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THE
ALABASTER
BOX

The Story of
JANET
IRELAND
HOARE

By
T. B. ADAM

**THE
CAREY
PRESS**



**19,
FURNIVAL
STREET**

THE ALABASTER BOX



DR. JANET HOARE AND HER MOTHER

THE ALABASTER BOX

The Story of
JANET IRELAND HOARE
Who gave her life for Christ and India

By

T. B. ADAM,

Deputy Director of the Medical and Sanitary Service Nigeria (Retd.)

*When she brake the box of ointment the house was filled
with the fragrance thereof.*

LONDON:
THE CAREY PRESS
19, FURNIVAL STREET

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ILLUSTRATIONS

Dr. Hoare and Her Mother
Roedean School
The Chapel at Roedean
The Hospital at Palwal

A CHALLENGE TO YOUTH

Culled from Papers returned from India.

“ Christ calls for a devotion which submerges all human relationships, and which has no reservations. He asks for a grip on the plough which tightens rather than relaxes as the years pass. In His plan there is no place for the look behind, and everything else must be subordinated to the supreme challenge, ‘ Go thou and preach the Kingdom of God.’ Does anyone call that a hard saying? Undoubtedly it is, but the essence of Christian service is in it, and we follow Christ when we go the way of the Cross.”

THE VERY LAMP OF THEIR HOME
THEY GAVE

A FOREWORD

BY SYDNEY WALTON, C.B.E., M.A., B.Litt.

THE far landscapes drew near to us in the White Cottage on Harrow Hill that last week of Janet Hoare's sojourn in England. We were entertaining Dr. T. R. Glover, whose "Jesus," we recalled, was written during long journeyings in India. It is, indeed, a lovely book which to me takes on even richer significance from the fact that it was composed in the vast, eager, hungry spaces of the East, where others compete with Jesus for the heart's throne. And the last night but one before her departure, Janet and her father and mother, the Rev. H. G. and Mrs. Hoare, our neighbours, spent some hours with us, winsome hours. We spoke little of her going; we dared not, such words might have released the hidden tears. For by instinct we knew what Mr. and Mrs. Hoare were feeling as they sat at

our fireside. They were giving to India their only daughter, the very lamp of their home, at a time when the lamp was precious, for the dusk cometh. Long and lonely and aching hours were to be for them the sequel to this sacrifice. But "My joy shall be in you and your joy shall be fulfilled"; to themselves these dear people did confess an inmost gladness that as bride of Christ's Janet was going to India. Both sad and glad must the vine be when the fruit is taken from the branch. It feels the hurt of the taking but rejoiceth that the wine may be sacramental.

* * * *

Janet was conscious of the cost her ain folk were paying, but she kept the tears under, and radiant was she that eventide in the White Cottage. Eagerly she talked, and together we looked at my books, especially the poets, those wondrous priests and prophets who penetrate into the holy places. And she seized upon Tagore with zest, to read the scriptures of truth and beauty which have arisen from his meditations. If Tagore were by me at this hour, I could find in him, no doubt, some parable which could illumine Janet's gift of herself to India and bring home to our bosoms

the mystical meaning of the same. But I was thinking of Dr. Glover's "Jesus," written in India where strange temples are, thinking that Janet was about to fulfil the book in India where it was written, was setting forth to make Jesus known by the compassion of her own pulses, showing forth and proving that the Jesus of History liveth and loveth evermore. The book and the young missionary seemed to me that night to be as a song which one has written and a singer who shall sing the song.

* * * *

And when, after two or three brief months, the dark news came and we were hushed to silence, the tide from the sea (as Tennyson in "In Memoriam" has it) stilling the lesser waves of the river, there dawned at last within me something of the tender brightness of the first Easter morn. I saw Janet Hoare, not dead beneath the far and yellow-flowering trees, but arisen, her spirit released to speak to you and me and to all the churches. When Lincoln died, someone said he belonged to the ages. Janet Hoare went out to Palwal as a doctor-servant of the Lord she loved; she abides as an inspiration; spirit to spirit she doth speak. I feel humble in her presence; her

heroism (though Janet herself would have denied the word, the true heroine never knowing her own bravery, which is but her blossoming) accuseth me ; she gave so much and we tend to be such niggards of our giving. But it spurreth me, constraineth me, and I am convinced that every reader of Dr. Adam's sincere and moving chronicles, wherein the tale is told of Janet Hoare's devotion, will rise from the reading ennobled, quickened, purified.

So will Janet live in us, and so will India be brought near to our bosoms. And at the hour of my writing this simple Foreword, India is much in our thoughts, and it is not easy to understand ; but this we know (and like rock it stands above the surge of tumultuous waters) that only through the love and faith and wisdom which the soul derives through Christ can come to India and to all the world a peace and joy nevermore to be shaken or destroyed. The Jesus of History and the Jesus in Janet (if reverently I may say it) are one, the same yesterday, to-day and for ever.

The White Cottage,

Harrow-on-the-Hill.

August, 1930.

THE ALABASTER BOX.

I.

EARLY YEARS

“Except a grain of wheat . . . die.”

NOTHING so readily inspires to lofty thoughts and deeds as does the life of sacrifice for others—“Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends,” said Jesus. Unfolding thus the very heart of beauty He declared it to be love, and set His seal upon it with His own life so freely given for all the world—the alien, the unworthy. The great recital of the Epistle to the Hebrews may be continued unto this day, telling of those who counted not their lives dear unto them. Their memory is honoured most in the response to the call to love unto sacrifice implicit in their noble lives.

The missionary enterprise, seeking to minister to the needy, to seek that which was lost, abounds in such sacrifice. It is a

life of adventure, with the risks of strenuous work in an adverse climate, the perils and uncertainties of life from riots, revolutions, brigandage, and wars, and especially for the medical missionary from intimate contact with those suffering from infectious communicable disease, a high risk in lands where the elements of hygiene and sanitation are unknown to the mass of the people.

But yesterday there went one from our midst—Janet Ireland Hoare—to a life of loving service in that great land of our Indian Empire, and already within three months another name is added to the list of honour and to the cost of a world's saving. It is one casualty among many in the great campaign, and some may be tempted to inquire why this waste of ointment, for these splendid lives so sacrificed could have rendered high service in the homeland. The "Why" of this apparent waste, the inspiration of the account of one more splendid adventurer, and the urgent need and call for other adventurers to take up and carry on this noble work, is the purpose of this little brochure.

Janet Hoare was blessed with a godly heritage. She came of a good stock. Her

grandfather on her mother's side, James Wishart of Kirkcaldy, was a linen manufacturer. He took a foremost place in Baptist life in Scotland, and in 1910 was President of the Scottish Baptist Union. According to Scottish custom, Janet was named, after her maternal grandmother, Janet Ireland.

On her father's side also there was sterling worth. Her grandfather was a captain in the merchant service, a man of simple faith and fine Christian character. Her father, minister of the South Harrow Baptist Church, has spent his years and strength in fostering new causes. Janet was the eldest child, and was born on October 10th, 1902, in Dunfermline, Fifeshire, Scotland, just after the completion of her father's five years' ministry in the West Church.

At the age of six weeks she was brought to Harrow, where her father had settled in succession to the Rev. Watson Dyson, father of Sir Frank Dyson, the Astronomer Royal, and the first twelve years of her life were spent in Harrow. Even in early childhood she showed a certain piquancy and winsomeness of disposition which attracted all who met her. In any group of children she was quickly given the central place. The present

headmistress of St. Margaret's School, attended by Janet for five years, writes: "I did not come to Harrow to take charge till after Janet had left, but her memory was still green and her teacher often talked of her."

