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CRIMINAL TRIBES AT  
HUBLI, 1920—1930

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HUBLI, 1920—1930

By C. M. EDWARDS

*with compliments from  
C. M. Edwards  
Settlement  
Hubli*

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL IN  
FOREIGN PARTS

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## PREFACE.

*By the Editorial Secretary of the S.P.G.*

**T**HE first part of this book was published in 1922. But it is not out of date ; and the author finds nothing of any importance in it which needs revision. Of the second part, now bound up with the first, Miss Edwards writes:—

“ This second paper cannot in any way be described as a full account of the work of the Criminal Tribes Settlement at Hubli which has been carried on for the past ten years by S.P.G. workers. It is rather a series of reflections on that work by those who, being immersed in the work, are liable to miss the broader issues because of the mass of details by which they are surrounded. These reflections are an attempt to clear the vision and see the growth of the wood in spite of the thickness of the trees.”

The Rev. A. L. Bradbury, Superintendent of the Industrial Settlement, endorses these remarks of the author, who also tells us that he has given his help and counsel in preparing this account of “ ten years after.”

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## THE CRIMINAL TRIBES IN INDIA

**I**T is not generally known in England that, apart from the lower standard of honesty which is often attributed, rightly or wrongly, to the lower classes of most Eastern nations by those of the West, there are broadcast over the whole of the Indian Empire numerous tribes in whose eyes thieving, robbery and murder are a legitimate trade. This trade, like any other caste trade, has been handed down to them by their forefathers. It is a skilled trade in which they take a pride. They live apart from the ordinary law-abiding population in much the same way as gipsies do in Western countries, with a social system and laws of their own. Their number can only be guessed, but it runs into hundreds of thousands.

It is a curious study in psychology to try and realise the mentality of people in whom the social instinct that lies behind the eighth commandment hardly exists. Their social instinct only influences them within the limits of their own tribe. They are outlaws in the true sense of the word, and they look upon the rest of society as a group of beings from whom they can wrest a living by cunning or by brute force without any qualms of conscience. Their real position seems

to be that their own tribe is the only society which they recognise. The rest of the world is outside their pale, and is their legitimate prey. They take a pride in the skilfulness with which they rob the rest of the community and in certain tribes there are laws which shew very plainly that they do not consider a man to be worth his salt unless he has proved himself an expert thief. It is difficult to state these laws with any exactitude, but there seems to be no doubt that among certain tribes a man is required every year to prove to his tribe-fellows that he has committed some definite act of robbery; while in another tribe the custom seems to be that no self-respecting woman of the tribe will marry a man until he has committed two or three successful robberies as a proof of his fitness to support a wife and family.

It is this attitude which they take up—a sort of pride in their criminality—which makes the problem of the Criminal Tribes such a difficult one. It is, nevertheless, a problem which has to be faced in a more or less acute degree by every district officer in India. Apart from any interest he may take in these curious people, he is bound for the sake of law and order and for the protection of law-abiding citizens, to make some attempt to solve the problem. The habits, numbers, and criminality of tribes vary in every district, as does also their social status among caste people.

Some tribes own land, and have their regular place in the village community, but the men have a suspicious way of disappearing for weeks or months at a time, and the post-office records often show that money orders of considerable value, and a large number of registered parcels containing valuables, are transmitted to their wives and families during their absence. Other tribes lead a wandering gipsy life, camping in a certain district, and committing thefts and depredations until the fear of the police compels them to move on. Yet another group pose, sometimes for years, as respectable merchants, keeping a shop in some large town, and going off with their associates on tours for robbery in another part of the country where they are not known.

The history of all these different tribes, and the different roads by which they have reached their present condition and mentality, would be an interesting study if records were available, but we have to be content with a few meagre scraps of tradition. These, supplemented by our knowledge of general social conditions in India, and filled in with guesswork founded on knowledge of human nature, have to take the place of history.

I think that we are not doing the caste system an injustice if we say that it is largely responsible for the present deplorable condition of these tribes. Some of them appear to have been aboriginals driven from their fields and their



possessions by the northern invader. The exclusiveness of caste prevented their being absorbed and civilised by their conquerors, and they were thrown back upon a forest life, getting their living by hunting and by depredations on the fields and flocks of the hated usurper.

Others seem from time immemorial to have been carriers. They owned neither lands nor houses. All their wealth was in their beasts of burden. They carried grain to the coast, and salt inland. No doubt their wandering life helped to make thieving a secondary source of income, and with the advent of roads and railways their carrying trade declined, and they took to thieving as a regular trade. Is it a sense of poetic justice that makes this tribe devote its attention chiefly to stealing from the railways ?

A curious group are the Chapparbands, whose name (Chapparband means hut-builder), along with their physical characteristics, confirms the tradition that they came south as hangers-on and hut-builders to the Mohammedan armies. Whether by accident or by design, it is hard to tell, but when the tide of Mohammedan conquest receded northwards the Chapparbands were left high and dry on the shores of a Hindu civilisation, which had no place for them. Under these circumstances it is not strange that they, feeling themselves to be outsiders, took to a trade which preyed upon that civilisation which would not make use of their gifts. Thus they became most successful in the art of false coining.

By such processes as these the Criminal Tribes of India have been formed and increased. At first ousted, and then kept out of any honest way of getting their living, by the caste idea, which ordains that a son should follow in his father's footsteps, they have literally lost the sense of any social obligation to society, which has cast them out. Thieving in its many branches, including pilfering in bazaars, crop lifting, cattle lifting, house-breaking, highway robbery, false coining, all these, with or without violence or murder, are looked upon by these people as their legitimate trade.

No two tribes seem to work alike. Each one has its own laws and methods of procedure. There is, for instance, the tribe who call themselves the bundle-stealers. These people frequent bazaars and fairs, travel in crowded third-class carriages, hang about railway stations, and are extraordinarily clever at evading the police. They disguise themselves as respectable travellers, and pass the stolen property so quickly from hand to hand that the actual thief is very rarely caught with his booty on him. The Indian traveller's luggage very often consists of a bundle or a canvas bag, which he stows under his seat, and the wily thief, after having impressed the whole carriage-full of people by his big talk of his shop in Bombay, or his farm in the country, unselfishly offers when night comes to sleep on the floor, so as to give more room to his fellow

travellers. Once there, he quickly rifles all the bags and bundles, and passes the valuables to an equally respectable-looking thief who gets out at the next station. He himself gets out soon after, and it is not generally until morning that the thefts are discovered, and by that time the thieves are far away, and there is very little hope of catching them.

