instruction. On Sunday there was only one regular Hindustani service—the evening service being in English for the Europeans. But every Sunday afternoon, hot weather and cold, Dr. Shepherd himself held a Bible class for all the women of the congregation, and the Bible became to them a familiar book.

Once a week, with some of the older matrons in charge, they met on his verandah for a sewing meeting. At times he got assistance from some lady in the station. The wife of one Resident, Mrs. (now Lady) Pinhey, a niece of General Gordon of Khartoum, used to have this meeting on the beautiful verandah of the Residency. Tea would be served in her most delicate china,

and Dr. Shepherd would tremble in his shoes as he saw those women from the wilds of the Bhil hills handling the fragile cups. But there never was a mishap.

Shepherd's interest in work among women was by no means confined to his own station. There still lives in retirement in Geneva a wonderful old Swiss lady, Mrs. Drynan. Her husband was one of the earliest Rajputana missionaries, but died in 1867, after only a few years' service. She was granted a tiny pension by the Mission Board, and on this, with some slight assistance from friends in Switzerland, continued to live, with the utmost frugality, in Rajputana, working as an independent missionary among the humblest and poorest for over fifty years. She writes me that I must be sure to tell of "dear Dr. Shepherd's kindness to women." She mentions one little incident as typical. Among her many activities she had taught a poor little Indian widow to make Swiss cakes and Indian chutneys, enabling her thus to earn a living and educate her little boy. Dr. Shepherd heard of the effort, and sent repeated orders. She tells also how she has known him, time and again, to give a "dressing down" to men who had been treating their wives with cruelty.

He took the keenest interest in the women's

Industrial Home at Beawar, an institution which affords a refuge to poor derelict women, to orphan girls too big for the girls' orphanage or boarding-school, and to those whose conversion has rendered them homeless. He felt greatly the need of giving the women an occasional change and holiday from the monotonous life and work of such a Home ; but this was a luxury beyond the scope of mission funds. For many years it was an annual cheque from Dr. Shepherd that sent these women off, with happy, laughing faces, packed together in bullock-carts, for a fortnight's outing at Todgarh or Ashapura.

Indeed, of all the far-scattered stations of the mission, there was not one where his kindness was not known, and where he was not welcomed as the patriarchal Padre Sahib of the older, simpler days.

Chapter XI—The Great Famine

THE "hot weather" of Rajputana needs to be experienced to be understood. No description can enable the imagination quite to re-create the conditions under which men live. Even those who pass through it year by year find that the memory of its discomforts fades very quickly when it is over. I have known Europeans in India, when the dry, cold wind of a cold weather night was piercing them to the bone, to mutter, "Ugh! I wish the hot weather were round again." This is partly due to the merciful dispensation whereby our painful experiences of the past are so much more difficult to bring back vividly to the mind than are our pleasant ones; and partly to the fact that, trying as the hot weather is, there is probably no moment at which one is actually in any *acute* discomfort. It is the monotony and never-ceasing strain of a continual *mild* discomfort that wears and tears the nerves, the fact that one is never cool that leaves one at the end limp and exhausted. I once asked a distinguished newspaper correspondent who accompanied Younghusband's expedition to Lhasa, and who has had much experience of the East, which he found the more

trying, the intense cold of Thibet or the heat of the plains of India. "Oh, the heat," he said. "In the cold there is always something one can do to get warm—walk about, pile on clothes, hang over a fire. In the heat there is nothing one can do to get really cool."

When April has stoked up and May is in, strong winds from the south-west begin to blow continuously, but the wind is hot as the breath of a furnace, and even at night, out on the roof, beats on the light-clad body with annoyingly warm waves. The temperature is anything from 105° to 115° in the shade, and in the sun at noon over 170° . The blue sky has vanished, and overhead is a luminous, greyish, dust-laden firmament of pale brass. At times a real dust-storm brings clouds of dust so dense that they blot out the sun, and make it for half an hour almost as dark as night. If it comes in the night, when one is sleeping out upon the flat roof, it is a case of clinging desperately to pillow and sheet and mattress, and staggering downstairs when chance offers. I have known a heavy wooden bed to be lifted bodily over the low roof parapet and smashed on the ground beneath. Such violent storms, however, are not frequent; it is rather the never-ceasing monotony of strong, dust-laden, warm wind that becomes trying to the European.

The poorer class of Indian, on the other hand, will often assure you that the hot weather is for him the pleasantest season of the year. There is little to be done in the fields, and he has abundant leisure. The heat is to him much pleasanter than the keen cold of winter nights, from which he has neither the clothing nor fuel nor house suitable to protect him. He sleeps contentedly through the hottest hours of the day, and sits up late, out under the stars, chatting with his neighbours or joining in sing-songs.

There is, however, one haunting dread that keeps him anxious as the hot months pass by. Will the rains come, and will they be sufficient? His cattle, with nothing but the driest of chopped straw to feed upon, are getting leaner week by week. The *talans*, little artificial lakes for irrigation, have long since lost all that the last rains brought. In the wells the water is getting lower and lower. Everything depends upon the rains—grass for the cattle to eat (for not a blade survives the hot weather), water for man and beast to drink, wheat and millet and maize for human food. In Rajputana there is a famine of greater or less intensity at least once in half a dozen years, but when people talk about “The Famine,” it is the terrible drought and dearth of 1899 that is meant. The Indians themselves refer to it more often simply as “Fifty-

Six." The Hindu calendar dates from 57 B.C., so that A.D. 1899 is 1956 by their reckoning. They will give their own or their children's ages as so many years before or after "Fifty-Six."

It was, indeed, a year to be remembered. May passed into June, and June wore to a close; but there never came that lull in the dry, hot monsoon wind which precedes the rains. July and August passed, and still there was not a blade of grass and no seed could be sown on the parched ground. The wells began to dry up. Following immemorial custom the peasants of Marwar and Mewar began to set out in large companies, driving their cattle south to the more fertile parts of Gujerat and Central India. But this time the drought was too widespread and too severe. Few of the poor beasts reached the pasture lands, and fewer still returned. The waysides and the barren jungle were strewn with carcasses. Millions of cattle died.

As for the men and women and children, those who were in Rajputana during that year cannot yet speak of them without emotion. As soon as it was clear that famine, and an unprecedentedly terrible famine, was inevitable, steps were taken in British India to cope with the distress. In the Ajmer and Merwara districts relief works were opened to give employment and a living wage to those still fit to work. Free relief was

given to those already too exhausted by hunger for any labour, and to the aged and the young. Train loads of wheat and grass were brought from other provinces which the famine had not touched. But there were many who lived far from railways. The rumour of famine relief camps might reach them, but already their strength was too far gone for them to be able to reach such help. They wandered, distracted, and died on the way. At times the madness of hunger drove men to terrible deeds. A poor woman was seen to have a little silver two-anna piece. Two men followed her to a lonely place, and demanded that she give it to them. Instead, she swallowed it. Infuriated, they killed her, cut the body open, and recovered the coin. Thousands tried to satisfy their hunger with roots and dry grass and various seeds of the jungle. In a much less severe famine in 1906, the present writer accompanied the State Engineer of the Udaipur State on a visit of inspection to relief camps in the northern plains of Mewar. It was the month of May, and we used to start before dawn to ride the twenty miles from one camp to another before the heat had become intolerable. One morning we had ridden some miles over an utter desolation, relieved by no single trace of green, except, perhaps, an occasional cactus bush, and made

the more weird by the gaunt, leafless trees that should have been evergreens and by the pale dust haze that had the aspect of a slight frosty fog at home, though in a very different temperature. No village was in sight, and we were surprised to see through the haze, a quarter of a mile away, the figures of three old women apparently grubbing in the ground. We rode across to them and found they were digging with their fingers in the earth for the grass seeds which the ants had stored.

In British territory—that is, in the small districts of Ajmer and Merwara—vigorous, if somewhat belated, measures for relief were put in force. In all the mission stations, the missionaries, generously supported by the Home Church, toiled through days of horror and terrific strain to rescue the dying. Poor, emaciated human creatures would reach their door, only to die. Mothers, in the last extremity, would leave their skin-and-bone little children to their care. On the roads and in the jungle those who had lain down exhausted to die would be picked up and brought in. But in spite of all the efforts of Government and mission, even in these districts the mortality was terrible. The census of 1901 showed that, through the famine, Ajmer City had lost 10 per cent., Ajmer district 13 per cent., and Merwara district $8\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. of their populations.

In the Native States matters were vastly worse. Though urged by Government to deal vigorously with the situation, many of the native rulers showed themselves strangely apathetic and indifferent. Whether it was due to the Oriental tendency to acquiesce without struggle in the ways of Fate, or to reluctance to spend the necessary money, or just to sheer lethargy and incapacity, the steps taken in most States were utterly inadequate. Jodhpur and Bikaner were honourable exceptions; but they, again, were handicapped by the immense stretches of sandy desert which comprise the great proportion of their territory, by the lack of railways, and by the fact that so many of the deep wells from which, even in normal years, the people draw all their drinking water had gone dry, there were few places where concentration camps could be formed. The people of the desert State of Jodhpur are distinguished for their resourcefulness, and during times of famine they are accustomed to emigrate to Gujerat, Kotah, and Central India, to secure grazing for their cattle and cheap food for themselves. "Whenever they realised that the rains had failed," writes a Rajputana missionary, "and that famine was imminent, they set out, after the manner of their forefathers. It was useless to argue with them that never in the memory of man had such a

famine visited India, and that the lands to which they looked for deliverance were suffering as greatly as their own. Of the thousands who went forth with their wives and children, their servants and attendants, their sheep and oxen, there came back, months after, straggling companies of two or three. The bones of the others lie along the great roads that in past years had led to life and safety, but which this time had led only to despair and death. When it was too late, a strong cordon of soldiers and police watched the frontier to drive the people back into their own land."

The Udaipur State was among those which suffered most, and in which any efforts made to afford relief were least successful. Here there was one special hindrance to effective measures being taken. As has been pointed out in an earlier chapter, the social structure resembles, in many respects, the feudal system. Only about a third of the territory is "crown land," paying revenue to the State coffers and coming directly under the administration of the Maharana. The remainder is split up into the feudal holdings of the *thakurs* or nobles of the State, to whom the revenue is paid, and who are responsible for the administration of their estates. The Maharana, not unnaturally, refused to be responsible for relief work in the

demesnes of his nobles. They, on the other hand, with estates varying from tiny holdings to what are almost independent little kingdoms, had no unity of action. Some did nothing at all; others were willing, but had no experience or ability; others again could not overcome, single-handed, the enormous difficulties of transport and organisation. So the people died. It was the hand of God.

Statistics are dull things, but it takes little imagination to see the human tragedy behind the statistics of the famine. Ajmer and Merwara, the British districts, lost, as we have seen, 13 per cent. and 8½ per cent. of their population respectively. For all Rajputana the figures were far more terrible. The census of 1891 showed the population of Rajputana to be 12,762,000—a decrease of 2,485,000. Allowing 500,000 for natural increase, we may estimate the loss due to the famine as about 3,000,000, out of less than 13,000,000 souls. And the total British losses in the four years of the Great War were about 900,000!

The Udaipur State, with a population of 1,727,000 in 1891, suffered a decrease through the famine of 45 per cent. Nearly half a people wiped out within a year!

As the months of that terrible year wore on, it was to sights of terrible, pitiable distress that

Dr. Shepherd went out every morning. Pierre Loti visited Udaipur that winter, and in a few lines gives a picture of the scene that confronted him as he drew near the city :

“ As we come near the distress is too painfully apparent. Pitiful beggars wander through the avenues of dead trees leading to the gates. I have never seen such creatures anywhere, and it scarcely seems possible that they are living. They are but mummies or dried bags of bones that walk abroad, that still have eyes in the depths of their sockets and voices in the depths of their chests with which to ask for charity. They were once labourers in the fields, and they have dragged themselves towards the town because they heard that food is still to be had there. But oftentimes they fall by the roadside, and here and there we see them lying in the dust, which gives a ghastly tint to their nude forms, and which will soon form the shroud of their death agony.”

It is one thing, however, like Pierre Loti, to have one's sensitive soul harrowed for a day by sights like these. It is quite another to live on in the midst of them, struggling to the limits of one's strength and resources to bring relief and to stem some portion at least of the great deathward flood.

Among those who suffered most were the

Bhils of the hill country. At the best of times they live a hand-to-mouth existence, their tiny mountain fields yielding barely sufficient for their sustenance. They eke out their living by carrying to the town loads of the grass that in normal years grows in abundance in their valleys. But the fields had yielded nothing and the grass had not grown. They were the first to be left in sheer destitution. When their meagre stocks of grain had run out, and the water failed in the wells, and the cattle lay dead upon the mountain-sides, they staggered across the hills to Udaipur in the hope of finding food. Many of them had come to regard the mission-house as the most friendly spot in the great city, and naturally they turned to the Padre Sahib in their dire need. It was no time to wait for official sanctions from home with these spectres at the door. Dr. Shepherd opened a "Soup Kitchen" (as they were rather inappropriately called), and turned his staff on to providing the simplest food for these starving souls. Money came out from home in due course. In the first instance it was his own money and the liberal contributions of friends in Udaipur that kept many from death. More than one British Resident in those terrible days gave half his salary to local relief funds; and there was no missionary but pinched himself or herself in order to aid.

