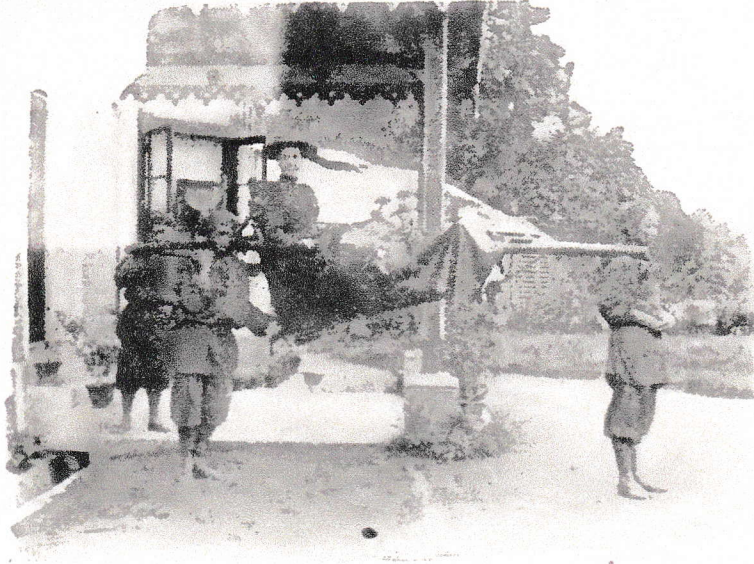


The road takes us past the military cantonment of Jellapahar (nearly 8000 feet high)—



A DANDY.

through the Rungaroon Forest, whose great moss-covered and creeper-bound giants suggest the forest primeval—down, down, down, till we reach the terraced tea-garden of Pashok, at whose hospitable bungalow, fifteen miles from Darjeeling, we are sure of a hearty welcome. Nor shall we regret a prolonged rest, for Mr. Lister is not only the kindest of hosts, but he is also accomplished in all the learning of the country — its



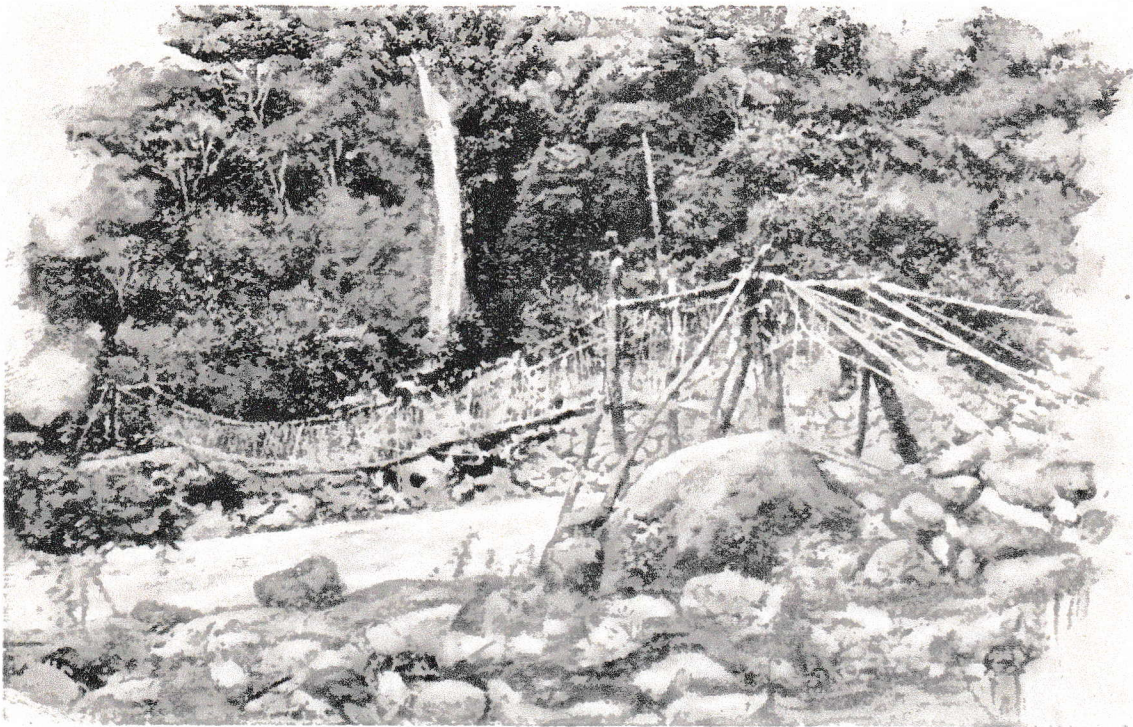
PASHOK TEA BUNGALOW.