As an example of the methods pursued by the Chapparbands in passing base metal for gold, I have the following story on police authority :— A Chapparband prepared an alloy of tin and copper, and made it look like an ingot of gold. He then dropped it on the road and lurked close by. Presently an unsuspecting ryot came by, and picking up the ingot proceeded with great joy to tuck it into his pouch. The Chapparband then sprang out of his hiding place and demanded a share of the treasure. The ryot refusing, he threatened him with the police, but finally, with a show of great magnanimity, consented to allow his victim to keep the gold, and to accept the comparatively small sum of ten rupees instead of his share. The unfortunate ryot hurried home congratulating himself on his luck, and was only disillusioned when he presented the ingot for sale to a goldsmith !

A sense of humour and pride in their own ingenuity was shown by a tribe who pursued the housebreaking branch of their trade, when they approached a newly arrived civil servant, and



**FIRST AID AT A SCOUT RALLY  
(The Hubli troop won a cup)**



**THREE OLD FRIENDS**



**THE BASKET MAKERS**



**BHAT WOMEN DOING EMBROIDERY**

asked him to appoint one of them as watchman. "If you will appoint him at a salary of so much a month," said they, "we, as a tribe, will guarantee the immunity of your house from robbery." "This," said the civil servant, "is blackmail, I can protect my own property," and he dismissed them from his presence without further thought.

That night, it being hot weather, he slept under a tree outside his bungalow, and in the morning a strange sight met his astonished eyes. On the trees of his compound hung all his pictures and hunting trophies, and his clothes were tastefully draped upon the bushes! Table and chairs were grouped on the path, and the papers and other contents of his locked writing-bureau were neatly ranged in packets around his little grass plot, and each stamp from his stamp box had been licked and stuck on a separate leaf of the tree under which he had been asleep. The bungalow had been entirely stripped of its contents, but not a thing was missing. History does not relate what the civil servant said, or what he did next.

Stories like these could be multiplied indefinitely, showing the ingenuity and perseverance of a Criminal Tribesman in pursuing what he considers to be his rightful calling and trade.

It is plain to see that the ordinary methods of dealing with crime cannot suffice if the law-

abiding population of India is to be in any sense adequately protected from the depredations of these people who work systematically in gangs and tribes, and who spare no trouble in training their children to become as expert, as daring and as loyal to tribal rules and traditions as themselves.

The problem is not the usual criminal problem of how to punish and reform an individual, and how to prevent honest men from following his bad example. We have here a question of how we are to change the whole moral outlook of tribes whose numbers and solidarity almost justify us in calling them a nation.

They are bound by every law of heredity, of circumstance, and of loyalty to their tribe-fellows to a life of dishonesty and crime, and even had they desired to become honest and law-abiding citizens they could not do so, for there was no place for them. Their only friends in the Hindu social system were the receivers of stolen goods, who encouraged them in their nefarious practices.

In these latter days they have a new friend, for Government has realised that the extermination of the Criminal Tribes can only be accomplished by the slow process of turning them into law-abiding citizens.

Sir John Hewett, the Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces, did a great thing when he invited the Salvation Army, with all its experience in dealing with the criminal, to try its

hand on the Criminal Tribes of his province. By his action he showed that he realised that social reform cannot be accomplished without some religious basis.

This was the beginning of the work of reform which, since then, has been taken up in all parts of India. The Salvation Army alone is now responsible for thirty-five settlements in various provinces, a large proportion of their work lying in the United Provinces, the Punjab, and Madras. They have altogether in their settlements over 8,000 persons.

The Criminal Tribes Act of 1911 was another step forward, for it gave power to local governments to deal with these tribes as a special class.

Local governments were empowered to notify any suspicious gang or tribe as a criminal tribe, and to deal with it according to the Act ; that is to say, to insist upon a register of its members, to restrict its movements, to place a whole tribe, or group, in a settlement, to educate its children, and to arrest and punish absconders from settlements, or registered persons who were found outside the area in which they were allowed to reside.

This Act made it possible to tackle the problem effectively. Up to that time reforming influences could only be brought to bear upon individuals who had been actually convicted of crime, or upon groups of criminals who voluntarily put themselves in the hands of the reformers, but since the Act of 1911 a more



vigorous policy has been possible. Special officers have been appointed to take charge of this important work, and in the Bombay Presidency it has thriven exceedingly under the firm and sympathetic hand of the Criminal Tribes Settlement Officer, Mr. H. Starte, I.C.S. The Bombay Government Review on the Annual Report on the working of the settlements in 1918 expresses Government opinion as follows :

In these settlements nearly ten thousand human beings who were in the past a danger to the law-abiding and a scandal to society, which failed to take any measures other than repressive with regard to them, are being fitted to take their place as useful citizens. . . . The thanks of Government are due to those missionary bodies who have assisted in the supervision of the settlements . . . to the rest of Mr. Starte's staff ; above all to Mr. Starte himself, to whose missionary zeal and devotion the success of the settlements is mainly due.

The 1919 Review says that :

During the past year the settlement work of the Criminal Tribes has been successfully continued, and its good effects have been increased. The population of the settlements rose by about 800 inmates, partly owing to the fact that members of various criminal tribes have voluntarily given up their life of crime and have entered the settlements. These settlements are not charitable

institutions where the inmates are maintained in idleness. They are places where erstwhile criminals maintain themselves by honest industry. That the solid advantages of a law-abiding, orderly life should have been so convincingly brought home to these outlaws is a matter in which the Government of this Presidency, the officers concerned, and the voluntary helpers associated with them may feel a legitimate pride. . . . Marked progress has been made in the physical, intellectual, and moral education of the children within the settlements, on whom primarily depends the eventual reclamation of the Criminal Tribes from their former mode of living.

Commenting on the 1920 Review, I notice that the *Times of India* says : " The settlements are not merely weaning the tribespeople from crime, but are making them models of well conducted life, skilled artisans, educated, accustomed to observe sound social and hygienic rules which make them happy and healthy patterns to many of those who in the past suffered from their malpractices. . . . It is not surprising to find that, while the discipline of the settlements has to be maintained, the number of exemptions from registration and roll call and other disciplinary regulations is rapidly increasing. In very few cases is it necessary to register the lads growing up in the settlements and thus, as the older generation passes away, the younger one

consists almost entirely of free citizens. . . . We have never before seen a finer illustration of how quickly, by the exercise of a wise combination of firmness and kindly leadership, even the lowest classes of society can be converted into respectable and useful citizens."

My connection with the work has been too short for me to do anything more than outline the policy which has been pursued for the last ten or eleven years.

The work was begun at Bijapur by the settlement of certain tribes under Mr. Starte's personal supervision. Its success was so great that it soon became advisable to open other settlements. As the hundreds became thousands it was plainly necessary to draw into the service of the tribes other men and women as devoted to their true interests as he was himself, and so grew up the present system of handing over the management of certain settlements to missionary bodies, who are already at work in the districts concerned. I do not hesitate here to assert that this problem of the reform of the Criminal Tribes is not merely a social problem, but a spiritual problem. When the would-be reformer realises that he is fighting against the powers of evil for the souls of men there we may hope for real reform. My experience has not been very long, but at least it has convinced me of this fact.