Most pitiful of all were the children. Mothers at death's door would bring their little ones, begging that they should be cared for after they were gone. Motherless and fatherless bairns were brought in. The Bhil Home was crowded to overflowing with the boys. The girls and derelict women were sent to the large Homes that had quickly sprung up in Nasirabad and Beawar. During those months over 7000 children passed through the hands of the missionaries. Of these, 3500 died. Some were claimed in time by surviving relatives. When all was over, 1500 boys and girls were left permanently in the hands of the mission, half of them under ten years of age.

The appalling proportion of deaths was not entirely due to hunger. On the heels of famine came pestilence. Millions of cattle had died, and their carcasses lay rotting and polluting the ground and the wells. As so often happens after drought and famine, an epidemic of cholera set in. Those who fought through that time can hardly speak of it. In a temporary girls' orphanage at Beawar, out of an average of 600 girls (they were constantly coming in), there were 40, 50, 80, 100—once it rose to 135—deaths a month. In a boys' orphanage cholera claimed 200 victims in a single month.

Udaipur was no exception. In April 1900,

Dr. Shepherd, foreseeing the danger, wrote home to his sister: "There is a great deal of sickness in the city, and as our water supply is very limited, I am afraid we shall have cholera. God help us if we do!"

Before long it came, and, in addition to all his other work, he had once more to fight this terrible disease in the hospital, in the bazaar and houses of the city, and among the boys crowded in his own compound. It was a time of constant anxiety and no little danger.

In this part of India three missionaries died of cholera within one month—Dr. Whitehouse of Ajmer, Mr. Gillespie of the Irish Presbyterian Mission in Gujerat, and Mr. Thomson of the C.M.S. at Kherwara to the south of the Bhil country. The last-named lay down under a tree and died, with no friends near him.

Nor was the trouble over when the cholera had passed. The rains came in rich abundance. The thirsty earth drank its fill, and was once more clad in green. All who had strength to work hastened to plough and to sow. But many of these, again, died before they reaped the harvest. With the rains came an epidemic of dysentery, and then a peculiarly severe type of malarial fever that took its toll. Many a poor farmer lay down and died beside the green crops he had toiled to raise.

No wonder the Rajput villager dates his life by the *Chhappan*—the Fifty-Six !

Those were days such as mark a man—or woman. Every missionary underwent a terrible strain. More than one broke down when it was over. Dr. Shepherd held on, though his diary is full of entries like “Thoroughly exhausted to-night,” “Have fever to-day, but am too busy to lie up” ; but it all told upon him. On his next furlough his Aberdeen doctor insisted that he should do no work that would put a strain on nerves or heart. He was a done man, in need of rest.

The famine marked an epoch in the history of the Rajputana Mission. Much of the missionaries’ energy was diverted to the care of the orphans. When normal health had been restored, there rose the need of schooling and of training to handicrafts. It was an enormous enterprise to have to undertake at a moment’s notice, and without any special qualifications for such work. It says much for the versatility of the missionaries that they were able to organise and carry out the work so successfully as they did. The main centres were the large girls’ orphanage at Nasirabad, and the boys’ orphanage at Ashapura. Buildings quickly sprang up. Classes were opened to give the elements of education. Before long Ashapura, especially,

was a busy hive of industry. Carpentry, stonemasonry, shoe-making, tailoring, clay-pottery, blacksmith work, carpet-weaving were soon in full swing. The large building which served both as church and school was a sight of a Sunday morning. "It has the look of an old Relief church," wrote Mr. Ashcroft, "and the largest building of the kind we have. On a Sabbath morning, to see it filled with rows upon rows of boys, sitting on the floor and looking up to the pulpit with eager, bright faces, is most stimulating. I think I would rather address them than any audience the United Free Church could get together; for here is virgin soil— young hearts to whom the story of the Good Shepherd is new indeed."

In an out-of-the-way corner like Udaipur it was much more difficult to organise such work. During the worst of the famine Dr Shepherd had the help of the Rev. A. P. C. Jameson and later of a younger colleague, the Rev. William S. Tudhope. But the accommodation in the compound was limited, and the staff at his command far from adequate. It was very soon found impossible to keep the girls there, and they were sent to Beawar and Ashapura. The Bhil Home was extended to accommodate the boys, and for them school and industrial classes were started.

Even with Mr. Tudhope's assistance, the work Dr. Shepherd now had in hand was overwhelming—the hospital with its ever-growing attendance, the church also growing and demanding more and more in the way of instruction and guidance, seven schools in the city and villages, bazaar preaching, cold weather itineracy in the Bhil country, and much else. Above all, there was the anxiety connected with the instruction of inquirers. The famine had brought large numbers under the direct and constant influence of the missionary. It was an opportunity not to be lost, and a responsibility that weighed heavily. Not all, by any means, of those rescued became Christian. Many of the children, when the worst of the stress was over, and the rains had come once more, were claimed by relatives. Many of the older lads, used to the free life of the mountain glens, chafed under the restraint and discipline of the orphanage; and, when conditions had improved, vanished back into the Bhil country. But there were not a few on whom the new, strange teaching made a real impression. Before a year had passed some of the older boys had declared for Christ, and they were joined by not a few older people whom the famine had brought into close contact with the mission. Baptisms rose from four or five to thirty and forty in the year. They were

not hastily administered. Anxious care was taken to teach and to examine, and in each case the Session of the Indian church was asked to satisfy itself as to the candidate's knowledge and motive.

And so the little church grew, and with it to some extent grew the hostility of the orthodox Hindus. The philanthropic work of the mission they never failed to appreciate ; but that Indians should adopt the Christian faith was a thing to which they never became reconciled. Even among the Bhils there was, in some quarters, resentment. The Christian Bhil had to cut himself off from many of the practices of the past. Imperfect though his Christian life might yet be, he was a " new creature," a disconcerting and disturbing element in the life of the clan.

This new spirit of distrust and resentment was increased in some measure by a decision of the Mission Council during Dr. Shepherd's absence on furlough. In 1903 Dr. Shepherd went home in a state of physical exhaustion which demanded, as we have seen, complete rest. His place was taken by Dr. R. G. Robson, who had had experience of the larger and better-equipped orphanages in Ajmer-Merwara. It was a time of financial stress. Even the liberal response of the Home Church was scarcely sufficient to meet the enormous expense entailed by the famine, and

strenuous efforts had to be made to economise. After much consideration, it was decided to concentrate in Ashapura, and the Udaipur orphans were consequently transferred thither.

It was a decision for which Dr. Shepherd never quite forgave his colleagues. He had given his word to the fathers of boys sent to the Bhil Home that their sons would not be sent out of Udaipur; and, although on his return he found that care had been taken that such lads should not be transferred along with the orphans, he felt sure the Bhils would resent the children of their tribe being sent so far from their own country. He returned to Udaipur in 1904 with great anxiety, feeling that much of his work had been undone, and that he would have an uphill task to regain the confidence of his old friends.

His fears were not groundless, but they were certainly exaggerated. An epidemic of plague in the city prevented him going on tour that winter, but more than one of the *gametis* came over the hills to see him, full of reproaches. He pacified them with the assurance that any lads who had friends still surviving and interested in them would be fetched back, but of such there were found to be very few. It was with some trepidation that he set out the following winter to tour through the *pals* once more. The

present writer had the privilege of accompanying him, and it was a joy to see how any resentment they may have felt was forgotten in the delight of welcoming their old friend to their midst again. The old enthusiasm for the Bhil Home was never, perhaps, quite restored, but there was no mistaking the welcome to the missionary.

It is not possible here to estimate the effect on the mission as a whole. It led, of course, to a large and rapid increase in the Christian community. Although many of the orphans did not embrace Christianity (and none was unduly urged to do so), the vast proportion of the younger children especially, growing up in Christian surroundings and constantly under Christian influence, naturally accepted the faith of their guardians and companions. They had the great advantage of prolonged and careful teaching, which gave them a wide grasp of Christian truth. On the other hand, they never knew the desperate struggle of mind and soul through which the grown-up convert must pass before he can break away from the traditions of his past; and to some extent they lost insight into, and understanding of, the thoughts and lives of their Hindu neighbours. The gospel, preached by an Indian evangelist brought up in a Christian orphanage, is apt to be more "Western" and less sympathetic to Hindu

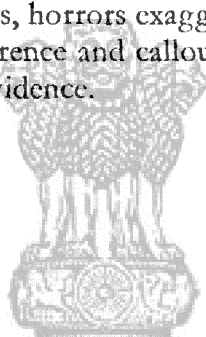
ideals than that of the missionary himself. And of course there were some who, like many at home, drifted into Christianity with too little personal religious experience, and whose Christianity is more nominal than real.

In the eyes of the Hindu world, too, the large accession to the Church from this source was made a new reason for looking down on the Christian community.

Yet let no man despise the orphan Christians. From among them have risen great and earnest souls, who have become leaders of the Church. Not a few, taking full advantage of the opportunities for education afforded them, have risen to good positions; and the witness of their consistent lives has come to exercise a growing influence as the years have passed. It has become very noticeable in recent days how clean habits of living, culture, and uprightness of character often enable a man to override the barriers of caste. Whatever his origin, a worthy Christian of education and force of character occupying, say, a Government post or the headmastership of a school, has come to be accepted as a friend in the best Hindu and Muhammadan circles. More than ever the task of the Christian Mission has come to be, not only to preach the gospel to non-Christians, but to raise up in the Christian Church a community

which will worthily represent Christianity to the Hindu and Muhammadan world.

No one would desire to see another famine in India. Apart from the suffering involved, no one would wish again to see the Church recruited from such a source. Yet, looking back on the Great Famine and its far-reaching results, one cannot but trace, even through all the horrors of those terrible days, horrors exaggerated too often by human indifference and callousness, the guiding hand of Providence.



सत्यमेव जयते

Chapter XII—The Bhils

“THE Bhil,” wrote an Indian examinee, thereby winning for himself with a few sentences undying fame, “The Bhil is a black man, and much more hairy. He carries archers in his hand. With these he shoots you when he meets you, and throws your body into a ditch. By this you will know the Bhil.”

As a working definition this is not to be despised ; but probably it was other traits in the character of the primitive hill-men that endeared them to Dr. Shepherd, and led him to devote himself heart and soul to working for their welfare.

India is a land of striking contrasts. From Udaipur with its fairy palaces and old-world civilisation one looks out to south and west upon a tangle of hills, seldom rising much above 3000 feet, but wild and rugged. The heart of that country is only accessible through deep defiles and narrow passes ; but when one has reached it one is in a new world. The people, living in scattered hamlets in the valleys and on high mountain slopes, have no claim to Aryan origin. They come of Dravidian stock, and in

spite of all the waves of invasion that have swept over India, could boast, had they a mind to, of having kept their blood free of foreign admixture since before the earliest Aryans first crossed the passes of the North-West frontier.

The difference in race is visible at a glance. As the Babu above quoted indicates, they are a very dark-skinned people. Instead of the clear-cut, handsome profile of the Aryan, they have blunt features. The nose is broad, the lips often thick as those of a negro, and the hair is worn long. Unlike that of the negro, it is straight or wavy but not curled.

The Bhil almost invariably carries with him a bow and arrow, sword or spear. He is a skilled hunter. One hears of them killing even a tiger or a panther with arrows and spears. Their lack of deadly weapons is often compensated by a cunning ingenuity. They have told me (though I never saw it) of a method used for killing the black bear which is found in these hills. Having surrounded it and brought it to bay, one man would approach it with a great bunch of thorny brushwood, such as they use for hedges round their cattle-pens, held on the end of a long pole. When making its final attack a bear always rises on its hind legs to seize and hug its foe. As soon as it rose the bunch of

thorns would be thrust at its chest, and become entangled in its fur and between its forelegs, and it could then be speared with safety.

Their eyesight is extraordinarily keen. Dr. Shepherd used to tell how once, on the march, a Bhil suddenly touched his arm and whispered, "Look! a panther." Look as he might, he could see nothing for a long time. At last he made out something like a rope-end waving gently in the grass. On nearer approach he saw that it was the tail of a panther, which was rolling on its back, enjoying the warmth of the sun. I have myself followed the direction of a pointing finger, and gazed long before I could distinguish the horn of an antelope showing through the tall grass some hundreds of yards away.

In the rainy season fish of considerable size are found in streams in the valleys, and the Bhils catch them in a peculiar way. They have an arrow whose barbed head is loose in the shaft, but connected to it by a long piece of string which is wound neatly round the shaft. Lying still on a rock above some deep pool, the fisher watches until a large fish comes near the surface, then shoots his arrow. The barbed head enters the fish, the shaft comes loose and floats to the surface, and is towed here and there as the fish darts about. The fisher soon secures it, plunging

into the water if necessary, and then it is an easy matter to draw the fish to land.

One might give many more instances of the simple expedients by which they make up for the lack of modern appliances. Matches are, of course, almost unknown among them. Every Bhil carries, in his equivalent for a pocket, a piece of cotton tow, the charred end of which is drawn for protection into a tube of hollow bone, and also a small soft iron bar so curved that the fingers may slip inside and grasp it, with the main portion covering the knuckles. When he wishes to light a pipe or a fire, he picks up one of the innumerable little pieces of quartzite scattered on the ground, and strikes it with the iron in such a way that the sparks fall upon the charred tow. Then with a few puffs of his breath he soon has a flame kindled.

