

Journeys and Encounters

Religion, Society and the Basel Mission in Northern Karnataka

1837-1852

Section One: 1837-1839

BM Annual Report for [1837-] 1838, pp. 1.2-4

Layer's first journey to N. Karnataka Sep.-Oct. 1837, pp. 1.4-11

BM Annual Report for [1838-] 1839, pp. 1.12-54 including:

**Mögling's report on a short visit to Hubli
(mainly his experiences in a lingayat Mathe)
June 1838, pp. 1.12-23**

Frey's preaching tour (diary) in the Dharwad district, Sep.-Oct. 1838, pp. 1.23-32

Layer's preaching tour (diary) in the Dharwad district May-June 1838, pp. 1.32-54

Basel Mission Annual Report for [1837-]1838¹

The annual Report contains a very detailed account (pp.351-364) of the work of the Mission College in Basel – including a list of the subjects taught, and an extensive discussion of the teaching methods, especially for languages. The report on the work in India starts by reminding the reader that a lot of information has already been published in the Evangelische Heidenbote. There is then a brief account of the station in Mangalore, followed by a report of the founding of a new mission station in Dharwad (pp. 393-404). A lot more detail is provided by Rev. Layer's account of a missionary journey.

(p. 388) *The beginning of the work in Mangalore and Dharwad has been reported to the Mission's supporters in articles in the Heidenbote.*²

(p. 393) In January last year [1837] the two missionaries Hebich and Mögling travelled on foot from Mangalore via Goa to look for a suitable place in the upper part of the region for planting the Gospel, among people who had never heard it before.

They already thought that the main city of the area, Dharwad, would be suitable. The climate seemed pleasant, there was a large population of people who seemed to be open and approachable, and the Government officials and English residents were welcoming, and offered strong support. All in all, it seemed very inviting. When Hebich had left again, Mögling stayed, and was joined in March last year by two new missionaries, J.Layer and H.Frey.

(p. 394) It was an especial blessing from God that, with the help of a competent local teacher, within six months our dear messengers were able to make themselves understood to the people in their own language. This once more confirmed our experience that the better the knowledge of grammar and philology that the missionary brings with him to a new country, the quicker he will be able – with God's help – to learn the local language.

Our beloved messengers did not hesitate for one moment to unfurl the banner of Christ in this heathen wilderness. Above all it was the British families living in Dharwad – government officials, and soldiers and officers in the army – who made use of their Christian services.

The missionaries preached regularly in English, and the Mission is very grateful for the support of the British residents. The missionaries also began to concern themselves with another group of inhabitants in need of instruction; the so-called half-castes – people with a European father and an Indian mother – a group of people who tend to be left without Christian instruction, and indulge in the worst of sins.

(p. 395) While serving these two groups, the missionaries did not forget the thousands of non-Christians around them. *Mögling was the first who was able to preach with some fluency, and he went out preaching almost every day. Layer had also started to preach in the villages. They distributed tracts they had been given by friends in Bombay. The preaching is having no dramatic effect [ausserordentliche Wirkung] as yet, but people are listening politely.*

The support of many British residents is most encouraging – the editor of the Missions-Magazine said he would gladly mention them by name, but did not want to offend their well-mannered modesty [sittliche Zartgefühl]. The District Judge encouraged the missionaries to apply to the Government of

¹ *Dreiundzwanzigster Jahresbericht der evangelischen Missions-Gesellschaft zu Basel. Magazin für die neueste Geschichte der evangelischen Missions- und Bibelgesellschaften. Jahrgang 1838, Drittes Quartalheft., Seiten 456 – 474. 23rd Annual Report of the Evangelical Missionary Society in Basel, 1838, 3rd quarter, pages 456-474. NB formally this was an annual report issued in mid-1838, and thus covering the second half of 1837 and the first half of 1838.*

² *Heidenbote* 1837, Nos. 13, 14, 17, 23 and 1838 2, 3, 5 and 7.

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the Province, in Bombay, for a large area of well-situated land for building a mission station, and supported their application – in spite of objections from the General because the plot was in the area of the fortress. The land cost the mission 250 Rp. freehold, and they were given the necessary wood for the construction free.

Layer wrote: “The area has space for a little village of 600 people. We have surrounded the whole with a hedge, a ditch and a row of trees – which we got for a very good price, as a local lady resident lent us her gardener and gave us the trees, and the Judge of Dharwar got 20 prisoners to work for us. The mission house will be built on a rock foundation, and the friendly government officials have offered the help of an expert builder and workers from the prison. Work has already started. May the Lord give us grace to gather a congregation that will be founded on the eternal rock... The house is so centrally situated that we can get to all the main points in the city in a few minutes. A schoolhouse will be built 150 paces from the Mission House – and will not cost more than 200 Rp.”

(p. 397) The missionaries have founded an English-medium and a Kannada-medium school. The English-medium school has a mixture of Christian, Moslem and Hindu boys. It is important for the Mission, because instruction in English encourages parents to entrust their children to the missionaries. Mr Wilkinson, an English friend, has sacrificed his job as a Government clerk and his good income to serve the Lord in this school. The English authorities have also invited the missionaries to become members of the existing School Committee of Dharwad, and to take on the supervision of the English District Schools – which had had Brahmin teachers who often turned their pupils against the Gospel. (p. 398) The missionaries accepted gladly – it not only opened the way to instructing the young people in the whole population, but was a valuable sign of Government recognition. A letter from the Governor in Bombay is quoted, in which he says he was delighted to hear how these “admirable men” had been contributing to the education of the European and Indian young people, and formally encouraging the local School Committee to use their services.

(p. 398) The missionaries’ main calling, however, is to establish a Christian congregation. One important step in spreading knowledge of christianity is education. The have sent three hopeful young men to Mangalore to be educated as teachers.

(p. 399) Now they are able to communicate in Kannada, the missionaries are learning Mahratti and Hindi [Hindustani]. They are praying that they will also be given the strength and enthusiasm to study Sanskrit as the root of all Indian languages.

(p. 399-400) There is a very enthusiastic passage about how so many open-hearted supporters have been found among British families in Dharwad and in Bombay, and how many friends have invested the worldly goods that the Lord has generously provided them with wisely, and are willing to return the surplus to the poor people they rule over in India in the form of spiritual gifts. Mögling preached a sermon appealing for money for the Mission and raised 1400 Rp. and promises of more, partly to help the newcomers in the early stages, and partly to encourage the Committee in Basel to send more workers.

(p. 400) This Christian readiness to help on the part of their British rulers is making a very salutary impression on the non-christian people. They had been used to seeing them as cold people giving them orders, who cared nothing about their own religion, and therefore did not enquire into other people’s religious beliefs, but were content when the non-christians obeyed their orders and paid their taxes promptly. The realisation that the English gentlemen living in the area have a religion, that they respect it, and are even willing to give money – something that counts for a lot in the eyes of the non-christians - to support the spreading of this religion among the people: this made such an impression among the local people that the most-respected people among them got up a subscription to support the German missionaries and encourage them to help their young people and give them a chance to acquire the useful knowledge of the Europeans. They quickly raised 600 Rp., and promised to go on supporting the schools in the future.

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This is all very encouraging, and means that people are really eager for the means of salvation that Christian education brings [heilbringende Bildungsmittel].

The report ends with a letter from Mögling, saying, “Dharwad is an inexpensive place – and with the willing help of so many Christian friends, even if you send a dozen missionaries they will lack nothing... And because we have no fixed salaries, so we are not gaining any profit for ourselves, we can appeal for support to anyone who knows the duties and hopes of a citizen of the Kingdom of Heaven.”

The writer in the Missions Magazine says such appeals cannot fail to touch their [sic] hearts – so they have decided to send five new missionaries to India after they have spent a few months in England learning English.

(p.403) A final comment: Our contact by post with our brothers on the west Coast of India has become so much faster now there are steamships on the Red Sea that letters take 7-8 weeks. It used to take up to 5 months for a letter to reach Basel.

First missionary journey by Rev. J.Layer in the northern region of the Canara province, Sept. – Oct. 1837³

Sept. 21st (p.456)

Layer begins with an introductory passage about feelings of inadequacy on setting out on this journey. But as God had helped him to learn the people’s language He would bless his first attempts to use it. He continues:

After a journey along some very muddy paths I arrived in Hubli at around 8 o’clock and settled down in the town’s very comfortable bungalow. I went to the Bazaar already that evening, and by chance found myself at the place where the council [*Magistrat*] of the town had gathered. The leading officials came over to greet me, in the presence of many people. Then they wanted to leave me, so I asked them to stay a little longer and listen to the message I had to bring as Christ’s messenger. Straightaway I read then the [Bible] passage about the King who wanted to settle accounts with his servant, and led from that to my situation in relation to them, with the earnest request that they should come back today to worship this great King. Many of them listened carefully, but others showed themselves flippant and inattentive.

Sept 22nd

The next morning I looked at all the parts of this considerable town, which has 15,000 inhabitants. I was looking for a suitable place to start building our settlement. In the evening I went to a large Shiva temple at the entrance to the town. While I was asking some of the bystanders about the name of their deity and how one worships him, about 30 people gathered around me. I asked whether these lifeless gods can really help them? [pp 457-9]. They replied frankly, “No”. So why did they worship them? A priest replied that it doesn’t matter what you worship, because God is in everything – in stones, trees, people and animals. I put it to them that God is in heaven, and that we must avoid mistaking the creation for the creator. All these things are God’s creation, but not God himself. “Look at my watch”, I said, “see how it moves. A man made it in Europe, but he is still there. So God is in heaven, and external to his works, and all other things are only the work of his hands.” It proved very difficult to get them to understand God’s presence everywhere [sic]. Their understanding is totally bound to [the evidence of] their senses. Spiritual matters [*das Geistige*] do not exist for them.

One of the priests listened with especial attention and posed all sorts of questions. He seemed to have an honest heart. His mother, who was nearby, noticed his interest and rushed up several times to try

³ *Magazin für die neueste Geschichte der evangelischen Missions- und Bibelgesellschaften* 1838, 3rd quarter, pp 456-474

and pull him away from me forcibly. He did not want to go away. She did not stop trying, however, and so he asked me if he should obey her or not. I was delighted at his evident respect for his mother. I said to him that God's law is to listen to the good words parents speak, but it is also a command not to obey them if they are trying to keep their children from following God's way. This calmed him, and he continued to question me in his eagerness to learn.

Soon after, a man interrupted me and wanted a proof that our old sacred scriptures are really from God. I could neither convince him by referring to the great historical fact that the scriptures exist, nor could I persuade him by appealing to his own conscience. He obviously wanted it proven before his very eyes. So I referred him to Matt. 24,14, a word which God had spoken 1,800 years before, promising that his Gospel would be preached in the whole world. "Today," I said to him, "This scripture is being fulfilled before your very eyes. Look around the world – you will see the Gospel being preached everywhere. Look at me! I too have come to bring you the good news in Jesu's name. I have two friends in Dharwar who preach to the whole population. Here in my hands I have the Word of God in your own mother-tongue. Is that not a proof that this Word comes from God? Has anything similar happened to your holy books (*shastras*)?" At this they were all silent, and it seemed that the Word had made a visible impression on them.

Sept. 23rd (pp. 459ff)

Today was a blessed day. I went to the Bazaar early in the morning and found quite a numerous group of attentive listeners who applauded what I said enthusiastically. At 8 a.m. I was invited by a non-christian teacher to examine the Kannada and Mahratta schools which the Government has set up. The Kannada school has 50 pupils, the Mahratta school 90. The Mahratta school has a competent teacher, and I found the standard fairly good, in that a quarter of the pupils can read, do nice handwriting, do arithmetic and answer questions about geography. I made a speech to the pupils, urged them to work hard, and gave each one who could read a little tract as a present.

After this many respected inhabitants of the town visited me in my bungalow. Some hours before, I had given them a few tracts to read. One said to me, "The people of this region say one must worship Shiva, but your little book says that this is wrong, since Shiva and the other deities have sinned, and committed theft and adultery." So he asked me for more instruction, since he does not know what is true. I proved to him that all their deities were the creation of human beings and their imaginations, with their capacity to tell untruths. And I tried to convince them all of the holiness and righteousness of God as the imperishable characteristics of His being. I gave them a short summary of our bible-based faith, and ended with the text "God so loved the world ...etc."

"But", they objected, "if we do as you say, we shall lose our caste and our livelihood, and what can we do about that?" "If you believe in Christ", I answered, he will give you his Holy Spirit in your hearts, who will make you strong so that you do not try to avoid suffering, and will make the approval of God your highest aim." And I explained how that had been for other people in the old and new history of missions. They were very friendly, and I gave the main speaker, a very lovable and intelligent man, a copy of the Gospels. Oh, Lord, help these efforts to succeed! Satan will lay so many hindrances in the way of these people, to make those good impressions disappear from their hearts. But Your all-powerful arm can annihilate all his tricks, and You undoubtedly have a people in this town who belong to You[sic: *Du hast wohl auch ein Volk in dieser Stadt*].

After they had left me I quickly went to witness publicly once more in the Bazaar. The Lord gave His grace and I was able to speak about the invitation to the Great Communion in a very persuasive way. Many listened with real attentiveness. God be praised for this day.

Sept 24th

I left Hubli at 7 a.m. but I kept on being delayed by the people who were carrying my books. There is nothing to do but exercise patience. The moon and thousands of twinkling stars lit my path, while distant thunder and lightning, combined with the stillness of all Nature around me, were a joy to heart and eye and put me in a festive mood. There is heavy, black soil around here, and the rains had turned

it into mud on the paths. [pp. 461-2] The land all around is flat, but here and there I saw isolated hills rising out of the plain in the distance.

I arrived at 7 a.m. in a substantial village, Behati, where I was directed to quarters in a beautiful temple, on the shore of a big lake. Soon, many people came to the temple to worship the deity, and many were very earnest in the way they did this. It was noticeable that most of them were women. I asked them what they had said to the deity. Most replied "Nothing, nothing at all, we have simply bowed down before him". But it soon became clear to me why they had bowed down in worship: One told me she had backache, and no-one could help her with it. Another had no rice left at home, and had begged for rice from the deity. A third said it was just a custom from the olden days. And thus they go to the temple, like a wandering herd, in their great blindness.⁴

At 12 o'clock I was visited by four priests who told me they had heard that I teach the way of righteousness. They had come to hear me. We sat down together in a friendly way and I spoke for two hours as clearly and shortly as I could the about creation, the fall of man, salvation and being made holy. They were extremely attentive, but remarked that they could not abandon their caste. If they did it would be a disaster. I said to them that if they believe in their hearts in Jesus he would send them the Holy Spirit, and He would give them the power to go through suffering and persecution. And in any case, sorrows here below are as nothing compared with the glory which awaits the followers of Christ above.

It was now evening, and I went out into the village, but found very few people to listen to me. However, I had scarcely returned to my quarters when 15 people gathered around me to hear what I had to say. They asked me questions which showed that they understood a lot. And I tried to proclaim to them quite simply the way to holiness through Christ. They were especially touched when I witnessed to them how I would have no joy and no peace on earth if I did not have Jesus Christ as my Saviour and Guide. "That is a difficult business," they said, "following the ways of God as the Gospel asks you." "But, I answered, if you believe in Christ, serving God is a sweet joy, and what looks difficult is made easy." At the end they said my visit had pleased them very much, and asked if I would not be coming again soon? That made me feel as though I was in a circle of Christian brethren in our homeland. We shook hands with each other, and they promised to remember what I had told them. That was a good day.

Sep 25th (p. 462-4)

I left Behati at 4 a.m. Half an hour's journey from the village it was so wet and muddy that I could scarcely make any progress, and my torch went out. However, my boots did good service again, and I went on cheerfully until 8 a.m., when I arrived in Nuccandy, a town of about 8,000 people. I was given a spacious old palace for my quarters, which provided me with a very pleasant lodging. The palace is surrounded by a high wall, and has large rooms. In particular there is a beautiful temple. I was not allowed to enter the temple, but I saw that its front was decorated with neatly-made carvings, that must have taken the slowly-working Hindu craftsmen many hours to create. There are many elaborate curvaceous [*schnörkelhafte*] figures on the walls. No-one lives [in the palace] any more, unless perhaps a messenger of peace comes by. You have a good view from its flat roof. To the north there is a row of hills. All around is a plain, with hills standing out of it here and there, like the remnants of a troop of guards. They are all alike, rising steeply from the plain, and inaccessible from many sides.

The next day the rain stopped me from going into the town. After it had stopped I climbed a hill with a beautiful view. It seems to have been a fortress in the past, but the walls have fallen down. How different things are nowadays in this country. Everywhere I go there is an old castle on every hill, and every large village is a fortress. But all these structures lie in ruins now – witnesses to an old, wild epoch when there was no law and no justice in the land. Now the country has peace and quiet. But I

⁴ This is evidently a reference to the simile often used in the Bible, where groups of people are compared to a herd of sheep with a shepherd – or to sheep that have got lost or gone astray.

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am even happier to think of the noble peace which will come here when the inhabitants are freed from the shameful yoke of darkness and say to each other “Come, let us go up to the House of the Lord”.

At 3 p.m. I went to the Bazaar, and had many listeners. Many seemed to recognise the Word of Truth in their consciences. Later in the day, some Brahmins called me into their house. They were philosophers. The externals of idol worship had no significance for them. God is in the soul, or the soul is God, so there is no point in searching for God outside ourselves. Blessedness consists of being nothing, or in the eternal sleep. They turned out to be from Dharwar. I told them about the school there which my friends have started. One of them said with an angry face that “In 30 years this whole land will belong to you.” I replied that things will, indeed, soon be different in India. For God’s promise will soon become evident here, that everyone will acknowledge Him, both great and small. The poor Brahmins became angry at this vision of what is, for them, a sad prospect.

In another place I began to speak to some 30 people, but they paid little attention to me. It is remarkable how the truth can make such different impressions on people of the same social group and with the same prejudices. There is just the same difference among the non-Christians here as among the Christians at home – there really are more and less receptive characters, whatever the cause of this may be.

Sept. 27th

I preached in the Bazaar in the morning, but few of the listeners were eager to learn. All the more, I felt the urge to make it clear to them that the invitation to enjoy the blessings of heaven which I brought them should not be lightly spurned.

(pp. 464 ff) I then went to the town of Narragunel, 3 hours eastwards, with 800 inhabitants. The path was so deep in mud that I really was in danger of sinking into it. I arrived very tired and thirsty, but it was a long time before I was given a drink of water.

Soon I went around the town to find a place where I could preach. I was amazed at the many beautiful temples, more beautiful than those I saw in Mumbai. I soon learned that the town belongs to a Rajah, who gives a lot of support to the worship of the deities. You can very soon see the influence which the British government has on popular religion, even though it is exceedingly tolerant. Where the English are in charge, the temples of the deities are in decay, and they are only seldom rebuilt – despite the fact that the British government has so far been more inclined to support than hinder this. If only the Government was fully possessed by the spirit of Jesus Christ! What could it not do for the spread of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ in India! On a high tower there were a group of trumpeters who were blowing away vigorously. Oh, make me like a trumpeter⁵, Lord, and speak from my heart and mouth yourself.

The next day I went to the Bazaar, and I had many attentive listeners. I spoke about the foolishness of worshipping lifeless stones. They applauded, but said nevertheless it was useful to worship the idols. I then told them about Paul’s sermon on the Areopagus in Athens and said that the experience of an ambassador among them was like that of an ambassador of Jesus Christ there [p.465-6].⁶ You have many temples, but none of you serves the true and living God who made heaven and earth, the sea and the flowing waters, and who has given you and me life and breath. You love only the things of this world: your money; your cattle and fields – those are the things which wake with you in the morning, and with which you go to sleep in the evening. But God is not in your thoughts. You do not serve him. You do not praise him. This is why God’s anger is being shown to mankind in many ways – in illness, rising prices, pestilence, war etc. If you die in your sins then you will really feel the anger of God in hell. But see – a Saviour is there for you. If you believe in Him, God will have mercy on you and redeem you from guilt and punishment. I have come to you to proclaim this.

⁵ Orig: *Posaune* = trombone. Today, many German churches have *Posaunenchor* which, in English terms, we could call a brass band.

⁶ Acts cc.17-18.

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The people asked if they really had to give up their old ways. Oh yes, I said, they must go, they are good for nothing, they lead you to damnation. But we cannot leave our caste, they said. Caste comes from the devil, I replied. We are all brothers. There is only one God, one Saviour, and one Heaven. And all humans form one big family. Is it right that brethren should hate and abuse each other? Believe me, the time is coming, when the Lord will be only One, and his name a single name, over the whole earth. They went home, silently.