She was very desirous of going to boarding school, and at the age of thirteen was transferred to Milton Mount College, then occupying the building of the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester. At the beginning of the summer term in 1918, she was removed to Roedean, and in that great school, so beautifully situated between Brighton and Rottingdean, her happiest school days were spent and lifelong friendships formed. She threw herself with great ardour into athletics and games, and became an expert swimmer, and later in her college career she sometimes represented London University at the inter-collegiate swimming contests. The headmistress of Roedean, Miss P. L. Lawrence, to whose enterprise the school owes so much, writes of Janet, "She was so bright and original, with a great sense of fun, but always much serious purpose behind, and she has done so well in her short life."

Passing the London Matriculation in

January, 1920, Janet devoted the remainder of her school career to preparation for the first medical examination.

Brought up in a godly home, there was never a time when she did not love the Saviour, and her devotion to Him was confessed at the age of eleven, after a service for children at the Harrow Baptist Church. She was baptized in 1917, before returning to school after the summer vacation, and shortly after her baptism she recorded her resolution to live out to the full the new life symbolized by the ordinance, "I have been buried with Christ, and have risen again in Him. Now sin hath no more dominion over me. Five weeks ago, when I was baptized, I put away for ever the old life and put on the new. Oh, Jesus, help me to abide in Thee and never go back to the life of self-pleasing."

"Jesus, now I come to Thee ;
Help me more Thy child to be.
Daily walking in Thy grace,
Till in Heaven I see Thy face."

We shall see with what constancy and persistence she strove to be loyal to this resolution.

School days should always be happy days, and they were so with Janet, especially

at Roedean. This early serious decision in no way marred the gaiety of her spirit, which was indeed enhanced by the steady undercurrent of high purpose. Entering into the life of the school, she showed not only a great capacity for fun but a vivid imagination. This is seen in books of sketches she did while at school, which have been found among her private possessions. Many of them are very amusing, suggested by some humorous incident or interesting adventure. She had a real gift for representing her ideas in pictorial fashion, and this proved helpful in her subsequent medical studies and examinations, at which she commonly illustrated her answers by sketches.

The Roedean School magazine, in printing some of her contributions, shows that she had some literary leanings and merit, and a facility for poetic expression. A selection is here produced of some of her efforts.

BOTHER THAT BELL!

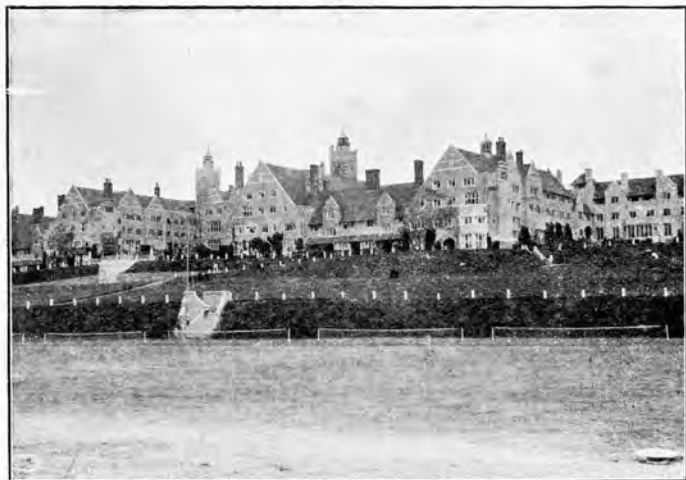
Bother that bell—

Clang, clang, clang goes that awful bell,

Waking us up with the kipper's smell

To Maths and Latin and French as well;

Bother that bell!



ROEDEAN SCHOOL



THE CHAPEL AT ROEDEAN

I was dreaming such a lovely dream,
Thought I was in the cricket team
Bowling against a strawberry cream ;

Bother that bell !

I simply cannot get up just yet,
My bathroom's nipped for hours—you bet,
My bed's so warm, the day's so wet ;

Bother that bell !

BATHING BEFORE BREAKFAST

The soft wet sand, the dashing spray,
The grey sky showing streaks of day,
The swelling breakers rolling in,
Races between white horses grim.
Garlands of seaweed on the rocks
Where mermaids comb their golden locks,
One swift rush into icy foam,
One plunge—and then away for home.
One race across the sandy beach,
Skipping the little waves that reach
To kiss my feet as I rush by,
While the circling seagulls moan and cry.

A SUMMER'S DAY

How can Heaven be far away
On a glorious summer's day?
What more fair than a day in June
When all the thrushes sing in tune,
When bees buzz round the tall sunflowers
And fairies dance in violet bowers.
Who can deny that God is good,
Who gives not only daily food,
But all this splendid glorious world
With dewdrops on the clover pearl'd,
And sunshine laughing through the leaves,
And ripened corn in golden sheaves ?

ORDER MARKS

They drop upon me from the skies,
 Orders and "puncs" and all,
 Round me they surge in seething crowds
 For faults both great and small.

While still my eyes are closed in sleep,
 Orders are hanging round :
 "Sorry you've got an order mark,
 Books on the floor I found."

Never can I get up in time,
 Always a "punc" I get ;
 Many a year I've tried in vain,
 Never succeeded yet.

Hard-hearted ones prepare my doom,
 Never a thought give they ;
 What can it matter—an order mark ?
 Thus it goes on all day.

Oh ! all ye higher powers above,
 Doling out order marks ;
 Remember the days when you were young
 And even you had larks.

THE BLACKBIRD'S SONG

The blackbird sang in the apple tree, the blackbird
 sang in June ;

He sang a happy song in May, but this was a merrier
 tune.

There are five blue eggs in our little nest at the top
 of the tallest tree,

And nobody else in the whole wide world is nearly
 as happy as we.

The blackbird sang in the apple tree when spring
had passed away,
And the merriest song he ever sang was the one he
sang that day.

“ There are five little birds in our cozy nest on the
top of the tallest tree,
And no one else in the whole wide world is nearly as
happy as we.”

Naturally bright, yet she aimed at being cheerful and happy, as an entry in her diary reveals : “ I think my object in life is to be cheerful and happy, and cheer other people up. The girls at school say my face makes them laugh, so that’s something to start with ! Next term I am going to see how cheerful, industrious, kind, helpful, friendly, neat and punctual I can be.”

Her mind and thought turned early toward her future work, for at the age of fifteen she wrote in her diary : “ A lady spoke about India this evening at our school service, and I feel that God wishes me to go there. Can I dash all my hopes to the ground and leave my darling parents, and go so far away ? Jesus will give me strength ; surely for His dear sake I can make the sacrifice ” ; and later, “ I have almost made up my mind to be a medical missionary.”

Through alternating fear and hope, conviction settled into a steadfast life purpose, but not without conflict. At the age of seventeen she made this entry in her diary : " In my last letter to Mum I told her that I did not want to be a doctor now. There are many reasons for this decision. (1) Miss — tells me she does not think I should take up chemistry, because I find it extraordinarily difficult and don't seem to have any bent for it. (2) I am sure I am not strong enough ; if I work a bit harder than usual, I get so headachy, tired and heavy. (3) I am the only daughter, and think I ought to be at home with Mummie more, and help her, as I could never do if I went to college. (4) There are three boys to bring up. I know Mum and Dad don't grudge it, but I am not worth the expense. (5) I am not studious by nature. (6) Most important of all—I have no brains." A few weeks later, however, she wrote, " I *am* going to be a doctor after all—it was only sheer laziness that led me to my former decision ; though I tried to cheat myself into believing that other excellent reasons had led to it." In other places her diary shows similar fluctuations : " I am absolutely determined to be a doctor,

however much hard work it means . . . You can do such a lot of good—though I would much rather attend little children at a hospital or nursing home. It may be shirking, but I do not want to face the terrible illnesses of older people.” “I wonder if I shall ever really be a doctor? I always imagine myself one, but in between lies a barrier that seems almost insurmountable. But with God’s help I mean to surmount it.”