Practically all Bhils use tobacco, which they grow themselves, and smoke in little straight pipes without any mouthpiece. The pipe is held upright between hands clasped somewhat after the fashion of a boy's when blowing "mimic hootings to the silent owls." The lips are applied to the hands, not to the pipe, so it is perfectly hygienic when, sitting round a fire by night, the pipe is passed from hand to hand, and each takes a draw in turn. Even if he have no pipe handy, a Bhil is not at a loss. One of

them once begged some tobacco of me as we rested on the march. Knowing he had no pipe with him, I wondered what use he would make of it. He first broke off a twig from a tree, and then choosing a soft piece of ground drove the twig along in a horizontal direction about an inch below the surface. At one end he scooped out a little hollow to serve as a bowl, and filled it with tobacco. Then, pressing the earth firmly, he carefully drew out the twig, placed his fist over the small hole it left, applied his mouth to the fist and smoked contentedly.

In dress the Bhil is not picturesque. On his head he wears a somewhat untidy and usually dirty *pagri* or turban. His upper garment, a cross between a coat and a shirt, and his *dhoti*, a kind of loin cloth tied up between the legs and extending to the knees, are of coarse, home-spun cotton. The effect of the greyish clothing and black skin is to make him curiously invisible when he stands motionless against the grey and black rocks of the hillside. Often going along some footpath on the steep side of some narrow gorge one is startled by being suddenly hailed by a man only a hundred yards off on the other slope. Until he spoke or moved, one was totally unaware of his presence.

The women, on the other hand, are much more picturesque than their men-folk. They

usually wear a red cotton *chaddar* or shawl over the head and shoulders, and a wide dark-blue skirt which falls a little below the knees. When on a journey they tuck the skirt up between the legs, and go over the hills with free stride like the men. From knee to ankle is often covered with brass anklets, which clash together as they step. There is no *pardah* system among the Bhils, and the women live a free, open life which breeds in them cheerfulness and independence of character.

Like the Highlanders of Scotland in old days, they are split up into innumerable small clans, called *pals*. It is the custom for a man to marry from another *pal* than his own, thus guarding against the danger of too close intermarriage. Many have two or even three wives. People of the same clan regard each other as almost of the same family, and there is little social immorality among them except where they come in contact with the outer world.

The affairs of each clan are in the hands of a number of hereditary headmen, called *gametis*, who settle all inter-tribal and internal disputes. They are mostly simple men, not to be distinguished in dress or outward circumstances from their neighbours, yet their authority is respected and, on the whole, wisely used. As Dr. Shepherd was to find, the way to win the confidence

of the Bhil people was first to win that of their *gametis*. Their goodwill opened doors that might otherwise have remained closed.

A Bhil village has a very different appearance from the Hindu village of the plains. In the latter the houses are closely crowded together, and the smallest village has its dusty street and village square. The Bhil huts, on the other hand, are built at some distance from each other, and usually on a slight eminence. They are mostly of mud, though sometimes of untrimmed stones and mud, and are roofed with jungle grass or teak leaves or sun-baked tiles. Round each hut is a strong hedge of thorn branches, forming an enclosure into which the sheep and goats and cattle are driven at night for protection from robbers and from wild beasts.

There is little in the way of a developed religion among the Bhils. Originally they were probably animists, and they still worship the snake, the shades of their ancestors, and a vaguely conceived deity whom they call the "Mountain Father." In modern times Brahmanical ideas have made some way among them. Hinduism has a remarkable power of absorbing, or finding a place—a very subordinate place—for even those who lie outside the bounds of Hindu caste. According to Hindu law, it would be a crime to read the sacred

scriptures within hearing of a Bhil or of any other low-caste or outcaste man. But a Brahmin priest would have no objection to setting up an idol of Ganesh the elephant-headed, or of Krishna, or the symbol of Shiva, and encouraging worshippers to make offerings to the shrine—and to himself. Such little shrines are to be found here and there within the bounds of the Bhil country, and the Hindu Triad is widely known and revered. For the most part, however, the religion is merely a crude and ignorant superstition—the observance of many omens of good and ill, and of semi-religious customs at times of birth and death and marriage.

For centuries—indeed, for millenniums—the Bhil has been looked down upon by the proud Aryan conqueror. Driven from the plains which his ancestors cultivated, he has managed to preserve his racial entity in the almost inaccessible fastnesses of the mountains. But he has long been accustomed to being regarded by the Rajputs as an outcaste and a menial, and the sense of subjection has had its effect upon his character. Those especially who live on the fringe of the Bhil country and in close contact with the Hindus develop the slave-mentality and quickly degenerate.

In his own country the free independence of

his life on the one hand, and the sense of being an object of contempt and suspicion on the other, have developed in the Bhil strangely contradictory traits of character. Dr. Shepherd himself once wrote of him: "At his best he is frank, affable, and kind; at his worst he is treacherous, drunken and dishonest, and a notorious cattle-lifter." The Hindu has given him little cause to love him. He is often compelled to do forced labour. He has to pay his tribute in grass and firewood. No attempt is made to develop his country. No hospital or school is opened; no irrigation work carried out to improve his agriculture; no roads made. He is made use of when he can be useful, and that is all. In revenge, he takes what he can lay his hands on without scruple, and is a very skilful thief. On one of his earlier tours Dr. Shepherd himself, to his great indignation, had his gun stolen from his tent one night. But that was before he had won from them that confidence and affection which made him as safe in the Bhil hills as in the grey streets of his own city. Except for the few merchants who deal regularly with them, no Hindu trader can pass through their country in safety. Even on the outskirts of the hills, every now and then, some travelling merchant is attacked and robbed, and on occasion such attacks are attended with

bloodshed. More than once the Bhils have dared even to rebel against some order of the Maharana's. Dr. Shepherd used to tell of a rising in the 1880's, when the Udaipur troops, commanded at that time by a free-lance Irish soldier, had to be sent against them. The Bhils gathered on the steep mountain-sides and showered down stones and arrows; but they found themselves for the first time up against men armed with rifles. Some twenty of them were killed, and the rebellion quelled. Within the last few years, under the influence of the general Indian unrest, there have been risings that had to be put down by armed force.

On the other hand, the Bhils are capable of loyal friendship once their affection is won, and there is a frankness and heartiness about them that are very attractive. They have humour and enjoy a joke.

As an illustration of the Bhil's capacity for loyal affection, a story used to be told, for the accuracy of which, however, we cannot vouch. It is of another section of the Bhils, inhabiting a hilly and densely forested district farther south and in British territory. The forests were "Crown Forests," and a source of revenue. A great deal of trouble was occasioned by the hill-men's inveterate habit of occasionally burning down stretches of these valuable woods to secure

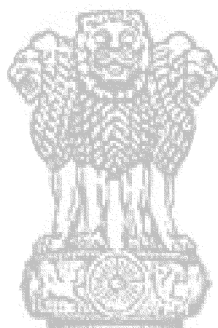
more pasture for their sheep and cattle. The Commissioner issued orders, the Police uttered threats ; but all to no purpose. There was an English Forest Officer who, more than any other European, came and went among the Bhils, spoke their dialect fluently, and had gained their confidence and affection. He volunteered to go and try to settle the matter in his own way. What he did was to pitch his tent in the heart of the district, and summon all the headmen to appear before him. He then told them that he was sent by the British Government to demand that the culprits be given up, as the destruction of forests was a crime punishable by death. Great was their consternation, and, of course, no culprit was forthcoming. "Well," he went on, "my orders are, that if the offenders cannot be produced, one man from each clan must be given up, who will be imprisoned for life, and put to death at the first repetition of the offence." The chiefs pled with him to relax the terms. He replied in affectionate sorrow : "You all know I am your friend, and wish you no harm. But the laws of the Government are strict, and I am but a servant. I shall look once more and see if the law provides no loophole of escape." Then from his tent he brought out a bulky, imposing, red-bound volume of the Army and Navy Stores catalogue, laid it on the table before him,

and slowly turned over its pages. At last he raised his head. "No," he said, with tears in his voice; "that is the law, and there is no escape." They besought him to have mercy, promising strict obedience in the future. At last, with a great show of reluctance, he gave in. Drawing the leaders into his tent, he made them swear in secret fashion that they would never betray him if he failed in his duty and made a report that would exonerate them for this time. They swore most solemnly; and, warning them that a repetition of the offence would bring disaster on themselves and on him, the Forest Officer took his departure. They were true to their word, and the fires ceased. This, of course, was not a "missionary method," nor even one recognised by the Government of India.

The Bhils are keen sportsmen, and hunt big game and small game, not merely for its value as food to them, but for the joy of the hunting. It is not a great game country, but there is a sufficiency of wild boar and of partridge and quail and mountain hare, and that beautiful but shy bird, the jungle fowl, the ancestor of our barn-door cocks and hens.

Though probably throughout all history no Mewar Bhil had ever even learned to read before Dr. Shepherd came in contact with them, they

have shown themselves capable of acquiring education, at least to a moderate degree. As regards religion, recent events have proved them capable of loyal devotion and self-sacrifice once their hearts are touched.



सत्यमेव जयते

Chapter XIII—The Bhil Mission

FROM the days of his first visit to Udaipur, when, after interviewing the Maharana, he and Mr. Martin had camped as far south as Kherwara, the headquarters of the Bhil Corps, Dr. Shepherd had taken a keen interest in the Bhils and longed to open up work among them. His other work, however, in the city and surrounding villages left him no leisure, and for a long time no special opportunity offered itself. He was, of course, constantly meeting with individual Bhils as they came on errands to the city ; but the hillmen are shy of city life and make their stay as short as possible. They sell their grass or wood or melted butter, make their purchases, including the inevitable *daru* or strong drink distilled from the *mabwa* flower, and set off back to their hills, too often already in a more or less advanced state of intoxication.

The hospital provided the best point of contact. As its fame spread, they came in increasing numbers to the dispensary for medicine—medicine for malaria, medicine for dysentery, medicine for rheumatism, medicine for “cough”—phthisis is surprisingly prevalent even up in those wind-swept hills. Many would come with

sores needing dressing, or a man would be carried in with a broken limb. When it became known that eyes could be given to the blind, old men would occasionally be led in to be operated on for cataract. In this way the name of the Padre Sahib must have become known far and wide throughout the Bhil country long before he entered it.

It was not until he had been several years in Udaipur that the door was opened to him, and opened in a most remarkable way. Isa Das, the evangelist who had accompanied Dr. Shepherd to Udaipur, was an indefatigable preacher, and visited the villages within a wide range round Udaipur. One day his wanderings led him to the outskirts of the Bhil hills, and there, towards nightfall, he completely lost his way. He was hesitating what to do and where to turn, when he was joined by two wild-looking men who volunteered to guide him back to the Udaipur road. Instead of this, he soon found they were leading him farther and farther into the dense jungle. He became alarmed, suspecting them of sinister design. He was mounted on a stout pony, while they were on foot. Presently he saw a light flickering from a hut on the distant hillside; so, striking his heels into his pony, he made for it as fast as the beast could go over the rough ground. Reaching the hut in safety,



BILLS SPEARING FISH



SHEPHERD WITH SOME OF HIS FRIENDS

he found to his surprise and joy that the owner was an old friend, a small Hindu merchant who had worked with him in Ajmer in the famine of 1868. He was made welcome for the night, and next day had opportunities of preaching the gospel to the Bhils who came to Ganga Ram's little shop to buy salt and tobacco and other stores. Amongst them were some of the *gametis* or headmen, and his words interested them greatly. Isa Das advised them to go and visit Dr. Shepherd in Udaipur and learn more. Not long after several of them entered Dr. Shepherd's study, and, with clasped hands, begged him to come and preach to them in their homes. It was the rainy season, when the mountain streams are in flood, and travelling through the mountain passes is difficult and dangerous. But such an opportunity was not to be lost; so he set out without delay, and after an adventurous journey pitched his tent, for protection from the rain, under a huge banyan tree in the *pal* of Alsigarh. Dr. Shepherd was always far-sighted in his plans. Pondering long over the problem of how to make a real impression on a people so remote and inaccessible, he had come to the conclusion that the only hope would be by persuading a few among them to send their boys to him for education. He had already communicated this

idea to the *gametis* through Isa Das, and they had had time to think it over. Now, full of anxiety as to whether or not they would accept it, he made his way across a swollen mountain torrent to the house of Lakma, the chief *gameti* of the district. There ten *gametis* from the neighbouring *pals* were gathered to meet him. After cordial greetings, he first of all preached to them at length, explaining in the simplest language the essential truths of Christianity. Then he spoke of the advantages of education, and of what it would mean to them to have their sons taught to read and write. Finally he offered to open a Home for them in his own compound, and to give them schooling, if they would trust them for a few years to his care. When he had finished, the *gametis* withdrew to some distance, and had a long and sometimes excited talk among themselves. At last they returned, and one by one, clasping him by the hand, gave their solemn *bachan* that they would send their boys to him. The *bachan* is their "word," and is a "word of honour" which, like the Rajput, a Bhil seldom breaks. In return, he gave his *bachan* to them that he would go forward with the scheme.