Sept. 29th. (pp.466-7)

This morning I spoke to a large crowd on the market place. Afterwards a man called me into his shop and asked me to read him something out of my book. I was surrounded by very attentive listeners. In the evening I went to the same place, and one of the residents asked me to repeat what I had said outside the front of his shop, so that he could hear it too. I read to them from I John 1,1-18 and explained its content to impress their hearts. I find the people understand me much better when I speak to them freely than when I read to them out of the Gospels, because there are so many Sanskrit words in the Bible translation⁷ which they do not know. At the end I challenged them with a warm heart to wake up out of the sleep of sin and to grasp eagerly the salvation being offered to them. They asked over and over again, “Who is this Jesus Christ about whom you talk so much?” This gave me an opportunity to speak to them more completely than was possible in other places about His person, and His relationship to the world as Saviour.

I was happy to see from the way they repeated what I had said, that they had understood fairly exactly. In the evening I made them aware of the remarkable fact that the Christian holy scriptures are being printed now in their own language and in many others, and are distributed free of charge. I also told them that many preachers of the Gospel in non-christian lands are simply and solely supported by gifts from true supporters of Jesus Christ in our homeland. This costs them a lot of money, and they get no worldly profit from it. Their only concern is that the heathen be saved from damnation and be blessed in eternity.

This impressed them, and I tried to heighten the effect by pointing out their opposite attitude. “You send none of your holy books to our countries,” I said, “or if you do, you ask huge prices for them. You don’t pray to God for Europeans or people of other nations. You have no love for your fellow men because the spirit of God does not live in you.” This seemed to strike home to their innermost hearts. May the spirit of God bless their hearts.

Sept 30th (pp. 467n8)

I left this place already at 2 a.m. and met many people on the road. There seems to be a lot of traffic between Hubli and these eastern districts, because whenever I asked where the people were coming from or where they were going they all replied “Hubli”. The country is flat, with fertile soil – but it is mostly uncultivated.

After five hours I reached Konu. From here you can see the edge of a high plateau, forming a semicircle at about 15 hours’ distance. From Dharwar to here a broad, fertile plain stretches out on every side, to a distance of about 20 hours’ travel. I did not have to go far to find people in the morning⁸. Large crowds gathered in front of the pagoda [sic] and I showed them the way to eternal life. These poor people cannot express any basis for their religious life other than to say that it is what their ancestors did. My words met with applause. Oh, may the words which were preached sink deep into their hearts through the spirit of the Lord.

Many sick people were brought to me, since the natives believe that all Europeans know about medical treatment. How good it would be if I had gathered some knowledge of medicine in the missionary seminary. What a lot such knowledge could achieve in this country! As many people read

⁷ He would almost certainly have been using the translation of the Bible into Kannada published in 1831, associated with the names of two LMS missionaries, John Hands and William Reeve.

⁸ The original reads, “in the morning the next day” – but this does not fit well with the narrative.

very well, I had the opportunity to distribute a significant number of tracts. That was a busy Sunday. I was preaching the whole day. May the word of the cross not have been strewn on this fallow land in vain. It is the first time that the seed from above has fallen on this country.

Oct. 1st (pp. 468-9)

Today I continued my journey and came to the bank of the River Malpurba. This is at least as wide as the Rhein in Basel, and is a wild, rushing torrent that uproots trees and carries them along with it. If you have not seen such a powerful river for some time, such a mass of water makes a deep impression on your soul. I was taken across in a strangely built kind of basket with a bamboo frame covered with leather, and 6 paddlers. We reached the other bank safely.

From here on everything was wilder and less subjected to human activity. More than half the ground is covered with thorn bushes. A very few small villages are scattered in the bush. After 4 hours march, after we had crossed a range of hills, the country changed. It became more fertile and more populous. At last I came to the little town of Kehrur with 6,000 inhabitants. My quarters were in a temple. It was generously built temple, but it had so many sparrows' nests in it that it was far from clean.

I preached that evening in the bazaar, exactly opposite a beautiful temple and the idol in it. I preached to the assembled crowd about idols and the true God, who has made heaven and earth and everything in them. I showed them the uselessness of the worship of idols. I used – as I often do in a first sermon – Isaiah 40 & 41, which they always find very impressive. Afterwards I asked for permission to destroy the idols and throw them on the ground, so that they could see that they did not defend themselves, because they contained no life.

The people admitted everything [was true]. They seemed to have little knowledge of the stories of the deities, and did not offer any opposition in the discussion. They always excused their worship of idols by saying that their ancestors had worshipped them, so I told them that evening that my ancestors had also been blind worshippers of idols, until a messenger of God called Winfried had come to them. They had a large oak which they revered as God, but Winfried chopped it down. At this, my heathen ancestors saw the powerlessness of what they had formerly thought were deities, and converted to the living God. Stories like that please people here very much – I just wish I were better at expressing them in their language. They said: we live in great ignorance, and we know nothing of the true way. Oh! If only they had a heart to understand that what I am saying to them is not a word from human beings, but as God's word it is truly true.

Oct.4th (pp. 470-1)

I spoke this morning in someone's shop to a considerable group of people. Many were very attentive. And one called out, as I was going away: "Those are true words! That is a good way!" I left the village at 1 p.m. and came to Cacalkomma at 5 p.m. The landscape pleased me very much. It is fairly hilly, and the hills are covered with thick bush, and are a beautiful green. The soil is extremely fertile, and part of the land is very well cultivated. There are large numbers of sheep, goats and horned cattle. As I travelled I thought, not for the first time, what an inspiration it would be for me to travel with one of my dear old Württemberg friends, farmers and brothers in Christ, with whom I could converse. But the time for this will come when we reach our homeland above.

It was already quite dark when I arrived in the village. I was given quarters in a clean temple. Soon all the men of the village had gathered there. I was tired and thirsty, but I did not think I had the right to allow this opportunity to pass unused, without making it clear to them that they had a prophet in their midst. However, very few paid attention to what I said – which motivated me all the more to talk to them about the uselessness of worshipping idols and their alienation from the living God.

Oct.5th

I travelled for 4 hours to Bagulkota. The scenery is still hilly and romantic. I soon heard that Rev. Taylor from Belgaum had once been here for a whole day, and had preached. During the afternoon the teacher of one of the schools supported by the British Government came to me and asked me to visit it.

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I went, and found about 30 pupils, who had not got very far in learning to read. I encouraged them to work hard, and gave some of them a tract.

Later, I tried to preach to the crowds in the bazaar. But an evil-minded man made such a terrific noise that I could not begin my speech, although I warned him to give up this display of enmity. I went to the bazaar again the next morning, but the people were so involved in their conversations about the evil ways of the government officials, that I could scarcely get a word in. However I do not leave any place without giving a loud testimony about the one and only God and saviour of the world. Zion's watchmen must simply call out loudly and invite the fallen world into the Kingdom of God. They must warn people about the future day of God's anger, so that even non-christians have no excuse.

During the afternoon an English tax officer, Mr Basett⁹, arrived here. He is a truly blessed Christian. He greeted me in his bungalow like a brother, and invited me to lodge with him. He helped me faithfully in my work among the poor non-christians here.

Oct 7th (pp. 471-2).

From here I set off with Mr Basett to Kaladschi, where I was welcomed most warmly by Lieutenant Davidson and a few other christian friends. They are truly simple-hearted christian brothers. Most of them are military officers, as this is a garrison town. I feel really at home with them. This morning I preached in the home of Colonel Cappon, on the text, "Now is the accepted time"¹⁰. In the afternoon I held a bible-study [*Erbauungsstunde*] on Ephesians 6, 10ff. It is a remarkable thing that of the 14 officers in this garrison, more than half are devout christians, whose love and zeal for the Lord put me to shame. Because of this, the regiment is joked about and called, "The Light Blues", which in India means something like "the Pietists".

God works miracles among the soldiers in India. Soldiers' hearts are normally the ones least open for the Truth, but in India they are now acknowledging it. One must see from this that God is rising up, and having mercy on the people of India¹¹.

In the town *cholera morbus* is present, though not strongly. People sacrifice animals almost every day to turn aside the anger of the deities. I spent some blessed days here. There was plenty of work to do among the non-christians who eagerly came to hear me.

This town would have advantages as the site of a new mission station. My colleagues here agree with me. It is about 34 – 36 hours' journey from Dharwar, and from Hubli there is a straight and much-frequented main road [*Landstrasse*]. In the other direction is Belgaum, a station of the London Missionary Society; also about 36 hours away. The climate is relatively healthy – which is confirmed by the fact that the town was chosen for a garrison. Food is cheap, and the sort of clothing one needs in India is also available at low prices. There are lots of large and small villages nearby. Kannada is still spoken for a distance of about 40 hours' journey eastwards, before one reaches the Mahratta-speaking area.

Oct 13th (pp. 472-3).

Today, after this blessed stay, I continued on my way to Serus. It was a beautiful morning, and riding on my horse I could not stop myself singing the praises of the Lord¹². On my arrival a large number of people gathered in the shadow of a tree listened very attentively to the preaching of the Word.

⁹ Layer spells this name "Basett"; an alternative spelling might be "Basset". Basett appears also on p. 4.16 fn 23.

¹⁰ Orig: *angenehme Zeit*. 2.Cor. c.6 v.2

¹¹ The MM adds a footnote: A letter to us from Mögling, in Dharwar, said that this Christian officer, Lieut. Davidson, had given our brothers in Dharwar his own house, so that two of our brothers would be able to stay in it as missionaries. The British people living in Dharwar had also taken up a subscription, to do their bit to support these servants of God.

¹² This is the first mention of a horse. It had probably been lent to him by the soldiers in Kaladschi.

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In the evening I travelled to Katkerre, 5 hours further on. The Lord gave me grace to witness powerfully to his Name to a small handful of inhabitants, who really listened attentively. One man especially asked many questions about the new Way I was preaching, with real emotion. He followed me into my quarters, to learn still more about confessing the true God. When I left he told me that no-one had spoken to him in this way before. He had always worshipped gods of stone, but now he wanted to pray to the God I had proclaimed to him.

Oct 15th (pp. 473-4)

I returned to Kaladschi, to spend Sunday there. I preached, and celebrated Holy Communion for the little group of Christians. Many of my conversations with the communicants in the middle of this unbelieving wilderness were truly blessed. The Colonel contributed 50 Rp. for our mission. Shortly afterwards, I said good-bye to these dear brothers, whose memory will always have a place in my heart.

Without telling me, they had ordered a palanquin and carriers, which was to carry me for 10 hours on October 18th.¹³ After that, I travelled on a further 6 hours to Suttischerrie, feeling rather unwell. By the time I arrived I felt really ill, and was very glad to find clean accommodation in a mosque. A good night's sleep revived me sufficiently to do a 7 hour walk to Belgaum the next day.

Oct.21st

I arrived safely in Belgaum, where I was hospitably entertained by the LMS missionaries working here; Rev. Beynon and his wife, and Rev. Taylor. This gave me the opportunity to get to know this pleasant circle of workers and their working area better, to have some brotherly discussions about the work of God in this part of India, and to learn some useful things from their previous experience. I stayed there for several days, and then set off back to Dharwar, accompanied by their hearty blessings, and with joy and gratitude towards the God who had so kindly guided me up to now.

¹³ It is not clear what happened on Oct. 16th and 17th.

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The report for this period is followed by a number of Annexes with extensive accounts of preaching journeys and encounters around Dharwar.

Herrmann Mögling's diary of a brief visit to Hubli in 1838¹⁴

This report of a short visit to a lingayat Monastery in Hubli was sent to the Basel Mission in two letters, dated June 27th 1838 and June 30th 1838¹⁵. The published report was taken from the original letters with very few editorial changes, apart from one change in sequence which was made by the editor in response to a request from the author¹⁶.

The head of one of the lingayat monasteries in Hubli came to visit the mission station in Dharwar on June 15th, 1838. There is a description of this visit in the biography of Herrmann Mögling written by his friend Hermann Gundert¹⁷:

... "a tall, handsome, distinguished man – not marked by manual work. He assured me in cold blood that he was without sin, and that he was God, and his followers had to worship him. He did not know any deity apart from himself before whom he ought to bow down. I should come to Hubli, and he would let me read their *shastras*. I expressed my fear that our friendship would not last long, because if I were to fulfil my task, and preach the Gospel to him and all the people, enmity towards me would arise in their hearts. He insisted that that would be impossible, so I decided to return his visit. I went to the monastery on June 27th, and preached the Word to the lingayat gurus as freely as I preach to the people in the bazaar. They, however, are so sure of themselves that they listen to everything politely and are not afraid."

Introduction, added by the editor of the *Missionsmagazin*. (p. 486)

Hubli is a town South-East of Dharwad, about 3.5 hours' travel from that mission station. It is the most important trading centre in this area, with a population of about 20,000. Most of the people are lingayats, with a few thousand Moslems and about 1,000 Brahmins. Among the merchants there are some very prosperous people, to whom it is no problem at all to hand over cash for a bill of exchange of 100,000 Rp. A lot of silk is spun and woven there. One of the main trade routes to the West Coast of India runs through Hubli. The lingayats, of whom there are probably more than 13,000, are the people we must turn our attention to, and naturally, the most influential people in this group are the most important for us. May the Lord soon bless our preaching in their hearts.

¹⁴ *Magazin für die neueste Geschichte der evangelischen Missions- und Bibelgesellschaften* 1839, 3rd quarter, pp 486-507. NB Formally this annual report was presented at the Mission Festival in Basel at midsummer 1839, so it covers the second half of 1838 and the first half of 1839.

¹⁵ Archive Mission21, Basel, Switzerland. Basel Mission Holdings: C-1.5.1838, 6.

¹⁶ It is possible to make this statement with assurance, through the much-appreciated help of Dr A. and Mrs G. Frenz, who examined the original manuscript and compared it with the printed version. Most of the changes were minor ones in punctuation or style, which had no relevance for the English translation. The few significant changes have been taken into account in this version and are noted in the text.

¹⁷ Gundert, H[ermann]. *Herrmann Mögling. Ein Missionsleben*. Germany, Calw & Stuttgart, Verlag der Vereinsbuchhandlung, 1882, pp 119 – 123. Also available in English: Frenz A. (ed.) *Herrmann Mögling. A Biography by Hermann Gundert, with supplementary articles and illustrations*. Translated by C. Steinweg and E. Steinweg-Flecker. India, Kottayam, DC Books, 1997, pp 99-101

Letter from Herrmann Mögling dated June 27th 1838, written in Hubli

I set off at eight o'clock in the morning to go to the town of Hubli to look for the lingayat Guru. He had visited me a few days earlier in Dharwar, and I had promised a return visit. As I walked through the bazaar, some people called me into a shop, where they offered me a comfortable seat, and said they would like to hear what news I had to give them out of my book – I had the Kannada New Testament in my hand. I sat down and turned to the Acts of the Apostles: 2, 38 – 40. Very quickly about 50 people collected – mostly worshippers of the *linga*.

I began, "I have come to proclaim the Word of God." "The word of which god?" shouted some of them. I asked, "How many gods are there?" They replied, "Only one." I answered, "Why do you not serve this one God?" and they answered, "We do what our gurus say." I said, "Do tell me, what do your gurus teach?" They said, "We can't do that. What do we know about it? But we do what they say."

I said, "I will recapitulate the main teachings of your gurus for you, and show you how untrue they are. They have two messages: 1) those who honour the gods will go to heaven; 2) those who do good works will go to heaven. Is that not true?" They said, "It is so." Then I said, "Let us look at the first of those statements. Who makes your gods? Are they not made by yourselves? If somebody wants a god, he takes a stone or a piece of wood, and stands it up in a special place. A few *mantras* are recited, and the god is ready. Now tell me this: is a person who makes a god not greater than the god he makes? And is there anywhere where the greater serves the lesser? Do your rulers bow down to you, or you to them? Look here! If things were to be done rightly, your gods would pray to you, as their makers – not the other way round!"

One of the listeners said, "That is true", but someone else in the crowd said, "That's not what is meant. It is not us, but our gurus, who make the gods." I pointed out, "Your gurus are people like yourselves: they eat and sleep, get ill and die. Is that not so? And how can people just like yourselves make gods?" Someone else said, "It is not the gurus who make the gods; God simply uses them to set up the holy figures that we should worship. All these many gods are only servants of the Highest One. I asked, "Is the Highest One good or bad? A sinner or a saint?" Many of the listeners said, "He has no sin."

I said, "Would a good master employ bad servants, or send them packing? According to your *shastras* your gods have committed every kind of sin; one told lies, another committed adultery, another was a thief, and another a murderer. How can such gods be servants of the one holy High God?" Somebody said, "He's right", and several others shouted, "It's true".

Then I went on, "Now let's talk about the second statement: your gurus say that people must do good works if they are to go to heaven." The answer was "Yes". The conversation continued:

Myself: Are not all men sinners? I am a sinner. Is there anyone amongst you who has never done anything wrong?

Listeners: Nobody.

Myself: Where do sins come from? From the air? Or from the earth?

Listeners: From people's hearts.

Myself: Is a heart from which sin comes good or evil?

Listeners: It is evil.

Myself: Can good things come from an evil heart?

Listeners: No; but there are people who do good deeds.

Myself: Can good water and bad water come out of the selfsame fountain?

Listeners: No, but there must be people who do good works. How about yourself? Are you a sinner or not?

Myself: All humans are sinners, and that includes me. But people who have received the Holy Spirit, love God, and keep His commandments, become children of God, and their sins are forgiven. God is offering you all this through me. Listen!

Then I read the text I mentioned above, and continued, “You have heard that the Gospel is intended to tell everybody about God’s goodness – even those far away, and that includes you. Everyone who believes in the name of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, will be saved.”

A lot of people said, “How can that be? Does God have a son? Does God have a father?” I replied, “We are human beings and speak as human beings. God is not like a human being. We call the God who became a man in order to redeem mankind the Son of God, Jesus Christ. But he is himself God. God, Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost who lives in all believers – these three are one God.”

Then some of them shouted, “Here comes a *shastri*. We are stupid people, and you don’t understand the way we talk; talk to him – you’ll understand what he says, and he’ll understand you. We just want to listen to you.”

“Good”, I said, turning to the *shastri*, who had sat down beside me, behind a sack. “What can you say for your gods? How can sin and godliness fit together?” He said, “God made everything, both good and evil.” I said, “If that is true, how can he punish evil-doing?” The *shastri* replied, “Even the punishment of wickedness comes from god; everything comes from god.”

Seeing that he was about to start on the good old pantheist song, I turned back to the crowd, with the words, “It is written in your hearts that this statement is not true. God did not create evil, but rather punishes it and wipes it out.”

At this point the owner of the grocer’s shop stood up and asked me to leave. He said that more and more people were coming, and “If you don’t go I won’t sell anything, and what will become of my stomach?” (This metaphor is often used in Kannada.) I took out my tracts, distributed them to the old people, and climbed down.

Accompanied by a crowd of boys, who begged for tracts but did not get any, I went to look for the Guru in a big monastery at the Western end of the town, which was where I guessed he would be. A fat-bellied old servant of the monastery, who was busy cleaning the altars, said that the *Swami* (the Head) was in the monastery near the town gate, so I went off there – still accompanied by the boys. The two monasteries are the handsomest buildings in Hubli. (I call them monasteries because in these houses, called *Mata*, the priests and the *Swami* live together as a community like our Roman Catholic monks, and like them they are not married.)

I found the monastery decorated for a festival. There was a square courtyard, surrounded by a fine veranda, which formed the entrance to the main building. This was covered with a flat roof of mats, and cleanly swept. The Guru was sitting in a small room behind the veranda of the main building, with a crowd of disciples around him. My arrival was announced and he came to meet me in a very friendly way. I said, “I have come as I promised, and I have brought one of our books, which I hope you will read.” He asked me whether I had come alone, and I explained that my brethren had remained in Dharwar. I asked him whether they had just had a festival. He told me that the festival had been four days ago, but there would be another in 12 days, and I should certainly stay with them till then. I explained that that would be too long for me; I had only planned to stay for two days. But it would be a great pleasure for me if he could acquaint me with some of his *shastras*.

The Guru invited me to sit down (meanwhile, a chair had been brought for me), and said, “This evening several hundred people are coming to hear me reading from one of our *Puranas* (MM: religious writings), and I shall be happy if you would come. We start at 5 o’clock and finish at 9.”

I replied, “I shall be very happy to come. You know why I want to learn to know your books. The forefathers of humankind knew God, and I would expect that some of this true understanding of God has been preserved in your old books.” He was visibly pleased at this, and said, “There is certainly wisdom in our books.” I said, “If one can separate the later, distorted elements from the original truth,

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I think it is certainly worth taking the trouble to study your books.” His response was, “Everything in our *shastras* is true – but fools do not understand wisdom.”