As the years passed, there steadfastly burned that inner desire born of the need of India in Janet Hoare as she listened to the earnest words of a missionary and heard the call of God to service. This call, in face of difficulties and temptations, she honoured by obedience—“Ready to do whatsoever my Lord the King shall appoint.”

II

COLLEGE AND PREPARATION

“Take unto you the whole armour.”

THE most important as well as the most interesting study is surely mankind, and not least in interest and import are the underlying motives and springs of life. It has been said that one of the most serious problems of the present day is to find for our young people a substitute for the romantic adventure of war. Here is romantic adventure indeed, which makes, not for the destruction and impoverishment of life, but for the high purpose of a world's saving. It is life at its best, which seeks not wealth nor fame nor power, personal gain nor social status, but, in humble obedience to the Christian's commission, the inestimable privilege of sharing the outlook and purpose of Jesus, to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, to bring in the Kingdom of God. This is a call to service and a career full of interest which has indeed no equal.

Action swiftly followed decision, and in the autumn of 1921 Janet went up to college for the study of medicine, entering the London School of Medicine for Women. Here and at the Royal Free Hospital she pursued her studies with earnestness and purpose, and her record was one of unbroken success. The medical course is the most strenuous of any that can be taken. The wide range of study extending into collateral sciences, of which at least a working knowledge is required, and the mass of detail that has to be mastered and largely memorized, calls for close attention and continuous application, leaving little time for other interests if the laying of a really adequate foundation and a satisfactory training in methods of inquiry and treatment are to be attained.

She applied herself to these tasks with wide-eyed interest and glowing enthusiasm, and their very magnitude created a thirst for knowledge and stimulated her to the output of all her energies, almost to impatience with the limitations of life. She writes thus in her diary: "Why isn't life longer, why is time wasted in sleeping? There is such a tremendous amount to be done and thought and said and read, that

I don't know where to begin. I want to be a doctor and a teacher and a lawyer and a manufacturer and a sailor and a police-woman. I am simply thirsting for knowledge now, knowledge of every sort ; and I am drinking it in as fast as I can. The days seem far too short for all I want to find out, and life is glorious, glorious ! ”

Yet in spite of her indefatigable energy in pursuit of knowledge she found time to take a large part in Christian work. She found time for intercourse and co-operation with ardent Christian workers, and at the same time entered enthusiastically into the life of college and hospital. She strongly supported the Christian organizations in college, doing her utmost to stimulate interest in the devotional meetings of the Student Movement and the London Interfaculty Christian Union. These societies are by no means identical in their theological beliefs, but she saw the good in both, the element of unity in aim and the devotion, and sought to bring them together. She helped in the Girls' Crusader Movement in settlements like that of Bermondsey, where her influence was ever exerted to lead others to Christ.

A fellow-student in the hospital writes :
“ I cannot tell you what a help Janet was to

all of us at hospital, especially to those of us who used to help down in Bermondsey. I know there are girls there who owe their conversion to her and will never forget her."

In the Sunday school at Chiswick she was for a time leader of the Primary Department. During holidays she gave much time to keeping in touch with the Children's Special Service Mission at various resorts. Sports were not neglected either, for she took a full part in the life of college and hospital, and indeed excelled in swimming, taking a good place in competitions.

As in school, so in college, she was in the heart of everything, for she possessed a singularly attractive personality. The happy blending of gaiety and fun with a serious purpose in all things brought out to the fullest the very joy of life. Mingled with intellectual vigour and strength of character was the *naïveté* and sweetness of a child. She had a lively sense of imagination, a sense of humour, a wealth of sympathy and an utter lack of selfishness. She was always more distressed with the failures of her friends than elated by her own successes.

This period of strenuous study and work was a time of real testing. The impact of so many new and often disturbing facts—

facts of science and facts of life—suffering, poverty, the seamy side of things and people, brought fresh conflict-raising questions, not only of faith but of motive. It is sometimes said, with, alas, only too much truth, that a long course of study in science oftentimes chills the spiritual life and has been known to turn students from their missionary purpose.

In these selections from her diary there is revealed something of this inner turmoil, the quotation and study of which may well be helpful to others: "I have just discovered what a conceited snob I am, and it has given me a nasty shock. Now whenever I meet anyone I am going to see how many nice things I can find out about them instead of picking them to pieces. I am terribly ignorant and yet I think myself so clever; I badly need taking down, and hope to get a good snub. I was even beginning to think I was cleverer than my own mother, the best and cleverest woman in the world! Prig! Snob! Ugh! I hate you—you are going to die to-night." In another place we read, "I am two people in one, like R. L. Stevenson's Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. The nice part of me is called Janet, the naughty selfish part is Jane. Jane is very

hard to beat—she seems to be made of india-rubber. As soon as I manage to push her down she jumps up again. And she seems much more persevering than Janet; that's because it is so much easier to be naughty than good." But "Janet" triumphed, and the secret is found in the fact that the love of Christ became the ruling passion of her life. "All for Jesus," was her motto, and through the long years of ardent professional study the desire to serve her Lord took ever firmer hold of her life.

Some other entries show the conflict of faith and the development of her spiritual life. "I have just found this verse tucked away in an old Bible, and it seems a direct message to me :

"That Thou shouldst love me as Thou dost
And be the God Thou art,
Is darkness to my intellect,
But sunshine to my heart.

"I have been worrying needlessly about such things as the divinity of Jesus lately, but now my heart is perfectly at rest, though I am going to continue my investigations. I am going systematically through the four gospels, picking out all references to our Lord's divinity."

“Just before and after I was baptized I seemed to get very close to Jesus. I thought of Him continually, and was so happy, but gradually I seemed to become cold and indifferent. I prayed hard that I might get close to Jesus again, and my prayers are being answered. Now the darkness has vanished, and it is dawn ; but the full rays of the Sun will not be here till I see Him face to face.”

“I have just been reading Morris’s ‘News from Nowhere.’ It is a beautiful ideal, but impracticable, I think. After all, happiness is found in endeavour and not in attainment. Success is disappointing after the more bracing joys of the struggle.

“Mr. and Mrs. —, missionaries, have been staying with us this week-end, and I have been arguing the whole evening with Mrs. — about the inspiration of the Bible and evolution. All I can say that I honestly believe at present is this—that God is the Spirit of Love, and therefore the way to please Him is to love one another. Everything else of importance leads on from that, and I cannot see that anything else really matters.”

An entry some three years later :

“We are hypocrites before God. We ask Him to use us, and when God is wanting

an instrument we are out of touch with Him. How often He is disappointed! How often He receives these extravagant offers of service, and then, when the time for service comes, we are busily engaged elsewhere! Oh, that we could walk all the time with God, that in our busiest moments we could be as close to Him as when we pray. Only so can we be His instruments and of the slightest use to Him Who saved us."

"The greatest musician cannot produce music without the medium of the instrument. And God cannot play His wonderful music without us—for we are His instruments. Sometimes the music sounds discordant to our ears, but we are too close. What to us is a strange medley of sound, to the angels is Divine Harmony. The only real discords are when the strings do not respond to the musician's finger."

