

A Sketch of the Life of Dr. Forman.

Dr. Henry Forman.

It is possible to reconstruct before the mind's eye the home into which Charles William Forman was born a hundred years ago to-day. The house is still standing, a half-mile outside the old town of Washington in the beautiful blue-grass region Kentucky so famous in song and story. When built by Forman's grandfather, with its broad hall way and spacious rooms, it attracted travellers out of their way to see it. And the wide hall way and rooms still testify to the generous spirit of' hospitality that moved the revolutionary ex-captain in planning his home in the newly opened country so recently forest. Nowhere in the world does the sun shine so beautifully, it seems to me, as on the deep rich verdure of that rolling country. And the beauty in those earlier times of forest and field in the marvelous days of spring and in the richer glory of autumn must indeed have filled and enlarged the souls of men.

Charles Forman was born of virile liberty-loving stock, of men who honoured, but did not fear, their fellowmen. The family had left England in 1645 rather than bow to Bishop Laud and the intolerance he represented. After finding a brief asylum in Flushing, they came to the New World and received a welcome and honourable treatment from the Dutch rulers of New Amsterdam (now New York) and a grant of land on Long Island. They named their settlement Flushing in grateful recognition of the town in Holland that had given them asylum. An hundred years later they were settled in Freehold, New Jersey, and a little later took their full part in the war of the American Revolution, not less than thirteen members of the family being combatants. After the Revolution, when the I movement for the emancipation of slaves was spreading in New Jersey, Captain Thomas Forman with his sturdy sons and daughters and eighty slaves trekked across the Blue Ridge Mountains to the rich cane-growing fields of "Kaintuckee," "the Dark and Bloody Ground" of the wars of the Indian tribes.

It is no wonder that the Captain's grandson Charles, born the ninth in a family of thirteen sons and daughters, in the glorious free atmosphere of the Kentucky of those days, in a community of unusual refinement, from which went out into the world men who did great service, it is no wonder, I say, that he who so faithfully to serve the people of the Punjab grew up in a home where all that makes for high and noble living, for faithfulness, manliness and honour, was held in highest esteem, though [29] religion and the religious life were held in scant respect because conceived of, as indeed too often presented then and, now by their votaries, as effeminate.

The turning point In Charles Forman's life came one quiet Sunday evening when he was a boy of 15, a muscular healthy boy with no liking for religion but high regard, for honour. On Sunday evenings the elder brothers and sisters came from their neighbouring homes to the "Homestead" for the weekly family reunion. On this evening one of the brothers brought with him Mr. McAboy, the young pastor of the Presbyterian Church in the village of Washington. A *padre* was an unusual guest. Conversation flagged. The responsible brother turned to the subject of religion. One of the others soon spoke disparagingly of Jesus Christ. The boy of 15 was grieved at such inexcusable discourtesy to a guest, and looked at the young minister, and was surprised to see only sorrow and pain on his face. "What," he thought, "does this man really care about Jesus Christ?" All my life I have thought religion a poor sort of commercial thing in which men of little spirit strike a bargain with

themselves, giving up the pleasures of this life in hope of greater pleasures hereafter. But this young minister evidently follows Christ because he loves and honours him.”

The impression of that evening was never effaced. Five years later, when 20 years of age, Charles Forman, of his own wish received baptism in the village church. In his old age he wrote thus of that day and event: “I felt that baptism was not merely a profession of faith but an act of solemn consecration, a surrender of myself to Christ to live for him alone.”

He looked about him for some way of service of Christ and his thought fixed on the many Negro slaves in the community. Few cared for them, and those who did feared to do anything lest they be thought to be in sympathy with the Abolitionists. But as he belonged to a leading slaveholding family, he knew the way was open to him. He put up a notice that on the next Sunday, he would meet and teach in a church in the village all slaves wanting to learn to read who would come with permits from their masters. He expected a class of six or eight. When he went to the church, he found it packed with men, all with permits, as their masters trusted the young teacher. He was helpless; he had never spoken to a company of men. He asked a young minister present to speak to them, and then dismissed the company. During that week he tried to find helpers, but those who cared were afraid to help lest it affect their social standing or their business. Thinking on these things led to his decision to become a minister of the Gospel. [30]

The next seven years were given to his course of four years in Center College, Kentucky, and to his theological course in Princeton Theological Seminary.