plants, its products, its insects, its animals, and its people. To many a traveller his collection of butterflies and moths, in which the district is notably rich, has been a source of delight. Past Pashok the road still descends for four miles to the Teesta Valley, and we arrive at that bridge (630 feet above sea-level) already mentioned.

As we in comfort cross the beautiful Suspension Bridge, we recall an incident of twenty years ago connected with the previous cane structure. It was at the very beginning of the Mission work, when there were only three native Christians across the Teesta. A fearful visitation of cholera befell the district, and in June 1876 Mr. Macfarlane was hurrying from Darjeeling to Kalimpong with medicines to relieve the plague-stricken people. His own words, written at the time, will best describe the pathetic and instructive incident:—

On going down to the Teesta I found that crossing the river was a most difficult business. Sukhman (the catechist) came down to meet me. . . . He gave me a very sad account of the state of matters at Kalimpong. He told me that Raghubir (a Christian Goorkha crofter) was dead; that all in the house where he lived had fled as soon as he died; that Jungabir (the teacher) and he had dug his grave and buried him; but that before they had got the grave covered in Jungabir himself had been taken ill, and was then in a very critical state at

Kalimpong. Committing ourselves and all to God we went to cross the bridge. I had to take off my shoes and stockings to prevent my feet slipping on the round slippery bamboo at the bottom of the bridge. Sukhman was coming behind me carrying the bag containing the medicines I had brought with me. He somehow stumbled, and the bag fell off his back and went right through the bridge into the river below, and was lost. I was



A CANE BRIDGE.

thankful that Sukhman himself did not go through after it. When we reached the end of the bridge he was very disconsolate. He said that there were only three of them in Kalimpong, that God had taken one, that another had been seized by the fatal malady, and that we had lost the medicines which were being brought to give him. Had God cast them off? I encouraged him by reminding him of the record of Paul's sufferings recorded in the 11th chapter of the Second Epistle to

the Corinthians; and told him that very much worse things had befallen the apostle than had befallen us, but yet that it never struck the apostle that on account of them God had either forsaken him or abandoned the Gospel.

The ascent of Snowdon would fairly represent the climb from the bridge to Kalimpong, which is almost 4000 feet above sea-level. About three and a half miles up the shorter way (double that by the bullock-cart road) we suddenly get the first glimpse of the village, and he is a stolid man who will not be moved with feelings of glad surprise when it bursts upon his view. The Rev. A. Wallace Williamson of Edinburgh thus publicly expressed his feelings after a visit :—

He had looked upon most of the principal cities of Northern India, but the most inspiring sight he saw was not the great historical cities, or the mighty architectural wonders, or the majestic mountains, but just the scene which met his eye when he saw the village of Kalimpong and the little Guild Mission Church rising amongst the trees on its own wooded height.

It is perhaps the homeliness of the scene, so unexpected in the heart of the mountains, that appeals to the traveller's heart. The church tower which dominates the surrounding country is pleasantly suggestive of some parish kirk in the home land, and is truly



KALIMPONG AND THE MISSION COMPOUND.

prophetic of the future Church in the Himalayas. The Mission compound (or location) contains many other buildings. In front of the church is the Guild Mission-house, and below it again, at the corner of the Bazaar, is the Preaching House. The prominent buildings on the right ridge of the compound are (from back to front) the Charteris Hospital and doctor's house,<sup>1</sup> the Scottish Universities' Mission-house and the Training Institution. But of these and others we shall have a closer view later on. Now we hurry round the bend of the mountain, through the Bazaar, and, leaving the highway to Tibet which continues to the right, we enter the Mission compound and make our way up to one or other of the Mission-houses.

<sup>1</sup> The doctor's house was not built when the photograph was taken.