I said to him, “I have come to the conclusion that not everything in them is false, from the words of one of the apostles of Jesus Christ, which I will read to you.” Then I read him some of the words of St Paul on the Areopagus, which seemed to make a good impression both on the Guru and on the whole circle of people sitting around him. I continued, “When I know your *shastras* better, I shall be able to understand your way of thinking, and talk to you with understanding. That is very important to me, because I and my brethren have come to this country to proclaim the Gospel to you and all the people in this country.” He asked, “What drives you to do this?” and I read him the end of the Gospel of Mark. The following conversation ensued:

Guru: Who is Christ? Tell me again.

Myself: He is the creator of all the Worlds¹⁸, the One who became Man and is the Saviour of all people, and in the future will be the judge of all.

Guru: Last time, you said he was the Son of God.

Myself: Yes, it is the best way we know of to express what He is. But He is Himself God, and there is only one God. He who believes in Him will receive from Him the forgiveness of sins and the Holy Ghost.

Guru: What is the Holy Ghost?

Myself: He is the God who dwells in those who have received forgiveness of their sins. He and Jesus Christ and God are one.

Guru: Have you received the Holy Ghost?

Myself: Yes.

Guru: What are the signs of this spirit?

Myself: All those who truly believe in the Name of Jesus with their whole hearts receive forgiveness of sins and this spirit of God. The signs are these: those who believe in the Saviour of the world love God, hate sin, think the things of this world are unimportant, and rejoice in death because it is the way to God and to eternal life. These are the four main indications that the Holy Ghost dwells in a person.

Guru: (To his disciples) Listen to this. It is good.

But what about Collector R., and Mr. B., and the others? Aren't they Christians?

Myself: They have the name of Christians, but not the power. They do not belong to our family.

Guru: Are you a son of God?

Myself: Yes, I am a child of God, like every single person who believes in Jesus Christ and has received His spirit. There are two castes in this world: one is that of the worldly people, who will be lost with the world when it comes to an end, and the other is that of the children of God, who will inherit eternal life.

Guru: Are there no differences between you? Is none of you the master, as with us?

Myself: Jesus Christ said, “He who wants to be the master must be the servant of all.”

Guru: That is fine. That is a good word. But aren't there padres in Belgaum who are married? You are not married; is that not a difference?

Myself: According to the Word of God marrying is not a sin, provided the married person loves God – Remaining unmarried is better – but does not confer a higher status.

I read a few verses from 1 Corinthians 7.

Guru: Can the children of God carry out business in this world?

Myself: Yes. Among the Government employees there are some who know the Lord Jesus. They do not seek their own good, but rather yours. The others do not concern themselves much with you, but are only interested in trying to get rich. The children of God are like God. God loves

¹⁸ Original: *dieser Welten* = these worlds. In Mögling's time, the phrase, "The upper, the middle and the lower worlds" was in common use. (Information A.Frenz)

the world, and therefore the children of God love all people. So I love you, and I have come to preach the Word of Jesus Christ to you.

Guru: If there is love for me in you, love for you should also be born in my heart.

Myself: That comes from God. If it is the will of God, all people should turn towards our preaching.

Guru: You said that you cannot stay with us long. Why?

Myself: I have a journey to make.

Guru: Where to?

Myself: To Mangalore.

Guru: What for?

Myself: There are five of our brothers there who I must visit, and five more are due to arrive this year. The Gospel must be preached throughout the world.

Guru: Do you get money from the Government?

Myself: No. Our money comes from Christian brethren who want to do the will of Jesus that was expressed in his last command, which I have already read to you.

Finally he said, "Do come this evening, because you should hear our music, too." Some instruments were brought; a kind of violin and a sort of guitar, rather crudely made. The priest who played them did so quite competently. I said, "Your forefathers had better music than you do." They were surprised when I told them – as far as the language allowed – about our great European concerts. By then it was 11 o'clock, so I took my leave.

Now it is already half past four, and I must get ready for the public reading, so that I can be sure to see everything and hear everything from the beginning.

End of the first letter

Letter dated June 30th, written in Dharwar

In Hubli I had no more time on the 27th and 28th to write my report, and yesterday, after walking back to Dharwar in the morning, I was too tired. So now I am writing the rest – though of course I cannot guarantee that I will not deliberately record things that were done or spoken in a different order.¹⁹ However, if there are any mistakes they will be minor ones, and will not disturb or falsify the overall impression.

While I was getting dressed for my visit to the monastery it occurred to me that, rather than putting on my boots, I should wear some lighter shoes, so that if I wanted to, I could quickly take them off and put them on again. I really disliked the idea of taking off my shoes²⁰. However, as I was intending to get to know these people, who loathe the idea of using leather even more than most Hindus do, I thought it was best at least to be prepared to take my shoes off. So I walked through the old part of Hubli to the monastery in the new town wearing my white house-shoes.

I arrived at a quarter past five. Some of the disciples were starting to spread out carpets on the outer and inner verandas of the house. Some old men were already there. They had been told I was coming, and they welcomed me, and fetched me a chair – which, I noticed, was not placed in the middle of the outer veranda but in a corner. They gathered round me. One of them had once travelled to Bombay to represent the lingayats, who were involved in a long process of litigation against the Brahmins. It concerned an incident when the Brahmins wanted to carry their *Swami* (their chief priest) through the streets in a palanquin with transverse carrying poles; this is something the lingayats have the right to do. He had been in various well-respected houses, and he asked me about the government officials and clergymen whose names he still knew. When I told him I had been in Bombay myself, he asked me who I had stayed with. I mentioned Mr Farish, and he was quite overcome with respect. Had I really

¹⁹ Mögling did in fact change the sequence – see Footnote 21

²⁰ This was a matter of principle for many of the missionaries; they felt that if they took off their shoes they were acknowledging the holiness of Indian deities – and they also considered that all of God's earth is equally holy.

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been with Mr Farish? “He is a most important person – a very, very, very important man. He’s a member of the Provincial Council!” To amaze him even more, I told him that I was actually exchanging letters with this great man. “Is he your disciple?”, he asked, hoping to solve the puzzle. “No,” I replied, “he is one of our brothers. All those who believe in Jesus, the Saviour of the world, are God’s children and are therefore brothers.”

During this conversation, which I have shortened considerably, another person in the group had picked up my New Testament and begun to read it. I heard him read the parable of the man who built his house on the sand and the man who built his house on the rock. Then I said to the people that all houses built on the sand of human opinions and laws would collapse in the last days, and that all the souls that did not believe in Jesus Christ, the One Saviour and the Son of God, would be lost. “How can souls be lost?” they asked me. I said, “They do not die, but they suffer eternal torment.” They responded, “How is that? When people die, their bodies decay, but how can their souls suffer torment after death? Do they still survive as spirits?” I said, “Yes”.

They asked how that could be possible; “Is the body not the *Akara*, (the individual identity – the reality – the material existence [*Bestimmtheit, Wirklichkeit, Materialität*]) of the soul? If they lose this, their *Akara*, they will become *Nirakara*, (without identity – pure being = the nothingness of the Hegelians – the universal spirit or the universal substance, which are the same for these philosophers). When the soul has become *Nirakara* – that is, has ceased to be itself – how can it suffer or even be in any definite place?”

I replied, “The same thing is said in our country by many of our great wise men – or rather, by those who think themselves very wise. They talk like that because they understand the wisdom that is in Christ Jesus as little as you do.” The man seemed very pleased to hear that there were people like them in our country. I continued, “The wisdom of God says something different. Things that are *Nirakara* – that is, are nowhere and never – are nothing. A *Nirakara*-God is nothing; a *Nirakara*-soul is nothing. God is *Akara* from all eternity: he is in heaven, and those who now believe in Him will one day see Him. The soul is itself *Akara*, it is not that the body is the *Akara* of the soul. When the soul has left the body, and gone up to Heaven or down to Hell for all eternity, it is *Akara*.”

The listeners seemed to be quite shocked at the crudeness of these Biblical concepts [*Schriftbegriffe*], and asked, “Does that mean the soul has a shape?” I answered, “You could put it that way, but the soul’s form is finer than that of the body. You could compare it with the “shape” of light; indeed it is still finer, but the soul does have a form. Once more – according to the wisdom of the Word of God, what has no identity is nothing. But the *Akaras* are various. The one is the *Akara* of God, another is that of the soul, another is that of the body, and another that of metals, that of stones, and so on....²¹

During this conversation I noticed that they did not know where they could lay the carpet without touching my shoes. Finally they folded up the corner near me. They set up big brass lamps, 2.5 – 3 feet tall; two in the outer and one in the middle of the inner veranda. A crescent-shaped cushion, covered with red silk, was propped up against one of the two pillars of the inner veranda, and a smaller cushion of the same colour was placed against the second. In the middle they placed a long desk, on which they laid a rectangular package wrapped in silk cloths.

At last, instruments like horns and trumpets were sounded from the second floor, on the side towards the street, and the Guru came out of one of the lower rooms and sat down between the big cushion and the desk. He is a tall, stout man, accustomed to obedience. Round his head he wore a red and white checked cloth, apparently rather carelessly tied. He was clothed in big red cotton cloths, thick but soft. The *shastri*, an intelligent-looking man dressed entirely in white, sat down opposite him.

The Guru greeted me and I returned his greeting. A chair was placed on the lower veranda beside the *shastri*. There was an empty place for another chair beside the Guru. I stood up, and with the words,

²¹Gundert (1882 p.122) describes this as a "*spitzfindige Verhandlung über die Möglichkeit des Seelentodes*", i.e. as "quibbling, hair-splitting, sophistical" (Langenscheidt Dictionary).

“If it would make you happy, I will take off my shoes”, I pulled off my slippers. “He’s taken off his shoes!” The comment ran like wildfire through the gathering. The Guru beckoned to me to come to his side. Someone ran to fetch my chair, so I found myself sitting in the place of honour on the lower veranda, at the elbow of the Guru, who was sitting cross-legged in front of the desk, opposite the *shastri*.

While things were still being organised around us, the Guru started the following discussion with me (MM Editor's addition).²² *** He began by asking me, “If you say Christ is in heaven, how can you know anything about him, when you told me yourself that only he who comes from heaven can proclaim heavenly things?”

I said, “I know more about Christ than you think. I know him better than I know you. I can indeed see you, but I cannot know about your mind and character, or only in a very doubtful way – but I know the mind and character of Jesus exactly. There are two ways to attain to an understanding of Christ, which are also open to you. Firstly, there is the Bible. If you read it carefully, and pray to God earnestly for understanding of what you read, you will know Christ. Secondly, there is the experience of the forgiveness of sins. Those whose sins have been forgiven have been liberated from being afraid of God. And those who received forgiveness through prayer in the name of Christ know with certainty that Christ, who has given them this great gift, really lives.”

The conversation continued thus:

Guru: You say this Christ is God in human form and also God Himself. There must be some difference.

Myself: It is a difference and it is no difference. The one God clothed himself in human nature. God is not any other than Christ. Your gods are different from the one God, but that is not the case with Christ. He is God from all eternity, the Holy One, the creator, the Saviour and Judge of the world. But there is a difference. Christ is the reflection of the glory of God. God is a light, and Christ is the luminescence of that light.

Guru: So I am right after all: there is a big difference between God and Christ, as there is between a lamp and the light it sheds.

Myself: Do you see any difference?

Guru: Of course! The light of the lamp spreads out far away from the flame. Look at those lamps. We are in their light, but they are not burning us. Go and put your finger into the lamp, and you will feel the difference between a lamp and its light.

Myself: I will acknowledge that you are right if you can show me a light without luminescence, or luminescence without a light.

The guru smiled and gave up the argument. Then he asked, “But what about the Holy Ghost that you say you have received. How do you recognise this?” I said, “I recognise the Holy Ghost by the thoughts, the will, the desires and the strength that I experience, and which I know are not my thoughts, my will, my desires and my strength. Because the Spirit is within me, I have thoughts that contradict my own wisdom, a will that wants to do things that I find hard and don’t want to do, desires that are focused on things in the future that are still invisible, and strength to fight against sin which no sinner can possess.”

²² At this point, the sequence in the printed version of the report departs from that in the manuscript. The present translation follows the printed version, which sticks more closely than the manuscript to the actual course of events. The linking sentence was added by the MM editor. In the MS, the passage from *** to *** comes after the description of the ceremony and Mögling's return to his lodgings. Comments and marks in the MS indicate that Mögling actually did prefer the sequence as printed, but did not want to rewrite several pages to make the correction! See "Now I will take up the thread of my story again", after the second set of asterisks on p.1.19. This only makes sense if the discussion has intervened.

Guru: Then you are no longer a sinner?

Myself: Insofar as my sins are forgiven, I am not. It is only when – in conflict with the Holy Spirit – I do things that are against the will of Christ, that the Holy Ghost punishes me and plagues me until I am penitent, and I go to Christ in the Spirit, and beg for forgiveness and receive it.

Guru: How strange!

Myself: It should not seem strange to you. If you love someone and do something that is against his will, whether he knows about it or not, and whether he speaks to you about it or not, do you not feel troubled about it in your heart, because you love him?

Guru (turning to the people standing round him):

That is good, that is true. I love Gursitappa [the owner of the house], and when I do something he does not like, I have no peace. ***

Now I will take up the thread of my story again. After the lamps had all been lit and the building had filled with people both downstairs and upstairs, the *shastri* opened the packet lying on the desk, which contained the *Puranas* from which a song was to be read. First he undid a cloth of red silk lined with green, then a second, large red silk cloth. Then he removed a beautifully carved sandalwood cover and laid it on the desk beside him. He laid some pages that had already been read, on the lid.

He then proceeded to tune his *tambouri*. The *tambouri* is a kind of zither with a very long neck and about six strings. The singer follows the rhythm by running his forefinger across all the strings, sounding them all at once. At the inner end of the desk, behind the big brass lamp, sat a young man with a *saringe*, a kind of clumsy bass fiddle [*Duodezbassgeige*], that is played with a bow and produces pleasant and varied tones. On the other side of the Guru from me was a drummer, who played a small, long drum with his fingers and on the other side beat the same instrument to get more muffled notes. The *shastri* began the song, accompanied by the three instruments. When he had reached the last syllables of the first verse the Guru's voice joined in, and when the verse was finished the *shastri* stopped singing and the Guru continued alone, moving from the song to a half-spoken and half sung explanation of the words that had been sung.

Now the courtyard was filling up – there must have been 4-500 people there. The inner veranda, where everybody sat on the floor as they did in the outer one, was filling up gradually. Old greybeards wrapped in ample red or white cloths took the places of honour against the walls. The disciples, after prostrating themselves on the ground in front of the elders, settled down in the middle. People who had not yet paid their respect to the Guru pushed their way through to him and bent their heads to his feet. Everybody sat and walked on carpets, so one heard no other sound while the *shastri* continued to sing and the Guru joined in or gave his interpretations alone. Once I had become accustomed to the nasal tones of the singers I enjoyed the singing, and I thought the instrumental accompaniment was really not bad. The problem was that I could not understand more than occasional words either of the songs or of the explanations, which were given with great fluency and speed.

Suddenly, everybody stood up as a man in a wide white robe came out of one of the inner rooms and moved quickly through the crowd on the upper veranda. The Guru bowed three times, clapped his hands together in front of his face, and called three times, “*Sharane*” (the lingayat greeting, like “*Namaskara*” among the brahmins). The man then sat down on the chair opposite me. He was Gursitappa, the owner of this and the other monastery – a layman. He sent a man over to greet me. I let my “*Salam*” greeting be announced, and the singing, which had been interrupted, continued.

The theme of the long poem was the story of a saint called Rudrabasipati. When the gods stirred up the sea with the mountain “Mandara” and prepared the drink of immortality, Rudrabasipati, a holy servant of the god Shiva, heard that the god had drunk some of this drink, which was poison to him. In despair at the death of the deity he decided he, too, would die. “What would life mean to him, when Shiva lived no more?” He ran to a well, intending to fling himself into it. Then Shiva arrived and seized him by the arm, and asked him why he wanted to die. The Saint said, “What is life to me when you die? Let me die!” Shiva replied, “I will not die. I took the poison, but I have not swallowed it; it is still in my throat.” “Then spit it out!” said Rudrabasipati. Shiva said, “No. If I spit it out, the whole of the

Universe will sink into nothingness. It must stay in my throat.” The Saint was not satisfied, so Shiva said to him, “Stand on my thigh, take your knife and cut open my throat and find out where the poison is, and be content.” So Rudrabasipati did what the deity had commanded, stood on Shiva’s thigh, put his knife to his throat where he could feel that the poison was, and – there he stands to this very day.²³

Towards the end of the singing, a man came with two wreaths made from heavily-scented white flowers. He handed them to the Guru, who presented one to the *shastri* and one to me. He gave me a sign which I chose not to understand [M. probably did not want to put the garland round his neck; see the similar incident the next day]. After some minutes the owner of the house waved to one of the men who were sitting in a circle round us. He went out, and brought a brass plate filled with lemons, bananas and sweetmeats, which was given to me as a gift from Gursitappa.

At last, towards 9 o’clock, the singing and interpretation came to an end. The *shastri* and all the others gathered together, apart from the chief Guru, one of the oldest Gurus, Gursitappa and me. Slender wax candles were distributed among the people in the circle around us. The candles were alight. Then the *shastri* started the final hymn, which was accompanied by everybody clapping, more and more loudly. The candles went out, the clapping became noisier and noisier, and finally great drums and trumpets from upstairs added their voices to the storm of the finale. When it was quiet again, the *shastri* gave his *tamburi* to a young man sitting near him, who tuned the instrument and then began – as far as I could understand – a hymn to Shiva, the Highest, inviting him to come and to fill them with his spirit. The other listeners were completely carried away by this – that is, they sank into a twilight state between consciousness and unconsciousness, in which they forgot everything around them and allowed their spirits to drift involuntarily on the waves of the music. There were fortissimo passages, when the god seemed to be fighting with the Devil, or with the singer who was trying to tempt him to come; once the singer made a strange hissing noise that imitated the distant clashing of many thousand swords. Again and again came the call of invitation: “*Ba!*” (come!), repeated ten or more times – forceful or pleading, commanding or begging, longing or languishing. The end of this hymn was also accompanied with soft clapping.

Then I stood up, and after the Guru had promised to explain things further to me, I went to Gursitappa to pay my respects, then to the Guru, and finally left the gathering. My shoes were laid ready for me at the end of the carpet. Some of Gursitappa’s servants accompanied me back to my bungalow, which was a good quarter of an hour away. One carried a flaming torch, one the sweetmeats that I had accepted, and one my books. It was around 10 o’clock when I finally reached home, feeling rather stunned by all I had seen and heard, and weary from the effort.

The next morning, having prepared a short lecture on Genesis 1-3, Romans 5, 12ff, and Hebrews 1 and 2, I went back to the *Mata* in good time. The Guru was not yet visible. In one of the inner rooms, some of the disciples were busy with reading and singing *Puranas*. They came out and gave me the page they had been working on, and helped me to read it. The edition of the *Puranas* that had been used the evening before was a very fine one. It had small pages, folded once, with a broad painted border all round and in the middle the text, very evenly written. The beginning and end of each paragraph was marked in red, and the rest was in black. The Guru had told me that this copy had been made in Hubli the year before, and that the text of this *Purana* was from the poet Bhiema, who had lived in the eastern part of the peninsula 500 years ago. The text I now had in my hands was an ordinary copy on thick yellow paper – rather old, but quite legible. The disciples could not explain the contents to me.

²³ *The original MS continues with the "aside":*

"The Guru actually told me about this part of the song the next day. However, for the sake of coherence I have not followed the timing of events precisely. I have given an account of the discussion that I had with the Guru, just after I had sat down beside him on the first day, before the beginning of the singing on the second day I spent with these people." I.e. what Mögling recorded in his para "When I got to the monastery...." (at the top of p. 1.22 here) in actual fact followed immediately on the material in the para beginning "The theme of the long poem....." recorded on pp. 1.19-20.

Finally the Guru himself came out, looking very friendly. I asked him to repeat the poem he had read the day before, but he said he would do it in the afternoon, because he was just setting off with some of his disciples to visit a lingayat who had invited them to eat in his house. When I asked, he explained to me that he went to a different house with his disciples every day for the midday meal. They ate their evening meal together in the monastery. (Even if there were no special provision for establishing and maintaining a close fellowship among the lingayats, this custom alone would be almost sufficient to ensure it – as well as ensuring the Gurus' overweight, and their influence over the families of their followers.)

This time, the Guru was wrapped in a red cloth with a border of an even darker red. He asked me about my fatherland, and about the country where Christ was born; about the distance between India and Germany, and between Palestine and Germany, and about the sea route by which we had come, etc. I pulled out my pencil and a piece of paper and drew an outline of India, Arabia, Palestine, Africa and Europe, which I showed and explained to them. They were absolutely amazed at the size of the world, and its large number of inhabitants. I said, "What you call 'the world' – your 56 countries that make up India – is, as you see, only one corner of the whole. In the centre of the world, in Judea, Jesus Christ was born, whose name was now being proclaimed in all places, and who will soon come from Heaven to judge the whole world."