The American Marathi Mission is in charge of the large settlement of over 3,000 inmates at

Sholapur. The American Methodist Episcopal Church manages a small settlement at Gokak Falls, and early in 1919 S.P.G. was invited to take charge of the new settlement just begun at Hubli. There was already a small settlement under Government supervision located in quarters belonging to the spinning and weaving mill at Hubli, but land had been acquired outside the town for a new settlement capable of accommodating a very large number of people, and it was this new settlement that was offered to S.P.G. During the year 1919 the Rev. A. L. Bradbury, the chosen manager, was on furlough, so that the settlement was started under Government management. Miss Tickell had already begun as a voluntary worker to supervise welfare work among the women and children of the first few families settled there, and when in February she too went on furlough I carried on what she had begun.

Life at a settlement is one of enormously varied interests. It must not be imagined that great building operations are necessary before a start can be made. The beginning is a large open tract of ground, to which a group of families belonging to a criminal tribe are brought by the police. They arrive with all their belongings, and are invited to build huts for themselves. This they do in characteristic fashion—some of reeds, some of bamboo matting, and some of miscellaneous materials, such as old sacks and flattened-out kerosene tins.

The registered members are required to answer at a nightly roll-call, and the settlement inspector, who is in touch with all the chief employers of labour in the town, arranges for work for all the able-bodied, while the children are fetched to school by the schoolmaster, and the sick are tended by the settlement nurse ; so the work begins. The school began under a tree, then moved to a hired house in a neighbouring street ; then, as numbers increased, to a large empty cotton store, and finally in 1920 was housed in a fine airy, stone building, specially built for the purpose. The hospital work in like manner progressed from a tiny hired room, just large enough to contain a medicine cupboard and a table, to a temporary shed where cases could be treated inside instead of out in the street, and is now accommodated in a suitable building within the settlement.

All the other institutions of settlement life sprang into being in much the same way. The Indian Inspectors, Hindu and Christian alike, had been trained by Mr. Starte, or had associated with him so long in this work, that they had assimilated the Christian principles on which the whole enterprise is based. Brahmin, Lingayet, or Mohammedan, they showed by their conduct and attitude towards these people their belief in the distinctively Christian doctrine of the equality and brotherhood of man. I never found any difficulty in discussing our problems with these

men from a Christian standpoint, and we worked together at this most Christian work in entire unity and concord. By the end of 1919 the number of people in the settlement was about 740, and in January, 1920, the management was put in the hands of the Rev. A. L. Bradbury.

The S.P.G. is now fairly established in this work, and we, the workers, are proud to be associated with Government in it. It has been said that he who emancipates the outcaste, emancipates India, and we see, in the raising of the Criminal Tribes opportunities of work for God and for India such as we have not had before. There is in some quarters a tendency to suggest that the Church is making a mistake in addressing its efforts more to the conversion of the criminal and the outcaste than to the Brahmin and the educated classes. I do not agree with this suggestion at all. The Brahmin and the educated man have their opportunities. They have access to Christian literature and to Christian teachers. They watch with interest the Christian work among their depressed countrymen, and in many cases have been drawn to imitate that work. Who shall say that along this path they do not draw near to Christ, though they may not openly profess Christianity? "This," said a Hindu, who came to see our children's home at Hubli, "is, without doubt, the highest work for God." Now, a man of an alien faith, who expresses himself thus, is surely one of those who are "not far

from the Kingdom of God," but India will not be hurried.

I am constantly asked in England, "Where do you begin?" and "How do you tackle the problems of vice, laziness, ignorance, cruelty, dirt, and superstition?" It may therefore be of interest to my readers if I give here some account of personal experiences in settlement work. Where do we begin the work of reform? Very largely with an attempt to introduce cleanliness. Those who have lived entirely among civilised people, to whom cleanliness is a matter of course, can hardly realise what a civilising influence it exercises upon those who have been strangers to it. It lays a foundation for self-respect; it leads people to compare themselves with others, first as to outward appearance, and later on in respect of the deeper things of life.

Settlers arrive in an unimaginable condition of dirt. Their clothing consists of filthy rags, which seem never to have been washed. Children of all ages appear with skins rusted with dirt, with tousled and matted hair, which has never made the acquaintance of a comb. Many of the adults are in the same condition. Bedding consists of padded cotton quilts and goats' hair blankets, all equally dirty. Even the cooking pots of some tribes are very rarely cleaned, and meals are cooked in an earthen pot which is crusted with the sour remains of I know not how many former cookings! A staff of neatly dressed and immaculately clean Indian Christian inspectresses

assist in the work of coaxing and cajoling the women to wash. Everything is made as easy as possible during the first few months. A screened-off bathing place is made for the women. Soap and hair oil are given gratis, combs are lent, a looking-glass is brought, and amid much laughing and joking the women are persuaded to try the effect of bathing, combing, oiling, and washing of clothes, upon their personal appearance. The widows and the old women are the most stubborn passive resisters. The widow considers dirt a sign of respect for her late husband, and there is an unwritten law that she should not comb her hair for two years after his death. Mr. Bradbury scored a success here where we women had failed. There were two widows who utterly refused to depart from their ancient custom, and, standing firm on tradition, remained in a disgraceful state of tousle-headedness. These ladies desired one day to attend a wedding at Bijapur, and they came to him to ask for passes allowing them to travel. He seized the opportunity, and said that he would only give them passes if they would comb their hair! They wept and stormed and pleaded, but he was adamant, and eventually the inspectress was sent for, combs and oil were produced, and there on his verandah the deed was accomplished. When we came up in the evening he triumphantly presented two sleek-headed individuals to us! The old woman argues, "Why wash? I shall be dirty again to-morrow!" To which



we answer, "Why, then, eat? You will be hungry again to-morrow!" But she is an ultra-conservative, and it is only in rare cases that we can make much impression on her.

On the general population, however, our cleanliness campaign slowly, but surely, gains ground, and public opinion in the camp gradually veers round in favour of more cleanliness, decency, and self-respect. Newcomers are stigmatised as dirty savages by those who a year before would not even have desired to be counted cleaner.