Janet maintained the spiritual glow by daily systematic Bible study and prayer, and as the years passed those who knew her best noted a remarkable unfolding in character and mental power. This is attributable to her complete surrender to Christ. During the long and strenuous years of college she might have said like Paul, "The life I now live, I live by the faith of the Son of God

Who loved me and gave Himself for me."

During her college career she exercised a fine influence on her fellow students. One of these writes :

"As I think of Janet I think of that verse, 'Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.' She was pure in heart and full of enthusiasm and love. In a letter she wrote me saying how much being at Bermondsey had helped her, it seemed to her that the order of life was take, break, make. How true that has been of her. She did indeed adorn the doctrine, and her life among us will always be a source of strength and inspiration."

Another fellow student writes :

"Janet was always so popular at the Royal Free Hospital. I got to know her through the Student Christian Movement, though a good deal junior to her. She was one of the leading lights in it and did a lot to reconcile the Unions."

The course of study was completed with much success, and she gained the gold medal for Gynæcology. She sat for the final examinations for the conjoint qualification in March, 1927, and was successful. In the following May she sat and passed

the degree examinations, and graduated in **Medicine and Surgery** at the London University.

At this period it is of the highest importance to obtain clinical experience at the larger hospitals, especially for those going abroad, who in the absence of specialists have to shoulder all the more serious responsibilities. Therefore for some months after graduating she assisted Dr. Orissa Taylor at the Islington Medical Mission. Dr. Taylor writes of this: "She just 'blew into' the Islington Medical Mission like a breeze of fresh air and a ray of sunshine blended. Vivacity and spontaneity marked all her work among us, and she certainly radiated health and joy. We loved the way she kept her eyes steadily fixed on the mission field abroad, and the thorough self-abandonment in which she prepared for that work while she was with us. The patients here at Islington Medical Mission loved her, and the whole staff unanimously cared for her."

She also devoted a few weeks to the work of the Kensal Rise Medical Mission. She was then appointed resident casualty surgeon at the Royal Free Hospital, and on the expiry of the usual six months she was

appointed resident surgeon at the Ashton-under-Lyne General Hospital. In all her hospital work she quickly gained the affection of the patients. In Lancashire she completely won the hearts of the people, and was herself attracted by them, so that she declared that had she remained in England she would rather settle with them in the north of England as a general practitioner than anywhere else.

She was now ready, fully equipped for the medical work, and in November, 1928, made her application to the Baptist Missionary Society for work in India as a medical missionary. This is a trying ordeal, for the most searching inquiry is directed upon the candidate to ensure not only that she is physically sound and thoroughly equipped for the work, but that she has the necessary Christian life and message, and a clear call to service.

In the papers accompanying her application there is an interesting remark on the ideal of a missionary: "Not one who desires to be a leader but a servant . . . for His sake." It was not just as a scientist or trained practitioner, but as a disciple of Christ, in love and personal devotion to Him, to show His love and to follow His

example, to make known His redeeming grace and to lead sin-sick folk to the Divine Physician, that she dedicated her gifts and training. She was first of all a Christian—and all else came second.

Her statement of her faith and her missionary message was: "I believe God is like Jesus Christ, and He was incarnate in Jesus to redeem men from their sin, and to bring them back to communion with Himself. A Christian is one who believes in the Historical Jesus, and that He lived to bring men to God, and died to break the power of sin. Everyone has to take the definite step of faith for himself, and then, having been 'born again,' that is, having started life afresh on a different basis, has to keep his spiritual life vigorous by constant communion and companionship with the Living Christ. This experience is for all who will accept it, and is the means of entering on the fullest, happiest life—'everlasting life.'"

She was accepted by the Committee, who recommended for her special preparation six months' study at the United Free Church of Scotland Missionary Training College for Women in Edinburgh.

Miss Mackenzie, Principal of the College, writes: "It is not easy for girls who have

recently qualified and whose professional career now lies before them to withdraw to some extent from the studies which have been occupying them intensely during their university course, and to turn to the study of life and service from another angle. After a little experience of professional practice a break in the direction of other studies may even be welcomed, but in the first flush of professional enthusiasm such a break as the college involves is a difficult thing to face. Yet the medical or educational missionary always has to recognize in her work a double claim. She needs to be prepared for service not only on the professional side, but also for the giving of her message directly through speech and teaching. I felt that Janet faced this difficulty most courageously. She was keenly interested in her medical work, but she was equally anxious to be, as she said, a missionary, and not only a doctor.

“ She discussed with me the length of her stay at the college, and decided to give her mind fully to Biblical and missionary studies for two terms. Janet’s attitude in all this revealed, it seemed to me, the reality of her missionary calling. At times her longing to be a good missionary made her perhaps a

little anxious regarding the progress of her preparation. She wanted to feel that she would be able to meet the problems and difficulties of people of other faiths. She wanted to be sure that she had thought out the right arguments with which she could present Christianity to those who might be opposed to it. I think perhaps one of the things that she learned during her stay in Edinburgh was to lay aside some of that anxiety, and to allow her own eager vivid life to make its own impression. Also I think she learned to trust better her own positive experience of what Christ had come to mean to her.

“It was almost unconsciously that she gave me a glimpse of how deep was the motive of her service. She was telling me a little about her school days, and then passed on to speak of the beauty of the Church at Harrow, and then of what the fact of her baptism had meant to her. Our Presbyterian circle in the college, with its own religious tradition, has often been enriched by the reality of the experience of baptism in the case of many of our B.M.S. students, but I think no one has told me more simply or more beautifully than Janet just what it had stood for in her life. This

was the one side which she revealed from time to time. We knew that it lay underneath all we saw in her, but her summer term with us in particular will always be a memory of the wonderful gift of friendliness and enjoyment that she brought into everything that she did.

“ You could rely upon her interest and enthusiastic help in anything that might be suggested for the good of the general life of the house. She played games keenly, and was a strong swimmer. I can still see her in the midst of a happy pack of the students she used to encourage to go to the swimming baths at Saxe Coburg Place. She was delightfully unselfconscious in her rendering of *Thisbe* in a little presentation of ‘*A Midsummer Night’s Dream*,’ given by students in the college garden to entertain the members of the Guild of Friendship. It will not easily be forgotten by the women whom it so delighted. As we think of her here we have outstandingly the sense of her vitality and gaiety of spirit. What she gave to the service of God she gave completely. There was no part of her withheld. She told me once how difficult she sometimes found it in her medical student days to rise to the full demand of her Christian

profession when she was amongst those who looked upon those things lightly and carelessly. She seemed to me through these experiences, which at the time must have been very difficult for her, to have learnt the meaning of that true gaiety which has behind it deep goodness."

One of her fellow students, daughter of a Presbyterian minister, writes: "I knew Janet in college, and loved her very dearly. I wasn't one of her intimate friends, but I would like to have been, she was such a fine soul—so joyous and full of abundant life. I shall never forget the night she spoke at the Guild of Friendship. It was one of the best meetings of the year. Janet loved college and entered into every bit of its life. I am glad and proud that I was privileged to know her and to share in the college life with her."

Janet's conversation was always interesting and often sparkling with fun, to which her lisp and her efforts to overcome it added piquancy.