I took out my penknife to sharpen my pencil. The Guru was impressed by the ingenuity of our European tools, so I offered to give him the knife. He was very pleased, but said that he could not touch it because he had not yet eaten. So I laid it down in front of him on the granite floor. He suggested I should go home and have my midday meal. He would be back by about 3 o'clock, and if I liked he would tell me the story from yesterday. I took out my watch, to fix an exact time for him. That led to questions and answers about how we measure time. I told them that we divide the year into 365 days, 5 hours and 48 minutes. A day has 24 hours, and an hour 60 minutes, which are divided again into 60 parts. Then I explained the clock face. The Guru said, "Our year has 360 days, divided into 12 months of equal length. Every third year we insert a 13th month." Then I said "good-bye", and left.

There were some people waiting in the bungalow; the schoolmaster of the government school, who invited me to examine his pupils, (an offer I declined), and several others who wanted tracts. I had a conversation with the Sub-Collector, who also lived in the bungalow, about the lingayats. He said they were divided into several parties and were always taking cases to the courts. The chief party was that of Gursitappa. I didn't want to get any further involved with this Sub-Collector. He keeps a native woman, who lives with him in one part of the house. The people in Hubli know it, and often gossip about him. One of the monks once asked me, "You don't consider marriage a sin, so do you perhaps also consider it right for people to live with strange women, like the Collector does?" I repeated that the Collector was not a Christian, and the monk responded, "It would be a good idea if you told him that."

At about 3 o'clock I set off back to the monastery. On the way, a number of people in the street demanded a sermon from me, on the falseness of their gods – which was well known to them – and the knowledge (or, as it is expressed in their language, "spiritual seeing" [*geistige schauen*]) of the one true God, which is possessed by those whose sins have been forgiven in the name of Jesus, the one and only *Avatar* (incarnation).

Then a smith called to me from his workshop. It was in a big house, and he had a lot of workmen. He wanted me to tell him how people in my country made iron and copper into large flat plates. Here, they beat them out of lumps of iron or copper using ordinary hammers, which needed a great deal of time and a lot of people, because a man could not put up with doing this work for more than a few years. I told him that in my home country we build workshops like his beside rivers, and the water drives big hammers. The workmen only have to hold the lumps of metal in place under the hammer. He wanted me to show him how he could make this kind of arrangement in his smithy. I said I should

be happy to do so – provided he could bring a suitable river to Hubli first. We both laughed, and I continued on my way.

When I got to the monastery I found the Guru, Gursitappa, the *shastri* and others waiting for me. Gursitappa wanted to see my watch, and asked me to repeat my lesson on geography. Then I reminded the Guru that he had promised to repeat the poem he had sung yesterday, and explain it to me. When he had finished, I said with a laugh, “So you come together with such elaborate ceremonial for the sake of stories like that? In my country they are the kind of little stories boys might tell!” That seemed to be a bit too frank; they became somewhat red in the face – but none of them showed annoyance at the liberty I had taken. “Perhaps there is some deep wisdom hidden in this story?” I asked – half seriously, half joking. The *shastri* laughed, and the Guru said, “Yes, of course! The story shows that holy people have great power over the deity.” I asked if that was all, and the Guru said, “Yes, that is the wisdom of this story, which the common people do not understand.” I said, “If that is all the wisdom it teaches, that is not much. I hope I could find more in your *shastras*, if I could study them with your *shastri*.”

The Guru said, “Yes, you should come over for six months or a whole year.” I said, “I would indeed like to, if you will allow me to read the books with your *shastri*, and if you find me a house near you. I would be willing to live like you, eating no meat and drinking no wine, etc.”

One of the bystanders reacted to this: “Is it not a sin that you people eat meat, in which there is life?” The Guru remarked, “He says, according to your view, we eat life too, because there must be life within the rice, in the fruits of the trees and in the plants – if they contained no life, they could not grow. But what about distilled spirits that make people drunk; how can you allow those?” I assured him, “Neither I nor my brothers drink a lot of wine or spirits – just an occasional drop. We even lived without meat for a long time. But these things are not forbidden²⁴ – in fact, they have been permitted ever since the Flood. Before the Flood people ate no meat and drank no wine. Furthermore, your own ancestors ate meat, as you probably know. Isn’t that true?” They did not dare to deny it.

Then I began to read out loud from Genesis and then Romans 5,12. The Guru was one of the most attentive listeners, but he also wanted to read himself, which was not a success, as he was not familiar with the printed letters. He asked a lot of questions, which I answered quickly, but without allowing myself to be interrupted, because I did not only want to read the story of Creation, but also that of the Fall from Grace. When I finally came to speak about the tempter, Satan, the Lord of Darkness, I had a feeling that this was in harmony with old sagas that the Guru was reminded of. But he did not let himself be drawn out on the subject.

At dusk, the preparations for the festive reading started. While they were being made, I sat down with a number of people in a side corridor, and spoke to them about Christ, the image of God, the Judge of the World who was soon to come, and the preaching of the Gospel in all the world that will herald his coming, and that they themselves were witnessing at that moment. The people had great respect for me, and therefore also for my preaching, as I was a friend of the Guru, who was worshipped as a God (when he has washed his feet, the poor deceived worshippers drink the water – and indeed, they do even more revolting things). “He is speaking the Word of Jesus Christ, the God”, the early arrivals explained to those that came later.

The reading began. I sat beside the Guru again, opposite Gursitappa. This time three more lights had been lit, by our heads, but otherwise everything was arranged as before. I understood something of what was being sung and taught. It seemed to be a story like the previous one. A saint who was going on a pilgrimage gave his house to his devout daughter, together with everything in it, to supervise during his absence. She should never leave the house, never delay on her way back from bathing, and never chat with the young men she met. She should guard the milk especially carefully (I do not know whether this was milk that he had given her in a special pot, or the milk that she got every day from

²⁴ The editor of MM added here, "... not forbidden, *when they are enjoyed with thanksgiving*".

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the cow). The daughter did all this. But the god, who wanted to tempt her, came and drank the milk, and when her father came home the daughter did not know how she could help herself. She assured him that she had been watchful, and had done nothing wrong. But it was no use! Her father did not believe her. Then the god appeared and admitted that he had done it.

“He who does not believe this”, sang the *shastri* at the end of the song, with a smile in my direction, “should go to Goluru, where all the people will witness to the truth of this story.” The Guru added that Goluru is near Madras, about 600 hours’ journey from Hubli. Saying once more that whoever went there would know the truth for certain, he ended the reading. I said loudly, so that everyone could hear me, “That is rather a long way – further than anyone would go to find out whether this fairy-tale is true or not!” Everybody laughed. There was no trace of uneasiness, as though the uncovering of a lie was a matter of very small importance.

This time, four white garlands were brought during the reading. The *shastri* took two, and flung them over his head to encircle his neck. The Guru took the other two and asked me to follow the *shastri*’s example. I said aloud, “That is not my custom. In my country only women adorn themselves like this. The Guru replied, “In this country, men and women do this.” That satisfied him.

Among the old, honoured gurus of the inner *Mata* or cloister (there are 20-30 in Hubli) was one with a sword by his side. I asked the Guru what that signified, and he explained, “That is the *Yogi*. When the deity is sunk in meditation he stands beside him with his sword drawn, so that the god does not become so much lost in unconsciousness²⁵ that he becomes nothingness, and the whole world with him.” He said this with a good-humoured laugh. He was surprised that I had noticed such a small detail. On this occasion the singing was affected, and badly done; it was a different singer. I said good-bye, promising to come again soon. The Guru gave me a coconut, which was a great honour. I went away, accompanied by Gursitappa’s servant, and the audience went home.

Diary kept by Missionary Heinrich Frey of a visit to the villages around Dharwar 24.Sep.-17.Oct.1838²⁶

Sept. 24th (p. 508).

I left Dharwar this afternoon, praying earnestly to the Lord that he would make me able to preach his holy Gospel among the heathen. I met some people on the way, and spoke to them about their idols, and warned them to leave them and believe in the living God. However, as night was falling I went ahead alone, leaving Devappa, who I had taken with me, to talk to them further. I came safely to the village of Gurug.²⁷

Sept 25th (pp. 508ff).

Hardly had the day dawned, when a crowd of boys turned up wanting books. However, as only a few of them could read, I only handed out a few copies. I promised that if they took the trouble to learn to read better, I would give each of them a book.

When they took the news into the village that one of the “*Patres*” from Dharwar had turned up, a lot of people came to visit me. The first was a Brahmin schoolmaster. He asked me to examine his school and give him some books for his children. I had a long conversation with him and some others about the differences between our and their *shastras* (holy books). He asserted that God has given different people different rules [*Vorschriften*], according to their circumstances and their customs. I argued instead that God, if he is holy and just, can give no group of people commands which are opposite to

²⁵ Original *aufgelöst* = dissolved

²⁶ *Magazin für die neueste Geschichte der evangelischen Missions- und Bibelgesellschaften* 1839, 3rd quarter, pp 508 – 527

²⁷ For Devappa, s. also pp. 1.31 and 5.2

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those He gives to others. People are created from one blood, and they all have the same basic psychology [*Gemütsanlagen*]. He tried to prove that a father who has children with different intellectual gifts [*Geistestgaben*] would not expect them all to follow the same rules. He would ask more of an intelligent son than of one who is less intelligent. I agreed with that, but said to him, “A father may only ask his children to do that which is good. But in your *shastras* it is written that the children should act and behave in the way they have seen and heard their fathers acting and behaving. So if the father was a thief the son must also steal. In our *shastras* theft is forbidden and is punished as sin.”

I was then asked if I did not believe that all *shastras* come from God. I answered that many other heathen peoples have had *shastras*, which have not originated from God but been created by the imagination [*Einbildungskraft*] of human beings. For this reason they must give way to the true word of God and be destroyed. And that, I added, is what will happen to your *shastras* and to your gods.

At 4 p.m. about 20 lingayats came to me. I read to them passages from the tract “In whom should we trust?” We then spoke about what I had read. But towards dusk one of them interrupted my speech, stood up, and said he had to go home now to light a lamp in front of his deity. I warned him that he should carry on listening, and not cause people to leave because of such a petty cause. I asked him if he believes that God needs this lamp? He replied, “I know perfectly well that the higher God needs no lamp. But our *shastras* command us to light a lamp for Basava (that is the name of the deity who is represented by an ox) and that is why we do it.”

I said, “Basava is merely a stone which has no life in it and neither sees nor hears. It is not God who has commanded you to light a lamp for Basava and worship him as deity. That is an idea put into your heads by [the powers of] darkness. Your fathers did this from ignorance, since no-one had said anything to them about another God. But we proclaim to you the true God who created heaven and earth and the great light of the world (and I pointed to the sun, which was just going down). So repent and believe in Him!”

He replied, “I also believe that the great God who — as you say — created the sun, needs no lamp. There is no night with him. But with our Basava it is as if we take a vessel and fill it with water and put it in the sun. You see lots of suns, from close to, in the reflections in the water. We cannot imagine the great God because He has no form. That is why we create a form, and imagine that it is He without form. If we are pious this makes our changeable hearts firm and clear, and then we see God in the stone in the same way that we see the sun in the jug of water.”

I replied, “I cannot see how God is reflected in your gods. He is a holy God, and sin is like dung in his eyes. But all your Gods have lived disgraceful lives and the highest of them all, Brahma, is one who has been cursed. However, if you open your eyes you can see God’s character in his works. The creator of heaven and earth and everything that is in them must be a great God. And he must be a good God, too, who gives sinners like us rain and sunshine, clothes and food, each day. You should find it easy to acknowledge this and worship Him.”

He said, “If you show us this great God, we will believe in him.”

I replied, “You have said yourself that He is without form. So how can I show Him to you? God has the form of a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth. Those who do this know Him and can feel his presence, although their bodily eyes cannot see him.”

Still seeking to rescue something of the honour of his Basava, he asked, “Do you not have a Collector in Dharwar? And is he not the deputy of the King of England? In the same way our Gods on earth are the deputies (or representatives) of the God who is above.”

I asked if the King or God was greater. He replied, “God”.

“And so”, I said, “the servants of God must be greater than the servants of the King. But if the King of England sent a stone ox or a wooden monkey to Dharwar as Collector, you would certainly keep your money in your pockets, and laugh at the stone Collector. Your gods are no gods. Neither are they

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servants of God. They are made of stone and wood, they are lifeless things. God has servants, however, and if you are willing to accept this you will see that I am one of them. God has sent me to tell you that you will all end in hell if you do not give up your gods and their untruth and believe in the living God, and his son, Jesus Christ.”

Some said I was right and they would come again. Others said it was foreign teaching.

Sept. 26th (pp 511-513)

This morning I visited two schools in the village, partly to examine the pupils, but mainly in order to get into conversation with people. First I went to a school run by a lingayat. It was in a very poor state. Not one single child knew how to read. I advised those present to do more for the education of their children. There was a priest there who could read, so I asked him to read from the 5th chapter of Matthew, and then I spoke about the text, “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they will see God”. I tried to show them that no child of Adam is pure and that if we want to see God we must first of all have forgiveness of sins and a new heart, and this can happen only through Christ, etc [sic].

When I said that we are all sinners the priest protested and said that he is holy and has no sin. When I started asking questions about his own words and thoughts and went too near the bone for comfort, he became angry and said that even if what I say is true, it is not true for him. I should go to my own people who also live unholy lives etc. In the end I made the point that I had come to them to show them the way to heaven. Among my own people are many teachers who say the same as I do. But those who do not listen to them will have to bear their punishment, as he would if he despised my words.

From there I went to another school, which was run by the Brahmin who was with me yesterday. There were about 30 boys, most of whom could read Kannada and Maharashtra. I gave them copies of the Sermon on the Mount and other little books, and gave the teacher the Gospel of Luke and a few of the larger tracts. I was very favourably impressed by this schoolmaster. He promised that he would explain the contents of my books and the difficult words in them to the children.

Meanwhile, about 30-40 people had collected, and I preached to them about the parable of the rich man²⁸. One of those present said that God was really the guilty one if this man finished up in hell, because everything originates in God. So why has he not made all human beings good? I told them how God had created human beings at the beginning without sin, but that sin had been introduced by Satan, the enemy of God and the human race. Christ had come into the world to destroy the work of the devil.

This afternoon three groups of people visited me. In the third group were the three most respected men of the village. I had heard that one of them lived a bad life, so I read them Matt. 5,27, and the Lord gave me the right words to turn my message to his situation. The others turned to him and said “Listen to what he says, that is important for you”. Then I demonstrated to them, using Romans 1, the corrupt state of the human race and especially of the heathen. And I tried to make them aware of the need for a divine Saviour.

Sept.27th (pp. 513-4).

It was market day, so I went early to the bazaar to preach the Word of Salvation. In the middle of the bazaar a lingayat I already knew invited me to stand under an overhanging roof, where a group of people soon gathered around me. I read them some verses of the 3rd chapter of St.John’s Gospel, and spoke about the words “That which is born of flesh is flesh, but that which is born of spirit is spirit.” I tried to show them that nothing good dwells in our flesh, but that God has given those who believe in Jesus Christ power to become children of God (Joh. 1,12). The people did not seem really to understand me, and I do not know if this was because I could not express myself clearly, or because they are very resistant to this teaching about human nature.

²⁸ This is probably the Parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus the Beggar, Luke c.16 from v.19.

A number of people came to me this afternoon. I spoke to them about the continuing existence of the soul after death, the resurrection of the body, and the Last Judgement, when people will have to give an account of their good and evil deeds. When I spoke about the resurrection of the body, one person asked how that could be. They cremate their corpses and throw the ash in the water. And even if they bury them, there is nothing left after a few years. So I read them I Cor.15, about the seed which does not sprout until it has rotted.

Sept.28th (p 514.)

Today is the Mahamanni Festival, and all the people in the village were busy with it. I asked what it was all about but nobody could say more than that it was something their fathers had also celebrated. I asked what they do on this day, and they said, "We fill our bellies before God, worship Him, and are happy". The whole crowd of them came to my house this afternoon. Their God was being carried in a palanquin, accompanied by music of trumpets and drums. They demanded that I should give them a gift. When I saw I had no chance of doing anything in such a mass of noisy people I went back in to my room and waited till things were a little quieter. Then I stood on the steps of the house and preached from Acts 17. I said to them they should give up worshipping idols and worship the God who gives them rain and sunshine, clothing and food.

A priest came forward and refuted me with the words: "Do you think you alone are so wise that you must preach to us about the High God? We know about Him very well, but since we cannot see him, we worship Him in the form of the *linga*." I answered that it is the greatest of sins to imagine God in such a pathetic [*so elende*] form – and in addition, that God had said in His Word that nobody should make an image of his likeness in order to worship it as if it was holy – and that all idol-worshippers must go to hell.

Sept. 29th (pp. 515-517).

This morning I went to the village of Battakotta, a good hour from here, where there are many Brahmins. Some of them called me into a house, where I read them something from the Word of God. But they were so disorderly that I had to stop reading. I warned them to listen for the sake of their souls, and spoke about sin, penitence and forgiveness. But they continued to taunt me, and forced me to move on.

I then came to a school being held in a temple. I spoke first with the boys. But when I turned round and I saw the idol in front of me my heart burned within me, and I told the people present about their sins, and warned them to believe in the living God and in Jesus Christ as the Saviour of the world. The priest tried to sing the praises of his deity, but the Lord enabled me to refute his false arguments. He had started to talk to me in a polite and friendly way, but then a Brahmin appeared whose heart was filled with fire from hell, who opposed me with devilish power. He shouted, "The English have taken our land and our prosperity away from us, and now their priests want to steal our religion and our caste." I replied that I had come to them in the name of God and if they didn't want to listen I would leave again. But they should be aware that I had come to show them the way to heaven.

He said "Get out of here. None of us here have any respect for you. You have not come to us in the name of God. The first motivation which drove you to our land was bad, etc". When he paused a little in scolding me I started to speak again, and calmly proclaimed to them the Jesus they said they did not need. But they began to taunt me again, so I wished them the blessing of God and went on my way praising the Lord that he had found me worthy to suffer insults in His name.

When I got home [to Hubli?] I found the three men who visit me each day – two blacksmiths and a weaver. They see that the worship of idols is foolishness but are nevertheless afraid to confess that openly. I read them the life-history of a converted Hindu²⁹.

²⁹ No details given

This evening I did not want to go out, because I was quite tired from the heat. But at 5 p.m., four boys who are being trained as priests in a lingayat monastery came to say that their Swami was very desirous of speaking with me. I went with them. At the entrance to the monastery I was asked to take off my shoes. The Swami was very friendly in receiving me and had a carpet spread out for me to sit on next to him. So I read to him out of a little book which I had given to one of the boys. He corrected my pronunciation, with a precision which I have seldom heard.

As the sun was setting we went into a nearby garden in the middle of which there was a little orchard of lemon trees. We sat in a circle around a little well whose opening was surrounded, in the oriental way, by stone slabs. The priest brought me a bunch of flowers as a sign of friendship and sat down at my side. Now we spoke about religion. The priest said that he was not against worshipping God in a certain form. I replied that the word of God in the hands of the Christians was decisively against this, and called it not the worship of God but worship of the devil etc. He could not agree with me about this, but he wanted to keep the conversation on a friendly basis. So he turned the conversation and asked me how we praise God? Has singing been introduced in our religion? I answered "Yes". He then called some of his pupils who sang me some verses from their Puranas, after which I sang them a Christian hymn. "How great is the goodness of the Almighty" etc [*Wie gross ist des Allmächtigen Güte*]. That pleased them, and they asked me to sing another Christian hymn. I sang "I pray to the power of love" [*Ich bete an die Macht der Liebe*]. When I had finished singing I said to them that the praise did not lie so much in the melody as in the content, and the intention of the worshipper. I then translated the two verses to them.

One of the pupils who had heard me speaking yesterday told the Swami that I had said yesterday that the way to heaven is narrow and the doorway small – and that the way to hell is broad, and that is the way most people go.³⁰ They asked me to read out the Bible passage where it says that. And I showed them that the narrow way is Jesus, the Lord, who has himself said that He is the way, the truth and the life.³¹ I urged them to believe in Him so that they do not follow the great army of people going to hell.

The sun had set now, and the priest said that the time had come when he must read the *Puranas*. We parted in peace, and I praised the Lord in my heart that he had given me such a pleasant [*lieblich*] evening among these strangers. When I got home some men from another village were waiting for me. The smith I mentioned before, who comes to me every day, had brought them. I spoke to them about the way God has laid down as the way to holiness.

Sept. 30th (pp. 517-9).