While in the Theological Seminary he came to his decision to be a foreign missionary. This was based on characteristic considerations. He said of it that the command of our Saviour, Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, was clear. Men were not going. The issue was simply one of obedience or disobedience to Christ’s command. Moreover, he thought that whatever work he might do in America Someone else would do if he did not, but the work he I would do in India would be left undone unless he did it. So against the desires of his heart he decided to go to India, yet in accord with a still deeper desire to follow Christ.

To go to India as a foreign missionary was not in those days what it is now. He set his face to this with the full expectation of never again seeing his people in America. Such a step was accounted great folly by many. He was ordained to the ministry in the old home church in Washington, Kentucky, and on that same day, as a family chronicler has written, “tore himself away amid the tears and lamentations of his family,” and started on the long journey to India.

Dr. A. A. Hodge, the saintly and lovable theologian of Princeton in after years, and his young wife were his companions on the voyage and on the mission to India, and my father was surprised and touched by the marked way in which Dr. Charles Hodge committed his son and daughter-in-law to his care. They sailed in the British barque *Coromandel* from Philadelphia to Calcutta, a journey of five months without sight of land save once of an island in the distance like a cloud.¹

1 SAILING OF MISSIONARIES The Rev A. Alexander Hodge and Mrs. Hodge and the Rev C. W. Forman embarked for Calcutta on board the British barque Coromandel Captain Pember at New York on the 12th of last month Mr. Hodge a son of the Rev. Dr. Hodge of Princeton is a member of the Presbytery of New Brunswick NJ and is appointed to the Allahabad mission. Mr. Forman is a member of the Presbytery of Ebenezer Ky and is designated to the Lodiana

Such a voyage would to many be tedious in the extreme, but to him it was a constant pleasure, and he left the ship with a feeling of regret. The moods of the sea and the wonders of the deep are not seen by those who plough swiftly through its waters on steamships that are floating palaces. But on all this I cannot now dwell.

They had stepped on the *Coromandel* at Philadelphia, and now after seeing only water and sky that are the common possession of all lands they stepped off in India. What a contrast! As they entered the Hooghly, the captain of the ship needed to hurry on to Calcutta, so he left the ship, and taking a rowboat, asking Mr. Forman to accompany him, went on ahead the 200 miles to Calcutta. A rowboat for hurrying is a comment on travel in those days!

In Calcutta Mr. Forman was the guest of Dr. Duff, and with mind eagerly bent on inquiries as to the manner of work he [31] should do in India, he had decided before he left the city, as the result of his conversations with that great pioneer of educational missions, that he would establish schools in which English would be taught and be the medium of instruction. This was soon after the battle had been won in the long strife between “the Orientalists” and the champions of present-day culture. Had the struggle been one over teaching the youth of Bengal in their vernacular or in English, one might well hesitate to rejoice unqualifiedly in the scales having turned to English. But it was not that. The only question was whether Sanskrit and Arabic or English should be the medium of instruction. It was a choice between continuing education in India in the dead languages of the two main religious communities or the only practicable living language that could give to the youth of India the knowledge of Western science and arts and open them the door of progress. Progress in arts and sciences through education in any dead language is a contradiction in terms. While many faults in the system of education in and through the English language may be pointed out, yet when one looks on the immeasurable transformation of Indian thought and life that has been the product of that education, no one can say that a mistake was made by Lord Bentinck and his government in their great decision in this matter, or by Dr. Duff and others in Bengal, or Mr. Forman and others in the Punjab, in leading the way in the establishment of schools in which English was to be the medium of instruction, of which schools the Rang Mahal in Lahore, with which so large a part of Mr. Forman’s life was identified, is the oldest in Lahore, and the College that bears his name one of the oldest of the Punjab colleges.

The journey from Calcutta to Lahore in those days took from three to five months. It took Mr. Newton five months in 1834 and cost about Rs. 1,500 for his small party. Mr. Forman had reached Calcutta in January 1848, and travelled as far as Allahabad with his

Mission We trust that they will be often commended by the gracious protection and blessing of God.