She was now ready for her work in India, and eager to go, but she desired to take the M.D. before sailing, and somewhat hesitatingly sought the advice of Dr. Moorshead, lest the delay might cause difficulties. This

was undoubtedly the best time to take the degree, and ordinarily there could be no question at all; but she was expected to sail in the autumn. The matter was referred, and on the recommendation of the professional sub-committee and with the concurrence of the staff in India, it was agreed to give her the opportunity by postponing the sailing till the beginning of January. She bent all her energies to this work, reading hard and attending hospitals for clinical work. It was a busy, anxious, and thrilling time, yet in the midst of it the formation of a vigorous branch of the Girls' Auxiliary was accomplished at South Harrow.

She was valedicted at the Annual Meeting of the London Baptist Missionary Union in September, 1929, and with other out-going missionaries gave her farewell message. It was significant that she chose the motto of the Girls' Auxiliary for her message—"Ready to do whatsoever my Lord the King shall appoint." At the beginning of December she sat for the examination and feared she had been unsuccessful. To her great joy, she found that she had really gained the coveted M.D., which she took in Gynæcology, her speciality and

in which she had gained the Abernethian Prize and the Directors' Gold Medal at the Royal Free Hospital. This was the crowning success of her unbroken record.

A special valedictory service was held in her father's church in South Harrow on December 18th, when addresses were given by the Rev. Dr. Ewing and by Dr. Vincent Thomas (formerly of Palwal, Dr. Hoare's destined station). Dr. Ewing gave the charge to the young missionary in words of great tenderness and power. The opportunity of this meeting was taken for a presentation to Dr. Hoare of gifts from both the churches at Harrow and the church at Chiswick, and these included a set of surgical instruments and some silver gifts for personal use.

The great day came at last, and on January 3rd, early in the morning Janet set out for embarkation at Tilbury, accompanied by her father, two brothers and a girl friend (her mother preferred to say good-bye at home). A large number of friends gathered at Euston Station to see her off, and she said of it afterwards: "I felt like Mary Pickford or some other famous person." She sailed in the P. and O.

steamship *Morea*, with three other B.M.S. medical missionaries, Dr. Helen Gregory and Nurses Mouncy and Garlick. The name of the ship amused her, "for," she said, "of course I had to sail in a ship the name of which I could not pronounce." She alluded to a lisp which made it difficult for her to pronounce certain letters, and which incidentally gave its own contribution to her rare charm.

The early part of the voyage was very rough from the violent gales, and caused much distress to the passengers until the few hours at Gibraltar brought welcome relief. They were met there with much hospitality by a Wesleyan minister, who had heard of their coming from a friend of Janet's. The voyage through the Mediterranean was delightful, enlivened, as boisterous seas permitted, by deck games and a fancy dress ball. Janet flung herself into the fun with characteristic abandon. But after a lively account of these proceedings she adds, "We started a prayer meeting in my cabin."

The calls at Malta, Marseilles, and Port Said were for her full of interest, and she wrote home amusing accounts of all the novel sights in which these ports abound.

There is no voyage ever quite so romantic as the first.

The journey quickly came to an end, and Bombay was reached. With unbounded eagerness she landed in the country of her adoption—highly qualified, well equipped, full of hopes and expectations and followed by the prayers of a multitude of friends for the service of the King.

III

INDIA

“Go ye therefore and teach all Nations.”

“Lo, I am with you all the way, even unto the end.”

INDIA is claiming much attention to-day. The Non-co-operation Movement of the idealists, fostered and fomented, by the agitators, to violence and bloodshed, has caused a grave situation for India itself no less than for the British Government. National aspirations are reasonable and legitimate, and command the sympathy of all lovers of freedom. Perhaps too readily forgotten are the unparalleled miseries and sufferings which followed the break up of the Moghul rule. Whatever may have been the underlying motive in entering India, British rule has meant peace and security and a large measure of relief from famine and pestilence, together with considerable material and moral progress. It may also in fairness be claimed that the Government of India is carried on with

concern for the good of the people and for their prosperity.

Sooner or later, and in some way, self-government must come to India. It is to be hoped that wise counsels may prevail to avert disaster and make possible the careful and orderly adjustment of conflicting interests. There are many difficulties inherent in existing conditions. The report of the Simon Commission is a serious contribution to the study of the situation. It reveals the complexity of the problem, shows a high sense of responsibility for the best interests of the Indian people, and is marked with sincerity no less than ability.

The issue of self-government is not the first and the most real need of the vast masses of the people of India. A very distressing picture of some conditions of the life of these people was recently drawn for us by Dr. Catherine Mayo in her book entitled "Mother India." While it showed only the black side, and that for one section of the community (a large section), it unquestionably placed a finger on one of the real needs of India.

The widespread suffering, especially among the women and children, the low

status of the women, whether from purdah, the caste system or otherwise, and the extreme poverty of the masses, are for us, as for India, the urgent issues. In dealing with those we have the only effective way to real freedom. The Simon Report, while recognizing, as one of the serious problems of the political situation, the illiteracy and backwardness of the mass of the people of India, has little to say of social conditions. The caste system, purdah, child marriage and ignorance of even the most elementary hygiene and sanitation, contribute largely to the unfavourable social conditions and the untold suffering in India, especially among the women and children.

It is worth while quoting the change of outlook that has come about in India within recent years. "Except for a mention of the obstacles which social custom sets up in the way of female education, there is hardly any reference in the Montagu-Chelmsford Report to the women of India. It is a striking proof of the change that has come over the Indian scene in the last twelve years that no document discussing India's constitutional system and the directions in which it can be developed and improved could omit the women of India

to-day." The following statements are also significant: "The amount of unnecessary suffering caused to women by the lack of medical and surgical aid is appalling."

Our Christian responsibility and mission to India to-day is not just to give them a new religion, or even a new state, but to bring to them in their need Jesus, the great Redeemer, in whose liberty alone can India be made free. The most facile method of presenting this, our message of a Living Loving Saviour, is to be found in the work of healing, the prevention of disease, in educating for higher spiritual, economic and hygienic standards of life when all such effort is permeated with the Spirit of Jesus and the Word of His Cross. This work among women and children where the need is greatest will be found to be the key of the situation, which will pave the way for a new generation, a new India, free in fact and not merely by statute.

For this work Janet was posted to Palwal, to the Women's Hospital. She landed at Bombay and started the long railway journey to Delhi. She was fortunate in making a break in the journey at Ahmedabad, where she spent three days with a college friend

from Edinburgh. Dr. George Wilson, Principal of the Stevenson Memorial Presbyterian College, very kindly went with her on a visit to the Ashram of Mr. Gandhi, and she heard the famous mahatma speak.

During this brief stay in Ahmedabad she records her first impressions : " You can tell the Christians from their faces—they look so much happier and unworried." " I am sure I shall love living in India. Everything is so full of colour and life and interest. The children are darlings, and everyone—Indians I mean—so friendly ; they greet you with broad grins and are convulsed when you try to talk to them. I am lucky to be seeing all these interesting things before I settle down to work. It is all so thrilling."