Without waiting for sanction from home, and without seeking financial aid, except from personal friends at home and in India, he at

once commenced building in the compound a house capable of accommodating twenty-five boys. He planned no luxuries for them. In this Home the boys were, so far as possible, to live in the same way and on the same food as they were accustomed to in their own homes. It was a great day for him when the first batch of eleven boys tramped over the hills and arrived at the mission bungalow. Shy, wild creatures of the hills, it was no easy matter to make them feel contented and at home in the new surroundings. Having set duties and living according to a time-table was a new experience, and very irksome after the untrammelled freedom of their homes. And they had many unpleasant things to learn. Unlike the high-caste Hindu, the Bhil is not given to ablutions. The greatest difficulty to begin with, as Dr. Shepherd wrote at the time to his sister, was to train them in habits of ordinary, decent cleanliness. It was a regular warfare against dirt and vermin, which had to be renewed with every addition to the Home.

Very wisely, Dr. Shepherd did not attempt to subject them to an ordinary school course. Only a few hours were spent on lessons. The rest of the day was devoted to out-of-door occupations. A piece of land was secured beside the compound, which the boys cultivated

in their own fashion, growing Indian corn in the rains and vegetables in the winter season. And they took to cricket and other games with zest.

The influence of the Home was by no means confined to the boys who lived in it. Dr. Shepherd had given a cordial invitation to parents and others to come and visit the lads when they were in Udaipur. Hardly a week passed without some family party of relatives and friends coming to the mission compound to see the lads. Many were the opportunities of talking with them about religion, giving them some idea what their boys were being taught, and spreading some news of the gospel among the distant *pals*. "In our mission compound," wrote Dr. Shepherd, "we can evangelise these far-off Bhils."

With the growing friendliness there was a great increase in the number of Bhils who brought their sick to the mission hospital, so that Dr. Shepherd found it necessary to set aside two wards, one male and one female, for their special use.

When Dr. Shepherd next went into camp in the Bhil country it was with the knowledge that he had many friends and a warm welcome awaiting him. His account of that journey, undertaken towards the end of 1889, is full of

interest. It was a somewhat unusual missionary tour, as he took with him the boys from the Bhil Home—between twenty and thirty in all—so that they might introduce him to their friends. It was a great outing for them.

“We made a large company; but the joy and delight of the boys knew no bounds, as they climbed the difficult mountain passes we had to go through. The country is the worst possible for marching, and often I had to dismount from my pony and walk the greater part of the way. But the road never seemed long, as we could always chat with the boys, and watch them in pursuit of game with their bows and arrows.”

Christmas was spent in the high-lying village of Pai, of which the *gameti* or headman, Lakma, was one of Dr. Shepherd's special friends. As it happened, over three hundred *gametis* had gathered from the country round, to sympathise with Lakma over the death of a daughter-in-law; and he feasted them, as the custom is on such occasions. They were naturally interested in the arrival of the European, with his tent and his escort of boys, and when Lakma had introduced them, began to inquire as to what the boys had been doing and learning. Christmas morning was spent in examining the lads, and the latter were proud enough to show how they could read and write. In the afternoon sports were

organised, and prizes given for competitions in running and jumping and archery, in which not only the boys but many of the clansmen took part. It was a very friendly and cheerful crowd that gathered round the camp fire after the evening meal, and, squatting Indian fashion on their heels, listened to the gospel story, while the inevitable little clay pipe passed from hand to hand.

Dr. Shepherd was determined to press further south into country which only one European had ever visited before. Lakma, the *gameti* of Pai, anxious for his safety, tried to dissuade him; but when he saw he had made up his mind, he sent with him six chosen men to act as guides and escort on the way, and to introduce him to the *gametis* of the new district. Arrived at the remote Gohrana *pal*, he did indeed find the Bhils there at first shy and suspicious of the stranger, until a little incident put things on a better footing. As he was talking to a group of rather unresponsive Bhils, a man on the outskirts suddenly took off his turban and, carefully unwinding it, extracted from the last fold a dispensary prescription which Dr. Shepherd had written for him months before in Udaipur. Soon Dr. Shepherd was being led from house to house for miles round where there was sickness, and friendship was firmly established.

So, circling round through the *pals*, Dr. Shepherd made himself and the work of the Bhil Home more widely known, and returned with the knowledge that in nearly every part of the Bhil country he could be sure of a welcome and a hearing.

Some time after his return he received a letter from Colonel Miles, then British Resident at Udaipur, enclosing an anonymous epistle from the Hindu merchants and farmers of Nai, a village on the city-ward edge of the Bhil country. These merchants, supplying as they do many of the necessities of life to the Bhils, and lending money to them at extortionate rates, had acquired a great deal of influence over them, not altogether free from injustice and tyranny. They were by no means pleased at Dr. Shepherd's growing influence. In this letter to the Resident, however, they professed to be solicitous for his safety. It had come to their knowledge, they said, that the Bhils of the *pal* of Alsigarh had been collecting money and laying plans to take Dr. Shepherd's life for trying to make them Christians. They begged the Resident to order Dr. Shepherd to stop this work altogether. As it happened, Deva, one of the *gametis* of Pai, was in seeing Dr. Shepherd when the letter reached him. He read it aloud to him and asked, "Well, what about it? Do you really wish to kill

me?" Deva laughed heartily and replied, "Sahib, if we had wished to kill you, we would never have told the *baniyas* (merchants) of Nai." "This is the best proof," writes Dr. Shepherd, "we have yet got of how the work is telling, and of how our efforts to rescue these poor Bhils from unjust oppression have been in some measure successful."

From this time onwards Dr. Shepherd made a regular itinerancy almost every year into the Bhil country during the cold season. He had no delusions as to the impression which such desultory teaching could produce upon minds so primitive and ignorant. At the most, he could only spend a few days in each *pal*. The language, too, was a difficulty, for though he came to be fairly well at home in their patois, the vocabulary on the religious side is limited, and the teaching had to be very simple and concrete. It was more what they saw in him than what they heard from him that won their hearts. He was so manifestly their friend, ready to succour them in sickness, eager for their welfare and progress. One of the greatest difficulties was their incorrigible drunkenness. When he is able to obtain liquor, the Bhil is seldom a sober man, and he is able to get it far too cheaply. There was once almost a rebellion over the raising of the price of the *mabwa* liquor, when the

monopoly of a district had been granted to an avaricious agent. A petition was sent to the Maharana complaining that, whereas formerly one could get drunk for two annas (2d.), now it took four annas. It is hard to make a deep spiritual impression on people who are accustomed to find their chief solace for the ills of life in the pleasures of intoxication. Although not bound, like the Hindu, by rules of caste, some of the caste-idea had spread among them; and Hindu merchants and "holy men," and priests attached to temples here and there, would warn them against the sin of having anything to do with the foreign faith. Tribal customs, too, were strong—customs in regard to marriage and death and funerals, many of them with a crude religious significance that ran counter to Christian ideas.

Yet there began to be a few converts even among those living in the *pals*, men of sufficient courage and character to proclaim themselves Christian, and to try to follow the Christian way alone among their neighbours.

The chief hope, however, was in the boys of the Bhil Home. Not one of them who stayed any length of time but went back with a knowledge of the gospel story. Many of them returned Christians at heart, having in a dim way seen Christ. And some there were who

demanded baptism, and went back to witness, often very bravely and under great difficulties, for their Master.

Then in 1899 came the famine, with its unthinkable suffering. The Bhil Home became an orphanage, with at one time three hundred inmates, growing so large that it was found necessary to transfer the children for more efficient care to the great central orphanage at Ashapura. The famine, as we have seen, wrought a great change in the whole Rajputana Mission, and not least in Udaipur. Within a few years scores were added to the Church. Bhil lads were trained as teachers or teacher-evangelists and one or two of these returned to live and work, in trying isolation from Christian influence, in the heart of the Bhil hills. Dr. Shepherd thus saw clearly the firstfruits of his labours among them, and shortly before he died news of the beginnings of a richer harvest reached him; but the story of that we shall keep for a later chapter.

Of all his many activities as a missionary, none lay so near Dr. Shepherd's heart as this work among the Bhils. They had attracted him on his first visit to Mewar, and his thoughts were with them to the end. When, by his last will and testament, he left £10,000 each to the Men's Foreign Mission and Women's Foreign Mission of the Church, he set aside a further

sum specially for the development of work among the Bhils.

To see him at his best, one had to see him in the hill country. It was almost in a holiday spirit that he used to turn his back on city and church and hospital for a month or six weeks, and ride off into the wilds. Unfortunately, he has left in writing little description of this, the most picturesque and fascinating of all his work. To convey any idea of it I must fall back on an old diary kept by myself when on tour with him at the beginning of 1906.

The Rev. W. G. Orr had come out to India at the end of 1905, just a year later than myself; and he came straight from Bombay to Udaipur, to spend his first weeks in the country with Dr. Shepherd and myself. Christmas and New Year over, we made our preparations for a month in camp. Food stores were laid in and packed in boxes, guns seen to (for we would have to shoot for the pot), and the magic-lantern and slides and the medicine chest got ready. Then one evening the camels arrived and bivouacked in the compound.

It was characteristic of Dr. Shepherd's thoroughness that he always slept under canvas the night before starting off, so as to make sure that nothing necessary to camp life had been forgotten. So the two small tents were pitched

in the compound, and we slept, he in one, Orr and I in the other. I remember we two novices were wakened by a strange, uncanny sound between a grunt and a growl outside the tent. We consulted in awed whispers as to what it could be. Then summoning all my courage, and shivering in the keen night air, I tip-toed to the tent door and raised the flap. The moon was flooding the world with light, and by it I could see as clear as if by day a camel placidly sleeping close beside us and *snoring* as it slept!

The sun was still well below the horizon when we woke and dressed and began to strike camp. The first day's march is always the slowest and most troublesome. The men have not fallen into a routine of work. The loads have to be made up, and there is much calculation and argument before the tents and goods are duly apportioned between the camels. The camels, too, are new to their loads, and have probably been out grazing for a bit and are a trifle fresh. Each kneels in turn, most unwillingly, to be loaded, and there is much "bubbling" and guttural protest. Dr. Shepherd looks to every detail himself, notes the balance and the breadth of each burden—especially the breadth. Our camels have to take only about half a normal load, partly because of the steepness of the way, partly because in places

there will be rocky gorges to go through, so narrow that a wide load would catch on the rocks with disastrous results. At last all is ready, and the little string of camels files out of the compound gate. A man on foot leads the foremost, and those behind have their nose-ropes tied each to the tail of the camel in front.

The first march is a short one of six or seven miles, so there is no hurry for ourselves. We have a last good breakfast in the bungalow, write a few home letters, and then mount our ponies and follow the camels. Half-way we find one of the newly-hired coolies, who had begged for a small advance of pay "to leave with his family," sitting by the wayside embracing an iron bucket that had been left behind. He is very drunk, but will recover. We reach the village of Nai, to find the tents already pitched under the shade of a great banyan tree, which gives ample shade from the afternoon sun. We are close up to the first range of hills, and at the entrance to a long valley rising to a high narrow pass which will lead us to-morrow into the hinterland. This is the same village whose merchants made an effort to stop Dr. Shepherd's Bhil work fifteen years ago; but things are changed, and when in the evening Dr. Shepherd and the two evangelists, Hamir Singh and Chela Ram, stand up to preach, they have a large and

friendly audience. But this village is often visited, and our stay is only for the one night.

I expect no one ever forgets his first morning in camp in India. He wakens in the dark, to find himself surprisingly cold. Orr and I were astonished that morning to find a skin of ice on the water in our enamel basin. We dressed hurriedly by the light of a hand lantern, buttoned up our great-coats, and went out into the grey dawn, to find Shepherd already afoot and sitting down to the cup of tea and slice of toast with which all Anglo-Indians begin the day. Close beside us on either side the hills rose, brown and bare, to a ragged outline. As we sipped our tea, the sky overhead became tinged with pale yellow deepening into gold. Presently the sun's rays slanted over the hill behind, and lighted upon the peaks of the mountain opposite, making them glow a rich and radiant orange. As we watched, with amazing rapidity this blaze of orange came sweeping down the mountain-side, until suddenly the sun itself leapt over the crest and bathed us in a warm and grateful flood of light. It woke our followers to life. Cold has a numbing effect upon the Indian. The European may stamp about to warm his blood. The Indian prefers to squat on the ground, his coarse cotton blanket enveloping him from head to heel, and endeavour, on the

principle of a "hay-box" or fireless cooker, to retain what heat he can.

Tents were soon struck and camels quickly loaded, but an accident delayed the start. A young camel broke loose and pranced under a tree. The load crashed against a low branch, and was thrown awry. The excited beast leapt into the dry, sandy bed of a stream, and began to buck and leap about, the load swinging to and fro, and finally sliding over its tail and falling to the ground. Then, through fright or through joy at its freedom, the camel set off at an ungainly gallop and disappeared, with two men in pursuit. Dr. Shepherd decided to wait until the camel was recaptured, and see the camp fairly *en route*, so he sent on Orr and myself with one of the evangelists as guide. It was slow going, for there was no road better than a sheep track, and often it was steep and stony. But the valley through which it lay abounded in interest. Near the river-bed, by which the trees grew, large *langur* monkeys, with grey bodies and black malevolent faces, chattered and screamed at us as we passed. Birds of endless variety and hue flitted among the bushes; and once and again the lovely peacock would fill the valley with his most unlovely shriek. Occasionally we saw a mongoose or a wild boar running along the hillside.