The missionary chronicle, Volumes 15-17, [Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. Board of Foreign Missions](#), [Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. Board of Home Missions](#). Mission House, 1847.

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friends Mr. and Mrs. Hodge. From there he travelled alone to Agra and stayed there for the summer, taking temporary charge of an Anglo-Indian congregation. He had been sent out by the Home Board with special reference to work in Lahore when that city should open. For fifteen years the missionaries of the American Presbyterian Mission waited at Ludhiana on the banks of the Sutlej for the opening of the Punjab proper. Mr. Forman was with them for the last few months of that waiting. In 1849 the British took over the province desolated by the fratricidal wars of the Sikhs. The Mission, which then had but seven members and had four stations already to provide for, hesitated as to whether they could at that [32] time enter the field at the door of which they had so long waited and prayed for the opportunity to enter. After earnest consultation and prayer it was decided with only one dissident voice to go forward at once, and Mr. Newton and Mr. Forman were appointed to the undertaking. Surely the history of the years that have passed since that day justifies our saying it seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to them.

In the Punjab proper at that time there were estimated to be but 3 million people, where there are now well on to 20 million; and the population of Lahore numbered 100,000, all living within the city walls. Outside the walls lay many square miles of desolation, the ruins of the ancient city, a city said to have been 20 miles in circumference at one time. As the missionaries approached the city they passed for some four miles through these ruins, an unrelieved desolation save that here and there it was dotted with the huts of a few poor folk. And all this existed only 70 years ago, where to-day one may drive along miles upon miles of perfect roads between beautiful compounds, well-watered gardens, handsome public and private edifices, and on approaching the city find that the general prosperity has resulted in the building of a city outside the old walls, those walls largely torn down as no longer needed for protection. The change is as great, if not as striking, all over North India. For another example we may look at Cawnpore. In the "thirties [*sic*], or at about that time, the Government at Calcutta asked the Collector of Cawnpore to report what taxes should be levied in the place. His answer was— "Cawnpore is so poor that the levying of any tax here is not practicable" : this of to-day's great manufacturing and commercial centre of North India.

Our missionaries were received kindly and sympathetically by the truly great men who were at the head of the province—Henry Lawrence, who died Governor-General designate of India, and his brother John, in after years Governor-General of India and Lord Lawrence. What a number of able, faithful, God-fearing men were given the Punjab in those early years—the Lawrences ; Robert Montgomery ; Donald McLeod, styled "Saint" by the people; Herbert Edwards, gentle as a woman, an indomitable warrior, a wise and able governor, and, above all, a humble true-hearted Christian; Reynell Taylor; John Nicholson; and a company of like minded men in the places of power. Well did John Lawrence say in after years when asked about the system that secured the astonishing success of the Punjab Government in the trying times that followed: "It is not our system; It is our men."

These great and true men were all through their lives sympathetic helpers to the Americans who came as the first [33] missionaries into the province. And it is no small testimony to the worth of these two men that they held the unvarying respect and regard of such men throughout life. Nor was there in them any half-heartedness caused by false ideas about neutrality in religion. The Lawrences recognized from the start that educationist missionaries brought what the people most needed, and that they would serve India best in helping these men. As to whether it was safe in those troublous times for the new

Government to favour missionaries, the position of the Lawrences could not be better expressed than in the words of their friend Herbert Edwards, who later on, when Commissioner of Peshawar, wrote: "I have no fear that the establishment of a Christian mission will tend to disturb the peace, ... We may be quite sure that we are much safer if we do our duty than if we neglect it, and that He who has brought us here will shield and bless us if in simple reliance upon Him we try to do His will," At another time when asked by the Governor-General whether a proposal of his was a safe one, he replied: "It is always safe to do right."

It was men of this type who ruled the Punjab in its early years as a British Province, and who welcomed Mr. Newton and Mr. Forman. The English community gave generously to the funds of the mission. Property was bought and houses and schools put up in the course of the next five years. At first the two missionaries lived in tents, but after some weeks they were able to rent the large house or *haweli* of the noted Sardar Ajit Singh. In this house, full of associations of grandeur, ambitions, plottings and catastrophes, the missionaries first lived. It was situated on high ground within the city walls and not far from the fort, with a garden with shade and fruit trees about it. Mrs. Newton with her three younger children now came from Ludhiana and joined her husband.