The children, naturally enough, take to cleanliness more easily than their parents. During the first year of the settlement a whole hour daily in the school time-table was devoted to exercises in cleanliness. Washing of faces and hands, cleaning of teeth, combing of hair, and other such things were a part of the school curriculum, and twice a week another hour was spent at bathing and washing of clothes. The small rewards of school life were always for the cleanest children, and very soon the settlement school, which had started with a horde of filthy little savages, could have held its own in cleanliness with any of the town schools frequented by caste children. Later on Mr. Bradbury and Miss Tickell took a lot of the children to a sea-side camp for a week, and the love of the water which they acquired during that memorable week has had a lasting effect upon their habits. The advance of the

children in these and other ways has a great influence on the general life of the camp. The children learn quickly, and are proud of their knowledge. We have yet a good deal of experimental work to get through before we find out what is the ideal type of education for them, but at present we are getting good results from a curriculum that includes all sorts of handwork, which gives them scope in the use of their clever fingers, football, and other organised games, which are calculated to instil into them the social virtues of fair-play and co-operation, and simple physiology and first-aid, which gives them a new light on such subjects as cleanliness, food, the treatment of wounds, etc. This school curriculum has as its foundation stone the daily prayers and Bible lesson. I sometimes wish that our children at home could bring to their familiar Scripture lessons that thrilled attention with which these children listen to the Old Testament stories with their strong moral teaching, or to the stories of our Lord's life here on earth, of His mercy and His love. The sheer novelty of the Gospel precept of love helps to deepen the impression made upon this virgin soil, and please God that impression will be a lasting one. Now all this reacts upon the elders, and we are fully satisfied that Mr. Starte's principle of leaving the children with their parents while making attendance at the day school compulsory is the best possible for the

slow regeneration of the whole community. It has been argued by some that we should do better for the children if we removed them to boarding schools, and kept them as much as possible away from the lowering influences of their parents, but we feel that this would be a fatal mistake. Family life is, after all, the foundation of society, and what family life could we expect from a large number of institution-bred children without any family traditions at all? In school the children are carefully watched with a view to discovering what particular trade or handicraft is likely to appeal most to them. In a large industrial centre like Hubli, with its population of over 75,000, there are plenty of opportunities for apprenticing boys as carpenters, stone masons, builders, and blacksmiths. The most intelligent will probably pass the necessary educational tests for being admitted as apprentices in the workshops of the Madras and Southern Mahratta Railway. Others will probably take to the skilled work in the spinning and weaving mills.

A small number of children we have to provide for entirely. Some are destitute orphans, others have parents who for some grave reason are utterly unfit to have the charge of their children.

These few are placed in children's homes, which are run on lines which are as unlike institution lines as we can possibly make them. A Christian father and mother are appointed;

the numbers are restricted to those of a large family ; there is no separation of ages or sexes. In fact we try to create artificial families. My first family numbered eight, and I watched their development with amazement and delight. Most of the children came with a bad record and a past history that would make a police-court missionary in England shake his head sadly. At first they were housed near the settlement, and I visited them daily. I remember one delightful small boy who used to get periodically bored with clothing. He was never asked to wear more than a shirt, but at times even this irked him, and he ran away to the bazaar, where he sold his shirt to an old clothes man, and spent the proceeds on riotous living, i.e., sweets and cigarettes. He never attempted to hide himself, but loafed about the bazaar or railway station until a policeman recognised him, and, taking him in charge, brought him smiling and impenitent back to me. I very soon got on such terms with these children, that they looked upon me as their refuge in any trouble. I had been told that they would run away, but I always talked it over frankly with them as a thing they were likely to do, and exhorted them, if they wanted to run away, to run to me. In most cases the astonishing fact that I looked upon running away as a commonplace sort of thing that anyone might like to do deterred them at first, and after a bit they did not want to run away, for love held them. After a

time I found it more convenient to have them housed in the Christian compound where my own bungalow was, and from that time on they have been my beloved children. A policy of very few restrictions, of many permissions, and of very plain words as to how much my good name in the town depended upon the behaviour of my children, has produced results beyond my hopes. The elder boys of my turbulent little family of intelligent beggars and thieves are now well on their way to becoming intelligent and respectable carpenters and stonemasons. Moreover, that indefinable thing which for lack of a better name we call tone, became in one short year so pronounced that when a sudden need arose for taking in a number of older lads, most of them extremely hard cases, and we had no alternative between the prison reformatory and the children's home, we decided, though with many misgivings, to put them in the children's home. I trembled for my boys, for I feared that they would be overwhelmed by this influx of older lads, but I need have had no misgivings. The children's home swallowed the big lads, and with the help of Miss Tickell, who had by that time taken my place, they were very soon reduced to conformity with the traditions of decency, honesty, and content, which were by now the characteristics of the home. After some months a hostel was opened for these older lads, where, I hope, they will continue as well as they began ; but I think that

it speaks volumes for the will-power and strength of character which the younger boys of the home displayed, that they were able to dominate and influence for good a number of older lads who came in with a reputation for turbulence, laziness, and dishonesty, such as might have appalled any reformatory schoolmaster.

I do not belittle the influences of Mr. Bradbury, Miss Tickell, and of the "father and mother" of the home, but I believe they agreed with me in thinking that this incident in the early life of the children's homes gives us cause for deep thankfulness, and a foundation of great hopes for the future of the younger generation.

The organisation of sports and amusements as a part of social life is very popular among the settlers, and many a holiday which would have been spent loafing, pilfering, and drinking in the bazaar is passed in equally pleasurable pastimes, such as wrestling (at which they are adepts), and all sorts of games, both Indian and English. The Criminal Tribes' sports often attract a large crowd of interested onlookers from the town!

One of our great problems is, as is natural in a degraded society, the problem of morality. Certainly an intimacy with the matrimonial relations in some of these tribes opens one's eyes pretty plainly to the evils of an easy divorce law!

In some tribes disputes as to marriage and dowry drag out to an interminable length, and the Panchayet or tribal court spends most of

its time arguing these cases. Each tribe has its own laws, and we are concerned in upholding those laws and, by slow degrees, in raising their tone.

A curious argument was used to me by a woman whom I had been reproaching for having been five times married and divorced within two years. "What would you have?" quoth she, "It is the Sahib's fault. In old days a marriage cost three hundred rupees, then the Sahib began to prevent our men from acquiring money, so no one could get married. We asked him what could be done, and he decreed that no marriage must cost more than thirty rupees. Who can expect us to feel bound by a thirty-rupee marriage?"

Other tribes, such as, for instance, the Haran Shikaris, are strictly moral, but have most inconvenient marriage laws. The Haran Shikari girl is always married by exchange, i.e., her brother expects to marry her husband's sister. Great wrath was occasioned once by a Haran Shikari girl who ran off with a man whose only sister was an infant. The girl's two grown-up brothers were deeply injured by her thoughtless conduct. This law, indeed, leads to many complications, and the sooner we can persuade the Haran Shikaris to adopt a more convenient one the better it will be for the peace of all parties.

I quote here a despairing report from a district magistrate in charge of some criminal

settlements in Sind to the Commissioner in Sind. The report is dated March 15, 1920, and under the heading, "Efforts to Improve Social Life," he remarks :—

"The life and morals of the Hurs are most unsatisfactory, but it is difficult to find any means of improving existing conditions. The presence of women in settlements and their removal alike lead to evil results. As submitted in my last report, some reforming agency must be set up."

