

# THE GOSPEL IN GONDA:

BEING A NARRATIVE OF EVENTS IN CONNECTION WITH  
THE PREACHING OF THE GOSPEL IN THE  
TRANS-GHAGHRA COUNTRY.

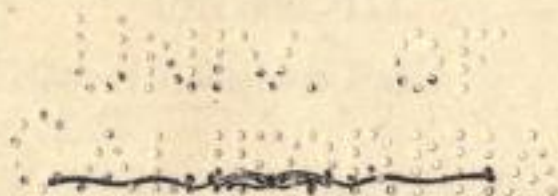
BY THE

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

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*chinh* of discipleship, and the Christian *parshad* (grains of rice to be eaten) of fellowship. We have the names of their villages and *zamíndár*; so we know where to send our preachers to encourage and further instruct them.

But the train is in, and about to start; so we climb on the engine, the brake, and the truck, and we are all carried smoothly and quickly into Gonda, while our songs fill the air with God's praises for His great unspeakable love to us in Christ Jesus.

### 3. IN 1885, FROM GONDA TO UTRAULA VIA BALRAMPUR.

The particular events of this tour were related in "*The Indian Witness*" of January, 1886. The Rev. Dr. Johnson, our Presiding Elder, accompanied us on most of this trip, and by his prayers and faith, and preaching rendered our working band very efficient aid.

#### "NOTES OF A TOUR TO THE NORTH OF THE GONDA DISTRICT."

On the 29th January we called in our band of workers from our different out-stations, and began our special meetings for the natives in the Gonda city, and also for ourselves personally, as a needful preparation for our intended itinerating tour. These meetings were held for a week. In the morning we all met in our study for a prayer and experience meeting; and in the evening we held a service in our school house in Gola-Ganj for the benefit of the officials and general native population. The morning meetings were wonderfully blessed to the hearts of the dear brethren. We all renewed our covenant with the Lord; received a gracious cleansing in the precious blood of the Lamb, and a rich baptism of the Holy Spirit's power. Every morning was a happy conscious meeting with God, and a new experience of his mighty love, and every evening was a visible manifestation of the presence of the Great Master, and an exhibition of the powerful influence of his Word to convince of sin and create a longing desire to come to Jesus. Though no one was baptized at these meetings, many confess-

though they were not baptized, they both said they believed on Christ, and would pray to God henceforth in his name. A middle-aged man, who had been an immigrant for fourteen years in one of the West Indian islands, came with two very interesting children, and said if we would give him some employment he would gradually break away from his caste and become a Christian. We instructed and prayed with him for a long time, but though his mind had received the light, he could not submit his will to Christ and seek *first* the kingdom of God. He seemed to be afraid that after we baptized him we would turn him out and despise him. He said he believed in his heart, but left us without being baptized. It was rather late in the evening when we met for prayer again, and went forth to a village adjoining our resting-place. By beat of drum we gathered and seated about fifty persons, and begun our usual services. Three men were undoubtedly genuinely affected by the Gospel they heard ; and one man made a movement to come forward, but his wife, who, with other women, had been listening some little distance off, cried out to come home, and so he was kept from his good purpose. At that moment a flash of lightning, followed by a loud clap of thunder, warned us of the storm that had slowly gathered up from the western horizon, and would soon deluge our camp ; so we had to hasten back for shelter to our tents.

Saturday, the 7th, found us in the cold freshness of a beautiful morning on our way to Balrámpúr. And as we bowled along over a new metalled road, miles and miles of waving corn spread out to the right and left as far as eye could reach, the millions of pendant dew-drops from the "womb of the morning" flashed out in sparkling beauty as they were touched by the mellow rays of the sun. Dr. J. had gone on ahead and, in a village close up to the side of the road, had gathered about fifty persons to hear the good news of a Saviour who could save them from their sins. The Lord blessed the Word ; and one Brahman was so interested that he followed Dr. J., and kept repeating the blessed name of Jesus Christ. And

vinced of the truth, and acknowledged Christ to be the Saviour that could save from sin. The Private Secretary of the Mahárání was present, and argued against Christ being a Saviour, because he was put to death by the Jews; but when Dr. J. showed him that it was *that very death* which made him so great a Redeemer, he was convinced and confessed his conviction honestly. He said he was reading the New Testament in English, and was much interested in the miracles of Christ. He wanted a copy of the New Testament in larger print, as the one he had was too small for his eye-sight.