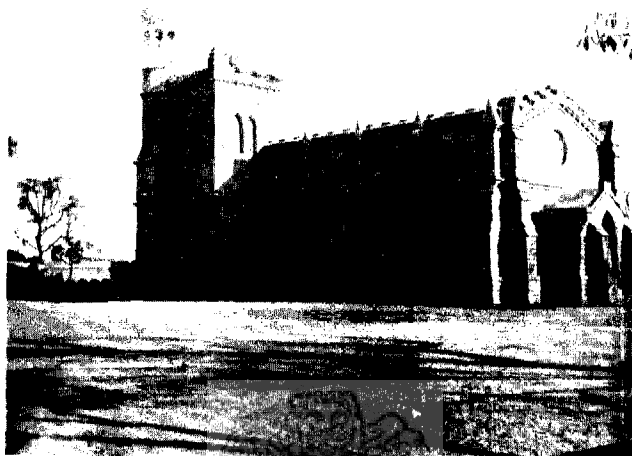
Soon we began to meet stray parties of Bhils of the true mountain type, with bows and arrows in their hands, or a long-barrelled matchlock gun of ancient mould across their shoulder.

By noon we reached the high upland *pal* where we intended to encamp. Under a clump of mango and *mahwa* trees a pair of oxen were toiling at a well. Beside it the chief *gameti* of the clan sat patiently awaiting our arrival, for word had been sent to expect us. After greetings, sadly hampered by our halting speech, he led us to a large banyan tree, under whose spreading branches there would be ample room for the tents. There we sat and watched with a curiosity equal to their own the strange-looking men and women who came loitering round to inspect us. At one o'clock Dr. Shepherd arrived on his pony, followed by the camels. It was delightful to see the welcome he received. Both men and women clasped him by the shoulders, and touched first one shoulder and then the other with their forehead, while he patted them in fatherly fashion on the back. Orr and I were then introduced, and were embraced in the same customary but embarrassing fashion.

It was two o'clock before we sat down in the open, and under the gaze of many curious eyes,



GROUP OF BHILS



MISSION CHURCH, UGAHUR



MISSION SCHOOL IN BHEL COUNTRY

to our first real meal for the day—breakfast and lunch in one.

The afternoon was typical of most afternoons throughout the tour. Groups of old friends kept dropping in, and with them Dr. Shepherd and the evangelists talked and preached. A few sick folk came for medicine, and the Doctor was taken to a house or two near by to visit more serious cases.

In the evening, as darkness was falling, Orr and I prepared the magic-lantern, stretched the ten-foot screen on its bamboo frame, and set it up with guy ropes and tent-pegs on a smooth piece of ground. The people had gone home for their evening meal, but there were means for calling them. In every *pal* there is a *dbol* or large, deep-toned drum which is used for summoning the clan on occasions of importance. We had arranged to borrow this, and when all was ready we told the *dboli* or drummer to sound the assembly. As the slow, solemn measure (boom-tat-tat !) filled the valley and echoed up the mountain-side, people came dropping in by twos and threes, until some hundred and fifty or two hundred were round us in the darkness. At the start some had to be persuaded not to sit with their backs to the screen and their faces to the lantern !

I have never found it true that primitive people

are unable to recognise a picture. On a previous tour Dr. Shepherd had taken snapshots in the *pals*, and had had them made into lantern slides. We showed some of these to begin with, and they were greeted with shouts of delight. When, especially, they saw their own selves or their friends and neighbours grinning life-size from the screen, they were convulsed with laughter.

Then we turned to the coloured slides of the Life of Christ, and for two hours Dr. Shepherd and the evangelists in turn explained them in the simplest language. There was much, doubtless, that they could not understand, much that lay altogether outside of their world of ideas. But when the great parables were told once more—the Good Samaritan, the Prodigal Son, the Lost Sheep, the Lost Coin—one felt that these Eastern stories were nearer to their lives than to our own. And when they saw Jesus opening the eyes of blind Bartimæus, or cleansing the leper—had they not known men blind with cataract, whose eyes the Padre himself had opened? and were there not lepers living in his compound in Udaipur—not, alas, to be cleansed, but at least to be cared for and comforted? One looked at the interested faces, lit up by the reflected glow from the screen, and felt how suited was the simple message of the gospel to

them and to their human need. And one felt baffled, too, realising how strong a barrier of ignorance and tradition and enslaving evil habit had to be broken down before the new Way was possible for them, how much the Christianity we bring must be stripped bare of what is purely Western and unessential before it is entirely suited to their lives.

It was late before we sat down to our *al fresco* dinner by the light of a hand lantern. We were all tired and desperately hungry, and glad to rest after it for an hour beside a warm log fire, while a dozen Bhils joined us and sat chatting with the Doctor, until drowsiness drove us all to bed.

This day was typical of many, though of course we did not march daily, but worked for a day or two round each camp. It amazed us how the camels, used to the sandy desert for which their wide, spongy feet are made, adapted themselves to the mountains. But there were anxious moments when they had to pass along narrow little footpaths on a steep slope. A slippery piece of grass or a bamboo leaf would have been enough to send camel and load rolling down a hundred feet beneath. Dr. Shepherd showed us one such corner where, on a previous tour, two camels had fallen over, and had to be dragged up with ropes. When the larder was

low we shot by the way, sometimes a few duck or teal from a small tank or *jhil*, sometimes a hare or partridge on the hillside.

The hours on the march afforded opportunities of talk with Indian fellow-workers. There was one evangelist, a man of no great education, but a simple and zealous soul, who was always coming to Dr. Shepherd with theological problems and inquiries. He knew the text of the Bible better than some of us missionaries, and in consequence found himself up against many a difficulty that had escaped us. Some of his questions were earnest and sincere; others were apt to be rather trivial. Dr. Shepherd used to discuss things patiently with him and help him where he could. On one occasion, however, towards the end of a long, hot march, when the Doctor, footsore and weary, was in no mood for discussion, he came to him with a rather unusual conundrum.

“Sahib,” he said, tapping his breast in a somewhat dramatic way he had, “on one point there is darkness here.”

“Well, what is it now?” asked Shepherd.

“It says in the Bible that flesh and blood shall not inherit the Kingdom of Heaven. What about Elijah, who went to heaven in a chariot?”

“Well, it was a *fiery* chariot, wasn’t it?” said Shepherd impatiently.

“Light has come! Light has come!” declared the questioner.

Later in the evening, Shepherd, rested and himself again, had a hearty laugh as he recalled the incident.

Once or twice we camped where there were one or more families of Christians. Their welcome was infinitely touching, as were also the little services we held with them out in the open in front of their huts. Once our camp was pitched beside the castle of a Rajput *thakur* whose feudal holding included some Bhil *pals*. He received us courteously, and arranged that our lantern lecture should be given in the courtyard of the castle, the screen being placed where the ladies of his zenana would be able to see it through the fretwork of their upper windows. Here, as elsewhere, the deepest impression seemed to be made by their hearing prayers offered up in simple language for their *pal* and their chief to a God who, it was assumed, was present and listening.

Part of the return journey lay along the high-road that skirts the eastern edge of the Bhil hills. We were camped near it one Sunday, and Dr. Shepherd, rather tired, was promising himself an afternoon's complete rest, when a certain notorious Bhil, who had six murders to his charge besides countless robberies, had been

run to earth in a near ravine by a Muhammadan police sepoy. There had been a terrific hand-to-hand fight between them, and the Bhil had only given in after receiving three great sabre wounds and having half of one hand shot away. Dr. Shepherd mounted his pony, and rode off to spend that Sunday afternoon stitching up the wounds and attending to the sepoy's less serious injuries.

It was when encamped near this spot the following year that we had as neighbours a great company of *banjaras*, the wandering, gipsy-like carrier folk of India. These strange folk travel in great companies across the plains of India, carrying salt from the Sambhar Lake and other goods loaded on pack-bullocks, of which they have large numbers. During the night two of the bullocks were stolen and driven up the glens and over the hills. Five miles down the road there was a small village, at which there was a small police post and also a liquor-shop. A report was quickly sent to the police. As it happened, two sons of the chief *gameti* of the *pal* into which the bullocks had disappeared were paying a visit to the liquor-shop. They were promptly arrested and held as hostages for the bullocks. This we learned later. It happened to be a *pal* Dr. Shepherd had never visited, and, according to our plans, we marched

next day twelve or fifteen miles through the hills to the house of the headman. There we were received civilly enough, and pitched our tents; but the people seemed pre-occupied. We gave our usual cordial invitations to the lantern lecture, and when night fell erected the screen and awaited our audience. But none came. It was our first experience of the kind, and we wondered if it meant deliberate hostility. From the chief's house, however, came sounds of much argument and shouting, mingled with drunken conviviality, that lasted late into the night.

It was a gathering of clan leaders to discuss the situation. Next day we learned that the bullocks had been returned, and the *gameti's* sons released. They were profuse in their apologies for having neglected us, and to make up said they would have a war-dance in our honour in the evening.

It was a strange sight. Our camp was in a very narrow valley, steep, bare hills rising on either side. That night it was flooded with moonlight. The music consisted entirely of the incessant beating of tom-toms to a wild rhythm that stirred the blood. The women danced too, but separately from the men. They formed themselves into semicircles, about thirty in each, and, with their shawls over their heads

and shoulders, kept close together arm in arm. These semicircles advanced and retired from each other in time to the music, bending and swaying and sweeping round, each like one live thing, while the women chanted in shrill voices. The men formed themselves in a wide double circle, with a bow or a spear or a sword or a scabbard in each hand, and danced round each other and round the circle with prancing step. With one hand held high in front and one high behind, they clashed their weapons together as they passed each other in time to the music, and shouted their war-song.

It was thrilling and exciting, but an hour of it left them exhausted, and ready to wrap themselves in their blankets and sit at ease. Then our turn came. We placed them in close-packed rows before the screen, and it was a strange contrast to the wild scene of a few minutes before when the pictures carried us away to Palestine and to the highest heights of human life, and Dr. Shepherd's voice began to tell these wild folk, for the first time, the wonder of God's love for men.

By many a tour such as I have described Dr. Shepherd gained a unique knowledge of the Bhils, and won for himself a unique place in their affections. There were few, except one or two of his fellow-missionaries, who ever saw

him at this work, but any who did were greatly impressed with his personal influence. Colonel Sir Alexander Pinhey, who was for many years the Resident at Udaipur, once joined him in one of his tours. His widow, Lady Pinhey, writes of it :

“I think it was in 1904 or 1905 that Dr. Shepherd and my husband went for a short ten days’ tour through the Bhil country in Mewar. My husband used to write to me each day, telling me of the wonderful reception they were having everywhere. At all the different *pals* they were greeted by men, women, and children coming out to welcome Dr. Shepherd, the women throwing their arms round him and calling him ‘Father.’ He was particularly struck by the fact that, at nearly every village, boys who had been brought up under Dr. Shepherd at the Bhil Home in Udaipur were either made the headmen of their *pal*, or their advice taken as to the best way to draw up rules and laws for the people to teach them to live decent lives. Through this the people are settling down into a law-abiding race, giving up dacoity, and taking to quiet agricultural pursuits. He considered that all the peace and good living of these people were due to the wonderful influence of Dr. Shepherd.”

The more definite results in the way of winning

the Bhils for Christ were less obvious and more disappointing. A few score converts Dr. Shepherd could point to, some of them scattered through the *pals*, most of them compelled by their change of faith to seek work in and round Udaipur. The Bhil section of the little congregation at Udaipur was as the apple of his eye. From among the famine orphans, there are Bhils in almost every district where our mission works. But to the end his hopes ran confidently far beyond any results achieved. No one was more conscious than he that the work he did among them was, at the best, desultory and fragmentary. He knew the difficulty which a convert living alone in the old surroundings, with but a first spark of faith, a mere glimmer of the truth, must have in maintaining even his own life on a Christian level. He looked to the influence of his old boys, even those who had never declared for Christ, and to the influence of an evangelist teacher or two working steadily among them, to create an atmosphere in which a mass movement towards Christianity would be possible. He did not live to see it, but the rumour of what one hopes is the beginning of such a movement reached him ere he died.

Chapter XIV—Friends, Visitors, Honours

MENTION has more than once been made of Dr. Shepherd's gift for friendship. Few of the British officials who lived and worked beside him in Udaipur but gave him their warm personal friendship, a friendship that in many cases lasted for life. Many of them were devout Christian men, interested in his work for its own sake, and always ready to help him when occasion offered. Among them are such distinguished names as Colonel Thomas Caddell, V.C., Sir A. Wingate, Sir Walter Lawrence, and Sir Curzon Wylie. A very able engineer, Mr. Campbell Thomson, who acted for many years as Executive Engineer to the State of Mewar, made the plans and supervised the construction of both the mission hospital and the church. He took the deepest interest in all Shepherd's work, especially that among the Bhils, and, for long years after his retiral from service in India, regularly sent him subscriptions in aid of it. Such friendships and such sympathy added much to the happiness of Shepherd's life.