Early in 1919 we opened a rescue home at Hubli. The chief object, at first, was to provide some place of detention for women whose moral character was a serious menace to any schemes of social reform in the various settlements. Fourteen of these ladies arrived in a more or less unpleasant and untractable state of mind. I can only hope that the relief experienced by the settlement inspectors and managers who sent them was proportionate to the worry and anxiety which the "Women's Home" at Hubli entailed upon those who had charge of it in its early days. Lack of suitable housing increased the difficulties, but we took what we could get at first, and finally were able to secure some excellent quarters.

There was no question of organising this home on any known lines of rescue work. Discipline was essential, but the only way to get a foundation for the discipline of these women was to throw oneself whole-heartedly into the task of trying to attract them. Curiosity held them, I believe.



They had never had any doings with a white woman before, and my halting tongue (for I was only beginning to stammer Canarese), my skin, my clothes, my hair, etc., etc., attracted and amused them. I believe that they refrained from running away simply because they wanted to stay and see what I should do next. They looked forward to my daily visit, they were intrigued by my methods of administering justice, they adored a long argument about morality and decent behaviour. I think that I scored a great point when I most plainly and emphatically declared to them that my one desire was to arrive at the happy day when I might discharge them from the home. It was a hard fate, or a tiresome law, or a hateful police system, or anything else they pleased, that had brought them into my home, but there they were by order of the Government, and there they must stay until I could conscientiously say that I considered them fit for release. When I got them to see that I was on their side and longing to release them it was wonderful how tame these poor wild birds became. Children of emotion, they were easily swayed to laughter or to tears. Not so easy was it to lead them into the paths of rectitude, of industry, and other such humdrum virtues.

At first there were great difficulties. The matron had been a former school matron, and was not the right sort. She drew up yards of rules, which no one kept, and my daily visit was



**THE HOUSE THE SCOUTS BUILT**



**A FEW OF THE CUBS**



**OUR GUIDES AT WORK**



**YOUNG CHRISTIANS FROM THE TRIBES**

filled with the hearing of grievances on both sides, but providentially the right woman appeared in time, and to her is mainly due the success which has so far been achieved in this most difficult business. I can only characterise her as an Indian saint of extraordinary patience and loveliness. The women have taken to work, and except for a short period while they are learning their trade, either basket-making at home or cotton-winding at the mill, they are quite self-supporting. A fair number have passed through the home, and have been conditionally released, and the average result is a great deal better than we had hoped for.

Like every other settlement institution the Women's Home has grown, and there are now plans maturing for the starting of another, so that we may separate young and comparatively innocent women from the more depraved. I have been much struck by the rapt eagerness with which these women have listened to Bible teaching. "Why were we not taught so before?" cried one; "we could never have been so bad if we had known of the love of God."

When after a course of lessons on the life of our Lord I showed them a picture of the Crucifixion they went down on their faces in adoration. "Give us a picture like that to take away with us when we go, then we can never go back to our sinful way of life," said another. And so, stumbling and halting maybe, yet with

faces set towards the light, these poor souls, the outcastes of the outcaste tribes, are struggling out of the darkness which from early youth has enveloped them.

The panchayet, or tribal court, is encouraged, guided, and coaxed along the paths of enlightenment, and a recent incident will show how that court is becoming, slowly it may be, but none the less surely, an instrument of righteousness.

Its ideals are changing. Here is an example of the old ideal and the new coming into conflict. A child had been caught stealing a gold ornament which was worth about five rupees. He was only eight years old, so he and his father, who had a very bad character, were brought up for judgment before the tribal panchayet. The crime was proved, and the men of the panchayet angrily reproached the father. "You are spoiling our reputation," said they; "if it were not for you and your son the tribe would have had a clean record this year, but your bad example has contaminated him, and our clean record is spoiled." (Notice here their pride in a clean record. A few years ago those very men would have counted up with pride the number of thefts committed in a year.)

The old father showed that he still clung to the old ideals and the old pride in theft, for he replied, "My son certainly did not learn from me. Had I instructed him in the art of stealing he would never have stolen a paltry jewel worth

only five rupees. Never in all my life have I stolen anything that was worth less than a hundred rupees ! ” The men of the tribe then decided that such a man was not fit to have the care of a child (the mother was dead), and the boy was, with their approval, sent to the Children’s Home, to be brought up honestly, and to be apprenticed when old enough to a good trade.

The hospital work has, of course, a civilising influence. No need to labour that point ! In the realm of medicine, the superstition, and the ignorance of the Criminal Tribe is not, I think, grosser or more flagrant than that of the average uneducated Indian population. At first the people were very suspicious and unwilling to be treated, but it was only a matter of months before our daily dispensary was crowded by eager patients. We once had a difficult case with an old woman whose leg was broken between the knee and the hip. After long arguments we persuaded her to allow it to be set, and I left her at night on a cot in the tiny dispensary, with her daughter in attendance. “ Remember,” I said, “ on no account is she to move off the cot until I return in the morning.” They promised obedience, and I departed. What was my horror when I walked in next morning to find, the old woman on the cot it is true, but the splint standing in a corner of the room ! “ You surely did not think that I could sleep like that ! ” said she, with an air of injured innocence, when I

remonstrated with her. But occurrences of this kind are common in any Indian hospital frequented by uneducated people, and have no bearing on the question in hand. Our schools, our children's home, our women's home, our dispensary, our night school for young men, our classes for young women, our exhortations and teaching, our constant warfare day in and day out against dirt, ignorance, cruelty, vice, and lust, what is it accomplishing? That is the question that we have to face. First of all let us be clear as to what we desire to accomplish. I have never forgotten some remarks made by an official who came to inspect the camp one day when things were quite at their beginnings. There was a group of newly-arrived and exceedingly dirty people just inside the gateway, and he looked at them, and remarked, rather irritably, "If you have them here under control and with police force at your command I wonder that you do not forcibly wash and shave them, and put them into clean shirts." I'm afraid I laughed in his face, as I replied, "Why that would be the easiest thing in the world! The jails do that, but with what results? The forcibly washed and shaved man goes back with joy to his primeval filth as soon as he is released from jail! We are out for something much bigger than that. We are out to make them *want* to be clean—body and soul, and that is not to be accomplished by a compulsory scrubbing on the day of their arrival, but is a work of time."

In short, we do not want to force these people into a state of civilisation for which they are not ready, but to create in them the will to reform, and to give them every assistance in reforming themselves. Your compulsory civilisation is temporary. Only by a reform of the will can any permanent effect be produced. It is this permanent reform of the will, which Christians call conversion, that we desire to accomplish, and how do we hope to do it? There is no power on earth, or in heaven, that can accomplish this, but the power of love.