It was in January, 1850 that the school that was to have so marvellous [*sic*] an influence in Lahore was begun with an attendance of three pupils under a tree in the Ajit Singh compound. Ten days later the number of boys had increased to seven. Here Mr. Forman taught for 4½ hours a day and Mr. Newton for 2½ hours—two trained men, come all the way from America, sat thus day after day teaching seven suspicious and indifferent boys, But it was the ability to see the invisible in that school and the faithfulness from start to finish that accounted for the 2,000 boys in Mr. Forman's schools in Lahore 20 years later, and for his influence in that city, signs of which can be found among the people at every turn to-day.

The summer of 1850 was an exceptionally hot one, and the usual fever of August and September was most severe. Nearly [34] a tenth part of the British soldiers quartered at Lahore died of it. Mr. and Mrs. Newton and their children and Mr. Forman living within the city were repeatedly, and some of them desperately, ill. The Civil Surgeon, the good Dr. Madden, said they must get out of the city for a time at least, and himself took Mr. Forman into his bachelor quarters, while Sir Henry and Lady Lawrence took the Newton family as their guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton had to return to America that year as a result of their serious illnesses during the summer—their first furlough, taken after over 16 years in India. Mr. Forman did not go back to the Ajit Singh house in the city. It was given up. As no house was available for him outside the city walls, he took up his residence in a large tomb some three miles from the city in the midst of the desolate ruins already referred to. Few things in his life seem to me more noble than his living thus, though brought up in it home and community where plenty and good cheer abounded, self-contained and quietly firm, alone in that old massive tomb with its desolate surroundings, walking each morning into the city to teach full hours in his school and to preach to the people for hours before and after the school, then to return in the evening alone to his uncheerful dwelling, ever quiet, stayed and purposeful in spirit, following steadily the Christ to whose service he had given himself when a youth of 20.

The school had been moved during 1850 to a small chapel outside the city walls. In three months the number of pupils had increased to 57. There was then little desire for the new education for its own sake. The one question was, Is there money in it? And the prospect for billets in Government service for English-knowing young men was the drawing power.

Mr. Forman writes of the boys and their parents being afraid of the religious teaching. But he counted rightly on this not being a hindrance for long. Meanwhile he wisely planned his religious instruction so as not to give needless offence.

Mr. Guru Das Maitra, a young Bengalee Christian of marked ability, was engaged as Head Master, and his salary was soon raised to Rs. 50, which was looked upon as very extravagant by some in the Mission with whom "economy first" was the rule of life. Mr. Forman had to write to the Board in New York defending himself for this extravagance. He did so in a characteristic letter in which he insisted on the need for liberty in such matters, the importance of carrying on the school effectively, and the disagreeableness of having to defend himself. And he adds in a humorous vein that as such criticisms of him are likely to occur periodically, it might be well to keep his letter to be read again in reply to them. He was also charged [35] with extravagance in having a thermantidote to cool the air in the school where he was teaching 4½ hours a day. His reply was that he would not be justified in not providing in this simple way for efficiency and health, and pointing to the enormous expenditures caused by the breaking down of the health of missionaries.

In 1850 he ordered six hundred dollars worth of scientific apparatus for his school, saying to the Secretary, Dr. Lowrie, that if payment were not provided by contributors he would send an order on his small patrimony in America. The following year he wrote: "The apparatus has been received. I have worked with it a good deal. If you could have heard the 'Wah wah !' which came from every part of the room when the pith figures commenced dancing under the influence of electricity you would have been pleased. The microscope and compass are beautiful instruments. I trust Hinduism will be made to feel their power. Geography has already given it a blow in the minds of some of our pupils. Please send me the following articles at my expense: Astronomical telescope, price one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars; Globes and low stand, diameter 13 inches; Magic lantern, size, &c."

I speak of these incidents because they show the nature of the man. As to the reference to the effect of geography and the microscope on Hinduism, it serves to show how far the thought of Hindus has travelled since then and striven to harmonize through new interpretations its old books with the new knowledge.