The four or five Europeans in Udaipur were naturally thrown much together. Their social

centre was the Residency, with its beautiful gardens and tennis courts. It was always the Resident's custom to have a tennis party there one evening every week. To this party H.H. the Maharana himself sometimes came, and always there was a considerable number of the *thakurs* and other leading men of the State. The game and the chat together after it in the cool of the dusk gave a delightful opportunity for social intercourse, and was free of the restrictions which caste difficulties would have imposed on any attempt to fraternise over food and drink in the fashion of the West.

After the opening of the branch railway from Chitor to Udaipur, the tourist began to make his appearance. Although it lies off the main route for globe-trotters, the fame of the picturesque ancient city brought an increasing number of the more enterprising travellers in the cold weather. Many of them were distinguished people, whom it greatly interested Dr. Shepherd to meet. Among the visitors were the great ones of the Indian Government. Every Viceroy, at least once during his term of office, and probably every Commander-in-chief of the Indian Army, paid a visit to the premier Hindu chief. On such occasions there would be a banquet in the palace, to which the local residents, including Dr. Shepherd, would be invited. He thus enjoyed

opportunities of coming into personal contact with the leading officials of the day, such as seldom fall to the lot of missionaries in crowded centres or in the outlying districts of British India. Some one has said that the best way of acquiring an extensive acquaintance in those parts is to stay a lifetime in one place. Others come and go, juniors mount the ladder and reach high places. The only permanent British element is often the humble missionary. It was in this way that Shepherd came to have friends and acquaintances among the greatest in the land, and formed attachments that lasted long after they had retired from service, attachments that were in many cases kept fresh by correspondence, and renewed by meetings when he went on furlough.

It is remarkable how deep and lasting an impression Dr. Shepherd's personality made even upon those who had little more than a glimpse of him in his own surroundings. The following is an extract from a letter written by the Earl of Elgin, who paid a visit to Udaipur in 1896, when his father was Viceroy of India :

“I was only a schoolboy at the time of my visit to India in 1896, and our stay in Udaipur was of very short duration. But I have a very vivid recollection of Dr. Shepherd; he was exceedingly kind to my brother and myself;

his personality appealed to me as being one which commanded and attracted a complete confidence, trust, and friendship, and at the same time gave out a full measure of the same qualities ; and I could not help feeling instinctively that this was a man whose life and influence counted for much in Rajputana.

“ Perhaps to me personally the strongest attraction was that he represented, in a strange land, a Church with which as a child I had been closely connected ; and he brought out in his kindness the same gentle qualities of service for others which I had grown to respect, to cherish, and to admire in our minister at Limekilns, the Rev. J. G. Crawford.”

Of all the occasions when the Court of Udaipur laid itself out to entertain a guest, none, of course, surpassed that of a Royal visit. One such occasion took place in November 1905, when the Prince and Princess of Wales (our present King and Queen) spent a few days in Udaipur. Loyal and patriotic to his fingertips, Dr. Shepherd, used as he was to Oriental display, was thrilled by the pageant of those days.

When an Indian prince entertains, he does it in style. It is no small undertaking to provide, in a remote spot like Udaipur, lavish hospitality for a Royal Prince travelling with forty or fifty

distinguished people in his train ; and one thinks with awe of the cost. Long before the date preparations were begun. A new wing was added to the Residency for the Royal couple. Although a hundred horses stood in the palace stables, twenty more were purchased from Bombay, and broken in and carefully trained for the Royal carriages. The best caterers in India were given a free hand in providing breakfasts and luncheons and banquets. As the time drew near, a village of large comfortable tents sprang up in the Residency grounds and around the State guest-house. All the nobles of the State were summoned to attend with their armed retainers. The procession from the station was carefully planned and rehearsed. The whole community was keyed up to a high pitch of eager expectancy.

What stands out most in one's memory, and what Dr. Shepherd describes at greatest length in his letters home, are the arrival and the banquet at the palace. The Royal train arrived at the station in the cool of the morning, and the Prince and Princess were received by the Maharana in person—the latter's dignified grace and the splendour of the jewels in turban and sword making him appear like some figure from an old-world fairy-tale. The two miles of road from the station to the city were lined by the levies of

the nobles. Among them were elephants, with heads painted in intricate designs of crimson and blue and yellow, and covered with chain armour. There were companies of the Camel Corps, with small swivel-guns mounted on the camels' humps. There were men in steel helmets and fine chain armour many hundreds of years old, mounted on horses protected by heavy leather or light chain armour. There were foot soldiers in many varieties of ancient costume, armed with sword and spear and mace and battle-axe. It was a wonderful spectacle; not quite so orderly as a parade of the Horse Guards, but none the less picturesque for that. A vicious stallion would take a dislike to its neighbour and kick out, so that you heard the clank of its hoofs on the chain armour. One nervous beast, brought too close to an elephant, plunged and reared, and then bolted across country and disappeared, rider and all.

As the Royal party left the station a salute of thirty-one guns thundered from the fort; as they arrived at the Residency it thundered forth again. At noon the Maharana drove from his palace for the formal *Mizaj pursi* or visit of ceremony (literally "Inquiry after Health"). Twenty-one guns announced his arrival and his departure. An hour later the Prince of Wales returned his call at the palace, and twice more the

thirty-one-gun salute reverberated through the valley.

The banquet in the evening was a memorable function. The guests set out for it after dark in rowing-boats, embarking at the "Padre Ghat," the landing-place close beside the mission bungalow. As they passed the narrow neck of water that joins this little lake to the larger one, on both sides palaces and temples and houses were outlined with thousands upon thousands of little golden lights. In reality they were only tiny clay, saucer-like vessels with sweet-oil and a cotton wick; but the flame they give is of a rich golden colour, and the total effect, especially as they were reflected on the surface of the lake, was amazingly beautiful.

The banquet was spread on a long table between the white pillars of one of the upper halls of the palace. At its close the Maharana, who had not, of course, taken food with the Europeans, came in and made a speech in Hindi, a translation of which was read by the Resident. The Prince of Wales rose to reply—and then occurred a little incident which every one from the Prince downwards heartily enjoyed. Attached to the Court, besides many musicians of the Indian style, there is a brass band of the European fashion. At intervals it had been discoursing music on a balcony just outside the

banquet hall. The Maharana's speech had ended, a European voice had apparently replied to it (in reality the translation being read), and just as the Prince of Wales began to speak, the band, with a blare, burst into harmony. The Prince struggled for a moment to make his voice heard, but it was overwhelmed. Then a Major of the Indian Army leapt from his seat and darted through the door on to the balcony. No one could see what happened, but as each instrument gurgled and groaned into silence, one had the impression that each individual bandsman had been grasped by the throat and throttled. Anyhow, peace was restored, and with a merry smile the Prince resumed his speech.

Both the Prince and the Princess showed a kindly interest in Dr. Shepherd and his work. Dr. Shepherd was specially pleased on being told later by the Resident's wife that the Princess had asked her if the doyleys in her room had been made by the Christian women of whom Dr. Shepherd had told her—as indeed they had been.

Of humbler visitors there were many between November and March, and Dr. Shepherd himself greatly enjoyed entertaining his friends. Hospitable as he was, however, he decidedly objected to being "taken the loan of" by the unscrupulous

type of globe-trotter, who imagines the missionary's bungalow exists to provide free board and lodgings, and that his time is of no value. Such globe-trotters do exist, and it was probably some specially bad experience of them which provoked the brief entry in his diary: "These G.T.'s are getting to be a great nuisance." Some demands were made of him which were amusingly unreasonable. One letter from two quite unknown ladies asked him to arrange for them apartments in a *pension*, or failing that, the use of a furnished bungalow! Also the hire of a carriage, as they intended to spend a month in Udaipur! The letter fortunately found him far out in the Bhil country, and he was able to reply, "Dear Madam—Where I am living just now the only kind of dwelling is a tent, and the only means of transport a camel."

But any missionary, man or woman, wishing a few days' rest and change of scene, found at his house an open door and a warm welcome. More than once, when a party of ladies came on a visit, he pitched a tent for himself in the compound or on the flat roof, and gave up the whole bungalow to their use. His hospitality was by no means confined to colleagues in his own mission. He had visitors from among the Irish Presbyterians of Gujerat, the Canadian Presbyterians of Central India, the American

Presbyterians and Church of Scotland missionaries of the Panjab, and even of Church of England men and others from Bombay, Agra, and far Calcutta. In consequence, there were many throughout the length and breadth of India who remembered the old Udaipur Doctor with affection and gratitude.

His nearest missionary neighbours were those of the C.M.S. station at Kherwara, sixty miles away, on the southern border of Mewar. With them he was on terms of close friendship, and the Church of England chaplains who occasionally visited their members in Udaipur always found in Dr. Shepherd a man of brotherly sympathy. At the time of his death there appeared in the *Scotsman* a letter from the Rev. Cyril Matthew of Penicuik, who had been at one time chaplain at Neemuch, in which he wrote :

“ I see that my old friend, Dr. James Shepherd of Udaipur, is dead, and as he was very kind and genial to me when as chaplain of Neemuch I used to visit the Church of England people of Udaipur, I wish to pay my slight tribute to his memory. The church referred to in the paragraph in to-day's *Scotsman* as built by Dr. Shepherd was largely subscribed to by Anglicans, and used to be put at the Church of England chaplain's disposal when he visited Udaipur,

and to them the good Doctor used to read our service on other Sundays.

“One of the great joys of service abroad is the greater intercourse between the various Churches, and wide-minded men like Dr. Shepherd have had a great part in bringing Christians nearer to each other and so to our Lord. He was a lovable and most human and witty man, and I often thank God for letting me know him.”

Of all visits paid to him in India, none gave him nearly such intense pleasure as that of his own family in the winter of 1909-10. Since the death of their father in 1891 the sister and three brothers had been drawn even closer to each other. Never was there a more compact family. Distance had no effect in separating James from the others. Every week he sent home long letters, giving details of all his doings; and every week brought him a similar family record from Aberdeen. To those at home the Doctor was somewhat of a hero. They were proud of him, and lived in his work almost as much as he did himself. It was a great joy to him when he at last persuaded them to come and see for themselves the things of which he had been writing and telling them for close on forty years.

He met them on board the ship in the Bombay harbour. The whole party was hospitably

entertained for a few days by Principal M'Kichan, and then travelled up to Udaipur. There the party found a warm welcome awaiting them. The Kirk Session met them at the station. All the Europeans, infected with something of Dr. Shepherd's own excitement at having his family in India, vied with him in entertaining them; and his Indian friends went out of their way to show them kindness.

To English friends there was a delightfully Scottish air about the elderly trio fresh from Aberdeen—George, the precise and dignified man of business; William (always referred to by Dr. Shepherd as "my brother Bill"), stout, round-faced, with heavy moustache and old-fashioned "mutton-chop" whiskers, shy and rather silent; Mary, burly and downright and practical. They were all wonderfully energetic for their time of life, and took the keenest interest in all they saw. George, who came as an official delegate from the Home Church, was indefatigable in delivering addresses to congregations and Sunday-schools wherever these were to be found. The addresses were those of an experienced speaker, but, as the present writer found to his cost, not too easy to translate. The sentences were long, and he had a habit of pausing in the middle of one to await translation, and so making it impossible to

throw it into the construction required by Hindi idiom.

After a few weeks in Udaipur, the whole party set out on an extensive tour, which included all the stations of the mission, besides Agra and Cawnpore and Delhi. Nothing daunted them. One has a vision of that family of four, none of them by any means light in weight, seated on the one pad-elephant, feet dangling and body swaying, as the stalwart beast lumbered up the steep winding road to the Fort of Chitor. Everywhere they went George Shepherd was taking copious notes, and the Churches in Aberdeenshire got the benefit in lectures later on.

But it was not only of the pleasant side of Indian life they were to taste. No sooner were they back in the bungalow in Udaipur than ominous signs began to appear. Rats were found dead in the city. A rat died in the mission compound; then another and another. Dr. Shepherd hastened to persuade all he could to get inoculated against the plague. As usual, many were too sceptical or too dilatory. There were cases in the town, then in the very compound. They sickened and died with terrifying rapidity. The only thing to do was to clear all who could be cleared out of the compound altogether. Miss Shepherd found a home with

Miss M'Glashan, the State lady doctor. George and William were invited to take refuge in the Residency. Dr. Shepherd had, of course, to remain in the thick of it and fight the epidemic. As such epidemics go, it did not prove a very severe one and was soon over; but it was a startling experience for the visitors, and showed them there were other aspects of Indian life besides the picturesque and interesting.

In early March all four were present at the half-yearly meetings of the Mission Council at Nasirabad. Then, as Dr. Shepherd himself was due for furlough, all set off together for Bombay and home.