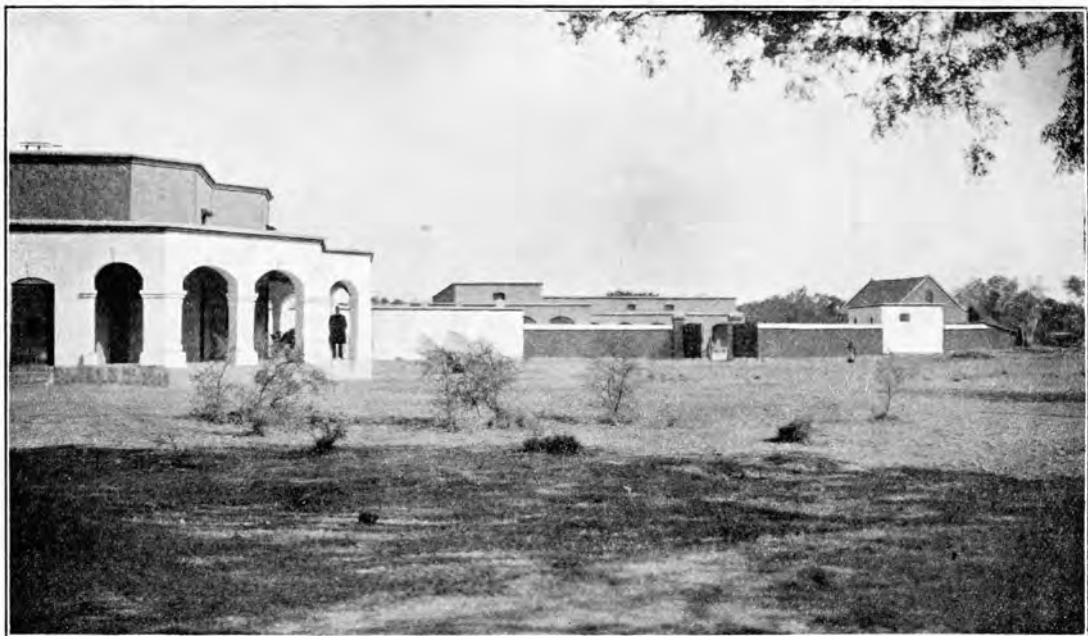
On January 31st she reached Delhi, and was met by Dr. Hilda Bowser, who is in charge of the Women's Hospital at Palwal. After a hurried tour of the city they motored to Palwal, which is thirty-eight miles from Delhi. The arrival of the new doctor was made a great occasion. A procession of Indians, surgeons and nurses greeted her, placed a garland of flowers round her neck and escorted her to the bungalow.

Palwal lies south of Delhi on the main road to Muttra and Agra. It is a municipal town, the centre of a sub-division of the Gurgaon district, the southernmost district of the Punjab. Though not a large town (the population is 9,600), Palwal is in the heart of a very populous area, a district about the size of Essex thickly dotted with villages and with a population of approximately 4,000,000 people. The country is open, flat and uninteresting, with its bare stubble-fields where these have been harvested, and with the mud-brick villages hidden in clumps of trees, slightly raised when built on the ruins of former dwellings. The rains are over in September, and from then to April the growing corn covers the wide spaces with a delightful green, turning to golden yellow as it ripens, and the land is fair to look upon. Thus Janet saw Palwal at its best.

The villagers, mainly agricultural, for the most part live a hard, poverty-stricken life. Primitive, illiterate, and narrow in outlook and experience, they wish for little more than the bare sustenance required for their low level of living. In this setting the Women's Hospital, named "Rahmatpur" ("The Abode of Mercy"), plays its

important part—love in action in the midst of need and suffering far beyond its capacity. The medical work was begun over thirty-five years ago, on the smallest possible scale and in the most elementary way, in a dwelling house in the town. The first hospital was built in 1900, inside the town on a most unsuitable site adjoining the residence of the lady missionaries (as no other site could be obtained). The influence of the medical work spread quickly and widely through the district, and the pressing need for a larger and better hospital was soon realized. In the early summer of 1914 the present hospital—Rahmatpur—was opened by the late Miss Lydia Kemp, of Rochdale. It was built in the open fields outside the town, with available space for all the buildings required.

From the very first Janet was busy at the hospital, assisting at operations, attending the town dispensary, or on journeys on horseback to villages, visiting patients too sick to come in. Every day some hours were devoted to language study, beginning with the Indian teacher's visit at 7 a.m. She wrote long letters to friends at home, illustrated by sketches and accompanied by snapshots. From some extracts from letters



THE ZENANA HOSPITAL, PALWAL

we see how enthusiastically she entered into her work and something of the joy she found in it. The following is a letter to Dr. Orissa Taylor :

“ DEAR DR. TAYLOR,

“ Here I am actually in Palwal, and enjoying myself immensely. This is a ripping mission station. Everyone is so enthusiastic, and there is such a lot doing. We are a very large staff at present, and they are all so friendly and make a new-comer feel at home at once. This is a splendid little hospital. The medical work is very efficient, but the missionary part takes a very prominent place and all the evangelistic work is done by the doctors and sisters themselves with the help of the Indian S.A.S. There is such a nice atmosphere about the place. It's just the type of mission hospital I was longing for, and I do hope I shall be settled here permanently.

“ Two of the folks I live with, Dr. Hilda Bowser and Dorothy Turner, the sister, know you, and are very keen to see you again. Could you possibly come and stay with us for a bit? Please do manage it if you can. We would simply love to have you, and you would have a great welcome from

all the Palwal crowd ! And it's not very hot here at present.

“ I am very happy here. I love the place and the people, and feel I was just made for India (in spite of the awful language). I am so glad I came and so grateful to you for your encouragements. I hope you are having a very successful time in India and finding just what you want.”

From Letters Home :

“ A camel ridden by two small boys came down for a drink, and when I dared to take a photo of him he turned and almost stared me out of countenance ! I have never seen such haughty beasts. I can see one from my window now, mincing along with his nose in the air. They say the secret of the camel's pride is this—There are 1,000 names for Mohammed ; everyone knows 999, but the thousandth is known only to the camel. So he perpetually looks down on everyone else.”

“ I wish you could see the lovely green and yellow parakeets, and the sweet little grey squirrels, and the women passing up and down the road with their water pots on their heads. It's all just like a picture book, and everyone is so friendly. Nearly everyone you meet,

from tiny babies to the grandmothers, greets one with a salaam."

"I can hardly believe I am now a real live missionary! I am lucky to have been sent here to work with such delightful people."

"We are getting terribly short-staffed, as Dr. Benzie and Dr. Cooper are due to go home next year, and we have heard that Dr. Rutherford cannot come back in the autumn. Dr. Farrer is due to retire next year, and that means that unless we have reinforcements we shall have only three doctors—Drs. Bowser, Bisset and myself—for the three North Indian Hospitals—Palwal, Bhiwani and Dholpur. It looks as if I shall be sent to Dholpur next spring. I shall be terribly sorry to leave here, but it will be good experience to be on my own, and it will certainly be interesting to work in a Native State. If you hear of any doctors at a loose end, do tell them how badly they are needed here."

"This afternoon a new church was being opened in Bagauli, a small village about eight miles out of Palwal, and several of us went out. The so-called church consists of a courtyard a little bigger than our drawing-room, and a three-sided, whitewashed, thatch-roofed shelter. The whole thing cost about

£6. It would be nice if we could get a church for that price in South Harrow, wouldn't it? The place was decorated with flowers and paper flags, and the congregation met outside the gate, which was padlocked, and there we sang, 'Showers of Blessing' in Urdu, and had a prayer, and then Mr. Jardine unlocked the door while the congregation shouted 'Yesu Masih kijai' ('Victory to Jesus Christ'). Then we all filed in and sat on the floor and had a short service. The place was packed, and you should have heard the noise. There was a crowd of small boys from the school who formed a choir, and the music was supplied by a little harmonium and three drums! We were nearly deafened; but there was no mistake about the heartiness of it."

"Everything has gone on very much as usual this week—language study and dispensary and a walk or tennis in the evening. Last week we had a visitor from the Lady Hardinge Hospital in Delhi, and she is an old Roedeanian, so we had a great talk. . . .