I exposed myself to the midday heat too much yesterday, and as a result I could not sleep at night. So this morning I rested a little and read some chapters of the Letter to Timothy, which the Lord blessed to me in my heart. At 3 o'clock I went to a school, but as the boys could not read printed letters (because they are different from handwritten ones) I did not give them any books. The teacher said it was sufficient for them to be able to read manuscripts, because their *shastras* are all written by hand, and they had no need to read ours. I urged them to read and examine our *shastras*. One of them said "If your *shastras* are the only ones which are true what will have become of our fathers? I cannot believe that we lived in error for so long. Does God only love you and not us as well? etc". I thought to myself "You are speaking of a matter which is a secret withheld from me as well." But I told them that we have come to call them to penitence. Our fathers, too, were left in ignorance for 1,000 years. But 800 years ago they began to convert and believe in Christ. The servant who knows his master's will and does not do it will be punished more harshly than someone who does not know his master's will, etc.

³⁰ Matthew c.7 vv.13-15.

³¹ John c.14, v.16.

When I got home I found three young men. They had heard that I had said that Lanki (i.e. the island of Ceylon), which is described in their *shastras* as an inaccessible island, is actually perfectly accessible, and is governed by the English. They wanted to know how I could prove that this island is the real Lanki. I said I had no other proof than the one I have for India. Everybody acknowledges that this is India, and the same is true of Lanki. However, if someone actually wants to believe that India is England, he can do so if he likes. And he might think Lanki is England, too. I then pointed out to them some other untruths in their *shastras*. And I recommended them to read the holy scriptures of the christians in which they would find no lies, but only pure truth.

This evening I was called by a number of the pupils of the *linga* priest with whom I was in the garden yesterday to go to him in a *Mathe*, a sort of monastery, to listen to a reading of their Puranas. When I arrived I was given a low stool and I sat at the side of the priest. The *shastri* or cantor sat on the other side of the priest, somewhat lower than he. The ceremonies which take place are more like a theatrical performance than the religious celebration they regard it as. And the instruction which the people receive is in no sense calculated to suppress sin – it is more likely to waken sin, and excuse it. For example, today in the readings there was the story of a Demigod who shamelessly committed adultery. As the priest read this, a nice man who has visited me several times called out from a back row: “The *Padre* said yesterday that you go to hell if you commit adultery.” “That is God’s game [*Gottes Spiel*]” answered the priest, and to prevent me getting time to say something myself, he began to shout so loud in his joint song with the *shastri* that you could hardly hear yourself speak.

I did not understand the greater part of the song, but I do know this much: a great part consisted of improper stories of their gods, and the rest was just stupid. For instance, one of their gods travelled to heaven on a horse that he made out of a fox. On the way it occurred to him that he wanted to imprison 27 stars for a few years, and after a few years set them free again. And because that caused great amazement on earth, it gave him a great name among the gods.

Oct. 1st (pp. 519-20).

This morning I left Battakotta in God’s Name and went to Betgeri, 2 good hours away. When I arrived lots of people came to me out of curiosity. After I had had a little rest I let the people come into the temple in which I was living, and when they had sat down around me I spoke to them about the reason for my coming. There were a lot of friendly and intelligent people among them, but Christianity is a strange path for them, and [they felt it was] not of any use to them. They promised to come the next day and bring me their priest who is a holy *avatar* (incarnation).

Oct. 2nd (pp. 520-2).

In the morning I had conversations with a constant stream of visitors. At 5 p.m., just as I was talking with another group on the street, the *lingayats* came with their priest. They wanted me to do *namaskara* to him, since he is a God (i.e. to bow, as they normally do before their deities). I told them straight away that I would not do the former, and did not believe the latter. Some of them were worried that the holy man would make himself unclean if he sat down near me, because I was wearing shoes³². They therefore wanted to talk to me only about the main points as they saw them, and do so in front of the door of the temple.

In the meantime I offered the priest a woollen carpet to sit on, and he sat down on it 5-6 feet away from me. One of his pupils acted as speaker and asked me why we worship Jesus Christ as a divine *avatar* (incarnation). I replied that we recognise and worship Jesus Christ as an *avatar* of God, the creator of heaven & earth, because he himself showed the world by words and deeds that he was God. His words were such that even his enemies admitted that he spoke as no man had spoken before. And as for his deeds – he performed many miracles and gave many signs which demonstrated his divine love and power. Moreover, even his most bitter enemies could not show that he committed any sin in

³² Shoes were a particular problem because at that time they were always made of leather, and therefore associated with the killing of animals.

his 33 years. Finally, after he had died for our misdeeds, he rose from the dead on the third day in the face of his enemies.

At this the pupil replied, “Jesus is to you as our Guru is to us, the one sitting before you. He also does extraordinary miracles and he speaks the divine teaching. So we revere him as an *avatar* of God who has come to us so that we can show him [to the world, presumably].” At this I turned to the Guru and said that it is a great sin when a poor sinner asserts that he is God and asks for respect due to God from people like himself. He replied that this is no sin. “I know the day and the hour when God entered into me”. So I asked if this means he was not an *avatar* of God at his birth. He replied “No, but I sought God from my youth on, and now He has given Himself to me”. I said “Tell me frankly, do you have no wicked thoughts in your heart?” He replied, “Yes, they fly in from elsewhere, but I scare them off, as if they were birds”. I asked him “If wicked thoughts do arise in your heart, where do they come from?” He answered “I haven’t a clue.” I said to him “That proves that the seed of sin is in your heart, after all, etc etc. ”

In the course of our conversation I went on to say to him that he was no more than a poor sinner who has been deceived and who misleads himself and others. But his pupils asserted that I was accusing him without reason, because he really does not sin. And what is more, like Jesus Christ he has healed sick people, whom no-one else had been able to heal, and he had even given blind people back their sight. He himself said to me that he does not regard himself as the highest God, but only as a person to whom God has manifested (given) himself. But the mass of ordinary, sinful people [*Volk*] cannot come to God. Therefore they come to him, and he comes to God. I saw the idea of mediation in this description of what he does, and said that it is true that sinful man cannot approach Holy God without a mediator. But the mediator is Jesus Christ who is both God and man, who had no sin in his whole life and who had sacrificed himself to God, so that he could make us pleasing [*wohlgefällig*] to God.

Later, when I had read them Acts 17, we came to speak about holy scriptures. They have the same idea that I mentioned above, that God has given different peoples different scriptures, to the degree that he wishes to manifest himself to each.

At the end I urged them to read and study our holy scriptures and to compare them precisely with their own. One of them asked me in a tone of accusation why, if our *shastras* are so good. and know about the Highest God, we act in such a godless manner and hunt and kill animals like lions and tigers. (Hindus eat no meat, and so do not kill animals). So I said to them that God has given animals to be used by the human race, and has ordered the world accordingly. Many people in the North could not live without eating meat (for instance, the people of Greenland). In any case, they themselves kill living beings the whole time – there are tiny animals in every drop of water, and their little milk-cakes are full of living things. And their fathers, who were better than them, killed animals and eat them.

They had a long discussion about this last accusation. Some said that it could not be so, but others said “Yes, this is written in our *shastras*”. At the end I read them the word of Jesus about what goes into your mouth etc³³. But it was time to go home – already 9 p.m. We had been talking for 3 hours. I think they went away with a good impression, and they promised to visit me if I came back.

Oct.3rd (pp. 522).

I went to Aminibsavi, where I had lodgings in a Basawa temple. The whole day long, I was so distracted in my mind that – although there were a lot of people – I did not succeed in speaking much to the glory of my God. I was ashamed about this, and cast down before the face of my Lord. However, at about 9 o’clock a little group of people came, and the Lord gave me great joy in inviting them into his kingdom.

³³ Matthew c.15.v.11

When I sat in front of the temple door in the evening I was surprised that the people were so friendly to me, because they all bowed down to the ground as they passed by. But then I realised that they were not bowing to me but to the idol behind me.

Oct.4th (p. 523).

This morning I went to a little settlement nearby, where a crowd of farmers quickly collected around me. I spoke with them about the one true God who had made heaven and earth and warned them to believe in Him. One of them said to me that we are great and intelligent people so we must have a great God. But they are foolish people and cannot understand the great God. So I said to them that in our county there were many simple farmers and unlearned people who know more about the great God than many wise and educated people. It is matter of the heart, and not of the mind. As they could see with their Brahmins, it is often the wisest people who live the worst lives. They agreed, but repeated they were stupid people, and the best thing for them was to do what their fathers had always done. The Brahmins and the Gurus should follow the new way first, before they do.

Oct. 5th (p. 523)

This morning I went to Hebely, a large village, which does not belong to the English. The people did not want to give me accommodation. In the end they pushed me out of their village, and I had to argue with them a long time before they would give me a little water and a little milk. In the evening I spoke to some people on a pilgrimage but didn't get far with them.

Oct.6th p. 524)

When I left Hebely this morning I overtook two men who asked me to go with them to their village. When I got there I met two other men who remembered me from a visit they had made to our house [Dharwar? Hubli?]. They gave me a very friendly reception. In the evening I had a nice [*lieblich*] conversation with them.

Oct. 7th (pp.524-5)

This morning the Village Head [*Schultheiss*] and the most distinguished farmers came to greet me. I read them a tract about the forgiveness of sins and spoke long with them on this theme. They agreed that everything I had said was right, but also said that they are one birth too far back to believe and accept. The Village Head said "When the light comes from God, it will become day here with us. But now all is night" [the printed text emphasises this sentence]. And I thought about Isaiah 60.

This afternoon the priest came who attends to the idols in whose temple I have my lodging. I asked him why he worships a stone which has no life? He replied "This stone? I wash it, bow to it, and go. I know that God is something else." So I said "If you know that this is not God, why do you mislead the people and act as if it were God?" He replied that he has never told anyone this is God. People believe that from their childhood. "If you give me 5 Rp. a month so that I have something to put in my belly", he said, "I will give up my business."

At this the villagers, who had listened quietly so far, were angry, shouted something like "Great is Diana³⁴", called him a servant of his belly, and went off. I gave him a parting shot too [*noch etwas auf dem Kopf*], but the man was nothing but fleshly concerns. His belly is his god.

In the evening almost the whole village came to me. I read them the 5th and 6th chapters of Matthew's Gospel, the Sermon on the Mount, and explained it to them. I told them openly that if they do not abandon their false gods and turn to the Living God, they will end up in hell. They found the sayings "You cannot serve two masters", and "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also" very much to their taste. One of them said, referring to himself, that he understands very well that if you set your heart on money, women, lands, etc, you do not have time to think about God or serve Him.

³⁴ A Biblical reference, Acts c.19 v 34. In Ephesus the people shouted, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians" – some modern translations refer to the deity here as "Artemis".

Oct. 8th (p. 525)

In Novalagoada. I was suffering a lot today from the hot east wind, as I was sheltered only by a roof and a wall on one side. This afternoon I preached to a small group of lingayats, and distributed little books among them. They told me that God will certainly make them holy if they live according to their *shastras*, as he will me, if I live according to mine. I exhorted them to read our holy scriptures, to try them out, and to compare them with their own. But they excused themselves and said they couldn't do that because they were stupid. Their priests will definitely tell them what they should do.

Oct. 9th (p. 525)

Rittura. When I arrived and wanted to enter a temple the people did not want to let us in because I am a *firingi* (foreigner = Frank) and was wearing shoes. So I sat down in the shadow of a tree. Once the Village Head had listened to me for a little he said that what I say is true, that I am not a wicked man, and I should simply go in to their deity.

Oct. 12th (p. 525) It is very hot at the moment, and I am not quite well, so I hurried to the bungalow in Gadag. This evening I preached to a crowd of men. They said that the way of righteousness which I preach is good. But they do not wish to worship this Jesus I have been talking about. They want [to continue to] worship Basava, whom their fathers worshipped too.

(p. 525-6) I went to a school yesterday in which – according to what they said themselves – neither the pupils nor the teacher could read. The teacher said they didn't need to read, they had to learn to count and calculate, so that they will not be cheated by the merchants.

But then I found out that they could read, after all – I had given a book to a boy who came in later. So I asked the schoolmaster whether lying was perhaps a sin? To which he replied, “We can certainly read, but if I tell you that the boys can read you will give them little books – and your books are not good”. I scolded him, but kept my books for myself, and went into another school where I preached and did distribute books.

I went on to another village, and arrived in the evening. I stood up in an open space, and soon people gathered around me. I read them the parable of Poor Lazarus. And I began to speak about it. Then a lingayat priest came over and asked what I was doing. I said that I had read the people a passage from the Word of God and was now giving them instruction about it.

“We have our own *shastras*”, he replied. “We don't need yours” – and he began to drive the people away. But most of them were not prepared to go, so I carried on speaking, and at the end I turned to the priest, who had become somewhat calmer. I asked him, for the sake of his own soul, to turn to God, so that he will escape eternal damnation. I proved that he had told a lie, and everyone shouted “Sin has come” [sic].

As I was passing a tanner's house, Devappa³⁵ said to me that I should go into it – it is a good house. I asked him why, and he pointed out that the man is from the same caste as Simon the Tanner, where Peter stayed so long.

Oct. 13th (pp. 526-7)

When I came to the village [Gadag] this evening I met a group of about 8 Brahmins sitting on a veranda. I approached them. They said that they had heard that I am talking to the people about a new God – I should say something about Him to them. I said “No, I don't know anything about a new God, I proclaim the one, old, eternal God who created heaven and earth and both me and you”. The discussion continued:

They: What is his name?

Myself: With God it is like the sun. There is only one sun, so its name is “sun”.

³⁵ For Catechist Devappa s. also pp. 1.23 and 5.2.

Documents on the Basel Mission in North Karnataka,
Missions-Magazin 1838-39: Translations P. & J.M. Jenkins, Oct, 2007, revised July 2013

They: So who is Jesus Christ? Don't you say that he is God's son?
 Myself: Jesus Christ is God from eternity. Everything was created through him, in heaven, on the earth, and under the earth. But since God became man he took the name of Jesus Christ. And since he was not conceived by the act of a man but by the power of the Holy Ghost, we call him God's son.

They interrupted me and said that if God had a son he must have a wife too (etc).

When I saw that I could not achieve much with them in this way I began to attack them with their own weapon. I asked them who Krishna is? They regard Krishna as an *avatar* (incarnation) of God, although he was born in the usual way. I showed them that Krishna could not be God, because he stole, lied, and committed adultery. And I spoke in praise of the One who can be accused of no sin, and whose mouth contains no falsehoods.

Oct 14th (pp. 527-8)

This evening a man came to me who was in Dharwar before, and had visited us often there. He is a weaver, but understands his language very well [sic]. He came with his neighbour, and asked for books for himself, and for the neighbour. When I asked if he reads the books we gave him in Dharwar industriously, he said that he reads missionary tracts in the evening out loud to his neighbours in his house when the sun goes down. But they cannot say that to anyone, because they would then become a "fire under the tongue of the others" [sic]. I urged them to carry on searching the scriptures and to pray God to send them His spirit, who will give them all the light they need.

This place is uncommonly welcoming as a site for a future outstation. Gadag has about 10,000 inhabitants, and Betgeri, which is part of the same settlement has about 12,000. Both are in a fertile valley with much water.

May the Lord in His grace bless my weak efforts.

H.Frey

Johannes Layer's diary of a journey through the villages around Dharwar 3rd May – 13th June 1838³⁶

[p. 678] From the 3rd May to 13th June this year I had the opportunity for the second time since we established our mission here to spread the seed of the Gospel on a journey especially for this purpose. I intended to speak, and distribute the Word, to the non-Christians living around us in their darkness. This time I went to the south-western and southern parts of the Dharwar tax area. The route I took zig-zagged over 45-50 hours of travel. I took it as my task not to go quickly, and not to cover large distances, but to choose how long to stay in each place – between 2 and 6 days – by what I could see of its size, and the receptivity of its people. I am convinced that it is of greater advantage for us to go to fewer places, but in these to let the cry "Be reconciled with God!" re-echo with all the more energy and clarity. The following account contains extracts of the diary which I wrote regularly on this journey.

May 3rd (p. 679)

Today I left my much-loved Dharwar and its little group of disciples of the Lord Jesus, men and women. As I left Dharwar behind, step by step I sensed the immense happiness in my innermost self that comes with a free entry to the throne of grace, and I knew that I could give myself into the protecting hands of the Lord for this important period of my life. I knew, too, that I started out on my journey "commended to the Grace of God by the brethren".

³⁶ *Magazin für die neueste Geschichte der evangelikalischen Missions- und Bibelgesellschaften* 1839, 4th quarter, pp 678-729

From Dharwar I first went south-west. Already after an hour I entered what is in one sense a quite new country. Around Dharwar is a fertile plain which is without trees. Here I was entering hilly country covered with thick forests. During the first hour in this new landscape I was surrounded by very low bushes. But then with every quarter of an hour the vegetation grew taller with every step, and after two hours it had grown into a fine forest composed of high bamboos and real trees with substantial trunks. My eyes delighted in the beauties of God's creation and I arrived at my first station almost before I had expected to. Since this was a very little village I could scarcely find a reasonable place to stay – not a very comfortable situation in this hottest time of year.

This evening I went out to preach and found a group of perhaps 20 people who, with a sense of amazement regarded it as an almost miraculous appearance that one of the "Government people" was teaching them the "Way of righteousness" so seriously, and listened appreciatively.

May 4th (pp.679-80)

I had given instructions to my people to wake me at 3 a.m., so that I could cover most of the distance to my day's goal, Hullihall, before the sun came up. They woke me, but for fear of the tigers you see in these forests from time to time, and which killed a man not long ago, they would not carry my luggage out of the village before daybreak. So I had to march in the great heat of the sun for quite a long time. The shadow of the forest trees gave me some protection from the burning rays – some of the time – but the result of this hike was that I felt unwell for two days.

I stayed in Hullihall, a village with about 5,000 inhabitants, until 9th May. The village is located within an old fortification, still surrounded by a good ditch and a good wall – which, God be praised, stand there quite uselessly in this war-less time! There is a bungalow there, which was very useful, in view of my sickness. These lodgings which the British government has built here and there on the main roads for its travelling officials are a real boon for us. Like all European travellers we are allowed to use them freely. May the Lord reward them!

Immediately after my arrival two small groups of citizens [sic] of the village came, one after the other, to greet me formally. I was glad, among other things, to hear them bear witness to the way the inhabitants of this region are much better off under English government than they had been under their small princes, who often interfered in a quite arbitrary way with the lives and possessions of their subjects, and not infrequently were responsible for murder and theft. Now all they have to do is pay their taxes and then everyone lives in peace and security. One of them remarked that their former lords had imposed "eighteen burdens" on them – but now they are left in peace.

May 5th (pp. 680-1)

I still felt too weak to go out preaching today. To my joy the heavens were covered with clouds in the afternoon, and the west wind, which at this time of year is soft and cool, freshened up to humid atmosphere. So I went walking in the fields around the village to help my recovery, investigated a little the way the people here farm their fields, and talked briefly with some of them. The good people were not a little astonished that I was going around alone and lowered myself to speak to them. Otherwise they scarcely see a European who is not mounted on a horse, armed with pistols, and moving around with his hunting dogs. I told them that my task was that of a fisher of men, and not that of a hunter.

My sickness had the good side that it brought near to my heart the fair prospects of eternal rest for the people of God. And it seemed to me a sweet reward to experience this hope in the midst of the efforts for Jesus Christ in this life.

May 6th (pp. 681-2)

The Lord's Day. The powers of my "earthly dwelling place" [Layser was referring to his body] had restored themselves plentifully enough by the evening of this day for me to feel I could venture to begin to preach the Gospel in this place without worrying. As I went through the village I saw two men sitting in front of a temple which bordered on the street. I approached them and asked what they

were doing there. “Our task”, they replied, “is to look after the deity here, to bathe him with oil once a week, and to bring him the offerings of the people”. I asked them whether this god eats the offerings. “No”, they said. “After we have held up the offerings before the eyes of the deity we take them away and eat them, and return some to those who made the offerings”. I enquired more closely out of what material the god was made, and heard that it was made of stone. Then I began to explain to them the almighty power and wisdom of our living God by talking about his works. I asked them then who had made this god of stone. They admitted that it was made by men.

“So can a poor and weak human like you or me create a god who can create the earth, the sea, and the springs of water? Can strength come from the weak, or wisdom from the foolish?”

The two men were amazed and declared that what I had said to them was the truth, but that no-one had ever said it to them before. By this time there was a big crowd around me, and I read to them out of my Testament: “Blessed are the poor in heart, for they will see God.” I was given strength from above to speak to them about their unholiness, their alienation from God, and how deeply they were sunk in the deceitfulness of our lusts. “You speak untruth, you commit adultery, you seek only after that which is on the earth. You are full of questions about how you can become rich. But just show me one person who asks what he must do to become holy.” Many of them were struck with this truth in their hearts and they said “Yea and Amen” to what I had put before them. One of them especially folded his hands after my speech, and lifted them and his eyes to heaven. He cried out several times “Great God, Great God!”. Then I showed them how they could be helped to emerge from their woeful situation by faith in the Son of God who had been given to us all for our salvation.