The visit had meant much to Dr. Shepherd. In a sense it was the climax or rounding-off of his life. More than most exiles he had been throughout living in two worlds—the old Aberdeen world with its unusually strong family ties, and the world of the East. With the coming of his family to Udaipur the two worlds met; and they could share his experience and understand his talk as never before. It gave him special pleasure that his brother William, the nearest to him in age and perhaps also in affection, who had never shown the same enthusiasm as the others for the work abroad, was greatly impressed with what he saw. It was he who, soon after their return, insisted on presenting

the Udaipur church with a bell, which it had so far been lacking.

Dr. Shepherd's work did not go without public recognition. He was proud to think that the first to single him out for honourable distinction were his fellow-townsmen in Aberdeen, when in 1898 his Alma Mater conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, thus marking appropriately the completion of his first twenty-five years' work as a missionary. His other honours were conferred in India, and are specially interesting in that they can only have been granted at the instigation of those servants of the Indian Government who were most closely in touch with Dr. Shepherd's life and work in Udaipur. In 1901, in recognition of his devoted service during the terrible days of the great famine, he was awarded the Kaisar-i-Hind Medal of the second class. In 1914 he was awarded the same medal of the first class. It was presented at a party held for the purpose in the beautiful Residency grounds at Udaipur, at which the Heir Apparent and many of the leading nobles were present, as well as all the Europeans of the station. Colonel Kaye, the Resident at the time, in presenting the decoration, used words that went beyond the formality of merely official utterances and had a ring of personal esteem and affection:

“ You all, I feel sure, rejoice to assist at the honouring of one deservedly respected and loved by us all, and to have this opportunity of adding to mine your congratulations to Dr. Shepherd on his receiving this royal mark of recognition of the valuable work so conscientiously yet humbly performed by him during the many years of his ministry in India.”

After giving an outline of Dr. Shepherd's work, and especially referring to his influence among the Bhil tribes, he concluded :

“ His work in this country will ever be remembered alike by the rich and by the poor, from whom by his high character and the many benefits he has bestowed on them he has won esteem, respect, and love. I feel that recognition of public service by the award of the Kaiser-i-Hind Medal of the first class has never been more thoroughly or more worthily deserved than by Dr. Shepherd.”

Even more remarkable than such public honours were tributes like that of Principal Fairbairn (already quoted), and the even more striking one of that great missionary historian and biographer, Dr. George Smith, C.I.E. When secretary of the Free Church Foreign Missions, he went on tour round the Indian fields, and visited Udaipur. Of Dr. Shepherd he wrote in his report :

“ We left the city, saying to each other that he is the most remarkable man and the most wise and devoted worker we had met in our 3000 miles’ journeying in India. No publication has yet done justice to the mission he founded, nor can any one who has not lived in India appreciate the extraordinary influence for the highest good which he has gained over the Maharana, the Crown Prince, the Prime Minister, and all classes of the people high and low, Hindus and Bhils and Mohammedans.

“ His personality is overpoweringly attractive ; his skill and success as a physician and surgeon appear to the Indians to be miraculous ; his genial manners and wise common sense draw even the enemies of Christianity ; his rectitude and unshrinking constancy make him the guardian of the orphans, the executor of the Hindus under their wills, and the trusted friend of their families, as Schwartz was in Tanjore. I do not know who loves him more—the great Maharana, who is the head of all the Hindus politically and sacerdotally, or the simple savage Bhil of the jungle.

“ Withal he is the true Scottish gentleman, without narrowness or self-consciousness of merit, denying himself in all things for Christ’s sake, and attracting our British officers by his unselfishness and spiritual wisdom.”

Chapter XV—Closing Years—News from the Field

THE lifelong comradeship between the sister and the three brothers came to an end at last. The first break took place in July 1916. Dr. Shepherd was on his way home for furlough. He knew that his elder brother, George, was seriously ill, but he was hoping against hope that he might reach Aberdeen in time to see him once more. At Marseilles a letter was awaiting him, telling that George was dead. It was a heavy blow, and was soon to be followed by another. He returned to Udaipur in 1917, but had not been many months at work again when, in February 1918, news came that his sister Mary too had passed away. Of all his family, William alone remained. Perhaps because of their nearness in age, it was to William that Dr. Shepherd had always been most warmly attached, and when, in the spring of 1920, William began to write of failing health, Dr. Shepherd's longing to be with him grew with the arrival of each mail. His own strength, although he was loth to admit it, was beginning to fail. Each hot season tried him more than the last. Owing to losses from the mission staff, and the furloughs of

missionaries long overdue owing to the war, no one was available at the time to be his colleague. The old man, in his seventy-fourth year and the forty-eighth year of his service, had the whole work and responsibility of the station upon his shoulders. Mr. Runciman had been recalled to India before his furlough was complete, and, though he was not immediately located at Udaipur, Dr. Shepherd saw in his arrival the possibility of the work at Udaipur being arranged for. Even then he probably could not have brought himself to lay down his task had it not been for the persuasions of Lieut.-Colonel Fayrer, who, during Shepherd's last days in India, was the Residency surgeon at Udaipur, and, like so many of his predecessors, Shepherd's warm friend and willing helper. He saw that the old missionary was struggling against the inevitable, and in the end prevailed on him to ask to be relieved.

The diary record of the last weeks shows the extraordinary energy and dogged conscientiousness of the old man. The summer was at its height and the heat intense. There is mention of dust-storms that drove him down from the roof at midnight and robbed him of his rest. He performed operations—stone cases and others—during these last stifling days. The bare outline of any day's work as jotted in his diary

shows an activity astonishing in a man of such age. Here is one chosen at random :

“ Had a more comfortable night and rose refreshed. Helped very much by my morning hour with Leviticus and Mark. Went to hospital, opened the work with prayer, and addressed a small meeting of out-patients. Did all the hospital work and then visited cases in the bazaar. Then home and did language reading. Prepared Sunday-school lesson (Ruth's Choice) and sermon for to-morrow evening. In evening went to tennis in the gardens and had two nice sets. Further preparation for Sunday after dinner. Very hot to-day.”

The only hint of feeling his age is in the rather pathetic note : “ Played one set of tennis, which I lost. I don't seem to be the tennis player I used to be. I can't run about, and my eye is not quite so quick as it was to see the swift return strokes.” Not bad at seventy-four !

But he was feebler than he knew, and his will-power was really driving him beyond his strength.

On 19th June he left Udaipur for the last time. He had avoided speaking of it as a final farewell, though in his heart of hearts he must have known that it was ; and he was pleased when the Maharana at the final interview in the palace begged him to come back quickly. There was

a farewell meeting with the Indian Christian brethren. Then, with Indian and English friends, humble and great, to see him off at the station, he set out on the long home journey for the last time.

The home-coming was a sad one. William died in September, and Dr. Shepherd was left alone, the last of all his family. He lived on in the old house at 6 Bon Accord Crescent, owing much of the comfort of his last years to the faithful and loving service of his house-keeper, Miss Mary Cobham, a devoted member of the household for many years. She understood him, his ways and his wants, as no one else did ; and she watched over him in a manner beyond all praise.

For a year or two he was able and always willing to help with religious services and to speak about the work in India, and he greatly enjoyed visits from old friends like Mr. Alexander Esslemont and Principal David Cairns of the United Free Church College. He was specially happy when any who had shared his life in India came to see him. One summer day Lady Pinhey, whose husband had been many years the Resident at Udaipur, motored from Grantown-on-Spey to spend an afternoon with him, and he delighted in recalling with her their experiences of twenty years before.

Unwilling to sever his connection with the mission, Dr. Shepherd had not yet formally resigned, and was still a member of the staff when, in August 1922, his jubilee as a missionary was reached. The congregation of East and Belmont Street United Free Church, with which he had throughout retained his connection, made it the occasion of showing their respect and affection for the veteran missionary. A remarkable meeting was held in the church, at which the minister, the Rev. J. K. Thomson, presided, and in which professors from the United Free Church College, ex-bailies, and other notables of Aberdeen took part. In presenting to Dr. Shepherd an illuminated address, drawn up by the Session and office-bearers, Mr. Alexander Esslemont paid a fine tribute, and spoke of the "vast district where his name was revered and Christianity more fully understood because such a splendid specimen of a Christian man existed." An extract from a minute of the Presbytery was also read, congratulating Dr. Shepherd and recording appreciation of his service in the field.

Such expressions of affectionate esteem from his fellow-townsmen meant even more to Dr. Shepherd than they would to most men. From first to last he was at heart a true Aberdonian,

and no other honours could equal with him those paid to him by his own folk.

His health, however, now began seriously to fail. He still continued to read omnivorously, until in the last months his mind and his memory at times became clouded.

It is sad to think that he was not, for this reason, able to appreciate to the full news that came from his own beloved Bhil country during the winter of 1925-26. It was such news as, a few months earlier, would have filled his heart with joy.

For great things had been happening there since he had left. Away in a remote village, in which Dr. Shepherd had indeed sown seed, but reaped little or no harvest, there was one man who had learned to read, and who had one book—the Bible. Whether he originally found faith through some preacher's word or through his own poring over the Book we do not know, but find it he did, and the Bible opened his eyes to a whole new spiritual world. A flame was kindled in his soul, a passionate desire to impart what he had discovered. In the hours of idleness and at night round the fire, when work was done, he read aloud to his neighbours till they too were infected with his enthusiasm. They formed themselves into a band pledged to live according to the Book. Their chief vice,

drunkenness, had to go by the board, and it went. That excellent source of revenue, thieving, was forbidden in the Book, so it too was forsworn. They even gave up eating food forbidden to the Jews, though hitherto the wild boar had been one of their favourite delicacies.

Their neighbours resented such a departure from the religion and traditions of their tribe, and began to persecute them. An attempt was made to prevent their using the wells. Some had false charges brought against them. Some were beaten. Some had their precious stores of grain burned. And still they remained true to their new faith. Their leader now began to urge them to become Christian out and out by receiving baptism.

Udaipur was for the time under the charge of a junior missionary, Dr. W. Bruce M'Queen. What was his surprise when one day ten raw Bhils arrived at the mission bungalow and demanded to be baptized! The young missionary was at first perplexed as to what to do. Their language was a dialect hard for him to follow. It was difficult to gauge their knowledge or ascertain their motives. The Udaipur Christians whom he consulted were at first doubtful and advised caution. The Bhils could only remain two days, they said, as it was the rainy season and their field-work was urgent. In the end

Dr. M'Queen gave them Scripture portions, Bibles, and hymn-books, and sent them off with words of encouragement, promising to visit them when the rains were over and camping possible.

Six weeks later forty men arrived and asked to be baptized. Again he insisted on further instruction and promised to send a teacher. The teacher, however, soon returned with news that an epidemic had broken out in the district. A Christian compounder from the hospital was sent instead, with a supply of medicines, who worked among them for a week or two till the sickness abated. Then the teacher returned and lived among them, teaching by day and by night.

In September Dr. M'Queen went on tour in the district, and he gives a description of the remarkable reception he received :

“ My servant had been with Dr. Shepherd, and he advised me to take everything I needed, as nothing would be supplied. But times had changed since then, and all my wants were supplied. Three men came in to escort me ; on the way out, men would come running from houses far away, and each would be introduced as a member of ‘ our ’ church. On arrival at the camp, some went for water, others pitched the tent, others gathered leaves for the camels, one brought a bundle of hay for my borrowed

pony, another kindled a fire, and in two twos we were all settled down.

“After I had washed and dined crowds came round the camp fire, and we began to sing hymns. We would sing one, and then they would follow with one of theirs, accompanied by cymbals and an instrument like a banjo. And so on we went far into the night. Finally, with prayer we all drew closer to our Heavenly Father, and then separated for the night—I to my tent, while they simply wrapped themselves up in a blanket and slept around the fire.

“In the morning some went to work, while some went hunting for my food, returning with a jungle fowl and a hare shot with arrows. That day, too, the congregation presented me with a goat.

“At tea-time I asked my servant what they were reading aloud, and he replied, ‘The Book of Daniel.’ I expressed surprise at the book they had chosen, but was told that the story of Daniel was especially their story, because were not they also passing through the fire, and witnessing for God?

“After a day or two we struck camp and marched over a dangerous pass, in which I was guarded by men bearing bows and arrows and old matchlocks, into another valley, where were others of the congregation. There, too,

I was received with every kindness, and all done in the name of Christ.

“Alas! after my return the leader was arrested on an old trumped-up charge of two years previously and cast into prison, where his jailers taunted him with the question, ‘Now what can this Christ you talk about do for you?’ And in prison he stayed untried for months.

“In January a senior missionary visited the station, and at a Kirk-Session meeting we decided to offer them baptism. So a letter was sent, beginning, ‘To the Christians who are at Pai and Selana and Markadeo, by the hand of Nana, greeting.’ On the Saturday they began to arrive, until our accommodation was almost overtaxed; and then late in the evening my servant arrived in a great state of excitement, saying, ‘Puna has come.’ Now Puna was the man who had been in prison. ‘Tried and released?’ you ask. No; he had paid the bribe demanded, and on arrival home, hearing of the letter, had borrowed a pony (he was too weak to walk), and come straight on to be among the first to be baptized.

“On the Sunday morning, in the little church in Udaipur, thirty-one were baptized. And then more came forward, until now a hundred and ten have publicly professed their faith in the Saviour. An evangelist has gone to live

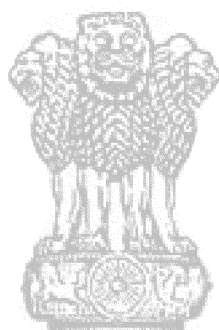
among them, and the harvest is being gathered in.