"I enclose a St. Mark's Gospel (price ¼d.!) in script to show you what it is like. You start at the end of the book and read

from right to left. I can't read much of this yet, but it's rather fascinating; at present I learn chiefly from the Roman Urdu—i.e. Urdu written in Roman letters. Of course in time I shall have to do everything in the script, but it makes it much easier if you start in the Roman Urdu."

"On Monday night an emergency case came in. It's so different from the way things happen at home. Instead of an ambulance an ox-cart arrives, and you are warned of its approach by the jangling bells. The patient lies on a mattress at the bottom of the cart, and in beside her are half a dozen relatives, usually men. The preliminary examination of the patient takes place usually on the ground outside the hospital gate, in case it's anything infectious, and then a stretcher is brought out and she is carried into the consulting-room for a proper examination. The friends squat down on the veranda outside and wait for the verdict, and they often embarrass one terribly by kneeling on the ground and 'taking the dust off your feet'! The patients all pay two annas a day for food (2d.) and four annas for medicine, and for a rupee a day (1s. 6d.) they can have a private ward. The private

wards are very nice indeed. They have a front door leading into the hospital compound, and a back door opening on to the road, so the women can be visited by their male relations without the latter coming into the hospital. There is a little room where the patient sleeps, and a courtyard back and front where the numerous relatives can camp out. At the night round after the patients have been visited the doors into the hospital compound are padlocked, as otherwise it wouldn't be safe for the nurses with all those men about. The nurses don't like being on night duty, but they are really very brave about it."

"Miss Singh, the Indian doctor, is back from the holidays now, so I don't do dispensary any longer. I am sorry to stop it, and I get so sick of language all day long and welcome any chance of getting into hospital and getting my hands on to a patient! I am taking my turn on night duty now, and just know enough language to have a vague idea of what people are talking about, though I sometimes admit patients with a completely wrong history, as I did this afternoon."

As we have seen, the drab monotony of

language study was relieved by some hospital duty and dispensary work. Tennis and riding also gave some relief during this final stage of preparation. Full of fun and mischief, she dressed herself one day in some old clothes representing a bygone type of missionary, prim and severe. She visited Dr. and Mrs. Thomas at the Men's Hospital, and for a moment or two completely deceived them. She took all that came, the drudgery and the interesting, with an amazing zest of spirit, for as one of the staff of the hospital writes, "She lived every minute of the day heartily and joyfully, always enjoying what she was doing and looking forward to the next thing to be done. She entwined herself into the lives and love of those around her, even to her Mohammedan teacher."

Language study was progressing rapidly, and happy contacts with young and old gave bright prospects of service, when there came a shadow, a small cloud in the bright sky. She remarked one day on having wakened in the night feeling cold, but appeared none the worse, for she played tennis that afternoon. On the next day, Friday, April 4th, she complained of a headache, which she thought might be the Urdu script trying

her eyes, for she had broken her second pair of spectacles. She gave up her study and went over to the hospital and helped Dr. Bowser for a little. At breakfast the headache had gone.

In the afternoon she saw the new patients at the hospital for Dr. Bowser, and then went for a cycle ride. Though the headache recurred and she felt tired, she retired at the usual time and on Saturday morning after a good night declared she was well. Dr. Bowser, however, insisted on taking her temperature, and finding it slightly raised, took out her breakfast to her on the veranda. She laughingly protested, saying: "I am quite well. Why should I stay here? I am never ill." But influenza was prevalent in the hospital, and it was thought that she had a slight touch of it.

The temperature continued to rise, and next day she had some cough, and complained of tightness of the chest. On Monday there were definite physical signs in the lung, and Dr. Moore was called in consultation. Everything possible was done for her recovery. She was a delightful patient, so willing to have everything done for her, and so grateful and thoughtful for those tending her. When Miss Turner was

bathing her, she remarked, "Oh, Turner, this is luxury, I love being fussed over. Do you do all this for your patients in hospital?" She was never left night or day. It seemed to comfort her to have someone to speak to, but she was much concerned over the broken night for others, and said often: "Go to sleep, Turner, though it's nice to have someone to talk to." Miss Bain was called in to help in the daytime while Miss Turner took night duty, and Mrs. Moore also helped. On Tuesday she read all her mail letters for the second time, and in answer to Mrs. Moore, said she had a lovely mail.

She now became progressively worse, and oxygen was administered at frequent intervals. Despite this the difficulty in breathing increased, and heliotrope cyanosis developed. Towards evening the left lung began to be infected. Miss Turner writes: "Tuesday I rested, so as to be fresh for the night, and when I came on after dinner she gave me a welcome that is a very precious memory to me. From then on she was never alone. It was a restless night for her, but just after midnight she seemed easier, and asked me to read 'Comfort ye, comfort ye my people.' 'I love Isaiah, it is very

beautiful.' Then I read the 91st and 23rd Psalms. She wanted to get out of bed to say her prayers, but soon agreed to stay in bed and looked at one of Hoyland's prayers in 'The Abiding Presence.' I don't think she read it, but she just turned and said, 'Thank you. Now I must go to sleep.'

"Soon after she told me that Mr. Hoare had been to some meeting to discuss the possibility of Nonconformist reunion—'What a topping church it would be if the Baptists, Presbyterians, and Methodists all united, wouldn't it, Turner?' She seemed so keen about it.

"In her semi-delirium her mind constantly went to hospital, and she was most anxious that we should persuade the father of a wee starved child, Kapuri (who was two years old and only weighed 10 lb. 12 oz. when she came into hospital) to let her stay in until the autumn, so that she should be really strong and able to walk before she went home to her stepmother."

Early in the morning she asked Miss Turner if she thought she would get better, and she replied that in a few days there would be a change (referring to the crisis). She did not realize that she would not get better. Dr. Bowser writes: "She was

interested in all we told her, and we had difficulty in trying to keep her from wasting her strength. She was so keenly alive and she was like it to the last. From about 9.30 a.m. on Wednesday she became very quiet, with very rapid breathing, and from 11.10 a.m. to 11.45 a.m., when she passed on, was quite unconscious. Dr. Moore came in as she was breathing her last breath, and we all knelt, and Dr. Moore gave thanks to God for her life, and for her happy spirit.

“ A short service was held around her in her room at 6.15 p.m., led very beautifully by Mr. Piper (he knew many of her friends in the C.S.S.M.), who read the story of the alabaster box of ointment, and the Rev. Frank Hasler, of Bhiwani, prayed. The coffin, covered in white, was heaped with flowers. Just as the sun was setting we left the house. Beloved by all the Indian brethren and sisters, she was carried by relays of Indian evangelists and others of Palwal and other stations. The Rev. G. N. Gibson, of Patna, and Mr. Hasler, conducted the service at the graveside in Urdu.

“ Her resting-place is under the shade of two Kikar trees with yellow blossoms and very fragrant scent. There were few dry

eyes as she was laid a 'Bachcha' (beginner) beside Miss Coombs, the veteran missionary, who died of cholera in 1914, yet both one in zeal for the Kingdom.

Thus early was Janet Hoare called Home, but she had made an indelible impression and leaves a fragrant memory. Dr. Bowser writes : "Just may I say that we loved Janet and that in these two months she had been with us she has always been so much alive and happy and so keen to help in every way she could."

Miss Turner writes :

"We are truly thankful for the nine weeks we knew her ; she brought a new light and joy into the house, and was always so quick to see where she could help, and so ready to do so. It is marvellous what she has accomplished in the short time she has been here." "Joy in service was certainly Janet Hoare's experience—who else could have packed into nine short weeks so much helpfulness that her colleagues miss her as if they had shared her life for years?"