Tuesday, the 10th, was another good day to us all. This morning Jhandula brought in another of his disciples, and when we had prayed with and further instructed him, we baptized him in our tent, and gave him the name Ashraf. Jhandula had been sick with a fever, but the medicine Dr. J. had sent him was blessed to his recovery, and so we were all glad to see him among us again. Took Dr. J. to see the Mahárání's palace, the second largest elephant in India, (the first largest, Chánd Múrat, moon-faced, was away hunting wild elephants), the biggest and oldest rhinoceros in the world, the *haran-bári*, enclosure for antelopes, and some splendid talking *mainas*, or starlings. We then went on to Bihari Lal's house, joined the brethren, and marched down a long street, headed by our banner and music, and singing, "*Jai Prabhu Yisu,*" &c. When we came to an open space we seated the crowd and began our services. There were as many prayers offered and short addresses given as there were brethren present. An excellent impression was made upon all; but there were four persons very deeply impressed and convicted, who were followed up by the brethren afterwards and brought into the light and consciousness of our Saviour's love. They confessed that Christ alone could save them, but they were not then baptized: though we hope soon to see them receive this outward sign of a blessed work which has, we believe, begun in their hearts.

lows: "We call on skeptics of every kind to mark Mr. Knowles's note-worthy assurance that a fair at which 22,000 victims were sacrificed in a few days will soon lose its sacrificial character through the preaching of the Gospel."

Not being able to march in the usual itinerating way to this celebrated sacrificial *melá*, the Native brethren went through by camel-cart to Balrámpúr, while I *dáked* it through to the same place by horse *dák*. I know of no more pleasant mode of travelling in this country than to drive on a good *pukka* road with a relay of fast-going horses in the cool of the early morning at this time of the year. A friend accommodating me with the loan of two horses—one I send out to Ghilauli, the other to Maharaj-gunge, while with my own I drive from the Gonda Mission House on the morning of the 5th instant at 4 o'clock. The mango trees that shade each side of the road, as you drive along, are all aglow with their new spring foliage, and the air is filled with the music of birds and the sweet odour of the newly cut and stored wheat-stacks. As you pass over the railway line at Bargawn, and get out into the broad open country, the beauty and freshness of the early dawn come on you like a blessed inspiration from Heaven; for the weather is wonderfully cool for this season of the year. On account of the late heavy rains the harvest this year has been put back some weeks; hence as we spin along over the fine metalled road, we see the men, women, and children from the adjacent villages still at work reaping their fields and loading their rough carts with the rich-smelling sheaves. Here and there, too, you see a poor widow and her son following the reapers to glean the ears of corn that have been left upon the ground and to pluck the few stalks of wheat that have been purposely left standing. The crows and minas also are out clamouring for their share of the fallen grain. But now a flush of glory is on the eastern horizon, showing the sun will soon mount up the heavens to cast a flood of more luminous light upon the landscape, fill the groves of trees with refulgent

to the calling of so many names. While this soldier's battle was being fought we were stationed in Meerut, and expecting every day to receive telegraphic orders to start for that awful scene of strife and bloodshed; but the Great Captain of salvation had other service in which for us to enlist. There are one or two other pictures representing stirring scenes in the Franco-Prussian War, of which I cannot recall the events.

A visit from Mr. M——belongs to the important incidents of staying at this place. There can be no doubt about his English birth and education; and he is as great an expert in riding or doctoring a horse, as in curing the skin or setting up to life the figure of a tiger. In charge of the late Sir Dig Beseg Singh's fine stud of Arabs, he is most obliging and helpful to any visitor who may wish to see the elephants, the stables, the menagerie, the old rhinoceros, and other lions of Balrampur. This same pachydermatous mammal we remember 23 years ago. Then he was the terror of the 200 elephants in possession of the late "great king"; not on account of the strong horn upon his nose did the ponderous elephants fear him, but by reason of those sharp tusks hid away under his flabby lips, and which he revealed and used with a vengeance when he attacked his foe. At any rate, Mr. M. will help you to pass a very pleasant hour or so in a lonely place like this. Then a visit from our Christian helpers and converts in this city and from Mahadeva, helps us to pass a not uninteresting day.

We are up in the gray dawn of next morning, to start for Tulsipúr *via* Sisaiya Ghát, after a most restless night in combating the Balrámpúr mosquitoes with a towel. Driving by the Maharani's Charitable Hospital, the commanding Lyall College, and the very dumpy Post Office, we innocently turn off on to the high mud road thrown up last rains. We had not driven a mile when we were suddenly brought up by a cut in the road ten feet deep and twenty feet wide. A number of passing coolies helped our buggy down into the