By love I do not mean that sickly, sentimentality that weeps over the criminal, and shrinks from using the discipline, the compulsion, and the punishment that is a necessary part of his rehabilitation, but that true, strong sentiment which makes a Christian man strive and spend himself for those whom his Christianity has taught him to look upon as his brothers, children of the same Father, souls for whom Christ died, and therefore infinitely precious.

No one who saw the Criminal Tribes of Bijapur welcome Mr. Starte on his return from furlough can forget their passionate expression of joy. To them he represents justice, with all its severity, and yet they worship the very ground he treads on, for they know that though he is the dreaded government, he is on their side.

Organisation is valuable, and can help, but it cannot in its utmost perfection accomplish the



reform of the human heart. History has proved it over and over again that personality alone can accomplish this. Mr. Starte, when he wanted helpers to expand his work, turned to the missionary societies to supply him with the type of man and woman that were essential to its continuance. The societies responded to the call in spite of shortness of workers, for they felt that this was a call which could not be set aside. A fresh responsibility has been shouldered and it is for the Church at home to realise that responsibility, and to foster in her sons and daughters such a sense of sympathy with human nature and its needs that such work as this may never break down for lack of workers.

As far as human judgment can see, the results of the work of the past few years are encouraging beyond all expectation, and full of a great promise.

There are signs of progress in many directions. The Chapparbands have taken definitely to honest ways of earning their living, having become wire-fencers to Government, and they seem to have entirely given up organised dishonesty as a trade. Small groups of Christians are to be found in the older settlements, and the younger generation are growing up in an entirely different atmosphere to that which surrounded their parents. Christian standards of morality, of decency, of self-respect, of industry, of honesty, of kindness and unselfishness are set before them ;

and because of the Divine spark that is in every human breast, they are responding increasingly to the Divine Call. They need a helping hand, and we, the workers of to-day (and even to-day we are short-handed) call upon the Church to see to it that the workers of to-morrow shall be ready to take their places—for the need is great.

## PART II.

### TEN YEARS AFTER.

**C**AN it be ten years? No! we must have dreamt it! . . . and yet . . . We look round at the Settlement buildings and we can believe it.

Ten years ago there was one small two-roomed office for keeping Settlement records, and incidentally the manager lived in it.

There was a hired cotton store in the town being used as a school for about fifty children. There was a tiny hired house being used as a dispensary. There were ten acres of land and about forty miserable little huts built in a corner by the settlers who had to make their homes there . . . and there was one tree.

When we look at the prosperous looking town of 2,600 inhabitants that has grown up, we can well believe that ten years have passed. Here is a huge and well-built school accommodating over 600 children. Here stands the carpenters' shop, which trains a large number of Settlement lads in a good trade. Here is the neat four-roomed dispensary with its wide verandah. Here are groups of well-built stone houses for the Indian staff. Here are three children's Cottage homes and here the Rescue home. On the east side are the two bungalows for the European staff.

Trees are beginning to cast a welcome shade in every direction; a large windmill draws water

from our own well ; gardens are a joy to the eye ; and last, and greatest of all, the Church of the Holy Name dominates the whole.

Yes, indeed ! Ten years have transformed the waste ground, and ten years' industry can be seen in the buildings. All these buildings have been raised by the settlers, who have thus become useful labourers, carpenters, bricklayers, stone-masons, etc., and are now able to command good wages in the town.

Again, let us look at the camp. The huts within the enclosure are of a much improved type, and 800 released settlers are now living in a tidy little village of decent houses built by themselves on the land set apart for them outside the camp.

One hundred and fourteen settlers have also been released on licence to live in their own villages in the neighbourhood. These are visited by the Settlement authorities every quarter, who inquire into their means of living and generally keep an eye on them.

Another development is that of establishing a branch agricultural settlement on some deserted lands about twenty-five miles from Hubli. This settlement is partly forest and partly agricultural. The land was well populated about 80 years ago, but malaria and the depredations of wild pig drove the villagers to abandon it. The jungle claims such land very quickly, and the only signs of occupation now traceable are the faint terracings of the land that was once rice fields and a few humps of mud

where the white ant and the heavy rains have literally eaten up the houses. The settlers have been employed partly in woodcutting and partly in clearing the derelict fields. Streams have had their dense covering of jungle cleared away, and in the mosquito season they and the rainwater pools are systematically sprinkled with oil to destroy the larvæ.

The new village of temporary huts, accommodating about 150 settlers, is placed on a small hill, and all the most modern methods are made use of to fight our two enemies : the malaria mosquito and the wild pig.

This is a particularly interesting fight, for the land is fertile, and if we can succeed in establishing a healthy and prosperous settlement at Khambarganvi there is no reason why other cultivators should not profit by our example, and the " Mallad " (as it is called) may become once more a populous and prosperous district.

Now let us return to Hubli and go into the enlarged settlement office and glance at the cupboards full of files. Here are—

History Sheets of Criminals

”	”	Exempted Criminals
”	”	Settlers on Licence—(and many other kinds of History Sheets)

Records of Children's Homes

”	Rescue Home
”	After-care

Educational Records  
 Probation Court „  
 Medical „  
 Infant Welfare „

Accounts | Here are just a few :—

Building Accounts  
 Carpentry „  
 Basket-making „  
 Embroidery „  
 Co-operative Credit Society Accounts  
 „ Grain Shop Accounts

and many others.

Why, surely yes ! This office shews that at least ten years have passed since records began to be kept here.

Look at the school. The touzle-headed rabble of fifty lawless little ragamuffins has changed to an orderly, clean, bright-eyed, intelligent-looking school, handled by a competent staff of masters and mistresses ; and let me remind you that it requires a good deal of organisation and discipline to handle a school that numbers 650 children.

Let us consider the Scouts and Girl Guides. When the Governor of Bombay first visited the Settlement some years ago a very small troop of Scouts was drawn up for his inspection. Now there is a troop of Rovers, three troops of Scouts (involving 130 boys), and swarms of odd little cubs pervade the whole place. In time of emergency the cry is always raised “ call the Scouts.”

I can remember at once two emergencies in which they did really valuable service : one was when a town procession was passing the Settlement, and a lamp, carried on the head of a young boy, exploded. He was terribly burnt, and our Scouts gave first aid and then carried him to the hospital a mile away.

The other time was when a Settlement child fell into a well in a field. The Scouts were invaluable as messengers—fetching stretcher, blankets, hot-water bottles, etc., and keeping the crowd at a distance while artificial respiration was done by the Scout-masters.

No matter what trouble or accident or difficulty may occur in the neighbourhood of the Settlement, a Scout is always available whose training has given him a Christian ideal of service, which is very far from the minds of the general population.

And what is true of the Scouts is also true of the Girl Guides in a less obtrusive manner. A helpful attitude towards others is fast increasing among the young ones which must, in the end, supersede that utterly selfish outlook on life, which is the basis of the thief's code of conduct.