May 7th (pp. 682-4)

I wandered through several streets of the village this morning, but I could see no-one who looked as if he or she would have time to listen to me for a few moments. In the end I went on down an alleyway till I came to the end of the village, and was happy to see a group of about 10 men sitting by a garden hedge, on a lawn³⁷. I approached them with all the more confidence because the encouraging words entered my mind “Go out not only into the streets and alleys of the town, but go out to the hedges and byways, and force them to come in³⁸.” I asked them what they were doing.

“We are sitting here idle”, they replied. “We are farmers, and since we are not allowed to plough with our cattle today, we have time off”.

“That’s good”, I replied, “so you will probably be pleased if I tell you something about the road to heaven”. They were all willing to listen, and it did me good to see how my words were recognised as truth by the inner eye of some of them. The reason that they could not work with their cattle on that day was – as I found out afterwards – that there was to be a ceremony for the whole community to worship the deity Durgamma (the wicked mother), to try to move her to take the edge off the cholera which was breaking out, and to take it away again.

This evening I found an opportunity to proclaim the truth in Christ to an intelligent priest and a good number of other people, who were among the best informed of the village. When I approached them they asked me if I had come to their village to hunt. This was an obvious question, since from time to time a number of English people come here for this purpose, indeed some have come at this time too. When I told them that my purpose in coming was quite different, namely to show them the way to eternal life, they broke out in loud praise for my good intentions.

I went on to speak to them, conscious that I was obeying the explicit command of Him to whom all power is given in heaven and on earth. One of them asked me, in a somewhat agitated way, if I meant that all of them, *and* their forefathers, who had heard nothing of this “way” I had just been preaching to them, were going to hell. And he went on to assert – as, unfortunately, many so-called Christians

³⁷ Orig: *an den Gartenhecken auf einem Rasen*

³⁸ The Parable of the Marriage Feast in Matthew c.22, esp. here v. 9.

also do – that a person who carefully observes the kind of religion transmitted to him by his fathers will enjoy God's favour and be taken into heaven.

In answer I opened my Testament and said that I wanted to read them a passage in the word of God which would throw light on this question. I read "Blessed are the pure in heart" etc, and explained that this pureness of heart is the absolutely necessary state for anyone wanting to enter into communion with God. to come into the presence of the All-Holy, and to enter the city he has prepared for his own people. If your hearts are pure, I added, there is no doubt that you will enter heaven. They were amazed at this answer, and said that no-one's heart is pure. And they had no reply when I went on to tell them about the stream which will wash away all sin and uncleanness, which has been opened up by Christ, which is the subject of my message.

May 8th (pp. 684-6)

This morning my hearers were mainly Brahmins. Several of them opposed me in a proud tone of voice, declaring loudly that I was preaching foolishness and lies. They justified the worship of idols with the argument that because God is invisible it is very difficult simply to turn the heart towards him. I remarked that precisely because no-one has seen God it is very unreasonable to make an image of him, and that all the more so because such images show none of the truly lofty perfections of God, but instead represent the opposite characteristics, and dishonour God. Some admitted that I was right, especially when I showed them, with lively examples from everyday life, how easy it is for the human spirit to approach things we cannot actually see, and to deal with them. But their applause was so lacking in genuineness that it appeared that this truth had not touched their consciences.

At the end, when I came to speak of the eternal glory of the future world one of them left me. He was an old Brahmin, evidently standing at the door of eternity. He could never be sure from one day to another whether the world hereafter would open its doors to him. He sat down on a nearby balcony and said loudly, so that everyone could hear "If I have good food, that is my heaven". I scolded him for the godless and appalling stupidity of his wicked heart. And I used the occasion to say to the others that what this old man in his shamelessness had clearly stated was basically their attitude also, and the principle on which they lived. How terribly true the words of the Apostle are (Philippians 3.19: "...whose God is their belly, and whose glory is their shame, who mind earthly things"), and how terribly far their hearts are from the understanding which a following verse says about Christians: "Our conversation is in heaven".

This evening I had a conversation with about 10 men on the veranda of a carpenter's house. At the beginning they did pay some attention, but soon they were talking to me simply about "the belly" and the difficulty of filling it, so much so that I found myself thinking again "... whose God is their belly". In the end they became better behaved, and when I left them they invited me to return to their village soon, and assured me they would not forget my words. Their response did me good. Soon after I found a large number of people for myself, who listened with great attention to what I said about the great reckoning which the King of Eternity will make with every human being.

May 9th (pp. 686-7)

I left Hullihall this morning and arrived at 10 o'clock in a sizeable village called Hulkop. The path led through thick forest. Only here and there in the valleys did I come across a little village with some cultivated land around it. I could scarcely find people to carry my baggage. In one of the villages, while I waited for carriers, I went over to a temple and made some remarks about their stone god to the few people there. I urged them to serve the living God in heaven, and allow His son, the saviour of the world, to enter their hearts. One of the listeners was an elderly woman. She attracted my attention because she looked intelligent and was listening very carefully to what I was saying. The way she looked at me showed that she was concentrating. She applauded loudly when I spoke and was very exact in her enthusiastic repetition of what I had said for the benefit of people who had turned up later. All this gave gratifying witness to the way that the soil on which my words were falling was good. As I left she brought some fine bananas to me as a sign of her appreciation, which I immediately enjoyed

because I was very thirsty. I was not a little amazed at this readiness to receive the word of truth – I had not expected anything like it from the women of this region or this remote little village. But the

Lord can open people's hearts, just as in the story of Lydia, who paid attention to what the servants of God were saying.³⁹

As we went through the forest my guide showed me several thorny shrubs on which a beautiful fruit was growing, rather like the so-called *Welschlandtrauben*⁴⁰ in South Germany. They were just ripe. My guide assured me they were good for the health, so I dared to eat some – and found them so pleasant that I had to be careful not to take more than would be advisable for my overheated body.

Among the two little groups of people I preached to this evening it was again an elderly woman who seemed to understand me best, and to follow me with her heart. Besides her there were a lot of women listening attentively – a very important point for me, in view of the fact that women here are so deeply humiliated and despised that they are often not even allowed to be part of a group of people like my listeners this evening. But of course they, too, are called to participate in the great salvation which Christ has brought to lost humanity – and they have no less inclination to respond than their more blessed sisters in the countries where the blessed rays of the Sun of Righteousness have been shining for so long.

May 10th (pp. 687-90)

Early this morning I went up a nearby hill to strengthen myself in communion with God for my task, which seems to me at the moment so difficult. The place was ideal for this purpose. The air was pure and clear, and enabled the eye to see far into the distance, and to perceive things very clearly, especially those nearby. The low ranges of hills were visible, with some higher rounded hills beyond, and were all covered with beautiful bamboo forests. Then there were narrow valleys, here and there decorated with the rich foliage of bananas. The whole scene was lighted by the rays of the tender morning sun. "Ah", I sighed, "if only looking at the hearts down below was as encouraging!"

When I had climbed down I tried to work at spreading the good news of peace among the poor souls with renewed courage. I had the joy of seeing 30-40 attentive listeners surrounding me, and gave witness to the coming Day of Wrath. I also spoke about the righteousness which can stand before God and which is the only thing which can rescue us from the terrors of that day.

At 12 o'clock I had another opportunity to try to persuade a considerable number of people, both old and young, of the one necessary thing. I was lodging on the veranda of a house which had a temple inside it, and was the living quarters of some priests' families. I went inside to try to start a conversation with some of the priests. I was approaching the place where the idol stands with slow steps when a woman came out of a side room and indicated to me politely that I should take off my shoes before I approached nearer, since this was a holy place. I replied to her that it is not my custom to do this, since the earth and everything in it belongs to the Lord and so one place is as holy to him as any other. While this was going on some of the priests hurried up to me and zealously made the same point with unfriendly faces and angry words. I replied in the same way that I had before, and was not sorry that the woman added something I had not said to her, namely that I had claimed that this place, far from being purer than others, is on the contrary one of the dirtiest and most impure of places, since a false God is being worshipped here in a way which should be reserved for the true God in heaven.

I gave my best efforts to responding to them in a friendly way, and their attitude to me became more friendly, and allowed me to explain to them the falsity and sinfulness of the worship of idols. They tried to prove to me that one place on earth may indeed be holier and purer than another, by pointing

³⁹ A reference to the story in Acts c.16.

⁴⁰ We have not yet been able to identify this plant. "*Trauben*" are grapes, but this was a thorny shrub.

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out that my servant is not permitted to sit in my chair. I pointed out to them that this has nothing to do with moral purity or impurity, but is simply a result of the way human society is divided into classes

[*Stände*] – and in any case, I personally would have no special problems if my servant – or one of them – had sat on my chair.

In the meantime a large number of curious people had forced their way into the courtyard of the temple, and so we had to move onto the veranda, where there was more space. This was where I was lodging. When we got there I persuaded the speaker to sit on a chair – and he and all those present burst out laughing at this practical disproof of what they had said about chairs, while I silently thanked the Lord who had prepared their hearts through this little incident, so that they would listen to my speech with less prejudice. More people crowded around and asked in amazement what it meant that this man was sitting on my chair. Then he himself told the story, and they began to laugh and call out to praise my wisdom and friendliness. And so it came about that it was they themselves who urged me to read from my holy scriptures about the “Way of Virtue”. I read them first the commandment forbidding the worship of idols. And then I read them part of the Sermon on the Mount with explanations, and tried to persuade them of the great truth which is expressed in these words. They had no objection, and many declared that this was “the true way”.

Ah, if only they would really recognise [that this is] the time in which God is visiting them! Such things are encouraging, and it revives the soul of the messenger of Christ to see whole crowds of people putting aside their prejudices for a moment and apparently ready to take to the Gospel with open arms. But however much I feel compelled to thank the great guide of souls for the way He prepares the path, my feelings come back almost always to the sad thought that in spite of the approval expressed by the bystanders, and in spite of the way in such moments the Truth presents itself in the conscience of many, it seems that the seed is only falling on stony ground, where it grows few roots and soon withers away⁴¹. Nevertheless, in truth we are always powerfully helped to counter such dark thoughts by our faithful God's assurance: “My word will not return to me void, but carry out the task for which I have sent it”, and by the comforting words of His Son, that our work in His name will be shown to have been not in vain, if not here and now, then surely on his Great Day.⁴²

I left this village this afternoon and arrived in the evening at 9 o'clock in Misrekota, a village of 3-4,000 inhabitants. I have emerged from the forest here, and have come to a very fruitful region with a high density of inhabitants, mostly farming cotton. My luggage arrived only at midnight, which strained my patience. After a 6 hour march, partly in the great heat of the day, food and drink and especially a bed were things I badly wanted. But the moon shone brightly, which made the night-time waiting less unpleasant.

May 11th (pp. 690-691)

I preached this evening to a large crowd in the market place. But I was constantly interrupted by a man who argued that what I was teaching was in order, but that poor people like him cannot behave in the way I said they should. For example, he said, quite necessary that they tell lies from time to time, if they want to avoid dying of hunger. Even if this is the way to hell, he added, it is necessary for him to carry on behaving as he has long done, in order to “fill his belly”. It was quite in vain that I told him that if you look first for the Kingdom of God, God will give you everything you need, so long as you are in this world. The others listened with great attentiveness, but I could not see whether the truth had made a deep and lasting impression on anyone.

In this place at present 8-10 people are dying of cholera each day. So people are very preoccupied with reconciling themselves with the angry deities by sacrifices and processions. Here and there I have discovered that some people link the occurrence of this terrible illness with the present European

⁴¹ A reference to the Parable of the Sower, esp. Matthew c.13 vv.5-6.

⁴² Reference to Isaiah c.55 v.11.

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government of the country. I have not been able to find out what they understand this link to be. A larger number, however, think it is the revenge of deities who are being too little worshipped. Such people worship them anew. Others see a more general connection between the evil behaviour of the

people and the punishment which the highest God imposes. But in spite of this I have seen no indication in this place that this judgement of God has brought people to be penitent.

May 12th pp. 691-2)

On a walk this morning I came across a new temple outside the village, built of beautiful hewn stone. When I returned to the village I came across about 10 men, and I asked them about it. I remarked especially that I had seen no god in it. One of them answered that no image of a god is necessary in that temple. The priest is there, and he is God. I expressed my surprise at the foolish idea that a human being is God. One of them replied that among the lingayats the priest is even greater than God. The priest is number one, and God is in second place.

Unfortunately this remark is only too true in this case. He who makes a god himself is greater than that deity. But the pride this generates makes the lingayats the strongest bulwark of Satan against the acceptance of the Gospel. In other respects the lingayats, whose natural sense of truth has been very little corrupted, are more receptive than the Brahmins, who are tangled up in their own wisdom.

Several people visited me where I am living today, but the results were not very satisfactory. I entered into conversation with some Brahmins but they were so contrary and perverse that they set out to annoy me by asserting – something none of them do, otherwise – that God himself forms the statues of the gods and takes up his lodging in them. Usually they believe that God lives in the idols, but they ascribe the idols themselves to the work of men's hands.

May 13th (p. 692)

I left Misrekota today and went towards Kalkadi⁴³, a village with about 2,000 inhabitants. When I arrived I was not well and could not go out to preach. My lodging was a small low veranda at the entrance to the village and it was terrifically hot there during the day. I thought of the hymn by Hiller which goes "Many enemies have to be resisted, many tests must be survived".⁴⁴

May 14th (pp. 692-5)

As I was going into the village this morning I met the village head who was coming to visit me, and who promised to give me better lodgings. I let him lead me through the village and into the Kannada school. This is in fairly bad condition, and not many boys attend it. I encouraged them and their teacher to work hard, and gave them some little books, which gave them great joy. Going on from there we stood quietly in front of a temple and then began a conversation with the bystanders. These were rather astonished at my daring assertion that what they worship as god in the temple is nothing but lifeless stone, which can neither see them nor hear them. But I soon noticed that the village head had a whole series of apparent justifications on hand for the rightness of the worship of idols. One of his main proofs was the observation that the King [sic] of England sends many officials to this country who represent him and rule the land in his name, so God has lowered himself to live in these images, so that people can better imagine him and always have a visible proof of his presence here and everywhere.

I showed him that this parable is inadequate especially in that the officials are living beings like the King himself, and have in their bodies and souls the same characteristics as he does. But these idols are dead and possess not one of the characteristics of God. If I beat this stone figure with my stick, I asked, or if I were to take it and throw it onto the street, would it show any sign of life or even kill me? All those around me declared loudly that the god would do nothing. "All right", said my guide, "let us

⁴³ NB on p. 695 Layer calls the village "Kalkaki".

⁴⁴ *Viele Feinde sind zu dämpfen, viel Proben durchzugehn.*

allow the representatives to be what they will – but it is certain that if people believe firmly that the idols are god, they will be god”.

"So," I replied, "if you firmly believe that that wooden house-post is made of gold, and begin to think yourself very wealthy because of that, would it really be made of gold and would you really become a person of immeasurable wealth?" He admitted that this could never be the case. And so, I said, it will never be the case that stone figures which have been made by human beings will become god through you believing in them. But however much what I said was received as truth by the uneducated intelligences around me, it didn't appear to have the slightest impact on my guide, the Brahmin.

It was almost intolerably hot in my lodgings this midday. No current of air could reach me. So I went and sat under a majestic banana tree which stood nearby, whose thick foliage protected me completely from the harsh rays of the sun. The schoolmaster I mentioned above came to visit me with six of his best pupils, and another man – a very intelligent person. They stayed with me a long time, and I was very happy at the opportunity to proclaim the sweet truths of heaven, especially to such young and very attentive souls. It is true, the schoolmaster said at one point, that in these times almost no-one among our people here asks about the way which leads to God. But it is indeed very difficult to walk in that way. And if one makes a firm resolution not to sin, it is not much use, because one's heart is so inconstant.

“But that”, I said, “is just what shows that your deities are nothing, and that your way is not the way of God. Every now and again the thought comes to one of you that he should leave the way of evil and live piously. But see! None of you have the power to go in the way of God, nor do any of you have the decisive love for this way. So all your good resolutions soon come to nothing. The Gospel of Jesus Christ alone is the power of God which can overcome the world, for those who believe in it. Jesus Christ gives those who believe in him a new heart, and a new determination to live with their faces turned to heaven. And such people do not find it so difficult to overcome sin.”

Afterwards I had the opportunity again, in front of many people, to praise the way the service of the living God and of his son Jesus Christ is the sole source of all light, all peace, and all power.

May 15th (p. 695)

It was market day here, so I had big crowds of hearers. But the tumult of buying and selling was so great that I could scarcely speak long enough to present any truth in a connected way. But many people will have had a word laid in their hearts that they will never have heard in the market in this village before. My loud preaching gave me a headache. If only I could be sure that what I suffer is only and immediately due to what I do in the service of the Lord Jesus! That would make bitter experiences sweet.

May 16th (p. 695)

This morning I left Kalkaki and moved to Tadas, a somewhat smaller village. I preached here in the evening in a lingayat temple before hearers who were interested in listening. I preached about the Great Day when we shall all have to appear before Christ's throne of judgement, and about making our hearts holy in preparation, if we are going to be able to stand before Him in joy.

May 17th (pp. 695-7)

As I went around looking for hearers this morning I allowed myself to be drawn into conversation with a merchant in his store. But he showed little readiness to sell everything for the sake of buying the pearl of great price.⁴⁵ Indeed he began straight away to complain about the bad state of trade. He said that poverty is increasing in the land because we Europeans take so much money out of it. I responded that there was perhaps something true in what he said, but, as for me and my brethren in Dharwar, we took no money out of the country, but rather brought it in. I continued, “And think, too,

⁴⁵ Matthew c.14.v.6.

about the many advantages which the English administration brings to your country. Do you not see the fortifications in ruins here where you live and have you not seen similar ruins in many other places? Are they not witnesses of the removal of all uncertainty about your life and possessions, and

of the end of the addiction to robbery, and the murderous attacks, which were almost continuous before the English came?" He was satisfied with this explanation. By this time many people had joined us, and I challenged them to concern themselves above all with that eternal kingdom, in this time when everything seems so vain and so troublesome.

On the market place this evening a man called me into his workshop. He and some assistants were making sheets with magic signs on them. He said they always sell quickly and he makes his living selling them. They use a white plant, as thin as paper, cut into pieces 4 inches long x 2 inches wide [10 x 5 cm]. They are covered with all sorts of black signs, printed on them by a kind of lithography. When these magical signs are stuck onto peoples' foreheads, he claims, they serve very well to help them to obtain a whole host of things people find desirable. My attempt to persuade them of the foolishness of this belief was absolutely in vain. Everyone standing around bore witness to the miraculous power of these magic signs. I stopped arguing, and read them from my Testament "Wake up, sleepers, rise from the dead and then Christ will give you his light". They agreed that they lie in the deep sleep of sin, and ignorance of God, and admitted that they were hurrying to eternal damnation. But they seemed to be quite unconcerned about the great light which is rising over them, which alone can illuminate the way to heaven, and about which I was witnessing. Only one of them asked some sensible questions about the persons of God and Jesus Christ, repeated exactly what I had said about the saviour, and seemed not to be indifferent in the face of the only one who can help overcome sin.

May 18th (pp. 697-8)

As I sought an opportunity this morning to perform my task, two young men standing in the entrance of their house asked me where I was going. I saw that this question was really an invitation to come to them. So I went over and they led me into their courtyard with great joy. In the courtyard the friendly "mother of the house" also welcomed me with a kind voice, at once laying out a clean cloth for me to sit on. While that was going on, some of the other people from the house came and sat down modestly around me and asked me to read to them from my holy book. They were all very silent and attentive and so I could, from the fullness of my heart, lay out before their eyes and hearts the great teachings of the Gospel, from the captivity of the human race in sin, to the almighty saviour Jesus Christ. It was an unbelievably touching sight, and a delight to my heart, to see the members of a whole family gathered around me, and listening to me with tense attention. Oh! I thought, how lovely it will be if perhaps after a few days the Lord leads many souls to the green pastures of his word, and "Their hearts are drawn away from the world and quite drawn to Him".

I was especially amazed by the intelligent and understanding questions about the way of holiness asked by the mother of the house, and by the emotions she showed when I read the story of the resurrection of the young man of Nain. This was yet another proof to me that if the women of India were given their human rights [orig: *Menschenrechte*], if they could enjoy the blessing of a Christian upbringing, and if the ennobling influence of a living faith in the Lord Jesus could gain authority over their hearts and lives, many of them would be very little behind even the nobler members of their sex among the women in Christian Europe.

This afternoon I continued my journey and reached Schigawi this evening, a village of 2-3,000 inhabitants. The heat on this journey was very oppressive and made me very thirsty. After I had rested a little in a small village on the way, I went around to beg for a little water. In the first two houses I was refused water – not, I think, because the people were specially unfriendly but because of ignorance and the foolish superstition that I would make their drinking vessels unclean. In the third house someone immediately brought me good water in a clean vessel, but I had to let them pour it into my hands since they did not want their cup to touch my lips. As I went away I spoke a blessing from God, who dwells in heaven, and they were very touched by this sign of my gratitude.