“ But what of their leader ? When in Udaipur, thinking that justice might perchance be found there, he presented a petition and then returned home. The petition was sent after him for investigation, and he was re-arrested and is now again in prison. Thus the man who, in the name of the Lord and with the help of the Holy Spirit, has brought light to so many who sat in darkness, is himself in chains ; but the work of the Lord goes forward.”

The wind bloweth where it listeth, but there is no doubt it was Dr. Shepherd's long, patient, though inevitably desultory, work among them that had opened those avenues of the soul through which this breath of the Spirit found entrance. It may be that in God's providence an inspired Bhil was chosen to be the means of bringing his fellow-Bhils to Christ, to save them from leaning too much upon the foreigner as the founder of their church. But be the outcome of the movement what it may—and we hope and pray all this is only the beginning of great things—it is certainly a strong proof, given years after he had gone, of the reality and power of the witness Shepherd bore to Christ.

The news of these baptisms found him, alas, nearing the end of his own long pilgrimage.

For many weeks life flickered and slowly faded. On 29th March 1926 the eyes that had seen so much of the wonder of the world were closed for ever, and the heart which had beat so loyally for the Master sank to rest.



सत्यमेव जयते

Chapter XVI—The Man and his Achievement

A DISINTERESTED student of human nature would have found in Dr. Shepherd a remarkable example of the existence in one personality of the most diversified and even contradictory traits of character. A mere panegyric of him as a consistent Christian saint would miss the mark entirely. Both intellectually and morally he had obvious limitations, and the greatness of the man was in spite of these.

One rather puzzling fact, for instance, to those who lived with him was that while he was a constant reader he was no student. He was never without a book on hand. His bookseller at home had a standing order to send him monthly the best of recent publications in theology and general literature. He read with great enjoyment, and spoke of, with enthusiasm, books dealing with the Bible from the modern standpoint—such as George Adam Smith's on Isaiah and the Minor Prophets. Yet he seemed to assimilate little or none of their teaching. Without any sense of inconsistency he would commend such books, and turn back to his own work uninfluenced by them, to give, perhaps,

to an agent's class a series of lectures on the Outline of the Old Testament based on the theory of verbal inspiration and the chronology of Archbishop Usher. In many respects it was as though his mind was made up of separate, watertight compartments between which there could be no communication.

In matters of temperament he had equally contrasted, though less contradictory, characteristics. His whole instinct was towards kindness. He could not bear to see suffering in man, woman, or child. A whole lifetime of dealing with pain left him as sensitive to the pity of it as when he began. But along with this great capacity for sympathy there was a sternness too. A hint of deceit or dishonesty or, above all, cruelty would make his eye blaze with indignation or grow steely cold according to his mood. At such times, one felt the hard granite of the Aberdonian. Cruelty to animals was a thing he could not tolerate. He loved to have dogs about him, and would carry on long, whimsical, one-sided conversations with his favourite Aberdeen terrier, while it cocked an ear and listened with an air of intelligent interest. To keep a horse and not look after its welfare was an unpardonable crime. The Indians, even of those castes which profess an extreme reverence for life in all its forms, are

often extremely callous about animal suffering. In every city there are sacred bulls which roam the bazaars, thrusting their noses into the grain or vegetable shops, and snatching a mouthful where they can. To slay such an animal or to slay a cow would be reckoned worse than killing a man. Yet one day, as he was going to hospital, Shepherd met such a Brahmani bull in a horrible condition. It had lost an eye through some fight or accident, and the great hollow of the eye-socket was a suppurating sore, filled with flies, and horrible to look on. It must have gone untended for many days. I seldom saw Dr. Shepherd quite so angry as that sight made him. He rounded on the people for the sham of religion that made them worship the cow, yet let this poor beast suffer agonies and lift no hand to help. He made them drive it into the hospital compound, had it fastened with ropes, and then washed and dressed and bandaged up its wound.

What most impressed those who met Shepherd casually was his geniality and charming courtesy. He was delightful as a host, taking infinite pains for the entertainment of his guests. In his dealings with the proud and courteous Rajputs, it was this punctilious yet genial politeness that disarmed all hostility and removed distrust, that and the absolute integrity they came to feel

behind it. Yet his courtesy did not spring from a temperament that was naturally equable. Perhaps no pioneers have been men of placid temper. Their work requires a driving force, a power to take the initiative, to organise, control, and rule, that is oftener combined with a passionate nature. Shepherd was no exception. There was in him a blend of the sanguine and the choleric. He could be, and often was, very angry, sometimes unreasonably so. Irritated by the stupidity or slowness or deceit of some servant, he could scold unmercifully; but the servants knew that the storm would quickly pass, and with the patience of the East bowed until the sun broke through again. Physically the worst effect that the excessively dry climate of Rajputana has upon the European is to make him "nervy." It may lead to actual nervous breakdown; it always, unless guarded against, accentuates any tendency to irascibility. Dr. Shepherd never ceased to be conscious of this failing in himself. It is characteristic of the sincere humility of the man that again and again in his private diary we find some such entry as: "Lost my temper with the *sais* to-day and regret it very much. God help me to overcome this weakness!" or "I feel sorry to be so irritable and fault-finding with servants. Never happy until I have forgiven them and made peace."

Along with his genuine humility of soul there went a sense of personal dignity. He was not a man any one would take liberties with—twice. This was probably another of the traits in Shepherd which helped to win for him the respect of the Rajputs ; for, more than most men, the Rajput is jealous of his *izzat*, his personal honour or dignity, his *respect* in the eyes of the world. There is a story of Dr. Shepherd in his later years which many of those who knew him thoroughly appreciated. He was returning from furlough in the P. & O. mail steamer. Among his fellow-passengers in the second-class saloon, besides missionaries and merchants, were such military officers and civil servants as happened to be travelling not at Government, but their own, expense. The old Doctor, as usual, soon became a popular member of the company. In the first-class saloon there happened to be an important member of a Government commission going out to India for certain investigations. He had evidently heard some rumour of Dr. Shepherd's long experience of life in a Native State, for one afternoon a messenger appeared on the second-class deck and told Dr. Shepherd his chief would be glad if he would come to the first-class end for an interview with him next afternoon at three o'clock. The Doctor was not a little

proud of the prospect of meeting the Great Man, and was chaffed a good deal about it by his fellow-passengers. Next day (as he afterwards told the story) he washed his face till it shone, brushed his beard, donned his best clerical frock-coat, and at three o'clock made his way into the sacred precincts amidships. He was shown into a cabin which served as an ante-room. There he sat waiting—and waiting. At five o'clock the messenger reappeared and informed him that the Great Man regretted that, owing to pressure of work, he would not be able to see him that day. The following afternoon, as Dr. Shepherd in his deck-chair was enjoying a chat with some friends, the same messenger appeared and said Mr. — would be glad to see him now. Dr. Shepherd looked at him coldly, and replied, "Please tell Mr. — that *I* am engaged this afternoon and can't come."

And so the interview with the Great Man never took place.

No one could live alongside of Shepherd without realising that one of the strongest forces in him was conscientiousness about work. He was one of the most systematic and thorough of men. His days and his weeks were planned, and the plan was rigidly adhered to. His capacity for sheer hard work was enormous.

No weariness or heat could prevent him from doing the day's task, or from answering further calls when the day's task was done.

But just as systematically he set aside his time for recreation, and few men could throw themselves so heartily into any kind of game. We read of him in the early days joining in old-fashioned card games after dinner, such as Cribbage and Picquet. Latterly he thoroughly enjoyed a game of Bridge, though he never became a very expert player; and in his last years he took to that most soothing of all pastimes for a solitary soul—Patience. Far more did he enjoy every form of outdoor sport. As a young man, he was an excellent horseman, and to the very end he was thoroughly at home in the saddle. It was his daily custom to ride to his cases in the city, ending up at the hospital. He was keen on cricket in the early days, and joined in many a match with the city lads, but his chief game was tennis, which he played without fail at least once a week. He still played an astonishingly good game when he was over seventy years of age. When he took a morning or evening or a whole day off work, and could go farther afield, it was usually devoted to shooting or fishing. He dearly loved a day out with his gun in the cold weather, and was no mean shot when the wild-duck were on the lake

or among the quail and grey partridge in the jungle. Perhaps even more, especially as he grew older, he enjoyed a morning's fishing on the lake. He would start out in a rowing-boat in the cool of the dawn and fish the lake from end to end for four or five hours. He enjoyed the thrill of having a 20-lb. fighting *mahsir* at the end of fifty yards of line. There were several varieties of fish to be found in the lake, and within a few moments of having hooked a fish he could tell from the manner in which it fought to which variety it belonged.

Another favourite pastime was yachting. He had purchased from a departing official a peculiar little sailing-boat—a metal shell of a thing, half-decked, and with a small centre-board keel, and just capable of holding two. It was rigged with a mainsail and jib, and had a dangerous tendency to nose-dive when running before the wind. He sailed it with great skill, and the tiny craft with its white sail added a new beauty to the lovely lake of Udaipur.

It would not be true to say that he engaged in these sports and pastimes from conscientious motives—to get alongside of men, or for the sake of health, or to keep his mind fresh for work. He would doubtless have acknowledged the soundness of all such reasons, but for himself he went in for them for the much more simple

and wholesome reason that he thoroughly enjoyed them. It was one of the charms of Shepherd that he never lost his boyish zest and enthusiasm. In spite of abundance of sheer hard toil, in spite of all the suffering and ignorance he saw and strove to relieve and to dispel, the world was to him a fascinating place, and he found life good. There is always something attractive and stimulating to others in a man who faces frankly the facts of life and yet finds it good.

Most outstanding missionaries have been men with some supreme gift of mind or character. With Shepherd it was not so. He was not of exceptional intellectual ability. He had no special gift of speech. There was little of the ascetic about him, or of the mystic or the saint. Rather he was what one might call an average man, with interests wider and more varied than the average, and distinctly more vitality, but with obvious limitations and shortcomings. Yet Shepherd was used by Providence to accomplish great things.

What was the secret of his success ?

One might attribute much of it to the sheer integrity of the man. He was entirely free from all self-seeking, and beneath all his varied interests, his life, from beginning to end, showed un-deviating singleness of purpose. He was the

kind of man with whom you know where you are. The people of Udaipur might often differ from him and even oppose him in religious matters, but they always knew what he stood for, and they knew that beneath all difference of creed there lay an unchanging goodwill and desire to serve their highest interests.

But the true secret of his success lay in the simple piety of his soul. Those keen, grey eyes, which looked so shrewdly upon men and things, could look beyond them too and catch glimpses of the "far-off goal." He had a faith that was singularly free from doubts, a faith based on the old evangelical foundation—a deep sense of personal unworthiness and insufficiency and of Christ's all-sufficing love and grace. He had little gift of self-expression, and seldom spoke of anything like personal religious experience. Even his sermons were curiously detached and impersonal. There was a reserve about the deepest things that he never could break through. But one could not live alongside of him, sharing his morning and evening devotions, without being conscious of the depths of simple trust from which he drew his strength. And no one could read the fragments of devotional thought scattered here and there through his most matter-of-fact private diary without realising the essential humility

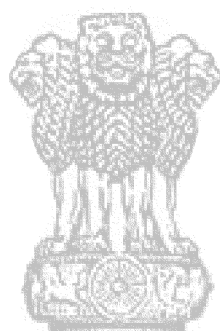
of the man. There were things in which he took pride—his family, his native town, his friendships, and the honours bestowed on him; and he faced the world of men with a kind of sensitive dignity of his own. In the presence of God he was simple and humble as a little child, with no delusions about himself, no trust save in the power of Him in whom he believed. It was this simple faith that transformed what might have been a commonplace or only moderately distinguished career into something beautiful and great.

How great an achievement his life-work represents it is by no means easy to set forth. It consists in far more than the outward and visible results, though these were by no means small. Not every man could have come alone to that most conservative of Hindu capitals, and by the sheer force and charm of his personality won such a place for himself in the esteem of ruler and people that he was accepted as a resident, and allowed to build for himself a permanent abode. The hospital, the establishment of which was in itself a notable achievement, has records of hundreds of thousands of patients treated—work which alone represents a great service of his fellows for one man's lifetime. The slow in-gathering of the little Christian community, and the founding of a church in

that far outpost, was, to any one who understands the enormous difficulties, a triumph greater still, and the Bhil Mission with its far-sighted policy was a movement of which the end is not yet seen.

But away and beyond all these was the influence of Shepherd upon the whole life of the State. He created an atmosphere that was new ; set up new standards of truth and honesty. Apropos of his loss some one in Udaipur recently remarked : " You can have no adequate idea of the influence Shepherd had here. In his presence there was a conscience in the State of an increasingly higher level." There came to be a " Shepherd tradition " that was of great value. In the eyes of Udaipur he stood for all that was upright and honourable and kindly.

In gaining such prestige for the name of Padre Sahib, he gained it for the cause he represented ; for men could not contemplate that long life of faithful service without honouring the Master who inspired it.



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