Here is the dispensary. Yes, I think that we may fairly say that the fruit of ten years' work can be seen even here.

The horrible neglected sores and wounds of ten years ago no longer appear. An injury is



**GABYA THE BHAT GUARD**



**THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY NAME BEING BUILT**





**THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY NAME**



**WEEK-DAY EVENSONG**

generally brought at once for treatment now, and the healing process is proportionately quicker. The filthy encrusted eyes that we used to see are now unknown. As soon as the first signs of redness of eyes appear the patient comes or is brought for treatment.

The dispensary superintendent still has her struggle with ignorance, superstition, laziness and vice, but there is a notable difference between the dispensary of to-day and the dispensary of ten years ago, and the preventive work has resulted in a great improvement in the general health of the community.

And yet our hearts rather fail us as we look around. Dismay creeps coldly in and murmurs "Ten years' work ! What of the hopes you had in 1920 ? Have they been fulfilled ?"

Only last week there was a quarrel between two men over a woman ; they came to blows, and other friends and relations joined in, with the result that one man lies in hospital with a fractured skull, another has to go to prison, and the seeds of a fresh feud are sown.

Yesterday, two school-children were brought before the children's court for stealing a pair of sandals from a shop.

Every month brings its problems of dishonesty, laziness, drunkenness and vice of various kinds. Certainly our hopes have not been fulfilled.

What of the Women's Rescue Home which

was to reform the bad characters ? Some of these women have been here twice, and even three times ; and here also are young girls who have been taught decent behaviour in the school, and yet who have gone astray and have to be shepherded here.

Where is the large Christian congregation that we had hoped to gather in from among these neglected outcasts from Hindu society ? We had hoped for hundreds, but there are only 46 Christians after ten years. What of the first Christians that seemed so fervent at their conversion ? Are they the leaders of their people and the shining lights that we hoped they would be ? Here is 'A' quarrelling with his wife, and there is 'B' so lazy that no one will employ him ; 'C' has lately given up coming to church . . . and so on.

No, surely it cannot be ten years. We shall wake and find it an uncomfortable dream. . . . But it is ten years, and our bright hopes are not fulfilled.

But there echoes out a voice of patience : "Forty years long was I grieved with this generation"—and in the same psalm they were allowed to say confidently : "For he is the Lord our God and we are the people of his pasture and the sheep of his hand."

Are we perhaps expecting too much after ten years ? They have slipped away incredibly quickly. Let us muse upon the long and far-reaching evil traditions and customs which have

enmeshed these children of ours for generations. Their social heredity is one of dirt and vice, of laziness and ignorance, of crime and all the tortuous ways of avoiding justice. Can we, with all our faulty methods and our stupid mistakes, expect to see great reforms in ten years ?

Let us remember English history and the long slow process of the civilization of our savage forefathers.

Now let us call courage and common-sense to our aid and deliberately turn our eyes away from our faults and our failures, and let us see if we cannot find some crumbs of comfort. Are there *no* signs of change ? No signs of spiritual awakening ? No desires for a purer life shewing themselves among these our children, for whom we have worked and prayed for so long ? . . . or is it really, perhaps, so short . . . a time ?

The Sunday school—well, what of it ? Nearly five hundred heathen children coming voluntarily every Sunday to hear about God. Ask that woman : “ Does anyone ever pray in your house ? ” and she answers : “ Yes, my child learnt about it at school, and every night he prays to the Almighty Father to protect and keep us.” Last Saturday a man came to the office and said : “ My baby was dying ; everybody said nothing more could be done, but we had taken her regularly to the dispensary, and we prayed to the Great God and the child has miraculously recovered. I wish to come to church to-morrow

to offer my thanks." And so the man, with bowed head, and the woman with radiant face, knelt at the altar step while a simple thanksgiving was said. A small incident but surely one that may be fraught with great meaning. This custom of prayer to an All-holy Father and of thanksgiving for mercies received is growing among the tribes.

Let us look again. Who is that smart looking young man who, Sunday by Sunday, sits in church among the Christians? Is he the son of a Christian schoolmaster or inspector? No, that is Gabya, the seventeen year-old son of old Bhairu, the Bhat, who spent eleven years in the Andamans. "I cannot be a Christian yet," says Gabya. "I have to think of my father and mother who are old. The tribe would cast us out—not yet." Let us remember Nicodemus and have patience for this lad, whose background and social heredity surely make it more difficult for him to become a Christian than ever it was for Nicodemus, who was a disciple "secretly for fear of the Jews."

Who are these three girls who come in as we sit reading or writing at nine o'clock? "Good-night," say they, rather proud of their English. Those are just the three elder girls from the children's home, who have been saying their prayers in our chapel. It has been their custom for some time. Surely we may take some comfort from these.

Look in the carpenters' shop. "Who is that grave-looking young foreman directing some of

the work ?” “ Oh that is Peter, who became a Christian two years ago. He has a dear little wife and a most precious baby called Abraham. . . .” And that reminds us that there are twelve little Christians of the second generation. Have we then no hopes for the future ?

What about John and Sonu bai, our first Christians ? They got into debt, and then poor John tried to retrieve his position by listening to a plausible fisherman. “ See,” said the fisherman, “ I’ve had a wonderful haul ! Worth at least a hundred rupees ! But I’ll sell it to you for fifty. You will double your money easily.” John hadn’t got fifty rupees, but he thought it was too good a chance to lose, so he borrowed fifty, and started out gaily to sell his fish. But, alas ! he hadn’t thought of how quickly fish becomes unsaleable in the hot weather ! He sold twenty-five rupees worth and then customers began to sniff and to turn away ! Far from making a profit of fifty rupees, he found himself worse off than before, and his creditors began to press upon him, so he and Sonu bai and the two babies simply disappeared. We heard vague reports of their being seen in distant villages, and we thought, in the end, that we had entirely lost track of them ; but after nearly a year of absence a rather scantily clothed party turned up at Christmas and enacted the “ Prodigal Son ” scene.

We welcomed them, but tried to make them feel the real penitence of the Prodigal Son. It

wasn't very easy. They were *so* pleased with themselves for coming back !

However, it is more than a year now since John has been going steadily to work at the mill. He always was a very devout man, but finds it difficult to look upon laziness as a sin. The application of Christian principles to ordinary every-day life is a life-long struggle to all of us. Let us not be discouraged, but thank God that he came back.

It is true that the tribes have not made a mass movement towards Christianity, and that several of the first converts from the tribes are a grief and an anxiety to us, but there are good and steadfast Christians. Look at Ruth, who was baptized last year with her three children. What an example she shews of faith and patience and industry. Life has been very hard for her with a drunken and criminal heathen husband. She is unable to read her Bible even, but she knows where to look for comfort in her troubles. The three young men baptized last year are shewing an example of steadiness and industry which is cheering to the soul.