May 19th (pp. 698-700)

This morning the people asked me to leave the temple in which I had slept because they were going to take the gods out and carry them around the village. I did not want to provoke opposition or block my entry to their hearts, so I obeyed immediately, though I was not altogether comfortable doing so. They gave me accommodation in a Turkish⁴⁶ mosque, but I had scarcely got in before the Mullah came and asked angrily why I had stepped into the mosque without taking my shoes off, and declared that I was not allowed to lodge there. I conducted myself in a friendly way and showed that I was willing to move on. The people around praised my lack of passion, and this gave me an open door to speak a few words to their hearts about the truth. They showed me a place to stay near to the mosque and temple, and much more comfortable than either.

This evening I visited one of the schools. I examined the pupils a little, and distributed little books to the boys who could read. And then I gave a short speech to the schoolmaster and some other people who had come by about the most important concern which a human being can have in this life.

Later I greeted some men on the market place, and they asked me in a friendly way where I had come from, and how long I proposed to stay in their village teaching God's way. And they added that I should stay until market day, since then I would be able to preach to many people. I thanked them especially for this friendly invitation and said that in many places the people do not invite me to stay, but prefer me to carry on with my journey immediately. They expressed their amazement at an attitude like that, and asked me what could possibly cause it. I answered that the teachings of the word of God, which I preach, do not please those who prefer to stay in their old sinful ways at all, and so they prefer not to hear me. I then listed the points which generally upset people. And so I was able to preach to them in the form of a story. At the end I said I would come to them early tomorrow morning and tell them more clearly about the way to be united with God.

May 20th (pp. 700-701)

I went back this morning to the place where I stood yesterday evening. I repeated, before quite a large number of people, what I had told them the evening before, about the Fall, sin, and God's anger with the human race. I read them the text "God so loved the world" etc. I told them the main points about the life of Jesus Christ and explained to them in especial detail how his death has obtained eternal righteousness for us. Many were amazed, and said that they had never heard of this "way". How was it possible to walk in this way? At the end a Brahmin came by. With the cunning which is characteristic of these people he said that everything which I had said was perfectly good and true and everyone should accept it. But at the same time he strongly defended certain parts of his false religion which are precisely opposite to what I had been preaching. I saw that proving what I had said would not help and so I began to point him to the condition of his own heart and his alienation from God. This raised uncomfortable feelings in him, and caused him to go away.

This whole afternoon my lodging was full of people – little groups coming to ask for books, and willing to listen to me. I felt pretty tired in the evening. But I took up my rod and my New Testament and walked through the village to see if, in spite of this, God would give me the power and the opportunity to call sinners to repentance. On my way I first came in front of a house where there were a large number of women. They were celebrating a marriage with foolish ceremonies. I thought to myself that in passing I would scatter some seeds [of the truth], and went up to them and started to chide them for these foolish ceremonies which betray the true God. And I urged them to pray to God in heaven for a blessing for the couple who were marrying, and to turn to Him in their own hearts.

⁴⁶ "Turkish" is sometimes used to describe Muslims generally.

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Carrying on I came to a house where a few men, who looked friendly, were sitting. I greeted them, and they immediately made room for me to sit with them. I read to them and about 20 bystanders our Lord's Parable of the King who was celebrating his son's marriage, and urged them to accept this invitation which was being spoken to them, in this final age of the world, promising them freedom

from eternal suffering. They listened with sympathy and my words seemed to make an especial impression on some of the women who had come to listen.

May 21st [pp. 701-2]

I read the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus on the market place this morning. People listened with great attention. My words were so important for one old man, that he repeated each sentence after I had spoken it. It really does one good to sense that there is a soul among the great mass of the indifferent whose eyes are somewhat opened and who seems to treasure the truth. When there is somebody like that the words flow better.

In the evening at the same place I had more people around me than my voice could reach. It was the market day which those men had told me about. That evening I read the parable of the man who gave a great feast, and I showed them that it is God himself who has caused them [my hearers] to be invited to the celebration of this eternal marriage. That is why this present time is so great and important, and therefore they should consider the things which contribute to their own peace. Many listened to this strange preaching, which they had never heard before, with deep wonder. But a Brahmin, in his blindness, interrupted me, justifying the worship of idols. He did not allow himself to be confused by the points I made against this. I tried to turn him at the end to look at his own eternal soul and I asked him how it stood with the forgiveness of his sins and the purity of his heart? But what sort of an answer did I get? Sin and righteousness are equally good in the eyes of God because they are both expressions of His will. Human beings cannot do anything without the will of God. If someone does something which men call sin, it is God who has inspired him to do it.

You can do little with the emotions or the intelligence of people in whom such ideas are rooted. Only the light of the Gospel can touch the roots [of their being]. But it makes us most sad when other souls, who show some readiness to accept the truth, are led away into error by false trains of thought such as these.

May 22nd (pp.702-3)

I continued my journey today, and came to Buncapur, a place with 4-5,000 inhabitants. The Head of the place came to greet me in a very friendly way. He gave me a comfortable lodging. Buncapur was a large town with a major fortification until it was captured from the Mahrattas by Tipu Sultan and destroyed. I felt sad in my soul as I approached this place and saw the massive piles of rubble from the fortifications which had been pulled down, and the many houses in ruins. And this feeling was strengthened when the Head said to me on my arrival that the place was very poor, owing to a lack of good sources of income, and that 76 people had died of cholera in the last 20 days, and that each day more die.

It was market day today but few people had come, because of the general terror which this punishment sent by God has caused in this place⁴⁷. The market was held on a open space outside the town. I went there, and was given the grace to stand in the shadow of a tree and call a large number of people to penitence, and to praise to them faith in the Lord Jesu, the only way of escaping the coming anger. People listened to me willingly. Some asked me what causes this awful disease which kills so many people. I explained to them that this was an instrument in the hand of God in heaven which He was using to punish them for their sins and the way they had abandoned Him. They all seemed to be convinced by their consciences to agree with this explanation.

⁴⁷ The cholera epidemic

May 23rd (pp. 703-5)

When I went into the eastern part of this town this morning and looked around for hearers, a madman said to me that his wife had just died of cholera – and that it was my fault, so I must leave the town immediately. People soon came and took him away, and I then explained to them the cause of all our difficulties and troubles in this world by casting a clear light on sin and the terrible things it brings with it. I then proclaimed to them the saviour of sinners. This was the place where I first began by praying out loud to the true God in heaven, and his Son, in the presence non-christians, before opening my Testament. This was strange for them, but seemed to make a good impression.

When I returned to my lodgings I received a visit from a small group of Muslims, who asked me to speak to them. One of them had already learned some of the fundamental facts of the Christian faith elsewhere. We had a long conversation, but without happy results. They could not agree to the need for a justification given by God himself if one wants to be part of the kingdom of Jesus Christ. They told me instead that it is certain that a man who persists in his sin can never more receive the grace of God. And that it is also certain that people who live a holy life thus make themselves worthy of God's favour and holiness. When I asked them where you can find such holy people, one replied that they are unfortunately few in number, and in proportion to the rest of the believers they are 1:500. But they do exist.

After they had left I was visited by a Brahmin, who offered to show me a well such as I had never seen before. I willingly accepted his offer, and followed him. Most Indian wells are like a large round pit, 80-150 feet or more in circumference at the top, getting narrower the further down you go. Steps lead down to the water at the bottom. The well which he showed me is indeed remarkable. Its circumference is about 300 feet, and its depth 30-40 feet. The sides are made of nicely hewn stone, and on the walls at the sides of the broad stone staircase which leads downwards, there are several artistic carvings of deities, in different sizes. The container for the water is about 30 feet long [ca 10 m.], and is divided in two equal sections by a little temple, built like a bridge over the water-container, but at ground level. The staircase people use to fetch water goes down into one section of the well, and in the other section there is an apparatus for drawing up water using animals.

The little temple is built entirely of stone, and is about 15 ft. [5m.] long and 10 ft. [3.3m.] wide. It has beautiful carved lattices which serve as windows. On each side of the temple are two small vaulted rooms carved from the rock. There is an image of a deity in each, and their walls are artistically and excellently decorated with deities of many forms. I was interested in these rooms, but the dirt, the terrible smell and the darkness caused me to leave them quickly. The vault of one room was so covered with innumerable bats, that I could not see it. I was horror-struck, as if I was going around the ruins of ancient Babylon, where Zihim and Ohim lodged, where ostriches [sic] lived and spirits of the field leapt around⁴⁸. If the place of torture were a prison like this, the certain prospect of having to spend only 10 years there would be enough to make one shudder.

I went into a neighbouring village this evening and preached to a little group of astonished people about the vanity and powerlessness of their deities and pointed them to the living God in heaven.

May 24th (pp. 705-8)

I was woken early by a loud argument in front of my lodging. When I asked what the trouble was the senior lingayat priest of the town came in and made a bitter complaint that my servant, who was from a different caste, had washed himself in the well of his (i.e. the priest's) caste, and thus made it impure. He assumed that I had sent the servant there to fetch water for me, and wanted to make me responsible for what had happened. With all the friendliness I could muster I said to him that I was sorry my servant had done this, but that I was not responsible. I had not sent my servant anywhere to fetch water for me. (In every place there is someone who is designated to bring water to any European who comes). I also took pains to make it clear to him that the water was as pure and good as it had

⁴⁸ In some Biblical and literary references Zihim and Ohim are the names of legendary creatures added to more general descriptions of desolation, e.g. in Isaiah c.13v.21.

been before my servant had washed himself there. And I dismissed him by saying that I had to go into the town now to preach.

I did not think that he regarded the matter in a very serious light, though I did not want the incident to lessen the openness to my message in the hearts of the people. In the meantime my message was given a friendly reception in the town. After my return I went to the ruined fortress, to see what was there. After two and a half hours, when I had just assembled a pile of stones which looked unusual, was examining them, and had selected a few to take home with me, I saw the priest I have mentioned above coming to me with about 10 young men. I did not know whether they wanted to arrest me, or what their purpose was. They were friendly, and the priest asked me to come into the town with him where I would find 200 citizens of his caste in front of my lodgings, who wanted to talk to me about the polluted well. I smiled and went with them. The priest himself offered to carry the few stones I had collected. I did find a large number of men in front of my lodging. Their faces showed that they were not as insulted by what had happened as I had at first imagined.

I greeted them in a friendly way, and asked them why they had called me. They answered "You know very well that your servant has polluted our well, so now you tell us what you think ought to be done." So many of them began to speak at once that I asked that someone with official status should come, to put the case to me. One such person was there among the crowd, and came forward, but without the courage to speak. So I began to assert my innocence and to assure them that the water was as clean as it had always been, and that they could drink this good gift of God with joy and confidence. The priest declared that I would either have to dig another well, or at the very least build steps down into the old one from the other side – at which I simply replied that I wouldn't give a penny for this. Most of those present agreed that I was innocent. Others asserted that the accused was my servant, which made it as if I had done the deed myself. If I was not prepared to give them compensation, I should force my servant to pay or hand him over to them. To which I replied that my servant was poor, so that I could not punish him by making him pay. And as far as his person went, I needed his services, and could not let him leave me.

If I had promised them a few rupees they would soon have been content. In the end, when they saw that their urgings did not touch me, the person with official status declared that it would be enough if I would strictly forbid my servant to go to their well, which I did in their presence. So they left me – and I was happy to see that the atmosphere was not totally unfriendly. They took no water from the well for the next two days, until it had been returned to its former state of purity after a suitable act of worship for their gods.

That evening I had a large congregation of Mohammedans and lingayats on the market place to listen to me expounding, in a long speech, with God's help, the teachings of creation, the Fall and redemption, and finally emphasising the importance of the question 'What must I do to be saved?'

May 25th. (pp. 708-10)

This morning I preached to a small group of travellers who had settled down to rest in front of a temple. They listened in a friendly way. Then about 20 people from the town visited me in my lodgings. I read and explained to them the story of the Son of God and the reason why he came into the world. Most of the people thought I was telling them pleasant fairy stories, like those that are told of their own Gods, beautiful and full of wonderful things, but of no real relevancy to them. But in spite of this I am always happy to have the opportunity to speak in a quiet but clear way, and to tell these poor confused souls stories about the Lord Jesus. For where his name is known even only as a name – his name, like a salve poured out – souls have always been found later for whom the name of Jesus has been light and comfort and the dearest word that any human language knows. But anyone who has actually heard about this only saviour and then counts him as unimportant or even despises him, his blood is on his own head.

That evening I spoke in front of a large crowd about the questions “How can sins be forgiven?”, and “How can one achieve the purity of heart without which no-one can see God?” I started by talking about the main means offered to achieve these things in the holy scriptures of the Hindus, deliberately taking care that neither my choice of words nor or my gestures showed the listeners whether I

approved of these means or not. And I experienced – not for the first time – that simple people, who have not been separated from the childlikeness of their natural judgement through a false philosophy, have a kind of natural feeling that external exercises cannot be the true means of reconciliation with God and purification of the heart. It was the same here. Before I had expressed an opinion myself about the uselessness of these things, an old man said – with the agreement of the other listeners – that these “ways” do not get you anywhere.

You would think, of course, that a people with such feelings⁴⁹ and earnest desires would take up the teaching of the Lamb of God who takes away the sin of the world with willing hearts, and rejoice in it. But here again I had a moment in which I had the clear proof that people can have such a personality, but yet be unwilling to a further step or develop a sensibility [*Sensorium*] for the teaching about the reconciliation of mankind with God through Christ.

One of the listeners who had heard me speak with most understanding, and who had supported the old man in his assertion of the foolishness of outward exercises, explained what had been being said to some late-comers. He repeated my words with considerable accuracy, and praised them. He had remembered everything I said which had to do with teachings about morality, but he did not say one single word about Christ, although I had said a lot about Christ in my preaching. And so you see very clearly that people do not “Begin to believe in Jesus Christ or come to Him through human reason or power”.⁵⁰ Instead, we have to remember what the Apostle Paul said: “It pleased God to reveal His son in me”. It belongs to this train of thought to remember the special relationship which draws the Father to the Son. But we have to remember that Hindus do not see sin as anything like so revolting or horrible as the Word of God teaches that it is. The majority of Hindus regard sin approximately as many Christians in my Fatherland regard the “middle things”.⁵¹

May 26th (pp. 710-711)

This morning I had a conversation with a Brahmin group, but most of them were so indifferent and lacking in a sense of morals, that I was not able to find a point where I could really get hold of them. Only the oldest of them, and the one who had seemed to be the least learned, showed a lively spirit, and used the occasion to defend with many words the ways his ancestors had followed. That is a discouraging kind of experience.

Afterwards, to encourage myself, I read the passage in Ezekiel in which the Lord gave the prophet and all his servants rules about how to behave in such circumstances. “And you, son of man, do not be afraid of them... You must speak my words to them, whether they listen or fail to listen, for they are rebellious.” And then “But you, son of man, listen to what I say to you. Do not rebel like that rebellious house; open your mouth and eat what I give you.”⁵²

This evening there was a terrible thunderstorm with huge claps of thunder and a great downpour. It was impossible for me to go out. A man to whom I gave medicine yesterday for his daughter, who was ill with cholera, came back this evening with the good news that she was recovering. He then told me that from time to time his wife was attacked by an evil spirit which made her take leave of her senses, and she became so strong no-one could restrain her. He asked me for a magic text with the power to drive out the evil spirit, and was astonished when I said to him that I had nothing like that to give him, and instead pointed him to prayer, and to belief in the Son of God, whose power to heal body and soul was often demonstrated, and is still effective.

⁴⁹ Orig: *so gestaltete Gemüte*

⁵⁰ We cannot identify the origin of this quotation.

⁵¹ Orig: *Mitteldinge*. This means literally “middle things”. Did he mean “venial sins” or “minor misbehaviour”?

⁵² Ezekiel 2 vv.6, 8

May 27th (pp. 711-13)

This morning I had a nice conversation with a small group in a merchant's shop. I read to them from St John's book of Revelations about the new heaven and the new earth which God will make, and that

pleased them mightily. If I had not immediately added that if you want to be part of that glorious kingdom you must have a new heart, they would have listened to everything without contradicting. One of them asked me if it is a sin to look at a female person? If that looking is linked to evil lust, I said, it is indeed a great sin. At which he asked "If your religion teaches that, how is it that so many government officials act in exactly the opposite way?" I said that I, too, was distressed by this, and I told him the sad truth that also among my own people many choose quite consciously to love sin. Only a few choose the way of Life. However, the damnation [of those who love sin] will be all the greater. I was glad that I could name the names of some people who live piously, whom he also knew, and about whose virtuous life he had no doubts. This explanation sufficed for him.

At the same time I rejoiced to see that "the light is shining in the darkness", even if the darkness has not yet properly understood this light⁵³. Because I had not actually mentioned such sins before, I believe that the fact that this man had recognised that looking at a woman can in itself be sinful was a sign that he has gained a deeper consciousness of sin. This evening I twice had the opportunity to make known to small groups of people the only name in which is salvation.

During my stay in this place, with the reminders of its earlier greatness and power, now totally lost, a very unusual feeling would come over me. Oh! I often thought, if only the blessed day of the Lord Zebaoth would come soon, to bend and humiliate the hearts of these people, just as he earlier brought a blessed day to come over its former greatness and collapse its high towers and its strong walls, and caused the end of all its outward glory! An enormous number of ruined mosques, temples and houses are scattered over this wide site. Areas which were formerly full of houses have been turned into fields.

The great number of mosques, inside and outside the town – some wholly destroyed, some half fallen down, some still standing and undamaged – is a certain sign that it was mainly Islam which was the controlling force here. Even in the district where I lodge there were once 10-12 mosques, of which only one or two are in use. So the evening singing of the Mohammedan priest in a mosque near to my lodging can be seen as the last echo of the waves of Islamism which once thundered so wildly here. The number of temples is also not small, but they are crumbling into ruins like the mosques, because the wealth has left these places, and very few people are in a position to contribute to their upkeep.

It all looks even sadder when you go around the fortress, and contemplate the power of destruction which had to be applied to level these massive walls and fortifications, which have been razed to the ground. The fortress is on gently sloping land. It is surrounded by a broad, deep ditch, which is partly filled with rubble now. It takes at least half an hour to walk round it. Inside the ditch, besides the ruins there are some well-preserved temples, and some small vaulted towers which may have been used as storehouses for gunpowder. In the middle of all these ruins there are several groups of magnificent tamarind trees, which the monkeys have made their home.

I was surprised on my second visit to this place to come across a large Hindu temple whose magnificent sculptures displayed a skill and art which have long abandoned India's shores.⁵⁴ It is built entirely of large stone blocks, and within, there are several rows of beautiful pillars. The whole is decorated above and below, and inside and outside, by myriad figures carved in the stone. What astonished me most was the excellent proportions of all these figures. This especially distinguishes the builders of India in those days, compared with the Hindu builders of today. The temple is empty and deserted and swallows and bats – and probably snakes as well – have made it their home.

⁵³ St. John's Gospel Chapter 1

⁵⁴ The missionaries often attributed impressive Indian sculptures to a "classical" age in the past.

May 28th (p. 713)

Today I left Buncapur and walked to Haweri, 6 hours away, with 8,000 inhabitants. Last night in my lodging, which was not sheltered from the wind, I caught a heavy cold, so my journey was not very

comfortable, though the beautiful countryside would have given me plenty of material to warm my soul by contemplating it. When I arrived in Haweri the Lord had so disposed that a friendly official showed me into a fairly comfortable lodging where I was sheltered from wind and rain, and I could sit out the time with my cold. Wine and other refreshments, which loving English friends in Dharwar sent me today, also belonged to the things which God gives his children at the right time.

May 29th (p. 714)

I was forced to take medicine today, so I was unable to go out. I was thus happy that a number of people visited me in my lodging.

May 30th (p. 714-5)

In this village [Haweri] there is a Kannada School built and maintained by the Government, where I held an examination this morning. There are about 60 boys in it. Many of them had good abilities, especially in reading – many could read well. I encouraged them to go on working hard by distributing books and paper.

This evening I sat on a chair outside my house, and soon a fair number of listeners had gathered around. I preached to them about the day of judgement, in an attempt to awaken their consciences. Because of my bodily weakness I could not speak as strongly as usual, but nevertheless, many were extremely attentive. Night fell, and more people joined them. So I invited them to come into my lodging. And there we sat in a close circle, in the lamplight, and I told them about the great deeds of the Lord Jesus, and acquainted them with his office as the one who makes us holy. When I remarked to them, among other things, that they had forgotten the God who had created them and in their great blindness had formed gods who were false gods, one of them answered, “These images are not the gods of my people. Money is their god, and the object of their greatest love and worship is whatever can bring them money.”