The Rang Mahal, a large house in the heart of the city, was purchased in 1852. Its name was given to the school that was now moved there from the chapel; and there has stood, and still stands, the Rang Mahal School, so well known by Lahorites and by an who have taken an interest in mission work in Lahore. In 1856 the enrolment of pupils had reached 750. Government officials had learned to have confidence in Mr. Forman as a true educator. He was asked to begin a school in Gujrat, 75 miles distant, the officer in charge of the district offering to support the school if he would superintend it. Then the Gujranwala people asked him to become Superintendent of their school also, which he did. As if this were not enough, when he was visiting Rawalpindi on one of his preaching tours, 150 miles to the northwest of Lahore, the Deputy Commissioner with the co-operation of the leading Hindu and Mahommeden citizens put the three largest schools in that city under his

superintendence. He was in reality, as one of his old pupils said, the first Director of Public Instruction in the Punjab, though never a Government official. [36]

Limitations of time make impracticable the following further in such detail my father's life, even though you are gathered today to do him honour and want to hear of him only. I have been asked to speak especially of his work as an educator. If that means his work within school walls, it would cover a large part of his almost daily occupation for the 45 years he worked in Lahore. But to tell of this only would leave untouched his chief interest in life. He was a daily preacher of the Gospel. He was no orator, but in preaching as in the school he was pre-eminently the teacher. As the years passed he had preaching places at the Lohari Gate, the Delhi Gate, Hira Mandi and other points, and preached to the people day after day in his chapels and in the open air. He loved this work of talking to the people, in later years much as a father to his sons, on the chiefest interests of their lives. It refreshed and renewed his strength when tired and almost ill. Times without number when worn and tired with his day's work he would go, against the urging of those who would have him more careful of himself, into the city for the evening's preaching, and come back to his supper refreshed and cheered. He too "had meat to eat that others knew not of." His position in the Lahore community in his later years was one that no other man has ever enjoyed. When his school-boys had many of them risen to high places, it is told how he would hail a passing Justice in the Supreme Court or a leading administrator by name, and ask him to help him carry benches into the preaching hall when the outside preaching was over, and how those who were to the last proud of being his boys would cheerfully respond while people looked on in wonder. He was impatient of being thought of as merely an educational missionary. "When asked by some one in his old age what kind of mission work he believed in, he replied: "I believe in every kind." And his band was ready to help in every kind. Besides his daily work in schools and in preaching, he distributed tracts and books without number in his walks through the streets of Lahore. He conversed at shops with the shopkeepers and with men of all classes. He had a leading part in the establishment of the Punjab Religious Book Society. He secured the services of an Indian Christian Doctor, and for many years had a dispensary near the Delhi Gate; also he established a medical work for women. He loved to itinerate, to preach among the outlying towns and villages, going ill the early year's in his longer trips as far as Hurdwar, 250 miles to the east, and to Rawalpindi, 150 to the north-west, and all over the Lahore District. Quiet,² persevering, loving his work for the sake of the people he might help, strong in body and spirit, though not a brilliant man at all, he worked on, in season and out of season, with [37] the result that his life was to many a savour of life unto life, and he is thought of to-day with loving reverence by great numbers in the city.

He was married in July 1855 after being 6½ years in India to Margaret, the eldest daughter of John Newton, his fellow missionary, soon after her return at the age of 20 from her school life in America. Their home in Lahore, lacking in every luxury in its simplicity of furnishing and fare, was one whose hospitality was enjoyed by numberless people, and the sweetness and beauty of its life was remembered and talked lovingly of by guests in years long after, when those who had been welcomed there as new recruits to India had become old men and women, and the kindly hosts had long since passed into the seen presence of the God they loved and served.

² The text has "Quite", but it does not fit the context.

The year of the Mutiny, 1857, was a year of many anxieties and of much disturbance in the work of our missionaries at Lahore, though no actual outbreak took place there. Disease as well as the sword claimed its victims. Mrs. Forman was near death's door, with typhoid fever in the Fort at Lahore, while her mother lay dying of the same disease in Subathu—a beautiful spirit, first of the women of the Presbyterian Church of America to come to India as a missionary. She laid down her life among the people to whom she had given it after 22 years of service. It was given to her husband to serve all for 33 years longer, filling out his almost 56 years of faithful service. Of their four sons and two daughters all returned to India as missionaries, Mrs. Forman being the eldest and first to return, one of the first, if not the first, unmarried lady to come to India from the American Presbyterian Church.