Dr. Moore writes :

"During the time Dr. Hoare was with us she endeared herself to Indian and European alike. She was so full of the zest of life, so ready to laugh at her mistakes and so eager

to take her share in the work. She was never satisfied to remain idle. Her happy disposition and her genius for friendship made her a tremendous acquisition to our staff. We have lost a brilliant doctor. She was an M.D. of London, but she was absolutely unassuming. She was in every sense an ideal missionary. Everything she did, she did with her whole heart. Her memory will ever remain with us as a fragrance that blessed us for a little while and then was called away."

A fellow worker in the C.S.S.M. writes : " Hers was such a bright, gallant spirit, so full of life and joy. She possessed the secret of happiness, and succeeded in making others happy. Wherever she went an atmosphere was created which made morbid and low views of life impossible. Even during the last few hours she showed the same gallantry, thanking her friends for their kindness and trying to read letters which had just arrived. With a smile she passed into the presence of her Lord, and we are sure that the brave, radiant spirit with her gifts and attainments has entered upon a new career of glorious service."

The Rt. Hon. Mr. William Adamson has written : " As a member of the Cabinet,

India and its tremendous problems are always in the forefront of my mind, and the example of Dr. Hoare, in the beauty of its devotion and the completeness of its sacrificial giving, is bound to have influence."

A fellow student at the Royal Free Hospital writes : " I am so glad to have known her. I am so much richer for her friendship and her life, and I shall never forget her. And I am so glad India had her even for a short time. All that she took to India, her enthusiasm and skill and capability, God will bless and use still, somehow, to bear fruit for the Kingdom."

The glory of Love is brightest
When the glory of self is dim,
And they have the most compelled me
Who most have pointed to Him.
They have held me, stirred me, swayed me,
I have hung on their every word,
Till I fain would arise and follow
Not them, not them, but their Lord.

Dr. Hilda Trice Martin writes of a visit to Palwal just before Dr. Hoare's death : " The hospitals are so wonderfully up-to-date, and such pride is taken in them. I went over both hospitals and out-patients' rooms, and then I went to a dispensary with Dr. Hoare. Her pluck ! Only out eight weeks,

yet tackling language, laughing at mistakes and trying again, and taking dispensary. She was so bright, so kind and considerate to each one, so glad to be able to *do* something before she had the language. She thoroughly enjoyed it all. There was a nasty kind of 'flu' in the station; several nurses went down with it, and on Sunday Sister Turner took it, but Dr. Bowser was so careful, looking after them all herself, keeping them in bed, and seeing them several times each day, Indian and English, that one knows that everything that love and skill could do was done for Dr. Hoare. She was very popular, and all the missionaries there are such good friends—they really share. If the hospital has something given, it's shared with the school; the school grows vegetables and shares them with the hospital; somebody contrives a new cupboard, the others go to admire it! It's a station well worth helping. Dr. Hoare has sown her life, and I am sure it will bring forth fruit, and I pray she may call out others to fill the gap."

Dr. Wilson, Principal of the Stevenson Divinity College of the Irish Presbyterian Mission, Ahmedabad, writes: "It was my privilege to see Janet Hoare and spend a

brief hour or two with her when she stepped off in Ahmedabad to see her friend Miss Scott. I had undertaken to drive her down to see Mr. Gandhi's famous Ashram, but so full was she of enthusiasm and of interest in all we came across, that we spent the most of our time in halts by the way, and left the Ashram till it was almost too dark to see it. She seemed to have made the fullest possible preparation for her life work. She had been a medical student, but she was as thoroughly abreast of Mission literature as I, whose sole business it is to keep in touch with books. If ever a young life promised to be rich in fruit, it was hers. . . . How the world needed such a one as she."

E. Winstanley Wallis writes : " I cannot recollect exactly how Janet was drawn into our circle (C.S.S.M.). She made on us all an impression of abounding energy. She was such a friendly soul, too, and never seemed to lose her youthfulness. In conversation with her from time to time, at first the medical side of missionary work bulked large in her thoughts, but latterly I felt she was realizing more the need of the heathen for God's Word above everything and the medical work as a means to this

end. She felt that the doctor would always be a philanthropist, but the missionary must be more, an evangelist. . . . She never lacked for courage. Always cheerful, brimming over with the interest and joy of life, she was one to attract and draw in young people, and watching her none could think she found it a dull thing to be a Christian."

* * * *

We see this life so carefully prepared, so swiftly taken, and perhaps we wonder "why this waste?" This is no "waste." It is part of the cost of a world's saving, of a new world, the cost of this great enterprise of redemption. It cost God His only begotten Son Jesus, Who gave Himself (at much the same age) freely to the death, to manifest God's Love to the world, to seek and to save that which was lost. Our fellowship is with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ.

Constrained by the Love of Jesus, Who calls us to share with Him, Janet Hoare gave her all to God with both hands in the abandonment of love, and He has accepted the gift utterly. This is the measure of love, that we give—ourselves—our all, and heed not the wounds, seek not for rest, look not

for reward nor count the cost. The world cannot be redeemed at any less cost, so we count not the casualties, but ever set our eyes steadfastly toward the consummation, the coming of His Kingdom, the Glory of the Dawn of His appearing.

India to-day is calling by the suffering of its millions of women and children, in purdah, in widowhood, in the too frequent horrors of early marriage, by the extreme poverty and depravity of the outcastes : the masses of India by the widespread and utter degradation of human life in the crushing, grinding materialism of unchristianized industrialism, and by the growing anti-religious movement that in blindness and ignorance would reject Him.

Jesus is calling ; with eager longing gaze and outstretched arms toward a world in need, He calls to us, " As My Father hath sent Me even so send I you." Palwal is one of many centres of light and love where the outstretched arms are reaching out for the uplift and the redemption of a people. The children are trained and well trained, not in fancy things and " koti " service, but real sound practical things. There is not a single useless thing, yet everyone learns something by which she can earn. Girls

learn to spin and weave, to make mats and cloth for clothes. They make morhas for use and sale, string charpois, learn to make their clothes, to keep house, to shop, to cook, to look after a little family, to garden ; even the tiny children collect leaves for the fire and pick out right-sized canes for chair and stool making.

Hygiene is taught and practised and it does mean much to have homes where the laws of health are understood and the value of air and cleanliness. They are taught also to teach others, to take meetings and to witness for Jesus Christ. Others are taught and trained to share in the ministry of love in the healing for broken bodies and the alleviation of pain and suffering in the hospitals and dispensaries.

The poor have the Gospel preached to them. Life is brought to them, life that is whole, life indeed, life for evermore—the triumph of the Cross, the message of His Love.

Here is indeed the substitute for the adventure of war—a call to youth : Come over and help. It will cost to answer this call of Jesus ; yes, it will cost the things you count dearest, the things you least want to give up, but who dares hold back when

Jesus calls for the uplifting of the down-trodden, for the saving of the lost, for a world's salvation?

This way lies much toil, patient effort, many trials, difficulties, disappointments, weariness, distress, it may be sickness, perils, even death itself, but there is the joy, the glory, of this wondrous quest, the seeking of the Kingdom of God.

Among the papers of Janet Hoare was found this prayer, written out in her own hand: "O Thou who art heroic love, keep alive in our hearts that adventurous spirit which makes men scorn the way of safety, so that Thy will be done. For so only, O Lord, shall we be worthy of those courageous souls who in every age have ventured in obedience to Thy call and for whom the trumpets have sounded on the other side, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

Who will answer the call? Who is there *Ready to do whatsoever my Lord the King shall appoint?*

THE END

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