

# **BY WAYSIDES IN INDIA**

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By Waysides in India by Adelaide Gail Frost

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**ADELAIDE GAIL FROST**

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SECOND EDITION

Written for the Christian Woman's Board of Missions  
in Memory of Hattie L. Judson, Who Gave  
Her Life for India's Starving Village People

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CHRISTIAN WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS  
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**T**HE restless millions wait  
That Light, whose dawning maketh all  
things new.

Christ also waits, but men are slow and late,  
Have we done what we could? Have I? Have  
you?

A cloud of witnesses above encompass us,  
We love to think of all they see and know;  
But what of this great multitude in peril,  
Who sadly wait below?

Oh, let this thrilling vision daily move us  
To earnest prayers and deeds before unknown,  
That souls redeemed from many lands may join us,  
When Christ brings Home His own."

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## By Waysides in India.

### Part I.

**C**REAK, CREAK, CREAK, went the bullock-cart as it rolled slowly over the military road between two large stations in Hindustan. "I do not understand why we are riding in this vehicle over such a beautifully smooth road," said a bright-faced young woman who was rather restlessly changing her position on the straw in the bottom of the cart.

"But you just wait until we get onto the country road," her companion replied. "You see, my dear, that this road has been built *pakka* (solid) so that should there be a necessity of marching soldiers rapidly from one military station to the other, or to some point where there was mutiny or trouble, it could be done. The roads leading off from this to the villages are quite different, as you will see."

The bright morning sunshine filtered through the tamarind trees, whose shadows fell in lace-like patterns on the yellow road. The tamarind with its fern frond leaves was mingled with the shining foliage of the pipal tree, sacred to so many millions of people. Ahead of them were other carts

and many people walking, for it was bazaar day in the town of Jalalpur, toward which the village folk were tending. The farmers were taking their produce to market, the weavers their cloth, the potter and basket maker their wares, and these were to be bartered and sold in the street or by the roadside. The despised *chamar*, or worker in leather, was passed. He carried some roughly-made sandals and a bundle of ill-smelling hides.

"Get out, low-born eater of flesh!" said a tall young Hindu with the books of a writer under his arm. The *chamar* shrank awkwardly aside. He was an out-caste and might kill and eat, while the high-caste man might not do this, lest he should eat his ancestors. To this high-caste Hindu there was always the possibility present that the souls of his great, great grandparents might have taken up their separate abodes in the cow or the ugly buffalo, nibbling the short dry grass by the roadside. The young man looked with disgust on the burden of the *chamar*, who passed on muttering. An old man followed the *chamar*. He wore no more clothes than the worker in leather; he looked no cleaner. About his neck were strings of large wooden beads. In his hand was the brass *lota*, or drinking vessel, for he would not drink from the cup of him of lower caste. His head was bent and he was murmuring over and over again on his beads, "*Ram, Ram, Ram!*"

"*Namaskar,*" saluted the young Hindu writer,