We cannot leave the Mutiny year without a look at those Sikh soldiers, valiant men, who but eight years before had so nearly conquered the British armies that the fate of the Empire trembled in the balance, and who when beaten had gone back to their home life in their villages, who now in response to the call of their new rulers poured out from those villages to strengthen and establish the British power, whose loyalty and courage now saved British rule in India. What finer testimony could there be to the men, some of whose names have already been dwelt upon, whose honour, faith and wisdom in those eight short years turned enemies into devoted adherents. Thus in our own time was South Africa honourably again to the saving of the Empire.

In 1862 this College that bears his name was founded by my father after much careful thought. Its halls and hostels and its 850 students to-day show that the step he then took was a right [38] and wise one. In that same year a notable missionary conference was held in Lahore. It was convoked for consultation in facing that period of reconstruction. Some of the leading civilians of the Punjab, as Edwardes, Cust and others, as well as a large number of the missionary body, were present. Mr. Forman read a paper on "Schools: How can they be made in the highest degree auxiliary to the work of evangelizing the country." The terms used accurately reflected his thought, The supreme thing for India's good was always with him the Gospel, the Word of his Divine Leader. The school was ever ancillary to this. His leading points too were characteristic. They were :-- (1) the Principal of a school should regard the teachers as his friends and fellow-labourers; (2) religious and secular readings should not be intermingled in the Readers, as the teacher of reading may be quite unfit to give religious instruction; (3) the Bible should not be taught as an ordinary text-book. It is the spirit that avails. The teacher must be a prepared man. His manner and spirit will tell; (4) in a mission school Christian teachers are to be preferred if they are worthy men and good teachers but not otherwise; (5) avoid awakening the spirit of emulation in pupils,³ Give rewards for merit, not for excelling others; (6) grants-in-aid from Government are to be accepted, as they make it possible to teach and help upward a much greater number of pupils, and they make for efficiency, yet there is danger in unduly exalting efficiency. Sir Donald McLeod added his quota to this discussion, urging in a rarely beautiful spirit that missionaries should not refuse the grants-in-aid offered by Government.

Mr. Forman, notwithstanding his powerful physique, could not endure with impunity the strain he put upon himself in the wearing climate of Lahore. Before 1867 he had several breakdowns, and early in that year, after 19 years in the country, he was forced to take his

3 The original text has the misspelling "pupils" for "pupils."

first furlough to America as the only means of restoring an almost hopelessly deranged liver.

I can remember events on that long journey to Calcutta; and then four months on the sea without sight of land save once of the coast of Africa in the dim distance, and the arrival in Boston harbour in the spring, the beauty of its islands and the greenness of their grass. But there is no time to dwell on the incidents of that voyage. After some time in America my father settled for the time being in Lexington, Kentucky, and with partially restored health he looked about for useful employment, and thought again of the little cared for Negroes about him. Only three years had passed since the Civil War had ended. The Negro with his new independence and feeling that he was the pet of the Northerner was not an agreeable neighbour to the Whites. His spiritual and moral needs were desperate, but the prejudice against him was great. My father knew he must face social [39] ostracism in working among this class. But again the way of following Christ was clear, and he endured the ostracism. Many years after he said to me that it was the hardest experience of his life; that repeatedly he would clench his hands and set his teeth and say "I will not give up." The Christian community that so sneeringly tabooed him little knew or cared for the mental suffering they caused him and his devoted wife.