“Sadly,” I replied, “what you say is true. You seek and worship a Money-God, but is that not a lamentable foolishness? Can money help you when you die? Won’t the search for money ruin you?” They all laughed and called out “True! True!”

“But who among you can snap these chains of mammon?” I went on. “The only one who can destroy these chains is the One about whom the people of God sing ‘Oh, thou breaker of all bonds?’ ”⁵⁵

When these people had all gone away a group of the schoolboys I had examined this morning stood outside my lodging. The moon had begun to shine so I went out and sat with them, and spoke to them about the way God is omnipresent. One of them remarked, pointing to a nearby statue of a deity “There is a god here too!” This was said sarcastically, because he then remarked also, loudly, in the presence of several adults, that such gods are liars. I could not help having a secret feeling of joy at the shaking of the faith in false gods which I saw in this boy. If only the living faith in the Son of God had already taken the place of superstition!

I then entertained the boys with comments about astronomy, inspired by the moon which was shining brightly over our heads. I asked one of them how big he thought the moon is. He said that the moon seems to him to be as big as the heavens, because we see it everywhere we go, and it is always the same size. I was very satisfied with this answer from a boy who had never received instruction in this subject.

⁵⁵ A popular German hymn, “*O Durchbrecher aller Bände*“.

Documents on the Basel Mission in North Karnataka,
Missions-Magazin 1838-39: Translations P. & J.M. Jenkins, Oct, 2007, revised July 2013

May 31st (pp. 715-6)

It rained this morning. The time of the monsoon is coming nearer, so I am never certain it will not rain. I was visited again by the teacher and the best of his pupils. They stayed with me a long time and listened with constant attention to what I told them about the Lord Jesus.

After my meal I was twice visited by pairs of men from the village. I was able to lay out the Gospel in detail before their eyes. After this an official came to me, who had visited me before, and said in a flattering way that everyone in the village is praising me because I preach such glorious teachings, such as they have heard from no other European. This was not quite true, because an English missionary has preached here at least once. But I can see from the general behaviour of the people that they respect me. Many gave me presents of fruit.

Today was the public market day, so I preached twice at the end of the day to as many people as could hear me. After that I was visited again by those schoolboys, who I have become very fond of. I went for a walk in the village with them, during which I could give them various pieces of useful information.

When I had already lit my lamp for the evening the assistant to the schoolmaster came with some other youths. They stayed with me for a long time and for the sake of the teacher I gave them instruction in the elements of geography. This was material that attracted them, and also gave me an opportunity to point out some things in their *shastras* that cannot be correct. For example I pointed out to them that they contain the story of the large mountain Meru, or Mandara. It is supposed to stand in the middle of the earth, and to attain a height of 84,000 *jojanas* (one *jojana* is the equivalent of 3 German hours). This was unbelievable enough for them. And then I went on to tell them about the large mango-tree of the gods which stands on the slope of that mountain. It is 11,000 *jojanas* high, and it bears mangos sweet as nectar which are 861 *ells* long [ca 800ft.], and which, when they rot, give rise to streams of wonderful juice. These impossibilities caused them to break out in loud laughter.

June 1st (p. 717).

As I walked through the village this afternoon I found some Brahmins in the courtyard of a large temple. I got into conversation with them, but they were among the most stupid people I have ever met. First of all, they defended everything to do with the validity of the worship of idols in the coldest and most unfeeling way. But when they heard my arguments against this worship they agreed with me – in an equally cold and unfeeling way. They nodded their heads in agreement as I spoke of the purity of heart needed to be able to see God. And one of them said at the very same time that although my teachings were good, no-one would accept them – but he would accept them, if I paid him 100 Rp. a month. I berated him with serious words about the way he has fallen low, and lacks understanding. But even that was not enough to create any movement in his dead heart. He said drily that he had no more time to listen to me, and left me, together with the other Brahmins.

A little group of the uneducated had gathered while all this was going on. They listened to me with willing ears. They admitted their alienation from God, so my call to penitence had found some room in their hearts.

I was therefore especially pleased that evening to find in two other parts of the village large groups of people who listened to me with sympathy as I preached about the great day of the Lord Jesus and bore witness to the righteousness which one needs to have.

June 2nd (p. 727-8)

This morning I came across a number of Brahmins again, and I was afraid when I saw them that they would be as deeply indifferent as those on the previous day in the temple. But they turned out to be nobler than the others, attending to me carefully, and admitting that they do not know the right way.

I then continued my journey, and came to a village named Dewegerri with about , 2,000 inhabitants. I found a bungalow there – all the more welcome to me in that I had not had a proper dwelling place for the last three weeks.

June 3rd (pp. 718-9)

Sunday. As I went through the village this morning searching for an opportunity to perform my task a man came after me who had already visited me in Haweri. He asked me to go to a nearby veranda in order to speak my “good teachings” to him and to other people who would come immediately. I accepted his proposal very happily and went with him straight away. About 20 mostly well-respected and wealthy people gathered around me. When I stood up to ask God out loud for his blessing they all stood up with me, and were not a little astonished at this extraordinary way of talking with God. After this I read them the parable of the man who made a great feast⁵⁶ and invited many people to it. And I showed them how the purpose of my coming is to invite them in the name of God to his great feast and how they should open their ears and not despise this high invitation. They were evidently touched], and as I left them they expressed their goodwill and respect for me by bringing me presents of fruit. The willingness with which these people, who [I believe] had been sent by God, listened to me, made me happy – and all the more so because an Englishman who arrived last night, and also stayed in the bungalow, had tried to prove to me that my work among these people is in vain. I had answered him that I did not think so – such efforts had not been in vain in other parts of India. It is true that not many fruits of our labour are visible at the present time here, but God is faithful to his promises and in his own good time will send showers of blessings which will cause the seed which has been scattered to grow. I also told the Englishman that I am exercising the calling given me by God to preach to all men whom God puts in my way penitence and forgiveness of sins through Christ. I have to carry out this commission, even if it turns out that it bears no fruit at all.

As I was passing by a temple this evening I asked a lingayat if he worships those stone gods. He answered “No, my priest is my God and I show respect to him as a divine person”. “But”, I replied, “all flesh is as grass, and all its glory is as the flowers of the field⁵⁷. How can you be so unwise as to believe that your priest is your God, when he is only a human being like you, who must eat and drink to stay alive, and who will grow sick and die like other human beings?” He was amazed, and had no counter-argument. As I talked with him a large crowd of people came together and I spoke to them about God the Father, the almighty creator of heaven and earth, about his only begotten son Jesus Christ, and about the salvation which he brought us.

June 4th (p. 719)

It was market day today, so I had plenty of chances to call sinners to repentance, and people listened to me willingly. If only the good seed would not be taken out of their hearts so quickly! But their old, vain [*eitel*] behaviour in the fashion of their fathers exercises such a magical influence over them, that it seems that even those who willingly attended to the truth, had just heard it being spoken, and whose consciences had been touched, had sunk into the whirlpools of their old lives only an hour later. But faith hopes that here and there at least the seed sown will be multiplied thirty-fold.

June 5th (pp. 719-20)

This morning I felt that I myself needed to listen to a strengthening sermon, and I did not want to go out to do any preaching myself. But then I remembered instances when the Lord had given his greatest blessings precisely to the words of His servants spoken in great weakness and poverty. And so I set off on my pilgrimage again, going to the village with my Testament in my hand, and proclaiming to perhaps 20 people the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven. I experienced that my labour was not in vain in that at 1 o'clock two men came to me who asked that I should instruct them more in the great teachings I had preached in the village this morning.

⁵⁶ In this paragraph Layer uses the word *Abendmahl*, which is also used for the Communion service.

⁵⁷ Isaiah c.40v.6, I Peter c.1v.24.

I left this place afterwards and travelled to Savanur, a large village which belongs to a Mohammedan prince whose residence is there. On the way we came across a river which is normally small, but had been swollen by the rains. Two men carried me across with ease, although it was 4 feet deep in the middle and with a very strong current. This was a really pleasant day for travelling for the heavens were covered with clouds, and the air was very pure. The fresh wind from the sea was drying the path and cooling the atmosphere. In Savanur I was given lodgings in a little old palace where I was absolutely safe from the thunderstorms and showers of rain which have now become so numerous.

June 6th (pp 720-2)

I preached to two groups of people today. The first had little inclination [to listen], the second group, in contrast, were very attentive. The group gradually grew, but it started with eight men who sat gossiping on a low wall not far from my lodgings. I greeted them, and approached them with the question what they were doing there. At this they turned the question back to me, and responded to my greeting in a friendly way. I asked them first about the general situation in the village and went on to ask about the religion of the people here. "Do people follow the way of Life or the way of sin?" I asked. The one among them who was speaking said "We follow God's way". "Good", I said, "but do explain God's way a little more clearly". "God's way" he answered, "is the way of our ancestors. This is the way along which these people go." So I showed him that if you ask what the good way is you cannot take the way of your fathers as the model to follow, since if that were the case the sons of robbers and murderers could, in the end, justify their crimes in this way, even though everyone else would see clearly that they were murderers on the way to hell.

"You are right", they replied.

"And so", I continued, "it is often the case that whole peoples take a false way and miss the true way. And that means it is necessary for the children to examine the way of their fathers, and if they realise that it really is the false way, change it for the better way."

A thousand years ago this was the case in my own fatherland, I told them. At that time my ancestors worshipped false gods and lived in darkness and sin. Then God sent the light of his true word. They realised that this was the true way and that they had been living in error. So they left their old ways and started to serve the true and living God, and to go on the way which leads to heaven. Would it not have been foolishness, once God had sent them the true light, to want to carry on in their old blindness and darkness?

"Indeed", the listeners said, "that would have been foolishness."

So now I went on to stress this fundamental point and showed them how in this present time God is sending them the same light of His word, and how they should seriously read and listen to this word, work out which is the good way, and live in that light.

I could see that the matter had really gone to the hearts of several of them. I demonstrated to them how far they were separated from God, and how far they were sunk in the deeds of sin. What I said then, made a deep impression on them. "It is now", I said, "many weeks since I left Dharwar to travel around among you. Everywhere I have been, I have tried to listen and understand what your people say to each other. I have constantly been hearing talk about money and possessions, about trade and profit, and about other worldly and sinful things. But I have not once heard people earnestly speaking about heavenly things or asking about the way that leads to heaven."

"Listen! Listen!" shouted several of them in astonishment. And their applause quite clearly showed they were convinced.

June 7th (pp. 722-4)

This was a rainy day. But two groups came to visit me in my lodging, so I had the opportunity to carry out my task. The second group stayed with me a long time, so I showed them coloured pictures [*Gemälde* – probably coloured prints] of the volcano Heela and the hot springs in Iceland, and of some of the beautiful cathedrals in England. They were amazed. And I turned the talk about the first of these

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pictures to a discussion of the terrors of hell, and about the second to the beauty of the City of God, apparently not without effect.

This evening I walked through several of the streets in the village, and could not find any hearers. But at last two young men came to me and gave me a friendly invitation to go with them into their house, if it was my intention to speak about the Way that I was preaching. That was all grist to my mill. In an

instant such a large crowd of people gathered that we were forced to leave the house and go out into the courtyard. People listened to me very attentively and praised my "wisdom about the way of righteousness". One of the young men who had invited me posed many questions and raised objections, but he was thinking about what I had said, and his intention was good. The Lord gave me the special gift to respond easily, and to satisfy my questioner.

But on one point I could not convince him. He argued that if we firmly believe that something is God –whatever it is – it is God. That was a certainty. Faith and belief were a part of every religion in the world. He said, "You have one of your holy books in your hand. Perhaps it was written more than 500 years ago. But you are only about 30 years old. So you haven't seen anything which is written in that book with your own eyes or heard anything in it with your own ears. Nevertheless, you believe firmly that it contains a message from God. So it is a matter of faith. Because you cannot prove that this book really comes from God."

"Just wait", I said, "I will give you concrete proof that my holy books must be from God". I opened my New Testament and read, "And this Gospel of the Kingdom will be preached throughout the world as a witness to all people".⁵⁸

"And now see", I said, "Jesus Christ made this prophecy 1800 years ago, and now it is being fulfilled before your eyes. This Word of God has now been printed in almost all the languages of the world, and behold (lifting up my Testament) it is printed in yours as well. So I am living proof of the fulfilment of these words. Because I, and the rest of our group in Dharwad, have not come here out of our own motivation. We have come to this land because of an inner call from God, and we have no other motive than to proclaim to you – in this last age of the world – the Gospel of the Kingdom of God."

They were all astonished and no-one made any objection to what I said. Indeed, it is a characteristic advantage of our time that, in order to prove the divinity [the divine origin] of Holy Scripture, one only has to point a finger at the fact that what was prophesied in this text is happening all over the world. Certainly (we have to add), blessed are the eyes which can see this and take it to heart, and thus gain strength from belief in the true God. For truly, many prophets [sic] and kings of the old and the new covenants wanted to see what we see and yet did not see it, and to hear what we hear, and yet did not hear it.

The two youths led me afterwards to their priest, an old, friendly but very ignorant man. It was now night, and so I invited myself to visit him the next day in the morning, and he was happy at this suggestion.

I experienced today a proof of the chains which bind these people like slaves in their attitudes to the prejudices of caste. An intelligent-looking Brahmin boy, who looked to be about 12 years old, asked me for a tract. But he wanted at all costs to avoid taking it out of my hand, because he feared that if he touched my hand this would pollute him. However, I ought to add that this is the only case of this kind I have experienced.

June 8th (pp. 724-5)

⁵⁸ Perhaps this is intended as a paraphrase of the "Great Commission", Mark c.6v.15, Matthew c.28 vv.18-20.

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I preached this morning in the market place, though I had hardly a single attentive hearer. Then, as I promised yesterday, I visited the priest, where I found some other men, more intelligent than he was. I opened out to them, in detail, the main doctrines of Holy Scripture and especially the teachings about salvation. They were all ears, and said unanimously that this was the true Way. But it is really a long way from applause given in a particular moment of time to a long-lasting and blessed conviction of the heart. Just as it was a long way from the people who said "Lord, Lord" to those who do the will of our Father in heaven.

I left this place this afternoon, and arrived in the evening at a bungalow situated near several small villages.

June 9th (p. 725)

I slept badly last night owing to the many mice and mosquitoes who had also settled into this isolated bungalow.

I had reason to be happy about a conversation which lasted two hours with the priest of the nearest village and about 10 other men who came to visit me in my lodging. This evening I went to one of the villages, where I was at first reminded how really helpless I am without the support of the Lord. For a long time I had no success in securing the attention of these simple people. I sighed inwardly to God – and in the end it did so happen that many did listen with some attention as I witnessed to them about how they could escape eternal damnation and become blessed.

June 10th (pp.725-6)

Sunday. I tried, this morning, at different points in another place to call the sleeping sinners to repentance before God and to faith in Christ. Some listened, others remained indifferent.

When I came home I was very troubled because I had forgotten to celebrate both Ascension Day and Whitsun – and that in a situation in which the blessings which the Lord gives us on such days would have done me good, surrounded as I am by an unconverted and "perverse people"⁵⁹. To forget these festivals may seem strange to you at home in the Fatherland, but it is not so surprising if you put yourself in our position here, where we move around for several weeks at a time isolated and lonely, far from Christian brothers. Here we are going about among people where nothing reminds us it is Sunday; whose hearts have never been lifted and enlivened by the thought of the Ascension; and where no-one has ever sung "Come, Holy Ghost our souls inspire" [*O heiliger Geist kehre bei uns ein*]; a Whitsun hymn]. The Risen Lord allowed me to experience that he distributes his Ascension and Whitsun blessings on other days.

This evening I visited two other small villages, in which I found really friendly and open little groups of people.

June 11th (p. 726)

I preached once more in one of these villages this morning, then travelled on and arrived this afternoon in another little village. Just before we arrived we were surprised by a heavy shower. But since I was able to change my clothes immediately I suffered no disadvantages from it.

My lodgings were in a very small but clean temple which was constantly full of visitors to whom I preached the Gospel. One of them, a very intelligent man, asked me seriously for a "holy book" in which the teachings I was preaching would be described in more detail, adding that he would abandon the false gods immediately, and lead his life according to this book. I gave him a copy of the Gospel according to Matthew.

⁵⁹ The original word for "perverse" was "*unschlchtig*".

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This evening many people came to me asking for medicine against cholera, which is causing daily deaths here and elsewhere. Since I am getting near to Dharwar again I was able to give away my whole store and satisfy them all. As a result I was praised by everyone as a very humane, pious and learned priest. You have to let people here say that kind of thing – you just have to be careful not to believe it yourself.

June 12th (pp. 726-9)

The rain stopped me going into the village this morning, but I was happy to see that people came of their own accord to my little temple to learn something.

At midday I left this place to go to Hubli. On the way my servant pointed out to me a large statue of a deity just before we came to a village. I went up to it to look at it more closely. The statue is placed on a stone. The deity sits like a proud giant of olden times. His upper body is upright with an erect head and crossed legs. The height of the upper part of his body is a good 4 feet [ca 1.3m.], and he is twice as broad as a strong man would be. The proportions of all parts of the statue suggest that a master craftsman made it, such as one would hardly find in India today. Right in front of it stand two stone dogs of medium size and a few steps away lie two large stone spheres.

The deity's dwelling place is not a temple, but a small round enclosure surrounded by a 3 foot [1 m.] high wall. The enclosure is protected from rain by a light thatched roof supported by wooden posts. While I was looking at the statue and touching it several people came from the village, and were astonished at my bravery in approaching it in a way which would dishonour it. Noticing this I quietly took my stick and knocked the statue with it, in order to show them even more clearly that the deity cannot defend himself. And then I began to speak to them about the powerlessness of their gods, and called them to convert and turn to the True God.

When I reached Hubli this evening I was informed that a traditional story about this statue is generally known here. For the blind and superstitious minds [*Gemüthe*] of these people it has so much the appearance of truth that it is not easy thing to shake their belief in it. The legend goes as follows. Doddappa (the "Great Father") was a man like any other in the olden days, only he was much larger and much stronger. So he was elected to guard the city of Bijapur, a city which was formerly very great, but which now lies in ruins [sic]. It is about 50 hours northeast of Dharwar. It was his especial task there to open the massive city gates every morning to allow people and cattle out, and then in the evening to shut them again.

Doddappa was married, but his wife lived in the town of Buncapur, 60 hours' journey away. So he only had time to visit her at night. He usually visited her every night, but was then back in Bijapur at dawn to open the city gates. On his nightly journey to Buncapur he always took two dogs with him who acted as guard dogs and warned him of any impending danger. And he also took two great spherical stones, which he pushed along the road in front of him to amuse himself – or, if he met an enemy or a wild animal he would throw these great stones at them. Once it happened that he stayed in Buncapur so long that he had only gone one-fifth of the way to Buncapur as it began to get light, and the time came for him to open the city gates of Bijapur. He was sad because he was late, and he spread out his carpet on the ground and sat on it. And, lo and behold! He had scarcely sat on the carpet when he and his dogs were suddenly changed to stone, along with the carpet.

The stone on which the statue sits is supposed to have been the carpet originally. Nobody could tell me exactly to what extent people worship the statue as a deity, and they couldn't give me an explanation [for their ignorance about this]. Just try to put yourself in the position of a Hindu living in darkness, whose mind is quite robbed of the correct criteria for distinguishing between truth and falsehood. From earliest childhood on it has been overwhelmed with hundreds of fables and stories like this, and has been driven into a corner with apparent proofs for the truth of superstitions. If you put yourself into this situation it will not be difficult to understand how the messenger of the Gospel has to fight to get past the terrible ramparts of Satan in these lands. There has to be a totally new reconstruction of their thinking and their lives [*totale Umgestaltung des ganzen Denkens und Lebens*"] before they can

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turn away from the false gods to the true and living God and begin to love the incarnate Lord Jesus Christ. For this reason it is necessary to work among them with great patience, always to approach them with pity in our hearts, and to be constantly permeated ourselves with the love of Christ, praying and imploring Him as the guide of all hearts, and recommending them to His grace.

June 13th (p. 729)

I preached this morning in Hubli, where I was happy to notice that the local people's trust in us is increasing, and that several of them have seriously thought about the Good News which they have heard from us in the past.

At 2 o'clock I left Hubli and walked, now with quick steps, to my much-loved Dharwar. I brought an offering of thanks to the Lord who had helped me so faithfully, especially protecting the life of my body and my soul from destruction on this journey, and had crowned me with grace and mercy. And so I arrived in Dharwar in the evening in the happy conviction that our common work in the Lord is certainly not in vain. The joy of having had so many opportunities on this journey to proclaim the name of the Lord joined now with the joy of re-entering the circle of my brethren as I settled down again in our quiet mission house.