Let us now consider the tribes—those who have not been converted to Christianity.

*Nearly all the Ghattiwaddars drink.* They are always poor and always quarrelsome. As a tribe they are very little improved. The old women say boldly : " Oh yes, other tribes may listen and be improved, but we—we always have

been drunken ; we shall never give it up." And yet there are several young women who have never taken to it, and the tribe respects them and lets them go their own way. There are also several young men who are leading industrious, sober, decent lives. They have forsaken the evil customs of their caste. Are they not the leaders who will be followed by those bright-eyed little Ghattiwaddar boys and girls who are as yet in school ? And there are three young Christians from this tribe who give us a good hope for their future.

*The Bestors and Dong Dasaris are terribly immoral.* Yes, that is true ; discouragingly true. Mothers lead their daughters into immorality for the sake of gain. Quarrels and divorces by the tribal *panchayet* are constantly taking place. Both men and women are low in physique, low in moral ideals, sordid in their outlook. And yet we must not forget that one of our young Christian schoolmasters and his wife are Bestors. Ruth and her four children (the fourth is a tiny baby baptized only two months ago) are Bestors. There are several decent families who have grasped a better ideal and are trying to live by it.

*Oh, feckless Girmi-waddars !* So lazy ! so unstable ! so untrustworthy ! so ready to promise and so very incapable of keeping your promises ! You have changed your tribal name from Ghantichor (bundle stealer) to Girmi-waddar (Mill Waddar)\*, because you work in the cotton

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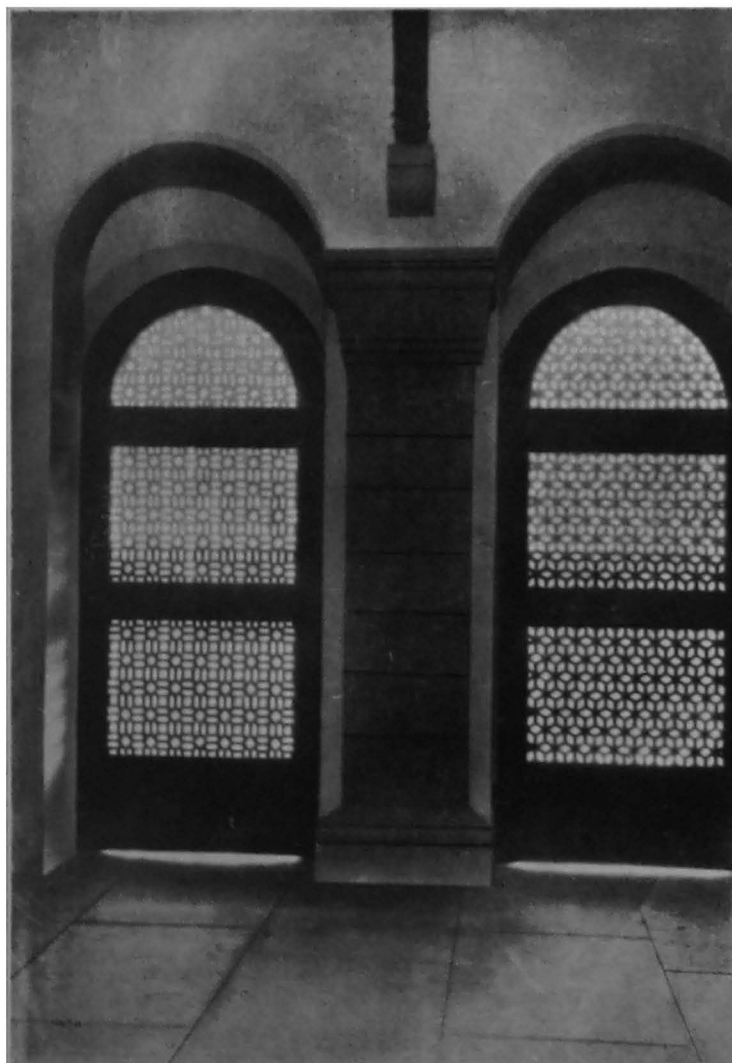
\* *Waddar* is the name of a tribe.



mills ; but have you changed your nature ? Do you work steadily in the mill ? Perhaps you don't steal as many bundles as before, but how light-heartedly you borrow money without the smallest intention of ever paying it back ! How gaily you give up a good regular job with regular wages, because you have heard of temporary work at a higher wage ! Where are the redeeming points about you ? We, with our ideals of practical Christianity, can't find them, and we break our hearts over your failings ; and yet, when you *are* feeling good, you seem to have a capacity for devout worship and quite genuine understanding of man's need for intercourse with God, which will lead you, or maybe your children or grandchildren, to higher levels of communion with God than we can see for you as yet. May he give us a faith in your future that can see beyond the feckless present.

*What of the Haran shikari ? (deer hunter)—* Wild and primitive, with a dark bloody worship of goat sacrifices and with terrible and terrifying beliefs. A strong faith in their tribal gods makes them still resent any attempt to convert them to Christianity ; but prayer to the Great Spirit has attracted their attention, and they are ready at times of need to join in such prayers.

Vengeful they are, and always ready to fight in a quarrel that we have hoped was long buried. Only now a man is under trial for manslaughter, committed three months ago in a revival of an eight-year old feud.



**THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY NAME**

**The pierced wood doors of the church—there are twenty like this**



THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY NAME

The south-east pier of the sanctuary and the pierced stone screens  
of the galleries

But they have their virtues. They live frugally within their means, and in the past ten years have taken to steady industrious ways. This is very surprising in a tribe that has from time immemorial been a wandering, hunting tribe. The Haran shikari is also essentially reasonable. When plague or smallpox threaten, and other tribes do their utmost to evade inoculation or vaccination, the Haran shikari comes voluntarily for treatment and brings his children.

His reasoning powers have convinced him that an honest life of steady work is happier than his former wandering existence—hunting and stealing, and flying from the police. He has also accepted a good deal of our teaching on prevention of disease, but we feel that spiritually we have hardly touched him. . . . And yet . . . it is the Haran shikari child who says prayers every night. It was a Haran shikari woman who came on Christmas Eve with a six-month old baby in her arms and said : “ Three of my babies died, and I prayed to Jesus for this one till it was born ; and I pray daily to him and he has protected my child from all harm. To-morrow is his birthday feast. I want to bring the child to lay at his feet for a blessing.”

Yes, with the Haran shikari, ten years is a very short time. We cannot hope as yet to penetrate to that dark spiritual place where the soul of the Haran shikari communes with God. A ray here and a gleam there give promise of brighter things.

Forty years . . . a generation . . . and we look at the Church of the Holy Name, spacious and beautiful; and then we look at the children in the school, and our hearts are warmed with courage and lifted up with hope.