He was called back to India in 1869, when yet scarcely restored to health, by the word that Mr. Henry, a missionary of rare promise who had taken his place in the college, had died suddenly of cholera, My father and mother then left the four elder of their seven children in America, the mother never to see three of them again, and brought the three younger out to India with them. That parting in a little town in New Jersey in September 1869 will never be forgotten by those then separated. My mother felt most deeply and long the separation from the youngest of the four children she was leaving her boy Frank, who was less than eight years of age, and at that time a delicate child. How her heart longed for him and the others only those mothers can know who have known the separation. For this distressing separation was only one of thousands and thousands of such that have been borne, and must be borne, in empire-building, whether of earthly empires or the Kingdom of Heaven among men. And the love and sympathy of those who know and understand go out chiefest and above all to the noble band of women, "of whom the world was not worthy," the mothers who have borne and are bearing not only the great pain of parting from their children, but the long-drawn-out dull heart-crushing pain of separation for years or for life, with their straining hearts and straining eyes watching for the home-mail and word of "the children," letters that so often failed them or were, as children's letters will be, empty of the things they long to know. For them the beatitude was surely spoken, "Blessed are ye that hunger now, for ye shall be filled."

I cannot refrain from quoting here words written concerning my mother by William Morrison soon after my father's death: "In any estimate of a man's character and career one needs to consider one important element which does much to make or mar them. But I dare not trust myself to write of the sweet piety, the womanly charms, the calm but unassuming dignity and quiet efficiency with which the first Mrs. Forman presided over his home. Her children would be unworthy of her if they do not rise up and call her blessed. Even when unable to rise from the couch of suffering it used to amaze me to watch her directing all the machinery of the household with admirable order and efficiency and wonderful gentleness." [40]

Mrs. Forman's death occurred in 1878, after a long and painful illness. Two years later Mr. Forman took his second furlough to America, being absent from India only some nine months. At this time he left his younger children in America and returned alone to his sadly lonely home in Lahore. In 1882 he was married to Georgiana Lockhart, and for the remaining 15 years of his life the sorrows of a desolated home gave place to the peace of restored one. Of the three children born of this marriage one died in infancy, and two are now living in America.

I cannot follow the details of my father's life further. Time forbids, and perhaps it is needless. The years that followed as those that had passed were full of work among the people to whom he had given his life—humdrum work, much the same thing day after day for many years. School work followed up for years and years is not exciting occupation. Daily preaching to unsympathetic hearers, preaching of which the preacher must cry, "who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" is not exhilarating. To simply keep on steadily at it is no small victory of the spirit. But to do this and keep fresh in it, as free and glad of spirit in the last year as in the beginning, as assured of the final blessedness of the faith of Jesus Christ being entered into by the people of India when closing his life and life-work, with its meagre result in statistics as he had felt when he first set out for India, an assurance born of faith in him to whom he had consecrated his life in baptism when 20 years of age, and a peace of heart and unfailing cheer that grew deeper with the years, all this could only come from dwelling habitually in the fellowship of the Spirit, in which fellowship all that is mean and unworthy shrivels and dies, all that is of life, even the life eternal, grows and still grows.

He closed his work and his life in 1894 at 73 years of age. None who saw the great concourse of Hindus, Mahommedans and Christians who gathered on that sultry afternoon in August to express their love and reverence in the last solemn act of taking the body to its resting place; who saw young men who without regard to religion or caste carried the coffin on their shoulders, and who removing the horses drew the hearse; who saw the great crowds that followed, insisting that the funeral procession pass through the city, which was not according to law, and the thousands that looked with grief on the coffin that contained all that was mortal of the man who had so long shown himself their friend,—those who saw all this can never forget it, or fail to give thanks to God that among men faith and love still answer to love and faithfulness.

In closing I would emphasize one characteristic that I account needful of imitation in these troublous times when [41] class-hatred and contempt are so constantly stirred and appealed to for political ends by unworthy men all the world over, and to an unhappy and dangerous degree in India. I refer to his respect for his fellowmen. Not that he would account the foolish man wise nor the churl noble, but he despised no class and no man because of his race or class. He treated rich and poor, the man of influence and the humble, respectfully because of his feelings of real regard for them. Only where there is this inner attitude of heart and mind can there be fellowship with others, and only where there is real fellowship, can anyone help his fellowmen.

The teachings he gave broadcast in school and in chapel and on the streets of Lahore for so many years, and his faithful glad following of Christ and his fellowship of years with the Holy Spirit, walking with God till God took him to Himself such are in word and in deed the Gospel that can save India to-day from possible ruin, and bring its people into the life that is life indeed. [42]